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AND

ORIGINAL TREATISES

ON

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An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

DISCOURSE I. *Concerning Election and Reprobation.*

The State of the Queſtion.

1. LET it be obſerved from Biſhop *Davenant*, "That no medium can be aſſigned, either on God's part, betwixt the decrees of predeſtinating ſome men, and not predeſtinating others; or on men's part, betwixt men abſolutely predeſtinated to the attainment of life eternal, and abſolutely left to fail of eternal life, which is abſolute Reprobation. As for example: let us ſuppoſe the number of mankind to be two millions, if out of theſe, one million only, by the decree of Election, be infallibly appointed to eternal life, and abſolutely diſtinguiſhed from others, not only as to their number, but their perſons alſo; who can deny but that one million, and thoſe certain, as to their perſons, are as abſolutely compriſed under the decree of Reprobation, as the others were under the decree of Election." So there is no

poſſibility of aſſerting one of theſe decrees without owning the other alſo: and ſo whatſoever argument holds good againſt an abſolute decree of *Reprobation*, muſt certainly deſtroy the oppoſite decree of abſolute Election.

Now is there any need of arguments to confute ſuch a ſuppoſed decree as this? I behold, through the fall of *Adam*, (by my mere pleaſure imputed to his whole poſterity yet unborn, as if it were their action, and they had perſonally conſented to it) the whole race of mankind obnoxious to my eternal wrath, and utterly unable to recover from it; and though they be all, *ſouls that I have made*, equally wanting, and equally capable of my favour (nor have I any reaſon to extend it to any of them, rather than to all) yet do I abſolutely decree to vouchſafe this favour only to ſome few of them; leaving the far greater part under a ſad neceſſity of periſhing everlaſtingly, for the offence of their fore-father *Adam*, committed long before they had a being: ſo that they ſhall be as ſure to be damned eternally as they are to be born in time; and yet I will proclaim myſelf unto them, *a God merciful, and gracious, long-ſuffering, and abundant in goodneſs*, on purpoſe that they may not periſh, but be *lead by it to repentance*; and declare to them that my *delight is in ſhewing mercy*. I will intreat them with the greateſt earneſtneſs, and even *beſeech them to be reconciled* to me, as being ſo far reconciled to them in Chriſt Jeſus, as not to impute to them their tranſgreſſions and ſins. I will ſend them *all my meſſengers and prophets*, declaring that I do it, *becauſe I have compaſſion on them*. I will allure them to repentance with the promiſe that *all their ſins ſhall then be blotted out*, and not *one of them remembered* againſt them. I will tell them that *I would have purged them, but they would not be purged, I would have gathered them, but they would not be gathered*. I will aſk them, *Why will you die?* and enquire of them what *I could have done more* to prevent it *which I have not done?* Yea, I will ſeriouſly, and ſolemnly proteſt and ſwear unto them by the

greateſt

greateſt oath, even that of my own Life, that *I would not the death of him that dies, but rather that he ſhould return and live*, But after all, I will be true, and conſtant to that abſolute decree of Reprobation which muſt render their damnation unfruſtrable, and to the negative decree of with-holding from them that grace which can alone enable them to eſcape it, or to receive any advantage from all theſe declarations.

Hence we learn the falſehood of that aſſertion of the ſame good Biſhop, "That Reprobation is not a denial of ſufficient grace, but a denial of ſuch ſpecial grace, as God knows would infallibly bring them to glory; and that we cannot thence conclude, that being not elected, they are left without all remedy or ſufficient means of ſalvation, or that being reprobated they are without ſufficient remedies or means to eſcape damnation, were not their own wicked will the only hinderance; for can men be left infallibly to fail of eternal life, and yet not be left without all remedy, or ſufficient means of ſalvation? If, as he ſays, God leaving them under the want of that ſpecial grace, they never fail of running themſelves upon their own damnation, have they then ſufficient remedies, or means to eſcape damnation? Sure it is, there can be no ſalvation, and no eſcaping of damnation without converſion of the will from ſin to God; if then theſe Reprobates have no ſufficient means to turn their perverted wills from ſin to God, they can have no ſufficient means to eſcape damnation. Again, either theſe means are ſufficient to render them truly willing to believe and repent, or they are not: either they are ſufficient to remove the diſability of will contracted by the fall, or they are not: if they are not, how are they means ſufficient for the attainment of the ſalvation which belongs only to the believer, or the eſcaping of that damnation which neceſſarily follows upon the diſability, for which no ſufficient remedy is provided? If they are ſufficient, then may they believe and repent, and ſo they on whom God hath paſſed this act of Reprobation, may be ſaved, as well, though not as certainly,

certainly, as they who are elected to obtain ſalvation. Suppoſe a man hath broken his leg by a fall, hath he therefore ſufficient means to walk, becauſe he might have done ſo had not his leg been broken? If then the will of man by his fall be as much diſabled to walk in the ways of God, as this man's body is to walk at all, can it truly be ſaid he hath ſufficient means to walk in thoſe ways, becauſe he would have had them, had not his will been thus diſabled? *Adam* indeed, as the Biſhop ſaith, "Though not predeſtinated to ſtand in the ſtate of innocency, had yet ſufficient means of ſtanding." becauſe he had no defectiveneſs or diſability in his will to do ſo; but what is this to the caſe of thoſe who are ſuppoſed to be ſo diſabled, that if they be left to their own wills as *Adam* was, are ſo diſabled that they cannot ſtand?

I will now put the two decrees one under the other, that they may bluſh at one another.

1. Abſolute Election contains *an eternal, abſolute, infallible decree, that* Peter *ſhall believe, repent, perſevere unto the end, and be ſaved.*

The Evangelical conditional decree is, That if *Peter* do not believe, repent, and *perſevere unto the end, he ſhall infallibly be damned.* And therefore God, in it, ſpeaks to *Peter* thus, *Except thou repent thou ſhalt periſh*; paſs therefore the *time of thy ſojourning here in fear*; *work out thy ſalvation with fear and trembling*; *continue in the faith, for if thou draweſt back my ſoul ſhall have no pleaſure in thee*; yea, *give all diligence to make thy calling and election ſure.*

2. Abſolute Reprobation is an *abſolute, infallible decree, That* Judas *ſhall unavoidably fail of obtaining life eternal*; that this event ſhall be ſo certain, that *he ſhall never fail to run himſelf wilfully upon his damnation.*

The Evangelical conditional decree is this, That *if* Judas *will repent, believe and perſevere, he ſhall be ſaved*, and in purſuance of this decree, God lovingly invites him to believe, and repent; exhorts, and even entreats him by his Ambaſſadors,

to

to be reconciled to him; to *turn from his evil ways and live*, alluring him to do ſo by the hopes of pardon and ſalvation, if he will hearken to God's calls, and perſuading him by the miſeries which he will then incur, *not to neglect ſo great ſalvation*, expoſtulating the caſe with him, why after all theſe methods to prevent his ruin, *he will die and not live?* Why *he will not be purged and made clean? and how long it will be ere he will hearken to his invitations?* declaring that he doth all this, *becauſe he hath compaſſion on him*, and is *long-ſuffering to him*, becauſe he *is not willing he ſhould periſh, but ſhould come to repentance*, though his decree of Reprobation hath rendered his damnation a *certain and infallible event.*

2dly, Obſerve, That though the greateſt part of them who aſſert an abſolute Election and Reprobation, or Preterition, make the object of them, not man, as man, but as fallen, and therefore ſinful man; yet is the difference betwixt them, and thoſe who are called *Supralapſarians*, very little; for the *Supralapſarians* ſay, God decreed that *Adam* ſhould be the head of all mankind, and therefore to impute his firſt ſin, and that only to his poſterity, and not to impute to them his repentance for it, though there was equal reaſon to do both, or neither; and foreſeeing that he would fall, and render his poſterity obnoxious to his eternal diſpleaſure, he deſigned to glorify his free grace and mercy in ſaving ſome of them, and ſo in beſtowing on them infallibly that grace which ſhall unfruſtrably bring them to ſalvation. Others he abſolutely decrees to paſs by, and not beſtow that grace upon them without which they cannot obtain ſalvation, or avoid eternal miſery.

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL SERMONS,

By the Rev. *JOHN WESLEY*, M. A.

SERMON XXV.

On 1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 1, 2, 3.

Though I ſpeak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as ſounding braſs, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of propheſy, and underſtand all myſteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, ſo as to remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I beſtow all my goods to feed the poor, and give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

WE know, *All ſcripture is given by inſpiration of God*, and is therefore true and right concerning all things. But we know likewiſe, that there are ſome ſcriptures which more immediately commend themſelves to every man's conſcience. In this rank we may place the paſſage before us: there are ſcarce any that object to it. On the contrary, the generality of men very readily appeal to it. Nothing is more common than to find even thoſe who deny the authority of the holy ſcriptures, yet affirming, "This is my religion: that which is deſcribed in the thirteenth chapter of the Corinthians." Nay, even a Jew, Dr. *Nunes*, a *Spaniſh* Phyſician, then

then ſettled at *Savannah*, in *Georgia*, uſed to ſay, with great earneſtneſs, "That *Paul* of *Tarſus* was one of the fineſt writers I have ever read. I wiſh the thirteenth chapter of his firſt letter to the *Corinthians*, were wrote in letters of gold. And I wiſh every Jew were to carry it with him wherever he went." He judged, (and herein he certainly judged right) that this ſingle chapter contained the whole of true Religion. It contains *whatſoever things are juſt, whatſoever things are pure, whatſoever things are lovely: if there be any virtue, if there be any praiſe*, it is all contained in this.

In order to ſee this in the cleareſt light, we may conſider,

Firſt, What the Charity here ſpoken of is:

Secondly, What thoſe things are which are uſually put in the place of it. We may then,

Thirdly, Obſerve, that neither any of them, nor all of them put together can ſupply the want of it.

I. 1. We are, firſt, to conſider, What this Charity is? What is the nature, and what are the properties of it?

St. *Paul's* word is Αγάπη, exactly anſwering to the plain Engliſh word, *Love*. And accordingly it is ſo rendered in all the old tranſlations of the Bible. So it ſtood in *William Tindal's* Bible, which I ſuppoſe was the firſt Engliſh tranſlation of the whole Bible. So it was alſo in the Bible publiſhed in *London*, by the authority of King *Henry* the Eighth; ſo it was likewiſe in all the editions of the Bible that were ſucceſſively publiſhed in *England* during the reign of King *Edward* the Sixth, Queen *Elizabeth*, and King *James* the Firſt. Nay, ſo it is found in the Bibles of King *Charles* the Firſt's reign: I believe to the period of it. The firſt Bibles I have ſeen wherein the word was changed, were thoſe printed by *Roger Daniel*, aud *John Field*, Printers to the Parliament, in the year 1649. Hence it appears, that the alteration was made during the reign of the Long Parliament: then it was that the Latin

word Charity was put in the place of the plain Engliſh word *Love*. It was an unhappy hour this alteration was made; the ill effects of it remain to this day: and theſe may be obſerved not only among the poor and illiterate: not only thouſands of common men and women, no more underſtand the word Charity, than they do the original Greek; but the ſame miſerable miſtake has diffuſed itſelf among men of education and learning. Thouſands of theſe alſo are miſlead thereby, and imagine that the Charity treated of in this chapter refers chiefly, if not wholly, to Outward Actions, and to mean little more than Almſgiving? I have heard many Sermons preached upon this chapter: particularly before the Univerſity of *Oxford*. And I never heard more than one, wherein the meaning of it was not totally miſrepreſented. But had the old and proper word, *Love*, been retained, there would have been no room for miſrepreſentation.

2. But what kind of Love is that whereof the Apoſtle is ſpeaking throughout the chapter? Many perſons of eminent learning and piety, apprehend that it is the Love of God. But from reading the whole chapter numberleſs times, and conſidering it in every light, I am thoroughly perſuaded that what St. *Paul* is here directly ſpeaking of is the love of our neighbour. I believe whoever carefully weighs the whole tenor of his diſcourſe, will be fully convinced of this. But it muſt be allowed to be ſuch a Love of our neighbour, as can only ſpring from the Love of God. And whence does this Love of God flow? Only from that faith which is of the operation of God: which whoever has, has a direct evidence, that *God was in Chriſt, reconciling the world unto himſelf*. When this is particularly applied to his heart, ſo that he can ſay, with humble boldneſs, *The life which I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himſelf for me*: then, and not till then, *the love of God is ſhed abroad in his heart*. And this love ſweetly conſtrains them to love every child of man with the love which is here

ſpoken

ſpoken of: not with a love of eſteem or of complaiſance; for this can have no place, with regard to thoſe, who are, (if not his perſonal enemies, yet) enemies to God and their own ſouls; but with a love of benevolence, of tender good-will to all the ſouls that God has made.

3. But it may be aſked, "If there be no true love of our neighbours, but that which ſprings from the love of God; and if the love of God flows from no other fountain than faith in the Son of God: does it not follow that the whole Heathen world is excluded from all poſſibility of ſalvation? Seeing they are cut off from faith: for faith cometh by hearing. And how ſhall they hear without a Preacher? I anſwer, St. *Paul's* words, ſpoken on another occaſion are applicable to this, *What the law ſpeaketh, it ſpeaketh to them that are under the law.* Accordingly that ſentence, *He that believeth not ſhall be damned,* is ſpoken of them to whom the Goſpel is preached. Others it does not concern, and we are not required to determine any thing touching their final ſtate. How it will pleaſe God, the Judge of all, to deal with *them,* we may leave to God himſelf. Only this we know, that he is not only the God of the Chriſtians only, but the God of the Heathens alſo: that he is *rich in mercy to all that call upon him, according to the light they have: and that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteouſneſs is accepted of him.*

4. But to return. This is the *nature* of that *Love,* whereof the Apoſtle is here ſpeaking. But what are the properties of it, the fruits which are inſeparable from it? The Apoſtle reckons up many of theſe; but the principal of them are theſe,

Firſt, *Love is not puffed up.* As is the meaſure of love, ſo is the meaſure of humility. Nothing humbles the ſoul ſo deeply as love: it caſts out all "high conceits, engendering pride," all arrogance and over-weaning, makes us little, and poor, and baſe and vile in our own eyes. It abaſes us both

before God and man; makes us willing to be the leaſt of all, and the ſervants of all, and teaches us to ſay, "A mote in the ſun beam is little, but I am infinitely leſs in the preſence of God."

5. Secondly, *Love is not provoked.* Our preſent *Engliſh* tranſlation renders it, *is not eaſily provoked.* But how did the word *eaſily* come in? There is not a tittle of it in the text: the words of the Apoſtle are ſimply theſe, οὐ παροξύνεται. Is it not probable, it was inſerted by the tranſlators with a deſign to excuſe St. *Paul*, for fear his practice ſhould appear to contradict his doctrine? For we read *Acts* xv. ver. 36, and ſeq. *And ſome days after, Paul ſaid unto Barnabas, Let us go again and viſit our brethren in every city, where we have preached the word of the Lord, and ſee how they do. And Barnabas determined to take with them, John, whoſe ſirname, was Mark. But Paul thought not good, to take him with them who departed from the work. And the contention was ſo ſharp between them that they departed aſunder one from another: and ſo Barnabas took Mark, and ſailed unto Cyprus: and Paul choſe Silas and departed: being recommended by the brethren unto the grace of God. And he went through Syria unto Cilicia, confirming the Churches.*

6. Would not any one think on reading theſe words, that they were both equally ſharp? That *Paul* was juſt as hot as *Barnabas*, and as much wanting in love as him? But the text ſays no ſuch thing, as will be plain, if we conſider firſt the occaſion. When St. *Paul* propoſed, that they ſhould *again viſit the brethren in every city, where they had preached the word*, ſo far they were agreed. *And Barnabas determined to take with him John*, becauſe he was his ſiſter's ſon, without receiving or aſking St. *Paul's* advice. *But Paul thought not good to take Him with them who had departed from them from Pamphylia* (whether through ſloth or cowardice) *and went not with them to the work.* And undoubtedly he thought right: he

he had reaſon on his ſide. The following words are και ἐγένετο παροξυσμὸς; literally, *And there was a fit of anger.* It does not ſay, in St. *Paul*, probably it was in *Barnabas* alone, who thus ſupplied the want of reaſon with paſſion: *ſo that they departed aſunder. And Barnabas* reſolved to have his own way, did as his nephew had done before, *departed from the work, took Mark with him,* and *ſailed to Cyprus.* But *Paul* went on in his work, *being recommended by the brethren, to the grace of God:* (which *Barnabas* ſeems not to have ſtaid for.) *And he went through Syria and Cilicia, confirming the Churches.* From the whole account, it does not appear that St. *Paul* was in any fault: that he either felt any temper, or ſpoke any word, contrary to the law of love. Therefore not being in any fault, he does not need any excuſe.

7. Certainly he who is full of love is *gentle towards all men.* He *in meekneſs inſtructs thoſe that oppoſe themſelves,* that oppoſe what he loves the moſt, even the truth of God, or that holineſs without which no man ſhall ſee the Lord; not knowing but *God peradventure may bring him to the knowledge of the truth.* However provoked, he does *not return evil for evil, or railing for railing.* Yea, he *bleſſes thoſe that curſe him, and does good to them that deſpightfully uſe him and perſecute him.* He is *not overcome of evil, but* always *overcomes evil with good.*

8. Thirdly, *Love is long-ſuffering.* It *endures* not a few affronts, reproaches, injuries: but *all things* which God is pleaſed to permit either men or devils to inflict. It arms the ſoul with inviolable patience: not harſh, ſtoical patience, but yielding as the air, which making no reſiſtance to the ſtroke, receives no harm thereby. The Lover of mankind remembers him who ſuffered for us, *leaving us an example that we might tread in his ſteps.* Accordingly if his *enemy hunger, he feeds him,* if he thirſt, he *gives him drink;* and by

ſo

ſo doing, he heaps coals of fire, of melting love, upon his head. *And many waters cannot quench* this *love: neither can* even *the floods of* ingratitude *drown it.*

II. 1. We are, Secondly, to enquire, What theſe things are, which is commonly ſuppoſed will ſupply the place of Love. And the firſt of theſe is Eloquence: a faculty of talking well, particularly on religious ſubjects. Men are generally inclined to think well of one that talks well. If he ſpeaks properly and fluently of God, and the things of God, who can donbt of his being in God's favour? And it is very natural for him, to think well of himſelf, to have as favourable an opinion of himſelf as others have.

2. But men of reflection are not ſatisfied with this: they are not content with a flood of words. They prefer thinking before talking, and judge, one that knows much is far preferable to one that talks much. And it is certain knowledge is an excellent gift of God; particularly knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in which are contained all the depths of Divine knowledge and wiſdom. Hence it is generally thought that a man of much knowledge, knowledge of ſcripture in particular muſt not only be in the favour of God, but likewiſe enjoy a high degree of it.

3. But men of deeper reflection are apt to ſay, "I lay no ſtreſs upon any other knowledge, but the knowledge of God by faith. Faith is the only knowledge, which in the ſight of God is of great price. *We are ſaved by faith*; by faith alone: this is the one thing needful. He that believeth, and he alone, ſhall be ſaved everlaſtingly." There is much truth in this: it is unqueſtionably true, that *we are ſaved by faith*: conſequently, *That he that believeth ſhall be ſaved, and he that believeth not, ſhall be damned.*

4. But ſome men will ſay, with the Apoſtle *James, Shew me thy faith without thy works,* (if thou canſt; but indeed it is impoſſible) *and I will ſhew thee my faith by my works.* And many

many are hereby induced to think, that good works, works of piety and mercy, are of far more conſequence than faith itſelf, and will ſupply the want of every other qualification for heaven. Indeed this ſeems to be the general ſentiment, not only of the members of the Church of *Rome*, but of Proteſtants alſo; not of the giddy and thoughtleſs, but the ſerious members of our own Church.

5. And this cannot be denied, our Lord himſelf hath ſaid, *Ye ſhall know them by their fruits:* by their works ye know them that believe, and them that believe not. But yet it may be doubted, whether there is not a ſurer proof of the ſincerity of our faith, than even our works: that is, our willingly ſuffering for righteouſneſs ſake: eſpecially, if after ſuffering reproach, and pain, and loſs of friends and ſubſtance, a man gives up life itſelf, yea, by a ſhameful and painful death, by giving is body to be burned, rather than he would give up faith and a good conſcience, by neglecting his known duty.

6. It is proper to obſerve here, Firſt, What a beautiful gradation there is, each riſing above the other, in the enumeration of thoſe ſeveral things, which ſome or other of thoſe that are called Chriſtians, and are uſually accounted ſo, really believe, will ſupply the abſcence of Love. St. *Paul* begins at the loweſt point; *talking well*, and advances ſtep by ſtep, every one riſing higher than the preceding, till he comes to the higheſt of all. A ſtep above Eloquence is Knowledge: Faith is a ſtep above this. Good-works are a ſtep above that Faith. And even above this, is Suffering for Righteouſneſs ſake. Nothing is higher than this but Chriſtian Love: the Love of our Neigbour flowing from the Love of God.

7. It may be proper to obſerve, Secondly, That whatever paſſes for Religion in any part of the Chriſtian world, (whether it be a part of Religion, or no part at all, but either Folly, Superſtition or Wickedneſs) may with very little difficulty be reduced to one or other of theſe heads. Every

thing

thing which is ſuppoſed to be Religion, either by Proteſtants or Romaniſts, and is not, is contained under one or another of theſe five particulars. Make trial, as often as you pleaſe, with any thing that is called Religion, but improperly ſo called, and you will find the rule to hold without any exception.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of Mr. WILLIAM M'CORNOCK, *in a Letter to the Rev. John Weſley.*

Rev. Sir,

ACCORDING to your requeſt, I have ſent you the following account of my progreſs through this howling wilderneſs. I confeſs it is with much ſhame and confuſion of face that I do it; conſidering what a poor return I have made to him, whoſe goodneſs and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

I was born in the year 1746. My father perceiving I had a tolerable genius for learning, purpoſed to have me qualified for the Church. To that end he put me to learn Latin; but my Maſter reſigning the ſchool, I deſiſted from making any farther progreſs in that branch of learning. And as I had an averſion to ſerioufneſs, my chief turn was, to travel abroad, to ſee foreign countries, and to become rich in the world. But finding an unwillingneſs in my father that I ſhould go abroad, it deterred me in ſome meaſure; yet I could not content myſelf with living at home, as I feared it would be burthenſome to him if I lived an idle life with him. I therefore opened a ſchool about ſeven miles from *Donegal:* but my father hearing ſome diſagreeable accounts of me, cauſed me to leave that place.

Sometime

Sometime after, I had been ſurveying land, about twenty-four miles from my father's houſe, when I met with a Gentleman, who had two ſons whom he intended to inſtruct in the Mathematics, who prevailed on me to ſtay with him for a time, to inſtruct them. Accordingly I continued with him about a year and a half. For the firſt half year I ſcarce ever went to bed ſober. I alſo found frequent temptations to other ſins which I had not yet fallen into, which cauſed me often to retire, and pour out my ſoul to God for mercy: but this conviction did not continue long; for drinking, and evil company, ſoon deſtroyed it.

In April, 1767, I went to Lord *Sudley's*, near *Ballyna*, in order to get his intereſt for a Commiſſion in the Revenue, which he promiſed me; but requeſted that I would continue with him to inſtruct his brother in the Mathematics, till an opportunity offered of getting a Commiſſion for me. But as I did not like to ſtay there, I went from thence to *Dublin*. Having continued a few weeks there, and ſpent what money I had, I met a Merchant from my own country, who defrayed my expences back to my father's houſe.

The Spring following I went with an intent to put Lord *Sudley* in mind of his promiſe; but he had ſet off for *France*. I then returned back, and in my way called to ſee a Gentleman who lived between *Sligo* and *Ballyna*. He had four ſons and a daughter who lived at home with him, who expreſſed a deſire that I ſhould ſtay with them for ſome time. So I continued there half a year. But the young men being ſo extremely wicked, I did not chuſe to follow their example. I therefore left them, and returned home in November, 1768. As I intended to go to *England*, and from thence to the Weſt-Indies, I ſet off in the ſpring following, with a Couſin of mine, who was bound for *England*. But not letting my father know my deſign, I pretended to go only about twenty miles off to an Aſtronomer, who had ſtationed himſelf at a place called *Glenlee*, to make his obſervations on the planets.

My father conſented to this, as he knew I had a deſire to improve myſelf in mathematical ſtudies; but after I was gone, thinking I intended to go farther, he followed me, and found me on the road to *Newry*. On this I returned back with him; but my Couſin went for *England*. Soon after I went to *Ballynamallard*, and taught Book-keeping for about a quarter of a year; and then returned home. The next year I went to *Killeghtee*, about eight miles from *Donegal*, and kept a mathematical ſchool for about three quarters of a year. I then returned home again, and amuſed myſelf for ſome time with making ſtatues; which were very entertaining to myſelf and others. I had made ſome that would cauſe a perſon, at a few yards diſtance, to think they were alive. Some I made of cement and wood; others of lead. I made their eyes of glaſs, which appeared very natural, and for hair on the eye-lids I had ſome ſilver wire.

While in the midſt of theſe employments, I was ſorely afflicted with a Fever, and vowed to God to lead a new life, if he would ſpare me; but when I was recovered, I became more wicked than ever.

In April, 1772, I again had a vehement thirſt for travelling. I therefore ſet out to take another tour through *Ireland*, with a determination to commit wickedneſs with a high hand; for I thought I had been too quiet and ſober. I alſo thought that if I did not take pleaſure in my youth, I never ſhould. Therefore I ſet off for *Ballyſhannon*; but when I got there, I thought I was too near my father's houſe. I therefore reſolved to go to *Sligo*: but when I had travelled about two miles, it began to rain, while the wind blew full in my face. I then reſolved to return to *Ballyſhannon*. When I got there, I met with a man who was going to *Inſkillen* the next day; I went with him, and took a liking to him, and propoſed to become a partner with him in loſs and gain, while we remained in that town. He pretended to underſtand painting and gilding. But he was an extraordinary

ſinner.

ſinner. For he would drink to exceſs: then ſwear againſt it; and then break through all his oaths. At length I began to diſlike his wickedneſs, and would not go ſuch lengths therein. When I was going to the town, I intended to teach writing an hour or two in each day; but he encouraged me to join him in drawing, &c. When the people of the town ſaw how wicked he was, they told me they would give me no buſineſs, if I did not quit him. Accordingly I took their advice as ſoon as I could. Some weeks after, I ſet off for *Clones*-races, and in my way called at *Macguires-bridge*. I ſtayed there a few days, and fell into company with ſome ſpendthrifts, who heard me with pleaſure ridicule the Methodiſts; as one who bore the name came into our company.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of the Death of JOHN HAIM.

ON the 18th of Auguſt died *John Haim*, in the ſeventy-eighth year of his age. For more than a twelvemonth paſt, his health was viſibly upon the decline: but although a hectic fever was continually increaſing, and wearing him to ſkin and bone, yet his zeal for God, and concern for the ſalvation of ſouls, abated not in the leaſt. He preached as long as he was able to ſpeak, and longer than he could ſtand without ſupport.

The Sunday before his death he requeſted the Society to attend him in his own room: and for ſeveral minutes powerfully and affectionately exhorted them to perſevere to the end, in that faith which worketh by love, and purifieth the heart.

The morning before he died, in attempting to get out of bed, he fell down, and was much hurt; which occaſioned

violent pain. In about two hours after, the pain being a little abated, he deſired to be raiſed up in bed; and after ſhaking hands with five or ſix friends who were with him, he prayed for the divine bleſſing upon them ſeparately: next for the church in general, and laſtly for the little flock over which he had long been Overſeer. He then leaned back in bed; and although the pain was not ſo intenſe, yet there were evident tokens of his approaching diſſolution. His ſtrength gradually decreaſed, and his ſight and ſpeech in great meaſure failed. Yet he frequently broke out in prayer, in theſe and ſuch like ſentences: "O Lord, in thee have I truſted, and have not been confounded. In thee do I *now* truſt, let me *never* be confounded. Salvation is of the Lord. I have nothing to bring, nothing to offer unto the Lord, but, God, be merciful to me a ſinner! When my ſoul departs this body, a convoy of angels will conduct me to the paradiſe of God." His laſt prayer, that could be underſtood, was to this effect: "O almighty God, who dwelleſt in light which no mortal can approach, and where no unclean thing can enter, cleanſe the thoughts of our hearts: grant us continually, ſweet peace, quietneſs, and aſſurance of thy favour!" About an hour before his death he was heard to ſay, "This is a good way! O that all may tread this path in the important hour!" Preſently after he departed ſo quietly, that it was ſcarce perceivable when he drew his laſt breath.

GEORGE STORY.

Whitchurch, Sept. 1, 1784.

A ſhort Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.

[Written by Mr. J. Rogers.]

MARTHA ROGERS was born February 14, 1755, in a village called *Looſe*, near *Maidſtone* in *Kent*. Her parents were Diſſenters, and much noted for their ſingular piety,

piety, as were their parents before them. Her mother died many years ago; and her father in the year 1777: both in full aſſurance of a glorious reſurrection. They had many children; the greater part yet living. Of thoſe who are called away, there is ground to hope they are in Abraham's boſom. My dear wife would often thank God, with tears of gratitude, for the piety of her parents, and the Chriſtian education and example, with which ſhe was bleſſed in her youth: and believed, her converſion and ſalvation were an anſwer to their many prayers. She had ſerious impreſſions from a child, and was early led to ſee into the plan of ſalvation by faith. When about ſix or eight years of age, her convictions were ſuch as frequently made her leave her little companions, and retire into private corners to pray, while they were taking their recreations. Yea, her love to the word of God, and ſecret prayer, appeared out of the common way! As ſhe grew to riper years, ſhe had at ſundry times gracious viſits from the Lord. But from a deep ſenſe of her unworthineſs, and a natural diffidence, ſhe was long with-held from profeſſing a ſenſe of his pardoning love; although at times ſhe was entirely happy in him: while her tempers, words, and works declared the deep piety of her heart.

My acquaintance with her began at *Edinburgh*, in 1775, and I have ever had cauſe to bleſs God for the day I firſt ſaw her. After a wonderful chain of providences, we were married at *Shoreham*, in *Kent*, December 4, 1778. The year after our marriage we removed to *Leeds*, where both our ſouls proſpered much. It was amongſt that dear people the Lord fully convinced her of the neceſſity of a pure heart. She then ſaw clearly the bleſſing muſt be received by ſimple faith, or not at all. Her convictions of inbred ſin were deeper than ſhe had ever felt before her juſtification: although at the ſame time, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had no doubt of being a child of God. On New-Year's-Day, after returning from renewing her Covenant with God, ſhe was much diſtreſſed. Several

of

of our friends came in till the houſe was near full. Three or four went to prayer, and the power of God was preſent to bleſs many. But ſtill ſhe felt herſelf as bound in chains, and wept bitterly. As ſoon as the company was gone, I endeavoured to comfort her; aſſuring her that the Lord was with her. I alſo exhorted her to believe in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt: to caſt herſelf, juſt as ſhe was, into his arms, who was ſtanding ready to embrace her. On this, ſhe begged of me to go up ſtairs with her. I did ſo; and on falling on our knees, the Lord gave me power to wreſtle mightily in prayer, on her behalf. Preſently all her chains fell off, and ſhe declared in an extaſy of joy, that her ſoul was ſet at perfect liberty. The Lord applied thoſe words to her ſoul, Thou art fair my love; thou art all fair: there is no ſpot in thee! She believed, and praiſed God aloud, ſaying to me, "Now I am ſure he has heard your prayer for me. I now know he has purified my heart! My beloved is mine, and I am his." But her evidence did not remain long equally clear: nevertheleſs, from that time to the day of her death, I believe no one who knew her, had the leaſt reaſon to doubt of the reality of the work.

The diſorder of which ſhe died was a conſumption. At firſt I was quite ignorant of her danger, and when I began to ſuſpect it, was a long time unwilling to think, for a moment, of being thus early deprived of ſo amiable, ſo valuable a jewel.

January 1, 1784, After renewing our Covenant with God, I had it deeply impreſſed upon my mind that this affliction would be unto death. My fears were all alarmed. I retired to my room and poured out my diſtreſs before the Lord; but could get no faith for her recovery. I went to her (then gone to bed) and could no longer refrain expreſſing my diſtreſs in a flood of tears. God only knows what I felt at that moment. She endeavoured to comfort me, and ſaid, "My dear, do not be diſtreſſed. Is it grief or joy that makes you weep? Have you had a good time at the love-feaſt?"

After

After a little, I replied, My dear, it has been a good time to me. I am bleſſed; but you muſt bear with me: I cannot help fearing the worſt. Your life, my dear, is ſurely in danger. She anſwered with her uſual ſweetneſs, "Perhaps not. You can remember the time when I was reduced much lower than I am now, and yet the Lord reſtored me. He bringeth down to the grave and raiſeth up again. The Lord can do great things: nay, he hath done great things. Fear not, my dear, and all ſhall be well."

January 7. I found, by a converſation with her Doctor, that no hope was left of her recovery. And ſhe ſeeing me deeply affected, eaſily imagined the cauſe; and with a moſt heavenly ſmile, endeavoured to comfort me and bear up my ſinking ſpirit. I cannot recollect one half of what paſſed at that time; but many of her words made a deep and laſting impreſſion on my mind. After many other things ſhe ſaid, "What pleaſure ſhould it afford us, my dear, that we can look back on more than five years, that we have lived together, and can ſay, we have been helps, and not hinderances to each other in the ways of God! And what cauſe have you, as well as me, to be happy in the reflection, that we never had one jarring ſtring ſince we knew each other: that, notwithſtanding we have had many trials from others, yet, to each other we have never been the leaſt cauſe of ſorrow. And if the Lord ſhould take me now, you will follow me; but not yet. No, my dear, you have more to do and ſuffer. But he who has hitherto ſupported, will ſtill be your helper. You will live to be more uſeful, and more happy than ever. You ſhall, my dear, I know you ſhall. The Lord knows you are upright before him: therefore you have nothing to fear. He will lay underneath, and around you, his everlaſting arms: therefore go on and let nothing diſcourage you. I believe the Lord will proſper whatever you take in hand, and that he will bleſs the children, and make them his children. You may be diſcouraged to think how you

you ſhall do with them when I am gone; but you need not. The Lord will raiſe you up friends where you do not expect. And what is beſt of all, I ſhall meet you in glory!" I replied, That is a pleaſing thought! She anſwered, "It is." But ſaid I, my dear, you have greatly the advantage of me: you have got through the wilderneſs. You are juſt going to croſs Jordan; and when you do, there will be an end of all your woes for ever! But alas! I am ſtill in an evil world; and what may yet await me I know not at preſent. But I know, a vaſt ſea of trouble lies before me, through which I muſt paſs. Yet, I bleſs God, I feel a ſtrong confidence that all will be well in the end; although the way to it appears tedious and difficult. But I know the Lord is my ſtrength, and all my hope is in him.

In the evening, ſhe deſired the children might be brought to her bed-ſide. She kiſſed them both, and prayed that the bleſſing of the God of Jacob might ever attend them: and added, I believe God will bleſs you, and make you bleſſings to many. I believe he will make you good men, and you will one day follow me to heaven." She uttered many expreſſions of the ſame kind.

[*To be continued.*]

An Accoumt of Mr. JOHN HOSKINS: *in a Letter to the Rev. John Weſley.*

Rev. Sir,

I Take this opportunity of giving you a ſhort Account of the dealings of God with my ſoul for a few years laſt paſt: together with ſome account of his work in *Newfoundland.*

In March, 1774, I left *London*, went down to *Poole* in *Dorſetſhire*, and embarked for *Newfoundland.* My deſign was

was to work there, till I got money enough to pay my paſſage to *New-England*; where I intended to keep a ſchool for my living; to work out my ſalvation, and to ſpend my little remains of life (being in my fifty-ſixth year) with the people of God; and, as far as I was able, to help forward the ſalvation of others.

When I was about fourteen years of age, I taſted of the love of God, and felt the powers of the world to come. From that time I had frequently ſtrong deſires to live to God; to give myſelf wholly unto him.

In 1746, I firſt heard the Methodiſts at *Briſtol*. The word fell on my ſoul as dew on the tender herb. I received it with joy, and ſoon joined the Society. In about three weeks I received a clear ſenſe of forgiveneſs; but ſoon fell into reaſoning and doubting. Sometimes I was in heavineſs through manifold temptations; and it was near ten years before I had the abiding Witneſs. Oh! how ſlow of heart to believe! and how unwilling to give up all to God!

After a paſſage of five weeks I arrived at *Trinity*, in *Newfoundland*. I ſaw myſelf indeed a poor pilgrim on the earth, having no money; nor did I know one perſon in the place. As I was walking about on the ſhore, ſeeing a few low, mean houſes, or rather huts, built with wood; and a rocky, deſolate country: and meditating on the deſtruction which ſin hath made in the world, I rejoiced exceedingly, that I was under the care and protection of an almighty and all-gracious God. Going by one of theſe houſes, I heard a child cry; and thought, as there was a family, there might be ſome perſon with whom I might adviſe how to get into buſineſs: yet I was afraid, as I had been on board a ſhip with a crew of Engliſh, curſing, ſwearing ſavages, leſt I ſhould meet with the like people in this barren and uncultivated country. However I knocked at the door; when a woman, the mother of the family came out, and aſked me and my ſon (a lad about ſixteen who was

with me) to come in. She gave us ſome Seal and bread to eat, and ſome coffee to drink, the beſt the houſe afforded. She then directed me to ſeveral places, where ſhe thought I might get buſineſs. The Miniſter of the place adviſed me to keep a ſchool at *Old Perlican*, a place ſeven leagues from thence, acroſs the Bay. Accordingly I went in a boat to *Old Perlican*. The people received me, and were glad of one to teach their children; there being about fifty families in the place. They likewiſe deſired I would read prayers, and a ſermon to them on Sundays; there being no manner of public worſhip before; neither Sundays nor week-days.

I accepted the Call, as from God, knowing it was my duty to do all the good I could, to the ſouls as well as bodies of my fellow-creatures. Accordingly I read the Church Prayers, and ſome of your Sermons, and ſung your Hymns, by myſelf alone, for many weeks. For my congregation did not know how to behave in divine ſervice; no not even to kneel in prayer, or to ſing at all: but would ſtand at a diſtance and look at me, as if I had been a monſter: and yet they called themſelves members of the Church of England.

I then, according to my poor ability, began to explain to them, ſome part of the Common-Prayer, the Articles of the Church, and the moſt eſſential parts of the religion of the heart: ſuch as repentance, remiſſion of ſins, and holineſs. I inſiſted on the neceſſity of converſion. I told them, Ye muſt be born again; you muſt know your ſins forgiven, or you cannot be ſaved: you muſt have the witneſs in yourſelves: God's Spirit to witneſs with your ſpirit that ye are the children of God. From that ſpirit of faith and love, dwelling within you, will ſpring forth the fruits of good living, in all holineſs of life and converſation; and you are to grow in grace daily, till you are fully renewed, and all that is within you is holineſs unto the Lord.

Sometimes

Sometimes in reading the Sermons, I ſpoke a few words extempore, to make them (if poſſible) underſtand the meaning of what was read.

A few now began to be more ſerious, and would kneel in prayer, and help me to ſing. Soon after, I perceived ſix or ſeven were awakened, and had a real deſire to flee from the wrath to come. I adviſed them to meet together once a week, to help each other in working out their ſalvation, and told them I would meet with them. Accordingly we met on Sunday evenings. Our number ſoon increaſed to ſixteen. And two or three in a little while teſtified that they knew their ſins were forgiven.

[*To be continued.*]

Of the FORE-KNOWLEDGE *of* GOD.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

GOD is omniſcient with regard to things finite, in the ſame ſenſe that he is omnipotent. He is not omnipotent becauſe he actually and neceſſarily produces all; but becauſe he can, when he pleaſes, produce all that is poſſible. Juſt ſo he is omniſcient with regard to finite, not becauſe he neceſſarily knows all: but becauſe he can, when he pleaſes, know all that is poſſible. He was eſſentially free to think, or not to think of the actions of finite beings. The knowledge of them is not neceſſary to the perfection of his boundleſs underſtanding. He ſees them not by neceſſity of nature but from his free love of the creatures. He is neither obliged to think of our eſſence, nor of our actions or modalities; but he does ſo out of his pure, generous and communicative goodneſs. It is true that God by his own omnipreſence ſees neceſſarily all that is; becauſe all things

lie open and bare before him. But this can be ſaid only of what is already exiſtent: neceſſary or inevitable; and not of what is contingent, poſſible and free. Becauſe there is no reality exiſtent in matters purely poſſible, that can be the object of the Divine perception. When God therefore forms the idea of a free creature, he forms that of an intelligence whoſe determinations he leaves unconſtrained; they may or may not be; and conſequently their happening is only contingent and poſſible. Now to ſee in the nature of the creatures, or in his own eternal decrees, what is only contingent and poſſible, as infallibly future and inevitable, is a perfect contradiction. It is to create and annihilate, to form and deſtroy, to eſtabliſh and overturn his object by the ſame individual act: it is producing a triangular circle. Wherefore as we do not derogate from the divine omnipotence, by denying that he can produce the one, ſo neither do we impeach the divine omniſcience by denying that he can ſee the other. In both caſes, the ideas are incompatible, their union is impoſſible, and ſo they cannot be the objects of the divine power or knowledge. It was therefore a ſtrange delirium in the ſchoolmen, to attribute to God a ſcience of what was impoſſible to be known, which deſtroys liberty, eſtabliſhes now an univerſal fatality in nature, and ſo deſtroys all God's moral attributes of juſtice, ſanctity and goodneſs; and all this under pretext of exalting his knowledge.

Once more I repeat the ſublime principle. We muſt reaſon of all God's acts, concerning finite beings, according to the rules of analogy. As God might have ſuſpended for ever the acts of his free power and free love, without being impotent or unjuſt; ſo he might have ſuſpended for ever the acts of his free knowledge without being ignorant. His generous, communicative, free, and diſintereſted goodneſs alone engaged him to exert all the three. None of theſe acts intereſt neceſſarily the eſſential perfection of his nature, and all their effects when compared to his abſolute eſſence are nothings.

nothings. The free production, the free knowledge, and the free love of all poſſible finites can make no augmentation of God's eſſential activity, conſubſtantial wiſdom, and co-eſſential love. All the Spinoſian, Deiſtical or Scholaſtic errors on this head come from the ſame ſource, a profound ignorance of God's ſtill eternity, and of the luminous doctrine of the Trinity. Theſe pretended philoſophers confound God's abſolute eſſence, with his relative attributes; his immanent acts, with his emanant fecundity; his eſſential activity, conſubſtantial image, and co-eternal love, with the free exerciſe of his creating power, arbitrary knowledge, and acceſſory beneficence. Perplexed and diſſipated by a confuſed crowd of ideas, they fancy that the perfection of the divine intellect, like that of their own, conſiſts in going out of himſelf to know other objects, and that the completion of the divine power, underſtanding and love, demand neceſſarily, and conſiſt in the producing, knowing and beautifying numberleſs objects without himſelf; all whoſe ideas and eſſences, ſubſtances and modes, are but an infinitely little, when compared with the infinitely great; an atom that diſappears before Immenſity, and an abſolute nothing that has no neceſſary relation to abſolute Infinity.

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from a SERMON, *on* GOD IS LOVE.

THE following is the moſt remarkable Diſcourſe, I ever ſaw upon the ſubject; and gives a full Anſwer to one of the capital Objections frequently made againſt Chriſtianity.

J. W.

God is Love. 1 John iv. 8.

GOD is love. There is an unſathomable depth in this ſentence, which even the penetration of an angel cannot reach; an ineffable excellence, which even celeſtial eloquence

eloquence cannot fully repreſent. God is love: not only lovely and loving but love itſelf; pure unmixed love; nothing but love; love in his nature and in his operations; the ſource, and quinteſſence of all love. My preſent deſign is to recommend the Deity under this amiable idea, and for that end, to ſhew that his other perfections are but modifications of love.

1. Love comprehends the various forms of divine beneficence. *Goodneſs*, that extends its bounties to innumerable ranks of creatures, and diffuſes happineſs through the various regions of the univerſe, except that which is ſet apart for the dreadful, but ſalutary purpoſe of incorrigible malefactors: *Grace*, which ſo richly ſhowers its bleſſings upon the *undeſerving*, without paſt merit or the proſpect of future compenſation: *Mercy*, that commiſerates and relieves the *miſerable* as well as the deſerving: *Patience* and *Long-ſuffering*, which ſo long tolerate *inſolent* and *provoking offenders*, what is all this beneficence, in all theſe its different forms, but *Love* under various names? It is *gracious*, *merciful*, *patient* and *long-ſuffering* love! Love variegated, overflowing and unbounded! What but love was the Creator of ſuch a world as this, ſo well accommodated, ſo richly furniſhed for the ſuſtenance and comfort of its inhabitants? And what but love has planned it ſo thick with an endleſs variety of beings, all capable of receiving ſome ſtream of happineſs, from that immenſe fountain of it? Is it not love that preſerves ſuch a huge world as this in order and harmony from age to age, and ſupplies all its numerous inhabitants with every good? And O! was it not love, free, rich, unmerited love, that provided a Saviour for the guilty children of men? It was becauſe "God ſo loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoſoever believeth in him ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting life." O Love! what haſt thou done! what wonders haſt thou wrought! It was thou, almighty Love, that broughteſt down the Lord of glory from his

his celeſtial throne, to lie upon a croſs, an atoning ſacrifice for the ſins of the world. And what but love is it that peoples the heavenly world with colonies tranſplanted from this rebellious province of Jehovah's dominions; that forms ſuch miracles of glory out of the ſhattered, polluted fragments of human nature? And what but eternal Love perpetuates their bliſs through an eternal duration? But it is evident that theſe are only the effects of love, that it is needleſs to attempt any farther illuſtration.

2. What is divine *Wiſdom*, but a modification of divine *Love?* Divine love planning the beſt adapted ſchemes for communicating itſelf in the moſt advantageous manner, ſo as to promote the good of the collective ſyſtem of creatures by the happineſs of individuals; or to render the puniſhment of individuals ſubſervient to the ſame benevolent end. Whatever traces of divine wiſdom we ſee in *creation*; as the order and harmony of the great ſyſtem of nature, its rich and various furniture, and the conſpiracy of all its parts to produce the good of each other and of the whole; whatever wiſdom appears in conducting the great ſcheme of *Providence* through the various ages of time, or in the more aſtoniſhing work of *Redemption*; in a word, whatever diſplays of divine wiſdom appear in any part of the univerſe, they are only the ſignatures of divine love. Why was yonder ſun fixed where he is, and enriched with ſuch extenſive vital influences? but becauſe divine love ſaw it was moſt conducive to the good of the ſyſtem. Why were our bodies ſo wonderfully and fearfully made, and all their parts ſo well fitted for action and enjoyment? but becauſe divine love drew the plan. Why was the manifold wiſdom of God diſplayed, not only to mortals, but alſo to angelic *principalities and powers*, in the ſcheme of redemption, which advances at once the honours of the divine perfections, and the happineſs of ruined creatures, by an expedient which nothing but infinite Wiſdom could ever deviſe, the incarnation, the obedience,

obedience, and paſſion of the co-equal Son of God? why, I ſay, but becauſe divine love would otherwiſe be incapable of giving full ſcope to its kind propenſions in a manner honourable to itſelf and conducive to the public good. In ſhort, divine wiſdom appears to be nothing elſe but the ſagacity of love to diſcover ways to exerciſe itſelf to the greateſt advantage: or, which is the ſame, divine wiſdom always acts under the benign conduct of love: it is the counſeller of love to project ſchemes ſubſervient to its gracious purpoſes; and in all its counſels love preſides.

[*To be continued.*]

A Relation of a wonderful Diſcovery of Murder, by an Apparition.

ABOUT the year of our Lord 1632, near unto *Cheſter*, in the *Street*, there lived one *Walker*, a man of good eſtate, who had a young woman, called *Anna Walker*, his kinſwoman, that kept his houſe; who was ſuſpected to be with child by him. One night ſhe was ſent away with *Mark Sharp*, a collier, who had been born at *Blackburn Hundred* in *Lancaſhire*; and was not heard of for a long time. In the winter, one *James Graham*, a miller, living two miles from the place where *Walker* lived, was one night very late in the mill, grinding corn. About twelve or one o'clock, as he came down the ſtairs from the hopper (the mill doors being ſhut) there ſtood a woman upon the midſt of the floor, with her hair about her head hanging down, and all bloody, with five large wounds on her head. He being much affrighted, began to bleſs himſelf, and at laſt aſked who ſhe was, and what ſhe wanted? To whom ſhe anſwered, "I am the ſpirit of ſuch a woman, who lived with *Walker*: and being with child by him, he promiſed to ſend me to a private place, where I ſhould be well looked to, until I was brought

brought to-bed, and well-recovered, and then I ſhould come home again, and keep his houſe. But, one night I was ſent away with one *Mark Sharp*, who ſlew me with a pick, ſuch as men dig coals with, giving me theſe five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank. His ſhoes and ſtockings being bloody, he endeavoured to waſh them; but ſeeing the blood would not waſh out, he hid them there." The apparition told the miller further, That he muſt be the man to reveal it, or elſe ſhe muſt appear and haunt him. The miller returned home, very ſad and heavy, and ſpoke not one word of what he had ſeen; but ſhunned, as much as he could, to ſtay in the mill after night, without company; thinking thereby to eſcape ſeeing again that frightful apparition.

But one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, ſeemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened that if he did not reveal the murder, ſhe would continually purſue and haunt him. Yet, for all this he concealed it, until ſome few nights before Chriſtmas, when walking in his garden, ſhe appeared again, and then ſo threatened him, and affrighted him, that he faithfully promiſed to reveal it the next morning.

In the morning he went to a Magiſtrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumſtances. And diligent ſearch being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick, ſhoes, and ſtockings, in every circumſtance, as the apparition had related to the miller. On this, *Walker* and *Sharp* were both apprehended; but would confeſs nothing. At the aſſize following, viz. at *Durham*, they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed; but would never confeſs the fact. There are many perſons yet alive (ſays the relator) that can remember this ſtrange murder, and the diſcovery of it: and the whole relation was printed, though now not eaſily to be gotten.

A late MEMORABLE EVENT.

ON the third of November, 1771, between nine and ten at night, as the King of *Poland* was returning to the caſtle at *Warſaw*, in his coach, with a ſmall retinue, from a viſit to his Uncle, who was indiſpoſed, the coach was beſet by thirty horſemen, firing into the coach and at his attendants, who were ſoon diſperſed. Two of them only placed themſelves at the coach doors, to defend the King. One of them, *George Bitzow*, was killed inſtantly; the other, *Simon Mikulſki*, dangerouſly wounded. Several balls paſſed through the coach; but providentially miſſed his Majeſty. They then dragged him out of the coach, and hurried him away; while one fired at him ſo near, as to ſinge his forehead: another riding behind, gave him a deep cut on the head with his ſabre, and his hat falling off, left the wound open and bleeding. They then ſet him on horſeback, and made toward the ditch that ſurrounds the town, in leaping which the King's horſe fell upon him. By being dragged from under the horſe, his ſtocking, ſhoe, and part of his ſkin was torne off. They mounted him on another horſe, and rode toward the wood of *Bielany*, frequently aſking their Captain, (whoſe name was *Kuſma*) "Is it not time to kill him?" To which he ſtill anſwered, "No." It being very dark, they miſſed their way, and found themſelves near the Ruſſian Outpoſts. The Captain ſent ſeveral of them in ſmall parties to gain intelligence, till he was left alone with the King; who then expoſtulated with him, till he fell on his knees, and kiſſing his Majeſty's feet, ſwore to be henceforth his loyal ſubject. Thus, in a moment the King's murderer became his guard, and brought him to a miller's cottage; who being told that a nobleman was robbed and wounded, immediately aroſe, took

took them in, and ran to the town with a note to the Captain of the guard, leaving the King to get a little reſt, and *Kuſma* ſtanding ſentry.

The news of his deliverance ſoon ſpread over *Warſaw*; and about five in the morning, he was brought to town amidſt the acclamations of his rejoicing people. Ten of the aſſaſſins were ſoon taken, and after a ſolemn trial, executed: except *Kuſma*, who was ſentenced for baniſhment, but handſomely provided for by the King. Penſions were immediately ordered for the family of *Bitzow*, as well as for *Mikulſki*: the burial of the former was attended by the firſt Nobility, and a monument erected to his memory.

The miller and his wife being ſent for, the King bid them tell him whatever they deſired, and they ſhould have it. They deſired the poſſeſſion of the mill, free from taxes. The King ordered the grant to be immediately made out; a new houſe and mill to be built, and fixed tax free for ever on them and their deſcendants. An annuity was ſettled on the preſent miller; to whom the King likewiſe gave a purſe of gold, and deſired to ſtand godfather to the child, with which his wife was pregnant.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The real CHARACTER *of* MONTANUS.

THERE is a great variety of opinions, ſays a late eminent Hiſtorian, about the time when *Montanus* firſt appeared, to work ſigns and miracles; either by the operation of God, as the Hiſtorian ſuppoſes, or by that of the devil transformed; and that in ſuch a manner, as nobody was able to diſcern, becauſe both his life and doctrine were holy and blameleſs. The time when it began to be doubted, concerning the ſpirit which operated in him, and moved him

after an extraordinary manner, whether it were a good or an evil one, is very uncertain, but it ſeems to be between the years of Chriſt, 150 and 170. However ſo it was, that the ſentiments of thoſe found in the faith, or the Chriſtians in general, were much divided in their judgments. Of all the ancients, none was more expreſs than he, in the myſtery of the Incarnation, or ſeemed more to honour the perſon of Chriſt, and extol his merits. All the ancient heretics erred greatly from the truth, as to this; but he was clear in this reſpect, preaching up repentance and faith in the name of the Lord Jeſus alone, as the one Mediator between God and man. Neither is it denied, that he was orthodox in the notion of the Church, as to Chriſtian-fellowſhip, rightly formed, according to the pattern delivered by Chriſt himſelf, and knit together by the bond of the ſpirit, under Paſtors and Officers of ſeveral orders, having a clear and certain miſſion from him, whom they repreſent; but he, under the character of a Prophet, as an order eſtabliſhed in the Church, appeared (without bringing any new doctrine) for reviving what was decayed, and reforming what might be amiſs: whereas others that had been judged heretics, were not only Preachers of ſtrange and monſtrous opinions, but were utter enemies to all manner of diſcipline in the Church.

It ſeems therefore, by the beſt information we can produce at this diſtance of time, That *Montanus* was not only a truly good man, but one of the beſt men then upon earth: and that his real crime was, the ſeverely reproving thoſe who profeſſed themſelves Chriſtians, while they neither had the mind that was in Chriſt, nor walked as Chriſt walked; but were conformable both in their temper and practice to the preſent evil world.

The SHIPWRECK.

THE ſhip, *Bouevia*, of *London*, burthen about 250 tons, Capt. *Brooks*, Commander, ſet ſail from the coaſt of *Holland*, on the 25th of November, 1724, having two pilots, the one Engliſh, the other Dutch; his wife was alſo on board with him.

The day had been fair and clear, but in the evening about ſix, it blew hard. The gale increaſed into a violent ſtorm, and continued for about ſeven hours; during which, the ſhip was ſtranded off *Enchuyſen*, in the *Texel*.

In order to ſave themſelves, if poſſible, the men all got into the long-boat, and were juſt ready to put off; but not having their Captain among them, they called to haſten him down, as the ſea ran ſo high that it even broke the boat, and endangered her beating to pieces againſt the ſide of the ſtranded veſſel. The Captain, in this nice and perilous point of time, recollecting that his wife was ſea-ſick in the cabin, could not bear the thoughts of endeavouring to ſave himſelf without her, and was earneſtly labouring to bring her along with him: but ſhe, who had heard the men cry out, that the boat would ſink under the weight of two perſons more, embraced him paſſionately, and refuſed to go. She wept, and told him in the moſt moving manner, that a woman in ſuch an extremity would prove a dangerous incumberance. She implored him, not to think of dividing his care, but to employ it all for the preſervation of his ſingle life, much dearer to her than her own.

For ſome time he preſſed her in vain; but at laſt prevailed with her to come up with him upon deck, where the firſt obſervation they made was, that the boat was out of ſight; having been beaten off, by the force of the ſwell, that roſe between her and the veſſel.

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He was gazing ſpeechleſs in her face in a deſpair which he found no words to utter, when a billow breaking over the ſhip waſhed him head-long into the ſea, and left her ſhrieking, and alone behind him, in a condition ſo far leſs ſupportable than his, that after a ſucceſſion of the bittereſt outcries, ſhe fell forward in a ſwoon, and ſunk ſenſeleſs after him.

The boat in the mean time endeavoured to return to the ſhip, and paſſing providentially near the Captain, who was yet faintly ſwimming, the men diſcovered him in the ſea, and took him up, quite ſpent and ſpeechleſs; in this condition they laid him in the bottom of the boat, and coming along the ſhip's ſide, one of the ſailors looking up, ſaw ſomething like a woman, with her arms and clothes entangled in the ſhrouds: this was the Captain's wife, who in the moment of her falling forward, had been ſupported againſt that part of the rigging. She was ſtill in a ſwoon, but ſo beloved by the mariners, that they redoubled their efforts to get her on board, that they might have it in their power to ſave her. They were ſo fortunate, that they found means to lift her into the boat, where they laid her, dead to all appearance, by her huſband who was in the ſame condition. They put off again, and with great difficulty, got on ſhore upon one of the iſlands in the *Texel*, where the Captain coming to himſelf, told his men, that they would have done more kindly, had they let him periſh in the ſea; ſince the life they had enforced upon him, muſt for ever be imbittered by the memory of her unhappy end, for whoſe ſake only he had thought it worth wiſhing for. His wife was now recovering, and near enough to hear.

They flew into each others arms. And it is eaſier to imagine than deſcribe, what they thought, and ſaid, on ſo tranſporting an occaſion.

This relation was faithfully taken from the mouth of a Gentleman, who was an eye-witneſs of the providential particulars.

From

From the PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.

THE kingdom of *Thibet*, although known by name ever ſince the days of *Marco Paſlo*, and other travellers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had never been properly explored by any Europeans, till the period of which I am now to ſpeak. It is true, ſome ſtraggling Miſſionaries of the begging Orders had, at different times, penetrated into different parts of the country: but their obſervations, directed by ignorance and ſuperſtition, placed in a narrow ſphere, could give no ideas but what were falſe and imperfect. Since them, the Jeſuits have given the world, in *Duhalde's* Hiſtory of China, a ſhort account of this country, collected, with their uſual pains and judgment, from *Tartar* relations, which, as far as it goes, ſeems to be pretty juſt.

This country commonly paſſes in *Bengal*, under the name of *Boutan*. It lies to the northward of *Hindoſtan*, and is all along ſeparated from it by a range of high and ſteep mountains, properly a continuation of the great *Caucaſus*, which ſtretches from the ancient *Media*, and the ſhores of the *Caſpian* Sea, round the North-Eaſt frontiers of *Perſia*, to *Candahar* and *Caſſamere*: and thence, continuing its courſe more eaſterly, forms the great northern barrier to the various provinces of the *Mogul* empire, and ends, as we have reaſon to believe, in *Aſſam*, or *China*. This ſtupendous *Tartar* bulwark had ever been held impaſſable by the Moguls, and all other Muſſulmen, conquerors of India: and, although in the vallies, lying between the mountains, which run out perpendicular to the main ridge, there reſide various Indian people, whom they had occaſionally made tributary's to their power, they never had attempted a ſolid or permanent dominion over them. It was on occaſion of a diſputed ſucceſſion between the heirs of one of the Rajahs or petty Sovereigns

Sovereigns of thoſe people, that the *Boutaners* were called down from their mountains to the aſſiſtance of one of the parties; and our government engaged on the oppoſite ſide. The party aſſiſted by us did not fail in the end to prevail; and, in the courſe of this little war, two people became acquainted, who although near neighbours, were equally ſtrangers to each other. At the attack of a town, called *Cooch Behar*, our troop, and the *Boutaners*, firſt met; and nothing could exceed their mutual ſurpriſe in the encounter. The *Boutaners*, who had never met in the plains any other than the timid Hindoos, flying naked before them, ſaw, for the firſt time, a body of men, uniformly clothed and accoutred, moving in regular order, and led on by men of complexion, dreſs, and features, ſuch as they had never beheld before: and then the management of the artillery, and inceſſant fire of the muſketry, was beyond any idea which they could have conceived of it. On the other hand, our people found themſelves on a ſudden engaged with a race of men unlike all their former opponents in India, uncouth in their appearance, and fierce in their aſſault, wrapped up in furs, and armed with bows and arrows, and other weapons peculiar to them.

The place was carried by our troops, and a great many things taken in the ſpoil, ſuch as arms, clothing, and utenſils of various ſorts. Images in clay, in gold, in ſilver, and in enamel, were ſent down to *Calcutta*; all which appeared perfectly Tartar; as we have them repreſented in the relations and drawings of travellers; and there were beſides, ſeveral pieces of Chineſe paintings and manufactures. Whilſt thoſe things continued to be the ſubject of much converſation and curioſity to us in *Bengal*, the fame of our exploits in the war had reached the Court of *Thibet*, and awakened the attention of *Tayſhoo Lama*, who (the *Delia Lama*, being a minor) was then at the head of the States. The *Dah Terriah*, or *Deb Rajah*, as he is called in *Bengal* (who rules immediately over the *Boutaners*, and has engaged them in the war) being a

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fuditory of *Thibet*, the Lama thought it proper to interpoſe his good offices; and in conſequence ſent a perſon of rank to *Bengal*, with a letter and preſents to the Governor, to ſolicit a peace for the Dah, as his vaſſal and dependant.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the Sunday-Charity Schools, lately begun in various Parts of England.

Glouceſter, June 5, 1784.

I Have not had leiſure to give the public an earlier account of my plan for a reform of the riſing generation, by eſtabliſhing Schools, where poor children may be received upon the Sunday, and there engaged in learning to read, and to repeat their Catechiſm, or any thing elſe that may be deemed proper to open their minds to a knowledge of their duty to God, their neighbours and themſelves.

The utility of an eſtabliſhment of this ſort was firſt ſuggeſted by a groupe of little miſerable wretches, whom I obſerved one day in the ſtreet, where many people, employed in the pin manufactory, reſide. I was expreſſing my concern to one, at their forlorn and neglected ſtate;—and was told, that if I were to paſs through that ſtreet upon Sundays, it would ſhock me indeed to ſee the crowds of children who were ſpending that ſacred day in noiſe and riot; to the extreme annoyance of all decent people.

I immediately determined to make ſome little effort to remedy the evil.—Having found four perſons who had been accuſtomed to inſtruct children in reading, I engaged to pay the ſum they required for receiving and inſtructing ſuch children as I ſhould ſend to them every Sunday.—The children were to come ſoon after ten in the morning, and ſtay till twelve: they were then to go home and return at one;

and after reading a leſſon they were to be conducted to church. After church they were to be employed in repeating the Catechiſm till half after five, and then to be diſmiſſed, with an injunction to go home without making a noiſe; and by no means to play in the ſtreet. This was the general outline of the regulation.—With regard to the parents, I went round to remonſtrate with them on the melancholy conſequences that muſt enſue from ſo fatal a neglect of their children's morals.—They alledged, that their poverty rendered them incapable of cleaning and clothing their children fit to appear either at ſchool or at church; but this objection was obviated by a remark, that if they were clad in a garb fit to appear in the ſtreets, I ſhould not think it improper for a ſchool calculated to admit the pooreſt and moſt neglected; all that I required, were clean faces, clean hands, and the hair combed.—In other reſpects they were to come as their circumſtances would admit.

In a little time the people perceived the advantage. Many children began to ſhew talents for learning, and a deſire to be taught. Little rewards * were diſtributed among the moſt diligent. This excited an emulation.—One or two Clergymen gave their aſſiſtance, by going round to the ſchools on the Sunday afternoon, to hear the children their Catechiſm. This was of great conſequence.

Another Clergyman hears them their Catechiſm once a quarter publicly in the church, and rewards their good behaviour with ſome little gratuity.

They are frequently admoniſhed to refrain from ſwearing; and certain boys, who are diſtinguiſhed by their decent behaviour, are appointed to ſuperintend the conduct of the reſt, and make report of thoſe that ſwear, call names, &c. When quarrels have ariſen, the aggreſſor is compelled to aſk pardon, and the offended is enjoined to forgive.—The happineſs that

* The rewards are books, combs, ſhoes, or ſome articles of apparel.

muſt

muſt ariſe to all, from a kind, good-natured behaviour, is often inculcated.

This mode of treatment has produced a wonderful change in the manners of theſe little ſavages. I cannot give a more ſtriking inſtance than I received the other day from Mr. *Church*, a manufacturer of hemp and flax, who employs numbers of theſe children.—I aſked him whether he perceived any alteration in them, ſince they had been reſtrained from their former proſtitution of the Lord's-day?—"Sir, ſaid he, the change could not have been more extraordinary, had they been transformed from the ſhape of wolves and tygers to that of men. In temper, diſpoſition, and manners, they could hardly be ſaid to differ from the Brute Creation.—But ſince the eſtabliſhment of the Sundays' Schools, they have ſhewn that they are not the ignorant creatures they were before.—When they have ſeen a ſuperior come, and kindly inſtruct and admoniſh them, and ſometimes reward their good behaviour, they are anxious to gain his friendſhip and good opinion.—They are alſo become more tractable and obedient, and leſs quarrelſome and revengeful."

From this little ſketch of the reformation which has taken place, there is reaſon to hope, that a general eſtabliſhment of Sunday Schools, would in time make ſome change in the morals of the lower claſs. At leaſt it might in ſome meaſure prevent them from growing worſe, which at preſent ſeems but too apparent.

R. RAIKES.

P. S. The pariſh of St. Nicholas has lately eſtabliſhed two Schools; and ſome Gentlemen of this city have alſo ſet up others. To ſome of the School-miſtreſſes I give two ſhillings a week extra to take the children when they come from work, during the week days.

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

THERE being ſeveral Gentlemen of our nation (fourteen in number) determined on a viſit to the *Holy-Land*, at the approaching Eaſter, I reſolved, though but newly come to *Aleppo*, to make one of the number.

Purſuant to this reſolution, we ſet out from *Aleppo*, Friday, February 26, 1696, at three in the afternoon. Our quarters the firſt night we took up at the *Honey-Kane*; a place of but indifferent accommodation, about one hour and a half Weſt of *Aleppo*.

It muſt here be noted, that in travelling this country, a man does not meet with a market-town, and inns, every night as in *England*; the beſt reception you can find here, is either under your own tent, if the ſeaſon permit; or elſe in certain public lodgments, founded in charity, for the uſe of travellers. Theſe are called by the Turks, *Kanes*, and are ſeated ſometimes in the towns and villages; ſometimes at convenient diſtances upon the open road. They are built in the faſhion of a cloiſter, encompaſſing a court of thirty or forty yards ſquare, more or leſs, according to the meaſure of the founder's ability or charity. At theſe places all comers are free to take ſhelter; paying only a ſmall fee to the Kane-keeper; and very often without that acknowledgement. But they muſt expect nothing here generally but bare walls: as for other accommodations, of meat, drink, bed, fire, provender; with theſe it muſt be every ones care to furniſh himſelf.

Saturday, Feb. 27. From the *Honey-Kane* we parted very early the next morning; proceeding Weſterly as the day before.

Our

Our whole ſtage this day was about five hours, our courſe a little ſoutherly of the weſt.

The plains of the *Kefteen* are of a vaſt compaſs; extending to the ſouthward beyond the reach of the eye, and in moſt places very fruitful and well cultivated. At our firſt deſcent into them at *Eſſoyn*, we counted twenty-four villages. The ſoil is of a reddiſh colour, very looſe and hollow; and you ſee hardly a ſtone in it. Whereas on its weſt-ſide, there runs along for many miles together a high ridge of hills, diſcovering nothing but vaſt naked rocks without the leaſt ſign of mould, or any uſeful production: which yields an appearance as if nature had, as it were, in kindneſs to the huſband-man, purged the whole plain of theſe ſtones, and piled them all up together in that one mountain. *Kefteen* itſelf is a large plentiful village on the weſt-ſide of the plain. There are many ruins of churches and convents ſtill to be ſeen in the neighbouring rocky mountains.

Sunday, Feb. 28. Having a long ſtage to go this day, we left *Kefteen* very early; and in the afternoon arrived at *Te-ne-ree*; where we paid our firſt Caphar.

Theſe Caphars are certain duties which travellers are obliged to pay, at ſeveral paſſes upon the road, to Officers who attend in their appointed ſtations to receive them. They were at firſt levied by Chriſtians, to yield a recompenſe to the country for maintaining the ways in good repair, and ſcouring them from robbers. The Turks keep up ſo gainful an uſage ſtill, pretending the ſame cauſes for it. But under that pretence, they take occaſion to exact from paſſengers, eſpecially Franks, unreaſonable ſums; and inſtead of being a ſafe-guard, prove the greateſt robbers themſelves.

In the evening we came to *Shoggle*, a pretty large, but exceeding filthy town, ſituated on the river *Orontes*: over which you paſs by a bridge of thirteen ſmall arches to come at the town. The river hereabouts is of a good breadth; and yet ſo rapid, that it turns great wheels, made for lifting up the

the water, by its natural ſwiftneſs, without any force added to it, by confining its ſtream. Its waters are turbid, and very unwholeſome, and its fiſh worſe; as we found by experience, there being no perſon of all our company, that had eaten of them over night but found himſelf much indiſpoſed the next morning. We loged here in a very large and handſome *Kane*, far exceeding what is uſually ſeen in theſe ſort of buildings. It was endowed with a competent revenue, for ſupplying every traveller, that takes up his quarters in it, with a competent portion of bread, and broth, and fleſh, which is always ready for thoſe that demand it, as very few people of the country fail to do. The *Kane* we found at our arrival, crouded with a great number of Turkiſh pilgrims bound for *Meccha*. But nevertheleſs we met with a peaceable reception amongſt them, though our faces were ſet to a different place.

Monday, March 1. Having travelled about two hours, we entered into a woody, mountainous country, which ends the *Baſhalick* of *Aleppo*, and begins that of *Tripoli*. Our road here was very rocky, and uneven; but yet the variety which it afforded, made ſome amends for that inconvenience. Sometimes it led us under the cool ſhade of thick trees: ſometimes through narrow valleys, watered with freſh murmuring torrents: and then for a good while together upon the brink of a precipice. And in all places it treated us with the proſpect of plants and flowers of divers kinds: as Myrtles, Oleanders, Cyclamens, Anemonies, Tulips, Marigolds, and ſeveral other ſorts of aromatic herbs. Having ſpent about two hours in this manner, we deſcended into a low valley; at the bottom of which is a fiſſure into the earth, of a great depth; but withal ſo narrow, that it is not diſcernable to the eye till you arrive juſt upon it: though to the ear a notice of it is given at a great diſtance, by reaſon of the noiſe of a ſtream running down into it from the hills. They call it *The Sheck's Wife*: a name given it from a woman of that

that quality, who fell into it, and periſhed. The depth of the channel, and the noiſe of the water, are ſo extraordinary, that one cannot paſs over it without ſomething of horror. The ſides of this fiſſure are firm and ſolid rock, perpendicular and ſmooth; only ſeeming to lie in a wavy form all down, as it were to comply with the motion of the water. From which obſervation we were led to conjecture, that the ſtream, by a long and perpetual current, had, as it were, ſawn its own channel down unto this unuſual deepneſs: to which effect, the waters being penned up in ſo narrow a paſſage, and its hurling down ſtones along with it by its rapidity, may have not a little contributed.

Tueſday, March 2. We were glad to part very early this morning from our Campagnia lodging; the weather being yet moiſt and cold. Continuing our journey through woods and mountains, as the day before, we arrived in about one hour, at the Caphar of *Cruſia*, which is demanded near a *Kane* of that name; a *Kane* they call it, though it be in truth nothing elſe, but a cold comfortleſs ruin on the top of a hill on the way ſide.

From hence in about another hour we arrived at the foot of a mountain called *Occaby*; or as the word denotes, difficult, and indeed we found its aſcent fully anſwerable to its name. The moiſture and ſlipperineſs of the way at this time, added to the ſteepneſs of it, greatly increaſed our labour in gaining the top of the hill. Here we found no more woods or hills, but a fine country, well cultivated and planted with ſilk gardens: through which, we came in one hour to *Bellulca*. Here we repaired to a place which is both a *Kane* of the village, and the *Aga's* houſe: and reſolving by reaſon of the rains, which fell very plentifully, to make this our lodging, we went to viſit the *Aga* with a ſmall preſent in our hands, in order to procure a civil reception. But we found little

little recompenſe from his Turkiſh gratitude; for after all our reſpect to him, it was not without much importunity that we obtained leave to have the uſe of a dry part of the houſe.

[*To be continued.*]

A Memorial for Miſs NANCY BISSAKER: *written in the ſeventh Year of her Age, by the late Mr. C. Perronet.*

OUR Lord Jeſus himſelf be the portion of your pilgrimage on earth, and his kingdom the lot of your eternal inheritance!

I am as one leaving the world. You only begin to be, and may ſojourn with trials and temptations many days, without thoſe who have been the guardians of your infancy, and who loved you as words cannot deſcribe.

I leave you my thoughts, and deſires, in writing, to ſupply my abſence: and to make the deeper impreſſion, I have choſen this form before any other.

Ere you may be able to conſider theſe things, or begin to know your friend, he muſt be parted from you, and you muſt travel the chief part of your pilgrimage alone.

But God only is: his favour is all in earth or heaven. I commend you to his tender compaſſion. Jeſus be your friend, when ſhadows and feeble things vaniſh away!—— May you make God your ſanctuary; your hiding-place: your one deſire, and delight: then all is well with you for ever and ever.

My dear, you are bleſſed with a mother, friend, and pattern, beyond others. She is a gift from above, and a ſingular bleſſing to all places where ſhe comes. An Interceder with God for his people. "Many daughters have done virtuouſly, but ſhe excelleth them all."

God

God requires you to receive his gift as from himſelf. He will deal with you according to what you are to her. In receiving her, you embrace your own benefits: in rejecting her, and forſaking her counſel, you forſake your own mercies.

But my dear child, God only is immortal. Your mother muſt return to duſt. Suffering and pain have already brought her low: in the courſe of nature ſhe cannot remain long. You may continue awhile and then follow. Walk in the ſame ſteps, and you will have the ſame reward.

Her prayer began for you before your birth, and has followed you ever ſince: and like the dew of heaven reſting upon you, before you could ſpeak, has cauſed early deſires in you for heavenly things. You have the bleſſing of parental righteouſneſs: like Iſrael, "beloved for the father's ſake."

In all your prayers bleſs God for ſuch a parent. Every day call to remembrance what Chriſt has made her, in word, converſation, love, faith, purity. It will tend much to make you the ſame.

I perceive you are appointed to be a ſuffering child, of a ſuffering mother. You partake of her tender frame: your ſpirit is all feeling: you are perſecuted by the wicked.

Chriſt has long begun to work on your infant ſpirit, and you feel many deſires, and fears, and convictions. The enemy perſecuted you, and ſought your life; but God made me your deliverer.

Your mother was perſecuted from her childhood; and has ſuffered all her days: it may forebode that your portion will be the ſame.

The children in the neighbourhood afflict you daily: male and female, conſpire againſt you; while their parents encourage them: ſo that it is not ſafe even to venture you from your own door.

From theſe preſages, prepare. Live to God more abundantly, that he may hide you in the hollow of his hand.

My prayer is, that Jeſus may ſhew you abundant favour; make you a follower of him in particular devotedneſs of body and ſoul; by being a whole burnt-offering to him.

Labour to ſee more of the excellency of Chriſt, and faith in him. God can regard nothing but his own Son: accept us only for his ſake; beſtow on us, only through believing; reward nothing but his own work; and unite only with his own image.

Caſt yourſelf on God; abandon yourſelf to his diſpoſal, and be a compleat ſacrifice to his will. Give yourſelf up to believe, and obey; and in all things take Chriſt for your portion, without mixture of created good.

Dedicate yourſelf to the daily croſs; and every part of ſelf denial. "Chriſt pleaſed not himſelf; and came not to do his own will." His will was holy; and nothing could pleaſe him, but what pleaſed God. But his righteous will was ſwallowed up in the will of his Father, and the inclination of his created ſubſtance, was made ſubject to the great goodneſs of the divine infinity.

Think then, how to be found of him in peace at his coming; without ſpot, unreproveable, by conforming to all that was in him.

Set yourſelf to drink of Chriſt's cup. Crucify, and oppoſe nature in every thing. Suffer your time, and turn of mind to be broken in upon, and all the tide of nature to be forced into a contrary-channel. Account yourſelf a nothing; called to be ſubſervient to every one's good. To do well, ſuffer for it, and take it patiently, is to be a compleat ſacrifice to God in Chriſt.

When we do what is right, and it proſpers, or is well received, we do good to others; but not always the moſt to ourſelves. Self-complacency, if no other part of ſelfiſhneſs, cleaves to it: and if not, ſtill it is void of ſuffering the trial of our faith, and the purification of our graces.

But when our deſire, and aim towards that which is right is oppoſed, and God himſelf fruſtrates the deſign he breathed into us, or if men reject, and judge us as evil-doers: then the intent is accepted of God for all the reſt, and we are purified as in the furnace.

Remember, whatever you do in the body will be brought to judgment: and that all done below is a ſeed for eternal peace, or condemnation. Diſobedience, and neglect of duty, may be forgiven; but cannot be rewarded; ſo it is loſt for ever. But what pleaſes God, endureth without end. Therefore "Abound in the work of the Lord, and it will not be in vain."

Mind not high things, but condeſcend to thoſe which are low. In all things, the poor are to be preferred to the rich; the croſs, adverſity, contempt, and oppoſition; to eaſe, proſperity and honour. Chriſt has ſanctified pain, poverty, reproach, through his whole life. And theſe he ſtill makes his dwelling place, where he beſtows his richeſt grace. The rich ſeek little after grace; and what they obtain, ſoon drops off as bloſſoms that bear no fruit.

Be rarely prevailed on to aſſociate with rich profeſſors. One poor diſciple poſſeſſes more of God than a multitude of the delicate.*

If you ſhould ever be made a ſteward of riches, be like the widow, and give all your living to Jeſus, in priſons, and to all who are in want.

Love your own family, and ſupply your mother's place amongſt them. Take the loweſt place, the yielding, humbling part. "He that humbles himſelf as a little child is the greateſt in the kingdom. He that doth all things right, but to take the loweſt part, forſakes the chief of Chriſt's example, in not making himſelf of no reputation: and when he is weighed in the balance may be found wanting.

[*To be continued.*]

* A certain Truth, Note it well.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLII.

[From the Rev. J. Weſley, to the Rev. Mr. L.]

Lewiſham, Dec. 14, 1771.

Dear Brother,

FOR ſome time I have been in doubt, whether it was beſt for me to write, or to leave you to your own reflections. But at length love turns the ſcale. I cannot be ſilent any longer, without being wanting in affection. I will therefore ſtate the caſe as impartially as I can, and may God give you a right judgment in all things!

It has pleaſed God to entruſt you with ſeveral talents: a meaſure of his grace, of natural underſtanding, improved by reading and converſation; and a tolerable utterance. And what are you doing with theſe talents? You are well-nigh burying them in the earth. A Diſpenſation of the Goſpel is committed to you: and yet you preach not the Goſpel, or but now and then; inſtead of continually ſtirring up the gift of God that is in you. Is this inactivity, this loſing ſo many precious opportunities, owing to any temporal views? Do you expect to get *more money* by delay? I hope not. Do you want to avoid labour, ſhame, or cenſure? I would fain think better things of you. Surely you have not ſo learned Chriſt!

But you have promiſed (not indeed to man, but) before God, that you will not leave the Church. What do you mean by this? What ideas do you affix to that confuſed expreſſion? In what ſenſe can the officiating at Weſt-Street, or Spitalfields Chapels (both of them *conſecrated* places, if that

that avails any thing) be called *leaving the Church?* Does Mr. Dodd, one of the King's Chaplains, *leave the Church*, by officiating at Charlotte-Street Chapel? Although this was never conſecrated yet, neither is under any Epiſcopal Juriſdiction.

But if you had made that promiſe ten times, ſtill I aſk, would it not be "more honoured in the breach, than in the obſervance?" For what was it you promiſed? To wait for dead men's ſhoes? Was not this a *fooliſh* promiſe? To bury your talent in the earth? Was not this a *ſinful* promiſe? To incur the woe of not preaching the Goſpel? Is not this both fooliſh and ſinful? "But you do not intend to ſtand in the Vineyard all the day idle. You will but wait awhile longer." Well, how long will you be as a dumb dog? Twenty years? Or ten? Or one and a half? If you have a leaſe of your life, well: but what if you are called in one year to give an account of your ſtewardſhip? O live *to-day!* Do all the good you can, while it is called to-day! *Now* ſtir up the gift of God which is in you! *Now*, ſave as many ſouls as you can; and do all you can to eaſe the labour, and prolong the life of,

Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

LETTER CCCLIII.

[From Mrs. Mary Jones, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Bath, Jan. 1, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

ENCOURAGED by your condeſcending anſwer to my former letter, I take the liberty to write again, and to tell you how I am, as well as my mean capacity enables me

me. And firſt, Jeſus is altogether lovely to me: he is my God and my all. This is the mountain on which I ſtand, and behold his foes beneath his feet. Nevertheleſs, I find Satan will ſtrike, though he cannot deſtroy. The Lord, for the eſtabliſhing of my faith, has permitted his work to be tried as by fire. Both by outward trials and by inward crucifixion, for which I can praiſe him, and ſay with humble boldneſs, in the midſt of all, his yoke is eaſy and his burthen is light. My temptations are various: ſometimes I am tempted to believe, all the work in my ſoul is a deluſion: at other times, that I ſhall fall from grace, and bring a reproach on the Goſpel: and again, to reaſon, "Why am I thus, if God had done this for me?" But they are as a flaſh of lightning: they have not the leaſt reſt on my ſoul, being quenched by faith in Jeſus. But O! how ſhall I paint my own weakneſs and helpleſſneſs? My entire dependance is on the blood of Jeſus? I do indeed feel a momentary ſalvation: "Every moment, Lord, I want the merit of thy death." I deeply feel, it is Jeſus, not me, that keeps my garments unſpotted from the world. It is now I feel, I am nothing, I have nothing, and muſt fall, if I do not continually receive ſtrength from an inexhauſtible fountain. My ſoul is ſometimes led to meditate on the depths of redeeming love, God manifeſt in the fleſh, to deſtroy the works of the devil. But I am ſoon loſt in wonder, love and praiſe, and cry out, O the length, the breadth, the height! There are ſeaſons, at which my ſoul is taken from all but Jeſus; as it were ſhut up, abſtracted from all earthly objects. Theſe are ſeaſons of ſolemn, ſilent love, in which I feel there is a rooting and grounding. My ſoul longs for them; and in the enjoyment of them, is ready to cry out with Peter, "It is good to be here;" but is ſilenced with thoſe words, "Not my will, but thine be done!" I am continually offered up as a ſacrifice: feeling I am not my own. I long for more of that life, which is hid with Chriſt in God. I never, in my life, ſaw my fall from God ſo deep as I ſee it now. It is the

caſe

caſe in all things, and particularly in the body being a clog to the ſoul. Sometimes I long to lay the burden down: but I fear, that is my own will. Lord, let thy Spirit teach me in all things! Satan leaves no ſtone unturned, nor art untried to ſhake my confidence: and to make others ſhut their eyes againſt the truth. But the Lord will fight his own battles. I have often a ſight of the pit from whence I was taken, which ſinks me into nothing: and I conclude, there never was one ſaved from ſuch a depth before. I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your moſt unworthy Follower,

MARY JONES.

LETTER CCCLIV.

[From Mrs. M. S. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Briſtol, Jan. 5, 1772.

Dear Sir,

BLESSED be God, for the great help your laſt letter afforded me! Your very kind caution, with regard to Satan's devices I acknowledge with thankfulneſs. I find him a ſubtle foe; watching every opportunity of aſſaulting my confidence. But, *The Lion of the Tribe of Judah* has hitherto been victorious. I do not know, but I have, in ſome meaſure, liſtened to the enemy in the point you mentioned; and, through a fear of arrogating any thing to myſelf, have not acknowledged the work of God as I ought.

I have been reading your Thoughts on Perfection, and have found great aſſiſtance in ſo doing. Many things that I could not account for, you have clearly explained.

I deſire to praiſe God that I experience an increaſe of ſpiritual life, and feel greater union with the holy Jeſus. I can now give him my whole heart. I find my every deſire

centre

centre in him, and rejoice in feeling, *I am not my own*, Prayer is the element of my ſoul. By it, my heart offers itſelf to the Redeemer, and makes all its requeſts known unto him. He makes the throne of grace eaſy of acceſs; and it is by continual coming to it, I feel my heaven begun.

With regard to zeal, I praiſe God, I feel a deſire to ſpend, and be ſpent for him. I never found ſo much of this, as I have lately. My heart is enflamed with ſtrong deſire to ſpeak for him I love, who has done ſo much for me. The mourners in Sion are peculiarly near to me. O, how ready do I ſee Jeſus to bleſs them! How willing to receive them!

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your's affectionately,

M. S.

LETTER CCCLV.

[From Mrs. Margaret Wood, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Briſtol, Jan. 7, 1772

Rev. Sir,

IT has long been on my mind to give ſome Account of God's dealings with my ſoul.

About the year 1745, I firſt heard you preach. Under the third Sermon I was cut to the heart. When I went home, I ſaid to my mother, Mr. Weſley has told me all things that ever I did: and aſked her, have not you been writing to him concerning me? She anſwered, No, my dear child: it was the Spirit of God that told him. From this time I continued under the word, and was enabled to lay aſide my beſetting ſin. After ſome weeks the Lord manifeſted himſelf unto me. I retained my confidence for ſome months; and it was my meat and drink to do his will. I had

had a deſire to join the Society, but my huſband would not let me. He alſo inſiſted on my not going to hear you preach. On my obeying him, my beſetting ſin got dominion over me: in which ſtate I continued ſeven years, drinking in iniquity like water. O the long-ſuffering of God to ſuch a rebel! Why did he not cut me down?

About the year 1752, God took away my huſband; and having four children, I was obliged to ſell one piece of furniture after another to buy bread for them. Having only the furniture of one room left, I ſet up a ſchool, which was a little help to me; but not ſufficient for ſuch a family: therefore I often went to bed hungry, and continued ſo all the next day. My oldeſt ſon, who was a dutiful child, being abroad, news came that he was dead. Being ſwallowed up of grief, I heard a voice ſaying, If thou wilt return, return: then theſe words were brought to my mind, Weep not for *me*, but for *thyſelf*. On this my ſins were brought to my remembrance, and I mourned on my own account. In a ſhort time my ſecond ſon was taken from me by the hands of cruel men. Three months after, the Lord took my youngeſt ſon. I now began to cry aloud, Lord, my ſins have found me out! My diſtreſs ſo increaſed, that I almoſt forgot to eat what little food I had. My former acquaintances ſtood afar off: I had no one that cared for me. I now remembered my mother's dying words, "My child, if thou wilt ſeek the Lord with thy *whole* heart, he will raiſe thee up friends where thou little thinkeſt." I now came under the word again, and intreated God to look in mercy upon me. On hearing a ſermon on theſe words, "And Jeſus looking on the young man, loved him." I received a ſpark of hope: yet I went on for ſome months, ſometimes hoping, at others deſpairing. One evening as I was going to the preaching, all the way I went my cry was, Lord, what muſt I do to be ſaved? As ſoon as I entered the room Mr. H———s named *that text*, which was made a great

bleſſing to me. I went home, begging for faith, and continued doing ſo for ſome weeks.

About this time, the Lord brought you to Briſtol; and as you were preaching from, "Behold, now is the accepted time," the word went to my heart, and I did receive him as my Lord and my God. Now how ſweet was his word to me! I read the ſcriptures with delight. I could believe all the promiſes were for *me*. But all this time I was not joined to the Society. I had ſo high an opinion of it, that I thought it was not for ſuch a vile creature as me. However I was prevailed on to give in my name, and found the Claſs and Band-meeting of great uſe to me.

I now went on praiſing the Lord for his reſtoring love; but he ſhewed me, that he had a greater work to do; and on his uncovering my inbred corruptions, my ſoul was weighed down. O, what ſtrugglings did I feel! It was hard travail indeed!

On Sept. 21, 1761, you preached on the ſecond verſe of the 107th Pſalm. I went home and prayed all night. At laſt theſe words were brought to my mind, I will cleanſe thee from all thy filthineſs.

Tueſday the 22d, your text was in the ſeventeeth chapter of the firſt Book of Samuel. Glory be to God, that night my Goliah was ſlain! But I thought, I would not tell it to any body: but when I went to meet my Band, my dear Leader ſaid, "Siſter W. the Lord has done great things for you: your very countenance tells me ſo." She went to prayer, and O, what a fire of love did the Lord kindle in each breaſt! I was conſtrained to cry aloud, Jeſus is my King! my God and my All! O, what a teſtimony did the Lord give us of his love! We could not part: but he continued four hours praiſing our dear Emmanuel.

For theſe three years paſt, I have not found ſo much of that joy as I uſed to have; yet an awful ſenſe of the divine preſence reſts continually on me. O, how does it abaſe my ſoul

ſoul before God! And I feel ſuch a deſire as I cannot expreſs, to attain the full meaſure of the ſtature of Chriſt. O, may I never reſt till he has moulded and faſhioned me according to his will in all things!

I am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful Daughter in the Lord,

M. WOOD.

POETRY.

To Lord ————: by Lord L——n.

WILT thou once more a kind attention lend
To thy long, abſent and forgotten friend;
Who after ſeas and mountains wanderéd o'er,
Returnéd at length to his own native ſhore:
From all that's gay retiréd, and all that's great,
Beneath the ſhade of his paternal ſeat,
Has found that happineſs he ſought in vain
On the famed banks of Tiber and of Saine?

'Tis not to view the well-proportionéd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphæl's ſtile;
At ſoft Italian ſounds to melt away,
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtles ſtray;
That lulls the tumults of the ſoul to reſt,
Or makes the fond poſſeſſor truly bleſt.
In our own breaſts the ſource of pleaſure lies,
Still open, and ſtill flowing to the wiſe;
Not forcéd by toilſome art, and wild deſire,
Beyond the bounds of nature to aſpire;
But in its proper channels gliding fair,
A common benefit which all may ſhare.

Yet half mankind this eaſy good diſdain,
Nor reliſh happineſs unbought by pain;
Falſe is their taſte of bliſs, and thence their ſearch is vain.
So idle, yet ſo reſtleſs are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
Through various toils to ſeek content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaſeleſs change of ſhifted place
Can from the heart a ſettled grief eraſe,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air,
Heal the diſtemperéd mind of aching care.
The wretch by wild impatience drivén to rove,
Vexéd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whoſe rooted point his bleeding boſom tears:
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himſelf that torment which he flies.

For how ſhould ills which from our paſſions flow,
Be changéd by Afric's heat, or Ruſſia's ſnow?
Or how can aught but powerful Reaſon cure,
What from unthinking Folly we endure?
Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneaſy diſcord to compoſe;
In genérous love of others good to find
The ſweeteſt pleaſures of the ſocial mind;
To bound his wiſhes in their proper ſphere;
To nouriſh pleaſing hope, and conquer anxious fear.

This was the wiſdom ancient ſages taught,
This was the ſovereign good they juſtly ſought;
This to no place or climate is confinéd,
But the free native produce of the mind.
Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The uſeful practice of philoſophy:

Horace,

Horace, the wiſeſt of the tuneful choir,
Not always choſe from greatneſs to retire,
But in the palace of Auguſtus knew,
The ſame unerring maxims to purſue,
Which in the Sabine or the Velian ſhade
His ſtudy and his happineſs he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy ſcene with ſober thought;
Undazzléd evéry glittéring folly ſee,
And in the midſt of ſlaviſh forms be free:
In its own centre keep your ſteady mind;
Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind;
In ſhow, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country-gentleman at heart.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

[To a Friend.]

EVANDER's voice invites my artleſs lay:
And Friendſhip's call tranſported I obey:
Friendſhip! I ſeize the lyre at thy command
And ſtrike the ſleeping ſtrings with trembling hand.
O, for ſome portion of poetic fire!
Some happiér ſtrain that nature would inſpire!
Here, where ſhe ſhines in all her virgin charms,
And fair Retirement wooes me to her arms.
Hail muſing nymph! in ruſſet veſt arrayéd,
O, wrap thy votéry in thy browneſt ſhade!
Far, far from all the noiſy ſeats of pride,
In groves conceal her, or in vallies hide.

Now bountéous Autumn glads the yellow plains,
And bright-eyéd Ceres crownéd with plenty reigns;

With

With bluſhing fruit the bending branches ſhine,
And ripéning cluſters load the genérous vine.
Here, white with bleating flocks the uplands riſe,
There, hills whoſe azure ſummits pierce the ſkies,
And clad in all the ripéning harveſt's pride,
The dale ſlopes gently down the mountain's ſide,
No more let Poets ſing of Tempe's Fields,
Nor paint the treaſure that Pactolus yields,
Their fame in vain to Albion's ſons is told,
Here ſilver currents roll through vales of gold,
Oft mid the tufted trees, the rural cell,
Where Health, and ſweet Content with Virtue dwell,
Diſplays its ſtraw-crownéd roof, and ſmiles ſecure
From all thoſe cares the guilty great endure.
Hail! fair abodes of Freedom, Joy and Peace,
Where treaſure flows,* and uſeful arts increaſe;
No direful arms theſe calm retreats annoy,
No barb'rous bands the fruitful plains deſtroy;
Remote from danger, here the happy ſwain,
Tills the rich ſoil, and reaps the bearded grain:
Bleſt in theſe mid-land ſeats ſecure he toils,
No coaſters ravage, and no tempeſt ſpoils.
Here Bordſley-hall, ſweet manſion of delight,
In fair proportion riſes to my ſight:
Charméd with the verdant walks, and ſilent ſhades,
I range the twilight woods, and opéning glades.
Ye cryſtal lakes, where curling breezes play,
O, let me on your flowéry margin ſtray!
Where the tall fir erects its ſpiry head,
And their green arms the princely cedars ſpread;
Or let me to the duſky grot retire,
And wake to Sylvan ſtrains thé amuſive lyre,
While down the rock the murméring waters flow,
And gentleſt gales through fragrant woodbines blow.

* The famous Town of Birmingham, near which the ſcene of this Poem is laid.

Happy

Happy the man! who from the noiſy town,
Retiring, finds this ſweet receſs his own:
Who, free from each low wiſh and idle fear,
Enjoys ſoft eaſe, and learned leiſure here:
Of all that luxury could crave, poſſeſt;
What troubles can alarm; what cares moleſt?
Can gold then make man happy? vain ſurmiſe!
As ſoon may titles make an idiot wiſe.
If heaven-born Virtue reign not in the breaſt,
The rich, the gay, the great, can ne'er be bleſt;
When the ſwoln heart with mad ambition glows,
And hell-bred Avarice chaſes calm Repoſe:
When black Oppreſſion with her hateful train,
Fraud, dark Diſtruſt, and pining Envy reign:
What, what alas! can wealth or titles bring?
Say, can they blunt Reflection's deadly ſting?
Can painting's vivid glow, or muſic's ſtrains,
Sooth the bad heart, or ſoften guilty pains?
If theſe, O, Grandure! thine attendants are,
Let one preſer this unambitious prayer.
Give me, indulgent Heaven, ſome lonely cot,
Where I may live unenvied and forgot:
Range the ſequeſtered ſhade with mind ſerene,
Explore the beauties of the Sylvan ſcene:
Tread Virtue's paths, and to her temple riſe,
And dare to emulate the good and wiſe.
Let Friendſhip's generous warmth expand my breaſt,
And ſweet Contentment be my conſtant gueſt.
Let ſocial Converſe crown the day's decline,
And Folly's ſlaves divide their haunts from mine,
When grey-eyed Dawn peeps o'er the mountain's head,
And lingering Night on duſky wing is fled;
Give me to trace the dew-beſpangled Grove,
Where roſy Health, and blooming Pleaſure rove;

There

There let me oft explore the ſacred cell,
Where Truth and heaven-born Contemplation dwell;
And, while dear Freedom her looſe banner waves,
Contemn the pomp of courts, and pity ſlaves.

A Prayer for one grievouſly tempted.

JESUS, the promiſe made by thee
We plead, and touching this agree,
To aſk it for our friend;
The help thou only canſt beſtow,
Delivérance from her cruel foe,
A ſwift delivérance ſend.

The virtue of thy ſaving name,
To-day, as yeſterday the ſame,
In her relief exert;
The fiend who dares thy temple ſeize,
No longer ſuffer him to' oppreſs,
But bid him now depart.

Thou canſt with equal eaſe make whole
The body and the ſin-ſick ſoul,
Phyſician of mankind:
Thy patient, Lord, at once reſtore,
Fillèd with thé ſpirit of love and powér,
And of a healthful mind.

Clothèd with humility and grace,
Thy ſavèd, thy happy handmaid place
Attentive at thy feet;
And never may ſhe thence remove,
Till ſpotleſs in thy ſight above
She finds her joy compleat.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For FEBRUARY 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 7.]

CHAP. I. *Concerning the Decree of Reprobation.*

I Shall make it appear, 1. That it hath no foundation in the holy Scriptures.

2. That it is contrary to the plain decla ions of Scripture.

1. And firſt, I obſerve that the word ἀδόκιμος, which we render Reprobate, but might have as well been rendered diſapproved, hath no relation in ſcripture to any decree, concerning the damnation of men; but only denotes ſuch actions of men, as are diſapproved by God. Thus thoſe Jews, who through the corruption of their minds were indiſpoſed to receive, and therefore did reſiſt the truth of the goſpel, as

Jannes and Jambres did of old God's meſſage by Moſes, are ſtiled, ἀδόκιμοι περὶ τὴν πίστιν, Reprobates concerning the faith, i. e. men indiſpoſed to receive, or approve of it; and therefore were diſapproved by God. And thoſe Gentiles who "when they knew God, did not glorify him as God, neither were thankful; but changed the truth of God into a lie," by worſhipping the creature inſtead of the Creator, and liked not to retain God in their hearts, are ſaid to be given up εἰς νοῦν ἀδόκιμον, to a reprobate mind, i. e. a mind that could not be approved of, but abhorred by God and men, as prompting them to do, τὰ μὴ καθήκοντα, things not agreeable to nature, or reaſon. Thus thoſe Jews whoſe minds and conſciences were defiled, are ſtiled Reprobates, becauſe "though in words they profeſſed to know God, yet in works they denied him, being abominable, diſobedient, and to every good work, ἀδόκιμοι, reprobate;" that is, void not only of judgment to diſcern what was good, but alſo of affection to approve of it: and that earth is ſtiled ἀδόκιμος reprobate or rejected; which, after all the ſhowers which fall upon it, brings forth only thorns and briars: and that ſilver, ἀργυριον ἀδόκιμον, reprobate ſilver, which being falſe ſtamped, or coined, will not be received, but rejected. And in this ſenſe St. *Paul* ſaith, he *kept under his body, leſt while he preached to others, he himſelf ſhould be,* ἀδόκιμος, *diſowned*, and *rejected* by God. Now all theſe Reprobates being either ſo ſtiled, not becauſe God was unwilling to have any favour for them, or had any antecedent purpoſe to reject them; but becauſe their prejudices and corruptions cauſed them to reject him, by diſapproving of his truths and ways; or becauſe the actions they did in time, in oppoſition to his truth revealed to them, and his holy word which he had given them to direct their actions, were rebellious; they cannot poſſibly relate to a decree of Reprobation, or Preterition in God, reſpecting them before all time.

2. Secondly,

2. Secondly, As the word ἀδόκιμος, tranſlated reprobate, cannot at all concern this pretended decree of Reprobation; ſo there is nothing relating to it, or from which it can be inferred in the ſcriptures, either of the Old or the New Teſtament. From the Old Teſtament indeed they urge theſe words, viz. That *God made all things for himſelf, even the wicked for the day of evil*, Prov. xvi. 4. Now what is it that they would infer from theſe words? Is it that God made men wicked? This is flat blaſphemy; much more to ſay, He made them wicked for his glory, as if he had *need of the ſinful man* for that end. Or is it, with Dr. *Twiſſe*, "That all beſides the Elect, God hath ordained to bring forth into the world in their corrupt maſs, and to leave them to themſelves, to go on in their own ways, and ſo finally to perſevere in ſin; and laſtly, to damn them for their ſins, for the manifeſtation of his juſtice on them?" This I am not able to diſtinguiſh from making them wicked; for to bring them into the world, and to make them is the ſame thing; and by the ſame act by which they are made, they are made of the corrupt maſs; that only ſignifying that they are made of the race of Adam, and therefore by the very ſame act by which God made them, he muſt make them ſinners. Moreover, what God ordained to do before all time, he in time did, therefore in time he brought theſe men forth into the world, in the corrupt maſs; i. e. he brought them into the world ſinners, that is, hateful to himſelf; for *the moſt High hateth ſinners*, whereas that of the book of Wiſdom, is as true as goſpel: *Thou, O Lord, loveſt all the things that are, and abhorreſt nothing that thou haſt made; for neither wouldeſt thou have made any thing if thou hadſt hated it.*

Nay, the text ſaith, God made all things *lamaanhy*, from ענה to anſwer to themſelves, or aptly to refer one to another. He hath made the wicked for the evil day, i. e. to be the executioners of evil to others, on which account

they are in ſcripture called God's rod, and ſaid to be a ſword of his.

3. A ſecond text cited to prove this decree, runneth thus: *Therefore they could not believe, becauſe that Iſaias ſaid again, He hath blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, that they ſhould not ſee with their eyes, or underſtand with their hearts, and be converted, and I ſhould heal them.* Like to which are thoſe words of St. *Mark* and St. *Luke*, *To you it is given to know the myſteries of the kingdom of God: but to others* (who are without the kingdom) *I ſpeak in parables, that ſeeing they may ſee and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not underſtand, leſt at any time they ſhould be converted.* From which words the inference they make is, That the infidelity even of God's own people is to be reſolved into the divine predictions, or into a judicial blindneſs wrought by God upon them, which renders it morally impoſſible for them to believe. To demonſtrate the falſehood of this inference, let it be noted,

Firſt, That our Lord, in the preceding verſes, doth paſſionately exhort theſe very perſons to *believe*, and *walk according to the light, that they might be the children of the light*, which is a certain evidence that he well knew his Father had not by any decree made it impoſſible for them to believe or walk according to his doctrine; for if God had ſo blinded their eyes that they could not ſee the light, or ſo hardened their hearts that they could not embrace it, Chriſt could not have exhorted them to believe, or ſeriouſly required them, thus diſabled, to walk according to the light, much leſs to do it ſo effectually, that *they might become the children of the light*; for every exhortation to do a thing we know men cannot do, muſt be vain; and he who by it ſeems to be deſirous we ſhould do that which he knows we cannot, muſt delude us; and if he knows that God hath reſolved to with-hold that aid by which alone we can be in a capacity to do it, it muſt alſo be an exhortation repugnant to the will of God; it being

being in event, and in effect the ſame, to will that any perſon ſhould not do the thing which he requires, and ſo will he ſhould not have the means by which alone he can perform it. Now it is blaſphemy to ſay the exhortations of the Son of God were vain, deluſory, and contrary to his Father's will. Moreover, our Saviour knew theſe Jews were capable of ſalvation; for he expreſsly ſays, *God ſent him into the world that the world by him might be ſaved*; he makes this declaration to them, *Theſe things I ſay unto you that you might be ſaved*; and this enquiry, *How often would I have gathered you as a hen doth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not:* and pathetically ſaith to the inhabitants of *Jeruſalem, O that thou hadſt known in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes.* Now, therefore, they were not always ſo. Chriſt then here takes it for granted, that the people of *Jeruſalem*, in the day of their viſitation, might have known the things belonging to their peace. Now either this aſſertion, That they might have known theſe things, was according to the truth, or elſe his wiſh, That they had thus known the things belonging to their peace, was contrary to his Father's will and decree, which is palpably abſurd. And ſeeing the will of Chriſt was always the ſame with that of his Father, it follows alſo that God the Father had the ſame charitable affection to them, and ſo had laid no bar againſt their happineſs by his decrees, nor withheld from them any thing on his part neceſſary to their everlaſting welfare. God himſelf would not have his words ſo underſtood, as if he were unwilling that the Jews ſhould believe, or had by any of his purpoſes or actions rendered it not poſſible for them to do ſo; for *this was his commandment, that they ſhould believe on him whom he had ſent:* and why ſent he is Son *to ſeek, and to ſave that which was loſt*, even *the loſt ſheep of the houſe of Iſrael*, had he not been truly deſirous that they ſhould believe? Or how could either Chriſt or Moſes accuſe them to the Father for their unbelief, had the Father

Father himſelf reſolved from all eternity to with-hold from them that aſſiſtance without which they could not believe? And laſtly, the Evangeliſt, and that good Spirit by which he indited theſe words, did not thus underſtand them; for he, in the immediate foregoing verſe, objects this to the Jews as their great crime, that *though Chriſt had done ſo many miracles among them, yet they believed not on him*, whereas it can be no man's ſin not to do what he cannot do, purely by reaſon of the act of God: theſe words can therefore never bear that ſenſe on which this inference is grounded.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XXV.

ON 1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 1, 2, 3.

[*Concluded from page* 16.]

III. 1. I Am now in the third place to demonſtrate, to all who have ears to hear, who do not harden themſelves againſt conviction, that neither any one of theſe five qualifications, nor all of them together, will avail any thing before God, without the love above deſcribed.

In order to do this in the cleareſt manner, we may conſider them one by one. And firſt, *Though I ſpeak with the tongues of men and of angels*; with an eloquence ſuch as never was found in man, concerning the Nature, Attributes and Works of God, whether of Creation or Providence: though I were not herein a whit behind the chief of the Apoſtles, preaching like St. *Peter*, and praying like St. *John*: yet unleſs humble, gentle, patient love be the ruling temper of my ſoul, I *am* no better in the judgment of God, *than ſounding braſs, or a rumbling cymbal.* The higheſt Eloquence therefore either in private converſation, or in public miniſtrations; the brighteſt talents either for preaching or prayer, if it was not joined with

with humble, meek, and patient reſignation, might ſink me the deeper into hell, but will not bring me one ſtep nearer heaven.

2. A plain inſtance may illuſtrate this. I knew a young man between fifty and ſixty years ago, who during the courſe of ſeveral years, never endeavoured to convince any one of a religious truth, but he *was* convinced: and he never endeavoured to perſuade any one to engage in a religious practice, but he was perſuaded; what then? All that power of convincing ſpeech, all that force of perſuaſion, if it was not joined with meekneſs and lowlineſs, with reſignation and patient love, would no more qualify him for the fruition of God, than a clear voice, or a fine complexion. Nay, it would rather procure him a hotter place in everlaſting burnings.

3. Secondly, *though I had the gift of propheſy*, of foretelling thoſe future events which no creature can foreſee; and *though I underſtand all* the *myſteries* of nature, of providence, and of the word of God: and *all knowledge* of things divine or human, that any mortal ever attained to: though I could explain the moſt myſterious paſſages of *Daniel*, of *Ezekiel* and *the Revelation:* yet if I have not humility, gentleneſs and reſignation, I *am nothing* in the ſight of God.

A little before the concluſion of the late war in *Flanders*, one who came from thence gave us a very ſtrange relation. I knew not what judgment to form of this; but waited till *John Haim* ſhould come over, of whoſe veracity I could no more doubt, than of his underſtanding. The account he gave was this. "*Jonathan Pyrah* was a member of our Society in *Flanders*. I knew him ſome years, and knew him to be a man of an unblameable character. One day he was ſummoned to appear before the Board of General Officers. One of them ſaid, What is this which we hear of you? We hear you are turned prophet, and that you foretel the downfal of the

the bloody Houſe of *Bourbon*, and the haughty Houſe of *Auſtria*. We ſhould be glad if you were a real prophet, and if your prophecies came true. But what ſign do you give, to convince us that you are ſo? and that your predictions will come to paſs? He readily anſwered, "Gentlemen, I give you a ſign. To-morrow at twelve o'clock, you ſhall have ſuch a ſtorm of thunder and lightning, as you never had before ſince you came into *Flanders*. I give you a ſecond ſign: as little as any of you expect any ſuch thing, as little appearance of it as there is now, you ſhall have a general engagement with the *French* within three days. I give you a third ſign: I ſhall be ordered to advance in the firſt line. If I am a falſe prophet I ſhall be ſhot dead, at the very firſt diſcharge. But if I am a true prophet, I ſhall only receive a muſket ball in the calf of my left leg. At twelve the next day there was ſuch thunder and lightning as they never had before in *Flanders*. On the third day, contrary to all expectation, was the general battle of *Fontenoy*. He was ordered to advance in the firſt line. And at the very firſt diſcharge, he did receive a muſket ball in the calf of his left leg."

4. And yet all this profited him nothing, either for temporal or eternal happineſs. When the war was over, he returned to *England*; but the ſtory was got before him: in conſequence of which he was ſent for by the Counteſs of *St——s*, and ſeveral other perſons of quality, who were deſirous to receive ſo ſurpriſing an account from his own mouth. He could not bear ſuch honour. It quite turned his brain. In a little time he ran ſtark mad. And ſo he continues to this day, living ſtill, as I apprehend, on *Webſey Moorſide* within a few miles of *Leeds*.

5. And what would it profit a man to *have all knowledge*, even that which is infinitely preferable to all other, the knowledge of the holy Scripture? I knew a young man, about twenty years ago who was ſo thoroughly acquainted with

with the Bible, that if he was queſtioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek word in the New Teſtament, he would tell, after a little pauſe, not only how often the one or the other occurred in the Bible, but alſo what it meant in every place. His name was * *Thomas Walſh.* Such a maſter of Biblic knowledge I never ſaw before, and never expect to ſee again. Yet if with all his knowledge he had been void of love, if he had been proud, paſſionate or impatient, he and all his knowledge would have periſhed together, as ſure as ever he was born.

5. *And though I have all faith, ſo that I could remove mountains.*—The faith which is able to do this, cannot be the fruit of vain imagination, a mere madman's dream, a ſyſtem of opinions; but muſt be a real work of God. Otherwiſe it could not have ſuch an effect. Yet if this faith does not work by love, if it does not produce univerſal holineſs, if it does not bring forth lowlineſs, meekneſs and reſignation, it will profit me nothing. This is as certain a truth as any that is delivered in the whole oracles of God. All faith that is, that ever was, or ever can be, ſeparate from tender benevolence to every child of man, friend or foe, Chriſtian, Jew, Heretic or Pagan; ſeparate from gentleneſs to all men; ſeparate from reſignation in all events, and contentedneſs in all conditions: is not the faith of a Chriſtian, and will ſtand us in no ſtead before the face of God.

6. Hear ye this, All you that are called Methodiſts. You of all men living are moſt concerned herein. You conſtantly ſpeak of Salvation by Faith: and you are in the right for ſo doing. You maintain, one and all, that a man is juſtified by faith, without the works of the law. And you cannot do otherwiſe, without giving up the Bible, and betraying your own ſouls. You inſiſt upon it, that we are ſaved by faith: and undoubtedly ſo we are. But conſider mean time, that let

* His Journal, written by himſelf, is extant.

us have ever ſo much faith, and be our faith ever ſo ſtrong, it will never ſave us from hell, unleſs it now ſave us from all unholy tempers; from pride, paſſion, impatience: from all arrogance of ſpirit, all haughtineſs and overbearing: from wrath, anger, bitterneſs: from diſcontent, murmuring, fretfulneſs, peeviſhneſs. We are of all men moſt inexcuſable, if having been ſo frequently guarded againſt that ſtrong deluſion we ſtill, while we indulge any of theſe tempers, bleſs ourſelves and dream we are in the way to heaven!

7. Fourthly, *Although I give all my goods to feed the poor*, though I divide all my real, and all my perſonal eſtate into ſmall portions, (ſo the original word properly ſignifies) and diligently beſtow it on thoſe who I have reaſon to believe are the moſt proper objects: yet if I am proud, paſſionate, or diſcontented; if I give way to any of theſe tempers; whatever good I may do to others, I do none to my own ſoul. O how pitiable a caſe is this! Who would not grieve, that theſe beneficient men ſhould loſe all their labour! It is true, many of them have a reward in this world, if not before, yet after their death. They have coſtly and pompous funerals. They have marble monuments of the moſt exquiſite workmanſhip. They have epitaphs, wrote in the moſt elegant ſtrain, which extol their virtues to the ſkies. Perhaps they have yearly orations ſpoken over them, to tranſmit their memory to all generations. So have many founders of religious Houſes, of Colleges, Alms-houſes, and moſt charitable Inſtitutions. And it is an allowed rule, that none can exceed in the praiſe of the founder of his Houſe, College or Hoſpital. But ſtill what a poor reward is this! Will it add to their comfort or to their miſery, ſuppoſe (which muſt be the caſe if they did not die in faith) that they are in the hands of the devil and his angels! What inſults, what cutting reproaches would theſe occaſion, from their infernal companions! O that they were wiſe! That all thoſe who are zealous of good works, would put them in their

proper

proper place! Would not imagine, they can ſupply the want of holy tempers; but take care, that they may ſpring from them!

8. How exceeding ſtrange muſt this ſound in the ears of moſt of thoſe who are, by the courteſy of *England*, called Chriſtians! But ſtranger ſtill is that aſſertion of the Apoſtle, which comes in the laſt place: *Although I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing*. Although, rather than deny the faith, rather than commit a known ſin, or omit a known duty, I voluntarily ſubmit to a cruel death, *deliver up my body to be burned:* yet if I am under the power of pride, or anger, or fretfulneſs, *it profiteth me nothing*.

9. Perhaps this may be illuſtrated by an example. We have a remarkable account in the Tracts of Dr. *Geddes* (a Civilian) who was Envoy from Queen *Ann* to the Court of *Portugal*, in the latter end of her reign. He was preſent at one of thoſe *Auto de fes*, (Acts of Faith) wherein the Roman Inquiſitors burn Heretics alive. One of the perſons who was then brought out for execution, having been confined in the dungeons of the Inquiſition, had not ſeen the ſun for many years It proved a bright, ſun-ſhiny day. Looking up, he cried out in ſurpriſe, "O how can any one who ſees that glorious luminary, worſhip any but the God that made it!" A Friar ſtanding by, ordered them to run an iron gag through his lips, that he might ſpeak no more. Now what did that poor man feel within when this order was executed? If he ſaid in his heart, though he could not utter it with his lips, *Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do*, undoubtedly the angels of God were ready to carry his ſoul into Abraham's boſom. But if inſtead of this, he cheriſhed the reſentment in his heart, which he could not expreſs with his tongue, although his body was conſumed by the flames, I will not ſay his ſoul went to paradiſe.

10. The ſum of all that has been obſerved is this. What ever I ſpeak, whatever I know, whatever I believe, whatever

I do, whatever I ſuffer: if I have not the faith that worketh by love, that produces love to God and all mankind, I am not in the narrow way which leadeth to life; but in the broad road that leadeth to deſtruction. In other words: whatever Eloquence I have, whatever Natural or Supernatural Knowledge; whatever Faith I have received from God: whatever Works I do, whether of Piety or Mercy: whatever Sufferings I undergo for conſcience ſake, even though I reſiſt unto blood: all theſe things put together, however applauded of men, will avail nothing before God, unleſs I am meek and lowly in heart, and can ſay in all things, *Not as I will, but as thou wilt.*

11. We conclude from the whole, (and it can never be too much inculcated, becauſe all the world votes on the other ſide,) That true Religion, in the very Eſſence of it, is nothing ſhort of *Holy Tempers.* Conſequently all other Religion, whatever name it bears, whether Pagan, Mahometan, Jewiſh or Chriſtian: and whether Popiſh or Proteſtant, Lutheran or Reformed, without theſe is lighter than vanity itſelf.

12. Let every man therefore that has a ſoul to be ſaved, ſee that he ſecure this one point. With all his Eloquence, his Knowledge, his Faith, Works and Sufferings, let him hold faſt this *one thing needful.* He that through the power of faith, endureth to the end in humble, gentle, patient love; he and he alone ſhall, through the merits of Chriſt, *inherit the kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world.*

London, October 15, 1784.

An Account of Mr. WILLIAM M'CORNOCK, *in a Letter to the Rev. John Weſley.*

[*Continued from page* 19.]

NOTWITHSTANDING this*, I went ſoon after to hear Mr. *Whatcoat*, who preached at *Lyſederne*. From thence I went to *Clones*, where I met with the man I ridiculed at *Maguire's-Bridge*. He took me to hear Dr. *C*—— exhort. After that, I heard another exhort; who ſurpriſed me much, when I was told he had but a ſmall ſhare of learning. This created in me a deſire to converſe with him. Soon after an opportunity offered, when he told me freely what manner of life he had lived, and what God had done for his ſoul. He told me that he had frequently gone to cock-fights, horſe-races, &c. to join himſelf with the ſeveral ſorts of wickedneſs that were to be found at ſuch places; but not for the pleaſure he ſaw in cock-fighting or horſe-races, &c. He alſo told me he had heard the Methodiſts preach while he was in his wicked ſtate; and that ſometime after he began to think, if they ſpake the truth, he muſt be damned: on which he reſolved to turn from the evil of his ways. When the Preachers came to *Clones* he was convinced more deeply that he was a hell-deſerving ſinner, and went out to deſert places, to weep and pray. At one time he went into a wood and prayed ſeveral times; but found no anſwer. He then reſolved, that if he did not get what the Methodiſts ſaid was attainable, he would pray no more; but become more wicked than ever. But ſoon after, the Lord filled him with joy and gladneſs in believing, when all his troubles were done away.

* My ridiculing the Methodiſts.

When

When I heard this, I thought, if I ſhould get ſuch a bleſſing, I ſhould not think my journey here in vain. So I prayed to God for it with all my might. A little after, I heard Mr. *Perfect* preach a farewel ſermon at *Clones*. I never had ſeen people weep under ſermons in ſuch a manner before. I thought nothing, even the loſs of all my relations could make we weep; but under that ſermon the word reached my heart with power. I ſat on the ground with my ſoul deeply humbled, and got a diſcovery of my own ſin and miſery, and alſo of the riches of Chriſt. I now wept in great bitterneſs of ſpirit. Sometimes I grieved, becauſe I could not grieve enough for my tranſgreſſions, and found that nothing could ſatisfy me but the bread that cometh down from heaven. At times I had ſome hope that God would not caſt me off for ever; ſeeing he had given me a contrite heart. This I took as an earneſt of future bleſſings, which emboldened me to continue importunate at the throne of grace. I uſually went into the woods and lonely places, to pour out my ſoul in loud cries to God. One time a friend who lived in the country, came to *Clones* and prayed with the Society. I was exceedingly melted down. I never found ſo much diſtreſs for my ſins before. I even ſweat with a ſenſe of the wrath of God abiding on me. I vehemently cried to him for mercy: but my grief only increaſed, until I was ſcarce able to riſe from the ground. The next day I went with a friend into the country, thinking to find eaſe, but found none that day. Unbelief held me as faſt as if I had been in an iron priſon. I could ſay from the ground of my heart, O what is life without my God! For I ſaw that ten thouſand worlds without his friendſhip, could not make me happy. Words cannot expreſs the anguiſh and confuſion I found. All deſire for meat and drink was gone.

Wedneſday, October 21ſt. I went into a wood, reſolving not to leave it, neither to eat nor drink till I found favour with God. While I was reading, and praying, and confeſſing my

my ſins, it was ſuggeſted to me that I was well enough. I took hold of it, and went away to *Clones*. An acquaintance aſking me how I was? I ſaid, I am better. She deſired me to examine myſelf whether I could love my greateſt enemy? I found, upon examination I could not; and reſolved not to be ſatisfied in my preſent ſtate. That night I prayed to the Lord to ſhew me whether I was deceived, and ſoon found that I was not what I ought to be.

My diſtreſs was now ſo great that I even envied the brute creation, and looked upon all to be happy, who found not the hell I felt. I was now incapable of following any buſineſs, and wandered about preſſed down with guilt; ſo that I was ſcarce able to walk. Sometimes indeed, I had endeavoured to commend myſelf to God, by ſomething I had done; but now I ſaw myſelf lighter than vanity, and all my righteouſneſs as filthy rags. I ſaw my works were not ſufficient to be my ſaviour; and that I was wretched, miſerable, poor, blind and naked. At night I was afraid to go to bed, leſt I ſhould open my eyes in hell-fire. But while I was meditating on my ſins, theſe words came into my mind, "If a ſon ſhall aſk bread of any of you who is a father, will he give him a ſtone? or if he ſhall aſk a fiſh, will he give him a ſcorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more ſhall your heavenly Father give the holy Spirit to them that aſk him?" I began to think I had either read or heard theſe words; but knew not where to find them. But ruminating a little, I thought, my earthly father would give me clothing if he ſaw me naked, though I had tranſgreſſed againſt him; and he would give me food if he ſaw me ready to faint with hunger: and will the Lord much more, or much readier give his holy Spirit to me? I believe he will. I now went to prayer in full confidence, and found it to be according to my faith: for I had not prayed long until the following words came unto me with power, "I am thy righteouſneſs." I

believed

believed he was; and immediately all my diſtreſs was removed. The power of the moſt High overſhadowed me, and the glory of the Lord ſhone into my ſoul. By faith I ſaw the Lord Jeſus bleeding for me, and my ſins were blotted out by his all-atoning blood, and I was enabled to rejoice with joy unſpeakable and full of glory.

If I had the tongues of men and of angels I could not have expreſſed all the joy I felt. From this hour I began to live, and found the ſanctifying influence of God's Spirit ſpiritualizing my nature. I had alſo a vehement deſire to ſpend and be ſpent in the ſervice of God. I was willing to go to and fro to call my fellow-creatures to repentance, and thought nothing too hard to undergo for the ſake of God, and thoſe for whom Chriſt died.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of Mrs. S. STANDERING.

MRS. *Standering* was born at *Newry*, in the North of *Ireland*. Her parents were credible people, and brought her up in a moral way. She had, from a child, ſome ſerious impreſſions on her mind. The third Methodiſt ſermon ſhe heard, was preached by Mr. *Hampſon*; under whom ſhe was deeply convinced of her loſt condition. She was overcome by the power of God, and dropt down in the Market-place at *Newry*, as if ſhe had been dead. Three months after, the Lord ſet her ſoul at liberty. From that time ſhe was a remarkable pattern of every good word and work: doing good to all, according to her power. She had compaſſion on the wicked. She loved the ſaints; but in an eſpecial manner the Preachers of the Goſpel.

About twenty years ago ſhe was married to Mr. *John Sandering*. They lived very happy together for four years. It then pleaſed God to call him home. He died at *Bolton*, in perfect peace.

The

The laſt ſixteen years, ſhe went through various and great afflictions. She was blind for nine months, and could not diſcern betwixt night and day. She uſed various means, and applied to the beſt Phyſicians; but all to no purpoſe. One day the Lord applied theſe words to her mind: Doſt thou believe I am able to do this thing for thee? From that time ſhe gave up all outward means, and in a little time the Lord reſtored her ſight. About three weeks after, the Lord convinced her of the need of a farther work of grace. She then cried to him to cleanſe her from all ſin. It was not long before he heard her and ſet her at perfect liberty.

Her laſt afflictions, which laſted about twenty weeks, were very ſevere; but ſhe was ſupported in a remarkable manner: ſhe was frequently carried on the wings of love, and could rejoice in God her Saviour without doubt or fear. When a friend ſpoke to her about her great afflictions ſhe repeatedly cried out, "Though he ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him: he has promiſed to be with me through the valley of the ſhadow of death, and therefore I will fear no evil: his rod and his ſtaff comfort me." She held faſt her confidence to the end, and died full of faith and love.

Laſt Sabbath-day her corpſe was attended by many of our *Mancheſter* friends to this place, and interred by her late huſband, in the midſt of multitudes. May my latter end be like hers!

Bolton, Nov. 2, 1784. C. HOPPER.

A ſhort Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.

Written by Mr. J. ROGERS.

[*Continued from page* 24.]

WHAT now follows, is the ſubſtance of what paſſed between her and a friend who attended her during her whole affliction, and who was dear to her as her own ſoul.

January 2, 1784. Mrs. *Rogers* appeared ſo much altered for the worſe, that I plainly foreſaw her approaching diſſolution. I believe ſhe perceived a ſtarting tear; for ſhe ſaid, "My dear Miſs *R*— pray tell me what you think of my ſtate, and if you believe I ſhall recover; or if the Lord ſhould call me away, whether you think it will be ſoon. I wiſh to know all the danger I am in; for I believe I can reſign myſelf to the Lord, if he pleaſes to take me: and though I cannot ſpeak on this ſubject to Mr. *R.* becauſe he is ſo deeply affected, yet I wiſh you to deal plainly. The reaſon of my aſking you is, Mr. *R.* came to my bed-ſide laſt night, and ſeemed overwhelmed with grief, thinking me in imminent danger. If the Lord had not wonderfully ſupported me, I could not have borne to ſee his tears. But ſurely I ſhall ever be thankful for the calmneſs, and ſweet peace I felt, ſo that I was enabled to become his comforter. But I have ſince thought a good deal about the nature of my illneſs, and though I dare not tell him ſo, I think there is little hope of my recovery. Do, my dear, tell me all your mind."

I then anſwered, You have no cauſe to fear death, my love. For you to live is Chriſt, and to die will be eternal gain; and therefore I will do as you deſire. I muſt acknowledge I have had many fears a long time, and have now little hope of your recovery. Yet all things are poſſible with God. Though you were at the point of death he could eaſily raiſe you up again. But I think you will arrive at home before long. "Well my dear, ſaid ſhe, I thought you believed ſo. I could ſee it in your looks, and I thank you for telling me. It does not hurt me. I believe the Lord will ſave me: though Satan at times would diſtreſs me, by ſuggeſting that my evidence of pardon was never clear. But tell me, my dear, do you think perſons can feel they love God, if He does not love them?" I ſaid, The Lord ſhall anſwer you himſelf. *Love is of God, and every one that loveth*

loveth is born of God, and knoweth God: and again, *We love him becauſe he firſt loved us.* Reaſon and Experience too, teach us that love ſhed abroad in our hearts muſt be the work of the holy Spirit. It cannot be attained by any power of our own. Satan cannot give it. Nor can it be derived from any but God himſelf, who is the Spring, the Fountain, the Ocean of Love: and the love you feel is the very nature of God, and you will be with him to all eternity. "Well, ſaid ſhe, my love, what you ſay has done me good: I believe it is ſo. I do not love any thing ſo much as God. With reſpect to the world, it is nothing to me, and though I am ſo weak a creature, and ſo very unworthy, yet it has been, and is my greateſt deſire to pleaſe the Lord. Mr. *R.* and the dear children, lie neareſt my heart of any thing here: but if the Lord ſhould call me away he will take care of them. I know he will. Yet it ſeems hard to nature to be parted from Mr. *R.* after living ſo happy in each other. (Here I perceived a tear: but ſhe checked it, and continued.) But I ſhould be thankful that it has been ſo, and that we have always been a bleſſing to each other: and I do thank the Lord that I ever knew him. He is truly upright before God: he has had many trials, occaſioned by his faithfulneſs to God, and his cauſe; and eſpecially for preaching holineſs of heart: and I expect he ever will. But God will bring him through all. But my dear Miſs *R.* do me one favour. Contrive that the Nurſe may bring my little *Jemmy* to ſee me: it may be the laſt time I ſhall ſee him. But do not let Mr. *R.* know that I ſay ſo." She then recommended Mr. *R.* and the dear children to my friendſhip, eſpecially little *Jemmy*; and ſpoke freely of all ſhe wiſhed to be done when ſhe was gone: and then added, "Now my mind will be eaſy and ſatisfied. I wiſh to have done with all thoughts about temporal things, and ſpend my laſt moments more profitably. I leave it to you, when you think Mr. *R.* can bear it, to tell him what I have ſaid. My ſoul is now truly

happy. I believe I ſhall be for ever with the Lord. I hope, while I am ſpared, you will be with me as much as poſſible. Mr. *R.* I know will: and that is all I wiſh for." After this, ſhe often ſpoke freely, and with ſweet compoſure, of her approaching diſſolution: expreſſing ſtrong confidence in the Lord, and an humble reſignation to his will.

On Saturday the 3d, She was very ill, and at night took an Emetic, which, though very gentle, almoſt overpowered her. But a more patient ſufferer my eyes never beheld: no, nor one ſo thankful for every little aſſiſtance given her. Sunday the 4th, Little *Jemmy* was brought, according to her deſire; and an affecting ſcene followed! to ſee apparent ſtruggles between the fondneſs of a tender mother, when taking her leave of a ſick and darling infant; and the humble ſubmiſſion, and determined reſignation of the dying ſaint to the will of God. O how often did ſhe forcibly reſtrain the trickling tear! and would not ſuffer her feelings to prevail over that noble fortitude with which the Lord wonderfully endued her ſpirit! It proved, as ſhe had ſaid, the laſt time ſhe ſaw him. For juſt a fortnight after, the dear little purchaſe of redeeming Blood, fled to Abraham's boſom!

Tueſday, Jan. the 6th, I found her diſorder made ſwift advances. While Mr. *R.* was gone to preach at *Shriglee*, ſhe was ſo very ill, that I begged he would not leave her again; for I had fears of her dying in his abſence. She begged I would ſtay that night. I did ſo, and afterwards left her as little as poſſible, till Jeſus called her to his arms.

Wedneſday the 7th, She was very happy in her mind; and on my ſpeaking freely of my own trials, how ſweetly did ſhe comfort me! All her words went with power to my ſoul, and made a laſting impreſſion. I believe I ſhall never forget ſome words ſhe then ſpoke. Mr. *R.* appearing much grieved on her account, ſhe endeavoured to comfort him. At night ſhe was ſo ill, that I could not think of leaving her. She told me, when able, her ſoul was ſtill happy, and quite reſigned

reſigned to the will of God; that ſhe never felt a murmuring, fretful, or impatient thought; for her confidence was in the Lord, and ſhe knew he would do all things well. She aſked me to pray with her, and it was a profitable ſeaſon to us both.

On Thurſday ſhe tenderly enquired about my health, and ſaid, "I have only one fear, that is, that your attendance on me will ſo hurt your body, that you will be obliged to leave me before I am called away." I ſaid, my love, I am at preſent, wonderfully ſtrengthened; the Lord hath hitherto given me the ſupport I wanted on ſuch occaſions, and he will do it now: fear not. I believe I ſhall be enabled to attend your lateſt moments. She ſaid, "I know the Lord is good, and can do all things, and I am glad you believe it will be ſo. I am ſure he favours me greatly in many reſpects. What a mercy is it that I have every thing needful, and no pain! I think very few ſuffer ſo little as I do; and then to have Mr. *R.* and you with me in ſuch a ſeaſon, is a great ſatisfaction. O that I could be ſufficiently thankful!"

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of Mr. JOHN HOSKINS: *in a Letter to the Rev. John Weſley.*

[*Continued from page* 27.]

ABOUT this time, Mr. *Arthur Thomy*, (an Iriſh merchant) came here on buſineſs. He adviſed me to preach extempore; which from that time I did, after my poor, broken manner.

About a year after, Mr. *Thomy* came and preached two or three times, and confirmed what had been ſpoken before.

Our Society is now increaſed to forty. Eight are believers: the reſt are earneſtly groaning for redemption.

A few

A few days before Eaſter, in the year 1778, an uncommon circumſtance occurred: a woman, named *Honour Read*, ſaw herſelf on the brink of hell. Suddenly a light darted down the chimney into the houſe where ſhe was. Though it was in the night, the houſe, ſhe ſaid, was as light as in the middle of the day. Her huſband, *David Read*, was a few nights after, viſited in the ſame manner. They ſpent ſeveral whole nights in wreſtling with God, for a bleſſing. On Eaſter-Sunday, after I had done preaching in the morning, a few of us ſtayed in the houſe. *Honour Read* began to ſpeak of what God had done for her ſoul. Six or ſeven cried out aloud, "What ſhall we do to be ſaved?" They then kneeled down, praying and crying ſo loud, that it alarmed the neighbourhood. Several came to know what the matter was? They ſtood amazed, and could ſay nothing. I kneeled down, and endeavoured to pray with them: and then I ſtood up to ſing a verſe or two of a hymn; but their cries drowned my voice, ſo that I could not be heard for near half an hour. The perſon who firſt ſpoke, found a clear manifeſtation of God's love to her ſoul. So did ſeveral others alſo: and moſt of them hold their confidence ſtill, and evidence the truth of it in their life and converſation.

The winter before laſt, while I was in *England*, the Spirit of the Lord was among them in an uncommon manner. They met together, as uſual, twice a week (beſides Sundays) to ſtrengthen each others hands in God. About the middle of January, there was a very extraordinary out-pouring of the Spirit upon them, and it ſpread throughout the whole harbour. The great point they ſought to know, was the forgiveneſs of their ſin. And thoſe who expected it, cried to God and received it in a very ſhort time. In about a month, thirty believers were added to the little number we had before, and twenty to the Society. When they were met together for prayer, which they did then almoſt every evening, there was ſuch a crying out for mercy as aſtoniſhed all who heard,

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or ſaw them. So long and earneſt, were they in prayer; ſometimes four or five hours together. And they could not reſt till they clearly knew that their ſins were all waſhed away.

Upon one perſon, (a young man, an under Agent to a merchant, Mr. *Leſter*, of *Pool*) convictions wrought ſo ſtrong, and afterwards the love of God was poured into his ſoul in ſo full a manner, that ſome thought him almoſt delirious: on which his deputy Maſter took him away by force, and has ſince ſent him to *England*.

Several children, and young perſons were greatly affected: and came ſoon to know the love of God. My ſon alſo at that time received remiſſion of ſin. A lad about fifteen, when his father wanted to ſend him in a boat to work on a Sunday, wept and fell into fits. His father is ſince convinced and converted, and is become a new man. His mother alſo and two of his brothers are earneſtly ſeeking ſalvation.

A woman, ſixty-ſeven years of age (mid-wife to the pariſh) who could not read a letter in a book, was convinced, and found redemption, in a wonderful manner. She ſaid, ſhe ſaw as it were, her ſins all laid before her where ſhe was kneeling down, and then that they were all taken away in a moment: ſhe continued praying, and praiſing God from that time, till the laſt moment of her life. Yea ſo earneſt and fervent were her prayers and praiſes, that not content to pray in the houſe, ſhe would frequently, in the night, go out and kneel down in the ſnow, and pray to and praiſe God.

I viſited her in her laſt ſickneſs, when ſhe was ſtrong in faith giving glory to God. She ſaid, ſhe ſaw angels about her, ready to carry her to her Saviour, whom ſhe ſaw waiting to receive her. I aſked her which ſhe would chooſe, to die now, or to recover and live longer with us? She ſaid, if it was her Saviour's will ſhe ſhould live longer, ſhe would ſubmit: but would rather die and go to him. She often ſaid

in

in her ſickneſs, the ſtronger her pain was, the greater was her joy.

She lay ill about a fortnight, and then ſweetly fell aſleep in Jeſus, without a groan or a ſigh. From the time of her converſion to her death, was about ſix months.

[*To be continued.*]

Of the FORE-KNOWLEDGE *of* GOD.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page* 29.]

THOUGH God never deſtroys the liberty of intellectual agents by any fatal preſcience or predeſtination; yet he knows how to accompliſh infallibly whatever he pleaſes in heaven and in earth, by free as well as by neceſſary agents. He has an abſolute, ſovereign, incommunicable empire over the heart, and will ſooner or later reduce all ſpirits by their free choice to the great end for which he created them. As an infinite central power he never ceaſes to draw them: but becauſe he will never force their liberty, he proportions, regulates and ſubmits, ſo to ſpeak, the exerciſe of his Almighty power to their free natures. They very oft ſtop, retard and reſiſt his divine attraction, and by their natural, inherent activity, deviate from the ſtreight lines by which he would conduct them to their univerſal centre. He ſees by one ſimple, unſucceſſive act, all their poſſible deviations, and all the combinations of free and neceſſary, of moral and phyſical cauſes: but he neither fore-ſees, fore-ordains, nor fixes immutably any one ſucceſſion of events, that can deſtroy their free choice. All his action in and upon them depends entirely upon their co-operation. He foreſees not all that will happen, but all that can happen; and provides for

for all poſſible contingencies. This is far more perfect than to foreſee infallibly, only one ſort of events, and exclude all the others, by an omnipotent, irreſiſtible power, or by refuſing them the graces neceſſary to act otherwiſe than they do: for it is a far greater perfection to be able to execute his final deſigns by all ſorts of events, and all ſorts of means poſſible, than by one ſeries of means prefixed and predetermined. This would be more an effort of power than of wiſdom. It would not be infinite wiſdom in God, to govern ſpiritual automate, or intelligent, ſpontaneous machines, that follow abſolutely, certainly and infallibly all his motions: and that by a paſſive reception of his influences and impreſſions, and not a free co-operation with him. True wiſdom in us conſiſts in engaging, without reſtraint, free agents to enter into our views and projects, though they could contradict, oppoſe and overturn them every moment. This prudence in finite minds, is a feeble image of ſupreme wiſdom in the abſolute Infinite. He finds in the inexhauſtible treaſures of his Almighty power, wiſdom, and goodneſs, innumerable reſources and expedients to anſwer all poſſible events, and to obtain his ends without deſtroying liberty, whatever be the free determinations of the creatures. The deviations may be innumerable, and the means he has to reclaim his wandering creatures are infinite. This is the admirable œconomy of divine providence explained in ſcripture, which never repreſents God as acting upon ſpiritual agents by omnipotent, irreſiſtible wills; but as changing his conduct, managing their liberty, and adjuſting his operation to all the different motions and variations of their free choice. God foreſaw all plans poſſible, and all the means to execute the plan he choſe ultimately; but he ſaw theſe means only as poſſible, not as future. He did not ſay, I chuſe this determinate ſet of means, ſo that none of them can be defeated; but he foreſaw that he could find in his infinite power, wiſdom, and goodneſs, how to accompliſh his end by

all theſe different means. He ſaw the infinite curves the creature could deſcribe, ere he brought it freely to its end; and decreed that without fixing it to any one ſeries of means he would be attentive to all equally, and whatever were its determinations, he could at laſt accompliſh infallibly his ultimate deſign. This is a far more extenſive idea of providence than that which ſtakes down God to one determinate chain of means, and thereby the creature to an invincible fatality. It is therefore abſolutely falſe, to maintain that all the particular actions, paſſions and crimes; that all the inſpirations, virtues and graces; that all the wanderings, returns and determinations of each individual are ſo foreſeen, and fore-ordained that one link cannot be broke without diſſolving the whole chain of providence. Such a fatal chain, far from being neceſſary to the accompliſhment of God's great deſigns, would entirely deſtroy them, by converting free agents into ſpiritual machines.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Extract from a SERMON, *on* GOD *is* LOVE.

[*Continued from page* 32.]

3. WHAT is divine *power*, but the *omnipotence of love?* Why did Omnipotence exert itſelf in the production of this world out of nothing? It was to open a channel in which the overflowing ocean of love might extend itſelf, and diffuſe its ſtream from creature to creature; upwards as high as the moſt exalted archangel; and downwards as low as the meaneſt vital particle of being; and extenſive as the remoteſt limits of the univerſe, and all the innumerable intermediate ranks of exiſtencies in the endleſs chain of nature. And why does divine power ſtill ſupport this prodigious

prodigious frame? but to keep the channel of love open from age to age; and for this purpoſe it will be exerted to all eternity.

4. What is the *holineſs* of God but love; pure, refined, and honourable love? What is it but the love of *excellence*, *rectitude*, and *moral goodneſs*? Holineſs, in its own nature, has a tendency to promote the happineſs of the univerſe: it is the health, the good conſtitution of a reaſonable being: without which it has no capacity of reliſhing thoſe enjoyments which are ſuitable to its nature. It is no arbitrary mandate of heaven that has eſtabliſhed the inſeparable connection between holineſs and happineſs, between vice and miſery: the connection is as immutable, and as much founded in the nature of things, as that between health of body and a capacity of animal enjoyments; or between ſickneſs and a diſreliſh for the moſt agreeable food. Every creature in the univerſe as far as he is holy, he is happy; and as far as he is unholy, he is miſerable. Therefore by how much the more holy Jehovah is, by ſo much the more fit he is to communicate happineſs to all that enjoy him; and conſequently he is an infinite happineſs, for he is infinitely holy. His taking ſo much care to promote holineſs is but taking care of the public good. The ſtrict exactions of his law, which contains every ingredient of the moſt perfect holineſs, are but ſtrict injunctions to his ſubjects to purſue that courſe which infallibly leads them to the moſt conſummate happineſs; and every abatement in his demands of obedience would be a licence to them to deduct ſo much from their happineſs. That mitigation of the rigour of his law, which ſome imagine he has made to bring it down to a level with degenerate creatures, would no more contribute to their felicity, than the allowing a ſick man to gratify his taſte, by mixing a little deadly poiſon in his food, would contribute to the recovery of his health, or the preſervation of his life. The penal ſanctions of the divine law are but

friendly warnings againſt danger and miſery, and honeſt admonitions of the deſtructive conſequences of ſin, according to the unchangeable nature of things: they are threatenings which diſcover no malignity, as ſinners are apt to imagine, but the infinite benevolence of the heart of God: threatenings, which are not primarily and unconditionally intended to be executed, but to prevent on all occaſions of their being executed, by preventing ſin, the natural ſource, as well as the meritorious cauſe of every miſery: threatenings, which are not executed, but as the only expedient left in a deſperate caſe, when all other means have been uſed in vain, and no other method can ſecure the public good. Theſe are ſome of the diſplays of the holineſs of God: and what are theſe but ſo many exertions of pure love? It is becauſe he loves his creatures ſo much that he requires them to be ſo holy: and that very thing againſt which there are ſo many cavils, as a reſtraint from the purſuit of pleaſure, is the higheſt inſtance of the love of God for them, and his regard for their happineſs.

Let me therefore commence advocate for God with my fellow-men, though it ſtrikes me with horror to think there ſhould be any occaſion for it. Ye children of the moſt tender father, ye ſubjects of the moſt gracious ſovereign, why do you harbour hard thoughts of him? Is it becauſe his laws are ſo ſtrict, and tolerate you in no guilty pleaſure? This appointment is the kind reſtraint of love: the love of ſo good a Being will not allow him to diſpenſe with your obſervance of any thing that may contribute to your advantage; nor indulge you in any thing that is in its own nature deadly and deſtructive, no more than a father will ſuffer a favourite child to play with a viper, or a good government permit a madman to run at large, armed with weapons to deſtroy himſelf and others. Do you think hard of God becauſe he hates all moral evil to ſuch a degree, that he has annexed to it everlaſting miſery? But what is this but an expreſſion of his infinite hatred to every thing that is hurtful to his creatures,

creatures, and his infinite regard to whatever tends to their benefit? Or has he been too rigid in exacting holineſs as a neceſſary pre-requiſite to the happineſs of heaven? You may as well complain of the conſtitution of nature, that renders abſtinence from poiſon neceſſary to the preſervation of health, or that does not allow you to quench your thirſt in a fever with burning ſpirits. Let me remind you once more that holineſs is eſſential to the happineſs of heaven, and that without it you labour under a *moral* incapacity of enjoyment; and a *moral* incapacity will as inevitably deprive you of the pleaſures of enjoyment, as if it were *natural*. While unholy, you can no more be happy, even in the region of happineſs, than a ſtone can enjoy the pleaſures of animal life, or a mere animal thoſe of reaſon.

Therefore acknowledge, admire, and love the *beauty of the Lord, his holineſs*. "Give thanks, ſays the Pſalmiſt, at the remembrance of his holineſs;" of his holineſs, as well as of his goodneſs and love; for it is the brighteſt modification of his love and goodneſs. An unholy being, in the character of ſupreme Magiſtrate of the univerſe, cannot be all love; nay, as far as he is unholy he muſt have a malignant diſpoſition toward the public happineſs, and be eſſentially deficient in benevolence.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the Apparition of Major SYDENHAM.

OF the apparition of Major *George Sydenham* (late of *Dulverton*, in the county of *Somerſet*) to Captain *William Dyke* (late of *Skilgate* in this county, now likewiſe deceaſed) be pleaſed to take the relation from a worthy and learned gentleman, Dr. *Thomas Dyke*, a near kinſman of the Captain's. Shortly after the Major's death, the Doctor was deſired to come

come to the houſe, to take care of a child that was ſick; and, in his way thither, he called on the Captain, who was very willing to wait on him to the place; becauſe he muſt, as he ſaid, have gone thither that night, though he had not met with ſo encouraging an opportunity. After their arrival at the houſe, and the civility of the people ſhewn them in that entertainment, they were conducted to their lodging, which they deſired might be together in the ſame bed. After they had lain awhile, the Captain knocked, and bade the ſervant bring him two of the largeſt and higheſt candles lighted, which he could get: whereupon the Doctor enquired what he meant by this? The Captain anſwered, "You know, couſin, what diſputes my Major and I have had touching the being of a God, and the immortality of the ſoul; in which points we could never yet be reſolved, though we ſo much deſired it. And therefore it was at length fully agreed between us, that he who died firſt, ſhould the third night after his funeral, between the hours of twelve and one, come to the little houſe which is here in the garden, and there give a full account to the ſurviver, touching theſe matters, who ſhould be ſure to be preſent there at the ſet time, and ſo receive a full ſatisfaction. And this (ſays the Captain) is the very night, and I am come on purpoſe to fulfil my promiſe." The Doctor adviſed him not to follow ſtrange counſels, for which he could have no warrant. The Captain replied, "That he had ſolemnly engaged, and that nothing ſhould diſcourage him; and added, "That if the Doctor would wake awhile with him he would thank him: if not, he might compoſe himſelf to reſt: but, for his own part, he was reſolved to watch, that he might be ſure to be preſent at the hour appointed." To that purpoſe he ſet his watch by him, and as ſoon as he perceived that it was half an hour paſt eleven, he aroſe, and taking a candle in each hand, went out by a back-door, of which he had before got the key, and walked into the garden-houſe,

where

where he continued two hours and a half. At his return, he declared, he neither ſaw nor heard any thing more than uſual. But I know, ſaid he, that my Major would ſurely have come, had he been able.

About ſix weeks after, the Captain rode to *Eaton*, to place his ſon a ſcholar there, when the Doctor went thither with him. They lodged at the ſign of the Chriſtopher, and tarried two or three nights; not lying together now, as before at *Dulverton*, but in two ſeveral chambers. The morning before they went away, the Captain ſtaid in his chamber longer than uſual, before he called the Doctor. At length he came into the Doctor's chamber, but with his hair and eyes ſtaring, and his whole body ſhaking and trembling. Whereat the Doctor wondering, preſently demanded, "What is the matter?" The Captain replied, "I have ſeen my Major." The Doctor ſeeming to ſmile, the Captain ſaid, "If ever I ſaw him in my life, I ſaw him but now: and then related to the Doctor what had paſſed. "This morning after it was light, ſaid he, one came to my bed-ſide, and ſuddenly drawing back the curtains, called, Captain! Captain! To whom I replied, What! my Major? To which he returned, I could not come at the time appointed; but I am now come to tell you, That there is a God, and a very juſt and terrible one; and if you do not turn over a new leaf, (the very expreſſion, the Doctor punctually remembered) you ſhall find it ſo." The Captain proceeded: "On the table there lay a ſword, which the Major had formely given me. And after the apparition had walked a turn or two about the chamber, he took up the ſword, drew it, and finding it not ſo bright as it ought, cried, "Captain! Captain! This ſword did not uſe to be kept after this manner when it was mine." After which words he preſently diſappeared.

The Captain was not only thoroughly perſuaded of what he had thus ſeen and heard, but was, from that time, obſerved

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to be very much affected with it. And it was judged, by thoſe who were well acquainted with his converſation, that the remembrance of this paſſage ſtuck cloſe to him; and that thoſe words of his dead friend were frequently ſounding freſh in his ears, during the remainder of his life; which was abont two years.

A late MEMORABLE EVENT.

[*Concluded from page* 35.]

AN Extract of the Speech which the King made to the Judges appointed to try the Aſſaſſins.

As I cannot be a judge in the preſent cauſe, I do not appear among you as ſuch; but as a witneſs of the truth: no one elſe can teſtify it ſo fully.

I owe my life to that *John Kuſma*, who is now before you. While I was at the mercy of the band which he commanded, ſeveral of them urged him, to let them cut me to pieces. He forbid them. He even perſuaded them to treat me with ſome humanity. Nay, he forced them to render me ſome little ſervices, which were then of conſequence to me. He obliged one to lend me his cap, another his boot. In my ſituation theſe were not trifles. A tempeſtuous night irritated the wound on my head, and my foot when bare gave me exquiſite pain. He had the dexterity to ſend his comrades away, and when he was alone, fell at my feet, and placed ſuch confidence in me, that though he might have ſaved himſelf by flight, he determined to ſtay with me in order to ſerve me. "I know, ſaid he, that death attends me at *Warſaw*: yet, I will not leave you, Sir, till I have conducted you thither." He led me to the Miller's hut, where, while I waited for an eſcort, waſted with fatigue, ſleep ſtole upon me.

me. Here *Kuſma* was once more maſter of my life: and once more he was the guardian of it.

This man muſt have had the fulleſt confidence in my word. He came unconſtrained with me to *Warſaw*. He might have eſcaped a hundred times. As ſoon as I arrived at my palace, he preſented himſelf before me: what a proof that he relied on my word? I do not therefore ſpeak ſo much for him, as for myſelf. It is not his cauſe I plead, but my own. It would be an eternal diſgrace, an inconſolable grief to me, if I became the cauſe of this man's death! Noble Judges, you have given many proofs of your love to your King: do not now force him to violate his word. Do not make me look back with greater horror on my eſcape, than on my dangers. Yet ſuch muſt be my fate, if he who ſnatched me from that danger muſt periſh, only becauſe he confided in me. You have often ſaid, you were ready to ſpill your blood in my ſervice: ſurely then you will not pierce my ſoul with a more incurable wound than any which was that night inflicted on my body.

Honour and gratitude having dictated what I have hitherto ſaid, the words flowed with eaſe from my mouth. But I heſitated ſometime, whether I ſhould tell you my ſentiments with regard to the other priſoners. Yet a ſtill voice, the voice of conviction commands me to ſay That, without which my heart can never find repoſe.

Theſe were of the loweſt claſs of men, who believed themſelves bound by an unlimited military obedience. And to engage them more firmly, they were bound by an oath. What wonder then if they ſaw no crime but that of diſobedience? If ſo, they were not ſo highly culpable. Eſpecially conſidering what times they were! All things were in confuſion. And what might not art then effect, when it is cloaked with the covering of Religion and Patriotiſm? It is a wonder, ſomething of this kind was not attempted ſooner, conſidering how many falſchoods, injurious to my perſon, and my rights, have for many years been ſpread abroad in this

unhappy country, How many kinds of oppreſſions did my poor people groan under? And what art was uſed, to throw the blame of all upon me?

It was by theſe falſe reports, that the ſpirits of men, brave, but oppreſt, and unable by their education and ſituation to inveſtigate the truth, were excited againſt me. You ſee then before you the unhappy victims of the artifice of others. "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do," was the addreſs of the Son of God to his Father. Will you adopt another language? Extend not the rigour of the law beyond the limits preſcribed by neceſſity. And you, Rev. Biſhops, Miniſters of the God of mercy, prevent as much as in you lies the effuſion of blood.

But many will object, that if theſe priſoners eſcape with life, no man can hereafter be aſſured of his own. On the contrary, I think, their death will ſpread terror and alarm, which will not heal the minds of men; but will preſent the idea of vengeance greedy of blood, rather than of a neceſſary puniſhment.

We ought to give the moſt ſtriking proofs, that if our unhappy country has long groaned under oppreſſion and miſery, I was not the author of them: it was not in my power either to prevent or to cure them. We ſhould compel thoſe who have thought me cruel or tyrannical, to drop their unjuſt prejudices. Periſh this wretched ſpirit of diſcord! Yet it cannot, it never will, till thou, Supreme Diſpoſer of the hearts of men, takeſt pity upon us. We dare not aſk then, Wherefore are thy judgments? But we may implore thy mercy. Give us, O Lord, give us all the ſpirit of concord, the ſpirit of mutual forgiveneſs. Let us no longer ſee brother armed againſt brother, citizen againſt citizen, purchaſing the triumph of a moment by endleſs remorſe, and ſeeing their own diſhonour in the ruin of their country.

If ever your affection, your eſteem for me, noble Judges, have wrung from you this confeſſion, that I have ſuffered greatly,

greatly, but innocently; that my ſincere love for my country, and the uninterrupted pains I have taken for its welfare, have not deſerved that I ſhould drink theſe dregs of bitterneſs, you may now afford me conſiderable relief. Grant me the lives of theſe priſoners: I will receive them at your hands, as the nobleſt preſent that ever was made me. As long as I live, noble Judges, I ſhall feel the livelieſt ſentiments of gratitude for it. And when at laſt, the courſe of nature ſhall put an end to a life worn out with care, I ſhall expire with more eaſe and tranquility: with thoſe laſt words, "Forgive me, O Lord, as I have forgiven them."

The true Hiſtory of ROBINSON CRUSO.

WHEN Captain *W*—— *Rogers*, with the Duke and Dutcheſs privateers of *Briſtol*, went, in 1708, to cruize againſt the Spaniards in the South Seas; he found, in the iſland *Juan Fernandes*, a man clothed in goat-ſkins, who looked wilder than the original owners of them. He had been left on the iſland four years and four months before, by Captain *Stradling*, of the ſhip called the Cinque Ports, on account of a quarrel between them; his name was *Alexander Selkirk*, and, by the report of Captain *Dampier*, then on board with *Rogers*, he was the beſt man in that ſhip. During his abode on the iſland, he ſaw ſeveral ſhips paſs by, but two only came to an anchor; theſe were Spaniards, ſome of whom landed, and ſhot at him before he was aware of them, ſo that he had much ado to eſcape. Had they been French, he would have ſubmitted to them; but he rather choſe to riſque the chance of dying in that deſolate place, than truſt to thoſe who he apprehended, would either murder, or ſend into the mines, any ſtranger who had a knowledge of the South Seas.

When he was put on ſhore, he had with him his clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of powder, ſome bullets, tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a bible, ſome other books, and his mathematical inſtruments. He diverted and provided for himſelf as well as he could; but for the firſt eight months could ſcarcely ſupport his ſpirits in a ſituation ſo forlorn, and ſo far remote from all human beings. He built himſelf two huts, with Pimento trees, covered them with long graſs, and lined them with the ſkins of goats, which he killed with his gun, as long as his powder laſted: when this was exhauſted, he procured fire by rubbing two ſticks of Pimento wood together upon his knees. In his leſſer hut, which was at ſome diſtance from the other, he dreſſed his proviſions; in the larger hut he ſlept, and employed himſelf in reading, ſinging pſalms, and praying; ſo that he ſaid he was a better Chriſtian in this ſolitude, than he had ever been before, or than he was afraid he ever ſhould be again. At firſt he never eat any thing, till hunger conſtrained him, partly for want of bread, and ſalt, and partly for grief; nor did he go to bed until he could watch no longer: the Pimento wood, which burnt very clear, ſerved him both for fire and candle, and refreſhed him by the fragrance of its ſmell. He might have had fiſh enough, but could not eat them for want of ſalt, becauſe they purged him, cray-fiſh excepted, which he found to be agreeable, and as large as lobſters; theſe he boiled or broiled, as he did his goats fleſh: from the latter he made excellent broth, as the goats there are not ſo rank as thoſe in Europe. He kept an account of five hundred that he killed while he was there, and of as many more that he caught, and turned looſe again, after marking them on the ear.*

His way of life, and his continual exerciſe, improved his ſpeed ſo much, that, when his powder failed, he fairly ran

* When Commodore *Anſon* touched at the ſame iſland, thirty-two years afterwards, he found very few goats left, the Spaniards having put on ſhore great

the

the goats down. Captain *Rogers* ſent ſeveral of his ſwifteſt men, with a bull-dog they had on board, to aſſiſt *Selkirk* in goat-catching; but he tired and diſtanced both the men and the dog, and brought back the goat on his back. He related, that his agility in purſuing a goat had like once to have proved his deſtruction; for he purſued it with ſo much eagerneſs, that he catched hold of it at the brink of a precipice, that was hid from him by the buſhes. He fell down a great height; was ſtunned with the fall; lay there about twenty-four hours: and when he came to his ſenſes found the goat lying dead under him: he was ſcarcely able to crawl to his hut, at about a mile diſtance, or to ſtir abroad for ten days afterwards. At length he came to reliſh his meat well enough without ſalt or bread; and in the ſeaſon found plenty of good turnips, which having been ſown there by Captain *Dampier's* men, had overſpread ſeveral acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and ſeaſoned his meat with the fruit of the Pimento, which is the Jamaica Pepper. He ſoon wore out all his clothes and ſhoes by running in the woods; ſo that being forced at laſt to ſhift without them, his feet became ſo hard, that it was with difficulty he could reconcile himſelf again to ſhoes, which made his feet ſwell when he firſt put them on.

He was at firſt much peſtered with cats and rats, that had got on ſhore from the ſhips that wooded and watered there; but by cheriſhing the cats, many of whom became ſo tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, ſo that he was quickly delivered from the rats.

He alſo tamed ſome kids for his amuſement, ſo that he began to conquer the inconveniencies of ſolitude, and grew very eaſy in his circumſtances.

numbers of large dogs to extirpate them: but the firſt goat this man killed, is deſcribed as an animal of a moſt venerable aſpect, with an exuberant beard; and which, having had his ears ſlit, they concluded to have been one of thoſe marked by *Selkirk*.

He

He ſupplied his worn-out clothes by a cap and coat of goat-ſkin, ſtitched together with thongs of the ſame. He had no other needle but a nail; and, when his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could out of ſome iron hoops left on ſhore, which he beat thin, and ground upon ſtones. Having ſome linen cloth by him, he ſewed him ſome ſhirts with a nail, ſtitching them with the worſted of his old ſtockings, which he pulled out on purpoſe. He had his laſt ſhirt on when he was found by Captain *Rogers*, and, when he came firſt on board, had ſo much forgot his language by diſuſe, that he uttered his words by halves, and could ſcarcely be underſtood.

A remarkable Will.

THE laſt Will and Teſtament of me, a poor ſinful and worthleſs creature, commonly known by the aſſumed name of *George Pſalmanazar*.

Thy ever-bleſſed, and unerring will, O! moſt gracious, though offended God, be done by me, and all the world, whether for life or death.

Into thy all-merciful hands I commit my ſoul, as unto a moſt gracious Father, who though juſtly provoked by my paſt vain and wicked life, but more eſpecially ſo during the youthful fallies of a raſh and unthinking part of it, has yet been graciouſly pleaſed, by thy undeſerved grace and mercy, to preſerve me from the reigning errors and hereſies, and the more deplorable apoſtaſy and infidelity of the preſent age, and enabled me to take a conſtant and ſtedfaſt hold on the holy Author of our ſalvation, thy ever adorable and divine Son, Jeſus Chriſt, our powerful and meritorious Redeemer; from whoſe alone, and all-powerful interceſſion and merits, (and not from any, the leaſt inherent righteouſneſs of my own, which I heartily abhor as filthy rags in thine all-purer eyes) I hope for pardon and reconciliation, and for a happy

happy reſurrection unto that bleſſed immortality, to which we are redeemed by his moſt precious and ineſtimable blood. I likewiſe bleſs and adore thy infinite goodneſs for preſerving me from innumerable dangers of body and ſoul, to which this wretched life, but more particularly my own youthful raſhneſs and inconſideration might have expoſed me, had not thy divine providence interpoſed in ſuch a wonderful manner, as juſtly challenges my deepeſt admiration and acknowledgment: particularly I am bound to bleſs thee for ſo timely nipping that ambition and vain glory, which had hurried me through ſuch ſcenes of impiety and hypocriſy, and as the moſt effectual antidote againſt it, next to thy divine grace, has brought me not only to prefer, but to delight in a ſtate of obſcurity and lowneſs of circumſtances, as the ſureſt harbour of peace and ſafety; by which, though what I have left in my poſſeſſion, be dwindled to ſo little value, as to be but a poor acknowledgement for the ſervices which I have received from my friend hereafter named, to whom I can do no leſs than bequeath it all, yet I hope the will may be accepted for the deed, and that the divine Providence will ſupply to her what is wanting in me. And now, O Father of mercies, I beſeech thee, for thy dear Son's ſake, ſo to direct me by thy grace, through all the future concerns of this life, that when, where, or in what manner ſoever it ſhall pleaſe thee to call me out of it, I may be found ready and willing to reſign my ſoul, worthleſs as it is of itſelf, to thee who gaveſt it; and that my latter end may be ſuch as may tend all poſſible ways to thy glory, the edification of thy church, and my own eternal comfort.

And in hopes there is nothing in this my laſt will, that is not agreeable to thine, I leave it to be executed after my death by my worthy and pious friend *Sarah Rewalling*, of the pariſh of St. Luke, in Middleſex, in the manner hereinafter mentioned, viz.

I deſire

I deſire that my body, when or wherever I die, may be kept ſo long above ground, as decency or conveniency will permit, and afterwards conveyed to the common burying-ground, and there interred in ſome obſcure corner of it, without any further ceremony or formality than is uſed to the bodies of the deceaſed penſioners, where I happen to die, and about the ſame time of the day, and that the whole may be performed in the loweſt and cheapeſt manner. And it is my earneſt requeſt that my body be not encloſed in any kind of coffin, but only decently laid in what is called a ſhell, of the loweſt value, and without lid or other covering which may hinder the natural earth from covering it all round.

Theſe I do hereby ſolemnly declare and teſtify to be my laſt Will and Teſtament, and in witneſs thereof have thereto ſet my name, on the twenty-third day of April, in the year of our Lord 1752, O. S. and in the ſeventy-third of my age.

G. PSALMANAZAR.

The laſt Will and Teſtament of *G. Pſalmanazar*, of Iron-monger-Row, in the pariſh of St. Luke, Middleſex, whenever it ſhall pleaſe God to take him out of this world unto himſelf.

January 1, 1760, being the day of circumciſion of our divine Lord, then, bleſſed be God, quite ſound in my mind, though weak in body, I do ratify and confirm the above particulars of my laſt Will and Teſtament.

REMARKABLE COURAGE.

AT the battle of *Roucoux*, in 1746, a Serjeant in the Regiment of *Flanders*, named *Vidal*, giving his arm to the Prince of *Monaco*, who was wounded, in order to lead him to a place of ſafety, had that very arm broken to pieces by a muſket

muſket ball; without betraying the leaſt emotion, this dauntleſs hero only changed his arm, ſaying, "Take this my Prince, the other is now good for nothing." The Regiment of *Flanders* was in the ſixteenth century commanded by the Count de *Sault*, whoſe name it bore: it was then a common ſaying, "Beware of Fire, Water, and the Regiment de *Sault*.

From the PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.

[*Concluded from page* 41.]

MR. *Haſtings*, the Governor, did not heſitate a moment to grant a peace at the mediation of the *Lama*, on the moſt moderate and equitable terms; and, eager, to ſeize every opportunity which would promote the intereſt and glory of this nation, and tend to the advancement of natural knowledge, propoſed in Council to ſend a perſon in a public character to the Court of the *Taſhoo Lama*, to negociate a treaty of commerce between the two nations, and to explore a country and people hitherto ſo little known to Europeans. Mr. *Bogle*, an approved ſervant of the Company, whoſe abilities and temper rendered him every way qualified for ſo hazardous and uncommon a miſſion, was pitched on for it. It would be foreign to my purpoſe to enter into a detail of his progreſs and ſucceſs in this buſineſs: it will be ſufficient to ſay, that he penetrated, acroſs many difficulties, to the centre of *Thibet*; reſided ſeveral months at the Court of the *Taſhoo Lama*; and returned to *Calcutta*, after an abſence of fifteen months on the whole; having executed his commiſſion to the entire ſatisfaction of the Adminiſtration.

Mr. *Bogle* divides the territories of the *Delai Lama*, into two different parts. That which lies immediately contiguous to *Bengal*, and which is called by the inhabitants, *Docpo*, he diſtinguiſhes by the name of *Boutan*; and the other, which

extends to the northward as far as the frontiers of *Tartary*, called by the natives, *Pú*, he ſtiles *Thibet*. *Boutan* is ruled by the *Dah Terria*, or *Deb Rajah*, as I have already remarked. It is a country of ſteep and inacceſſible mountains, whoſe ſummits are crowned with eternal ſnow; they are interſected with deep vallies, through which pour numberleſs torrents that increaſe in their courſe, and, at laſt, gaining the plains, looſe themſelves in the great rivers of *Bengal*. Theſe mountains are covered down their ſides with foreſts of ſtately trees of various ſorts; ſome (ſuch as Pines, &c.) which are known in Europe; others, ſuch as are peculiar to the country and climate. The vallies and ſides of the hills which admit of cultivation, are not unfruitful, but produce crops of wheat, barley and rice. The inhabitants are a ſtout and warlike people, of a copper complexion, in ſize rather above the middle European ſtature, haſty and quarrelſome in their temper, and addicted to the uſe of ſpirituous liquors; but honeſt in their dealings: robbery by violence being almoſt unknown among them. The chief city is *Taſſey Siddein*, ſituated on the *Patchoo*. *Thibet* begins properly from the top of the great ridge of the *Coucaſus*, and extends from thence in breadth to the confines of great *Tartary*, and perhaps to ſome of the dominions of the Ruſſian Empire. Mr. *Bogle* ſays, that having once attained the ſummit of the *Boutan* mountains, you do not deſcend in an equal proportion on the ſide of *Thibet*; but continuing ſtill on a very elevated baſe, you traverſe vallies which are wider, and not ſo deep as the former, and mountains that are neither ſo ſteep, nor apparently ſo high. On the other hand he repreſents it as the moſt bare and deſolate country he ever ſaw. The woods, which every where cover the mountains in *Boutan*, are here totally unknown; and, except a few ſtraggling trees near the villages, nothing of the ſort is to be ſeen. The climate is extremely ſevere and rude. At *Chamnanning*, where he wintered, although it be in latitude 31 deg. 39 min. only 8 deg.

northward

northward of *Calcutta*, he often found the thermometer in his room at 29 deg. under the freezing point by *Farrenheit's* ſcale: and in the middle of April the ſtanding waters were all frozen, and heavy ſhowers of ſnow perpetually fell. This, no doubt, muſt be owing to the great elevation of the country, and to the vaſt frozen ſpace over which the north-wind blows uninterruptedly from the pole, through the vaſt deſerts of *Siberia* and *Tartary*, till it is ſtopped by this formidable wall.

The Thibetians are of a ſmaller ſize than their ſouthern neighbours, and of a leſs robuſt make. Their complexions are alſo fairer, and many of them have even a ruddineſs in their countenance unknown in the other climates of the Eaſt. Thoſe whom I ſaw at *Calcutta*, appeared to have quite the Tartar face. They are of a mild and cheerful temper; and Mr. *Bogle* ſays, that the higher ranks are polite and entertaining in converſation, in which they never mix either ſtrained compliments or flattery. The common people both in *Boutan* and *Thibet* are clothed in coarſe woollen ſtuffs of their own manufacture, lined with ſuch ſkins as they can procure; but the better orders of men are dreſſed in European cloth, or China ſilk, lined with the fineſt Siberian furs. The Ambaſſador from the *Deb Rajah*, in his ſummer-dreſs at *Calcutta*, appeared exactly like the figures we ſee in the Chineſe paintings, with the conical hat, the tunic of brocaded ſilk, and light boots. The Thibetians, who brought the firſt Letter from the *Lama*, was wrapped from head to foot in furs. The uſe of linen is totally unknown among them. The chief food of the inhabitants is the milk of their cattle, prepared into cheeſe, butter, or mixed with the flour of a coarſe barley or of peas, the only grain which their ſoil produces; and even theſe articles are in a ſcanty proportion: but they are furniſhed with rice and wheat from *Bengal* and other countries in the neighbourhood. They alſo are ſupplied

with fiſh from the rivers in their own and the neighbouring provinces, ſalted and ſent into the interior parts. They have no want of animal food from the cattle, ſheep, and hogs, which are raiſed on their hills; and are not deſtitute of game, though I believe it is not abundant. They have a ſingular method of preparing their mutton, by expoſing the carcaſe entire, after the bowels are taken out, to the ſun, and bleak northern winds which blow in the months of Auguſt and September, without froſt; and ſo dry up the juices and parch the ſkin, that the meat will keep uncorrupted for the year round. This they generally eat raw, without any preparation. Mr. *Bogle* was often regaled with this diſh, which, however unpalatable at firſt, he ſays, he afterwards preferred it to their dreſſed mutton juſt killed, which was generally lean, tough and rank. It was alſo very common for the head-men in the villages through which he paſſed, to make him preſents of ſheep ſo prepared, ſet before him on their legs as if they had been alive, which had at firſt a very odd appearance.

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 48.]

THE next morning flattered us with the hopes of a fair day after the great rains, which had fallen for near eight hours together. We therefore ventured to leave *Bellulca*, with no great thanks to it for our entertainment. But we had not gone far, before we began to wiſh that we had kept our former accommodation, bad as it was; for the rains began to break out afreſh with greater fury than before; nor had we more comfort under-foot, the road being very deep and full of ſloughs. However we reſolved to go forward

ward in hopes of a better time, and in four hours (very long ones in ſuch uncomfortable circumſtances) we arrived at *Sholfatia*, a poor village ſituate upon a ſmall river which we were obliged to paſs. A river we might call it now, it being ſwollen ſo high by the late rains, that it was impaſſable; though at other times it is but a ſmall brook, and, in the ſummer, perfectly dry.

Here, inſtead of mending our condition, as we expected, we began to drink more deeply of the bitter cup of pilgrims, being brought to ſuch a ſtrait, that we knew not which way to turn ourſelves. For, as I ſaid, the ſtream was not fordable, ſo that there was no going forward; and as for facing about, and returning to the place from whence we came, that was a thing we were very averſe to: well knowing, by that morning's experience, the badneſs of the road; and likewiſe having reaſon to expect but a cold welcome at our journey's end. As for lodging in the village, that was a thing not to be endured: for the houſes were filled with dirt and naſtineſs, being inhabited promiſcuouſly by the villagers and their cattle. As for lying in the Campagnia, the rain was ſo vehement we could not do that, without an evident danger both to ourſelves and horſes.

But whilſt we were at this non-plus, the rain abated; and ſo we reſolved to pitch in the open field, though thoroughly ſoaked with the wet. Accordingly we betook ourſelves to a ſmall aſcent by the water-ſide, intending there, under our tents, to wait the falling of the ſtream.

We had not enjoyed this ceſſation of rain long, when it began to pour down afreſh, with terrible lightning and thunder. And now our care was renewed, and we knew not well which to be moſt concerned for: whether ourſelves, who enjoyed the miſerable comfort of a dropping tent over us, or our ſervants and horſes, which had nothing but their own clothes to protect them. At laſt, there being a ſmall *Sheck's* houſe, or burying-place hard by, we comforted ourſelves

ſelves with hopes that we might take ſanctuary there. The difficulty was, how to get admiſſion into ſo reverenced a place; the Turks being generally men of greater zeal than mercy. To negociate this affair, we ſent a Turk (whom we had taken with us for ſuch occaſions) into the village; ordering him to try firſt by fair means to gain admittance, and, if that failed, to threaten that he would enter by force. But the religion of this place was of that kind which ſuperſedes, inſtead of improving humanity. The people abſolutely denied the ſmall charity we demanded; and ſent us word they would die upon our ſwords, before they would yield to have their faith defiled: adding farther, that it was their faith to be true to *Hamet* and *Aly*, but to hate and renounce *Omar* and *Abu Beker*; and this principle they were reſolved to ſtand by. We told them we had as bad an opinion of *Omar* and *Abu Beker* as they could have: that we deſired only a little ſhelter from the preſent rain, and had no intention to defile their faith. And thus with good words, we brought them to conſent, that we might ſecure our baggage in the *Sheck's* houſe: but as for ourſelves and arms, it was our irreverſible ſentence to be excluded out of the hallowed walls. We were glad, however, to get the mercileſs doors open upon any terms; not doubting, but we ſhould be able to make our advantage of it afterwards according to our deſire: which we actually did; for when it grew dark, and the villagers were gone to ſleep, we all got into the place of refuge, and there paſſed a melancholy night among the tombs: thus eſcaping, however, the greater evil of the rain, which fell all night in abundance.

Being now crept into the inſide of the *Sheck's* houſe, I muſt not omit, in requital for our lodgings, to give ſome account of the nature of ſuch ſtructures. They are ſtone fabrics generally ſix or eight yards ſquare (more or leſs) and roofed with a cupola, erected over the graves of ſome eminent *Shecks*, that is, ſuch perſons, as by their long beards, prayers

prayers of the ſame ſtandard, and a kind of phariſaical ſuperciliouſneſs (which are the virtues of the Mahometan Religion) have purchaſed to themſelves the reputation of learning and ſaints.

Of theſe buildings there are many ſcattered up and down the country; (for you will find among the Turks far more dead ſaints than living ones.) They are ſituated commonly upon the moſt conſpicuous aſcents. To theſe Oratories the people repair with their vows and prayers, in their ſeveral diſtreſſes, much after the ſame manner, as the Romaniſts do to the ſhrines of their Saints. Only, in this reſpect, the practice of the Turks ſeems to be more orthodox, in that, though they make their ſaints' ſhrine the houſe of prayer; yet they always make God alone, the object of their addreſſes.

[*To be continued.*]

A Memorial for Miſs Nancy Biſſaker: *written in the ſeventh Year of her Age, by the late Mr.* C. Perronet.

[*Continued from page* 51.]

IF your brother and ſiſter unite with others, account their offſpring your own, and be to them what your mother was to you. God may deſign to continue a ſeed in her family, that the bleſſing of her righteouſneſs may deſcend to other generations.

Let the outward profeſſion of your religion be what you have been brought up to, unleſs you are convinced by the Spirit of Chriſt, and not the vain janglings of men, to embrace ſome other.

Love all; but be of no party-ſpirit. Be always joined with the Methodiſts, as this is the work of God now upon earth. Be thankful for a ſhare in their perſecution, and account

account it a ſin not to profit by their knowledge, and to ſhun their reproach.

Of all evils, avoid Calviniſm, and Final Perſeverance; the two great evils that deſtroy the true grace of God wherein we ſtand: the darts of Satan that poiſon the holy, as well as deſtroy the unholy. No ſhaft of Satan ſo to be dreaded, no ſnare to be ſo avoided, as, that "perſonal holineſs is not requiſite: grace cannot be deſtroyed; nor a believer periſh." To depart from Chriſt, is made the giving him the glory of our ſalvation; and to obey, is to rob the Redeemer of his greateſt honour!

What moſt wounds Religion is a party-ſpirit, and "perverſe diſputings." Beware of theſe. They "darken counſel by words without underſtanding." Arians and Predeſtinarians are full of this. The latter, extends its baleful influence fartheſt, and does that hurt to the righteous, which the other does only to the wicked.

But Religion is not juſt to eſcape falſe, and embrace true opinions; nor is it great, or airy, or philoſophical notions of any kind; but the life and power of God, and to follow the example of Chriſt. The Religion of the Lord Jeſus lies within: it is to embrace him as our Refuge and Saviour, the only Good in time and in eternity: it is the knowledge of Chriſt; fellowſhip of his ſufferings, and conformity to his death. True Religion ſpreads itſelf into the minuteſt affairs, and tranſacts all things in the ſanctuary with Jeſus; ſo that *holineſs is written on the bells of horſes*; and the loweſt drudgery of life is made, *worſhipping the Father in ſpirit and in truth*. This was the Religion taught and practiſed by the Son of God; by all his holy Apoſtles; by all his Martyrs and Confeſſors; and by all his true Worſhippers in all generations: and is the only Religion he will approve of when he comes in the clouds of heaven.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLVI.

[From Mr. R. Boardman, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

New-York, April 2, 1771.

Rev. Sir,

IT pleaſes God to carry on his work amongſt us. Within this month we have had a great awakening here. Many begin to believe the report; and to ſome, the arm of the Lord is revealed. This laſt month we have had near thirty added to the Society; five of whom have received a clear ſenſe of the pardoning love of God. We have, in this city, ſome of the beſt Preachers (both in the Engliſh and Dutch Churches) that are in America; yet God works by whom he will work.

I have lately been much comforted by the death of ſome poor negroes, who have gone off the ſtage of time rejoicing in the God of their ſalvation. I aſked one, on the point of death, Are you afraid to die? "O no, ſaid ſhe; I have my bleſſed Saviour in my heart; I ſhould be glad to die: I want to be gone, that I may be with him for ever. I know that he loves me; and I feel I love him with all my heart." She continued to declare the great things God had done for her ſoul, to the aſtoniſhment of many, till the Lord took her to himſelf. Several more ſeem juſt ready to be gone; longing for the happy time when mortality ſhall be ſwallowed up of life.

I bleſs God, I find, in general, my ſoul happy, though much tried and tempted: and though I am often made to groan, oppreſt with unbelief; yet I find an increaſing degree of love to God, his people, and his ways. But I want more purity of intention, to aim at his glory in all I think, or ſpeak or do. Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!

We do not, dear Sir, forget to pray for you, that God would lengthen out your days. Nor can we help praying that you may ſee America before you die. Perhaps I have promiſed myſelf too much, when I have thought of this. Lord, not my will, but thine be done!

I am, dear and Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate Son in the Goſpel,

R. BOARDMAN.

LETTER CCCLVII.

[From Mr. J. Southcote, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Briſtol, Jan. 9. 1772.

Rev. Sir,

WE thank you for thoſe bleſſed men, Mr. Murlin and Pawſon. Their labours cannot be in vain in the Lord. We are at preſent, like a city which is at unity with itſelf. Not the leaſt miſunderſtanding having happened among the Preachers. What a token for good!

I have been at Kingswood twice lately, and ſtayed all night. I met the children each time; and the laſt, while I was ſpeaking, former times occurred to my mind, and made a deep impreſſion on me.

At preſent I feel a ſecret hope for the little ones. If the Maſters ſhould again recover their ſtrength, we ſhall ſee greater things. We took ſweet counſel together. S. H. is athirſt for the living God. How different is this woman!

O! what a mercy, that the Lord ſhould have begun with me, even with me, a poor backſlider; and that he ſhould have engaged my ſoul and body to ſerve him! Bleſſed be his name, I ſtill love him! Wiſhing you more than I can expreſs,

I am, Rev. Sir, your dutiful Son and Servant,

J. SOUTHCOTE.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLVIII.

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

Stenton, January 17, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

AFTER a long season, I have set about to answer your last favour. And first, you ask if I find any decay in faith? I answer, No. I rather find that my faith is strengthened, daily and hourly; and that, in the same proportion, my love to God and man increaseth. And no wonder I should find it so, seeing my constant prayer is, Lord, increase my faith! and thereby enlarge my heart to love thee more and more, till I am all immersed and lost in love! O what a favour is it that God should thus hear and answer the prayer of such an unworthy creature!

As to my hopes, they are more firm and lively than ever. For every fresh deliverance in an hour of temptation, is an additional proof, that according to my day my strength shall be; and that he will be my Guide unto death, and my Portion for evermore.

You enquire secondly, if I feel any pride or anger? I feel nothing contrary to pure love. But when I am evil spoken of, I am kept in perfect peace. I find nothing but what is subordinate to the will of God; and I have the witness in myself that all my ways please him.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Friend,

S. PYWELL.

LETTER CCCLIX.

[From the same, to the same.]

Stenton, February 28, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

FROM your farther encouraging me, I take the liberty to tell you that I am always sensible of the presence of God, which is never interrupted by company, or hurry of

 business,

buſineſs, though I am often much expoſed to both. In the midſt of all, Jeſus is my reſt and my ſupport. O that I may be always ready to ſpeak of his goodneſs! I am enabled to pray without ceaſing, and in every thing to give thanks. My heart is lifted up to God, whatever my hands are employed in, ſo that I am always happy: I never fret at any thing ſo as to interrupt my happineſs. Nothing hinders me from praying without ceaſing.

Indeed I ſometimes find lowneſs of ſpirits, which I think came firſt upon me by grief, occaſioned by a brother and a ſiſter leaving the good ways of God. This lay ſo heavy upon me, that I feared I ſhould never more be capable of acting in the manner I had formerly done. At that time I was very ignorant of Satan's devices. At laſt I found it my wiſdom to cry to God, that I might leave it all to him. Since then, when things have come on me in an unexpected manner, I have been ready to ſtart. But at preſent, my ſoul is kept in perfect peace. While I am telling of his loving-kindneſs towards me, I find he is with me.

I am, dear Sir, your obedient Servant,

S. PYWELL.

POETRY.

To Mr. POYNTZ, *Ambaſſador at Soiſſons.*

O Thou, whoſe friendſhip is my joy and pride,
Whoſe virtues warm me, and whoſe precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatneſs, rightly underſtood,
Is but a larger power of being good.
Say, Poyntz, amidſt the toils of anxious ſtate,
Does not thy ſecret ſoul deſire retreat?

Doſt

Doſt thou not wiſh (the taſk of glory done)
Thy buſy life at length might be thy own?
Juſt is the wiſh. For me the happieſt meed,
To favouréd man, by ſmiling heaven decreed,
Is to reflect at eaſe on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praiſe who from the world retiréd,
By no enlivéning, generous paſſion firéd,
On flowéry couches ſlumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay.
But bleſt is he, who exerciſed in cares,
To private leiſure public virtue bears.
Who tranquil ends, the race he nobly run,
And decks repoſe with trophies labour won;
Him honour follows to the ſecret ſhade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the muſes ſtring,
For him in lays unbought, ſpontaneous ſing;
Friendſhip and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleaſéd with retirement better than with ſtate,
And round the bower where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels riſe.

So when thy country ſhall no more demand
The needful aid of thy ſuſtaining hand;
When peace reſtoréd ſhall on her downy wing
Secure repoſe and careleſs leiſure bring;
Then to the ſhades of learned eaſe retiréd;
The world forgetting, by the world admired,
Among thy books and friends, thou ſhalt poſſeſs
Contemplative and quiet happineſs:
Pleaſéd to review a life in honour ſpent,
And painful merit paid with ſweet content.

To the Earl of OXFORD; *ſent him when he was in the Tower, before his Trial. By Dean* SWIFT.

HOW bleſſéd is he, who for his country dies!
Since death purſues the coward, as he flies.
The youth, in vain, would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back:
Though Fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter Fate ſhall ſeize him from behind.

Virtue repulſéd, yet knows not to repine;
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine;
Nor ſtoops to take the ſtaff, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where Jove a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die, for meriting to live.

Next faithful Silence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be every ſecret barréd:
He who betrays his friend ſhall never be
Under one roof, nor in one ſhip with me:
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt with the wicked, Heavén involve the juſt?
And though the villain 'ſcape awhile, he feels
Slow Vengeance, like a blood-hound at his heels.

On a late SHIPWRECK *on the Coaſt of* CUMBERLAND.

FROM this hoar cliff which fronts the riſing day,
The watry proſpect opens on the eyes;
Here from the point which bounds the lengthéning bay,
Where on the left the ſpacious haven lies.

How

How great the change! not ſixteen hours are paſt,
Since that calm ſea that gently laves the ſhore,
Laſhed into fury by the northern blaſt,
Shook the rough rocks, with wild tremendous roar.

Again the deſolating ſcene I view;———
Here I beheld the mountain-billows riſe;
Saw the faint ſtruggles of the helpleſs crew,
Plungéd in the waves, and heard thy dying cries.

Still memory bleeds the direful truth to tell,
How on the towéring maſt long time they hung;
Till from the hull with pondérous craſh it fell,
And from the top the ſhuddéring victims flung;

One bravely puſhing from the fatal wreck,
With luſty ſinews beats the foaming ſurge;
While the rough breakers ſcatter o'er his neck;—
Now does he ſink,—and now again emerge.

Exhauſted now of half his vital force,
With fainter efforts, ſee! he pants for ground;
Till one huge billow in its rapid courſe,
O'erwhelms him breathleſs in the dread profound.

With equal numbers, who can well expreſs
Each ſad ſpectator's half diſtracted grief?
What ſympathetic pangs of keen diſtreſs,
Potent in wiſh, but feeble in relief!

The piteous ſight had baleful *Malice* eyéd,
When doubtful Hope, and inſtant death were near,
Her haggard looks the fiend had turnéd aſide,
And down her cheek diſtilléd thé unbidden tear.

There

There where the ſhatteréd prow and anchors lie,
One, only, found a refuge from the waves;
The reſt, whom Fate impetuous dooms to die,
Beneath the rigging find immediate graves.

Tradition ſpeaks the melancholy truth,
"Thrice has this faithleſs ſpot the bark betrayéd;
By heavén's all-wiſe decree, one only youth,
From each dire wreck has ſafely been conveyéd."

From hoarſe reſoundings of the boiſtérous wind,
The weſtern breeze with gentle murmur blows,
And warring floods, by jutting points confinéd,
Now ſink into a general repoſe.

'Tis done:—the dreadful conqueſt now is o'er,
Diſcordant elements no more engage:
The loitéring waves creep ſoftly to the ſhore,
Diſarméd their powér, and ſilent all their rage.

Within theſe lifeleſs forms, acquaintance knows,
Soft, genérous pity livéd, a welcome gueſt;
Indulgéd the genial pang for others woes,
Heavéd the big ſigh, and wept at tales diſtreſt.

Unknowing then that in untimely hour,
Their fate ſhould give them to the ruthleſs ſeas;
What hands ſhould ſupplicate thé inclement powér?
What eyes ſhould ſtream at miſeries like theſe?

Deſponding mortals! wherefore do we mourn?
Perhaps that ſtorm was herald of their peace;
Servéd but to waft them to that diſtant bourne,
Where toil, and pain, and death for ever ceaſe.


THE REVP. JAMES CREIGHTON, Aged 45

THE Arminian Magazine, For MARCH 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

CHAP. I. *Concerning the Decree of Reprobation.*

[*Continued from page* 70.]

II. OBSERVE, that God's Fore-knowledge, Sayings and Predictions have no ſuch influence on the will of man, as to lay on him a neceſſity to do what He foreknows, and hath foretold he will do; for were it otherwiſe,

1ſt. All human actions muſt be neceſſary; for, to that God who is omniſcient, all things paſt, preſent, and to come are known. If then this knowledge of men's actions, did make them neceſſary, all human actions muſt be neceſſary, and ſo the freedom of them muſt be overthrown. 2dly, Then Vice and Virtue muſt be empty names, we being capable of doing nothing which is blame-worthy, or deſerveth praiſe; (which yet the ſcripture plainly, and frequently aſſerts we may) for who can blame a perſon for doing what he could

not help, or judge that he deſerveth praiſe for doing what he could not avoid? And 3dly, Then muſt all future recompenſes be diſcarded, it being unjuſt to puniſh any man for doing that which it was never in his power to avoid, or to reward him for that action which cannot be praiſe-worthy.

When then it is here ſaid, *Therefore they could not believe, becauſe Iſaias ſaid*, &c. theſe words muſt bear this ſenſe, *Therefore they could not believe, becauſe (that was fulfilled upon them which) Iſaias ſaid*, or it had happened to them as he had foretold. And this expoſition is confirmed by the Holy Ghoſt, who, Matt. xiii. 13, 14, ſaith from the mouth of Chriſt, *Therefore ſpeak I to them in parables, becauſe they ſeeing, ſee not*, &c. and when it is ſaid, ver 40, *He hath blinded their eyes*, &c. obſerve that the word He, is not in the original, which only ſaith thus, τετύφλωκεν αὐτῶν τὰς ὀφθαλμὰς and may be rendered, *Malice*, or *Wickedneſs, hath blinded their eyes*, as we read Wiſdom ii. 21. Or, 2dly, The perſonal verb is put for the impersonal, the active for the paſſive, i. e. He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts, for *their eyes are blinded, and their hearts hardened.* To give you an inſtance of this nature, Iſaiah xliv. 18, in our tranſlation we read, *He hath ſhut their eyes that they cannot ſee, and their hearts that they cannot underſtand*; and yet both the Greek and Chaldee Paraphraſt read them thus, ἀπημαυρώθησαν, *their eyes they have ſhut, and darkened, leſt they ſhould ſee.* And that this is the true import of the Prophet's words, that Satan, and their own evil diſpoſitions had done this, is evident from this conſideration, it is ſpoken to the ſhame of them who made and worſhipped ſenſeleſs images, ver. 9. 11, and to convince them of their want of conſideration, ver. 19. And that this muſt be the ſenſe here, we learn, not only from the Septuagint, the Syriac, and the Arabick, which render theſe words of Iſaiah thus, *The heart of the people is waxed groſs, and their ears have they cloſed, leſt they ſhould ſee with their eyes*; but alſo from our Saviour and St. *Paul*, who follow this tranſlation

tranſlation of the words, the one Matt. xiii. 13. 15, the other Acts xxviii. 27.

Objection, But in St. *Luke* this is plainly given as the reaſon why Chriſt ſpake to thoſe without in parables, *That ſeeing they may not ſee, and hearing they may not underſtand.*

I anſwer, St. *Mark* and St. *Luke* do not contain all that our Saviour ſaid on this occaſion, but muſt be filled up, by the addition of the word recorded in St. *Matthew*. Since then St. *Matthew* doth expreſsly tell us, He *therefore ſpake to them in parables, becauſe they ſeeing would not, or did not ſee, and hearing, did not underſtand*; and that they therefore did not ſee, hear and underſtand, becauſe *their heart was waxed groſs, and their ears heavy, and they had cloſed their eyes leſt they ſhould ſee*; it ſeems evident that the words of St. *Mark* and St. *Luke* muſt be filled up thus, *to others* (the Jews who will not own my doctrine) *ſpeak I in parables, becauſe they ſeeing ſee not, and hearing do not underſtand; for their hearts are waxed groſs, and their ears heavy, and their eyes have they cloſed; that ſeeing, they may ſee and not perceive, and hearing, they may hear and not underſtand.* Theſe words are therefore nothing to the purpoſe for which they are produced. This will appear more evident, if it be further noted,

That theſe words, *They ſeeing, ſee not, and hearing, do not hear, or underſtand*, are a proverbial expreſſion concerning men ſo wicked, and ſo ſlothful, that either attend not to, or will not follow the cleareſt convictions of their duty. Thus to a rebellious people the Prophet *Jeremy* ſaith, *Hear now this, O fooliſh people, and without underſtanding, which have eyes, and ſee not, which have ears, and hear not*: and God ſpeaks to *Ezekiel* thus, *Son of man, thou dwelleſt in the midſt of a rebellious houſe, which have eyes to ſee, and ſee not, they have ears to hear, and hear not; for they are a rebellious houſe.* This is a frequent form of ſpeech in *Philo*, who ſaith of men

addicted to ſenſual pleaſures, ὁρῶντες οὐκ ὁρῶσι καὶ ἀκούοντες οὐκ ἀκούουσι, that *they ſeeing, ſee not, and hearing, do not hear*; and *Demoſthenes* mentions this as a proverb: theſe words do manifeſtly therefore ſhew, That it was the wickedneſs and perverſeneſs of the Jews that indiſpoſed them to receive profit by Chriſt's plain diſcourſes, which cauſed him thus to ſpeak to them in parables.

Laſtly, Obſerve, that they thus ſhut their eyes, and made their hearts groſs, ſaith God, *leſt they ſhould be converted, and I ſhould heal them*; ſo that the deſign of God in ſending his Son was their converſion, and the remiſſion of their ſins; and hence St. *Peter* ſaith to them, *Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your ſins may be blotted out*; for God having *raiſed up his Son Jeſus, ſent him to bleſs you, in turning* every one of you *from your iniquities*; expreſsly teaching that God ſent his Son to procure mercy and ſalvation to every one of them; and that they by their wickedneſs and perverſeneſs, obſtructed his gracious deſigns upon them, leſt they ſhould be converted from their evil ways, and God ſhould heal them. For albeit this ſad effect was not intended by them, yet ſince it was the natural reſult of their ſhutting their eyes againſt the light, it fitly is aſcribed to them, as when the Prophet *Hoſea* ſaith, *Of their ſilver and gold have they made them idols, that they might be cut off:* and the Prophet *Micah, The ſtatutes of Omri are kept, and all the works of the houſe of Ahab, and ye walk in their counſels, that I ſhould make thee a deſolation.* Theſe words are therefore ſo far from eſtabliſhing, that they evidently deſtroy the doctrine they were produced to confirm.

4. A third text uſed to this purpoſe are the words of St. *Peter, To you that believe he is precious: but to them which be diſobedient, the ſtone which the builders refuſed is made the head of the corner, and a ſtone of ſtumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them who ſtumble at the word, being diſobedient, whereunto alſo they were appointed*; from which laſt words they

they argue, that ſome of the Jews, even all that believed not in Chriſt, (this Corner Stone) *were* appointed by *God to be diſobedient.*

I anſwer, The meaning of theſe words, ſaith Dr. *Hammond* is, That they who diſobey the goſpel, ſtanding out obſtinately againſt it, were appointed by God to ſtumble and fall at that ſtone; that is, to be bruiſed by it, and by that means to be deſtroyed; it being juſt with God that they who will not amend at the preaching of the goſpel, ſhould be condemned, and ſo the worſe for it. It cannot ſignify that God abſolutely ordained the unbelieving Jews, to diſobedience, when as yet they were not; for then their future diſobedience was a compliance with the divine will, and ſo could not deſerve the name of diſobedience, becauſe it could not be both a compliance with, and diſobedience to the will of God; nor could this diſobedience be objected to them as their crime, unleſs compliance with the will of God be ſo, and it be a fault to be ſuch as God by his immutable counſel and decree hath ordained we ſhould be. Wherefore this paſſage cannot ſignify that the unbelieving Jews were appointed to diſobedience; but only that being diſobedient to the goſpel, ſo clearly revealed, and by ſo many miracles confirmed to them, they were appointed, to fall and periſh; for ſo the Hebrew word Chaſal, and the Greek προσκομμα and σκάνδαλον import, viz. the ruin and fall of them who ſtumble at this ſtone.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XXVI.

On HEBREWS vi. 1.

Let us go on to Perfection.

THE whole ſentence runs thus: *Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Chriſt, let us go on unto perfection: not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead*

dead works, and of faith toward God, which he had juſt before termed, *the firſt principles of the Oracles of God,* and *meat fit for babes,* for ſuch as have juſt taſted that the Lord is gracious.

That the doing of this is a point of the utmoſt importance, the Apoſtle intimates in the next words; *This will we do, if God permit. For it is impoſſible for thoſe who were once enlightened, and have taſted of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and have fallen away, to renew them again unto repentance.* As if he had ſaid, If we do not *go on to perfection,* we are in the utmoſt danger of *falling away.* And if we do fall away, it is *impoſſible* [that is, exceeding hard] *to renew them again unto repentance.*

In order to make this very important Scripture as eaſy to be underſtood as poſſible, I ſhall endeavour,

Firſt to ſhew, what Perfection is?

Secondly, to anſwer ſome Objections to it: and,

Thirdly, to expoſtulate a little with the oppoſers of it.

Firſt, I will endeavour to ſhew, what Perfection is.

1. And firſt, I do not conceive the Perfection here ſpoken of, to be the perfection of Angels. As thoſe glorious Beings never *left their firſt eſtate,* never declined from their original perfection, all their native faculties are unimpaired, their Underſtanding in particular is ſtill a lamp of light, their Apprehenſion of all things clear and diſtinct, and their Judgment always true. Hence, though their Knowledge is limited, (for they are creatures) though they are ignorant of innumerable things, yet they are not liable to miſtake; their Knowledge is perfect in its kind. And as their Affections are all conſtantly guided by their unerring Underſtanding, ſo all their Actions are ſuitable thereto; ſo they do every moment not their own will, but the good and acceptable will of God. Therefore it is not poſſible for man, whoſe Underſtanding is darkened, to whom Miſtake is as natural as Ignorance,

Ignorance, who cannot think at all, but by the mediation of organs which are weakened and depraved, like the other parts of his corruptible body: it is not poſſible, I ſay, for men always to think right, to apprehend things diſtinctly, and to judge truly of them. In conſequence hereof his Affections, depending on his Underſtanding, are variouſly diſordered. And his words and actions are influenced more or leſs, by the diſorder both of his Underſtanding and Affections. It follows, that no man while in the body, can poſſibly attain to *Angelic Perfection.*

2. Neither can any man while he is in a corruptible body, attain to Adamic Perfection. Adam before his fall, was undoubtedly as pure, as free from ſin as even the holy Angels. In like manner his Underſtanding was as clear as theirs, and his Affections as regular. In virtue of this, as he always judged right, ſo he was able always to ſpeak and act right. But ſince man rebelled againſt God the caſe is widely different with him. He is no longer able to avoid falling into innumerable miſtakes: conſequently he cannot always avoid wrong Affections, neither can he always think, ſpeak, and act right. Therefore man, in his preſent ſtate, can no more attain Adamic than Angelic Perfection.

3. The higheſt Perfection which man can attain, while the ſoul dwells in the body, does not exclude Ignorance and Error, and a thouſand other Infirmities. And from wrong Judgments, wrong Words and Actions will often neceſſarily flow. And in ſome caſes, wrong Affections alſo may ſpring from the ſame ſource. I may judge wrong of *you:* I may think more or leſs highly of you than I ought to think. And this miſtake in my Judgment may not only occaſion ſomething wrong in my behaviour; but it may have a ſtill deeper effect: it may occaſion ſomething wrong in my Affection. From a wrong apprehenſion, I may love and eſteem you either more or leſs than I ought. Nor can I be freed from a liableneſs to ſuch miſtake, while I remain in a corruptible body.

body. A thouſand infirmities in conſequence of this, will attend my ſpirit, till it returns to God who gave it. And in numberleſs inſtances it comes ſhort of doing the will of God, as Adam did in Paradiſe. Hence the beſt of men may ſay from the heart,

> " Every moment, Lord, I need
> The merit of thy death,"

for innumerable violations of the Adamic as well as the Angelic Law. It is well therefore for us, that we are not now under theſe, but under the law of Love. *Love is now the fulfilling of the law*, which is given to fallen man. This is now, with reſpect to us *the perfect law*. But even againſt this, through the preſent weakneſs of our underſtanding, we are continually liable to tranſgreſs. Therefore every man living needs the blood of atonement, or he could not ſtand before God.

4. What is then the Perfection of which man is capable, while he dwells in a corruptible body? It is the complying with that kind command, *My ſon, give me thy heart*. It is the *loving the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his ſoul, and with all his mind*. This is the ſum of Chriſtian Perfection: it is all compriſed in that one word, Love. The firſt branch of it is the Love of God: and as he that loves God loves his brother alſo, it is inſeparably connected with the ſecond, *Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf*. Thou ſhalt love every man as thy own ſoul, as Chriſt loved us. *On theſe two commandments hang all the law and the prophets:* theſe contain the whole of Chriſtian Perfection.

5. Another view of this is given us, in thoſe words of the great Apoſtle, *Let this mind be in you, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus*. For although this immediately and directly refers to the Humility of our Lord, yet it may be taken in a far more extenſive ſenſe, ſo as to include the whole diſpoſition of

of his mind, all his affections, all his tempers, both toward God and man. Now it is certain that as there was no evil affection in him, ſo no good affection or temper was wanting. So that *whatſoever things are holy, whatſoever things are lovely,* are all included in *the mind that was in Chriſt Jeſus.*

6. St. *Paul,* when writing to the *Galatians,* places Perfection in yet another view. It is the one undivided *fruit of the Spirit,* which he deſcribes thus. *The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace: long-ſuffering, gentleneſs, goodneſs: fidelity,* (ſo the word ſhould be tranſlated here) *meekneſs, temperance.* What a glorious conſtellation of Graces is here! Now ſuppoſe all theſe things to be knit together in one, to be united together in the ſoul of a believer, this is Chriſtian Perfection.

7. Again. He writes to the Chriſtians at *Epheſus,* of *putting on the new man, which is created after God, in righteouſneſs and true holineſs.* And to the *Coloſſians,* of *the new man, renewed after the image of him that created him:* plainly referring to the words in Geneſis (chap. i. 27,) *So God created man in his own image.* Now the Moral Image of God, conſiſts (as the Apoſtle obſerves) *in righteouſneſs and true holineſs.* By ſin this is totally deſtroyed. And we never can recover it, till we are *created anew in Chriſt Jeſus.* And this is Perfection.

8. St. *Peter* expreſſes it in a ſtill different manner, though to the ſame effect. *As he that hath called you is holy, ſo be ye holy in all manner of converſation,* 1 Peter i. 16. According to this Apoſtle then, Perfection is another name for Univerſal Holineſs: inward and outward righteouſneſs: holineſs of life ariſing from holineſs of heart.

9. If any expreſſions can be ſtronger than theſe, they are thoſe of St. *Paul* to the *Theſſalonians*: (1 Epiſtle v. 23.) *The God of peace himſelf ſanctify you wholly: and may the whole of you, the ſpirit, the ſoul and the body* (this is the

literal tranſlation) *be preſerved blameleſs unto the coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.*

10. We cannot ſhew this Sanctification in a more excellent way, than by complying with that exhortation of the Apoſtle, *I beſeech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye preſent your bodies* (yourſelves, your ſouls and bodies; a part put for the whole, by a common figure of ſpeech) *a living ſacrifice unto God*; to whom ye were conſecrated many years ago in baptiſm. When, what was then devoted is actually preſented to God, then is the man of God perfect.

11. To the ſame effect St. *Peter* ſays, 1 Epiſtle ii. 5, *Ye are a holy prieſthood, to offer up ſpiritual ſacrifices, acceptable to God through Jeſus Chriſt.* But what ſacrifices ſhall we offer now, ſeeing the Jewiſh diſpenſation is at an end? If you have truly preſented yourſelves, you offer up to him continually, all your thoughts, and words and actions, through the Son of his love, as a ſacrifice of praiſe and thankſgiving.

12. Thus you experience, that he whoſe name is called Jeſus, does not bear that name in vain: that he does in fact *ſave his people from their ſins*, the root as well as the branches. And this *Salvation from ſin*, from all ſin, is another deſcription of Perfection, though indeed it expreſſes only the leaſt, the loweſt branch of it, only the negative part of the great ſalvation.

II. I propoſed, in the ſecond place, to anſwer ſome objections to this ſcriptural account of Perfection.

1. One common objection to it is, That there is no promiſe of it in the word of God. If this were ſo we muſt give it up: we ſhould have no foundation to build upon. For the promiſes of God are the only ſure foundation of our hope. But ſurely there is a very clear and full promiſe, that we ſhall all love the Lord our God with all our hearts. So we read Deut. xxx. 6, *Then will I circumciſe thy heart, and the heart of thy*

thy ſeed, to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy ſoul. Equally expreſs is the word of our Lord, which is no leſs a promiſe, though in the form of a command, (Matt. xxii. 37.) *Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy ſoul, and with all thy mind*: no words can be more ſtrong than theſe, no promiſe can be more expreſs. In like manner, *Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf* is as expreſs a promiſe as a command.

2. And indeed that general and unlimited promiſe, which runs through the whole Goſpel Diſpenſation, *I will put my laws in their minds, and write them in their hearts*, turns all the commands into promiſes; and conſequently, that among the reſt, *Let this mind be in you which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus.* The command here is equivalent to a promiſe, and gives us full reaſon to expect, that he will work in us what he requires of us.

3. With regard to the fruit of the Spirit, the Apoſtle in affirming, *The fruit of the Spirit, is love, joy, peace; long-ſuffering, gentleneſs, goodneſs, fidelity, meekneſs, temperance:* does in effect affirm, that the Holy Spirit actually works Love, and theſe other tempers in thoſe that are led by him. So that here alſo we have firm ground to tread upon: this ſcripture likewiſe being equivalent to a promiſe, and aſſuring us that all theſe ſhall be wrought in us, provided we are led by the Spirit.

4. And when the Apoſtle ſays to the *Epheſians*, (chap. iv. 21,) *Ye have been taught, as the truth is in Jeſus, to be renewed in the ſpirit of your mind, and to put on the new man, which is created after God*, (that is, after the image of God,) *in righteouſneſs and true holineſs*: he leaves us no room to doubt, but God will thus *renew* us *in the ſpirit of our mind*, and *create us anew* in the *image of God, wherein we were at firſt created.* Otherwiſe it could not be ſaid, That this is *the truth as it is in Jeſus.*

5. The command of God given by St. *Peter*, *Be ye holy as he that hath called you is holy in all manner of converſation*, implies a promiſe, that we ſhall be thus holy, if we are not wanting to ourſelves. Nothing can be wanting on God's part: as he has called us to holineſs, he is undoubtedly willing, as well as able, to work this holineſs in us. For he cannot mock his helpleſs creatures, calling us to receive what he never intends to give. That he does call us thereto is undeniable; therefore he will give it, if we are not diſobedient to the heavenly calling.

6. The prayer of St. *Paul* to the *Theſſalonians*, That God would *ſanctify them throughout*, and *that the whole of them, the ſpirit, the ſoul, and the body might be preſerved blameleſs*: will undoubtedly be heard in behalf of all the children of God, as well as of thoſe at *Theſſalonica*. Hereby therefore all Chriſtians are encouraged to expect the ſame bleſſing from *the God of peace*, namely, That they alſo ſhall be *ſanctified throughout, in ſpirit, ſoul and body*: and that *the whole of them ſhall be preſerved blameleſs, unto the coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*.

7. But the great queſtion is, Whether there is any promiſe in ſcripture, that we ſhall be *ſaved from ſin?* Undoubtedly there is. Such is that promiſe, Pſalm xxx. 8, *He ſhall redeem Iſrael from all his ſins*: exactly anſwerable to thoſe words of the angel, *He ſhall ſave his people from their ſins*, and ſurely *he is able to ſave unto the uttermoſt, them that come unto God through him*. Such is that glorious promiſe given through the prophet *Ezekiel*, in the 36th chapter, *Then will I ſprinkle clean water upon you, and ye ſhall be clean; from all your filthineſs and from all your idols will I cleanſe you: a new heart alſo will I give you, and a new ſpirit will I put within you: and I will take away the ſtony heart out of your fleſh, and I will give you a heart of fleſh: and I will put my ſpirit within you and cauſe you to walk in my ſtatutes, and ye ſhall keep my judgments and do them*, ver. 25, — 27.

Such

Such, (to mention no more) is that pronounced by *Zechariah*, (Luke i. 73, — 75,) *The oath which he ſware to our father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies* (and ſuch doubtleſs are all our ſins) *to ſerve him without fear, in holineſs and righteouſneſs before him, all the days of our life.* The laſt part of this promiſe is peculiarly worthy of our obſervation. Leſt any ſhould ſay, "True, we ſhall be ſaved from our ſins when we die;" that clauſe is remarkably added, as if on purpoſe to obviate this pretence, *all the days of our life.* With what modeſty then can any one affirm, "That none ſhall enjoy this liberty *till death?*"

8. "But, ſay ſome, this cannot be the meaning of the words; for the thing is impoſſible." It is impoſſible to men: but the things impoſſible with men, are poſſible with God. "Nay, but this is impoſſible in its own nature: for it implies a contradiction, that a man ſhould be ſaved from all ſin, while he is in a ſinful body."

There is a great deal of force in this objection. And perhaps we allow moſt of what you contend for. We have already allowed that while we are in the body, we cannot be wholly free from miſtake. Notwithſtanding all our care, we ſhall ſtill be liable to judge wrong in many inſtances. And a miſtake in judgment will very frequently occaſion a miſtake in practice. Nay, a wrong judgment may occaſion ſomething in the temper or paſſions, which is not ſtrictly right. It may occaſion needleſs fear, or ill-grounded hope; unreaſonable love, or unreaſonable averſion. But all this is no way inconſiſtent with the Perfection above deſcribed.

9. You ſay, "Yes, it is inconſiſtent with the laſt article: it cannot conſiſt with Salvation from Sin." I anſwer, It will perfectly well conſiſt with Salvation from Sin, according to the preceding definition of ſin, (which I apprehend to be the Scriptural Definition of it.) "A voluntary tranſgreſſion of a known law." "Nay, but all tranſgreſſions of the law of God, whether

whether voluntary or involuntary, are ſin. For St. *John* ſays, All *ſin is a tranſgreſſion of law.*" True, but he does not ſay, " All tranſgreſſion of the law is ſin." This I deny: let him prove it that can.

To ſay the truth, this is a mere ſtrife of words. You ſay, " None is ſaved from ſin in *your* ſenſe of the word: but I do not admit of that ſenſe, becauſe the word is never ſo taken in ſcripture. And you cannot deny the poſſibility of being ſaved from ſin, in *my* ſenſe of the word. And this is the ſenſe wherein the word ſin is over and over taken in ſcripture.

" But ſurely we cannot be ſaved from ſin, while we dwell in a *ſinful body.*" A *ſinful body?* I pray obſerve, how deeply ambiguous, how equivocal this expreſſion is? But there is no authority for it in ſcripture: the word *ſinful body* is never found there. And as it is totally unſcriptural, ſo it is palpably abſurd. For no *body*, or matter of any kind can be *ſinful:* ſpirits alone are capable of ſin. Pray in what part of the body ſhould ſin lodge? It cannot lodge in the ſkin, nor in the muſcles, or nerves, or veins, or arteries: it cannot be in the bones any more than in the hair, or nails. Only the ſoul can be the ſeat of ſin.

10. But does not St. *Paul* himſelf ſay, *They that are in the fleſh cannot pleaſe God?* I am afraid the ſound of theſe words has deceived many unwary ſouls; who have been told, thoſe words, *they that are in the fleſh*, mean the ſame as they that are in the body. No, nothing leſs. *The fleſh* in this text no more means the body than it does the ſoul. Abel, Enoch, Abraham; yea, all that cloud of witneſſes recited by St. Paul in the eleventh of the Hebrews, did actually pleaſe God, while they were in the body, as he himſelf teſtifies. The expreſſion therefore here means neither more nor leſs, than they that are unbelievers, they that are in their natural ſtate, they that are without God in the world.

11. But

11. But let us attend to the reaſon of the thing. Why cannot the Almighty ſanctify the ſoul while it is in the body? Cannot he ſanctify *you* while you are in this houſe, as well as in the open air? Can the walls of brick or ſtone hinder him? No more can theſe walls of fleſh and blood, hinder him a moment from ſanctifying you throughout. He can juſt as eaſily ſave you from all ſin in the body as out of the body.

"But has he promiſed, thus to ſave us from ſin, while we are in the body?" Undoubtedly he has: for a promiſe is implied in every commandment of God: conſequently in that, *Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy ſoul, and with all thy mind.* For this and every other commandment is given, not to the dead, but to the living. It is expreſſed in the words above recited, That we ſhould *walk in holineſs before him all the days of our life.*

I have dwelt the longer on this, becauſe it is the grand argument of thoſe which oppoſe Salvation from ſin: and alſo becauſe it has not been ſo frequently and ſo fully anſwered: whereas the arguments taken from ſcripture, have been anſwered a hundred times over.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of Mr. WILLIAM M'CORNOCK, *in a Letter to the Rev. John Weſley.*

[*Continued from page* 80.]

THE next day, being the 23d of October, I thought of going to *Donegal*, to warn my neighbours to flee from the wrath to come; but my friends in *Clones* would not let me go till the 25th. I then ſet off, and called at a gentleman's houſe near *Clones*, and ſtayed there till the next morning. In the night there was card-playing in the houſe; and I, being weary of ſuch company, went out to the ſide of an orchard

to

to pray. Inſtantly I heard a ruſhing as if robbers were ſhaking the trees. Immediately after, there was a great noiſe at my ſide, as if a log of timber was thrown into a pool of water. On examining, I found there was no pool near me. I then went to prayer, knowing that the Lord was on my ſide. From thence I went the next day to *Pettigoe*, and called at a friend's houſe, where a ſervant girl, mocked me when I came to it. While I prayed with the family ſhe was convinced of ſin, and ſoon after converted to God.

From thence I went to my father's houſe, when the people of the neighbourhood hardly knew me; as I was waſted almoſt to a ſkeleton, through grief of ſoul. The ſecond night after I got home, I told my mother, and a young man (a couſin of mine,) what the Lord had done for me; and exhorted them to ſeek the Lord, who was no reſpecter of perſons. They both were deeply convinced of the evil of their ways, and wept exceedingly. The young man went away weeping. When he got home, he put the people into confuſion, by crying to God for mercy. He continued in great diſtreſs about ſix or ſeven months; and refrained from every thing he thought was ſinful, and betook himſelf to faſting, prayer, and reading the Bible. But his father took the Bible from him, and knocked him down with a club when he found him praying; but all to no effect. At laſt he got a popiſh Prieſt to him, in order to cure him, (for he ſuppoſed he was bewitched by me.) The Prieſt directed him to go to a Holy-Well, and perform a Station there, and from thence to *Lough Derig*, a place remarkable for performing Stations. He did ſo; and when he came home he could ridicule the ways of God, curſe and ſwear, and get drunk, as faſt as ever!

A few days after I went to my father's houſe, he ſent for an old Friar to cure me; thinking I was bewitched; but the Friar did not come to me. It was the common report through the country that I was mad; ſeeing I would not get drunk, and

and go on in folly like the reſt of his neighbours. For ſome time they did not know what ſect I belonged to; ſome thought I was a Quaker, others that I was of ſome other ſect, until a man came to the town, who was a Methodiſt, and ſent for me: then they found out what I was.

As there were none I knew of, who were truly acquainted with God, for thirty miles on one ſide, and nine or ten on the other, I was like a ſparrow on the houſe-top, without any to converſe with; ſo that my ſoul was preſſed down with grief.

When my father perceived ſuch a change in my conduct, it grieved him much; for I could not give him and his gueſt a cheerful countenance, while I ſaw them crucifying the Lord who bought them with his blood.

As my father kept a public-houſe, I had many temptations to drunkenneſs. But though even my father himſelf, and many of my relations, have often endeavoured to entice me, it was to no purpoſe; for the Lord ſtill gave me the victory. Yet while I lived there I was almoſt continually diſtreſſed, on beholding ſuch ſcenes of wickedneſs from day to day: and I wonder how I ſtood it for four or five years! Indeed on the Sabbath I frequently left home early, and in general did not return till night.

One Sabbath a travelling-man aſked me to put his burthen on his back. I did ſo. But I found much condemnation for it: and thought I could never again reprove a perſon for ſin, after what I had done myſelf. But mentioning it to a friend, ſhe was inſtrumental in reſtoring me to my former comfort, before I returned home.

When I got there, though my ſtudy was to pleaſe my father in all things lawful, yet, if I went to worſhip God according to my conſcience, all my labour was in vain. My relations adviſed him not to give me any thing, which he often threatened. One time he promiſed me a freehold if I would quit the Methodiſts. On aſking one whom I looked

upon as a Chriſtian friend what I ſhould do; he ſaid, ſtick cloſe to your father: it is not eaſy to get ſuch a ſettlement. But as I was going away the word of the Lord came unto me ſaying, Eſcape for thy life! Stay not, leſt thou be conſumed! On which, I determined to follow God at all events.

Several times my father diſcharged me from his houſe; on which I have gone away, and ſtayed till I grew hoarſe with preaching. When I returned, I frequently reproved thoſe who tranſgreſſed the law of God: which drove many of them away. Sometimes I would pray with them; and as I had an opportunity every day, I ſaid ſomething for God.

One night, a ſtranger who was gone to bed, hearing me at prayer, came down, and was convinced of ſin that night. Two or three years after, I met with him about forty miles from that place, and found him rejoicing in the favour of God. Soon after I heard that he died happy.

At another time, when I came home there was a Poet repeating ſome of his vain ſongs and poems; and curſing moſt horridly. I aſked him if he was going to ſtorm the gates of hell, and to pull damnation down upon his head directly? As I ſpoke in a very harſh tone, he ſeemed as if he had been thunderſtruck, while the tears flowed from his eyes. When I ceaſed ſpeaking, he deſired me to ſpeak on; and ſaid he had heard the Miniſters of the eſtabliſhed Church, the Diſſenters and Methodiſts; but none ever touched his heart before. He alſo ſaid, he believed the Lord had ſent me to turn him from the evil of his ways. He then went to bed very ſerious, and ſeemingly broken hearted. But what became of him afterwards, I cannot tell.

I met with another one time, and reproved him. He alſo was melted into tears, and ſaid he would go with me wherever I went; but as I was travelling to a ſtrange country, and knew not where to lay my head, I was obliged to leave him. This man was a Papiſt.

As

As I was travelling from *Newtown-Stewart* to *Brockſborrow*, I ſtopt at a place called the *Mountain-top*, where there was to be a Watch-night that night. I began to preach about ſeven o'clock in the evening; and when I had continued about three quarters of an hour, I was obliged to deſiſt; the cries of the people being ſo great. They continued weeping and calling upon God till about five in the morning. Then I finiſhed my diſcourſe, and they parted a little before ſun riſing. There were ſome convinced of ſin that night, and I think, three or four converted.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.

Written by Mr. J. ROGERS.

[*Continued from page* 85.]

* JANUARY 14. A part of the morning ſhe was hardly able to ſpeak at all; but her mind ſeemed quite compoſed, and a heavenly ſweetneſs appeared in her countenance. Mr. *R.* and I prayed with her, and had much liberty; and about an hour after, being ſeated by her on each ſide the bed, ſhe burſt ſuddenly into tears. On being aſked the cauſe, ſhe ſaid, "O! it is happineſs that makes me weep! I am thinking of Jeſus, and how his name charms all the heavenly hoſt. O he is a precious Saviour, (here ſhe wept again with overflowing joy.) I have many relations in heaven, who were near and dear to me: a father, a mother, and ſiſters, and brothers, and many whom I loved tenderly. But they are all nothing when I think of Jeſus! whom I ſhall ſoon ſee and praiſe better than I can do now. Angels will be bleſſed companions above; but O they are nothing! I can only think of Jeſus! My ſweet Saviour! I do love thee! Where is that

* What follows is a continuation of Miſs Roe's account.

hymn that ſpeaks of Jeſus as the ſubject of angelic ſongs?" &c. She was then much ſpent, but after a little ſhe found herſelf better, and able to converſe. Soon after being told Couſin *J. Roe* was below, ſhe deſired to ſee him. He came at her requeſt, and read the hymn ſhe had mentioned; though with many tears. Indeed none could refrain; it was a ſolemn ſeaſon to all preſent, while ſhe ſeemed to rejoice with joy unſpeakable. The following verſes were peculiarly bleſſed to her.

" Burſt ye emerald gates! and bring
To my raptured viſion,
All the extatic joys that ſpring
Round the bright elyſian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes!
Break ye intervening ſkies;
Son of Righteouſneſs ariſe;
Ope the gates of paradiſe.

Floods of everlaſting light
Freely flaſh before him:
Myriads with ſupreme delight
Inſtantly adore him.
Angel-trumps reſound his fame,
Lutes of ſhining gold proclaim
All the muſic of his name,
Through eternity the ſame.

Four and twenty elders riſe,
From their princely ſtation:
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great ſalvation:
Caſt their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone
Holy! holy! holy One!

To

To Couſin *Roe* ſhe ſaid, "The Lord favours me, in a peculiar manner. I have no pain; and, after all my unworthineſs, he gives me to rejoice in his love on a ſick and dying bed. His condeſcenſion is ſo great, that at times a ſenſe of it almoſt overpowers me: he is a precious Saviour! indeed he is! and thoſe who cleave to him, with a ſincere heart, will ever find him ſo. He knows I am ſincere, though very undeſerving; and all that I have ever feared, or that has haraſſed my mind, was, leſt others ſhould think me more than I am: I would not deceive any one by profeſſing more than I poſſeſs; no, it would be an awful thing to do that. I would be ſincere: it is good to be ſincere; we ſhall all find it ſo, when we come to a death-bed; and I wiſh we all lived to God more than we have yet ever done. What is the world, or any thing in it? Jeſus is all! and I ſhall praiſe him for ever; I *know I* ſhall!" I ſhall never forget her looks, as ſhe ſpoke theſe words. She was more like an inhabitant of heaven juſt deſcended, than any thing elſe. Such was her extaſy of joy and praiſe, her ſparkling eyes, and outſpread arms, that it appeared as if body and ſoul were juſt then taking flight to her immortal home.

When Couſin *J. Roe* took leave, ſhe gave him her hand, ſaying, "I wiſh you well Mr. *Roe*. May the Lord bleſs you! I love my friends, and can pray for my enemies, if I have any: but perhaps I have no enemies; but if I ſhould, I can pray for them." About ſeven at night ſhe called to us to ſing, "He comes, he comes," &c. and ſung with us ſo loud, that we were amazed; eſpecially at that verſe,

"From heavèn angelic voices ſound,
See the Almighty Jeſus crownèd;
Girt with omnipotence and grace:
And glory decks the Saviour's face."

The

or ſix from a village eight miles off, (called Iſland-Cove) have been here, and heard, and felt for themſelves the truth as it is in Jeſus. They have now built a houſe for divine ſervice in their own place, where they meet together to worſhip God in ſpirit and in truth. There are thirty of them joined in Society; twenty are believers, the reſt (almoſt the whole place) are ſeeking the Lord.

Bleſſed be the Lord, his work goes on ſwiftly here, and in ſeveral parts of this iſland; but in *Harbourgrace* and *Carbonear*, where Mr. *Coughlan* laboured, it is dwindled almoſt to nothing, chiefly by means of Calviniſm and Antinomianiſm. I muſt beg your prayers for me, that I may not hinder his work. For I am a poor, weak, and helpleſs creature: ſlow of heart to believe; unable to do any thing for God as I ought, or would. But there is one circumſtance that gives me encouragement; we are deſpiſed and perſecuted for Chriſt's ſake. Our enemies have threatened to pull our church down; and the merchants have given out, that they will ſend me out of the country.

At the time God wrought powerfully on the ſouls of the people, they ſent for Mr. *Thomy*. He came near fifty miles, and preached to, and exhorted them to continue in the faith; when God bleſſed the word to many ſouls. But the enemy ſtirred up ſome of the Iriſh to perſecute him. Accordingly ſeveral of them came one evening, armed with clubs, and ſwore they would kill him. While he was preaching they came into the church, and one, with his club, ſtruck at him, in order to cleave his ſkull; but miſſed him, and ſtruck the candleſtick. The people then got between, and puſhed them off. As he was going to his lodgings, ſeveral more, with clubs, came in a fury, like men athirſt for blood, and ſwore they would kill him. They foamed at the mouth, and came towards him, crying, Where is he! where is he! But, though he paſſed by, very near to them, they could not ſee him: ſo he got away from them unhurt.

About

About the middle of Auguſt, 1780, I went over to *Trinity*, with an intent to preach there. And though many were willing to hear, they were afraid to let me have a houſe to preach in. However, I went to ſeveral of their houſes, and converſed about the ways of God, and gave them ſome books. After ſtaying three or four days, I went to one of the Merchants, to aſk him to let me go in one of his boats that was going to *Perlican*. I was informed by his Clerk that he was on board one of his ſhips in the harbour. I went on board in order to ſpeak to him. Preſently one of the ſailors came to me and ſaid, Will you preach us a ſermon? The next ſalutation was, a dab in my face with the tar-bruſh, full of tar. Then one or two of them held me behind, while two or three more daubed me, almoſt all over with tar: the reſt looking on: the Merchant and Captain were below in the cabin at the ſame time.—— I heard afterwards that the Merchant ſaid, if they had aſked him, he would have given them feathers to have feathered me all over.

When they looſed me, I got into the boat that carried me on board, in order to go on ſhore, when they threw a piece of wood after me: but it did me no hurt, being guided by an unſeen hand. They then curſed me, and ſaid, You will preach that people will be damned, will you? When we ſee you on ſhore we will make an end of you. All that I ſaid to them, from firſt to laſt, was, What harm have I done to any one of you? To which they made me no anſwer. The Merchant and Captain being aſked about it, were aſhamed; and ſaid, if they had known, I ſhould not have been uſed ſo.

The next day ſome of the ſailors went about looking for me: one of them went with a knotted rope in his hand, to beat me, or any of the converts (as they call the people) that he could find. As I was walking about, looking for a boat, not knowing their deſign, I went by Him with the knotted rope; but he was aſleep on the ground. When he

awoke, he went in queſt of ſome of the converts; and coming where ſome men were ſtanding, one pointed to a poor man, ſignifying he was one of them. On this the ſailor took hold of him, and beat him in a terrible manner. The poor man prayed him not to beat him ſo: aſſuring him, he was *no convert*, neither came from *Perlican*; but from Engliſh Harbour, (a fiſhery about three leagues from *Trinity*.) As for me, all the boats in the harbour were forbid to take me in; however, one from *Perlican* came by ſtealth, and took me away.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of the Death of Mr. JOHN ELLIS.

THIS brings an Account of the ſudden death of our worthy Aſſiſtant, Mr. *John Ellis*.

He preached here laſt Wedneſday night, a moſt affectionate and uſeful diſcourſe, on, Luke xiii. 7, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground!"

This morning he ate his breakfaſt; went to prayer with the family; went up into his room; took a book into his hand; read a few minutes, and dropt down in a fit! The family hearing him fall, ran up ſtairs immediately, and found him on the floor; where he gave two or three ſighs, and inſtantly expired.

We found in his pocket-book a will* ſigned with his own name only; ſignifying how he would have his effects diſpoſed of: viz. ten pounds to his father, five pounds to one daughter, and the reſidue to the other. There was alſo an account in whoſe hands his effects were to be found.

* It appears by the date, that his Will was made but laſt Thurſday.

He

He was an affectionate, laborious Servant of Chriſt; who was much eſteemed by thoſe who knew him, and is greatly lamented in this city. May the Lord of the Harveſt ſend forth more ſuch Labourers into his vineyard; and crown them with equal ſucceſs!

BENJAMIN SMITH.

Worceſter, Jan. 4, 1772.

An Account of the Death of Mr. D. JENKINS.

LAST Monday morning, that old ſervant of God, *D. J.* fell aſleep in Jeſus. Two or three hours before he went, he called his daughter *Molly*, and ſaid, "The beaſt is ſo dull I cannot get her along. I never rode ſo dead a creature before: I muſt be up yonder by *four o'clock*. *Molly*, what ſhall I do? I cannot get the beaſt along. What ſhall I do?" She replied, I know not what you can do.

Shortly after, he cried, "It is finiſhed! He is come! He is come! Praiſe him! Praiſe him! O, bleſs the Lord! Thank the Lord!" Thus he went on for ſome time, bleſſing and praiſing God, for his love to him a ſinner.

A little after, he had a kind of viſion, wherein he ſaw all his family, both the dead and the living in their ſeveral preſent and future ſtates: and on ſeeing one of his children in glory, whom he had been doubtful of, he cried out, calling her by her name, "And is *Hannah* there! What, *Hannah*! Bleſſed be the Lord! Thanks be to the Lord! I ſhall ſoon be with thee." Accordingly, about *four o'clock*, he took his flight to the regions of immortality!

Bleſſed are the dead that die in the Lord! for they reſt from their labour, and their works follow them. May I follow this ſervant of God in all the paths of duty, and like him receive a Reward!

J. SOUTHCOTE.

Briſtol, Jan. 9, 1772.

Of the FORE-KNOWLEDGE *of* GOD.

Extracted from a late Author.

[*Concluded from page* 90.]

THOUGH God does not foreſee, nor fore-ordain as abſolutely, certainly and infallibly future, all the determinations of free-agents; yet he may foreſee and foretel when he pleaſes, all the natural and neceſſary conſequences of their free determinations. Theſe he ſees not in his predetermining decrees; but in the nature of intellectual agents. All intelligent beings chuſe and act, not only infallibly, but even neceſſarily, according to what appears to them beſt, ſo long as they remain in that perſuaſion. In this caſe God may foreſee certainly, and foretel infallibly all the natural and neceſſary conſequences of theſe determinations, in which we remain obſtinately, though freely. Thus he may arrange, in devils and in wicked men, all the natural and neceſſary effects of their free, deliberate choice; dam up their malice and corruption on one ſide, open its ſluices upon another; and without being the ſource and cauſe of their ſin, over-rule and direct infallibly all the free eruptions of evil in them, to the accompliſhment of his great deſigns. This is the higheſt effort, not only of infinite power, but of eternal wiſdom, juſtice and goodneſs; yea, far ſuperior to creation itſelf, when he found nothing to oppoſe or reſiſt his divine operation. This is God's previſion of, and proviſion for the cure and extirpation of moral evil, while his ſanctity remains unſtained, and the freedom of the creature untouched. In this ſenſe God is ſaid in ſcripture, "to blind the minds and harden the hearts of the wicked: to let looſe the devils, and ſend them to deceive mankind." Theſe actions in God cannot regard the firſt ſprings and abſolutely free determinations

of

of intellectual agents; but the natural neceſſary conſequences, and manifeſtations of the evil principle in them, to which they voluntarily adhere.

It is true that ſpiritual agents being always free to change their determinations, and the principles of their actions, what God foretels may ſometimes not happen. The reaſon is, becauſe all God's predictions, with regard to the co-operation of free-agents, are conditional, whether that condition be expreſſed or not. This ſcience and prediction of conditionals, is inſinuated and inculcated in many places of ſcripture, where God foretels and threatens puniſhments and misfortunes that never happen. He very often adverties his creatures of the natural and neceſſary conſequences of their corruption, in order to make them change the principle of their conduct. He ſees the dangers into which we hurry; and to hinder us from falling into them, he is repreſented in holy ſcripture as admoniſhing, threatening, exhorting, requeſting, and weeping over his creatures; yea, exhauſting as it were all the efforts of his power, wiſdom and goodneſs, without ſucceſs; "What could I have done more to my vineyard, ſays the Holy Ghoſt, that I have not done?" All theſe ſolicitations, admonitions, and vehement expoſtulations would be uſeleſs if we were not free, and if God acted upon us by omnipotent, irreſiſtible wills; yea they would be illuſory, if he foreſaw from all eternity, that free agents would certainly, infallibly, and abſolutely do what he exhorts them not to do.

The ſyſtem of preſcience when rightly underſtood anſwers all objections, without darkening the matter by the ſubtleties, palliatives, and ſubterfuges of the ſchoolmen. It is by this ſcheme alone that we confound all the blaſphemies of the Socinians and Epicureans, as alſo thoſe of the Fataliſts. The two firſt maintain that God can foreſee and foretel none of the actions of free-agents; and ſo deny preſcience. The laſt aſſert that God ſees all the determinations of intellectual

agents

agents in his own abſolute will; and ſo deſtroy liberty. The true midium betwixt theſe two extremes, conſiſts in maintaining that God can and does foreſee, fore ordain, and execute whatever he pleaſes in heaven and in earth; but that he neither foreſees, nor fore-ordains as infallibly future, what he leaves to the free choice of intellectual agents; becauſe this is repugnant and contradictory. Far be it from us to maintain the wild Socinian or Epicurean error, that God leaves the world to the government of ſecond cauſes: gives at firſt natural powers to free agents, and lets every one exert them as he pleaſes without over-ruling them, preſiding over them, and conducting them at laſt to his great ends. Farther yet be it from us to make the whole univerſe a maſs of material and immaterial machines, that follow abſolutely, inevitably and certainly what is fixed by infallible preſciencies and predeterminating decrees. The former deny providence; the latter deſpoil God of all his moral attributes, ſanctity, juſtice and goodneſs. The one makes God a careleſs, indolent being; the other makes him a cruel, tyrannical monſter.

An Extract from a SERMON, *on* GOD is LOVE.

[*Continued from page* 93.]

5. WHAT is the *Juſtice*, even the *punitive Juſtice* of God, but a modification of love and goodneſs?

As there is no divine perfection which appears ſo terrible to offenders as this, which therefore they toil to explain away, I ſhall dwell the longer upon it. And I hope to convince you that Juſtice is not that ſtern, tremenduous attribute, which is delineated by the guilty, partial imagination of ſinners, who have made it their intereſt that there ſhould be no ſuch attribute in the Deity; but that it is infinitely amiable, as well as awful; nay, that it is love and benevolence itſelf.

By

By the *punitive juſtice* of God, I mean that perfection of his nature which executes the ſentence of his law upon offenders, or inflicts upon them the puniſhment he had threatened to diſobedience, according to his own denunciation. The preſent world, which is a ſtate of trial and diſcipline, and not of final rewards and puniſhments, is not the proper theatre of vindictive juſtice; but of a promiſcuous providence: *All things come alike to all, and no man can know the love or hatred* of the Ruler of the world towards him, *by all that is before him.* Yet ſometimes, even in this life, juſtice arreſts the guilty, and diſplays its illuſtrious terrors upon them; eſpecially upon guilty nations that have no exiſtence, in a national capacity, in the eternal world, and therefore can be puniſhed in that capacity in this only. It was vindictive juſtice that deluged the old world in a flood of vengeance; that kindled the flames of Sodom and Gomorrah; and that cut off the nations of Canaan, when they "had filled up the meaſure of their iniquities." It is juſtice that arms kingdoms from age to age, and makes them the executioners of divine wrath upon one another, while they are gratifying their own ambition, avarice, or revenge. The devaſtation of earthquakes, inundations, plagues, epidemical ſickneſſes, famines, and the various calamities in which mankind have been involved, are ſo many diſplays of divine juſtice; and their being brought on the world according to the courſe of nature, and by means of ſecondary cauſes, will by no means prove that they are not ſo, but only that the very make and conſtitution of this world are ſo planned by divine wiſdom, as to admit of the execution of juſtice at proper periods; and that all its parts are the inſtruments of juſtice to accompliſh its deſigns. But theſe and all the other judgments of heaven upon our world are only preludes and ſpecimens of the moſt perfect adminiſtration of it in a future ſtate. There the penalty of the law will be executed upon impenitent offenders with the utmoſt impartiality. And revelation aſſures

aſſures us that the puniſhment will be endleſs in duration, and as exquiſite as the utmoſt capacity of the ſubject will admit: and conſequently that it will not, like fatherly chaſtiſements, have any tendency to their reformation, but to their entire and everlaſting deſtruction. Now it is this diſplay of punitive juſtice that appears ſo cruel to the guilty children of men; and therefore this is what I ſhall principally endeavour to vindicate, and to clothe with all the amiable glories of love and benevolence.

For this end I beg you would conſider, that whatever has a tendency to prevent ſin, tends to prevent miſery alſo, and to promote the happineſs of the world, and of all the individuals in it; that good laws are abſolutely neceſſary for the prevention of ſin; that penal ſanctions are eſſential to good laws; and that the execution of the penal ſanctions upon offenders is abſolutely neceſſary to their efficacy; and conſequently the execution of them is a diſplay of love and benevolence.

Conſider alſo, that many are excited to ſeek everlaſting happineſs, and deterred from the ways that lead to deſtruction, by means of the threatenings of the law; that even thoſe on whom they are finally executed were once in a capacity of receiving immortal advantage from them, but defeated their good influence by their own wilful obſtinacy; and that the righteous execution of theſe threatenings upon the incorrigible, may promote the common good of the univerſe.

Conſider farther, that criminals are incompetent judges of vindictive juſtice, becauſe they are parties, and therefore we ſhould not form an eſtimate of it by their prejudices, but from the judgment of the impartial part of the creation.

Finally conſider, that proceedings ſimilar to thoſe of the divine government are not only approved of as juſt in all human Governments, but alſo loved and admired as amiable and praiſe-worthy, and eſſential to the goodneſs of a Ruler.

[*To be continued.*]

Some

Some REMARKS *on* ARTICLE X. *of Mr. Maty's New Review, for December* 1784.

1. A Day or two ago this Review fell into my hands, which contains a Letter from the Rev. Mr. *Badcock*. I have not the pleaſure of knowing this Gentleman. But I eſteem him for his uſeful and ingenious Publications. And I think it my duty to inform both him and the public better, of ſome points wherein they have been miſinformed.

2. He ſays, "Mr. *Samuel Weſley*, of *Epworth*, in *Lincolnſhire*, *was ſent* to the Univerſity." This is not accurate. He was educated for ſome years at a Diſſenting Academy, from which he then privately retired, and entered himſelf at *Exeter-College*, in *Oxford*. "His Heroic Poem, the Life of Chriſt, excited the ridicule of the wits." His own account of it was, "The Cuts are good; the Notes pretty good: the Verſes ſo ſo." "At a very advanced age he publiſhed a Latin Work on the Book of *Job*, which was never held in any eſtimation by the learned." I doubt that. It certainly contains immenſe Learning; but of a kind which I do not admire.

3. "He married a woman of extraordinary abilities, the daughter of Dr. *Samuel Anneſley*." (Dr. *Anneſley* and the then Earl of *Angleſey* were brother's ſons.) "*Samuel*, his eldeſt ſon was a noted Jacobite." Nay, he was no more a Jacobite than he was a Turk. And what amends can Mr. *Badcock*, or Mr. *Maty* make, for publiſhing this egregious falſehood? "Many of his Political Satires remain unpubliſhed, on account of their treaſonable tendency." Here is a double miſtake. For 1. He never publiſhed any thing Political, whether ſatirical or not. 2. He never wrote any thing of a treaſonable tendency; he ſacredly avoided it. "In his rage of Jacobitiſm, he poured out the very dregs of it on Royalty itſelf."

itſelf." No, never. He never wrote, much leſs publiſhed, one line againſt the King. I ſpeak it from perſonal knowledge, having often heard him ſay, "If it reflects on the King, it is none of mine." His conſtant practice may be learnt from thoſe lines, in the Battle of the Sexes,

"Forgive the voice that uſeful fiction ſings,
Not impious tales of deities impure;
Not faults of breathleſs Queens, or living Kings,
In open treaſon, or in veil obſcure."

"Time however changed the Satiriſt againſt Sir *Robert*, into an humble ſuppliant." Nay, I do not believe, he ever wrote a line to Sir *Robert*, either in verſe or proſe.

4. "Mrs. *Weſley* lived long enough to deplore the extravagance of her two ſons, *John* and *Charles*; conſidering them as *under ſtrong deluſions, to believe a lie*." By vile miſrepreſentations ſhe was deceived for a time. But ſhe no ſooner heard them ſpeak for themſelves, than ſhe was thoroughly convinced, they were in no deluſion; but ſpoke *the words of truth and ſoberneſs*. She afterwards lived *with me* ſeveral years, and died rejoicing and praiſing God.

5. I was born in June 1703, and was between ſix and ſeven years old, when I was left alone in my father's houſe, being then all in flames: till I was taken out of the nurſery window, by a man ſtrangely ſtanding on the ſhoulders of another. Thoſe words in the picture, *Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?* chiefly allude to this.

6. "He had early a very ſtrong impreſſion of his deſignation to ſome extraordinary work." Indeed not I: I never ſaid ſo. I never thought ſo: I am guiltleſs in this matter. The ſtrongeſt impreſſion I had till I was three or four and twenty was,

Inter ſylvas Academi quærere verum:

and

and afterwards, (while I was my father's Curate) to ſave my own ſoul and thoſe that heard me. When I returned to *Oxford*, it was my full reſolve to live and die there; the reaſons for which I gave in a long letter to my father, ſince printed in one of my Journals. In this purpoſe I continued, till Dr. *Burton*, one of the Truſtees for *Georgia*, preſſed me to go over with General *Oglethorpe*, (who is ſtill alive, and well knows the whole tranſaction) in order to preach to the *Indians*. With great difficulty I was prevailed upon to go, and ſpend upwards of two years abroad. At my return, I was more than ever determined to lay my bones at *Oxford*. But I was inſenſibly led, without any previous plan or deſign, to preach firſt, in many of the Churches in *London*, then in more public places; afterwards in *Briſtol*, *Kingswood*, *Newcaſtle*, and throughout *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*. Therefore all that Mr. *Badcock* adds, of the incidents that "gave an additional force," to an impreſſion that never exiſted, is very ingenious; yet is in truth a caſtle in the air.

7. It is true, that for awhile I admired the *Myſtic* Writers. But I dropped them, even before I went to *Georgia:* long before I knew or ſuſpected any thing as Juſtification by Faith. Therefore all that follows, of my "making my Syſtem of Divinity more commodious for general uſe:" and of "employing myſelf to ſearch for ſome common bond, whereby the moſt diſſonant Sects might have a centre of union;" having no foundation to ſtand upon, falls to the ground at once. I had quite other work while I was at *Oxford*, being fully engaged, partly with my Pupils, and partly with my little Offices, being *Greek* Lecturer, and Moderator of both the Claſſes.

8. "His dexterity in debate has been ſo long known, that it is almoſt become proverbial." It has been my firſt care for many years, to ſee that my Cauſe was good: and never, either in jeſt or earneſt, to defend the wrong ſide of a queſtion. And ſhame on me if I cannot defend the right, after

ſo much practice: and after having been ſo early accuſtomed to ſeparate truth from falſehood, how artfully ſo ever they were twiſted together.

9. If the Poem on Religious Diſcourſe "delineates the diſpoſition and character of the Author," it does not delineate mine; for I was not the Author, but Mr. *John Gambold*. What becomes then of that good-natured remark? "The wonder is not, that *John Weſley* ſhould have ſhewn an inclination to inſult the memory of a ſober Divine: but that *Samuel Weſley* ſhould have been diſpoſed to ſhew lenity, to a Whig of the Revolution." Miſtake upon miſtake! 1. Thoſe marginal notes were not wrote by *Samuel*, but *Charles Weſley*. He told me ſo this very day. 2. Both my father and all his ſons, have always praiſed God for the happy Revolution.—— I let Biſhop *Warburton* alone. He is gone to reſt; I well hope, in Abraham's boſom.

10. "Mr. *Weſley* had a very important end in view"—— What end, but to ſave ſinners? What other end could I poſſibly have in view? Or can have at this day? "Deep Projects of a ſubtle mind." Nay, I am not ſubtle, but the veryeſt fool under the ſun, if I have any earthly project at all now! For what do I want which this world can give? And, after the labour of fourſcore years,

No foot of land do I poſſeſs,
No cottage in the wilderneſs:
A poor, wayfaring man
I dwell awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

JOHN WESLEY.

City-Road, Jan. 11, 1785.

An Account of the Drummer of Tedworth.

IN 1661, about the middle of March, a gentleman, named *Mompeſſon*, in the county of *Wilts*, being at a neighbouring town, called *Ludgarſhal*, and hearing a drum beat, enquired of the Bailiff of the town, at whoſe houſe he was, what it meant? The Bailiff told him, they had been for ſome days troubled with an idle drummer, who demanded money of the Conſtable, by virtue of a pretended paſs, which he thought was counterfeit. Upon this Mr. *Mompeſſon* ſent for the fellow, and aſked him, by what authority he went up and down the country, in this manner, with his drum? The drummer anſwered, he had good authority; and produced his paſs, with a warrant under the hands of Sir *William Cowley*, and Colonel *Ayliff*, of *Creetenham*. Mr. *Mompeſſon* knowing theſe gentlemen's hands, diſcovered that the paſs and warrant were counterfeit; and thereupon charged the Conſtable to carry the vagrant before a Juſtice of the Peace, to be further examined and puniſhed. The fellow confeſſed the cheat, and begged only to have his drum. Mr. *Mompeſſon* told him, that if he underſtood from Colonel *Ayliff*, whoſe drummer he ſaid he was, that he had been an honeſt man, he ſhould have it again; but, in the mean time, he would ſecure it. So he left the drum with the Bailiff, and the drummer in the Conſtable's hands; who it ſeems was prevailed on by the fellow's intreaties, to let him go.

About the middle of April following, when Mr. *Mompeſſon* was preparing for a journey to *London*, the Bailiff ſent the drum to his houſe. When he was returned, his wife told him, they had been much affrighted, and that the houſe had like to be broken up. He had not been at home above three nights, when the ſame noiſe was heard again. It was a very great knocking at the doors, and on the outſide of the houſe.

Hereupon

Hereupon he got up, and went about the houſe with a brace of piſtols in his hands. He then opened the door where the knocking was, and then he heard the noiſe at another door. He opened that alſo, and went out round the houſe, but could diſcover nothing; only he heard a ſtrange noiſe, as a thumping and drumming on the top of the houſe, which continued a great ſpace, and then, by degrees, went off into the air.

After this, the thumping and drumming were very frequent: uſually for five nights together; and then intermitted three. It came conſtantly as they were going to ſleep, whether early or late.

After a month's diſturbance without, it came into the room where the drum lay, within half an hour after they were in bed, and continued almoſt two hours. The ſign of its coming was, they heard a hurling in the air, over the houſe; and, at its going off, the beating of a drum, like that at the breaking up of a guard. It continued in the room for the ſpace of two months; which time Mr. *Mompeſſon* lay there to obſerve it.

Mrs. *Mompeſſon* being brought to-bed, there was but little noiſe the night ſhe was in travail; nor any for three weeks after, till ſhe had recovered ſtrength. But after this it returned as before; and followed the youngeſt children, beating their bedſteads with ſuch violence, that all preſent expected them to fall in pieces.

For an hour together, it would beat on the drum, Roundheads, and Cuckolds, and Tat-toos, and ſeveral other points of war, as well as any drummer could. After this, they would hear a ſcraping under the children's bed, as if made by ſomething with iron talons. It would lift the children up in their beds; follow them from one room to another; and, for a while haunt none but them.

As

As there was a cock-loft in the houſe which had not been troubled; there they removed the children, and put them to bed while it was day-light. But they were no ſooner in bed, but their troubler was with them, as before.

[*To be continued.*]

Dr. HAMILTON'S *Account of a great Deliverance.*

WHEN I was on board the Iſis, ſaid he, we had a moſt amazing deliverance. On the firſt of Auguſt, 1761, the ſhip being then in the Gulph of Lions, we were ſtruck by lightning. It ſhivered the main top-gallant, and main top-maſt nearly to ſhivers, and took large pieces out of the main maſt. I was, at the time, in the cockpit, cloſe by the powder room. The lightning penetrated that length. I ſaw it perfectly plain. It gave a loud crack, and filled all the cockpit full of ſmoke. The wonder was, firſt, that the ſhip was not blown up; and ſecondly, that although we had thirty-two men ſtruck down by the lightning, yet they all recovered!

J. H———.

ANECDOTE *of Archbiſhop* SHARPE.

IT was his Lordſhip's cuſtom to have a ſaddle horſe attend his carriage, that, in caſe of fatigue from ſitting, he might take the refreſhment of a ride. As he was thus going to his epiſcopal reſidence, and was got a mile or two before the carriage, a decent, well-looking young man, came up to him, and with a trembling hand and faultering tongue, preſented a piſtol to his Lordſhip's breaſt, demanding his money. The Archbiſhop with compoſure turned about, and looking ſtedfaſtly at him, deſired he would remove that dangerous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition.

"Sir!

"Sir! Sir!" with great agitation, cried the youth, "No words——'tis not a time——your money inſtantly." "Hear me, young man; ſaid the Archbiſhop, and come on with me. You ſee I am a very old man, and my life is of very little conſequence; your's ſeems far otherwiſe. I am named *Sharpe*, and am Archbiſhop of *York*: my carriage and ſervants are behind; tell me what money you want, and who you are; and I'll not injure you, but prove a friend. Here take this———, and now tell me how much you want to make you independent of ſo deſtructive a buſineſs as you are now engaged in."—"O! Sir, replied the man, I deteſt the buſineſs as much as you. I am—but—but—at home, there are creditors who will not ſtay: fifty pounds, my Lord, indeed would do what no tongue beſides my own can tell." Well, Sir, I take it on your word; and, upon my honour, if you will, in a day or two, call on me at ———, what I have now given, ſhall be made up that ſum.

The highwayman looked at him; was ſilent; and went off: and at the time appointed actually waited on the Archbiſhop; and aſſured his Lordſhip his words had left impreſſions which nothing could ever efface.

Nothing more of him tranſpired for a year and a half, or more; when, one morning a perſon knocked at his Grace's gate, and with a peculiar earneſtneſs deſired to ſee him. The Biſhop ordered the ſtranger to be brought in; he entered the room where his Lordſhip was, but had ſcarce advanced a few ſteps, before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he ſunk almoſt breathleſs on the floor: on recovering, he requeſted his Lordſhip for an audience in private. The apartment being cleared, "My Lord, ſaid he, you cannot have forgotten the circumſtances at ſuch a time and place; gratitude will never ſuffer them to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my Lord, you now behold that once moſt wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpreſſible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps ſuperior, in happineſs to millions. O,

my

my Lord,—— (tears for awhile preventing his utterance) 'tis *you!* 'tis *you!* that have ſaved me, body and ſoul! 'tis you that have ſaved a dear and much-loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I tendered dearer than my life. Here is that fifty pounds: but never ſhall I find language to teſtify what I feel. Your God is your witneſs; your deed itſelf is your glory: and may heaven, and all its bleſſings, be your preſent and everlaſting reward!

I was the younger ſon of a wealthy man; your Lordſhip knows him, I am ſure. His name was ———. My marriage alienated his affection, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to ſorrow and penury. A month ſince my brother died a bachelor, and inteſtate. What was *his* is become *mine*; and, by your aſtoniſhing goodneſs, I am now at once the moſt penitent, the moſt grateful, and happieſt of my ſpecies.

A remarkable Account taken (verbatim) from a Grave-Stone, in Dundee.

HEIR lyis ane honeſt man *Walter Govrlay* maltman and burgeſs of *Dundee* qvha deceſſit in 28 day of Apryil 1628 of the aige of 46 years with his twentie bairnis.

Below there is a coat of arms (which almoſt every ſtone in the burying-ground has) and under that two large death-heads, for the man and his wife, and four rows of ſmaller ones, five in each row, for the twenty children. If this ſtone ſpeaks truth, (and we can hardly ſuppoſe it does not) the moſt remarkable circumſtance is, that a family of twenty-two perſons, ſhould die ſo near one another, as to be all buried in one grave.

O, Death! ſuch are thy triumphs over the poor children of men; but the time is coming when Thou alſo ſhalt be *ſwallowed up* in Victory.

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 111.]

THURSDAY, March 4. To revive us after the heavineſs of the laſt night, we had the conſolation to be informed this morning, that the river was fordable. Glad of this diſcovery, we made the beſt diſpatch we could of this inhoſpitable place.

From hence, aſcending gently for about half an hour, we came to the foot of a very ſteep hill, which, when we had reached its top, preſented us with the firſt proſpect of the Ocean. We had in view likewiſe the city *Latichea*, ſituate on a flat, fruitful ground, cloſe by the ſea: a city firſt built by *Seleucus Nicator*, and by him called, in honour of his mother, Λαοδικεια, which name it retains with a little corruption, at this day. It was anciently a place of great magnificence; but in the general calamity which befel this country, it was reduced to a very low condition, and ſo remained for a long time; but of late years it has been encouraged to hold up its head again, and is rebuilt, and become one of the moſt flouriſhing places upon the coaſt.

From the hill which we laſt aſcended, we had a ſmall deſcent into a ſpacious plain, along which we travelled ſouthward, keeping the ſea on the right-hand, and a ridge of mountains on the left. Having gone about one hour and a half in this plain, we diſcerned on the left-hand, not far from the road, two ancient tombs. They were cheſts of ſtone, two yards and a half long each. Their cavities were covered over with large tables of ſtone, that had been lifted aſide, probably

probably in hopes of treaſure. The cheſts were carved on the outſide with ox-heads, and wreathes hanging between them, after the manner of adorning heathen altars. They had likewiſe at firſt, inſcriptions graven on them: but theſe were ſo eaten out, that one could not diſcover ſo much as the ſpecies of the characters. Here were alſo ſeveral foundations of buildings; but whether they were ever any place of note, ſituated hereabouts, or what it might be, I cannot reſolve.

Our whole ſtage this day was about ſix hours, pointing for the firſt hour Weſt, and for the remaining part near South, having the ſea on the right-hand, and a ridge of mountains at about two hours diſtance on the left. And in this ſtate, our road continued for ſeveral days after, without any difference, ſave only, that the mountains at ſome places approach nearer the ſea; at other, retire farther off. Theſe mountains go under different names, as they run along upon the coaſt, and are inhabited by rude people of ſeveral denominations. In one part of them, there dwell a people of a very ſtrange and ſingular character. For it is their principle to adhere to no certain religion: but Chameleon-like, they put on the colour of religion, whatever it be, which is reflected upon them from the perſons with whom they happen to converſe. With Chriſtians they profeſs themſelves Chriſtians; with Turks they are good Muſſelmen; with Jews they paſs for Jews; being ſuch Proteus's in religion, that no body was ever able to diſcover what ſhape or ſtandard their conſciences are really of. All that is certain concerning them is, that they make very good wine, and are great drinkers.

Friday, March 5. This whole day we ſpent at *Jebilee* to recruit ourſelves after our late fatigues: having the convenience of a new *Kane* to lodge in, built at the north entrance into the city.

Jebilee is ſeated cloſe by the ſea, having a vaſt, and very fruitful plain ſtretching round about it, on its other ſides. It makes a very mean figure at preſent: though it ſtill retains the deſtination of a city, and diſcovers evident footſteps of a better condition in former times. Its ancient name was *Gabala*. In the time of the Greek Emperors, it was dignified with a Biſhop's See. In which ſometimes ſate *Severian*, the grand Adverſary of *Chryſoſtom*.

The moſt remarkable things, that appear here at this day, are a Moſque, and an Alm's-houſe juſt by it, both built by *Sultan Ibrahim*. In the former, his body is depoſited, and we were admitted to ſee his tomb, though held by the Turks in great veneration. We found it only a great wooden cheſt, erected over his grave, and covered with a carpet of painted callico, extending on all ſides down to the ground. It was alſo tucked up with a great many long ropes of wooden beads hanging upon it, and ſomewhat reſembling the furniture of a Button-maker's ſhop. This is the Turks uſual way of adorning the tombs of their holy men.

From theſe Mahometan ſanctuaries, our guide offered to take us to a Chriſtian Church, about two furlongs out of the town on the ſouth-ſide. When we came to it, we found it nothing but a ſmall grotto in a rock, by the ſea ſhore, open on the ſide towards the ſea; and having a rude pile of ſtones erected in it for an altar. In our return from this poor chapel, we met with the perſon who was the Curate of it. He told us that himſelf and a few other Chriſtians of the Greek communion, were wont to aſſemble in this humble cell for divine ſervice, being not permitted to have any place of worſhip within the town.

The moſt conſiderable antiquity in *Jebilee*, and greateſt monument of its former eminency, is the remains of a noble theatre juſt at the North gate of the city. It paſſes among the Turks for an old caſtle; which (according to the Aſiatic way of enlarging) they report to have been of ſo prodigious a height,

a height, that a horſeman might ride, about ſun-riſing, a full hour in the ſhade of it.

As for what remains of this mighty *Babel*, it is no more than twenty feet high. The flat ſide has been blown up with gunpowder by the Turks. And from hence (as they related) was taken a great quantity of marble, which we ſaw uſed in adorning their Bagnio and Moſque before mentioned. All of it that is now ſtanding is the ſemi-circle. It extends from corner to corner juſt a hundred yards. In this ſemi-circular part, is a range of ſeventeen round windows juſt above the ground, and between the windows all round were raiſed, on high pedeſtals, large maſſy pillars, ſtanding as buttreſſes againſt the wall, both for the ſtrength and ornament of the fabric; but theſe ſupporters are at preſent moſt of them broken down.

Within is a very large Arena, but the juſt meaſure of it could not be taken, by reaſon of the houſes with which the Turks have almoſt filled it up. On the Weſt-ſide, the ſeats of the ſpectators remain ſtill entire, as do likewiſe the caves or vaults which run under the Subſellia all round the theatre. The outward wall is three yards three quarters thick, and built of very large and firm ſtone; which great ſtrength has preſerved it thus long from the jaws of time, and from that general ruin, which the Turks bring with them into moſt places where they come.

[*To be continued.*]

A Memorial for Miſs NANCY BISSAKER: *written in the ſeventh Year of her Age, by the late Mr. C. Perronet.*

[*Concluded from page* 112.]

THE buſineſs I think you will fall into, is teaching School. I like this above all others; becauſe you will have an opportunity of teaching the knowledge of God; and by being

being acquainted with many, be able to do every one good. Your turn of mind ſuits with it. You delight in children, and to help others. God has given you this mind.

In particular, urge thoſe under you to meekneſs, and contempt of the world, to give up their likes and diſlikes, and to be crucified to ſelf-chuſings: and of all things, inſtil ſelf-abaſement, reſpect to the aged, the poor and holy; and never to put themſelves on a footing with thoſe older than themſelves.

But what you teach them, you muſt practiſe yourſelf, or you do little.

Of books, regard above all, the ſacred Oracles; grow in reverence of them. We can never adore God enough for his *written word*. Without it, error and wild conceit of every kind, had overwhelmed us, and nothing could have withſtood it. Next to the death of Chriſt, and the gift of the Holy Spirit, is that "word that is a lamp to our feet, and a light unto our path." Give yourſelf much to ſearching the ſcriptures while you are young. It is in youth we find moſt time, before buſineſs, or age prevent, or unfit us for reading. Beſides, what you read now will make the moſt laſting impreſſion on your memory.

Often read *J.* and *C. Weſley's* hymns. They are a treaſury of divine truth, a body of divinity, and a good comment on ſcripture. The matter is ſuch as prepares the mind for the love of ſcripture, and for following Chriſt. What many others adopt unfits the underſtanding for truth, and untunes it for obedience: and at beſt is low, and unprofitable.

Next, I recommend *J. Weſley's* Abridgment of *Kempis*, and *Baxter's Saints Reſt*. This laſt is full of important truth; is a ſyſtem of doctrine, a preſervation from error, and will help you to miniſter to others on all occaſions.

As you are likely to be a ſufferer, read the matyrdoms and ſufferings of others. It will help to make you reſigned to the

ſame

ſame, and teach you to be a "ſollower of thoſe who through faith and patience inherit the promiſes."

Preſerve this writing, and let it not be loſt, or injured. Take a copy with your own hand, that if it be deſtroyed you may ſtill have it by you.

I commend you, and the reſt of your houſe, to the favour of God in Chriſt Jeſus, and pray that I may meet you on mount Sion, to dwell for ever with the Lord Jeſus, the Father, and eternal Spirit; Three in One undivided Jehovah.

C. P.

Charles Perronet
Died Auguſt the 12th, 1776, aged 58.
He was an afflicted man:
Preached to a gainſaying people:
Was hated by the wicked;
And praying for his perſecutors,
Committed himſelf to Him that judgeth righteouſly.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLX.

[From Mr. J. H. to the Rev. John Weſley.]

Worceſter College, Feb. 29, 1772.

Rev Sir,

THERE are a few names even in our Sardis, which have not defiled their garments, and I am happy to inform you, they ſtill increaſe. Mr. S. who entered at my College, is very promiſing. He informed me he ſaw you at Cheſham, in company with Mr. J. and another ſerious youth; and was encouraged by your friendly exhortation. Not long after, another ſincere young man repaired to Oxford, and entered at Worceſter College. I was apprehenſive, another preſented

ſented through my hands ſo ſpeedily, might rather alarm the College, and therefore previouſly ſent a letter to my Tutor, wherein I conveyed to him ſome ſentiments I wanted to expreſs more explicitly. He behaved with the greateſt kindneſs, and got our buſineſs done without the leaſt objection. This was Mr. Owen. He was intended for a Counſellor. But ſeems now to bid fair for being an able Advocate for God.

Several others begin to put forth promiſing bloſſoms. May the dew of heaven ripen, and cauſe them to bring forth fruit to perfection! I hear too of more expected ſoon to enter. O that from this fountain, ſtreams may ever flow to water a thirſty land!

I little thought of ſeeing, by this time, a Triumvirate of the deſpiſed followers of the Crucified, within our unhallowed walls. Pray for us, my dear Mr. Weſley, that we may be indeed like a three-fold cord, never to be broken: that we may have grace to order our converſation aright; that they of the contrary part may be aſhamed, having no evil thing to ſay of us.

As to myſelf, dear Sir, I have great complaints to make. However, I find Jeſus more precious than rubies, and am at times happy, very happy in his love. O, for more faith, that I may be more conſtantly ſo. Any kind endeavour of dear Mr. Weſley's to contribute to this, will be very thankfully received, by his ready and willing Servant, even to bonds, for Jeſus's ſake, J. H.

LETTER CCCLXI.

[From Miſs D. Perronet, to the Rev. John Weſley.]

Shoreham, Feb. 29, 1772.

Honoured Sir,

MY ſoul is preſſing forward, and ſeeking deeper acquaintance with Jeſus. I long to abide in the ſecret of his dwelling, that I may learn every leſſon of his love. I wait for

for all my Lord is willing to beſtow. O, for greater faithfulneſs to God!

I am willing to wait for my good things hereafter: therefore I turn from many a lawful enjoyment, as well as from all that God hath forbidden, ſo I may be brought nearer to himſelf. I count it a privilege to have a right to the Tree of Life, by keeping the commandments of God. I long to get lower and lower ſtill, till there is nothing in my ſoul that oppoſes the working of his power. I would forget myſelf and only adore Him, whoſe name is as ointment poured forth.

We rejoice that the Lord is here drawing ſinners to himſelf; and that he hath ſtirred up ſeveral devoted ſouls, not only to war a good warfare for themſelves; but earneſtly to ſeek after the ſalvation of others. And we have daily encouragement to do this, as he is working among us by his word and ſpirit.

As for you, Sir, we rejoice in your joy. I truſt you ſhall ſee the good of Jeruſalem all your days. It may be, that after you have gone through great conflicts, and gained ſtrength and purification by ſuffering, you will be admitted to nearer fellowſhip with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, after this flood* caſt out upon you!

I commend myſelf to your prayers, and hope you will continue to inſtruct and caution, your conſtant, though unworthy Friend. D. PERRONET.

LETTER CCCLXII.

[From Mr. Jonathan Bryan, to the Rev. John Weſley.]

Rev. Sir, New-York, April 1, 1772.

BY a letter from Mr. Loyd, of London, we are informed, that you incline to viſit America. Mr. Whitefield's preaching was of unſpeakable uſe to many. Thouſands will praiſe God that they ever heard him.

* By Mr. Toplady and others.

But he preached moſtly in the ſea-port towns, and the moſt populous parts of the provinces, where the goſpel was known, though not preached with power: but in the back parts which are now grown populous, the inhabitants are in a ſtate of deplorable ignorance ſtill. If ſome zealous and able Teachers would engage heartily in the work of their converſion, how ſoon might rivers ſpring forth in the deſert, and theſe owls and dragons of the wilderneſs give honour to God!

No doubt but many in England and elſewhere, who abound in wealth, would contribute towards erecting ſchools to teach the children, and alſo towards the ſupport of Preachers, to lead them and their parents, into the knowledge of Chriſt, if ſuch an undertaking was properly ſet on foot. But who is qualified for this work? I know none except yourſelf.

But dear Sir, what concerns me more than all, is the unhappy condition of our negroes: a people born as free as ourſelves, and whoſe minds are as capable of improvement as our own: yet are kept in worſe than Egyptian bondage. The food we eat, the clothes we wear, and all the ſuperfluities we poſſeſs, are the produce of their labours. And what do they receive in return? Nothing equivalent: on the contrary, we keep from them the key of knowledge: ſo that their bodies and ſouls periſh together in our ſervice!

But if the knowledge of God could be imparted to them, it would make more than ample amends for all their other hardſhips. Therefore, dear Sir, if you are not quite too far advanced in years, I ſay to you, in the name of God, come over and help us; in doing which you will greatly oblige many thouſands, and among the reſt,

Your Friend and Brother,

JONATHAN BRYAN.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXIII.

[From the Rev. Vincent Perronet, to the Rev. C. Weſley.]

Shoreham, April 18, 1772.

My very dear Brother,

I Doubt not, but we both join in conſtant petitions, at the throne of grace, for the life and health of our dear abſent friend, your Brother.

By all accounts, his valuable health is in a precarious ſtate: and unleſs God provides (as I doubt not, but he will) for his people, they will have abundant reaſon to mourn.

May God give thee,* a double portion of his ſpirit; that thou mayeſt ſtand in the gap; and prevent the flock from being led by any, who have not true goſpel light in the head, and great integrity in the heart!

My love to thy dear Brother: the ſame attends thee and my dear ſiſter, and all thy family. The divine bleſſing be with all of us!

Thine, moſt affectionately,

V. PERRONET.

POETRY.

To the Rev. Dr. AYSCOUGH; *by Lord L——n.*

SAY, deareſt friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleaſing ſtudies cheat the tedious day?
Doſt thou the ſacred volumes oft explore:
And wiſe antiquity's immortal lore?
Whoſe virtue by the charms of wit refined,
At once exalts and poliſhes the mind.

* This familiarity, is very becoming the venerable character of the good Vicar of Shorcham, who is not far from the Hundredth year of his age.

How different from our modern, guilty art,
Which pleaſes only to corrupt the heart?
Whoſe curſéd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to ſcorn.
Doſt thou in ſage hiſtorians joy to ſee
How Roman greatneſs roſe with liberty?
How the ſame hands that Tyrants durſt controul,
Their Empire ſtretchéd from Atlas to the Pole?
Till wealth and conqueſt into ſlaves refinéd
The proud luxurious Maſters of mankind?
Doſt thou in letteréd Greece ſuch charms admire,
Each grace, each virtue freedom could inſpire?
Yet in her troubléd ſtates ſee all the woes,
And all the crimes that giddy faction knows;
Till rent by parties, by corruption ſold,
Or weakly, careleſs, or too raſhly bold,
She ſunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The ſlave and tut'reſs of protecting Rome?

Does calm philoſophy her aid impart,
To guide thy paſſions, and amend thy heart?
Taught by her precepts, haſt thou learnt the end
To which alone the wiſe their ſtudies bend?
For which alone by nature were deſignéd
The power of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not like a cloiſteréd drone, to read and doze
In undeſerving, undeſervéd repoſe;
But Reaſon's influence to diffuſe; to clear
The enlightenéd world of every gloomy fear;
Diſpel the miſts of error, and unbind
Thoſe pedant chains that clog the free-born mind.
Happy who thus his leiſure can employ!
He knows the pureſt hours of tranquil joy!
Nor vexéd with pangs that buſier boſoms tear,
Nor loſt in ſocial virtue's pleaſing care;

Safe

Safe in the port, yet labouring to ſuſtain
Thoſe who ſtill float on the tempeſtuous main.

So Locke the days of ſtudious quiet ſpent;
So Boyle in wiſdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous ſlave of Louis and of Rome.
Good Wor'ſter thus ſupports his drooping age,
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defied
Firm and intrepid on his country's ſide,
Her boldeſt champion then, and now her mildeſt guide.
O generous warmth! O ſanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine!
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn not to flatter, nor inſult the crown;
Nor baſely ſervile court the guilty great,
Nor raiſe the Church a rival to the State;
To error mild, to vice alone ſevere,
Seek not to ſpread the law of love by fear.
The Prieſt, who plagues the world, can never mend:
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reaſon and let virtue faith maintain,
All force but their's is impious, weak and vain.

My other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and ſuit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worſt foe to truth;
By foreign arts domeſtic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The uſeful ſcience of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants ſhow.

A nation here, I pity and admire,
Whom nobleſt ſentiments of glory fire,

Yet

Yet taught by cuſtom's force, and bigot fear,
To ſerve with pride, and boaſt the yoke they bear.
Whoſe nobles born to cringe, and to command;
In courts a mean, in camps a genérous band;
From each low tool of power with joy receive
Thoſe laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whoſe people vain in want, in bondage bleſt,
Though plunderéd, gay; induſtrious, though oppreſſéd
With happy follies riſe above their fate,
The jeſt and envy of each wiſer ſtate.

Yet here the muſes deignéd awhile to ſport
In the ſhort ſun-ſhine of a fav'ring court:
Here Boileau ſtrong in ſenſe, and ſharp in wit,
Who from the ancients, like the ancients writ;
Permiſſion gainéd inferior vice to blame,
By flattèring incenſe to his maſter's fame.
Here Moliere, firſt of comic wits, excelléd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet ſecret ſatire ſkilléd to pleaſe,
With morals, mirth uniting, ſtrength with eaſe.
Now charméd, I hear the bold Corneille inſpire
Heroic thought with Shakeſpear's force and fire;
Now ſweet Racine with milder influence move
The ſoftenéd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleaſure I ſurvey
The pompous works of arbitrary ſway;
Proud palaces, that drainéd the ſubject's ſtore,
Raiſéd on the ruins of thé oppreſſéd and poor;
Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter ſtate,
And painted triumphs ſtile ambition Great.*
With more delight thoſe pleaſing ſhades I view,
Where Condè from an envious court withdrew:†

* The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries of Verſailles.
† Chantilly.

Where

Where, ſick of glory, faction, power and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had triéd)
Beneath his palms the weary Chief repoſéd,
And life's great ſcene in quiet virtue cloſéd.

With ſhame that other famed retreat I ſee
Adornéd by art, diſgracéd by luxury ;‡
Where Orleans waſted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feveriſh debauch, and impious love,
Stainéd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With theſe amuſements is the friend detainéd;
Pleaſéd and inſtructed by a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wiſh recals my mind
From preſent joys, to dearer left behind.

O native iſle! fair freedom's happiéſt ſeat,
At thought of thee my bounding pulſes beat;
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my ſoul returns.
When ſhall I ſee thy fields, whoſe plentéous grain,
No power can raviſh from thé induſtrious ſwain?
When kiſs with pious love the ſacred earth,
That gave a Burleigh, or a Ruſſel birth?
When, in the ſhade of laws, that long have ſtood
Propéd by their care, or ſtrengthenéd by their blood,
Of fearleſs independence wiſely vain,
The proudeſt ſlave of Bourbon's race diſdain.

Yet O! what doubt, what ſad preſaging voice
Whiſpers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every ſtate around,
From ſultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their loſt rights, their ruinéd glories ſee;
And tells me, theſe, like England, once were free.

‡ St. Cloud.

Biſhop

Biſhop CORBET *to his Son Vincent* CORBET, *two years of age.*

WHAT I ſhall leave thee, none can tell,
But all ſhall ſay I wiſh thee well.
I wiſh thee, Vin. before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghoſtly health:
Not too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
Too much of either may undo thee.
I wiſh thee learning, not for ſhow,
Enough for to inſtruct and know;
Not ſuch as Gentlemen require,
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wiſh thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wiſh thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but ſupport,
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppreſſions, but from ſuffering any.
I wiſh thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy, nor contentious days;
And when thy ſoul and body part,
As innocent, as now thou art.

ENGLISH DOGGEREL. *An Epitaph.*

* UNDERNEETHE this ſtone doth lye
The body of Mr. Humphrie
Jones, who was of late
By trade a tin plate
Worker, in Barbicanne
Well known to be a goode man
By all his friends and neighbours too
And paid every bodie their due
He died in the year 1737
Aug. 4th aged 80 his ſoul we hopes in heven

* The above is found on a Grave-Stone in Pancras Church-Yard, within a mile of London! and is here inſerted (verbatim) to keep Scotland in countenance. See page 564 of the preceding Volume.


REV.D RICH.D DILLON, A.B.
OF TRIN. COLL. DUB.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For APRIL 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

CHAP. I. *Concerning the Decree of Reprobation.*

[*Continued from page* 125.]

5. A Fourth ſcripture ſpeaks of men *before ordained to this condemnation:* here therefore ſeems to be an appointment of men to damnation.

Anſwer. The verſe in the Greek runs thus, *Some ungodly men turning the grace of God into laſciviouſneſs have entered into* (the Church) οἱ πάλαι προγεγραμμένοι εἰς τοῦτο τὸ κρῖμα, i. e. *of whom it was before written that this ſhould be their ſentence or puniſhment*, or as it is in the parallel place of St. *Peter*, οἷς τὸ κρῖμα ἐκπάλαι οὐκ ἀργεῖ, *to whom the ſentence of old pronounced doth not linger*. Now, that this cannot be meant of any divine appointment of them to eternal damnation before they had a being, is evident, 1. Becauſe it cannot be thought without horror that He, who is the Lover of ſouls, ſhould appoint

any, much leſs the greater part of them, to inevitable Perdition before they had a being. 2. The word κρῖμα relates not to ſin, but to puniſhment, the fruit of ſin; ſo Mark xii. 40, *They ſhall receive* περισσότερον κρῖμα, *ſorer puniſhment*: Romans ii. 3, *Thinkeſt thou this, O man, who doeſt the ſame thing, that thou ſhalt eſcape,* τὸ κρῖμα, *the judgment of God?* Now God ordaineth none to puniſhment but ſinners and ungodly men; and ſuch, by the text, theſe perſons are ſtiled: and 3. Theſe were men of whom it was before written, or propheſied, that they ſhould be condemned for their ungodlineſs. For *Enoch propheſied before, to,* or *of theſe ungodly men, ſaying, the Lord cometh with thouſands of his ſaints, to do judgment upon all that are ungodly, and to convince them of all the hard ſpeeches which ungodly ſinners have ſpoken againſt him.* And in the parallel place of St. *Peter*, their puniſhment is ſtiled, (2 Pet. ii. 3.) *The puniſhment long ago denounced againſt them*; viz. *that they ſhould be reſerved to the day of judgment to be puniſhed*, ver. 9.

6. Dr. *Twiſs* confeſſeth that the ſcriptures ſpeak fully of Election; but ſparingly of Reprobation in moſt places. Yet ſome paſſages we have, ſaith he, which give light and evidence to both alike. For like as it is ſaid, Acts ii. 37, *That God added to the Church ſuch as ſhould be ſaved*; ſo 2 Cor. iv. 3, it is ſaid, *If our goſpel be hid, it is hid to them that be loſt.* And as it is ſignified, Matt. xxiv. 24, that *It is impoſſible ſeducers ſhould prevail over the Elect*; ſo 2 Theſſ. ii. both as much is ſignified, ver. 13, and alſo expreſſed, ver. 10, 11, *That they ſhall prevail among them that periſh.* And 1 Cor. i. 18, we are given to underſtand jointly *That the goſpel is to them that periſh, fooliſhneſs; but to us who are ſaved, it is the power of God:* and Rom. ix. 18, *That as God hath mercy on whom he will have mercy,* ſo *whom he will he hardeneth.* And like as, Acts xiii. 48, we read *that as many believed as were ordained to eternal life,* I conceive to be all one with *writing*

our

our names in heaven, Luke i. 20; *and writing us in heaven*, Heb. xii. 23, and this phraſe I take to be all one with the *writing of us in the Book of Life:* ſo on the other ſide, we read that they *whoſe names were not written in the Book of Life from the foundation of the world, ſhould wonder when they beheld the Beaſt, and not ſo only, but worſhip him alſo*, Rev. xiii. 8. xvii 8.

To all theſe citations, moſt of which are palpably impertinent, I anſwer in the general, that they ſignify no more than thoſe words of Chriſt, Mark xvi. 16, *He that believeth ſhall be ſaved; but he that believeth not ſhall be damned*; and Luke xiii. 3. 5, *Except ye repent ye ſhall all periſh*, (for that exceptive contains this propoſition, *He that repenteth ſhall not periſh*) and theſe words of the Baptiſt, John iii. 36, *He that believeth in the Son hath everlaſting life; he that believeth not the Son, ſhall not ſee life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.* For thoſe *that are loſt*, 2 Cor. iv. 3, *are* ver. 4, *thoſe that believe not:* and that not becauſe of any antecedent decree; but becauſe *the god of this world, had blinded their eyes.* And *thoſe who periſh*, 2 Theſſ. ii. 10, are thoſe *who believe not the truth*, ver. 12; *they who periſh*, 1 Cor. i. 18, *are the unbelieving Jews and Gentiles*, ver. 21, 22, 23; they *who are hardened*, Rom. ix. 18, are *the veſſels of wrath fitted for deſtruction* by their own wickedneſs, compleated by their infidelity, which made Chriſt preached to them a *ſtone of ſtumbling*, ver. 32, 33. To proceed to thoſe places which may ſeem to require a more particular notice.

1. The phraſe of being written in the Book of Life is Jewiſh, and doth not ſignify the abſolute Election of any perſon to eternal life, but only the preſent right of the juſt perſon to life; and therefore it is called the Book of Life written for the Juſt, *Targum* on Ezek. xiii. 9, *the Book of the juſt*, *Targ. Jon.* on Exod. xxxii. 32, in which ſay the *Apoſtolical Inſtitutions* we come to be written τῇ ἡμετέρᾳ εὐνοίᾳ, καὶ σπουδῇ, *by our good affection and induſtry.* And as men may be

written in it when they are converted to God, ſo may they be blotted out when they backſlide, ſays St. *Baſil, from Virtue to Iniquity*; according to that ſaying of the Pſalmiſt, *Let them be blotted out of the Book of the Living, and not written with the Righteous.* Accordingly Chriſt threateneth to ſome, that *He would blot their names out of the Book of Life*, Rev. xxii. 19, and promiſeth *To him that overcometh that he would not blot his name out of the book*, Rev. iii. 5. And God himſelf ſaith to *Moſes, Whoſoever hath ſinned againſt me, him will I blot out of the Book which I have written:* this Book is ſaid to be written from the foundation of the world. Not to have a name written in it, is not to be owned as God's ſons and ſervants.

2. The paſſage cited from the Theſſalonians concerns only the Jews, who having rejected the goſpel of our Lord, were by God's juſt judgment permitted, by the falſe miracles of their impoſtors, aſſiſted by the power of Satan, to believe a lie, and ſo periſh for their infidelity.

Laſtly, As for the paſſages cited from Rom. ix. they can be nothing to the purpoſe, that chapter being not at all deſigned to determine any thing concerning God's abſolute decrees of dealing with mankind in general, or any particular perſon; but only to juſtify his dealings with the unbelieving Jews upon their ſtubborn infidelity, and admitting the believing Gentiles to be the ſpiritual ſeed of Abraham. This appears,

1. From his recapitulation of his whole diſcourſe in theſe words, ver. 30, *What ſhall we ſay then?* i. e. what is the ſubſtance of this whole diſcourſe? It is even this, *That the Gentiles which* (before the preaching of the goſpel) *followed not after righteouſneſs, have yet* (through faith) *attained unto righteouſneſs; but the Jews following after the law of righteouſneſs* (or after righteouſneſs by the law) *have not obtained unto righteouſneſs, becauſe they ſought it not by faith* (in Chriſt.)

2. This

2. This is apparent from the Apoſtle's prayer, and *vehement deſire that all Iſrael might be ſaved*, chap. x. 1. For upon ſuppoſition of ſuch a decree of Reprobation concerning them, this muſt not only have been a vain prayer, but even an oppoſing of his will *to the good pleaſure of God* revealed to him, ſince it is evident he prays here *for the ſalvation of all Iſrael*; and not for thoſe only who were predeſtinated to ſalvation.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XXVI.

On HEBREWS vi. 1.

[*Concluded from page* 135.]

12. BUT a ſtill more plauſible objection remains, taken from Experience: which is, That there are no living Witneſſes of this Salvation from Sin. In anſwer to this I allow,

1. That there are not many: even in this ſenſe, there are *not many Fathers*. Such is our hardneſs of heart! Such our ſlowneſs to believe what both the Prophets and Apoſtles have ſpoke, that there are few, exceeding few true witneſſes of the Great Salvation.

I allow, 2. That there are falſe witneſſes who either deceive their own ſouls, and ſpeak of the things they know not: or *ſpeak lies in hypocriſy*. And I have frequently wondered, that we have not more of both ſorts. It is nothing ſtrange, that men of warm imaginations ſhould deceive themſelves in this matter. Many do the ſame with regard to Juſtification: they imagine they are juſtified, and are not. But though many imagine it falſely, yet there are ſome that are truly juſtified. And thus though many imagine they are ſanctified, and are not, yet there are ſome that are really ſanctified.

ſanctified. I allow, 3dly, That ſome who once enjoyed full Salvation, have now totally loſt it. They once walked in glorious liberty, giving God their whole heart, *rejoicing evermore, praying without ceaſing, and in every thing giving thanks.* But it is paſt. They now are ſhorn of their ſtrength, and become like other men. Perhaps they do not give up their confidence; they ſtill have a ſenſe of his pardoning love. But even this is frequently aſſaulted by doubts and fears, ſo that they hold it with a trembling hand.

13. "Nay this (ſay ſome pious and ſenſible men) is the very thing which we contend for. We grant, it may pleaſe God, to make ſome of his children for a time unſpeakably holy and happy. We will not deny, that they may enjoy all the holineſs and happineſs which you ſpeak of. But it is only *for a time:* God never deſigned, that it ſhould continue to their live's end. Conſequently Sin is only ſuſpended: it is not deſtroyed."

This you affirm. But it is a thing of ſo deep importance, that it cannot be allowed without clear and cogent proof. And where is the proof? We know that in general *the gifts and callings of God are without repentance.* He does not repent of any gifts which he hath beſtowed upon the children of men. And how does the contrary appear, with regard to this particular Gift of God? Why ſhould we imagine, that he will make an exception, with reſpect to the moſt precious of all his gifts on this ſide Heaven? Is he not as able to give it us always, as to give it once? As able to give it for fifty years, as for one day? And how can it be proved, That he is not willing to continue this is loving kindneſs? How is this ſuppoſition, that he is not willing, conſiſtent with the poſitive aſſertion of the Apoſtle? Who after exhorting the Chriſtians at Theſſalonica, and in them all Chriſtians in all ages, to *rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks*, immediately adds (as if on purpoſe to anſwer thoſe, who denied, not the *power*, but the *will* of God

to

to work this in them.) *For this is* the will *of God concerning you in Chriſt Jeſus.* Nay, and it is remarkable, that after he had delivered that glorious promiſe (ſuch it properly is) in the twenty-third verſe, *The very God of peace ſhall ſanctify you wholly, and the whole of you* (ſo it is in the original) *the ſpirit, the ſoul, and the body ſhall be preſerved blameleſs unto the coming of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt:* he adds again, *Faithful is he that hath called you, who alſo will do it.* He *will* not only ſanctify you wholly, but will preſerve you in that ſtate, until he comes to receive you unto himſelf.

14. Agreeable to this is the plain matter of fact. Several perſons have enjoyed this Bleſſing, without any interruption for many years. Several enjoy it at this day. And not a few have enjoyed it unto their death, as they have declared with their lateſt breath; calmly witneſſing, that God had ſaved them from all ſin, till their ſpirit returned to God.

15. As to the whole head of Objections taken from Experience, I deſire it may be obſerved farther, either the perſons objected to have attained Chriſtian Perfection, or they have not. If they have not, whatever objections are brought againſt them, ſtrike wide of the mark. For they are not the perſons we are talking of: therefore whatever they are or do, is beſide the queſtion. But if they have attained it, if they anſwer the deſcription given, under the nine preceding Articles, no reaſonable Objection can lie againſt them. They are ſuperior to all cenſure. And *every tongue that riſeth up againſt* them *will they utterly condemn.*

16. "But I never ſaw one (continues the objector) that anſwered my idea of Perfection." It may be ſo. And it is probable, (as I obſerved elſewhere) you never will. For your Idea includes abundantly too much: even Freedom from thoſe Infirmities, which are not ſeparable from a Spirit that is connected with fleſh and blood. But if you keep to the account that is given above, and allow for the weakneſs of human Underſtanding, you may ſee at this day undeniable inſtances of genuine, Scriptural Perfection.

III. 1. It

III. 1. It only remains, in the third place to expoſtulate a little with the Oppoſers of this Perfection.

Now permit me to aſk, Why are you ſo angry with thoſe who profeſs to have attained this? And ſo mad (I cannot give it any ſofter title) againſt Chriſtian Perfection? Againſt the moſt glorious gift which God ever gave to the children of men upon earth? View it in every one of the preceding points of light, and ſee what it contains that is either odious or terrible: that is calculated to excite either Hatred or Fear, in any reaſonable creature.

What rational Objection can you have, to the loving the Lord your God with all your heart? Why ſhould you have any averſion to it? Why ſhould you be afraid of it? Would it do you any hurt? Would it leſſen your happineſs, either in this world or the world to come? And why ſhould you be unwilling, that others ſhould give him their whole heart? Or that they ſhould love their neighbours as themſelves? Yea, *as Chriſt hath loved us?* Is this deteſtable? Is it the proper object of Hatred? Or is it the moſt amiable thing under the ſun? Is it proper to move terror? Is it not rather deſirable in the higheſt degree?

2. Why are you ſo averſe to having in you the whole *mind which was in Chriſt Jeſus?* All the affections, all the tempers and diſpoſitions which were in him, while he dwelt among men? Why ſhould you be afraid of this? Would it be any worſe for you, were God to work in you this very hour, all the mind that was in Him? If not, why ſhould you hinder others from ſeeking this bleſſing? Or be diſpleaſed at thoſe who think they have attained it? Is any thing more lovely? Any thing more to be deſired by every child of man?

3. Why are you averſe to having the whole *fruit of the Spirit?* Love, joy, peace, long-ſuffering, meekneſs, gentleneſs: fidelity, goodneſs, temperance? Why ſhould you be afraid of having all theſe planted in your inmoſt ſoul? As

againſt

againſt theſe there is no law, ſo there cannot be any reaſonable objection. Surely nothing is more deſirable, than that all theſe tempers ſhould take deep root in your heart: nay, in the hearts of all that name the name of Chriſt: yea, of all the inhabitants of the earth.

4. What reaſon have you to be afraid of, or to entertain any averſion to the being *renewed in the whole image of him that created you!* Is not this more deſirable than any thing under heaven? Is it not conſummately amiable? What can you wiſh for in compariſon of this, either for your own ſoul, or for thoſe for whom you entertain the ſtrongeſt and tendereſt affection? And when you enjoy this, what remains, but to be *changed from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord?*

5. Why ſhould you be averſe to Univerſal Holineſs? The ſame thing under another name. Why ſhould you entertain any prejudice againſt this, or look upon it with apprehenſion? Whether you underſtand by that term the being inwardly conformed to the whole image and will of God; or an outward behaviour, in every point ſuitable to that conformity. Can you conceive any thing more amiable than this? Any thing more deſirable? Set prejudice aſide, and ſurely you will deſire to ſee it diffuſed over all the earth.

6. Is Perfection (to vary the expreſſion) the being *ſanctified throughout in ſpirit, ſoul and body?* What lover of God and man can be averſe to this, or entertain frightful apprehenſions of it? Is it not in your beſt moments your deſire to be all of apiece? All conſiſtent with yourſelf? "All faith, all meekneſs, and all love?" And ſuppoſe you were once poſſeſt of this glorious liberty, would not you wiſh to continue therein? To be preſerved *blameleſs unto the coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt?*

7. For what cauſe ſhould you that are children of God, be averſe to or afraid of preſenting yourſelves, your ſouls and

bodies as a living ſacrifice, holy, acceptable to God? to God your Creator, your Redeemer, your Sanctifier? Can any thing be more deſirable than this entire ſelf-dedication to Him? And is not your wiſh that all mankind ſhould unite in this *reaſonable ſervice?* Surely no one can be averſe to this, without being an enemy to all mankind.

8. And why ſhould you be afraid of or averſe to what is naturally implied in this? Namely, the offering up all our thoughts, and words, and actions, as a ſpiritual ſacrifice to God, acceptable to him through the blood and interceſſion of his well-beloved Son? Surely you cannot deny that this is good and profitable to men, as well as pleaſing to God. Should you not then devoutly pray, that both you and all mankind, may thus worſhip him in ſpirit and in truth?

9. Suffer me to aſk one queſtion more. Why ſhould any man of reaſon and religion, be either afraid of, or averſe to Salvation from all Sin? Is not ſin the greateſt evil on this ſide hell? And if ſo, does it not naturally follow, that an entire deliverance from it is one of the greateſt bleſſings on this ſide heaven? How earneſtly then ſhould it be prayed for by all the children of God? By ſin I mean, "a voluntary tranſgreſſion of a known law." Are you averſe to being delivered from this? Are you afraid of ſuch a deliverance? Do you then love ſin, that you are ſo unwilling to part with it? Surely no. You do not love either the devil or his works. You rather wiſh to be totally delivered from them; to have ſin rooted out both of your life and your heart.

10. I have frequently obſerved, and not without ſurpriſe, that the oppoſers of Perfection, are more vehement againſt it when it is placed in this view, than in any other whatſoever; they will allow all you ſay of the love of God and man; of the mind which was in Chriſt, of the fruit of the Spirit, of the image of God, of Univerſal Holineſs, of entire Self-dedication, of Sanctification in ſpirit, ſoul, and body: yea, and of the

the offering up all our thoughts, words and actions, as a ſacrifice to God. All this they will allow, ſo we will allow ſin, a little ſin, to remain in us till death.

11. Pray compare this with that remarkable paſſage in *John Bunyan's Holy War*. When *Immanuel*, ſays he, had driven *Diabolus* and all his forces out of the city of *Manſoul*, *Diabolus* preferred a petition to *Immanuel*, that he might have only a ſmall part of the city. When this was rejected, he begged to have only a little room within the walls. But *Immanuel* anſwered, "He ſhould have no place in it at all, no not to reſt the ſole of his foot."

Had not the good old man forgot himſelf? Did not the force of truth ſo prevail over him here, as utterly to overturn his own ſyſtem? To aſſert Perfection in the cleareſt manner? For if this is not Salvation from ſin, I cannot tell what is.

12. "No, ſays a great man, this is the error of errors: I hate it from my heart. I purſue it through all the world with fire and ſword." Nay why ſo vehement? Do you ſeriouſly think there is no error under heaven equal to this? Here is ſomething which I cannot underſtand. Why are thoſe that oppoſe Salvation from ſin, few excepted, ſo eager? I had almoſt ſaid furious? Are you fighting *pro aris & focis?* For God and your Country! For all you have in the world? For all that is near and dear unto you? For your Liberty? Your life? In God's name, why are you ſo fond of ſin? What good has it ever done you? What good is it ever likely to do, either in this world, or in the world to come? And why are you ſo violent againſt thoſe that hope for deliverance from it! Have patience with us, if we are in an error: yea, ſuffer us to enjoy our error. If we ſhould not attain it, the very expectation of this deliverance gives us preſent comfort. Yea and miniſters ſtrength, to reſiſt thoſe enemies which we expect to conquer. If you could perſuade us to deſpair of that victory we ſhould give over the conteſt.

Now we *are ſaved by hope:* from this very hope a degree of ſalvation ſprings. Be not angry at thoſe who are

Felices errore ſuo:

Happy in their miſtake. Elſe, be their opinion right or wrong, your temper is undeniably ſinful: bear then with *us*, as we do with *you:* and ſee whether the Lord will not deliver us? Whether He is not able, yea and willing to ſave them to the uttermoſt that come unto God through Him.

Tunbridge-Wells,
Dec. 6, 1784.

An Account of Mr. WILLIAM M'CORNOCK, *in a Letter to the Rev. John Weſley.*

[*Concluded from page* 139.]

ABOUT ten days after I went home, I met with one of the moſt wicked men in the country. As ſoon as I began to ſpeak to him about godlineſs, he ſeemed ſurpriſed, and after a few minutes haſtened away to tell his wife what ſtrange things he had heard. His wife ſending him for me, I went and ſpoke to her about our common ſalvation. In about a quarter of an hour ſhe was convinced of her loſt condition, and cried to the Lord for mercy; and in a ſhort time was truly converted to God.

A little after, her huſband told me that his mother and aunt wanted to ſee me. I told him they might come to his houſe that night, and if any of the neighbours would chuſe to hear me, they might come alſo. The people hearing that I was mad, about the number of three or fourſcore came to ſee, and hear me. While I exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come, they paid much attention; but in particular one who was reſolved to know whether I was mad or not.

In

In a ſhort time he went away convinced that he was an unbeliever, and ſoon after found a ſenſe of the favour of God. In about ſix weeks he began to preach the goſpel, and about three years after, died in the favour of God.

The Lord having thus raiſed up ſuch a notorious ſinner to bear witneſs to what I had declared, encouraged me to ſpeak boldly for him. Indeed I did not often trouble my neighbours to ſend for me; but went of my own accord to call them to repentance. And while ſome of them laughed at me, others were melted into penitential ſorrow, and in about two years there were thirty of them converted.

When the Society was in ſome degree eſtabliſhed near *Donegal*, I went and preached at a place called *Drimanerdigh*, and got a Society of about twenty members; ſome of whom were converted to God. Then I went to a place about ſix miles weſt from *Donegal*, and raiſed a ſmall Society there, of about fifteen members. I then paſſed over a mountain about ſeven or eight miles broad, and preached to a congregation of Papiſts, who hearing me with great attention, ſmote on their breaſts, wept exceedingly, and went away returning me thanks for my inſtructions. I then went to *Deoren*, and preached there once a fortnight for about two years. In the third year, on propoſing to them to join in Society, I got a few at firſt; the number increaſed till there was above thirty: who in a ſhort time were moſt of them converted to God. Then I went to a place called *Ballycalone*. After I had preached there three or four years about fifty were converted in that place.

In 1779, at Mr. *Weſley's* requeſt, I travelled, part of the year in the *Iniſkillen*, and part in the *Sligo* Circuits. I had ſome trials in the beginning of this year; but towards the latter end, my ſoul was exceeding happy, on ſeeing God adding to his Church daily. While I was in the *Sligo* Circuit I went to many places where the people never heard a Methodiſt before, and was kindly received. I alſo went out of the

the Circuit above twenty miles to *Ballyna* and *Kilalla*, where the people ſeemed well-pleaſed to hear the word of the Lord.

That year we got ſome footing in *Iniſkillen*; for there were a few joined in Society. But though we were much threatened by the inhabitants of the town; they did us no harm. In a place called *Drumbullion* we got upwards of forty members in Society, and in about ſeven or eight months thirty of them were converted. Our number increaſed that year at *Florence-Court* from about twelve to threeſcore; and alſo near *Sligo* the increaſe was rather greater.

In 1780, I was appointed for *Clones* Circuit: but was ſoon removed from that to *Charlemount*. A few days after I went there, I was told that there was a family who had moſt of their furniture toſſed to and fro, by an inviſible hand; that ſome things were taken away for ſome days, and then returned: that ſome clothes had been taken away, and left hanging down from the roof of the houſe. They told me that once the crock was thrown at one of the women of the houſe, and alſo a noggin with water; alſo that a young man was thrown out of bed in the next houſe. This continued for five or ſix weeks, until a neighbouring gentleman told them that they ſhould be troubled ſo no more. The people ſuppoſed it was occaſioned by that gentleman's ſervant, who declared that he and the devil would vex the people of that houſe.

In 1782, I was ſent into the *Liſleen* Circuit. In October I took a tour of about a hundred and thirty miles, in order to raiſe ſome new Societies. But the weather being very ſtormy, I ſuffered much in a ſtrange country. Once I had to ſwim my horſe over two arms of the ſea; and over one I went in a boat made of horſe ſkins. Afterwards I had to ride about twenty miles; but my horſe wanting both his foreſhoes I could not get forward, ſo that I was benighted on a mountain where I did not ſee a houſe for many miles. At length I heard a dog bark which conducted me to a houſe where

where I was comfortably entertained. I gave an exhortation, and prayed with the people of the houſe, and ſome ſtrangers that lodged there that night, and have reaſon to hope it was not in vain.

In 1783, I was again ſent into the *Clones* Circuit: but, nothing material has happened ſince I came here. However, the Preachers and I are united to each other in the bonds of love; and we are agreed to do all we can to pull down the ſtrong holds of Sin and Satan.

As to myſelf, I have cauſe to adore the Author of my being, that ever ſince I knew him, as a reconciled God, I have had a ſtrong deſire to preſs on in the way to heaven; and have alſo (though very imperfectly) endeavoured to ſay or do ſomething for God daily. But yet I ſee how much I have left undone, which fills me with ſhame and ſorrow of heart; and continues to humble me in the duſt before him.

Thus Sir, I have given you an imperfect Account of myſelf; and in return beg an intereſt in your prayers, and hope you will believe me when I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your's moſt affectionately,

W. M'CORNOCK.

Clones, Oct. 1, 1783.

A ſhort Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.

Written by Mr. J. ROGERS.

[*Continued from page* 143.]

ONE morning when I * firſt came into her room, ſhe called me to her and ſaid, "I have had a ſweet night my dear, the Lord has given me many precious promiſes; and I think my Saviour will not now tarry long. I wiſh to be gone. What think you? Is it not likely I ſhall ſoon be releaſed?"

* Miſs Roe's words continued.

releaſed?" I ſaid, If we may judge from appearances, you will ſoon be with him; but all depends on his good pleaſure: perhaps he protracts your ſtay, and ſuffers you to continue here ſo much beyond all our expectations, that you may be a greater bleſſing to us, and that your own crown may be the brighter. "Well, ſaid ſhe, let him do as he pleaſes; but if it were his will, I ſhould be glad to be releaſed." Another time, as I ſtood by her, ſhe ſaid, "My dear, do you think there is any thing in heaven like beautiful gardens, green fields, or ſweet flowers?" &c. I anſwered, We cannot judge with certainty about this; but we know, whatever will yield delight, or, any way tend to the happineſs, either of our ſouls or bodies, we ſhall ſurely enjoy. It may be a queſtion, whether we ſhall have the ſenſe of ſmell, &c. but if we have, or whatever appetites or deſires we are capable of, we are ſure they will all be ſatisfied. She ſaid, "I have ſuch views of this kind as I never had before. I ſee ſweet flowery proſpects before me, quite delightful; and in the night I heard the ringing of bells, and a ſound of muſic quite raviſhing!" I ſaid, I have often heard of God's dear children, who died rejoicing having ſuch proſpects, and hearing the like. But it is enough that we know we ſhall enjoy God to all eternity, and that all our deſires ſhall be ſatisfied in him. "Yes, my dear, ſaid ſhe, this is All, and I ſhall ſoon ſee him, and know even as I am known!"

When I told her my mother had deſired me to dine at home, ſhe ſaid, "Well, pray do ſo, and give my kindeſt reſpects to her, for letting you be with me ſo much. Tell her, my prayer is, that the Lord may reward her; and I know he will." When I returned to her, ſhe called me to her bed-ſide, and enquired after my mother's health, and ſaid, "I hope ſhe is not diſpleaſed at your being with me ſo much?" When I told her ſhe had ſent a very kind meſſage; ſhe praiſed the Lord, and ſaid, "How tenderly does he order all

for

for me! he is good indeed! I think I have more reaſon to praiſe him than any one. For he permits thoſe I love beſt to be with me, and I have every thing they can do for me. And my little *Jemmy* too is gone to heaven before me, out of a miſerable world. Dear creature, it was kind indeed of the Lord to take him: he would have been a ſuffering little fellow, if not a cripple; and yet I believe the Lord would have made him a good man. But heaven is beſt, and I ſhall ſoon be with him." A little after, being obliged often to call upon me for aſſiſtance, ſhe ſaid, "My love, I am ſorry to trouble you ſo very much; though I know you do it willingly. But the Lord will ſurely reward you: for my heart is engaged with him on your account. Yes, my dear, I pray for you in my dying moments."—Thus far her Friend: what follows was written by Mr. *Rogers*.

After this ſhe remained conſtantly happy, and frequently appeared as one ready to fly away. Seeing her ſo amazingly ſupported, I ſaid, My dear, the Lord is gracious to you indeed! though your greateſt temptation, during your whole life, was to doubt of your acceptance, yet I have obſerved ſince that converſation with Miſs *R.* you have been conſtantly happy; ſo that

> Not a doubt doth ariſe To darken the ſkies,
> Or hide for a moment your Lord from your eyes,

for the enemy is not even permitted to ſhew himſelf. She anſwered, "No, my dear, I am ſure I have done with him. He has no more power over me. He has no buſineſs to come near me any more. I will have no more to ſay to him." I ſaid, My dear, he is a bold Adverſary: he ventured to attack even Chriſt himſelf, though he could ſay, he hath nothing in me. I mention this, that you may not be ſurpriſed if he ſhould aſſault you, as he hath done many of God's dear children, even in their lateſt moments. She

ſaid, "I know, my dear, you do it for my good; but I am quite ſure he ſhall torment me no more. He would; but my dear Saviour will not let him. The Lord ſees my extreme weakneſs, and he loves me too well to lay any more upon me. My precious Saviour is all I want. He knows I love him. Yes, my Jeſus is my All, and I believe he will be ſo: he will never, never leave me!" And ſo it was; for I do not remember that ſhe had one gloomy moment after, though ſhe lived a month!

One day, while ſeveral friends were ſtanding round her bed, ſhe broke out in praiſe to God, ſaying, "How many mercies hath the Lord beſtowed upon me, of which I am unworthy!" She then turned her face to Mr. *W*———*r*, and ſaid, "O, Sir! what cauſe have I, above all creatures to be thankful? Eſpecially in this time of need! How indulgent is the Lord in ſending me ſuch a kind friend as dear Miſs *R*. I am far from my own relations; but I have in her, all I want. She does indeed act the part not only of a loving ſiſter, but of a tender, indulgent mother! I pray the Lord to reward her! I cannot; but I believe He will. Nay he does reward her; and I believe he will bleſs her more than ever. And I thank you, Sir, for all your regard and friendſhip to me and mine. You have been a faithful and ſteady friend. But you know your reward is with the Lord. The Lord does bleſs you, and he will bleſs you more and more: I know he will. You have gone through many trials, and you will have more to paſs through. But you know the way to the kingdom lies through many tribulations. Your exerciſe may yet be great, but be not afraid. Truſt in the Lord, and you will be ſupported. Yes, yes; He will bring you through all. I believe I ſhall meet you in heaven!" She then prayed for him, after which he took his leave.

The day after, being very comfortable, ſhe looked up with a ſmile, and ſaid, "Do, my dear, tell me ſomething about my Jeſus. O, he is a precious Saviour! I love him indeed!

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But I am very weak. Do you ſpeak, my dear, and tell me ſome of His ſayings." I then repeated the following texts:

"In my Father's houſe are many manſions; if it were not ſo, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myſelf, that where I am ye may be alſo.

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he ſhall go out no more.

"Bleſſed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the Tree of Life, and may enter through the gates into the city.

"And they ſhall ſee his face, and his name ſhall be in their foreheads.

"And God ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there ſhall be no more death, neither ſorrow nor crying; neither ſhall there be any more pain, for the former things are paſſed away."

All theſe ſaid I, my dear are yours. She anſwered, "Yes, I believe they are. Jeſus is mine! That is a ſweet word, which is juſt come to my mind, Precious in the ſight of the Lord is the death of his ſaints. Theſe words were never ſo ſweet to me before."

In the evening, Mr. *S.* called to ſee her, and ſat by her about three-quarters of an hour; and often ſpoke to her, when ſhe could bear it. After which he prayed by her, and it was a ſolemn ſeaſon to all preſent. As ſoon as he was gone ſhe ſaid, "I am glad Mr. *S.* came; he has done me good. I could not ſay much to him; but I am greatly comforted. Thank the Lord, who is ſo kind to me!"

I aſked her, (if the Lord ſhould then take her) whether ſhe choſe that Mr. *S.* ſhould preach a funeral ſermon for her in the New Church? She replied, "Yes, if it will not make me appear of too great conſequence: I am afraid of being thought more than I am. I would not have much

ſaid of me. I feel I am a poor unworthy creature. I truly reſpect Mr. *S.* and if it might be of any uſe to the living, I had rather he did.

January 16, was a happy day to her. While I ſtood by her bed-ſide, ſhe looked at me and ſaid, "The Lord bleſs you my dear! He will bleſs you. What cauſe have I to thank God for the firſt day I knew you! But for you I might have been caſt into the way of a gay world; but the Lord made you the inſtrument of ſnatching me from it. I hope I ſhall be one diamond more in your crown, and ſhall praiſe God to all eternity for you! Go on, my dear, and the Lord be with you!"

She begged I would give her dying love to her dear ſiſters, and write a particular letter to her ſiſter *Sally*, ſaying, "It will comfort her and do her good. Do, bid her be very ſerious, and give her heart to God; then I ſhall meet her in a better world."

After this, (ſpeaking of Mr. *Weſley*) ſhe expreſſed her uſual veneration and regard for him, and deſired her ſincere thanks to him for the care and tenderneſs of a father which he had always ſhewn her. She earneſtly prayed the Lord to reward him for it all. Adding, ſhe believed God would bleſs him in his latter days; and that in a ſhort time ſhe ſhould ſee him again in her Father's houſe.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of Mr. JOHN HOSKINS: *in a Letter to the Rev. John Weſley.*

[*Concluded from page* 143.]

I Am now old and grey headed; and it is time to make the moſt of the few days I may have left, to the glory of God, and the benefit of my own ſoul.

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As to the neceſſaries of life, I am in ſome meaſure provided for at preſent by the poor people here. Many who have but little food and raiment for themſelves, gladly give me a part of that little, out of love to God and their own ſouls: but more they cannot give. As to any thing farther I leave it with you, Sir, to do as you think beſt. But if you can do no more, you will pleaſe to write me a few lines of inſtruction and advice, which I want very much.

I canot conclude without informing you that this ſummer I went over to *Trinity*, where I was ſo uſed laſt year, and made a ſecond attempt to preach there. The day after I arrived, which was Sunday, I gave away at the Church-door, about twenty little books. The people received them very thankfully. Every day the week after I viſited from houſe to houſe, when many were inquiſitive to know what this new Religion (as they called it) was? The next Saturday in the afternoon, I put up a paper on the Church-door, to give notice, that if there was no preaching in the Church, I would preach in the Church-yard at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon on Sunday. Accordingly I went at the time appointed. But the flag was hoiſted, and the Church-doors were opened for ſervice, though there had been no ſervice in the forenoon all the ſummer before. I went into the Church, and about ſix perſons with me. We ſat ſome time, but no Preacher nor people came. (The man that reads there is a fiſherman, who does it for part of a livelihood.) I therefore ſang ſome verſes of a hymn, and kneeled down to pray. While I was at prayer, a perſon, who calls himſelf the Conſtable, came and laid hold on me, and ſaid, I muſt go with him before the Juſtice. He pulled out a paper and read it to me; wherein was an order that no perſon ſhould preach in the Church-yard, which was the property of the people in the harbour. When I came before the Juſtice, he ſaid he ſent for me, to warn me not to preach in the Church-yard. I told him, if any one would let me have a houſe to preach in, I would not.

He

He aſked me by what authority I went about preaching? I took out my Bible and told him my commiſſion was in that book. He did not inſiſt upon ſeeing it, but told me he could not hinder me from preaching in any houſe, or out of doors on Rider's hill, or any where elſe about the harbour, ſo I did not cauſe any riots. I ſaid, I did not cauſe any riots, but endeavoured to promote peace and good-will amongſt men. He ſaid, he adviſed me for my own ſafety, to keep myſelf out of danger; for there were ſome ſailors, and other rude fellows, who purpoſed to abuſe me; and as he was a Juſtice of the Peace, he muſt endeavour to prevent riots, or any diſorder in the harbour. He alſo ſaid he would have puniſhed the men that abuſed me ſo on board the ſhip laſt year, if I had complained to him. The Conſtable and he then went out of doors, and I followed them, and came away without any hurt.

In the afternoon, a man came to me and aſked me to go home with him, and told me I ſhould be welcome to preach in his houſe. Accordingly I preached that evening to a ſmall congregation, who behaved very devout and attentive all the time, and expreſſed a deſire to hear again. I therefore preached on Monday evening: when they came again, and ſeveral of their neighbours with them. We had a comfortable meeting, and the power of God was preſent. I believe the word ſunk into many hearts. The next evening, I preached again, and (as I underſtood afterwards) ſoon after I began, the houſe was beſet with ſailors and others. But I continued ſpeaking, and finiſhed in great peace.

I now beg to hear of the progreſs of the goſpel in London, and how the work in general goes on; which will be an encouragement to the little flock here, and,

Rev. and dear Sir,

To your unworthy Son in the Goſpel,

JOHN HOSKINS.

Old Perlican, Newfoundland,
October 15, 1781.

An

An Account of the Life and Death of THOMAS SLATER.

THOMAS SLATER was from a child piouſly inclined. He conſtantly attended the ſervice of the Church, and was diligent in reading his Bible and other good books. When he was an apprentice, he frequently ſtaid up great part of the night, or roſe at four o'clock in the morning, to read and pray. For this, and ſuch like exerciſes, he was perſecuted by thoſe about him; but this only tended to make him more diligent in what he believed to be his duty. So careful was he not to omit any known duty, that if at any time he had been called away by buſineſs, in the morning, before he had time for prayer, he was ſure to embrace the firſt opportunity, even though it had been in the open air.

About this time he began to attend the preaching, and about three years ago, was convinced of the neceſſity of a change of heart; and that not all his reading, praying, and attendance upon the worſhip of God, would be of any avail, unleſs he was born again. He now began to ſeek the Lord in good earneſt; and in order to have more frequent opportunities, he made application to be received into the Society. He was permitted to meet in Claſs a few times upon trial; but notwithſtanding he had always been moral in his conduct, and was now convinced of the abſolute neceſſity of an inward change, he had never been convinced of the ſinfulneſs of following his buſineſs (Hair-dreſſing) on a Sunday. His Claſs-Leader found this out, and told him he muſt lay it entirely aſide, or he could not be admitted as a member of the Society. He was no ſooner told of it than he ſaw into its ſinful nature; and though he ſaw the conſequence would be the loſs of his buſineſs, he nobly reſolved to ſacrifice his all, for the ſake of God and a good conſcience.

He

He therefore told his cuſtomers, one by one, "I will not dreſs any hair on the Lord's-day." It happened as he foreſaw it would, that moſt of them were offended, and told him; "Then you muſt not dreſs us at all." But he, nothing moved, reſolved rather to ſuffer the loſs of all things, than ſin againſt God. A few days after he had made this ſacrifice, the Lord ſpoke peace to his ſoul, and gave him the witneſs of the Spirit that he was born of God. He could now rejoice in the Lord with joy unſpeakable, and from that day to the day of his death, he ſteadily purſued the one thing needful; and adorned the goſpel by a holy life, and unblameable converſation.

He was now married, and as his buſineſs failed he was reduced to great ſtraits; nevertheleſs he ſtill caſt his care upon God: reſolving rather to do the meaneſt drudgery than forfeit His favour. He therefore did the little buſineſs he had to do, and in order to procure a livelihood, cheerfully ſubmitted to aſſiſt a friend in mending ſhoes. But notwithſtanding all his diligence, he frequently knew not where to get a meal to eat; however he ſtill truſted in God: his uſual expreſſion in ſuch caſes was, "The Lord will provide."

One inſtance out of many may be ſufficient to ſhew, how well his faith was grounded. Being in the room with his wife, ſhe aſked, "What ſhall we do for a little food?" He replied, "I do not know, my dear;" and then added, "The Lord will provide." Juſt then a ſtranger came in to have his hair dreſſed, and on going away gave him enough to provide food for that, and the following day.

But the Lord did not permit him to be long in this ſituation; for having tried and found him faithful, he cauſed his buſineſs to return again, ſo that he had more than he could poſſibly do himſelf. He was frequently ſolicited to ſhave and dreſs on the Sabbath-day; but he conſtantly refuſed; even, when tempted to it by thoſe on whom a great part of his living depended.

Since

Since Chriſtmas laſt, he had been unuſually earneſt for a nearer union with God. Sometimes he has prayed till his bodily ſtrength was quite exhauſted. His faith was ſtrong and permanent, and his ſoul conſtantly panted after all the ſalvation of God.

A few months ago, he was ſeized with a Diabetes, which threw him into a Conſumption. In his affliction he never murmured; but was perfectly reſigned to the Divine will, whether for life or death. A few days before his demiſe, he was removed into the country for the benefit of the air; but his diſorder becoming very violent he was obliged to take his bed; ſtill rejoicing in the God of his ſalvation. On the Sunday before his death, his wife aſked him, My dear, do you now love God? He replied, "I do: I love him with my whole heart." He then added, "Sing that hymn,

"Come let us join our cheerful ſongs,
With angels round the throne."

Many of our friends came to viſit him that day, when his converſation was ſo full of heaven, that it was made a bleſſing to their ſouls: ſeveral of whom teſtified that they never had ſeen any one ſo happy before. His body grew weaker and weaker; but his conſolations grew ſtronger and ſtronger, till on Monday the 15th of Auguſt, a little before ten in the forenoon, without a ſigh or a groan, he ſweetly ſlept in Jeſus.

JONATHAN HERN.

Mancheſter, Oct. 14, 1783.

An Account of the Death of Mr. T. CAPPITER.

MR. CAPPITER was converted when he was about eighteen years of age; and was then one of the moſt zealous young men in the country.

When he became a Preacher, though his gifts were not very extenſive, he ſpoke in ſuch a lively manner, as frequently made deep impreſſions on his hearers.

He was about eleven weeks ill. In this whole affliction he never appeared to have the leaſt doubt of his acceptance with God; nor even ſhewed the leaſt impatience. I viſited him ſeveral times, and found him quite reſigned, and very happy.

As Death approached, his joys increaſed: and he ſeemed like a celeſtial inhabitant, full of life, love, joy, and praiſe. He exhorted all who came near him, in a very moving manner, to prepare for a better world. Indeed he was ſo filled with the divine life, that his very countenance ſhone; which all who were near him could not but behold!

Having called for his wife, he took leave of her in a very affectionate manner; exhorting her to live to God, and keep cloſe to the Society. And finding God had made her willing to reſign him, he ſeemed quite in an extaſy; they then parted with a tender ſmile, well knowing that they ſhould ſoon meet again.

He then ſpoke to the family, one by one, and gave them very wholeſome counſels, and offered up fervent prayers for them. He had alſo ſome of the moſt ſerious people in the Society ſent for, that they might ſing and rejoice with him. Thus he continued full of love and joy, till Sunday the 16th inſtant, when he fell aſleep in the Lord.

BENJAMIN RHODES.

Grimſby, Feb. 26, 1772.

A remarkable Account of JANE WILDBORE, *of Nighton, near Leiceſter.*

IN the year 1772, a miſchevous Cow fell upon her, and beat and bruiſed her to ſuch a degree, that ſhe loſt the uſe of her limbs. In this ſituation ſhe remained for four years.

years. In this time ſhe was thirty weeks in the Infirmary at *Leiceſter*, where her wounds and bruiſes were cured; but not being able to reſtore her to the uſe of her limbs, they turned her out incurable.

While ſhe was in the Infirmary it pleaſed God to ſend ſome ſerious people to pray with the ſick; by which means her eyes were opened to ſee her fallen condition. She alſo ſaw that if ſhe died as ſhe was, ſhe muſt die eternally. On this, ſhe began to cry to God for mercy; and was determined not to reſt till he anſwered her prayer.

One day when ſhe was meditating on her miſerable condition, ſhe thought, How can I attend the means of grace, and get a livelihood in the world, without the uſe of my limbs? She then endeavoured to believe that God was *able* and *willing* to reſtore her to her former ſoundneſs, if ſhe ſought him with all her heart. She alſo believed that he *would* do it: and on that account promiſed to ſerve him all the days of her life.

Soon after, being left alone in the houſe one Sunday evening, it was impreſſed on her mind to pray for deliverance from her infirmity; but how to get on her knees, and riſe up again ſhe knew not. At laſt ſhe ſtrove to believe that God would help her: and ſo it was; for by endeavouring to uſe her hands, ſhe kneeled down, and continued in prayer for a conſiderable time, and then roſe up again. Thus ſhe continued praying and acting faith on God till Tueſday evening, when an excruciating pain went through her feet and legs, which cauſed her to cry out aloud; but when the pain was over, ſhe found ſhe could move, firſt her toes, and then her feet and legs. She then got up and walked over the room, bleſſing and praiſing God for what he had done: and from that time ſhe has enjoyed the perfect uſe of her limbs.

A little after this ſhe came to me, and deſired to be admitted into the Society, and ſeemed fully determined to

fulfil her promiſe, in ſerving her great Reſtorer all the days of her life.

I met with her about two months ago, and found her happy in God. She then told me, that about a year after the Lord had reſtored her to the uſe of her limbs, he ſpoke peace to her ſoul; and that ſhe has continued to hold faſt a ſenſe of his favour ever ſince; and earneſtly deſires to love him with all her heart.

This account may be depended on. For *J. Wildbore*, who truly fears God, and can have no worldly motive in view in declaring a falſehood, is ſtill alive, and ready to atteſt it to any judicious perſon.

Coleford, Sept. 7, 1784. C. WATKINS.

An Account of the DRUMMER *of Tedworth.*

[*Continued from page* 157.]

ON the firſt of November, 1662, there was a mighty noiſe; and a ſervant obſerving two boards in the children's room, ſeeming to move, he bade it give him one of them, upon which the board came within a yard of him. The man added, nay, let me have it in my hand: upon which it was driven quite home to him. On his thruſting it back, it was driven to him; and ſo up and down, at leaſt twenty times together. This was in the day time, and ſeen by a whole room-full of people. That morning it left a ſulphurous ſmell behind it, which was very offenſive. At night the Miniſter (one Mr. *Craig*) and divers of the neighbours, came to the houſe on a viſit. The Miniſter went to prayer with them, kneeling at the children's bed-ſide. During prayer, it withdrew into the cock-loft, but returned as ſoon as prayer was ended; and then, in ſight of the company, the chairs walked about the room of themſelves, and every looſe thing moved about the chamber. At the ſame time

time, a bed-ſtaff was thrown at the Miniſter, which hit him on the leg, but very ſoftly. Mr. *Mompeſſon* perceiving how it perſecuted the children, lodged them at a neighbour's houſe; taking his eldeſt daughter, who was about ten years of age, into his own chamber, where it had not been for a month before. As ſoon as ſhe was in bed, the diſturbance began there again, continuing drumming and making noiſes: and it was obſerved, that it would exactly anſwer any thing that was beaten, or called for. After this, the houſe where the children were lodged, happening to be full of ſtrangers, they were taken home; and no diſturbance having been known in the parlour, they were lodged there; where alſo their perſecutor found them; but then only plucked them by the hair and night-clothes.

It was noted, that when the noiſe was loudeſt, no dog about the houſe would move, though the knocking was oft ſo boiſterous, that it had been heard a conſiderable diſtance in the fields, and awakened the neighbours in the village. The ſervants were ſometimes lifted up with their beds, and then let gently down again, without hurt; at other times it would lie like a great weight upon their feet.

About the latter end of December, 1662, the drummings were leſs frequent: and then they heard a noiſe like the gingling of money, occaſioned, as it was thought, by ſome, what Mr. *Mompeſſon's* mother had ſpoke the day before, to a neighbour who talked of fairies leaving money. The night after there was a great gingling of money all over the houſe. After this, it deſiſted from ruder noiſes, and employed itſelf in little apiſh and leſs troubleſome tricks. On Chriſtmas eve, a little before day, one of the boys ariſing out of bed, was hit on a ſore place on his heel. The night after Chriſtmas day, it threw the old gentlewoman's clothes about the room, and hid her Bible among the aſhes. After this time, it was very troubleſome to a ſervant of Mr. *Mompeſſon's*, who was a ſtout fellow. This man lay within, during the greateſt

diſturbance;

diſturbance; and for ſeveral nights ſomething would endeavour to pull his clothes off the bed, ſo that he was fain to tug hard to keep them on; but ſometimes they were pulled from him by force, and his ſhoes thrown at his head; and now and then he found himſelf forcibly held, as if he was bound hand and foot. A ſon of Sir *Thomas Bennet*, whoſe workman the drummer had ſometimes been, came to the houſe, and told Mr. *Mompeſſon* ſome words that he had ſpoken, which it ſeems were taken ill. For as ſoon as they were in bed, the drum was beat up very violently and loudly; the gentleman aroſe, and called his man to him, who lay with Mr. *Mompeſſon's* ſervant, whoſe name was *John*. As ſoon as Mr. *Bennet's* man was gone, *John* heard a ruſtling noiſe in his chamber, and ſomething came to his bed-ſide, as if it had been one in ſilk. The man preſently reached after his ſword, which he found held from him. About the beginning of January, 1663, they were wont to hear a ſinging in the chimney, before it came down. And one night lights were ſeen in the houſe. One of them came into Mr. *Mompeſſon's* chamber, which ſeemed blue and glimmering, and cauſed ſtiffneſs in the eyes of thoſe who ſaw it. After the light, ſomething was heard coming up ſtairs, as if it had been one without ſhoes. The light was ſeen alſo four or five times in the children's chamber; and the maids confidently affirm, the doors were at leaſt ten times opened and ſhut in their ſight; and when they were opened, they heard a noiſe as if half a dozen perſons had entered together. After which, ſome were heard to walk about the room, and one ruſtled as if it had been in ſilk. The like Mr. *Mompeſſon* himſelf once heard.

During the time of the knocking, when many were preſent, a gentleman of the company ſaid, "Satan, if the drummer ſet thee to work, give three knocks and no more," which it did very diſtinctly and ſtopt. Then the gentleman knocked to ſee if it would anſwer him, as it was wont; but it did not.

For

For further trial, he bade it, "If it were the drummer, t give five knocks, and no more that night;" which it did and left the houſe quiet all the night. This was done in th preſence of Sir *Thomas Chamberlain* of *Oxfordſhire*, and diver others.

On Saturday morning, an hour before day, January 10, a drum was heard to beat upon the outſide of Mr. *Mompeſſon*' chamber, from whence it went to the other end of the houſe where ſome ſtrangers lay.

The next night, a ſmith in the village, lying with the man they heard a noiſe in the room, as if one had been ſhoeing a horſe: and ſomewhat came, as it were with a pair of pincers ſnipping at the ſmith's noſe moſt part of the night.

One morning Mr. *Mompeſſon* riſing early to go a journey heard a great noiſe below, where the children lay; and running down with a piſtol in his hand, he heard a voice, crying, A witch, a witch, as they had alſo heard it once before. Upon his entrance all was quiet.

Having one night played ſome little tricks at Mr. *Mompeſſon's* bed's feet, it went into another bed, where one of his daughters lay: there it paſſed from ſide to ſide, lifting her up as it paſſed under. At that time, there were three kinds of noiſes in the bed. The night after, it came panting like a dog out of breath. Upon which, one took a bed-ſtaff to knock, which was caught out of her hand, and thrown away; and company coming up, the room was preſently filled with a noiſome ſmell, and was very hot, though without fire, in a very ſharp, ſevere winter night. It continued in the bed, panting and ſcratching an hour and a half, and then went into the next chamber, where it knocked a little, and ſeemed to rattle a chain: this it did for two or three nights together.

After all this the old gentlewoman's Bible was found in the aſhes, the paper ſide being downwards. Mr. *Mompeſſon* took it up, and obſerved that it lay open at the third chapter of Mark,

Mark, where there is mention of unclean ſpirits falling down before our Saviour; and of his giving power to the twelve to caſt out devils; and of the ſcribes' opinion, that he caſt them out through Beelzebub. The next night they ſtrewed aſhes over the chamber, to ſee what impreſſions it would leave. In the morning they found in the place, the reſemblance of a great claw, in another of a leſſer, ſome letters in another, which they could make nothing of, beſides many circles in the aſhes.

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from a SERMON, *on* GOD IS LOVE.

[*Continued from page* 150.]

LET us briefly illuſtrate theſe ſeveral Propoſitions.—1. "Whatever has a tendency to prevent ſin, tends to prevent miſery alſo, and to promote the happineſs of the univerſe and all the individuals in it; good laws are abſolutely neceſſary for the prevention of ſin; penal ſanctions are eſſential to good laws: and the ſeaſonable execution of thoſe ſanctions is abſolutely neceſſary to their efficacy; and conſequently the execution of them is a diſplay of love and benevolence."

"Whatever has a tendency to prevent ſin tends to prevent miſery alſo," and that for this reaſon, becauſe ſin is neceſſarily productive of miſery, and deſtructive of happineſs. Can a rational creature be happy that is diſaffected to the ſupreme good, the only ſource of that kind of happineſs which is adapted to a rational nature? This is as impoſſible as that you ſhall enjoy animal pleaſures while you abhor all animal enjoyments. Can a ſocial creature be happy in eternal ſolitude, or in a ſtate of ſociety, while ill-affected towards the other members of ſociety, or while they are ill-affected

affected towards him, and he to them, "hateful and hating one another?" Can a creature formed capable of felicity, ſuperior to what any created good can communicate, be happy in the eager purſuit of bubbles; of inferior enjoyments? All thoſe diſpoſitions of heart, and the practices reſulting from them, in which ſin conſiſts, ſuch as enmity to God, uneaſy murmurings againſt his perfections, and the government of his law and providence; a churliſh, malignant, envious temper towards mankind; an anxious, exceſſive eagerneſs of deſire after vain, unſatisfactory enjoyments; a diſreliſh for the exalted pleaſures of *holineſs* and *benevolence:* what are theſe and the like diſpoſitions but ſo many ingredients of miſery? And conſequently all meaſures that are taken for the prevention of ſin are ſo many benevolent expedients for the prevention of miſery and the increaſe of happineſs.

I add, "Good laws are abſolutely neceſſary for the prevention of ſin." Indeed thoſe diſpoſitions and actions which are forbidden by the divine law, would be of a deadly nature to the ſoul, even if they were not forbidden, as a ſtab to the heart would prove mortal to the body, though there were no laws againſt it; and for that very reaſon laws have been made againſt it. Therefore the laws of God do not properly conſtitute the deſtructive nature of ſin, but only warn us againſt what is deſtructive in its own nature, previous to all explicit laws. And is it not an act of the higheſt benevolence, that the ſupreme *Lawgiver* ſhould warn us againſt this pernicious evil, and plainly inform us what it is? This is the deſign of his laws, both natural and revealed. And without them, what ſure inſtructor, what unerring guide, or what ſtrong inducements to a proper conduct could we have in this moſt important caſe? Is it not neceſſary, is it not kind, that the ſupreme Legiſlator ſhould interpoſe his authority, and lay us under the ſtrongeſt obligations to avoid our own ruin? And if good laws are neceſſary, ſo are penal ſanctions; for, "Penal ſanctions are eſſential to good laws." Laws without penalties

would be only the advices of an equal or an inferior, and not the obligatory commands of authority. They might be obſerved or not, according to pleaſure, and conſequently would anſwer no valuable purpoſe. But on a point ſo plain I need not multiply words. I appeal to the common ſenſe of mankind; I appeal to the univerſal practice of all governments. Have there ever been, or can there poſſibly be any laws without penal ſanctions? Would not ſuch laws be expoſed to perpetual contempt, and be deſtitute of all force and energy? The common ſenſe and univerſal practice of all the world in all ages remonſtrate againſt ſuch an abſurdity. But if penal ſanctions are eſſential to good laws, then ſo is their execution; for, "The ſeaſonable execution of penal ſanctions is abſolutely neceſſary to their efficacy." Penalties denounced can have no efficacy upon the ſubjects of the law; that is, they cannot excite fear, and by that means deter them from diſobedience, unleſs they are *believed*, and their execution *expected*. But they would ſoon ceaſe to be believed, and their execution would no longer be expected, if in ſeveral inſtances they ſhould be diſpenſed with, and a ſucceſſion of ſinners, ſhould paſs with impunity. Other ſinners, judging of future events by paſt facts, would expect the ſame indulgence, and therefore venture upon diſobedience without any reſtraint from the penalty of the law. Here again I ſhall bring the matter to a quick deciſion by appealing to the univerſal practice of mankind. Would human laws have any force if the penalty was hung up as an empty terror and never executed? Would not ſuch laws be liable to perpetual violation, and become the ſport of daring offenders? Would not the eſcape of former offenders encourage all future generations to give themſelves a looſe, in hopes of the ſame exemption? Is it not neceſſary in all governments that public juſtice ſhould make examples of ſome, to warn and deter others? Have not all nations, eſpecially the more civilized, made ſuch examples? And have not

not all the impartial world commended their proceedings as neceſſary to the ſafety and happineſs of ſociety, and expreſſive of their regard to the public good?

View all theſe things together, and I may bid defiance to common ſenſe to draw any other concluſion, than that the juſtice of God, in executing the penalties of his law upon impenitent offenders, is the height of goodneſs. If love requires that all proper expedients be uſed for the prevention of ſin; if good laws are neceſſary for this end; if penalties are eſſential to good laws; and if the ſeaſonable execution of penalties be abſolutely neceſſary to give them their benevolent force and tendency: does it not unavoidably follow that love itſelf requires both the enacting of penal ſanctions to the law of God, and the execution of them upon proper ſubjects? Without this wholeſome ſeverity the divine laws would be leſs ſecure from contempt, and the divine government would be leſs favourable to the peace and happineſs of the ſubjects, than the laws and governments of mortals in all civilized nations.

"But why does the penalty riſe ſo high? Why is the execution lengthened out through everlaſting ages? Why might not a gentler puniſhment ſuffice?" This is the grand objection, and in ſuch language as this the enmity of the rebellious heart againſt the juſtice of God generally expreſſes itſelf. But if the original deſign and natural tendency of the threatened penalty be to prevent ſin, then by how much ſeverer the penalty, by ſo much the more effectual tendency has it to anſwer this kind deſign. No puniſhments can riſe higher than thoſe which a righteous God has annexed to diſobedience, the natural ſource of every miſery; and what is this but to ſay that no methods more effectual can be taken to prevent it than what he has actually taken? We may therefore infer the ardor of the love of God, from the terror of his threatenings. He has denounced the greateſt miſery againſt ſin, in order to reſtrain his creatures from running

into that very miſery; and threatens the loſs of heaven, in order to prevent his creatures from loſing it.

I muſt alſo here repeat the common argument, which appears to me as valid as common: "that as the eſſence of ſin conſiſts in the breach of an obligation, the evil of ſin muſt be exactly proportioned to the ſtrength of the obligation;" that as we are undoubtedly under infinite obligations to a God of infinite excellency, our Maker, Ruler, and Benefactor, the evil of ſin, which violates thoſe obligations, muſt be infinite alſo; and that no puniſhment ſhort of what is infinite can be adequate to the demerit of an infinite evil; and conſequently ſinners ought to ſuffer a finite puniſhment through an infinite duration, becauſe that is the only way in which they are able to bear an infinite puniſhment. But on this common topic a few hints may ſuffice.

[*To be continued.*]

Of ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

ETERNAL Providence is that almighty wiſdom, goodneſs and power, by which God knows, wills and employs all the means neceſſary to accompliſh his deſigns in creating. God's deſign in creating was to make all intelligent natures happy in the knowledge and love of his infinite perfections, which is their ultimate and ſupreme felicity; therefore eternal Providence knows, wills, and employs, continually all the means neceſſary to lead his intelligent creatures to their ultimate and ſupreme happineſs.

Thoſe who do not know the doctrine of final cauſes, nor the deſigns of God in creating, nor the love he has for his intelligent images, nor the intimate manner by which he is preſent to them, are very much puzzled how to give a demonſtration

demonſtration of Providence; but one who riſes up to firſt principles, and ſhews that God is preſent every where, that he created finite intelligences only to make them happy, that he knows all their ſituations, and that he deſires their felicity, can no more doubt of eternal Providence than he can doubt a father that lives continually with his children, loves them tenderly, knows all their inclinations, and has a full power to make their fortunes, can neglect their education, and leave them miſerable.

The wild Epicurean notion adopted by ſome Dieſts, as if God abandoned the world, to the government of ſecond cauſes, free-agents, and natural powers, flows from their not underſtanding God's end in creating, his manner of preſerving, his omnipreſent activity through the whole creation. They ſuppoſe that God can be ſeparated from his work; that the creatures can ſubſiſt and be happy, enjoy being and well-being when detached from their ſource; they deny God's infinite activity, wiſdom and goodneſs, as if he was ſo entirely occupied within himſelf as not to intereſt himſelf in his creation. They have no notion of the nature of God eternally active, that preſerves and beatifies his creatures by his continual omnipotent efficacy, influence and communicative goodneſs.

The conſequences of the Predeſtinarian doctrine are yet far more impious and blaſphemous. The Epicureans and ſome Socinians ſeem to deny God's relative attributes, and make him an indolent careleſs God; but the Predeſtinarians make him a cruel, malicious, Manichean evil principle, and deſtroy all his moral perfections; ſince they maintain that he abandons the far greateſt part of mortals to eternal miſery by free choice, and arbitrary preteritions, without allowing them the graces neceſſary to conduct them to the ultimate end of their creation. A Being that loves eſſentially all his creatures, and that deſires neceſſarily the happineſs of what he loves; a Being that had no other deſign in creating but to

make

make them happy for ever and ever in the knowledge and love of his boundleſs perfections; a Being that knows, wills, and employs continually all the means neceſſary to lead all his intelligent creatures without exception to their ultimate and ſupreme happineſs, can never become indifferent about them, ceaſe to intereſt himſelf in them, and abandon them to everlaſting miſery. He can never be delighted with their imperfections; he can never take any pleaſure in their ſufferings; all his puniſhments therefore muſt be remedies; and all his ſeverities ſalutary cures. He muſt always be ready to pardon if the creatures are convertible. He can never ceaſe to pity and ſuccour, but when his remedies become uſeleſs, and the patient incurable. Theſe are the natural and neceſſary conſequences that reſult from the very nature and definition of infinite goodneſs; and if there be any expreſſions in ſcripture that ſeem to intimate the contrary, they may and muſt be interpreted in another ſenſe than the Predeſtinarians give to them.

Hence in all times, in all places, and in all ſituations, almighty Providence "enlightens every man that comes into the world," and refuſes to none of his creatures, fallen or unfallen, the helps neceſſary to conduct them to, or confirm them in, the knowledge and enjoyment of their ultimate and ſupreme happineſs. Nothing therefore derogates more from the divine wiſdom and goodneſs than to maintain, with ſome ſuperficial philoſophers, that there is any one nation or ſavage in the world, that has not at ſome time or other in his life an idea of a God, and of a firſt cauſe, of moral good and evil, of virtue and vice, ſufficient to excite him to the ſearch and knowledge of his almighty Original, or at leaſt to the deſire of being enlightened and beatified by that univerſal wiſdom and goodneſs that diffuſes its rays over all created intelligencies. Such ſavages may indeed be incapable of expreſſing their ideas and ſentiments, of reaſoning upon them in a philoſophical manner, and drawing from them metaphyſical

taphyſical principles and conſequences: but all of them, even the moſt barbarous, the moſt idolatrous, and the moſt ſuperſtitions, have felt more or leſs, the rays, influences, and illuminations of that univerſal Light, "that enlightens every man that comes into the world."

Hence to maintain, "that out of the pale of the viſible Church there are no graces;" that of old all the pagan world; and at preſent all thoſe, that are deprived of the light of the goſpel, were then and are now left in a ſtate of abſolute darkneſs, and abandoned to eternal damnation, is a wild, abſurd, phariſaical error, that deſtroys all God's moral attributes, and thereby leads to the higheſt incredulity and contempt of all revealed Religion.

A Remarkable PUNISHMENT *of* MURDER.

THE following melancholy Account was given me by a very worthy man, Mr. *Thomas Marſhall* of *Edal* in *Derbyſhire*, Dec. 17, 1778.

Twenty years ago, a young Gentleman and Lady came out of *Scotland*, as is ſuppoſed, upon a matrimonial affair. As they were travelling through that county, they were robbed and murdered, at a place called the *Winnets*, near *Caſtleton*. Their bones were found about ten years ago, by ſome miners who were ſinking an Engine-pit at the place.

One *James Aſhton* of *Caſtleton*, who died about a fortnight ago, and who was one of the murderers, was moſt miſerably afflicted and tormented in his conſcience. He had been dying, it was thought, for ten weeks; but could not die till he had confeſſed the whole affair. But when he had done this, he died immediately.

He ſaid, *Nicholas Cock*, *Thomas Hall*, *John Bradſhaw*, *Francis Butler*, and himſelf, meeting the above Gentleman and Lady in the *Winnets*, pulled them off their horſes, and dragged them into a barn belonging to one of them, and took

took from them two hundred pounds. Then ſeizing on the young Gentleman, the young Lady (whom *Aſhton* ſaid was the faireſt woman he ever ſaw) intreated them, in the moſt pitious manner, not to kill him, as ſhe was the cauſe of his coming into that country. But, notwithſtanding all her intreaties, they cut his throat from ear to ear! They then ſeized the young Lady herſelf, and, though ſhe intreated them, on her knees, to ſpare her life, and turn her out naked! yet one of the wretches drove a Miner's pick into her head, when ſhe dropt down dead at his feet. Having thus diſpatched them both, they left their bodies in the barn, and went away with their booty.

At night they returned to the barn, in order to take them away; but they were ſo terrified with a frightful noiſe, that they durſt not move them: and ſo it was the ſecond night. But the third night, *Aſhton* ſaid, it was only the Devil, who would not hurt him; ſo they took the bodies away, and buried them.

They then divided the money: and as *Aſhton* was a Coal-Carrier to a Smelt-Mill, on the *Sheffield*-Road, he bought horſes with his ſhare; but they all died in a little time. *Nicholas Cock* fell from a precipice, near the place where they had committed the murder, and was killed. *Thomas Hall* hanged himſelf. *John Bradſhaw* was walking near the place where they had buried the bodies, when a ſtone fell from the hill and killed him on the ſpot, to the aſtoniſhment of every one who knew it. *Francis Butler*, attempted many times to hang himſelf, but was prevented; however he went mad, and died in a moſt miſerable manner.

Thus, though they eſcaped the hand of human juſtice (which ſeldom happens in ſuch a caſe) yet the hand of God found them out, even in this world. How true then is it, that thou, O Lord, art about our path, and about our bed, and ſpieſt out all our ways!

THOMAS HANBY.

Of

Of PLANTING POTATOES.

[*For the good of the Public, I inſert the following Account.*]

To the EDITOR *of the Arminian Magazine.*

Sir,

BY Mr. *Story's* advice I have lately communicated to the Society at *Bath*, inſtituted for the encouragement of Agriculture, a method which I take to prevent blighted crops of Potatoes. As it is a matter of conſequence to the public in general, and to the poor in particular, you may perhaps think it worth a place in the Arminian Magazine; as thereby it may be more extenſively uſeful.

For the firſt five or ſix years of my being in the Gardening buſineſs, I ſuſtained very great loſſes in my crops of Potatoes, by what is called the Blighted, or curled Potatoes. Many people have endeavoured to find out the cauſe, as it has been a general complaint throughout the kingdom; but I believe, as yet, without ſucceſs: although very great has been the loſs to the nation for want of an effectual remedy to prevent it. I think that nothing can be applied to alter the nature of the ſeed that is infected with this diſeaſe, (for I have proved by repeated experiments that the fault is not in the ſoil) nor can it be known which is bad until it is planted. I therefore have made uſe of the following method to ſelect with certainty a ſort of ſeed that is good.

Soon after Chriſtmas I make a hot-bed in the following manner. I lay horſe-dung, &c. about eighteen inches thick; over this, I ſpread fine mould about five or ſix inches thick, and then lay (of different ſorts of Potatoes) ſuch as I intend to plant, in different diviſions; ſo that I may tell diſtinctly to what ſort they belong, and lightly cover them up with mould. By reaſon of the warmth of the bed they ſoon come up, and if there does not appear to be above one in thirty, or forty bad, (for ſome will ſurely prove ſo in the hot-bed, as well as in the field, if they are infected.) I then plant

of that ſort with the greateſt ſafety. When I find they are too bad to plant, I look out for others from various parts of the country, and try them. This I am enabled to do by making the experiment ſo early.

They who cannot make a hot-bed might plant them time enough in a warm border of rich mould, and be pretty ſure of ſucceſs. But the hot-bed is beſt; for I have never known the experiment fail, in one inſtance either in my own, or my neighbours' practice for near a dozen years.

JOSEPH WELLS.

Jan. 22, 1785.

An Account of the remarkable Converſion of an INDIAN PRIEST *to Chriſtianity, in the year* 1763. *By the Rev. Mr.* George Henry Hutteman, *Proteſtant Miſſionary at Cudulore, in the Eaſt-Indies.*

THE converſion of this Pandaram deſerves particular notice.—He was a Prieſt of Iſuren's ſect, a man of the nobleſt tribe, and of great judgment and learning. It is now ſomething more than a year ſince he viſited me, and declared the ſcruples of his conſcience; and expreſſed himſelf warmly againſt the vanity and wickedneſs of the Malabar religion. I told him, that the religion of Jeſus was admirably fitted for ſuch ſouls as are concerned about their eternal intereſt: at the ſame time I told him the many difficulties that attend the embracing this religion; that he muſt renounce the world, and all the ſinful luſts of the fleſh; muſt prepare for perſecution, even from thoſe who had formerly venerated him: however, that all theſe difficulties are infinitely outweighed by the great rewards propoſed in the goſpel, and by the dreadful threatenings againſt the deſpiſers of this religion.

He went away, and promiſed to deliberate on theſe things, and I did not hear of him till laſt November; when he returned

turned to this place, and was courteouſly entertained by the heathen merchants, who venerated him as their Prieſt. Meanwhile he viſited me now and then, and was preſent when divine ſervice was held in the Malabar language. At laſt it pleaſed the Lord to work in him a thorough conviction. He took his ſolemn leave of the heathens, declaring to them the reaſons why he forſook the Malabar religion, and embraced that of the Chriſtians. After he had been ſeveral weeks amongſt us, he wrote his life, and the reaſons that induced him to turn a Chriſtian. It was as follows:

"My name is *Tondaman Mudaly*. I was born near *Tirunawaly*, in the kingdom of *Madurei*, in the year Pingala Waruſham 1737. In my infancy my parents taught me that there was a Being who had created heaven and earth, and that good men would go to heaven, but the wicked to hell; and in my youth I began to be ſolicitous for the ſalvation of my ſoul: for which reaſon I was diligent in reading our books. In my fourteenth year I reſolved to chooſe the life of a Prieſt or Pandaram of Iſuren.

About this time I was ſo unfortunate as to loſe both my parents; this confirmed my reſolution, and I enquired for the moſt famous Pandaram, who could make me a diſciple by baptiſm, and teach me the forms of prayers, and all things neceſſary to a true Pandaram. I was told that three hours from *Majaburam*, at *Tarmaburam*, in the kingdom of *Tanjore*, there was ſuch a one; hereupon I took a journey to him, received the purification of water, and learned under him for the ſpace of five years. I had a great deſire to procure, by my penances, ſalvation to as many as poſſible; I therefore aſked leave of my Pandaram to go on pilgrimages, to which he conſented, and permitted me to ſacrifice wherever I ſhould come.

Reading our books frequently with attention, I was ſurpriſed to find that our gods were born of father and mother, and that quite different operations were aſcribed to them: to

Bruma the creation; to Wiſhtnu the redemption, and to Siwen or Iſuren the deſtruction. I likewiſe found that the ſame gods were ſubject to many imperfections: Biruma (or Bruma) knew not who had killed his wife; and Perumal (or Wiſhtnu) was ignorant of his wife's being raviſhed; he knew not his father's death till he learned it by letters.

I was much ſcandalized by the prophane and immoral ſervice performed in our Pagodas: at *Supramanciam*, a famous Pagoda, three leagues from *Goa*, the image of a ſerpent with ſeven heads is worſhipped: at a certain feſtival this ſerpent is ſaid to move the heads, and three girls of the moſt beautiful ſhape dance before him ſtark naked, in the ſight of an innumerable company of ſpectators: at the ſacrifice of Satty (this is, the Venus of the Romans) men and women eat and drink together, and afterwards mix promiſcuouſly. Daily are entertained in our Pagodas the dancing girls, who are profeſſed proſtitutes, who ſing at morning and evening ſacrifices the impureſt ſongs, and offer in the Pagodas, with the obſceneſt language, their perſons to the ſpectators, and invite them to lie with them.

All this, the feelings of my conſcience told me, could not be from the eternal God, whom reaſon and the ſtill voice of nature proclaim to be a holy being, who abhorreth vice and impurity, and delights in virtue and chaſtity; this muſt undoubtedly be from Satan, the father of lewdneſs; however, ſince our whole nation is zealouſly attached to this worſhip, I ſtifled the clamours of my conſcience, thinking that if it was really wrong, ſo many thouſands of people could not follow it: and ſo I went on, viſiting one Pagoda after another.

At laſt I came to *Cudulore*, and was informed that here was a Prieſt who taught the religion of Parabara Waſtu [the ſupreme Being] and when I viſited you, and heard the Wedam [religion] of Parabara Waſtu, the miſts of my underſtanding began to clear up, and all that you ſaid of the perfections of God, and the manner of worſhipping him, was immediately

immediately approved by the ſilent voice of reaſon and conſcience. All the doctrines which your Wedam propoſeth lead directly to the honour of the only true God: may his name be bleſſed for ever! It deſcribeth man as he really is, ſinner and guilty! it rejects the unavailing atonements by penances performed by a miſerable, ſinful wretch. Muſt not the mountain be ſupported by a mountain? Can the ant be a match for the lion? The holy and dreadful ſufferings of Jeſus Mattiaſſer [Redeemer] have atoned for the violated rights of the divine government. Your Wedam enables a man to curb and ſubdue his paſſions and wicked appetites, and makes the mind in love with holineſs, by the ſpirit of Jeſus. It containeth the cleareſt revelation of life and immortality, and ſuch grand promiſes that are more than ſufficient to bear us up in the courſe of a Chriſtian life, notwithſtanding the diſcouragements from a wicked world. It threateneth to obſtinate vice and impenitence ſuch dreadful puniſhments, as are enough to counterpoiſe the momentary and fleeting pleaſures of ſin. It is therefore my firm reſolution to embrace this Wedam, to live and die in it. I have weighed the Malabar religion againſt it; but, alas, the former is too light; I know it is of Satan, and the direct way to ruin ſoul and body.

Parabara Waſtu, Creator of the Univerſe, have mercy upon me! O how do I bewail that I have been twenty-eight years thine enemy. I have forſaken thee the living fountain, and worſhipped idols, whom thou abhorreſt. Jeſus Nadar [redeeming Lord] impute thy blood unto me, and procure me the forgiveneſs of my ſins. Thou Spirit of holineſs ſanctify my heart, and form me into the likeneſs of the bleſſed Jeſus. Amen."

Since this Pandaram is a man of good abilities, and of a very upright diſpoſition, and unwilling to live upon almſgiving, but reſolved to earn his own bread or rice, by diligent and faithful labour; I promiſed to conſtitute him Maſter of our Malabar School, and he embraced the propoſal willingly.

An

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 163.]

SATURDAY, March 6, we put forward again early the next morning. All along this day's journey, we obſerved many ruins of caſtles and houſes, which teſtify that this country, however it be neglected at preſent, was once in the hands of a people that knew how to value it. *Strabo* gives us the names of ſeveral places ſituate anciently along this coaſt. But whether the ruins we ſaw, may be the remains of any of theſe cities, cannot well be determined; ſeeing all we have of thoſe places, is only their names. The *Balanea, of Strabo*, is ſuppoſed to be the ſame place, that the Turks (little changing its name) call *Baneas*. It ſtands upon a ſmall declivity, about a furlong diſtant from the ſea, and has a fine clear ſtream running ſwiftly by it on the South-ſide. It is at preſent uninhabited, but its ſituation proves it to have been anciently a pleaſant place, its ruins well-built, and its bay, an advantageous habitation.

Leaving *Baneas*, we went on by the ſea-ſide, and in about a quarter of an hour paſſed by an old caſtle, on the top of a very high mountain. It is built in the figure of an equilateral triangle, having one of its angles pointed towards the ſea. The Turks call it *Merchab:* and enlarge much upon the ſieges it has ſuſtained in former times: but whatever force it may have had anciently, it is at preſent only a reſidence for poor country people.

At about one hour and a half diſtance from *Baneas*, we came to a ſmall clear ſtream, which induced us to take up our lodging near it. We pitched in the Campagnia about two

two or three furlongs up from the ſea; having in ſight, on the mountains above us, a village called *Sophia*, inhabited ſolely by Marionites; and a little farther *Beſack*, another village poſſeſſed by Turks only; and a little farther *Merakiah*, whoſe inhabitants are a miſcellany of Chriſtians and Turks together. Our whole ſtage this day was about ſix hours.

Sunday, March 7. We removed the next morning, and travelled ſtill by the ſea-ſide till we reached *Tortoſa*. The ancient name of this place was *Orthoſia*. It was a Biſhop's See in the province of *Tyre*.

Its ſituation is on the ſea-ſhore; having a ſpacious plain extending round about it on its other ſides. What remains of it is the caſtle, which is very large and ſtill inhabited. On one ſide, it is waſhed by the ſea; on the others, it is fortified by a double wall of coarſe marble, built after the ruſtic manner. Between the two walls is a ditch: and likewiſe another encompaſſing the outermoſt wall. You enter this fortreſs on the North-ſide, over an old draw-bridge, which lands you in a ſpacious room for the moſt part uncovered, but anciently well arched over, being the church belonging to the caſtle. On one ſide it reſembles a church, and in witneſs of its being ſuch, ſhews at this day, ſeveral holy emblems carved upon its wall, as that of a dove deſcending, over the place where ſtood the altar; and in another place that of the Holy Lamb. But on the ſide which fronts outward, it has the face of a caſtle, being built with port-holes for artillery, inſtead of windows. Round the caſtle on the South and Eaſt ſides, ſtood anciently the city. It had a good wall and ditch encompaſſing it, of which there are ſtill to be ſeen conſiderable remains. But for other buildings, there is now nothing left in it, except a church, which ſtands about a furlong eaſtward from the caſtle. It is one hundred and thirty foot in length, in breadth ninety-three, and in height ſixty-one. Its walls and arches, and pillars, are of a baſtard

a baſtard marble, and all ſtill ſo entire, that a ſmall expence would ſuffice to recover it into the ſtate of a beautiful Church again. But, to the grief of any Chriſtian beholder, it is now made a ſtall for cattle; and we were, when we went to ſee it, almoſt up to our knees in dirt and mire.

[*To be continued.*]

A METHOD *of ſaving* FROZEN LIMBS.

[By a Native of Ruſſia.]

IN *Ruſſia*, it is cuſtomary in ſevere froſty weather, inſtead of giving the hat on meeting, as with us, for people to ſtop and peep into each others faces. If nothing is amiſs, they paſs in ſilence; but if the noſe, the ears, or either cheek appears frozen, notice* is given by the ſtranger, by ſaying, "Sir, your noſe, or your right ear," &c. and ſo paſſes on. Upon this the affected perſon applies a poultice of ſnow, and in a ſhort time it recovers.

In February, 1772, I haled out of the mud three River-Turtles, and carrying them home, they remained ſome weeks in an open cellar; when finding them (in a very ſevere froſt) froze as ſtiff and hard as ice, I determined to make a trial. They were inſtantly put into a pail of water, freſh drawn from a well; in a few hours the two largeſt were well recovered, and as lively as when I caught them.

In the winter of 1769, I had a box of four oranges froze as hard as ice. They were put into water juſt drawn from a well, they recovered and ſqueezed as well, as if they had not been froze. One of them I placed in a window; it froze quite hard a ſecond time, and was in like manner recovered, and became as ſound as ever.

* It is to be underſtood that the perſon whoſe noſe, &c. is frozen is inſenſible of its being ſo; there being no feeling in the frozen part.

LETTERS.

[From Miſs H. B. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Wycombe, May 12, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

SINCE I ſaw you laſt, I have been called to ſuffer the will of God in ſeveral reſpects. However, he has been graciouſly pleaſed to give me ſtrength to ſtand my ground hitherto.

In my late ſickneſs, my relations did not, for ſometime, ſo much as ſend to know how I was. But at laſt, the Lord turned the hearts of my two nieces, who became more kind. When I got up again, and began to uſe the means of grace, Mr. W. came to ſee me. The morning he came, our converſation was more general than I deſired. After a time, he ſeemed to intimate that he thought I was not what he expected to ſee me. I was tempted to deſpair while he talked with me. But I durſt not complain, leſt I ſhould ſhew a want of patience. Since then, though I have walked more in the ſpirit of true religion; yet I feel the need I have of being watered every moment. And I feel as much need of uſing all the means of grace as ever. But I have not been able to faſt ſo often this winter as I have done before. But I am thankful when I can uſe that ordinance, as I always find it a great bleſſing.

Upon the whole, I deſire nothing but to do and ſuffer the will of God, and I believe I was never ſo well prepared to ſuffer as I am at preſent: ſeeing I am more ſaved from ſoftneſs of ſpirit, which has formerly often hurt both my body and ſoul.

As in obedience to you I have troubled you with theſe lines, I hope you will favour me with your advice and prayers, and believe me to remain, Rev. Sir, your Friend and Servant, H. B.

LETTER CCCLXV.

[From Miſs A. B. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Witney, May 15, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

TRULY God is loving unto Iſrael, and no good thing doth he with-hold from them that love him. I could not deſire a more ſuitable Saviour; or one more adequate to my wiſhes. O, Sir, how empty and inſignificant are all earthly things, compared to what we find in God! How inſipid are all terreſtrial joys to a ſoul who taſtes the love of Jeſus, and feeds, from day to day, on angels' food! Adored for ever be the God of love, who died himſelf that we might never die! I long for a greater depth of purity, to live in all things more like my living Head. This is all I wiſh for. I ſee ſuch a beauty in humility as I cannot expreſs; and truſt I ſhall partake of this lovely fruit of the Spirit more and more.

Of late, I have been more particularly led to conſider the nature of that ſalvation which is received by faith. I have thought, ſuppoſe I am ſpeaking to one newly juſtified, who feels the love of God ſhed abroad in his heart, and who has no deſire contrary to the will of God, whether it would be expedient to exhort ſuch a one to hold faſt what he has attained; and to tell him he never need feel evil more? Is it not, Sir, becauſe we loſe ſome degree of the light, power and love at firſt given, that we again feel evil tempers? And ſuppoſe, through unwatchfulneſs, weakneſs of faith, &c. we feel ſomething

ſomething ſpring up, that troubles us, might we not come immediately to the fountain, and never expect to experience the ſame to ſpring up again?

Several of our friends have lately had theſe thoughts, without being ſuggeſted to them by any perſon. As to myſelf, I am quite wavering, and therefore I hope you will favour me with a few lines. In ſo doing you will, Rev. Sir, greatly oblige your's affectionately,

A. B.

POETRY.

The Three WARNINGS: *a* TALE.

THE tree of deepeſt root is found,
Leaſt willing ſtill to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore ſaid by ancient ſages,
That love of life increaſéd with years
So much, that in our latter ſtages
When pains grow ſharp and ſickneſs rages,
The greateſt love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confeſs, but few perceive,
If old aſſertions can't prevail,
Be pleaſéd to hear a modern Tale.

When ſports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour *Dobſon's* wedding-day;
Death calléd aſide the jocund groom,
And ſtept into another room,
And looking grave,—you muſt, ſays he,
Quit your ſweet bride, and come with me.—
With you! and quit my *Suſan's* ſide!
With you! the hapleſs huſband criéd:

Young as I am—'tis monſtrous hard—
Beſides, in truth, I'm not prepared;
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding night, you know.
What more he urged I have not heard,
His reaſons could not well be ſtronger;
So *Death* at laſt his priſoner ſpared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a ſerious look,
The hour-glaſs trembled while he ſpoke,
Neighbour, he ſaid, farewel; no more
Shall Death diſturb your mirthful hour:
And further to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future ſtation,
Three ſeveral warnings you ſhall have
Before you're ſummoned to the grave;
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to ſay,
But when I call again this way,
Well-pleaſed the world will leave.
To theſe conditions both conſented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he lived, how wiſe, how well,
How roundly he purſued his courſe,
And ſmoaked his pipe, and ſtroaked his horſe
The willing Muſe ſhall tell.—
He chaffered then, he bought, he ſold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;

His

His friends not falſe, his wife no ſhrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He paſſéd his hours in peace;
But while he viewéd his wealth increaſe,
While thus along life's duſty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time whoſe haſte no mortal ſpares,
Uncalléd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in muſing mood,
As all alone he ſat,
Thé unwelcome meſſenger of fate,
Once more before him ſtood.
Half killed with anger and ſurpriſe,
So ſoon returnéd! old *Dobſon cries*,
So ſoon doſt call it! *Death* replies,
Surely my friend you're but in jeſt,
Since I was here before,
'Tis ſix and thirty years at leaſt,
And you are now fourſcore.
So much the worſe, the clown rejoinéd;
To ſpare the aged would be kind:
However, ſee your ſearch be legal;
And your authority—is regal:
Elſe you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a ſecretary's warrant.
Beſides you promiſéd me *three warnings*,
Which I have lookéd for nights and mornings;
But for the loſs of time and eaſe
I can recover damages.
I know, cries *Death*, that at the beſt,
I ſeldom am a welcome gueſt;
But don't be captious, friend, at leaſt.

I little

I little thought you'd ſtill be able
To ſtump about your farm and ſtable;
Your years have run to a great length,
I wiſh you joy of all your ſtrength.
Hold, ſays the farmer, not ſo faſt,
I have been *lame* theſe four years paſt.
And no great wonder, *Death* replies,
However you ſtill keep your eyes;
And ſure to ſee one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.
Perhaps, ſays *Dobſon*, ſo it might,
But I have lately loſt my *ſight*.
This is a ſhocking ſtory, faith!
But there's ſome comfort ſtill, ſays *Death*;
Each ſtrives your ſadneſs to remove;
I warrant you hear all the news.
There's none, cries he, and if there were,
I'm grown ſo *deaf* I could not hear.
Nay then, the ſpectre ſtern rejoined,
These are unwarrantable yearnings,
If you are *lame*, and *deaf*, and *blind*,
You've had your *three ſufficient warnings*;
So come along, no more we'll part,—
He ſaid, and touched him with his dart;
And now old *Dobſon* turning pale,
Yields to his fate,—ſo ends my Tale.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

[By Miſs Steel.]

TO Thee, all-glorious, ever-bleſſed Power,
I conſecrate this ſolemn midnight hour;
While darkneſs robes in ſhades the ſpangled ſky,
And all things huſhed in peaceful ſlumbers lie.

That

That I may gladly praiſe thy ſacred name,
My thoughts with riſing gratitude inflame;
So ſhall the mercies which thy hands impart,
Command my tongue, and animate my heart.

Should grief aſſail—my boſom heave with ſighs;
Then ſee my tears, and liſten to my cries:
And let my ſoul by ſome bleſt foretaſte know,
Her ſure delivèrance from eternal woe.

Arméd with immortal hope, no more I'll fear
The hour, the awful hour of Death draw near:
But Faith increaſing, as my life decays,
My dying breath ſhall mount to heavèn in praiſe.

O! may my prayèrs before thy throne ariſe;
An humble; but accepted ſacrifice!
Then balmy ſleep my weary eye-lids cloſe,
And cheer my body with a ſoft repoſe.

Their ſacred wings may guardian angels ſpread,
And from all dangers ſcreen my helpleſs head!
While from the throne of light, ſome gracious beams
Shine on my ſoul, and influènce all my dreams.

To SILVIA.

WHILE muſing in this ſolitary hour,
My Silvia riſes fair to fancy's eye:
Soft, ſoothing, melancholy, penſive power!
Awakes for her the anxious, tender ſigh.

Ah! how, when entèring on a world of ſnares,
Shall innocence preſerve the artleſs maid?
Ah! who ſhall guide, through life's bewildèring cares,
Her ſteps in ſafety to ſome hallowèd ſhade?

Parental

Paternal love, with ever-watchful eye,
Shall guard from cares, if near her cares ſhould preſs;
Shall kindly warn of every danger nigh,
And point the path of ſafety, joy and peace.

Friendſhip, for Silvia, ſhall collect her powérs,
And o'er the ſcene diffuſe a lucid ray;
Around her path ſhall ſtrew the ſweeteſt flowérs,
And bid the muſe attune her ſofteſt lay.

Deluſive hope! what dangers riſe unſeen!
What unſuſpected ſorrows wait around!
And can a friend or parent ſtep between,
When the wingéd arrow may ſo quickly wound?

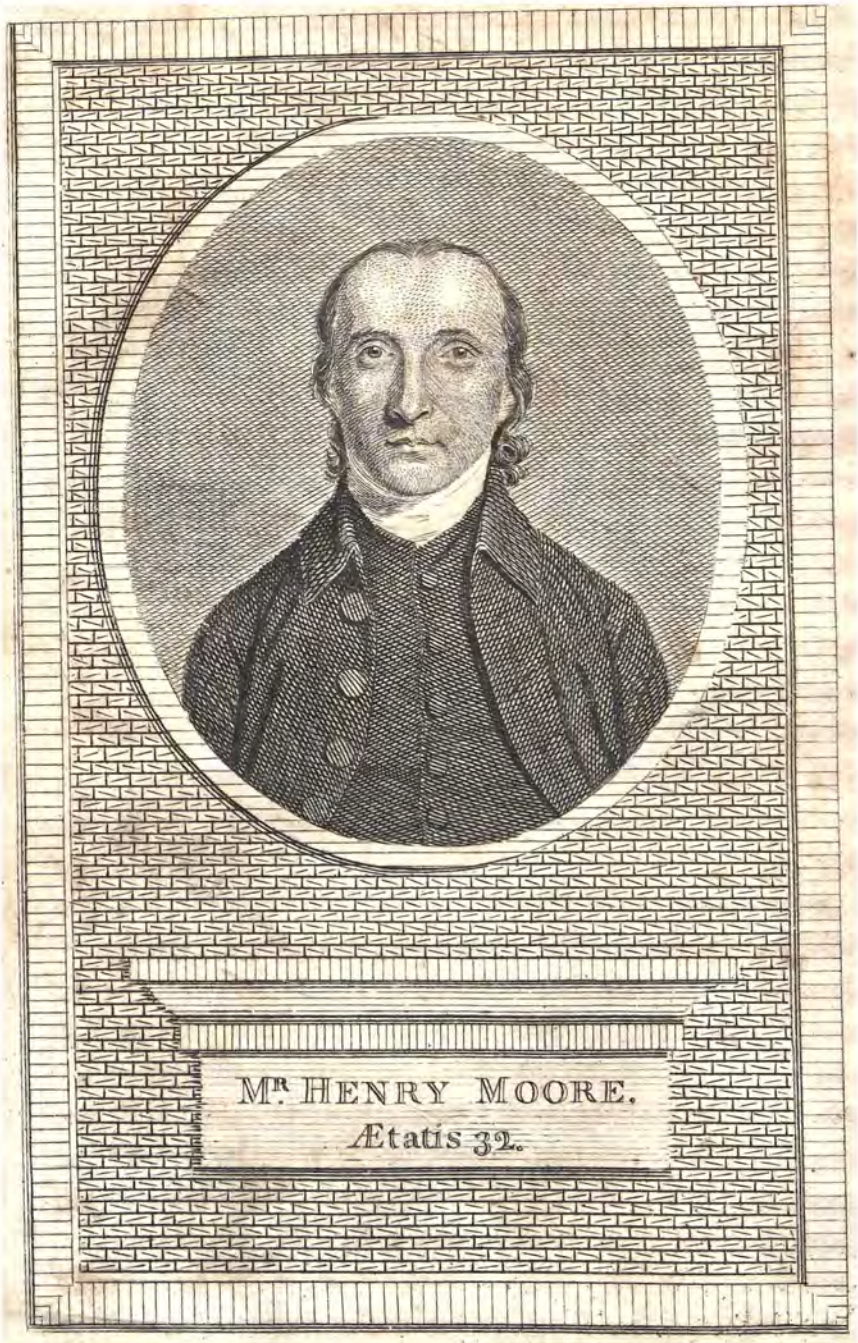
Alas! not friendſhip's tendéreſt, kindeſt art
Can guild affliction's heart-oppreſſing gloom:
Nor can paternal love repel the dart,
If Death ſtands threaténing o'er the gaping tomb.

O for a friend whoſe life-inſpiring ſmile
Can brighten dark affliction's darkeſt hours;
Eaſe every pain, and ſoften evéry toil,
And ſpread new life through nature's fainting powérs.

O for a friend whoſe all-ſuſtaining arm
Can make the heart ſerenely view the tomb;
Can Death of all his dread array diſarm,
And place a ſmiling angel in his room!

See, lovely Silvia, ſee that friend appears!
And hark! he calls you to his guardian arms!
Jeſus, that friend indeed! for ever near,
When grief approaches, or when death alarms.

O hear his voice! for heavén attends the ſound,
To him alone devote your blooming days:
So ſhall your life with happineſs be crownéd;
So ſhall you join with angels in his praiſe.



Mr. HENRY MOORE.
Ætatis 32.

THE Arminian Magazine, For MAY 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 179.]

CHAP. II.

Arguments againſt the Abſolute Decree of Reprobation.

I Come now to ſhew that this doctrine is contrary both to the nature and the will of God.

To the perfections of his nature; for,

1. 1ſt. God doth imutably, from the perfection of his nature, require that we ſhould love, fear, and obey him. Again, his moral and imitable perfections, viz. his holineſs, juſtice, truth, goodneſs, and mercy, being eſſential perfections flowing from his nature, muſt be the rule of the exerciſe of his will and power; and as God cannot but be the proper object of our love, fear, and obedience, even ſo he cannot but be deſirous that all men ſhould reſemble him as much as they are able, and therefore hath required his people to be

holy, becauſe the Lord their God is holy; to be merciful as their heavenly Father is merciful; to be kind to the unthankful and the wicked, that they may be his children; to be righteous as He is righteous: and to put on the new man which is created after God in righteouſneſs and true holineſs. He cannot then have ordained that they ſhould be otherwiſe for want of any thing on his part requiſite to make them ſo: much leſs can he command them under the penalty of his diſpleaſure ſo to be, and yet leave them under an incapacity of being ſo.

And does He think worthily of God, who knowing that all the lapſed ſons of Adam were equally the objects of his commiſeration, equally capable of his mercy, yet thinks he hath placed the far greateſt part of them under an abſolute decree of Reprobation, and then invites, and entreats them to be reconciled; and then eternally torments them for neglecting that ſalvation, though he knows they never can do otherwiſe without that grace which he hath abſolutely purpoſed for ever to with-hold from them! Surely he thinks more worthily of the God of Love, who looks upon him as an univerſal Lover of ſouls, who *would have all men to be ſaved*, and draws them to him by the moſt alluring promiſes, and the ſtrivings of his Spirit; ſwears to them that *he would not they ſhould periſh*; warns them of, and conjures them to avoid the things which tend to their eternal ruin; directs them to the means by which they may moſt certainly eſcape it: rejoiceth more at the converſion of one ſinner, than at the righteouſneſs of ninety-nine perſons who need no repentance; and when all the methods of his grace are loſt upon them, breaks forth into compaſſionate and melting wiſhes, that they had *known the things which belong to their eternal peace.* Again, Conſider, whether he conceives more honourably of God who thinks he chuſes his favourites without reaſon, and rewards them without any qualifications, but thoſe he irreſiſtibly works in them; or he who looks upon him as one that dealeth with all men, according as they improve the talents

talents he hath given them, or hide them in a napkin? Whether, Laſtly, he repreſents God honourably, who believes that, by his revealed will, he hath declared he *would have all men to be ſaved*, and yet by an antecedent ſecret will would have the greateſt part of them to periſh; that he hath impoſed a law upon them which he requires them to obey on penalty of his eternal diſpleaſure, though he knows they cannot do it without his irreſiſtible grace; and yet is abſolutely reſolved to with-hold this grace from them, and then to puniſh them eternally for what they could not do without it: or he who believes him to deal plainly with his creatures, and means what he ſays; and therefore not to ſeem deſirous they ſhould do, or avoid what he knows they never could do or avoid, and then complains that they have not done it, and enquires what was wanting on his part to enable them to do it?

2. 2dly. This will be further evident from thoſe ſcriptures which declare God is *long-ſuffering to us ward, not willing that any ſhould periſh, but that all ſhould come to repentance*; and that he ſent his Prophets to prevent their ruin, *becauſe he had compaſſion on them*. That he commands his Prophets, on peril of contracting the guilt of their blood, to warn his people that without repentance they muſt die, and to let them know, that as ſure as he lives, *he would not the death of him that dies*, but *would rather have him turn and live*; and that therefore they could have no reaſon to ſay his *ways were not equal*, or that they ſuffered for their father's ſins. For,

1ſt. Doth it become the wiſdom of God to appoint thoſe means for the effecting what he would have done, which he knows to be no means, becauſe no ways ſufficient to produce the aſſigned end; and to with-hold, yea, to decree to with-hold that which alone could make them ſo?

2dly. Doth it become the ſincerity and wiſdom of God to declare he did theſe things out *of compaſſion to his people*, till they ſo far deſpiſed his meſſengers, and rejected their warnings,

that there was no further remedy for them, when he himſelf beheld them in their *Eutopian maſſa perdita*, without the leaſt compaſſion, never deſigning them any remedy? Or could he hope to manifeſt the equity of his ways by ſaying *all ſouls are mine*, if he was not only like the Oſtrich to the greateſt part of them, *hardening himſelf againſt his own offspring*, made after his own image, *as if they were not his*, but even making the moſt of them, under that previous act of preterition, which renders their damnation unavoidable? Is he ſo concerned to juſtify the equity of his proceedings by declaring that *the ſon ſhall not die a temporal death, for the iniquity of his father*, but *the ſoul that* perſonally *ſinneth he ſhall die*; when this more obvious exception lay againſt the equity of his proceedings with the ſons of men, that moſt of the ſons of Adam lay under death eternal by his peremptory decree? Does it become his ſincerity to ſeem ſo earneſt in his calls to them to repent, and to enquire with ſo much ſeeming concern, *Why will you die*, and to ſtrengthen the invitation with an oath and ſolemn declaration, *I have no pleaſure in the death of him that dieth*; *therefore turn yourſelves and live ye*; and an enquiry, *am I not much delighted in that the ſinner turneth from his evil ways, and liveth*, when he himſelf hath paſſed that act of preterition on them, which renders it impoſſible for them to repent, and live?

To ſay that God is ſincere, and in good earneſt in theſe declarations and enquiries, only becauſe the thing commanded (though it be impoſſible to be done by them) would be grateful to him if it were done, is moſt apparently to put a force upon the text, to delude men with vain words, and to make the great and good God ſpeak ſo to his people in the concerns of their ſalvation as a wiſe, and honeſt man would be aſhamed to ſpeak to his neighbour.

And 1ſt. it puts a manifeſt force upon the text: for in what propriety of ſpeech can he be ſaid to be more deſirous that lapſed ſinners ſhould return from the evil of their ways and

and live, than that they ſhould continue in their ſins and die, who ſeeing them under an abſolute neceſſity of dying without grace neceſſary to avoid it, leaves them under that ſad neceſſity! and who ſeeing them under an equal incapacity of living without the ſame grace, decrees that they ſhall never have it, and therefore in effect ſaith, they ſhall die and not live. Surely when that which they ſay would be grateful to God is by him left under a known impoſſibility of being done, he cannot properly be ſaid to will it at all, becauſe *voluntas non eſt impoſſibilium, a true will only reſpects things poſſible:* much leſs can he be ſaid to will it, rather than that death, which by his own decree, i. e. his will, and rule of acting, he hath made impoſſible to be avoided.

Again; Doth he not delude men with vain words, who teaching that a God of truth, ſincerity, and of great goodneſs, doth with much ſeeming compaſſion, enquire of perſons abſolutely doomed to death by his own preſcription, *Why will you die?* and ſaith unto them with a paſſionate concern, *turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, why will you die? repent, and be converted from all your tranſgreſſions, ſo iniquity ſhall not be your ruin*, when he himſelf had from eternity appointed them to ruin, and purpoſed to with-hold from them that grace without which it was impoſſible they ſhould repent or be converted, and that he calls upon them to *caſt away from them all their tranſgreſſions whereby they have tranſgreſſed, and make themſelves a new heart, and a new ſpirit, for I have no pleaſure in their death*, when he himſelf only propounds the way of life unto them upon impoſſible conditions?

Did ever any honeſt man thus attempt to engage another to that which he beforehand knew was impoſſible, without that help he had determined to deny him? or enquire why he would do what he well knew he never could avoid? Did ever any wiſe Phyſician, or Surgeon ſay to the blind, the deaf and lame, I am not willing you ſhould ſtill continue under theſe diſtempers; put away your blindneſs, deafneſs

and

and lameneſs, and it ſhall be well with you, when they knew it was impoſſible to do it without their art, and that they were reſolved it ſhould afford them no aſſiſtance? If then the caſe is the ſame, in reference to all to whom God hath decreed not to afford ſufficient grace, or to obtain a new heart and ſpirit, and more eſpecially to them, *whom he hath ordained to die eternally*. Who can imagine a God of wiſdom, and ſincerity, ſhould ſo deal with the generality of lapſed men, as no good, wiſe, honeſt, or true hearted man could have the face to deal with one like himſelf?

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XXVII.

On HEBREWS xiii. 17.

Obey them that have the rule over you, and ſubmit yourſelves; for they watch over your ſouls, as they that ſhall give account, that they may do this with joy, and not with grief; for that is unprofitable for you.

1. EXCEEDING few, not only among Nominal Chriſtians, but among truly religious men, have any clear conception of that important doctrine, which is here delivered by the Apoſtle. Very many ſcarce think of it, and hardly know that there is any ſuch direction in the Bible. And the greater part of thoſe who know it is there, and imagine they follow it, do not underſtand it, but lean too much either to the right hand or the left, to one extreme or the other. It is well known to what an extravagant height the Romaniſts in general carry this direction. Many of them believe an implicit Faith is due to the doctrines delivered by thoſe that rule over them, and that implicit Obedience ought to be paid,

paid, to whatever commands they give: and not much leſs has been inſiſted on, by ſeveral eminent men of the Church of *England*. Although it is true that the generality of Proteſtants are apt to run to the other extreme: allowing their Paſtors no authority at all, but making them both the creatures and the ſervants of their congregations. And very many there are of our own Church who agree with them herein: ſuppoſing the Paſtors to be altogether dependent upon the people: who in their judgment have a right to direct, as well as to chuſe their Miniſters.

2. But is it not poſſible, to find a medium between theſe two extremes? Is there any neceſſity for us to run, either into one or into the other? If we ſet Human Laws out of the queſtion, and ſimply attend to the oracles of God, we may certainly diſcover a middle path, in this important matter. In order thereto, let us carefully examine the words of the Apoſtle above recited. Let us conſider,

I. Who are the perſons mentioned in the text, *they that rule over us?*

Secondly, Who are they whom the Apoſtle directs, to *obey and ſubmit themſelves* to them?

Thirdly, What is the meaning of this direction? In what ſenſe are they to *obey and ſubmit themſelves?* I ſhall then endeavour to make a ſuitable application of the whole.

I. 1. Conſider we, firſt, Who are the perſons mentioned in the text, *they that have the rule over you?* I do not conceive that the words of the Apoſtle are properly tranſlated; becauſe this tranſlation makes the ſentence little better than tautology. If they *rule over you*, you are certainly ruled by them: ſo that according to this tranſlation, you are only enjoined to do what you do already: to obey thoſe whom you do obey. Now there is another meaning of the Greek word, which ſeems abundantly more proper: it means to *guide*,

guide, as well as to rule. And thus, it ſeems, it ſhould be taken here. The direction then, when applied to our ſpiritual Guides, is plain and pertinent.

2. This interpretation ſeems to be confirmed by the ſeventh verſe; which fixes the meaning of this. "Remember *them which have the rule over you, who have ſpoken unto you the word of God.* The Apoſtle here ſhews, by the latter clauſe of the ſentence, whom he meant in the former. Thoſe that *were over them* were the ſame perſons *who ſpoke unto them the word of God*: that is, they were their Paſtors, thoſe who guided and fed this part of the flock of Chriſt.

3. But by whom are theſe Guides to be appointed? And what are they ſuppoſed to do, in order to be intitled to the obedience which is here preſcribed?

Volumes upon volumes have been wrote on that knotty queſtion, "By whom are Guides of ſouls to be appointed?" I do not intend here, to enter at all, into the diſpute concerning Church-Government? Neither to debate, whether it be advantageous or prejudicial to the intereſt of true Religion, that the Church and the State ſhould be blended together, as they have been ever ſince the time of *Conſtantine*, in every part of the Roman Empire, where Chriſtianity has been received. Waving all theſe points, (which may find employment enough for men that abound in leiſure) by them that guide you I mean, them that do it, if not by your Choice, at leaſt by your Conſent: them that you willingly accept of to be your Guides, in the way to heaven.

4. But what are they ſuppoſed to do, in order to entitle them to the obedience here preſcribed?

They are ſuppoſed to go before the flock, (as is the manner of the Eaſtern Shepherds to this day) and to guide them in all the ways of truth and holineſs: they are to *nouriſh them with the words of eternal life*, to feed them with *the pure milk of the word:* applying it continually *for doctrine*, teaching them all the eſſential doctrines contained therein: *for reproof*, warning

warning them if they turn aſide from the way to the right-hand or to the left: *for correction*, ſhewing them how to amend what is amiſs, and guiding them back into the way of peace: and *for inſtruction in righteouſneſs*, training them up in inward and outward holineſs, *until they come to a perfect man, to the meaſure of the ſtature of the fulneſs of Chriſt.*

5. They are ſuppoſed to *watch over your ſouls, as thoſe that ſhall give account. As thoſe that give account!* How unſpeakably ſolemn, and awful are theſe words! May God write them upon the heart of every Guide of ſouls!

They watch, waking while others ſleep, over the flock of Chriſt; over the ſouls that he has bought with a price, that he has purchaſed with his own blood. They have them in their hearts both by day and by night; regarding neither ſleep nor food in compariſon of them. Even while they ſleep, their heart is waking, full of concern for their beloved children. *They watch* with deep earneſtneſs, with uninterrupted ſerioufneſs, with unwearied care, patience and diligence, as they that are about to give an account of every particular ſoul, to him that ſtandeth at the door, to the Judge of quick and dead.

II. 1. We are, Secondly to conſider, Who thoſe are whom the Apoſtle directs to obey them that have the rule over them? And in order to determine this, with certainty and clearneſs, we ſhall not appeal to Human Inſtitutions, but ſimply, (as in anſwering the preceding queſtion) appeal to that deciſion of it, which we find in the oracles of God. Indeed we have hardly occaſion to go one ſtep farther than the text itſelf. Only it may be proper, firſt to remove out of the way ſome popular opinions, which have been almoſt every where taken for granted, but can in no-wiſe be proved.

2. It is uſually ſuppoſed, firſt, That the Apoſtle is here directing *Pariſhioners* to obey and ſubmit themſelves to the *Miniſter* of their Pariſh. But can any one bring the leaſt ſhadow of proof for this from the Holy Scripture! Where is it written, that we are bound to obey any Miniſter, becauſe we live in what is called his Pariſh? "Yes, you ſay, we are bound to *obey every ordinance of man for the Lord's ſake.*" True, in all things indifferent; but this is not ſo: it is exceeding far from it. It is far from being a thing indifferent to *me*, Who is the Guide of *my* ſoul. I dare not receive one as my guide to heaven, that is himſelf in the high road to hell. I dare not take a wolf for my ſhepherd, that has not ſo much as ſheep's clothing; that is a common ſwearer, an open drunkard, a notorious ſabbath-breaker. And ſuch (the more is the ſhame, and the more the pity) are many Parochial Miniſters at this day.

3. "But are you not properly members of that Congregation, to which your parents belong?" I do not apprehend that I am: I know no ſcripture that obliges me to this. I owe all deference to the commands of my parents, and willingly obey them in all things lawful. But it is not lawful to *call them Rabbi*, that is, to believe or obey them implicitly. Every one muſt give an account of himſelf to God. Therefore every man muſt judge for himſelf: eſpecially in a point of ſo deep importance as this is, the choice of a Guide for his ſoul.

4. But we may bring this matter to a ſhort iſſue, by recurring to the very words of the text. They that have voluntarily connected themſelves with ſuch a Paſtor, as anſwers the deſcription given therein. Such as do in fact watch over their ſouls, as they that ſhall give account: ſuch as do nouriſh them up with the words of eternal life; ſuch as feed them with the pure milk of the word, and conſtantly apply it to them for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for

for inſtruction in righteouſneſs: all who have found and choſen Guides of this character, of this ſpirit and behaviour, are undoubtedly required by the Apoſtle, to *obey and ſubmit themſelves* to them.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of the EXPERIENCE *of the Rev.* JAMES CREIGHTON, B. A.

[Written by Himſelf.]

THE following Account was written about a year ago, when I was in a bad ſtate of health; and was intended only for the uſe of my own family, when it ſhould pleaſe God to remove me from them. But I had no intention that it ſhould be made public: becauſe I know, however intereſting many little circumſtances of our lives may be to thoſe who are nearly connected with us; yet they prove inſipid to others, unleſs they are attended with ſomething remarkable. But, it being obſerved by a judicious perſon, that we ought publicly to acknowledge the loving kindneſs of the Lord, even in *little* circumſtances, I have conſented that the following ſhort account ſhould be made public.

I was born at a place called *Moyne-Hall*, near *Cavan*, the chief town of the county of that name, in *Ireland*, in the year 1739. My anceſtors, both by my father's and mother's ſide, were of Scotch deſcent, and ſettled in *Ireland*, I believe, in the latter end of the laſt, or the beginning of the preſent century. They were Diſſenters from the Church of England; but my father having ſeldom an opportunity of going to the Diſſenting Meeting (as there was none near him) generally attended the Church with his family.

My mother endeavoured early to impreſs my mind with the principles of the Chriſtian religion, and urged me much

to the reading of the ſcriptures. Pity but all parents would *train up their children in the way they ſhould go*; and particularly make them acquainted with the oracles of God: for though they often turn aſide from them; yet the ſcripture-truths, which have been warmly urged upon the mind, will generally recur ſooner or later, eſpecially in the hour of ſickneſs or affliction; and may be a means of bringing them acquainted with their own hearts, and with Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified.

While very young I was ſent to School, where I excelled moſt in ſuch things as were taught there. When I was pretty well fitted for buſineſs, and was about to quit the Engliſh ſchool, a Clergyman, who was Maſter of a Grammar-School in *Cavan*, hearing a favourable account of me from my old School-Maſter, requeſted my father, that I might be ſent to him, in order to be taught the languages. My father having conſented, I went to him, where I made a conſiderable progreſs. In a year after my going to this ſchool I was put to learn Greek; and in four years and an half, from my entering it, I was admitted into Trinity College, *Dublin*. Here I did not make any extraordinary progreſs, though I was far from being idle; and having naturally a bad utterance, I could not expreſs myſelf ſo readily or clearly as others, though I underſtood things as well as they did. Indeed I thought ſometimes I was not fairly dealt with, in reſpect to Premiums which are given in that College. However I got through my under-graduate-courſe with decency, and at Shrove-Tide Commencement, in the year 1764, was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

After leaving the College, I was an Aſſiſtant, for two years, at the ſchool where I had been bred. I was much inclined to have remained in a private ſtation, conſcious that I was not calculated to appear in public. Yet during my ſtay in the College, and alſo for near a year after I left it, I often reaſoned

reaſoned concerning entering into Orders, and could not reconcile myſelf to it. The chief difficulty lay here; I was conſcious that I was unqualified for ſo important a work; neither was I clearly ſatisfied that I was *called of God.* I often prayed earneſtly that God would give me light, or ſome token whether it was his will or not. But I received nothing that I could look upon as an anſwer till a little before I went into Orders. In the beginning of October, in the year 1764, the Gentleman in whoſe ſchool I aſſiſted, came and informed me that the Biſhop was ſhortly to hold an Ordination, and that I muſt go to him in a few days to be examined for Orders. This news threw me into great diſtreſs of mind; and I told him I could not think of it, as I had told him before, that I looked upon myſelf as ſcarcely fit for any buſineſs in life.

I then applied myſelf to fervent prayer; in conſequence of which, being a little more ſatisfied, I was on the 28th of October admitted to the Order of *Deacon*, and to that of *Prieſthood* on the ſame day of October in the following year, in the Cathedral Church of *Kilmore*, by the then Biſhop of that See.

But though admitted into this ſacred office, yet was I totally unfit to teach *others* the way of ſalvation; not having learned, what ſhould be the firſt leſſon with every man, but eſpecially every Preacher, viz. to *know myſelf.* I often formed good reſolutions, eſpecially on my taking Prieſt's Orders: but alas! I kept them not. And no wonder, for I was ſtill a *natural man*, and conſequently could not diſcern ſpiritual things. I had not power to keep that law which I delivered to others. I found by experience the truth of what St. *Paul* ſaid, when perſonating a natural man, *The good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.* I had, it is true, been by preventing grace kept from many outward evils, to which youth is generally prone; ſo that when in the College, I was looked upon as ſomewhat ſingular. I

generally

generally attended the public means of grace in the College, and ſometimes prayed earneſtly in ſecret. I ſtruggled frequently againſt ſin, eſpecially thoſe which moſt eaſily beſet me; but this was commonly of ſhort duration. As I advanced in years, and got acquainted with the world, I conformed more and more to it, than in my youth; being of too eaſy a temper I was often perſuaded to do things contrary to my conſcience; particularly to drink more than I could well bear, (though I was ſeldom what the world calls drunk,) and to partake of fooliſh amuſements.

From my earlieſt days, as God had been frequently convincing me of the ſinfulneſs of my heart and life, I was fond of reading, and of ſinging the penitential Pſalms; and was often conſtrained to ſhed tears when repeating them in private. After many efforts, I almoſt fell into deſpair of ever gaining the victory; and indeed the laſt ſpark of preventing grace ſeemed to be almoſt extinguiſhed, when God, who is rich in mercy, and willing that *all ſhould come to the knowledge of his truth*, was pleaſed, in the latter end of the year 1776, fully to open my eyes.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.

Written by Mr. J. Rogers.

[*Continued from page* 194.]

SHE then began to offer up fervent prayer to God to ſupport her in her lateſt hour, and to give her patience and reſignation; and arm her with the ſame mind that was in her ſuffering Lord: to bleſs the dear children, and to comfort *me* in the awful moment when ſhe ſhould be called hence, ſaying, "I have often thought of this, and always feared if the Lord ſhould take me from you, you would not be

be able to bear it. But I now believe he will ſupport you: you muſt look to him. I ſhall leave you; but Jeſus will not. No, no! You know, you have been cloſely tried ſince you came to *Macclesfield*; but you can ſay, Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. And he is the ſame to help you ſtill! Truſt in him and fear not! I am ſure the Lord hath rewarded you for all; you have loſt nothing by ſuffering in his cauſe; but have gained much more experience by thoſe things. How clearly is that word fulfilled, All things ſhall work together for good to them that love God."

When at any time things of a trying nature had happened among the people, while others would have been repeating grievances, her method was, to retire inſtantly to ſecret prayer; where ſhe generally left her burden with the Lord. She was no tattler, no buſy body; but a keeper at home. She carefully refrained from ſpeaking evil of any one; but when any uſed her unkindly, ſhe would bear it in ſilence and recommend them to God in prayer.

January 23, *George Pearſon* called to enquire after her, and by her deſire we aſked him up ſtairs. When he was come, ſhe gave him her hand, and ſaid, "Well George, I am glad to ſee you; I love to ſee the Lord's children, and I believe you are one. You have known the ways of God a long time George. The Lord has done much for you: yes he *has* bleſſed you, and he *will* bleſs you ſtill. He is a good and faithful God. I have ever proved him ſo, and eſpecially in this time of need. He does greatly bleſs me and comfort me, and will ſave me to the end! I believe you have had many trials ſince you firſt ſet out in the ways of God. You now grow near the end of your journey. You will not forſake the Lord now, and I am ſure he will not forſake you. No, no. The Lord never forſakes his people. You ſee he does not forſake me, unworthy as I am."

The next day ſhe was much compoſed and given to ſlumber. She had no pain, except when her cough came on.

She

She looked at me wiſhfully for ſometime, and then ſaid, "Pray with me; and aſk the Lord (if it be his pleaſure) to take me, I long to be gone!" I replied, My dear, I cannot aſk the Lord to do that; I wiſh you to ſtay longer: ſhe anſwered, "Why, my dear, cannot you yet give me up? *You muſt*; *you muſt be reſigned*, my dear: it is the Lord's doing, and you know you have often ſaid whatever he does is *well-done!*"

Having called the ſervant to her, ſhe ſaid, "*Phœbe*, be ſure to be a good girl. Serve the Lord. Give him your heart. Religion is the beſt thing *Phœbe*: nothing elſe will do. Be truly religious, and you will be fit to live or fit to die! O, it is a bleſſed thing to be devoted to God in our youth! Do not forget what I ſay. I am dying! you may live many years; or you may follow me ſoon! we cannot tell. The Lord knoweth! O think on theſe things, and you will ſee me again in heaven."

Miſs *R.* having aſſiſted her in what ſhe wanted, ſhe looked her in the face, and ſaid, with a peculiar emphaſis, "God bleſs you my dear, and reward you for all your kindneſs to me! He will reward you; I believe he will." Miſs *R.* anſwered, To be of the leaſt uſe to you, is to me a ſufficient reward: I can truly ſay I am bleſſed in being with you. I only wiſh to be like you when I come to be in like circumſtances. She anſwered, "O, my dear, you will make a glorious end, whenever you go! But I hope the Lord will ſpare you many years. Your work is not done! You will do much more good before you follow me."

A friend from *Buxton*, coming to ſee her, ſaid, You are much altered ſince I ſaw you laſt. On which ſhe ſaid, "Yes, I am very weak; but my Lord is very precious to me, and deals very tenderly with me indeed." She then enquired after his family, praying God to bleſs both him and them.

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The day after, being aſked how ſhe felt herſelf, ſhe replied, "Very comfortable. I feel the Lord is good to me: and notwithſtanding all my unworthineſs, I believe he will accept me; nay, he *does* accept me; I know that Jeſus is mine and I am his! I am indebted to his merit for all! I am ſaved through Chriſt alone! I leave all my concerns with Him; and am ſure he will keep what I have committed to his care. My huſband, my children, my friends, my all, I leave with Jeſus! I fully believe He will preſerve them all! and we ſhall meet above."

January 26, ſhe was very weak, but quite reſigned and much comforted. Being almoſt ſpent with coughing, when ſhe had recovered a little, we heard her ſpeak to herſelf thus, "Well, but I know my reward is with the Lord, and my God will be my help. Glory be to his dear Name! I feel he *doth* help me!" She then lay ſilently breathing prayer and praiſe; and often ſaying, Come! Come! Come Lord, Jeſus! Do come, bleſſed Saviour! Come! Come away! I long to be with thee! I ſhall be with thee very ſoon." &c.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of ANN ROYLANDS.

ANN ROYLANDS was born January 8, 1766. She loſt her mother when ſhe was about ten years old. This was the occaſion of many ſerious reflections, young as ſhe then was. It ſeemed to lay the foundation of what often appeared in her life and converſation afterward. She frequently ſhewed much tenderneſs of ſpirit in family prayer, and alſo when ſpoke to on account of her ſoul.

Thus ſhe went on, till about the middle of April, 1784, when ſhe was ſeized with an illneſs which ended in Death. Her diſorder was a Conſumption, and it made ſwift advances to haſten her end. Her father ſent her to the country, to ſee

what a change of air would do; but ſhe was uneaſy till ſhe returned to *London*.

As her illneſs increaſed, ſo did her trouble of mind. In this ſituation I found her on the 7th of May. I converſed ſometime with her, and concluded the converſation with prayer. When I aroſe from my knees, I had a ſtrong conviction that God would ſoon viſit her ſoul. I encouraged her to come to Jeſus, juſt as ſhe was; and to caſt her burdened ſoul on the Lamb of God. I told her father and mother-in-law, not to fear; for ere long ſhe would ſee the ſalvation of God. In this confidence I left her, and from this time ſhe called upon the Lord night and day.

On Monday the 10th of May, a Chriſtian friend called on her, and converſed with, and prayed for her. After prayer, ſhe cried out, "It is done! It is done!" The friend that was with her ſaid, What is done? She replied, as well as ſhe could for tears, "The Lord has pardoned all my ſins!" Juſt at that inſtant her father (who had been at a prayer-meeting) came in, and to his unſpeakable joy, found her overwhelmed with tears of love, and praiſing God. "Now, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall go to heaven! Now I am not afraid to die! O, I have been a wicked ſinner; but God has pardoned all my ſins! Now I ſhall go to ſee my mother, brothers, and ſiſters in glory!"

All the enſuing week, ſhe enjoyed a conſtant ſenſe of the peace and love of God. In this ſpirit I found her when I called to ſee her. She calmly told me what the Lord had done for her ſoul. She was much delighted with the hymns; but particularly with the funeral hymns. Her diſorder now increaſed very faſt, and at ſeaſons, Satan was permitted to try her faith. About a week after ſhe found peace with God, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw the devil coming towards her, with a fierce countenance; and looked as if he would have torne her in pieces. But ſhe lifted up her heart to the Lord, and found him near to ſave. She then cried out, "Thou dog

of

of hell, thou canſt not ſtand prayer!" Immediately her ſoul was ſo filled with the love of God, that ſhe could ſcarce contain herſelf. She longed to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt. But in the midſt of her earneſt deſires to be gone, ſhe would frequently ſay! "Thy will be done! Thy will be done!"

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ELIZABETH HENSON'S *Account of the Death of her Mother.*

MY dear mother was releaſed from the body on the 26th inſtant, about nine o'clock in the evening.

The laſt five days ſhe lived, ſhe ſaid, "The enemy is conſtrained to withdraw; for the Lord knows my weakneſs, and does not ſuffer me to be tempted." She had a great deſire to ſee Mr. *Weſley*; but when he came, ſhe could ſpeak but little to him. However his words and prayers were a great comfort to her. One day when I thought ſhe was dying, I aſked her if ſhe had any doubt of her acceptance with God? On which ſhe anſwered, "No. I feel no doubt. Chriſt is precious to me." Afterwards ſhe ſaid, "Perfect love caſteth out all fear that hath torment. I have nothing to do now but to fear offending my good and gracious God. He is the good Shepherd, and careth for his ſheep. What a good Shepherd have I? But O, how little have I laboured for him! But the precious blood of Chriſt is all my dependance now. O, what a Saviour is he! why art thou caſt down, O my ſoul! and why art thou diſquieted within me? Truſt in God, for I ſhall yet praiſe him."

Some friends coming to ſee her; ſhe told them ſhe had no doubt. She then ſaid to me, "O, my dear child! I long to be with him whom my ſoul loveth." The reſt of the day ſhe was frequently heard to ſay, "O, precious Chriſt! O, bleſſed Jeſus! O, what a Saviour have I!" Her laſt words were, "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Whittlebury, Nov. 30, 1784. E. HENSON.

An Account of the DRUMMER *of Tedworth.*

[*Concluded from page* 206.]

ABOUT this time (ſays my author) I went on purpoſe to enquire the truth of thoſe paſſages, of which there was ſo loud a report. The drumming had ceaſed before I came hither; but moſt of the more remarkable circumſtances before related, were confirmed to me there, by ſeveral who had been preſent.

At this time the children were uſed to be haunted as ſoon as they were laid. They went to bed that night I was there, about eight o'clock; when a maid-ſervant coming down, told us it was come. The neighbours and two miniſters that were there, who had ſeen and heard divers times, went away; but Mr. *Mompeſſon* and I, and a gentleman that came with me, went up ſtairs. I heard a ſcratching which was very ſtrange. I perceived it was juſt behind the bolſter of the children's bed. It was as loud a ſcratching as one with long nails could make upon a bolſter. There were two little girls in bed, between ſeven and eleven years of age. I ſaw their hands without, ſo that they could not contribute to the noiſe. As they had been uſed to it, they ſeemed not to be much affrighted. Standing at the bed's head, I thruſt my hand behind the bolſter; whereupon the noiſe ceaſed there, and was heard in another part of the bed: but when I had taken out my hand, it returned, and was heard in the ſame place as before. I had been told, it would imitate noiſes; ſo I made trial, by ſcratching ſeveral times upon the ſheets, as five, ſeven, and ten, which it followed, and ſtill ſtopped at any number. I ſearched under and behind the bed, turned up the clothes to the bed-cords, graſped the bolſter, ſounded the wall behind, and made all ſearch that I poſſibly could, to find

find if there was any trick, and ſo did my friend; but we could diſcover nothing. I was therefore verily perſuaded (and am ſo ſtill) that the noiſe was made by ſome ſpirit.

After we had ſearched about half an hour or more, it went into the middle of the bed, and there ſeemed to pant very loud like a dog out of breath. I put my hand upon the place, and felt the bed bearing up againſt it. I graſped the feathers to feel if any living thing was in them. I looked under, and every where about, to ſee if there was any dog or cat, or any other creature in the room; and ſo we all did, but found nothing. The motion it cauſed by this panting was ſo ſtrong, that it ſhook the room and windows very ſenſibly; it continued thus more than half an hour, while my friend and I ſtaid in the room, and as long after, we were told. During the panting, I chanced to ſee ſomething (which I thought was a rat or a mouſe) moving in a linen-bag, that hung againſt another bed in the room. I ſtept and caught it by the upper end with one hand, with which I held it, and drew it quite through the other, but found nothing at all in it; there was nobody near to ſhake the bag, or if there had, no one could have made ſuch a motion, which ſeemed as if ſome living creature had moved in it. My friend and I lay in the chamber where the firſt and chief diſturbance had been. We ſlept well all night, but early in the morning I was awakened by a great knocking without our chamber door. I aſked, Who was there? But the knocking ſtill continued, without anſwer. At laſt, I ſaid, "In the name of God, who is it? and what would you have?" To which a voice anſwered, "Nothing with you." We, thinking it had been ſome ſervant of the houſe, went to ſleep again: but ſpeaking of it to Mr. *Mompeſſon* when we came down, he aſſured us that no one of the houſe lay that way, or had buſineſs thereabout; and that his ſervants were not up till he called them, which was after it was day.

There

There came one morning a light into the children's chamber, and a voice crying, A witch, a witch, for at leaſt a hundred times together. Mr. *Mompeſſon* one day ſeeing ſome wood move as of itſelf, diſcharged a piſtol into it, after which they found drops of blood upon the hearth, and in divers places on the ſtairs. For two or three nights there was a calm in the houſe; but then it came again, to a little child, newly taken from the nurſe, which it would not let reſt for two nights together: nor ſuffer a candle in the room; but carry them away lighted up through the chimney, or caſt them under the bed. It ſo frightened this child, by leaping upon it, that, for ſome hours, it could not be recovered out of the fright: ſo that they were forced again to put the children out of the houſe.

The next night, ſomething about midnight came up the ſtairs, and knocked at Mr. *Mompeſſon's* door; but he lying ſtill, it went to his man's chamber, to whom it appeared ſtanding at his bed's feet: the exact ſhape and proportion he could not diſcover; but he ſaid, "He ſaw a great body, with two red, glaring eyes, which it fixed upon him, and at length diſappeared." Another night, ſeveral gentlemen being preſent, it purred in the children's bed like a cat; at which time the clothes and children were ſo lifted up from the bed, that ſix men could not keep them down. Hereupon they removed the children, intending to have ripped the bed, but they were no ſooner laid in another, but the ſecond bed was more troubled than the firſt. It continued thus four hours, and beat the children's legs againſt the bed-poſts, that they were forced to riſe, and ſit up all night. After this, it would empty chamber-pots into their beds, and ſtrew them with the aſhes from the hearth, though they were ever ſo carefully watched.

About the beginning of April 1663, a gentleman that lay in the houſe, had all his money turned black in his pocket. And Mr. *Mompeſſon* coming one morning into his ſtable, found

found his horſe lying on the ground, having one of his hinder legs in his mouth.

After this, there were other remarkable things; but my account goes no further. Only Mr. *Mompeſſon* wrote me word, "That afterwards the houſe was ſeveral times beſet with ſeven or eight, in the ſhape of men; who, as ſoon as a gun was diſcharged, would ſhuffle away together into an arbour."

The drummer was tried at the aſſizes at *Saliſbury*. He was committed firſt to *Gloceſter* goal for ſtealing; when a *Wiltſhire* man coming to ſee him, he aſked, What news in *Wiltſhire?* The man anſwered, "He knew of none." No, ſaid the drummer, Do you not hear of the drumming at a gentleman's houſe at *Tedworth?* "I do enough of that," ſaid the other, Aye, ſaid the drummer, I have plagued him, and he ſhall never be quiet, till he hath made me ſatisfaction for taking away my drum. Upon information of this, the drummer was tried at *Sarum*; and all the main circumſtances I have related, were ſworn to at the aſſizes, by the Miniſter of the pariſh, and divers others of the moſt intelligent inhabitants, who had been eye and ear witneſſes of them, for ſeveral years together.

The drummer was condemned for tranſportation, and accordingly ſent away; but I know not how (it is ſaid, by raiſing ſtorms, and affrighting the ſeamen) he made a ſhift to get back again. And it is obſervable, that during the time of his reſtraint and abſence, the houſe was quiet; but as ſoon as he came back the diſturbance returned.

He had been a ſoldier under Cromwell, and uſed to talk of gallant books, which he had of an odd fellow, who was counted a wizard.——So far the Author's account.

N. B. A grandſon of Mr. *Mompeſſan's* was cotemporary with my eldeſt brother, at Chriſt-Church in *Oxford*; who aſked

aſked him, Whether it was true, that his grandfather had denied the truth of this relation? He ſaid, "My grandfather never denied it. But the company which flocked to the houſe was ſo troubleſome and expenſive, that when a report was ſpread of its being a cheat, he was glad of it, and never contradicted it."

J. W.

An Extract from a SERMON, *on* GOD is LOVE.

[*Continued from page* 210.]

2. "MANY are excited to the purſuit of everlaſting happineſs, and deterred from the ways of deſtruction, by means of the threatenings of the divine law; even thoſe unhappy creatures on whom they are finally executed, were once in a capacity of receiving immortal advantage from them; but defeated their good influence by their own wilful obſtinacy: and the righteous execution of theſe threatenings upon the incorrigible, often promote the common good of the univerſe."

"Many are excited to the purſuit of everlaſting happineſs, and deterred from the ways of deſtruction, by means of the threatenings of the divine law." I appeal to experience and obſervation, whether the terrors of the Lord are not the very firſt things that give a check to ſinners in their headlong career to ruin? It is "the law that worketh wrath;" that is, an alarming apprehenſion of the wrath of God againſt ſin, that conſtrains them to uſe the means of deliverance. Thus even the terrors of the law are made ſubſervient to divine love, in "turning ſinners from the error of their way, and ſaving ſouls from death." And could we conſult the glorious aſſembly of "the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect," they would all own that if their heavenly Father had not threatened them

them ſo ſeverely they would always have continued undutiful, and conſequently miſerable; and that they were ſaved from hell by being honeſtly warned of the danger of falling into it. It is true, there are multitudes who do not receive this advantage by the perſonal ſanctions of the divine law; but are made miſerable for ever by the execution of them: yet it may be added,

"That even thoſe unhappy creatures on whom they are executed, were once in a capacity of receiving infinite advantage from them; but defeated their good influence by their own wilful obſtinacy." The threatenings of the divine law had the ſame tendency in their own nature with reſpect to them, to deter them from diſobedience, and urge their purſuit of happineſs, as with reſpect to others; and theſe were ſome of the means God appointed for their ſalvation. But they hardened themſelves againſt them, and thus defeated their tendency; and obſtinately ruined themſelves in defiance of warning. They forced a paſſage into the infernal pit through the ſtrongeſt incloſures. But if they had not been thus warned, they not only would not have been ſaved in the event, but they would not have enjoyed the means of ſalvation. Now their enjoying theſe means was in itſelf an inexpreſſible bleſſing, though in the iſſue it only aggravates their miſery; and conſequently the enacting thoſe penalties to the divine law, was really an act of kindneſs even to them.

The primary and direct end of a penalty is not the puniſhment of the ſubjects; but to reſtrain them from things injurious to themſelves and others, and urge them to purſue their own intereſt. But when this good end is not anſwered, by reaſon of their wilful diſobedience, then, and not till then, the execution is neceſſary for the good of others; which leads me to add,

"That the righteous execution of the threatened penalty upon the incorrigible, may promote the common good of the univerſe." This world of ours is a public theatre, ſurrounded

with numerous ſpectators. Angels in particular are witneſſes of the proceedings of providence towards mankind, and thence learn the perfections of God, and the maxims of his government. Hell is alſo a region dreadfully conſpicuous to them, and there is no doubt, the offended Judge intends "to ſhew his wrath, and make his power known" to them all, as well as to mankind. Now they are held in obedience by rational motives; and not by any mechanical compulſion. And among other motives no doubt this is one of no ſmall weight, their obſerving the deſtructive conſequences of ſin upon men and angels. It is not at all inconvenient with their dignity and purity, to ſuppoſe them ſwayed by this motive, in connection with others of a more generous nature. Therefore the confirmation of the elect angels in holineſs and happineſs, is no doubt not a little ſecured by the execution of righteous puniſhment upon ſome hardened malefactors, both of their own order, and of the human race. The ſame thing may be ſaid of "the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect:" they are happily incapable of ſinning; but their incapacity ariſes from the clear conviction of their underſtanding. And while ſin appears to them ſo deſtructive an evil, it is impoſſible, according to the make of a rational nature, that they ſhould chooſe it. But the conſequences of ſin upon the wretched creatures, on whom the penalty denounced againſt it is executed, is no doubt one thing that affords them this conviction; and ſo it contributes to their perſeverance in obedience and happineſs. Thus the joys of heaven are ſecured by the pains of hell, and even the moſt noxious criminals anſwer the terrible, but benevolent end of warning all other creatures againſt diſobedience; juſt as the execution of a few malefactors in human governments is of ſervice to the reſt of the ſubjects.

But as the greater part of mankind periſh, it may be queried, "How is it conſiſtent with love and goodneſs that the majority ſhould be made monuments of juſtice, for the benefit

benefit of the ſmaller number?' To this I reply, that though it be evident that the greater part of mankind go down to deſtruction in the ſmooth, broad road of ſin, in the ordinary ages of the world; and though revelation aſſures us that the number of the apoſtate angels is very great, yet we have no reaſon to conclude that the greater part of the rational creation ſhall be miſerable. Nay, it is poſſible the number of thoſe on whom the penalty of the divine law is inflicted, may bear no more proportion to that of the innumerable ranks of creatures that may be retained in obedience and happineſs, by means of their exemplary puniſhment, than the number of criminals, executed in our government for the warning of others, bear to the reſt of the ſubjects. If we conſider that thoſe who have been "redeemed from the earth," even in the ordinary ages of the world, though comparatively but few, yet abſolutely are a "multitude which no man can number, out of every kindred, and people, and language;" and that the elect angels are "an *innumerable* company," probably much greater than the legions of hell; if to theſe we add the prodigious numbers that ſhall be converted in that bleſſed ſeaſon when Satan ſhall be bound, when the Prince of Peace ſhall reign, and when "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatneſs of the kingdom under the whole heaven, ſhall be given to the people of the ſaints of the moſt High," in which not only the greater number of the generations that ſhall live in that glorious millennium ſhall be ſaved, but perhaps a greater number than all that periſhed in former generations; which is very poſſible, if we conſider the long continuance of that time, and that the world will then be under the peculiar bleſſing of Heaven, and conſequently mankind will multiply faſter, and not be diminiſhed as they now are by the calamities of war, plagues, epidemical ſickneſſes, and the other judgments of God upon theſe times of rebellion; if we admit theſe ſuppoſitions, ſome of which are undoubtedly true, and the reſt not improbable, it will follow

that the number of holy and happy creatures in the univerſe, will be incomparably greater than that of miſerable criminals; and that the puniſhment of the latter is one principal means of preſerving this infinite number in obedience and happineſs; and conſequently is highly conducive to the public happineſs, and expreſſive of the love and goodneſs of the univerſal Ruler, to the immenſe community of his ſubjects. And thus *God is love* even in the moſt terrible diſplays of his vindictive juſtice.

[*To be continued.*]

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Of HUMAN LIBERTY.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

WITHOUT freedom, the origin of moral and phyſical evil, would be unintelligible, and even impoſſible. Moral good, is the conformity of the mind to the laws of eternal order. Eternal order, conſiſts in loving God for himſelf, and all other beings proportionably as they reſemble him. Moral evil on the contrary is to reverſe or counteract this law of eternal order: it is to love otherwiſe than God loves; to ſeparate the love of pleaſure from the love of juſtice. Now this is impoſſible, unleſs finite beings be endued with a power of preferring freely the love of pleaſure, to the love of order and juſtice. We muſt therefore either deny that there is any real diſtinction between Vice and Virtue, or maintain that all created intelligences are free. Moreover, without freedom, phyſical evil is no leſs inexplicable. It is abſolutely impoſſible that beings made for eternal happineſs can be for one inſtant miſerable, but by their own fault; and therefore they muſt be endewed with ſome faculty by which they can oppoſe the deſigns of God. Since the immenſe

Ocean

Ocean of Goodneſs made us only to be happy, by his beatifying influences and communications; ſince he loves all that he made; and ſince it is impoſſible to love a being without deſiring its well-being; it is plain that if we are unhappy for one inſtant, it muſt be by our own fault: that there muſt be ſomething in us that hinders God's beatifying illapſes and emanations; and that this can be no other than the abuſe of liberty, and the voluntary turning away of our faculties from the overflowing ſource of life, light, and love. If finite ſpirits be not free, then, God muſt be the cauſe of all the ſins they commit, and of all the ſufferings they endure. Without this ſolution we muſt open the ſluices to all impiety and atheiſm, and deny that God made us to be eternally perfect and happy in the knowledge and love of his boundleſs perfections.

By the negation of freedom, not only all religion, but all human ſociety is unhinged. If there be no liberty in ſpiritual agents, then all inclinations, paſſions and vices are unblameable. They are virtuous without being commendable, and vicious without being cenſurable. We cannot ſhun any one crime, or any one action we commit. All human and divine laws are uſeleſs. It is needleſs to write, inſtruct, exhort, threaten, and endeavour to change any profligate inclination in ourſelves, or in others. All our efforts are vain, and ſuperfluous. We muſt follow the unchangeable laws of nature, according to the Spinoſiſts, or the irrevocable decrees of Heaven, according to the Predeſtinarians, that determine us invincibly, or abandon us inevitably to robbery, inceſt, and parricide: to ſtrangle an innocent child; ſtab a tender mother; ſtarve our family; ruin our country; hate mankind; and blaſpheme againſt almighty power. *Nero*, *Caligula*, and *Domitian* were no ways culpable. Their crimes were as neceſſary effects of invariable laws, or predeterminating decrees, as the virtues of the greateſt philoſophers, heroes, and ſaints. Yea, all the inward remorſes of conſcience, horrors of mind, raging

raging deſpair, and all the outward effects of obduration and impenitence are as neceſſary as the crimes themſelves. All events are equally foreſeen, fore-ordained, and pre-eſtabliſhed by the Predeſtinarian god, or produced by the Spinoſian. It is vain to ſay that though men be neceſſary agents, yet neither are rewards uſeleſs, nor puniſhments unjuſt, becauſe both are cauſes that produce neceſſarily their effects in the good, or in the bad. This is mere ſubterfuge. The rewards propoſed, and the puniſhments threatened can have no effect but upon thoſe who are predeſtinated to hear the one and fear the other. The former are uſeful only to a little number; and the latter are unjuſt to the greater part of mankind, who could not act otherwiſe than Fate had determined them.

[*To be continued.*]

To the Memory of Sir JOHN MASON,

WHO, though but threeſcore and three years old at his death, yet flouriſhed in the reigns of four Princes, viz. *Henry the Eigth*, *Edward the Sixth*, *Queen Mary*, and *Queen Elizabeth:* and was a Privy-Counſellor to them all, and an eye-witneſs of the various revolutions and viciſſitudes of thoſe times. Towards his latter end, being on his death-bed, he called for his Clerk and Steward, and delivered himſelf in theſe terms:

" Lo! here have I lived to ſee five Princes, and have been a Privy-Counſellor to four of them. I have ſeen the moſt remarkable obſervables in foreign parts, and have been preſent at moſt ſtate tranſactions for thirty years together. And I have learned this after ſo many years experience, that Serioufneſs is the greateſt wiſdom, Temperance the beſt phyſic, and a good Conſcience the beſt eſtate. And were I to

live

live again, I would change the court for a cloiſter, my Privy-Counſellor's buſtles for a Hermit's retirement, and the whole life I lived in the palace, for an hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things elſe forſake me beſides my God, my duty, and my prayer."

The Hiſtory of the INQUISITION.

THE Pope founded the Orders of *Dominicans* and *Franciſcans*, (Anno. 1200) to preach againſt hereſies; appointing the county of *Tholouſe*, for the province of Dominic and his followers, and *Italy* to *Francis* and his bare-footed diſciples. And both theſe Miſſioners having vowed perpetual, and blind obedience to the holy-father at *Rome*, were inſtructed to excite all Princes and people in communion with him, to extirpate heretics (by which name the Pope ſtigmatizeth all that deny him obedience) and in all places to enquire into their number and quality, and to tranſmit a faithful account thereof to *Rome*.

Dominic, who was of a bloody and cruel nature, immediately repaired to his ſtation at *Tholouſe*, and acquitted himſelf with ſo much ſatisfaction to the court of *Rome*, that Pope *Innocent* III. at his own requeſt, inveſted him with the power of Inquiſitor of the holy See. This firſt Inquiſitor was a native of *Calaroga*, in the dioceſe of *Oſma* in *Spain*. His mother, before ſhe conceived him, is ſaid to have dreamed that ſhe was with child of a whelp, carrying in his mouth a lighted torch. Accordingly, in his time he put the world in an uproar by his barkings, and ſet it on fire by the torch that he carried in his mouth; which was a fit emblem of that fire and faggot by which an infinite number have been burnt alive, under the ſentence of the Inquiſition.

After

After this, the Pope laboured with all his power to confer a greater power upon the Inquiſitors, and to eſtabliſh a tribunal for them, in which they might ſit, and pronounce ſentence of hereſy and heretics, as Judges delegated from himſelf, and repreſenting his perſon. With this view he obtained many conſtitutions in diverſe places in their favour. He publiſhed the *Decretels*, *Clementines*, and *Extravagantines*, and perſuaded the Emperor *Frederic* II. to confirm their authority by many laws againſt heretics, in the year 1225.

The Inquiſition thus ſupported, we find it eſtabliſhed in diſtant countries. It was brought into *Arragon* in the year 1232: into *France* in 1234: and in *Italy* about the ſame time, though not without much oppoſition from the Laity, who were offended at being excluded wholly from all judgment againſt the heretics. For all the power that the Pope and his ſervant *Dominic* left the civil Magiſtrate in this caſe, was to put thoſe to death, whom the Eccleſiaſtics had ſentenced to death; whereby he became no better than a ſlave to the Inquiſitors, being obliged to execute their ſentence with a blind obedience, without any cognizance of the crime. However Pope *Innocent* IV. after the death of the Emperor *Frederic*, erected a tribunal ſolely for the buſineſs of the Faith; and gave to the Inquiſitors perpetual power to adminiſter judgment in his name in this cauſe. But leſt the Pope ſhould ſeem wholly to deprive the Biſhops of the power of judging concerning the faith, which had hereto been wholly lodged with them, he appointed that a Biſhop, with the Inquiſitor, ſhould be Judge in this tribunal; but that the whole power of judging ſhould reſt wholly in the Inquiſitor. So that the Biſhop is no more than a cypher. And to ſoothe the Civil Magiſtrate, he allowed them to appoint Miniſters of the Inquiſition; but ſuch only as were nominated by the Inquiſitors, and to depute one of their number, nominated by the Inquiſitor, to viſit with him the territory committed to his charge; and of claiming the third

part

part of the confiſcated goods, &c. By which the civil Magiſtrate ſeemed to be admitted as a companion of the Inquiſitors, but was in reality rendered their ſlave and tool: for he is obliged, at the command of the Inquiſitor, to apprehend any one, and to impriſon him where the Inquiſitor pleaſeth: and if any of his number are called to aſſiſt the Inquiſitors, they muſt take an oath of ſecreſy. So that it is plain, the Magiſtrates were not the companions, but the ſlaves and tools of the Inquiſitors in that tribunal. Nevertheleſs this ſhew of admiſſion into the eccleſiaſtic tribunal had its deſired effect; for before the year 1300, we find it gained ground in *Paris*, *Tholouſe*, in the iſland of *Sardinia*, in *Syria*, and *Paleſtine*; in *Servia*, *Germany*, *Auſtria*, *Hungary*, *Poland*, *Dalmatia*, *Bohemia*, and in other parts, ſo far as the Pope's authority could promote and eſtabliſh it. But it was not introduced into all the kingdoms of *Spain*, till *Ferdinand* and *Iſabella*, had united them by their marriage, and obtained ſeveral ſignal victories over the *Moors*. When by the authority of Pope *Sixtus*, they ordered tribunals of the Inquiſition to be erected in all their dominions with greater pomp, magnificence, and power, than any other nation; that they might ſeem to exceed all others in their endeavours to maintain the *Roman* Faith againſt all oppoſition.

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 222.]

TUESDAY, March 9. Drawing towards *Tripoli*, our Muleteers were afraid to advance leſt their beaſts might be preſſed for public ſervice. So we left them in the plain

of *Junia*, and proceeded ourſelves for *Tripoli*; where we arrived about ſun-ſet.

At *Tripoli* we repoſed a full week, being very generouſly entertained by Mr. *Francis Haſtings* the Conſul, and Mr. *John Fiſher*, Merchant; theirs being the only Engliſh houſe in *Tripoli*.

Tripoli is ſeated about half an hour from the ſea. The major part of the city lies between two hills; one on the Eaſt, on which is a caſtle commanding the place; another on the Weſt, between the city and the ſea. This latter is ſaid to have been at firſt raiſed, and to be ſtill increaſed by the daily acceſſion of ſand, blown to it from the ſhore: upon which occaſion there goes a propheſy, that the whole city ſhall in time be buried with this ſandy hill. But the Turks ſeem not very apprehenſive of this prediction; for inſtead of preventing the growth of the hill, they ſuffer it to take its courſe, and make it a place of pleaſure, which they would have little inclination to do, did they apprehend it were ſometime to be their grave.

Thurſday, March 11. This day we all dined at Conſul *Haſting's* houſe, and after dinner went to wait upon *Oſtan* the *Baſſa* of *Tripoli*; having firſt ſent our preſent, as the manner is amongſt the Turks, to procure a propitious reception.

It is counted uncivil to viſit in this country without an offering in one's hand. All great men expect it as a kind of tribute due to their character and authority; and look upon themſelves as affronted, and indeed defrauded, when this compliment is omitted. Even in familiar viſits amongſt inferior people, you ſhall ſeldom have them come without bringing a flower, or an orange, or ſome other ſuch token of their reſpect to the perſon viſited: the Turks, in this point, keeping up the ancient oriental cuſtom hinted at, 1 Sam. ix. 7, *If we go* (ſays Saul) *what ſhall we bring the man of God? There is not a preſent*, &c. which words are queſtionleſs

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to be underſtood in conformity to this eaſtern cuſtom, as relating to a token of reſpect; and not to a price of divination.

Friday, March 12. In the afternoon we went to viſit *Bell-Mount*, a Convent of Greeks, about two hours to the ſouthward of *Tripoli*. It was founded by one of the Earls of *Tripoli*, and ſtands upon a very high rocky mountain, looking over the ſea: a place of very difficult aſcent, though made as acceſſible as it was capable by the labour of the poor Monks. It was our fortune to arrive there juſt as they were going to their evening ſervice. Their chapel is large, but obſcure; and the altar is incloſed with Cancelli, ſo as not to be approached by any one but the Prieſt, according to the faſhion of the Greek Churches. They call their congregation together, by beating a kind of a tune with two mallets, on a long pendulous piece of plank at the church-door; bells being an abomination to the Turks.

Their ſervice conſiſted in precipitate, and very irreverent chattering of certain prayers and hymns to our bleſſed Saviour, and to the bleſſed Virgin, and in ſome dark ceremonies; the Prieſt, that officiated, ſpent at leaſt one third part of his time, in compaſſing the altar, and perfuming it with a pot of incenſe, and then going all round the congregation, flinging his incenſe-pot backward and forward, and tendering its ſmoak with three repeated vibrations to every perſon preſent. Towards the end of the ſervice, there was brought into the body of the Church, a ſmall table, covered with a fair linen cloth, on which were placed five ſmall cakes of bread croſs way, and in the centre of each cake was fixed a ſmall lighted wax taper; a hole in the cake, ſerving for a ſocket.

At this ceremony, the Prieſt read the Goſpel concerning our Lord's feeding the multitude with five loaves. After which, the bread was carried into the Cancelli, and being there ſuddenly broke to bits, was again brought out in a baſket, and preſented to every one in the aſſembly, that he

might take a little. After this collation, the Prieſt pronounced the bleſſing, and ſo the ſervice ended. On both ſides of the body of the Church, were ſeats for the Monks, in the nature of the ſtalls for the Fellows of Colleges in *Oxford*; and on each hand of every ſeat were placed crutches. Theſe you find in like manner in moſt Churches of this country. Their uſe is for the Prieſt to lean upon: their ſervice being ſometimes ſo long, that they cannot well ſtay it out, without the aſſiſtance of ſuch eaſements; for they are not permitted by their Rubric to ſit down. The younger Monks, who perhaps may have no great occaſion for theſe ſupporters, do yet delight to uſe them (as the *Spaniards* do ſpectacles) not for any neceſſity, but in affectation of gravity.

The Monks of this Convent were, as I remember, forty in all. We found them ſeemingly a very good natured, and induſtrious; but certainly, a very ignorant people. For I found upon enquiry, they could not give any manner of rationale of their own divine ſervice. And to ſhew their extreme ſimplicity, I cannot omit a compliment made to the Conſul by the chief of them, viz. That he was as glad to ſee him, as if he had beheld the *Meſſiah* himſelf coming in perſon to make a viſit to him.

Nor is this ignorance much to be wondered at: for what intervals of time they have between their hours of devotion, they are forced to ſpend in managing of their flocks, cultivating their land, pruning their vineyards, and other labours of huſbandry, which they accompliſh with their own hands. This toil they are obliged to undergo, not only to provide for their own ſuſtenance, but alſo that they may be able to ſatisfy the unreaſonable exactions, which the greedy Turks, upon every pretence they can invent, are ready to impoſe upon them.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS *upon ſome late* OCCURRENCES.

1. IN June 1744, I deſired my Brother and a few other Clergymen to meet me in *London*, to conſider how we ſhould proceed to ſave our own ſouls and thoſe that heard us. After ſome time, I invited the lay Preachers that were in the houſe to meet with us. We conferred together for ſeveral days, and were much comforted and ſtrengthened thereby.

2. The next year I not only invited moſt of the travelling Preachers, but ſeveral others to confer with me in *Briſtol*. And from that time for ſome years, though I *invited* only a part of the travelling Preachers, yet I *permitted* any that deſired it, to be preſent, not apprehending any ill conſequences therefrom.

3. But two ill conſequences ſoon appeared. One, that the expence was too great to be borne; the other, that many of our people were ſcattered while they were left without a Shepherd. I therefore determined, 1. That for the time to come, none ſhould be preſent but thoſe whom I invited; and 2. That I would only invite a ſelect number out of every Circuit?

4. This I did for many years, and all that time the term *Conference* meant not ſo much the converſation we had together, as the perſons that conferred; namely, thoſe whom I invited to confer with me from time to time. So that all this time it depended on me alone, not only what perſons ſhould conſtitute the Conference, but whether there ſhould be any Conference at all lay wholly in my own breaſt; neither the Preachers nor the people having any part or lot in the matter.

5. Some years after, it was agreed, that after the deceaſe of my Brother and me, the Preachers ſhould be ſtationed by the Conference. But ere long a queſtion aroſe, What does

that

that term mean? Who are the Conference? It appeared difficult to define the term. And the year before laſt all our brethren who were met at *Briſtol*, deſired me to fix the determinate meaning of the word.

6. Hitherto it had meant (not *the whole body of travelling Preachers*, it never bore that meaning at all; but) *Thoſe perſons whom I invited yearly to confer with me.* But to this there was a palpable objection: ſuch a Conference would have no being after my death. And what other definition of it to give I knew not: at leaſt I knew none that would ſtand good in law. I conſulted a ſkilful and honeſt Attorney; and he conſulted an eminent Counſellor, who anſwered, "There is no way of doing this but by naming a determinate number of perſons. The Deed which names theſe muſt be enrolled in Chancery. Then it will ſtand good in law."

7. My firſt thought was to name a very few, ſuppoſe ten or twelve perſons. Count *Zinzendorf* named only ſix who were to preſide over the Community after his deceaſe. But on ſecond thoughts, I believed there would be more ſafety in a greater number of Counſellors, and therefore named an hundred, as many as I judged could meet without too great an expence, and without leaving any Circuit naked of Preachers while the Conference met.

8. In naming theſe Preachers, as I had no adviſer, ſo I had no reſpect of perſons, but I ſimply ſet down thoſe that, according to the beſt of my judgment were moſt proper. But I am not infallible. I might miſtake and think better of ſome of them than they deſerved. However I did my beſt, and if I did wrong it was not the error of my own will, but of my judgment.

9. This was the riſe, and this is the nature of that famous Deed of Declaration, that vile wicked Deed, concerning which you have heard ſuch an outcry! And now, can any one tell me, how to mend it, or how it could have been made better? "O yes." You might have inſerted two hundred, as well

well as one hundred Preachers?" No: for then the expence of meeting would have been double, and all the Circuits would have been without Preachers. "But you might have named other Preachers inſtead of theſe." True, if I had thought as well of them as they did of themſelves. But I did not, therefore I could do no otherwiſe than I did, without ſinning againſt God and my own conſcience.

10. But what need was there for any Deed at all? There was the utmoſt need of it: without ſome authentic Deed fixing the meaning of the term, the moment I died the Conference had been nothing. Therefore any of the Proprietors of the land on which our Preaching-houſes were built might have ſeized them for their own uſe, and there would have been none to hinder them, for the Conference would have been nobody, a mere empty name.

11. You ſee then in all the pains I have taken about this abſolutely neceſſary Deed, I have been labouring, not for myſelf: I have no intereſt therein but for the whole body of Methodiſts: in order to fix them upon ſuch a foundation as is likely to ſtand as long as the ſun and moon endure. That is, if they continue to walk by faith, and to ſhew forth their faith by their works: otherwiſe I pray God to root out the memorial of them from the earth.

JOHN WESLEY.

Plymouth-Dock, March 3, 1785.

A Deſcription of St. WINEFRED'S WELL, *at Holy-Well, in Flintſhire, North-Wales.*

IN the year 700 lived *Winefred*, a virgin of extraordinary ſanctity, who made a vow of chaſtity during life, and dedicated herſelf to the ſervice of God.

A heathen Prince, named *Cradoc*, having often attempted *Winefred's* chaſtity in vain, met her ſome time after upon the top

top of the hill near *Holywell* Church, and ſtruck off her head, which rolling down the hill, was taken up by the Prieſt of *Holywell*, who replaced the head on *Winefred's* ſhoulders, who was thereupon reſtored to life, and lived fifteen years afterwards.*

In the preſent looſe and degenerate age, many may reckon this relation fabulous; but if it be conſidered that the Old and New Teſtament furniſh us with many ſurpriſing and miraculous things, done by the power of God, there can be no diſpute, at leaſt, as to the poſſibility of it.

The inſtant *Winefred* was reſtored to life this ſpring aroſe in that very place; in order to perpetuate the memory of ſo great an action, which cauſed the Chriſtian religion to increaſe in a very extraordinary manner; and *Winefred* being made a Saint, the Prieſt of *Holywell* named the ſpring St. *Winefred's Well.* From the original riſe of the ſpring to this day, the water performs wonderful cures: it heals thoſe troubled with the leproſy, and many other diſeaſes; reſtores the lame to the uſe of their limbs, as well as ſight to the blind; and ſtrengthens ſuch as are recovered of the ſmall-pox. The Phyſicians are of opinion the water is of that excellent nature as not to be equalled in the univerſe: which has cauſed ſo great a reſort, that, from a few houſes, *Holywell* is increaſed to a great market-town, of fine buildings, ſufficient to entertain the greateſt number of quality: and the bathing rendered as agreeable as at any other public Baths.

Here it may be proper to take notice of what to ſome people may ſeem incredible, but the truth of what is offered may be at any time demonſtrated to the curious; that is, that by the gauge, the Baſon and Well hold about two hundred and forty tons of water; which, when let out, fill again in leſs than two minutes. The experiment was tried for a wager on Tueſday the 12th of July, 1731, Mr. *Price* the

* So the Account from whence this is taken! Let him believe it who can.

Rector

Rector of *Holywell*, Mr. *Williams*, Mr. *Winn*, Dr. *Taylor*, and many other gentlemen of *Holywell*, as well as ſtrangers, and the publiſher of this relation, being preſent; when, to the ſurpriſe of the company, the well filled in leſs than two minutes, which gave demonſtration, that *Winefred's* Spring riſes more than one hundred tons every minute. And although the water in the baſon is more than four feet deep, it is ſo tranſparent, that a ſmall piece of money may be ſeen at the bottom of the baſon: nay, ſome ſay, a pin may be ſeen therein. The water in riſing ſeems to boil like a cauldron or copper heated by an exceſſive fire.

In the bottom of the baſon are ſeveral large pebble ſtones, which to the eye appear as beſprinkled with blood: one of which ſtones has ſometimes the reſemblance of a flower-pot, when bedecked with the choiceſt flowers of the ſeaſon.

The ſaid Spring, in view, turns three mills abreaſt; and ſeveral mills below them never wanted water.

There are other curious and remarkable things of a ſurpriſing nature, related of *Winefred's* Waters and their excellency, which gives the utmoſt ſatisfaction to the bathers and reſorters thereto; the number of which has been, and ſtill is, very great.

Some Particulars concerning the Council of CONSTANCE, *held November* 1414.

ACCORDING to the liſts made at the Emperor's arrival, there were above one hundred thouſand foreigners then in and about the city. Not a kingdom, republic, ſtate, and ſcarce a city or community in Europe, but had its Ambaſſadors or deputies at it.

Thirty-ſix thouſand beds were ſet up for new-comers, and at one time there were no leſs than thirty thouſand horſe in the city.

The Pope had ſix hundred perſons in his retinue; and the Emperor four thouſand. There were thirty Cardinals, who with four Patriarchs, and two of the Pope's Legates, had full one thouſand two hundred attendants. There were twenty-ſeven Archbiſhops; two hundred and ſix Biſhops, thirty-three titular Biſhops; above one hundred and fifty other Prelates; and two hundred and three Abbots; who all together may be ſuppoſed to have at leaſt five thouſand in their retinue.

Prelates, Prieſts, and Preſbyters, were reckoned at eighteen thouſand; beſides which were eighty thouſand laymen, all ſtrangers; fourteen Auditors of the Rota; twenty-ſeven Prothonotaries; eighteen Auditors of the ſacred palace, and twenty-ſeven Secretaries of the Pope, who had two hundred under them: and there were computed to be two hundred and forty-two Writers of the Apoſtolic Bulls; forty-ſeven Writers Plenipotentiary, excluſive of twelve hundred Scribes or Writers of other kingdoms, and their ſervants.

The Pope and Cardinals had one hundred and twenty-three Attornies, and two hundred and ſeventy-three Proctors, with each a man to wait on him: there were four hundred and forty-four Doctors of divinity and law, with their ſervants, excluſive of ſixty-five Heralds at arms, Vergers of the Conſiſtory, Beadles and other petty Officers; with above one thouſand perſons in their retinue.

The attendants of the Laity were numerous in proportion: the Emperor, the four Electors preſent, with other ſovereign Princes, Dukes, Marquiſſes and Burgraves, one hundred and twenty-eight Counts, ſix hundred Barons, &c. had upwards of four thouſand men for their guard.

There were alſo one hundred and ſix Envoys or Deputies from ſeveral places, with about one thouſand ſix hundred in their retinue; above ſix hundred Gentlemen, and twenty-three thouſand Knights and military Officers with their ſervants: and the garriſon conſiſted of about two thouſand.

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There were likewiſe eighty-ſix Farriers, eighty-eight Carpenters and Blackſmiths, ſixty-five Apothecaries, one thouſand ſix hundred Barbers, two hundred and forty-two Bakers, one hundred and twenty-two Shoemakers, two hundred and twenty-eight Taylors (all maſters) with the journeymen of each; and three hundred Vintners and Victuallers with their drawers, &c.

This famous Council which laſted four years and forty-five ſeſſions, made that infamous Canon, "That faith is not to be kept with heretics, nor with thoſe ſuſpected of hereſy;" and it aſſerted that the authority of a Council was above that of a Pope.

This Account is taken from Dr. *Southwell's* New Book of Martyrs, Folio Edition, page 200.

An HELVETIC TALE.

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of *Runti* precipitates into the valley, a young ſhepherd fed his goats. His pipe called echo from the hollow rocks, and echo bid the vallies ſeven times reſound his ſongs. On a ſudden he perceived a man climbing the mountain's ſide. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A ſtaff bent beneath his tottering ſteps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and ſeated himſelf by him on the moſs of the rock. The young ſhepherd looked at him with ſurpriſe. My ſon, ſaid the old man, ſmiling, do you not think that, infirm as I am, I ſhould have done better in the valley? Know that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg as you ſee it is more honourable to me, than are to many the moſt ſtrait and active. I do not doubt, father replied the ſhepherd, but it is very honourable to you, though another would be more uſeful. Without doubt you are tired. Will you drink ſome milk from my goats, or

ſome of the freſh water that ſpouts from the hollow of the rock?

Old Man. I like the frankneſs painted on thy viſage. A little freſh water will be ſufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you ſhall hear the ſtory of this wooden leg. The young ſhepherd ran to the fountain, and ſoon returned. When the old man had quenched his thirſt, he ſaid, Let young people when they behold their fathers maimed, adore the Almighty power and bleſs their valour; for without that you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke, inſtead of thus baſking in the ſun. Mirth and gaiety inhabit theſe hills and vallies, while your ſongs reſound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! Sweet liberty! All we ſee around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleaſure.

Young Shepherd. He does not deſerve to be a free man, who can forget that his liberty was purchaſed with the blood of his forefathers.

Old Man. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever ſince that bloody day of *Nefels*, I come once a year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the laſt time. From hence I ſtill behold the order of that bloody battle:——See! it was on that ſide, the army of the enemy advanced; thouſands of lances glittered at a diſtance, with horſemen covered with ſumptuous armour. The plumes that ſhaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth reſounded with their horſes hoofs. Our little troop was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every ſide, and the ſmoke of *Nefels* in flames filled the valley. However at the bottom of this hill where we now are, our Chief had placed himſelf. He was there where thoſe two pines ſhoot up from that pointed rock. I think I ſee him now ſurrounded by a ſmall number of warriors, firm, immoveable, and calling around him the diſperſed troops. I hear the ruſtling of the ſtandard that he waved in the air; it

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was like the ſound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every ſide they ran towards him. Doſt thou ſee thoſe floods ruſh down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees in vain oppoſe their courſe; they bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool: ſo we ran to the cry of our General, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around our hero, we made a vow, and God was our witneſs, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuouſly upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, always forced to retire to the ſhelter of theſe hills; we there cloſed our ranks, and became unſhaken as the rock by which we were protected. At laſt reinforced by thirty Swiſs warriors, we fell ſuddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as ſome mighty rock deſcends, rolls through the foreſt, and lays waſte the trees that interrupt its courſe. On every ſide the enemy, both horſe and foot, confounded each other to eſcape our rage. Grown furious, we trod underfoot the dead and dying to extend vengeance ſtill farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horſeman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and cruſhed my leg. The ſoldier who fought the neareſt to me, ſeeing my condition, took me on his ſhoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was proſtrate on the rock not far diſtant, and imploring heaven to aid us. Take care, good father of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a ſon of liberty! He ſaid, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my ſon, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but I could never find the man to whom I owed my life. I have ſought him in vain. I have made vows and pilgrimages that ſome angel would reveal him to me. But alas! all my efforts have been fruitleſs. I ſhall never in this life ſhew him my gratitude. The young ſhepherd having heard the old warrior,

with

with tears in his eyes, ſaid, No, father, in this life you can never ſhew him your gratitude. The old man, ſurpriſed, cried, heavens! what doſt thou ſay? Doſt thou know, my ſon, who my deliverer was?

Young Shepherd. I am much deceived, if it was not my father. Often he has told me the ſtory of that battle, and often I have heard him ſay, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be ſtill alive!

Old Man. O God! O angels of heaven! was that generous man thy father!

Young Shepherd. He had a ſcar here (pointing to his left cheek) he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

Old Man. His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off, O my child! my ſon!

Young Shepherd. He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced, for ſubſiſtence, to keep theſe goats. The old man embraced him and ſaid, heaven be praiſed! I can recompenſe thee for his generoſity. Come my ſon! come with me, and let ſome other keep thy goats.

They deſcended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in lands and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, ſaid he to her, he that ſaved my life was the father of this young ſhepherd. If thou canſt love him, I ſhall be happy to ſee you united. The young man was an amiable perſon; health and pleaſure ſhone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold ſhaded his forehead, and the ſparkling of his eyes was ſoftened by a ſweet modeſty. The young maiden, with an ingenious reſerve, aſked three days to reſolve; but the third day appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young ſhepherd; and the old man with tears of joy ſaid to them, My bleſſing reſt upon you my children! This day has made me the moſt happy of mortals.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLXVI.

[From Miſs A. B. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Witney, Feb. 13, 1772.

Rev. and dear Sir,

GLORY be to God! he continues to carry on his work among us, by adding to the witneſſes of his utmoſt power to ſave.

Since I wrote laſt, ſeven have received a clear witneſs that the blood of Jeſus hath cleanſed them from all ſin: who now rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks. And what heightens our joy, on their account is, that the truth of their profeſſion ſhines forth in their humble, loving behaviour, and zeal for God's glory.

We had a profitable opportunity in the ſelect Band laſt Monday night. I believe I may ſay for each, it was ſuch a time as we never before experienced. Glory be to God! he did fulfil his promiſe, by pouring out his Spirit upon us. Within theſe laſt four days, five have received a clear ſenſe of God's pardoning love; and appear to hold faſt whereunto they have attained; and bleſſed be God, the dead in ſin likewiſe hear his voice, and enquire the way to Zion.

The hearts of our Exhorters are much enlarged; ſo that they ſpeak the word with boldneſs, in the abſence of the Preachers.

With regard to myſelf, I am more eſtabliſhed in the grace of God, ſince he has brought others to enjoy like precious faith. When I hear of a ſoul finding deliverence from ſin, it cauſes my thankſgiving to abound. I find it exceeding profitable to converſe with thoſe whoſe hearts are penetrated with

with divine love: it kindles a greater ardour, and causes the pure flame to burn stronger in my own soul.

I have lately had some delightful views of my glorious privilege; and see it necessary, that I should, by vigorous acts of faith, from moment to moment, take deeper root into Jesus. I find I am still called to walk in the way of the cross; and although some tell me it is legal, I experience it to be the way of pleasantness. I think I never more sensibly felt that Christ is my strength, and that without his help I can neither *think*, *act*, nor *speak* agreeable to his will. I long to increase with all the increase of God; to be swallowed up in him. To this end I humbly beg an interest in your prayers, and am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and affectionate Servant,

A. B.

LETTER CCCLXVII.

[From Miss H. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Wycombe, Feb. 19, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

GLORY be to God! my soul has no clog. I am disengaged and free, and feel myself every moment ready to be offered up. Not that I think the time of my departure is at hand; no, I believe I have much to do before my work is fully done. I find his grace sufficient for this day, and I *believe* for to-morrow. Hence no anxious care arises in my breast.

I feel more power to live to God than ever. I believe he has given me the full assurance of hope; a confidence of receiving all his promises. I trust, nothing shall separate me from his love, either in time or in eternity! Yet I feel the need

need of watching unto prayer. I find as much need as ever to uſe the means of grace; feeling that I want watering every moment, that I may have ſtrength to go forward.

Glory be to God! his work proſpers in this place. I believe the Spirit is poured upon us from on high, and that the wilderneſs will ſoon become a fruitful field, to the honour and praiſe of God.

I hope, Rev. Sir, you will always remember in your prayers, your moſt unworthy Friend and Servant,

H. B.

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Graves, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

New London, June 19, 1772.

Rev. and dear Sir,

AT laſt I have met with a favourable opportunity of acknowledging your truly Chriſtian Letter.

We have loſt a great and good man;* a faithful Labourer, and ſincere Friend. O for a double portion of his ſpirit! Zion laments his abſence, and finds ſuch Labourers are few.

I have been earneſtly preſſed to take a tour into Maryland and Virginia, by a rich Preſbyterian Miniſter, who has offered to bear my charges; and have had three Pariſhes ſucceſſively offered me in Virginia; but not being able to perſuade my brother, I was (entirely againſt my will) obliged to deny each offer: as I thought it cruel to leave him, who left England, and a Vicarage at my requeſt. However I yet think my Maſter will ſend me there. His will be done! I long to be in the Society of true Preachers, and among a willing, loving people. I do little good here, and therefore frequently viſit three Pariſhes, or rather Societies, which I

* Mr. Whitefield.

have formed; one from ſeven to twelve miles off, another twenty-four, and a third, thirty. Theſe I attend very often, and in the laſt, I preach ſix times in the week I am among them; ſo that though I am a fixed Miſſionary, I imitate the dear Lover of ſouls, by becoming a voluntary Itinerant. I ride above eight or nine hundred miles a year, preaching up Free Grace and Univerſal Redemption to all the ſons of Adam. For all which trouble of body (but the delight of my ſoul) I receive not the leaſt recompenſe. But he who ſets me to work, and enables me to perform it, will repay me in due time.

I thank you for the large Tract, the Extract and Sermons, which I ſhall properly diſpoſe of. Your offer put me to the bluſh, as being conſcious of my barrenneſs and demerit. Alas! alas! I am wholly unfit for this mighty combat: fitter to ſit at their feet and learn, than dare to preach or pray before ſuch Maſters in Iſrael.

It is true, I expound the Oracles of God, and preach and pray in diſtant Societies; ſometimes in Meeting-Houſes (for I do duty when and wherever I am aſked) as I am enabled by the bleſſed Spirit; but Oh! unclean, unclean! Nevertheleſs I hope the power of Chriſt appears in my weakneſs. Bleſſed be the Lord, he gives me a will and endues me with power, ſo that my ſpirit and ſtrength never fail. I can do duty three times each day: and the more I labour, the ſtronger I grow: yea my ſtrength increaſes with my years. I can do all things through Chriſt ſtrengthening me: hallelujah!

My chriſtian love waits upon your Brother Charles, and the reſt of the dear Brethren. Pray tell them I greatly want, and earneſtly deſire their prayers. You are all intereſted in thoſe of,

Dear Sir, your very affectionate Brother,

MATTHEW GRAVES.

POETRY.

POETRY.

To SICKNESS; *an* ELEGY.

[By Mr. Delap.]

HOW blithe the flowéry graces of the Spring,
From Nature's wardrobe come! and hark how gay
Each glittéring inſect, hovéring on the wing,
Sings its glad welcome to the fields of May!

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er;
They ſuck the ſweet breath of the bluſhing Roſe;
Sport in the gale, or ſip the rainbow ſhowér;
Their life's ſhort day no pauſe of pleaſure knows.

Like their's, dread Powér, my cheerful morn diſplayéd
The flattéring promiſe of a golden noon;
Till each gay cloud, that ſportive nature ſpread,
Diéd in the gloom of thy diſtemperéd frown.

Yes, ere I told my two-and-twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
Harmleſs it paſſéd 'mid many a blithe compeer,
And formèd its fated entérance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
I ſaw them rove through Pleaſure's flowéry field:
I ſaw Health paint them with her roſy hand;
Eager to burſt my bonds; but forcéd to yield.

Yet, while this mortal cot of mouldéring clay,
Shakes at the ſtroke of thy tremendous powér;
Oh! muſt the tranſient tenant of a day,
Bear the rough blaſt of each tempeſtuous hour?

Say, ſhall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
Too rigid Queen! unnerve the ſoul's bright powers,
Till with a joyleſs ſmile the eye beholds
Art's magic charms, and Nature's fairy bowers?

No, let me follow ſtill, thoſe bowers among,
Her flowery footſteps as the goddeſs goes;
Let me, juſt lifted 'bove the unlettered throng,
Read the few books the learned few compoſe.

And ſuffer, when thy awful pleaſure calls
The ſoul to ſhare her frail companion's ſmart,
Yet ſuffer me to taſte the balm that falls,
From Friendſhip's tongue, ſo ſweet upon the heart.

Then, though each trembling nerve confeſs thy frown,
Even till this anxious being ſhall become
But a brief name upon a little ſtone,
Without one murmur, I embrace my doom.

For many a virtue, ſheltered from mankind,
Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each deſire;
And many a feeble frame, whoſe mighty mind
Each Muſe has touched with her immortal fire.

Even * He, ſole terror of a venal age,
The tuneful bard, whoſe philoſophic ſoul,
With each bright radiance glowed on Virtue's page,
Learned many a leſſon from thy moral ſchool.

† He too, who "mounts and keeps his diſtant way,"
His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
Have tempered with a melancholy ray,
And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

* Mr. Pope. † Mr. Gray.

Yes,

Yes, goddeſs, to thy temple's deep receſs
I come, and lay for ever at its door
The Syren throng of follies numberleſs,
Nor wiſh their flattering ſongs ſhould ſoothe me more.

Thy decent garb ſhall o'er my limbs be ſpread,
Thy hand ſhall lead me to thy ſober train,
Who here retiréd, with penſive pleaſure tread
The ſilent windings of thy dark domain.

Hither the cherub Charity ſhall fly,
From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
For miſéry raiſe a ſympathizing ſigh,
Pardon for foes, and love for human-kind.

Then, while Ambition's trump from age to age,
Its ſlaughteréd millions boaſts; while Fame ſhall rear
Her deathleſs trophies o'er the bard and ſage;
Be mine the widow's ſigh, the orphan's prayér.

On CHANCE *and* PREDESTINATION.

THREE différent ſchemes Philoſophers aſſign;
A *Chance*, a *Fate*, a *Providence* divine.
Which to embrace of theſe three différent views,
Methinks it is not difficult to chuſe.
For firſt, what wiſdom, or what ſenſe to cry,
Things happen *ſo and ſo*, we know not why?
Or how are we advancéd one jot, to know,
When things once *are*, that they *muſt needs be ſo?*
To ſee ſuch *order*, and deny all *laws*;
Feel ſuch *effects*, and yet confeſs no *cauſe*,
What can be more extravagant and odd?
He only *reaſons*, who *believes* a God.

HYMN

HYMN *to* SOLITUDE.

NOW genial Spring o'er lawn and grove
Extends his vivid powér;
Now Phœbus ſhines with milder beams,
And wakes each ſleeping flowér.

Soft breezes fan the ſmiling mead,
Kind dews refreſh the plain;
While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
Renew their cheerful reign.

Now far from buſineſs let me fly,
Far from the crowded ſeat
Of Envy, Pagéantry, and Powér,
To ſome obſcure Retreat:

Where Plenty ſheds with libéral hand,
Her various bleſſings round;
Where laughing Joy delighted roves,
And roſeate Health is found.

Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
When morn's firſt bluſhes riſe;
And view the fair extenſive ſcene,
With Contemplation's eyes.

And while the rapturéd woodland choir
Pour forth their love-taught lays;
I'll tune the grateful matin ſong
To my Creator's praiſe.

He bade the ſolar Orb advance,
To cheer the gloomy ſky;
And at the gentle voice of Spring
Made hoary Winter fly.

He

He dreſſéd the groves in ſmiling green,
Unlockéd the ice-bound rill;
Bade Flora's pride adorn the vale,
And Herbage crown the hill.

To that all-gracious Source of light
Let early incenſe riſe;
While on Devotion's wing, the ſoul
Aſcends her native ſkies.

And when the rapid car of Day
Illumes the fartheſt Weſt,
When Sleep diſſolves the captive's chains,
And Anguiſh ſinks to reſt:

Then let me range the ſhadowy lawns,
When Veſper's ſilver light
Plays on the trembling ſtreams, and gilds
The ſable veil of night.

When evéry earthly care's at reſt,
And muſing Silence reigns;
Then active Fancy takes her flight,
Wide o'er thé etherial plains.

Soars through the trackleſs realms of ſpace,
Sees endleſs ſyſtems roll;
Whilſt all harmoniouſly combine
To form one beautéous whole.

All hail! ſweet Solitude, to thee,
In thy ſequeſteréd bowér,
Let me invoke the paſt'ral muſe,
And evéry ſylvan powér.

Dear penſive nymph, the tender thought,
And deep reſearch is thine:
'Tis thine to heal the torturéd breaſt,
And form the great deſign.

On thy ſtill boſom let me reſt,
Far from the clang of war;
Where ſtern Oppreſſion's bloody chains
Precede the victor's car:

Here let me hail each riſing ſun,
Here view each day's decline;
Be fame and ſway my Sovéreign's lot;
Be peace and freedom mine.

SPRING *and* AUTUMN.

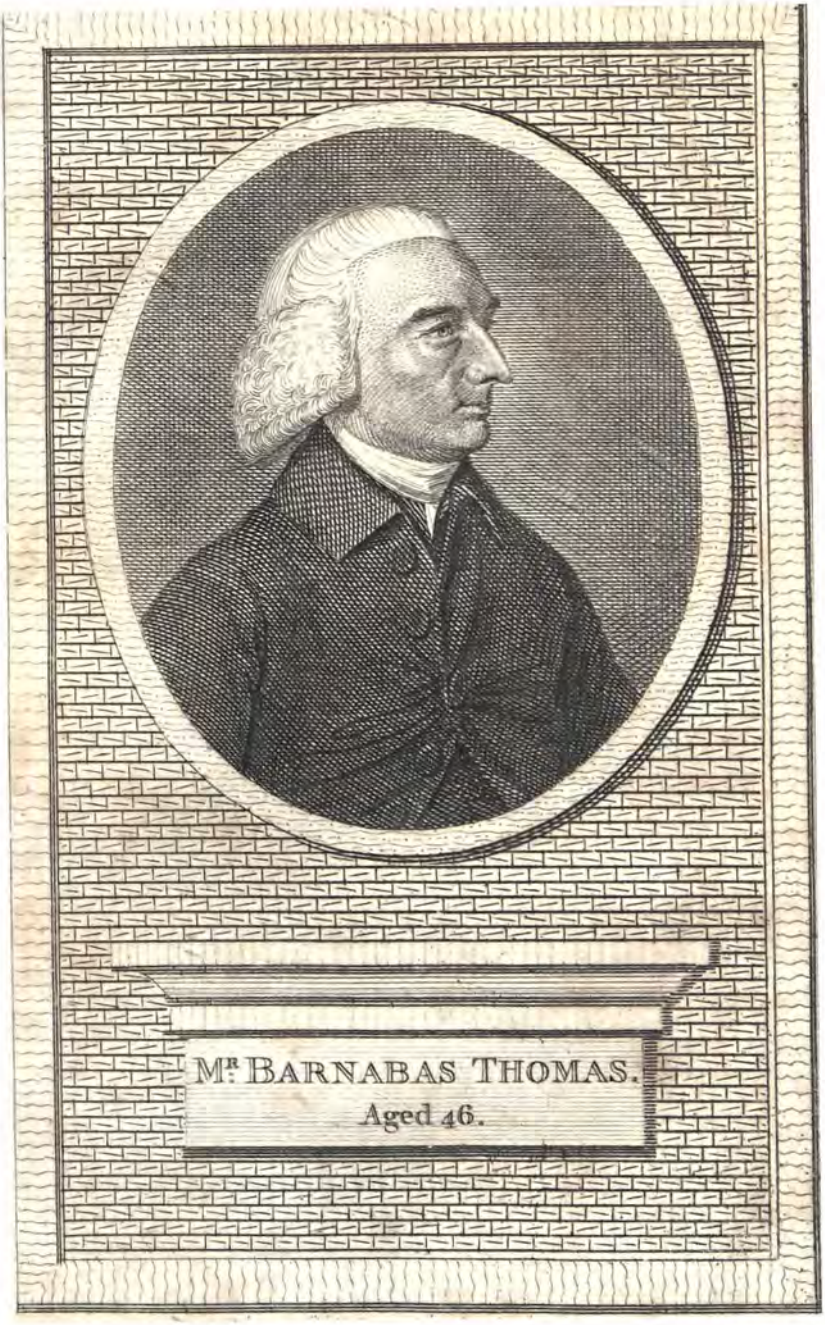
WHEN Spring diſplays her various ſweets,
And opéning bloſſoms cheer the eyes,
And fancy evéry beauty meets,
Whence does the pleaſing tranſport riſe?

Soon will their tranſient date expire,
They fly and mock the fond purſuit;
New pleaſures then the thought inſpire,
And bountéous Autumn yields her fruit.

Where ſmiling beauties charméd the ſight,
Whoſe fragrance bleſſéd the vernal hours,
Nectarious fruits the taſte invite,
And make amends for faded flowers.

Thus when the ſpring of youth decays,
Though deckéd with bloſſoms ſweet and fair,
Autumn a nobler ſcene diſplays,
If fruits of virtue flouriſh there.

For this the vernal buds ariſe;
But if no uſeful virtues grow,
Their worthleſs beauty quickly flies,
And bloſſoms only ſervéd for ſhow.



Mr. BARNABAS THOMAS.
Aged 46.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For JUNE 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 236.]

CHAP. III. *Concerning Predeſtination or Abſolute Election.*

1. THIS, with reſpect to the end, is an abſolute decree and purpoſe of bringing a certain number of perſons to eternal life, without reſpect to their foreſeen faith or perſeverance.

2dly. As it reſpects the means, it is an eternal decree and purpoſe of giving to theſe men, and theſe alone, that effectual grace which ſhall infallibly produce in them faith, ſanctification and perſeverance to the end.

And here note, That this Election conſidereth all men in the ſame condition, alike miſerable and damnable; alike impotent, and wanting effectual grace; and alike meet to be the objects of his eternal love: ſo that, as in two apples of equal

goodneſs, no reaſon can be given why I ſhould chuſe one, rather than the other; ſo neither can any reaſon be aſſigned why all, or any of theſe perſons are thus elected to ſalvation, rather than all, or any that are not elected. In oppoſition to this doctrine, I aſſert,

1ſt. That the Election mentioned in the holy Scriptures is not that of particular perſons; but only of Churches and Nations.

2dly. That this election doth import rather their being choſen to the means of grace, than to a certainty of being ſaved by thoſe means; that it is only that which puts them in a capacity of having all the privileges which God hath promiſed to his Church and People, rather than under any abſolute aſſurance of their ſalvation.

3dly. That the election to ſalvation mentioned in the holy Scripture is only through faith, joined with holineſs, according to thoſe words of St. Paul, *God hath elected you* (Theſſalonians) *to ſalvation, by the ſanctification of the ſpirit, and the belief of the truth.* That it is only a conditional election upon our perſeverance in a life of holineſs, and is to be made ſure unto us *by good works*, according to that exhortation of St. Peter, *give all diligence to make your calling and election ſure*, by good works, as both the Fathers, the Syriac, the Vulgar, the Æthiopic, and many ancient copies read, and as the Text requires, the words immediately following being theſe, *for if you do theſe things you ſhall never fall*; plainly declaring, that the making of their calling and election ſure, depended on their doing of thoſe works of *virtue, godlineſs, temperance, patience, brotherly kindneſs and charity.*

Now that the whole Church of God are, in the ſenſe of Scripture, the choſen and elect of God; that the election mentioned in the holy Scriptures is not an abſolute election of particular perſons to ſalvation; but rather of whole nations to be his Church, and his peculiar people: will be made fully

fully evident from an impartial view of thoſe places of the Old and the New Teſtament, where this phraſe occurs. And

2. *1ſt.* In the Old Teſtament it is evident, that not the righteous only are ſtiled the Elect, but the whole nation of the Jews, good and bad, were the elect of God; for in the Books of Moſes this phraſe is ſtill applied to the whole nation of the Jews, as in theſe words, *becauſe he loved the Fathers, therefore* ἐξελέξατο τὸ σπέρμα αὐτῶν, *He choſe their ſeed after them, and brought them out of Egypt by his mighty power,* where it is evident that the whole ſeed of Abraham, Iſaac and Jacob, even *all that came out of Egypt,* are the elect. Again, *Jehovah thy God hath choſen thee to be a peculiar people to himſelf, above all people that are upon the face of the earth. The Lord did not ſet his love upon you, and chuſe you, becauſe you were more in number than any people. But becauſe the Lord loved you, and becauſe he would keep the oath which he had ſworn to your fathers, hath he brought you out with a mighty hand, and redeemed you out of the houſe of bond-men, from the hand of Pharaoh King of Egypt.* Where it is evident, *1ſt.* That their being choſen before other nations to be God's peculiar people, is their election, *2dly.* That all who were *brought out of Egypt,* were thus beloved and elected. *3dly.* That to his beloved and elected people he only promiſeth to keep covenant and mercy, provided they would love him, and obey his precepts; and that he threateneth to deſtroy them, and to repay them to their face, if they neglected ſo to do. In the 10th chapter he ſpeaks thus, *The Lord had a delight in thy fathers to love them,* καὶ ἐξελέξατο, *and he elected you their ſeed after them above all people; circumciſe therefore the fore-ſkin of your hearts, and be no more ſtiff-necked.* Where it is again evident that the whole ſeed of Abraham by Iſaac, even the ſtiff-necked of them, were the elect of God. Chap. 14, he ſaith to all to whom the following precepts did belong, and therefore doubtleſs to all Iſrael, *thou art a holy people*

to the Lord thy God, καὶ σὲ ἐξελέξαλο ὁ χὺρι⊙, *and the Lord hath choſen thee out to be a peculiar people to himſelf above all nations.*

And with this notion of the words, accords the conſtant uſe of the ſame phraſe in all the writers of the Old Teſtament. Thus Solomon, *Thy ſervant is in the midſt of thy people,* ὃν ἐξελέξω, *which thou haſt elected, a great people that cannot be numbered, nor counted for multitude.* Thus in the Book of Pſalms the Jews in general are ſtiled *the ſeed of Iſrael his ſervant, the children of Jacob,* ἐκλεκλοὶ ἀὺλῦ, *his elect*; there it is ſaid, τὸν Ιακὼϐ ἑαυτω ἐξελέξαλο, *the Lord hath choſen Jacob for himſelf, and Iſrael for his inheritance*; that the *Lord brought forth his people with joy,* καὶ τὺς ἐκλεκλὺς αὺλῦ, *and his elect with gladneſs*; there he deſires God *to ſee the good of his elect, and to rejoice in the gladneſs of his nation, and with his inheritance:* ſo that through the Book of Pſalms God's people, his ſervants, his nation, his inheritance, and his elect are the ſame perſons.

In the evangelical Prophet we find God ſpeaking of Jacob, ὃν ἐξελεξάμην, *whom I have choſen, and Iſrael whom I have loved,* and to whom he ſpeaks thus, *Thou art my child whom I have choſen*; there God declares he *will make waters in the wilderneſs, and rivers in the deſart, to give drink to my choſen generation, my people whom I have choſen to ſhew forth my praiſe*; there we read of *Jacob my ſervant, and Iſrael mine elect,* and of a *mountain which his elect ſhall inherit,* and *in which his ſervants ſhall dwell.*

In the prophet Jeremy we find God is diſpleaſed with them who ſaid, *The two families whom the Lord hath choſen he hath even caſt them off.* The prophet Ezekiel ſpeaks of the day *when the Lord choſe Iſrael, and lifted up his hand to the ſeed of the houſe of Jacob,* or engaged himſelf by covenant to be their God. The prophet Zechariah ſtiles God, *The Lord who hath choſen Jeruſalem,* and ſpeaketh of a time when he ſhall yet *comfort Zion, and ſhall yet chuſe Jeruſalem*; and Daniel of a time,

time, when *his elect ſhall not be able to ſtand before their enemies.*

And to carry on this phraſe through the times of the Old Teſtament, in the Book of Eſther we are told of a time in which τὸ γένος ἐκλεκτὸν, *the choſen generation* ſhould have periſhed, i. e. in which the wicked Haman deſigned to cut off the Jews. And in the Book of Eccleſiaſticus we are informed that *Joſhua was made great, for ſaving the elect of God, that he might ſet Iſrael in their inheritance.*

Thus have I traced this phraſe through the Old Teſtament, and ſhewed that it belongs not to particular perſons, but to the whole Jewiſh nation, to the bad, as well as the good among them; to them to whom he threateneth the worſt of evils, as well as them to whom he promiſes the greateſt bleſſings.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XXVII.

On HEBREWS xiii. 17.

[*Concluded from page* 241.]

III. 1. BUT what is the meaning of this direction? This remains to be conſidered. In what ſenſe, and how far does the Apoſtle direct them, to *obey and ſubmit to their* Spiritual Guides?

If we attend to the proper ſenſe of the two words here uſed by the Apoſtle, we may obſerve that the former of them (πειθεσθε from πειθω to perſuade) refers to the Underſtanding, the latter, ὑπεικετε to the Will and outward Behaviour. To begin with the former. What influence ought our Spiritual Guides to have over our Underſtanding? We dare no more call our ſpiritual fathers Rabbi, than the *fathers of our fleſh.* We dare no more yield implicit faith to the former than to the latter.

latter. In this ſenſe *one is our Maſter* (or rather *Teacher*) *who is in heaven.* But whatever ſubmiſſion, of even our Underſtanding ſhort of this, we may, nay we ought to yield to them.

2. To explain this a little farther. St. *James* uſes a word which is nearly allied to the former of theſe. *The wiſdom which is from above is* ἐυπειθὴς *eaſy to be convinced,* or *to be perſuaded.* Now if we ought to have and to ſhew this wiſdom toward all men; we ought to have it in a more eminent degree, and to ſhew it upon every occaſion, toward thoſe that *watch over our ſouls.* With regard to theſe, above all other men, we ſhould be *eaſy to be intreated*: eaſily convinced of any truth, and eaſily perſuaded to any thing that is not ſinful.

3. A word of nearly the ſame import with this, is frequently uſed by St. *Paul*; namely, ἐπιεικὴς. In our tranſlation, it is more than once rendered *gentle.* But perhaps it might be more properly rendered, (if the word may be allowed) *yielding*; ready to *yield,* to give up our own will, in every thing that is not a point of duty. This amiable temper every real Chriſtian enjoys, and ſhews in his intercourſe with all men. But he ſhews it in a peculiar manner, toward thoſe that watch over his ſoul. He is not only willing to receive any inſtruction from them, to be convinced of any thing which he did not know before; to lie open to their advice, and glad to receive admonition, or reproof: but is ready to give up his own Will, whenever he can do it with a clear conſcience. Whatever they deſire him to do, he does; if it be not forbidden in the word of God. Whatever they deſire him to refrain from, he does ſo; if it be not enjoined in the word of God. This is plainly implied in thoſe words of the Apoſtle, *Submit yourſelves to them*: *yield to them:* give up your own will. This is meet, and right, and your bounden duty, if they do indeed watch over your ſouls, as they that ſhall give account. If you do thus *obey and ſubmit yourſelves to them,* they will give an account of you *with joy*; *not with groaning,*

groaning, as they muſt otherwiſe do: for although they ſhould be clear of your blood, yet *that would be unprofitable to you*: yea, a prelude of eternal damnation.

4. How acceptable to God was an inſtance of obedience, ſomewhat ſimilar to this! You have a large and particular account of it, in the thirty-fifth chapter of *Jeremiah*. *The word of the Lord came to Jeremiah ſaying, Go unto the houſe of the Rechabites, and give them wine to drink. Then I took the whole houſe of the Rechabites* (all the heads of their families) *and ſet before them pots full of wine, and ſaid unto them, Drink ye wine: but they ſaid, We will drink no wine: for Jonadab*, a great man in the reign of *Jehu, the ſon of Rechab*, from whom we are named, being the father of our family, *commanded us, Ye ſhall drink no wine, neither ye nor your ſons for ever. And we have obeyed the voice of Jonadab our father, in all that he charged us.* We do not know any particular reaſon why *Jonadab* gave this charge to his poſterity. But as it was not ſinful, they gave this ſtrong inſtance of gratitude to their great benefactor. And how pleaſing this was to the Father of their ſpirits, we learn from the words that follow. *And Jeremiah ſaid unto the Rechabites, Becauſe ye have obeyed the voice of Jonadab, your father, therefore thus ſaith the Lord of hoſts, Jonadab ſhall not want a man, to ſtand before my face for ever.*

5. Now it is certain, Chriſtians owe full as much gratitude and obedience, to thoſe that watch over their ſouls, as ever the houſe of the *Rechabites* owed to *Jonadab* the ſon of *Rechab*. And we cannot doubt, but he is as well pleaſed with our obedience to theſe, as ever he was with their obedience to *Jonadab*. If he was ſo well-pleaſed with the gratitude and obedience of this people to their temporal benefactor, have we not all reaſon to believe, He is full as well-pleaſed with the gratitude and obedience of Chriſtians, to thoſe who derive far greater bleſſings to them, than ever *Jonadab* conveyed to his poſterity?

6. It

6. It may be of uſe, yet again to conſider, In what inſtances is it the duty of Chriſtians to obey and ſubmit themſelves to thoſe that watch over their ſouls. Now the things which they enjoin, muſt be either enjoined of God, or forbidden by him, or indifferent. In things forbidden of God we dare not obey them; for we are to obey God rather than man. In things enjoined of God, we do not properly obey Them, but our common Father. Therefore if we are to obey them at all, it muſt be in things indifferent. The ſum is, It is the duty of every private Chriſtian, to obey his ſpiritual Paſtor, by either doing or leaving undone any thing of an indifferent nature; any thing that is in no way determined in the word of God.

7. But how little is this underſtood in the *Proteſtant* world? At leaſt, in *England* and *Ireland?* Who is there, even among thoſe, that are ſuppoſed to be good Chriſtians, who dreams there is ſuch a Duty as this? And yet there is not a more expreſs command, either in the Old or the New Teſtament. No words can be more clear and plain: no command more direct and poſitive. Therefore certainly none who receive the ſcripture as the word of God, can live in the habitual breach of this, and yet plead innocence. Such an inſtance of wilful, or at leaſt careleſs diſobedience, muſt grieve the Holy Spirit of God. It cannot but hinder the grace of God from having its full effect upon the heart. It is not improbable, that this very diſobedience may be one cauſe of the deadneſs of many ſouls: one reaſon of their not receiving thoſe bleſſings, which they ſeek with ſome degree of ſincerity.

8. It remains only, to make a ſhort Application of what has now been delivered.

You that read this, do you apply it to yourſelf? Do you examine yourſelf thereby? Do not *you* ſtop your own growth in grace, if not by wilful diſobedience to this command; yet by a careleſs inattention to it, by not conſidering it, as the importance of it deſerves? If ſo, you defraud yourſelf

yourſelf of many bleſſings, which you might enjoy. Or, are you of a better mind, of a more excellent ſpirit? Is it your fixt reſolution and your conſtant endeavour, *to obey them that have the rule over you in the Lord?* To *ſubmit yourſelves* as cheerfully to your ſpiritual, as to your natural parents? Do you aſk, "Wherein ſhould I ſubmit to them?" The anſwer has been given already: not in things enjoined of God: not in things forbidden by him; but in things indifferent: in all that are not determined one way or the other, by the oracles of God. It is true, this cannot be done in ſome inſtances, without a conſiderable degree of ſelf-denial, when they adviſe you to refrain from ſomething that is agreeable to fleſh and blood. And it cannot be obeyed in other inſtances, without taking up your croſs: without ſuffering ſome pain or inconvenience, that is not agreeable to fleſh and blood. For that ſolemn declaration of our Lord has place here, as well as on a thouſand other occaſions, *Except a man deny himſelf, and take up his croſs daily, he cannot be my diſciple.* But this will not affright you, if you reſolve to be, not only almoſt, but altogether a Chriſtian: if you determine to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life.

9. I would now apply myſelf in a more particular manner to *you*, who deſire *me* to watch over your ſouls. Do *you* make it a point of conſcience, to *obey* me, for my Maſter's ſake? To *ſubmit yourſelves to me* in things indifferent; things not determined in the word of God? In all things that are not enjoined, nor yet forbidden in Scripture. Are you *eaſy to be intreated*, as by men in general, ſo by me in particular? Eaſy to be convinced of any truth, however contrary to your former prejudices? And eaſy to be perſuaded to do or forbear any indifferent thing at *my* deſire? You cannot but ſee, that all this is clearly contained in the very words of the text. And you cannot but acknowledge, that it is highly reaſonable for you ſo to do, if I do employ all my time, all my ſubſtance, all my ſtrength both of body and ſoul, not in ſeeking my own

honour, or pleaſure; but in promoting your preſent and eternal ſalvation: if I do indeed *watch over your ſouls as one that muſt give account.*

10. Do you then take my advice (I aſk in the preſence of God and all the world) with regard to *Dreſs?* I publiſhed that advice above thirty years ago: I have repeated it a thouſand times ſince. I have adviſed you not to be conformable to the world herein: to lay aſide all needleſs ornaments; to avoid all needleſs expence; to be patterns of plainneſs to all that are round about you. Have you taken this advice? Have you all, men and women, young and old, rich and poor, laid aſide all thoſe needleſs ornaments, which I particularly objected to? Are you all exemplarily plain in your apparel? As plain as Quakers (ſo called) or Moravians! If not, if you are ſtill dreſſed like the generality of people of your own rank and fortune, you declare hereby to all the world, that you will not obey them that are over you in the Lord. You declare, in open defiance of God and man, that you will not *ſubmit yourſelves* to them. Many of you carry your ſins on your forehead, openly and in the face of the ſun. You harden your hearts againſt inſtruction and againſt conviction: you harden one another: eſpecially thoſe of you that were once convinced, and have now ſtifled your convictions. You encourage one another, to ſtop your ears againſt the truth, and ſhut your eyes againſt the light, leſt haply you ſhould ſee, that you are fighting againſt God, and againſt your own ſouls. If I were now called to give an account of you, it would be *with groans, and not with joy.* And ſure that would be *unprofitable for you*: the loſs would fall upon your own head.

11. I ſpeak all this on ſuppoſition (though that is a ſuppoſition not to be made) that the Bible was ſilent on this head: that the Scripture ſaid nothing concerning *Dreſs*, and left it to every one's own diſcretion. But if all other texts were ſilent, this is enough, *Submit yourſelves to them that are over*

over you in the Lord. I bind this upon your conſciences, in the ſight of God. Were it only in obedience to this direction, you cannot be clear before God, unleſs you throw aſide all needleſs ornaments, in utter defiance of that tyrant of fools, Faſhion; unleſs you ſeek only to be adorned with good works, as men and women profeſſing Godlineſs.

12. Perhaps you will ſay, "This is only a little thing: it is a mere trifle." I anſwer, If it be, you are the more inexcuſable before God and man. What! Will you diſobey a plain commandment of God for *a mere trifle?* God forbid! Is it a trifle, to ſin againſt God? To ſet his authority at nought? Is this a little thing? Nay, remember, There can be no little ſin, till we can find a little god! Mean time be aſſured of one thing: the more conſcientiouſly you obey your ſpiritual Guides, the more powerfully will God apply the word, which they ſpeak in his name to your heart! The more plentifully will he water what is ſpoken, with the dew of his bleſſing: and the more proofs will you have, it is not only they that ſpeak, but the Spirit of your Father who ſpeaketh in them.

Briſtol, March 18, 1785.

A ſhort Account of the EXPERIENCE *of the Rev.* JAMES CREIGHTON, B. A.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 244.]

I Was not at this time acquainted with the writings of the People called Methodiſts; nor did I chuſe to read them, except juſt glancing my eye over ſome few that fell in my way. Becauſe I heard they ſpoke much of *faith*, I thought they held Antinomian Principles; but when I came to

enquire candidly into the matter, I found it was quite the reverſe; and that no People inſiſt upon holineſs as conſequent on faith, and a life devoted to God, more than they do. In my youth I had heard ſome of them preach at a friend's houſe. I had no particular averſion to them, but was indifferent about them. After my entering into Orders, my averſion to them increaſed; which was partly occaſioned by an advice given me by my Biſhop, who was a great enemy to them; for, on my commencing Curate immediately under him in the Cathedral, he gave me this caution: "Say nothing at all about *faith* in your Sermons." This coming from one whom I looked upon as a Father in the Church, had great weight with *me*. So that after this I was rather an oppoſer; though not a perſecutor of the people called Methodiſts.

In the year 1772, when Mr. *Weſley* was expected to preach at *Swadlingbar*, where I was then Curate, I was meditating a Sermon to preach againſt him; but this I poſtponed, and wrote down ſome Queries to ſend him. I was, I know not how, prevented from ſending them at *that* time; but when he came to *Swadlingbar* the following year, I ſent them to him privately, though I did not ſubſcribe my name. However he gueſſed from whom they came, and returned a conciſe anſwer, and with it ſent his Appeals. I was pretty well ſatisfied with his anſwer, and had a more favourable opinion of him afterwards; though I ſtill retained an averſion to Lay-Preachers. His Appeals I did not then read; but laid them by till a more *convenient ſeaſon*. I read them carefully in the following Winter: ſome parts of them I did not underſtand; particularly what he ſaid of *faith*: other parts I did comprehend, and approved of, and in his laſt Appeal, in reaſoning with the Biſhop of *London*, I ſaw clearly that he had the advantage of his Lordſhip in the argument. However, I threw by the Pamphlet again, and took little notice of it till three years afterwards. In the end of the year 1775,

I read

I read Mr. *Fletcher's* Appeal; but without any great effect. I liked his ſtile and the perſpicuity of his Arguments; and I was in a kind of rapture in reading his Addreſs and the Appendix. Yet ſtill I did not bring the queſtion home to my own heart, Whether *I* was in that fallen ſtate he ſo clearly deſcribed? I looked upon myſelf as *ſome* kind of a Chriſtian, from the time I had been baptized. But whoever is fully acquainted with his own heart, will readily acknowledge that the picture of man, in his fallen ſtate, cannot be drawn in too black colours. His heart is *deſperately wicked*; yea, *every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is evil*, and that *continually*.

I had two old Latin books, one a Comment on our Articles, the other a Summary of the Heads of Divinity; both written in the laſt century by Preſbyters of the Church of England. Theſe I ſometimes peruſed, and they had a conſiderable weight with me. I had often before this applied in private to the *Father of light*, if I was in error, to let me know it. This prayer was at length anſwered; for, reading a paſſage in one of theſe books, concerning Juſtification and Sanctification, I was ſtruck with this thought: "This is not a *new* doctrine." I then had recourſe again to Mr. *Weſley's* Appeals, together with the Bible. Having read theſe with fervent prayer, my eyes were thoroughly opened; and I gained more ſpiritual knowledge in ſix days, than I had before in ſix and twenty years.

I now clearly ſaw the plan of ſalvation, and perceived my own ſoul in its true colours. Wherever I was, either riding, ſitting, or walking, the words of the heathen Emperor, "My friends, I have loſt a day," went like a dagger to my heart. "Will not this heathen, ſaid I, riſe in judgment and condemn *me*, who have loſt the whole of my time?" And the reflection of having done no good diſtreſſed me more than even the burthen of my ſins. Every prop being now removed, I ſaw I muſt be ſaved by *faith only*, or periſh everlaſtingly.

everlaſtingly. When I had ſought mercy for a fortnight, without ſucceſs, I thought I muſt repent more. This ſet me back for ſome time; for I had none to converſe with who knew the way of ſalvation. But God himſelf gave me encouragement by dreams; and I had firm hopes which ſupported me under my heavy burthen. When I had been about ſix weeks under conviction, on reading the firſt chapter of *Iſaiah* in the Church, being the firſt leſſon appointed for the day, I was much affected by it, thinking it very applicable to our times, and to the then ſtate of the Britiſh Empire: the American rebellion having now advanced to a conſiderable height. After my return home I read over the chapter again, and determined to write a Diſcourſe from ſome text in it for the following Sabbath; which I accordingly did, taking the ſecond verſe for my text. On the Sabbath when I was to preach it, about the middle of the ſervice, a man came into the Church and handed me a Form of Prayer and a Proclamation, for obſerving a general Faſt on the Friday following. I had but two or three minutes till I was to read the Proclamation. Soon after, I went into the pulpit, where I delivered the ſaid Diſcourſe with more than ordinary energy. I was ſo affected with a ſenſe of what had occurred, and of my own unworthineſs, that towards the concluſion of my Diſcourſe I burſt into tears; the whole tenor of my Sermon being calculated for the Faſt-Day, as if I had been previouſly apprized of it; whereas I knew nothing of the matter till the moment when the packets were handed to me into the Reading-Deſk. It was the thought of this, and the tenor of my diſcourſe, which, beſides the burthen of my ſins, ſerved to ſink me to the duſt; and the language of my heart then was, "Lord, what am I? What have I to merit thy favour? I am the vileſt of the vile; yea, worſe than nothing!" But how did my poor neighbours account for my tears and diſtreſs? Why, by ſpreading a report that the packets I received contained preſs-warrants, on account of a threatened

invaſion,

invaſion; and that I was weeping through fear of the impending dangers of a war in *Ireland*.

I was in deep diſtreſs the remainder of that day and night, and did not ſleep till about one o'clock: whether ſleeping or waking I am not certain, I felt a kind of impreſſion which is not eaſily deſcribed. On the night following, about the ſame hour, being, I believe, aſleep, I felt another impulſe ſomewhat ſimilar to it, which ſeemed to be accompanied with a dawn of light. On the third night, having ſat up till two o'clock in the morning writing, I went to bed, but did not ſleep for a conſiderable time. I then ſlept about two hours; and awoke out of a remarkable dream. Whilſt I was meditating a few minutes upon it, I felt a third impulſe, which ſhook my whole frame; even every nerve and fibre in my body. It was as quick as lightning, ſo that I can compare it to nothing but the ſhock of Electric fire: and it left me very weak for ſome hours. What ſeemed to me moſt remarkable in theſe impulſes was, that though they varied a little, yet they all were ſomewhat ſimilar to a ſenſation which I felt about eighteen years before, in the night, after I had been hearing *John Manners* preach. I do not recollect that I was any way affected by his preaching or converſation; but I have ſometimes thought ſince, that perhaps that good man's prayers were heard for me; for, I doubt not but he prayed for me *particularly* in private; knowing that I was then about to enter the College. This impulſe (I mean the thoughts of it) often impreſſed my mind, though I never diſcovered it to any one, fearing leſt it ſhould be only the effect of imagination. Though I believe now that God was reconciled to me at the time when I felt the laſt of thoſe three impulſes; yet I could not then believe it, nor for a month or ſix weeks after. When I was enabled *fully* to believe that God was at peace with me, I was ſo collected, and my ideas ſo clear, that I think I could have written a Sermon, and converſed with five or ſix different perſons

perſons at the ſame time; ſo that what is related of *Julius Cæſar* did not ſeem to me incredible. But this did not continue more than a month or ſix weeks; which, I believe, I might have retained, had I not been unfaithful to the grace given, and grieved the Spirit of God by doubting of my Call to preach the Goſpel.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.

Written by Mr. J. ROGERS.

[*Continued from page* 247.]

JANUARY 27, her cough was ſo violent all the night that ſhe got no reſt; but towards day-break the Lord abated it, and gave his beloved ſleep. On waking from a gentle ſlumber, being aſked how ſhe felt her mind? ſhe replied, "My truſt is in the Lord; he is near to me at all times." Soon after this ſhe ſaid, "Do, kneel down and pray; and if you pleaſe, aſk the Lord to releaſe me. O, how I want to be with my dear Lord!"

Mrs *Simpſon* calling to ſee her, aſked how ſhe felt? She ſaid, "Weaker and weaker; but quite reſigned. I have cauſe to be thankful that the Lord ſupports me; and I believe he will ſupport me to the end."

The night after, ſhe had much ſickneſs, and no ſleep at all. In the morning ſhe turned her languid face towards Miſs *R.* and with a ſmile ſaid, "Well, my dear, I think my Lord will not tarry long now. O, He is a ſweet Saviour!" Miſs *R.* ſaid, I believe, He will not tarry long; but you muſt remember, every *moment* you ſuffer here is adding to the brightneſs of your crown in glory. She ſaid, "Well, that is a bleſſed thought indeed!"

While

While Miſs *R.* repeated the following verſes, ſhe rejoiced exceedingly.

He looks from the ſkies,
He ſhews us the prize,
And gives us a ſign
That we ſhall o'ercome by the mercy divine.

The Saviour of all,
For us he ſhall call,
Shall ſhortly appear;
Our day of eternal ſalvation is near.

For us is prepared,
The angelical guard,
The convoy attends;
A miniſtering hoſt of inviſible friends.

Ready winged for their flight,
To the regions of light,
The horſes are come,
The chariots of Iſrael to carry us home.

For ſeveral days, being exceeding weak, we could ſcarcely hear her ſpeak, only by ſhort intervals. On perceiving her whiſper, we attended, and her words were, "O, my precious, precious Lord! thou wilt not tarry long! I ſhall ſoon be with thee! What a day will that be! I ſhall praiſe thee for ever!"

At another time, after Miſs *R.* and I had both been at prayer for her, ſhe looked at us and ſaid, "I am obliged to you both, and thank the Lord for you. What a mercy is it that you can pray for me thus! It has done me good. I heard you ſay the other day, the Lord had given you the ſpirit of prayer, and I am ſure I have proved it true; for I never heard either of you pray as you have done lately. I thank my Lord for it all. I am ſure God is with you." She added, "O what ſweetneſs! what happineſs I feel! I am quite reſigned: for all the Lord does is well done indeed!

indeed! I am *glad* it is juſt as it is. All is right. Do you pray for me, and I will pray for you. God *will* bleſs you: I ſhall meet you both again, after a little while. We ſhall all get to heaven: I have not a doubt but we ſhall."

February 6, ſhe had a violent fit of coughing, and got up ſome blood. On hearing us mention this, ſhe ſaid, "Well, it is all right! My Deliverer is drawing nearer and nearer. He will not tarry long. O, my gracious Lord, thou wilt come and ſet me at liberty! Come Lord Jeſus!"

February 8. Converſing with her as ſhe could bear it, I was ſaying, how many profitable moments we had ſpent together! She replied, "Well, my love, they will be renewed again!" Seeing me affected and in tears, ſhe ſaid, "What is the matter? My dear, do not grieve. A moment cannot *always* laſt! You and I are ſure to meet again on Mount Sion! And it will not be long! Be of good comfort."

At another time, being called ſuddenly up ſtairs, I found her in a ſevere agony, occaſioned by the ſtoppage of the phlegm. As ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, ſhe cried out, with uncommon fervency, "Come Lord Jeſus! O, come quickly! O, come my dear Jeſus! O, come and help me! Thou wilt come ſoon! I ſhall ſoon be with thee!"

The day before her death ſhe was more cheerful and converſable than for a fortnight before. Having long expected her diſſolution every hour, we did not inform her of the death of her child; for we feared the ſurpriſe might interrupt her. She now however enquired particularly about him, and we told her the whole. Then lifting her eyes to heaven, with a ſweetneſs inexpreſſible, ſhe cried, "My dear *Jemmy!* My precious! My darling! Has my ſweet babe indeed got to heaven before me! Well, though he has a little the ſtart of me, it is not much. I am going quickly. Yes, I ſhall ſoon ſee him again. O, how good is the Lord!"*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort

A ſhort Account of ANN ROYLANDS.

[*Concluded from page* 249.]

THE week before ſhe died ſhe was violently tempted by the powers of darkneſs; but in every temptation the Lord made a way for her eſcape. She had many conſolations mingled with her trials both of body and mind.

She would cry out, in the midſt of all, "Come Lord Jeſus! Let me love thee with all my heart! I am but a young, ignorant creature; but O, let me love my God and die!" Some thieves having broke into the houſe, and ſtole ſeveral things, and among the reſt a cloak of hers; ſhe ſaid, "I ſhall ſoon be clothed with a white robe, white as ſnow, waſhed in the blood of the Lamb!" Sometimes ſhe would ſay, "I am in great pain; but I ſcarce feel it: I am ſo happy in my Redeemer. I am weak; but he is my Might: he is my Love; my God; my All!"

As her time drew near to a period, how did ſhe wreſtle with God in prayer for faith and patience, to hold out unto the end! Some of her words were, "Come Lord Jeſus! Come quickly, and take me to thine everlaſting arms! I love my Jeſus! Thou wilt not leave me, ſweet Jeſus! Only give me patience, and make me like thyſelf, and then take me to glory!"

The day before ſhe died, Satan was permitted to make his laſt attack upon her. For ſometime ſhe was in an agony. But prayer was made to God for her, and it pleaſed the Lord to ſtill the Avenger. After lying awhile, when the conflict was over, ſhe broke out in an extaſy of love and joy, and cried aloud, "Come Lord Jeſus! Take me to thyſelf! Dear Jeſus, how I love thee! O, I love my Jeſus! I love my father! I love my mother! I love you all! and I love all the

world; but I love my Jeſus a thouſand times better. I ſhall ſoon be with him! I ſhall ſoon be in his arms! Do not leave me: ſtay and ſee me die. Before the morning, Jeſus will take me to himſelf! I ſhall be in his arms for ever and ever! I ſhall ſing the ſong of Moſes and the Lamb for ever and ever! Hallelujah! Come ſweet Jeſus! why are thy chariot wheels ſo long in coming? and why tarry the wheels of thy chariot? O, come quickly, and let me be thine for ever!"

She then lifted up her feeble voice and ſung,

"For me my elder brethren ſtay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jeſus bids me come!

Ah! my dear Jeſus, I ſhall ſoon be with thee! I ſhall ſoon be happy in thine embrace! I ſhall ſoon be with him whom my ſoul loveth! I ſhall join the hundred and forty, and four thouſand, with the innumerable company, which no man can number; and there a heavenly harper ſtand, and ſing the ſong of love to all eternity!"

In this ſolemn triumph of faith, ſhe continued for an hour and half; and her words were like thoſe of a ſpirit ſent from paradiſe. After lying ſometime compoſed, ſhe was ſeized with convulſions, and cried out, "Father, I am ſtruck with death!" She continued for ſome hours, with her eyes and hands lifted up to heaven; and with ſmiles of love and joy on her countenance. Her father ſaid, My dear, you are not afraid to die. She haſtily replied, "O! no, no! I am not afraid to die!"

After continuing for ſome hours in a tranſport of love and joy, ſhe quietly fell aſleep, on May the 25th, in the nineteenth year of her age.

Some

Some Account of Mrs. HANNAH WOOD.

[Written by her Son.]

MY dear and honoured parent was born at *Richmond* in *Surry*, on the 19th of April, 1736. In 1759 ſhe was married to Mr. *Baſil Wood*, who alſo was born at *Richmond*, in 1730, with whom ſhe had been acquainted from her infancy.

Such an union, cemented by long endearment, and ſimilarity of diſpoſition, promiſed a ſcene of much temporal felicity; but a myſterious Providence intended other events. The January following, my father, being then from home on a viſit, was ſeized with a violent fever, and died on the 12th of that month. So great a ſhock, to a mind of her ſenſibility, could leave no faint impreſſion; but it pleaſed God to ſupport her in this keen trial, and on the 5th of Auguſt following ſhe was delivered of a ſon. Providence wonderfully interpoſed in our favour, and both root and branch, though then apparently withering, were preſerved together, juſt as many years longer as ſhe had then lived.

The afflicting circumſtance of my father's death, nevertheleſs proved an eventual bleſſing. By one ſtroke her mind was ſevered from worldly proſpects; and being rent from the love of the creature, ſhe now began more anxiouſly to ſeek the knowledge and love of the Creator.

In the year 1779, it pleaſed God to lay the foundation of the diſorder, which at length occaſioned her death. A ſevere fit of illneſs confined her to her room ſix or ſeven months. From that time ſhe was much afflicted with a weakneſs and ſwelling in her joints; various means were uſed, but the remedy remained unknown.

This

This laſt year ſhe was unable to riſe from her ſeat without aſſiſtance, and was almoſt in a ſtate of helpleſsneſs. The diſorder got into her ſtomach. An entire loſs of appetite took place, and a perpetual ſickneſs.

God now viſited her ſoul with more peculiar manifeſtations of his love. She believed her end to be approaching, and was more filled with joy as the day drew nigh, which for ever would terminate all her ſorrow.

Since her deceaſe, upon looking over a kind of diary, which her humility charged me never to open in her life-time, I have met with the following meditation on the laſt birth-day ſhe ſpent on earth.

April 19, 1784.

"This is the day of my birth. O, my gracious Lord, make me ſenſible of thy mercies!——I would be all praiſe and thankſgiving.—I would praiſe thee for my birth; for there thy mercies began; and they have followed me all my days.—Deareſt Lord, I cannot expreſs my thanks; but thou ſeeſt my heart, and I truſt thou ſeeſt me longing to be thankful! O, that I could render praiſe and gratitude to thee, who, I humbly truſt, haſt created my ſoul anew! This, this alone makes the day of *natural* birth to be looked back to with comfort. O, for a grateful heart!—Help me, gracious Lord, to praiſe thee for all that is paſt! My heart is full.—I want words.—O, help me to look forward!—I have lived here a long time. Help me to look beyond the grave; to look to thy right-hand.—Increaſe my faith; help me to believe that thou haſt indeed called me by thy grace; begun the good work: and that thou wilt carry it on and keep me, that where thou, my bleſſed Jeſus art, there thy poor unworthy ſervant ſhall be alſo!——O, glory be to thy name, the work is thine own, and my truſt is in thee! O, keep me and ſave me, bleſſed Lord! I give myſelf to thee.—O, bring me to thoſe bleſſed manſions of peace, where I ſhall be able to praiſe thee; where I ſhall

I ſhall be delivered from the painful clog of this body, which weighs down my ſoul!—Prepare me for thy coming!—O, make me watchful, and ready to meet thee, when thou ſhalt pleaſe to ſend thy meſſenger, Death, for me!—O, make the pain I continually feel of uſe to me.—Sure I cannot be long here!—O, quicken my ſoul! Fix my affections on heavenly things.—O, give me clearer views! O, give me a ſenſe of pardoned ſin!—Waſh me in thy precious blood.——Clothe me with thy perfect righteouſneſs.—Conform me more to thy divine image; and help me to meet death, as a kind friend, come to fetch me home to thee!—Amen, Amen, thou deareſt Lord!"——

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Some Account of ROBERT DENNIS: *in a Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.

Rev. Sir, Sheffield, Dec. 24, 1785.

AMONG many inſtances of happy deaths, which occurred during the two laſt years I was at *Halifax*, perhaps an account of the following, which happened in July laſt, may not be unworthy of a place in your Magazine.

Robert Dennis was from a child, often concerned for the ſalvation of his ſoul. He was remarkable for obedience to his parents, and was of ſo tender and loving a ſpirit, that he entered into all their joys and ſorrows; and ſeemed quite unhappy if he thought any thing troubled them. He was ſo diligent in his employment, that his parents never had need to urge him to it; being always forward, according to his ability. His behaviour was ſo good that he was never heard to utter an oath, or to uſe any foul or wicked language. So far from this, that when a younger brother once happened to take the name of God in vain, he ſeemed deeply concerned; and

and took the firſt opportunity of deſiring his mother to ſpeak to him.

About ſix years ago (when he was about thirteen years of age) he had, in a dream, an awful view of the day of judgment; and was exceedingly alarmed to find himſelf deſtitute of that religion without which he could not be admitted to glory. This he told his mother, and ſeemed to be much affected with it.

He had regularly gone with his parents to hear the word, and had joined with them in family-worſhip; but did not appear to be benefited any further than that he was preſerved from outward ſin, and felt frequently good deſires. And indeed as his diſpoſition was rather cloſe, this was in a great meaſure hid from his parents till a little before his death; nor were they apprized of the concern he had, during the greateſt part of his long and painful illneſs.

This begun about two years ago; and he ſeems to have been under very deep impreſſions moſt of the time: but kept it chiefly to himſelf. At length, about eight weeks before he died, he was conſtrained to reveal his inward trouble to ſuch as talked to him about eternal things. He was deeply ſenſible of his want of faith, and very deſirous that the people of God ſhould both pray for him and adviſe him. He attended the means of grace, both public and private, longer than he was well able. But ſtill he did not find reſt to his ſoul.

At length, about three weeks before he died, having been at the preaching with his father, after they returned home, he attended ſeriouſly while his father read to him the 8th chapter to the Romans, out of which the text was taken. When they came to the paſſage that ſpeaks of the glorious privileges of the children of God, his father ſaid, Well *Robert*, and doſt thou think that thou haſt any part in theſe matters? "Yes father, ſaid he, I hope I have." His mother ſaid, *Robert*, thou muſt endeavour to reſign thyſelf up to the Lord,

Lord, body and ſoul, and thou wilt find peace." He anſwered, "Mother, I have done that long ſince." Well then, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou not find peace? He ſaid, "Yes I do." His father then read forward, and the young man ſeemed quite thoughtful, till at length he broke out in a kind of rapture, and ſaid, "O, praiſe the Lord! praiſe the Lord! He has given me glory!" with many other expreſſions to the ſame purport. His countenance, which ſhone with viſible brightneſs, bore teſtimony to the truth of what he uttered. A ſerious friend happening to come in, they all kneeled down, and ſolemnly returned the Lord thanks for this diſplay of his goodneſs. He continued unſpeakably happy all night; and next morning ſpoke of the goodneſs of God to all that came in. The comfort wherewith the Lord refreſhed his ſoul, had an effect even upon his body; ſo that he ſeemed to himſelf to have no pain or ſickneſs. In the afternoon he walked out into the garden of a friend, with the Chriſtian Pattern in his pocket, and ſtayed there reading and meditating ſometime. As he returned home he met with a ſerious friend, who enquired into the ſtate of his ſoul? when he anſwered, according to his former expreſſion, "The Lord has given me glory;" ſhe was ſtruck with the unuſual phraſe, and knew and felt that it was glory indeed.

The day following he ſaid many bleſſed things, to one that called to ſee him. Among the reſt, he ſignified, What cauſe he had to be thankful for this affliction: which he believed would be the means of ſaving his ſoul: and ſeemed joyful at the thoughts of his approaching diſſolution. An aunt being preſent, and hearing this converſation, was much ſtruck, and ſhed many tears; having rarely, if ever, heard a dying perſon, eſpecially one ſo young, ſpeaking of death with ſuch cheerfulneſs. Now friends came to ſee him every day; and he ſpoke to all, as his ſtrength would permit, of the loving-kindneſs of the Lord: and ſeemed wonderfully

directed to speak to all as their state required. To a backsider he said, "*Robert*, I am sorry for you. O, return to the Lord, and he will return to you!" and it seemed to be a word in season. To another who was under some trials, he said, "*George*, your troubles are many; but look to the Lord and he will be your refuge."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Extract from a SERMON, *on* GOD *is* LOVE.

[*Continued from page 258.*]

TO illustrate this subject consider farther, 3. "That criminals are incompetent judges of vindictive justice." It is natural for them to flatter themselves that their crimes are small; that their judge still ought to suffer them to escape with impunity, or with a gentle punishment; and that if he should do otherwise he would be unjust and cruel. The excess of self-love suggests to them a thousand excuses and extenuations of their guilt, and flatters them with a thousand favourable presumptions. An impenitent criminal is always an ungenerous, mean spirited, selfish creature, and has nothing of that noble disinterested self-denial and impartiality which would cause him to condemn himself, and approve of that sentence by which he dies. A little acquaintance with the conduct of mankind will soon make us sensible of their partiality; and particularly how unfit they are to form an estimate of justice when themselves stand as criminals at its bar. Now this is the case of all mankind in the affair now under consideration. They are criminals at the bar of divine justice; they are the parties to be tried: it is natural to them

to

to palliate their own crimes, and to form flattering expectations from the clemency of their judge. And are they fit perſons to preſcribe to their judge how he ſhould deal with them, or what meaſure of puniſhment he ought to inflict upon them? Sinners! dare you uſurp this high province? Dare you,

> " Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
> Rejudge his juſtice, be the god of God?"

Rather ſtand at the bar, ye criminals! That is your place. Do not dare to aſcend the throne. That is the place of your judge. Stand ſilent, and await his righteous ſentence, which is always juſt; always beſt: or, if creatures muſt judge of the juſtice of their ſovereign, I appeal to the ſaints; I appeal to the angels, thoſe competent, diſintereſted judges; I appeal to every upright, impartial being in the univerſe. They approve, they celebrate, they admire, and love all the diſplays of punitive juſtice as neceſſary to the public good; and their judgment may be depended on: it is not miſled by ignorance, nor perverted by ſelf-intereſt. To whom would you appeal as judges of the proceedings of courts of juſtice among men? To malefactors in a dungeon, who have made juſtice their enemy, and who are therefore enemies to it? No; but you would appeal to obedient ſubjects, who are not obnoxious to juſtice themſelves, and are ſenſible of its beauty and public utility? They all approve of it with one voice, and would look upon a ſupreme magiſtrate without it as a very contemptible character, and eſſentially deficient in goodneſs. Hence it follows that even the punitive juſtice of God not only *is* in reality, but to all impartial judges *appears* to be a moſt amiable, and beneficent perfection; majeſtic indeed, but not forbidding; awful, but not hateful; terrible, but only to criminals; and deſtructive only to what deſtroys the public

good. I have ſo far anticipated myſelf that I need hardly add,

4. "That proceedings ſimilar to thoſe of the divine government are not only approved of as juſt in all human governments; but alſo loved and admired as amiable, and eſſential to the *goodneſs and benevolence* of a ruler."

Does the ſupreme lawgiver annex ſevere penalties to his laws which render the diſobedient miſerable for ever? So do human governments with the unanimous approbation of their ſubjects; they inflict puniſhments that affect life, and cut off the offender from civil ſociety *for ever*; and this is the only kind of *everlaſting* puniſhment that can be executed by mortals. *Does* Jehovah maintain good order in his immenſe empire; protect his ſubjects, and deter them from offending by making examples of the guilty? And does he ſecure and advance the good of the whole by the conſpicuous puniſhment of obnoxious individuals? This is done every day for the ſame ends in human governments, and that with univerſal approbation. *Does* he inflict puniſhments that are not intended for the reformation and advantage of the guilty ſufferer, but only for the admonition and benefit of others? This is always the caſe in human governments when the puniſhment reaches to the life; for then the offender himſelf is put out of all capacity of perſonal advantage by it, but he ſuffers entirely for the good of others. Even criminals muſt be made uſeful to ſociety; and this is the only uſe they are fit to anſwer. Would it be greatly injurious for a magiſtrate, in his public character, to forgive crimes and ſuffer criminals to eſcape, though to do ſo in a private character might be a virtue? Juſt ſo God, who is the ſupreme *Magiſtrate* of the univerſe, and not to be conſidered in this caſe as a *private* perſon acting only in a private character: the great God I ſay, is obliged by his regard for his own honour and the benefit of his ſubjects, to inflict proper puniſhments, and diſtribute his pardoning

pardoning mercy to individuals conſiſtently with the general good. What would be *revenge* in a *private* perſon, which is the ruling paſſion of devils, is juſtice, and benevolence itſelf in the ſupreme Ruler of the world: and a failure in this would render him not only leſs glorious; but leſs amiable, leſs beneficent to his creatures.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Of HUMAN LIBERTY.

Extracted from a late Author.

[*Concluded from page* 260.]

WHETHER then we conſider the nature of intelligent beings upon which freedom is founded; or the fatal conſequences of denying liberty; all conſpires to prove that finite ſpirits are endued with this property. It is the nobleſt faculty God could grant them. By it they will be for ever happy; but happy by love, and by free love, which is the ſupreme felicity. Thus they will for ever contribute to their own perfection and happineſs. This is the neareſt and higheſt imitation of the divine independency. They will remain for ever unconſtrained in their choice, preference and love. Nothing can ever force, or do violence to their moral determinations. This is the eternal, immutable, and univerſal law, eſtabliſhed through the whole regions of immenſity. God will always act upon intelligent natures in proportion to their free correſpondence. Such is the nature of his intelligent images, that he cannot make them happy without their own concurrence; and upon this great principle depends all the beautiful œconomy of Providence with regard to ſpirits fallen or unfallen. As he loves eſſentially all his creatures,

as

as he made them only to be happy; as he can never ceaſe to furniſh them with the means neceſſary to come to this end; he never acts upon them by omnipotent, irreſiſtible wills, otherwiſe they could never be wicked or miſerable for one moment. He would convert them all, and beatify them all by one inſtantaneous act; and therefore if they be not all good and happy, they muſt have in themſelves a real power to reſiſt his divine operations, and ſo retard the deſign he had in creating them. We ſhall now examine the objections made againſt liberty.

1. Rational agents act ſtill for ſome reaſon that determines them. This reaſon appears to them at the time always the beſt, otherwiſe they would be capable of preferring what appears to them a leſſer good to a greater, what appears a greater evil to a leſs, and conſequently of willing evil as evil, which is impoſſible. Now the ſoul wills, deſires, and loves neceſſarily what appears to it beſt, and therefore freedom is a contradiction.

I grant that all rational beings are determined by ſome reaſon, and that they always chuſe what at that time appears to them beſt; but I maintain, that before they are thus determined, they have always a power to examine whether what appears to them the beſt, be really ſo, or not; a *true* or only an *apparent* good: and this is the firſt ſource of liberty. All particular good may draw or move them becauſe it is good; but it does not determine them neceſſarily, becauſe it is not *all* good. They have, by virtue of their natural activity, or ſupernatural aid, a power to ſuſpend the laſt deciſion of the underſtanding and will, till they have examined.

2. It may be urged that when men doubt, or ſuſpend thus their judgment, they have always a reaſon for this ſuſpenſion, which makes it appear to them the beſt and the ſafeſt, and conſequently it is neceſſary.

I anſwer

I anſwer that we have always a reaſon of ſuſpenſion when we doubt, becauſe we are fallible; but we have alſo always a reaſon of not ſuſpending, becauſe we love pleaſure. The fear of error may reſtrain us on the one hand, and the deſire of pleaſure excite us on the other. We may yield to either; and ſo have ſtill a reaſon for acting; but not a *neceſſary* reaſon, ſince either *may* determine us. If by a falſe precipitated judgment we think unlawful pleaſure beſt, then we ſin. If by a juſt diffidence of ourſelves, we examine, and then renounce this pleaſure, we are virtuous. All thoſe who are criminal, think at the inſtant of commiſſion, all things conſidered, ſin a leſſer evil, than the pain they would ſuffer, and the dangers they would incur, by not ſinning; that is, they think by a precipitate judgment that *ſin* is *better* than *ſuffering*; and hence it is that all moral evil was derived at firſt from *error*. But before they followed this judgment, and let themſelves be blinded and hurried on by paſſion, they had a *real power* to *examine*.

3. Some will ſay that lapſed beings are not capable at all times of comparing, examining, and judging; becauſe their underſtanding may be ſo darkened, their will ſo precipitated, and the capacity of the mind ſo filled with the preſent object, that they cannot ſtop their bent to pleaſure, nor ſee objects in their true light. This we grant; the *original corruption* of our nature has very much diminiſhed freedom, but it has not entirely *deſtroyed it*. We are born enſlaved to ſenſuality, and captivated by falſe ſelf-love; but what is wanting to nature may be ſupplied by a conſtant application to the divine ſource of life, light and love. This ſuperior, ſupernatural force is refuſed to none. Univerſal grace "enlightens every man that comes into the world." Its diffuſive rays, like thoſe of the ſun, may be ſeen by all thoſe that do not ſhut their eyes, or hide themſelves in a cavern, immerſed in ſenſe, or are ſo habituated to all the impreſſions of vice and paſſion,

paſſion, that they never turn their intellectual views and deſires to this divine light, nor implore its ſuccours. Thus they contract inveterate habits of evil, and then by cowardice they call impoſſible, what is only very difficult; and deny that they can vanquiſh their paſſions, becauſe they will not be at the pains to combat them.

A Relation of Witchcraft diſcovered in the Village of Mohra, in Sweden.

THE news of this Witchcraft coming to the King's ear, his Majeſty was pleaſed to appoint Commiſſioners, ſome of the Clergy and ſome of the Laity, to make a journey to the town aforeſaid, and to examine the whole buſineſs; and accordingly, the examination was ordered to be on the thirteenth of Auguſt; and the Commiſſioners met on the twelfth inſtant, in the ſaid village, at the Parſon's houſe; to whom, both the Miniſter, and ſeveral people of faſhion, complained, with tears in their eyes, of the miſerable condition they were in; and therefore begged of them to think of ſome way whereby they might be delivered from that calamity. The inhabitants of the village added, with great lamentations, That though their children had told all, and themſelves fought God very earneſtly by prayer, yet they were carried away. And therefore begged of the Lords Commiſſioners, to root out this helliſh crew, that they might regain their former reſt and quietneſs.

That day, that is, the thirteenth of Auguſt, being the laſt humiliation-day inſtituted by authority, for the removing of this judgment, the Commiſſioners went to Church; where there appeared a conſiderable aſſembly both of young and old. There were two ſermons preached, in which the miſerable

miſerable caſe of thoſe people, that ſuffered themſelves to be deluded by the devil, was laid open.

The public worſhip being over, all the people of the town were called together, near three thouſand of them. Silence being commanded, the King's commiſſion was read in the hearing of them all; and they were charged, under very great penalties, to conceal nothing of what they knew, and to ſay nothing but the truth. They all promiſed obedience; the guilty feignedly; but the guiltleſs weeping and crying bitterly.

On the 14th of Auguſt, the Commiſſioners met again. Examination being made, there were no leſs than threeſcore and ten in the village, three and twenty of which, confeſſing their crimes, were condemned to die; one pretending ſhe was with child, and the reſt denying and pleading not guilty, were ſent to *Fahluna*, where moſt of them were afterwards executed.

Fifteen children likewiſe confeſſing, that they were engaged in this witchery, died as the reſt; and thirty-ſix of them, between nine and ſixteen years of age, who had been leſs guilty, were forced to run the gantlet. The whole number of the ſeduced children were three hundred.

The children being aſked, Whether they were ſure that they were carried away by the devil? They all declared they were; begging of the Commiſſioners, that they might be freed from that intolerable ſlavery.

Hereupon the witches themſelves were aſked, Whether the confeſſions of theſe children were true? And admoniſhed to confeſs the truth, that they might turn away from the devil, unto the living God. At firſt, moſt of them very ſtiffly denied it. After this the children were examined, every one by himſelf, to ſee if their confeſſions did agree; and the Commiſſioners found, that all of them, except ſome very little ones, punctually agreed.

The confeſſion which the witches made in *Elfdale*, to the Judges, agreed with the confeſſion they made at *Mohra*; and the chief things they confeſſed, conſiſted in theſe three points: Firſt, Whither they uſed to go? Secondly, What kind of a place it was they went to, called by them *Blockula*; where the witches and the devil uſed to meet? Thirdly, What miſchief they had either done, or deſigned there?

Firſt, Of their journey to *Blockula*. The contents of their confeſſion were as follows:

We, of the province of *Elfdale*, do confeſs, that we uſed to go to a gravel-pit, which lies hard by a croſs way, and there we put on a veſt over our heads, and then danced round; and after this ran to the croſs-way, and called the devil thrice, firſt with a ſtill voice, the ſecond time ſomewhat louder, and the third time very loud. Whereupon, immediately he uſed to appear, but in different habits; but, for the moſt part, we ſaw him in a grey coat, and red and blue ſtockings.

Then he aſked us, If we would ſerve him with ſoul and body? If we were content to do ſo, he ſet us on a beaſt, and carried us to a green meadow where *Blockula* lies.

Thoſe that were of the town of *Mohra*, made, in a manner, the ſame declaration. Being aſked, Whether they were ſure of a real perſonal tranſportation? and whether they were awake when it was done? they all anſwered in the affirmative.

Being aſked, how they could go through chimnies, and broken panes of glaſs? They ſaid, the devil firſt removed all that hindered them in their flight.

Others were aſked, how they were able to carry ſo many children with them? They anſwered, That when the children were aſleep, they came into the chamber, and laid hold of them, and aſked, if they would go to a feaſt with them? To which ſome anſwered, Yes; others No; yet they were all forced to go. They only gave the children a ſhirt, a

coat,

coat, and doublet, which was either red or blue; and ſo they ſet them upon a beaſt of the devil's providing, and then they rode away.

What the manner of their journey was, God alone knows: this much was made out, that if the children did, at any time, name the names of thoſe, either men or women, that had been with them that had carried them away, they were again carried by force, either to *Blockula* or the croſs-way, and there beaten, inſomuch, that ſome of them died of it.

A little girl of *Elfdale* confeſſed, that, naming the name of Jeſus, as ſhe was carried away, ſhe fell ſuddenly upon the ground, and got a great hole in her ſide; which the devil preſently healed up again, and away he carried her: and to this day, the girl confeſſes, ſhe had exceeding great pain in her ſide. Another boy confeſſed too, that one day he was carried away with his miſtreſs; and to perform the journey, he took his father's horſe out of the meadow, where it was feeding, and upon his return, his miſtreſs let the horſe go into her own ground.

[*To be continued.*]

Of Judge JEFFERIES, *on the Trial of Mr.* RICHARD BAXTER, *in the Court of King's-Bench.*

IN the beginning of the year 1685, Mr. Baxter was committed to the King's-Bench priſon, by a warrant from the Lord Chief Juſtice Jefferies, for his Paraphraſe on the New Teſtament.

On the 6th of May, he appeared in the Court of King's-Bench. On the 14th, he pleaded, Not guilty; and on the 18th, Mr. Baxter being much indiſpoſed, and deſiring farther time, the Chief Juſtice anſwered, "I will not give him a minute's time more to ſave his life."—"We have had, ſays

he, to do with other ſorts of perſons, but now we have a ſaint to deal with; and I know how to deal with ſaints as well as ſinners.—Yonder ſtands Oats in the pillory, and he ſays, he ſuffers for the Truth, and ſo does Baxter. But did Baxter but ſtand on the other ſide of the pillory with him, I would ſay, two of the greateſt rogues and raſcals in the kingdom ſtood there."

On the 30th of May, in the afternoon, Baxter was brought to his trial before the Lord Chief Juſtice at Guildhall. As ſoon as his Lordſhip was ſeated, a ſhort cauſe was called and tried; after which, the Clerk beginning to read the title of another, "You blockhead, ſays Jefferies, the next cauſe is between Richard Baxter and the King." Upon this, Baxter's cauſe was called. The main charge was, that in ſome paſſages, he reflected on the Prelates of the Church of England, and ſo was guilty of ſedition. The King's Counſel opened the information at large, with its aggravations. Meſſrs. Wallop, Williams, Rotherham, Atwood, and Phipps, were Counſel for Mr. Baxter. Mr. Wallop ſaid, "That he conceived the matter depending, being a point of doctrine, it ought to be referred to the Biſhop; but if not, he humbly conceived the doctrine was innocent and juſtifiable; ſetting aſide the inuendoes, for which there was no colour. "Mr. Wallop, replied his Lordſhip, I obſerve you are in all theſe dirty cauſes; and were it not for you Gentlemen of the long robe, who ſhould have more wit and honeſty, than to ſupport and hold up theſe factious knaves by the chin, we ſhould not be at the paſs we are."—"My Lord, added Mr. Wallop, I humbly conceive, that the paſſages accuſed are natural deductions from the text."—"You humbly conceive! interrupted the Judge, and I humbly conceive—ſwear him, ſwear him!"—"My Lord, anſwered Mr. Wallop, under favour, I am Counſel for the defendant; and, if I underſtand either Latin or Engliſh, the information now brought againſt Mr. Baxter, upon ſuch a ſlight ground, is a greater reflection

upon

upon the Church of England, than any thing contained in the book he is accuſed for."—To this his Lordſhip replied, "Sometimes you humbly conceive, and ſometimes you are very poſitive. You talk of your ſkill in church hiſtory, and of your underſtanding Latin and Engliſh. I think I underſtand ſomething of them, as well as you; but, in ſhort, muſt tell you, that if you do not underſtand your duty better, I ſhall teach it you."—Upon this Mr. Wallop ſat down.—Mr. Rotherham argued, "That the ſharp reflections were intended only againſt the Prelates of the Church of Rome."—The Lord Chief Juſtice replied, "That Baxter was an enemy to the name and thing; the office and perſon of the Biſhops."—Rotherham added, "that Baxter frequently attended divine ſervice; went to the ſacrament, and perſuaded others to do ſo too: and had, in the very book ſo charged, ſpoken very moderately and honourably of the Biſhops of the Church of England." Mr. Baxter added, "My Lord, I have been ſo moderate with reſpect to the Church of England, that I have incurred the cenſure of many of the Diſſenters upon that account."—"Baxter for Biſhops! ſays Jefferies; that is a merry conceit indeed! Turn to it! Turn to it!"—Upon this, Rotherham turned to a place, where it is ſaid, "That great reſpect is due to thoſe truly called to be Biſhops among us." "Aye, ſaid Jefferies, this is your Preſbyterian cant—truly called to be Biſhops; that is himſelf, and ſuch, raſcals, called to be Biſhops of Kidderminſter, and other ſuch places. Biſhops ſet apart by ſuch factious, ſniveling Preſbyterians as himſelf. A Kidderminſter Biſhop he means; according to the ſaying of a late learned author,—and every pariſh ſhall maintain,—a tithe-pig metropolitan."—Mr. Baxter beginning to ſpeak again, Jefferies ſays to him, "Richard! Richard! doſt thou think we will hear thee poiſon the Court? Richard! thou art an old fellow, an old knave. Thou haſt written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of ſedition (I might ſay, treaſon) as an egg is full of meat. Hadſt thou

thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. Thou pretendeſt to be a Preacher of the Goſpel of Peace, and thou haſt one foot in the grave: it is time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendeſt to give. But leave thee to thyſelf, and I ſee, thou wilt go on as thou haſt begun: but by the grace of God, I will look after thee. I ſee a great many of the brotherhood, in corners, waiting to ſee what will become of their mighty don; and a doctor of the party [Dr. Bates] at your elbow; but, by the grace of the Almighty God, I will cruſh you all." —Mr. Rotherham ſitting down, Mr. Atwood endeavoured to ſhew, "that not one of the paſſages, mentioned in the information, ought to be ſtrained to that ſenſe, which was put upon them by the inuendoes; they being more natural, when taken in a milder ſenſe: nor could any of them be applied to the Prelates of the Church of England, without a very forced conſtruction." To evidence this, he would read ſome of the text; but Jefferies cried out, "You ſhall not draw me into a conventicle with your annotations, nor your ſniveling Parſon neither." "My Lord, rejoins Atwood, I conceive this to be expreſsly within Roſwell's caſe, lately before your Lordſhip." "You conceive? ſays Jefferies, you conceive amiſs: it is not." "My Lord, replied Atwood, that I may uſe the beſt authority, permit me to repeat your Lordſhip's own words in that caſe." "No, you ſhall not, anſwered his Lordſhip. You need not ſpeak, for you are an author already; though you ſpeak and write impertinently." Says Atwood, "I cannot help that my Lord, if my talent be no better; but it is my duty to do my beſt for my client." After this, Jefferies commanded him to ſit down ſeveral times, but he ſtill continued ſpeaking. "My Lord, ſaid he, I have matter of law to offer;" and he proceeded to cite ſeveral caſes, wherein it had been adjudged, "that words ought to be taken in the milder ſenſe, and not to be ſtrained by inuendoes." "Well, ſays Jefferies, when Atwood had done ſpeaking, You have had

had your ſay."—Mr. Williams and Mr. Phipps ſaid nothing; for they ſaw it would be to no purpoſe. At laſt Mr. Baxter himſelf addreſſed his Lordſhip to this effect: "My Lord, I think I can clearly anſwer all that is laid to my charge; and I ſhall do it briefly. The ſum is contained in theſe few papers; to which I ſhall add a little by teſtimony." But the Judge would not hear him. After ſome time, the Chief Juſtice ſummed up the whole, in a long harangue, to this purport: "It is notoriouſly known, there has been a deſign to ruin the King, and the Nation. The old game has been renewed, and this has been the main incendiary. He is as modeſt now, as he can be; but the time was, when no man was ſo ready at—bind your kings in chains, and your nobles in fetters of iron —and—to your tents O, Iſrael. Gentlemen, for God's ſake, do not let us be gulled twice in an age." In the concluſion of his ſpeech, he told the Jury, "that if they, in their conſciences, believed he [Baxter] meant the Biſhops and Clergy of the Church of England, in the paſſages which the information referred to, they muſt find him Guilty, and he could mean no men elſe. If not, they muſt find him Not guilty." When the Chief Juſtice had ended his ſpeech, Mr. Baxter ſaid, "Does your Lordſhip think any Jury will pretend to paſs a verdict upon ſuch a trial?"—"I'll warrant you, Mr. Baxter, replied his Lordſhip; don't you trouble yourſelf about that." And the Jury immediately, without going from the bar, found him Guilty!—

A Letter from the late Preſident MONTESQUIEU, *to the Author of the View of Lord* BOLINGBROKE's *Philoſophy.*

I Am exceedingly obliged to you, Sir, for the magnificent preſent you have been pleaſed to make me of your books, and for the letter you did me the honour to write me on Lord *Bolingbroke's*

Bolingbroke's poſthumous Works. As that letter ſeems to be rather more my own than the books which accompany it, every reaſonable creature being intereſted therein, as well as myſelf, I enjoy it with particular delight. I have dipped into ſome of my Lord *Bolingbroke's* diſcourſes; and if I may be allowed to ſay in what manner they affected me, I muſt own that he writes with a good deal of warmth: but methinks he generally employs it againſt things; whereas it ought to be employed in painting them. Now it appears to me that, in the poſthumous work of which you have given me an account, he hath prepared for you, Sir, continual matter of triumph. He who attacks revealed religion, attacks revealed religion only; but he who attacks natural religion, attacks all religions in the world. Though men ſhould be taught to diſbelieve the obligations of revealed religion, they may ſtill think themſelves bound by ſome other; but it is moſt pernicious to endeavour to perſuade them that they are bound by none at all. It is not impoſſible to attack a revealed religion, ſeeing it depends on particular facts; and facts are, in their own nature, liable to be controverted; but that is not the caſe with natural religion: for it is drawn from the nature of man, which cannot be diſputed, and from the internal ſentiments of mankind, which are equally indiſputable. Beſides, what motive can there be for attacking revealed religion in *England?* In that country it is ſo purged of all deſtructive prejudices, that it can do no harm, but on the contrary, is capable of producing numberleſs good effects. I am ſenſible in *Spain* or *Portugal*, a man who is going to be burnt, or afraid of being burnt, becauſe he does not believe certain articles, whether depending, or not depending on revealed religion, hath very good reaſon to attack it, becauſe he may thereby hope to provide for his natural defence. But the caſe is very different in *England*, where a man that attacks revealed religion, does it without the leaſt perſonal motive;

motive; and where this champion, if he ſhould ſucceed, nay ſhould he be in the right too, would only deprive his country of numberleſs real benefits, for the ſake of eſtabliſhing a mere ſpeculative truth.

A REMEDY *for the* PALSY.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, of *New-Street*, in *Cloth-Fair*, *London*, aged ſixty-one years, a Barber by trade, and the Watchman in *Bartholomew-Cloſe*, was taken, on Friday, June 13, 1760, with the palſy in his right-hand, ſo far as his wriſt.

He had neither pain nor feeling in his hand or fingers, which of courſe became uſeleſs.

He was three weeks an out-patient at St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital, and uſed a variety of medicines without benefit.

July the 5th, he read in the Weſtminſter Journal, Dr. *Lobb's* account of a boy cured of lameneſs, by the outward application of a liquor made with the yolk of a new-laid egg and water.

In two or three days after, he began the uſe of the egg-liquor; his wife rubbing his hand and fingers with it three or four times a day, for about a quarter of an hour, and in a week's time he recovered the uſe of his hand, and became able to ſhave again.

METHOD *of curing a violent* SPRAIN.

SUPPOSE it be in the Ancle. 1. Let it be fomented with vinegar, a little warm, four or five minutes at a time, once every four hours: this will render the circulation

of the fluids in the parts affected more eaſy, and either prevent a ſwelling, or promote its ſubſiding.

2. Let the perſon ſtand three or four minutes at a time on both his feet, in their natural poſture, and ſometimes move the ſprained foot; and ſometimes, when ſitting with his foot on a low ſtool, let him move it, this way and that, as he can bear it: this will contribute much to contract the over-ſtretched veſſels, and to recover a due circulation of their fluids through them.

3. Let a gentle, dry friction, with a warm hand, be ſometimes uſed to the parts affected, which will conduce much to the ſame ends.

4. Two hours after every application of the vinegar, let the part be juſt wet with the rectified ſpirits of wine, and then gently rubbed.

By theſe means perſons have recovered from the effects of very violent ſprains in as few days, as ſome others have been weeks in recovering by different ways of management; ſuch as a continual reſting of the ſtrained foot, and diſuſe of its motions.

A SINGULAR CASE, *related by* Thunanus, *in his Hiſtory of the Civil Wars of France.*

IN the civil wars of *France*, when the Catholics beſieged *Rouen* in 1562, *Francis Civile*, one of the moſt intrepid Gentlemen of the Proteſtant-party, received a wound, which made him fall ſenſeleſs from the rampart into the town. Some ſoldiers, who ſuppoſed him dead, ſtripped and buried him, with many others. A truſty and affectionate ſervant, deſirous of procuring for his Maſter a more honourable burial, went to ſeek his body. But his ſearch was fruitleſs amongſt

amongſt ſo many dead bodies. So he covered them again with earth; only the hand of one of them remained uncovered. As he was returning he looked behind him, and perceived that hand; and fearing that ſuch an object might excite the dogs to tear the dead body, he went back in order to cover it. The moment he was going to do this, a gleam of light from the moon, coming from under a cloud, made him perceive a diamond ring which *Civile* wore on his finger. Immediately he took up his Maſter, who had ſtill breath in him, and carried him to the hoſpital of the wounded; but the Surgeons who were quite fatigued, and conſidered him as a dead man, would take no trouble about him. The ſervant was then obliged to carry him to his own inn, where he languiſhed four days. At the end of this time, two Phyſicians deigned to viſit him; cleanſed his wound, and put him in a way to live. But the town being taken by aſſault, the conquerors were ſo barbarous as to throw him out of the window. He fell on a heap of dung, where being abandoned by every one, he lay three days. Then one of his relations had him [illegible]rivately in the night, to a houſe in the country, [illegible]e perfectly

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 266.]

SATURDAY, March 13. This morning we went again to wait upon *Oſtan Baſſa* by his own appointment; and were entertained as before, with great courteſy. For the Turks are not ſo ignorant of civility, and the arts of endearment, but they can practiſe them with as much exactneſs, as any other nation. For the better apprehending of which, it may not be improper, nor unpleaſant here to deſcribe the ceremonies of a Turkiſh viſit.

When you would make a viſit to a perſon of quality, you muſt ſend one before with a preſent to beſpeak your admiſſion, and to know at what hour your coming may be ſeaſonable. Being come to the houſe, the

Being come to the ſide of the Duan, you ſlip off your ſhoes, and ſtepping up take your place; which you muſt do firſt at ſome diſtance, and upon your knees, laying your hands very formally before you. Thus you muſt remain, till the man of quality invites you to draw nearer, and to put yourſelf in an eaſier poſture, leaning upon the bolſter. Being thus fixed, he diſcourſes with you as the occaſion offers; the ſervants ſtanding round all the while in a great number, and with the profoundeſt ſilence. When you have talked over your buſineſs, or whatever other concern brought you thither, he makes a ſign to have things ſerved in for the entertainment; which is generally a little ſweetmeat, a diſh of ſherbet, and another of coffee: all which are immediately brought in by the ſervants, and tendered to all the gueſts in order, with the greateſt care and awfulneſs imaginable. And they have reaſon to look well to it; for ſhould any ſervant make but the leaſt ſlip or miſtake, either in delivering or receiving his diſh, it might coſt him fifty, perhaps one hundred drubs on his bare feet. At laſt comes the finiſhing part of the entertainment, which is perfuming the beards of the company; a ceremony, which is performed in this manner. They have for this purpoſe a ſmall ſilver chaffing-diſh, covered with a lid full of holes, and fixed upon a handſome plate. In this they put ſome freſh coals, and upon this a piece of lignum aloes, and then ſhutting it up, the ſmoke immediately aſcends with a grateful odour through the holes of the cover. This ſmoke is held under every ones chin, and offered, as it were, a ſacrifice to his beard. The briſtly idol ſoon perceives the reverence done to it, and ſo greedily takes in the gummy ſteam, that it retains the ſavour of it, and may ſerve for a noſegay a good while after.

This ceremony may perhaps ſeem ridiculous at firſt hearing: but it paſſes among the Turks for a high gratification. And I will ſay this in its vindication, that its deſign is very wiſe and uſeful. For it is underſtood to give a civil diſmiſſion

to

to the viſitants; intimating to them, that the Maſter of the houſe permits them to go away as ſoon as they pleaſe; and the ſooner after this ceremony the better. By this means you may, at any time, without offence, deliver yourſelf from being detained by tedious viſits; and from being conſtrained to uſe that piece of hypocriſy, ſo common in the world, of preſſing thoſe to ſtay longer with you, whom perhaps in your heart you wiſh a great way off.

Having diſcharged our viſit to *Oſtan Baſſa*, we rode out to view the marine. It is about half an hour diſtant from the city. The port is an open ſea, rather than an encloſed harbour; however it is in part defended from the force of the waves, by two ſmall iſlands about two leagues out from the ſhore; one of which is called the *Bird*, the other the *Coney-Iſland*.

In the fields near the ſhore, appeared many heaps of ruins, and the pillars of granite, and ſeveral other indications, that here muſt have been anciently ſome conſiderable buildings. Which agrees very well with what *Caſaubon*, in his notes upon *Strabo* (page 213.) quotes out of *Diodorus*, viz. That the place called *Tripoli*, was anciently a cluſter of three cities ſtanding at a furlong's diſtance from each other; of which the firſt was a ſeat of the *Aradii*, the ſecond of the *Sidonians*, the third of the *Tyrians*. And from hence it is probable that *Tripoli* was a name given at firſt to three diſtinct, but adjacent places, and not to one city; built (as is uſually ſaid) by the mingled intereſt of *Tyre*, *Sidon*, and *Aradus*.

Sunday, March 14. We continued ſtill in *Tripoli*.

Monday, March 15. We parted from *Tripoli* at three o'clock in the afternoon; and took up our quarters under ſome olive trees, having come in all about five hours.

Tueſday, March 16. We came to *Gibyle*, called by the Greeks *Byblus*, a place once famous for the birth and temple of *Adonis*. It is pleaſantly ſituated by the ſea-ſide. At preſent

preſent it contains but a little extent of ground, but yet more than enough for the ſmall number of its inhabitants. It is compaſſed with a dry ditch, and a wall, with ſquare towers in it at about every forty yards diſtance. On its South-ſide, it has an old caſtle; within it is a Church, exactly of the ſame figure with that at *Tortoſa*, only not ſo entire as that. Beſides this, it has nothing remarkable, though anciently it was a place of no mean extent, as well as beauty; as may appear from the many heaps of ruins, and the fine pillars that are ſcattered up and down in the gardens near the town.

Gibyle is probably the country of the *Giblites*, mentioned *Joſhua* xiii. 5. King *Hiram* made uſe of the people of this place in preparing materials for *Solomon's* Temple; as may be collected from the firſt of *Kings* v. 18, where the word, which our Tranſlators hath rendered *ſtone-ſquarers*, in the Hebrew is גבלים *Giblim* or *Giblites*, and in the LXXII Interpreters Βίβλιοι, that is, the men of *Byblus:* the former uſing the Hebrew, the latter the Greek name of this place. The ſame difference may be obſerved likewiſe *Ezekiel* xxvii. 9, where this place is again mentioned. The *Ancients of Gebal*, ſays our tranſlation, following the Hebrew; inſtead of which, you read in the LXXII again οἱ πρεσβύτεροι Βυβλίων, the Elders of *Bybli* or *Byblus*.

Leaving *Gibyle*, we came in one hour to a fair, large river, with a ſtone bridge over it, of only one arch; but that exceeding wide and lofty. This river is doubtleſs the ancient river *Adonis*, ſo famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in the lamentation of *Adonis*. Upon the bank of this ſtream we took up our quarters for the following night, having come this day about ſix hours.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLXIX.

[From Mr. George Williams, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Pembroke, July 23, 1772.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Congratulate you on your recovery; and moſt ſincerely thank God that he hath been graciouſly pleaſed to ſnatch you from the very edge of the grave. I would willingly hope that e'er now your health is thoroughly eſtabliſhed, and that the Lord will enable you to viſit your little Societies in Pembrokeſhire. I muſt beg, yea, inſiſt on your taking up your lodging with me, during your ſtay in Pembroke; where you may be aſſured of finding a hearty welcome.

I am deſired to inform you of a Gentleman in the upper part of this county, who has expreſſed an earneſt deſire of ſeeing you at his houſe, and having you to preach in the neighbourhood; and, indeed, it is much to be wiſhed that you could comply with his requeſt. He is a man of large property, and reſides within a few miles of the town of Cardigan. Our brother E— ſpent a week with him, and met with great civility from the family. The Gentleman, whoſe name is Bowen, contributed handſomely to the Building at Haverfordweſt.

That the Work of God may yet greatly proſper in your hands, and that you may daily ſee of the travail of your Saviour's ſoul and be ſatisfied, is the earneſt prayer of, dear Sir, your unworthy Brother, and obedient, humble Servant,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXX.

[From Miſs J. S. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Weardale, July 24, 1772.

Dear Sir,

I Received your kind Letter which was a great bleſſing to me. As you deſire to know the dealings of God with my ſoul, I will relate the naked truth to you. In the year 1767, I was awakened, and was in great diſtreſs till March 15, when theſe words were applied to my ſoul, Thy ſins are forgiven thee: go in peace; thy faith hath made thee whole. On this I was filled with the love of God, and rejoiced day and night for about ſix weeks. About this time I found pride and anger, and many other evil tempers; yet God gave me many tokens of his love.

In June I heard Mr. Rowel preach, and was convinced of my need of purity of heart. My ſoul was in great diſtreſs till Auguſt 5, when theſe words were applied to my ſoul, I will, be thou clean. O, the heaven that was then opened in my heart for ſome months, till I read Mr. Hervey's books! Then I loſt that meaſure of love which I had enjoyed. I then read your Farther Thoughts on Chriſtian Perfection, and ſaw what I had loſt; and had no reſt till the Lord reſtored me: which was in March, 1770.

Since that time I have found conſtant peace, and am enabled to rejoice evermore. Notwithſtanding this, I have the cleareſt ſenſe of my own weakneſs, and ſee that without Chriſt I can do nothing. I am with all reſpect, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant in Chriſt,

J. S.

LETTER CCCLXXI.

[From Mr. C. Winter, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Brecon, August 10, 1772.

Rev. and dear Sir,

IN our last interview, as you desired to hear from me, I am unwilling that dear Mr. Wesley's request should be treated with the least neglect.

Do you ask, what I have been about? I answer, Preaching Christ, wherever a door hath been opened to me. And my labours have met with a kind reception in general, about England and Wales: and I trust the devil's kingdom hath been weakened; while the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ, hath received some little addition.

Sometimes I have cast a handful of seed in your ground; and should it ever come to a harvest you are welcome to it: it will become Jesus's property at last. What melancholy consequences from late productions! They forbid me to be any longer an idle hearer, or a careless reader. I have been obliged, from conscience, to make a stand against dear Mr. Fletcher's groundless arguments, and most bitter invectives;* yet with that tenderness which I hope will bear me up when my motive comes to be tried. Many things he hath said are a proper antidote applied wrong, and to improper objects, and thereby become poison, whereas they might have been a healing medicine. But I must say no more upon the subject: I am writing to one who will give it little attention.

Doctor Owen's Death of Death hath been my favourite study of late; and in consequence of embracing the doctrine therein contained I must agree to disagree with Mr. Fletcher's

* Let the unbiassed Reader judge, whether Mr. Fletcher has made use of groundless Arguments, or bitter Invectives!

thoughts

thoughts, and dear Mr. *Weſley's friendly pen.* Excuſe my open and frank acknowledgements; and give me leave to differ and love. God bleſs you to your lateſt period, and make your laſt days your beſt! So prays, Rev. and dear Sir, your's moſt reſpectfully and affectionately in our dear Lord Jeſus,

CORNELIUS WINTER.

P. S. A line directed to me at Mr. Cam's, Wottenunder-edge, or to the Tabernacle-Houſe, London, will always be eſteemed a favour from dear Mr. Weſley.

POETRY.

Lord GUILFORD DUDLEY, *to Lady* JANE GRAY: *both under ſentence of death for high-treaſon.*

MAY every watchful angel guard thy life!
My lovely *Princeſs*, and my charming *Wife!*
For thee I importune the ſkies with prayers,
And waſte the tedious hours in gloomy cares.
Were I from all the world but thee confined,
I'd call my ſtars propitious ſtill, and kind;
Theſe priſon walls would prove a ſafe retreat,
From all the reſtleſs factions of the great.
Sink, curſt Ambition to thy native hell,
And with thy kindred fiends for ever dwell!
Were I, my fair, again poſſeſſed of thee,
What toys were kingdoms and their crowns to me!
Inglorious in ſome bliſsful ſhades I'd prove,
The ſilent joys of unmoleſted love.

Why was thy birth derived from ancient kings?
Our miſery from this fatal greatneſs ſprings:

Indulgent love a gentler lot deſigned,
Not formed for public cares thy guiltleſs mind;
Thy thoughts were all employed in ſofter themes,
Tender and innocent as infant dreams:
And yet,—but heaven the title diſallows,
A crown, me thought, looked glorious on thy brows.
In every look, in all thy graceful mien,
The brighteſt rays of majeſty were ſeen:
Imperial beauty ſparkled in thy eyes,
I gazed with extaſy, and new ſurpriſe;
A thouſand times I caught thy lovely hand,
And cried, *'Twas form'd a ſceptre to command.*
But theſe gay ſcenes for ever take their flight,
Like ſome fantaſtic viſion of the night.
Oh, could my death the angry Queen appeaſe!
Could that alone a raging faction pleaſe!
Unterrified I'd meet the public ſtorm,
And challenge death in every dreadful form.
But, Oh, what horrors riſe!—thy tender life!
What would I ſpeak! My loved, my beauteous wife!
What counſel can thy wretched huſband give?
On any terms I fain would have thee live.
Forgive my ſtaggering faith, my coward heart;
My better thoughts diſclaim this ſhameful part.
What cauſe can my diſtracting paſſions take,
When thou, when truth, when heaven itſelf's at ſtake?
To endleſs darkneſs would I drag thee down,
And poorly rob thee of a martyr's crown?
May heaven forbid! I'll be thy joyful guide,
Nor ſhall the fatal ſtroke our ſouls divide.

O Death! where is thy boaſted conqueſt now?
Where are the frowns, and terror of thy brow?
Thou haſt an angel's heavenly form and air,
Pleaſures and graces in thy train appear:

Ten

Ten thouſand kind tranſporting ſcenes ariſe;
O, come, my fair, they call us to the ſkies!
Beauties, like thee, in nature's early pride,
Undaunted for their ſacred faith have died;
With theirs, with all thé illuſtrious names of old,
The *Britiſh* glory, thine ſhall be enrolléd.

A Summer Landſkip of DUNSTAR CASTLE.

BAIÆ, the theme of every tongue,
That *Rome's* eternal glories ſung,
Still crownéd with vivid laurels ſhines,
In Horace's, and Virgil's lines:
Though now her ſky-embracing towérs,
Her wondérous ponds, imperial bowérs,
No longer can all *Rome* invite,
To taſte the Freſco of the night:
Villas where Ceſar, Pompey ſhone,
Have hardly now their ruins known.

O, could I ſhare an equal flame!
Dunſtar ſhould rival *Baiæ's* fame;
Whoſe amphitheatre of hills,
With tranſport each ſpectator fills;
Whilſt all around the enamelléd ſcene,
Of painted lawns, and viſtos green;
(With woodland's venerable ſhade,
In future wars Britannia's aid)
All in one various proſpect riſe,
And with a thouſand charms ſurpriſe.

So nobly does the Caſtle ſtand,
As if it ruléd both ſea and land:
Here the rough foaming Severn roars,
And frets with eating waves the ſhores;

O'er

O'er which appear, in diſtant view,
Cambria's fair vales and mountains blue,
Whoſe cloud-wrapt tops ſo high aſcend,
In the cærulean ſky they end.

There *Somerſet's* rich paſtures bloom,
And bluſhing *Flora* breathes perfume;
Ceres adorns the fruitful ground,
And golden plenty ſmiles around.
In yonder dale, where th' orchard ſtands,
Of late retirèd the choſen bands
Of *Britiſh* worthies who refinèd,
With every grace the human mind:
There *Wyndham* crownèd the ſocial night,
His country's joy, mankind's delight!
But now the melancholy glade,
Laments his dear departed ſhade;
And where he tuned the *Doric* reed,
Their nibbling flocks the ſhepherds feed;
With whom all day the featherèd choir,
Mourn him from each grief-echoing briar.

Fain would my panting muſe purſue,
And deck each hill with garlands new:
But evèry objeƈt ſtrikes my ſight,
With each profuſion of delight,
That like ſome raviſhèd travèller toſt
From ſcene to charming ſcene, I'm loſt;
Evèn *Pope* himſelf muſt quit the field,
And *Windſor* groves to *Dunſtar* yield.

Bleſt pair! whom Providence ordains,
To grace theſe green ſequeſtèrèd plains;
Long may you all the pleaſures know,
Virtue can taſte, or Heavèn beſtow,

A Ship

A SHIP *in a Storm: by a Sailor.*

WITH flowing pomp, and beautéous pride,
The floating pile in harbour rode;
Proud of her freight, the ſwelling tide
Reluctant left the veſſel's ſide,
And kiſſéd it as ſhe flowéd.

The ſeas with eaſtern breezes curléd,
And ſilveréd half the liquid plain,
Her anchors weighéd, her ſails unfurléd,
Serenely movéd the wooden world,
And ſtretchéd along the main.

The native wonders of the deep,
Preſs to admire the vaſt machine,
In ſportive gambols round her leap,
Or elſe at awful diſtance keep,
In homage of their queen.

In vain we flee approaching ill,
Danger can multiply its form;
Expoſéd, we fly like Jonah ſtill,
And heaven, when it is Heaven's will,
O'ertakes us in a ſtorm.

The diſtant ſurge all foaming white,
Foretels the furious blaſt;
Dreadful, though diſtant was the ſight,
Confedérate winds, and waves unite,
And menace every maſt.

Winds whiſtling through the ſhrouds proclaim,
A fatal harveſt on the deck,
Quick in purſuit, as active flame,
Too ſoon the rolling ruin came,
And ratifiéd the wreck.

Thus Adam ſhone with new-born grace,
Informéd by an Almighty breath,

Thus

Thus the ſame breath ſweeps off his race,
Diſorders Nature's beauteous face,
And blaſts with inſtant death.

Strippéd of her pride the veſſel rolls,
As if by ſympathy ſhe knew,
The ſecret anguiſh of our ſouls,
With inward, deeper groans condoles,
The danger of her crew.

The faithleſs flood forſook her keel,
And downward launchéd the labouring hull;
Stunnéd, ſhe forgot awhile to reel,
And felt, or almoſt ſeeméd to feel
A momentary lull.

Now what availéd it to be brave,
On liquid precipices hung,
Suſpended on a breaking wave,
Beneath us yawnéd a ſea-green grave,
Which ſilencéd every tongue.

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
Nor light nor comfort found we there;
Loſt in the gulph, to floods a prey,
No ſun to cheer us, or a ray
Of hope, but in deſpair.

The ſeas encouragéd this deſpair,
While certain ruin waits on land,
Should we direct our wiſhes there,
Soon we recal the fatal prayer,
And wiſh to ſhun the ſtrand.

At length a Being whoſe beheſt,
Reducéd a chaos into form,
His goodneſs, and his power confeſt,
He ſpoke—and like a God ſuppreſt,
Our troubles, and the ſtorm.


Mr. Sam: Hodgson
Ætatis 25.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For JULY 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 291.]

CHAP. III. *Concerning Predeſtination or Abſolute Election.*

3. WHEN in the New Teſtament this is applied to Chriſtians, it plainly doth include as many as were converted to the Chriſtian Faith. For,

1. When it is applied to the Jewiſh converts it plainly ſignifies all that had been converted to the Chriſtian Faith; thus when St. *Peter* writes to thoſe of the Diſperſion (who had obtained *like precious faith with them*) living in *Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Aſia, (minor)* and *Bithynia*: he ſaith to them all, *Ye are* γένος ἐκλεκτὸν, *an elect generation, a royal prieſthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye might ſhew forth the praiſes of him that hath called you out of darkneſs into his*

marvellous light; all which are the very titles given to the whole Jewiſh nation in the Old Teſtament. Now ſince St. *Peter* could not affirm of all theſe Chriſtians, without a revelation, that they were Elect, according to that ſenſe of the word, which makes it to import, men abſolutely deſigned for eternal happineſs, he only muſt affirm this of them all becauſe they all profeſſed Chriſtianity; and ſo were viſible members of the church of Chriſt, as will be farther evident if we conſider the following particulars:

1. That he exhorteth theſe Elect *not to faſhion themſelves according to the luſts of their former ignorances; to lay aſide all wickedneſs, deceit, envy, hypocriſy, and evil ſpeaking; as ſtrangers and pilgrims to abſtain from fleſhly luſts which war againſt the ſoul*; not *to ſpend the reſt of their time according to the luſts of men; to be careful that none of them did ſuffer as a murderer or thief*: which are offences not incident to men elected to ſalvation, whilſt they continue ſo to be.

2. That the Apoſtle affirmeth the ſame thing of the whole Church of *Babylon*, ſaying, *the Church which is at Babylon*, συνεκλεκτὴ, *elected together with you, ſaluteth you.* Now that all the members of that great Church at *Babylon*, be it Eaſtern or Weſtern, were choſen out of the world to the profeſſion of Chriſtianity, and in that ſenſe elected, he who was with them could not be ignorant; but that they all were abſolutely elected to ſalvation, was more than he could know.

3. The ſecond Epiſtle, ſent to the ſame perſons, beginneth thus, *To them who have obtained like precious faith with us.* Yet it not only ſpeaks of ſome who had *forſaken the right way*, and had *gone aſtray, turning with the dog to his vomit*; but alſo propheſies that *thoſe falſe teachers who brought in damnable doctrines*, even *denying the Lord that bought them, ſhould make merchandiſe of ſome of them.*

Laſtly, Theſe words are plainly taken from Iſaiah xliii. 20, 21, where we read thus, *I gave waters in the wilderneſs to water* τὸ γένος μὲ τὸ ἐκλεκτὸν, *my choſen generation, my peculiar people,*

people, purchaſed to ſhew forth *my praiſe*; which are the very words mentioned, 1 Peter ii. 9. Now though it be unqueſtionable that the whole Jewiſh nation are ſtiled God's *choſen generation*, and his *peculiar people*, it is as ſure they were not all elected to ſalvation: we then may conclude, that the ſame words applied by St. *Peter* to all theſe ſeveral Chriſtian Churches, do not imply that all their particular members were elected to ſalvation; but only that they were all members of the Church of Chriſt.

And in like manner when Chriſt ſaith, *Many are called, but few choſen*, theſe parables plainly relate to the Jews, as *Theophylact* well notes, and the import of thoſe words is, that though many of them were called by Chriſt and his Apoſtles, to faith in him, both in *Judea*, and in the Diſperſions, yet few of them would accept of him as their Saviour, or embrace the faith of Chriſt: ſo that here the Elect, and the Believers of the chriſtian faith are the ſame perſons. When he ſaith, Matt. xxiv. 22, that *for the Elect ſake thoſe days ſhall be ſhortened*; he ſtiles τὲς πίςες τὲς ἐν μέσοις ἀπειλημμένες αὐτοῖς, *the faithful left in the midſt of the unbelieving Jews, the* Elect, ſaith *Chryſoſtom*; for the Elect ſake *theſe days ſhall be ſhortened*, that is, ſaith *Jerom*, ne temporum morâ fides concutiatur credentium, *leſt by the length of theſe tribulations the faith of believers ſhould be ſhaken.* And when he ſaith, ver. 31, that then *God ſhould ſend his angels to gather his Elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other*; the meaning may be, that he would ſend his angels, as *Euſebius* and *Epiphanius* ſay he did, to warn the Chriſtians in all quarters of *Judea* to gather themſelves together; departing from the unbelieving Jews that they might be preſerved from their ruin.

The Elect, Luke xviii. 7, are alſo the whole body of true believers; for otherwiſe God's readineſs to hear the prayers of his Elect, could be no argument to Chriſtians in the general to pray always and not faint, ver. 1. Moreover that enquiry, *When the Son of Man cometh ſhall he find faith on the*

earth? ver. 8, ſhews that even the faith of many of theſe Elect would fail.

The Election according to Grace, mentioned Rom. xi. 5, doth in like manner ſignify the whole body of the Jewiſh converts; even all that did embrace the chriſtian faith, as is apparent from the following words, ver. 7, *the Election hath obtained; but the reſt were blinded.* And as it is not eaſy to conceive how the Apoſtle ſhould know that all the Jewiſh converts were abſolutely elected to Salvation, ſo is it evident from his Epiſtles that he knew the contrary; for they contain frequent declarations that a great number of theſe converts turned afterwards apoſtates. That St. *Paul* was afraid that ſome of the Elect would afterwards draw back unto perdition, and never doubted but that they might do ſo, is evident from all thoſe exhortations he directeth to them in his Epiſtle to the Hebrews, *not to do ſo*; and from the direful judgments he threateneth to as many of them as ſhould apoſtatize. For thus he ſpeaks, *See to it, brethren, leſt there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God; but exhort one another day by day that none of you be hardened through the deceitfulneſs of ſin; for we are made partakers of Chriſt,* only on this condition that *we hold the beginning of our confidence ſtedfaſt to the end.* Again, *ſeeing there remains a reſt for the people of God, let us labour to enter into that reſt, leſt any man fall after the ſame example of unbelief*; for *it is impoſſible to renew them to repentance who have been once enlightened, and have taſted of the ſpiritual gift, and have been partakers of the Holy Ghoſt, and have taſted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, and yet fall away; look therefore diligently leſt any man fall from the grace of God, leſt there be any root of bitterneſs ſpringing up among you, whereby many be defiled; caſt not therefore away your confidence which hath great recompenſe of reward, for the juſt ſhall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my ſoul,* ſaith God, *ſhall have no pleaſure in him.* Moreover that many of them would

do

do ſo, our Saviour propheſied, ſaying, *becauſe iniquity ſhall abound, the love of many will wax cold*, even that love which was once fervent, and in which, *enduring to the end, they would be ſaved*. From all which things it is extremely evident that the Apoſtle neither did nor could ſpeak of this *Remnant according to the due election of grace*, as perſons abſolutely elected to ſalvation.

The purpoſe of God according to Election, mentioned Rom. ix. 11, reſpecteth not the perſons of *Jacob* and *Eſau*, but their whole nation and poſterity; according to *Irenæus*, *partum Rebeccæ prophetiam fuiſſe duorum populorum*. This is plain,

1ſt. From the words of God to *Rebecca*. *Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people ſhall be ſeparated from thy loins, and the one people ſhall be ſtronger than the other, and the elder ſhall ſerve the younger*.

2dly, From this obſervation, that as to the perſons of *Eſau* and *Jacob* this was never true, that *the elder did ſerve the younger*, but only as to their poſterity, when the *Edomites* became tributaries to *David*, 2 Sam. viii. 14, and,

3dly, Becauſe what is here offered as a proof of this, is cited from the prophet Malachi, who propheſied long after *Jacob* and *Eſau* were perſonally dead, and ſpeaks expreſsly of the nation of the *Edomites*.

Now hence it clearly follows that the Apoſtle cannot here diſcourſe of any perſonal Election of them to eternal life, or any abſolute love or hatred of them with reſpect to their eternal intereſts; for if ſo, ſeeing he manifeſtly ſpeaks of the whole nation of *Iſrael*, they muſt, according to this opinion, be all elected to eternal life; whereas the Apoſtle informs us, that God was *not well pleaſed with many of them*, and the whole Jewiſh Hiſtory ſhews the contrary. Again, then muſt the whole poſterity of *Eſau* be the objects of God's hatred; which is ſo far from being true, that holy *Job* and all his friends appear to have been of the poſterity of *Eſau*. It is therefore certain that the Apoſtle here only ſpeaks of the election

election of one nation before another to be owned for his peculiar people.

And whereas the Apoſtle alſo ſpeaks *of veſſels of mercy prepared for glory*, as they were thus prepared by their faith, ſo were they veſſels of mercy, even both Jews and Gentiles by being called, ver. 24, and by their being made his people, his beloved, ver. 25.

And ſuitable to this notion of the word Election, is the import of it in thoſe Epiſtles where whole nations, communities or churches are ſtiled the Elect.

Thus the Apoſtle ſaith to the whole church of *Theſſalonica*, in his ſecond Epiſtle, *We ought to give thanks for you, that God hath elected you from the beginning to ſalvation by ſanctification of the ſpirit and belief of the truth*; and yet he there calls upon them *to depart from every brother who walked diſorderly, and not according to the tradition he had received*; and not to *mix themſelves* with them who would not obey the words of the Apoſtle.

In his Epiſtle to *Titus* he ſtiles himſelf *an Apoſtle according to the faith of God's Elect*; but having proved that all Chriſtians are ſtiled the Elect, we may well interpret this of the Faith of Chriſtians in the general, he being an Apoſtle in reference to them all, even to them to whom his goſpel was a ſavour of death, as well as to them to whom it was a ſavour of life.

Laſtly, Whereas the ſtrength of their doctrine ſeems to be placed in thoſe words, *He hath bleſſed us with all ſpiritual bleſſings in Chriſt Jeſus, according as he hath choſen us in him from the foundation of the world*, I obſerve, theſe words are plainly ſpoken of, and to all the ſaints in *Epheſus*, and *to the faithful in Chriſt Jeſus*, who were all choſen out of the world to be God's church and people; but doubtleſs were not all infallibly predeſtinated to ſalvation. This is evident,

1ſt. From this Epiſtle, in which he exhorts them, *that they henceforth walk not as other Gentiles in the vanity of their mind*, and cautions them that no man deceive them into the commiſſion

of

of thoſe things, *for which the wrath of God cometh upon the children of diſobedience.*

2dly, From his advertiſement to *Timothy*, that *all in Aſia had turned away from him*; that *Hymenæus* and *Philetus had overthrown the faith of ſome:* that the time would come *when they would not endure ſound doctrine, but would turn their ears from the truth*; that ſome *having put away a good conſcience concerning faith, had made ſhipwreck*; that *ſome were turned aſide after Satan, and had erred from the faith*; all which are inconſiſtent with the character of the Elect, that is, of perſons infallibly predeſtinated to ſalvation.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XXVIII.

On JOHN i. 47.

Behold an Iſraelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.

1. SOME years ago a very ingenious man, Profeſſor *Hutchinſon* of *Glaſgow*, publiſhed two treatiſes, on the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue. In the latter of theſe he maintains, That the very Eſſence of Virtue is, The love of our fellow-creatures. He endeavours to prove, That Virtue and Benevolence are one and the ſame thing: that every temper is only ſo far virtuous, as it partakes of the nature of Benevolence: and that all our words and actions are then only virtuous, when they ſpring from the ſame principle. "But does he not ſuppoſe Gratitude or the Love of God to be the foundation of this Benevolence?" By no means: ſuch a ſuppoſition as this never entered into his mind. Nay he ſuppoſes juſt the contrary: he does not make the leaſt ſcruple to aver, That if any temper or action be

be produced by any regard to God, or any view to a reward from Him, it is not virtuous at all: and that if an action ſpring partly from Benevolence, and partly from a view to God, the more there is in it of a view to God, the leſs there is of Virtue.

2. I cannot ſee this beautiful Eſſay of Mr. *Hutchinſon* in any other light, than as a decent, and therefore more dangerous attack upon the whole of the Chriſtian Revelation: ſeeing this aſſerts the Love of God to be the true foundation, both of the Love of our Neighbour and all other virtues: and accordingly places this as *the firſt and great commandment*, on which all the reſt depend, *Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy ſoul, and with all thy ſtrength.* So that according to the Bible, Benevolence, or the Love of our Neighbour is only the ſecond commandment. And ſuppoſe the Scripture be of God, it is ſo far from being true, that Benevolence alone is both the Foundation and the Eſſence of all Virtue, that Benevolence itſelf is no virtue at all, unleſs it ſpring from the Love of God.

3. Yet it cannot be denied, that this writer himſelf has a marginal Note in favour of Chriſtianity. "Who would not wiſh, ſays he, that the Chriſtian Revelation could be proved to be of God? Seeing it is unqueſtionably the moſt benevolent inſtitution that ever appeared in the world." But is not this, if it be conſidered thoroughly, another blow at the very root of that Revelation? Is it more or leſs than to ſay, "I wiſh it could; but in truth it cannot be proved."

4. Another ingenious writer advances a hypotheſis totally different from this. Mr. *Wollaſton*, in the Book which he entitles "The Religion of Nature delineated," endeavours to prove, that "Truth is the Eſſence of Virtue," or Conformableneſs to Truth. But it ſeems Mr. *Wollaſton* goes farther from the Bible, than Mr. *Hutchinſon* himſelf. For Mr. *Hutchinſon's* ſcheme ſets aſide only one of the two great Commandments,

Commandments, namely, *Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God*: whereas Mr. *Wollaſton* ſets aſide both: for his hypotheſis does not place the Eſſence of Virtue, in either the Love of God or of our Neighbour.

5. However both theſe Authors agree, though in different ways, to put aſunder what God has joined. But St. *Paul* unites them together in teaching us to *ſpeak the truth in love*. And undoubtedly both truth and love were united in him, to whom he who knows the hearts of all men, gives this amiable character, *Behold an Iſraelite indeed, in whom is no guile.*

6. But who is it, concerning whom our bleſſed Lord gives this glorious teſtimony? Who is this *Nathanael*, of whom ſo remarkable an account is given, in the latter part of the chapter before us? Is it not ſtrange, that he is not mentioned again, in any part of the New Teſtament? He is not mentioned again under this name: but probably he had another, whereby he was more commonly called. It was generally believed by the ancients, that he is the ſame perſon who is elſewhere termed *Bartholomew*: one of our Lord's Apoſtles, and one that in the enumeration of them, both by St. *Matthew* and St. *Mark* is placed immediately after St. *Philip*, who firſt brought him to his Maſter. It is very probable, that his proper name was *Nathanael*, a name common among the Jews: and that his other name, *Bartholomew*, meaning only the ſon of *Ptolemy*, was derived from his father, a cuſtom which was then exceeding common among the Jews, as well as the Heathens.

7. By what little is ſaid of him in the context, he appears to have been a man of an excellent ſpirit: not haſty of belief, and yet open to conviction, and willing to receive the truth, from whenceſoever it came. So we read (ver. 45,) *Philip findeth Nathanael*, (probably by what we term Accident) *and ſaith unto him, We have found Him of whom Moſes in the Law, and the Prophets did write, Jeſus of Nazareth. Nathanael*

ſaith unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Has Moſes ſpoke, or did the Prophets write, of any Prophet to come from thence? *Philip ſaith unto him, Come and ſee,* and thou wilt ſoon be able to judge for thyſelf. *Nathanael* took his advice, without ſtaying to confer with fleſh and blood. *Jeſus ſaw Nathanael coming and ſaith, Behold an Iſraelite indeed, in whom is no guile! Nathanael ſaith,* doubtleſs with ſurpriſe enough, *Whence knoweſt thou me? Jeſus ſaith, Before Philip called thee, when thou waſt under the fig-tree, I ſaw thee. Nathanael anſwered and ſaid unto him,* (ſo ſoon was all prejudice gone!) *Rabbi, thou art the Son of God! Thou art the King of Iſrael!*

But what is implied in our Lord's character of him? *In whom is no guile?* It may include all that is contained in that advice,

"Still let thy heart be true to God!
Thy words to it, thy actions to them both."

I. 1. We may firſt obſerve, what is implied in having our hearts true to God? Does this imply any leſs than is included in that gracious command, *My ſon, give me thy heart?* Then only is our heart *true to God,* when we give it to him. We give him our heart in the loweſt degree, when we *ſeek* our happineſs in him: when we do not ſeek it in gratifying *the deſire of the fleſh,* in any of the pleaſures of ſenſe: nor in gratifying *the deſire of the eye,* in any of the pleaſures of the Imagination, ariſing from grand, or new, or beautiful objects, whether of Nature or Art. Neither in *the pride of life,* in *the honour that cometh of men,* in being beloved, eſteemed and applauded by them: no nor yet in what ſome term, with equal impudence and ignorance, *the main chance,* the *laying up treaſures on earth.* When we ſeek happineſs in none of theſe, but in God alone, then we in ſome ſenſe give him our heart.

2. But

2. But in a more proper ſenſe we give God our heart, when we not only ſeek, but find happineſs in him. This happineſs undoubtedly begins, when we begin to know him by the teaching of his own Spirit: when it pleaſes the Father to reveal his Son in our heart, ſo that we can humbly ſay, "My Lord and my God." And when the Son is pleaſed to reveal his Father in us, by *the Spirit of adoption, crying in our hearts, Abba Father*, and bearing his *teſtimony to our ſpirits that we are the children of God.* Then it is that *the Love of God* alſo *is ſhed abroad in our hearts.* And according to the degree of our Love, is the degree of our Happineſs.

3. But it has been queſtioned, Whether it is the deſign of God, that the Happineſs which is at firſt enjoyed, by all that know and love him, ſhould continue any longer than, as it were, the day of their Eſpouſals? In very many, we muſt allow, it does not: but in a few months, perhaps weeks or even days, the joy and peace either vaniſhes at once, or gradually decays. Now if God is willing that their happineſs ſhould continue, how is this to be accounted for?

4. I believe, very eaſily, St. *Jude's* exhortation, *Keep yourſelves in the love of God*, certainly implies, that ſomething is to be done on our part, in order to its continuance. And is not this agreeable to that general declaration of our Lord, concerning this and every gift of God, *Unto him that hath ſhall be given, and he ſhall have more abundantly: but from him that hath not*, that is, uſes it not, improves it not, *ſhall be taken away even that which he hath?* Luke viii. 18.

5. Indeed part of this verſe is tranſlated in our verſion, *That which he* ſeemeth to have. But it is difficult to make ſenſe of this. For if he only *ſeemeth* to have this, or any other gift of God, he really hath it not. And if ſo it cannot be taken away: for no man can loſe what he never had. It is plain therefore ὃ δοκεῖ ἔχειν, ought to be rendered *what he aſſuredly hath.* And it may be obſerved, that the word δοκέω, in various places of the New Teſtament, does not leſſen, but

ſtrengthen the ſenſe of the word joined with it. Accordingly whoever improves the grace he has already received, whoever increaſes in the Love of God, will ſurely retain it. God will continue, yea will give it more abundantly: whereas whoever does not improve this talent, cannot poſſibly retain it. Notwithſtanding all he can do, it will infallibly be taken away from him.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of the EXPERIENCE *of the Rev.* JAMES CREIGHTON, B. A.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 302.]

IT was now that the Father of lies began to ſpread many idle reports concerning me; and theſe excited many out of curioſity to come from diſtant parts to my Church. Several of my old acquaintances meeting me in public places, ſtole a glance at me to perceive whether I was really mad, as they had been informed. Mean time I wrote many letters to thoſe Clergymen with whom I was intimate before; but though they had been formerly free, they ſcarce vouchſafed me any anſwer; yea, and ſtood aloof from me as one infected with the plague. So that I was indeed as a ſparrow ſitting alone upon the houſe top. Yet glory be to God! I was not *aſhamed of the goſpel of Chriſt, knowing it to be the power of God unto ſalvation*; but I publiſhed the glad tidings, firſt in the Church, and from houſe to houſe; then in the pariſhes adjoining, as afterwards in more diſtant places. And this I did, though at the ſame time I laboured under the moſt diſtreſſing conflicts with reſpect to my call. Two things ſerved

ſerved to keep me in the work, firſt, theſe words of St. *Paul*, *let every man abide in that calling, wherein he is called*; and next the thought of *Jonah*, and a fear leſt God ſhould purſue me with vengeance if I ſhould fly from the work. Thus was I kept as it were between two fires, not knowing which way to turn, and was dragged into public view in a manner ſo contrary to nature; ſo that condemned malefactors going to execution could not find more anguiſh than I did when going into the pulpit.

Some time after, I began to uſe Divine ſervice and to preach in a Barn, in a part of my pariſh which was about four miles from the church, and where the greater number of Proteſtant inhabitants lived. It was, I believe, on the third or fourth day that I read the ſervice here, when the ſixth chapter of *Judges* was the firſt leſſon. In reading this I was wonderfully affected; the doubts and fears of *Gideon* being exactly ſimilar to my own at that time. But when I came to theſe words:——"*Oh my Lord, wherewithal ſhall I ſave Iſrael? My family is poor in Manaſſeh, and I am the leaſt in my Father's houſe:*" they were applied with ſuch power, that I almoſt ſunk down upon the floor, and with difficulty could read out the chapter. Soon after I began to preach at this place, the people near it propoſed building a ſmall Chapel of Eaſe. This, after ſome time, was carried into execution; but not without difficulty: for, the people who were eager for it at firſt were ſoon ſlackened, by a report, that I would ſhortly be removed by my ſuperiors. So that I was obliged to get the building covered in and finiſhed chiefly at my own expence. Hearing that a Magiſtrate in the neighbourhood ſaid, he would pull it down, or burn it, the next day I went to his houſe and dined with him, to ſee if he would ſay ſo to my face; but he ſaid not one word about it. As the owner of the barn could not ſpare it any longer, I was ſoon obliged to preach in the chapel for ſome time before it was glazed, and

and whilſt the floor, which was of clay, was ſo wet, that my feet would ſink near two inches in it.

The doubts concerning my call to the miniſtry bore hard upon me ſtill, and the thought of my inſufficiency for ſo important a work weighed me down, and cauſed me to go heavily; and frequently does even to the preſent moment. The pariſh was very extenſive; being, I think, not leſs than ſixteen miles in length, a great part of it mountainous, and the whole ſo dreary, eſpecially in the winter ſeaſon, that no language can deſcribe it. The wet bogs, drains, and mountain-rivers which riſe ſuddenly rendered many parts of it impaſſable. There is a ſtratum of yellow clay lying very near the ſurface of the ground, which is impervious to the rain that falls, and therefore lies upon the ſurface during the winter-months, inſomuch that I have been wet over my ſhoe when walking on the tops of the higheſt hills. I have frequently walked as well as rode through moſt parts of this pariſh in all kinds of weather. And often when the moſt violent ſtorms were beating in my face, theſe words uſed ſweetly to croſs my mind, "*Your life is hid with Chriſt in God.*" Near the centre of this pariſh ſtands a high and remarkable hill called *Knockninny*, from which is the firſt proſpect, for wood and water, to be ſeen perhaps in all *Ireland*.

On St. *Stephen's* day, in the year 1778, I rode about ſix miles to a place noted for wickedneſs, where people generally aſſembled on idle days (by ſome called holy days,) and ſpent them in drinking, and various diverſions. Here I purpoſed to preach on the ruins of an old church if I could get any hearers; but not finding any, I rode on a little ſpace, and then alighting, ſpent ſome time in meditation: on opening my Bible theſe words firſt appeared, *Is the ſeed yet in the barn? Yea, as yet the vine, and the fig-tree, and the pomegranate, and the olive-tree hath not brought forth: from this day will I bleſs you.* Hag. ii. 19. On opening a ſecond time, theſe

theſe words in the ſame chapter ſtruck my eye, *and in this place will I give peace, ſaith the Lord of Hoſts.*

Three days after this, I went to the quarterly-meeting of the Methodiſts held near *Enniſkillen*, where I was preſſed and prevailed on to preach; and though it was ſo weak, yet it pleaſed the Lord to ſhew ſome token for good. At the next quarterly-meeting held at *Clones*, I preached in the open air, and after preaching adminiſtered the ſacrament in the houſe to three hundred perſons, where the power of God was ſuch, as the moſt experienced chriſtian there had ſcarcely known before. A few days after, on Eaſter-Sunday, I gave notice in the church that I intended to preach the Tueſday following on the hill of *Knockninny*. This I did, partly to counteract in ſome meaſure the works of the devil, who was then to have a large concourſe of his ſervants aſſembled at a cock-fight in a neighbouring town. I went to the place preciſely at the time, and having firſt ſpoken concerning the occcaſion of our aſſembling, and the precedent for it; and then ſhewed that going from the church-walls was not ſeparating from the church; I read my text in Greek, then in Latin, and afterwards in Engliſh. *Jeſus Chriſt, the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever.* This I did with a view to the Papiſts who attended, and took occaſion to ſhew them how uſeleſs my ſpeaking and their attending there would have been, had I continued to ſpeak to them in an unknown tongue. The congregation was pretty large and behaved with decency; but the poor Papiſts who attended were compelled by their Prieſt to do pennance for having gone to hear a mad Heretic.

On the Whitſun-Monday following, I preached on the ruins of the old churchbefore mentioned, on thoſe words, *He taught the people out of the ſhip.* Here cloſe to the old church-walls lived a man who excelled in all kinds of wickedneſs; when I came the next time he offered me his houſe to preach in. I preached in it a few times, and then in houſes adjoining.

After

After this I was invited to preach in many diſtant places, which though directly contrary to my natural inclinations, and old prejudices, I reluctantly complied with.

The old cry about falſe prophets being now revived, and many of my Pariſhioners being hurt by it, I thought it needful to point out to the people the marks of a falſe Prophet; and gave public notice a fortnight before of my intention to preach on that ſubject. The congregation on the day appointed was very large, and many Papiſts attended. I was remarkably ſtruck in reading the firſt Leſſon for the day, (the 13th chapter of Ezekiel,) to find it ſo expreſsly written againſt falſe Prophets. The ſubſtance of this ſermon I afterwards publiſhed, and it was diſtributed through moſt parts of *Ireland*.

In the latter end of March 1780, a woman was deeply affected in the church, and ſeemed in an agony whilſt I was preaching. Some of the people carried her out, contrary to her deſire, before the ſermon was finiſhed; and ſprinkled her face with water, ſuppoſing it to be a fainting fit. But on the next Sunday, being Eaſter-Day, the true Phyſician healed her ſickneſs, whilſt I was praying with her in the church after the congregation was diſmiſſed. This was one of the firſt clear ſeals to my miniſtry which I had in the church. But I was more bleſſed in my own ſoul, as well as in my labours abroad. And it pleaſed God by me to open a door, for preaching the goſpel in ſeveral places where it had not been preached before.

July 16, 1780, I preached in the church on *Gallio cared for none of theſe things*. I had this text on my mind for a conſiderable time, but did not determine to ſpeak from it till this morning. When a gentleman entered the church, with whom I had had ſome diſpute four or five years before, whoſe character reſembled that of *Gallio*, I almoſt reſolved to ſpeak from ſome other text, leſt he ſhould think I pointed particularly at *him*; but having prayed fervently and caſt my care

care upon the Lord, I was enabled to ſpeak with freedom. In the evening of the ſaid day I baptized an adult perſon, who had before experienced the pardoning love of God.

Auguſt 20th and 27th, I preached in the open air in an old Daniſh Fort, near the Chapel, to a large congregation, ſome of whom were Papiſts, who being convinced ſet out to ſeek the Lord, and ſoon renounced the errors of Popery. In October following being informed that one who lived near a place, where I preached occaſionally, was greatly prejudiced though he had not heard me, and had complained both to the Miniſter and the Popiſh Prieſt concerning my preaching in their pariſh, I went to his houſe and told him I deſired to talk with him; he replied, he did not chuſe it, and ran out of doors. Some time after I went to his houſe to viſit his father-in-law who was ſick. He came into the houſe, raging like a lion, with a hatchet in his hand, threatening to cut off one of my limbs, and calling me many names. But his family dragged him away. I then kneeled down and prayed with the old man; ſo the devil was permitted to ſhew his teeth, but could go no farther.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of Mrs. MARTHA ROGERS.

Written by Mr. J. ROGERS.

[*Concluded from page* 304.]

A Little before three o'clock in the morning ſhe had a ſevere fit of coughing. I ſaid, You have had a hard ſtruggle; but this alſo is permitted by him who loves you tenderly.

tenderly. God has ſome good end to anſwer in thus lengthening out your affliction. Only have faith and patience a few minutes longer; ſo ſhall you be perfect and entire, lacking nothing. You are this moment ſuffering all you ever ſhall ſuffer to all eternity! You ſhall never—never—never ſuffer again. Methinks I hear Jeſus now ſaying, Lo! I come quickly to wipe away all tears for ever from thy eyes! *It is done!* thou ſhalt ſorrow no more, neither ſhalt thou feel any more pain! She replied, "Theſe are precious words. And I believe they are all true, and that I ſhall prove them ſo. Yes, I ſhall! I ſhall! I ſhall! The Lord bleſs you!" After this ſhe lay compoſed for about a quarter of an hour, ſilently breathing prayer and praiſe to God. Then the cough came on again. On this, I and Miſs *R.* one at each ſide lifted her up in bed; but in vain were our attempts. A moſt ſevere ſtruggle enſued, which threw her into the agonies of death! She was convulſed all over in a moment. A more moving ſcene never preſented itſelf to me. It was nature's laſt effort!

For a time, while the agony was at the height, we thought ſhe was delirious, and were thankful to think her inſenſible of her pain. Juſt as it ſeized her ſhe cried, "Pray! Pray! Pray! O pray for me!" We did ſo, and felt God was preſent indeed. The agony abated a little, and her reaſon returned in a moment. She inſtantly cried out with uncommon vehemence, claſping her hands, "My God! My God! My Saviour! My King!" And repeated this many times. I ſaid, Yes, my dear, your Saviour is coming to you. He is here! Jeſus is now ſtanding by, and all his holy angels with him. They are all waiting for you. See! See their wings are ſpread out to bear you away! She cried with a loud voice, "I know it! I know! I know it well! I know it well!" repeating the ſame words at leaſt ten times over.

She

She was then ſilent a little. When I could ſpeak, I repeated theſe lines,

" Hark they whiſper! angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit come away!" &c.

And told her, theſe her favourite verſes were now compleatly fulfilled in her; that ſhe was juſt in effect ſaying,

" Ceaſe fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life."

I meant to have gone on to the end; but juſt as I repeated

" Heaven opens on my eyes!"

She ſtopt me ſhort by crying out ſo loud as to be heard down ſtairs, and through every room in the houſe, " See! See! See! what a fine man!—See! See! See! See! what a fine man!" Never was there a more awful ſcene! In that moment ſuch a ſolemn awe fell upon us all, as if the Lord Jeſus Chriſt was viſibly preſent, from the uncommon vehemence and unſhaken confidence with which ſhe had juſt before uſed the prayer of her dying Lord, " My God! My God!" We had not a doubt, but as ſhe was then drinking of the ſame cup Chriſt drank in the garden, (for ſhe was bathed all over in a cold ſweat) ſo in like manner was an angel ſent, or Jeſus himſelf appeared to ſtrengthen her in her laſt agony. She continued with her eyes fixt, repeating the ſame words, " See! See! See! what a fine man!" for fifteen or twenty minutes without intermiſſion, till her ſtrength was quite exhauſted: then with a lower voice ſhe cried, " Come! Come! Come!—Saviour! Saviour! Come! Come! Come!" And gently leaning back, ſhe ſweetly ſunk into his arms, at half paſt five o'clock on Sunday morning, February the 15th. Having juſt ſeen her birth-day, and ended her twenty-ninth year in a world of ſorrow, ſhe began with her Lord in paradiſe that Sabbath which ſhall have no end.

Some Account of Mrs. HANNAH WOOD.

[Written by her Son.]

[*Concluded from page* 309.]

ON my return from St. Peter's, Cornhill, Nov. 7, ſhe took hold of my hand and ſeemed much animated, "God, ſaid ſhe, my dear, has been very gracious this afternoon; he ſent my ſon from me, but he ſent himſelf to me, O, I am very happy! I am going to my manſion in the ſkies, I ſhall ſoon be there; and O, I ſhall be glad to receive you into it! you ſhall come in; but you ſhall never go out, no never. Pauſing a little, ſhe ſaid, "If ever you have a family, tell the children they had a grandmother that feared God, and found the comforts of it on her death-bed." At another time, ſhe addreſſed me, "Let me tell you my own experience; when you come to lie upon your death-bed, an intereſt in Jeſus will be found a precious poſſeſſion.—O, what a mercy of mercies, that we two poor creatures ſhould be brought out of the bondage of Egypt, and united together in the kingdom of God's dear Son!—O, my dear ſon! I exhort you to preach the goſpel; preach it boldly; fear not the face of man; endeavour to put in a word of comfort to the humble believer; to poor, weak ſouls.—I heartily wiſh you ſucceſs: may you be uſeful to the ſouls of many!"—— Being fatigued, ſhe reſted a little time: but as ſoon as ſupper was over ſhe renewed her triumphant language. "It is, ſhe cried out, a glorious ſalvation! a free, unmerited ſalvation! a full, complete ſalvation! a perfect, eternal ſalvation! It is a deliverance from every enemy.—It is a ſupply of every want.—It is all I can wiſh for in time. It is all I can wiſh for in death. It is all I ſhall want in eternity."—She went on in this ſtrain for a long while.—Then, upon ſeeing me, ſhe changed

changed the ſubject, and in the ſame elevated ſtile, went on about ten minutes, bleſſing and praiſing God for the great comfort we had experienced in each other; for the union which ſubſiſted between us, and the bleſſed hope, that though we parted for a ſeaſon, we ſhould one day meet again for ever. Sunday night ſhe had little reſt. Monday morning ſhe deſired me to read to her the verſes which were written on the death of Mrs. *Conyers*. After hearing them with great pleaſure, ſhe exclaimed, "I ſhall ſee that dear friend of mine again, and her dear partner: we ſhall unite in praiſe for ever; we ſhall make a charming three-fold knot." Adverting to the adorable Redeemer, ſhe repeated with great feeling,

"I long to ſee thoſe hands which made me bleſt,
Thoſe feet which travelléd to procure my reſt."

After a ſhort pauſe ſhe proceeded,

"I long to behold him arrayéd
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty diſplayéd,
His beauty of holieſt love.
I languiſh, I pine to be there,
Where Jeſus has fixéd his abode;
O when ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mount of my God."

She deſired that all who came to the houſe might ſee her: but our deſire to preſerve her life a little longer, forbid our complying with this requeſt. Accidentally hearing the name of one who called, ſhe intreated earneſtly ſhe might ſee him; upon his coming into the room, ſhe took hold of his hand and ſaid, "Ah! my friend, I am dying; but I am going to glory; I ſhall ſoon ſee my dear heavenly Father; God bleſs you, and be with you till I meet you there! I ſhall be glad to ſee you, farewel." After his departure ſhe ſaid,

"I hope

"I hope it will pleaſe God not to permit me to diſhonour his cauſe: I truſt my death will ſhew how he can ſupport a poor, weak believer.—If it be his bleſſed will, I hope I ſhall die in triumph, and leave behind me a teſtimony of his grace. I long to tell others what joy I feel: what God has done for me, and what he will do for all that truſt in him."

Soon after her recovery from a fit, a friend came in, and having felt her pulſe, remarked there was nothing to be immediately alarmed at: ſhe replied with great eagerneſs, as if ſhe felt injured at the expreſſion, "I am not alarmed; no, I am not afraid; I am going to heaven;" and perceiving me near her, ſhe ſaid, "Now, my dear, do you vouch for me; am I alarmed? no, I know I ſhall be happy."

After a little time ſhe recollected a circumſtance of a perſon, who, in great agony of mind upon his death-bed, ſaid to one that was preſent with much horror, "Woman, how ſhall I go through this great ſcene?" She repeated the ſentence; pauſed on it for a few minutes, and then exclaimed with great triumph, "It is no great ſcene; it is a glorious ſcene to me! I am going to my God! I ſhall ſee the king in his beauty! I ſhall be for ever near him! I ſhall for ever ſing his praiſes!"

Her heart was again much elated, and almoſt over-powered with gratitude, in reflecting upon God's goodneſs towards her: "God, ſaid ſhe, has greatly indulged my deſires; has anſwered my prayers in a wonderful manner. How has he dealt with me, in ſparing me ſo long, to ſee you, my ſon, ſo much ſettled in life!—I remember, ſaid ſhe, when I uſed to expreſs my anxiety for your eternal welfare to a friend of mine, he always ſaid, in alluſion to the ſtory of Monica, the mother of St. Auſtin, go home and make yourſelf eaſy; the child of thoſe tears can never periſh."

She then deſired me to read the 54th chapter of Iſaiah. When I came to the 5th verſe, ſhe cried out with rapture, "My Maker is my huſband; the Lord of Hoſts is his name."

And

And again, "God hath called me as a woman forſaken and grieved in ſpirit." After this, ſhe lay ſeemingly much fatigued the reſt of the evening: her mind ſeemed wholly converſant in heavenly things; but ſhe was too much exhauſted for more converſation.

She ſpoke with great pleaſure of her ſpeedy departure, and dwelt with rapture upon her glorious inheritance. "O, how happy ſhall I be, ſaid ſhe, to ſee you all there."

She deſired a friend who ſat up with her, to ſing the following hymn.

From all that dwell below the ſkies
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Through evéry land, by evéry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

She attempted to join herſelf; but her voice faultered. When this was finiſhed, and ſhe had again expreſſed the great joy ſhe felt in the proſpect of death, "Come, ſaid ſhe, ſing me another; ſing mè this:"

Hoſanna to Jeſus on high,
Another has enteréd his reſt;
Another eſcapéd to the ſky,
And lodgéd in Emmanuel's breaſt, &c.

She was in a kind of ſtupor the greater part of this day, and ſeemed averſe to receiving any refreſhment. In the evening ſhe had another fit, in which ſhe lay about twenty minutes, and continued all the night partly in a doze, and partly inſenſible.

Wedneſday

Wedneſday ſhe continued in the ſame ſtate, and had three very ſtrong fits. During the night ſhe was almoſt inceſſantly convulſed; but no regular fit came on till about half paſt two. Before breakfaſt-time, ſhe had five fits. In the interval of the fifth, I addreſſed her, "My deareſt mother, do you know me?" She replied, "My dear ſon *Baſil*, I am afraid you will make yourſelf ill." This was the laſt time ſhe ſpoke. From this hour ſhe drew her breath with great difficulty.

At eleven minutes paſt twelve, my beloved parent expired. She juſt ſurvived till Friday morning, the 12th of November.

I deſire to bleſs God, I felt amazingly ſupported. After giving way to my diſtreſs for a few moments, the aſſurance of her happier ſtate was impreſſed on my mind in ſo powerful a manner, that I could not but rejoice in her ſuperior felicity. I ſaw her lately on earth, fainting and expiring; I ſee her now in glory, alive for evermore. I have now another attachment to the ſkies. O, never, never, let me think of her, but as in the immediate preſence of her God; contemplating the glories of his perſon; and uniting with the countleſs number of the redeemed in the eternal anthem of triumph, gratitude and praiſe!

Some Account of ROBERT DENNIS: *in a Letter to the Rev.* J. WESLEY.

[*Concluded from page* 312.]

BUT it would be endleſs to repeat all his heavenly and bleſſed expreſſions during the remaining three weeks of his affliction. I will relate a part of what occurred within a day or two of his death. He had manifeſted the greateſt patience and reſignation to the divine will during the whole time of his illneſs, though it was very ſevere and painful: he being full of ſores, and waſted to a ſkeleton; inſomuch that they

they were afraid his back bone would come through the ſkin. But amidſt all this he praiſed God with joy unſpeakable, and only ſeemed concerned, becauſe he thought his parents were unwilling to part with him; begging of them, with many tears, to give him up, that he might go to his Saviour.

Obſerving a picture upon the wall he ſaid, "Does not that picture repreſent the laſt ſupper of our Lord with his diſciples?" Being informed it did, he replied, "And I ſhall be with him very ſoon." This was on the Thurſday. The day following he ſeemed to experience ſtill more of the divine goodneſs, and ſaid, "Oh, mother! I thought the Lord had done much for me when he pardoned my ſins; but he has now done abundantly more! My heart is whole! My heart is whole!" and added, "Such is the love I feel to the Lord Jeſus, that waſted and ſore as my whole body is, I think I could bear to lie on a bed of nails for him who has endured ſo much for me." His countenance now ſeemed more ſweet and heavenly than ever, and his mother was ready to flatter herſelf that he might yet recover; and ſaid, *Bobby*, I never ſaw thee ſo beautiful before. He replied, "O, mother! but I ſhall be yet more beautiful ſoon." Towards the evening, when three of his couſins came to ſee him, though he was very weak, and hardly able to ſpeak, yet being revived a little by the ſight of them, he began to tell them what God had done for him; and aſſured them that he would do as much for *them* if they would look to him: but added, "You *muſt* look to him."

That night he endured much in body, and the time of his departure approached faſt; while his hope and joy increaſed. Thus exemplifying in his experience Dr. *Young's* deſcription of the death of the righteous,

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
"Is privileged beyond the common walk
"Of virtuous life; quite in the verge of heaven!"

Spreading his arms abroad, and looking as if he would take flight to the heavenly regions, he cried out, "O, what glory do I ſee!" and then claſped his arms together as if he would have embraced it. His pain was great; but his confidence was ſtrong all night; and he ſeemed every moment to be expecting his releaſe from the body, and was diſappointed that it was delayed ſo long. At laſt he cried out, "O, why delay the wheels of his chariot! why is his chariot ſo long a coming!" Thus he continued till within half an hour of his departure; when he called out to one that ſtood by, "*Betty*, ſing a hymn; but let it be a *glorious* one." Seeing him ſo full of joy and heaven, ſhe knew not at firſt how to ſuit him; but the following verſe occurring to her mind ſhe gave it out,

"Jeſu, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the nearer waters roll;
While the tempeſt ſtill is high,
Hide me, O, my Saviour hide,
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt,
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my ſoul at laſt!"

When they had done, He ſaid it was a bleſſed one; and added, "Do not you ſee, *Betty*, what glory! Do not you ſee that beautiful angel beſide the bed!" His ſtrength was now gone, and he was juſt departing; but before he quite expired, he ſpoke ſo loud of *Jeſus* and *glory*, that he might have been heard in the ſtreet.

I am, Rev. Sir, your moſt obedient Son,

JOSEPH BENSON.

An

An Extract from a SERMON, *on* GOD *is* LOVE.

[*Concluded from page* 315.]

I Know hardly any thing of ſo much importance to give us juſt ſentiments of the proceedings of God with his creatures, as that we ſhould conceive of him as a moral Ruler or the ſupreme Magiſtrate of the world. And it is owing to their not conſidering him in this character, that ſinners indulge ſuch miſtaken preſumptions concerning him. They chooſe to conceive of him under ſome fond and tender name, as a being of infinite grace, the indulgent Father of his creatures. All this is true; but it is equally true that he is their moral Ruler as well as their Father. His creatures are his *ſubjects* as well as his *children*; and he muſt act the wiſe and righteous *Magiſtrate* as well as the tender *Father* towards them. His goodneſs is that of a *Ruler*, not of a private *perſon*; and his pardoning ſin and receiving offenders into favour, are not *private* kindneſſes but acts of *government*, and therefore muſt be conducted with the utmoſt wiſdom; for a wrong ſtep in his infinite adminiſtration, which affects ſuch innumerable multitudes of ſubjects, would be an infinite evil.

Theſe things I hope are ſufficient to convince you that divine juſtice is not that cruel and ſavage thing ſinners are wont to imagine it, but that God is juſt, becauſe "God is Love:" and that he puniſhes not becauſe he is the enemy, but becauſe he is the friend of his creatures, and becauſe he loves the whole too well to let particular offenders do miſchief with impunity.

I ſhall only add, that this is the view Jehovah has given of himſelf, in the cleareſt manifeſtation of his perfections that he ever made to mortals. He promiſes his favourite *Moſes* that he would "make all his *goodneſs* paſs before him." Obſerve it is

his *goodneſs* he intends to exhibit, and the proclamation runs thus, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-ſuffering, forgiving iniquity;" that theſe are acts of *goodneſs* will be eaſily granted. But obſerve it is added even in this proclamation of his goodneſs, "That he will by no means clear the guilty!" intimating, that to be juſt and puniſh ſin is an act of goodneſs, as well as to be merciful and to forgive it.

And now when we have this copious ſubject in review, does it not ſuggeſt to us ſuch concluſions as theſe?

1. May we not conclude that the caſe of impenitent ſinners is deſperate indeed, when it is not exceſſive rigour, or a ſavage delight in torture that condemns them, but goodneſs itſelf, love itſelf? Even the gentler perfections of the Deity, thoſe from which they derive their preſumptious hopes conſpire againſt them to render them miſerable, in order to prevent greater miſery from ſpreading through the univerſe. Impenitent ſinners, even the unbounded *love of God* to his creatures is your enemy. Love under the name and form of *Juſtice*, which is equally love ſtill, demands your execution; and to ſuffer you to eſcape would not only be an act of injuſtice, but an act of hoſtility againſt the whole ſyſtem of rational beings. Therefore repent and be holy, otherwiſe divine love will not ſuffer you to be happy. "God is Love;" therefore will he confine you in the infernal priſon, as a regard to the public welfare in human governments ſhuts up criminals in a dungeon.

2. May we not hence conclude that all the acts of the Deity may be reſolved into the benevolent principle of *love*? "God is love;" therefore he made this vaſt univerſe, and planted it ſo thick with variegated life. "God is love;" therefore he ſtill rules the world he has made, and inflicts chaſtiſements and judgments upon it in every age. "God is love;" therefore he ſpared not his own Son, but made him the victim of his juſtice. "God is love;" therefore he

requires

requires perfect holineſs, perfect obedience, from all his ſubjects. "God is love:" therefore he has enacted ſuch tremendous ſanctions to his law, and executes them upon offenders. "God is love;" therefore he has made the priſon of hell, and there confines in chains of everlaſting darkneſs thoſe malevolent creatures that would be nuiſances to ſociety, and public miſchiefs if ſuffered to run at large. In ſhort, whatever he does, he does it becauſe he is love. How amiable a view of him is this! therefore,

3. We may certainly conclude that if God be love, then all his creatures ought to love him. Love him, O, all ye inhabitants of heaven! But they need not my exhortation; they know him, and therefore cannot but love him. Love him, O, ye children of men! To you I call; but O, I fear I ſhall call in vain. To love *Him* who is all love is the moſt hopeleſs propoſal one can make to the world. But whatever others do, love the Lord, all ye ſaints! You I know cannot reſiſt the motion. Surely your love even now is all on fire. "Love the Lord, O, my ſoul!"

The Will of the late Lady PALMERSTON, *indorſed, for the Lord* PALMERSTON.

AS I have long given you my heart, and my tendereſt affections and fondeſt wiſhes have been always yours, ſo is every thing elſe I poſſeſs; and all that I can call mine being already yours, I have nothing to give but my heartieſt thanks for the care and kindneſs you have at any time ſhewn me, either in ſickneſs or in health; for which God Almighty will, I hope, reward you in a better world.

However, for form's ſake, I here give and bequeath you as follows: Firſt, the ten thouſand pounds left me by Sir *R. H.* the two hundred pounds a year annuity left me by my father; the

the gold cup, and the two leſſer chocolate cups, which I wiſh you would ſometimes look on as a remembrance of death, and alſo of the fondeſt and faithfulleſt friend you ever had.

N. B. The cups were made out of mourning-rings, and uſed daily as a memorial of her departed friends and eternity.

A Copy of an original Letter, written by Mr. SOLOMON DA COSTA, *and ſent to the Truſtees of the Britiſh Muſeum, with a preſent of near two hundred curious manuſcript-volumes in the Hebrew Language, which were originally intended by the Jews as a preſent to King Charles the Second.*

GO, I pray thee, ſee the preſence of thoſe in whom there is wiſdom, underſtanding, and knowledge; behold they are the honourable perſonages appointed and made Overſeers of the great and noted Treaſury, called by the name of the Britiſh Muſeum. The Lord preſerve them! Amen.

Saith the man Solomon, ſon to my Lord and father, the ancient, honourable, devout, meek and excellent Mr. *Iſaac Da Coſta*, ſurnamed *Athias*, of the city of *Amſterdam*, of the people ſcattered and diſperſed among all nations; of the captivity of *Jeruſalem*, which is in *Spain*.

I have already dwelt fifty-four years in eaſe and reſt, in quietneſs and in confidence, without fear, in this city of *London*, the crowning city! that is full of people, great among the nations, and princeſs among the provinces; a city great for wiſe and learned men; the mother of ſciences and arts; there is not one ſcience too difficult for them, either in medicine or aſtronomy, or philoſophy, or any art of ſkilful and cunning artiſts, the work of cunning workmen, ſuch as have not been ſeen in all the earth, nor in any nation. And much

much more ſo now that they have built a tower for them all, and a palace full of all good things, the wonders of nature which God created and made, and things of great value, both by reaſon of their being ſingular, there being no other like them, by reaſon of the coſtlineſs of the work, it being done with utmoſt comlineſs and beauty, or by artiſts, whoſe fame has gone forth through the world. There are they depoſited, and there are they to be met with in thouſands and ten thouſands, where they will be for ever for a ſign and wonder; and ſpacious rooms full of books, both modern and ancient, printed and manuſcripts, in innumerable languages, the like was not ſeen in all the earth, ſince the foundation thereof, till now that the men of government expended abundance of money to purchaſe them, and to gather them within the great Treaſury, that it might be for the good of mankind, both for the ſtranger, and for him that is born in the land, even every one whoſe heart ſtirred him up to come unto the works to ſearch and examine them. May the Lord open unto them his good treaſure, the heaven, and render to them a recompenſe according to the works of their hands.

And whereas I am not worthy of the leaſt of all the favours which many honourable men of the nation have done me; and I well know within myſelf, that my hand is ſhortened that it cannot render them a recompence according to the works of their hands; therefore then ſaid I, Lo! I come with the volume of the book of the law of Moſes, *In pace quieſcat*, written upon vellum in a handſome character, as it is made uſe of in our ſynagogues; and a very ancient book, written alſo upon vellum, containing the poſterior and twelve minor prophets; and beſides another book, written alſo upon vellum, containing the five books of the law, the ſong of Solomon, Ruth, Lamentations, Eccleſiaſtes, the book of Eſther, Pſalms, Proverbs, Job, and the leſſons that are read out of the prophets throughout the year: added to them one hundred

hundred and eighty ancient books, which had been gathered and bound for King Charles the Second, King of Great Britain, with valuable bindings, marked with his own cypher, all in the holy language, which I purchaſed in my youth; and behold their names are written in the book of the catalogue that goes with this writing; for I ſaid within myſelf, may theſe alſo be treaſured in the midſt of the Muſeum, that they may be a witneſs in my behalf, that their love is always before me, and that I am not ungrateful to all the good they have rewarded me with. Wherefore, one thing I deſire of you, that I will ſeek after, that you accept my preſent, this handful of mine, with a pleaſant countenance, and that theſe my books may be placed among thoſe that ſtand, to be there from generation to generation, that this may be called an offering of ſweet ſavour, and that there they may find reſt.

Now as for me, my prayer is unto thee, O, Lord, in an acceptable time, for this great generation: lo! may the people riſe up as a great lion, and lift up themſelves as a young lion? May they cry, yea roar! may they prevail againſt their enemies! May the degrees of honour of his excellent majeſty be extolled and raiſed up, and in his palace may every one ſpeak of his glory! May our eyes ſee the king in his beauty! Lo! he is our Sovereign George the Second! May his glory be extolled, and his kingdom exalted! May he prolong his days in this kingdom; for he leadeth his people like a flock. He is a buckler and ſhield of freedom and defence to all thoſe that come to truſt under the ſhadow of his dominion: his righteouſneſs and devotion endure for ever. So may God continue him in a ſtate of life and peace! May he get up very high upon the higheſt proſperities in fulneſs of joy! May God extend peace to him and his ſeed after him, like a river. May he reign; and may they reign! May he lead and may they lead the people with juſtice and with judgment,

and

and with equity, as at this day, ſo long as the moon endureth; and that they may be filled with abundance of peace, according to their pleaſure, and according to the wiſhes of him that ſeeketh their peace and wealth for ever! with a ſound heart in faithfulneſs and truth.

The Minor of the Meaneſt,

SOLOMON DA COSTA.

London, *this day*, Thurſday the 5th *of the month* Sivan, *of the year* 5519 *from the creation.*

A Relation of Witchcraft diſcovered in the Village of Mohra, in Sweden.

[*Concluded from page* 321.]

WE come next to the place where they uſed to aſſemble, called *Blockula*; and what they did there. They unanimouſly confeſſed, that *Blockula* is ſituated in a large meadow, like a plain ſea, wherein you can ſee no end. The place or houſe they met at, had before it a great gate, painted with many colours: through this gate they went into a little meadow, diſtant from the other, where the beaſts went which they uſed to ride on; but the men whom they made uſe of in their journey, ſtood in the houſe by the gate, in a ſlumbering poſture, over-againſt the wall.

In a huge large room of this houſe, they ſaid there ſtood a long table, at which the witches ſat down: and that hard by this room was a chamber, where there were ſome lovely and delicate beds.

The firſt thing, they ſaid, they muſt do at *Blockula*, was, that they muſt deny all religion, and devote themſelves, body and ſoul, to the devil, and promiſe to ſerve him faithfully, and

confirm it with an oath: hereupon they cut their fingers, and writ their name in his book. They added, "That he cauſed them to be baptized too, by ſuch prieſts as he had there; and made them confirm their baptiſm, with dreadful oaths and imprecations." Hereupon the devil gave them a purſe, wherein there were filings of clocks, with a big ſtone tied to it, which they threw into the water, and then were forced to ſpeak theſe words: "As theſe filings of the clock do never return to the clock from whence they were taken, ſo may my ſoul never return to heaven."

After this they ſat down by the table, and thoſe that the devil eſteemed moſt were placed the neareſt to him; but the children muſt ſtand at the door, where he himſelf gives them meat and drink.

The diet they uſed to have there, was, they ſaid, broth, with coleworts, and bacon in them, oatmeal bread ſpread with butter, milk and cheeſe. And they added, that ſometimes it taſted very well, and ſometimes very ill. After meals they went to dancing; and in the mean time, ſwore and curſed moſt dreadfully: and afterwards went to fighting one with another.

We come, in the next place, to ſhew the miſchief and evil, which the witches promiſed to do, to men and beaſts. They confeſſed, that they were to promiſe the devil, that they would do all that was ill; and that the devil taught them to milk, which was after this manner: they uſed to ſtick a knife in the wall, and hang a kind of label on it, which they drew, and ſtroaked; and, as long as this laſted, the perſons they had power over were miſerably plagued, and the beaſts were milked that way, till ſometimes they died of it.

A woman confeſſed, that the devil gave her a wooden knife, wherewith, going into houſes, ſhe had power to kill any thing that ſhe touched with it; yet there were few that would confeſs, that they had hurt any man or woman. Being aſked, Whether they had murdered any children? they confeſſed,

confeſſed, that they had tormented many, but did not know whether any of them died.

And added, that the devil had ſhewed them ſeveral places, where he had power to do miſchief.

The miniſter of *Elfdale* declared, that one night, theſe witches were, to his thinking, on the crown of his head: and that, from thence, he had a long-continued pain in the head.

One of the witches confeſſed, that the devil had ſent her to torment that miniſter; and that ſhe was ordered to uſe a nail, and ſtrike it into his head, but it would not enter very deep, and hence came that head-ach. The miniſter ſaid alſo, that one night he felt a pain, as if he was torn with an inſtrument that they cleanſe flax with, or a flax-comb; and, when he awoke, he heard ſomebody ſcratching and ſcraping at the window, but could ſee nobody; and one of the witches confeſſed, that ſhe was the perſon that did it, being ſent by the devil.

The miniſter of *Mohra* declared alſo, that one night, one of theſe witches came into his houſe, and did ſo violently take him by the throat, that he thought he ſhould have been choaked; and awaking, he ſaw the perſon who did it, but did not know her; and that, for ſome weeks, he was not able to ſpeak, or perform divine ſervice.

The Lords Commiſſioners were very earneſt, and took great pains to perſuade them to ſhew ſome of their tricks, but to no purpoſe; for they did all unanimouſly declare, that ſince they had confeſſed all, they found all their witchcraft was gone; and the devil, at this time, appeared very terrible, and ſhewed them a pit burning, with a hand out, but the devil thruſt the perſon down again with an iron fork, and ſuggeſted to the witches, that if they continued in their confeſſion, he would deal with them in the ſame manner.

The above relation is taken from the public regiſter, where all this is related, with more circumſtances. And at this time, through all the country, there are prayers weekly in all

the churches, to the end that Almighty God would pull down the devil's power, and deliver thoſe poor creatures which have hitherto groaned under it.

The Lord *Lyonbergh*, Envoy extraordinary for the King of *Sweden*, confirmed this at *London*, March 8, 1682; and gave it under his hand, that the matter of fact mentioned here was true.

A Strange ACCOUNT.

Dunbar, May 26, 1784.

1. WHAT I know concerning the matter is this. The ſervant of Dr. *Menzie*, Phyſician at *Dumfries*, told his Maſter and many others, That the Laird of *Cool*, lately dead, appeared to him, rode him down, and killed his horſe: that he appointed him to meet him ſome time after, at ſuch a place, which he promiſed to do. But Mr. *P.* (then Miniſter of *Dumfries*) adviſed him to break that promiſe.

2. Mr. *Ogylvie* (then Miniſter at *Innerwick* near *Dunbar*) on hearing this, blamed Mr. *Paton* much: ſaying, Had he been there, he would not only have adviſed him to keep his promiſe, but would have gone with him. The enſuing relation of what followed, wrote in Mr. *O's* own hand, was found in his deſk after his death, by Mrs. *Ogylvie*. She gave it to Mr. *Lundie*, now Miniſter at *Oldhamſtocks*, who gave it to me.

JAMES HAMILTON.

What follows is tranſcribed from Mr. *Lundie's* Copy.

1. On Feb. 3, 1722, At ſeven o'clock at night, as I was coming up the burial-road, one came riding up after me. Looking back, I called, Who is there? He anſwered, The Laird of *Cool*. Thinking it was ſome one that wanted to put a trick

a trick upon me, I ſtruck at him with my cane. It found no reſiſtance, but flew out of my hand, to the diſtance of about twenty yards. I alighted and took it up, but found ſome difficulty in mounting, partly by reaſon of the ramping of my horſe, partly by a trembling which ran through my joints. He ſtopt till I came up to him again, and ſaid, "If you are the Laird of *Cool*, what is your buſineſs with me?" He anſwered, "You have undertaken what few in *Ridſdale* would." I aſked in ſurpriſe, "What have I undertaken?" He anſwered, Laſt Sabbath you blamed Mr. *Paton*, for adviſing the young man not to keep his promiſe, and ſaid, You would be willing to go with him yourſelf? *Og.* Who informed you, that I ſaid ſo? *C.* We that are dead know many things that the living know nothing about. All I want is that you will fulfil your promiſe, and deliver my commiſſions to my wife. *O.* Did I ſay I would go all the way to *Dumfries* upon ſuch an errand? It never entered into my thoughts. *C.* What was in your thoughts I do not know: but I can depend upon my information, that theſe were your words. But I ſee you are in ſome diſorder: I will wait upon you again, when you have more preſence of mind.

2. By this time we were come below the church-yard. And while I was conſidering whether I had promiſed or no, he broke from me through the church-yard with amazing violence, and with ſuch a whizzing noiſe, as put me into more diſorder than before. When I came to my houſe, my wife ſeeing me very pale, enquired, What ailed me? I told her, I was a little uneaſy, and deſired ſomething to drink. Being thereby eaſed and refreſhed, I retired to my cloſet, to meditate on this aſtoniſhing adventure.

3. On the fifth of March, 1722, as I was riding about ſun-ſet, near *William White's* march, the Laird of *Cool* came riding up to me again, and ſaid, "Be not afraid: I will do you no harm." I replied, "I am not in the leaſt afraid: for I know He in whom I truſt is ſtronger than all of you put together."

together." *C.* You are as ſafe from me, as when I was alive. *O.* Then let us have a free converſation together, and give me ſome information about the affairs of the other world. *C.* What information do you want from me? *O.* Are you in a ſtate of happineſs or not? *C.* That is a queſtion I will not anſwer? Aſk ſomething elſe. *O.* I aſk then, what ſort of a body is that you appear in? *C.* It is not the ſame body wherein I was witneſs to your marriage, nor that in which I died. That is rotting in the grave. But it is ſuch a body as anſwers me in a moment. I can fly as faſt in this body as without it. If I would go to *London*, to *Jeruſalem*, or to the Moon, I can perform all theſe journies equally ſoon. For it coſts me nothing but a thought. This body is juſt as fleet as your thought. In the ſame time you can turn your thoughts to *Rome*, I can go there in perſon. *O.* But tell me, Have you not yet appeared before God, and received ſentence from him as a Judge? *C.* Never yet. *O.* It is commonly believed, there is a particular judgment immediately after death, and a general one at the laſt day. *C.* No ſuch thing, no ſuch thing. There is no trial, no ſentence till the laſt day. The heaven good men enjoy immediately after death, conſiſts in the ſerenity of their minds, the ſatisfaction of a good conſcience, and the certain hope of glory everlaſting.*

4. The hell which the wicked ſuffer immediately after death, conſiſts in their wickedneſs, in the ſtings of an awakened conſcience, the terrors of facing the great Judge, and of everlaſting torments.† And their miſery when dead bears a due proportion to the evil they did while living: but ſome of theſe although not good, were far leſs wicked than others, and ſo are far leſs miſerable. And on the other hand, ſome were not wicked in this life, yet had but a ſmall

* And in being with Chriſt and his Saints.

† And in being with the Devil and his Angels.

degree

degree of goodneſs.‡ And their faces are not more various in life, then their circumſtances are after death.

5. *O.* To paſs this, there is another queſtion I want to aſk: "How came you to know what I ſaid to Mr. *Paton?*" Were you with us, though inviſible? *C.* I was not. But you muſt know, that not only angels are continually ſent from heaven, to guard and comfort good men, but alſo the ſpirits of holy men are employed on the ſame errand. *O.* But has every man his guardian angel? *C.* Not every man; but many particular men have. And there are few families but have one attending on them. From what you have heard of ſpirits, you may eaſily conceive, how one may be ſerviceable to each member of the family, even when far diſtant from each other. Yea, one powerful angel or departed ſpirit is ſufficient for ſome villages: but to a great city many angels or departed ſpirits are aſſigned, who are ſuperintended by one great angel.

6. Now Satan in the government of his kingdom, ape's the kingdom of Chriſt as much as poſſible. Accordingly he ſends out miſſionaries too: but becauſe he has plenty of them, he frequently commiſſions two or three to attend one family, if it be of great power or influence. *O.* I cannot underſtand how the evil angels ſhould be more numerous than the good ones. *C.* Whatever the number of devils be, it is certain the number of wicked ſpirits departed, who are employed on this errand, is abundantly greater than that of the good ones. And there is as great a difference between the good and bad ſpirits, as there is between the good and bad angels, both with regard to their knowledge, activity, ſtrength and faculties. Yea, ſome departed ſouls exceed ſome of the original angels, in all theſe reſpects.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

‡ I am afraid this glances upon Purgatory; intimating, that the former were not bad enough to go to Hell, nor the latter good enough to go to Heaven.

Some

Some Account of the Right Hon. Laurence, *late Earl* FERRERS.

LAURENCE SHIRLEY, Earl Ferrers, Viſcount Tamworth, was deſcended from a family which held conſiderable rank, and large eſtates in Lincolnſhire, Derbyſhire, Northamptonſhire and Warwickſhire, before the conqueſt. His lordſhip's uncle, from whom he derived his title, was put under confinement by the authority of a ſtatue of lunacy that was obtained againſt him, and after a ſhort return of reaſon, relapſed into incurable madneſs, in which ſtate he continued till his death. Lady Barbary Shirley, was alſo a lunatic, and confined as ſuch. His lordſhip had ſo far a tincture of this family diſorder, as to be ſubject to ſudden, cauſeleſs, and outrageous paſſion; he often walked haſtily about the room, clenching his fiſts, grinning, biting his lips, and talking to himſelf, without having any thing to ruffle his temper, or being under the influence of liquor; he alſo ſometimes talked to himſelf many hours after he was in bed, and he was obſerved to entertain cauſeleſs ſuſpicions of thoſe about him; to go about frequently armed; to be frequently abſent when ſpoken to; to make mouths in the looking-glaſs, ſpitting upon it and uſing geſtures, that by thoſe who ſaw him were thought indications of madneſs.

In September, 1752, he married the youngeſt daughter of Sir William Meredith, whom he treated with great brutality, though ſhe was of the moſt mild and amiable diſpoſition; he was alſo almoſt conſtantly upon ill terms with all his relations. About four years before his death, his irregular fallies became more frequent than before, which was imputed to an unhappy quarrel with his lady; this quarrel was carried ſo far that ſhe was ſeparated from him by an act of parliament, and it was ordered by the ſame act, that a perſon ſhould be appointed

appointed to receive the income of his eſtates, and apply it as the act appointed.

When his rents were ordered to be paid to a receiver, the nomination of a receiver was left to himſelf, and he appointed Mr. *John Johnſon*, a perſon who had been taken into the ſervice of Lord *F*——'s family in his youth, and was then his lordſhip's ſteward, hoping probably, that he ſhould have ſufficient influence over him to have procured ſome deviation from his truſt in his lordſhip's favour. But he ſoon found Mr. *Johnſon* would not oblige him at the expence of his honeſty, and from that time he ſeems to have conceived an implacable reſentment againſt him; and it is eaſy to conceive that every oppoſition to the will of a man ſo haughty, impetuous, and iraſcible, would produce ſuch an effect.

Mr. *Johnſon* lived at the houſe belonging to the farm, which he held under his lordſhip, called the Lount, about half a mile diſtant from *Stanton*, his lordſhip's ſeat.

On Sunday the 13th of January, 1760, my Lord went to the Lount, and after ſome diſcourſe with Mr. *Johnſon*, ordered him to come to him at *Stanton*, on the Friday following, the 18th, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The men-ſervants he contrived to ſend out of the way, ſo that there was no perſon in the houſe but himſelf and three maids.

In a ſhort time after the houſe was thus cleared, Mr. *Johnſon* came, and was let in by *Elizabeth Burgeland*, one of the maids. He aſked if his lordſhip was within? when the girl replied yes, he is in his room: Mr. *Johnſon* went, and knocked at the door, and my lord came to the door, and ordered him to wait in the ſtill-houſe. When he had been there about ten minutes, his lordſhip came out, and calling him to his own room, went in with him, and immediately locked the door. When they were thus locked in together my Lord firſt ordered him to ſettle an account, and after a little time produced a paper, purporting, as he ſaid, to be a

confeſſion of his villainy, and required him to ſign it; *Johnſon* refuſed, and his lordſhip drawing a piſtol from his pocket, preſented it, and bid him kneel down; the poor man then kneeled down upon one knee, but Lord *F.* cried out ſo loud as to be heard by one of the maids at the kitchen door, "Down on your other knee; declare what you have acted againſt Lord *F.* your time is come, you muſt die;" and then fired. The ball entered his body juſt below the laſt rib, yet he did not drop, but roſe up and expreſſed the ſenſations of a dying man, both by his looks, and by broken ſentences. My Lord then came out of the room, having been ſhut up with the unhappy victim about half an hour; and the report of the piſtol having frighted the women into the waſh-houſe, he called out, "Who is there?" One of them heard and anſwered him: he ordered her to ſee for one of the men, to aſſiſt in getting Mr. *Johnſon* into bed. At this time his lordſhip was perfectly ſober, and having diſpatched a meſſenger to Mr. *Kirkland*, a ſurgeon who lived at *Aſhby de la Zouch*, he went back to the room where he had left Mr. *Johnſon* with the maid, and aſked how he found himſelf, *Johnſon* replied, that he found himſelf like a dying man, and requeſted his lordſhip to ſend for his children; his lordſhip conſented, and a meſſenger was diſpatched to the Lount, to tell Miſs *Johnſon* that ſhe muſt come to the Hall, as her father was taken very ill; upon coming there, ſhe ſoon learnt what had happened, and Lord *F.* ſent one of the maids with her up to the room into which her father had been removed, and immediately followed himſelf. Mr. *Johnſon* was in bed, but did not ſpeak to her: Lord *F.* pulled down the clothes, and applied a pledget dipt in Arquebuſade water to the wound, and ſoon after left him. From the time the fact was committed, Lord *F.* continued to drink porter till he became drunk. The meſſenger in the mean time having found the ſurgeon, he came about five o'clock. My Lord told

told him he had ſhot *Johnſon*, but believed that he was more frighted than hurt; that he had intended to ſhoot him dead, for that he was a villain, and deſerved to die; but ſays he, now I have ſpared his life, I deſire you would do what you can for him. My Lord, at the ſame time, deſired that he would not ſuffer him to be ſeized, and declared, if any one ſhould attempt it he would ſhoot him.

[*To be continued.*]

An Eſſay to prove that the CHINESE *are an* EGYPTIAN *Colony: written in French by* M. *de Guignes, Member of the Royal Academy of Belles Lettres.*

SEVERAL perſons of great learning have heretofore ſuſpected that the conqueſts of *Oſiris* and *Seſoſtris* carried many Egyptians into *India* and *China*. M. *Huet*, in particular ſuppoſed that colonies from *Egypt* had paſſed into *China*; but ſome of the Britiſh literati have, from the ſame premiſes, drawn a contrary concluſion: for having like him been ſtruck with the conformity between the *Chineſe* and *Egyptian* cuſtoms, they have ſuppoſed that *Noah* retiring into *China* after the deluge, the arts and ſciences paſſed from thence into *Egypt*. M. *Guignes's* conjectures have another foundation; having read a memoir of the *Abbe Barthelemy*, on the letters of the *Phœnicians*, he began to reflect upon the manner in which alphabetical letters had been firſt formed, and this led him to look into a Chineſe Dictionary, as the letters of that language are ſuppoſed to be of great antiquity. Upon inſpecting this Dictionary, he was greatly ſurpriſed to find a figure that very much reſembled one of the Phœnician letters in *Barthelemy's* alphabet; this awakened his attention to a new object, and upon a farther ſearch, he found ſuch proof of the derivation of the Chineſe letters from the Phœnicians, as at once convinced and aſtoniſhed him; his eſſay therefore, is an attempt

to ſhew that the Chineſe characters are nothing more than monograms, or cyphers, formed of three Phœnician letters; and that the reading them produces Phœnician, or Egyptian ſounds.

M. *Guignes* begins his eſſay by obſerving, that the writing of the *Chineſe* is not like that of other nations, compoſed of a certain number of characters, the different combinations of which form ſyllables and words, but each character is a ſymbol of ſome idea, and may be reduced to three ſimple elements: the ſtrait line, the curve line, and the point: theſe elements, by their poſition or combination, produced new characters which were ranged into two hundred and fourteen claſſes, and this they call the keys; theſe two hundred and fourteen radical characters, by various combinations and complications, form a vaſt variety of ſymbols, to the number of ſeventy or eighty thouſand; which will not appear ſtrange, if it is remembered that this number includes all the ideas that it is neceſſary to expreſs, and is equal to the number of words in other languages: but the colloquial language of *China* is by no means ſo copious as that which is written; for it conſiſts only of a ſmall number of monoſyllables and ſounds, which differ only by the various tones of pronunciation, without either conjugation or declenſion; and it appears to have ſo little relation to the written language, that the ſounds which are attached to the combination of the ſimple and radical characters have no affinity with the ſounds of thoſe characters ſeparately. The living and written languages ſtand ſingly and apart, totally independent of each other.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A Feaſt

A Feaſt made by GEORGE NEVIL, *Chancellor of England, and Archbiſhop of York, in the reign of Edward the Fourth,* 1470, *taken out of Fuller's Church Hiſtory, page* 193.

EARL of Warwick, Steward. Earl of Bedford, Treaſurer. Lord Haſtings, Comptroller; and many more noble officers. Servitors one thouſand, Cooks ſixty-two, Kitcheners five hundred and fifteen.

300 Quarters of Wheat
330 Tuns of Ale
104 Tuns of Wine
1 Pipe of Ipocras
80 Fat Oxen
6 Wild Bulls
1004 Sheep
300 Calves
300 Porkers
3000 Geeſe
3000 Capons
300 Pigs
500 Partridges
400 Woodcocks
100 Curlews
1000 Egrets
500 Stags, Bucks, and Roes
400 Veniſon paſties cold
600 Pikes and Breams
1000 Diſhes of Jelly parted
1506 Veniſon paſties hot
400 Plovers
100 Quails
200 Fowls, called Rees
100 Peacocks
4000 Mallards and Teals
200 Cranes
200 Kids
2000 Chickens
4000 Pigeons
4000 Conies
04 Bitterns
400 Hernſhaws
200 Pheaſants
4000 Diſhes of Jelly plain
400 Tarts cold
4000 Cuſtards cold
2000 Cuſtards hot
12 Porpuſſes and Seals.
Beſides abundance of Sweetmeats.

If this was the food, how many were the gueſts?

The

The CHARACTER *of an* ATHEIST.

AN Atheiſt is an overgrown libertine; and if we believe his own genealogy, he is a by-blow begot by hazard, and flung into the world by neceſſity; he moves by wheels, and has no more ſoul than a windmill; he is thruſt on by fate, and acts by mere compulſion; he is no more maſter of his deeds, than of his being, and therefore is as conſtant to his word, as the wind to the ſame point; ſo that an Atheiſt, by his own principles, is a knave *per ſe*, and an honeſt man only *per accidens*. In fine, he ſtarts out of duſt, and vaniſhes into nothing.

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 333.]

WEDNESDAY, March 17. We ſaw what may be ſuppoſed to be the occaſion of that opinion, which *Lucian* relates, concerning this river,* viz. That this ſtream, at certain ſeaſons of the year, eſpecially about the feaſt of *Adonis*, is of a bloody colour; which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of ſympathy in the river, for the death of *Adonis*, who was killed by a wild Boar in the mountains, out of which this ſtream riſes. Something like this we ſaw actually come to paſs; for the water was ſtained to a ſurpriſing redneſs; and, as we obſerved in travelling, had diſcoloured the ſea a great way into a reddiſh hue, occaſioned doubtleſs by a ſort of Minium, or red earth, waſhed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any ſtain from *Adonis's* blood.

* ADONIS.

Thurſday,

Thurſday, March 18. The day following we ſpent at *Beroot*; being credibly informed, that the river *Damer*, which lay in our next ſtage, was ſo ſwoln by the late rains, that it would be impaſſable. This place was called anciently *Berytus*; from which the Idol *Baal Berith* is ſuppoſed to have had its name. And afterwards being greatly eſteemed by *Auguſtus*, had many privileges conferred upon it; and together with them a new name, viz. *Julia Felix*. But at preſent, it retains nothing of its ancient felicity, except the ſituation; and in that particular it is indeed very happy. It is ſeated on the ſea-ſide, in a ſoil fertile and delightful, raiſed only ſo high above the ſalt-water, as to be ſecure from its overflowings, and other noxious and unwholeſome effects of that element. It has the benefit of good freſh ſprings flowing down to it from the adjacent hills, and diſperſed all over the city, in convenient and not unhandſome fountains. But beſides theſe advantages of its ſituation, it has at preſent nothing elſe to boaſt of.

The *Emir Faccardine* has his chief reſidence in this place. He was in the reign of *Sultan Morat*, the fourth *Emir*, or Prince of the *Druſes*; a people ſuppoſed to have deſcended from ſome diſperſed remainders of thoſe Chriſtian Armies, that engaged in the Cruſades, for the recovery of the Holy Land: who afterwards, being totally routed, and deſpairing of a return to their native Country, betook themſelves to the mountains hereabout; in which their deſcendants have continued ever ſince. *Faccardine* being prince of theſe people, was not contented to be penned up in the mountains; but by his power and artifice, enlarged his dominion down into the plain all along the Sea Coaſt, as far as from this place to *Acra*. At laſt the grand Seignior grown jealous of ſuch a growing power, drove the wild beaſt back again to the mountains, from whence he had broke looſe; and there his poſterity retain their principality to this day.

We

We went to view the palace of this prince, which ſtands on the North Eaſt part of the city. At the entrance of it is a marble fountain, of greater beauty than is uſually ſeen in *Turkey*. The palace within conſiſts of ſeveral courts, all now run much to ruin; or rather perhaps never finiſhed. The ſtables, yards for horſes, dens for lions and other ſavage creatures, gardens, &c. are ſuch as would not be unworthy of the quality of a prince in chriſtendom, were they wrought up to that perfection of which they are capable, and to which they ſeem to have been deſigned by their firſt contriver.

But the beſt ſight that this place affords, and the worthieſt to be remembered, is the orange garden. It contains a large quadrangular plat of ground, divided into ſixteen leſſer ſquares, four in a row, with walks between them. The walks are ſhaded with orange trees, of a large ſpreading ſize, and all of ſo fine a growth, both for ſtem and head, that one cannot imagine any thing more perfect in this kind. They were, at the time when we were there, as it were, gilded with fruit, hanging thicker upon them than ever I ſaw apples in *England*. Every one of theſe ſixteen leſſer ſquares in the garden was bordered with ſtone; and in the ſtone-work were troughs very artificially contrived, for conveying the water all over the garden: there being little outlets cut at every tree, for the ſtream, as it paſſed by, to flow out, and water it. Were this place under the cultivation of an Engliſh gardener, it is impoſſible any thing could be made more delightful. But theſe Heſperides were put to no better uſe, when we ſaw them, than to ſerve as a fold for ſheep and goats; inſomuch that in many places they were up to the knees in dirt: ſo little ſenſe have the Turks of ſuch refined delights as theſe; being a people generally of the groſſeſt apprehenſion, and knowing few other pleaſures, but ſuch ſenſualities, as are common to men and beaſts. On the Eaſt ſide of this garden were two terrace-walks riſing one above the other, each of them having an aſcent to it of twelve ſteps. They had both

ſeveral

ſeveral fine ſpreading orange trees upon them, to make ſhades in proper places. And at the North end they led into booths, and ſummer-houſes, and other apartments very delightful: this place being deſigned by *Faccardine* for the chief ſeat of his pleaſure.

It may perhaps be wondered, how this *Emir* ſhould be able to contrive any thing ſo elegant and regular as this garden; ſeeing the Turkiſh gardens are uſually nothing elſe but a confuſed miſcellany of trees, jumbled together without either knots, walks, arbours, or any thing of art or deſign, ſo that they ſeem like thickets, rather than gardens. But *Faccardine* had been in *Italy*, where he had ſeen things of another nature, and knew well how to copy them in his own country. For indeed it appears by theſe remains of him, that he muſt have been a man much above the ordinary level of a Turkiſh genius.

In another garden we ſaw ſeveral pedeſtals for ſtatues; from whence it may be inferred, that this *Emir* was no very zealous Mahometan. At one corner of the ſame garden ſtood a Tower of about ſixty feet high; deſigned to have been carried to a much greater elevation for a Watch-Tower, and for that end built with an extraordinary ſtrength, its walls being twelve feet thick. From this Tower we had a view of the whole city: amongſt other proſpects, it yielded us the ſight of a large Chriſtian Church, and ſaid to have been at firſt conſecrated to St. *John* the Evangeliſt. But, it being now uſurped by the Turks for their chief moſque, we could not be permitted to ſee it, otherwiſe than at this diſtance. Another church there is in the town, which ſeems to be ancient; but being a very mean fabric, is ſuffered to remain ſtill in the hands of the Greeks. We found it adorned with abundance of old pictures; but that which appeared moſt obſervable was a very odd figure of a Saint, drawn at full length, with a large beard reaching down to his feet. The Curate gave us to underſtand, that this was St. *Nicephorus*;

and perceiving that his beard was the chief object of our admiration, he gratified us with the following relation concerning him, viz. That he was a perſon of the moſt eminent virtues in his time; but his great misfortune was, that the endowments of his mind were not ſet off with the outward ornament of a beard: upon occaſion of which defect, he fell into a deep melancholy. The Devil taking the advantage of this Prieſt, promiſed to give him that boon which nature had denied, in caſe he would comply with his ſuggeſtions. The beardleſs Saint, though he was very deſirous of the reward propoſed, yet he would not purchaſe it at that rate neither: but rejected the previous bribe with indignation, declaring reſolutely, that he had rather for ever deſpair of his wiſh than obtain it upon ſuch terms. And at the ſame time, taking in his hand the downy tuft upon his chin, to witneſs the ſtability of his reſolution (for he had it ſeems beard enough to ſwear by) behold! as a reward for his conſtancy, he found the hair immediately ſtretch, with the pluck that he gave it. Whereupon finding it in ſo good a humour, he followed the happy omen: and as young heirs, that have been niggardly bred, generally turn prodigals when they come to their eſtates; ſo he never deſiſted from pulling his beard, till he had wiredrawn it down to his feet.—A little without this wall we ſaw many Granite Pillars, and remnants of Moſaic floors; and in an heap of rubbiſh, ſeveral pieces of poliſhed marble, fragments of ſtatues, and other poor relicks of this city's ancient magnificence. On the ſea ſide is an old ruined Caſtle, and ſome remains of a ſmall mole.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLXXII.

[From Miſs M. B. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Rev. Sir, Bath, Auguſt 10, 1772.

YOU would be glad to hear that my ſoul proſpers; but I know not whether it does or not. My joys and ſorrows are far leſs than uſual, though I am kept in peace, and bleſſed with a general attention to God, and have a deſire to approve myſelf to him in all things.

I have lately been called to conſider my latter end, by a ſwift decay of my health; but by means of the Briſtol Waters, I am now in a great meaſure reſtored. O, may my life praiſe him! I am taught to "Pierce beyond an hour;" and to ſee myſelf a ſtranger and pilgrim. Earth daily ſinks in my eſteem.

Providence has alſo increaſed my ſchool; in which I feel the need of that "Wiſdom which dwelleth with Prudence," to know how to behave aright to my friends; (I mean chiefly, the young women of our Society.) I believe they have a great affection for me; but I fear it is not a right one. They are often charging me with partiality, &c. ſo that I hardly know how to look or ſpeak. I feel a tender good-will for them: not only as God's workmanſhip; but as created anew in Chriſt Jeſus, unto good works. They are not by "Nature formed to pleaſe," nor ſo deeply ſpiritual as ſome are, with whoſe friendſhip and correſpondence I am favoured.

Will you be kind enough, Sir, to point out what you think amiſs in me; to teach me how to endure aright; and to lay down the likelieſt rules for me to be made of ſome ſervice to their ſouls?

I remain, Rev. Sir, your obedient Servant,

M. B.

LETTER CCCLXXIII.

[From Mr. Thomas Eden, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Broadmarſon, Auguſt 24, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

I Have great uneaſineſs on my mind for my ſon T. (being highly eſteemed amongſt the rich and great where he is,) leſt pride and forgetfulneſs ſhould get a place in his heart. I wrote to him to come home: his anſwer was, that he was at the houſe of a Juſtice of the Peace; and enlarging his acquaintance, and ſo could not come! Pleaſe to write to him, in the moſt ſtriking manner you poſſibly can, and preſs upon him meekneſs, humility, lowlineſs, and condeſcenſion to men of low eſtate: and to eſteem other Preachers better than himſelf.

When you get near the throne of mercy and love, pleaſe to remember him, with the reſt of my family; not forgetting your aged, humble Servant,

THOMAS EDEN.

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

[From Mr. Samuel Wells, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Wallingford, October 10, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

I Am conſcious I am but a child, and that the thoughts of my heart, however ſincere, may be weak and fooliſh. Yet I cannot ſuppoſe I run any riſque in expoſing them to *you*. Therefore I ſhall make no farther apology for offering you the following hints.

When I conſider the condition the whole world is in, as to religion, I am aſtoniſhed! I ſee myſelf in an evil world: a world of immortals; the greater part of whom are regardleſs of their eternal happineſs or miſery! I conſider, Who lives as a probationer for eternity? It is plain the men of the world do not; no nor all religious men; for the greater

greater part of them, are buſied in doubtful diſputations, and even deny the truth, *as it is after godlineſs*. I believe it is not the will of God that any ſhould periſh; but that all ſhould come to the knowledge of the truth. But I cannot expect that this will be effected by any other inſtruments, than ſuch as maintain this truth, viz. that nothing elſe than being created anew in Chriſt Jeſus, will be of any avail to us.

If theſe are the Principles of the Methodiſts, I am led to enquire, do *we* who preach them live and act according to them? Let me anſwer for myſelf. I am conſcious that God ſeeth the ſecrets of my heart; but it is often a dull conſciouſneſs thereof, elſe I could never be guilty of trifling converſation; but all my words would be ſpoken as in his preſence. Indeed this is *ſometimes* the caſe; and if it were always ſo, it would be (as it is at times) full of the power of God. I know God then owns his word. It is no longer I that ſpeak, but the Spirit of my Father that ſpeaketh in me. The greater ſinner am I that I do not always ſo believe and act. If I believe that the grace of God is ſufficient to perfect *me*, and *all* who believe, in every good word and work, am I conſiſtent with myſelf? Sometimes I think I am; ſometimes I fear I am not. When I am, I not only do nothing which I feel would offend God; but I feel impelled to preſs every one I converſe with to this alſo. If I were always what I ought to be, I ſhould abound more and more in the ſpirit of faith, and loving obedience, and in all uſefulneſs to others. I believe much of this ſpirit hath been given me ſometimes; but often have I ſinned it away, or ſunk back from his goodneſs by unbelieving fears.

But I conſider again, What are my brethren in the Lord doing? Some of them I believe are *all devoted* to Him; but I fear not all. Many of them are men of ſuperior endowments. But is their behaviour ſuch as it ought to be? I would aſk the ſame queſtions about them as I have about myſelf; but I hardly dare: and yet my heart is full. I will

will venture to ſpeak a little. I fear though I wander ſo much, ſome wander more. Our word is too often a mere inſipid repetition of doctrinal truths; our converſation ſometimes mere impertinence.

Nay, I ſometimes have thought that you, Sir, might do more than you do in promoting the cauſe of Chriſtian Perfection. I do not remember that in converſation, or by letter you ever preſſed me to expect deliverance from all the carnal mind, except once in a letter, and once when you met the Claſs at Cheltenham, though you have exhorted me to preſs others to it. And yet I think you have given me, one way or another, far more encouragement, than any other Preacher in your connection: though ſome of them have not been altogether neglectful of their duty neither. But dear Sir, would it not animate us exceedingly, if you encouraged us yet more?

Suffer me to mention another thing that occurs to my mind. I ſometimes fear that the very ill treatment you have met with from our Predeſtinarian-brethren, goes near to provoke your ſpirit at times; and if it does, it muſt neceſſarily hinder your ſpirituality and uſefulneſs. I am ſure you muſt be *more than human* if their conduct does not hurt you.

That God may guard you from all your enemies, and direct all your doings, is, dear Sir, the fervent prayer of your dutiful Son in the Goſpel,

SAMUEL WELLS.

POETRY.

The TULIP *and the* VIOLET.

SEE yonder gaudy Tulip riſe,
And to the ſun her leaves diſplay;
My fancy gives her Voice and Eyes,
And thus the boaſter ſeems to ſay.

"Queen

" Queen of the gay preterre I reign;
My glowing dies how bright they ſhine,
The flowérs unfold their bloom in vain;
No flowér has charms to rival mine.

By nature meant for regal ſway,
Tall and majeſtic I appear;
Ye ſubject tribes, your queen obey,
My high command, ſubmiſſive hear.

When I unfold my matchleſs bloom,
And to the noon my beauties ſpread;
Let no aſpiring flowér preſume
Near me to lift her abject head."

The flowérs are ſilent while ſhe ſpeaks,
And only bluſh to hear her pride;
The ſilence now a Violet breaks,
That creeps unheeded near her ſide.

" Thy arrogance imperious flowér,
To real worth hath made thee blind;
Thy vaunted beauties of an hour
Are charms of an inferior kind.

From thee no fragrant odours breathe;
No healing gift thy leaves beſtow;
The flowérs thou viewéſt with ſcorn beneath,
Can more pretence to merit ſhow.

The Cowſlip's virtues and my own,
Let man, let grateful man confeſs;
To him our real worth is known:
Thee he admires—but for thy dreſs."

The friendly hint, ye liſtening fair,
Reflection bids the muſe apply;
Let uſeful Virtues be your care;
Nor boaſt your power to pleaſe the eye.

Truſting

Truſting in the mercy of God with humble ſubmiſſion and hope.

[By Miſs Steele.]

INDULGENT ſtill to my requeſt,
How free thy tender mercies are!
With full conſent my thoughts atteſt,
My gracious God, thy faithful care.

Thy hand ſuſtains me leſt I faint,
Or at the needful ſtroke repine;
Thy ear attends to my complaint;
The tenderèſt pity, Lord, is thine.

And can my heart deſire in vain,
When he who chaſtens bids me ſue,
That every ſorow, every pain
Be bleſt, to teach, reclaim, renew?

An EPITAPH *on an Infant, found dead in a Field, who was denied Chriſtian burial.*

WHEN no one gave the cordial draught,
No healing art was found,
My God the ſovèreign balſam wrought,
And death relievèd the wound.

What though no mournful kindred ſtand,
Around the ſolemn bier;
No parents wring the trembling hand,
Or drop the tender tear;

No coſtly oak, adornèd with art,
My tender limbs encloſe;
No friends a winding ſheet impart,
To deck my laſt repoſe.

My name unknown, obſcure my birth,
No funèral rite is given;
Yet though denièd God's houſe on earth
I tread his courts in heaven.



Mr. Will.m Horner

Ætatis 33.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For AUGUST 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

CHAP. III. *Concerning Predeſtination or Abſolute Election.*

[*Continued from page* 349.]

4. THE other words by which it is conceived ſuch an Election is taught in the New Teſtament, are theſe three, πρόγνωσις, the fore-knowledge; πρόθεσις, the purpoſe; προωρισμὸς, the fore-appointment of God. Of all which let it be noted,

1ſt. That none of them relate to individual perſons (ſave only when they are uſed of our bleſſed Lord and his ſufferings for us) but only to churches and nations in general. To the whole church of believing Jews and Gentiles whom God had choſen προορισας, *fore-appointing them to adoption by Jeſus Chriſt*, Eph. i. v, in whom alſo, ſaith he, ἐκληρώθημεν, *we were*

made his portion or peculiar people, *being fore-appointed* ſo to be *according to his purpoſe*, ver. 11. God having purpoſed that this ſhould be the portion of all the converted Jews, they being elected *according to the purpoſe of God the Father*, 1 Peter i. 2. And, laſtly, of the poſterity of *Jacob* and *Eſau*; of whom, that *the purpoſe of God, according to Election might ſtand*, it was ſaid, *The elder ſhall ſerve the younger*, Romans ix. 11.

2dly. That this fore-knowledge, purpoſe and appointment, is only that of calling men to the knowledge of ſalvation by Chriſt Jeſus. Thus the Apoſtle teacheth, that he was appointed to preach to the Gentiles the unſearchable riches of Chriſt, according to the ancient purpoſe which God had made in Chriſt Jeſus our Lord, *Eph.* iii. 11.

3dly. This calling is by God deſigned, *That they who are thus called, might obtain ſalvation through ſanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the Truth*, 2 Theſſ. ii. 13. All chriſtians being choſen to this end, *That they might be holy and unblamable before God in love.* But hence it cannot be argued, that this Election is no larger than the Holineſs produced by it; for the *riches of God's goodneſs, patience, and long-ſuffering* was certainly deſigned to *lead* all thoſe to whom it was vouchſafed to *Repentance*; but can it be hence argued that this goodneſs, patience, and long-ſuffering, is exerciſed to none but thoſe who truly repent? Why then doth the Apoſtle complain of thoſe who ſtill continued *To treaſure up wrath againſt the day of wrath?* Rom. ii. 4. The end of the Meſſiah's coming to the Jews was, *That he might ſave his people from their ſins*; but it was far from having that effect upon them. The ſaving *grace of God appeared to all men to teach them to deny all ungodlineſs, and worldly luſts, and to live righteouſly, ſoberly, and godly in this preſent world*; but it is too ſadly evident it hath not this good effect on all to whom it doth appear.

4thly.

4thly. As men were appointed to be called from the beginning, ſo the goſpel which is *the wiſdom of God through faith to ſalvation*, was that; ἣν προώρισεν, *which God had fore-appointed to preach to them for that end*, 1 Cor. ii. 7, *the word of God giving the hope of that ſalvation which he had promiſed before all ages*, ſo by virtue of this fore-appointment, men were in time called by the goſpel to faith in Chriſt; whence they who were thus called, are ſaid to *be called according to the purpoſe of God*, Romans viii. 28, from the foundation of the world; of ſending Chriſt to die for the remiſſion of ſins: whence he is ſaid to be given up to death *according to the fore-knowledge of God, and his fore-appointed council*, Acts ii. 23; and they who ſlew him are ſaid to have done only *what his council had fore-appointed to be done*, Acts iv. 28. And though theſe obſervations will direct us how to anſwer what is argued from theſe and ſuch like places for abſolute Election, I ſhall proceed to a particular conſideration of what is farther offered to that purpoſe.

And, 1ſt. Chriſt expreſsly ſaith, *All that the Father giveth me ſhall come to* (i. e. believe in) *me*, John vi. 37. 39. Ergo.

I anſwer, 1. That to be given to the Father cannot ſignify to be abſolutely choſen by God to eternal life; for then the Jews could not be reaſonably accuſed for not coming to Chriſt, or not believing on him; much leſs could it be imputed to them as their great crime that *they would not come unto him*; ſeeing, if only thoſe whom God had choſen to eternal life could come unto him, they could not come unto him who were not thus elected; and ſo it could not be imputed to them as their crime, that they did not that which it was never in their power to do. (2dly.) Hence it muſt follow, that Chriſt could not reaſonably have invited Them to come to him, who were not given him of the Father; for this was to invite thoſe to come, whom he well knew could never come, as being choſen to obtain that life: much leſs could he have told them, *this was the work which God*

required them to do, or *that the Father had given them this bread from heaven*; this being to require them, according to this ſuppoſition, to believe a lie, viz. that Chriſt was ſent to be *the bread of life, and a Saviour* to them for whom the Father never did intend ſalvation by him. And yet Chriſt manifeſtly ſays to them who ſeeing him, did not believe, and therefore were not given to him by the Father, *Labour for that meat which nouriſheth to life eternal, which the Son of Man ſhall give to you*, ver. 27, and that this is the work, i. e. the commanded of God, that *Ye believe in him that he hath ſent*; and *my Father giveth you the true bread that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world*, ver. 32, 33; and therefore not only to the Elect. I therefore here enquire, Was our Lord truly willing that they to whom he ſpake ſhould have life? If not, why doth he ſay, *Theſe things I ſpeak to you that ye might be ſaved?* If ſo, why did he ſay *he did always thoſe things which pleaſed him?* ſeeing it was not the Father's will that they ſhould come unto him that they might have life, whom he had not given to him, that is, had not elected to ſalvation. And 3dly. Were this ſo, the Jews muſt have had juſt occaſion to complain of Chriſt, and his doctrine, as being that which revealed to them their eternal and inevitable Reprobation, and made it be not only neceſſary, but ever equitable to reject him, becauſe the bleſſings which he tendered belonged not to them in general, but only to ſome few who by the Father ſhould be given to him. 4thly. Obſerve that Chriſt here gives a reaſon why they believed not, viz. *Ye have ſeen, and believe not, becauſe ye are not given to me of my Father*. Now it is reaſonable to conceive this reaſon would agree with all the other reaſons of their infidelity, which yet are manifeſtly founded, not on any thing wanting on the part of God, but on ſomething wanting in themſelves, that they might do ſo, viz.

1ſt. That they came not to the light, *Becauſe their works were evil*, John v. 34.

2dly.

2dly. Becauſe they preferred the praiſe of men before the praiſe of God, not *ſeeking that glory which cometh of God only*, John v. 44.

3dly. Becauſe, through the perverſeneſs of their hearts, they could not hear his word, *Why do ye not know my ſpeech? even becauſe ye cannot hear my word*, John viii. 43. And this they could not do becauſe *they were of their father the devil, and his works they would do*; to aſſign therefore the true import of this phraſe,

Obſerve, that *to be given of the Father*, doth not ſignify their actual faith who were thus given; but only that they were prepared to believe. For of them it is ſaid, *they ſhall come to him*, i. e. they ſhall believe: firſt they are given, and afterwards they believe, as being by that act prepared ſo to do. And therefore to be given of the Father, is,

To be convinced by the miracles which God had wrought by him to teſtify the truth of his miſſion, that he was the Meſſias, and to be willing upon theſe teſtimonies to own him as ſuch, laying aſide all thoſe prejudices which obſtructed their coming to him.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XXVIII.

On JOHN i. 47.

[*Concluded from page* 354.]

II. 1. MEAN time as the heart of him that is *an Iſraelite indeed* is true to God, ſo his words are ſuitable thereto. As there is no guile lodged in his heart, ſo there is none *found in his lips*. The firſt thing implied herein is *Veracity*, the ſpeaking the truth from his heart: the putting away all wilful lying, in every kind and degree. A lie, according

cording to the well-known definition of it is, *Falſum teſtimonium cum intentione fallendi:* a falſehood known to be ſuch by the ſpeaker, and uttered with an intention to deceive. But even the ſpeaking a falſehood is not a lie, if it be not ſpoken with an intent to deceive.

2. Moſt Caſuiſts, particularly thoſe of the Church of *Rome*, diſtinguiſh lies into three ſorts: the firſt ſort is Malicious Lies; the ſecond, Harmleſs Lies; the third, Officious Lies. Concerning which they paſs a very different judgment. I know not any that are ſo hardy as even to excuſe, much leſs defend *Malicious* lies: that is, ſuch as are told with a deſign to hurt any one: theſe are condemned by all parties. Men are more divided in their judgment, with regard to *Harmleſs* lies, ſuch as are ſuppoſed to do neither good nor harm. The generality of men, even in the Chriſtian world, utter them without any ſcruple, and openly maintain, that if they do no harm to any one elſe, they do none to the ſpeaker. Whether they do or no, they have certainly no place in the mouth of him that is *an Iſraelite indeed.* He cannot tell lies in jeſt, any more than in earneſt; nothing but truth is heard from his mouth. He remembers the expreſs command of God to the *Epheſian* Chriſtians, *Putting away* all lying, *ſpeak every man truth to his neighbour*, Eph. iv. 15

3. Concerning *Officious* lies, thoſe that are ſpoken with a deſign to do good, there have been numerous Controverſies in the Chriſtian Church. Abundance of Writers, and thoſe men of renown for piety, as well as learning have publiſhed whole volumes upon the ſubject, and in deſpite of all oppoſers, not only maintained them to be innocent, but commended them as meritorious. But what ſaith the Scripture? One paſſage is ſo expreſs, that there does not need any other. It occurs in the third chapter of the Epiſtle to the *Romans*, where the very words of the Apoſtle are (ver. 7, 8.) *If the truth of God hath more abounded through*

my

my lie unto his glory, why am I yet judged as a ſinner? (Will not that lie be excuſed from blame, for the good effect of it?) *And not rather, as we are ſlanderouſly reported, and as ſome affirm that we ſay, Let us do evil that good may come? Whoſe damnation is juſt.* Here the Apoſtle plainly declares, 1. That the good effect of a lie, is no excuſe for it. 2. That it is a mere ſlander upon Chriſtians to ſay, "They teach men to do evil that good may come." 3. That if any in fact do this, either teach men to do evil that good may come, or do ſo themſelves, their damnation is juſt. This is peculiarly applicable to thoſe, who tell lies, in order to do good thereby. It follows, That Officious lies, as well as all others, are an abomination to the God of Truth. Therefore there is no abſurdity, however ſtrange it may ſound, in that ſaying of the ancient Father, "I would not tell a wilful lie, to ſave the ſouls of the whole world."

4. The ſecond thing which is implied in the character of *an Iſraelite indeed* is *Sincerity*. As Veracity is oppoſite to Lying, ſo Sincerity is to Cunning. But it is not oppoſite to Wiſdom or Diſcretion, which are well conſiſtent with it. "But what is the difference between Wiſdom and Cunning? Are they not almoſt, if not quite the ſame thing?" By no means. The difference between them is exceeding great. Wiſdom is the Faculty of diſcerning the beſt ends, and the eaſieſt means of attaining them. The end of every rational creature is God: the enjoying him in time and in eternity. The beſt, indeed the only means of attaining this end, is, *The faith that worketh by love.* True *Prudence* in the general ſenſe of the word, is the ſame thing with Wiſdom. *Diſcretion* is but another name for Prudence: if it be not rather a part of it: as it ſometimes is referred to our outward behaviour, and means, the ordering our words and actions right. On the contrary, Cunning (ſo it is uſually termed amongſt common men, but Policy among the great) is in plain terms, neither better nor worſe than the art of

Deceiving.

Deceiving. If therefore it be any wiſdom at all it is *the wiſdom from beneath*: ſpringing from the bottomleſs pit, and leading down to the place from whence it came.

5. The two great means which Cunning uſes in order to deceive are *Simulation* and *Diſſimulation*. Simulation is, the ſeeming to be what we are not: Diſſimulation, the ſeeming not to be what we are: according to the old verſe, *Quod non eſt, ſimulo; diſſimuloque quod eſt.* Both the one and the other we commonly term, The hanging out of falſe colours. Innumerable are the ſhapes that Simulation puts on, in order to deceive. And almoſt as many are uſed by Diſſimulation for the ſame purpoſe. But the man of Sincerity ſhuns them, and always appears exactly what he is.

6. "But ſuppoſe we are engaged with artful men, may we not uſe Silence or Reſerve, eſpecially if they aſk inſidious queſtions, without falling under the imputation of Cunning?" Undoubtedly we may; nay, we ought on many occaſions, either wholly to keep Silence, or to ſpeak with more or leſs Reſerve as circumſtances may require. To ſay nothing at all is in many caſes, conſiſtent with the higheſt Sincerity. And ſo it is, to ſpeak with reſerve, to ſay only a part, perhaps a ſmall part of what we know. But were we to pretend it to be the whole, this would be contrary to Sincerity.

7. A more difficult queſtion than this is, May we not ſpeak the Truth in order to deceive? Like him of old, who broke out into that exclamation, applauding his own ingenuity, "*Hoc ego mihi puto palmarium, ut vera dicendo eos ambos fallam.*" This I take to be my maſter-piece to deceive them both, by ſpeaking the truth. I anſwer, A Heathen might pique himſelf upon this; but a Chriſtian could not. For although this is not contrary to Veracity, yet it certainly is to Sincerity. It is therefore the moſt excellent way, if we judge it proper to ſpeak at all, to put away both Simulation and Diſſimulation, and to ſpeak the naked truth from our heart.

8. Perhaps

8. Perhaps this is properly termed *Simplicity*. It goes a little farther than Sincerity itſelf. It implies not only, Firſt, The ſpeaking no known falſehood, and Secondly, The not deſignedly deceiving any one; but Thirdly, The ſpeaking plainly and artleſsly to every one when we ſpeak at all: the ſpeaking as little children, in a childlike, though not a childiſh manner. Does not this utterly exclude the uſing any *Compliments?* A vile word, the very ſound of which I abhor: quite agreeing with our Poet,

" It never was good day
Since lowly fawning was called Compliment."

I adviſe men of ſincerity and ſimplicity never to take that ſilly word in their mouth; but labour to keep at the utmoſt diſtance, both from the name and the thing.

9. Not long before that remarkable time,

" When Stateſmen ſent a Prelate croſs the ſeas,
By long-famed act of Pains and Penalties,"

ſeveral Biſhops attacked Biſhop *Atterbury* at once, then Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, and aſked, " My Lord, why will you not ſuffer your ſervants to deny you, when you do not care to ſee company? It is not a lie for them to ſay, Your Lordſhip is not at home. For it deceives no one. Every one knows it means only, Your Lordſhip is buſy." He replied, " My Lords, if it is (which I doubt) conſiſtent with Sincerity, yet I am ſure it is not conſiſtent with that Sincerity which becomes a Chriſtian Biſhop."

10. But to return. The Sincerity and Simplicity of him in whom is no Guile, has likewiſe an influence on his whole Behaviour; it gives a colour to his whole outward Converſation: which though it be far remote from every thing of Clowniſhneſs, and Ill-breeding, of roughneſs and ſurlineſs,

yet is plain and artleſs, and free from all diſguiſe, being the very picture of his heart. The truth and love which continually reign there, produce an open front, and a ſerene Countenance. Such as leave no pretence for any one to ſay, with that arrogant King of *Caſtile*, "When God made man, he left one capital defect: he ought to have ſet a window in his breaſt;" for he opens a window in his own breaſt, by the whole tenor of his words and actions.

11. This then is real, genuine, ſolid Virtue. Not Truth alone, nor Conformity to Truth. This is a Property of real Virtue; not the Eſſence of it. Not Love alone: though this comes nearer the mark; for *love* in one ſenſe *is the fulfilling of the law.* No: Truth and Love united together are the eſſence of Virtue or Holineſs. God indiſpenſably requires *truth in the inward parts*, influencing all our Words and Actions. Yet Truth itſelf, ſeparate from Love, is nothing in his ſight. But let the humble, gentle, patient Love of all mankind, be fixt on its right foundation, namely, the Love of God ſpringing from Faith, from a full conviction that God hath given his only Son to die for *my* ſins: and then the whole will reſolve into that grand concluſion, *worthy of all men to be received. Neither circumciſion availeth any thing nor uncircumciſion, but faith that worketh by love.*

A ſhort Account of the EXPERIENCE *of the Rev.* JAMES CREIGHTON, B. A.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Concluded from page* 359.]

JANUARY 23, 1781 I preached at *Ballyconnell* to a large congregation. Whilſt I was meeting the Society afterwards, two perſons were ſet at liberty, and a backſlider healed.

healed. Shortly after, I preached again at the ſame place, there being then a great revival there.

April the 25th, I preached in the open air near the old walls of the Caſtle of *Enniſkillen*, to a careleſs people. Some ladies ſtroll'ed about and diverted themſelves in talking aloud; and one gentleman kept his hat on, and ſeemed utterly inſenſible of what was ſaying. *God hath made fooliſh the wiſdom of this world; it hath pleaſed him by the foolhneſs of preaching to ſave them that believe.*

In June following, at the Biſhop's Viſitation, two Doctors in Divinity, entering into converſation with me, paſſed ſome encomiums, which I did not expect, on the two Sermons which I had publiſhed. They ſaid that my doctrines were ſcriptural and entirely conſentaneous to the doctrines of our Church; but they diſapproved of my preaching them any where out of my own Cure. I took occaſion ſhortly after to write to them upon that ſubject, and received their anſwers. One of them was calm and friendly. After reminding me that I had a family, and that he, in a converſation with a Nobleman who was allied to a certain Biſhop, had ſpoken favourably of me to his Lordſhip; he ſaid I might ſhortly expect promotion in the Chuch. The other Doctor was very warm; but though his Letters concerning irregular preaching are voluminous; yet they did not contain any convincing argument. I told both the Gentlemen I never ſaw any fruit of my labours until I became irregular. And I ſtill am perſuaded that were I to confine myſelf to one congregation, I ſhould not only ſoon become uſeleſs, but alſo loſe the life of God in my own ſoul.

About this time, I began to preach at a place called *D———h*, near *C——n*, and generally did ſo once a fortnight, whilſt I remained in the country. When many began to be awakened, I explained to them the nature of a Society, and joined fourteen of them together the firſt night; to whom more and more joined almoſt every week, till after ſome

time they were about fourſcore. The greater part of theſe, in a little time, obtained remiſſion of ſins. Mean time the Vicar of the pariſh ſent for me, and threatened to complain to the Biſhop; adding moreover that if I and thoſe Fellows who were Itinerants continued to go on thus, the Churches would ſoon be deſerted. I replied, our preaching tended rather to bring men *into* the Church; that I muſt obey God rather than man, and therefore was determined to preach whenever and wherever it ſuited my convenience. Shortly after, many who had been Diſſenters, attended at his Church, and received the Sacrament from him: I alſo ſent two Papiſts to him to read their Recantation, as a proof that I was bringing men into, not driving them out of the Church. Satan ſeeing now that he was likely to loſe ſome of his ſubjects, oppoſition aroſe from another quarter. Some Papiſts one night way-laid my Brother, who acted as a Leader to thoſe that were awakened, in order to murder him; but having intelligence of it, returned by another way, and eſcaped them. The work flouriſhed more and more after this, and I truſt many of them ſtand faſt to this day.—Whilſt the work here was at the height, after I had preached one day at noon, and was riding to a town about two miles diſtant in order to preach in the evening, I was moſt violently attacked with my old temptation about preaching, and reſolved to conſult with my friends whether I ſhould preach *any* more. But as notice had been given of my preaching that night, I was obliged to do it, and found more than ordinary liberty.

In Auguſt, 1781, I thought it neceſſary to bathe in the ſalt-water for ſome time near *Ballyſhannon*, and preached ſome times, whilſt I was there, in the Cabins on the ſea ſhore, and alſo in a Methodiſt Society at ſome miles diſtance. Whilſt I was preaching here in a Popiſh woman's houſe, ſeveral of her neighbours, who were Papiſts, aſſembled in the kitchen, threatening to come and beat out all that were in the room; but the bridle was in their jaws.

In

In the years 1781, and 1782, I preached occaſionally in ſeven different counties, and rode and walked about four thouſand miles during that time. Herein I did the utmoſt violence to my natural inclination; and went through ſuch fatigue and hardſhips, and bore ſuch contempt and mockery, as I would not have done for all that this world can beſtow. But I was kept in this way, partly by fear, leſt I ſhould offend God if I deſiſted; and partly by a deſire of doing ſome good to the ſouls of men.

In May, 1783, I was invited to come over to *London*, to labour in conjunction with Mr. *W*——. As I ſaw reaſons both for and againſt this, I laid them before my chriſtian friends, and with their advice, after I had received a ſecond invitation, I conſented to go in the ſtrength of the moſt High. To part with my Pariſhioners, among whom I had laboured near fourteen years, was trying work both to them and me; indeed to myſelf it felt as if body and ſoul were parting, for my bowels yearned over even thoſe who were ſtill hardened. But I was convinced the time was come, and concluding it was the will of God, reſolved to comply.

Having ſettled my affairs, I parted with my pariſhioners on the 28th of September. I met and adminiſtered the ſacrament to one part of them early at the Chapel; then went at the uſual hour to Church and adminiſtered it there. Thence I returned and preached in the Chapel in the evening. Whilſt I was preaching, the cries of the people were ſo great, that my voice could ſcarce be heard: I truſt ſome of them will remember that day, even to eternity.

It was my uſual cuſtom, chiefly for the five or ſix laſt years that I was among them, to meet them three times every Lord's-day; (not indeed the ſame congregation, for they could not all conveniently aſſemble at any one place, the pariſh being extenſive, and the roads bad.) Some of them I met, exhorted, and prayed with early at my own houſe, or ſome other houſe moſt convenient for them: then I went to the

the Church; and afterwards returned, read the ſervice and preached in the Chapel in the evening. The week days I ſpent chiefly in viſiting from houſe to houſe, and in preaching in other parts of the pariſh, or in more diſtant places.

October 3, I arrived in *Dublin* very weak in body, and with a heavy weight upon my mind. I ſeemed like *Abraham*, when being *called*, he *obeyed*, and *went out*, to *ſojourn in a ſtrange country, not knowing whither he went.* But what cannot an Almighty arm effect? And nothing leſs than this could have ſupported me, ſeeing difficulties, great and various ſtared me in the face, and were painted to my view in ſuch direful colours! In *Dublin* I met Mr. and Mrs. *F.* both ſhining lights and flaming with the love of God, and love to all mankind. October 9, I landed ſafe with my family at *Cheſter*, and on the 14th, after much fatigue arrived in *London.* May I ever adore and ſerve that kind Protector, who has conducted me thus far, and delivered me from many impending dangers!

I can never indeed ſufficiently love and praiſe that God who hath done ſuch great things for me; who hath brought me *out of darkneſs into his marvellous light*, and given me a reliſh for ſpiritual enjoyments. Whatever Deiſts, or Devils may ſay, I not only believe, but experimentally *know*, that true religion, the religion of *Jeſus Chriſt*, is ἐλπιζομένων ὑπόστασις, *the ſubſtantial reality of things hoped for*; that it does not conſiſt in ſpeculative notions, or opinions; no, nor in any external thing; but in *righteouſneſs, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt.* I ſee that the ways of this religion are *ways of pleaſantneſs, and her paths peace.* I ſee that the *commandments* of God *are not grievous* to him that *believeth.* I ſee that thoſe things, which ten years ago I thought impoſſible, are not only *poſſible*, but eaſy to be done *through Chriſt ſtrengthening us.* I believe that *Jeſus Chriſt* came to *deſtroy the works of the Devil*; to *ſave us* from pride, from every wrong temper, and every evil deſire; to eradicate ſin, and implant

implant in its ſtead the *mind* that was in himſelf. I believe it is our privilege to be made *partakers of his nature*, *partakers of his holineſs*, and to become *one ſpirit with the Lord:* that we muſt abſolutely be *renewed* here *in the ſpirit of our mind*, and recover that *image of God* which we loſt in and through the firſt *Adam*. I believe we muſt become *new creatures* in Chriſt Jeſus, living *branches* in the living *vine*; and that in order to live and bring forth fruit, we muſt *abide in the Vine*. I believe that the remedy which God hath found out *for healing the nations*, was intended by him to extend as far as the malady. I never was fond of Controverſy. I think, and let think. And yet I ſee it is neceſſary ſometimes for thoſe who have time and abilities, to *contend for the faith once delivered to the ſaints*. I ſee what havoc that notion hath made in the Church, both in the preſent and former ages, that "A man cannot fall from grace when once he hath received it." Satan hath by many other artifices ſlain his *thouſands*; but by this, I believe, he has ſlain his *ten thouſands*, nay, his millions. As angels fell in heaven; as *Adam* fell in paradiſe; ſo I believe a man may fall from the higheſt pinnacle of holineſs attainable upon earth; and ſo fall, as to periſh everlaſtingly; and that we are never beyond the poſſibility of falling on this ſide the grave. I truſt, were I called to it, I could ſeal theſe truths with my blood. I wrote them chiefly for the uſe of my own children. And I hope this will prove profitable at leaſt to *them*, when I am removed hence, and my body lies ſlumbering in the duſt!

JAMES CREIGHTON.

LONDON,
January 20, 1785.

A brief

A brief Account of the Lord's Dealings with SARAH POWELL, *who departed this Life, on Friday, May* 21, 1784, *aged Twenty-eight Years.*

SARAH POWELL, of *Windmill-Street, Piccadilly*, was in a deep decline, when her ſituation was made known to the Amicable Society. Upon the report of her caſe, a female viſitor was appointed to attend her, on Thurſday evening, April 22d, 1784; at which time the following converſation took place.

Viſitor. How do you find yourſelf?

S. P. "I am very bad."

V. What hope have you of being happy in a future ſtate?—No anſwer.

V. Are you a ſinner?—She replied, "We are all ſinners."

A Bible being brought, the viſitor read the third chapter of St. *John's* Goſpel, and endeavoured to explain the nature and neceſſity of the New-birth.

V. God in his holy word claims the heart: "My ſon, give me thy heart." Now can you ſolemnly ſay, you have given him your heart?—She made no reply.

V. There is no acquittal at the bar of God, for any ſinner dying without an intereſt in Chriſt. Remember your time is, apparently, very ſhort, and eternity is long! Therefore, pray to the Holy Spirit to ſhew you your ſinful ſtate by nature; and to lead you to Jeſus Chriſt, who is the Saviour of ſinners.—She made no reply; but heard attentively.

V. Shall I go to prayer for you?

S. P. "If you pleaſe."

After commending her to the Lord, the viſitor left her until the Sunday following, when ſhe was informed that *S. P.* had been enquiring who the viſitor was, and where ſhe could

could be found? The viſitor then aſked her the following queſtions:—How do you find yourſelf now?

S. P. "Much better all night; but not in body."

V. In what manner are you better then?

S. P. "I had no reſt for my body all night; but I have found reſt for my ſoul."

V. How have you found reſt for your ſoul.

S. P. "Thinking upon the words you read and ſpoke to me, particularly the prayers you offered up, I felt as if the words went to my ſoul. I now find I have given my heart to the world, inſtead of God." The viſitor then read two or three chapters out of the New Teſtament; and when theſe words were read, Him that cometh unto me I will in nowiſe caſt out, John vi. 36, and, The blood of Jeſus Chriſt his Son cleanſeth from all ſin, 1 John i. 7, ſhe ſaid, "They are promiſes I can reſt my ſoul upon." At the ſame time the viſitor read the 51ſt and 102d pſalm; the 53d, 55th, and 63d chapters of Iſaiah's prophecies, which treat of the work and ſufferings of our bleſſed Lord; during which ſhe prayed earneſtly, and ſeemed to be much humbled.

After prayer, the viſitor left her, until Thurſday, April 29th, when, as uſual, ſhe aſked her how ſhe found herſelf?

S. P. "*I find*, ſaid ſhe, *my burden grow lighter as I am enabled to lean on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.*"—The viſitor, not having much time to ſpare, left her ſoon. After exhorting her to look to Jeſus, and to continue to pray, ſhe added, the Lord Jeſus be with you! To which ſhe replied, with much apparent happineſs, "*He is with me!*"

On the Lord's day, May 2d, the viſitor aſked her, How do you find yourſelf?

S. P. "My bleſſed Saviour, ſaid ſhe, is working a good work in my ſoul, and will ſoon take me to himſelf. I find that Jeſus Chriſt hath not left me a moment; nor have I left him."

V. What! can you ſay you have not left him a moment?

She replied, ſhe had not; but added, "Not that I am ſufficient of myſelf; my dear Lord will not ſuffer me to leave him a moment."

The viſitor, after ſaying many other things to her, read a few portions of God's word; commended her to the Lord in prayer, and left her.

On Tueſday, May 11th, ſhe was viſited by another member of the ſociety who aſked her the following queſtions:

Member. How is it with your ſoul?

S. P. "I am a ſinner, Sir!—a great ſinner!"

M. Do you know any thing of Jeſus Chriſt?

S. P. "I have caſt my all upon him."

M. Have you any doubts of your eternal happineſs?

S. P. "I have doubts; but I find, the firm reliance I have on the Lord is a great comfort to me."

M. How long have you known any thing of Jeſus Chriſt?

S. P. "Never till I ſaw that dear woman," pointing to the firſt viſitor, who was then preſent; and ſaid, with tears, "I have loſt much precious time, and have neglected every thing that is good."

M. Had you rather live, or die?

S. P. "As the Lord pleaſes. But ſubmitting to his will, I had rather die, and be with Him."

M. Shall I go to prayer with you?

S. P. "O, pray do, Sir!"

M. What would you have me pray for!

S. P. "That my ſins may be waſhed away in the blood of Jeſus."

On Wedneſday, May 12th, ſhe was viſited by another member, who gives the following account:

I found her very weak in body; but apparently, very earneſt about her eternal ſalvation. On aſking if ſhe had heard any thing of Jeſus, previous to her being viſited by the ſociety, ſhe anſwered, No; but had miſ-ſpent many an hour

at

at a church ſhe occaſionally went to. She ſeemed at intervals to uſe earneſt ejaculations to the Lord; and was heard to mention frequently, though with a low voice, "O, the the precious blood of Chriſt! The precious blood of Chriſt!" &c. Being aſked why ſhe thought that Chriſt had ſhewn any love to her? She anſwered, "Not for any thing in me; for I deſerve nothing but wrath." As ſhe had not been uſed to goſpel-language, this anſwer gave great ſatisfaction; and I willingly hoped, fleſh and blood had not taught it to her.

On Friday, May 14th, another member of the ſociety aſked her the following queſtions:

M. How do you find yourſelf?

S. P. "I am very happy in my dear Lord Jeſus."

M. How long have you known him?

S. P. "Never till that dear woman viſited me from the ſociety."

M. What ſort of a life have you formerly lived?

S. P. "Rebelling againſt God, and ignorant of myſelf." But ſhe ſaid, the Lord Jeſus had ſhewn mercy to her, and her whole truſt was in him. She alſo ſaid, ſhe was fully aſſured that the ſufferings of her dear Lord had ſatisfied for her ſins; and bleſſed God that ſhe had found mercy in him ſo late in life. Being aſked, if ſhe had any fear of death? ſhe anſwered, "No! for when I die I ſhall go to my bleſſed Lord."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Account of Mr. JOSEPH SHERWOOD.

MR. JOSEPH SHERWOOD was ejected from St. *Hilary* in *Cornwall*. He afterwards reſided at St. *Ives*, and to the day of his death, which was in 1705, he was a faithful, conſtant Preacher at that place and at *Penzance*, alternately every Lord's-day, beſides Lectures on the week-

days. He was of a ſweet engaging temper; and though for a long time, he was under very great indiſpoſition of body, and conſtant pains, yet he was unwearied in his work, both in his ſtudy and in the pulpit. Some little time after his ejection, he was cited into the Spiritual Court, for not going to Church. He appeared, and gave for a reaſon, that there was no preaching, and that as he was a Miniſter himſelf, he could not, with any ſatisfaction, attend there only to hear the Clerk read the Prayers; but promiſed to go there the next Lord's-day if there was a ſermon. Finding upon enquiry that there was no Miniſter the next Lord's-day, he did not go, and ſo was cited again, and gave the ſame anſwer. The Lord's-day following, great multitudes came to Church in order to ſee Mr. *Sherwood*, who being informed by the Church-warden, who was his friend, that there would be no ſermon, he went to Church and ſeated himſelf in the Clerk's deſk, all the time of Prayers, and then went up into the pulpit, and preached from theſe words, *And I will avenge the quarrel of my Covenant*. This was ſoon ſpread abroad; but ſuch was the people's affection for Mr. *Sherwood*, that although there was a crouded congregation, in a large Church, his enemies could get no one to give information againſt him, until by wheedling, they got an acknowledgement from the Church-warden, and then by threats frightened him into a formal information. He was then taken to a petty ſeſſion of Juſtices, where one Mr. *Robinſon* ſat as Chairman, who greatly reviled Mr. *Sherwood*, and called him rebel, &c. which he bore patiently, with this reply: That as he was a Miniſter of the goſpel, where there was ſo great an aſſembly, he could not but have compaſſion on the multitude, and gave them a word of exhortation. Mr. *Robinſon* replied, But did ever man preach from ſuch a rebellious text? Sir, replied Mr. *Sherwood*, I know that man is a rebel againſt his Creator; but I never knew that God could be a rebel againſt his creature. Mr. *Robinſon* cried out, write his Mittimus,

for

for *Launceſton* goal; and then turning to Mr. *Sherwood* ſaid, I ſay Sir, it was a rebellious text. Mr. *Sherwood* looked him full in the face and ſaid, Sir, if you die the common death of all men, then God never ſpake by me.

He was then ſent to priſon, where he found favour with the Keeper, ſo that he had liberty to walk about the caſtle and the town. Mr. *Robinſon* returned home; and a few days after, walking the fields where his maid was milking the cows, a bull who was never known to do any miſchief, and indeed was tame beyond what is common to thoſe creatures, came up to a gate where he ſtood with the maid before him, and turned the maid aſide with his horns, and ran directly upon Mr. *Robinſon* and tore his bowels out. This ſtrange providence, brought freſh to my mind, what had been ſaid at the ſeſſions. And in a little time Mr. *Sherwood* getting leave to return home, was ſent for to *Penzance*, where ſome Juſtices met. He immediately went, though he expected no other but to be ſent back to goal. But when he came there, Mr. *Godolphin* came out and took him into another room, and ſaid, Sir, I ſent for you to know how you came to expreſs yourſelf in ſuch a manner, when we committed you: you know Sir, what has ſince befallen Mr. *Robinſon*, &c. To which Mr. *Sherwood* replied, Sir, I was far from bearing any malice againſt Mr. *Robinſon*, and can give no other anſwer than that, When we are called before Rulers for his name's ſake, whom we ſerve, it ſhall be given us in that very hour what we ſhall ſay. To which Mr. *Godolphin* replied, Well Sir, for your ſake I will never more have a hand in proſecuting Diſſenters. And he was as good as his word.

But Mr. *Sherwood* was not the only perſon that Mr. *Robinſon* moleſted. He was alſo a great enemy to Mr. *Thomas Tregoſſe*; for after he had been committed by him to *Launceſton* goal for three months, and been only four days at home, Mr. *Robinſon* gave it out that he would ſpeedily ſend him back again to the place from whence he came. In order

order thereto he went to the market to procure another Juſtice, to join with him in a warrant, for a ſecond conviction of Mr. *Tregoſſe* for conventicals, and alſo to proſecute ſome others for the ſame crime: and it was at this very time that he was killed by his bull.

Account of Mr. JOHN SYMS.

MR. JOHN SYMS was ejected from *Dean Prior* in *Devon*. He afterwards lived at *Metley* in the pariſh of *Weſt Ogwell*, where he preached in his own houſe as often as he could. He was a man of eminent piety, and a great ſufferer for his non-conformity: often expoſed to dangers, and ſometimes reduced to great ſtraits. But he truſted in God, and had experience of his goodneſs in delivering him and in providing for him. Once he hid himſelf in a hay-loft, in order to eſcape thoſe who came to apprehend him. Some of his enemies thruſt their ſwords into the hay, and yet the Lord mercifully preſerved him. When his Wife hath gone to market, to procure neceſſaries for the family, ſhe often met with unexpected ſupplies: and whereas ſhe went out empty and ſorrowful, ſhe returned home full and joyful.

Mr. *Stawel*, Mr. *Cabel*, and others one Lord's-day, beſet his houſe while he was preaching; and broke open the door and diſturbed the meeting. When they had done, Mr. *Cabel* accompanied Mr. *Stawel* to his houſe. As he was going along, ſeeing a plank lie on the ground, he ſwore that it was long enough to make him a coffin, and could not be perſuaded from lying down upon it to try. A ſhort time after, he was ſeized with a diſtemper of which he died, and his coffin was made of that very plank.

Mr. *Stawel*, when he was about taking a journey to *London*, met Mr. *Syms*, and threatened that he would do his buſineſs when

when he returned. Mr. *Syms* replied, Sir, you ſhould firſt aſk God's leave. He went to *London*, but never returned.

Mr. *Syms*, on his death-bed, gave notice before-hand, of the very hour of his diſſolution: and after he had for ſome time lain ſilent, he cried out on a ſudden, Tell my friends I have overcome! I have overcome! and ſo quietly fell aſleep in the Lord.

To ——, *from an Engliſh Merchant, giving an account of the Adventures of his Voyage.*

Sir,

I Am at laſt ſafely arrived in *Holland*, and have taken the firſt opportunity of giving you a relation, of the adventures that detained me ſo long in foreign countries.

In my return from the *Indies*, I had ſome affairs with a *Spaniſh* merchant, which, while I was managing in one of their ſea-ports, there came in a *Spaniſh* corſair, who had taken a rich Turkiſh prize, with ſeveral *Turks* and *Moors* priſoners, whom he offered to ſale, as ſlaves. I never had any traffic of this kind, from any view of intereſt; but from a motive of compaſſion I had purchaſed liberty for many a miſerable wretch, to whom I gave freedom.

Among the captives, there was one diſtinguiſhed by the richneſs of his habit, and more by the gracefulneſs of his perſon. He drew all my attention, of which he appeared ſenſible; and ſtill directed all his looks to me. Our ſouls ſeemed to greet each other, as if our intimacy had been of long ſtanding. There was ſomething in the air of this young ſtranger, ſuperior to adverſity, and yet ſenſible of the preſent diſadvantage of his fate: while I felt for him an emotion, ſoft as the ties of nature; and could not but impute it to the ſecret impreſſion of ſome intelligent power, by an impulſe on my ſoul, directing it to the accompliſhment of ſome unknown deſign of providence.

The

The price ſet on this captive was extravagantly high; however, I liſtened to the monitor within, and paid the corſair his full demands.

As ſoon as I had conducted the youth to my lodging, I told him he was free; the price I had paid was for his friendſhip and liberty.

"Then you have confined me, replied the ſtranger, by the moſt laſting engagements. I might have broke through any other reſtraint; but I am now your voluntary ſlave, and dare truſt you with a ſecret yet unknown to the *Spaniards*. My name is *Orramel*, the only ſon of a wealthy *Baſſa* in *Conſtantinople*, and you may demand what you will for my ranſom."

"You will ſoon be convinced, ſaid I, there was no mercenary view in this action. The amity I have for you is diſintereſted: it terminates in nothing below your immortal happineſs. And were you inclined to examine thoſe ſacred truths, which would lead you to that felicity, and to ſhare my fortune in a free and happy nation, the wealth of the *Indies* ſhould not buy you from my affections; but if it is your choice to return to your own country, you are abſolutely free."

With a friendly, but dejected look he told me, it was impoſſible to diſpenſe with his filial obligations to an indulgent parent; but he poſitively refuſed his freedom till he had given intelligence, and received an anſwer from his father; which he ſoon had with a *Carte Blanche* to me, on which I might make my own demands for his ſon's ranſom. I returned it with no other terms but the liberty of all the Chriſtian ſlave in his power; hoping by this conduct, to leave a conviction on the mind of my young friend, in favour of Chriſtianity. He could perſuade me to receive nothing but ſome little preſent, and left me with an apparent concern.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An

An IMPORTANT QUESTION *anſwered.*

BEING deſired to give an Anſwer to the following Queſtion, I have given both the Queſtion and Anſwer together, viz.

Are all men that *hang*, or *drown*, or otherwiſe *make away* with themſelves, diſtracted? My reaſon for this queſtion is this; becauſe in all ſuch caſes, I am informed, the law directs there ſhall be a Jury impanelled over the corpſe, to conſult and determine, on evidence, whether ſuch perſon was really *diſtracted or no.*

ANSWER.

To this queſtion the very terms of it* imply the anſwer; for if a Jury conſults, whether ſuch a perſon were diſtracted, it implies that ſometimes ſuch perſons are not diſtracted; for if always ſo, what need of conſultation? Thus much indeed muſt be granted, that ſuch a thing is often the caſe: and it cannot be denied that it has been the opinion of great men, divines, and others, that no man could poſſibly deſtroy himſelf, were he not, at leaſt in the very act, under a fit of diſtraction: but however this may hold in ſome inſtances, the contrary may be good in many, if not in moſt; for if we conſider thoſe among the *Romans*, who out of a miſtaken bravery, or rather impotence of mind, threw away their lives; with what calmneſs, and temper did they often do it, and could anſwer with an *Imperator bene ſe habet*, even in the agonies of death. And much the ſame has been obſerved of many of thoſe perſons, who have gone the ſame way, in our time, ſome of whom have taken their leave of all their friends; adjuſted all their accounts; which require ſedateneſs and calmneſs of mind. But beſides all this, did not the wiſdom of our laws ſuppoſe the ſame thing, they would never have

* This is not quite accurate; for the terms here ſpoken of are not in the Queſtion; but in the Reaſon of it.

ſtamped ſuch a brand of infamy on the bodies of thoſe who have thus come to their ends, as well as taken away the eſtate from their relations. The civil law goes yet higher, as quoted by Biſhop *Barlow*, on a queſtion near a-kin to this: "The ſoldier who hath laid violent hands upon himſelf; but not accompliſhed the fact, unleſs he did it from *impatience* of *pain*, or *diſeaſe*, or *grief*, ſhall be puniſhed with death." Whereas the Biſhop obſerves, the very *attempt of ſelf-murder* is puniſhable; and that too with a capital puniſhment. It is true there are ſo many exceptions in the law, that would perſuade one to believe it was not only made *in terrorem*; but if any thing be intended by it, that *impatience*, &c. muſt be conſtrued as high as *diſtraction*, though even then they were to be diſmiſſed ignominiouſly from their employment.

But would it not put an end to all ſelf-murder were a law made, That all ſelf-murderers, ſane or inſane, rich or poor, ſhould be hung in chains?

A remarkable Story of a Gentleman walking in his Sleep.

PAYING a viſit to a friend in the country, I met there an Italian gentleman, called *Agoſtine Foſari*, who was a night-walker; or a perſon who, whilſt aſleep, does all the actions of one awake. He did not ſeem to exceed the age of thirty; was lean, black, and of an extreme melancholy complexion; had a ſedate underſtanding, a great penetration, and a capacity for the moſt abſtracted ſciences. His extraordinary fits uſed generally to ſeize him in the wane of the Moon; but with greater violence in the Autumn and Winter, than in the Spring and Summer. I had the curioſity to be an eye-witneſs of what was told me, and prevailed with his Valet de Chambre to give me notice when his maſter was likely

likely to renew his vagary. One night about the end of September, after ſupper, the company amuſed themſelves with little plays, and Signior *Agoſtine* made one among the reſt. He went to bed about eleven, and his valet came ſoon after and told us that his maſter would that night have a walking fit, and deſired us, if we pleaſed, to come and obſerve him. I went to his bed-ſide with a light in my hand, and ſaw him lying upon his back, his eyes wide open, but fixed, which was a ſure ſign of his approaching diſorder. I took him by the hands and found them very cold; I felt his pulſe, and found it ſo ſlow, that his blood ſeemed to have no circulation. At or about midnight he drew the curtains briſkly; roſe, and dreſſed himſelf well enough. I approached him, and put the candle to his noſe; found him inſenſible, with his eyes ſtill wide open and immoveable. Before he put on his hat he took his belt, from which the ſword had been removed for fear of an accident.

In this equipage did Signior *Agoſtine* walk backwards and forwards in his chamber ſeveral times. He came to the fire, ſat down in an elbow chair, and went ſome little time after to a cloſet, where was his portmantua. He fumbled in it a long time; turned every thing topſy-turvey, and after putting every thing in order, he ſhut the portmantua, and put the key in his pocket: whence he drew a letter and put it over the chimney. He then went to the chamber-door; opened it, and proceeded down ſtairs. When he came to the bottom, one of the company falling, he ſeemed frightened at the noiſe, and mended his pace. The valet bid us walk ſoftly, and not ſpeak, becauſe when any noiſe was made near him, and intermixed with his dreams, he became furious, and ran with the greateſt precipitancy as if purſued.

He traverſed the whole court, which was very ſpacious, and proceeded to the ſtable. He went in, ſtroaked and careſſed his horſe, bridled him, and was going to ſaddle him; but not finding the ſaddle in its uſual place, he ſeemed very

uneaſy, like a man diſappointed. He, however, mounted his horſe, and galloped to the houſe door which was ſhut. He then diſmounted, and taking up a cabbage-ſtalk, knocked furiouſly at the door. After a great deal of labour loſt, he remounted his horſe, guided him to the pond, which was at the other end of the court, let him drink, went afterwards and tied him to his manger, and then returned to the houſe with great agility. At the noiſe ſome ſervants made in the kitchen, he was very attentive, came near to the door, and clapped his ear to the key-hole; but paſſing on a ſudden to the other ſide, he entered a parlour where was a billiard-table. He walked backwards and forwards, and uſed the ſame poſtures as if he was effectually at play. He proceeded to a pair of virginals, upon which he could play, and made ſome jangling. After two hours exerciſe, he returned up ſtairs to his chamber, and threw himſelf in his clothes upon the bed, where we found him the next morning at nine, in the ſame poſture we had left him; for upon theſe occaſions, he ever ſlept eight or ten hours together.

His valet told us there was but two ways to recover him out of theſe fits; one was to tickle him ſtrongly upon the ſoles of his feet; the other, to ſound a horn or trumpet at his ears.

A Strange ACCOUNT.

[*Concluded from page* 381.]

7. NOW both the good and the evil angels, have ſtated times, of rendezvous: at which the principal angels (good and bad) that have the charge of towns, cities, or kingdoms (not to mention villages or individuals,) hear all that is tranſacted. Many things falſe are related among the living,

living, but nothing among the dead. Indeed an evil ſpirit would not ſcruple telling a falſehood, if he could gain any thing by it. But he cannot. Nay, in making his report, he muſt tell nothing but the truth, or woe be to him!

8. But beſide their monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, departed ſpirits may take a trip to ſee each other when they pleaſe. Three of theſe informed me of what you ſaid; * *Andrew Akeman*, that attends Mr. *Thurſton's* family, *James Corbet*, that waits on Mr. *Paton's* family, (and was looking after Mrs. *Paton*, when ſhe was at your houſe) and an original Emiſſary, appointed to wait on yours. At this I was much ſurpriſed, and after a little thinking, aſked, And is there an emiſſary from hell that attends *my* family? *C.* You may depend upon it there is. *O.* And what is his buſineſs? *C.* To divert you from your duty, and make you do as many ill things as he can. For much depends upon having the Miniſter on his ſide. On this I was ſtruck with a horror I cannot expreſs. But after a time, recollecting myſelf, I ſaid, But is there a devil that attends our family, though inviſibly? *C.* As ſure as you breathe. But there is alſo a good angel, that attends your family, and is ſtronger than him. *O.* Are you ſure of this? *C.* Yes: and there is one juſt now riding on your right arm. But he might have been elſewhere: for I meant you no harm. *O.* How long has he been with me? *C.* Only ſince we paſſed *Branſkie*; but now he is gone. *O.* I deſire now to part with you, and to ſee you another time. *C.* Be it ſo. I want your help of another kind. Now I bid you farewel. So ſaying he went off, at the head of the path going to *Elmſelough*.

9. On April 5, 1722, as I was returning from *Oldhamſtocks*, *Cool* ſtruck up with me at the ruinous incloſure. I told him, I am glad to ſee you: what now are your demands upon me? *C.* All I deſire is, that you will go to my wife, who poſſeſſes

* Theſe were lately dead.

all

all my effects, and inform her of the following particulars. First, I owed Provoſt *Croſby* 500l. Scots, with three years intereſt. On his death my brother and I forged a diſcharge, and when his heir wrote to me concerning this bond, I ſhewed him the diſcharge and ſilenced him. 2. When I heard of *Robert Kennedy's* death, I forged a bill of 190l. ſterling, which was paid me. 3. When *Thomas Greor* died, to whom I owed 36l. ſterling, I met with a poor lad, a writer, whom I told, I had paid *Thomas Greor's* account, but I had not a receipt, which I deſired he would write for me. He flew into a paſſion, and ſaid, he would rather be hanged. I ſaid, Nay, I was but in jeſt, and deſired he would never mention it to any. 4. I ſent for your brother, who did all I deſired for a guinea, and for a guinea and half more gave me a diſcharge for 200l. more (Scots.) which I owed to your father-in-law. But what vexes me more than all the reſt, is the injuſtice I did to *Homer Maxwell*, for whom I was factor. I had borrowed two thouſand marks from him, two hundred of which he had borrowed from another. For this I gave him my bond. He died that year, leaving nine children. His wife died a month before him. His eldeſt daughter deſired me to look over the papers, and to give her an account of their ſtock and debts. I ſlipt his bond into my pocket: whereby his circumſtances proved bad, and the nine children are all ſtarving.

Theſe things I beg you would repreſent to my wife, and let them be rectified. She has funds ſufficient. If this be done, I think I ſhall be eaſier.

10. After a ſhort pauſe, I anſwered, "It is a good errand you would ſend me on, to do juſtice to the oppreſt; and I might be a gainer myſelf; yet I beg a little time, to conſider on the matter. You need not bid me take courage: for though I ſee what your ſtate is, I am no more afraid of you, than of a new-born child. Tell me then, ſince your agility is ſuch, that in the twinkling of an eye you can fly a thouſand

a thouſand miles, why cannot you fly to your wife, empty her bags into your hat inviſibly, and do theſe people juſtice? *C.* I cannot. *O.* But you ſay, If theſe things were reſtified, you ſhould be eaſier. I cannot underſtand that. For whatever juſtice be now done to the people, the guilt of the injuſtice ſtill lies upon *you.* But why cannot you take money to pay your debts? *C.* I cannot touch any man's money, by reaſon of thoſe that are the ſtated guardians of juſtice. *O.* Nay, but do not men take the money of others continually? And cannot *you* do it, that can put yourſelf into a hundred ſhapes? *C.* God will not ſuffer us thus to injure men. And indeed men may guard themſelves againſt men; but not againſt ſpirits. Were not theſe reſtrained, nothing that a man had would be ſafe. *O.* But might not you go to the mines of *Mexico*, where is gold enough that would never be miſſed? *C.* No ſpirits, good or bad, have any power to touch money or gold. *O.* But what hinders bad ſpirits from doing it? *C.* A ſuperior power, that guards and governs all. *O.* But why cannot you go to your wife yourſelf, and tell her what you have a mind? *C.* That is one of the queſtions I will not anſwer. But if you will go, I will make you full ſatisfaction for your trouble.

11. On April 10, coming from *Old Cambus*, I met him again upon the poſt-road, on the head of the heath called *The Pees.* He aſked, Whether I had conſidered the matter? I told him, "I have, and am in the ſame opinion ſtill. For what a fool ſhould I make of myſelf, if I ſhould go to *Dumfries*, and tell your wife, that you had appeared to me, and told me of many forgeries and villanies you had committed, for which it behoved her to make reparation? Is it probable, ſhe would part with her money? Would ſhe not rather ſay I was mad? If ſhe did not ſue me for ſcandal. But dropping theſe matters till our next interview"——

Here

Here the manuſcript ends. Whether Mr. *Ogylvie* did not ſee him any more; or whether death prevented his writing the reſt of their converſation is not certain.

Although there are ſeveral things in the preceding account, which I do not underſtand, yet this is no conſiderable objection to me, as my underſtanding is not the adequate meaſure of truth.

J. W.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne, May 31, 1784.

Some Account of the Right Hon. Laurence, *late Earl* FERRERS.

[*Continued from page* 385.]

MR. KIRKLAND then went down ſtairs to prepare ſome dreſſings; and my Lord ſoon after left the room. From this time, in proportion as the liquor, which he continued to drink, took effect, his paſſions became more tumultuous, and the tranſient fit of compaſſion, mixed with fear for himſelf, gave way to ſtarts of rage, and the predominance of malice: he went up into the room were *Johnſon* was dying, and pulling him by the wig, called him villain, and threatened to ſhoot him through the head. The laſt time he went to him, he was, with great difficulty, prevented from tearing the clothes off the bed, which he attempted with great fury, that he might ſtrike him.

As ſoon as my Lord was in bed, Mr. *Kirkland* went to the Lount, and having fitted up an eaſy chair with two poles, by way of ſedan, and procured a guard, he returned about two o'clock, and carried Mr. *Johnſon* to his houſe without much fatigue, where he languiſhed till nine the next morning, and then expired.

As

As ſoon as he was dead, the neighbours ſet about ſeizing the murderer; a few perſons armed ſet out for *Stanton*, and as they entered the hall-yard, they ſaw him going towards the ſtable, as they imagined to take horſe. One *Springthorpe*, advancing towards his Lordſhip, preſented a piſtol, and required him to ſurrender; but my Lord putting his hand to his pocket, *Springthorpe* imagining he was feeling for a piſtol, ſtopped ſhort, and ſuffered his Lordſhip to eſcape back into the houſe, where he faſtened the doors and ſtood upon his defence. Soon after he was ſeen by one *Curtis*, a collier, upon the bowling-green: he was then armed with a blunderbuſs, two or three piſtols and a dagger; but *Curtis*, ſo far from being intimidated, marched up boldly to him, in ſpite of his blunderbuſs; and my Lord was ſo ſtruck with the determined reſolution that appeared in this brave fellow, that he ſuffered him to ſeize him without making the leaſt reſiſtance; yet the moment he was in cuſtody, he declared he had killed a villain, and gloried in the fact.

From *Aſhby-de-la-Zouch* he was ſent to *Leiceſter* gaol; from thence, about a fortnight afterwards, he was brought in his own landau and ſix horſes, under a ſtrong guard, to *London*, where he arrived on the 14th of February, about noon, dreſſed like a Jockey, in a cloſe riding frock, boots, and cap, and a plain ſhirt. Being carried before the Houſe of Lords; and the Coroner's Inqueſt read, he was committed to the cuſtody of the Black Rod, and ordered to the Tower, where he arrived about ſix o'clock in the evening.

On the 16th of April, having been a priſoner in the Tower two months and two days, he was brought to his trial, which continued till the 18th, before the Houſe of Lords aſſembled for that purpoſe: Lord *Henley*, Keeper of the Great Seal, having been created Lord High Steward upon the occaſion. The fact was eaſily proved, and his Lordſhip, in his defence, examined ſeveral witneſſes to prove his inſanity, none of whom proved ſuch an inſanity as made him not accountable for

his conduct. He received ſentence to be hanged, on Monday the 21ſt of April, and to be anatomized; but in conſideration of his rank, the execution of this ſentence was reſpited till Monday the 5th of May.

In the morning of that day, about nine o'clock, his body was demanded of the Keeper at the gates of the Tower, by the Sheriffs of *London* and *Middleſex*. His Lordſhip being informed of it, ſent a meſſage to the Sheriffs, requeſting that he might go in his own Landau inſtead of the mourning-coach that had been provided by his friends; which being granted, he entered his Landau, drawn by ſix horſes, with Mr. *Humphries*, Chaplain of the Tower, who had been admitted to his Lordſhip that morning for the firſt time. The Landau was conducted to the outward gate by the officers of the Tower, and was there delivered to the Sheriffs. Here Mr. Sheriff Vaillant entered the Landau, and expreſſing his concern at having ſo melancholy a duty to perform, his Lordſhip ſaid he was much obliged to him, and took it kindly that he accompanied him.

He was dreſſed in a ſuit of light coloured clothes embroidered with ſilver, ſaid to be his wedding ſuit; and ſoon after Mr. *Vaillant* came into the Landau he ſaid, You may, perhaps Sir, think it ſtrange to ſee me in this dreſs; but I have my particular reaſons for it.

When his Lordſhip had got to that part of Holborn which is near Drury-lane, he ſaid, he was thirſty, and ſhould be glad of a glaſs of wine and water; but upon the Sheriff's remonſtrating to him, that to ſtop for that purpoſe would naturally draw a greater crowd about him, which might poſſibly diſturb and incommode him, he anſwered, "That is true; I ſay no more, let us by no means ſtop."

The Landau being advanced to the place of execution, his Lordſhip alighted from it, and aſcended upon the ſcaffold. Soon after, Mr. *Humphries* aſked his Lordſhip, if he choſe to ſay prayers, which he declined; but upon aſking him, If he

he did not chuſe to join with him in the Lord's Prayer? he readily anſwered, he would; for he always thought it a fine prayer: upon which they kneeled down together upon the cuſhions covered with black baize, and his Lordſhip with an audible voice, very devoutly repeated the Lord's Prayer, and afterwards with great energy, uttered the following ejaculation; "O God, forgive all my errors!—pardon all my ſins!"

His Lordſhip then called for the executioner, who immediately came and aſked him forgiveneſs; upon which he ſaid, "I freely forgive you, as I do all mankind, and hope myſelf to be forgiven."

The executioner then proceeded to do his duty. His Lordſhip's neckcloth being taken of, a white cap which he had brought in his pocket being put upon his head, his arms ſecured by a black ſaſh, and the cord put round his neck, he advanced by three ſteps to the elevated part of the ſcaffold, and ſtanding under the croſs-beam, which went over it, he aſked the executioner, Am I right? Then the cap was drawn over his face, and upon a ſignal being given by the Sheriff (for his Lordſhip, upon being before aſked, had declined to give one himſelf) that part upon which he ſtood inſtantly ſunk down from beneath his feet, and left him entirely ſuſpended.

For a few ſeconds his Lordſhip made ſome ſtruggles againſt the attacks of death, but was ſoon eaſed of all pain by the preſſure of the executioner.

An Eſſay to prove that the CHINESE *are an* EGYPTIAN *Colony: written in French by* M. *de Guignes, Member of the Royal Academy of Belles Lettres.*

[*Concluded from page* 386.]

THE Egyptians had alſo three diſtinct ways of writing; epiſtolic, compoſed of alphabetical letters; the hieroglyphic, which repreſented the objects themſelves; and the

ſymbolic, which expreſſed them by metaphor and allegory: all theſe methods of writing paſſed into Chineſe. And though at firſt it is not eaſy to believe that they ever had the knowledge of alphabetic letters, yet there is a very ſtrong evidence of the fact. It appears, upon inſpection of *Bartholemy's* Phœnician alphabet, that the figure of *Jod* and *Aleph* are among the ancient radical characters of the Chineſe. The Phœnician *Jod* is formed like a trident, without a handle, and placed obliquely; the Chineſe uſe the ſame ſymbol to ſignify a hand; and this is alſo the ſignification of the word *Jod*, the name of the letter in the Phœnician. *Aleph* is the firſt character in the Phœnician alphabet, and ſignifies pre-eminence, the action of leading; it is formed by a right line croſſed by two others, which form angles on the other ſide: the ſame figure is alſo the radical characters of the Chineſe, the mark of unity, and uſed to expreſs exactly the ſame idea.

From theſe inſtances M. *Guignes* was led to ſuſpect that true alphabetical letters exiſted even in the Chineſe hieroglyphic characters; and that, if ſtripped of all the ſtrokes that diſguiſe them, an alphabet might be produced very ancient, and very analogous to the primitive alphabet of all nations. This univerſal alphabet is not indeed come down to us entire and uncorrupted; but M. *Guignes*, ſuppoſing its conſtituent part to ſubſiſt in the Oriental alphabets, he placed all thoſe alphabets in as many correſponding columns, in order to compare the form of the letters with that of the Chineſe characters; he then obſerved that the greater part of the Oriental letters had proper denominations and ſignifications; *Beth*, ſignified a houſe; *Daleth*, a door; *Ain*, an eye; and *Schin*, a tooth; and he ſoon found that the ſymbol uſed by the Chineſe, to expreſs a houſe was the ſame with the Hebrew *Beth*; that the ſymbol which ſignified a door, repreſenteth the *Daleth*; that the *Ain*, whether Phœnician or Ethiopian, was uſed by the Chineſe to repreſent an eye; and

and that the teeth are in the Chineſe language expreſſed by a jaw furniſhed with points, very much reſembling the Hebrew, Samaritan, and Phœnician *Schin*.

He concludes, what now becomes of the vaſt antiquity of which the Chineſe boaſt, with ſo much confidence and pride! For the literati, who know the ancient characters of their writing, will from this time be obliged to bear teſtimony to this diſcovery which overturns it. If ſome Phœnician character, or word, is preſented to them, the letter *Beth*, or the word *Jadah*, they muſt at once acknowledge, that one ſignifies a houſe, and the other to know. And what ſhall we think of all the efforts which have been made to attack and defend their chronology? of all the inductions that have been drawn from it, againſt the authority of the books of Moſes, as containing only imaginary ſyſtems, contrived to eſtabliſh him in the capacity of a legiſlator? and of that early wiſdom, and univerſal ſuperiority, which has been ſo often granted them? All theſe phantoms, ſays M. *Guignes*, muſt diſappear at once, and one ſimple fact remain in their ſtead, viz. That the ancient ſavages of China were poliſhed by the Egyptians, as well as thoſe of Greece, with only this difference, that they were poliſhed later becauſe they were more remote.

Some REMARKS *on Mr.* H's *account of the Gentoo Religion in Indoſtan.*

1. SOME years ago a Gentleman publiſhed an exact tranſlation of the *Koran* of *Mahomet*, with a deſign to contraſt it with the Bible; to ſhew how far preferable the Mahometan Bible was to that of the Chriſtians: and by a plain inference, how great the pre-eminence was of Mahometaniſm above that of Chriſtianity.

2. As

2. As this had not the effect which the writer deſired, another Gentleman has ſince publiſhed, an exact tranſlation of the *Indian Koran*, that is, the *Shaſtah* of *Bramah:* undoubtedly with the ſame charitable deſign. To contraſt this with the Bible, and to ſhew how great is the pre-eminence of Paganiſm above Chriſtianity.

3. Letting alone a thouſand wonderful aſſertions, ſcattered up and down his work, I would only at preſent, 1. Give the ſubſtance of this curious book in the words of its admirer. 2. Examine what he ſays concerning the Antiquity of it, and concerning the Nations that receive it as ſacred: 3. Obſerve ſome inſtances of this writer's eſteem for the Bible, and conclude with ſome curſory Remarks.

4. And firſt, I would give the ſubſtance of this curious book, in the words of its Admirer: "The rebellious angels groaned in hell for ſix millions of years. Then God relented. He retired into himſelf and became inviſible to all the angels for five thouſand years. Then he appeared again and ſaid, "Let the fifteen regions of purgation and purification appear, for the reſidence of the rebellious angels: and let them be brought from hell, to the loweſt of theſe regions?" And it was ſo. And he prepared bodies for their priſon and ſaid, "Herein they ſhall undergo eighty-ſeven tranſmigrations for their puniſhment and purgation. Then they ſhall animate the form of a Cow, and afterwards the form of a Man. This is their eighty-ninth tranſmigration. If they now repent and do good works, they ſhall paſs hence into the ſecond region of puniſhment and purification; and ſo ſucceſſively through the eighth, and then through the ninth, even the firſt region of purification."

"The ſouls accordingly that animate every mortal form of man, beaſt, bird, fiſh or inſect, are fallen angels, in a ſtate of puniſhment for their rebellion againſt God.

"When God began to create the world, he fought with two giants for five thouſand years. Then he commanded his firſt-born

firſt-born creature, *Birmah*, to create the fifteen regions of puniſhment and purgation. And *Birmah* ſtraitway formed a leaf of beetle, and thereon floated on the flood Chaos. Then *Biſtnoo*, his ſecond made creature, transformed himſelf into a mighty boar, and deſcending into the abyſs, brought up the earth on his back. Then iſſued from him a mighty tortoiſe and a mighty ſnake. And he put the ſnake erect on the back of the tortoiſe, and put the earth on the head of the ſnake.

"Time from the Creation was divided into four ages, the firſt, of three millions, two hundred thouſand years: the ſecond, of one million, ſix hundred thouſand: the third, of eight hundred thouſand: and the fourth, of four hundred thouſand; ſix millions in all. The world will continue three hundred, fifty-nine thouſand, one hundred and twenty-ſix years longer."

5. Such is the *ſubſtance* of this wonderful book! Doubtleſs fit to be parallelled with the Bible! As to the *origin* of it, it thus bears witneſs to itſelf. "Above 4874 years ago, an angel having received the laws of God, written in the language of angels, came down to *Indoſtan*, and aſſuming a human form, tranſlated it into the language of the country, calling it *Chartah Bhade Shaſtah* of *Brumah*, that is, *The four ſcriptures of the mighty Spirit*, which he promulged as the ouly means of Salvation."

I am in the ſecond place to examine what Mr. *H.* ſays, concerning the *Antiquity* of this book, and concerning the *nations* that receive it as ſacred.

As to its Antiquity, it bears this teſtimony. "For a thouſand years the *Shaſtah* remained pure. But then ſome of the *Bramins* corrupted it, and ſtill more about five hundred years after, which was three thouſand, three hundred and ſeventy-four years ago."

6. But what proof induced Mr. *H.* to receive, and to give this amazing ſyſtem to the world! Why ſays he, "This account

account we had from ſome of the *Bramins*, and from the moſt learned of the Laity. And in the earlieſt ages the *Bramins* were famed for their virtue and wiſdom, by the concurrent teſtimony of all antiquity." "Teſtimony of all Antiquity!" Pray cite a few of thoſe teſtimonies, with the names of the Authors that lived four or five thouſand years ago. You know there are no ſuch in the world. Is there a line extant, of any Author before *Moſes!* Or can we prove, that there were any letters in the world before him? And he lived little above three thouſand years ſince.

7. But "*Pythagoras* and *Zoroaſter* viſited them, as early as the time of *Romulus*." I doubt the fact. But how early did *Romulus* live? Not ſix and twenty hundred thouſand years ago. As to *Zoroaſter*, a learned man has clearly proved him to be no other than *Moſes* himſelf.

8. Equally doubtful is the *Antiquity* of thoſe nations, who receive this book as ſacred. Nay, "*Indoſtan*, you ſay, *by their own accounts* was peopled as early as moſt other parts of the known world. And the firſt invaders of it found the inhabitants a potent, civilized, wiſe and learned people." Doubtleſs *their own accounts* affirm this. But what Authors confirm theſe accounts? I know none. Therefore I rank them with the Tales of the Fairies.

9. But by what nations are they received as ſacred? "They were univerſally profeſt, ſays Mr. *H.* by all the nations of *Gentoos*, ſome thouſand years before Chriſt. The Metempſychoſis, or Tranſmigration of ſouls in particular, which runs through their whole Divinity, was held in the moſt early ages, by at leaſt four-fifths of the inhabitants of the earth: and the *Gentoos* were eminently diſtinguiſhed in the moſt early times. Their great Antiquity is proved, by the perpetuity of their doctrine through a ſucceſſion of ſo many ages;" i. e. The Antiquity of their doctrine proves its Antiquity!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 392.]

FRIDAY, March 19. Leaving *Beroot*, we came in one third of an hour to a large plain extending from the ſea to the mountains. At the beginning of the plain is a grove of pine trees of *Faccardine's* plantation. We gueſſed it to be more than half a mile acroſs; and ſo pleaſant and inviting was its ſhade, that it was not without ſome regret that we paſſed it by. Continuing in this plain, we ſaw at a diſtance, a ſmall village called *Suckfoat*. It belongs to the *Druſes*, who poſſeſs at this day a long tract of mountains, as far as from *Caſtravan* to *Carmel*. Their preſent Prince is *Achmet*, grand-ſon to *Faccardine*; an old man, and one who keeps up the cuſtom of his anceſtors, of turning day into night: an hereditary practice in this family, proceeding from a traditional perſuaſion amongſt them, that Princes can never ſleep ſecurely but by day, when men's actions and deſigns are beſt obſerved by their guards, and if need be, moſt eaſily prevented; but that in the night it concerns them to be always vigilant, leſt the darkneſs, aided by their ſleeping, ſhould give traitors both opportunity and encouragement to aſſault their perſons, and by a dagger or a piſtol, to make them continue their ſleep longer than they intended when they lay down.

Being arrived at *Sidon*, we pitched our tents by a ciſtern without the city; but were ourſelves conducted by a French gentleman to the place of his habitation, which is a large

Kane cloſe by the ſea, where the Conſul and all the nation are quartered together. Before the front of this *Kane* is an old mole, running into the ſea with a right angle: it was of no great capacity at beſt, but now is rendered perfectly uſeleſs, having been purpoſely filled up with rubbiſh and earth by *Faccardine*, to prevent the Turkiſh gallies from making their unwelcome viſits to this place. Near about *Sidon* begin the precincts of the *Holy Land*, and of that part of it in particular which was allotted to *Aſher*. The borders of which tribe extended from *Carmel* as far as great *Zidon*, as appears from Joſh. xix. 26. 28. But the people upon the ſea-coaſts were never actually maſtered by the Iſraelites; being left by the judgment of God to be thorns in their ſides, for a reaſon that may be ſeen, Jud. ii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

The perſon who is the French Conſul at *Sidon*, has alſo the title of Conſul of *Jeruſalem*; and is obliged by his maſter, the French King, to make a viſit to the holy city every Eaſter, under pretence of preſerving the ſanctuary there from the violations, and the Friars who have the cuſtody of it, from the exactions of the Turks. But the Friars think themſelves much ſafer without this protection. We were deſirous to join with Monſieur *l' Empereur*, the preſent Conſul, in his preſent pilgrimage; and accordingly had ſent him a letter from *Aleppo*, on purpoſe to beſpeak that favour; hoping, by his protection, to paſs more ſecurely from the abuſes of the Arabs and Turks, who are no where ſo inſolent, as in *Paleſtine*, and about *Jeruſalem*. We had his promiſe to ſtay for us; but the remoras and diſappointments we met with in the road, had put us ſo backward in our journey, that fearing to be too late at *Jeruſalem*, he ſet out from *Sidon* the day before our arrival there: leaving us however ſome hopes, that if we made the beſt of our way, we might come up with him at *Acra*, where he promiſed to expect our coming to the utmoſt moment.

The

The next day we arrived at *Tyre*. This city ſtanding in the ſea upon a peninſula, promiſes at a diſtance ſomething very magnificent. But when you come to it, you find no ſimilitude of that glory, for which it was ſo renowned in ancient times, and which the Prophet *Ezekiel* deſcribes, chap. xxvi. xxvii. xxviii. On the North-ſide it has an old Turkiſh ungarriſoned caſtle; beſides which, you ſee nothing here, but a mere Babel of broken walls, pillars, vaults, &c. there being not ſo much as one entire houſe left. Its preſent inhabitants are only a few poor wretches, harbouring themſelves in the vaults, and ſubſiſting chiefly upon fiſhing; who ſeem to be preſerved in this place by Divine Providence, as a viſible argument, how God has fulfilled his word concerning *Tyre*, *viz. That it ſhould be as the top of a rock, a place for fiſhers to dry their nets on*, Ezek. xxvi. 14.

In the midſt of the ruins, there ſtands one pile, higher than the reſt, which is the Eaſt end of a great Church, probably of the Cathedral of *Tyre*.

I cannot, in this place, omit an obſervation made by moſt of our company in this journey, viz. That in all the ruins of Churches which we ſaw, though their other parts were totally demoliſhed, yet the Eaſt end we always found ſtanding and tolerably entire. Whether the Chriſtians, when over-ruled by Infidels, redeemed their altars from ruin with money; or whether, even the Barbarians, when they demoliſhed the other parts of the Churches, might voluntarily ſpare theſe, out of an awe and veneration; or whether they have ſtood thus long, by virtue of ſome peculiar firmneſs in the nature of their fabric; or whether ſome occult Providence has preſerved them, as ſo many ſtanding monuments of Chriſtianity in theſe unbelieving regions, and preſages of its future reſtoration, I will not determine.

But to return from this digreſſion; there being an old ſtair-caſe in this ruin laſt mentioned, I got up to the top of it: from whence I had an entire proſpect of the iſland, part of *Tyre*, of the iſthmus, and of the adjacent ſhore. I thought I

could from this elevation diſcern the iſthmus to be a ſoil of a different nature from the other two; it lying lower than either, and being covered all over with ſand, which the ſea caſts upon it, as the tokens of its natural right to a paſſage there, from which it was by *Alexander* the Great injuriouſly excluded. The iſland of *Tyre*, in its natural ſtate, ſeems to have been of a circular figure, containing not more than forty acres of ground. It diſcovers ſtill the foundations of a wall, which anciently encompaſſed it round, at the outmoſt margin of the land.

Coming out of theſe ruins, we ſaw the foundation of a very ſtrong wall, running croſs the neck of land, and ſerving as a barrier, to ſecure the city on this ſide. From this place, we were one third of an hour in paſſing the ſandy iſthmus, before we came to the ground which we apprehended to be the natural ſhore. From hence paſſing over part of a very fertile plain, which extends itſelf to a vaſt compaſs before *Tyre*, we arrived in three quarters of an hour at *Roſelayn*.

[*To be continued.*]

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

SOME years ago a Lady of conſiderable rank in *Dublin*, having appointed a drum and card-aſſembly, for a Sunday evening, received a billet on the Friday before, ſubſcribed *The Mob*, in which they acquainted her Ladyſhip with their intending themſelves the honour of being of the party. In conſequence of which, an aſſembly of thoſe gentlemen appeared before the houſe on the evening, about the time that the company might be expected to arrive; but without ſeeming by their behaviour to intend any kind of outrage. On the approach however of a ſedan which contained a certain

certain Lady, diſtinguiſhed for taking the lead in all theſe kinds of meetings, they ſurrounded the chair, and ordering the chairmen to ſet it down, they, with great civility, yet with an apparent firmneſs and reſolution, inſiſted on her quitting it. This, after ſome remonſtrances, being complied with, one of them who was ſpokeſman for the reſt, acquainted her, that ſhe had been a very wicked woman; had been frequently known to play at cards on a Sunday, and was, they well knew, at that time going on the ſame buſineſs; but that for her own ſake they had determined on a thorough reformation of her conduct; for which reaſon ſhe muſt immediately engage herſelf by oath (for which purpoſe they tendered her a Bible) never to purſue that practice for the future. This was for a long time refuſed; but being peremptorily inſiſted on, the oath was adminiſtered, the words dictated, the repetition clearly pronounced, and the book kiſſed. On this, her Ladyſhip thinking herſelf now at liberty, was returning to her chair, when ſhe was informed that as humility was one branch of religion, her deſigned reformation muſt commence with an act of ſuch humility; for which reaſon ſhe muſt walk to her own houſe (which was upwards of half a mile) while it ſhould be their charge to conduct her ſafe and ſecure her from inſult: which ſhe upon compulſion acquieſcing with, ſhe was eſcorted by them in great parade to her own door, when civilly taking their leave of her, they diſperſed, and all quietly returned to their ſeveral habitations.

A Remarkable Inſtance of COURAGE.

A Young French Nobleman, not quite twenty years old, (the Count de B. Lieutenant of Cavalry) was attacked by a wolf of an extraordinary ſize. The furious animal firſt ſeized the horſe, and tore off ſuch large pieces of his fleſh, that

that M. de B. was ſoon diſmounted. Then the wolf flew at him, and would certainly have torn him in pieces, had he not had great preſence of mind. With one hand he ſeized the wolf's foaming tongue, and with the other hand one of his paws. After ſtruggling awhile with the terrible creature, the tongue ſlipped from him, and his right thumb was bitten off; upon which, he leaped upon the wolf's back, clapped his knees faſt to his flanks, and called out for help to ſome armed peaſants who were paſſing by; but none dared to advance. "Well then, ſaid he, fire: if you kill me, I forgive you." One of them fired, and three bullets went through the brave Officer's coat, but neither he nor the beaſt were wounded. Another bolder than his comrades, ſeeing the Cavalier was intrepid, and kept firm upon the wolf, came very near and fired at him; the animal was mortally wounded, and after a few more furious motions expired. In this dreadful conflict, beſides the loſing of his thumb, the young Count's left hand was torn, and he got ſeveral bites in his legs and thighs.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLXXV.

[From Mrs. P. Newman, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Cheltenham, Auguſt 23, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

I Thank you for your kind letter, wherein you requeſt me to ſpeak without reſerve. Glory be to God! I find my ſpirit quite free to declare all his loving-kindneſs to me.

In my childhood I was reſtrained from many evils which children fall into; but as I grew up, my evil nature often betrayed me into folly.

When

When I was about fourteen, my ſiſter was convinced of ſin, and attended a Baptiſt-Meeting, which inclined me to do the ſame, though much againſt my father's will. But when I underſtood that ſome of that profeſſion did ſuch things as I had formerly abandoned, I took to them again, and thought I did no harm in ſo doing.—For two years I continued going to the Baptiſt-Meeting; ſometimes ſinning and then repenting. At length, not knowing what to do (for no one ſaid any thing to me) as I underſtood by their preaching that there were two ſorts of people in the world, ſome who were to be ſaved, and ſome who were not, I thought, if I am to be ſaved, I ſhall; and if not, all my care about it is to no purpoſe. But as the pain my ſoul often endured cannot be deſcribed; and finding no relief here, I reſolved to go to Church again.—At ſixteen, I was confirmed. When the Biſhop put his hand on my head, and repeated the words of the office, I felt ſomething extraordinary. When I got home I prayed much; and was very ſtrict for ſome time. I had alſo a great deſire to go to the ſacrament; but feared I was not good enough. I then read and prayed much, and often reſolved to be better; but found my heart inclined more and more to wickedneſs. But, bleſſed be God! his reſtraining grace kept me from outward evil.

When I heard people diſpute about religion, my mind would be perplexed to know which of them was right: which ſent me to my knees to intreat the Lord to ſend ſome one to guide me in the right way. I often prayed with great fervor, and found ſome ſatisfaction; but ſtill I wanted ſomething, and did not know what it was.

In 1769, the Lord ſent his ſervants to this place. But I found a great diſlike to the name of a Methodiſt; as I had often heard they drove people mad. However, at laſt I ventured to hear Mr. *Mather*, and found a great liking to what he ſaid; but yet thought, I would not go much. But a young woman, with whom I ſometimes went to the Baptiſts,

came

came to me and ſaid, *P*—— I wiſh you would hear young Mr. *Wells*; for he talks better than all the Preachers I ever heard. I ſaid, I wiſh I could; and then conſented to go. When I went, he was reading in the epiſtle to the Hebrews; but preſently he ſat down and began to ſpeak to thoſe preſent, one by one. At laſt he looked at me, and ſaid, Well, *P*—— have you a mind to ſave your ſoul? I ſaid, Yes. Then ſaid he, Do you ſee yourſelf a ſinner? I ſaid, No; (with great reſentment.) He ſaid, No? not ſee yourſelf a ſinner! I anſwered, Neither you nor any one in the town can ſay any evil of me; for I have always ſhunned bad company, and have been civil to all. He then ſtrove to convince me that I was a ſinner by nature, and that God was angry with me notwithſtanding all my civility. But I was reſolved not to believe him: for I thought, if I did, I ſhould run mad, and diſtreſs my parents. He then prayed God to give me the cup of his wrath to drink; but not to ſuffer me to drink it. On hearing this, my ſoul ſeemed as if it was pierced through; and I thought, if I did believe what he ſaid, I ſhould loſe my ſenſes; and if I did not, perhaps I ſhould loſe my ſoul.

I then went home and ſhut myſelf in my room, and prayed and ſtrove for more diſtreſs; for I now feared I ſhould not be diſtreſſed enough. However I went mourning and praying, night and day for a fortnight, for the pardon of my ſins. At laſt God ſpoke peace to my ſoul: on which I could hardly forbear opening the window to tell my joys to the people who paſſed along.

After this I continued happy for ſome months: though in that time I ſuffered much oppoſition from my father and others; but my ſoul was ſo delighted in the ways of God that nothing ſeemed to diſturb me. At laſt the Lord ſhewed me my inbred ſin: when I ſaw clearly the neceſſity of a deliverance from the carnal mind, and ſought it earneſtly.

In

In 1769, I received the witneſs of full ſanctification. Auguſt, 1770, I thought I began to be careleſs, and was going to write to a friend to tell her wherein I found myſelf deficient. But before I began, I thought, Is not Jeſus preſent to make up every deficiency? I then retired; and as ſoon as I fell on my knees, I found myſelf emptied, ſtripped naked, and helpleſs, before a holy God! I could not move nor ſpeak! I lay motionleſs, without a ſigh or a groan. At laſt, Jeſus appeared with ſuch a glorious luſtre as cauſed all evil to vaniſh before him. My ſoul was then filled with pure love to him and all mankind. I cried out, Jeſus is all in all! I was in ſuch an extaſy, I thought I ſhould expire in the viſions of my God! I could not lift a hand, I was ſo weak; I could only pray and give thanks wherever I went. I had a continual longing to depart and to be with Chriſt, which made life a burden; and I was much tempted to deſtroy my health gradually. I alſo prayed for a conſumption, or any thing that would wear out or cut the thread of life; death was become ſo pleaſant.

But now, glory be to my God! all theſe temptations are gone. I am willing to depart, yet willing to live as long as my Lord ſees good. I find my will ſwallowed up in his will in all things. I have only to live *for* him and *to* him: to eat and drink, and do all I do to his glory.

I am, your affectionate Servant,

P. NEWMAN.

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

[From Miſs M. B. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Bath, October 25, 1772.

Dear Sir,

YOUR laſt was a word in ſeaſon. I have been enabled to take your advice, and the Lord has graciouſly bleſſed my weak efforts, and made my exerciſes far leſs than uſual.

You will be glad to hear that we have a proſpect of good days. Our Room is crowded, and the congregation in general ſinks under the word, and finds it attended with the Spirit's demonſtrative power. Mrs. *H.* (whoſe huſband keeps an inn) and her ſiſter, and two Ladies of their acquaintance, have been at my Claſs, when Mrs. *G.* met it, and found it a means of grace. I believe they intend to continue. I find their ſouls inexpreſſibly dear to me; but was I not kept thankfully conſcious, that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, I ſhould ſink at the thought of having them to watch over. O, who knows the worth of ſouls! Who can point out the ten thouſand, thouſand, ſubtle ſnares that hinder ſpiritual proſperity! What piercing eye can diſcover! what tongue warn them to ſhun all the *little, little* foxes! I ſee my duty as a Leader is *very great*; and often fear I ſhall not at the laſt give up my account with joy.

Will you, Sir, be ſo kind as to give me ſome inſtructions herein, and lay down ſuch rules as will facilitate the practice of them. It is what I very much need: and it will, I truſt, be of uſe to me; not only now, but perhaps when your ſpirit is returned to God. I often think I ſhall regret my not aſking you more queſtions; gaining more help, and more frequently uſing, and more faithfully improving, the opportunities you ſo kindly put into my hands. Indeed I ſhould be glad to write much oftener, did my time admit; but the children demand almoſt the whole of it; and I cannot in conſcience ſteal it from them: no, I did not leave them even to hear you preach here, (at noon) which you may well ſuppoſe was not a little piece of ſelf-denial. I endure many heart-achs through fear that they will not improve to their parents ſatisfaction. O, may my life be ſuch as will ſhew forth his praiſe! "It is but right that I ſhould live to him who died for me." I know I need every motive to urge me ſo to do. For ſome days paſt the Holy Ghoſt has made uſe of that, "Fear Him, who after he hath killed, hath power to caſt

caſt into hell." It ſeems a ſtrange one to *me*; but I am willing to accept, and uſe any motive that leads to that great end; *entire devotion to God.* Life appears a mere vapour! Time exceeding precious. Every morning I purpoſe to improve it; but upon retroſpection at night, I find I have broke my rule. You Sir, ſeem to have found the happy art of keeping it. Help me by your prayers, and directions to do the ſame, in my ſmall ſphere of action: and permit me to ſubſcribe myſelf your willing and obedient Servant,

M. B.

POETRY.

AN ELEGY

On the Death of Mrs. MARGARET JOHNSTON, *late of Liſleen.*

SO long as vital blood glides through my veins,
Or with the ſaints I keep my happy lot;
If gratitude inſpires celeſtial ſtrains,
This dear loved name can never be forgot.

Her real worth out-lives her mouldering frame,
And ſhall not mingle with forgotten duſt;
When dying worlds are all conſumed in flame,
Her deathleſs name is written with the Juſt.

An only child, as *Iſaac*, much beloved,
While Nature's charms were opening to the ſight;
The kindeſt care of heaven and earth ſhe proved,
And ſought, and found in God ſupreme delight.

Her heavèn-born ſoul was early taught to riſe,
Where mingling ſweets in boundleſs rivers flow;
Where ſtrife, with earth-born pain and ſorrow dies,
And bliſsful fruits in endleſs progreſs grow.

Though Fortune ſtrawèd her path with ſweeteſt flowèrs,
And Pleaſure ſtrove to' attract her ſoaring mind;
She did not dare to waſte her flying hours,
Nor forfeit Bliſs, by heavènly love deſignèd.

Meekneſs, and Modeſty, and ſacred Love,
Livèd in her looks, and deckèd her blooming face:
She ſeemèd, as ſent from ſome bright throne above,
To ſhew the beauties of her Saviour's grace.

Indulgent Heavèn inſpirèd her tender heart,
With more than common pity for the poor;
The ſteward of her Lord did freely part
With what ſhe freely had receivèd before.

Behold the maimèd, the halt, the lame, the blind,
Feaſt on her ſtores, and bleſs her as they go;
To friends and foes, and helpleſs ſtrangers kind;
She leſſenèd or removèd their evèry woe.

Preparing to rebuild * her mouldèring walls,
The welcome Meſſenger of Death drew nigh;
The mortal body into ruin falls
And lets the ſoul to brighter regions fly!

Now riſing floods of grief glide through the vale,
Where many a monument of woe is ſeen
Lamenting after her, they lovèd ſo well,
With many a tear bedew the mournful green!

* She was looking at the workmen pulling down part of her houſe, in order to rebuild it, when ſeized with her laſt ſickneſs.

The

The ſeat of innocence, and ſacred joy,
Some calléd another Eden here beſow!
But Death all earthly comforts can deſtroy,
And fill our paradiſe with real woe!

The garden crownéd with fruitful trees, and flowérs,
Where oft we offeréd incenſe to our King;
The penſive mourners ſhelter in its bowérs,
Where groans and ſighs, and lamentations ring.

Ye ſtrangers to the ſovéreign power of love,
Charge not with guilt the ſympathizing grief:
Jeſus who fills with joy the hoſts above,
Wept while he brought his wretched friends relief!

Mourn, without murmuring, ye ſons of God,
And call forth Salem's daughters to your aid:
She who walkéd foremoſt in the heavénly road,
Bewail her numberéd with the ſilent dead.

Beneath the weight our fainting ſpirits bend,
As in the duſt we lay her bones to reſt:
But O, what joy when Iſrael's ſteeds aſcend,
And God pronounces her for ever bleſt!

Welcome He cries, my chaſte, my ſpotleſs bride!
Now take poſſeſſion of thy native home:
Behold thy manſion near my wounded ſide;
Enter my joy, and ſhare my glorious throne.

Well done thou good and faithful ſervant,—now!
Wear theſe white robes of righteouſneſs divine:
This ſparkling wreath ſhall grace thy cloudleſs brow;
And all I have and am be ever thine.

Yes;

Yes; central glories, never ſetting beams,
On our dear friend direct their brighteſt rays!
And love and joy, in overflowing ſtreams,
Fill all her powers with heavén's eternal praiſe.

The mutual love that made our ſpirits one,
(A knot which death itſelf can ne'er untie)
Says, we ſhall meet again before his throne,
And cheriſh friendſhip that can never die.

This blooming hope outlaſts my ebbing grief;
Surely theſe tears ſhall ſoon be wipéd away;
This brings to countleſs mourner's ſure relief,
Who look to find her in eternal day!

A HIGHLAND FRAGMENT.

DARK Autumn now aſſumes its fading reign;
The blue-grey miſt creeps ſlowly o'er the hill;
Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain,
And from the uplands burſts the new ſwolén rill.

On yonder heath there ſtands a lonely tree,
And there, O Connal! thy ſad grave is found;
And ſtill its falling leaves it ſtraws on thee,
Still by the whirlwind borne in eddies round.

Here oft, at twilight grey, or purple dawn,
As o'er the heath the muſing hunter hies,
The ſheeted ghoſt ſtalks o'er the dewy lawn,
Or haunts the dreary grave where Connal lies.

Thy race, O Connal! who ſhall ſtrive to trace?
Or who through ages paſt thy ſires can tell?
As the tall oak, torn from its native place
They grew, they flouriſhéd, and in thee they fell.

Mournful

Mournful thy wars, O Fingal! 'Midſt the ſlain,
Where groanéd the dying weltéring in their gore,
Where Connal fell, the terror of the plain,
There fell the mighty to ariſe no more!

Thy arm, a tempeſt from the bellowing main;
Thy ſword, a meteor in the evening ſky;
Thy height, a rock that overlookéd the plain;
A glowing furnace was thy wrathful eye:

Loud as a ſtorm, thy voice confounding all;
Dire as thy ſword, and eager to deſtroy;
Beneath thine arm, the mighty warriors fall,
As falls the thiſtle by the playful boy.

As lowéring thunder o'er the mid-day ſkies,
Dargo, the bold, Dargo the mighty came,
Dark was his brow; two hollow caves his eyes,
Bright roſe their claſhing ſwords with ſparkling flame.

Crimora—Rinoval's beauteous daughter, near
Her much lovéd Connal—could ſhe ſtay behind?
A bow her ſhoulder gracéd, her hand a ſpear,
And looſe her waving locks flowéd in the wind.

At Drago's breaſt the fatal ſhaft ſhe drew;
Swift from her arm the mortal weapon flies:
Alas! the erring dart her Connal ſlew!
Alas! he bleeds! alas! her Connal dies;

So falls a rock torn from the ſhaggy hill;
So falls an oak, the glory of the plain;
What ſhall ſhe do? What griefs her boſom fill!
"By me is Connal, hapleſs Connal ſlain!"

All day ſhe wanders by ſome nameleſs ſtream,
Connal, my love! Connal, my friend! ſhe cries;
At night, thy pathleſs vale, by Cynthia's beam:
For grief, the lovely, muſing mourner dies.

The

The loveliest pair cold earth doth here inclose
That ever slept within her clay-cold womb;
Alone they rest in undisturbèd repose,
The green grass rankling o'er their narrow tomb.

I, musing in the melancholy shade,
(The rank weed rustling to the whistling wind,)
Still mourn thé ill-fated youth, and hapless maid,
And still their memory rushes on my mind.

The COMFORTS *of* RELIGION.

O Blest Religion, heavènly fair!
Thy kind, thy healing powèr,
Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
And gild each gloomy hour.

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears,
An universal shade:

Thy sacred dictates can asswage
The tempest of the soul,
And every fear shall lose its rage,
At thy divine controul.

Through life's bewilderèd, dreary way,
Thy hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path thy heavènly ray,
A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble Reason, tirèd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powèrful is thy aid!

Then let my heart confess thy powèr,
And find thy sweet relief;
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.


Mr. GEO: WHITFIELD
Ætatis 32.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

CHAP. III. *Concerning Predeſtination or Abſolute Election.*

[*Continued from page* 393.]

5. IF all that believe are ordained to eternal life, then none believe but they who are thus ordained: but it is ſaid, *As many as were ordained to eternal life believed*, Acts xiii. 48.

I anſwer. Theſe words cannot ſignify that there is a fixed number of perſons, abſolutely ordained to eternal life, ſo that they, and they only ſhall obtain it, and all others be excluded from it, as upon this ſuppoſition they muſt be, as will be evident from theſe conſiderations.

1ſt. That if the reaſon why theſe men believed was only this, that they were men ordained to eternal life, the reaſon why the reſt believed not, can be this only, that they were

not ſo ordained; and if ſo, what neceſſity could there be, *that the word of God ſhould be firſt preached to them?* as we read ver. 46. Was it only that their damnation might be the greater? This charges the Lover of ſouls, whoſe *tender mercies are over all his works*, with the greateſt cruelty; ſeeing it makes him determine, not only that ſo many ſouls, as capable of ſalvation as any other, ſhall periſh everlaſtingly; but alſo to determine that the diſpenſations of his Providence ſhall be ſuch towards them as neceſſarily tends to the aggravation of their condemnation: and what could even their moſt malicious and enraged enemy do more? What is it that the Devil aims at by all his temptations but this very end? viz. the aggravation of our future puniſhment. And therefore to aſſert that God had determined that his word ſhould be ſpoken to theſe Jews for that very end, is to make God as inſtrumental to their ruin as the Devil.

2dly. The Apoſtle gives this reaſon why he turned from the Jews to the Gentiles, becauſe the Jews *had thruſt away the word of God from them, and judged themſelves unworthy of eternal life*, ver. 46. Whereas, according to this ſuppoſition, that could be no ſufficient reaſon of his going from them to the Gentiles; for it was only they among the Jews whom God had not ordained to eternal life who thus refuſed to believe: and as many among the Gentiles as were not thus ordained, muſt neceſſarily do the ſame; and ſo there could be no ſufficient cauſe why he ſhould turn from the Jews to the Gentiles upon that account. And,

3dly. Were this the reaſon why the Jews believed not, that they were not by God ordained to eternal life, why doth St. Paul, by God's commiſſion, ſpeak here to them thus, *Be it known to you men and brethren, that by this Jeſus is declared to you the remiſſion of ſins?* why doth he add, *and by him every one that believeth is juſtified?* &c. Why doth he vehemently exhort them to *beware leſt that ſaying of the Prophet Habakkuk ſhould be verified in them, You will not believe though one*

declare

declare it to you? For could God have determined that theſe very perſons ſhould not believe, and yet commiſſion his Apoſtles to offer them *remiſſion of ſins, and juſtification to life?* Could it be revealed to St. Paul, that they could not believe, as being not ordained to it, and yet would he ſo paſſionately exhort them to that faith in Jeſus, which he well knew belonged not to them, and which they could not poſſibly exert? Theſe things clearly evince, this cannot be the import of the words; but they will very well admit of theſe two ſenſes:

1ſt. As many as were *diſpoſed for eternal life* believed; for the word τεταγμένος, which we here render *ordained*, is uſed in this very book to ſignify a man not outwardly ordained, but *inwardly diſpoſed*; or one determined, not by God, but by his own inclinations, to do ſuch a thing: as when it is ſaid, St. Paul *went on foot from Aſſos*, οὕτω γὰρ ἦν διατεταγμένος, *for ſo he was diſpoſed*; the ſon of *Sirach* ſays, that the conduct, or government of a wiſe man is τεταγμένη, not ordained by God, but *well ordered* or diſpoſed by himſelf. Thus *Philo* ſaith to *Cain*, *thou needeſt not fear being killed by them who are* ἐν ᾗ τεταγμένοι, συμμαχία *ranked on thy ſide*, or of the ſame diſpoſitions and inclinations with thee; and he ſaith to thoſe children who having had vicious parents, were themſelves virtuouſly inclined, that they ἀμείνῳ τεταγμένοι τάξει, *were placed in a better rank:* and ſpeaking of *Eſau* and *Jacob*, he repreſents *Eſau* as fierce, ſubject to anger and other paſſions, and governed by his brutiſh part; but *Jacob* as a lover of virtue and truth: and ſo ἐν βελτίονι τεταγμένον τάξει, *placed in a better rank*, or of a better temper and diſpoſition: and adds, that *Samuel was* τεταγμένος τῷ θεῷ, *well diſpoſed towards God.* So *Simplicius* interprets this word; for when *Epictetus* had ſaid, *If thou deſireſt to be a Philoſopher, ſo retain the things that ſeem beſt to thee*, ὡς ὑπὸ Θεοῦ τεταγμένος εἰς ταύτην τὴν τάξιν, *as being by God placed in that rank*; that is, ſaith he, ὡς ὑπὸ θεοῦ προτρεπόμενος ἐπὶ ταῦτα, as *being by God incited to theſe things*; and to this ſenſe, the context leads the perſon oppoſite to thoſe *diſpoſed for*

eternal life, being thoſe who through their indiſpoſition to embrace the offer of it, were *unworthy of eternal life*.

2. The ſecond ſenſe is this: That as many as were *well-diſpoſed, believed to eternal life*; accordingly we are ſaid to believe in Chriſt *to eternal life*, and *to the ſaving of the ſoul*, becauſe we, by believing, obtain a full right to that life of which we cannot fail, but by departing from the faith, or ſuffering it to become unfruitful in thoſe works of righteouſneſs which make us meet to be partakers of eternal life.

Argument 3. If all that love God are called according to his purpoſe, then hath he no purpoſe of calling them that do not love him: if they who are *fore-known*, are *predeſtinated to be conformed to this image of his Son*, they who are not conformed to it are not fore-known: if they who are called are *juſtified* and *glorified*, then all that are not juſtified, and will not be glorified, are not called according to his purpoſe.

Anſwer. The whole of this Argument may be granted; they who by God are permanently juſtified, and who will be glorified, are ſuch only as love God, and are conformed to the image of his Son, and who are called according to his purpoſe of making them *holy before him in love*. And let it farther be obſerved, that when the Apoſtle ſaith, *for whom he fore-knew*, this verſe gives the reaſon of what was ſpoken in the former. It therefore is neceſſary to interpret theſe words thus, Whom he fore-knew to be perſons called according to his purpoſe, and therefore qualified for this adoption, ver. 23, them he predeſtinated to be conformed to the image of his Son. And it deſerves to be conſidered that all antiquity, till the time of St. *Auſtin*, do with one conſent concur in the interpretation of Ambroſius on the place, *Quos præſcivit ſibi fore devotos, ipſos elegit ad promiſſa præmia, thoſe whom he fore-knew would be devoted to his*

his ſervice, he choſe to the reward promiſed them; thoſe whom he fore-knew to be *worthy to be called:* ſo *Theodoret* and *Theophylact.*

Thoſe whom God fore-ſaw would be true lovers of him, he predetermined to render conformable to the image of his Son, that is, to be like him in glory, ver. 17. them alſo in due time he called to the ſalvation offered in the goſpel; and they believing in Chriſt upon this call, he juſtified them, and them he alſo glorified, by giving them the Spirit, which is the earneſt of that glory, Eph. i. 13. and by participation of which Spirit Chriſtians are ſaid not only *to behold the glory of the Lord, but alſo to be changed into the ſame image with him from glory to glory.*

Argument 4. If God knoweth who are his, then hath he a ſelect number whom he hath choſen to be his; but *God knoweth who are his*, 2 Tim. ii. 19.

Anſwer. The text runneth thus, *Hymenæus* and *Philetus have erred from the truth, ſaying that the reſurrection is paſt already, and have overthrown the faith of ſome*, ver. 19. *But the foundation of God ſtandeth ſure, having this ſeal, the Lord knoweth who are his; and let every one that nameth the name of Chriſt depart from iniquity.* Where obſerve,

1ſt. That by the foundation of God, we are to underſtand the doctrine of the Reſurrection which is the foundation of the Church, it being built upon this promiſe, that *the gates of hell ſhall not prevail againſt it*, or that the living members of Chriſt's body ſhall after death obtain a happy reſurrection; this alſo is the foundation of our faith and hope, 1 Cor. xv. 19. Now to this fundamental doctrine God ſaith he hath ſet this ſeal, for confirmation of it, viz. *the Lord knoweth who are his*, that is, 1ſt. He loveth and approveth of them; ſo God knew his people *Iſrael*, Deut. ii. 7. Amos iii. 1. and ſo *if any man love God, he is known of God*, 2 Cor. viii. 3.

2dly. To

2dly. To reward them; ſo *God knoweth the way of the righteous*, Pſalm i. 6. and ſo *Chriſt knows his ſheep*, John x. 14. 27, as to *give unto them life eternal.* But,

2dly. It is obſervable that theſe words are taken from Numbers xvi. 5. where *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* riſe up againſt *Moſes* and *Aaron*, declaring *they took too much upon them*, the one to be their Prophet and God's Vicegerent over them; the other to be their High-Prieſt, whom God had conſecrated to his peculiar ſervice above all others of the houſe of *Levi*. Now to this imputation, ſaith the *Septuagint*, *Moſes* replies, ἐγνω ὁ θεὸς τὲς ὄντας αὐτῦ, *God knoweth who are his*, and by him ſeparated to his ſervice, and will maintain their cauſe againſt all oppoſers, as in that inſtance he did in a wonderful manner, cauſing the earth to open and ſwallow them up; ſo alſo will God own us his Apoſtles and Miniſters, againſt *Hymenæus* and *Philetus*, againſt all that ſet up againſt us and our doctrine. As therefore *Moſes* ſaid then to *the Iſraelites*, *Depart ye from the tents of theſe men, and be ye ſeparated, and they departed*; ſo ſay I now to all Chriſtians, *let them depart from iniquity*, and ſo from theſe pernicious doctrines which *increaſe to ungodlineſs*, and cauſe men to *make ſhipwreck of faith and a good conſcience:* ſo that this text taken in either ſenſe, hath no relation to the doctrine of Abſolute Election.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XXIX.

On Philippians ii. 12, 13.

Work out your own ſalvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleaſure.

1. SOME great Truths, as the Being and Attributes of God, and the difference between Moral Good and Evil, were known in ſome meaſure to the Heathen world; the

the traces of them are to be found in all nations: ſo that in ſome ſenſe it may be ſaid to every child of man, *He hath ſhewed thee, O man, what is good; even to do juſtly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.* With this truth he has in ſome meaſure *enlightened every one that cometh into the world.* And hereby they that *have not the law*, that have no written law, *are a law unto themſelves.* They ſhew *the work of the law*, the ſubſtance of it, though not the letter, *written in their hearts*, by the ſame hand which wrote the commandments on the table of ſtone: *their conſcience alſo bearing them witneſs*, whether they act ſuitably thereto or not.

2. But there are two grand heads of doctrine, which contain many truths of the moſt important nature, of which the moſt enlightened Heathens in the ancient world were totally ignorant; as are alſo the moſt intelligent Heathens, that are now on the face of the earth: I mean thoſe which relate to the eternal Son of God, and the Spirit of God; to the Son, giving himſelf to be *a propitiation for the ſins of the world*; and to the Spirit of God, renewing men in that image of God wherein they were created. For after all the pains which ingenious and learned men have taken, that great man, the Chevalier *Ramſay* in particular, to find ſome reſemblance of theſe truths, in the immenſe rubbiſh of Heathen Authors, the reſemblance is ſo exceeding faint, as not to be diſcerned but by a very lively imagination. Beſide that even this reſemblance, faint as it was, is only to be found in the diſcourſes of a very few, and thoſe were the moſt improved and deeply thinking men, in their ſeveral generations, while the innumerable multitudes that ſurrounded them, were little better for the knowledge of the Philoſophers; but remained as totally ignorant even of theſe capital truths, as were the beaſts that periſh.

3. Certain it is, that theſe truths were never known to the vulgar, the bulk of mankind, to the generality of men in

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any nation, till they were brought to light by the goſpel. Notwithſtanding a ſpark of knowledge glimmering here and there, the whole earth was covered with darkneſs, till the Sun of Righteouſneſs aroſe, and ſcattered the ſhades of night. Since this Day-ſpring from on high has appeared, a great light hath ſhined unto thoſe, who till then, ſat in darkneſs and in the ſhadow of death. And thouſands of them in every age have known, *that God ſo loved the world*, as to *give his only Son, to the end that whoſoever believeth on him, ſhould not periſh but have everlaſting life.* And being entruſted with the oracles of God, they have known that *God hath alſo given us his Holy Spirit*, who *worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleaſure.*

4. How remarkable are thoſe words of the Apoſtle, which precede theſe? *Let this mind be in you, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus: who being in the form of God*, the incommunicable nature of God from eternity, *counted it no act of robbery*, (that is the preciſe meaning of the word) no invaſion of any other's prerogative; but his own unqueſtionable right, *to be equal with God.* The word implies both the *fulneſs* and the ſupreme *height* of the Godhead. To which are oppoſed the two words, he *emptied*, and he *humbled himſelf.* He *emptied himſelf* of that divine fulneſs, veiled his fulneſs from the eyes of men and angels, *taking*, and by that very act emptying himſelf, *the form of a ſervant, being made in the likeneſs of man*, a real man like other men. *And being found in faſhion as a man*, a common man, without any peculiar beauty or excellency, *he humbled himſelf* to a ſtill greater degree, *becoming obedient* to God, though equal with him, *even unto death, yea the death of the croſs*, the greateſt inſtance both of humiliation and obedience.

Having propoſed the Example of Chriſt, the Apoſtle exhorts them to ſecure the ſalvation which Chriſt hath purchaſed for them. *Wherefore work out your own ſalvation with fear*

fear and trembling: for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleaſure.

In theſe comprehenſive words we may obſerve,

Firſt, That grand truth, which ought never to be out of our remembrance, *It is God that worketh in us both to will and do of his own good pleaſure:*

Secondly, The improvement we ought to make of it, *Work out your own ſalvation with fear and trembling:*

Thirdly, The connexion between them: *It is God that worketh in you: therefore work out your own ſalvation.*

I. 1. Firſt we are to obſerve that great and important Truth which ought never to be out of our remembrance, *It is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleaſure.* The meaning of theſe words may be made more plain, by a ſmall tranſpoſition of them. *It is God that of his good pleaſure worketh in you both to will and to do.* This poſition of the words, connecting the phraſe *of his good pleaſure* with the word *worketh*, removes all imagination of Merit from man, and gives God the whole glory of his own work. Otherwiſe we might have had ſome room for boaſting, as if it were our own Deſert, ſome Goodneſs in us, or ſome good thing done by us, which firſt moved God to work. But this expreſſion cuts off all ſuch vain conceits, and clearly ſhews, his motive to work lay wholly in himſelf: in his own mere grace, in his unmerited mercy.

2. It is by this alone he is impelled to work in man both to will and to do. The expreſſion is capable of two interpretations; both of which are unqueſtionably true. Firſt, *To will*, may include the whole of Inward; *to do*, the whole of Outward Religion. And if it be thus underſtood, it implies, That it is God that worketh both Inward and Outward Holineſs. Secondly, *To will*, may imply every good Deſire; *to do*, whatever reſults therefrom. And then the ſentence means, God breathes into us every good deſire, and brings every good Deſire to good effect.

3. The original words το θελειν and τό ἐνεργειν ſeem to favour the latter conſtruction τὸ θέλειν, which we render *to will*, plainly including every good Deſire, whether relating to our Tempers, Words, or Actions; to inward or outward Holineſs. And τὸ ἐνεργειν, which we render *to do*, manifeſtly implies all that power from on high; all that energy which works in us every right Diſpoſition, and then furniſhes us for every good word and work.

4. Nothing can ſo directly tend to hide pride from man, as a deep, laſting conviction of this. For if we are thoroughly ſenſible, that we have nothing which we have not received, how can we glory as if we had not received it. If we know and feel, that the very firſt motion of good is from above, as well as the power which conducts it to the end: if it is God that not only infuſes every good deſire, but that accompanies and follows it, elſe it vaniſhes away; then it evidently follows, that *he who glorieth muſt glory in the Lord.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Some Account of Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

I Was born in December, 1746, at *Arthbay*, in the county of *Meath*, in *Ireland*. My father was a Proteſtant; my mother was of the Romiſh perſwaſion: and both were zealous for their Religion.

My father brought up his children according to the beſt light he had.—One evening, while I was playing with the other boys, he heard me ſwear. On this he took me by the hand, led me into the houſe, laid me on his knee, and whipped me till the blood came. From that hour to this I believe I never ſwore one profane oath.

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While very young, I was put to ſchool. While learning to read, I met with theſe words, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The impreſſion they made on me never wore off, till I knew experimentally what they meant.

Whilſt I was a lad, I prayed earneſtly night and morning. I alſo prayed at other times, when my mind was drawn out after God, as it very ſenſibly was from the age of five or ſix, to that of fourteen. During theſe years I could weep and pray for hours together.

About this time I was much awakened by a horrid murder committed near *Caſtle-pollard*, in the county of *Weſt-Meath*. The manner was nearly as follows:—Three men, *Gerroughty*, *Hughes* and *Murray*, with two women, went one dark and tempeſtuous night, about eleven o'clock, to the houſe of one Mr. *Nangle*. Upon their entering, they found the Cook-maid, Kitchen-maid, and Scullion-boy, whom they killed on the ſpot. From thence they went up ſtairs, entered the chamber where the Maſter and Miſtreſs lay, and finding them aſleep, *Gerroughty* with an iron bar, of an inch ſquare, made a blow at Mr. *Nangle's* right arm, which broke it in two. On this Mrs. *Nangle* ruſhed out of the room, and in the hurry, the candle which *Murray* held went out, and he fainted away; (for *Murray* was compelled by the other two to go with them.) *Hughes* ran down ſtairs to light the candle, whilſt *Gerroughty* and Mr. *Nangle* were engaged with each other: and although his arm was broke, he got his antagoniſt under him; and had but Mrs. *Nangle* ſtaid to aſſiſt him, he would probably have conquered them. All this time, *Gerroughty* was calling upon *Hughes* to come and help him; who coming at laſt, ſtabbed Mr. *Nangle* nine times before he left his hold. *Gerroughty* then diſpatched him with a blow. Their next work was to go in purſuit of Mrs. *Nangle*, whom they found with the Child and Nurſe in the Nurſery. They cut her's and the Nurſe's throat. Then they came to the Child, about five years old, who cried out in the Iriſh tongue,

"James! James! (*Hughes* had lately been a ſervant in the family; and his mother nurſed Mr. *Nangle* and him at the ſame time, ſo that the child knew him well) ſurely you will not kill me, as you have killed my Mamma!" The words ſo penetrated the ſavage's heart, that he would have ſpared him; but *Gerroughty* would not, ſaying, what he ſays to-day, he can ſay to-morrow. So he catched him by the legs and daſhed his head againſt the wall. Returning to the maid, and ſtriking her with the iron bar, he left her (as he thought) for dead. After this they went in ſearch of the Men-ſervants, but found none.

They had now only to plunder the houſe, handing out what they found to the women that waited to receive the plunder, after which they ſet the houſe on fire. At that time there was a Gentleman, a relation to the family, lying in one of the upper apartments; but they did not think it worth their while to loſe any time upon him, concluding he would be conſumed in the flames: and ſo he muſt have been but for a grey-hound that was in the ſame room with him; which, when the fire came toward it, got upon his Maſter, who was faſt aſleep, and tore off the bed-clothes from him. When he awoke, he climbed up to the window, and ſat there till help ſhould come.

Soon after, a ſervant that was abroad, returning home, found the houſe in flames. He concluded the family were aſleep; and getting in through one of the windows, ran up ſtairs to his Maſter's chamber. But on opening the door, and going in, fell over him, while he lay gaſping out his laſt. Hence he was convinced the houſe was not accidently ſet on fire. On this, he carried his Maſter out, and laid him againſt the wall; and went in ſearch of his Miſtreſs. Not finding her in her own bed, he went to the Nurſery, where he found three of them in a deplorable condition; but the Child and the Maid were not quite dead: theſe he carried out alſo. He then went to ſeek the Maids, but in vain, being murdered in the kitchen, which was by this time almoſt in aſhes. He

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then ran better than a mile to awaken the adjacent village. When he returned, he found the good, old man, ſitting in the window, whom he juſt ſaved, by reaching him a ladder. All this time the murderers were in the garden.

The next day, the country being alarmed, the inhabitants came together; found the houſe in ruins; the Maſter and Miſtreſs dead; the Child half dead, but who yet lived thirty hours after. The two Maids and the Kitchen-Boy were dug out of the ruins; the Nurſe only was in a poſſibility of recovery. But God would not ſuffer the wicked to go unpuniſhed. For *Hughes* got drunk on the very day of the funeral, and wanting to be rude with the ſervant of the public houſe, on his offering her a purſe of money, ſhe told her Miſtreſs, who ſent a young man to the room who knew him. On this, he ſtrove to eſcape, but was quickly taken and carried before Lord *Longford*; to whom, after awhile, he related the whole affair, and impeached his accomplices, who were ſoon apprehended, and ſent to *Mullingar*, and at the next aſſizes were condemned, and hung in chains near the place where the murder was committed. This awful event made a deep impreſſion on my mind, and was a means of ſtirring me up to ſeek the Lord with greater earneſtneſs.

I was about fifteen when Providence led me to *Longford*. My father being a Builder, was employed by the Lord of the place to carry on ſome buildings for him. It was here I firſt knew the Methodiſts, of whom I took particular notice: their going to Church conſtantly pleaſed me much; being myſelf regular in attending all the ordinances. Yet I was often uneaſy, which I ſtrove to cure, by doing ſomething more. But afterwards, by going into looſe company, I was ſoon led away from my former exerciſe of Prayer and receiving the Sacrament. In awhile I could walk the ſtreets at night, and run from one exceſs of folly to another. Yet I could find no reſt. There was a bitter herb mingled with all my ſweets.

ſweets. Nay, the concern of my mind ſtill increaſed, and every method I took to ſatisfy it proved abortive.

About this time I was ſent to the Academy for Drawing, in *Dublin*; and through it I got a new ſet of acquaintances, which gave me a diſreliſh to every thing in the country: ſo that nothing would now do but a City-life; and yet I was not happy.

[*To be continued.*]

A brief Account of the Lord's Dealings with SARAH POWELL, *who departed this Life, on Friday, May* 21, 1784, *aged Twenty-eight Years.*

[*Concluded from page* 407.]

LORD's-DAY, May 16th, ſhe was viſited by two other members of the Amicable Society, who aſked her the following queſtions.

Member. How is it with your ſoul? Your body ſeems very weak.

S. P. "Jeſus Chriſt is very precious to me, and has not left me a moment."

M. Dare you then venture your ſoul on Him?

S. P. "O, yes if I had twenty ſouls!"

Being aſked if ſhe found herſelf a ſinner?—She anſwered, "Yes, the chief of ſinners!" She ſaid, "I thank God that he ever, in his good Providence, ſent any of the ſociety to viſit me; for if I had died in the ſtate I was in before, I ſhould have periſhed for ever."

M. You ſaid juſt now you were a ſinner; are you not then afraid to die?

S. P. "No. My Jeſus has anſwered for me."

M. Do you wiſh to recover?

S P,

S. P. " If it is the Lord's will, I had rather not."

M. Why have you no deſire to recover?

S. P. " For fear my evil heart ſhould lead me from the Lord."—They then went to prayer with her: and before they left her, took her by the hand, and ſaid, The peace of God be with you! She anſwered, " His peace is with me."

On Monday, May 17th, ſhe was viſited by Mr. *G.* and another member. Upon their entering the room ſhe ſeemed ſo intenſe in prayer as not to obſerve them. After ſeveral queſtions put to her, ſhe anſwered, in the language of the moſt exalted faith, that ſhe knew Jeſus to be *her* Saviour—that ſhe had not the *leaſt doubt* of her intereſt in him—that his blood had *cleanſed* her—that he was *very precious* to her—that death was *no terror* to her—and that *her deſire* was to be with him.

It was then ſaid to her, You may yet ſuffer much more in your body—are you willing to bear it? She replied, " Yes." Would you not be ready to think hard of Jeſus, was he to lay heavier ſufferings upon you? After a ſhort pauſe, ſhe ſaid, " No." Being then aſked, Why? What would you think if ſuch was the Lord's will? She replied with amazing firmneſs, " I ſhould think he did it to increaſe my bleſſings."

Wedneſday, May 19th, ſhe was viſited by a member of the ſociety, who had viſited her before with Mr. *G.* who aſked the following queſtions.

M. Well, ſiſter, how do you find yourſelf?

S. P. " Happy!—happy!—very happy!"

M. What, is the Friend of ſinners ſtill precious in your ſight?

S. P. " O, yes! He is, indeed, very precious!"

M. What makes him ſo to you?

S. P. " Becauſe he hath loved me, and waſhed me in his own blood."

M. Do

M. Do you think it is in conſequence of your loving him, that he has loved you ſo?

S. P. "Oh, no; I ſhould never have loved him, if he had not loved me firſt."

She was this morning very weak, and hardly able to anſwer any more queſtions; but her ſoul ſeemed happy in the love of Jeſus. She was frequently offering up prayers and praiſes to her bleſſed Lord; and in a low voice often ſinging. Being aſked by her attendant, if ſhe would have ſomething to moiſten her mouth; ſhe declined it, ſaying, "Nothing will do my periſhing body any ſervice." When aſked, if the member ſhould ſpend a few moments in prayer; ſhe ſmiling, thanked him and begged he would.

The following are a few of the many expreſſions ſhe uſed in her laſt moments, taken down in writing by a lady who viſited her, who communicated them to the Society. She ſaid ſhe was all ſin;—but her Saviour had waſhed her in his precious blood; that his grace was ſufficient for her—and ſhe ſhould want it to the laſt moment. She ſpoke about Lazarus and the rich man, and ſaid, "If the Lord Jeſus had not opened my eyes, I ſhould have gone to hell; for I deſerved it." She ſaid, "The wiſeſt of men are as ignorant of God as the moſt fooliſh, until their eyes are opened;"—and added, "O, who would have thought my blind eyes ſhould ſee my dear Lord ſo clearly! and my heart be opened to him!—I am very weak; but I can hear if you will talk, though I cannot ſpeak." She then had a convulſion-fit, and ſtruggled hard. As ſoon as ſhe recovered ſhe ſaid, "One ſtep more to my bleſſed Lord! But I could take a thouſand ſteps; yet I can wait his time; and I am ready to go this minute. She prayed continually; and ſaid, "I praiſe God for ſending the perſon who firſt viſited me. O, I am happier than a King or a Queen, becauſe I am waſhed in my Saviour's blood." Upon leaving her, ſhe began to ſing—Jeſu, Lover

of

of my ſoul, Let me to thy boſom fly, &c. a verſe of a hymn ſhe had learned ſince firſt viſited.

Being aſked, if ſhe freely forgave a perſon who had uſed her very unkindly? She anſwered, "O, yes; I am now praying for him: and added, Do you pray for him, and deſire the Lord's people, who viſited me, to pray that the Lord would change his heart."

A little before her death, ſhe ſaid to her attendant, "I am now going to leave you.—I leave the waſhing of my dying body to you; but my bleſſed Jeſus hath waſhed my ſoul in his own precious blood. I would be clean within and without." She then ſent for one to come to her, and deſired him to go to prayer:—and after taking an affectionate leave of thoſe who attended her, like holy *Stephen*, ſhe ſweetly ſlept in the arms of her beloved Jeſus, *calling upon the name of the Lord!*

Account of Mr. THOMAS WADSWORTH.

MR. THOMAS WADSWORTH, was born in *London*, Dec. 15, 1630. He was ſo weak in the firſt month of his life, by a thruſh in his throat, that the milk, for want of paſſage, came out at his noſe, and he was given over for dead: but by a wonderful Providence, beyond all expectation, he was on a ſudden recovered. About the ſixteenth year of his age he was ſent to Chriſt-College in *Cambridge*, under the tuition of Dr. *Outram*, who had a great value for him to his dying day. While he was there he made a good proficiency in that learning which might help to promote his uſefulneſs in the ſervice of God and his Church, which he was deſigned for; and he was uſeful while he was at the College. For a young ſcholar of good parts falling ſick, did on his death-bed ſend for him, and owned him, for his

ſpiritual father. He very much improved in ſpiritual knowledge while at the Univerſity, and when but Bachelor of Arts, gained great reſpect by his Academical Exerciſe; but being called home upon the ſickneſs of his father, he employed his talents near home as opportunity offered. He gave evident proof of his excellent gifts and endowments; and on the death of Mr. *Morton*, of *Newington-Butts*, he was fixed in that Rectory, Feb. 16, 1652. The pariſhioners were divided into two parties, and both went up to *Weſtminſter* with their petitions, though neither party knew the other's mind, yet he was the perſon that was pitched on by both ſides. At this time he was choſen Fellow of Chriſt-College, and accepted of the charge at *Newington*, where he was unanimouſly deſired; and it pleaſed God to give him abundant ſucceſs. But in Auguſt 1660, Mr. *Meggs* vouched himſelf to be the legal Rector of *Newington*, and forced Mr. *Wadſworth* to reſign it to him. Though Mr. *Meggs* acknowledged ſometime before his death, that he had no ſuch title to *Newington* as he had pretended. He now preached on the Lord's-day in the morning; and at five o'clock in the evening at St. *Antholine's*, and on Monday nights at St. *Margaret's* on *Fiſh-ſtreet-hill*, where he had a great concourſe of hearers. He was choſen by the pariſhioners of St. *Laurence, Poultney*, to be their Miniſter; and ſo he continued till he was ejected in 1662. His pariſhioners deſired him to give them a ſermon on the Saturday night before the act of Uniformity took place; and he complied, though they did not make the motion till he was at dinner that day. They named a text, which was Malachi iii. 16: *Then they that feared the Lord ſpake often one to another, &c.* He accordingly preached his farewel ſermon from thoſe words, which was no very difficult thing to him, who often told his friends that if he had but a little time for premeditation he never wanted words in his Maſter's work. He was indeed an extraordinary perſon, one of ſingular piety, and conſtantly bent upon promoting

promoting holineſs wherever he came. He would reprove ſin in any perſon of what rank or quality ſoever: but had no great fondneſs for converſing with the rich, unleſs he could prevail with them to acts of Charity. If he heard one Chriſtian ſpeak with warmth againſt another, he would often ſay, that in all likelihood they meant better than they had expreſſed themſelves. And would frequently give this as a rule upon another's words or actions. "If a good ſenſe can be put upon them, never take them in a bad one." He was betimes inclined to ſanctify the Sabbath, and continued in that diſpoſition all his days: as ſoon as he was out of his bed on that day, it was his conſtant practice for many years, with a cheerful heart and voice to ſing a pſalm or hymn, or the acclamation of the heavenly hoſt, Glory to God in the higheſt! &c. in order to get into a ſpiritual frame for the work of the day. And in his family, his heart was greatly raiſed in ſinging pſalms on the Lord's-day, and would often ſay to his wife and other relatives, "Do not you find a ſweetneſs in this day? Certainly it is the ſweeteſt day in all the week!" In all his relations he was greatly beloved, and ſingularly uſeful. He was a mighty man in prayer, and often uſed to admoniſh his friends, to watch for opportunities to ſeek God by prayer in private. His health required him to be much in the country. Mr. *Parſons* was his aſſiſtant; and divided himſelf between two congregations. His charity to his diſtreſſed Brethren in the miniſtry was great, and he frequently made collections for them; and had a ſingular faculty to diſpoſe his hearers to give liberally. When in perfect health he was thoughtful about changes, and often prayed that the Lord would prepare him and his, for ſickneſs, death and parting. About half a year before his laſt ſickneſs he was viſited with exceeding ſharp pain: and ſaid when it was over, "I would not have been without it, to have been without thoſe joys I have felt by it." For many years he performed his hard, but pleaſing work under a ſore diſorder

from the ſtone in the reins, which at laſt brought him to his end. After preaching his laſt ſermon he endured a week of extreme pain both day and night, in which he poſſeſſed his ſoul in more than ordinary patience. His pains returning after an interval of eaſe, he ſaid, "Ah, vile ſinner! God is carrying me back again into the wilderneſs to afflict me." When his pains were ſharpeſt, he ſaid, "I am in an agony, but not a bloody one: Lord, what are all my pains to what Chriſt underwent for me!" The evening before he died, Mr. *Bragge* aſked him how he did? He ſaid, "I have been under a ſharp rod, but it was what my heavenly Father ſaw good to lay upon me; for he ſaid, As many as I love I rebuke and chaſten. This is a paradox to the world, but his everlaſting arms are underneath me: and I bleſs God he hath taken all the terror of death quite away from me." He ſaid to Mr. *Parſons*, his fellow-labourer, "All my ſelf-righteouſneſs I diſown, and I truſt only in Chriſt, and hope that I have a goſpel righteouſneſs." When one aſked him if he had not the teſtimony of a good conſcience? He replied, "I have ſerved God in ſincerity, and can truly ſay, I have believed and therefore have I ſpoken." When thoſe about him pitied him on account of his great pains, he repeated thoſe words, "The heart knoweth its own bitterneſs, &c. You, ſaid he, ſee what my pains are, but you do not know the conſolation I feel. O how ſweet will my glory and triumph be after theſe ſharp pains!" When his relations wept about him, he ſaid, "What! are you troubled that God is calling home his children! If you think that I am afraid of death, you are miſtaken, for I have no fear of death upon me." And when his pains were the ſharpeſt, he only ſaid, "Father pity thy child!" He died on the Lord's-day, October 29, 1676, when he was near forty-ſix years old.

Account

Account of Mr. RICHARD WAVEL.

MR. RICHARD WAVEL, was born at *Lemeſton* in the *Iſle* of *Whight*, April 3, 1633. His father was a ſtrong cavalier, but bred up his ſon to learning, to which he was much inclined. After he had made a good proficiency at a Grammar-School, he was ſent to Magdalen-College, *Oxon*, where he continued till he was Bachelor of Arts; and then he was ſent to live with Mr. *Rayner*, of *Eggham*, in *Surrey*: where he ſtudied Divinity under his direction. When he was duly qualified for the pulpit, Mr. *Rayner* employed him to preach for him one part of the Lord's-day; and as he married his wife's daughter, he aſſiſted him as long as he continued to officiate in his Church. When the Act of Uniformity took place, he was wholly left to ſeek a livelihood. He was offered a living of two hundred pounds a year if he would have conformed. But not being able to ſatisfy his conſcience to do that, he caſt himſelf upon the Providence of God. Being aſked by a friend about that time, whether he could live upon a good conſcience? his anſwer was, that a little with a good conſcience would ſatisfy him. He therefore fixed in a Grammar-School, and for a while met with good encouragement; but afterwards was ſo moleſted with Citations, that he was obliged to give it up: though he continued ſtill to preach privately at *Eggham*, in his own houſe, where he had a ſmall auditory that helped to ſupport him. But herein he was narrowly watched; and intimation was given from ſome above, that it was not well taken of Mr. *Thynne*, (who carried it very civilly to Mr. *Wavel*) to ſuffer a Conventical under his juriſdiction. Whereupon a warrant was iſſued out againſt his body and goods, and he was obliged to deſiſt from preaching. But ſometime after, upon the deceaſe of Mr. *Palmer* he became preacher

to

to his people at *Pinner's-Hall*. The laws being then executed with great rigour againſt the Diſſenters, he told the people he would venture his perſon, if they would venture their purſes, which they did, and it was no ſmall expence they were put to. For Mr. *Wavel* would preach three times a day at different places, and was often taken. Once he was obliged to give bail for his appearance at the ſeſſions, and when the time came, held up his hand at the bar as a criminal, but came off by the favour of Sir *Henry Tulſe*, who was at that time Lord Mayor. The title of Gentleman being given to Mr. *Wavel* in the indictment, one that ſat upon the bench ſaid, he knew not why he ſhould be called a Gentleman. Sir *Henry* ſaid, he is a Gentleman and my kinſman too, and I have coveted his acquaintance, but could never obtain it; and reſpectfully blamed Mr. *Wavel* for his refervedneſs. Sir *Henry* ſo wiſely ordered matters that during Mr. *Wavel's* trial, the gentleman who was diſpoſed to bear the hardeſt upon him was kept engaged in company, not expecting that the trial would come on ſo ſoon, and was not a little diſpleaſed when he found that the trial was over. He was one of a pleaſant converſation, and much given to charity. He would often ſay, "If I caſt my bread upon the waters, I am ſure to find it after many days." When any ſought to reſtrain him by reminding him of the number of his children, he would reply, "Mine will never want; their heavenly Father will provide what is neceſſary; and more than that is but hurtful." For the fortnight that he was ill before his death, he enjoyed a continued ſerenity of mind, expreſſing to thoſe about him, his deſire to depart, and rejoiced that his work was finiſhed. A Miniſter who viſited him, telling him that he had ſuffered much for Chriſt, his Maſter; his anſwer was, "He owes me nothing."—As he ſat in his chair, he lifted up his hands and bleſſed his children: and as he was going to bed, he departed in great peace, December 19, 1705, in the ſeventy-ſecond year of his age.

One

One who knew him well, gives this account of him. He was a perſon of great integrity. The many judicious obſervations he had made upon perſons and things, which he was always ready to communicate, rendered his converſation very inſtructive His preaching was plain and tended very much to exalt Chriſt and the grace of God through him: and yet it was his dying advice to the Church he had the care of, that they would chooſe one to ſucceed him, of whom they ſhould have good ground to hope that he would preach Chriſt crucified more than he had done. He excelled in prayer: more eſpecially upon particular occaſions, to which he would apply ſcripture expreſſions, with a great deal of propriety. His income was never very conſiderable: and yet by the bleſſing of God upon his diſcreet management, he brought up a numerous family, to which he ſhewed a great tenderneſs to his dying day. It was his principle and conſtant practice to receive all whom Chriſt had received, without quarrels and controverſies about doubtful things. It was a conſtant petition in his prayer, "Father glorify thy Name! Father glorify thy Son!" Often would he expreſs theſe words with a warmth of deſire, and a reliſh of delight, that is very remarkable.

To ——, from an Engliſh Merchant, giving an account of the Aduentures of his Voyage.

[*Concluded from page* 412.]

IT was ſome months after he was gone, before I could finiſh my negociations in *Spain*; when I embarked for *Holland*. We had not been long at ſea before the ſhip was taken by a *Turkiſh* pirate, and all the men carried to *Conſtantinople* to be ſold as ſlaves. My lot fell to a maſter from whom

whom I was like to receive moſt barbarous treatment; however, I was reſolved that no hardſhip ſhould reduce me to give *Orramel* an account of my diſtreſs, till I was again in circumſtances not to need his kindneſs.

But Heaven had kinder intentions, nor left me long without redreſs. As I was talking in a public place to one of my fellow-ſlaves, *Orramel* came by; he paſſed beyond me, but inſtantly returned, looked on me with very great attention, till ſome melting ſorrow dropped from his eyes; when making enquiry of ſome that were near, to whom I belonged, and being informed, without ſpeaking a word to me, he flew to my new maſter, paid my ranſom, and immediately conducted me to his houſe, where he welcomed me with the warmeſt marks of affection: he ſpoke—he pauſed—and was in the utmoſt perplexity to find language ſuitable to the ſentiments of his ſoul.

"My brother! ſaid he, my friend! or if there are more ſacred ties in nature, let me call you by ſome gentler appellation: we are now united by the bonds of celeſtial amity, one in the ſame holy faith, and hopes of a glorious immortality: your charity reſcued me from a worſe than *Spaniſh* ſlavery, from the bondage of vice and ſuperſtition; your conduct baniſhed my prejudices to the *Chriſtian* name, and made way for the entrance of thoſe heavenly truths, to which I now aſſent. But this is a ſecret, even to my own domeſtics; and whether ſuch a caution is criminal, I am not yet able to determine."

With what rapture did I liſten to this language! I bleſſed the accents that told me my friend, my *Orramel* had embraced the Chriſtian faith: an angel's ſong would have been leſs melodious; I looked upward, and with a grateful elevation of mind, gave the glory to the ſupreme Diſpoſer of all human events. The inſtinct was from above, that moved me to ranſom this young captive; thence was the

ſpring

ſpring of my compaſſion: it would be the moſt criminal arrogance, not to aſcribe this action to the aſſiſting Deity.

The illuſtrious *Orramel* made it his joy, his ſtudy, to evidence his affection: he told me his father died ſince we were in *Spain*, and that he had left five daughters, which he had by ſeveral of his wives. He offered me the choice of his ſiſters, if I had any thoughts of matrimony, and promiſed a dowry with her to my own content: one of them, he ſaid, was privately bred a Chriſtian, by her mother, a beautiful woman of *Armenia*. I was pleaſed with the propoſal, and impatient to ſee my fair miſtreſs. In the mean time he made me a preſent of ſeveral rich habits, and two negroes to attend me.

The next day, he conducted me to a fair ſummer-houſe, whither he ſent for his ſiſters; they were all ſo handſome that I knew not where to chuſe, had not a principle of piety determined me to the young Armenian; who was not ſuperior in beauty to the reſt, but there was a decorum in her behaviour which the others wanted. My choice was fixed, and the more I converſed with my fair miſtreſs, the more reaſon I found to approve it. We were privately married by a Chaplain belonging to the Britiſh Envoy. My generous friend gave her a fortune, which abundantly repaid all my loſſes.

I have ſent you this relation, as a memorial of my gratitude to Heaven; whoſe clemency has returned me more than meaſure for meaſure, and largely recompenſed that liberality which it firſt inſpired.

A Queſtion concerning Dew on Coach-Glaſſes.

WHEN two or three perſons are in a coach, and draw up the glaſſes, it is obſerved they become ſo covered with dew, that we can ſcarce ſee through them:

but when that is once wiped off, there is no more dew gathered upon the glaſs, but it continues tranſparent. You will oblige your Readers with the reaſon of this phœnomenon.

The ANSWER.

The reaſon is, that in compariſon of the moiſt vapours that come from the perſons in the coach, the glaſs is cold and condenſes them, remaining cold longer than any other part of the coach; as we find in damp weather, that marble will become wet by condenſing the moiſture of the air. Then by degrees, the glaſs partaking of the warmth of the perſons in the coach, is no longer able to condenſe the floating vapours into water. The proof of this is plain by letting down the glaſs into its place, becauſe there it cools, and then being brought up, it again condenſes the vapour and gathers a dew; without which it would not condenſe the vapour, though in many hours travelling.

An Account of an EXPEDITION.

IN March 1655, Admiral *Blake* repaired to *Tunis*, and demanded ſatisfaction for the ravages they had committed on the Engliſh; together with the releaſe of the Engliſh captives taken by their Corſairs during the civil war. The Dey depending on the ſtrength of his fortifications, returned him an inſolent anſwer: bid him ſeek redreſs from the caſtles of *Goletta* and *Port Ferino*; and even refuſed to ſupply them with water. Upon which *Blake* curled up his whiſkers, as his manner was when any thing ſtung him to the heart; and in a council of war, reſolved to attempt the deſtroying nine Mooriſh frigates then lying in the bay of *Porto Ferino*, and to diſmount their fortifications.

This

This appeared to be a work of great difficulty; for batteries were raiſed along the ſhore, planted with a hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, and the harbour was alſo defended by a caſtle, which mounted twenty pieces more; and by ſeveral other ſmaller forts well provided both with ſmall arms and ordnance. But all this was ſo far from diſcouraging our Engliſh heroes, that it did but animate them the more. Thus the Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Rear-Admiral, warped up and caſt anchor within muſket-ſhot of the main fort, and fired whole broad-ſides into the forts and batteries with great fury, while the reſt of the men of war brought on the fire-ſhips.

By which means their cannon were ſoon ſilenced, their forts and batteries rendered uſeleſs, the guns all diſmounted, and a great part of their works beaten down. So that the Engliſh without further interruption, ſent their long-boats and ſhallops, which with the fire-ſhips entered the harbour, ſet fire to the nine ſhips, and burnt them to the very water-edge, with the loſs only of twenty-five men killed, and forty-eight wounded.

The fleet then ſailed for *Tripoli*, whoſe inhabitants readily ſubmitted to the terms *Blake* thought convenient to impoſe upon them. Then returning to *Tunis*, and threatening to renew hoſtilities, the *Tuniſcens* implored his mercy, and begged him to grant them peace; being ready to ſubmit to whatever terms he ſhould demand. And accordingly he obliged them to ſign a peace, which was profitable and glorious to this country; and to deliver up all the Engliſh and Dutch ſlaves.

This daring action ſpread the terror of his name through *Africa* and *Aſia*, whoſe piratical expeditions had been for a long time formidable to *Europe*; nay, the dread of his arms was ſo great, that the *Algerines*, when they met with any *Sallee* men of war, which had any Engliſh on board of them, forced thoſe Rovers to deliver them up, and brought the captives to Admiral *Blake*, in order to gain his favour.

For ſome years this drubbing kept the Corſairs of *Barbary* within bounds; but in 1667, the *Algerines* commenced hoſtilities againſt the Engliſh and Dutch. Upon which Sir *Thomas Allen* was ordered to block up *Algiers*, who preſently took and deſtroyed ſeveral of their ſhips; beſides thoſe that were ſunk and forced on ſhore by the Dutch ſquadron, and ſome more Engliſh frigates, which ſcoured the ſeas of thoſe pirates, though they had ſeveral ſhips from forty to ſixty-ſix guns, and obliged the government of *Algiers* to releaſe all the Engliſh captives, and to renew their treaties with the addition of ſome new articles to our advantage.

They again violated this treaty in 1672; and Sir *Edward Spragge*, being ordered to puniſh their perfidy, ſailed to *Algiers*, and demanded ſatisfaction; but not receiving the ſatisfactory anſwer required, he ſailed from thence with ſix frigates and three fire-ſhips, to make an attempt on a conſiderable number of the Corſairs which lay at *Pingia*, the moſt conſiderable of their towns next to *Algiers*. Being come before the place he broke the boom, which lay acroſs the entrance; and though he had loſt company of two fire ſhips, forced the Barbarians aſhore; and then going in he burnt nine of their beſt ſhips, from twenty-four to thirty-four guns, with three prizes under the guns of their caſtle. After which he burnt another of their ſhips of war near *Tadellis*; and Capt. *Beach* brought in another ſhip of forty guns and three hundred and fifty men, which he had taken.

Theſe advices ſo terrified the *Turks*, and put them into ſuch confuſion and diſorder, that they ſtruck off the head of their Dey, and ſet up another, whom they obliged to come to an agreement with our Admiral.

And no doubt were the ſame means uſed to puniſh the piracies and inſolence of theſe Barbarians in our time, we ſhould obtain the ſame ſatisfaction as our fore-fathers. And it is alſo evident that nothing but force can give weight to any treaty with ſuch perfidious enemies.

Sir

Sir ROBERT SOUTHWELL's *Method to make* FRUIT *and* FLOWERS *grow in the Winter; alſo his manner of preſerving Fruit and Flowers the whole year.*

TAKE up trees by the roots in Spring, juſt as they put forth their buds, preſerving ſome of their own earth about the roots; ſet them ſtanding upright in a cellar until Michaelmas; then put them into veſſels, with an addition of more earth, and bring them into a ſtove, taking care to moiſten the earth every morning with rain water, in a quart of which you muſt diſſolve the bigneſs of a walnut of *ſal armoniac*; and about Lent fruit will appear.

As to flowers take good earthen pots, and therein ſow your ſeed at Michaelmas, watering in the ſame manner with the like water, and by Chriſtmas you will have flowers, as tulips, lilies, &c.

This and the other may be done in a good warm kitchen, and ſuch days as the ſun ſhines you may ſet them forth for ſome hours.

Take ſalt petre one pound, bole armoniac two pounds, ordinary clean ſand three pounds: mix all together, and obſerve this proportion in other quantities. Then in dry weather take fruit of any ſort that is not fully ripe, each with its ſtalk; put them one by one, into an open glaſs till it be full; then cover it with an oily cloth, cloſe tied down; then in a dry cellar put each four fingers under ground, and ſo as that quite round each glaſs, and above and below, there remain two fingers thick of the ſaid mixture. Flowers alſo may be uſed in the ſame manner.

Some

Some REMARKS *on Mr.* H's *Account of the Gentoo Religion in Indoſtan.*

[*Concluded from page* 428.]

10. I Am in the third place, to obſerve ſome inſtances of Mr. *H's* eſteem for the Chriſtian Bible. "I profeſs myſelf, ſays he, an unworthy, though zealous ſubſcriber to the pure original ſcripture." But for fear you ſhould not underſtand him, he immediately adds, "And propagate no ſyſtem, but what coincides with *every religious creed, that has been or is now profeſſed*, throughout the known world." With *every religious creed!* Nay, if it coincides with Paganiſm or Mahometaniſm, it certainly does not coincide with Chriſtianity. For both of theſe, you well know, are irreconcilable with that book which the Chriſtians receive as the word of God.

11. Let us obſerve more particularly, what eſteem Mr. *H.* has, for Moſes, the Law, the Prophets, and the New Teſtament.

As to the firſt, he avers, "The detail which *Moſes* gives of the Creation and the Fall of Man, is clogged with too many incomprehenſible circumſtances, to gain our belief that it can be underſtood literally." Hence ariſes his anger at what he calls *Milton's diabolical conceits:* becauſe *Milton* has ſhewn that detail to be not only ſimple, eaſy, and comprehenſible, but conſiſtent with the higheſt reaſon, and altogether worthy of God. Again. "To ſuppoſe the Indians leſs the care of God than the Iſraelites,"—that is to ſuppoſe he ever had a peculiar people, whom He regarded more than other nations, which it is certain *Moſes* every where ſuppoſes, "this is to arraign his juſtice."

12. As

12. As to the law of *Moſes*, he decently affirms, "Nothing but the devil himſelf could have invented bloody ſacrifices, ſo manifeſtly repugnant to the true Spirit of Devotion, and abhorrent to (abhorred of) God."

This is a home thruſt both at the Moſaic Law, and at St. *Paul*, who aſſerts, that *Without ſhedding of blood there is no remiſſion.*

13. As to the Prophets, he cuts them all off at a ſtroke. For "God's preſcience of the actions of Free-Agents, is utterly repugnant and contradictory to the very nature and eſſence of Free-Agency." If ſo, either man is a mere machine, or there never was any propheſy from the beginning of the world. Conſequently *Iſaiah* and all the Prophets were mere impoſtors; yea, and Jeſus of Nazareth too.

This ſtrikes at the New as well as the Old Teſtament; for it contains numerous prophecies. So here the maſk quite falls off. Accordingly he laughs at the "reveries of *Paul*," and tells us, in expreſs terms, that "only the words of Chriſt are the pure original ſcripture." Nay, and not all of them, for ſome of them are predictions of the actions of Free-Agents.

14. And leſt you ſhould draw any argument in favour of Chriſtianity, from the death of the martyrs, he tells you (and they may believe it that can) "The contempt of death, is the character of the Gentoo nation. Every Gentoo meets death with a ſteady, noble, and philoſophical reſignation. But how can we reconcile this, with the character he gives of them elſewhere? His words are, "The Gentoos in general are as degenerate, crafty and wicked a people, as any in the known world, if not eminently more ſo."

15. To finiſh all, and to compleat the full contraſt between the doctrines of the Bible and the Shaſtah; he adds, "The *fundamental points* of religion were impreſt on the heart of man at his creation. The *principles of theſe primitive, original*

original truths, graven on the ſouls of all men are theſe, 1. The being of a God, who is the Creator and Preſerver of all things: 2. The exiſtence of three prime, created Beings: 3. The creation of Angels: 4. The rebellion of part of them, and their fall from heaven: 5. The immortality of the Soul: 6. A ſtate of future Rewards and Puniſhments: 7. That man is now in a ſtate of puniſhment, for ſins committed in a prior ſtate: 8. That one Angel tempted the other Angels, and is now the Tempter of men: 9. That one or more Mediators are neceſſary, to bring men back to God: 10. That there is an intermediate State of Puniſhment and Purification, between Death and Heaven: 11. The exiſtence of a Golden Age, wherein men uſed no Animal Food: and 12. The miniſtration of Angels. Theſe were the primitive Truths revealed by God to man, and the *only one neceſſary to men's ſalvation.*

16. What a ſtrange Hotchpotch is here! What a wonderful jumble of truth and falſehood together! Are theſe twelve Articles of his Creed the *fundamental points of Religion?* And are they all ſo impreſt on the heart of every man as never to be effaced? Why, they never were impreſt on my mind yet: ſeveral of them I no more believe than I do the *Koran.* I never met with an American Indian who believed half of them; nor an uninſtructed African who believed one of them; unleſs perhaps the being of a God. And is the belief of theſe Propoſitions *neceſſary to man's ſalvation?* I cannot but repeat the obſervation, wherein Experience confirms me more and more, viz: "They that do not believe the Bible, will believe any thing." They may believe *Voltaire*: or the *Shaſtah.* They may believe, that a man is able to put himſelf into a Quart Bottle.

PHARAMOND's *Edict againſt* DUELS.

Pharamond, King of the Gauls, to all his loving Subjects, ſendeth greeting:

WHEREAS it has come to our royal notice and obſervation, that in contempt of all laws, divine and human, it is of late become a cuſtom among the nobility and gentry of this our kingdom, upon ſlight and trivial, as well as great and urgent provocations, to invite each other into the field, there, by their own hands, and of their own authority, to decide their controverſies by combat; we have thought fit to take the ſaid cuſtom into our royal conſideration, and find, upon enquiry into uſual cauſes whereon ſuch fatal deciſions have ariſen, that by this wicked cuſtom, maugre all the precepts of our holy Religion, and the rules of right Reaſon, the greateſt act of the human mind, *forgiveneſs of injuries*, is become vile and ſhameful; that the rules of good ſociety and virtuous converſation are hereby inverted; that the looſe, the vain, and the impudent, inſult the careful, the diſcreet, and the modeſt; that all virtue is ſuppreſſed, and all vice ſupported, in the one act, of being capable to dare to the death. We have alſo further, with great ſorrow of mind, obſerved that this dreadful action, by long impunity, (our royal attention being employed upon matters of more general concern) is become honourable, and the refuſal to engage in it ignominious. In theſe our royal cares and enquiries, we are yet farther made to underſtand, that the perſons of moſt eminent worth, and moſt hopeful abilities, accompanied with the ſtrongeſt paſſion for true glory, are ſuch as are moſt liable to be involved in the dangers ariſing from this licence. Now

taking the ſaid premiſes into our ſerious conſideration, and well weighing that all ſuch emergencies (wherein the mind is incapable of commanding itſelf, and where the injury is too ſudden or too exquiſite to be borne) are particularly provided for by laws heretofore enacted; and that the qualities of leſs injuries, like thoſe of ingratitude, are too nice, and delicate to come under general rules; we do reſolve to blot this faſhion, or wantonneſs of anger, out of the minds of our ſubjects, by our royal reſolutions declared in this edict as follow:

No perſon who either ſends or accepts a challenge, or the poſterity of either, though no death enſues thereupon, ſhall be, after the publication of this our edict, capable of bearing office in theſe our dominions.

The perſon who ſhall prove the ſending or receiving a challenge, ſhall receive to his own uſe and property, the whole perſonal eſtate of both parties; and their real eſtate ſhall be immediately veſted in the next heir of the offenders, in as ample a manner as if the ſaid offenders were actually deceaſed.

In caſes where the laws (which we have already granted to our ſubjects) admit of an appeal for blood; when the criminal is condemned by the ſaid appeal, he ſhall not only ſuffer death, but his whole eſtate, real, mixed, and perſonal, ſhall from the hour of his death be veſted in the next heir of the perſon whoſe blood he ſpilt.

That it ſhall not hereafter be in our real power, or that of our ſucceſſors, to pardon the ſaid offences, or reſtore the offenders to their eſtates, honour, or blood for ever.

Given at our Court, at Blois, *the 8th of February, 420, in the ſecond year of our reign.*

For [illegible] of

Of PEDANTRY.

[*Extracted from a late Author.*]

A Man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk nothing elſe, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we ſhould enlarge the title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profeſſion and peculiar way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the playhouſes, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few faſhionable diſtempers that have befallen him, and you ſtrike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court? He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the ſhrewd ſayings of a man of quality, whiſper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the ſphere of his obſervations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of ombre. When he has gone thus far he has ſhewn you the whole circle of his accompliſhments, his parts are drained, and he is diſabled from any farther converſation. What are theſe but rank pedants? And yet theſe are the men who value themſelves moſt on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant who always talks in a camp, and is ſtorming towns, making lodgements and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he ſpeaks ſmells of gunpowder; if you take his artillery from him, he has not a word to ſay for himſelf. I might likewiſe mention the law-pedant, that is perpetually putting caſes, repeating the tranſactions of Weſtminſter-Hall, wrangling with you upon the moſt indifferent circumſtances

of life, and not to be convinced of the diſtance of a place, or of the moſt trivial point in converſation, but by dint of argument. The ſtate-pedant is wrapt up in news, and loſt in politics. If you mention either the Kings of *Spain*, or *Poland*, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette, you drop him. In ſhort, a mere courtier, a mere ſoldier, a mere ſcholar, a mere any thing, is an inſipid pedantick character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the ſpecies of pedants, the book-pedant is much the moſt ſupportable; he has at leaſt an exerciſed underſtanding, and a head which is full, though confuſed, ſo that a man who converſes with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may poſſibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little uſe to the owner. The worſt kind of pedants among learned men, are ſuch as are naturally endued with a very ſmall ſhare of common ſenſe, and have read a number of books without taſte or diſtinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finiſhes good ſenſe, ſo it makes a ſilly man more inſufferable, by ſupplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in abſurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of ſolid and uſeful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuſcript, you would take him for the glory of the Commonwealth of Letters, and the wonder of his age; when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a ſentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus laviſh of their praiſes, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wiſe, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

An

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 432.]

SUNDAY, March 21. Hence we came in an hour and half to the white Promontory; ſo called from the aſpect it yields towards the ſea. Over this you paſs by a way of about two yards broad, cut along its ſide; from which the proſpect down is very dreadful, by reaſon of the extreme depth and ſteepneſs of the mountain, and the raging of the waves at the bottom. This way is about one third of an hour over, and is ſaid to have been the work of *Alexander* the Great. About one third of an hour farther, you paſs by a heap of rubbiſh cloſe by the ſea-ſide, being the ruins of the caſtle *Scandalium*; taking its name from its founder, the ſame *Alexander*, whom the Turks call *Scander*. The ruin is one hundred and twenty paces ſquare, having a dry ditch encompaſſing it; and from under it, on the ſide next the ſea, there iſſues out a fountain of very fair water. All the way from the white Promontory to the plain of *Acra* is exceeding rocky; but here the pleaſantneſs of the road makes you amends for the former labour.

The plain of *Acra* extends itſelf in length from *Mount-Saron* as far as *Carmel*, which is at leaſt ſix good hours; and in breadth, between the ſea and the mountains, it is in moſt places two hours over. It enjoys good ſtreams of water at convenient diſtances, and every thing elſe that might render it both pleaſant and fruitful. But this delicious plain is now almoſt deſolate; being ſuffered, for want of culture, to run

run up to rank weeds, which were, at the time when we paſſed it, as high as our horſes backs.

Acra had anciently the name of *Accho*, and is one of the places out of which the Children of *Iſrael* could not drive the primitive inhabitants, *Judges* i. 31. Being in after-times enlarged by *Ptolemy* the firſt, it was called by him, from his own name, *Ptolemais*. But now, ſince it hath been in the poſſeſſion of the Turks, it has (according to the example of many other cities in Turky) caſt off its Greek, and recovered ſome ſemblance of its old Hebrew name again; being called *Acca*, or *Acra*.

This city was for a long time the theatre of contention between the Chriſtians and Infidels; till at laſt, after having divers times changed its maſters, it was by a long ſiege finally taken by the Turks, and ruined by them in ſuch a manner, as if they had thought, they could never take a full revenge upon it for the blood it had coſt them. As to its ſituation, it enjoys all poſſible advantages both of ſea and land. On its North and Eaſt ſides it is compaſſed with a ſpacious and fertile plain; on the Weſt it is waſhed by the Mediterranean ſea, and on the South by a large bay, extending from the city, as far as *Mount Carmel*.

But notwithſtanding all theſe advantages, it has never been able to recover itſelf, ſince its laſt fatal overthrow. For beſides a large *Kane*, in which the French factors have taken up their quarters, and a moſque, and a few poor cottages, you ſee nothing here but a vaſt and ſpacious ruin. It is ſuch a ruin however, as ſufficiently demonſtrates the ſtrength of the place in former times. It appears to have been encompaſſed, on the land-ſide, by a double wall defended with towers at ſmall diſtances: and without the walls are ditches, ramparts, and a kind of baſtions with hewn ſtone. In the fields without theſe works we ſaw, ſcattered up and down upon the ground, ſeveral large balls of ſtone, of at leaſt thirteen or fourteen inches diameter; which were part of the

the ammunition uſed in battering the city; guns being then unknown. Within the walls there ſtill appear ſeveral ruins, which ſeem to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the general heap, by ſome marks of a greater ſtrength and magnificence. As firſt, Thoſe of the Cathedral Church dedicated to St. *Andrew*, which ſtands not far from the ſea-ſide, more high and conſpicuous than the other ruins. Secondly, The Church of St. *John* the tutelar ſaint of this city. Thirdly, The Convent of the Knights, Hoſpitallers; a place whoſe remaining walls ſufficiently teſtify its ancient ſtrength. And not far from the Convent, the palace of the grand Maſter of that Order. The magnificence of which, may be gueſſed from a large ſtair-caſe, and part of a Church ſtill remaining in it. Fourthly, Some remains of a large Church formerly belonging to a Nunnery, of which they tell this memorable ſtory. The Turks having preſſed this city with a long and furious ſiege, at laſt entered it by ſtorm, May 29, 1291. In which great extremity, the Abbeſs of this Nunnery, fearing leſt ſhe, and thoſe under her care, might be forced to ſubmit to ſuch beaſtialities, as are uſual in caſes of that deplorable nature, uſed this cruel, but generous means for ſecuring both herſelf and them. She ſummoned all her flock together, and exhorted them to cut and mangle their faces, as the only way to preſerve their virgin purity: and to ſhew how much ſhe was in earneſt, ſhe immediately began before them all, to make herſelf an example of her own counſel. The nuns were ſo animated by this heroical reſolution, and pattern of the Abbeſs, that they began inſtantly to follow her example, cutting off their noſes, and diſfiguring their faces, with ſuch terrible gaſhes, as might excite horror, rather than luſtful deſires in the beholders. The conſequence of which was, that the ſoldiers breaking into the Nunnery, and ſeeing, inſtead of thoſe beautiful ladies they expected, ſuch tragical ſpectacles, took a revenge for their diſappointed luſts by putting them all to the ſword. Thus reſtoring them, as in charity

charity we may ſuppoſe, to a new and inviolable beauty. But to go on; many other ruins here are of Churches, Palaces, Monaſteries, Forts, &c. extending far more than half a mile in length; in all which you may diſcern marks of ſo much ſtrength, as if every building in the city had been contrived for war and defence.

But that which pleaſed us moſt at *Acra*, was to find the French Conſul, Monſieur *l' Empereur* there; who had been ſo generous, as to make a halt of two days, in expectation of our arrival. But he had ſtaid to the utmoſt extent of his time, and therefore reſolved to ſet forward again the next morning. Our greateſt difficulty was to determine which road to take, whether that upon the coaſt by *Cæſarea* and *Joppa*; or that by *Nazareth*, or a middle way between both the other, over the plain of *Eſdraelon*.

The cauſe of this uncertainty was, the embroilments that were then amongſt the Arabs; which made us deſirous to keep as far as poſſible out of their way. It is the policy of the Turks, always to ſow diviſions amongſt theſe wild people, by ſetting up ſeveral Heads over their tribes, often depoſing the old, and placing new ones in their ſtead: by which art they create contrary parties amongſt them, preventing them from ever uniting under any one Prince; which if they ſhould have the ſenſe to do, (being ſo numerous and almoſt the ſole inhabitants thereabouts) they might ſhake off the Turkiſh yoke, and make themſelves ſupreme lords of the country.

But however uſeful theſe diſcords may be to the Turks in this reſpect, yet a ſtranger is ſure to ſuffer by them; being made a prey to each party, according as he happens to come in their way: avoiding which abuſes, we reſolved to take the middle way, as the moſt ſecure at this time.

[*To be continued.*]

A Story

A STORY *taken from* JOSEPHUS.

GLAPHYRA, the daughter of King *Archelaus*, after the death of her two firſt huſbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her firſt huſband, and ſo paſſionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied ſhe ſaw her firſt huſband coming towards her, and that ſhe embraced him with great tenderneſs; when in the midſt of the pleaſure which ſhe expreſſed at the ſight of him, he reproached her thus; "*Glaphyra*, thou haſt made good the old ſaying, That women are not to be truſted. Was not I the huſband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldſt thou forget our loves ſo far as to enter into a ſecond marriage, and a third; nay, to take for thy huſband a man who has ſo ſhamefully crept into the bed of his brother? However for the ſake of our paſt loves, I ſhall free thee from thy preſent reproach, and make thee mine for ever." *Glaphyra* told this dream to ſeveral women of her acquaintance, and died ſoon after.

I thought this ſtory might not be impertinent, as it contains a moſt certain proof of the immortality of the ſoul, and of divine Providence. If any man thinks theſe facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himſelf, but let him not endeavour to diſturb the belief of others, who by inſtances of this nature are excited to the ſtudy of virtue.

Of the IMMORTALITY *of the* SOUL.

THE proofs of the Immortality of the ſoul are drawn, *Firſt*, From the nature of the ſoul itſelf, and particularly its immateriality; which though not abſolutely neceſſary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think been evinced to almoſt a demonſtration.

Secondly, From its paſſions and ſentiments, as particularly from its love of exiſtence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that ſweet ſatisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the commiſſion of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whoſe juſtice, goodneſs, wiſdom, and veracity are all concerned in this point.

But among theſe and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the ſoul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progreſs of the ſoul to its perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this ſubject, though it ſeems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never paſs; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human ſoul thus at a ſtand in her accompliſhments, were her faculties to be full grown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom, and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with

with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

——————— *Hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 175.

—— Heir crowds on heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious beings for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom that ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity.

There is not a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on

from ſtrength to ſtrength; to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

Methinks this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in ſuperior. That cherubim that now appears as a god to a human ſoul, knows that the period will come, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher nature ſtill advances, and preſerves his diſtance, and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows that, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands prepoſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge? ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw near to another to all eternity, without a poſſibility of touching it. And can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection, but of happineſs!

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

[From the Rev. R. M. to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Harbour-Iſland, Sept. 16, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

A Few days ago I received your kind letter, and count it a privilege to have an opportunity of telling you the cauſe of my heavy afflictions.

On the 26th of December 1741, I was married to M. R———, a Widow: not by choice; but partly by conſtraint. For ſhe told me, that if I did not come on that day and marry her, ſhe would the next day poiſon herſelf, and the child; and added, that ſhe had the doſe prepared: ſolemnly proteſting ſhe would not have a baſtard. I being young and inexperienced believed her: and only to prevent her doing ſuch a horrid thing, went and married her; and then left her the ſame day, and came to London.

Sometime after, I heard ſhe had a ſon, who died; and that preſently after ſhe was brought to-bed, was married to an Iriſhman, who took her with him into Ireland. From that time I never heard of her being in England.

The reaſons why I left her were, Firſt, She betrayed me into ſin at the time I committed it. Secondly, I could never love her. And Thirdly, The day we were married ſhe told me, ſhe had made herſelf miſcarry before then; but could not do it now, or ſhe would not have troubled me. I aſked, When? She ſaid, When her firſt huſband died ſhe was with child, and then ſhe made herſelf miſcarry: which, when I heard, compleated my reſolution of leaving her. This, Sir, is the naked truth, which I never deſired to leſſen

or

or darken. I have ſpoken of it to ſeveral perſons, before ever I ſpoke to Mr. J——'s daughter concerning marriage.

Now, Sir, ſuppoſing M. R——— had been my wife, (which ſtrictly ſpeaking ſhe was not; for I never co-habited with her after marriage) the laws of England do not condemn any man for marrying again, if his wife goes and ſtays beyond the ſea for ſeven years together, even if he knows ſhe is alive: Burn's Juſtice, vol. iii. page 248. But it was more than ſeven years, that ſhe was beyond ſea before I married again. Therefore the laws of my country do not condemn me. Neither does the word of God blame a man for marrying again, if his wife is known to commit whoredom. Now ſuppoſe, M. R. to have been my wife, for as much as ſhe went away and lived with another man, as his wife, without doubt ſhe lived in whoredom. Therefore the word of God does not condemn me.

Notwithſtanding this, I am deeply ſenſible that the ſin of my youth, has brought great reproach upon religion.* For which I cannot forgive myſelf. Dear Sir, pray for me, and favour me with your opinion and advice in this matter, ſo you will lay, under ſtill greater obligations,

Your moſt unworthy Servant,

R. M.

LETTER CCCLXXVIII

[From the Rev. L. Coughlan, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Harbour-Grace, Newfoundland, Nov. 4, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

I Bleſs God, my poor labours in this land have been attended with ſome little ſucceſs: ſome precious ſouls are gone to glory, and a few more are walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghoſt.

* Very likely. But is it not ridiculous to blame Religion for faults which an individual committed before he made any pretence to it!

I am

I am now in the ſeventh year of my ſervitude, as Miſſionary, at the end of which I hope to return to England. Could I travel up and down in this land, ſo as to be uſeful any longer, I would gladly ſtay; but as I cannot, except by water, in ſmall boats, I am not able to ſtand it.

I am, and do confeſs myſelf, a Methodiſt. The name I love, and hope I ever ſhall. The plan which you firſt taught me, I have followed, as to doctrine and diſcipline. Our married men meet apart once aweek; and the married women do the ſame. This has given great offence; ſo that repeated complaints have been made to the Governor. But truth is mighty, and will prevail.

In the Winter I go from houſe to houſe, and expound ſome part of God's word. This has alſo given great offence. "But God is above men, devils and ſin."

The Society,† I make no doubt, have many complaints againſt me; but in this I ſhall commit all to God: for I am conſcious to myſelf, that what I do is for the glory of God, and the good of ſouls. We have the ſacrament once a month, and have about two hundred communicants. This is more than all the other Miſſionaries in the land have: nor do I know of any who attend our ſacrament, who have not the fear of God; and ſome are happy in his love. There are ſome alſo whoſe mouths God hath opened to give a word of Exhortation. I hope he will raiſe up more.

About this time twelvemonths I hope to be on my paſſage for England. If I come by the way of Ireland, I ſhould like to ſee my old friends there. I ſhall be glad to know if it will be agreeable to you for me to ſpeak in your Societies.

I beg leave to aſk you one thing more. Having ſerved the Society ſeven years, as their Miſſionary, upon my return to England, with a ſtrong Teſtimonial from my pariſh, is the Society obliged to find me a living? And if I could get a place in the Church, would you adviſe me to accept of it?

† For propagating Chriſtian Knowledge.

If

If I know my own heart I would be where I could be moſt uſeful. To be ſhut up in a little Pariſh-Church, and to conform in every little thing for ſixty or a hundred pounds a year, I would not; no nor even for a thouſand.

My talents, you very well know, Sir, are but ſmall; ſo that to be ſhut up here any longer will not do. I am ſure it is high time that I ſhould be removed. Who God will provide for this people I know not. But he opens and none can ſhut. I have informed good Lady Huntingdon of my coming next year. Her plan is ſomewhat agreeable to me: that is, in going from one place to another. Yet there is one thing wanting, viz. Diſcipline; which I look upon, under God, has been the preſerving of my Society. My preaching in this land would do but little good, were it not for our little meetings.

A line from you next Spring will be very acceptable, to Rev. and dear Sir,

Your dutiful Son in the Goſpel,

L. COUGHLAN.

POETRY.

To the MEMORY *of Lady* LITTLETON.

[*By Lord* LITTLETON.]

AT length eſcapéd from evéry human eye,
From evéry duty, evéry care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a ſhare,
Or force my tears their flowing ſtream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowéring ſhade,
This lone retreat, for tender ſorrow made,
I now may give my burdenéd heart relief,
And pour forth all my ſtores of grief,

Of

Of grief ſurpaſſing every other woe,
Far as the pureſt bliſs, the happieſt love,
Can on the ennobled mind beſtow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our groſs deſires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'erſhadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-ſmiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy ſeen!
But never ſhall you now behold her more.
Nor will ſhe now with fond delight,
And taſte refined your rural charms explore;
Cloſed are thoſe beauteous eyes in endleſs night:
Thoſe beauteous eyes, where beaming uſed to ſhine
Reaſon's pure light, and Virtue's ſpark divine.

Oft did I in theſe woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her deſpiſing, when ſhe deigned to ſing,
The ſweeteſt ſongſters of the ſpring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleaſed no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every ſhepherd's flute
Was caſt in ſilent ſcorn away,
While all attended to her ſweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets now reſume your ſong,
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive ſtory tell,
For death hath ſtopt that tuneful tongue,
Whoſe muſic could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around,
O'er all the well-known ground,

My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry;
Where oft we uſéd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We ſaw the ſummer's ſun go down the ſky;
Nor by yon fountain's ſide,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can ſhe now be found:
In all the wide-ſtretchéd proſpect's ample bound.
No more my mournful eye
Can ought of her eſpy,
But the ſad ſacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O ſhades of Hagley, where is now your boaſt!
Your bright inhabitant is loſt.
You ſhe preferréd to all the gay reſorts,
Where female vanity might wiſh to ſhine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modeſt virtue ſhunnéd the public eye:
To your ſequeſteréd dales,
And flowér-embroideréd vales,
From an admiring world ſhe choſe to fly;
With Nature there retiréd and Nature's God,
The ſilent paths of Wiſdom trod,
And baniſhéd evéry paſſion from her breaſt,
But thoſe the gentleſt and the beſt,
Whoſe holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal, and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along theſe verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's ſide,
Who now your infant ſteps ſhall guide?

*Ah!

*Ah! where is now the hand whoſe tender care
To every virtue would have formed your youth,
And ſtrewed with flowers the thorny way of truth?
O loſs beyond repair!
O wretched father, left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How ſhall thy weakened mind, oppreſſed with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that I doubly owe,
Now ſhe alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpleſs age to ſave?

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantaſtic toys
Are all her ſex's joys,
She ſearched the wit of Greece and Rome?
And all that in her later days
To emulate her ancient praiſe
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright ſparkling could inſpire,
By all the graces tempered and refined;
Or what in Britain's Iſle,
Moſt favoured with your ſmile,
The powers of reaſon and of fancy joined
To full perfection have conſpired to raiſe?
Ah! what is now the uſe
Of all theſe treaſures that enriched her mind,
To blank oblivion's gloom for ever now conſigned?

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brightened by ſome ſweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look,
Through her expreſſive eyes her ſoul diſtinctly ſpoke!

* True prophet! What became of her Son?

Tell how her manners all refinèd
Left all the taint of modiſh vice behind,
And made each charm of poliſhèd courts agree,
With candid Truth's ſimplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly ſenſe
She joinèd the ſoftèning influence
Of more than female tenderneſs:
How in the thoughtleſs days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of other's good deſtroy,
Her kindly melting heart,
To evèry want, and evèry woe,
To guilt itſelf when in diſtreſs,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could beſtow!
Evèn for the kid or lamb that pouréd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from ſweet Virtue's ſource, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
But clear and ſtrong her mind:
A ſpirit that lookèd ſuperior down
On Fortune's ſmile, or frown;
A wit that temperately bright
With inoffenſive light,
All-pleaſing ſhone, nor ever paſt
The decent bounds that Wiſdom's ſober hand,
And ſweet Benevolence's mild command,
And baſhful Modeſty, before it caſt.
A prudencé undeceiving, undeceivèd,
That nor too little, nor too much believèd,
That ſcornèd unjuſt ſuſpicion's coward fear,
And without weakneſs knew to be ſincere.
Such Lucy was, when in her faireſt days,
Amidſt thé acclaim of univerſal praiſe,

In

In life's and glory's freſheſt bloom
Death came remorſeleſs on, and ſunk her to the tomb.

Ariſe, O Petrarch, bring the ſilver lyre,
Tuned by the ſkilful hand,
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire,
With which o'er many a land
Was ſpread the fame of thy diſaſtrous love;
To me reſign the vocal ſhell,
And teach my ſorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale ſo well,
As may even things inanimate,
Rough mountain-oaks, and deſert-rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compared to mine?
To thee thy miſtreſs in the bliſsful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand:
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domeſtic care
She never bore a ſhare,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every ſecret grief that feſtered there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of ſickneſs watch thee; and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm ſuſtain,
And charm away the ſenſe of pain:
Nor did ſhe crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a Father's tender name.

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee!

How

How in the world, to me a deſert grown,
Abandonèd, and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleaſures now can palléd ambition give?
Evén the delightful ſcene of well-earnèd praiſe,
Unſharéd by thee, no more my lifeleſs thoughts could raiſe.

For my diſtracted mind
What ſuccour can I find?
On whom for conſolation ſhall I call?
Support me, every friend,
Your kind aſſiſtance lend
To bear the weight of this oppreſſive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, ſo much was thine,
That none has any comfort to beſtow.
My books, the beſt relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea ſaddenèd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My torturéd mem'ry wounds, and ſpeaks of Lucy dead,

We were the happiéſt pair of human-kind!
The rolling year its varying courſe performéd,
And back returnéd again,
Another and another ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchangéd remain;
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wiſhes bind:
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſtes the ſame.
O fatal, fatal ſtroke,
That all this pleaſing fabric Love had raiſéd
Of rare felicity,
On which evén wanton Vice with envy gazéd,

And

And evéry ſcheme of bliſs our hearts had formèd,
With ſoothing hope for many a future day,
In one ſad moment broke!—
Yet, O my ſoul, thy riſing murmers ſtay,
Nor dare thè all-wiſe diſpoſer to arraign,
Or 'gainſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain:
That all thy full-blown joys at once ſhould fade,
Was his moſt righteous will; and be that will obeyèd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in theſe low abodes of ſin and pain
Her pure exalted ſoul
Unjuſtly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather ſtrive thy grovèling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavènly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthronèd ſhe now with pity ſees
How frail, how inſecure, how ſlight
Is evéry mortal bliſs:
Evèn love itſelf, if riſing by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect ſtate,
Whoſe fleeting joys ſo ſoon muſt end,
It does not to its ſovèreign good aſcend.
Riſe then, my ſoul, with hope elate,
And ſeek thoſe regions of ſerene delight,
Whoſe peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but thoſe of hardenèd guilt ſhall miſs.
There death himſelf thy Lucy ſhall reſtore,
There yield up all his powèr, ne'er to divide us more.

The EPITAPH.

Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wiſe;
Polite, as all her days in courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen;

The

The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle, female tenderneſs combinéd.
Her Speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her Song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her Eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her Reaſon ſtrong:
Her Form each beauty of her mind expreſſéd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dreſſed.

Deſiring a firmer Affiance in God under Afflictions.

[By Miſs Steele.]

WHY is my heart with grief oppreſt?
Can all the pains I feel, or fear,
Make thee, my ſoul, forget thy reſt,
Forget that God, thy God is near?

Haſt thou not often called the Lord
Thy refuge; thy almighty friend?
And canſt thou fear to truſt that word
On which thy hopes of heavén depend?

Mortality's unnumberéd ills
Are all beneath his ſovéreign hand;
Each pain which this frail body feels
Attends, obedient, his command.

Lord, form my temper to thy will!
If thou my faith and patience prove,
May evéry painful ſtroke fulfil
Thy purpoſes of faithful love.

O may this weak, this fainting mind
A Father's hand adoring ſee;
Confeſs thee juſt, and wiſe, and kind,
And truſt thy word, and cleave to thee!


Mr. Andw. Inglis
Ætatis 31.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 450.]

CHAP. IV. *Arguments againſt Abſolute Election to Salvation.*

I Need not multiply arguments in confutation of this opinion, ſeeing it will effectually be done in all the ſubſequent diſcourſes; for,

1ſt. By proving that Chriſt was ſent to be the Saviour of the world, and that he taſted death *for every man*, even for them that *periſh*; it will be evident that God could not decree abſolutely the ſaving of ſome few perſons, elected to it from all eternity, ſince then it is impoſſible he ſhould deſign the ſalvation of any other by the death of Chriſt.

2dly. By proving that all men to whom the knowledge of the goſpel is vouchſafed are put into a capacity, and have

ſufficient means of obtaining the bleſſings promiſed, and that none ſhall be able to plead at the laſt day, I never was in a capacity of obtaining that ſalvation, for the neglect of which I am condemned, or of avoiding the miſery to which I am ſentenced. It follows that God cannot have abſolutely decreed to afford the means neceſſary to ſalvation to ſome few only, and with-hold them from all the reſt, even of thoſe to whom the goſpel is vouchſafed. But, to make this ſtill farther evident, I argue thus:

I. Argument. 1. He who would have all men, to whom the goſpel is vouchſafed, to believe in Chriſt, to come to repentance, and yield ſincere obedience to his will, hath not prepared this ſaving grace only for ſome few Chriſtians, leaving the reſt under a neceſſity of periſhing; for to all ſuch perſons he hath promiſed that they ſhall not periſh, ſaying, *He that believeth in me ſhall never periſh*; *repent and turn yourſelves from all your iniquity, ſo iniquity ſhall not be your ruin*; *To him who by patient continuance in well doing ſeeks for glory and immortality*, ſhall be *eternal life*. Theſe are the means by him appointed for the remiſſion of their ſins, and their ſalvation, as in theſe words, *repent* and *be converted that your ſins may be blotted out*; *believe to the ſalvation of your ſouls*; *bleſſed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the Tree of Life*; and he who wills they ſhould uſe the means, can never be unwilling, they ſhould obtain the end, ſalvation. Now that God ſeriouſly wills that all to whom the goſpel is vouchſafed ſhould repent, believe and obey his laws, is evident beyond all poſſibility of doubting. For,

1ſt. The Scripture very frequently, and moſt expreſsly hath declared the doing of theſe things to be the doing of the will of God, and the neglecting of them to be the neglecting, and even reſiſting of his will; it is his will they ſhould believe, becauſe this is his commandment, *That we believe in the name*

of

of the Son of God; it is his will they ſhould repent, becauſe he hath commanded *all men every where to repent*; it is his will they ſhould obey him, if that be neceſſary to be proved, becauſe that is in ſcripture ſtiled, *the doing of the will of our Father which is in heaven!* And ſeeing the Apoſtles were ſent to preach ſalvation to every creature that believed, to call all men to repent for the remiſſion of ſins, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, that they might eſcape the wrath of God; how can we reaſonably think that the ſame words ſpoken to all that heard them as God's meſſage to them, and *as if God did beſeech them* by their mouth, ſhould not be looked upon as God's commands to all to whom they ſpoke, i. e. to the whole world, to every *rational creature*, and why elſe do they ſay *he that deſpiſeth us*, thus ſpeaking, *deſpiſeth not man, but God?* Doth not the whole Chriſtian world agree in this, that it is the will of God that they ſhould do what he commands? Do they not look upon his precepts as a ſufficient indication of his will and pleaſure? Are not all men obliged to believe God would have them do what he requires of them? And can they be obliged to believe this if it be not true? Do not all nations conclude from the commands of their ſuperiors, that what they require they would have done, and what they forbid they would not have done? And ſhall it only be otherwiſe in the commands of the great Ruler of the world?

Moreover thoſe whom God calls to Faith, Repentance, and Obedience, he is truly willing that they ſhould repent, believe, and be ſaved. Now it is certain that God calls and invites all thoſe, to whom his word is preached, to Faith, Repentance and Salvation; and therefore it is certain that he is truly willing they ſhould believe, repent and be ſaved.

To think to ſalve all this, as Biſhop *Davenant* doth, by ſaying there is in God a true will revealed in the goſpel of ſaving all men that ſhall believe, and a true will liking, and

rewarding Faith, Holineſs and Perſeverance in all men whatſoever; but that when the Apoſtle ſaith, *God will have all men to be ſaved*, the meaning only is, *if all men ſhall believe in Chriſt*; and that to believe in Chriſt is an act ſo well pleaſing to his will, that whereſoever it is found, it will be rewarded. I ſay, it ſeemeth ſtrange to me, that any man ſhould think this a ſufficient anſwer to this Argument. For,

1ſt. How incongruous is it to aſcribe ſuch a will to God as this? viz. "Holineſs is a thing ſo agreeable to my nature, that it is abſolutely neceſſary for me to be well pleaſed with the holineſs of all men, and therefore to reward them for it with the enjoyment of myſelf; but yet I abſolutely purpoſe not to afford to the greateſt part of mankind, that aid which I ſee to be abſolutely neceſſary to enable them to be holy. And my will is to leave them, though they equally want, and equally are capable of it, and equally fit to be the objects of my grace and favour, under an abſolute incapacity of being holy." No man can think that man hath a true love for holineſs, who will not do all that is in his power to make others holy. Can then that God, whoſe love to holineſs doth infinitely tranſcend the love which the moſt holy man bears to it, and who commands us *to be holy as he is holy*, have paſſed a decree from all eternity, which renders the want of holineſs in moſt men an infruſtrable event?

2dly. If his decree of not giving that repentance, which can alone reſcue men from periſhing, hath left them in an utter incapacity of repenting, Why doth he ſend his Ambaſſadors to *beſeech them to be reconciled to him*, becauſe he hath made his Son to be *a ſacrifice for ſin that they might be made righteous with the righteouſneſs of God in him?* Why doth he call them to repent, that *their ſins may be blotted out*, and encourage them to do ſo by this gracious promiſe, that *then all their iniquities ſhall not be remembred againſt them any more?* Why doth God, as he ſays, *patiently expect their converſion*, when he hath decreed to deny them thoſe means which

which can alone effect it? To ſay God ſeriouſly invites, exhorts, and requires all men to *work out their ſalvation*, and yet by his decree of reprobation hath rendered that event to the moſt of them impoſſible; that he requires all men to repent that they may not periſh, and yet by his decree, or ſecret will, hath rendered that event to moſt of them to whom he ſpeaketh in his word impoſſible, is to make the goſpel of Chriſt a mockery, by making it to require a condition in order to an end, which his own ſecret will of denying to them that faith, and that repentance which can alone produce that end, hath made impoſſible to be obtained; and if this be not to make the ſecret will of God to contradict his revealed will, it is to make his revealed will following that ſecret one a mere falſehood, unleſs his revealed will can make contradictions true: for to make God to will this or that for ſuch an end, which by virtue of his ſecret will can never come to paſs, makes contradictions at the ſame time to be the object of his will; and to ſay he wills this or that to exempt men from that event which his ſecret will hath made neceſſary to come to paſs, is alſo to will at the ſame time a contradiction: ſo that if God's declared will is, That all men ſhould believe unto ſalvation, and his ſecret will is, that moſt of them ſhould not be ſaved, it being his will to with-hold what is neceſſary to their ſalvation; if his revealed will be this, that the reprobate ſhould repent that he may not periſh; and his ſecret will be this, that he ſhould die, and not live, as being a will to with-hold that grace from him without which he cannot live, but muſt die; the contradiction betwixt theſe two wills is as evident as words can make it.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

SERMON XXIX.

On Philippians ii. 12, 13.

[*Concluded from page* 454.]

II. 1. PROCEED we now to the ſecond point. If God *worketh in you*, then *work out your own ſalvation.* The original word rendered, *Work out*, implies the doing a thing thoroughly. *Your own*—for you yourſelves muſt do this, or it will be left undone for ever. Your *own ſalvation*—Salvation begins with what is uſually termed (and very properly) *Preventing Grace*; including the firſt wiſh to pleaſe God, the firſt dawn of light concerning his will, and the firſt ſlight, tranſient conviction of having ſinned againſt him. All theſe imply ſome tendency toward life, ſome degree of ſalvation, the beginning of a deliverance from a blind, unfeeling heart, quite inſenſible of God and the things of God. Salvation is carried on by *Convincing Grace*, uſually in ſcripture termed *Repentance*, which brings a larger meaſure of Self-knowledge, and a farther deliverance from the heart of ſtone. Afterwards we experience the proper Chriſtian Salvation, whereby *through grace*, we *are ſaved by faith*: conſiſting of thoſe two grand branches, Juſtification and Sanctification. By Juſtification we are ſaved from the guilt of ſin, and reſtored to the favour of God: by Sanctification we are ſaved from the power and root of ſin, and reſtored to the image of God. All experience as well as ſcripture ſhew this ſalvation to be both inſtantaneous and gradual. It begins the moment we are juſtified, in the holy, humble, gentle, patient Love of God and man. It gradually increaſes from that moment, as a *grain of muſtard-ſeed, which at firſt is the leaſt of all ſeeds, but* gradually *puts forth large branches*, and becomes a great tree;

tree; till in another inſtant the heart is cleanſed from all ſin, and filled with pure love to God and man. But even that Love increaſes more and more, till we *grow up in all things into Him that is our Head, till we attain the meaſure of the ſtature of the fulneſs of Chriſt.*

2. But how are we to *work out* this ſalvation? The Apoſtle anſwers, *With fear and trembling.* There is another paſſage of St. *Paul* wherein the ſame expreſſion occurs, which may give light to this. *Servants, obey your maſters according to the fleſh,* according to the preſent ſtate of things, although ſenſible that in a little time, the ſervant will be free from his maſter, *with fear and trembling.* This is a proverbial expreſſion, which cannot be underſtood literally. For what maſter could bear, much leſs require his ſervant, to ſtand trembling and quaking before him? And the following words utterly exclude this meaning: *In ſingleneſs of heart,* with a ſingle eye to the will and providence of God, *Not with eye-ſervice as men-pleaſers, but as ſervants of Chriſt, doing the will of God from the heart:* doing whatever they do as the will of God, and therefore with their might, Eph. vi. v. 5, &c. It is eaſy to ſee, that theſe ſtrong expreſſions of the Apoſtle clearly imply two things: Firſt, that every thing be done with the utmoſt earneſtneſs of ſpirit, and with all care and caution; (perhaps more directly referring to the former word μετὰ φόβου· *with fear*) Secondly, that it be done with the utmoſt diligence, ſpeed, punctuality and exactneſs: not improbably referring to the latter word μετὰ τρόμου· *with trembling.*

3. How eaſily may we transfer this to the buſineſs of Life, the working out our own ſalvation? With the ſame temper and in the ſame manner that Chriſtian ſervants ſerve their maſters that are upon earth, let other Chriſtians labour to ſerve their Maſter that is in heaven: that is, Firſt, with the utmoſt earneſtneſs of ſpirit, with all poſſible care and caution,

and

and Secondly, with the utmoſt diligence, ſpeed, punctuality and exactneſs.

4. But what are the ſteps which the ſcripture directs us to take, in the working out of our own ſalvation? The Prophet *Iſaiah* gives us a general anſwer, touching the firſt ſteps which we are to take, *Ceaſe to do evil; learn to do well.* If ever you deſire that God ſhould work in you that Faith, whereof cometh both preſent and eternal ſalvation, by the grace already given, fly from all ſin as from the face of a ſerpent: carefully avoid every evil word and work; yea abſtain from all appearance of evil. And *learn to do well*: be zealous of good works, of works of piety, as well as works of mercy. Family Prayer, and crying to God in ſecret. Faſt in ſecret, and *your Father which ſeeth in ſecret, He will reward you openly. Search the ſcriptures:* hear them in public, read them in private, and meditate therein. At every opportunity be a partaker of the Lord's Supper. *Do this, in rememberance of Him*, and He will meet you at his own table. Let your Converſation be with the children of God, and ſee that it *be in grace, ſeaſoned with ſalt.* As ye have time do good unto all men, to their ſouls and to their bodies. And herein *be ye ſtedfaſt, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.* It then only remains, that ye deny yourſelves and take up your croſs daily. Deny yourſelves every pleaſure which does not prepare you for taking pleaſure in God. And willingly embrace every means of drawing near to God, though it be a croſs, though it be grievous to fleſh and blood. Thus when you have redemption in the blood of Chriſt, you will *go on to perfection*; till *walking in the light as He is in the light*, you are enabled to teſtify, that *he is faithful and juſt*, not only to *forgive* your *ſins*, but *to cleanſe you from all unrighteouſneſs.*

III. 1. "But ſay ſome, what connexion is there between the former and the latter clauſe of this ſentence? Is there not

not rather a flat oppoſition, between the one and the other? If it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do, what need is there of our working? Does not his working thus ſuperſede the neceſſity of our working at all? Nay, does it not render our working impracticable, as well as unneceſſary? For if we allow that God does all, what is there left for us to do?"

2. Such is the reaſoning of fleſh and blood. And at firſt hearing it is exceeding plauſible. But it is not ſolid, as will evidently appear if we conſider the matter more deeply. We ſhall then ſee there is no oppoſition between theſe, "God works: therefore do ye work:" but on the contrary, the cloſeſt connexion, and that in two reſpects. For firſt God works; therefore you *can* work: ſecondly, God works, therefore you *muſt* work.

3. Firſt. God worketh in you; therefore you can work: otherwiſe it would be impoſſible. If he did not work, it would be impoſſible for you to work out your own ſalvation. *With man this is impoſſible*, ſaith our Lord, *for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.* Yea, it is impoſſible for any man; for any that is born of a woman, unleſs God work in him. Seeing all men are by nature not only ſick, but *dead in treſpaſſes and ſins*, it is not poſſible for them to do any thing well, till God raiſes them from the dead. It was impoſſible for *Lazarus* to *come forth*, till the Lord had given him life. And it is equally impoſſible for us, to *come* out of our ſins, yea or to make the leaſt motion toward it, till He who hath all power in heaven and earth, calls our dead ſouls into life.

4. Yet this is no excuſe for thoſe who continue in ſin, and lay the blame upon their Maker, by ſaying, It is God only that muſt quicken us; for we cannot quicken our own ſouls. For allowing that all the ſouls of men are dead in ſin *by nature*, this excuſes none, ſeeing there is no man that is in a ſtate of mere nature: there is no man, unleſs he has quenched the

Spirit, that is wholly void of the grace of God. No man living is entirely deſtitute of what is vulgarly called *Natural Conſcience.* But this is not natural: it is more properly termed *Preventing Grace.* Every man has a greater or a leſs meaſure of this, which waiteth not for the call of man. Every one has, ſooner or later, good deſires, although the generality of men ſtifle them before they can ſtrike deep root, or produce any conſiderable fruit. Every one has ſome meaſure of that light, ſome faint and glimmering ray, which ſooner or later, more or leſs, enlightens every man that cometh into the world. And every one unleſs he be one of the ſmall number, whoſe conſcience is ſeared as with a hot iron, feels more or leſs uneaſy when he acts contrary to the light of his own conſcience. So that no man ſins, becauſe he has not grace, but becauſe he does not uſe the grace which he hath.

5. Therefore in as much as God works in you, you are now able to work out your own ſalvation. Since he worketh in you, of his own good pleaſure, without any merit of yours, both to will and to do, it is poſſible for you to fulfil all righteouſneſs. It is poſſible for you, to *love God, becauſe he hath firſt loved us,* and to *walk in love,* after the pattern of our great Maſter. We know indeed that word of his to be abſolutely true, *Without me ye can do nothing.* But on the other hand we know, every believer can ſay, *I can do all things through Chriſt that ſtrengtheneth me.*

6. Mean time let us remember, that God has joined theſe together in the experience of every believer. And therefore we muſt take care, not to imagine they are ever to be put aſunder. We muſt beware of that mock Humility, which teacheth us to ſay, in excuſe for our wilful diſobedience, "O, I can do nothing:" and ſtops there, without once naming the grace of God. Pray, think twice. Conſider what you ſay. I hope you wrong yourſelf. For if it be really true, that you can do nothing, then you have no faith. And if you have not faith, you are in a wretched condition:

you

you are not in a ſtate of ſalvation. Surely it is not ſo. You can do ſomething, through Chriſt ſtrengthening you. Stir up the ſpark of grace which is now in you. And he will give you more grace.

7. Secondly. God worketh in you: therefore you *muſt* work: you muſt be *workers together with him*, (they are the very words of the Apoſtle) otherwiſe he will ceaſe working. The general rule on which his gracious diſpenſations invariably proceed is this, *Unto him that hath, ſhall be given: but from him that hath not*, that does not improve the grace already given, *ſhall be taken away what he aſſuredly hath.* (So the words ought to be rendered.) Even St. *Auguſtine*, who is generally ſuppoſed to favour the contrary doctrine, makes that juſt remark, *Qui fecit nos ſine nobis, non ſalvabit nos ſine nobis:* "He that made us without ourſelves, will not ſave us without ourſelves." He will not ſave us, unleſs we *ſave ourſelves from this untoward generation:* unleſs we ourſelves *fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life:* unleſs we *agonize to enter in at the ſtrait gate, deny ourſelves, take up our croſs daily*, and labour, by every poſſible means, to *make our own calling and election ſure.*

8. *Labour* then, Brethren, *not for the meat that periſheth, but for that which endureth to everlaſting life.* Say with our bleſſed Lord, though in a ſomewhat different ſenſe, *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.* In conſideration that He ſtill worketh in you, be never *weary of well-doing.* Go on, in virtue of the grace of God, preventing, accompanying and following you, in *the work of faith, in the patience of hope, and in the labour of love. Be ye ſtedfaſt and immoveable; always abounding in the work of the Lord.* And *the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of the ſheep* [*Jeſus*] *make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you what is well-pleaſing in his ſight, through Jeſus Chriſt, to whom be glory for ever and ever!*

Some Account of Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 485.]

FROM my earlieſt years I had a ſtrong inclination to travel. I took the firſt opportunity, and with ſome more wild than myſelf, I left my native ſoil, without acquainting father or mother, ſiſter or brother, with my intentions, and ſet off for *London*. I was not long here, before the Almighty found me out again. Being viſited with a violent fever, I came to myſelf and ſaid, "Father, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and in thy ſight, and am no more worthy to be called thy ſon." I now found myſelf in a ſtrange land, and among a ſtrange people. I knew none ſave one man, a diſtant relation, who proved a friend indeed. The Lord's hand was heavy on me: my body, ſoul and ſubſtance felt the weight thereof. He cut off every comfort at a ſtroke. He ſmote me with a fever, a conſumption, and a guilty conſcience. My ſickneſs continued ſo long as not to leave me a groat in the world, and hardly a morſel to eat. For three weeks I had to live upon two-pence a day, and this at a time when juſt riſen out of a fever. I could ſay in the words of Job, "Terrors are turned upon me; they purſue my ſoul as the wind, and my welfare paſſes away as a cloud. My bones are pierced within me, and my ſpirit is poured out. I go mourning without the ſun; a brother to the beaſts of the field." In this condition I ſought unto the Lord; but had no anſwer. He ſmote me with aſtoniſhment; he ſcared me and terrified me with dreams, and made the night to come upon me at noon, and my ſun to go down in the morning of my life; he covered me with ſhame, and

cauſed

cauſed me to cry out, "A man may bear his infirmities, but a wounded ſpirit who can bare! I am vile; I am oppreſſed; Lord undertake for me!"

I now ſaw my whole heart polluted: my underſtanding darkened, my will corrupted and deſtitute of its native freedom. I therefore made my bed in ſorrow and watered it with my tears. The multitude of ſins, whereof my whole life was full, the heinouſneſs of them I feared would one day be laid open, before him that is to judge the quick and dead. My confuſion increaſed as I dwelt upon what God had done to bring me to heaven; and what I had done to oppoſe his gracious deſign. I wept to ſee his goodneſs which I had abuſed. The great day of trial appeared full in view; and that the rich man could not then ſave himſelf by his riches, nor the mighty man by his might, nor the crafty man by his wiles: only the juſt ſhall ſtand before him with joy. The juſt appeared to me as ſitting upon their thrones, condemning me by their holy lives; together with many of thoſe who had committed equal ſins with myſelf; becauſe they knew their time of repentance, which I had deſpiſed and rejected: the juſt Judge pronouncing the ſentence, "Go ye curſed:" which ſentence muſt remain when once paſt, unalterable. This appeared moſt terrible of all; and I truſt, profitable, in that it led me to the fear of the Lord.

I now appeared as one waking out of a dream in which I continued all my days. My ſins ſtared me in the face: the conſideration of my eſtrangement from, and oppoſition to God was ſet home on my mind; ſo that I was tried, caſt and condemned in my own breaſt. Under this ſore burthen and diſtreſs of mind I called upon the Lord. I alſo enquired after the Chriſtians. I went to Church, and to the Diſſenters of almoſt all kinds; but ſtill found no peace. I then went to the people called Quakers, and under their teſtimony

teſtimony I found a little conſolation. At laſt I dropt into the Old Foundry, in *Moorfields*, and heard a man who told me all that was in my heart. And now it might be ſaid of me, as Milton ſaid of our firſt Parents,

" Thus they in lowlièſt plight repentant ſtood,
Praying; for from the mercy-ſeat above,
Prevenient grace deſcending had removèd
The ſtony from their hearts; and made new fleſh
Regenèrate grow inſtead; that ſighs now breathèd
Unutterable, which the ſpirit of prayèr
Inſpiréd and wingèd for heavèn with ſpeediér flight
Than loudeſt oratory."

I now, both night and morning, ſat under a powerful and faithful miniſtry, which led me gradually through the hidden mazes of corrupt nature, into grace. I found it inſtrumental in turning me to Chriſt, the true Shepherd, the Law-giver coming out of Sion, that turns away ungodlineſs from Jacob. I ſoon found my underſtanding enlightened; my judgment informed, how to find favour with God. But my ſenſe of ſin was ſo great, I could not think of finding mercy ſo ſoon: years, yea my whole life I thought was too little to repent and weep before I could with any face expect pardon. Thus I often rejected the counſel of God. *I would not be yet healed*, until I heard Mr. *Jaco* preach from theſe words, " There is a river, the ſtreams whereof ſhall make glad the city of God!" O, how did my heart bound! It was like the hart upon the mountain. " My chains fell off at a ſtroke! my ſoul was free! and found redemption Lord in thee!" My wilderneſs ſoul became a pleaſant field, and my deſart heart like the garden of the Lord; the promiſes flowed in upon me. I found, in conſequence of this, great tenderneſs of mind, and much peace and joy through believing. I now began to taſte the ſweets of Religion; and was enabled to pity

pity thoſe who were curious in their enquiries after many things, but *that* the moſt needful to know. What I counted gain before, I now counted loſs; for doubtleſs, I eſteemed all things but as dung, in compariſon of Chriſt and him crucified. My daily ſtudy and contrivance was, how I might manifeſt my love and thankfulneſs to him who had called me out of darkneſs into his marvellous light. My every meal was a kind of ſacrament: the food I ate was life to my ſoul, as well as marrow to my bones. I found a double ſweetneſs in all I poſſeſſed. In private the Lord poured his bleſſing upon me. He waſhed away my tears when weeping at the throne of grace, and called me his child; enabling me comfortably to look up and call him Father. I read his word daily, and wept over it. I looked into my heart, (for fear a plant of unbelief ſhould ſpring up) and beheld the lineaments of God's image, the tranſcript of his laws, the harmony of his gifts and graces, the witneſs, earneſt and foretaſte of eternal joys.

Soon after this, I met with many things to try my patience, but none of them moved me. I had my room robbed one evening while I was at the Foundry; but I could ſay, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, bleſſed be the name of the Lord." I rejoiced exceedingly in that they could not rob me of Chriſt, and the privileges of the goſpel. Immediately I joined the Society; and the firſt night of meeting Claſs, I thought it the greateſt emblem of heaven, of any meeting I was ever in. My ſoul was much humbled under a deep ſenſe of my great unworthineſs, and of being permitted to ſit and hear ſuch as feared God relate his loving-kindneſs to them. I was now united to a happy people, who walked (the general part of them) in the light of God's countenance, and counted it all joy at any time to ſuffer for His name's ſake: where diſcipline was for walls and bulwarks, and where his doctrine dropt as the rain, and his words diſtilled as the dew. Yet I ſaw the need of watching and

praying,

praying, that I might maintain the life and power of God in my ſoul. I ſaw that the beſt way to be free was to lay the axe at the root of the tree, and to ſpare neither root nor branch; but cut aſunder all the cords which would tie the ſoul to earth: to deny every temper, paſſion and gratification that had the leaſt tendency to indulge the evil nature: ſeeking, intending and deſiring nothing during my long or ſhort ſtay in this world, but to find in Chriſt what I loſt in Adam: holineſs of heart and heavenly tempers which become thoſe who are called by Grace to be children of God, and heirs of glory.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of Mr. THOMAS VINCENT.

MR. THOMAS VINCENT, was born at *Hertford*, in May, 1634, and was educated in Chriſt's-Church, Oxon, and took the degree of M. A. there. He was ejected from St. Mary Magdalen's, *Milk-Street*, *London*, in 1662. He was one of the few Miniſters who had the zeal and courage to abide in the city, amidſt all the fury of the peſtilence in 1665, and purſued his miniſterial work in that needful, but moſt dangerous ſeaſon, with all poſſible diligence both in public and private. When the plague firſt began in the city, he was ſettled with Mr. *Doolittle*, of *Iſlington*, and aſſiſted him in giving ſome young perſons an Academical Education, for which he was thought well qualified.

Upon the progreſs of the diſtemper, he acquainted his good friend with his deſign of quitting that employment, and of his intention to employ his time wholly in viſiting the ſick, and in inſtructing the ſound in that time of preſſing danger. Mr. *Doolittle* endeavoured to diſſuade him, by repreſenting the danger he muſt run; that he thought he had

had no call to it, being then otherwiſe employed; and that it was rather adviſeable he ſhould reſerve himſelf for farther ſervice in the riſing age, in that ſtation in which he was ſo uſefully fixed. Mr. *Vincent* not being ſatisfied to deſiſt from his intended ſervice, they agreed to deſire the advice of their Brethren in and about the city upon the caſe. When they met together on this occaſion, he acquainted them that he had very ſeriouſly conſidered the matter, before he had come to a reſolution: that he had carefully examined the ſtate of his own ſoul, and found that he could look death in the face with comfort: that he found no fear or dread in his own temper, that he thought it was abſolutely neceſſary ſuch vaſt numbers of dying people ſhould have ſome ſpiritual aſſiſtance: that he could have no proſpect in the exerciſe of his miniſtry, through his whole life, like that which now offered itſelf: that he had often committed the caſe and himſelf to God in prayer: and upon the whole had ſolemnly devoted himſelf to the ſervice of ſouls upon this occaſion: and that therefore he hoped none of them would endeavour to weaken his hands in this work. When the Miniſters preſent heard this, they unanimouſly declared their ſatisfaction and joy, that they apprehended the matter was of God, and concurred in their prayers for his protection and ſucceſs. He then went out to his work with the greateſt firmneſs and aſſiduity; and conſtantly preached every Lord's-day through the whole viſitation in the Churches. His ſubjects were the moſt moving and important, and his management of them the moſt pathetic and ſearching. Multitudes followed him wherever he went, and he preached not a ſermon by which there were not ſeveral awakened, and brought home to God. He viſited without the leaſt terror every one that ſent for him, doing the beſt offices he could for them in their laſt extremities; being inſtant in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon to ſave ſouls from death.

He gives the following affecting account * in his book called God's Terrible voice to the City. In May 1665, nine died of it in one week in the city, and eight in the ſuburbs. The next week the bill fell from nine to three. In the next week it mounted to fourteen, in the next to ſeventeen, in the next to forty-three. In the firſt week in June there died 112, the next 168, the next 167, the next 470. In the firſt week in July the number was 725, the next 1089, the next 1843, the next 2010. In the firſt week in Auguſt it increaſed to 2817, in the next 3880, in the next 4237, in the next 6102. In September a decreaſe of the diſtemper was hoped for; but it was not yet come to the height, for in the firſt week there died of it 6988, and though in the ſecond week the number decreaſed to 6543, yet in the third week there died 7165, which was the higheſt. In the 130 pariſhes in and about the city, there were but four that were not infected; and in them there were but few people remaining that were not gone into the country. In the fourth week in Sept. there died 5538. In the firſt week in October the number fell to 4929, in the next 4327, in the next 2665, in the next 1421, and the next 1031. The firſt week in November there was an increaſe to 1414, but it fell the next week to 1050, and the week after to 652, and ſo leſſened more and more to the end of the year. The the whole number that died of the Plague in *London* this year was 68,596. But God was pleaſed to take a particular care of this good man. For he continued in perfect health all the while, and ſurvived this ſad providence, and was uſeful, by his unwearied labours in a numerous congregation, till the year 1678, when he entered into his Maſter's joy.

* Though we have ſome apprehenſion that this Account is already publiſhed in a former part of this Work; yet conſidering the awfulneſs of the ſubject, and, alſo, that the Printer had ſet it up before we had any ſuſpicion concerning it: we hope the candid Reader will excuſe a repetition of it, ſhould it happen to be ſo.

An

An Account of Mr. JOHN NOSWORTHY.

MR. JOHN NOSWORTHY, M. A. was born at *Manaton*, in *Devon*, Nov. 15, 1612, of religious parents, who put him to the Grammar-School. But as, at firſt, he did not make that progreſs which was expected, his parents intended to breed him up to a trade. To this he was greatly averſe; and therefore applied himſelf to his book with ſuch diligence, that Mr. *William Noſworthy*, at that time Maſter of the high School in *Exon*, hearing of his capacity and induſtry, took him under his own care till he was fit for the Univerſity; and then ſent him to *Oxford*, where he continued ten years. After he left the Univerſity, he married Mr. *Iriſh's* daughter of *Dartmouth*, by whom he had ſixteen children. At firſt, he preached in *Northamptonſhire*. He was there, when the war broke out; where his learning and piety expoſed him to no ſmall ſhare of ſufferings. For being driven from home, with above forty others he was impriſoned at *Wincheſter*, where he met with cruel and barbarous uſage. Being removed from priſon to priſon, the reſt went two and two chained together; and Mr. *Noſworthy* went ſingle before them, with his hands ſo faſt bound with a cord, that the blood burſt out at the tops of his fingers. When his wife came to viſit him, ſhe was informed how his mercileſs enemies had uſed him but the day before, and that they deſigned to hang him the next day. This news ſurpriſed and almoſt ſunk her. However ſhe found him and his brethren comfortable and cheerful in the priſon; but in a ſhort time he was diſcharged. After this he and his wife were ſeveral times reduced to great ſtraits: but he encouraged himſelf in the Lord his God, and exhorted his wife to do the ſame. Once when he and his family had breakfaſted, and had nothing left for another meal, Mrs. *Noſworthy* lamented her

condition, and ſaid, What ſhall I do with my poor children? He perſuaded her to take a walk out with him: when ſeeing a little bird, he ſaid, Take notice how that bird ſits and ſings, though we cannot tell whether it has been to breakfaſt; and if it has, it knows not whither to go to dinner. Therefore be of good cheer, and do not diſtruſt the providence of God; for are we not better than many ſparrows. Before dinner time they had plenty of proviſion brought them.—From *Northamptonſhire* he removed to *Devon*, and preached at *Seaton* in 1655, where he met with great reſpect from the neighbouring gentry. After awhile Mr. *Jacob Hill* being ſequeſtered from *Manaton* for drunkenneſs, Mr. *Noſworthy* was ſettled in that Rectory 1659, where he continued till the Reſtoration, when he gave up that place to Mr. *Hill* again. When he could no longer exerciſe his miniſtry in public, he did what good he could at *Manaton* in private. When the five-mile act drove him from thence, he lived at *Aſhburton*, where he met with many enemies and much oppoſition. Mr. *Stawel* of *Bickington*, diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his zeal againſt him. He came into the Meeting along with Mr. *Bogan*, who required Mr. *Noſworthy* to come down, and threatened to pull him out of the pulpit. Mr. *Caunter*, an Attorney being preſent ſaid, Sir, keep your place; for you are preaching God's word. However at length the gentlemen obliged him to come down. At another time when he was preaching on a week-day, the 29th of May, Mr. *Stawel* entered the town in his coach, attended with his ſervants, and others with drums, muſkets, &c. He went to the Meeting and commanded him to deſiſt, who boldly told him that he had authority to preach the goſpel. When Mr. *Stawel* was gone out, ſome of the hearers ſhut the door. Upon this the two drummers beat their drums, ſome diſcharged their guns, others ſung, others ſhouted and made loud huzzas to diſturb the congregation. When he had done this noble exploit he went out of the town in triumph. Mrs. *Noſworthy* was ſo frighted

frighted with the paſſages of that day, that it was thought to occaſion her death. Mr. *Stawel* at length had a mind to live in *Aſhburton*, and no houſe would pleaſe him but that which was inhabited by Mr. *Noſworthy*; and although he had taken his houſe for a term of years, yet he quietly gave poſſeſſion to him that nothing would ſatisfy. When he lived in the town he entered the meeting while Mr. *Noſworthy* was preaching, and required him to come down; but he did not. But Mr. *Stawel* trembled exceedingly. Some ſaid that he was taken ſpeechleſs upon the ſpot, and could never ſpeak plainly afterwards. Others ſaid that he was ſeized with a diſorder in his mouth after he came home. Mr. *Stawel* and Mr. *Bogan* convicted Mr. *Noſworthy* for holding a Conventical, and impoſed a fine of twenty pounds upon him, and twenty more upon the houſe, which was paid by ſeven of the hearers. Mr. *Stawel's* diſorder continuing he went to *London* in order to be cured, and threatened upon his return that he would effectually hinder old *Noſworthy* from preaching any more. Mr. *Noſworthy* ſaid I fear him not; nor do I fear what any man can do unto me. He went to *London*, and was there taken ſick and died. Mr. *Noſworthy* afterwards lived in peace, till he departed this life, Nov. 19, 1677, being juſt entered into his 66th year.—He was reputed a conſiderable Scholar. Beſides Latin and Greek, he underſtood the Hebrew, Chaldee and Syriac tongues. He inſtructed three of his ſons till they were fit for the Univerſity. The neighbouring Miniſters paid a great deference to his judgment, and often made him Moderator in their debates. Mr. *Eaſtchurch* who ſucceeded him at *Manaton* (a very worthy man) often made honourable mention of his parts and piety. When any one ſpoke of the many religious families there had been in that pariſh, Mr. *Eaſtchurch* would ſay, many of the religious people die away, but few come up in their room: I fear the good work was done before I came hither. After Mr. *Noſworthy's* death ſeveral of his enemies were troubled

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on account of the diſturbance they had given him; and ſent to his children, who were eminent for their piety, begging their prayers, and deſiring forgiveneſs of the injury they had done their father. One *Reap* particularly ſent for Mr. *Samuel Noſworthy* to pray with him and for him, and diſcovered much grief for abuſing his father. And there was alſo one Mrs. *Mary Ford*, who uſed to accompany the rabble to the meeting-houſe, who fell into ſuch poverty, that ſhe came a begging to Mr. *Noſworthy's* children; and would have periſhed through want, had it not been for his eldeſt daughter.

A ſhort Account of the Death of MICHAEL ONIONS.

ABOUT Chriſtmas laſt, *Michael Onions*, of *Madeley*, then about ſixteen, began to ſicken of a decline. To that time he had been very carnal, and often expreſſed a diſlike to the means of grace. His Uncle ſaid, *Michael*, thou ſeemeſt to be ill; perhaps the Lord is about to take thee. What thinkeſt thou of another world? There are but two places, a heaven and a hell, and thou muſt go to one of them. He anſwered, "If I knew I ſhould go to heaven I ſhould not be unwilling to die." Well, ſaid his Uncle, there is ſuch a thing as knowing our ſins forgiven *here*. "What! replied he with ſome emotion, while we are alive can we know that?"

His deſires for life being very ſtrong, he made many promiſes how good he would be if the Lord would ſpare him. His mother-in-law often talked with him about his future ſtate. After a little time his heart was much ſoftened, and he would often weep becauſe he had offended ſo good a God. In a few days the Lord revealed himſelf unto him. On which he cried out, "O, mam! what do I feel? O, what love is this! My

My heart is full! brim full! O, it is ſweet! what would I give, mam, that you could feel it too! O, how ſweet!" She ſaid, What! ſweeter than honey and the honey-comb? He replied, "O, far away! far away above it!"

From this time he appeared much changed. His deſire for life was gone. He wanted nothing now but to die and be with Jeſus. His bodily ſufferings were very great. He often cried out, "O, I am afraid I ſhall be impatient! but I cannot help it. Lord give me patience." He would beg of thoſe who viſited him to help him by their prayers to be patient. To his mother-in-law he expreſſed great thankfulneſs, ſaying, "I wiſh I could carry you with me. If God would let me, mam, I would take you in my arms; but if not, I ſhould like to die in your boſom." He had now frequent viſits from the Lord; particularly three manifeſtations, each of which ſeemed to exceed the other. But as he was very ignorant, being brought up in a coal-pit, and having never read the word of God, nor converſed with ſerious perſons till the time of this illneſs, he had ſome difficulty in explaining his meaning: and at times, when the Spirit of God was poured out afreſh upon him, he would cry, or rather groan, Oh! Oh! what is coming to me!—What is this! what is this!" Then with his eyes fixt up, he ſeemed to be loſt in deep contemplation.

One Sabbath-day ſome people came into the houſe, and were talking of worldly things. He looked at his mother and ſaid, "I would go to bed." As ſhe was helping him into bed, he lamented the hurt the company had done him. But his adorable Redeemer did not long leave him to mourn; for in a few moments he was ſo overpowered with love, that his weak body was ready to die beneath the weight thereof.

About ſix days before his death his ſpirit ſeemed wholly taken up with proſpects of glory. Sometimes there ſeemed to appear before him beautiful crowns. Sometimes companies of glorified ſpirits who appeared to him as men, women and children

children walking in a glorious place. "There is, ſaid he, in that place ſomething like a table, and angels ſitting round it; and there is one taller than the reſt who ſeems to be teaching the others; but I can't hear what he ſays." One day he ſaid, "I ſee a river, over which I am to paſs, and two angels ſtanding on the other ſide, ready to receive me." Being quite overpowered he cried out, "O, what's a coming!" Then panting, as for breath, he called his mother to come and ſee too. Then with his eyes fixt upward, with a deep ſolemnity he ſaid many times, "What do I ſee!—What do I ſee!—O, what do I ſee!—I ſee the gates of heaven!—They ſtand wide open!—How glorious! O, how glorious!—Why, they are brighter than gold!—Brighter than the moſt fine gold.—And there ſtands a woman in white." One preſent ſaid, Who is ſhe like? He anſwered, "I do not know; but ſhe is a large, tall woman,* in a white dreſs; but O, mam! how much whiter than any thing here on earth, you cannot think! And I ſee *Iſaac* and *Polly* too!† O, how pretty they look! How bright *Polly* ſhines! And now, ſaid he, I am going over that river, and ſee ſuch a beautiful green paſture beyond it as I cannot deſcribe!"

Another time he mentioned a river ſo clear that the cleareſt glaſs on earth was not ſo bright. This he told them was in heaven, and that he muſt be waſhed in it. With the ſight of this river he ſeemed quite raviſhed: ſaying, "I am waſhed! I have on that white robe! I am whiter than ſnow. And now, ſaid he, to his Uncle, what do I ſtay for!" Then throwing open his arms, he ſaid, "O, I long to be gone! Why do I ſtay! Nobody can think what pain I feel! Why do I ſtay!" His Uncle ſaid, Perhaps there is more to be done in thee. "No, ſaid he, Chriſt hath waſhed me! I am

* His own mother was a large and tall woman, who died before he could remember: her laſt words were, "I muſt go and meet Jeſus."

† Two children who died a little before: the boy was killed in a pit; *Polly* died very happy ſince I came here.

whiter

whiter than ſnow!" But perhaps, continued his Uncle, there is yet ſomething for thee to ſpeak. With that he ſeemed quite content. After lying ſtill ſometime he ſeemed afreſh overpowered, and ſaid, "Call my mam, that ſhe may ſee too." Then, as if juſt ſwallowed up with the power of God, he ſaid, "O, the glory!—O, the glory!—Don't you ſee!" They anſwered, No; what is it like? After lying ſilent ſome moments he ſaid, "Why ten thouſand, thouſand!—thouſand inſtruments of muſic, ſweeter than I ever heard! O, this is *moſt glorious of all!*" He then for three hours believed he was out of the body: and thought he was actually there; and ſaid, "It is time now for this bit of clay to go down to *D——ly*" (their pariſh church.) During theſe three hours he complained of no pains; but afterwards though he found them in a meaſure return; yet he was quite calm, waiting for the happy moment. Soon after, with a low voice, he ſaid, "*There is the moſt glorious place of all!* and I am going up the ladder into it!" and then, in a few moments ſtepped into eternity, and took poſſeſſion of the glory prepared for him in the preſence of God.

March 22, 1785.

MARY FLETCHER.

Of EXERCISE.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

BODILY labour is of two kinds; either that which a man ſubmits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleaſure. The latter of theſe generally changes the name of labour for that of exerciſe; but differs only from ordinary labour as it ariſes from another motive.

A country life abounds in both theſe kinds of labour, and for that reaſon gives a man a greater ſtock of health, and

conſequently a more perfect enjoyment of himſelf, than any other way of life. I conſider the body as a ſyſtem of tubes and glands: or to uſe a ruſtic phraſe, a bundle of pipes and ſtrainers, fitted to each other after ſo wonderful a manner, as to make a proper engine for the ſoul to work with. This deſcription does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves and arteries; but every muſcle and every ligature, which is a compoſition of fibres, that are ſo many imperceptible tubes and pipes, interwoven on all ſides with invifible glands or ſtrainers.

With this general idea of a human body, without conſidering it in its niceties of Anatomy, let us ſee how abſolutely neceſſary labour is for the right preſervation of it. There muſt be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digeſt, and ſeparate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear that infinitude of pipes and ſtrainers of which it is compoſed, and to give their ſolid parts a firm and more laſting tone. Labour or exerciſe ferments the humours; caſts them into their proper channels; throws off redundancies; and helps nature in thoſe ſecret diſtributions: without which the body cannot ſubſiſt in its vigour, nor the ſoul act with cheerfulneſs.

I might mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the underſtandiug clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining thoſe ſpirits that are neceſſary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the preſent laws of union between the ſoul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular, that we muſt aſcribe the ſpleen, which is ſo frequent in men of ſtudious and ſedentary tempers; as well as the vapours to which the other ſex is ſo often ſubject.

Had not exerciſe been abſolutely neceſſary for our well-being, Nature would not have made the body ſo proper for it, by giving ſuch an activity to the limbs, and ſuch a pliancy to every part, as neceſſarily produce thoſe compreſſions, extenſions,

tenſions, contorſions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are neceſſary for the preſervation of ſuch a ſyſtem as has been before-mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in ſuch an exerciſe of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is ſo ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and ſweat of the brow. Providence furniſhes materials, but expects that we ſhould work them up ourſelves. The earth muſt be laboured before it gives its increaſe; and when it is forced into its ſeveral products, how many hands muſt they paſs through before they are fit for uſe? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the ſpecies in twenty; and as for thoſe who are not obliged to labour, they are more miſerable than the reſt of mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of Exerciſe.

There is no kind of exerciſe which I would ſo recommend as that of riding, as there is none which ſo much conduces to health, and is every way ſo accommodated to the body, according to the *Idea* which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is laviſh in its praiſes, and if the *Engliſh* reader will ſee the mechanical effects of it deſcribed at length, he may find them in a book publiſhed ſome years ſince, under the title of *Medicina Gymnaſtica*. For my part, when I am in town, for want of theſe opportunities, I exerciſe myſelf an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleaſes me the more becauſe it does every thing I require of it in the moſt profound ſilence. My landlady and her daughters are ſo well acquainted with my hours of exerciſe, that they never come into my room to diſturb me while I am ringing.

When I was ſome years younger, I uſed to employ myſelf in a more laborious diverſion; which conſiſted in the bran-

diſhing of two ſhort ſticks graſped in each hand, and loaden with lead at either end. This opens the cheſt, exerciſes the limbs, and gives a man all the pleaſure of boxing without the blows.

To conclude, as I am a compound of ſoul and body, I conſider myſelf as obliged to a double ſcheme of duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the buſineſs of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exerciſe, as well as the other in ſtudy and contemplation.

EUDOXUS *and* LEONTINE.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

EUDOXUS and *Leontine* began the world with ſmall eſtates. They were both of them men of good ſenſe and great virtue. They proſecuted their ſtudies together in their earlier years, and entered into ſuch a friendſhip as laſted to the end of their lives. *Eudoxus*, at his firſt ſetting out into the world, threw himſelf into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one poſt to another, till at length he had raiſed a very conſiderable fortune. *Leontine* ſought all opportunities of improving his mind by ſtudy, converſation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the ſciences, but with the moſt eminent Profeſſors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the intereſts of its princes, with the cuſtoms and faſhions of their courts; in ſhort, he had ſo well mixt and digeſted the knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the moſt accompliſhed perſons of his age. During the whole courſe of his ſtudies and travels he kept up a punctual correſpondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himſelf acceptable to the principal men about court, by the intelligence which he received from *Leontine*, when

when they were both turned of forty (an age in which according to Sir *Walter Cowley, there is no dallying with life*) they determined, purſuant to the reſolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and paſs the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married about the ſame time. *Leontine*, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchaſed an eſtate of as many thouſands; they were both of them fathers about the ſame time: *Eudoxus* having a ſon, and *Leontine* a daughter. But to the unſpeakable grief of the latter, his young wife died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been inſupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily viſits and converſation of his friend. As they were one day talking with their uſual intimacy, *Leontine*, conſidering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own houſe, and *Eudoxus*, reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a ſon who knows himſelf to be heir to a great eſtate, they agreed upon an exchange of children; namely, that the boy ſhould be bred up with *Leontine* as his ſon, and the girl with *Eudoxus* as his daughter, till they were arrived at years of diſcretion. The wife of *Eudoxus* knowing that her ſon could not be ſo advantageouſly brought up as under the care of *Leontine*, was by degrees prevailed on to fall into the project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, and educated her as her daughter. The friends on each ſide had wrought themſelves into ſuch a habitual tenderneſs for the children, who were under their direction, that each of them had the real paſſion of a father. *Florio*, the name of the young heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the duty and affection immaginable for his ſuppoſed parent, was taught to rejoice at the ſight of *Eudoxus*. The boy was now old enough to know his ſuppoſed father's circumſtances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own induſtry. This conſideration grew

ſtronger

ſtronger in him every day, and produced ſo good an effect, that he applied himſelf with more than ordinary diligence in the purſuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural abilites, which were very good, aſſiſted by the directions of ſo excellent a Counſellor, enabled him to make a quicker progreſs than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finiſhed his ſtudies and exerciſes with great applauſe, he was removed from the Univerſity to the Inns of Court, where there are few that make themſelves conſiderable proficients in the ſtudies of the place, who know they ſhall arrive at great eſtates without them. This was not *Florio's* caſe; he found that three hundred a year was but a ſmall eſtate for *Leontine* and himſelf to live upon, ſo that he ſtudied without intermiſſion till he gained a very good inſight into the conſtitution and laws of his country.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The VISIONS *of* MIRZA.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

ON the fifth day of the Moon, which according to the cuſtom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of *Badgat*, in order to paſs the remainder of the day in meditation and prayer. I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and paſſing from one thought to another, ſurely, ſaid I, Man is but a ſhadow, and life a dream. While I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips and began to play. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a variety of

of tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they reminded me of thoſe heavenly airs that are played to the departed ſouls of good men upon their firſt arrival in paradiſe, to wear out the impreſſions of the laſt agonies, and qualify them for the pleaſures of that happy place. My heart melted away in ſecret raptures.

I had often been told that the rock was the haunt of a genius; and that ſeveral had been entertained with muſic who had paſſed by it; but never heard that the muſician had before made himſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my thoughts by thoſe tranſporting airs, to taſte the pleaſures of his converſation, as I looked upon him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me to approach the place where he ſat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a ſuperior nature; and as my heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating ſtrains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius ſmiled upon me with a look of compaſſion and affability, that at once diſpelled all my fears and apprehenſions. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, *Mirza*, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy ſoliloques: follow me.

He then led me to the higheſt pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it. Caſt thy eyes Eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I ſee, ſaid I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the vale of miſery, and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt ſaid he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, meaſured out by the Sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine now, ſaid he, this ſea that is thus bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it.

it. I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of the tide. The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human life: conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore and ten arches, with ſeveral broken arches, which added to thoſe that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge conſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches, but that a great flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee multitudes of people paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden pitfalls were ſet very thick at the entrance of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed ſome perſons, but their number was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long a walk.

I paſſed ſometime in the contemplation of this wonderful ſtructure, and the great variety of objects which it preſented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood by them to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful poſture, and in the midſt of a ſpeculation ſtumbled and fell out of ſight. Multitudes were very buſy in the purſuit of bubbles

bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them, but often, when they thought themſelves within the reach of them, their footing failed. and down they ſunk. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome with ſcimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thruſting ſeveral perſons on trap-doors which did not ſeem to lie in their way, and which they might have eſcaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A THOUGHT *upon* MARRIAGE.

If thine eye be ſingle, thy whole body ſhall be full of light.

1. I Am not now about to ſpeak to men of the world, or to them that have only the form of Religion; but to you who *have* experienced, if you do not *now*, the *faith which worketh by love.* And in ſpeaking to *you* I do not peremptorily aſſert any thing. I barely propoſe a thought that riſes in my mind, and beg you to conſider it.

2. You have ſome thoughts of altering your condition: and we know, *Marriage is honourable to all men.* But is your eye ſingle herein? This is worthy your moſt ſerious conſideration. Retire a little into yourſelf, and aſk your own heart, "What is it moves me to think of this?"

3. I will tell you how it was with *me.* Though I do not know I was ever low-ſpirited, (my ſpirits being always the ſame, whether in ſickneſs or in health) yet I was often uneaſy. Even in vigorous health, in plenty, and in the midſt of my friends, I wanted ſomething: I was not ſatisfied. I looked about for happineſs, but could not find it. Then I thought, "O, if I had but ſuch a perſon with me, I ſhould ſurely be happy." I muſed with myſelf, "How lovely is her look? How agreeably ſhe talks? I thought of *Sappho's* words:

" Bleſt as the immortal gods is he,
The youth that fondly ſits by thee;
And hears and ſees thee all the while,
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile."

Surely this is the very thing I want; and could I attain it, I ſhould then no more be ſolitary! For,

" Thou from all ſhades the darkneſs wouldſt exclude,
And from a deſert baniſh ſolitude:"

Therefore with her, I can be happy: without her, I never can."

4. Perhaps your caſe is ſomething like mine. Let me then aſk you a few queſtions,

Were you ever convinced of ſin? of your loſt, undone ſtate? Did you feel the wrath of God abiding on you? If ſo, what did you then want to make you happy? " To know, my God is reconciled." You had your wiſh. You were enabled to ſay boldly, " I know that my Redeemer liveth." And were not you then happy? " Indeed I was." In what? " In the knowledge and love of God."

5. And if you have now the ſame knowledge and love of God, does it not anſwer the ſame end? Will not the ſame cauſe ſtill produce the ſame effect? If therefore you are not happy now, is it not becauſe you have not that intercourſe with God, which you then had? And you are ſeeking to ſupply the want of that intercourſe, by the enjoyment of a creature? You imagine that near connexion with a woman will make amends for diſtance from God! Have you ſo learned Chriſt? Has your experience taught you no better than this?

6. You *were* happy once: you knew you were: happy in God, without being beholden to any creature. You did not need

Love's all-ſufficient ſea to raiſe
With drops of creature-happineſs.

And

And is it wiſe to ſeek it now any where elſe, than where you found it before? You have not the ſame excuſe with thoſe who never were happy in God. And how little is the ſeeking it in any creature better than Idolatry? Is it not, in effect, loving the creature more than the Creator? Does it not imply that you are *a lover of pleaſure more than a lover of God!*

7. O return to Him that made you happy before, and He will make you happy again. Repeat your prayer,

Keep me dead to all below;
Only Chriſt reſolvèd to know:
Firm, and diſengagèd, and free;
Seeking all my bliſs in thee!

Seek, accept of nothing in the room of God. Let all the ſprings of your happineſs be in him. *Seek firſt*, juſt as you did before, *the kingdom of God and his righteouſneſs*: the knowledge and love of God; *fellowſhip with the Father and with his Son* Jeſus Chriſt: *and all other things ſhall be added unto you*; particularly joy in the Holy Ghoſt. Again,

Know God, and teach thy ſoul to know
The joys that from Religion flow:
Then every grace ſhall be thy gueſt;
And Peace be there to crown the reſt!

Liſburn, June 11, 1785.

J. W.

A TABLE *of* SPECIFIC GRAVITIES.

FINE, or pure gold — —	19640
Gold of a guinea of George II. —	17150
Gold of a moidore — — —	17140
Silver, fine or pure — —	11091

Silver of a ſhilling of George II.	10000
Lead	10130
Copper	9000
Braſs Caſt	7850
Steel tempered	7704
Iron	7645
Tin	7550

STONES, FOSSILS, &c.

Adamant, or diamond	3400
A Bohemian-granate	4360
A Cornelian	2568
An Engliſh agate	2512
Rock-cryſtal	2659
Glaſs of the common ſort	2666
Flint	2542
A fine marble	2700
A pellucid pebble	2641
Hard paving ſtone	2460
Alabaſter	1875
Chalk	2370
Slate	2740
China	2270
Talc	2657
Common ſea-coal	1300
Magnet, or loadſtone	1840
Briſtol-ſtone	2510

ANIMAL SUBSTANCES.

Bone of an ox	1656
Ivory	1826
Oyſter-ſhell	2092
Cockle-ſhell	2520
The quill-part of a feather	1330

A Tranſlation

A Tranſlation of an Epiſtle from PHILIP MELANCTHON, *to* CASPAR PEUCER, (Book ii. Epiſtle 416) *lamenting the ſtate of the Church, at Geneva.*

MOST dear *Caſpar Peucer*, I beſeech the Son of God, our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that he may bring you ſafe back to your wife, and dear daughter; and that He may defend you all. I moſt earneſtly expect from you, an account of your return; of our family of the Univerſity; and of the report of war. Some think that the preſent diſturbances, will be fatal to the empire. Let us therefore, in the midſt of theſe confuſions, meekly commend the Church, and our families in the Church, to the Son of God. *Lælius* writes to me, that diſputes are ſo violent at *Geneva*, about Stoical Neceſſity, that a perſon diſſenting from *Zeno*,* had been ſhut up in priſon. O wretched caſe! The doctrine of ſalvation is obſcured by exotic Controverſies! But let us beſeech the Son of God to guide us. Farewel! I wiſh health to you all.

A Tranſlation of an Epiſtle from PHILIP MELANCHTON, *to* HERBERT LANGUET, (Book ii. Epiſtle 572) *declaring that Madneſs is occaſioned by evil Spirits.*

ALTHOUGH madneſs may ſometimes ariſe from natural cauſes, it is nevertheleſs moſt certain, that devils enter into the bodies of ſome men, and produce madneſs and diverſe other agonies therein: either in conjunction with natural cauſes, or without them. Becauſe it is manifeſt

* The Index to the Epiſtles informs us that by *Zeno*, he means *John Calvin*.

that

that ſuch perſons are ſometimes delivered, even without natural remedies. And theſe diabolical phænomena often portend future events.

Twelve years ago there was a woman in *Saxony* who was wholly illiterate. Notwithſtanding, when ſhe was poſſeſſed by the devil, after her tortures ſubſided, ſhe ſpoke in Latin and Greek, concerning the future war in *Saxony*, *Erit angustia magna in terrâ, et ira in hoc populo.* Ἐσται ανὰγκη ἐπι της γης καὶ ὀργὴ ἐν τῶ λαῶ. *There ſhall be great diſtreſs in the land, and wrath upon this people.*

Sixteen years ago there was a young woman in *Marck*, who uſed to ſnatch hairs from her garments: and thoſe hairs were metamorphoſed into pieces of money, which the young woman devoured with a continued noiſe of her teeth. Thoſe forms of money being ſometimes ſuddenly ſnatched from her hands, were found to be real coins, and are ſtill in the poſſeſſion of ſome. And though frequently ſhe ſuffered great tortures, ſhe was entirely relieved from her diſorder ſome months after, and is ſtill alive and well. Indeed there were frequent prayers made for her by the pious, and all other ceremonies were purpoſely omitted.

I hear that there was a woman in *Italy*, who was alſo quite illiterate. And yet, when ſhe was under the influence of a demon, being aſked, which was the beſt verſe in Virgil, ſhe anſwered,

" *Diſcite juſtitiam, moniti, & non temnere Divos*;"

Be wiſe; learn juſtice; and the god's revere.

I could alſo mention many other examples, which demonſtrate that madneſs ariſes from diabolical agency. So alſo concerning thoſe unhappy virgins, who, I hear, are tormented with phrenzy at *Rome*: I judge that they are afflicted by evil ſpirits. And that calamities are thereby ſignified to *Italy*, and other nations. But ſtill, I am ſure, that That evil might

might be removed, and the devils be expelled, by the fervent prayers of the pious. Indeed men would do well if they would not be Epicureans; but fervently invoking the Son of God, our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, would ſolemnly command the evil ſpirits to depart from thoſe unhappy perſons: and at the ſame time warn them of the approaching judgment of the Son of God, (when the malice of devils ſhall be openly expoſed to the whole Church) and of the puniſhments which ſhall then overtake the ſpirits of darkneſs. But theſe things ſhould be done with ſeriouſneſs; and thoſe ceremonies, of wafer-worſhip, holy-water, and the falſe invocations of Cornelius,* and ſuch like, ſhould be omitted. I know many inſtances in which it is certain, the prayers of the pious were available.

A Tranſlation of an Epiſtle written by ERASMUS, *about ten years before his Death.*

FOR theſe ſome years I have ſeriouſly, and with my whole heart endeavoured to approve my conſcience to Chriſt my Judge. And with all my might have been preparing myſelf for that day, which my age and weakneſs perſuade me is not diſtant: and I ſeem to myſelf, through the aſſiſting grace of Chriſt, (which I do not ceaſe to implore) to have made ſome little proficiency; for I expect that day with more and more tranquility of mind. Nor are any diſcourſes more grateful to me, than thoſe which promote or accelerate this my great buſineſs.

A Tranſlation of an Epiſtle written by ERASMUS, *a little before his Death, to* DARNIANUS *a Goës.*

FOR more than a month, I have been conſtantly confined to my bed with torture hard to be believed, and harder to be endured. And, as winter is juſt at hand, I have no hope

* Cornelius Agrippa, a writer on Magic.

of

of growing better. I do not dread death; but rather hope in the good pleaure of God. To my former periodical diſorder, there is now added, an Ulceration of the extremity of the Spine, on which I am obliged to lean, whether I lie or ſit. And this moſt diſtreſſing pain admits of no remedy, as the conſtant preſſure muſt ſtill fret the ſore. I wiſh my pains were tolerable; but it is the Lord, let him cut and burn me here, ſo he ſpare me eternally.

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An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 484.]

MONDAY, March 22. We ſet out early the next morning from *Acra*, having with us a band of Turkiſh ſoldiers for our convoy.

Here we began to decline from the ſea-coaſt, upon which we had travelled ſo many days, and in two good hours we arrived at its farther ſide, where it is bounded by *Mount Carmel*. Here you find a narrow valley letting you out of the plain of *Acra* into that of *Eſdraelon*. Hereabouts is the end of the tribe of *Aſher*, and the beginning of that of *Zabulon*.

Paſſing through the valley we arrived at that ancient river, the river *Kiſhon*, which cuts its way down the middle of the plain of *Eſdraelon*, and then continuing its courſe cloſe by the ſide of *Mount-Carmel*, falls into the ſea. In the condition we ſaw it, its waters were low and inconſiderable: but in paſſing along the ſide of the plain, we diſcerned the tracks of many torrents, falling down into it from the mountains; which muſt needs make it ſwell exceedingly upon ſudden rains,

rains, as doubtleſs it did at the deſtruction of *Siſera's* hoſt, *Judges* v. 21. In three hours and a half from *Kiſhon*, we came to a good Kane, not far from which we took up our quarters. From this place we had a large proſpect of the plain of *Eſdraelon*, which is of a vaſt extent, and very fertile, but uncultivated. At about ſix or ſeven hours diſtance eaſtward, ſtood within view, *Nazareth*, and the two Mounts, *Tabor* and *Hermon*. We were ſufficiently inſtructed by experience, what the holy Pſalmiſt means by *the Dew of Hermon*, our tents being as wet with it, as if it had rained all night. At about a mile's diſtance from us was encamped *Chibly*, *Emir* of the Arabs, with his people and cattle; and below, upon the brook *Kiſhon*, lay encamped another clan of the Arabs; being the adverſe party to *Chibly*. We had much the leſs ſatisfaction in this place, being ſeated between two ſuch bad neighbours.

Tueſday, March 23. Leaving this lodging, we arrived in one third of an hour at the *Emir's* tents, who came out in perſon to take his duties of us. He eaſed us, in a very courteous manner, of ſome of our coats, which now (the heat both of the climate and ſeaſon increaſing upon us) began to grow, not only ſuperfluous, but burdenſome.

Getting quit of *Chibly*, we turned out of the plain of *Eſdraelon* and entered into the half tribe of *Manaſſes*. From hence our road lay for about four hours through narrow vallies, pleaſantly wooded on both ſides. After which, croſſing another ſmall fruitful plain, we came in half an hour to *Caphar Arab*, where we lodged.

Wedneſday, March 24. We came to *Sebaſta*. Here you leave the borders of the half tribe of *Manaſſes*, and enter into thoſe of the tribe of *Ephraim*.

Sebaſta is the ancient *Samaria*, the imperial city of the ten tribes, after their revolt from the houſe of *David*. It loſt its former name in the time of *Herod* the great, who raiſed it from a ruined, to a moſt magnificent ſtate; and called it, in

honour of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, *Sebaſta*. It is ſituate upon a long mount of an oval figure, having firſt a fruitful valley, and then a ring of hills running round about it. This great city is now wholly converted into gardens; and all the tokens that remain to teſtify that there has ever been ſuch a place, are only, on the North ſide, a large piazza encompaſſed with pillars, and on the Eaſt, ſome poor remains of a great Church, ſaid to have been built by the Empreſs *Helena*, over the place where St. *John Baptiſt* was both impriſoned and beheaded. In the body of the Church you go down a ſtair-caſe, into the very dungeon where that holy blood was ſhed. The Turks (of whom here are a few poor families) hold this priſon in great veneration, and over it have erected a ſmall Moſque; but for a little piece of money they ſuffer you to go in and ſatisfy your curioſity at pleaſure. Leaving *Sebaſta* we paſſed on to *Naploſa*.

Naploſa is the ancient *Sychem*, or *Sychar*. It ſtands in a narrow valley between *Mount Gerizim* on the South, and *Ebal* on the North; being built at the foot of the former. The *Samaritans*, whoſe chief reſidence is at *Sychem*, have a ſmall temple or place of worſhip, to which they are ſtill wont to repair at certain ſeaſons, for performance of the rites of their religion.

Our company halting a little while at *Naploſa*, I had an opportunity to go and viſit the chief Prieſt of the *Samaritans*, in order to diſcourſe with him about ſome difficulties occurring in the Pentateuch; which were recommended to me to be enquired about, by the learned Monſieur *Job Ludolphus*, Author of the Æthiopick Hiſtory, when I viſited him at *Francfort*, in my paſſage through *Germany*.

I enquired of him what ſort of animal he thought thoſe Selavæ might be, which the children of *Iſrael* were ſo long fed with in the wilderneſs? *Numbers* xi. He anſwered, they were a ſort of fowls; and by the deſcription which he gave of them, I perceived he meant the ſame kind with our quails.

I aſked

I aſked him what he thought of the locuſts, and whether the hiſtory might not be better accounted for, ſuppoſing them to be the winged creatures that fell ſo thick about the camp of *Iſrael?* But by his anſwer, it appeared, he had never heard of any ſuch hypotheſis. Then I demanded of him, what ſort of plant or fruit the *Dudaim*, or (as we tranſlate it) *Mandrakes*, which *Leah* gave to *Rachel*, for the purchaſe of her huſband's embraces? He ſaid they were plants of a large leaf, bearing a certain ſort of fruit, in ſhape reſembling an apple, growing ripe in harveſt, but of an ill ſavour, and not wholeſome. But the virtue of them was to help conception, being laid under the genial bed. That the women were often wont ſo to apply it, at this day, out of an opinion of its prolific virtue.

This Prieſt ſhewed me a copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch; but would not be perſuaded to part with it upon any conſideration. He had likewiſe the firſt volume of the Engliſh *Polyglott*, which he ſeemed to eſteem equally with his own manuſcript.

Naploſa is at preſent in a very mean condition, in compariſon of what it is repreſented to have been anciently. It conſiſts chiefly of two ſtreets lying parallel, under *Mount Gerizim*; but it is full of people, and the ſeat of a *Baſſa*.

Proceeding now in the ſame narrow valley, between *Gerizim* and *Ebal* (not above a furlong broad) we ſaw, on our right hand juſt without the city, a ſmall moſque, ſaid to have been built over the ſepulchre purchaſed by *Jacob* of *Emmor*, the father of *Shechem*, *Gen.* xxxiii. 19. It goes by the name of *Joſeph's* Sepulchre, his bones having been here interred after their tranſportation out of *Egypt*, *Joſh.* xxiv. 32.

At about one third of an hour from *Naploſa*, we came to *Jacob's Well*; famous, not only upon account of its author, but much more for that memorable conference, which our bleſſed Saviour here had with the woman of *Samaria*, *John* iv. If it ſhould be queſtioned whether this be the very well or no,

ſeeing it may be ſuſpected to ſtand too remote from *Sychar*, for women to come ſo far to draw water; it is anſwered, that probably the city extended farther this way in former times than it does now: as may be conjectured from ſome pieces of a very thick wall, ſtill to be ſeen not far from hence. Over the well there ſtood formerly a large church, erected by that devout patroneſs of the *Holy-Land*, the Empreſs *Helena*; but of this the voracity of time, aſſiſted by the hands of the Turks, has left nothing but a few foundations remaining. The well is covered at preſent with an old ſtone vault, into which you are let down through a very ſtrait hole; and then removing a broad flat ſtone, you diſcover the mouth of the well itſelf. It is dug in a firm rock, and contains about three yards in diameter, and thirty-five in depth: five of which we found full of water. This confutes a ſtory, commonly told to travellers who do not take the pains to examine the well; viz. that it is dry all the year round, except on the anniverſary of that day on which our bleſſed Saviour ſat upon it; but then bubbles up with abundance of water.

At this well the narrow valley of *Sychem* ends; opening itſelf into a wide field, which is probably part of that parcel of ground, given by *Jacob* to his ſon *Joſeph*, *John* iv. 5. It is watered with a freſh ſtream, riſing between it and *Sychem*; which makes it ſo exceeding verdant and fruitful, that it may well be looked upon as a ſtanding token of the tender affection of that good patriarch to the beſt of ſons.

[*To be continued.*]

A wiſe FOOL.

WHEN *Francis* the Firſt, King of *France*, was to march his army into *Italy*, he conſulted with his Captains how to lead them over the *Alps*. *Amonil* his Fool lying hid in a corner, ſprang out, and adviſed them rather to take care which way they ſhould bring them back again!

AN

AN EXTRACT FROM THE

MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held at LONDON, JULY, 1785.

Between the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, *and Others.*

Queſtion 1. WHAT Preachers are *admitted* this Year?

Anſwer. William Adamſon.——*Ireland*, Walter Griffith, John Clark, Hugh Moor.——*America*, Jeſſe Lee, James Hinton, Thomas Anderſon, Thomas Humphries, Richard Swift, William Dameron, Thomas Bowen, William Phebus, William Ringold, Lemuel Green.

Q. 2. Who *remain* on Trial?

A. Alexander Suter, Thomas Bartholomew, Joſeph Jerom, Edward Burbeck, John Ogylvie, Melville Horne, William Palmer, Charles Kyte, Benjamin Pearſe, Timothy Crowther, Jonathan Crowther, John Muckarſy, William Butterfield, Richard Corniſh.—*Ireland*, James Wilſon, James M'Donald, William Hammet.—*America*, David Jefferſon, Iſaac Smith, John Smith, Elijah Ellis, John Robertſon, William Jeſſop, James Riggin, Wilſon Lee, Simon Pyle, Thomas Jackſon, Samuel Breeze, Matthew Greentree, Thomas Ware, James Thomas.

Q. 3. Who are *admitted on Trial?*

A. John Phillips, Thomas Jones, James Ridel, John Gwaltier, Peter Walker, William Fiſher, John Smith, Charles Bland, John Ramſhaw, William Hunter, jun. William Blagborn, Robert Gamble, Alexander Kilham, Joſeph Entwiſtle, John Robotham, William Thirſby.—*Ireland*, John Dinnen, Robert Lindſay, Andrew Coleman, Thomas Verner.—

America,

America, Mark Whitaker, Henry Bingham, George Noſeworthy, Stephen Johnſon, Thomas Williamſon, John Freeman, Michael Gilbert, Joſhua Hartley, Jeremiah Maſton, Hope Hull, Ezekiel Cooper, Hezekiah Bonum, Stephen Dickins, Levin Roſs, Shores Bright, Eleazor Hatheway, Robert Sparks, William Steens, John Street, Garret Thompſon, Robert Ayres, Jacob Bruſh, Moſes Hurley, Robert Carr.

Q. 4. Who *deſiſt* from Travelling?

A. Thomas Cooper, William Moore, John Accut, Nathaniel Ward, John Hampſon, Sen. and Jun.—John Fenwick, James Perfect.

Q. 5. Who have *died* this Year?

A. Thomas Mitchell, an old Soldier of Jeſus Chriſt.

Q. 6. Are there any Objections to any of our Preachers?

A. They were examined one by one.

Q. 7. How are the Preachers ſtationed this Year?

A. As follows:

1	*London*,	John Weſley, Charles Weſley, Thomas Coke, James Creighton, Henry Moore, Benjamin Rhodes, George Whitfield: Thomas Rankin, and John Atlay, Supernumeraries.
2	*Suſſex.*	William Boothby, J. Phillips.
3	*Kent.*	George Shadford, W. Horner, Z. Udall.
4	*Colcheſter.*	Joſeph Algar, Thomas Shaw.
5	*Norwich.*	Thomas Wride, T. Jones, J. Muckarſy.
6	*Yarmouth.*	Samuel Hodgſon, Geo. Button.
7	*Lynn.*	William Palmer, Charles Bland.
8	*Bedfordſhire.*	William Aſhman, John Ingham, John Watſon, jun. Supernumerary.
9	*Northampton.*	Joſeph Harper, Jon. Parkin.
10	*Oxfordſhire.*	Jonathan Couſins, Barnaby Thomas.
11	*Glouceſter.*	James Hall, William Church, J. Robotham.
12	*Sarum.*	John Moon, John Wittam, R. Empringham.

13 *Bradford*,

13 *Bradford.* Chriſtopher Watkins, Simon Day, Charles Kite, Timothy Crowther.

14 *Briſtol.* Samuel Bradburn, John Murlin, Jeremiah Brettel.

15 *Taunton.* John Pritchard, John Pool.

16 *Devon.* George Wadſworth, Michael Moorhouſe.

17 *Plymouth.* John Maſon, Adam Clark, J. King.

18 *St. Auſtle.* William Myles, Richard Corniſh, Robert Pearſe.

19 *Redruth.* Francis Wrigley, Charles Bond, J. Jerom.

20 *St. Ives.* William Green, Peter Walker, R. Gamble.

21 *Pembroke.* Joſhua Kighley, Joſeph Cole, W. Hoſkins.

22 *Glamorgan.* William Saunders, W. Holmes.

23 *Brecon.* William Warrener, J. Cricket.

24 *Birmingham.* Andrew Blair, George Story, Robert Coſterdine: John Brettel, Supernumerary.

25 *Borſlem.* Thomas Warrick, S. Edwards.

26 *Macclesfield.* Joſeph Bradford, T. Dixon.

27 *Mancheſter.* William Thompſon, Thomas Lee, William Eells: John Furz, Supernumerary.

28 *Cheſter.* John Fletcher, Richard Rodda, Melvill Horne, James Ray.

29 *Liverpool.* Jonathan Herne, William Percival, George Gibbon.

30 *Bolton.* Chriſtopher Hopper, Jaſper Robinſon.

31 *Coln.* Charles Atmore, Edward Jackſon, Robert Howard.

32 *Leiceſter.* John Eaſton, Thomas Corbet, Joſeph Peſcod.

33 *Nottingham.* Charles Boone, James Bogie.

34 *Derby.* Thomas Tatterſhall, J. Booth.

35 *Sheffield.* Joſeph Benſon, R. Hopkins, J. Barber.

36 *Grimſby.* William Dufton, G. Holder, Launcelot Harriſon, Alexander Kilham.

37 *Gainſborough.* Thomas Carlill, Robert Scott, S. Botts.

38 *Epworth.*

38 *Epworth.* Thomas Longley, James Watſon, W. Butterfield.

39 *Leeds.* Thomas Taylor, Thomas Rutherford, Duncan Wright.

40 *Birſtal.* John Broadbent, J. Goodwin.

41 *Dewſbury.* Robert Roberts, Tho. Tennant.

42 *Huddersfield.* Iſaac Brown, Wm. Hunter, jun.

43 *Halifax.* John Allen, Thomas Johnſon.

44 *Bradforth.* John Valton, Supernumerary, John Shaw, Henry Foſter.

45 *Kighley.* Parſon Greenwood, Joſeph Entwiſtle.

46 *Whitehaven.* Alex. Suter, Joſ. Thompſon.

47 *Iſle of Man.* James Thom, John Ogylvie, John Gualtier, John Smith.

48 *York.* Alex. Mather, Jer. Robertſhaw, William Adamſon.

49 *Hull.* Peter Mill, Wm. Thom, Wm. Fiſh.

50 *Scarborough.* Wm. Collins, Samuel Bardſley, Jonathan Crowther.

51 *Whitby.* John Peacock, John Ramſhaw.

52 *Thirſk.* Philip Hardcaſtle, Tho. Briſco, J. Croſby.

53 *Yarm.* Robert Swan, James Ridel.

54 *The Dales.* Thomas Ellis, George Mowat, E. Burbeck

55 *Sunderland.* James Wood, John Beanland.

56 *Newcaſtle.* George Snowden, William Simpſon, Andrew Inglis.

57 *Berwick.* Wm. Hunter, Wm. Blagborne.

58 *Edinburgh.* John Pawſon, Rob. Johnſon.

59 *Dundee.* Tho. Hanby, Duncan M'Allum.

60 *Aberdeen.* J. Taylor, R. Watkinſon.

61 *Inverneſs.* T. Bartholomew, M. Lum.

These two are to change twice a Quarter with Brother Bartholomew and Lum.

62 *Dublin.* James Rogers, Chriſt. Peacock.

63 *Waterford.* James Jordan, Wm. M'Cornock, Walter Griffith.

64 *Cork.*

64 *Cork.* Daniel Jackſon, Geo. Brown, John Dinnen.
65 *Limerick.* Thomas Davis, Lawrence Kane.
66 *Caſtlebar.* John Leech, J. Watſon, ſen.
67 *Athlone.* Matthias Joyce, John Mealy, John Wilſon, Thomas Halliday, Supernumerary.
68 *Sligo.* George Dice, And. Coleman.
69 *Balliconnell.* Rob. Bridge, Guſtavus Armſtrong, Thomas Verner.
70 *Clones.* Nehemiah Price, John Clark, J. Rennick.
71 *Iniſkillen.* Thomas Barber, Tho. Hetherington, Samuel Mitchell.
72 *Charlemount.* John Crook, John Miller, J. M'Donald.
73 *Liſleen.* Joſ. Armſtrong, Rich. Cundy.
74 *Londonderry.* Jon. Brown, Wm. Weſt, Wm. Hammet.
75 *Belfaſt.* Rob. Armſtrong, R. Lindſay.
76 *Liſburn.* John Karr, Hugh Moor, John Price.
Iſle of Jerſey. R. C. Brackenbury.

LONDON, July 30, 1785.

WE whoſe Names are underwritten, do declare that Mr. Weſley was deſired at the laſt Briſtol-Conference, without a diſſenting Voice, to draw up a Deed which ſhould give a legal Specification of the Phraſe, "The Conference of the People called Methodiſts:" and that the Mode of doing it was entirely left to his Judgment and Diſcretion.

And we do alſo declare, That We do approve of the *Subſtance* and *Deſign* of the Deed which Mr. Weſley has accordingly executed and enrolled.

Thomas Coke
Thomas Hanby
John Pawſon
Charles Boone
John Barber
Joſhua Keighley

John Murlin
Thomas Taylor
John Broadbent
George Shadford
Samuel Bradburn
Francis Wrigley
Duncan Wright
William Thompſon
John Valton
Alexander Mather
Thomas Rankin
Richard Rodda
Thomas Wride
Joſeph Cole
Joſeph Taylor
James Wood
Benjamin Rhodes
Joſeph Harper
William Collins
Thomas Tennant
William Aſhman
Simon Day
Thomas Warrick
William Myles
Iſaac Brown
Joſeph Peſcod
John Peacock
John Moon
Chriſtopher Watkins
William Green
John Eaſton
George Whitfield
Parſon Greenwood

LONDON, July 30, 1785.

WE whoſe Names are underwritten, but who were not preſent at the laſt Briſtol-Conference, do declare our Approbation of the Subſtance and Deſign of the Deed which Mr. Weſley has lately executed and enrolled for the purpoſe of giving a legal Specification of the Phraſe "The Conference of the People called Methodiſts."

James Creighton
Chriſt. Hopper
Jeremiah Brettell
Jonathan Hern
William Boothby
Samuel Hodgſon
William Sanders
Jonathan Couſſins
James Hall
Joſeph Bradford
Thomas Longley
Robert Johnſon
Samuel Bardſley
Melvill Horne
Joſeph Algar
Charles Rogers Bond

Thomas

Thomas Carlill
William Adamſon
Thomas Ellis
George Button
Robert Swan
William Warrener
William Simpſon
John Furz
Jeremiah Robertſhaw
Barnabas Thomas
Jaſper Robinſon
Henry Moore
John Crickett
Henry Foſter

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

[From Miſs F. Owen, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Publow, Nov. 23, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

HOW great are the bleſſings which ſo unworthy a family enjoy through your means! Therefore the unfeigned gratitude and eſteem with which I addreſs you cannot be fully expreſſed.

I have reaſon to think, you wiſh to hear of our ſpiritual welfare. I truſt my honoured mother daily grows in grace; while my ſiſters firmly maintain their ground. As for myſelf, alas! I am ſtill hindermoſt in the glorious race. I am often groaning, "All my nature teems with ill;" nevertheleſs, I have of late been favoured with much divine enjoyment.

As for our School, we have cauſe to thank you for it; becauſe if it had not been for your encouragement, I think we ſhould not have undertaken it: however, the Lord is ſo at work among the children, that we have cauſe to be thankful on account of *every one* of *them*. One indeed is, againſt her will, lately taken from us, *for having too much religion!*

But it is given to her, in behalf of Chriſt, *to rejoice as well as to ſuffer for his ſake.*

As ſeveral of our children's parents are not ſo ſpiritual, and conſequently are pleaſed with trifles, we have, by way of encouragement, taught the children to make artificial flowers, net-work, and little pieces of embroidery. But as it is poſſible we may be wrong in this, we beg your opinion of the matter. In ſo doing you will greatly oblige us all: particularly your Friend and Servant,

F. OWEN.

LETTER CCCLXXX.

[From the Rev. F. Okely, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Upton, Dec. 10, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

I Received your favour of the 5th, and aſſure you that the loving freedom you uſe is not diſagreeable to me. Were *this* more practiſed, it would be a good means of leading us more out of all Error, and into all Truth: nay, it would, in concurrence with the Holy Spirit, keep us in the Truth, and prevent all Error.

I alſo aſſure you, with the utmoſt ſincerity, that the Bible is my choiceſt book; and that too in practice, more than in profeſſion. I am not conſcious of having any meaning of a ſingle text, but what I believe the Holy Ghoſt intended by it; and for that purpoſe I read and pray daily for the true meaning of it. Let other ſpiritual languages, or dialects of our days be what they will, I cannot regard them as being better than that of Chriſt and his Apoſtles. If I weigh myſelf, or others, in any other balance than that of the Sanctuary, I am not conſcious of it. But knowing my own ſpiritual blindneſs and fallibility, I am thankful to any body, and eſpecially to Mr. J. W. for putting me upon ſo beneficial

ficial a trial. Whatever ſweet things any other perſon may ſay about being nothing, and how much ſoever they may exalt themſelves under ſo ſpecious a cloke; I can aſſure my dear Mr. W. with truth, that I have no ſuch intention. I really mean to become nothing, as a deliverance from all unhappineſs, that Chriſt may be all in all to me; to be crucified daily to myſelf, that He may live in me: which is, I heartily allow, an humble, gentle, patient mind: and that ſuch walk as he walked, and to the utmoſt of their power do good unto all men. How far this prevails in me, becomes me not to ſay. I know I have ſome little experience of it, and daily ſigh after more.

Baron Swedenborg is to me a riddle. Certainly, as you ſay, he ſpeaks many great and important truths; and as certainly ſeems to me to contradict ſcripture in other places. But, as he told me, I could not underſtand his Vera Religio Chriſtiana, without a divine illumination; and I am obliged to confeſs, that I have not yet a ſufficiency of it for that purpoſe. I am thankful, my preſent courſe does not ſeem abſolutely to require it. We converſed in the High Dutch; and notwithſtanding the impediment in his ſpeech, I underſtood him well. He ſpoke with all the coolneſs and deliberation you might expect from any, the moſt ſober and rational man. Yet what he ſaid was out of my ſphere of intelligence, when he related his ſight of, and daily converſation in the world of ſpirits, with which he declared himſelf better acquainted than with this.

I heartily wiſh, that all the *real* deſigns which an Omnipotent and Omniſcient God of Love might have, either by him or by any other of his ſincere ſervants of whatſoever ſort or kind, may be truly obtained. May his kingdom come, and his will be done once in earth, as it is done in heaven!

I thought it proper to expreſs thus much in anſwer to yours, without deſiring you to adopt any of my ſentiments.

I am, Rev. Sir, your affectionate Brother, F. OKELY.

P. S. Indeed

P. S. Indeed you ſay well, That Love is the fulfilling of the Law: viz. the loving God with all our heart, &c. and our neighbour as ourſelves; according to St. *Paul*'s deſcription of Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. and our Saviour's ſermon on the Mount. And I really believe, that if He and his Apoſtles were again on earth, and all we, the different awakened profeſſors of his Religion, were to be addreſſed by Him and Them; they would ſay, Dear Souls! Love one another: bear with, and forbear one another, till you can all be made perfect in One.

POETRY.

CHARITY.

FAIREST and foremoſt of the train that wait
On man's moſt dignified and happieſt ſtate,
Whether we name thee Charity or Love,
Chief grace below, and all in all above;
Come, prompt me with benevolent deſires,
Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires;
And though diſgraced and ſlighted, to redeem
A Poet's name, by making thee her theme.

God working ever on a ſocial plan,
By various ties attaches man to man:
He made at firſt, though free and unconfined,
One man the common father of the kind,
That every tribe, though placed as he ſees beſt,
Where ſeas or deſarts part them from the reſt;
Differing in language, manners, or in face,
Might feel themſelves allied to all the race.

When *Cook* (lamented, and with tears as juſt
As ever mingled with heroic duſt,)

Steered

Steeréd Britain's oak into a world unknown,
And in his country's glory ſought his own;
Wherever he found man, to nature true,
The rights of man were ſacred in his view:
He ſoothéd with gifts, and greeted with a ſmile,
The ſimple native of the new-found iſle;
He ſpurnéd the wretch who ſlighted or withſtood
The tender arguments of kindréd blood;
Nor would endure that any ſhould controul
His free-born brethren of the ſouthern pole.

Again, the band of commerce was deſignéd
To' aſſociate all the branches of mankind;
And if a boundleſs plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe:
Wiſe to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful Nature's various ſcenes;
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers ſomething to the genéral uſe;
No land but liſtens to the common call,
And in return receives ſupply from all;
This genial intercourſe, and mutual aid,
Cheers what were elſe an univerſal ſhade;
Calls Nature from her icy-mantléd den,
And ſoftens human rock-work into men.

Ingenious Art with her expreſſive face
Steps forth to faſhion and refine the race;
Not only fills Neceſſity's demands,
But overcharges her capacious hands;
Capricious Taſte itſelf can crave no more,
Than ſhe ſupplies from her abounding ſtore;
She ſtrikes out all that Luxury can aſk,
And gains new vigour at her endleſs taſk.

Here

Here is the ſpacious arch, the ſhapely ſpire,
The Painter's pencil, and the Poet's lyre;
From her the canvas borrows light and ſhade,
And verſe more laſting, hues that never fade.
She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,
Gives Difficulty all the grace of Eaſe,
And pours a torrent of ſweet notes around,
Faſt as the thirſting Ear can drink the ſound.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The following Lines were written on a Pane of Glaſs in one of the Windows of Biſhop BEDELL'S *Houſe, adjoining the Church-Yard till a few Years ago, when the Saſh was taken down. They are ſuppoſed to be written by Doctor* SHERIDAN, *about the Year* 1731.

RESOLVE me this, ye happy dead,
Whov'e lain ſome hundred years in bed,
From every perſecution free,
Which in this wretched life we ſee;
Would ye reſume a ſecond birth,
And chuſe once more to live on earth?

Thus ſpoke great *Bedell* from his tomb,
Mortal! I would not change my doom,
To live in ſuch a reſtleſs ſtate;
To be unfortunately great;
To pity fools; to ſpurn at knaves;
To ſhine among a race of ſlaves;
To learn from wiſe men to complain,
And only riſe to fall again:
No——let my duſty relics reſt,
Till I ſhall riſe amongſt the bleſt.



Mr. JAMES HALL,
Ætatis 34.

THE

Arminian Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 505.]

CHAP. IV. *Arguments againſt Abſolute Election to Salvation.*

II. ARGUMENT. (1ſt.) This decree is falſe both in the parts, and the end of it. The parts of it are theſe two;

1. That *God hath from eternity elected a certain number of perſons to ſalvation, leaving the reſt under an abſolute decree of Reprobation; and that of this election or reprobation there can be no other cauſe but God's own free-will. For Predeſtination,* ſay they, *being an immanent act of the Divine Underſtanding, cannot be conceived as dependant upon any foreſeen acts of man's will;* and *therefore his foreſeen faith, repentance and perſeverance, cannot be imagined antecedent cauſes, conditions or motives to the Divine Predeſtination.*

2. That *in order to the accompliſhing the ſalvation of his elect, he hath decreed to afford them that grace which ſhall infallibly bring them to ſalvation*; whereas they who are compriſed under the decree of *Reprobation, are left infallibly to fail of eternal life*, and ſo are left to fail of means which may bring them to eternal life.

In the abſolute election of thoſe whom God hath thus appointed to ſalvation, he decreed to glorify his mercy; and in the reprobation of the reſt, to glorify his ſovereignty and juſtice in their damnation: the manifeſtation, therefore of his grace and mercy, in the ſalvation of the one, and of his juſtice and ſovereignty in the damnation of the other, muſt be the two great ends of God in theſe decrees.

Now the falſehood of theſe two decrees, touching the abſolute election of ſome perſons to ſalvation, is ſufficiently argued in the fifth Diſcourſe. 1ſt. From God's command to all Chriſtians to make their calling and election ſure. 2dly, From his frequent exhortation directed to them *to continue ſtedfaſt in the faith, to keep themſelves in the love of God, and to work out their ſalvation with fear and trembling*. 3dly, From the cautions directed to good Chriſtians not *to fall from grace, or from their own ſtedfaſtneſs*. 4thly, From the threats denounced againſt the righteous man who turneth away from his righteouſneſs, and the juſt man who living by faith draweth back.

2dly, As they reſpect thoſe that are ſuppoſed to lie under an abſolute decree of reprobation, the falſehood of them hath been fully proved in the ſecond diſcourſe. 1ſt, From God's ſerious and earneſt invitations of them to repentance. 2dly, From his vehement deſires of their reformation and obedience. 3dly, From his declarations, that he had done for them what was ſufficient to produce it. 4thly, From his promiſes to excite them to it; his long-ſuffering deſigned for that very end, and from his dreadful threats intended to deter them from perſiſting in their evil ways. And, laſtly,

from

from the manifold demonſtrations he hath afforded us in holy Scripture, that he doth not look upon wicked men as under an utter diſability of being reformed by his judgments, or his mercies, or of hearkening to his calls and invitations to return and live.

And, (2dly,) Such a decree as this being in a ſecret of God's counſel, no man can know that God hath made it, but from the expreſs revelation of the holy Scripture; and ſo no perſon can have any reaſon to aſſert it on any other account. Now as I have ſhown already that the Scripture hath ſaid nothing of theſe decrees; ſo will this be more evident by a reflection upon every part of them.

1ſt, The decree of Election, ſay they, *is abſolute and without reſpect to man's faith, repentance or perſeverance:* now the Scripture ſaith expreſsly, *He that believeth ſhall be ſaved; he that endureth to the end ſhall be ſaved; repent and be converted, and your ſins ſhall be blotted out; to them who by patient continuance in well-doing look for glory,* God will give eternal life. So that they who ſpeak thus, ſpeak the conſtant language of the holy Scriptures; whereas they who affirm that he hath abſolutely decreed eternal life to any without reſpect to any condition on his part, ſpeak that which hath not the leaſt foundation in the word of God. Chriſt ſaith indeed, That it is his Father's good pleaſure to give the kingdom to his little flock; but then this flock conſiſteth only of believers who have already *heard Chriſt's voice, and followed him,* and of thoſe *whom the Father had given to him*; but then he informs us, That *Judas, a ſon of perdition, was one of them.* He ſaith again, *All that the Father giveth me ſhall come unto me*; but ſpeaks not one word of their being given to him by an abſolute, eternal decree, without reſpect to any thing to be performed by them.

2dly, The Scripture hath not one ſyllable to prove that the object of this election is *a certain number of ſingular perſons.* Thoſe words, *the Lord knoweth who are his,* no more prove

this, than thoſe words of Chriſt, *I know my ſheep*; and thoſe of the Pſalmiſt, *The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous*, prove that there is a certain number of perſons who are Chriſt's ſheep, and who only can be righteous. The Scripture often ſpeaketh, as hath been fully ſhown, of Churches, and Nations elected to be his church and people; but nothing of any ſingle perſon elected from eternity to ſalvation, much leſs of any certain number of them.

3dly, That God hath *abſolutely ordained one ſingle perſon to faith, repentance and perſeverance*, is no where written. And hence it clearly follows, that there is no ſuch abſolute reprobation revealed in the Scriptures, as theſe decrees hold forth; for as *there is no election without a reprobation of the non-elected*, ſo can there be no reprobation where there is no previous election.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XXX.

ON REVELATION xxi. 5.

Behold, I make all things new.

1. WHAT a ſtrange Scene is here opened to our view! How remote from all our natural apprehenſions! Not a glimpſe of what is here revealed, was ever ſeen in the heathen world. Not only the modern, barbarous, uncivilized Heathens have not the leaſt conception of it; but it was equally unknown to the refined, poliſhed Heathens of ancient Greece and Rome. And it is almoſt as little thought of or underſtood, by the generality of Chriſtians: I mean, not barely thoſe that are nominally ſuch, that have the form of godlineſs without the power: but even thoſe that in a meaſure fear God and ſtudy to work righteouſneſs.

2. It

2. It muſt be allowed, that after all the reſearches we can make, ſtill our knowledge of the great truth, which is delivered to us in theſe words, is exceedingly ſhort and imperfect. As this is a point of mere revelation, beyond the reach of all natural faculties, we cannot penetrate far into it, nor form any adequate conception of it. But it may be an encouragement to thoſe who have in any degree taſted of the powers of the world to come, to go as far as we can go, interpreting ſcripture by ſcripture, according to the analogy of faith.

3. The Apoſtle, caught up in the viſions of God, tells us in the firſt verſe of the chapter, *I ſaw a new heaven and a new earth.* And adds, ver. 5, *He that ſat upon the throne ſaid* (I believe the only words which he is ſaid to utter throughout the whole book,) *Behold, I make all things new.*

4. Very many commentators entertain a ſtrange opinion, that this relates only to the preſent ſtate of things, and gravely tell us, that the words are to be referred to the flouriſhing ſtate of the Church, which commenced after the heathen perſecutions. Nay, ſome of them have diſcovered, that all which the Apoſtle ſpeaks concerning the *new heaven and the new earth*, was fulfilled when *Conſtantine the Great* poured in riches and honours upon the Chriſtians. What a miſerable way is this of making void the whole counſel of God, with regard to all that grand chain of events, in reference to his Church, yea, and to all mankind, from the time that John was in Patmos, unto the end of the world! Nay the line of this propheſy reaches farther ſtill. It does not end with the preſent world, but ſhows us the things that will come to paſs, when this world is no more.

5. Thus ſaith the Creator and Governor of the Univerſe, *Behold, I make all things new*: all which are included in that expreſſion of the Apoſtle, *A new heaven, and a new earth. A new heaven.* The original word in Geneſis (chap. i.) is in the plural number. And indeed this is the conſtant language of Scripture; not *heaven*, but *heavens*. Accordingly the

the ancient Jewiſh Writers are accuſtomed to reckon Three Heavens. In conformity to which, the Apoſtle Paul ſpeaks of his being *caught up into the third heaven*. It is this, the third heaven, which is uſually ſuppoſed to be the more immediate reſidence of God. So far as any reſidence can be aſcribed to his omnipreſent Spirit, who pervades and fills the whole univerſe. It is here (if we ſpeak after the manner of men,) that the Lord ſitteth upon his throne, ſurrounded by angels and archangels, and by all his flaming miniſters.

6. We cannot think, that this Heaven will undergo any change, any more than its great inhabitant. Surely this palace of the moſt High was the ſame from eternity, and will be world without end. Only the inferior heavens are liable to change; the higheſt of which we uſually call, The ſtarry heavens. This, St. *Peter* informs us, *is reſerved unto fire, againſt the day of judgment, and deſtruction of ungodly men*. In that day, *being on fire*, it ſhall firſt *ſhrivel as a parchment ſcrol*: then it ſhall *be diſſolved*, and *ſhall paſs away with a great noiſe*: laſtly, it ſhall *flee from the face of him that ſitteth on the throne, and there ſhall be found no place for it*.

7. At the ſame time *the ſtars ſhall fall from heaven*, the ſecret chain being broken, which had retained them in their ſeveral orbits, from the foundation of the world. In the mean while the lower, or ſublunary *Heaven*, with *the elements* (or principles that compoſe it) *ſhall melt with fervent heat*, while *the Earth with the works that are therein ſhall be burnt up*. This is the introduction to a far nobler ſtate of things, ſuch as it has not yet entered into the heart of men to conceive: the univerſal reſtoration which is to ſucceed the univerſal deſtruction. *For we look for*, ſays the Apoſtle, *new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteouſneſs*, 2 Pet. iii. 7, &c.

8. One

8. One conſiderable difference there will undoubtedly be in the ſtarry heaven, when it is created anew; there will be no Blazing Stars, no Comets there. Whether thoſe horrid, eccentric Orbs are half-formed Planets, in a Chaotic ſtate (I ſpeak on the Suppoſition of a Plurality of worlds) or ſuch as have undergone their General Conflagration, they will certainly have no place in the New Heaven, where all will be exact order and harmony. There may be many other differences between the Heaven that now is, and that which will be after the Renovation. But they are above our apprehenſion: we muſt leave Eternity to explain them.

9. We may more eaſily conceive the changes which will be wrought in the lower Heaven, in the region of the Air. It will be no more torne by hurricanes, or agitated by furious ſtorms or deſtructive tempeſts. Pernicious or terrifying meteors will have no more place therein. We ſhall have no more occaſion to ſay,

" There like a trumpet, loud and ſtrong,
Thy thunder ſhakes our coaſt:
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy hoſt!"

No: all will be then light, fair, ſerene: a lively picture of the eternal day.

10. All the Elements (taking that word in the common ſenſe, for the Principles of which all natural beings are compounded) will be new indeed; entirely changed as to their Qualities, although not as to their Nature. *Fire* is at preſent the general Deſtroyer of all things under the ſun; diſſolving all things that come within the ſphere of its action, and reducing them to their primitive atoms. But no ſooner will it have performed its laſt great office of deſtroying the heavens and the earth, (Whether you mean thereby one Syſtem only, or the whole fabric of the Univerſe; the difference

ference between one and millions of worlds being nothing before the great Creator.) When I ſay it has done this, the deſtructions wrought by Fire, will come to a perpetual end. It will deſtroy no more, it will conſume no more; it will forget its power to burn, which it poſſeſſes only during the preſent ſtate of things, and be as harmleſs in the new Heavens and Earth, as it is now in the bodies of men and other Animals, and the ſubſtance of trees and flowers: in all which (as late Experiments ſhow) large quantities of ethereal fire are lodged: if it be not rather an eſſential, component part of every material being under the ſun. But it will probably retain its vivifying power, though diveſted of its power to deſtroy.

11. It has been already obſerved, that the calm, placid *Air*, will be no more diſturbed by ſtorms and tempeſts. There will be no more Meteors, with their horrid glare, affrighting the poor children of men. May we not add (though at firſt it may ſound like a paradox) that there will be no more rain. It is obſervable, that there was none in Paradiſe: a circumſtance which *Moſes* particularly mentions, (Gen. ii. ver. 5, 6) *The Lord God had not cauſed it to rain upon the earth. But there went up a miſt from the earth*, which then covered up the abyſs of waters, *and watered the whole face of the ground*, with moiſture ſufficient for all the purpoſes of vegetation. We have all reaſon to believe, that the caſe will be the ſame when Paradiſe is reſtored. Conſequently there will be no more clouds or fogs; but one bright, refulgent day. Much leſs will there be any poiſonous damps or peſtilential blaſts. There will be no Sirocco in *Italy*, no parching or ſuffocating winds in *Arabia*: no keen North-Eaſt winds in our own Country,

" Shattering the graceful locks of yon fair trees;

but only pleaſing, healthful breezes,

" Fanning the Earth with odoriferous wings."

12. But

12. But what change will the element of *Water* undergo, when all things are made new? It will be in every part of the world clear and limpid, pure from all unpleaſing or unhealthful mixtures, riſing here and there in cryſtal fountains, to refreſh and adorn the earth, "With liquid lapſe of murmuring ſtream." For undoubtedly as there were in Paradiſe, there will be various rivers gently gliding along, for the uſe and pleaſure of both man and beaſt. But the inſpired writer has expreſsly declared, *there will be no more Sea.* (Rev. xxi. 1.) We have reaſon to believe, that at the beginning of the world, when God ſaid, *Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear,* (Gen. i. ver. 9.) the dry land ſpread over the face of the water, and covered it on every ſide. And ſo it ſeems to have done, till, in order to the general deluge, which he had determined to bring upon the earth at once, *the windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up.* But the Sea will then retire within its primitive bounds, and appear on the ſurface of the Earth no more. Neither indeed will there be any more need of the Sea. For either as the ancient Poet ſuppoſes,

Omnis feret omnia tellus:

Every part of the earth will naturally produce whatever its inhabitants want: or all mankind will procure what the whole earth affords, by a much eaſier and readier conveyance. For all the inhabitants of the earth, our Lord informs us, will then be ἰσάγγελοι, *equal to angels*: on a level with them in ſwiftneſs as well as ſtrength: ſo that they can, quick as thought, tranſport themſelves, or whatever they want, from one ſide of the globe to the other.

13. But it ſeems, a greater change will be wrought in the *Earth,* than even in the Air and Water. Not that I can believe that wonderful Diſcovery of *Jacob Behme,* which many ſo eagerly contend for, that the Earth itſelf with all its furniture

niture and inhabitants, will then be tranſparent as Glaſs. There does not ſeem to be the leaſt foundation for this, either in Scripture or Reaſon. Surely not in Scripture: I know not one text in the Old and New Teſtament, which affirms any ſuch thing. Certainly it cannot be inferred from that text in *the Revelation*, chapter the fourth, verſe the ſixth, *And before the throne there was a ſea of glaſs, like unto cryſtal.* And yet, if I miſtake not, this is the chief, if not the only Scripture which has been urged, in favour of this opinion! Neither can I conceive that it has any foundation in Reaſon. It has indeed been warmly alledged, that all things would be far more beautiful, if they were quite tranſparent. But I cannot apprehend this: yea, I apprehend quite the contrary. Suppoſe every part of a human body were made tranſparent as cryſtal, would it appear more beautiful than it does now? Nay, rather it would ſhock us above meaſure. The ſurface of the Body, and in particular, "The Human Face divine," is undoubtedly one of the moſt beautiful objects that can be found under heaven. But could you look through the roſy cheek, the ſmooth, fair forehead, or the riſing boſom, and diſtinctly ſee all that lies within, you would turn away from it with loathing and horror.

[*To be continued.*]

Some Account of Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 516.]

WHEN you* appointed me for a Claſs-Leader, and would not excuſe me from undertaking that office, I gave myſelf up to do all the good in my power to thoſe you appointed to meet with me. Soon after this, I got a Band of ſingle men. It increaſed every month, until I was forced to divide it into four Bands. But being unwilling to

* The following part of this Account is addreſſed to the Rev. J. Weſley.

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be parted, we appointed to meet altogether once a month, and to make it a Prayer-meeting. In theſe meetings God was with us of a truth. We had a heaven among us! and a paradiſe within us! We lived as the Chriſtians of old, having all things common: ſo that few, if any, counted any thing that he poſſeſſed his own.

It is true, we had ſome wild-fire among us, which made Mr. *John Pawſon* fearful of us. Mr. *Allen* alſo ſeemed fearful of us likewiſe, though he loved us much, and ſtrengthened us both in public and private.

For between three and four years, this bleſſed work went on among near a hundred young men; beſides what were at the Weſt-end of the town; until one and another of them went into the highways and hedges to be more uſeful to the world.

It is with pleaſure I call thoſe days to remembrance; when we ran our circle of duty both to God and our neighbour; viſiting ſick-beds, hoſpitals, goals, work-houſes and garrets. O! how did we then harmoniouſly ſtem the tide, ſwim againſt the ſtream of evil examples: and with labour and ſtrife, ſelf-denial and patience, fortitude and reſolution; watchfulneſs, and diligence, reſiſt every temptation to forſake God and his ways!

Young men have the greateſt opportunities for uſefulneſs, before they get intangled in the cares of the world; if they do not, they are never likely to make any progreſs in the beſt way. This is the ſeed-time for uſefulneſs. O, that all young perſons, male and female, who read theſe lines may beſtir themſelves, under a ſenſe of the importance of this great work, to all aſſiduity while they are in the vigour of life!

Having ſpent five years thus, with this happy people in *London*, you ſent Mr. *R.* to enquire if I would accompany you to *Ireland*. After a few moments conſideration, I gladly accepted of your offer. Accordingly we left *London* the firſt Sunday in March, 1776. When we got over to *Ireland*, I

went to ſee my relations and friends. After ſtaying ſome days with my parents, I overtook you at *Coolly-Lough*. From this place we travelled round the kingdom, and in July arrived ſafe in *Dublin*. During this journey I found my mind enlarged towards God and man. Many deſires were kindled for the furtherance of the goſpel. At times, I purpoſed to give a word of exhortation; but my heart failed me, which brought on me much diſtreſs, and ſore conflicts with the enemy. I then faſted, and alſo prayed that God would remove the burthen, but to no purpoſe; for it grew more and more heavy upon me. The amazing value of ſouls weighed much with me, towards putting in my mite for their ſalvation: eſpecially when I conſidered that the everlaſting God himſelf came down; not to reign over princes, but to wear out his life in the form of a ſervant! Theſe thoughts made me cry out, Lord, what is a kingdom! What is the earth, with all the planetary worlds, compared to one ſoul! During this time, in which my ſoul hung in ſuſpenſe between heaven and earth, the following lines were often brought to my mind,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall:
Love ſo amazing! ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all!"

After travelling from March to September, I found I could not continue to travel with you, in your long and painful journies. I therefore purpoſed to return to buſineſs again. On conſulting you, your anſwer was, that I was not called to be a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water: that the Lord had ſomething elſe for me to do; but for the preſent, you would have me go to *Kingswood*. I accordingly went, and while I was there my heart was drawn out in prayer for the whole world. My ſoul graſped the habitable globe. I felt as if I could ſpend my life in cries and tears for Zion's welfare.

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During my ſtay here, I came to a reſolution to try the Lord; to put him to it, and to ſee what he had for me to do in this world. I was conſcious that though all Chriſtians were not called to be public ſpeakers; yet all are called to be a common bleſſing, a public good, and thereby prove themſelves the children of their heavenly Father, who is good unto all, and whoſe tender mercies are over all his works. But as I was uncertain how to act, I thought that by exerciſing the little ability I had, I ſhould in time know the will of God concerning me. I therefore gave myſelf up to do all poſſible good, and to extend my uſefulneſs to all around. Accordingly I reſorted to Prayer-meetings among the Colliers in different parts of the wood, and exhorted the ſchool-boys daily: which often proved a means of quickening me in the ways of righteouſneſs.

After ſometime, I began to preach at *Keynſham*, and found much encouragement to proceed, until I fell into reaſoning upon the neceſſity of human qualifications: ſuch as a knowledge of the languages, and epiſcopal ordination. But I made this matter of prayer, and in a ſhort time met with Mr. *Baxter's* Anſwer to Mr. *Johnſton's* Four Arguments for an uninterrupted ſucceſſion in the Miniſtry, and the abſolute neceſſity of epiſcopal ordination: in which anſwer *Baxter* refers his readers to the epiſtles of *Paul* to *Timothy* and *Titus*, for a deſcription of the perſons qualified to ſpeak in public: which was a great relief to my mind.

After being at *Kingswood* ſometime, I received a letter from you, deſiring me to go immediately into the *Wiltſhire* Circuit. This threw me into a fever, and brought on me much trouble of mind; ſeeing I was weak in grace, and in gifts, and young in years as well as of a ſhy diſpoſition. However, I ventured. But though God gave me the hearts of the people in general; and I had for my Aſſiſtant, one of the beſt of men, Mr. *Richard Burk*, (now in Abraham's boſom,) yet my fears and ſorrows ſo increaſed, that my appetite failed,

failed, my ſleep departed, and my body ſo waſted, that I became a very ſkeleton! Nevertheleſs I went on, hoping it might be better with me hereafter.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of Mr. SAMUEL LEE.

MR. *Samuel Lee*, M. A. was the only ſon of a very eminent and wealthy citizen of *London*, who died in much eſteem, and in a good old age, poſſeſſed of a conſiderable eſtate: which his ſon enjoyed ſome years after his mother's deceaſe. He had his firſt education under Dr. *Gale*, at St. Paul's School, and went from thence to the Univerſity of *Oxford*; being by his Maſter recommended to the tuition of Dr. *Wilkins*, who was afterwards Biſhop of *Cheſter*. There he increaſed conſiderably in knowledge and grace, and at length was choſen Fellow of *Wadham-College*, and afterwards was Proctor of the Univerſity, in the year when Dr. *Owen* was Vice-Chancellor. He afterwards came to *London*, and was fixed in the living of Biſhopſgate, where he ſpent his time with good acceptance, till he was ejected in 1662, by the Act of Uniformity. He was often admoniſhed by his learned and pious tutor, (who himſelf conformed at the Reſtoration) to come into the Eſtabliſhed Church; but he thought it his duty in this caſe to ſee with his own eyes, and made it his choice to act in a narrower ſphere. He was congregational in his judgment; but ſo eminent for his catholic ſpirit, and extenſive charity, that ſome who were warm and rigid themſelves, would not allow him to be an Independent: though he was Miniſter of an independent Congregation, among whom he officiated for many years at Newington-Green. He underſtood the learned languages well; ſpoke Latin fluently and elegantly; was well verſed in all the liberal

Arts

Arts and Sciences; was a great Maſter in Phyſic and Alchymy, and no ſtranger to any part of polite and uſeful learning. He always relieved the neceſſities of the poor, and was very uſeful to the Hungarian Miniſters when they were in *England* ſome years before he left it. For the times proving dangerous, and he being of a timorous temper, left a good eſtate behind him, about the year 1686, for the ſake of peace and a quiet mind, and ſailed to *New-England*, where he was received with reſpect, and choſen Paſtor of a Congregation in *Briſtol*. He did not continue there much above three years: for hearing of the glorious Revolution in 1688, he was willing to taſte the fruits of it in his native country, and ſoon determined to return back thither. And ſo impatient was he of any longer ſtay in *America*, that with great hazard he travelled to *Boſton* with his wife and family, and in the middle of winter ſet ſail for *England*. A few nights before his going on board the ſhip he was to ſail in, he told his wife that he had ſeen a ſtar, which according to the Rules of Aſtrology preſaged captivity; wiſhing a few days might paſs before the ſhip ſailed, for which he prevailed with the Captain, though without acquainting him with the reaſon of his requeſt. He had ſtudied Aſtrology; but when he became acquainted with it, durſt not approve of it, but burnt near a hundred books. At length, notwithſtanding the preſage, he purſued his voyage, and in his paſſage met with ſuch oppoſition from the winds, that the Captain declared he had never known the like before for thirty years together. The ſhip was driven upon the coaſt of *Ireland*, where, being met and attacked by a French Privateer, they fought for ſome hours. The ſhip was ſet on fire ſeveral times, and in no ſmall danger of ſinking; and at laſt was entirely diſabled, and ſo they were forced to ſurrender themſelves priſoners. As they were kept cruiſing for ſome weeks after, they were expoſed to all the extremities of wind and weather; and about Chriſtmas, were carried as a prize into St. *Maloe's*; where

where he, his wife and daughter, and two ſervants were kept for ſometime. At laſt all his family, unknown to him, were ſhipped off for *England*, while he, by the King's order, was kept behind. Hereupon, through grief he preſently fell into a fever, of which he died in a few days, in the poſſeſſion of thoſe very enemies, whom all his days he had moſt dreaded; but in the arms of the compaſſionate Jeſus, in the 64th year of his age.

An Account of Mr. GEORGE FAWNES.

MR. GEORGE FAWNES, M. A. was born in *Shropſhire*. His father dying, his mother ſent him to *Cambridge*, where he was reckoned a conſiderable ſcholar. He was the public Miniſter of *High-Wickham* ſeveral years; but quitted the Pariſh-Church voluntarily before the King's Reſtoration in 1660. However, he continued preaching, though he was for awhile unfixed. He afterwards aſſiſted Mr. *Palmer* in *Pinner's-Hall*, and preached a Lecture in *Lothbury*. In 1679, he became Paſtor to a Congregation of Diſſenters in *Briſtol*. About the time of what was commonly called the Preſbyterian Plot, Sir *Robert Yeamans* took him out of the pulpit, and committed him to Newgate. But by virtue of a flaw in his mittimus, in ſix weeks time he was removed by a Habeas Corpus to the King's-bench, and acquitted, to the no ſmall vexation of Mr. *Ramſey*, the Town-Clerk. Meetings being at that time held in the fields, he was taken on the high road in *Kingswood*, on ſuſpicion of coming from a meeting, though they could not prove it. He was then committed to *Glouceſter* goal for refuſing the corporation oath, and for riding within five miles of a corporation. This was a great hardſhip upon him, becauſe the act had no power in his caſe, on account of his reſigning his living before the King's return. When they brought him to *Glouceſter* Caſtle, they declared publicly that he ſhould never come out alive!

His

His mittimus was for ſix months, in which time they endeavoured to ſuborn witneſſes to ſwear a riot againſt him; though no other rioter but himſelf was named in the bill. Upon his trial, when the witneſs came to ſwear, he looked on the Juſtices and ſaid, Gentlemen, what would you have me to do? I cannot ſwear any thing againſt this perſon. However they impanelled a Jury and proceeded. He pleaded his own cauſe very pleaſantly, and told them that if *George* and his horſe could not be guilty of a riot, without *John*, *Thomas*, or *William*, or any other company, then he could not be judged guilty. The Jury then went out, but ſoon returned, and the foreman gave in the verdict, not guilty. The Biſhop's Chancellor being one of the Juſtices, ſaid, with a loud voice, What, not guilty! The foreman replied a ſecond time, Not guilty; for can *George* and his horſe be guilty of a riot without any other in company! I ſay not. However he was ſent back to priſon. When ſix months were expired he demanded his liberty of the Jailor, who told him that he had orders not to let him go, what damage ſoever himſelf might ſuffer: for they would bear him harmleſs. A bond was inſiſted on for his good behaviour, and that with ſureties, and preaching he knew would be interpreted a forfeiture of this bond, on which account he refuſed to come under ſuch bonds, and ſo was continued in priſon. At this aſſizes he made his appeal to the Judge. Juſtice *Player* and Juſtice *Newton* told the Judge, that if he let that man go, he would draw all the country after him; and ſo he was kept in priſon for two years and a half. At the end of which God was pleaſed to releaſe him by death, in December 1685. This confinement was the more grievous, becauſe of his being ſadly afflicted with the ſtone. Dr. *Peechy*, the Phyſician, declared to him, before his wife, that his confinement was the cauſe of his death; and that it was no leſs murder than if they had run him through, the firſt day he came in, though it had been leſs cruel.

A ſhort Account of the Life and Death of JANE OGILBY.

JANE OGILBY was born in the pariſh of *Biſhop-Wear-mouth*, in the county of *Durham*, in the year 1752. Her father and mother both dying when ſhe was about ſeven years of age, ſhe was taken home by an uncle, where ſhe continued about ſeven or eight years. After this, ſhe went to ſervice, and lived with four Maſters, for about fifteen years. She then married and ſettled in the ſaid place. But all this while ſhe was an utter ſtranger to true godlineſs: having neither the form nor the power of it; but lived after the courſe of this world.

About this time ſhe was drawn to hear the Goſpel, and ſeemed to be ſo affected, that ſhe would often expreſs the concern of her mind in ſuch expreſſions as theſe: "Lord be merciful to me! What will become of my poor ſoul!"

She ſtill continued to hear the word preached; although the more ſhe heard, the more ſhe ſaw herſelf in a deplorable condition. Having the eyes of her underſtanding opened in ſome meaſure, ſhe could now diſcern the things that are excellent; and accordingly made it the main buſineſs of her life to purſue after them; until ſhe found the peace that paſſeth all underſtanding, and could rejoice in God her Saviour.

She now embraced every opportunity of meeting with thoſe that feared the Lord, and was much comforted and ſtrengthened; and went on her way bleſſing and praiſing God for what he had done for her. But this did not laſt always; for giving way to unwatchfulneſs, the enemy gained ſuch advantage over her, that ſhe grew careleſs and ſecure. Yet ſhe continued meeting with her brethren, though neither ſo conſtant, nor yet with that fervency ſhe had done in times paſt. While ſhe was in this ſtate, the Lord often laid his

hand

hand upon her, and ſometimes threatened her with death, which uſed to make deep impreſſions on her mind for a ſeaſon; but being naturally of a light ſpirit, they wore off again.

She took her laſt illneſs ſometime in May. It began with a wearineſs in her limbs, and a ſhortneſs of breath. She was alſo afflicted with pains in her bowels to ſuch a degree, that what ſhe took was immediately thrown up again. After this ſhe ſwelled exceedingly: all which ſhe bore with ſuch patience and ſubmiſſion to the Divine will, that ſhe would often ſay, "Had I nothing elſe to bear but theſe, I ſhould think myſelf happy: for great and heavy as they ſeem to you, and, as indeed they are, they are nothing to what I labour under from the guilt and horror of my ſoul. This, this, far exceeds all the reſt; and what is worſe ſtill, I fear it is but the beginning of ſorrows. I am afraid the Lord will not have mercy on me any more. Could I have any hope of this, it would ſupport me under all my bodily afflictions." On one ſaying, Fear not; the Lord will have mercy on you after all you have done, ſhe replied, "I wiſh I could think ſo; it would make me rejoice amidſt all my afflictions, in hopes of better days to come."

Thus ſhe continued till within two months of her death: deſpairing, yet crying for mercy. One day ſhe ſaid to a friend, "I have been looking for the Lord to ſpeak peace to my ſoul, till I am quite out of all hopes. I have drawn the curtain back, late and ſoon, in hopes to ſee or hear ſomething to comfort me; but all in vain." Her friend replied, You are not to expect any outward appearance: you know, peace and comfort are inward things: look up to the Redeemer, and he will give you reſt, by removing your burthen, and by giving you the witneſs of his Spirit that your ſins are all done away. "O, ſaid ſhe, what a poor, blind creature I am! I have been looking wrong all this time; but, through the

grace of God, I will not expect it any more in that way. Soon after this the Lord ſet her at liberty once more. And then ſhe told me with great pleaſure, "The Lord hath taken away my burthen, and hath given me peace of conſcience." She alſo ſaid, "I have now nothing to fear; all is peace, peace!" At Chriſtmas Mr. *T.* viſited her. When he diſcourſed with her about the ſtate of her ſoul, ſhe bore a clear teſtimony of the power of God, in ſaving her from all ſin! This, ſaid he, confirms the doctrine I have juſt now delivered; and it gives me abundant ſatisfaction to ſee and hear one juſt on the verge of eternity, and nothing but ſkin and bone, witneſs, that God's promiſes are fulfilled even at this day.

Sunday, January 5, Mr. *Jaco* viſited her. When he ſpoke to her about the ſtate of her ſoul, ſhe ſaid, "I find nothing but peace." He ſaid, You are not afraid to die then: "Die! ſaid ſhe, I deſire nothing ſo much. Yet I could be content to lie here, and ſuffer ten thouſand deaths if God ſaw fit." She ſpoke ſo much while he was with her, and joined ſo fervently in ſinging a hymn, that after he was gone ſhe grew very weak. In the evening, when the houſe was ſtill, ſhe ſung, "Come Lord and help me to rejoice." After ſhe had ſung as long as ſhe was able, ſhe deſired thoſe in the houſe to ſing. Accordingly they ſung the ſame hymn; and when they came to theſe words, "O that I might at once go up! No more on this ſide Jordan ſtop!" ſhe interrupted them, and ſaid, "Yes, that is what I want."

On Monday, after receiving the ſacrament, ſhe called the Miniſter, and ſaid, "Sir, I have ſomething to tell you before you go." On his ſtooping down to hear what it was, ſhe ſaid, "I have found peace to my ſoul:" on which he ſhook her by the hand, and ſaid, he was very glad. After he was gone, ſhe ſaid, "I thought it was but fit I ſhould tell him; becauſe he had ſaid, he thought I was in utter deſpair."

On Thurſday ſhe deſired the Doctor might be ſent for to draw ſome of her teeth; accordingly he came and drew out three,

three, which ſhe bore with great patience. On Friday ſhe was ſeized with a violent pain in her arm. At night, ſhe often ſaid, "I ſhall not live to ſee the light; this is ſurely come to deliver me." On Saturday morning ſhe was quite eaſy; but her arm was ſwelled as ſtiff as if it had been a piece of wood, and was turned quite black. About noon ſhe deſired the maid to call in the neighbours: ſome of whom ſhe mentioned by name. Her huſband being in the houſe ſaid, No: "Yes, ſaid ſhe; I am juſt now going." He then took her in his arms, and when the neighbours came, ſhe endeavoured to ſpeak to them, but could not be heard. She then claſped her hands, and fell aſleep, on the 11th of January, 1772, in the thirty-ninth year of her age.

JEDIDIAH BUXTON's PREDICTION.

To the EDITOR *of the* ARMINIAN MAGAZINE.

Sir,

IF the following comes, in your eſteem, under the claſs of extraordinary Anecdotes, it is at your ſervice. I had it from a perſon who well knew both the man and the fact.

I am, Sir, your moſt obliged,

S. SAUNDERS.

Boreham-Wood, March 25, 1784.

JEDIDIAH BUXTON, a poor man, of *Elmton*, in *Derbyſhire*, well known to ſeveral eminent, and many curious men, for his uncommon talents for numbers, and extraordinary natural powers of arithmetical calculation, died about ſix years ſince: who was as famous for the exact prediction of the time of his death, as for his curious enumeration of every incident in his life, while living. This man was firmly perſuaded that his death would happen on a certain

certain day; which it precisely did. From this conviction he took a formal leave of all his friends and acquaintances, who all equally joined in the laugh, at his infatuation.

He first waited on the Duke of *P*———, who had been kind to him, and esteemed him, as an honest and singular man. He told the butler, that he *must then* see his Grace, or he should never see him again; the Duke being informed of his request, ordered him into the parlour, and desired to know the cause of his earnest desire to see him. His reply was to this effect: "I am come to thank your Grace for all the favours you have bestowed on me; for I shall never see your Grace any more." On the Duke's enquiry into the reason of that declaration, he answered, "I must never see you again: I must come here no more." Why, *Jeddy?* replied the Duke. He said, "Because I shall die on Thursday next." The Duke endeavoured to persuade him that he was only vapourish, and that there was not the least intimation of his death; and withal charged his servants not to give him much beer; adding, "For the old man's brain grows weak." In the kitchen, the laugh circulated freely concerning the *old man's prediction*. However he stiffly maintained his certainty of its accomplishment; the intervening days were spent in taking leave of his friends: none of whom believed him either in earnest, or in his right mind.

The predicted day arriving, the old man was still equally assured of his death on that day:—and after having dined, sat himself down in his easy chair, and expired; to the astonishment of all who had ridiculed his testimony.

EUDOXUS

EUDOXUS *and* LEONTINE.

Extracted from a late Author.

[*Concluded from page* 530.]

FLORIO became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her infancy. By degrees his acquaintance with her grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the ſentiments of honour became a very uneaſy paſſion. He deſpaired of gaining an heireſs of ſo great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. *Leonilla*, who was a woman of the greateſt beauty, joined with the greateſt modeſty, entertained at the ſame time a ſecret paſſion for *Florio*, but conducted herſelf with ſo much prudence that ſhe never gave him the leaſt intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all thoſe arts and improvements that are proper to raiſe a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but ſecretly tormented with that paſſion which burns with the greateſt fury in a noble and a virtuous heart, when he received a ſudden ſummons from *Leontine* to repair to him in the country the next day. It ſeems *Eudoxus* was ſo filled with the report of his ſon's reputation; that he could no longer with-hold making himſelf known to him. The morning after his arrival, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had ſomething of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no ſooner arrived at the great houſe, but *Eudoxus* took him by the hand, and conducted him to his cloſet. He there opened to him the whole ſecret of his parentage, concluding thus: *I have no other method left of acknowledging my gratitude to* Leontine, *than by marrying you to his daughter. He muſt not loſe the pleaſure of being your father.* Leonilla *too ſhall*

be

be my daughter; her filial piety, though miſplaced, has been ſo exemplary that it deſerves the greateſt reward I can confer upon it. You ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing a great eſtate fall to you, which you would have loſt the reliſh of had you known yourſelf born to it. Continue only to deſerve it in the ſame manner you did before you were poſſeſſed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the ſame diſcovery to Leonilla. *Florio* was ſo overwhelmed with this profuſion of happineſs, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himſelf down at his father's feet, and amidſt a flood of tears, kiſſed his knees, aſking his bleſſing, and expreſſing in dumb ſhow thoſe ſentiments of love, duty, and gratitude which were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half *Eudoxus's* eſtate ſettled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* paſſed the remainder of their lives together, and received, in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla*, the juſt recompenſe, as well as the natural effects of that care which they had beſtowed upon them in their education.

The VISIONS *of* MIRZA.

Extracted from a late Author.

[*Concluded from page* 533.]

THE genius ſeeing me indulge myſelf in this melancholy proſpect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: take thine eyes off the bridge, ſaid he, and tell me if thou yet ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, ſaid I, thoſe great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and ſettling upon it from time to time? I ſee vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, ſeveral little winged

winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. Theſe, ſaid the genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superſtition, Deſpair, and Love, with the like cares and paſſions that infeſt human life.

I here fetched a deep ſigh. Alas, ſaid I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to miſery and mortality! tortured in life and ſwallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compaſſion towards me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a proſpect. Look no more, ſaid he, on man in the firſt ſtage of his exiſtence, in his ſetting out for eternity; but caſt thine eye on that thick miſt, into which the tide bears the ſeveral generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my ſight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius ſtrengthened it with any ſupernatural force, or diſſipated part of the miſt that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I ſaw the valley opening at the further end, and ſpreading forth into an immenſe ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midſt of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds ſtill reſted on one half of it, inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vaſt ocean planted with innumerable iſlands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among them. I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to thoſe happy ſeats; but the genius told me there was no paſſage to them, except through the gates of death that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge. The iſlands ſaid he, that lie ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in

number than the ſands on the ſea-ſhore; there are myriads of iſlands behind thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching further than eye, or even thine imagination can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kind of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of different kinds and degrees, ſuitable to the reliſhes and perfections of thoſe who are ſettled in them; every iſland is a paradiſe accommodated to its reſpective inhabitants. Are not theſe, O, *Mirza*, habitations worth contending for! Does life appear miſerable, that gives thee an opportunity of earning ſuch a reward! Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence! Think not man was made in vain, who has ſuch an eternity reſerved for him. I gazed with inexpreſſible pleaſure on thoſe happy iſlands. At length, ſaid I, ſhew me now I beſeech thee, the ſecrets that lie hid under thoſe dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other ſide of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no anſwer, I turned about to addreſs myſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating, but inſtead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long hollow valley of Badgat, with oxen, ſheep, and camels grazing upon the ſides of it.

The Character and Prayer of PRINCE EUGENE.

His CHARACTER.

HE was valiant without pride; victorious without cruelty; indefatigable without avarice; a friend without guile; a foe without revenge; a ſoldier without vice; a Chriſtian without bigotry: whoſe univerſal fame will bury churches, out-live time; and ſtand up with eternity!

His

His PRAYER.

O my God! I believe in thee; do thou ſtrengthen my belief: I hope in thee; do thou confirm my hope: I love thee; vouchſafe to redouble my love: I am ſorry for my ſins; O, increaſe my repentance. I adore thee as my firſt principle: I deſire thee as my laſt end: I thank thee as my perpetual benefactor: I call upon thee as my ſupreme defender. My God! be pleaſed to guide me by thy wiſdom: rule me by thy juſtice: comfort me by thy mercy: and keep me by thy power. To thee I dedicate all my thoughts, words, and actions; that henceforth I may think of thee, ſpeak of thee, act according to thy will, and ſuffer for thy ſake. Lord, my will is ſubject to thine in whatſoever thou willeſt; becauſe it is thy will. I beſeech thee to enlighten my underſtanding; to give bounds to my will; to purify my body; to ſanctify my ſoul. Enable me, O my God! to expiate‡ my paſt offences; to conquer my future temptations; to reduce the paſſions that are too ſtrong for me; and to practice the virtue that becomes me. O fill my heart with a tender remembrance of thy favours; an averſion for my infirmities; a love for my neighbour; and a contempt for the world. Let me alſo remember to be ſubmiſſive to my ſuperiors; charitable to my enemies; faithful to my friends; and indulgent to my inferiors. O God help me to overcome pleaſure, by mortification; covetouſneſs by alms; anger, by meekneſs; and lukewarmneſs, by devotion. O my God! make me prudent in undertakings; courageous in dangers; patient under diſappointments; and humble in ſucceſs. Let me never forget, O Lord! to be fervent in prayer; temperate in food; exact in my employs; and conſtant in my reſolutions. Inſpire me, O Lord! with a deſire always to have a quiet conſcience; an outward modeſty, as well as inward; an edifying converſation, and a regular con-

‡ None but Chriſt can do this.

duct. Let me always apply myſelf to reſiſt nature; to aſſiſt grace; to keep thy commands; and deſerve * to be ſaved. My God! do thou convince me of the meanneſs of the earth; the greatneſs of heaven; the ſhortneſs of time; and the length of eternity. Grant that I may be prepared for death; that I may fear thy judgment; avoid hell, and obtain paradiſe: for the ſake and merits of my Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. *Amen.*

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A genuine Copy of an Order of King HENRY *the* VIII. *for a day's proviſion for one of the Lady's of Honour to one of his Queens.*

HENRY *the* EIGHTH, &c. &c. &c.

WE woll and commaunde you to allow daily from henſforth unto our right dere and well-beloved the lady *Lucy*, into her chamber, the dyatt and fare hereafter enſuying.

Firſt, Every morning at brekeſaſt, oon chyne of beyf at our kechyn, oon chete loff, and oon maunchet at our panatrye barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

Item, At dyner, a peſe of beyf, a ſtroke of roſte, and a reward at our ſaid kechyn, a caſte of chete brede at our panatrye barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

Item, At afternoone, a maunchet of brede at our panatrye barr, and half a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

Item, At ſupper, a meſſe of porage, a peſe of mutton, and a reward at our ſaid kechyn, a caſte of chete brede at our panatrye, and a galone of ale at our buttrye.

Item, After ſupper, a chete loff, and a maunchet at our panatrye barr, and half a galone of wine at our ſeller barr.

Item, Every morning at our wood-yard, four tall ſhyds, and two faggots.

* Properly ſpeaking, no ſinner ever *deſerved* this.

Item,

Item, At our chaundrye barr in winter every night, oon preket, and four ſyſes of wax, and with eight candles white lights, and oon torch.

Item, At our picher houſe, ſix white cupps.

Item, At every time of our moving, oon hole carte for the carriage of her ſtuff.

14 HEN. VIII. 16 July, 1522.

The following is tranſcribed from the Monument of Dr. TRAPP.

To the Memory of the Rev. and learned Joſeph Trapp, D. D.

TWENTY-SIX years Miniſter of the united Pariſhes of Chriſt-Church, in Newgate-Street, and St. Leonard, Foſter-Lane, *London*: who died Nov. 22, 1747, aged 67, and was buried in the Church of *Harlington*, in *Middleſex*, of which alſo he was Rector.

In grateful acknowledgement of the benefits received by the miniſtry of ſo excellent a Preacher, and ſo valuable a Friend, ſeveral of his hearers have, at their own expence, erected this Monument:

† *Death*, *Judgment*, *Heaven*, and *Hell*, think Chriſtians, think.
You ſtand on vaſt *Eternity's* dread *brink*;
Faith, and *Repentance*, *Piety* and *Prayer*,
Deſpiſe this world, the next be all your care.
Thus while my tomb the ſolemn ſilence breaks,
And to the eyes this cold, dumb marble ſpeaks,
Though dead I preach; if e'er with ill ſucceſs,
Living I ſtrove the important truths to preſs,
Your precious, your immortals ſoul to ſave,
Hear me at laſt, O! hear me, from my grave.

† What pity that ſuch ingrammatical, doggerel Verſe, ſhould diſgrace the Monument of an eminent Doctor of Divinity!—Query: ought not ſomething to be done to drive ſuch rubbiſh from our public and private Monuments; or at leaſt, to prevent a repetition of them.

Some

Some Account of SECOND SIGHT:

[Extracted from a late Author.]

THE Second Sight is an impreſſion made upon the mind, by which things diſtant or future are perceived, and ſeem as if they were preſent. A man on a journey, far from home, falls from his horſe; another, who is perhaps at work about his houſe, ſees him bleeding on the ground; commonly with a landſcape of the place where the accident befals him. Another ſeen driving home his cattle, or muſing in the ſunſhine, is ſuddenly ſurpriſed by the appearance of a bridal ceremony, or funeral proceſſion, and counts the mourners and attendants; of whom, if he knows them, he relates the names; if he knows them not, he can deſcribe their dreſſes. Things diſtant are ſeen at the inſtant when they happen. Of things future there is no rule for determining the time between the ſight and the event.

This faculty is neither voluntary nor conſtant. The appearances have no dependance upon choice: they cannot be ſummoned, detained, or recalled. The impreſſion is ſudden, and the effect often painful.

By the term, Second Sight, ſeems to be meant a mode of ſeeing, ſuperadded to that which nature beſtows. In the *Erſe* language it is called, Taiſch; which ſignifies a ſpectre or a viſion.

I do not find it to be true, that to the Second Sight nothing is preſented but phantoms of evil. Good ſeems to have the ſame proportion in thoſe viſionary ſcenes, as it obtains in real life: almoſt all remarkable events have evil for their baſis; and are either miſeries incurred, or miſeries eſcaped.

That they ſhould often ſee death, is to be expected; becauſe death is an event frequent and important. But they ſee like-

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wife more pleafing incidents. A gentleman told me that when he had once gone far from his own iſland, one of his labouring ſervants predicted his return, and deſcribed the livery of his attendant, which he had never worn at home; and which had been occaſionally given him.

It is the common talk of the lowland Scots, that the notion of the Second Sight is wearing away, and that its reality is no longer ſuppoſed, but by the groſſeſt people. How far its prevalence ever extended, or what ground it has loſt, I know not. The Iſlanders of all degrees whether of rank, or underſtanding, univerſally admit it, except the Miniſters: one of whom honeſtly told me, that he came to Sky with a reſolution not to believe it. Strong reaſons for incredulity will readily occur. This faculty is a breach of the common order of things, without any viſible reaſon. It is aſcribed only to a people very little enlightened; and among them, for the moſt part, to the mean and the ignorant.

To theſe objections it may be replied, That by preſuming to determine what is fit, and what is beneficial, they preſuppoſe more knowledge of the univerſal ſyſtem than man has attained; and therefore depend upon principles too complicated and extenſive for our comprehenſion: and that there can be no ſecurity in the conſequence, when the premiſes are not underſtood; that the Second Sight is only wonderful becauſe it is rare; for, conſidered in itſelf, it involves no more difficulty than dreams, or perhaps, than the regular exerciſe of the cogitative faculty; that a general opinion of communicative impulſes, or viſionary repreſentations, has prevailed in all ages and nations; that particular inſtances have been given, with ſuch evidence, as neither *Bacon* nor *Boyle* have been able to reſiſt; that ſudden impreſſions, which the event has verified, have been felt by more than one of them; that the Second Sight of the Hebrides implies only the local frequency of a power, which is no where totally unknown,

unknown, and that where we are unable to decide by antecedent reaſon, we muſt be content to yield to the force of teſtimony.

By pretentions to Second Sight, no profit was even ſought or gained. It is an involuntary affection in which neither hope nor fear are known to have any part. Thoſe who profeſs to feel it, do not boaſt of it as a privilege, nor are conſidered by others advantageouſly diſtinguiſhed. They have no temptation to feign; and their hearers have no motive to encourage the impoſture.

To talk with any of thoſe ſeers is not eaſy. There is one living in Sky, with whom we would gladly have converſed; but he knew no Engliſh. The proportion in theſe countries of the poor to the rich is ſuch, that if we ſuppoſe the quality to be accidental, it cannot very rarely happen to a man of education; and yet on ſuch men it has ſometimes fallen. There is now a Second Sighted Gentleman in the Highlands, who complains of the terrors to which he is expoſed. The foreſight of the ſeers is not always preſcience: they are impreſſed with images of which the event only ſhews them the meaning. They tell what they have ſeen to others, who are at that time not more knowing than themſelves; but may become at laſt very adequate witneſſes by comparing the narrative with its verification.

The HISTORY *of* INKLE *and* YARICO.

From LIGON'S *Account of Barbadoes.*

MR. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty years, embarked at the *Downs*, on the good ſhip, called the *Achilles*, bound for the *Weſt-Indies* in the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandiſe. Our adventurer was the third ſon of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to inſtil into his mind

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an early love of gain, by making him a perfect maſter of numbers, and conſequently giving him a quick view of loſs and advantage, and preventing the natural impulſes of his paſſions, by prepoſſeſſion towards his intereſts. With a mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a perſon every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, ſtrength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair looſely flowing on his ſhoulders. It happened in the courſe of the voyage that the *Achilles*, in ſome diſtreſs, put into a creek on the main of *America*, in ſearch of proviſions. The youth, who is the hero of my ſtory, among others went aſhore on this occaſion From their firſt landing they were obſerved by a party of Indians, who hid themſelves in the woods for that purpoſe. The *Engliſh* unadviſedly marched a great diſtance from the ſhore, into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who ſlew the greateſt number of them. Our adventure eſcaped among others by flying into a foreſt. Upon his coming into a remote and pathleſs part of the wood, he threw himſelf, tired and breathleſs on a little hillock, when an *Indian* maid ruſhed from a thicket behind him. After the firſt ſurpriſe they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked *American*; the *American* was no leſs taken with the dreſs, complexion, and ſhape off the *European*, covered from head to foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and conſequently ſolicitous for his preſervation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where ſhe gave him a delicious repaſt of fruits, and lead him to a ſtream to ſlake his thirſt. In the midſt of theſe good offices, ſhe would ſometimes play with his hair, and delight in the oppoſition of its colour to that of her fingers: then open his boſom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it ſeems, a perſon of diſtinction, for ſhe every day came to him in a different dreſs of the moſt beautiful ſhells, bugles, and bredes. She likewiſe brought him a great many ſpoils

which her other lovers had preſented to her; ſo that his cave was richly adorned with all the ſpotted ſkins of beaſts, and moſt party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, ſhe would carry him in the duſk of the evening, or by the favour of the moonlight, to unfrequented groves and ſolitudes, and ſhew him where to lie down in ſafety, and ſleep amidſt the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occaſions to conſult his ſafety. In this manner did the lovers paſs away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his miſtreſs how happy he ſhould be to have her in his country, where ſhe ſhould be clothed in ſuch ſilks as his waiſtcoat was made of, and be carried in houſes drawn by horſes, without being expoſed to wind or weather. All this he promiſed, without ſuch fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correſpondence theſe lovers lived for ſeveral months, when *Yarico*, inſtructed by her lover, diſcovered a veſſel on the coaſt, to which ſhe made ſignals; and in the night, with the utmoſt joy and ſatisfaction, accompanied him to a ſhip's crew of his countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a veſſel from the Main arrives in that iſland, it ſeems the planters come down to the ſhore, where there is an immediate market of the *Indians* and other ſlaves, as with us of horſes and oxen.

To be ſhort, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *Engliſh* territories, began ſeriouſly to reflect upon his loſs of time, and to weigh with himſelf how many days intereſt of money he had loſt during his ſtay with *Yarico*. This thought made the young man very penſive, and careful what account he ſhould be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which conſideration, the prudent and frugal young man ſold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* merchant; notwithſtanding that the poor girl,

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to incline him to commiſerate her condition, told him ſhe was with child by him; but he only made uſe of this information, to riſe in his demands upon the purchaſer.

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REFLECTIONS *ſuppoſed to be made by an* INDIAN *King: then in* LONDON.

ON the moſt riſing part of the town there ſtands a huge houſe, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother *E Tow O Thoam*, king of the *Rivers*, is of opinion that it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is conſecrated. The kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the ſame day with the ſun and moon. But for my own part, by the beſt information that I could get of the matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was faſhioned into the ſhape it now bears by ſeveral tools and inſtruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at firſt a huge miſhapen rock, that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and induſtry, until they had wrought in it all thoſe beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As ſoon as this rock was thus curiouſly ſcoped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands muſt have been employed in chipping the outſide of it, which is now as ſmooth as the ſurface of a pebble; and is in ſeveral places hewn out into pillars that ſtand like the trunks of ſo many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which muſt have been many hundred years ago, there was ſome religion among this people; for they gave it the name of a temple, and have a tradition that it was deſigned for men to pay their devotions in it. And indeed there are ſeveral reaſons which make us think, that the

natives of this country had formerly among them ſome ſort of worſhip; for they ſet apart every ſeventh day as ſacred; but upon my going into one of thoſe holy houſes on that day, I could not obſerve any circumſtance of devotion in their behaviour: there was indeed a man in black who was mounted above the reſt, and ſeemed to utter ſomething with a great deal of vehemence; but as for thoſe underneath him, inſtead of paying their worſhip to the deity of the place, they were moſt of them bowing and curtſying to one another, and a conſiderable number of them faſt aſleep.

The Queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themſelves underſtood in ſome few particulars. But we ſoon perceived theſe two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the ſame ſtory. We could make a ſhift to gather out of one of them, that this Iſland was very much infeſted with a monſtrous kind of animals, in the ſhape of men, called *Whigs*; and he often told us, that he hoped we ſhould meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for our being kings.

Our other interpreter uſed to talk very much of a kind of animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a monſter as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. Theſe two creatures it ſeems, are born with a ſecret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But as we ſaw none of either of theſe ſpecies, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with miſrepreſentations and fictions, and amuſed us with an account of ſuch monſters as are not really in their country.

Theſe particulars we made a ſhift to pick out from the diſcourſe of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to underſtand but here and there a word of what they ſaid, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourſelves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft-work; but withal ſo very idle,

idle, that we often ſaw young, luſty, raw-boned fellows carried up and down the ſtreets in little covered rooms, by a couple of porters, who are hired for that ſervice. Their dreſs is likewiſe very barbarous; for they almoſt ſtrangle themſelves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occaſion of ſeveral diſtempers among them which our country is entirely free from. Inſtead of thoſe beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monſtrous buſh of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the ſtreets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

We were invited to one of their public diverſions, where we hoped to have ſeen the great men of their country running down a ſtag, or pitching a bar, that we might have diſcovered who were the perſons of the greateſt abilities among them; but inſtead of that, they conveyed us into a huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people ſat ſtill about three hours to ſee ſeveral feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it ſeems were paid for it.

As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a diſtance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great ſhow with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they ſay have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being ſeen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the ſun, were it not for little black ſpots that are apt to break out in their faces, and ſometimes riſe in very odd figures. I have obſerved that thoſe little blemiſhes wear off very ſoon; but when they diſappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another; inſomuch that I have ſeen a ſpot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 544.]

THURSDAY, March 25, we entered into a very narrow valley, between two high rocky hills, at the farther end of which we found the ruins of a village, and of a monaſtery. In this very place, *Jacob's Bethel* is ſuppoſed to have been; where he had his ſtony couch made eaſy by that beatifying viſion of God, and of the angels aſcending and deſcending on a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, *Gen.* xxviii. Near this place are the limits, ſeparating between *Ephraim* and *Benjamin*, *Joſh.* xviii, 13.

This is the place to which *Jotham* fled from the revenge of his brother *Abimelech*, *Judges* ix. 21. It is ſuppoſed alſo to be the ſame with *Michmas*, 1 *Sam.* 14.

Beer enjoys a very pleaſant ſituation, on an eaſy declivity fronting ſouthward. At the bottom of the hill, it has a plentiful fountain of excellent water, from which it has its name. At the upper ſide are remains of an old church built by the Empreſs *Helena*, in memory of the bleſſed Virgin, who, when ſhe went in queſt of *the child Jeſus*, as it is related, *Luke* ii. 24. came (as tradition adds) to this city: and not finding him whom her ſoul loved, in the company, ſhe ſat down weary and penſive at ſo ſad a diſappointment, in the very place where the church now ſtands.

All along this day's travel, and alſo as far as we could ſee round, the country diſcovered quite a different face from what it had before: preſenting nothing to the view in moſt places, but naked rocks, mountains and precipices. At ſight of

of which, pilgrims are apt to be much aſtoniſhed, finding that country in ſuch condition, concerning whoſe pleaſantneſs and plenty they had before formed ſuch high ideas, from the deſcription given of it in the word of God: inſomuch that it almoſt ſtartles their faith, when they reflect how it could be poſſible for a land like this, to ſupply food for ſo prodigious a number of inhabitants, as are ſaid to have been polled in the twelve tribes at one time: the ſum given in by *Joab*, 2 *Sam.* xxiv. amounting to no leſs than thirteen hundred thouſand fighting men, beſides women and children. But it is certain any man may ſee, as he paſſes along, arguments enough to ſupport his faith againſt ſuch ſcruples.

For it is obvious that theſe rocks and hills muſt have been anciently covered with earth, and made to contribute to the maintenance of the inhabitants, no leſs than if the country had been all plain: nay perhaps much more; foraſmuch as ſuch a mountainous ſurface affords a larger ſpace of ground for cultivation, than this country would amount to, if it were all reduced to a perfect level.

For the huſbanding of theſe mountains, their manner was to gather up the ſtones, and place them in ſeveral lines, along the ſides of the hills, in form of a wall. By ſuch borders, they ſupported the mould from being waſhed down; and formed many beds of excellent ſoil, riſing gradually one above another, from the bottom to the top of the mountains.

Of this form of culture you ſee evident footſteps, whereever you go in all the mountains of *Paleſtine*. Thus the very rocks were made fruitful. And perhaps there is no ſpot of ground in this whole land, that was not formerly improved, to the production of ſomething miniſtering to the ſuſtenance of human life. For, than the plain countries, nothing can be more fruitful, whether for the production of corn and cattle, and conſeqently milk. The hills, though improper for all cattle, except goats, yet being diſpoſed into ſuch beds, as are afore-deſcribed, ſerved, well to bear corn, melons,

melons, cucumbers, and ſuch like garden-ſtuff, which makes the principal food of theſe countries for ſeveral months in the year. The moſt rocky parts of all, which could not well be adjuſted in that manner for the production of corn, might yet ſerve for the plantation of vines and olive trees; which delight to extract, the one its fatneſs, the other its ſprightly juice, chiefly out of ſuch dry and flinty places. And the great plain joining to the dead Sea, which, by reaſon of its ſaltneſs, might be thought unſerviceable both for cattle, corn, olives and vines, had yet its proper uſefulneſs, for the nouriſhment of bees. And I have reaſon to believe it, becauſe when I was there, I perceived in many places a ſmell of honey and wax, as ſtrong as if one had been in an apiary. Why then might not this country very well maintain the vaſt number of its inhabitants, being in every part ſo productive of either milk, corn, wine, oil, or honey, which are the principal food of theſe eaſtern nations? The conſtitution of their bodies, and the nature of their clime, enclining them to a more abſtemious diet than we uſe in *England*, and other colder regions.

In two hours and one third we came to the top of a hill, from whence we had the firſt proſpect of *Jeruſalem*: *Rama*, anciently called *Gibeah* of *Saul*, being within view on the right hand, and the plain of *Jericho*, and the mountains of *Gilead* on the left. In one hour more we approached the walls of the holy city; but we could not enter immediately, it being neceſſary firſt to ſend a meſſenger to acquaint the Governor of our arrival, and to deſire liberty of entrance: without which, no Frank dares come within the walls. We had not waited above half an hour, when he brought us our permiſſion, and we entered *Bethlehem* gate. It is required of all Franks, unleſs they happen to come in with ſome public miniſter, to diſmount at the gate, to deliver their arms, and enter on foot: but we, coming in company with the French Conſul, had the privilege to enter mounted and armed.

armed. Juſt within the gate, we turned up a ſtreet on the left hand, and were conducted by the Conſul to his own houſe, with moſt friendly invitations, to make that our home, as long as we ſhould continue at *Jeruſalem*. Having taken a little refreſhment, we went to the Latin Convent, at which all Frank pilgrims are wont to be entertained. The Guardian and Friars received us with many kind welcomes: and kept us with them at ſupper: after which we returned to the French Conſul's to bed. And thus we continued to take our lodging at the Conſul's, and our board with the Friars, during our whole ſtay at *Jeruſalem*.

Friday, March 26. The next day being Good-Friday in the Latin ſtile, the Conſul was obliged to go into the Church of the Sepulchre, in order to keep his feaſt; whither we accompanied him. We found the church doors guarded by ſeveral *Janizaries*, and other Turkiſh Officers: who are placed there to watch, that none enter in, but ſuch as have firſt paid their appointed Caphar. This is more or leſs according to the country, or the character of the perſons that enter.

Having once paid this, you may go in and out gratis as often as you pleaſe during the whole feaſt; provided you take the ordinary opportunities, in which it is cuſtomary to open the doors: but if you would have them opened at any time out of the common courſe, the firſt expence muſt be paid again.

The pilgrims being all admitted this day, the Church-doors were locked in the evening, and opened no more till Eaſter-day: by which we were kept in a cloſe, but very happy confinement for three days. We ſpent our time in viewing the ceremonies practiſed by the Latins at this feſtival, and in viſiting the ſeveral holy places; all which we had opportunity to ſurvey, with as much freedom as we pleaſed.

And now being got under the ſacred roof, and having the advantage of ſo much leiſure, I might expatiate in a large deſcription of the ſeveral holy places, which this Church (as

a cabinet) contains in it. But this would be ſuperfluous, ſo many pilgrims having diſcharged this office with ſo much exactneſs already, and eſpecially our learned countryman, Mr. *Sandys*; whoſe deſcription and draughts, both of this Church, and alſo of the remarkable places in and about *Jeruſalem*, muſt be acknowledged ſo faithful and perfect, that they leave very little to be added by after-comers, and nothing to be corrected. I ſhall content myſelf therefore, to relate only what paſſed in the Church during this feſtival; ſaying no more of the Church itſelf, than is neceſſary to make my account intelligible.

The Church of the holy Sepulchre is founded upon *Mount Calvary*, which is a ſmall eminency upon the greater mount of *Moriah*. It was anciently appropriated to the execution of malefactors, and therefore ſhut out of the walls of the city, as a polluted place. But ſince it was made the altar on which was offered up the precious ſacrifice for the ſins of the whole world, it has recovered itſelf from that infamy, and has been reſorted to, with ſuch devotion by all Chriſtians, that it has attracted the city round about it, and ſtands now in the midſt of *Jeruſalem*, a great part of the hill of *Sion* being ſhut out of the walls, to make room for the admiſſion of *Calvary*.

In order to the fitting of this hill for the foundation of a Church, the firſt founders were obliged to reduce it to a plain area; which they did, by cutting down ſeveral parts of the rock, and by elevating others. But in this work care was taken, that none of thoſe parts of the hill, which were reckoned to be more immediately concerned in our bleſſed Lord's paſſion, ſhould be altered. Thus that very part of *Calvary*, where they ſay Chriſt was faſtened to, and lifted up on his croſs, is left entire; being about ten or twelve yards ſquare, and ſtanding at this day ſo high above the common floor of the Church, that you have twenty-one ſteps to go up to its top: and the holy Sepulchre itſelf, which was at firſt a

cave

cave hewn in the rock under-ground, having had the rock cut away from it all round, is now as it were a grotto above ground.

The Church is leſs than one hundred paces long, and not more than ſixty wide: and yet is ſo contrived, that it is ſuppoſed to contain under its roof twelve or thirteen ſanctuaries, or places conſecrated to a more than ordinary veneration, by being reputed to have ſome particular actions done in them, relating to the death and reſurrection of Chriſt. As firſt, the place where he was derided by the ſoldiers: ſecondly, where the ſoldiers divided his garments: thirdly, where he was ſhut up, whilſt they digged the hole to ſet the foot of the croſs in, and made all ready for his crucifixion: fourthly, where he was nailed to the croſs: fifthly, where the croſs was erected: ſixthly, where the ſoldiers ſtood that pierced his ſide: ſeventhly, where his body was anointed in order to his burial: eighthly, where his body was depoſited in the ſepulchre: ninthly, where the angels appeared to the woman after his reſurrection: tenthly, where Chriſt himſelf appeared to *Mary Magdalen*, &c. The places where theſe, and many other things relating to our bleſſed Lord are ſaid to have been done, are all ſuppoſed to be contained within the narrow precincts of this Church, and are all diſtinguiſhed with ſo many altars.

In galleries round about the Church, and alſo in little buildings annext to it on the outſide, are certain apartments for the reception of Friars and Pilgrims; and in theſe places almoſt every Chriſtian nation anciently maintained a ſmall ſociety of Monks: each ſociety having its proper quarter aſſigned to it, by the appointment of the Turks: ſuch as the Latins, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, Abyſſines, Georgians, Cophtites, Maronites, &c. all which had anciently their ſeveral apartments in the Church.

[*To be continued.*]

AN EXTRACT FROM THE

MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held at LONDON, July, 1785.

Between the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, *and Others.*

[*Concluded from page* 551.]

A M E R I C A.

Superintendents. Tho. Coke, Francis Aſbury.

			ELDERS.
77	*Georgia*	— —	*B. Allen.*
78	*Charleſton.*		
79	*George Town.*	Wool. Hickſon.	*J. Tunnell.*
80	*Broad River.*		
81	*Yeadkin.*	H. Bingham, Tho. Williamſon.	*H. Willis.*
82	*Holſtein.*	Rich. Swift, M. Gilbert.	
83	*Wilmington.*	John Baldwin.	
84	*New River.*	Philip Bruce.	
85	*Tar River.*	Tho. Humphries, Iſaac Smith.	*R. Ellis.*
86	*Roan Oak.*	Edward Morris, M. Whitaker.	
87	*New Hope.*	Henry Jones.	
88	*Caſwell.*	Elijah Ellis.	
89	*Saliſbury.*	Joſhua Hartley, H. Hull.	
90	*Guildford.*	J. Smith, Stephen Johnſon.	*R. Ivey.*
91	*Halifax.*	James Hinton, G. Noſeworthy.	
92	*Cambden.*	William Partridge, William Steens.	
93	*Portſmouth.*	T. Anderſon, John Street.	*N. Reed.*
94	*Williamſburgh.*	Jer. Maſton.	

			ELDERS.
95	*Bartie.*	John Dickins, D. Jefferſon.	
96	*Suſſex.*	W. Glendinning, J. Eaſter.	*Enoch Mattſon.*
97	*Brunſwick.*	Edw. Dromgoole, James Haw.	
98	*Mecklenburgh.*	John Major, John Robertſon.	
99	*Amelia.*	William Dameron, John Freeman.	
100	*Bedford.*	T. Bowen, J. Kenny,	*James O'Kelly.*
101	*Orange,*	T. Jackſon, H. Bonum, S. Dickins.	
102	*Hanover.*		
103	*Redſtone.*	Peter Moriarty, J. Fidler, W. Lee.	
104	*Allegany.*	L. Green, J. Paup, W. Jeſſop.	*T. Foſter.*
105	*Berclay.*	Eleazor Hatheway.	
106	*Fairfax.*	Simon Pyle.	
107	*Lancaſter,*	J. Everitt, L. Roſs.	
108	*St. Mary's,*		*I. Pigman.*
109	*Calvert.*	Michael Ellis.	
110	*Frederick.*	William Ringold, S. Breeze.	
111	*Baltimore,*	Jon. Forreſt, F. Poythreſs.	*R. Whatcoat.*
112	*Kent.*	Thomas Curtis, G. Moore.	
113	*Talbot.*	Thomas Haſkins, J. Cromwell.	
114	*Dorſet.*	W. Thomas. G. Thompſon.	*C. Boyer.*
115	*Northampton.*	Philip Cox, M. Hurley.	
116	*Dover.*	Samuel Dudley, J. Wyatt.	
117	*Caroline.*	William Cannon, J. Lee, S. Bright.	*W. Gill.*
118	*Somerſet.*	Henry Ogburn.	
119	*Annameſſex.*	James White, R. Can.	

120 *Little*

		ELDERS.
120 *Little York.*	John Cooper.	
121 *Philadelphia.*	Ira. Ellis, James Thomas, Robert Ayres.	*T. Vaſey.*
122 *Juniatta.*	James Riggin.	
123 *Weſt Jerſey.*	Wm. Phebus, T. Ware, R. Sparks.	
124 *Eaſt Jerſey.*	Adam Cloud, M. Greentree.	*T. Chew.*
125 *Trenton.*	Rob. Cloud, John M'Claſkey, J. Bruſh.	
126 *New York.*		*J. Haggerty.*
127 *Long Iſland.*	Ezekiel Cooper.	
128 *Nova Scotia.*		*F. Garrettſon.*
129 *Newfoundland.*	John M'Geary.	*James Cromwell.*
130 *Antigua.*		*J. Baxter.* *Jer. Lamburt.*

Q. What is the State of our Societies in North America?

A. It may beſt appear from the following Letter.*

BRISTOL, Sept. 10, 1784.

To Dr. COKE, Mr. ASBURY, and our Brethren in NORTH-AMERICA.

1. BY a very uncommon train of Providences many of the Provinces of *North-America* are totally disjoined from their Mother-Country, and erected into Independent States. The Engliſh Government has no Authority over them either Civil or Eccleſiaſtical, any more than over the States of *Holland.* A civil Authority is exerciſed over them, partly by the Congreſs, partly by the Provincial Aſſemblies. But no one either exerciſes or claims any Eccleſiaſtical Authority

* If any one is minded to diſpute concerning Dioceſan Epiſcopacy, he may diſpute. But I have better work.

at

at all. In this peculiar Situation ſome thouſands of the inhabitants of theſe States deſire my advice; and in compliance with their deſire, I have drawn up a little Sketch.

2. Lord KING's Account of the Primitive Church convinced me many years ago, That Biſhops and Preſbyters are the ſame Order, and conſequently have the ſame right to ordain. For many years I have been importuned from time to time, to exerciſe this right, by ordaining part of our Travelling Preachers. But I have ſtill refuſed, not only for Peace-ſake; but becauſe I was determined, as little as poſſible to violate the eſtabliſhed Order of the national Church to which I belonged.

3. But the caſe is widely different between England and North-America. Here there are Biſhops who have a legal Juriſdiction. In America there are none, neither any Pariſh Miniſters. So that for ſome hundred miles together there is none either to baptize or to adminiſter the Lord's Supper. Here therefore my ſcruples are at an end: and I conceive myſelf at full liberty, as I violate no Order, and invade no man's Right, by appointing and ſending Labourers into the Harveſt.

4. I have accordingly appointed Dr. COKE and Mr. FRANCIS ASBURY, to be joint *Superintendents* over our Brethren in North America: as alſo RICHARD WHATCOAT and THOMAS VASEY, to act as *Elders* among them, by baptizing and adminiſtring the Lord's Supper. And I have prepared a Liturgy little differing from that of the Church of England (I think, the beſt conſtituted national Church in the World) which I adviſe all the Travelling-Preachers to uſe, on the Lord's Day, in all the Congregations, reading the Litany only on Wedneſdays and Fridays, and praying extempore on all other days. I alſo adviſe the Elders to adminiſter the Supper of the Lord on every Lord's Day.

5. If any one will point out a more rational and ſcriptural way, of feeding and guiding thoſe poor ſheep in the wilder-

neſs,

neſs, I will gladly embrace it. At preſent I cannot ſee any better method than that I have taken.

6. It has indeed been propoſed, to deſire the *Engliſh* Biſhops, to ordain part of our Preachers for *America*. But to this I object, 1. I deſired the Biſhop of *London* to ordain only one; but could not prevail: 2. If they conſented, we know the ſlowneſs of their proceedings; but the matter admits of no delay. 3. If they would ordain them *now*, they would likewiſe expect to govern them. And how grievouſly would this intangle us? 4. As our *American* Brethren are now totally diſentangled both from the State, and from the *Engliſh* Hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again, either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty, ſimply to follow the Scriptures and the Primitive Church. And we judge it beſt that they ſhould ſtand faſt in that Liberty, wherewith God has ſo ſtrangely made them free.

JOHN WESLEY.

Q. When and where is our next Conference to begin?

A. At Briſtol, the laſt Tueſday in July 1786.

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LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLXXXI.

[From the Rev. Mr. Rees, to the Rev. J. Weſley.]

Llangrannog, Dec. 18, 1772.

Rev. Sir,

BY living in a remote corner of Wales, I never yet had the happineſs of ſeeing you. But I have often heard of your name, and read ſome of your writings; and received great ſatisfaction: particularly from your confutation of Dr. Taylor's treatiſe on Original Sin.

You

You muſt know, Sir, that I live in a neighbourhood where there is more noiſe about Religion, than Practice. Some are of the opinion of Dr. Taylor, and will cry up Reaſon as ſufficient. Others again ſay, that there is a determinate number predeſtinated to ſalvation, from all eternity; and that theſe will be ſaved and none elſe; which doctrine indeed puzzles me a great deal.

I live alſo within leſs than thirty miles of the famous Mr. D. Rowland, whom I admire as an extraordinary Preacher; and doubt not of his being very uſeful in Wales: yet moſt of his followers are too ready to paſs an uncharitable ſentence on all who differ from them. I am ſure I ſhould love them dearly was it not for this.

I ſhould be obliged to you to direct me where I may have ſuch of your books as explain theſe points. For although I have a wife and ſmall family, and little money to beſtow upon books, yet I would purchaſe a few volumes of your recommending.

I have been told of a Pamphlet you have publiſhed, wherein you ſay, a Pagan may be ſaved, provided he lives up to the Advantages he has received. I wiſh I could ſee it; but before I do, I dare ſay you have aſſerted nothing but what is agreeable to Reaſon and Revelation: particularly to what is ſaid by the great Apoſtle of the Gentiles.

God grant me a ſpirit of charity towards them and all men; for what am I but ſinful duſt and aſhes, who am not worthy to open my unhallowed mouth againſt any man! We have all work enough (if we would but do it) to preach againſt the vices of this degenerate age. Wiſhing you ſtill great ſucceſs in ſo doing,

I remain, Rev. Sir,

Your obedient and humble Servant,

JOHN REES.

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

[From Mrs. Mary Jones, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

January 30, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

I Received your letter with tears of thankſgiving, deeply feeling how utterly unworthy I am, of the leaſt favour from my heavenly Father, who pours down bleſſings upon me every moment. He ſtill feeds me, and that continually with the manna of his love. Thoſe indeed are kept in perfect peace, whoſe minds are ſtaid on him! He makes me lie down in green paſtures, and leads me by the waters of comfort.

To what you aſk I anſwer, I am every moment ſenſible of his loving preſence. This makes all things pleaſant: not one of his commandments is grievous.

He is my King, and ſtill I ſit,
In willing bonds beneath his feet.

My ſoul is always ſo ſtaid on God, that whatever outward hurry I have to paſs through, I find myſelf calm and eaſy, and often do my buſineſs without feeling it. O the length and breadth, the depth and height of the love of Jeſus to an unworthy creature!

When worldly people are talking, I feel as one who has nothing to do with their converſation, unleſs they ſpeak to me; and then I ſay as little as poſſible. If they are good perſons, let it be many or few, I feel an inward attention to the Spirit of God, that I may be enabled to digeſt what I hear, and may profit thereby.

As to "Heavineſs or lowneſs of ſpirits," I find none. My ſpirit was naturally light and trifling, yet haughty: but the Lord has brought it down. My comforts flow in an even ſtream, I never feel high flights of joy; but I feel my own nothingneſs,

nothingneſs, and God's goodneſs more ſenſibly at ſome times than at others. And ſometimes I feel, as being ſhortly to be with him, whom my ſoul loveth. This ſinks me into the duſt before him, and makes me cry out, with him of old, I heard of thee before by the hearing of the ear; but now my eyes have ſeen thee, I abhor myſelf in duſt and aſhes.

As to my time, it is often with great difficulty that I can get a few moments for private prayer. But my heavenly Father abundantly makes it up to me, by drawing out my ſoul in mental prayer, even while I am labouring for the meat that periſheth: ſo that I can ſay with holy boldneſs, I do pray without ceaſing, as well as rejoice evermore, and in every thing give thanks. I can through grace receive loſſes, wearineſs, pain, trials and perſecutions: coldneſs of friends, and revilings of enemies, with exactly the ſame compoſure as comforts and conſolations: ever feeling that nothing happens but by the permiſſion of my heavenly Father, who makes all things work together for my good.

The more I experience of the love of Jeſus, the more do I feel my own wants and weakneſs. Indeed I now, more than ever, feel my want of Chriſt in all his offices: in particular, as my Prophet, to teach me how to profit by every diſpenſation of his providence. I feel it is my privilege to perſevere in holineſs, ſtill to preſs forward, to be more and more like my Jeſus. I am ever learning, how to love him more and ſerve him better; ever enquiring, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And I find, he does teach me, he does water me, and keep me night and day. O pray for me, that I may ſtand ſtedfaſt and unmoveable; always abounding in the work of the Lord!

MARY JONES.

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

[From the ſame, to the ſame.]

Bath, Sept. 2, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

EVER ſince you have permitted me to write, I cannot let ſlip any opportunity. And I am bound in duty to tell you, that your letters are inſtruments by which God has conveyed much light into my ſoul. Since I wrote laſt, the Lord has been pleaſed to exerciſe me various ways. But I find it all for my good; being ſenſible, the minuteſt thing cannot happen to me, without the permiſſion of my heavenly Father, by whom the hairs of my head are all numbered. But tell me, Sir, when I ſee any particular trial that ſeems as much as I can bear, may I not pray, "If it be conſiſtent with thy will, let this cup paſs from me?" Although I do feel an humble ſubmiſſion, and can truly ſay, Thy will be done!

And pray tell me, Is it common for thoſe whom the Lord hath bleſt with his continual preſence, to be tried to the uttermoſt by his own children? To be branded by ſome to the face, while others reproach them behind their backs, as either mad, or deceivers? and while the enemy is buffeting them at the ſame time, and trying every way to break their confidence?

At theſe ſeaſons I feel great need of exerting all the power which God has given me. And I feel this is profitable alſo: when I am branded to my face, I am not ſuffered to revile again; but I love and pity them that do it. When deſpiſed and reproached, it humbles me before God, and leads me to cleave the cloſer to him. And when the enemy comes in as a flood, the Lord does lift up a ſtandard againſt him.

I more than ever feel my own weakneſs and fooliſhneſs, and my need of being every moment ſprinkled with the blood of the Lamb: I cannot but cry out,

"Every

" Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of thy death."

I feel myſelf daily decreaſe, and Chriſt increaſe, My deſire is, that he alone may be exalted. Chriſt is the element of my ſoul: I feel a continual abiding in him. O Sir, now my eye ſeeth him, and I abhor myſelf in duſt and aſhes. But to be truly humble and diveſted of all that is not God, does not ſeem to me the work of a moment. I did indeed receive at once the grace which makes me a partaker of a divine nature: but how I am to grow therein is my frequent enquiry at the throne of grace? Is it by being always filled with ſweetneſs and extatic joy? a frame that ſhuts out all ſuffering and pain, and carries me as it were out of the body, inſenſible of every difficulty? Surely this would tend to puff me up, and leave me a prey to the enemy. I have paſſed through this diſpenſation, and good was the will of the Lord in it. But now he ſeems to be ſhewing me what great things *I muſt ſuffer for his ſake. Know ye not,* ſays the Apoſtle, *that as many as are baptized into Chriſt, are baptized into his death?* This has been my meditation of late, which ſeems to carry a great depth in it. I believe as Jeſus diveſted himſelf of all (but love) to lie in a manger, to live and die for me; ſo muſt I in my meaſure be diveſted of all, in reſpect to any thing to glory in, or reſt upon: of all gifts, graces, experience, ſo that I may be brought into ſubjection to the Father of Spirits in all things. Theſe conſiderations lead me to God, intreating him to give me ſtrength and patience to perform whatever he calls me to. And, glory be to him, I find him ready to help in every time of need!

I am, your moſt unworthy

MARY JONES.

POETRY.

POETRY.

CHARITY.

[*Concluded from page* 556.]

THESE are the gift of Art, and art thrives moſt
Where Commerce has enrichèd the buſy coaſt:
He catches all improvements in his flight,
Spreads foreign wonders in his country's ſight;
Imports what others have invented well,
And ſtirs his own to match them, or excel.
'Tis thus reciprocating each with each,
Alternately the nations learn and teach;
While Providence enjoins to evèry ſoul
An union with the vaſt terraquèous whole.

But ah! what wiſh can proſper, or what prayèr,
For merchants rich in cargoes of deſpair,
Who drive a loathſome traffic, gage and ſpan,
And buy the muſcles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, huſband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end,
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A ſtroke as fatal as the ſcythe of death.
The ſable warrio, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loſes in tears the far receding ſhore;
But not the thought that they muſt meet no more:
Deprivèd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep ſadneſs ſullenly reſignèd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind,
Puts off his genèrous feelings, and to ſuit
His manners to his fate, puts on the brute.
Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
A ſtream of libèral, and heroic deeds,

The

The ſwell of pity, not to be confinèd
Within the ſcanty limits of the mind,
Diſdains the bank, and throws the golden ſands,
A rich depoſit, on the bordèring lands:
Theſe have an ear for *his* paternal call,
Who makes ſome rich for the ſupply of all,
God's gift with pleaſure in his praiſe employ,
And Thornton is familiar with the joy.

Oh could I worſhip ought beneath the ſkies,
That earth hath ſeen or fancy can deviſe,
Thine altar, ſacred Liberty, ſhould ſtand,
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand;
With fragrant turf and flowèrs as wild and fair
As ever dreſt a bank or ſcented ſummer air:
Daily as ever on the mountains height
The deep of morning ſhed a dawning light;
Again, when Evening in her ſober veſt,
Drew the grey curtain of the fading Weſt,
My ſoùl ſhould yield thee willing thanks and praiſe,
For the chief bleſſings of my faireſt days.
But that were ſacrilege—praiſe is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preſerves thee mine:
Elſe I would ſay (and as I ſpeak, bid fly,
A captive bird into the boundleſs ſky)
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home.
We feel thy force ſtill active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from prieſtly powèr;
While conſcience, happièr than in ancient years,
Owns no ſuperior but the God ſhe fears.
True Charity, a plant divinely nurſèd,
Fed by the love from which it roſe at firſt,
Thrives againſt Hope, and in the rudeſt ſcene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exubérant is the ſhadow it ſupplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the ſkies.

To look at him who formèd us, and redeemèd,
So glorious now, though once ſo diſeſteemèd,
To ſee a God ſtretch forth his human hand
To' uphold the boundleſs ſcenes of his command,
To recollect that in a form like ours,
He bruiſèd beneath his feet thè infernal powèrs,
Captivity led captive roſe to claim
The wreath he won ſo dearly, in our name;
That thronèd above all height, he condeſcends
To call the few that truſt in him his friends,
That in the heavèn of heavèn's, that ſpace he deems
Too ſcanty for thè exertion of his beams,
And ſhines as if impatient to beſtow
Life and a kingdom upon worms below;
That ſight imparts a never-dying flame,
Though feeble in degree, in kind the ſame.
Like him, the ſoul thus kindled from above,
Spreads wide her arms of univerſal love,
And ſtill enlargèd as ſhe receives the grace,
Includes creation in her cloſe embrace.
Behold a Chriſtian—and without the fires
The founder of that name alone inſpires,
Though all accompliſhments, all knowledge meet,
To make the ſhining prodigy complete,
Whoever boaſts that name, behold a cheat.

Thus have I ſought to grace a ſerious lay
With many a wild indeed; but flowèry ſpray,
In hopes to gain what elſe I muſt have loſt,
Thè attention Pleaſure has ſo much engroſſèd.
But if unhappily deceivèd I dream,
And prove too weak for ſo divine a theme,
Let Charity forgive me a miſtake
That Zeal, not Vanity has chancèd to make,
And ſpare the Poet for the ſubject ſake.


Mr. JOSEPH TAYLOR
Ætatis 33.

THE Arminian Magazine,

For DECEMBER 1785.

An EXTRACT *from Dr.* WHITBY'S *Diſcourſes on the* FIVE POINTS.

[*Continued from page* 560.]

CHAP. IV. *Arguments againſt Abſolute Election to Salvation.*

TO ſay that Election or Predeſtination, being an immanent, eternal act of God's underſtanding, or rather of his will, can have no reſpect to any act of man's will by way of condition, is to ſay things contrary to ſcripture, and to common ſenſe. For,

1ſt. Did not God decree, from all eternity, to pardon the penitent, to juſtify *him that believeth in Jeſus*, to ſave the obedient, and that they who ſuffer for and with Chriſt, ſhall be glorified together with him? and have not theſe immanent, eternal acts reſpect to the temporal faith, repentance, obedience, and patient ſufferings of men?

2dly, Did not God, from all eternity, decree to judge all men according to their works, and that all men ſhould receive rewards and puniſhments according as their works ſhall be? and is not this decree an immanent, eternal act of God, reſpecting the acts of men's will as the condition of it? Yea, did he not decree from all eternity to offer to man a new covenant, promiſing pardon and ſalvation upon condition of his faith, repentance, and ſincere obedience? and do not theſe decrees render the pretended decrees of abſolute Election and Reprobation needleſs? Yea, are not theſe things inconſiſtent with each other, viz. the abſolute Election of man to ſalvation, and the decree to offer and ſuſpend the ſame ſalvation upon theſe conditions? For in all conditional promiſes between man and man, the thing promiſed is ſuſpended on the performance of the condition; and if it be not ſo in reſpect to the covenant of grace, what mean the exhortations directed to men in general, *to fear leſt a promiſe being made of entering into reſt, any of them ſhould fall ſhort of it?* The cautions to them that ſtand by faith, to take heed leſt they fall under the ſeverity of God for not *continuing in his goodneſs*, and the threats of perdition to him that *liveth by faith, if he draw back?*

3dly, Did not God decree from eternity, That *he that believeth in his Son ſhould have eternal life*, and *he that believed not his Son ſhould not ſee life?* and had theſe decrees no reſpect to the temporal acts of man? It were eaſy to multiply inſtances of this nature. And therefore,

4thly, When it is ſaid, That *an immanent act of the divine mind cannot depend on any foreſeen acts of man's will*, I grant that it cannot depend on them as the cauſe producing ſuch an act; but purely on his own perfections. *v. g.* He muſt decree to elect man as a ſinner, becauſe he is merciful, and to reprobate him becauſe he is juſt; but then the motive to both theſe decrees is the foreſeen action of man, rendering him an object of his mercy, or his juſtice. Again, theſe immanent

actions

actions of the Deity either reſpect himſelf only, as the love and knowledge of himſelf, and then it is certain they can have no cauſe, or reſpect to any thing but himſelf: or elſe they reſpect the future condition of man; and then it is as certain, that though they flow from the divine perfections, the inducement to them is always man, and his foreſeen actions, *v. g.* He, from the divine goodneſs, decrees to ſave man, or to offer him terms on which he may obtain ſalvation. The inducement to it is the ſin of man which hath made this mercy neceſſary to his ſalvation. He hath decreed from all eternity, to caſt ſome men out of his favour. The inducement to it is that ſin which hath rendered them unworthy of it, and rendered it inconſiſtent with his holineſs and juſtice to admit them to it. He from that love to holineſs, which is eſſential to him, hath decreed to reward ſome with eternal life. The inducement to it is thoſe actions wrought by the aſſiſtance of his grace, which have made them like unto him, and therefore *meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the ſaints in light.* And all this is demonſtrably certain from the perfection of the divine nature; for God being infinitely perfect, he muſt be infinitely happy within himſelf, and ſo can deſign no ſelf-end without himſelf, and conſequently the end for which he requires any thing from us, or decrees any thing concerning us, is not, and cannot be any advantage he expects to reap from it; he being from all eternity as compleatly happy as he can be to eternity; and therefore what other end can he be ſuppoſed to aim at in theſe things but our good? If it be ſaid, that God may act to manifeſt his glory, viz. the glory of his mercy, juſtice, and truth; I anſwer, he manifeſts it, either for no good, for his own good, or for our good. To ſay he doth it for no good, is to impeach his wiſdom; to ſay he doth it for his own good, reflects on the perfection of his nature: it remains then that he muſt do this alſo for our good. It therefore is a vain imagination, that the great deſign of any of God's actions, his glorious works

and diſpenſations ſhould be admired, or applauded by his worthleſs creatures, that he may gain a good word from ſuch vile creatures as we are. We take too much upon us, if we imagine that the all-wiſe God can be concerned whether ſuch blind creatures as we approve, or diſapprove of his proceedings: or that he really can ſuffer any diminution of his glory by our diſlike, or advanced in honour by our approbation. We think too meanly of his great Majeſty, if we conceive that he can aim at reputation from us in his glorious deſign; that therefore ſuch as we ſhould think well of him, or have due apprehenſions of thoſe attributes, by the acknowledgement of which we are ſaid to glorify him, can be no farther his concern than as it ſerves the noble ends of his great goodneſs, viz. That theſe conceptions may engage us to that affection, to that imitation of him, and that obedience to him, which tends to the promotion of our happineſs.

God therefore acteth for his glory, when he diſcovers to the world thoſe excellencies of his nature which are juſt motives to the performance of that duty which we owe to him, or when he diſplays before us his immitable perfections that we may be like him; deſigning ſtill the benefit of man in theſe diſcoveries. For when he diſcovers all thoſe attributes which repreſent him good and merciful to the ſons of men, he doth it with deſign to lay the higheſt obligations on us to returns of love and gratitude, and to engage us to that imitation of his goodneſs and mercy to our fellow-creatures, which renders us partakers of the divine nature, and helpful to others in all their exigencies. When he gives ſignal demonſtrations of his almighty power and wiſdom, he deſigns to teach us that he is able to foreſee and to divert thoſe evils which may at any time befal us: to reſcue us from all our miſeries, and to confer the greateſt bleſſings on his ſervants, that ſo he may encourage us to place our truſt in him at all times, to repair by humble ſupplications to the throne of grace,

and

and to ſerve him faithfully in expectation of his favour and protection. When he manifeſts himſelf to be a God of truth and faithfulneſs, one who will punctually perform his promiſes to us, he doth this chiefly to affright us from thoſe ſins which make it neceſſary for his juſtice to be ſevere upon us and to provoke us to the performance of thoſe duties to which he hath annexed the great bleſſings. When he informs us that his juſtice cannot permit the wicked to eſcape his vengeance, or any upright ſoul to want the tokens of his love; his great deſign is, that ſin, which is the riſe of all our miſeries, may be avoided; and holineſs, which is the true advancement of human nature may be more earneſtly purſued by us. So that God's acting for his glory, is indeed his acting for the good of his moſt noble creatures, and only recommending himſelf to their affection; that ſo he may the more effectually promote their happineſs.

And whereas theſe men tell us, That God elected a certain number to be ſaved for the manifeſtation of the glory of his grace, 1ſt, According to this hypotheſis, the glory of his grace, muſt conſiſt in electing ſo many to ſalvation and no more; for if the decree to ſave more would more have tended to the manifeſtation of his glory, the ſame motive muſt have induced him to ſave more. Now to affirm that it is for the glory of his mercy to ſave the elect only, and no more, is contrary to common ſenſe; for the more there are who are benefited, the greater is the glory of the benefactor; if it then tendeth to the glory of his mercy abſolutely to decree to ſave ſome no more fitted to be the objects of his mercy than the reſt, it muſt be more for the glory of his mercy to decree thus to ſave more, and moſt of all to decree to ſave all.

The other black part of this decree, which ſaith, God left the greateſt part of mankind in a ſtate in which they muſt infallibly fail of obtaining ſalvation, or the means of ſalvation, Faith, and Perſeverance, they being *the fruits of that election*, out

out of which they are excluded, is ſtill more horrible in its immediate conſequences; for, it makes God to create innumerable ſouls after the fall of Adam, to be inevitably damned without the leaſt compaſſion for them, or will to afford them means ſufficient to exempt them from that dreadful doom: for if faith and perſeverance be the conſequents and fruits of God's Election, then they who are not elected cannot have them; and if they muſt fail of obtaining ſalvation, they muſt inevitably incur damnation!

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON XXX.

On Revelation xxi. 5.

[*Concluded from page* 566.]

14. LET us next take a view of thoſe changes which we may reaſonably ſuppoſe will then take place in the *Earth*. It will no more be bound up with intenſe Cold, nor parched up with extreme Heat; but will have ſuch a temperature as will be moſt conducive to its fruitfulneſs. If in order to puniſh its inhabitants, God did of old

> "Bid his angels turn aſkaunt
> This oblique Globe,"

thereby occaſioning violent Cold on one part, and violent Heat on the other; he will undoubtedly then order them to reſtore it, to its original poſition: ſo that there will be a final end, on the one hand of the burning heat, which makes ſome parts of it ſcarce habitable; and on the other of

> "The rage of Aretos and eternal froſt."

15. And

15. And it will then contain no jarring or deſtructive principles within its own boſom. It will no more have any of thoſe violent convulſions in its own bowels. It will no more be ſhaken or torn aſunder, by the impetuous force of *Earthquakes*: and will therefore need neither Veſuvius nor Ætna, nor any *Burning Mountains* to prevent them. There will be no more horrid Rocks, or frightful Precipices; no wild deſerts or barren ſands; no impaſſable moraſſes, or unfruitful bogs, to ſwallow up the unwary traveller. There will doubtleſs be inequalities on the ſurface of the Earth, which are not blemiſhes, but beauties. And though I will not affirm, That

" Earth hath this variety from heaven
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale;"

yet I cannot think gently-riſing hills will be any defect; but an ornament of the new-made Earth. And doubtleſs we ſhall then likewiſe have occaſion to ſay,

" Lo there his wondrous ſkill arrays
The fields in cheerful green!
A thouſand herbs his hand diſplays,
A thouſand flowers between!"

16. And what will the general produce of the Earth be? Not thorns, briars or thiſtles. Not any uſeleſs or fœted weed; not any poiſonous, hurtful, or unpleaſant plant; but every one that can be conducive in anywiſe either to our uſe or pleaſure. How far beyond all that the moſt lively imagination is now able to conceive! We ſhall no more regret the loſs of the terreſtrial paradiſe, or ſigh at that well-deviſed deſcription of our great Poet,

" Then ſhall this mount
Of paradiſe by might of waves be moved

Out

Out of his place, puſhed by the horned flood,
With all its verdure ſpoiled and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulph,
And there take root, an iſland ſalt and bare!"

For all the Earth ſhall then be a more beautiful paradiſe than Adam ever ſaw.

17. Such will be the ſtate of the New Earth, with regard to the meaner, the inanimate parts of it. But great as this change will be, it is little, it is nothing, in compariſon of that which will then take place, throughout all animated nature. In the living part of the Creation were ſeen the moſt deplorable effects of Adam's apoſtaſy. The whole animated Creation, whatever has life, from Leviathan to the ſmalleſt mite, was thereby *made ſubject* to ſuch *vanity*, as the inanimate creatures could not be. They were ſubject to that fell monſter, Death, the Conqueror of all that breathe. They were made ſubject to its fore-runner, Pain, in its ten thouſand forms: although "God made not Death, neither hath he pleaſure in the death of any living." How many millions of creatures in the ſea, in the air, and on every part of the earth can now no otherwiſe preſerve their own lives, than by taking away the lives of others; by tearing in pieces and devouring their poor, innocent, unreſiſting fellow-creatures! Miſerable lot of ſuch innumerable multitudes, who, inſignificant as they ſeem, are the offſpring of one common Father, the Creatures of the ſame God of Love! It is probable, not only two-thirds of the animal creation, but ninety-nine parts out of a hundred, are under a neceſſity of deſtroying others, in order to preſerve their own life! But it ſhall not always be ſo. He that ſitteth upon the throne, will ſoon change the face of all things, and give a demonſtrative proof to all creatures, that *his mercy is over all his works*. The horrid ſtate of things, which at preſent obtains, will ſoon be at an end. On the new earth, no creature will kill or

hurt

hurt or give pain to any other. The Scorpion will have no poiſonous ſting, the Adder no venomous teeth. The Lion will have no claws to tear the Lamb; no teeth to grind his fleſh and bones. Nay, no creature, no beaſt, bird or fiſh, will have any inclination to hurt any other. For cruelty will be far away, and ſavageneſs and fierceneſs be forgotten. So that violence ſhall be heard no more, neither waſting or deſtruction ſeen on the face of the earth. *The wolf ſhall dwell with the lamb:* (the words may be literally, as well as figuratively underſtood) *and the leopard ſhall lie down with the kid. They ſhall not hurt or deſtroy,* from the riſing up of the ſun, to the going down of the ſame.

18. But the moſt glorious of all will be, the change which then will take place on the poor, ſinful, miſerable children of men. Theſe had fallen in many reſpects as from a greater height, ſo into a lower depth than any other part of the creation. But they ſhall *hear a great voice out of 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 their God,* Rev. xxi. ver. 3, 4. Hence will ariſe an unmixt ſtate of holineſs, and happineſs, far ſuperior to that which *Adam* enjoyed in Paradiſe. In how beautiful and affecting a manner is this deſcribed by the Apoſtle! *God ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there ſhall be no more death, neither ſorrow nor crying. Neither ſhall there be any more pain: for the former things are done away.* As there will be no more death, and no more pain or ſickneſs preparatory thereto: as there will be no more grieving for, or parting with friends, ſo there will be no more ſorrow or crying. Nay, but there will be a greater deliverance than all this; for there will be no more ſin. And to crown all, there will be a deep, an intimate, an uninterrupted union with God. A conſtant communion with the Father and his Son Jeſus Chriſt, through the Spirit: a continual enjoyment of the Three-One God, and of all the creatures in him!

Some Account of Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD.

[Written by Himſelf.]

[*Continued from page* 570.]

AUGUST, 1772, I was received into full connection at *Leeds*, and appointed for *Norwich*. Here I ſtayed but one week, and could not think of ſtaying any longer, from a ſenſe of my unfitneſs to preach to ſo large a congregation. During my ſtay I was led to expoſe Antinomianiſm, which prevailed much here, to the great ſcandal of the goſpel. Many of my hearers were much enraged againſt perſonal holineſs, and him that preached it; and at one time in particular they ran down the gallery ſtairs like madmen, crying out, Falſe doctrine! Falſe doctrine! I cannot ſay, I was ever before ſo much inclined to ſpeak againſt the popular doctrines of the day as at that time. And it ſince appeared there was need of it then; for ſome of thoſe very perſons became the moſt abandoned wretches in their lives afterwards.

When I came to *London*, I knew not what to do. My mind was like a troubled ſea, toſt upon every wave of temptation; not through guilt or condemnation; but on account of my not preaching againſt ſin. At laſt I ventured again, in conſequence of Mr. *Mather's* advice, and went into *Suſſex*. Here I ſaw my need of wiſdom; that as a Servant of God, I might heal diviſions, and unite in one, thoſe that fear God. I was now afraid to turn my thoughts towards home, and therefore gave myſelf to reading, meditation, and prayer, that my profiting might appear to all.

Towards the cloſe of this year I was much tried for myſelf and others; and went to the *London* Conference in 1773, with a heavy heart. My former reſolutions were now broke, and

and I concluded, I was not fit to ſtand up and ſpeak for God. But dear Mr. *Charles Perronet* knowing my trials, ſpoke to me in an affectionate manner, and encouraged me all he could to perſevere.

After ſome days ſpent in Conference, I ſaw the zeal of many of the Preachers, who had borne the burthen and heat of the day; and the deſire which appeared in all to promote the Redeemer's glory. On this I ſaw my trials altogether unworthy of notice. Never did the things of ſenſe appear ſo inconſiderable as at preſent. On this, the zeal of the Lord of Hoſts kindled afreſh; and in this day of almighty power my mind was lightened of its load, and made willing to go through honour and diſhonour, for the ſake of Chriſt. Fain would I have been excuſed aforetime from this work; but now I believed the Lord laid this burthen on me, and therefore I durſt not throw it off. I beheld the dear ſervants of my Maſter, who, through many dangers and labours, were ſtill willing to ſpread the ſaving truth far and near; and ſtrongly deſired to bear a part with them: and ſaw myſelf happy that my gracious Lord aſſigned me a place among them.

Finding a deſire to viſit my native country, I no ſooner aſked, but you granted me my requeſt, by appointing me for the *Newry* Circuit. Here we gathered in ſome hundreds from the barren mountains. In *Liſburn*, we built a Houſe, and added ſeventy ſouls to the Society.

In 1774, I was ſtationed for *Charlemount*, where I found the Lord had bleſſed the labours of his Servants the year before. Here alſo he bleſſed his people and increaſed their number this year alſo.

The firſt half year I met with great diſcouragements: the perſon appointed to labour with me had married a gay, young lady; and conſequently could not come. My horſe alſo died, and I was left alone without a man to help me, or a horſe to carry me. As a great fear reſted on me, leſt the work ſhould be hindered through theſe things, I cried to

God in the anguiſh of my ſpirit, and poured forth my complaints, and tears to him that called me to the work. However, I laboured to faſten every ſtake and ſtrengthen every cord; and as much as in me lay, to build up the tabernacle of *David* wherever it was fallen: and in doing this I continued travelling on foot the greateſt part of the year.

Such was the love I bore for truth, that I forgot every thing elſe in compariſon of it. I longed for the ſpirit to ſhine out upon all my ways, and ſought it with great diligence: I alſo ſought an increaſe of grace, well knowing this to be the moſt likely means of making me uſeful in my day and generation: and was fully determined that whatever gifts or graces God gave me, they ſhould all be uſed in his ſervice, and ſpent for his glory.

July, 1775. We met you in Conference at *Dublin*, when I was appointed for the *Athlone* Circuit. I was thankful to a kind Providence for giving me an opportunity of ſeeing, and being with my firſt acquaintances in religion at *Longford*; who firſt ſhewed me the way of worſhipping God in the ſpirit. But we had no remarkable work among us this year, only that we lived in peace, and that the God of peace was with us; which we eſteemed a very great bleſſing.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of the Death of ALDERMAN PARKER.

ALDERMAN PARKER, of *Bedford*, was for upwards of forty years a ſteady, upright, humble Chriſtian. He was alſo, for many years a uſeful Magiſtrate, and a diligent Preacher of God's word. He was indeed a nurſing father to the Methodiſt-Society in *Bedford*, and a great example of good works.

About

About nine months ago, being greatly afflicted, the Lord bleſſed him in a very remarkable manner: on which he ſaid to me, "I enjoy more happineſs now, than I formerly thought was to be enjoyed on earth."

Three weeks before his death he preached from the twelfth chapter of Iſaiah, with ſuch ſtrength and clearneſs, as aſtoniſhed his hearers. The Sunday before he died he preached from Ezekiel's viſion of the dry bones; but nature being almoſt exhauſted, he was not able to ſay much. The Tueſday following, he viſited a young man in priſon, under ſentence of death; to whom he ſpoke very plainly and affectionately. That day, when I aſked him if he felt his evidence for heaven clear, he ſaid, "Yes, bleſſed be God! I have not had the leaſt doubt of my acceptance for more than half a year." The Friday following, (being Good-Friday) finding him on his death-bed, I ſaid, You are going to your Father's houſe. "Yes, bleſſed be his name, ſaid he, I ſhall ſoon be there: Jeſus is precious." He was now ſo convulſed that he could not ſay much; but when he could ſpeak ſo as to be underſtood, his words were very edifying. On my going to prayer with him, he repeated the Lord's prayer as diſtinctly as if he had heen in perfect health; but was ſo exhauſted that he could ſay very little to me afterwards. On Saturday morning he gave an affecting exhortation to ſome of the Society who ſtood round his bed. "Be in earneſt, ſaid he, to have Jeſus implanted in your hearts. Beware of being mere nominal Chriſtians. Pray that every thing contrary to the love of Jeſus may be rooted out of your hearts. Mind not the fooliſh fopperies of the world: but cleave to God: cleave to the Preachers, and to the Society. God bleſs you, and all the Society!"

He then tried to conclude with the Lord's prayer; but was ſo convulſed that he was not able to finiſh it. His laſt words were, "God bleſs you!" He continued labouring for breath

breath till two o'clock next morning, when he ſweetly breathed his laſt, and went to paradiſe on the glorious morning of our Lord's reſurrection; and in the 80th year of his age.

JOSEPH PESCOD.

Bedford, May 24, 1785.

A ſhort Account of MARY CROSDALL.

MARY CROSDALL, was born on the 19th of June, 1760. Her father died when ſhe was about ten years old. Before ſhe was ſix, ſhe had ſerious thoughts about a future ſtate: and at times would weep and pray in ſecret. She conſtantly attended the eſtabliſhed Church, and was ſincere in all ſhe did. One time ſhe had a ſtrong deſire to receive the ſacrament: but her mother thought ſhe was too young. She continued ſimple, ſerious, and humble, till ſhe was about nine years of age. She then had deeper convictions, and began to ſee her danger.

One night ſhe dreamed that her father and two of her brothers, who had been all dead before ſhe knew them; came to her, linked arm in arm. They were clothed in long, white robes. As ſhe thought herſelf in deep diſtreſs, her father advanced, with a look of tender affection, and wiped away her tears from her eyes. My dear child, ſaid he, you muſt return again, and live better than you have done; and when you are *twenty-five years of age*, you ſhall come and be with me for ever.

When ſhe was about fifteen, ſhe was awakened, and ſaw the abſolute neceſſity of an intereſt in the blood of Chriſt. About a quarter of a year after, ſhe believed in Jeſus, and found peace with God. She then went with her ſiſter, *Betty Parkinſon* (a pious young woman) to *Mancheſter*, to hear

hear the Methodiſt Preachers; but much againſt her mother's mind. Soon after ſhe joined the Society, and was a pattern of meekneſs, humility and patience. She had many trials, and met with great oppoſition from her mother!

Sometime after her converſion, ſhe found her inbred corruptions very ſtrong, and was convinced of the neceſſity of a farther change. She now laid aſide every thing ſhe thought was contrary to her Saviour's will; eſpecially her gay apparel. Her mother then told her, if ſhe would not wear her clothes, ſhe ſhould have none; but ſhe did not care for that. After ſhe had ſtruggled ſometime in prayer, with ſighs, tears and reſignation, the Lord was graciouſly pleaſed to remove all the enemies of her tranquility, and to give her conſtant peace, and pure love. She then went on her way rejoicing, and was filled with love to God, the ſaints, and all mankind. She was very humble, modeſt, and diffident. She made no great noiſe about what ſhe enjoyed. She thought it moſt prudent, and moſt to the glory of God, to expreſs the happy ſtate of her mind by her holy and prudent behaviour. It grieved her much, when any made high profeſſions, and diſcovered great weakneſſes.

Theſe laſt ten years ſhe has been a daughter of affliction; but her conſolations, through the Spirit, have not been ſmall.

A few months ago ſhe removed from *Mancheſter* to *Bolton*, where ſhe took her laſt illneſs. When ſhe was ſo weak that ſhe could follow her buſineſs no longer, ſhe was removed from a friend's houſe, where ſhe lodged, to her ſiſter *Parkinſon's*. Her body was now ſo emaciated, and full of pain that ſhe could not move without aſſiſtance. Sometimes ſhe doubted whether her faith and patience would hold out to the end. When ſhe thought of her mother's ſevere behaviour towards her, ſhe found her mind a little uneaſy; but ſhe overcame this alſo by the blood of the Lamb.

When I viſited her on Friday morning, the 4th inſt. ſhe found perfect peace, and could ſay, "The Lord hath done all

all things well: the Lord is my Rock and portion for ever, and is worthy to be praiſed." Her countenance was heavenly, and her mind ſerene. She lived ſeveral days after this, and ſuffered much; but the Lord ſupported her, and kept her ſoul in peace. She was now ſo weak that it was with ſome difficulty ſhe could ſpeak. Her ſiſter was a little troubled at this, and told her that her Chriſtian friends expected to hear her ſpeak more of the loving kindneſs of our Saviour: to which ſhe replied, "You know I always preferred walking to talking." The enemy ſtill aſſaulted her and vexed her ſore. But ſhe was heard to ſay, the laſt night before ſhe died, "Thou art not of God. Thou haſt long afflicted my body and mind; but I bid thee now depart in the name of the Lord, and trouble me no more." From that time it was ſo; and ſhe was kept, in ſilent prayer, with her mind ſtayed on God, waiting and longing for her final exit. On the 16th inſt. about four o'clock in the morning, ſhe ſaid, "I am now happy, happy! It will all be over before nine o'clock." About ſix ſhe fell aſleep in the Lord; about nine ſhe was laid out, and all was over with her on the ſtage of this mortal life.—Note. She died in *the twenty-fifth year of her age*, according to the words of her father which he ſpake unto her in a dream, when ſhe was only nine years of age! We may well ſay, God's judgments are unſearchable, and his ways paſt finding out!

CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

Bolton,——— 1785.

From Mr. JOHN HOSKINS, *to Mr.* SQUIRE, *giving an Account of the work of God in Newfoundland.*

Dear Brother,

I Bleſs God that our congregations enlarge; our Societies increaſe; and that many ſouls are gathered in to Chriſt. We have likewiſe ſeveral Preachers raiſed out of theſe ſtones, who are bleſſed in their labours.

I went

I went to a populous harbour, about a month ago, twenty leagues to the northward, called *Bonavista*, to enquire how they were affected towards hearing the gospel? They are willing that I should come and teach their children to read and write; and perhaps, by that means they will in time, be inclined to receive the gospel. Accordingly, I purpose going there in the Spring, to set up a school, and to preach as soon as I have any opportunity.

God has cleared my way before me in a wonderful manner, since I have been in this land: particularly of late, by an awful judgment which he sent upon the three men who abused me on board a ship, in Trinity-Harbour, about five years ago. In a former account* of this affair I observed that two of the sailors held me, while a third tarred me almost all over; and told me, if they saw me on shore the next day they would kill me.

In about a month one of them fell overboard, and was drowned in the harbour of St. John. Another of them coming to *England* the same winter, was killed by a fall. And he that tarred me, going up the Streights, by an accident got his death's-wound, and died on board the ship in great agonies of soul, on account of his abusing me. The whole ship's company was greatly alarmed on the occasion. The Captain said, he very clearly saw me stand by one of the sailors as he was furling the top-gallant, while he who tarred me was below in the agonies of death, calling for mercy! This took such an effect on the Captain, that, when he returned to *Newfoundland*, he declared to the merchants in *Trinity*, that he would not abuse such a man as Mr. *Hoskins*, or any other Preacher of the gospel, for all the world. He also said, he could live no longer amongst such wickedness as he was then a witness of. Accordingly he left the service immediately, and went home to *England* to live a retired life.

* See page 143.

The report of that affair has well nigh ſpread all over this iſland: ſo that the merchants (the chief men of the iſland) that before threatened to ſend me out of the country, now will not hurt or moleſt me; but rather give me a paſſage in their boats to any harbour where I am going to preach. I have therefore now no excuſe to decline labouring for God. Notwithſtanding this, I find great backwardneſs. My fleſh is ready to ſhrink from ſuffering. Lord help me to take up my croſs, and follow thee!

Let me have an intereſt in your prayers, ſo you will greatly oblige your affectionate Brother in Chriſt.

Old Perlican, Newfoundland, JOHN HOSKINS.
Nov. 5, 1784.

THOUGHTS *upon* GOVERNMENT: *by the Honourable Robert Boyle.*

THE art of Government is both noble and difficult, becauſe a Prince is to work upon free-agents, who may have private intereſts and deſigns, not only different from his, but repugnant to them.

Wiſdom alone can make authority obeyed with cheerfulneſs.

The greateſt Prince's actions ought not only to be regulated, but to be judged by reaſon.

A monarch may command my life or fortune; but not my opinion. I cannot command this myſelf; it ariſes only from the nature of the thing I judge of.

To think that all things done by men in power, are done with wiſdom, is too great an impoſſibility to be a duty.

The being poſſeſſed of power neither implies, nor confers the ſkill to make a right uſe of it.

A crown adorns the outſide of a head, without enriching the inſide of it.

The

The juriſdiction of reaſon extends to thrones themſelves.

The ſplendor of a crown may dazzle the perſon who wears it; but will hardly impoſe upon a judicious beholder.

It may be queſtioned, whether the reſpect we pay to moſt princes, is grounded upon our own reaſon and inward thoughts; but though I ſee the folly of a prince never ſo great, I ought to pay him a decent reſpect.

We may reverence authority in the weakeſt men; yet this is ſo difficult, that it is not often practiſed.

We ſhould uſe the fathers of our country, as Noah's children did their ſick father, who when they ſaw his nakedneſs, covered it, being willing to ſee no more of it, than was neceſſary to hide it.

The infelicities of declining ſtates are not always due to the imprudence of rulers: the reſentments of ſuch imprudence often occaſion the higheſt diſorders.

Though the vulgar ought not too raſhly to judge of thoſe in power; yet men of parts who know their intereſts and deſigns, may judge of their councils, and diſcover their errors.

Affection and diligence in the ſervice of the public may, in ſpite of ſome miſcarriages, prevent or leſſen the ruin of a ſtate.

It is no breach of loyalty to queſtion the prudence of a governor.

Counſels capable of ſeveral circumſtances, ought to be cenſured favourably.

A throne not only affords temptations to vice, but engagements to virtue.

Though ſo high a ſtation may make a man giddy, it certainly ought to make him circumſpect.

A throne is ſo ſublime a ſtation, as muſt make a generous ſoul deſpiſe mean things.

A generous mind muſt make a prince ambitious of glory, and this can never be attained but by great and good actions.

The examples of princes influence ſtrongly either to virtue or vice; and the introducing good cuſtoms is a much more noble prerogative, if rightly uſed, than to coin metals into money, and to make it current.

What a great account muſt princes one day give who have ſuch obligations upon them to be ſtrictly juſt! And ſuch a multitude of people committed to their care.

Princes who have any ſenſe of ſhame or honour, will conſtantly remember that there are too many eyes upon them to keep their faults ſecret, or themſelves from cenſure.

REMARKS *on the planting of* TREES: *by a Gentleman near Cardiff.*

IN October, 1746, I tranſplanted twelve Beach-trees, about fourteen feet high; ſix of which I lopped off the branches, and leading ſhoot; the other ſix I tranſplanted with their branches whole and entire. I planted all in the ſame ſoil, the ſame ſituation, and alſo with the ſame care. I found the ſix whoſe branches were cut off to decay daily, and this ſummer they were totally decayed; the other ſix whoſe branches were whole and entire, put forth ſtrong and vigorous ſhoots, and continue now in a very thriving way. By this I find it a very wrong method to cut off any branches, and eſpecially the leading ſhoot of any tree when tranſplanted; but if the branches ſeem too large for the tree to nouriſh, I think it beſt to ſhorten them the ſpring after they are tranſplanted (if tranſplanted the Autumn before, which is the beſt ſeaſon for all timber-trees.) This gives me room to think that there is no regular and uniform circulation of the ſap in plants, but two different juices, the one terrene, aſcending from the root, and perſpired through the leaves; the other aereal, imbibed by the leaves, and deſcending to the root.

The

The remarkable Speech of the Great CZAR *of* MUSCOVY, PETER I. *to King* WILLIAM III. *when he met him at Utrecht.*

" Moſt renowned Emperor,

IT was not the deſire of ſeeing the celebrated cities of the *German* empire, or the moſt potent Republic of the univerſe, that made me leave my throne, in a diſtant country, and my victorious armies; but the vehement paſſion alone, of ſeeing the moſt brave, and the moſt generous hero of the age. I have my wiſh; and am ſufficiently recompenſed for my travel, in being admitted into your preſence. Your kind embraces have given me more ſatisfaction than the taking of *Azoph*, and triumphing over the *Tartars*. But the conqueſt is yours: your martial genius directed my ſword, and the generous emulation of your exploits inſtilled into my breaſt the firſt thoughts I had of enlarging my dominions.

" I cannot expreſs in words, the veneration I have for your ſacred perſon: my unparalled journey is one proof of it.

" The ſeaſon is ſo far advanced, and I hope the peace too, that I ſhall not have the opportunity, as *Maximillian* had, of fighting under the banner of *England* againſt *France*; the common diſturber of the liberties of *Europe*.

" If the war continues, I and my armies, will readily obſerve your orders; and if either in peace or war, your induſtrious ſubjects will trade to the moſt northern parts of the world, the ports of *Ruſſia* ſhall be free for them. I will grant them greater immunities than ever they yet had, and have them enrolled among the moſt precious records of my empire, to be a perpetual memorial of the eſteem I have for the worthieſt of Kings."

On

On the ETERNITY *of* GOD.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

ABSOLUTE infinite is that which contains the fulneſs of all perfection: that which contains the fulneſs of all perfection can never increaſe, decreaſe, or vary as to its eſſential acts, attributes, and thoughts. Therefore the divine eſſence does not exiſt by ſucceſſion of thoughts.

God knows and loves himſelf always equally; and in this permanent, unchangeable knowledge and love, conſiſts the eſſential perfection of this infinite underſtanding, and the unbounded happineſs of his infinite will. *Locke* pretends that we can have no idea of duration, but what is ſucceſſive: but all his ſpecious reaſonings on this head tend to confound the idea of infinite time, with that of God's eternity. It is true that we have no idea of duration in finite things, but what is ſucceſſive. This however does not prove that we can have no idea of God's duration, without ſucceſſion, variation, and change. He knows and loves himſelf, not by ſucceſſive acts; but by one continued, permanent, and immutable act: otherwiſe we muſt ſay that he knows and loves himſelf more at one time than at another. *Boethius* had far more noble notions, when he ſaid that eternal duration in God is the full, actual, permanent poſſeſſion of all reality and perfection: whereas infinite time in the creature is the ſucceſſive augmentation, or variation, of its modes, realities, or perfections, without end.

All *Locke's* miſtakes on this head come from his not adverting to this, that eternal duration in God does not regard his abſolute eſſence; but his eſſential acts. Neceſſary exiſtence is not the ſame idea with that of eternity. Neceſſary exiſtence, belongs to the eſſence of God, as independent of any other cauſe; but eternity, or unſucceſſive duration, belongs to his eſſential

eſſential acts, as exempt from all poſſibility of increaſe, decreaſe, or variation. He knows and loves himſelf always in the ſame manner and degree; and this permanency, conſtitutes his eternity. We ſee that this muſt be ſo; but we cannot form any adequate ideas of this ſimultaneous duration in God: becauſe, being bounded, we conceive only by parcels, by ſucceſſion, and by progreſſion. All the attributes of abſolute infinite, though demonſtrable, yet muſt be incomprehenſible to finite minds.

Dr. *Clarke*, by confounding the ideas of ſucceſſive, and unſucceſſive duration, advanced a ſtrange paradox, which he expreſſes thus: "How any thing can have exiſted eternally, that is, how an eternal duration can be actually paſt, is utterly inconceivable; and yet to deny that an eternal duration is now actually paſt, is an expreſs contradiction." He ſhould have ſaid quite the contrary, that to maintain, an eternal duration is now actually paſt, is altogether repugnant and contradictory. It is not only inconceivable, but abſolutely impoſſible. Wherever there is a laſt, there muſt be a firſt: now in eternity there can be no firſt, and therefore no laſt. Whatever is ſucceſſive cannot be eternal; as whatever is diviſible cannot be actually infinite: becauſe no addition of finite dimenſions, nor of finite ſucceſſions can make abſolute infinite. When we ſay that creatures may be immortal and eternal; all we mean is, that God may ſtill continue their exiſtence without end: and no ways, that there *can be* no laſt moment, wherein they may ceaſe to be. When we ſay that matter is infinitely diviſible, or multipliable; all we mean is, that infinite power may diminiſh or augment it without end: and no ways, that it can be actually and really infinitely great, or infinitely little. I repeat it once more, wherever there is a firſt, there may be a laſt; and wherever there is a laſt, there muſt have been a firſt.

In the pure and abſolute eſſence of God, and in the exerciſe of his eſſential, immanent, and neceſſary acts, there can be neither

neither paſt, nor future. All is one preſent moment. Becauſe God always knows and loves himſelf equally, without variation or ſhadow of change. All his eſſential acts are co-eternal, conſubſtantial, and ſimultaneous with his eſſence. There is in them neither priority, nor poſteriority, with regard to duration; though there may be ſuch diſtinctions conceived in him with regard to caſuality. When we diſtinguiſh anterior, from poſterior eternity, this does not regard *God*, but *us*. We do not mean that there can be any real priority, or poſteriority, any alteration, or ſucceſſion in the divine eſſence; but only, that there was a time when finite began, and when God manifeſted himſelf from without: for he can never interrupt the eternal, permanent, uniform duration of his eſſence; nor of his eſſential immanent, and conſubſtantial acts.

Though in God, there is no ſhadow of variation with regard to his neceſſary acts, and their immanent effects; yet with regard to his free acts, and immanent effects, there may be ſucceſſion; that is, they are not co-eternal with his eſſence, and cannot be the permanent objects of his underſtanding; there was a time when he did not exert theſe acts; and there may be a time when he will ceaſe to exert them. This is the ſublimeſt truth in all theology, and the firſt bulwark againſt Spinoſiſm.

We may conceive two different ſorts of duration: one by which a being exiſts abſolutely and altogether the ſame in all the periods of duration; another by which it exiſts differently, in different times, by the increaſe, decreaſe, and variation of its modes, qualities, and perfections. The idea of *time* ariſes from the mutability and ſucceſſion that happen in the modes, qualities and perfections of finite.

Hence infinite time, and the divine eternity, are not the ſame. Infinite time is the mutable duration of finite, continued without end. Eternity is the immutable duration of abſolute infinite. Thus duration is the generical term; *immutable*, and ſucceſſive duration are the two kinds, or ſpecies.

Hence

Hence it is abſolutely falſe, that duration is an abſolute quality that belongs to all beings in the ſame ſenſe. Succeſſive duration or mutability is the eſſential property of all finites; unſucceſſive duration belongs to God alone.

MUTUAL GENEROSITY *exemplified in a curious Anecdote of the Grand Vizir*, TOPAL OSMAN.

IN 1698, *Topal Oſman*, being about the age of twenty-five, was ſent with the Sultan's orders to the Baſhaw of *Cairo*. He travelled by land to *Said* (the ancient *Sidon* in *Syria*) and, being afraid of the Arabs, who plunder paſſengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkiſh veſſel, bound to *Damietta*, a city on the eaſtermoſt channel of the *Nile*. In this paſſage they met with a Spaniſh privateer. Their ſhip was no match for her; yet the whole crew reſolved to defend themſelves. Upon this a bloody action enſued. There it was, this great man gave the firſt proofs of that intrepidity, by which he ſo often ſignalized himſelf afterwards. The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but ſuperior numbers prevailed, and *Oſman* was taken priſoner after being dangerouſly wounded in his arm and thigh.

When the veſſel had ſurrendered, the inſtances of bravery which *Oſman* had ſhewn, induced the Spaniſh Captain to pay him a peculiar regard. Notwithſtanding the good treatment he received, his wounds were ſtill in a dangerous way, when he arrived at *Malta*, where the privateer went to refit.

At that time *Vincent Arnaud*, a native of *Marſeilles*, Commander of the port at *Malta*, went on board the privateer. *Oſman* no ſooner ſaw *Arnaud* than he ſaid, "Can you do a generous action? Ranſom me, and take my word you ſhall looſe nothing by it." Such a requeſt from a ſlave was not common; but the manner in which it was delivered ſtruck the Frenchman ſo much, that he immediately turned to the

Captain, and aſked what he demanded for his ranſom? He anſwered, a thouſand ſequins, (near 500l.) *Arnaud* upon this, turning round to the Turk ſaid, I know nothing of you, and would you have me riſk a thouſand ſequins on your bare word? Each of us act in this, replied the Turk, with conſiſtency. I am in chains, and therefore try every method to recover my liberty; and you may act right in not truſting to the word of a ſtranger. I have nothing at preſent but my word and honour to give you, nor do I pretend to aſſign any reaſon why you ſhould truſt to it; however, I tell you once more, if you do truſt to it you ſhall have no occaſion to repent. The Commander upon this went to make his report to the Grand-Maſter, Don *Perellos*. The air with which *Oſman* delivered himſelf, and the ſeeming ingenuouſneſs, together with the ſingularity of the circumſtances, wrought ſuch an effect upon *Arnaud*, that he returned immediately on board the Spaniſh veſſel, and agreed with the Captain for 600 ſequins, which he paid as the price of *Oſman's* liberty. After this he put him on board a veſſel of his own, where he provided him with a Surgeon, and every thing neceſſary for his entertainment and cure. In a ſhort time he was out of danger.

Oſman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to *Conſtantinople* for the money he had advanced; but, finding himſelf in the hands of a man who had truſted ſo much to his honour, he was emboldened to aſk him another favour, which was to leave the payment of his ranſom entirely to him. *Arnaud* diſtinguiſhed, that in ſuch a caſe things were not to be done by halves; he therefore not only agreed to the propoſal with a good grace, but entruſted him with the ſhip in which he had been lodged, and ſhewed him every other mark of generoſity and friendſhip. Accordingly *Oſman*, as ſoon as he was in a condition, ſet out again upon his voyage in this veſſel.

The

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a ſhort time he reached *Damietta*, and ſailed up the *Nile* to *Cairo*. No ſooner was he arrived there, then he delivered a thouſand ſequins to the maſter of the veſſel to be paid to his benefactor *Arnaud*, together with ſome rich furs, and five hundred crowns as a preſent for himſelf. He executed the order of the Sultan his maſter with the Baſhaw of *Cairo*, and ſetting out for *Conſtantinople*, was himſelf the firſt who brought the news of his ſlavery.

His ſenſe of the favour that had been done to him, and the generous circumſtances of it, was not confined to the firſt emotions of gratitude: during the whole courſe of his life, he did not ceaſe, by letters and other acknowledgments, to teſtify the deep impreſſion it had made upon him.

In 1731, *Topal Oſman* was advanced to the dignity of Grand Vizir, which, though perhaps, the higheſt that any ſubject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then ſo in a particular degree. He was no ſooner arrived at *Conſtantinople*, to take poſſeſſion of his new dignity, than he ſent for the French Ambaſſador, and deſired him to write to *Malta*, and let his old benefactor know of his advancement; and that he ſhould haſten to *Conſtantinople*, while things remained in the preſent ſituation; adding, that a Grand Vizir ſeldom kept long in his ſtation.

In the month of January, 1732, *Arnaud* with his ſon, arrived at *Conſtantinople* from *Malta*, bringing with him variety of preſents, and twelve Turks, whom he had ranſomed from ſlavery. Theſe, by command of the Vizir, were ranged before him. *Vincent Arnaud*, now ſeventy-two years of age, with his ſon, were brought before *Topal Oſman*, Grand Vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them, in the preſence of the great Officers of State, with the utmoſt marks of affection. Then turning to thoſe about him, and pointing to the ranſomed Turks, "Behold, ſaid he, theſe your brethren now enjoying the ſweets of liberty, after having groaned in ſlavery: this

Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myſelf a ſlave, loaded with chains, ſtreaming with blood, and covered with wounds! This is the man who redeemed and ſaved me! This is my maſter and benefactor! To him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune and every thing I enjoy! Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ranſom; ſent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ſhip to carry me where I pleaſed. Where is even a Muſſulman capable of ſuch generoſity?"

While *Oſman* was ſpeaking, every one preſent had their eyes fixed upon old *Arnaud*, who held the Grand Vizir's hands cloſely locked between his own. The Vizir then aſked both father and ſon many queſtions concerning their ſituation and fortune; heard their anſwers with kindneſs and attention, and then ended with an Arabick ſentence, *Alla Kerim*, (i. e. The providence of God is great.) He made before them the diſtribution of the preſents they had brought, the greateſt part of which he ſent to the Sultan, the Sultan's mother, and the *Kiſlar Aga*, (i. e. chief of the black unuchs.) Upon which the two Frenchmen made their obedience and retired.

Topal Oſman was one of thoſe few, who, through the courſe of a long life, gave the higheſt demonſtration of a mind ſuperior to vulgar applauſe. His greatneſs was the effect of his virtue, his underſtanding, and intrepidity; but his ambition was to act like a man who believes there is a God, and a ſtate of future reward and puniſhment. If this generous Turk ſaid of *Vincent Arnaud*, "Where is even a Muſſulman capable of an action of ſuch generoſity?" we may ſay, "Where ſhall we find even a Chriſtian requiting a generous action in a more noble manner than *Topal Oſman?*" Inſtances of this kind, among either Chriſtians or Mahometans, are indeed but rare; and therefore, when they happen, ought to be recorded.

Topal Oſman, then Baſhaw of *Trebiſonde*, was, in 1733, appointed Generaliſſimo of the Ottoman army, to oppoſe the alarming progreſs of *Kouli Khan*, the *Perſian* uſurper; when, after ſeveral ſucceſſes againſt him, the virtuous Turk at laſt bravely fell in battle.

An

An Account of the Iſland of IONA, *or* ICOLMKILL, *one of the Weſtern Iſlands of* SCOTLAND.

ICOLMKILL was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence ſavage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the bleſſings of religion.

We came too late to viſit monuments; ſome care was neceſſary for ourſelves. Whatever was in the iſland, Sir *Allen* could command; for the inhabitants were *Macleans*; but having little, they could not give us much. He went to the head man of the iſland, whom Fame (but Fame delights in amplifying) repreſents as worth no leſs than fifty pounds. He was perhaps proud enough of his gueſts; but ill prepared for our entertainment. However, he ſoon procured more proviſion than we required. Our lodging was next to be provided. We found a barn well ſtocked with hay, and made our beds as ſoft as we could.

In the morning we ſurveyed the place. The churches of the two convents are both ſtanding; though unroofed. They were built of unhewn ſtone, but ſolid and not inelegant.

The Epiſcopal Church conſiſts of two parts, ſeparated by the belfry, and built at different times. The original Church had the altar at one end, and the tower at the other; but as it became too ſmall, another building of equal dimenſions was added, and the tower then was neceſſarily in the middle.

That theſe edifices are of different ages ſeems evident. The arch of the firſt church is Roman, being part of a circle; that of the additional, is pointed, and therefore Gothic: the tower is firm, and only wants to be floored and covered.

Of the chambers or cells belonging to the monks, there are ſome walls remaining; but no complete apartment.

The chapel of this nunnery is now uſed by the inhabitants as a general cow-houſe, and the bottom is conſequently too miry

miry for examination. Some of the ſtones which covered the later abbeſſes, have inſcriptions which might yet be read if the chapel was cleanſed. The roof of this, as of all the other buildings is totally deſtroyed; not only becauſe timber quickly decays when it is neglected, but becauſe in an iſland deſtitute of wood it was wanted for uſe, and was conſequently the firſt plunder of needy rapacity.

The chancel of the Nun's Chapel is covered with an arch of ſtone, to which, time has done no injury; and a ſmall apartment communicating with the choir on the North-ſide, like the Chapterhouſe in Cathedrals, roofed with ſtone in the ſame manner, is likewiſe entire.

In one of the Churches was a marble altar, which the ſuperſtition of the inhabitants has deſtroyed. Their opinion was, that a fragment of this ſtone was a defence againſt ſhipwrecks, fire, and miſcarriages. In one corner of the Church the baſon for holy water is yet unbroken.

The cemetery of the Nunnery was, till very lately, regarded with ſuch reverence, that only women were buried in it. Theſe relics of veneration always produce ſome mournful pleaſure. I would have forgiven a great injury more eaſily than the violation of this imaginary ſanctity.

South of the Chapel ſtand the walls of a large room, which was probably the hall or refectory of the nunnery. This apartment is capable of repair. Of the reſt of the convent there are only fragments.

Beſides the two principal Churches, there are, I think, five Chapels ſtanding, and three more remembered. There are alſo croſſes, of which, two bear the names of St. *Iona's* and St. *Matthew's*.

Iona has long enjoyed the honour of being reputed the cemetery of the Scottiſh Kings. It is not unlikely that when the opinion of local ſanctity was prevalent, the Chieftains of the Iſles, and perhaps ſome of the Norwegians or Iriſh Princes, were repoſited in this venerable enclоſure. But by whom

whom the ſubterraneous vaults are peopled is now utterly unknown. The graves are very numerous, and ſome of them undoubtedly contain the remains of men, who did not expect to be ſo ſoon forgotten.

Not far from this awful ground, may be traced the garden of the monaſtery: the fiſh-ponds are yet diſcernable, and the acqueduct which ſupplied them, is ſtill in uſe.

It is obſerved, that eccleſiaſtical Colleges are always in the moſt pleaſant and fruitful places. While the world allowed the monks their choice, it is ſurely no diſhonour that they choſe well. This iſland is remarkably fruitful. The village near the Churches is ſaid to contain above twenty families, which at five in a family is more than a hundred inhabitants to a mile. There are perhaps other villages; yet both corn and cattle are annually exported.

But the fruitfulneſs of *Iona* is now its whole proſperity. The inhabitants are remarkably groſs, and remarkably neglected. I know not if they are viſited by any miniſter. The Iſland, which was once the metropolis of learning and piety, has now no ſchool for education, nor temple for worſhip: only two inhabitants can ſpeak Engliſh, and not one that can write or read!

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THOUGHTS *upon* DISSIPATION.

1. PERHAPS nothing can be more ſeaſonable at the preſent time, than to beſtow a few thoughts on this. It is a faſhionable ſubject, very frequently ſpoken of, eſpecially in good company. An ingenious writer has lately given us an Eſſay upon the ſubject. When it fell into my hands a few days ſince, I was filled with a pleaſing expectation of ſeeing it thoroughly explained. But my expectation was not anſwered: for although many juſt and lively things are ſaid

ſaid there, yet in above twenty pages I could find no definition of *Diſſipation*, either bad or good.

2. But "the Love of Diſſipation, ſays the Author, is the reigning evil of the preſent day." Allowing it is; I aſk, What do you mean by Diſſipation? Sometimes you uſe the word *Pleaſure* as an equivalent term. But what Pleaſure do you mean? The Pleaſures of Senſe, or of the Imagination in general? Or any particular pleaſure of one or the other? At other times you ſeem to make Diſſipation the ſame with Luxury; at leaſt with a high degree of it. Sometimes again you uſe "the Love of Amuſement," as the ſame with "Love of Diſſipation." But the queſtion recurs, What Amuſement do you mean? For there are numberleſs ſorts. So that ſtill, after talking about them ſo long we have only a vague, indeterminate notion of a diſſipated age, a diſſipated nation, or a diſſipated man: without having any clear or diſtinct idea, what the word *Diſſipation* means?

3. Thoſe who are content with ſlight and ſuperficial views of things, may reſt in the general account, that a *diſſipated age* is one, wherein the bulk of mankind, eſpecially thoſe of any rank or faſhion, ſpend the main of their time in eating and drinking, and diverſions, and the other pleaſures of Senſe and Imagination. And that we live in a diſſipated age, in this meaning of the word, is as plain as that the ſun ſhines at noon-day. Moſt of thoſe that are commonly termed, "Innocent Amuſements," fall under this head, the Pleaſures of Imagination. Whenever therefore a general fondneſs of theſe prevail, that is *a diſſipated age*. A *diſſipated* nation is one, where the people in general are vehemently attached to the pleaſures of Senſe and Imagination. The ſmaller vulgar in *England* are at preſent paſſionately fond of the loweſt pleaſures both of Senſe and Fancy: while the great vulgar are equally engroſſed by thoſe they account a higher kind. Mean time they are all equally diſſipated, although in different ways. And ſo indeed

indeed is every man and woman, that is paſſionately attached to external pleaſure.

4. But without dwelling any longer on the ſurface of things, let us ſearch the matter to the bottom, and enquire, wherein lies the original ground of *Human Diſſipation?* Let this be once pointed out, and it will place the whole queſtion in the cleareſt light.

5. Man is an immortal Spirit, created in the image, and for the enjoyment of God. This is the one, the only end of his being; he exiſts for no other purpoſe. God is the centre of all ſpirits; and while they cleave to him, they are wiſe, holy and happy: but in the ſame proportion as they are ſeparated from him, they are fooliſh, unholy and unhappy. This diſunion from God is the very Eſſence of Human Diſſipation: which is no other than the ſcattering the thoughts and affections of the Creature from the Creator. Wherefore fondneſs for ſenſual enjoyments of any kind, Love of ſilly irrational pleaſures, Love of trifling amuſements, luxury, vanity, and a thouſand fooliſh deſires and tempers, are not ſo properly Diſſipation itſelf, as they are the fruits of it, the natural effects of being unhinged from the Creator, the Father, the centre of all Intelligent Spirits.

6. It is this againſt which the Apoſtle guards in his advice to the Chriſtians at *Corinth*, *This I ſpeak, that ye may attend upon the Lord without diſtraction.* It might as well be rendered, *without diſſipation*, without having your thoughts any way ſcattered from God. The having our thoughts and affections centered in God, this is *Chriſtian Simplicity.* The having them in any degree uncentered from God, this is *Diſſipation.* And it little differs in the real nature of things, and in the eye of God, the Judge of all, whether a man be kept in a ſtate of diſſipation from God, by crowns, and empires, and thouſands of gold and ſilver, or by cards, and dancing, and drinking, and dreſſing, and miſtreſſing, and maſquerades, and picking ſtraws.

7. Diſſipation is then, in the very root of it, ſeparation from God: in other words, Atheiſm, or the being without God in the world. It is the negative branch of Ungodlineſs. And in this true ſenſe of the word, certainly England is the moſt diſſipated nation that is to be found under heaven. And whether our thoughts and affections are diſſipated, ſcattered from God, by women, or food, or dreſs, or one or ten thouſand pretty trifles, that Diſſipation (innocent as it may ſeem) is equally ſubverſive of all real Virtue and all real Happineſs. It carries its own puniſhment: though we are loaded with bleſſings, it often makes our very exiſtence a burden; and by an unaccountable anxiety, gives a foretaſte of what it is to be *puniſhed with everlaſting deſtruction from the preſence of the Lord!*

Hilton Park, March 26, 1783. J. W.

An Extract of a Letter from a Perſon in MARYLAND, *to his Friend in* PHILADELPHIA.

I Am ſo happy as to think as you do, with regard to trading in man. The cuſtom is neither conſiſtent with reaſon, or with the laws of God or man. Poor unhappy ſlaves, particularly thoſe forced from their places of nativity, are moſt certainly deplorable objects of commiſeration. I never bought more than two during twenty years reſidence here. One proved to be the ſon of an African Prince: he was a moſt comely youth: having obſerved his uncommon parts, I ſent him to ſchool, and uſed him like a free man during his ſtay with me. The Directors of the African Company having offered a reward for him, I preſented the poor creature with his freedom, gave him an order for the reward aforeſaid, and ſent him to *London*: from whence, the following year, he remitted me the ſame ſum he coſt me, and ſundry

rich

rich goods to the amount of three hundred pounds and upwards: and therewith the following letter in his own native language.

" From the great City, third Moon after my releaſe.

" Oh my kind merciful maſter, my good white brother, too good, a very good ſon of a good woman, and of a very good old man created good old people by the *Great Spirit*, who made my country, thy poor (I ſhould ſay heretofore poor) moſt grateful black priſoner, now rendered rich by thy goodneſs and mercy, is now moſt dead, moſt drunk, moſt mad with joy! why is he ſo? becauſe he is going to his good warm country, to his good old mother, to his good old father, to his little ſiſter and his brother. In my good warm country all things are good, except the white people who live there, and come in flying houſes to take away poor black priſoners from their mothers, their fathers, their ſiſters, and brothers, to kill them with hunger and filth, in the cellars of their flying houſes, wherein if they do not die faſt enough, and poor priſoners talk for bread and water, and want to feel the wind and ſee the *Great Spirit* to complain to him, to tell him all, or to ſee the trees of his country once more for the laſt time, the King of the white people (probably the negro meant the Captain) ordered the officer called Jack, to kill many of the black priſoners with whips, with ropes, knives, axes and ſalt. The Governor of the flying houſe has been to ſhew that which is to carry me and him to my good warm country: I am glad, very glad indeed! He goes there with me. Should he be ſick, (and white people ſeldom eſcape being ſo there) becauſe of thee, my kind merciful maſter, and good white brother, and becauſe he has been good to me, and is a very good white man too, I will nurſe him myſelf, my mother, my father, my little ſiſter, and my brother, ſhall be his brother, his mother, his father and his ſiſter too; he

ſhall have one large heap of elephants teeth and gold, for my kind merciful maſter, and kind brother, and one for himſelf alſo, (but ſmaller.) He at preſent is my father, I eat at his houſe, and lie there too upon the bed he preſented me with. His woman is my mother and kindly nurſes me, being very ſick of the ſea, and fire made of black ſtones. I have received a great quantity of gold beſides what thou didſt preſent me with by means of thy hand-writing, to the people who are to ſend me to my country, ſome part whereof I have given to the Governor of thy ſwimming houſe, to be ſent to thee. Had I a houſe full, ſhould ſend the whole with equal pleaſure; however thou ſhalt ſee hereafter, that black people are not beaſts, and do know how to be grateful. After thou my kind merciful maſter and good white brother left me in thy ſwimming houſe, we, thy white people and me thy grateful black priſoner, were by the *Great Spirit* who was angry with us ſent by the wind into an immenſe great river, where we had like to have been drowned, and where we could ſee neither ſun nor moon for ſix days and nights. I was dying during one whole moon, the Governor was my father, and gave me thoſe good things thou preſentedſt me with on my bed, he lodged me in the little room thy Carpenter built for me. Thou gave me more clothes than I could carry, yet I was very cold; nothing availed with poor black priſoner, till at laſt having the *Great Spirit* to ſend me ſafe to thy houſe on ſhore. I thought I was carried there (this appears to have been a dream) where thou my good white brother bid uſe me with wonted goodneſs, ſpake to the *Great Spirit and to his Son** that I might keep ſo during the voyage, and afterwards which they have done ſo for thy ſake; they will always do me good becauſe of thee my good white brother; therefore my kind merciful maſter, do not forget thy poor black priſoner. When thou doſt ſpeak to the *Great Spirit*

* He means, pray to the Father and the Son.

and

and to *his Son*, I do know he will hear thee, I ſhall never be ſick more, for which I ſhall be thankful, pray ſpeak for my good old mother, my good father, my little ſiſter and my brother; I wiſh they may be healthy, to many, very many moons, as many as the hairs on thy head; I love them all much, yet I think not ſo much as I do thee, I could die in my country for thee, could I do thee any kindneſs. Indeed the *Great Spirit* well knows I mean no lie, ſhall always ſpeak to him for thy good, believe me my good white brother, thy poor black priſoner is not a liar.

DGIAGOLA, ſon of DGIAGOLA,
Prince of Foat, Africa."

The above is a letter from the negro Prince, ſometime after he arrived at *London*, to his maſter in *Maryland*: tranſlated by Dr. *Deſaguillier*, of *Cambridge*, 1743.

An Account of a ſtrange DELIVERANCE, *occaſioned by an Apparition.*

A Few days ago I viſited *John Thomas*, of St. *Juſt*, in *Cornwall*. He is about ſixty-two years of age, and has been a notorious drunkard the greateſt part of his life.

He told me, that on Sunday, December 21, 1783, about ſeven o'clock in the evening, he left St. *Crete*, in order to go to St. *Juſt's*. That as it was dark he miſſed his way, and about midnight fell into a pit about five fathoms deep.

On his being miſſing, his friends made diligent ſearch for him, but to no purpoſe. The next Sabbath-day as one of his neighbours was going to ſeek his ſheep, he ſaw at ſome diſtance, the appearance of a man ſitting on the bank which had been thrown up in digging the pit. On drawing near, he ſaw the apparition go round to the other ſide of the bank.

When

When he came to the place, he could ſee no one; but heard a human voice in the bottom of the pit. Thinking that ſome ſmugglers had got down to hide their liquors, he went on; but coming back the ſame way, he again heard the voice. He now liſtened more attentively; and as he could hear but one voice, he concluded it was *John Thomas*, who was miſſing: and on calling to him, he found he was not miſtaken. On this he went and got help, and ſoon got him out of the pit. But as he had been there near eight days, he was very low when he was got out; but is now in a fair way to do well.

In the bottom of the pit he found a ſmall current of water, which he drank freely of: this, in all likelihood, was a means of keeping him alive.—It is ſaid, that ſeveral other perſons ſaw the apparition, but took no notice of it.

As I am not fond of crediting ſtories of this kind on common report, I reſolved to get the account from his own mouth.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Redruth, Jan. 22, 1784.

An Extract from a JOURNEY *from Aleppo to Jeruſalem; at Eaſter, A. D.* 1697.

By HENRY MAUNDRELL, M. A. *late Fellow of Exeter College, and Chaplain to the Factory at Aleppo.*

[*Continued from page* 599.]

BESIDES* their ſeveral apartments, each fraternity have their altars and ſanctuary, diſtinctly alloted to their own uſe. At which places they have a peculiar right to perform their own divine ſervice, and to exclude other nations from them.

* See page 599.

But

But that which has always been the great prize contended for by the ſeveral ſects, is, the command of the holy Sepulchre: a privilege conteſted with ſo much fury and animoſity, eſpecially between the Greeks and Latins, that in diſputing which party ſhould go into it to celebrate their maſs, they have ſometimes proceeded to blows and wounds even at the very door of the Sepulchre; mingling their own blood with their ſacrifices. An evidence of which fury the Father Guardian ſhewed us in a great ſcar upon his arm, which he told us was the mark of a wound given him by a ſturdy Greek Prieſt in one of thoſe unholy wars. Who can expect ever to ſee theſe holy places reſcued from the hands of infidels? Or if they ſhould be recovered, what deplorable conteſts might be expected to follow about them? ſeeing even in their preſent ſtate of captivity, they are made the occaſion of ſuch unchriſtian rage and animoſity.

For putting an end to theſe infamous quarrels, the French King interpoſed by a letter to the Grand Vizir about twelve years ſince; requeſting him to order the holy Sepulchre to be put into the hands of the Latins, according to the tenor of the capitulation made in the year 1673. The conſequence of which letter, was, that the holy Sepulchre was appropriated to the Latins: this was not accompliſhed till the year 1690; they alone having the privilege to ſay Maſs in it. And though it be permitted to Chriſtians of all nations to go into it for their private devotions, yet none may ſolemnize any public office of Religion there, but the Latins.

The daily employment of theſe recluſes is to trim the lamps, and to make devotional viſits to the ſeveral Sanctuaries in the Church. Thus they ſpend their time, many of them for four or ſix years together: nay ſo far are ſome tranſported with the pleaſing contemplations in which they here entertain themſelves, that they will never come out to their dying day, burying themſelves (as it were) alive in our Lord's grave.

The

The Latins, of whom there are always about ten or twelve reſiding at the Church, with a Preſident over them, make every day a ſolemn proceſſion, with Tapers and Crucifixes, to the ſeveral Sanctuaries; ſinging at every one of them a Latin hymn relating to the ſubject of each place. Theſe Latins being more exact in their functions than the other Monks here reſiding, I will only deſcribe their ceremonies, without taking notice of what was done by others, who did not ſo much come under our obſervation.—Their ceremony begins on Good-Friday night.

As ſoon as it grew dark, all the Friars and Pilgrims were convened in the Chapel of the Apparition (which is a ſmall Oratory on the North ſide of the holy grave,) in order to go in a proceſſion round the Church. But, before they ſet out, one of the Friars preached a ſermon in Italian in that Chapel. He began his diſcourſe thus: In the dark night, &c.—at which words all the candles were inſtantly put out. And ſo we were held by the Preacher, for near half an hour, in the dark. Sermon being ended, every perſon preſent had a large lighted taper put into his hand, as if it were to make amends for the former darkneſs; and the crucifixes and other utenſils were diſpoſed in order for the proceſſion. Amongſt the other crucifixes, there was one of a very large ſize, which bore upon it the image of our Lord, as big as the life. The image was faſtened to it with great nails, crowned with thorns, beſmeared with blood: and ſo exquiſitely was it formed, that it repreſented, in a very lively manner, the lamentable ſpectacle of our Lord's body, as it hung upon the croſs. This figure was carried all along in the head of the proceſſion; after which, the company followed to all the Sanctuaries in the Church, ſinging their appointed hymn at every one.

The firſt place they viſited was that of the Pillar of Flagellation, a large piece of which is kept in a little Cell juſt at the door of the Chapel of the Apparition. There they ſung

their

their proper hymn; and another Friar entertained the company with a ſermon in Spaniſh, touching the ſcourging of our Lord.

From hence they proceeded to the priſon of Chriſt, where they pretend he was ſecured whilſt the ſoldiers made things ready for his crucifixion; here likewiſe they ſung their hymn, and a third Friar preached in French.

From the Priſon they went to the Altar of the diviſion of Chriſt's garments; where they only ſung their hymn, without adding any ſermon.

Having done here, they advanced to the Chapel of deriſion; at which, after their hymn, they had a fourth ſermon in French.

From this place they went up to *Calvary*, leaving their ſhoes at the bottom of the ſtairs. Here are two Altars to be viſited: one where our Lord is ſuppoſed to have been nailed to his croſs; another where his croſs was erected. At the former of theſe they laid down the great Crucifix, upon the floor, and acted a kind of a reſemblance of Chriſt's being nailed to the croſs; and after the hymn, one of the Friars preached another ſermon in Spaniſh, upon the Crucifixion.

From hence they removed to the adjoining Altar, where the Croſs is ſuppoſed to have been erected, bearing the image of our Lord's body. At this Altar is a hole in the natural rock, ſaid to be the very ſame individual one, in which the foot of our Lord's croſs ſtood. Here they ſet up their Croſs, with the bloody crucified image upon it; and leaving it in that poſture, they firſt ſung their hymn, and then the Father Guardian, ſitting in a chair before it, preached a Paſſion Sermon in Italian.

At about one yard and a half diſtance from the hole in which the foot of the Croſs was fixed, is ſeen that memorable cleft in the rock, ſaid to have been made by the earthquake which happened at the ſuffering of the God of Nature; when (as St. Mat. xxvii. 51, witneſſeth) *the rocks rent, and the graves*

were opened. This cleft, as to what now appears of it, is about a ſpan wide at its upper part, and two deep; after which it cloſes: but it opens again below, (as you may ſee in another Chapel contiguous to the ſide of *Calvary*;) and runs down to an unknown depth in the earth. That this rent was made by the earthquake, that happened at our Lord's paſſion, there is only tradition to prove: but that it is a natural and genuine breach, and not counterfeited by any art, the ſenſe and reaſon of every one that ſees it may convince him; for the ſides of it fit like two tallys to each other; and yet it runs in ſuch intricate windings as could not well be counterfeited by art, nor arrived at by any inſtruments.

The ceremony of the Paſſion being over, and the Guardian's ſermon ended, two Friars perſonating, the one *Joſeph* of *Arimathea*, the other *Nicodemus*, approached the croſs, with a moſt ſolemn air, both of aſpect and behaviour, drew out the great nails, and took down the feigned body from the croſs. It was an effigy ſo contrived, that its limbs were ſoft and flexible, as if they had been real fleſh: and nothing could be more ſurpriſing, than to ſee the two pretended mourners bend down the arms, which were before extended, and lay them upon the trunk, in ſuch a manner as is uſual in corpſes.

The corpſe being taken down from the croſs, was received in a fair, large winding-ſheet, and carried down from *Calvary*; the whole company attending as before, to the Stone of Unction. This is taken for the very place where the precious body of our Lord was anointed and prepared for the burial, John xix. 39. Here they laid down their imaginary corpſe; and caſting over it ſeveral ſweet powders and ſpices, wrapt it up in the winding-ſheet: whilſt this was doing, they ſung their proper hymn; and afterwards, one of the Friars preached in Arabick a funeral ſermon.

Theſe obſequies being finiſhed, they carried off their fancied corpſe, and laid it in the ſepulchre; ſhutting up the door

door till Eaſter morning. And now, after ſo many ſermons, and ſo long a ceremony, it may well be imagined, that the wearineſs of the congregation, as well as the hour of the night, made it needful to go to reſt.

[*To be continued.*]

DIVINE JUSTICE.

FERDINAND the fourth, King of *Spain*, having appeaſed all the diſturbances of his kingdom, marched at the head of a powerful army againſt the Moors. Having advanced as far as *Martes*, he was informed that two brothers, *Peter* and *John* de *Carvajal*, were taken into cuſtody on ſuſpicion of murdering *Gomez* de *Bonavides*, who was aſſaſſinated at *Palentia*. Theſe innocent gentlemen were tried and condemned on circumſtantial evidence only, and that too very frivolous. Their puniſhment was to be thrown headlong from the ſummit of a rock.

Great interceſſions were made to the King on their behalf; but he would not grant their pardon. As they were leading them to execution, they invoked God to witneſs to their innocency, and appealed to his tribunal; to which they ſummoned the King to appear in thirty days time. On hearing this, the King laughed. Nevertheleſs ſome days after, he fell ſick, and went to a place called *Aleandet*, to divert himſelf, recover his health, and ſhake off the remembrance of the afore-mentioned ſummons. The thirtieth day being come, and finding himſelf much better, he was not only very merry on the occaſion; but rediculed the illuſion of the two unfortunate brothers. When the uſual time came, he retired to reſt; but was found dead in his bed the next morning, to the great aſtoniſhment of the whole Court!

Richer's Abridg. of the Hiſt. of Spain.

A CURE *for a* COMMON SWEARER.

THE preſent Duke of *Gordon's* grandfather being one night at a village called *Huntly*, on a journey ſouthward; while he enjoyed himſelf with his friends in a room fronting the ſtreet, a company of a marching regiment was drawn up under the windows to anſwer to the muſter-roll, and to have their clothes examined by their Officer. The Gentleman who had probably been raiſed from the ranks, more for his courage than his breeding, had a ſtrong inclination to find fault; and whenever any thing diſpleaſed him, imprecated damnation upon himſelf and the men.

The Duke, who had an utter abhorrence to common ſwearing, was uneaſy, and expreſſed his warm wiſhes that the review might quickly be over. If your Grace, ſaid one of his retinue, will excuſe my farther attendance upon this journey, I will clear the coaſt of this man of words, without noiſe or bloodſhed. 'Tis a bargain, ſaid his Grace. On this the Gentleman ſtepped down into the ſtreet, took his ſtation behind the Officer, pulled of his hat, and as the firſt ſwore, the other, with the grave ſolemnity of a pariſh Clerk, pronounced aloud Amen! The Officer turning haſtily about, aſked the Gentleman, what he meant? I am joining with you in prayer, ſaid he. I thank you, Sir, ſaid the Officer; but I have no farther need of a Clerk upon this occaſion.—— Soldiers! to the right about!—March. The Duke and his company, who witneſſed this droll ſcene from the windows, were much diverted; and Mr. *Innes* (for that was the Gentleman's name) had leave to return to his own houſe next morning.

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LETTERS.

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

[From Mrs. Mary Jones, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Jan. 10, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

I Have once more taken the liberty to write, to let you know the dealings of God with my soul. Since I saw you, I have been brought to the very verge of eternity; for which I am exceeding thankful. My hope was full of immortality. I found, God was faithful to his promise. I had much pain of body; but my strength in Jesus was more than equal to it. The more the body suffered, the more I was enabled to rejoice. Some weeks before, I was much tempted to think that I should be buffetted on a sick-bed, and that I should not be able to glorify God in the trying moment. But I found my enemy a liar: God, out of his tender love, sweetly opened eternity to my view; and gave me to drink of that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God.

It has pleased him to raise me again so far as to be able to labour for the meat that perisheth: but I hope, with less anxiety than ever I did before. My soul is kept in perfect peace, in the midst of outward hurry and noise. A deep sense of eternal things, continually awes my soul: and an abiding sense of the love and presence of God, lifts me above the giddy multitude.

I feel need of cleaving close to Jesus; trusting him with all I am and have. He has stripped me of all, enabled me to give up my wisdom, and to become a fool, that I may be truly wise. He seems to be leading me into the depth of Religion,

ligion, the internal, ſilent, hidden life. But here I need great ſtrength: the amazing love and condeſcenſion of God, and my own weakneſs and nothingneſs, is as much as I can bear the ſight of. He ſeems to be anſwering that petition, which has often been the language of my heart,

" Confound, o'erpowér me by thy grace!
I would be by myſelf abhorréd?"

I long to drink into this ſpirit, that lays me low, and exalts Jeſus; ſo that the Lord will condeſcend, to communicate ſtrength to bear it.

Satan at preſent uſes every art, to ſhake my confidence. But I find Jeſus ſtronger than all the powers of hell: and he maintains his own work, by continually refreſhing me with freſh ſupplies of grace, and promiſing I ſhall not be tempted above what I am able to bear. I am deeply ſenſible, nothing can happen to me without the permiſſion of God. Therefore it muſt be all for my good; and I receive it thankfully at his hands.

It is by his grace I am what I am. I never was ſo ſenſible, that of myſelf I can do nothing; that I am nothing, that I have nothing. Here then all boaſting is excluded. Jeſus is all in all. Short of him, I am wretched, poor, blind, and naked: which often makes me cry out, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the ſon of man, that thou viſiteſt him?" My will is entirely ſubject to the will of God, ſo that I cannot deſire any thing contrary to it. Forgetting the things that are behind, I preſs forward to know Jeſus, and the whole power of his reſurrection.

I feel great power in prayer for the Church in general; but particularly, for that in this place. And he has promiſed, my expectation ſhall not be cut off; but he will enlarge her borders. May you live to ſee Zion in proſperity, her walls

ſalvation,

ſalvation, and her gates praiſe! O, may we hold faſt the beginning of our confidence ſtedfaſt unto the end! That at laſt we may all meet you at the right hand of God, and enter with you into the joy of our Lord! So prays

Your very unworthy

MARY JONES.

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

[From the ſame, to the ſame.]

March 10, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

AS to the ſpiritual martyrdom you ſpeak of, if I have felt any, it was in giving up my own wiſdom, ſtrength, gifts and graces, which was not done without ſome painful ſtruggles at firſt. But my reaſonings were all ſilenced by thoſe words, "I am the way: I will be thy guide."

You aſk me, "What is it that now moſt effectually purifies my ſoul?" It is not darkneſs, but light and love; not dryneſs, but joy in the Holy Ghoſt. Indeed I am always able to rejoice in God, and do enjoy uninterrupted union with Jeſus. His name is as ointment poured forth; his favour is better than the life itſelf. I behold this world paſſing away, and myſelf more than paſſing away with it. I have no deſire, but to be made fit to depart, and to be with Chriſt. But my mind is not hurt by anxious feelings. I can ſay, "Thy will be done!" Knowing that when I have fulfilled, as a hireling my day, my Father will come and take me home.

I believe, as there are many furnaces for the ſoul to paſs through, before it is thoroughly devoted to God, ſo afterwards there are various exerciſes for grace. Sometimes we are in a particular manner called to take up our croſs. Sometimes

times we are ſurrounded with temptations: at other times we are led to view Chriſt in all his ſufferings. And again we are favoured to go with him to the mount, there to behold his glory: and alſo to dwell in nearer views of eternity, and of the abundant riches of redeeming love. My mind is at preſent, and has for ſome weeks been dwelling in eternity, beholding there my once crucified, but now highly exalted Saviour. But here I want words to expreſs what I feel. O the height! O the depth! O Jeſus, thou friend of ſinners, thou ſpring of all my comfort, and ſource of all my joy, thou God of glory, thou infinite I AM, teach me to praiſe thee; teach me to admire thee! This is drinking of that river, the ſtreams whereof make glad the city of God. Surely this is finding my all in him! Lo I am nothing: he is all in all.

I feel I have no wiſdom, no love, no ſtrength to ſtand, no power to reſiſt evil; no life, but as it is given from moment to moment. I never was ſo poor: I never was ſo rich. Glory be to my inexhauſtible fountain! To him I owe my all.

He who is infinite wiſdom calls me at this time, to take up my croſs and follow him. He hath alſo permitted Satan to try me; I believe, that I may not be exalted above meaſure. But hitherto, glory be to his name, he hath helped me: and I know his grace will be ſufficient for me. My one buſineſs now is, to purſue my way through all, and preſs toward the mark: encouraged by thoſe words, "He that endureth to the end, the ſame ſhall be ſaved." I receive all things with joy from the hand of my Father, praiſing him for all.

Where you think my experience is not ſcriptural, tell me. And let me beg you, not to be too tender. It will be received with love and gratitude by

Your moſt unworthy

MARY JONES.

POETRY.

POETRY.

A LETTER *to a* PERSON *in high Life.*

Lay not up for yourſelves treaſures on earth, &c. Matt. vi. 19.

WHY do you ſet your heart on earth,
Or plume yourſelf on wealth or birth?
What bliſs can theſe afford?
Will they prolong your fleeting breath?
Or reſcue from the jaws of Death
Their ſupercilious Lord?

Do not the rich as well as poor
Find Death ſtill knocking at their door?
Or does he leſs invade
The lofty caſtles of the great,
Shining in all the pomp of ſtate,
Than Poverty's low ſhed?

Remember then how ſoon you muſt
Yield unto Death, and in the duſt
Your empty honours lay:
Your years with ſwift, though ſilent pace,
Slide on, nor linger in the race,
To bring the unwelcome day.

Then nought on earth you call your own,
Will follow you to worlds unknown;
Your every dear delight,
Your houſe, your land, your pleaſing wife,
And all the comforts of this life,
Will vaniſh out of ſight.

Not one of all thoſe ſpreading trees,
Planted by you to catch the breeze,
And form the cooling ſhade;
Their ſhort-livèd maſter will purſue,
Except the Cypreſs be your due,
To Death once ſacred made.

Nor wealth, nor birth, relief in hell
Can yield, where lordly Dives fell,
Involvèd in torments dire;
Of all his vaſt, his boundleſs ſtore,
No mite is left him, to procure
One drop to quench the fire.

Hear him deplore his haplefs fate,
He cries for mercy, now too late;
To Abraham tells his grief:
" Have pity, Father, on thy ſon,
On me beſtow one little boon,
To give me ſome relief!

The favour which I aſk of thee
Is this, ſend Laz'rus unto me,
Who am with torment ſtung;
That he into the cooling ſtream
May dip his finger, damp the flame
That preys upon my tongue."

That ſuch may never be your end,
By this be warnèd, in time, my friend,
This mammon god deſpiſe;
But make the living Lord your ſtay,
That when this world ſhall fail, you may
Have treaſures in the ſkies.

A remarkable

A remarkable EPITAPH.

Johannes Spurrell, Plimuthi; Obiit Mortem Februarii die 21, 1785: *Ætatis ſuæ* 88.

VIR Diligentia ſingulari,
Qui, ſine doctrina, et prorſus ſine literis,
Sine re relicta, ſine alea,
Aut ad Indos curſu;
Nullo negotio præclaro intentus,
Re ruſticâ operoſus;
Arando, ſerendo, emendo, mutando;
Bovibus paſcendis, ſaginandis, cædendis,
Sagax, non fallax;
Non catus, ſed cautus;
Rem magnam ſtruere exoptabat,
Et ſtruebat.

Deum coluit—
Neque vero virtus illi defuit:
Quippe, quanquam preſſo Lare vixit,
Pauperibus profuit;
In verbis, ſine ſyngrapha, inerat fides;
Miniſtris, blandus ſemper et benignus;
Illis ſatis, ſuperque domi;
Amicus verus, non fucoſus,
Futuri haud incautus,
Hæredibus, duobus ſororis Nepotibus,
Patre orbatis, pueriſque adhuc,
Quinquaginta mille nummorum
Reliquit.
Facta ſane Cædro digna
Et exemplo ſint,
Quantum induſtria
Et propoſitum ut res non ſit minor,
Et Nobis, et aliis
Prodeſſe poſſunt.

The TRANSLATION.

JOHN SPURRELL, *of Plymouth, died the 21ſt of February, 1785, in the 88th year of his age.*

A Man of ſingular diligence,
Who without being able either to write or read,
Without any thing left him, without gaming,
Or going to the Indies,
Without following any particular buſineſs,
Save huſbandry;
By plowing, ſowing, buying, changing;
By breeding, fattening, killing oxen:
Knowing, but not tricking;
Not ſubtle, but wary;
Deſired to acquire a large fortune,
And acquired it.

He worſhipped God,
Nor was he without good-will toward men:
For though he ſpent little on himſelf,
He was helpful to the poor.
His word was taken, without any writing:
Always kind and generous to his ſervants;
Who had at home enough and to ſpare:
A ſincere friend, without guile,
Providing for the future;
He left his ſiſters, two nephews, as yet children,
Fifty thouſand pounds.*

* How much wiſer would he have been, if he had left them five thouſand, and given the reſt to the poor, and ſaved his own ſoul?

N. B. The Encomiums in the concluſion of this Epitaph, we think are undeſerving a tranſlation.

An

An ELEGY, *written by a Father on the death of his Child.*

ACCEPT bleſt ſhade, a Parent's mournful lay,
Which bleeding love would to thy mem'ry pay;
Forgive the tears that ſtill my cheeks bedew,
While death's ſad ſcene is freſh within my view:
I court no muſe to aid my penſive ſtrains,
A wounded heart ſpontaneouſly complains.

The Sun had not performéd his annual courſe,
Ere dire diſorders, with malignant force,
Seizéd on her infant frame, in evéry part,
And wreckéd it ſore, and piercéd her tender heart.
Yet twice three years ſhe held a doubtful ſtrife,
Againſt the foe that took away her life:
And England's plague,* and fever's burning rage,
She ſtruggléd through in her infantile age.

Sometimes her blooming face, and childiſh play,
Flatteréd my hopes that death would long delay:
That ſhe would reach to life's meridian ſtage,
And be the joy of my declining age.
Anon, the deadly bane mixt with her blood,
Through all her frame in livid currents flowéd;
Diſpoiléd her face of its enchanting bloom,
And ſadly ſhewéd her ſwift approaching doom.
Nine diſmal hours (the ſcene ſtill wounds my breaſt!)
Againſt the pangs of death ſhe did conteſt,
While round her bed, beſmearéd with lethal dew,
Her weeping friends and relatives I view.
Augmented is my woe! I ſee her mother ſtand,
With ſtreaming eyes amid the mournful band:
It breaks her heart, convulſéd that frame to ſee
So often dandled on her willing knee.

* The Small-pox.

Turnéd

Thoſe ruby lips that from her ſnowy breaſt
Salubrious milk through trickling channels preſt,
Turnéd to a livid pale: thoſe ſparkling eyes,
Whoſe lambent beams ſtruck with a ſweet ſurpriſe,
Clothéd with a ſlimy ſcum and horrid ſtare:
Thy roſy cheeks, no pleaſing fluſhes wear;
That prattling tongue ſealéd up, which charméd our ear.

No more (returning from my daily toil)
She meets her Sire with an endearing ſmile;
Plays by my ſide with unaffected glee;
Clings round my waiſt, or nimbly climbs my knee.
No more with me, amid my leiſure hours,
She runs along to gather fragrant flowérs;
Her babling queſtions give my mind delight,
Which trifling objects often did excite;
Whilſt all around cool zephyrs gently playéd,
And woodland ſongſters warbled in the ſhade.

Now, wretched man, ſpread thy parental arms!
Embrace thy babe in all her native charms!
Bear home thy noſegays with officious care,
To grace the boſom of thy lovely fair!
Oh, cruel, cruel irony of grief!
Where ſhall my wounded ſpirit find relief!

Thus nature raves; but ſee! in yonder ſkies,
A form etheréal ſtands before my eyes;
Long, milk-white robes her comely ſhape adorn;
Her face beams forth like an unclouded morn:
A conquéring palm her lily hand waves round;
With burniſhéd gold, her ſhining head is crownéd.
In accents ſweet, as when the weſtern breeze,
Kiſſes with fragrant lips the ruſtling trees,
She ſmiling ſays, "Your needleſs griefs forbear;
And to your daughter's voice incline your willing ear.

I heard

" My nature changéd, by Jeſu's ſaving grace,
And all my ſoul made meet to ſee his face,
I heard his call, and left your dark abode,
And ſwift aſcended to the mount of God:
Where flaming ſeraphs, in harmonious ſtrains,
Hailéd my arrival on the heavénly plains.

" The Saviour next (in glorious light arrayéd)
From his high throne, in cheering accents ſaid,
Thy tranſient ſufférings are for ever o'er,
Nor pain, nor death ſhall e'er afflict thee more.
Receive theſe joys my ſtreaming blood procuréd,
When for thy infant ſoul I death enduréd;
Among my virgin-train now take thy place,
And ſhout the wonders of redeeming grace!

" He ceaſéd; and round his throne the radiant throng,
In hallelujahs raiſéd a lofty ſong:
Unbounded joys o'erflowéd my raviſhéd heart,
And in his endleſs praiſe I gladly bore my part.

" Ceaſe then your grief—By humble faith and prayér,
While you have life, for this bleſſéd place prepare;
Its ſmalleſt joys no angel-tongue can tell:
Prepare to meet me here—till then farewel."

Farewel bleſt ſhade! I ſee thy beauties riſe;
The pleaſing ſcene out-ſoars my gazing eyes:
Inſtructed thus I kiſs the chaſténing rod,
And freely own thy kindneſs, O my God!
Thy power, thy goodneſs may I ever ſee,
And wholly dedicate, myſelf, my all to thee!

Bleſs my whole houſe; prepare us all to ſtand
With joy among the ſheep at thy right hand:
There with our babe behold thy lovely face,
Baſk in the beams divine, and triumph in thy grace.

The BENEFIT *of* AFFLICTION, *Job* v. 6, 7, 8.

WHEN huge afflictions preſs me down,
And ſorrows make my nature groan,
Where ſhall I find relief?
I'll bow myſelf before my God
And humbly kiſs the ſacred rod,
Till he aſſwage my grief.

My numerous ſins will I confeſs,
And own in every ſore diſtreſs
The Lord is good and juſt:
For by experience I have found
Afflictions ſpring not from the ground,
Nor troubles from the duſt.

So ſure as ſparks from burning fire,
By native force will ſtill aſpire,
And upward wing their way;
So ſurely man is born to pain;
Our common lot is to complain,
While here on earth we ſtay.

Nor is the cauſe ſo hard to tell,
Since from the Lord we baſely fell,
And left the ſource of bliſs:
How can we hope for joys ſerene,
While Sin, the monſter lurks within,
That Parent of diſtreſs?

To Jeſus then I make my moan:—
O, plead my cauſe before the throne!
Thou haſt the Father's ear:
Since thou for me didſt undertake,
My ſuit is gained—thy blood did make
Atonement at his bar.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME VIII.

Page

An Extract from Dr. Whitby's Diſcourſes on the Five Points — 3
The ſame, continued — 65
The ſame, continued — 121
The ſame, continued — 175
The ſame, continued — 231
The ſame, continued — 287
The ſame, continued — 343
The ſame, continued — 389
The ſame, continued — 445
The ſame, continued — 501
The ſame, continued — 557
The ſame, continued — 613

Original Sermons. By the Rev. J. Weſley. Sermon XXV. on Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3. — 8
The ſame, concluded — 70
Sermon XXVI. on Hebrews vi. 1. — 125
The ſame, concluded — 179

Sermon

CONTENTS.

	Page
Sermon XXVII. on Hebrews xiii. 17.	236
The ſame, concluded	291
Sermon XXVIII. on John i. 47.	349
The ſame, concluded	393
Sermon XXIX. on Philippians ii. 12, 13.	450
The ſame concluded	506
Sermon XXX. on Revelation xxi. 5.	560
The ſame, concluded	618
An Account of Mr. W. M'Cornock, in a Letter to the Rev. J. Weſley	16
The ſame, continued	77
The ſame, continued	135
The ſame, concluded	186
A ſhort Account of the Death of John Haim	19
An Account of Mrs. Martha Rogers	20
The ſame, continued	81
The ſame, continued	139
The ſame, continued	189
The ſame, continued	244
The ſame, continued	302
The ſame, concluded	359
An Account of Mr. J. Hoſkins: in a Letter to the Rev. J. Weſley	24
The ſame, continued	85
The ſame, continued	143
The ſame, concluded	194
Of the Foreknowledge of God	27
The ſame, continued	88
The ſame, concluded	146
An Extract from a Sermon, on God is Love	29
The ſame, continued	90
The ſame, continued	148
The ſame, continued	206
The ſame, continued	254
The ſame, continued	312
The ſame, concluded	369
A Relation of a wonderful Diſcovery of Murder, by an Apparition	32
A late memorable Event	34
The ſame, concluded	96
The real Character of Montanus	35
The Shipwreck	37
From the Philoſophical Tranſactions	39
The ſame, concluded	105
An Account of the Sunday Charity-Schools, lately begun in various Parts of England	41

CONTENTS.

Page

Letter CCCLXVIII. From the Rev. Mr. Graves, to the Rev. J. Weſley ——— 379
Letter CCCLXIX. From Mr. G. Williams, to the ſame 334
Letter CCCLXX. From Miſs J. S. to the ſame ——— 335
Letter CCCLXXI. From Mr. C. Winter, to the ſame 336
Letter CCCLXXII. From Miſs M. B. to the ſame 393
Letter CCCLXXIII. From Mr. T. Eden, to the ſame 394
Letter CCCLXXIV. From Mr. S. Wells, to the ſame ibid.
Letter CCCLXXV. From Mrs. P. Newman, to the ſame 434
Letter CCCLXXVI. From Miſs M. B. to the ſame 437
Letter CCCLXXVII. From the Rev. R. M. to the ſame 489
Letter CCCLXXVIII. From the Rev. L. Coughlan, to the ſame ——— ——— 490
Letter CCCLXXIX. From Miſs F. Owen, to the ſame 551
Letter CCCLXXX. From the Rev. F. Okely, to the ſame 552
Letter CCCLXXXI. From the Rev. Mr. Rees, to the ſame ——— ——— 604
Letter CCCLXXXII. From Mrs. Mary Jones, to the ſame 606
Letter CCCLXXXIII. From the ſame, to the ſame 608
Letter CCCLXXXIV. From the ſame, to the ſame 657
Letter CCCLXXXV. From the ſame, to the ſame 658

POETRY.

To Lord ———: by Lord L——n ——— 59
Rural Happineſs ——— ——— 61
A Prayer for one grievouſly tempted ——— 64
To Mr. Poyntz, Ambaſſador at Soiſſons ——— 116
To the Earl of Oxford. By Dean Swift ——— 118
On a late Shipwreck on the Coaſt of Cumberland — ibid.
To the Rev. Dr. Aſcough; by Lord L—n ——— 169
Biſhop Corbet to his Son Vincent Corbet, two years of age 174
Engliſh Doggerel. An Epitaph ——— ibid.
The three Warnings: a Tale ——— ——— 225
A Midnight Hymn ——— ——— 228
To Silvia ——— ——— 229
To Sickneſs; an Elegy ——— ——— 281
On Chance and Predeſtination ——— 283
Hymn to Solitude ——— ——— 284
Spring and Autumn ——— 286
Lord Guilford Dudley, to Lady Jane Gray: both under ſentence of Death for High Treaſon ——— 337
A Summer Landſkip of Dunſtar Caſtle ——— 339
A Ship in a Storm: by a Sailor ——— 341
The Tulip and the Violet ——— 396
Truſting in the Mercy of God with humble ſubmiſſion and hope ——— ——— 398

An

Page

An Epitaph on an Infant found dead in a Field, who was denied Chriſtian burial ——— ——— ibid.
An Elegy on the Death of Mrs. Margaret Johnſton 439
A Highland Fragment ——— ——— 442
The Comforts of Religion ——— ——— 444
To the Memory of Lady Littleton ——— 492
Deſiring a firmer Affiance in God under Afflictions 500
Charity ——— ——— 554
The ſame, concluded ——— 610
Lines written on a Pane of Glaſs in one of the Windows of Biſhop Bedell's Houſe ——— 556
A Letter to a Perſon in high life — — 661
A remarkable Epitaph in Latin — — 663
The Tranſlation — — — — — 664
An Elegy, written by a Father on the Death of his Child 665
The Benefit of Affliction — — 668

The ERRATA

In the eight firſt Volumes of the Arminian Magazine.

Many Errata have been occaſioned in the preceding Magazines by my abſence from the Preſs. Theſe that follow, being the moſt material, I beg the Reader to correct with his Pen.

J. WESLEY.

VOLUME I.

P. 13, l. 18, *for* ſerve *read* ſerves—p. 18, l. 3. *f.* has *r.* having—l. 4. *dele* he—p. 29. l. 26. *r.* the beſt Comment upon the Bible—p. 30, l. 3, *r.* if God—p. 33, l. 23, *r.* author *juſtice*—p. 34, l. 17, *dele* &c. l. 27, *dele* all—p. 39, l. 7, *r.* laſt. l. 15, *r.* ſenſual—p. 40, l. 5, *dele* the firſt *the*—p. 41, l. 4, *r. the* God—p. 43, l. 23, *r.* varied—p. 52, *dele* that if they continued in the ſame diſobedience, their opinions ſhould be examined according to the word of God—p. 61, l. 13, *r.* referuntur—p. 64, l. penult. *r.* nequeant, l. ult. *dele* et mox, &c.—p. 107, l. 13, *r* Utopia—p. 108, l. 16, *r.* our *own*—p. 109, l. 10, *r.* fit—p. 110, l. 19, *r.* Ἰσχύω—p. 114, l. 13, *r.* variety—p. 126, l. 11, *r.* Kreutzer—p. 127, l. 27, *r.* Weſley, jun.—p. 129, l. 22, *r.* Στῆθι—p. 135, l. 16, *r.* Saviour he—p. 141, l. 18, *r.* not long: for—p. 143, antepen. put a comma after drawn—p. 155, l. 3, *r.* Utopia, and ſo every where—p. 156, l. 6, *r.* few only,—p. 163, l. 26, *r.* Ordinance—p. 166, l. 6, *r.* mounting—p. 170, l. 12, *dele* it—p. 178, l. 15, *r* Berkeley—p. 198, l. 18, *r.* Medea's—p. 201, l. 28, for tranſlated *r.* tranſcribed—p. 205, l. 6, inſert Papiſts l. 12, *f* before-mentioned *r.* indeed—p. 207, l. 9, *r.* begin—p. 208, l. 20, *r.* adjudged—p. 210, l. 16, *r.* Satire—p. 219, l. 26, *r.* ſhould—p. 221, l. 5, *r.* but for—p. 224, l. 32, *r. thy* laſt—p. 234, l. 27, *r.* lore, l. 31. *r.* Satiate—p. 242, l. 23, *r.* thoſe—p. 256, l. 3, *r.* of ſins; inſert a ſemicolon—p. 261, l. ~~11, *r.* therefore the—p. 263, l. 16, *f.* I ſhall *r.* God will—p. 274, l. 18, *r.* ſpirituous l. antep. *r.* need not—p. 277, l 14, *f.* doings *r.* dealings—p 278, l. 28, *r.* cannon l. ult. *r.* foul. Now—p. 280, l. 24, *r.* the Rev. Mr. S. Weſley, jun.—p. 281, l. 15, *r.* incircling—p. 282, l. 8, *r.* grace—p. 283, l. 1, *r.* thee, l. 19, *r.* fiend—p. 285, l. 9, *r.* from her, l. 15, *r.* nobler—p. 286, l. 11, *r.* Ethereal, l. 12, *r.* her, l. 13, *r.* murmuring, l. 14, *r.* filled the—p. 287, l. 4, *r.* his coming, l. 6, *r.* her, l. 7, *r.* her, l. 10, *dele* with, l. 11, *r.* race, l. 16, *r.* unconquerable, l. 19, *r.* wanderers—p. ~~288, l. 5, *r.* ſee the, l. 8, *r.* relief—p. 293, l. 17, *r.* abſolute—p. 308, l. 18, *dele* that~~—p. 309, l. 15, *r.* obſervations—p. 310, l. 28, *r.* good—p. 326, l. 17, *f.* Ambaſſador of Chriſt *r.* Miniſter—p. 330, l. 19, *r.* wiſhed—p. 337, l. 11, *r.* tranſition—p. 340, l. 15, *r.* preſume—p. 342, antep. *f.* theſe *r.* it—p. 349, l. 19, *r.* Francker—p. 352, l. 19, in the *dele* the—p. 360, l. 13, *r.* to thoſe—p. 362, l. 9, *r.* than is in—p. 372, l. 7, *r.* uſed no, l. 22, *r.* effect—p. 374, l. 1, *r.* country, l. 20, *dele* it—p. 380, l. 23, *r.* female, *dele* 's—p. 381, l. 2, *r.* opprobrious, l. 8, after flame, a comma—p. 383, l. 3, *r.* or the ſprightly, l. 5, *r.* hill, l. 6, *r.* which l. 13, new par.—p. 389, l. 14, *r.* ~~The ſum is, That~~ as—p. 399, l. ~~27, *dele* as—p. 404, l. 24,~~ *r.* unworthineſs—p. 405, l. penult *f.* him *r.* them—p. 407, l. 2. *r.* began, l. 17, *r.* Northumbrians—p. 411, l. 8, *r.* yet in—p. 419, l. ult. *r.* Neceſſitarian ſcheme—p. 420, l. 6. *dele* to be, l. 7, *r.* Niewintyt's, l. 16, Theologiæ—p. 425, l. 13, *r* by Miſs Talbot—p. 427, l. 11, *r.* if, l. 18, *r.* eighth—p. 428, l. 29, cloathe *dele* d, p. 429, l. 15, *f.* ſlumber *r.* fortune—p. 431, l. ult. *r.* the Saviour—p. 449,

l. 17, *dele* a—p. 444, l. 10, *r.* leaſt—p. 449, l. 25, *dele* are—p. 455, ult. *r. all* men—p. 458, l. 26, *r.* them off—p. 460, l. 16, *r.* immunity—p. 463, l. 10, *r.* invictiſſimo ocerrimo—p. 465, l. 7, *r.* improvements—p. 467, l. 8, *r.* Wadſworth—p. 468, l. 3, *r.* in the l. 24, *dele* and firſt, l. ult. *dele* firſt——p. 470, l. 23, *dele* from experienced to ſuch a——p. 471, l. ult. *r.* theſe——p. 472, l. 4, *r.* every—p. 479, penult. *r.* thought it vaſt—p. 480, l. 13, *r.* Herſelf, l. 25, *r.* are—p. 481, l. 4, *r.* profit, l. 23, *r.* ſhakes—p. 482, penult. *r.* To precipices ſteep—p. 483, l. 6. *r.* flowry honours, l. 11, *r.* ſhakes—p. 486, l. 13, *r.* Not paſſion—p. 493, l. 15, *r.* purſues—p. 501, l. antep. *dele* but—p. 502, l. 25, *r.* not at all, l. 26, *r.* them not—p. 509, l. 4, *r.* in weight, l. ult. *dele* as well—p. 513, l. 13, *r.* been directed, l. 31, *r.* and from whom—p. 517, l. 4, *r.* abuſes—p. 518, l. 10, *r.* that loved—p. 521, l. 28, *r.* in ſo—p. 522, l. 24, *r.* as for my—p. 527, l. 14, *r.* quæ ſua ſunt—p. 528, l. 4, *r.* work of God—p. 530, *r.* them up alſo—p. 532, l. 25, *r.* where a—p. 536, *r.* Ode to Solitude, by Miſs—, pen. *r.* Intent on—p. 538, l. 24, *r.* that, l. 27, *r.* there—p. 551, l. 19, *dele* to be—p. 555, *r.* an Analyſis of, l. ult. *r.* each—p. 562, l. 28, *dele* and—p. 567, l. 5, *r.* but the—p. 569, l. 10, *r.* limited, l. 13, *r.* all together—p. 570, l. 1, *r.* poſſeſſed—p. 571, l. 15, *r.* regulations—p. 572, l. 12, *r.* 1633—p. 573, l. 6. *r.* the power—p. 576, l. 22, *r.* be three for the three—p. 582, l. 15, *r.* ſerious formerly?—p. 587, l. 2, *r.* concerning the—p. 590, l. 15, *r.* by Dr.—p. 594, l. pen. *r.* ſmoothes—p. 595, l. 24, *r.* breathe—p. 597, l. antep. *r.* and through—p. 598, l. 3, *r.* lie, l. ult. *r.* every virtuous. *corriguntur.*

VOLUME II.

Preface, p. 4. *r.* Lefevre,—p. 7, l. 13, *r.* propagate—p. 1, l. 8, *r.* Juſtice *and dele* and dominion—p. 19, l. 6, *r.* exacted—p. 48, ſupervacua, l. 15, *r.* dilectis—p. 92, l. 3, *r.* cut-throats, who commend men to their face—p. 104, l. 15, *r.* canaq, l. 19, *r.* tuum, l. 23, *r.* fluunt imo—p. 118, l. 24, *r.* he gave—p. 124, l. 14, *dele* have—p. 131, l. 21, *r.* on an—p. 138, l. 25, *r.* went into—p. 147, l. 16, *dele* of p. 151, l. 18, *r.* feel—p. 152, l. 2, *r.* enabled—p. 160, l. 12, *r.* thou—p. 179, l. 4, *r.* your Lordſhip's—p. 206, l. 23, *r.* of it in the, l. 31, *r.* with this—p. 207, l. 22, *r.* an earthly—p. 209, l. 22, *r.* from another—p. 210, l. 12, *dele* a dying—p. 211, l. 16, *r.* carried him as, l. 21, *r.* went—p. 228, l. 9, *r.* are cleared—p. 229, l. 25, *r.* in the—p. 231, l. 31. *r.* ran—p. 241, l. antep. *r.* characters—p. 248, l. 27, *r.* done that—p. 251, l. 14, *dele* tite, l. 17, *dele* it, l. 22, *r.* of individuals—p 252, l. 18, *r.* occurrence—p. 253, l. 24, *r.* while I—p. 255, l. 23, *r.* practice—p. 257, l. pen. *dele* food—p. 267, l. 20, *r.* my ſiſter! friend!—p. 268, l. 11, *r.* all-gracious God thou knoweſt—p. 271, l. ult. *r.* the—p. 272, *r.* Guiccard's—p. 298, l. 35, *dele* and—p. 317, l. 10, *dele* and—p. 321, l. 21, *r.* him to—p. 323, l. 2, *r.* moraliſt, l 8, *r.* both ſades, l. 19, *r.* by Miſs A. F.—p. 344, l. 17, *r.* was ſhed—p. 349, l. 9, *dele* laſt, l. 29, *r.* as they—p. 355, l. 5, *r.* a an—p 370, *r.* not how—p. 375, l. 24, *r.* all the—p. 386, l. 19, *r.* not all—p. 405, l. 8, *r.* was. And—p. 412, l. 17, *r.* yet no—p. 419, l. 27, *r.* villains—p. 423, l. 28, *r.* there every—p. 427, l. 10, *r.* Peak—p. 428, l. 10, *r.* any but—p. 437, l. 11, *dele* I—p. 439, l. 10, *r.* ever—p. 440, l. 7, *r.* here—p. 456, l. 17, *r.* concluded—p. 463, l. 23, *r.* profeſſed—p. 476, l. 22, *r.* there and *r.* explicitly—p. 480, l. 32, *r.* Et adhuc—p. 484, l. 6, *r.* out twice, l. 10, *r.* be falſely, l. 17, *r.* let thy—make my—p. 485, l. 27, *r.* ſtop thy—p. 488, l. 3, *r.* the—p. 492, l. 10, *r.* ſaw thee—p. 495, l. 28, *r.* ſee thee—p. 526, l. ult. *r.* viſited—p. 527, *r.* Caſaubon—p. 531, l. 19, *r.* Trathen—p. 536, *r.* the Rev. Mr. Madan—p. 538, l. ult. *r.* hand—p. 543, l. 24, *r.* Kedar—p. 575, l. 5, *r.* farce, l. 19, *r.* or falling, l. 31, *r.* yes, becauſe—p. 580, l. 27, *r.* unbelievers—p. 608, l. 13, *dele* now—p. 642, l. pen. *r.* bids—p. 646, l. 26, *r.* as of the, l. 31, *r.* Plymouth-Dock—p. 647, l. 5, *dele* the firſt ever—p. 648, l. 8, *r.* ſouls?—p. 657, l. 19, *r.* Tolls—p. 660, l. 24, *r.* chearfulneſs.

VOLUME III.

Page 10, l. 10, *dele* that—p. 12, l. 22, *dele* was ſo—p. 15, l. 26, *r.* art; l. 32, *r.* contend with God—p. 18, l. 1, *r.* imports—p. 24, l. 24, *r.* croſſes—p. 25, l. 2, *r.* 1727—p. 28, l. 29, *r.* valiantly—p. 31, l. 5, *dele* them—p. 32, l. 24, *r.* to Thomas—p. 37, l. 35, *r.* manifeſtly—p. 39, l. 18, *r.* coexiſting, l. 23, *r.* unſucceſsfive—p. 45, l. 30, *dele* and—p. 47, l. 2, *r.* reflection—p. 48, l. 3, *r.* my own—p. 50, l. 21, *r.* Conon.—p. 52, l. 18, *r.* conception——p. 57, l. 1, & 10, *r.* bleſſing, l. 13, *r.* cleave,—p. 58, l. 8, and 12, *r.* ethereal—p. 60, l. 8, *dele* s, l. 17, *r.* tear—p. 61, l. 20, *r.* meridian—p. 62, l. 20, *r.* To my abode—p. 63, l. 6, *r.* thoughts—p. 64, l. 12, *r.* thorn, l. 13, *r.* in way—p. 70, l. 10, *r.* ſame privileges—p. 72, l. 1, *r.* and when—p. 74, l. 9, *r.* and who—p. 84, l. 2, *r.* ſanctification—p. 85, penult. *r.* unleſs through—p. 87, l. 21, *r.* that tho'—p. 90, l. 6, *r.* after, l. 27, *r.* when—p. 92, l. 22, 24, 25, *r.* that—p. 93, l. 6, *r.* quiet—p. 94, l. 11, *r.* interceded—p. 95, ult. *r.* was—p. 96, l. 8, *r.* Marriot—p. 101, l. 5, *r.* it to l. 27, *r.* do, and—p. 102, l. 8, *r.* are, l. 27, *r.* and theſe—p. 103, l. 13, *r.* to this—p. 105, l. 2, *r.* to his, l. 3, *dele* own: *r.* though l. antep. *r.* then—p. 106, l. 22, *r.* Loughrea, l. 23, *dele* and—p. 107, l. 21 *r.* the Rev.—p. 108, l. 7, *r.* diſpoſſeſſes—p. 111, l. 20, *r.* opponents, l. 30, *dele* you—p. 114, l. 15, *r.* dimenſions—p. 115, l. 6, *r.* congeals—p. 116, l. 23, *r.* By Dr. Byrom—p. 123, l. 4, *r.* and honey—p. 125, penult. *dele* viz.—p. 126, l. 20, *r.* of this—p. 127, l. 1, *r.* Exod. ix. l. 30, *r.* refer—p. 132, l. 11, *r.* imports—p. 133, l. 30, *r.* a juſt—p. 134, l. 21, *r.* of hardenings, l. 31, *r.* harden—p. 135, l. 4, *dele* he: *r.* manner, when, l. 5, *r.* harden, l. 15, *r.* he doth, l. 24, *r.* the contrary whereunto—p. 136, l. 8, *r.* makes—p. 137, l. 22, *r.* imitate—p. 139, l. 39, *r.* where—p. 141, l. 7, *dele* at—p. 142, antep. Scarle, p. 144, l. 13, *r.* Searle—l. 20, *r.* Newark, and l. ult. *dele* Nottingham—p. 155, l. 27, *r.* ſeals—p. 156, l. 15, *r.* Jones, l. pen. *r.* was—p. 158, l. 1. *r.* that it—p. 159, l. 7, *r.* Staffordſhire—p. 167, l. 10, *r.* and have—p. 172, l. 22, *r.* want—p. 179, l. 5, *r.* ſuch as—p. 182, antep. *r.* abhor—p. 186, l. 17, *dele* However the difference in *dele* it—p. 187, l. 20, *r.* on—p. 188, l. 14, *r.* and had—p. 189, l. 2, *r.* ſuits—p. 191, l. 31, *r.* by reaſon of—p. 192, l. 2, *dele* at—p. 195, penul. *r.* has—p. 203, ult. *r.* May I—p. 210, l. 2, *r.* loſe—p. 212, l. 26, *r.* as—p. 214, l. 25, *r.* knew—p. 215, l. 25, *r.* has, p. 217, l. 21, *r.* continued——p. 219, l. 8, *r.* the, l. 22, *r.* Thy——p. 223, l. 14, *r.* has——p. 224, l. 4, *r.* twenty, l. 26, *r.* thoſe——p. 228, l. 26, *dele* and——p. 229, l. 1, *r.* for——p. 232, l. 26, *r.* to abuſe—p. 235, l. 13, *r.* gifts of God—p. 239, l. 31, *r.* ſo as——p. 250, l. 24, *r.* to write——p. 252, l. 15, *r.* Zacatecas, and ſo, l. 18, *r.* Amajac, l. 19, *r.* Chichmeque—p. 256, l. 5, *r* go on—p. 262, l. 29, *r.* brethren—p. 274, ult. *r.* happineſs—p. 275, l. 9, *r.* I then, l. 16, *r.* but after—p. 281, l. 16, *r.* nor, l. antep. *r.* genuine—p. 286, l. 25, *r.* loſt in—p. 294, l. 2, *r.* give vote to—p. 300, l. 25, *r.* than it—p. 302, l. 23, heret, l. 24, *r.* eligi—p. 322, l. 6, *r.* Rangdale, l. 7, *r.* quiet—p. 325, l. 7, *r.* quiet—p. 335, l. 21, *r.* Hoſmer, l. 26, *r.* appearance—p. 338, l. 21, *r.* reflections—p. 339, l. 12, *r.* Clarkſon—p. 348, l. 20, *r.* it is—p. 350, l. 12, *dele* be—p. 374, l. 24, *dele* of, l. 31, *r.* Miniſter—p. 377, l. 27, *r.* Paul—p. 387, l. 29, *r.* thruſh, l. ult. *dele* did—p. 388, l. 24, *dele* at him l. antep. *r.* he—p. 399, l. 9, *r.* ſucceſsfully—p. 393, l. 9, *r.* your's—p. 406, l. 31, and 32, *r.* of him—p. 412, l. 4, *r.* ſun is—p. 413, l. 11, *r.* offers—p. 414, l. 2, *r.* imply: *r.* and are, l. 6, *r.* inſufferable, l. 10, *r.* puniſhment—p. 417, l. 24, *r.* make him—p. 421, l. 29, *r.* failed down—p. 422, l. 30, *r.* was—p. 429, l. 18, *r.* led me—p. 430, l. 15, *dele* who—p. 431, l. 19, *r.* going in—p. 433, l. 1, *r.* or every *dele* having had too too great an influence—p. 434, l. 6. *dele* a, l. 31, *r.* into—p. 436, l. 12, *r.* accounts—p. 440, l. 18, *r.* I heartily—p. 448, l. 20, *r.* which became—p. 449, l. 6, *r.* amplify—p. 450, l. 23, 24, *r.* Rachel—p. 451, l. 14, *r.* when—p. 452, l. 1, *r.* 1759—p. 458, l. 7, thus fallen, l. 15, *r.* whereby, l. 28, *r.* when—p. 459, l. 27, *r.* plainly—p. 461, l. 12, *r.* and—p. 463, l. 22, *r.* I object then—p. 470, l. 3, *r.* as he—p. 471, l. 16, *r.* ſet down. l. 29, *r.* a greater—p. 479, l. 11, *r.* ſo that—p. 484, l. 19, *r.* of it—p. 485, penult. *r.* reſolvable—p. 487, l. 9, *r.* And from this, l. 11, *r.* which furniſhes—p. 491, l. 27, *r.* expediet—p. 492, l. 1, *r.* Predeſtinatian—p. 501, l. 21, *r.* 1768—p. 503, l. 14, *r.* yet as—p. 505, l. 17, *r.* Mark Jeſu's—p. 508, l. 11. *r.* and manhood—p. 512, l. 2, *r.* faſt

ERRATA.

l. 12, *r.* the foe—p. 514, l. 2, *r.* heart—p. 514, l. 2, *r.* which they, l. 31, *r.* are only—p. 516, l. 2, *r.* 's—p. 522, l. 2, *r.* tendency—p. 524, l. 16, *r.* of God—p. 526, l. 14, *r.* afterward—p. 527, l. 25, *r.* and have tafted—p. 529, l. 4, *r.* Now—p. 535, l. 18, *r.* he knew—p. 545, l. 17, *dele* a—p. 546, l. 18, *r.* Hurds—p. 550, l. 28, *r.* am I to, l. 29, *r.* grace which—p. 553, l. 20, *r.* her works, l. 21, *dele* works—p. 558, l. 29, *r.* Haughton—p. 559, l. 11, *r.* dioceſe, l. pen. *r.* farther—p. 565, l. 23, *r.* is—p. 566, l. 20, *r.* deſtructive, l. pen. *r.* buy—p. 567, l. 9, *r.* fell, l. 10, *r.* wage—p. 587, l. 7, *r.* Velaſco—p. 591, l. 12, *r.* obſerved ſo, l. 13, 14, *r.* melon—p. 593, l. 20, *r.* it—p. 604, l. 4, *r.* the conciſe, l. 5, *r.* Salis, l. 30, *r.* Lincoln College—p. 607, l. 2, *r.* this—p. 609, l. 1, *r.* equivalent—p. 610, l. 18, *r.* of our, l. 30, *r.* neceſſarily—p. 613, l. 13, *r.* feel—p. 632, l. 20, *r.* all this while—p. 636, l. 25, *r.* and enjoined—p. 639, l. 8. *r.* all his, l. 21, *r.* and that—p. 640, l. 12, *r.* ſo united, l. 23, *r.* and I—p. 643, l. 26, *r.* done in—p. 657, l. 27, *dele* not—p. 659, l. 6, *dele* that—p. 662, l. 14, *r.* affirm—p. 663, l. 1, *r.* nearly—p. 668, l. 18, *r.* ſaid to Jeruſalem—p. 671, l. 25, *r.* than by.

VOLUME IV.

Page 14, l. 22, *r.* ſuch themſelves as—p. 17, l. 2, *r.* twice, l. antep. *r.* of this—p. 20, l. 3, *r.* termed by—p. 25, l. 24, *r.* of his—p. 32, pen. *r.* only ſay—p. 33, l. 7, *r.* to earth—p. 36, l. 22, *r.* received—p. 37, l. 9, *r.* breaſts—p. 40, l. 24, *r.* foot of—p. 55, l. 3, *dele* he *r.* that he, l. 26, *dele* ſo—p. 58, l. 4, *r.* Byrom—p. 60, l. 7, *r.* coming—p. 71, l. 14, *r.* injunction—p. 90, l. 25, *r.* Skircoat—p. 98, l. 13, *r.* ſuſpended—p. 99, l. 25, *r.* conveniently—p. 107, l. 12, *r.* then—p. 109, l. pen. *dele* then——p. 118, l. 5, *r.* ever——p. 126, l. 7, *r.* is not——p. 145, l. 7. *r.* his——p. 170, l. 2, *r.* arts, l. 16, *f.* men *r.* them——p. 174, l. 12, *r.* and undefined—p. 176, l. 4, *r.* of—p. 181, l. 14, *dele* of—p. 184, l. 23, *f.* does *r.* laſts—p. 189, l. ult. add, which are God's—p. 193, l. 9, *r.* ſeeks—p. 197, l. 20, *r.* his—p. 208, l. 14, *r.* Coryiat—p. 212, l. 30, *r.* contrary—p. 215, l. 25, *r.* ſhould—p. 256, l. 17, *r.* Me, l. 25, *r.* ſeaſoning——p. 243, l. 3, *r.* keep——p. 245, l. 10, *r.* not in——p. 265, ult. *r.* hebricating——p. 266, l. 18, *r.* air and etherial fire——p. 271, l. 4, *r.* this——p. 272, l. 1, *r.* uſed before——p. 297, l. 4, *r.* 1672, l. 18, *r.* nor——p. 300, l. 2, *r.* of the——p. 335, l. 1, *r.* Dupey, l. 23, *dele* will—p. 338, l. 31, *r.* more and more—p. 345, *r.* I doubt this whole matter of having our mind ſo ſtayed, as never to have a wandring thought——p. 351, l. 23, *r.* will not—p. 359, l. 31, *r.* fix——p. 370, l. 14, *r.* Allen's—p. 378, l. 4, *r.* dilatation—p. 380, l. 11, *r.* accidentally—p. 383, *r.* Eutropius, l. 3, *r.* Phœdrus—p. 391, l. 15, *r.* or all, l. 17, *r.* them—p. 394, l. 21, *dele* ſuch—p. 399, l. 17, *r.* Generous—p. 415, antep. *r.* and I—p. 425, *r.* NUTRITION—p. 417, *r.* Simeon—p. 447, *r.* 1762—p. 463, l. 10, *r.* thing—p. 466, l. 26, *r.* ſtate we are—p. 482, l. 13, *dele* who—p. 489, ult. *dele* all, p. 511, l. 17, *r.* live, or—p. 525, l. 12, *r.* grounding—p. 540, l. 33, *r.* has had—p. 541, l. 20, *r.* probable—p. 542, l. 6. *r.* we ſeen—p. 547, l. 27, *r.* reſtrained—p. 560, l. 13, *r.* 1757—p. 565, l. 16, *r.* dare's—566, l. 13, *r.* lillied—p. 573, l. 26, *dele* forth—p. 575, l. 16, *r.* ſtrangely—p. 579, l. 31, *r.* void of—p. 582, l. *r.* half-ports, thrice—p. 597, l. 25, *r.* very—p. 626, l. 29, *f.* betook *r.* look——p. 629, l. 21, *dele* uſe and——p. 662, antep. *r.* is vain—p. 669, l. 19, *r.* they have.

VOLUME V.

Page 13, l. 15, *r.* caſe now?——p. 30, l. 24, *r.* reſts——p. 50, antep. *r.* can e'er——p. 53, l. 14, *r.* whate'er *dele* with——p. 55, l. 2, *r.* thou art, *dele* on wings——p. 60, l. 6. *r.* non-elect——p. 61, ult. *r.* yea are——p. 61, l. 27, *r.* horrid——p. 87, l. 16, *dele* the *r.* it leaves, l. 17, *r.* unharmed, l. 21, *dele* and—p. 89, l. 29, *r.* threatened to—p. 94, l. 20, *r.* greater—p. 104, ult. *r.* prayed—p. 110, l. 28, *r.* ſolemn—p. 119, l. 10, *r.* I knew—p. 136, l. 9, *r.* bloated on—p. 144, antep. *r.* effuſion—p. 148, l. 26, and 27, *r.* or flighty—p. 157, l. 11, *r.* twice where—p. 162, l. 23, *r.* Lo God—p. 166, l. 25, *r.* reſtrain

—p. 169, l. 14, *r.* the fleſh—p. 175, l. 23, *r.* miſchief—p. 188, l. 1, *r.* his noſe—p. 193, l. 8, *dele* and—p. 194, l. 7, after for *r.* and, l. 24, *r.* prodigy—p. 221, l. 14, *r.* figments—p. 231, antep. *dele* the—p. 240, l. 24, *r.* joined—p. 241, l. 21, *r.* ſolemn—p. 247, l. 24, *dele* of—p. 248, l. 11, *r.* and is—p. 249, l. 19, *r.* are either—p. 265, l. 8. *r.* ſeraph—p. 275, l. 14, *r.* parents—p. 278, l. 8, *r.* and by l. 17, *r.* ſit—p. 288, l. 5, *r.* the dryneſs, l. 8, *dele* more remote, l. 9, *r.* finer veſſels l. 25, *r.* oppoſition, l. 23, *r.* ſhort—p. 289, l. 4, *r.* univerſal, l. 13, *r.* in his own: *dele* of God—p. 293, l. 6, *r.* hand—p. 304, l. 26, *r.* tadpole, l. 12, antep. *dele* and —p. 313, l. 24, *r.* lifted—p. 314, l. 29, *r.* phtiſical—p. 315, l. 32, *r.* ſurprizing—p. 316, l. 9, *r.* phtiſic—p. 318, l. 6, *r.* it now, l. 9, *r.* perſon—p. 323, l. 21, *r.* languages, l. 24, *r.* This—p. 324, l. 28, *r.* 1782—p. 331, l. 19, *r.* are—p. 335, l. 12, *r.* air-dreſſed—p. 336, l. 26, *r.* of heat—p. 345, l. 27, *r.* yet it—p. 352, l. 25, *r.* wherein—p. 364, antep. *dele* ſelf—p. 366, l. 12, *r.* to my, l. 15, *r.* Perreaud—p. 368, l. 10, *r.* extant—p. 370, l. 14, *r.* of the, l. 16, *r.* up, ſhe—p. 373, l. 4, *r.* Deity l. 21, *r.* condeſcenſion—p. 379, l. 4, *dele* infant—p. 381, l. ult. *r.* the having—p. 382, l. 3, *r.* the—p. 384, l. 12, *r.* who—p. 390, l. 3, *r.* By Miſs —, l. 12, *r.* d, l. 22, *r.* luſtre—p. 391, l. 19, *r.* thee—p. 399, l. 17, *r.* portend—p. 424, l. 30, *r.* deteſtable—p. 428, l. penult. *r.* ever—p. 429, *r.* the Rev. Mr. D.—p. 430, l. 10, *r.* anſwered—p. 432, l. 11, *r.* ſtill—p. 441, ult. *r.* conſummately—p. 446, l. 17, *r.* ſhalt—p. 448, ult. *r.* work—p. 453, l. 9, *r.* πολλος l. 10, *r.* forefather—p. 458, l. 9. *r.* ſoon, l. 12, *r.* ſo as——p. 492, *r.* loſe——p. 496, l. 14, *r.* ingenuous——p. 498, l. antep. *r.* ſermons——p. 563, l. 22, *r.* as all——p. 564, l. 9, *r.* things—p. 568, l. 11, *r.* loſs—p. 595, l. 22, *r.* is it—p. 604, ult. *r.* inward parts—p. 627, l. 12, *r.* he—p. 628, l. 2, *r.* moſt—p. 630, l. 16, *r.* nor—p. 634, l. 3, *r.* led—p. 635, l. 9, *r.* farmer—p. 637, l. 28, *r.* I—p. 645, l. 3, *r.* aſſimilation, l. 7, *r.* trituration—p. 656, ult. *r.* Amalekites—p. 660, l. ult. *r.* amorous—p. 661, l. 5, *r.* Abra—p. 663, l. 24, *r.* has—p. 667, l. antep. *r.* gut—p. 668, l. 15, *dele* and —p. 669, l. 10, *r.* were—p. 676, l. 8, *r.* Theſpian.

VOLUME VI.

Page ult. l. 8, *r.* thus—p. 10, l. 28, *r.* philanthropy—p. 11, l. 4, *r.* raiſing—p. 12, l. 14, *dele* to—p. 16, l. 7, *r.* a kind—p. 20, l. 13, *dele* as alſo of his ſalvation—p. 22, l. 5, *r.* at the—p. 23, l. 4, *r.* when—p. 29, l. 20, *r.* equilibrio—p. 30, *r.* ſame—p. 41, l. 21, *r.* Nole—p. 43, l. 21, *r.* Stromboſo—p. 48, l. 5, *r.* T.—p. 51, l. 28, *r.* commercial—p. 54, l. 17, *r.* Hyſen's—p. 55, l. 14, *r.* revives—p. 58, l. 6, *r.* Supralapſarians—p. 63, l. 18, *r.* Antoninus. penult. *r.* ſtriking—p. 73, l. 3, *r.* 1759—p. 76, l. 11, *r.* the deſires—p. 77, antep. *r.* Arncoats, and ſo p. 78,—p. 88, l. 15, *r.* ſees, l. 21, *r.* depends—p. 92, l. 4, *r.* bring it—p. 96, l. 7, *r.* made—p. 101, l. 2, *r.* elapſed, l. 29, *r.* in the time—p. 104, l. 11, *r.* free you—p. 111, l. 17, *r.* bend—p. 113, penult. *r.* hear—p. 120, l. 4, *r.* ſucceſſor—p. 121, l. 6, *r.* it in—p. 126, l. 28, *r.* whom I—p. 151, l. 25, *r.* came on—p. 154, l. 28, *r.* me from—p. 161, l. 5, *r.* J.V.—p. 163, l. 3, *dele* approbation and—p 171, l. 4 *r.* any, l. 27, *r.* affecting—p. 174, l. 25, *r.* buſineſs, l. 32, *r.* he—p. 197, *dele* of power—p. 211, l. 21, *r.* high—p. 217, *r.* James Morgan—p. 249, l. 20, *r.* alſo was—p. 253, l. 32, *dele* ſame—p. 254, *dele* of power —p. 257, l. 12, *r.* water for—p. 258, l. 3, *r.* conceit, l. 27, *r.* from the—p. 264, l. 15, *r.* it is ſo—p. 265, l. 26, *dele* only—p. 267, antep. *r.* Orrery—p. 279, l. 1, *r.* a ſerious turn given—p. 290, *r.* thoſe—p. 309, l. 24, *r.* little ſhells—p. 325, *r.* my knowledge—p. 335, penult. *r.* pace—p. 336, l. 18, *r.* from—p 343, l. 2, *r.* as far—p. 351, l. 20, *dele* we knew—p 356, l. 26, *r.* conſtant—p. 366, l. 17, *r.* reſt—p. 367, *r.* conformation—p. 371, l. 16, *r.* the—p. 373, l. 6, *r.* the—p. 389, ult. *r.* ſeaſteſt—p. 390, *dele* the four firſt lines—p. 406, l. 1, *r.* led—p. 434, l. 10, *r.* deprivation, l. 11, *dele* the—p. 455, l. 22, *dele* hath—p. 463, l. 26, *r.* love—p. 468, l. 10, *r.* an account —p. 475, *r.* profuſely, l. 15 *f.* that *r.* but, l. 26, *r.* or when—p. 478, l. 16, *r.* ſaid, l. 20, *r.* occurred—p. 492, l. 26, *r.* it appears, on the contrary—p. 509, l. 4, *r.* ſuch—p. 518, l. 22, *dele* a—p. 519, l. 16, *r.* reſerved—p. 520, l. 12, *r.* ſin cleaves—p. 529, l. 22, *r.* I muſt——p. 533, l. 18, *r.* of this——p. 537, *r.* Proetides ——p. 547, *r.* Weſt-Malling——p. 554, l. 24, *r.* and I——p. 559, l. 15, *r.* no, l. 18, *r.* aſpires—p. 530, l. 12, *r.* he wh was with me—p. 567, l. 6 *f.* then *r.* therefore, l. 24, *r.* have—p. 584, l. 5, *r.* while torne—p. 596, l. 2, *r.* is the ſame as Moſes—

p. 608, l. 16, *r.* upon believing, *dele* and then——p. 619, l. 12, *r.* days ungenial——p. 626, l. 11, *r.* load them——p. 627, l. 11, *f.* tendered *r.* tender, l. 27, *dele* and yet he adminiſters nothing to work their cure—p. 629, l. 12, *r.* effect—p. 630, l. 4, *r.* their—p. 632, l. 4, *r.* ſenſes—p. 633, l. 5, *r.* your will, *r.* intereſt, l. 22, *r.* teach them—p. 636, *r.* Jeſus all the day long—p. 637, *r.* Dec. 10, l. 29, *dele* one day—p. 641, l. 20, *r.* the bent to—p. 649, l. 11, *r.* turmeric, l. 20, *r.* colour—p. 650, l. 19, *r.* candid minds—p. 651, l. 9, *r.* than—p. 652, antep. *dele* ſo—p. 656, l. 12, *r.* as no—p. 658, l. 5, *r.* to, l. 26, *dele* by—p. 660, l. 30, *r.* were not—p. 669, l. 12, *r.* of heaven and hell—p. 672, l. 21, *r.* men-angels, l. 25, *f.* ruins *r.* runs through—p. 685, l. 21, *r.* tongues—p. 686, l. 21, *r.* muſe-rapt—p. 687, l. 29, *r.* for me.

VOLUME VII.

Page 7, l. 10, *r.* ingenuouſneſs—p. 17, l. 27, *r.* perſecutor—p. 20, l. 16, *r.* that—p. 28, l. 12, *r.* Ay—p. 37, l. 20, *r.* was impoſed—p. 46, l. 5, *r.* Laiſter—p. 67, l. 20, *r.* loving eye—p. 94, l. 2, *r.* obſcured, l. 23, *r.* Seater or Saturn, l. ult. *r.* or little—p. 109, l. 21, *r.* chymiſtry—p. 134, l. 16, *r.* diſceſſit—p. 136, *r.* conſcientiouſneſs—p. 140, l. 3, *r.* and, l. 4. *r.* were—p. 143, l. 25, *f.* to uſe *r.* and have—p. 145, l. 23, *r.* which are, l. 26, *r.* any one—p. 147, l. 31, *r.* rubbed—p 148, l. 6, *r.* to the—p. 170, l. 2, *r.* Tell not—p. 179, l. 18, *r.* years ago—p. 184, l. 13, *r.* day—p. 201, l. 19, *r.* from—p. 202, l. antep. *r.* Pleiades, l. ult. *r* Boſphorus—p. 204, l. 27, *r.* they made—p. 210, l. 19, *r.* them back—p. 220, l. 30, *r.* as mine —p 222, l. 28, *r.* dearly—p. 223, l. 7, *r.* nor joy—p. 225, l. 3, *r.* By Phillis Wheately, a Negro, l. 13, *r.* philanthropy—p. 227, l. 15, *r.* Even here—p. 230, l. 19, *dele* as——p. 248, l. 2, *r.* ſaid——p. 257, l. 8. *r.* have been——p. 280, l. 18, *r.* he would—p. 292, l. 17, *r.* American—p. 312, l. 11, *r.* are of—p. 314, l. 19, *r.* mere material—p. 323, *dele* the two laſt lines—p. 325, l. 14, *r.* aſs—p. 335, l. 23, *r.* beam—p. 347, l. 26, *r.* roll on—p. 352, l. 4, *r.* court—p. 368, l. 23, *r.* compreſſed—p. 377, l. 32, *r.* in—p. 379, l. 20, *r.* it had—p. 386, l. 3, *r.* reach—p. 391, *r.* By Mr. Cowper—p. 401, l. 21, *r.* unavoidably—p. 403, l. 4, *r.* And as—p. 407, l. 3, *r.* may it—p. 408, l. 19, *r.* gave way—p. 409, l. 34, *r.* his work—p. 413, l. 22, *r.* a line—p. 421, l. 16, *dele* a, *r.* Aureliæ—l. 24, *r.* Aureliæ twice —p. 424, l. 5, *r.* Aureliæ—p. 428, l. 1. *r.* book—p. 439, l. 26, *r.* tendinum—p. 445, l. 2, *r.* talk—p. 456, l. 7, *r.* cauſal—p. 461, l. 9, *r.* that as, l. 26, *r.* to ſubmit to—p. 462, l. 2, *r.* quietly—p. 465, l. 6. *r.* Tregony, l. 9, *r.* were in—p. 469, l. 7, *dele* &c.—p. 472, l. 11, *r.* that Mr.—p. 474, l. 11, *r.* Fink—p. 482, l. 11, *r.* Helleu, l. 26, *r.* Cuthites —p. 522, l. 24, *r.* a way—p. 534, l. 5, *r.* Polypi, l. 6, *r.* Polypi—p. 535, l. 17, *r.* Caucaſus—p. 537, l. 2, *r.* Sophites—p. 538, *r.* But theſe—p. 549, l. 16, *r.* led, l. 25, *r.* ſhe—p. 550, l. 28, *r.* impoſture—p. 553, antep. *r.* knees, where—p. 555, l. 8, *dele* tender, ult. *r.* of the—p. 560, l. 17, *r.* the force—p. 574, l. 1, *dele* in the l. 16, *r.* of our—p. 578, l. 28, *r.* he is—p. 589, l. 9, *r.* Cornnaro's—p. 590, l. 11, *dele* the—p. 596, l. 10, *r.* Caucaſus—p. 597, l. 12, *r.* boldneſs—p. 601, l. 15, *r.* inflame—p. 622, l. 2, *r.* the foundation of their ſalvation—p. 632, l. 3, *r.* bleſſing—p. 634, l. 26, *r.* joy—p. 639, antep. *r.* wife—p. 646, l. 19, *r.* Jones—p. 654, l. 9, *r.* ſide of his deſk—p. 655, l. 7, *r.* Kezzy—p. 658, l. 13, *dele* ſuffering—p. 675, l. 9, *r.* Abraham.

VOLUME VIII.

Page 4, l. 6, *r.* It ſuppoſes God to ſay I—p. 10, l. 2, *r.* in an—p. 11, l. 21, *dele* only—p. 12, l. 21. *r.* Syria and—p. 14, l. 4, *r.* thoſe, l. 5, *r.* it is—p. 18, l. 23, *dele* now, p. 39, *r.* An account of the kingdom of Thibet—p. 53, l. 5, *dele* in—p. 59, *r.* Littleton, l. 17, *r.* Seine—p. 61, l. 28, *r.* votary—p. 63, l. 20, *r.* let me—p. 68, ult. *r.* rejecting—p. 69, l. 32, *r.* his Son—p. 72, l. 22, *r.* ſweated—p. 80, l. 12, *r.* fellow-ſinners, l. 18, *r.* creditable—p. 92, l. 1, *r.* earneſt—p. 105, l. 8, *r.* continued—p. 106, l. 21, *dele* the—p. 111, l. 25, *r.* compelled, l. 15, *r.* the doctrine of—p. 118, l. 3, *r.* In imitation of Horace—p. 119, l. 8, *r.* their—p. 129, l. 12, *dele* things—

p. 135, *r.* Continued—p. 136, l. 7, *r.* where, l. 10, *r.* where—p. 140, l. antep. *r.* proſtrate falling down—p. 145, l. 2, *r.* But though—p. 160, l. 9, *r.* out of—p. 169, *r.* Lord Littleton——p. 170, l. 21, *r.* haſt thou, l. 24, *r.* powers——p. 206, ult. *r.* that Society——p. 219, l. 14, *dele* that——p, 225, l. 18, *r.* ſtrange aſſertion—p. 234, l. 21, *dele* much—p. 237, pen. *f.* Now *r.* But—p. 239, l. 8, *r.* ſhall give—p. 242. *f.* and *r.* but—p. 255, l. 5, *dele* perſonal, l. 8, *f.* That *r.* Yet—p. 262, l. 4, *f* and *r.* on—p. 265, l. 27, *r.* This—p. 268, l. 29, *dele* own—p. 281, l. 20, *r.* found—p. 292, l. 3, *r.* is, l. 25, *f.* to lie, *r.* lying, l. 26, *r.* being glad—p. 326, l. 8. *f.* things—them, *r.* againſt the truth—p. 338, l. 25, *r.* courſe—p. 340, l. 24, *r.* ſuch—p. 344, l. 6. *f.* only, *r.* all only; l. 31, *r.* hereſies—346, l. 27, *r.* heavenly gift—p. 347, l. 6. *dele* due—p. 389, l. 19, *r.* had—p. 397, l. 1, *r.* parterre—p. 391, l. 21, *r.* to the—p. 392, l. 10, *r.* the work, l. 24, *r.* even—p. 394, *r.* Eph. 4, 25—p. 395, l. 25, *r.* beſt means—p. 396, l. 13, *r.* them both—p. 397, l. 25, *r.* that ſimplicity, l. 28, *r.* have—p. 400. l. 18, *r.* he—p. 410, l. 3, *r.* conventicle—p. 424, l. 2, *r.* China—p. 428, l. 13, *dele* thouſand—p. 453, penult. *r.* in pathleſs—p. 456, l. 28, *r.* accidentally—p. 460, ult. *r.* upon our—p. 462, l. 12, *dele* choſen, l. 13, *f.* and *r.* till he—p. 463, l. 17, *r.* he—p. 472, l. 27, *r.* advantages—p. 479, l. 4, *r.* of, l. 26, *r.* of a, l. 29, *r.* I—p. 488, l. 12, *r.* cherub, l. 19, *r.* poſſeſſed—p. 508, l. 13, *r.* Uſe, *r.* cry,——p. 513, l. 13, *r.* And I ſaw, l. 25, *r.* I had——p. 523, l. 11, *r.* actually in heaven—p. 552, l. 13, *r.* Northampton—p. 558, l. 16, *r.* exhortations—p. 559, l. 6, *dele* in—p. 561, l. 4, *r.* all our—p. 564, pen. *r.* a new—p. 566, l. 4, *r.* Old or—p. 567, l. 9, *dele* likewiſe—p. 572, l. 29. *r.* reſiding—p. 582, *r.* Bagdat—p. 585, l. 27, *r.* immortal ſouls—p. 586, l. 9, *dele* ſeen—p. 588, l. 8. *r.* as, l. 15, *dele* not—p. 589, l. 16, *r.* adventure—p. 595, l. antep. *r.* corn or—p. 616, l. 7, *r.* be—p. 618, l. 20, *r.* aſkaunce, ult. *r.* Arctos—p. 619, l. 9, *r.* unfaithful, l. 11, *f.* And *r.* For—p. 631, *r.* counſels, l. 25, *f.* circumſtances, *r.* conſtructions—p. 636, l. 7, *r.* cauſality, l. 16, and 17, *r.* emanent, l. 30, *r.* finite beings—p. 648, l. 28, *f.* bid, *r.* didſt.