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T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For the Y E A R 1781.

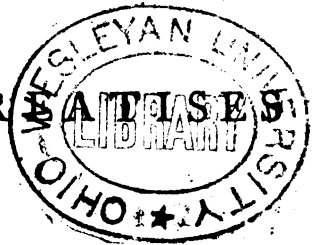
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E X T R A C T S

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ORIGINAL TR

O N



Universal Redemption.

V O L U M E I V.

L O N D O N:

Printed by J. PARAMORE, at the Foundry, Moorfields;

And sold at the New Chapel, City-Road, and by all the
Bookfellers in Town and Country.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

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

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

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

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

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

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

6. *But*

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

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

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

9. *Many*

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

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

LONDON,

January 1, 1781.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

JOHN WESLEY.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For JANUARY 1781.



*Of P R E D E S T I N A T I O N; translated from
SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO, in Dialogues, between Lewis
and Frederic.*

The A U T H O R's P R E F A C E.

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

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

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

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

D I A L O G U E I.

Lewis. **I** Wish, my friend, if it is not disagreeable to you, to debate with you about a question which distresses my mind. *Frederic.* If you are ready to receive truth, although it shall oppose your own opinion, you are welcome to begin the debate. But if you are resolved to adhere altogether to your own notions, all dispute will be needless.

Lewis. Truly I think my opinion agreeable to truth, yet, I am ready to adopt a better, if a better can be advanced.

Fred. Almost all persons say the same : yet well nigh all, when vanquished by the force of truth, still hold fast their own opinion. *Lewis.* Perhaps they do not see what is true.

Fred. The greatest part do not, and the reason is, because they do not impartially attend to the arguments of their opponents. Therefore if you wish to dispute, see that you bring a free dispassionate mind, a mind prepared to embrace truth wherever you find it. *Lewis.* I hope I have such a disposition, and that you have the same. *Fred.* I believe I have. Now therefore, prepare your subject. *Lewis. Predestination.*

Fred. The question is attended with many difficulties, and the debate would be quite needless, had not the bold assertions

of

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

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

Lewis. But we say there are two causes of damnation: one in God, who formed man for that calamity, under which he lies, which is indeed the just cause, but incomprehensible. The other is the sin of man, which truly we ought to regard as a cause of damnation. But into that hidden and altogether incomprehensible cause we ought not to enquire. *Fred.*

But which of those causes doth God regard, when he damns a man? *Lewis.* Both. *Fred.* He cannot. *Lewis.*

Why? *Fred.* Because he damns man by his own eternal counsel. But sin is not eternal. *Lewis.* But sin was from all eternity with God, to whom all things are ever present.

Fred. Therefore there could be no cause prior to sin; since nothing can be ever conceived that is more ancient than eternity. Because, if sin was from all eternity with God, I do not see why another cause of damnation beside sin should be sought after, unless peradventure, sin is not a sufficient cause of damnation, which I do not suppose you will assert: but if you regard the order of the thing, not of time, sin will be prior to damnation; since because of sin man is damned. It follows, that man is not damned before he has sinned, much less before he is in being. But come on, say, what is sin?

Lewis. What is done contrary to law. *Fred.* What is law?

Lewis. That which directs us what we ought to do, and what to leave undone.

Fred. Now, whatsoever things God wills, the same he orders us to do. *Lewis.* Yes; and not only orders, but also causes that they be necessarily done. For the will of God necessitates all things, so that neither thefts, nor adulteries, nor murders are committed without the interposition of the will of God. *Fred.* It was then a law, because God willed and commanded that the earth should produce stocks of trees,

and moreover, living creatures. *Lewis.* It was. *Fred.*

And because he gave commandment that the animals should propagate their own kind, and be under the dominion of man.

Lewis. Even so. *Fred.* And because he created the wolf
and

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

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

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

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

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

so

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

[*To be continued.*]



ORIGINAL SERMONS,

BY THE

Rev. *JOHN WESLEY*, M. A.

S E R M O N I.

On 1 TIMOTHY, vi. 9.

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

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

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

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

3. But who believes that? Who receives it as the truth of God? Who is deeply convinced of it? Who preaches this? Great is the company of Preachers at this day, regular and irregular. But who of them all, openly and explicitly, preaches this strange doctrine? It is the keen observation of a great man, "The Pulpit is a fearful Preacher's stronghold." But who even in his stronghold has the courage to declare so unfashionable a truth? I do not remember, that in threescore years, I have heard one sermon preached upon this subject. And what author within the same term, has declared it from the press? At least in the *English* tongue? I do not know one. I have neither seen nor heard of any such author. I have seen two or three who just touch upon it; but
none

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

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

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

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

I. To explain the words of the Apostle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—*Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo*

Ipsæ domi quoties nummos contemtor in arca.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

soft and delicate, more unwilling, and indeed more unable, to *take up their cross daily, to endure hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and to take the kingdom of heaven by violence.*

19. Riches either desired or possessed, naturally lead to some or other of these foolish and hurtful desires; and by affording the means of gratifying them all, naturally tend to increase them. And there is a near connexion between unholy desires, and every other unholy passion and temper. We easily pass from these to pride, anger, bitterness, envy, malice, revengefulness; to an headstrong, unadvisable, un-reproveable spirit: indeed to every temper that is earthly, sensual, or devilish. All these the desire or possession of riches naturally tends to create, strengthen and increase.

20. And by so doing, in the same proportion as they prevail, they *pierce men through with many sorrows*: sorrows from remorse, from a guilty conscience: sorrows flowing from all the evil tempers which they inspire or increase: sorrows inseparable from those desires themselves, as every unholy desire is an uneasy desire; and sorrows from the contrariety of those desires to each other, whence it is impossible to gratify them all. And in the end *they drown the body in pain, disease, destruction, and the soul in everlasting perdition.*

[*To be continued.*]



An ACCOUNT of Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

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

Coln, May 20, 1780.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Never had the least desire or design to trouble others with my insignificant Life. I know how difficult it is for a man to speak of himself: but as you desire it, I will do as well as I can.

I kept

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

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

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

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

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

CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

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An Account of Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

not

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Behold

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To be continued.]



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

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

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

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

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

* She then lived with the Editor of this Work.

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

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

Nahum,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To be continued.]

An

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ A Sad-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

words

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

An Account of BARON SWEDENBORG.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

having

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

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



L E T T E R S.

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

L E T T E R CLIII.

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

Feb. 1761.

Rev. Sir,

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

For

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

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

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

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R .CLIV.

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

April 18, 1761.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. W.

L E T T E R CLV.

[From the fame.]

April 23, 1761.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

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

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

I am yours, &c.

M. W.

L E T T E R CLVI.

[From the same.]

April 30, 1761.

Dear Sir,

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

Mr.

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

I remain, yours, &c.

M. W.

L E T T E R CLVII.

[From the same.]

May 2, 1761.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

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

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

I remain, yours, &c.

M. W.

L E T T E R CLVIII.

[From the same.]

May 30, 1761.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

I am yours, &c.

M. W.



P O E T R Y.

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

[By Dr. Byron.]

THE God of love delighting to bestow,
 Sends down his blessing on the world below :
 A grateful mind receives it, and above
 Sends up thanksgiving to the God of love.
 This happy intercourse could never fail,
 Did not a false, perverted will prevail.

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

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

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

Our

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

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

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

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

A PRAYER.

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

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

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

An EVENING WALK from RICHMOND to KEW.

[By Miss E. N.]

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

Charmed

Charméd to behold thy works, Almighty Power!
Rapturéd, yet awéd, I silently adore.

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

To

T O S Y L V I A.

[By Miss C.]

SYLVIA, behold yon beautiful flower
 Mellifluent and gay :
 The transient charmer blooms an hour,
 Then droops and dies away.
 A virgin Cistus near it grows ;
 To day her race begun ;
 To day with charms unequalled blows,
 But sets with yonder sun.

Believe me, Sylvia, thy fair form
 That now attracts the eye,
 Shall undistinguished feed the worm ;
 For Sylvia sure must die,
 Ah ! then no more may pleasure lead,
 Captive thy wavering mind,
 Upon the gay delusion tread,
 That's fleeting as the wind.

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

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

Then

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

AN OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

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

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

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

Would

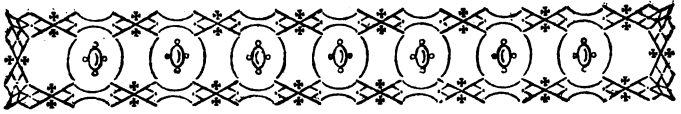
Would have me love my God;
 Who lovéd the world so well:
 Then surely I the grace bestowéd,
 The purchaséd blifs shall feel:
 Thou wilt the blifs confer,
 Before I hence depart;
 And the abiding Comforter
 Shall take up all my heart.

S H O R T H Y M N S.

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

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

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



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For F E B R U A R Y 1781.



*Of P R E D E S T I N A T I O N; translated from
SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S Dialogues, between Lewis
and Frederic.*

D I A L O G U E I.

[Continued from page 15.]

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

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

Well then, to proceed: let us first consider the Creation of man, on which the whole controversy depends. Do you believe that Adam was created a child of God?

Lewis. Certainly; for St. Luke plainly tells us so in his genealogy of Jesus Christ. *Fred.* Very well. Then I appeal to

your own judgment and feelings, whether you would beget a son, that he might die an ignominious death. *Lewis.* God

forbid! I do not think that even a brute-beast would be so cruel, as to wish to bring forth young on purpose that they should die. *Fred.* How arrogant is it then to ascribe to

God, what you cannot suppose even a beast capable of?

If you who are evil would not voluntarily beget a son whose portion must be death, how much less is it to be supposed that God hath created man to suffer eternal torments? What

answer can you give to this, my dear Lewis? *Lewis.* I

cannot indeed give any answer, nor do I imagine any can be readily found. *Fred.* But I do; for there is no truth so

clear, but it may be eluded by sophistry. Whether the answer is rational, and to the purpose, is to be considered. They

will say, perhaps, that the comparison doth not hold good. But let them give a sufficient reason why it doth not. Christ

hath thus reasoned: "If you who are evil know how to give good gifts to your children, &c." From whence I argue, if

men that are evil have so much goodness in them, that they will not be the means of bringing children into the world

that they may be miserable, what profaneness is it to think that God does so! Should they deny that mankind are the

children of God, St. Luke will silence them; for he particularly

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

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

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

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

time I have some doubts, whether the paradise there spoken of, was a particular place, or a particular condition of life.

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

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

Fred.

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

Lewis.

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

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

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

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

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N I.

On 1 TIMOTHY vi. 9.

[Concluded from page 23.]

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

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

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

I want? May the Spirit of God say to every one, whom it concerns, "Thou art the man!"

4. I ask, thirdly, who of you are in fact, *laying up for yourselves treasures upon earth?* Increasing in goods? Adding, as fast as you can, house to house, and field to field? As long as *thou thus dost well unto thyself, men will speak good of thee.* They will call thee a *wise, a prudent man!* A man that *minds the main chance.* Such is, and always has been the wisdom of the world! *But God saith unto thee, "Thou fool! Art thou not treasuring up to thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God?"*

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

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

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

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

Two and forty years ago, having a desire to furnish poor people, with cheaper, shorter, and plainer books than any I had seen, I wrote many small tracts, generally a penny a-piece; and afterwards several larger. Some of these had such a sale as I never thought of; and by this means I unawares became rich. But I never desired or endeavoured after it. And now that it is come upon me unawares, I lay up no treasures upon earth: I lay up nothing at all. My desire, and endeavour in this respect is, to "wind my bottom round the year." I cannot help leaving my books behind me, whenever God calls me hence. But in every other respect, my own hands will be my Executors.

8. Herein, my Brethren, let you that are rich, be even as I am. Do you that possess more than food and raiment ask, "What shall we do? Shall we throw into the sea, what God hath given us?" God forbid that you should! It is an excellent talent: it may be employed much to the glory of God. Your way lies plain before your face, if you have courage, walk in it. Having *gained* (in a right sense) *all you can*, and *saved all you can*: in spite of nature, and custom, and worldly prudence, *give all you can*. I do not say, "Be a good Jew," giving a tenth of all that you possess. I do not say, "Be a good Pharisee," giving a fifth of all your substance. I dare not advise you, to give half of what you have; no nor three quarters, but all! Lift up your hearts, and you will see clearly, in what sense this is to be done. "If you desire to be *a faithful and a wise Steward*, out of that portion of your Lord's goods, which he has for the present lodged in your hands, but with the right of resumption whenever it pleaseth him, 1. Provide things needful for yourself; food to eat, raiment to put on; whatever nature moderately requires, for preserving you both in health and strength: 2. Provide these for your wife, your children, your servants, or any others who pertain to your household. If, when this is done, there is an overplus left, then do good to *them that are of the household of faith*. If there be an overplus

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

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

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

^a Works vol. 4. page 56.

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

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

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

all the great and precious promises? Do you now *taste of the powers of the world to come*? Do you *sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus*?

13. Have they not so hurt you, as to stab your religion to the heart? Have they not cooled (if not quenched) your *love of God*? This is easily determined. Have you the same delight in God which you once had? Can you now say,

“ I nothing want beneath, above :
Happy, happy in thy love !”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"cannot

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

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

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

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

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

“ Each form of woe your generous pity movèd ;
Your Saviour’s face you saw, and seeing, lovèd.”

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

not

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

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

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

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

“ Unhelpéd, unpitiéd let the wretches fall.”

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

An Account of Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

[Continued from page 34.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the year 1744, I taught a school at *Barlow*, in the parish of *Ryton*. My time was employed six days in teaching the children under my care, the branches of learning I professed, and the first principles of Christianity.

I spent every Sabbath, and all my vacant hours, in preaching, reading, praying, visiting the sick, and conversing with all that Providence put in my way. God was with me, and blessed my weak labours. Sinners were converted, believers multiplied, and my soul rejoiced in God my Saviour.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* It was at Sunderland, in the midst of an outrageous mob of Sailors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Constrained to cry by love divine,
My God, thou art for ever mine!

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

The work now begun to spread in the *Dales*, *Hexhamshire*, *North-Tyne*, and soon reached *Whitehaven*.

And now God raised up many Preachers: men eminent both for gifts and graces. Some of them continue local, and some are itinerant Preachers to this day. The latter end of the year ^a 1749, I left the *Dales*, and the dear children God had given me. I rode to the *Smeals*, where I parted with my dear wife and friends, with melting hearts and many tears.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sunday 26, Mr. *Wesley* preached at *Howell Thomas's*, in *Trefollwin* parish. In the afternoon at *William Pritchard's*. The people understood no English, but their looks, sighs and gestures shewed, God was speaking to their hearts!

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

Wednesday 29, We rode to *Holy-Head*, and sent back our horses with *John Jane*, who had travelled from *Bristol* to the *Head*, with three shillings, and had one penny left. About eleven o'clock we went on board. As soon as we sailed, we had wind and rain enough without, and a violent storm in the ship. Mr. *Griffith*, of *Carnarvonshire*, a clumsy, hard-faced man, saluted us with a volley of ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy; but God stopped his mouth, and he was confounded.

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

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

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

Thursday

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We

We lodged with Mr. *George Hunter*, a friendly man. God richly provided all things for us. He blessed us in our sickness, and restored us to health. Praised be his dear name for ever!

[*To be continued.*]



An Extract from the DIARY of Mrs. BATHSHEBA HALL.

[*Continued from page 40.*]

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

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

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

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

“Thou art my King! And lo! I fit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To be continued.]

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

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

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

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

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

might

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

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

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

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

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

But

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



THOUGHTS *on the* POWER of MUSIC.

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

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

3. Some have given a very short answer to this, cutting the knot which they could not untie. They have doubted, or affected to doubt the fact: perhaps have even denied it. But

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

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

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

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

“ Now high, now low, pursue the resonant fugue.”

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

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

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

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

9. In this respect the modern Music has no connexion with Common Sense, any more than with the Passions. In another it is glaringly, undeniably contrary to Common Sense: namely, in allowing, yea, appointing different words, to be sung by different persons at the same time! What can be more shocking to a man of understanding than this? Pray, which of those sentences am I to attend to? I can attend to only one sentence at once: and I hear three or four at one and the same instant! And, to compleat the matter, this astonishing Jargon has found a place even in the worship of God! It runs through (O pity! O shame!) the greatest part, even of our Church Music! It is found even in the finest of our anthems, and in the most solemn parts of our public worship! Let any impartial, any unprejudiced person say, whether there can be a more direct mockery of God?

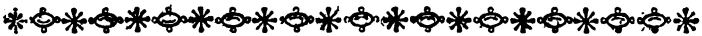
10. But to return. Is it strange, that modern Music does not answer the end it is not designed for? And which it is in no wise calculated for? It is not possible it should. Had *Timotheus* "pursued the resonant fugue," his Music would have been quite harmless. It would have affected *Alexander* no more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

Persepolis flares, Cyrique arx alta maneres.

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

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

Inverness, June 9, 1779.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CXLIX.

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

March 7, 1761.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

I remain, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER

L E T T E R C L.

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

July 30, 1761.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

I remain, your humble servant,

M. W.

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

LETTER

LETTER CLI.

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

May 2, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

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

“ Seal my soul his lovèd abode,
The temple of indwelling God.”

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

the

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

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

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

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

I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant,

J. C. M.

L E T T E R CLII.

[From ——— to the Rev. Mr. Welley.]

May 30, 1761.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

May

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

I remain yours, &c.

Is it thus with her now?

LETTER CLIII.

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

Rothwell, Jan. 8, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

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

I am, Rev. Sir, your humble Servant,

E. S.—.

P O E T R Y.

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

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

On ATTENTION.

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

AN ELEGY ON DEATH.

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

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

There thy clear telescope, O Death, reveals,
 What here, alas! the mist of life conceals:
 Whate'er it be, nor can the curious guesfs,
 Nor fond opinions make it more or less.

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

O fly

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

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

A PRAYER,

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

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

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

Forcéd

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

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

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

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

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

S H O R T H Y M N S .

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

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

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

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

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

Rather

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

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

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

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

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

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





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For M A R C H 1781.



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

D I A L O G U E I.

[Continued from page 72.]

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

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

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

those things which are said to be in God, do we speak according to Nature, or contrary to it? *Lewis.* I do not understand what you mean. *Fred.* You will understand it presently. Pray, which is first in Nature, *sound or hearing?*

Lewis. Sound. *Fred.* I do not then utter a sound, because you hear it; but you hear the sound, because I utter it.

Lewis. True. *Fred.* We may say the same of sight; I do not exist, because you see me, but you see me, because I exist.

Lewis. Certainly. *Fred.* We might say the same of God; may we not? Doth God hear me because I speak, or do I speak because God hears me? *Lewis.* The latter would be against Nature; God certainly hears you because you speak.

Fred. Consequently God's hearing depends on my speaking.

Lewis. It doth. *Fred.* And we may say the same of seeing. God seeth me because I exist. *Lewis.* He does. *Fred.*

And what shall we say of knowing, my dear Lewis? Is not to *know* and to *see* the same thing in God? *Lewis.* It is; for

God hath no bodily eyes, by which he can be said to see.

Fred. Consequently a thing doth not happen because God hath foreseen it; but God foresaw it, because it was to happen; unless you chuse to speak against Nature. *Lewis.* But the

predestinarians say, that the knowledge of God and the knowledge of man are founded on principles totally different;

for the knowledge of God is sure, and therefore all things depend upon, and are derived from it. *Fred.* But God's

hearing is also sure, Lewis, is it not? *Lewis.* It is. *Fred.* Consequently the sound I utter must depend upon, and be derived from, the hearing of God. What do you say? Shall we admit of these absurdities, *Lewis?* Or shall we rather return to Nature? Tell me, whatever you do, do you perform it because you *know* it, or because you *will* and *can* do it?

Lewis. Because I will and can do it. *Fred.* And is not the same will and ability in God? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.*

But if God's knowledge doth act, then his will and power must be idle; or if you chuse to interchange the words, that

Lewis. Because I will and can do it. *Fred.* And is not the same will and ability in God? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.*

But if God's knowledge doth act, then his will and power must be idle; or if you chuse to interchange the words, that

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

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

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

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

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

he

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

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

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

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

by

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

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

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

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

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N II.

On 1 JOHN v. 20.

This is the true God and eternal life.

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

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

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

4. The Tract itself treats,

First, Severally, Of communion with the Father, chap. 1. ver. 5—10. Of communion with the Son, chap. ii. and iii. Of communion with the Spirit, chap. iv.

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Secondly,

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

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

In considering these important words, we may enquire,

First, How is he the true God?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Magnam Mens agitans molem, & vasto se corpore miscens.

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

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

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

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

Father, how wide thy glories shine!

Lord of the universe—and mine:

Thy goodness watches o'er the whole,

As all the world were but one soul:

Yet keeps my every sacred hair,

As I remained thy single care!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Account of Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

[*Concluded from page 94.*]

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

Monday, March 11, Our Conference begun at *Bristol*. The more we conversed, the more our love increased to God and
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one another. We kept to our first Doctrines, and were of one heart and one mind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the spring I returned to *Dublin*, and met my wife and friends, who had just escaped the fire of a very hot persecution. This year I had many *blessings* and *crosses* , both by sea and land.

I'll praise my God with every breath,

O! let me die to see thy day!

Now snatch me from this life of death,

O! come my Saviour, come away!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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enemies:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

had

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

April 28, 1761, Mr. *Wesley* came to *Edinburgh*, and the Lord gave his word success. Sinners heard with attention, and the saints rejoiced in God their Saviour.

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

In August I left *Newcastle*, and set out with my wife for *London*. It was a disagreeable journey, but God blessed and preserved us from all evil. Sept. 1, Our Conference began. On the 22d, King *George the Third* was crowned. Royalty was conspicuously displayed, and the glory of this present world set

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aug.

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

In July 1767, I set out for *London*.¹ God was with me, and gave me a will and power to preach his word.—Aug. 18, our Conference begun. Dear Mr. *Whitefield*, and honest *Howel Harris* attended. All was love; all was harmony: it was a *Pentecost* indeed!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



An Extract from the DIARY of Mrs. BATHSHEBA HALL.

[Continued from page 97.]

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

“Faith cries out, 'tis HE! 'tis HE!

My GOD that suffers there.” •

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

Easter-Day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tuesday

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To be continued.]

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

An Account of Mrs. JANE MUNCY.

July 31, 1741.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

his

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CLIV.

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

March 19, 1761.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

M. B.

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

L E T T E R CLV.

[From — to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

June 4, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

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

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

* For the first, see the preceding Number.

hastene

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I remain, your obedient Servant,

L E T T E R CLVI.

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

July 10, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

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

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

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

I am, Reverend Sir,

Your unworthy Daughter in the Gospel,

H. C—K.

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

L E T T E R CLVII.

[From the same.]

July 29, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

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

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

I am, Reverend Sir,

The unworthiest of all my Father's Children,

H. C.—K.

LETTER CLVIII.

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

City Road, Jan. 25, 1784.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

I think

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

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN WESLEY.

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



P O E T R Y.

The ITALIAN BISHOP.

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

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

* See an account of these Tracts on the back of the Cover.

An honest pious man, who understood
 How to behave, as a true Bishop shou'd.
 But through an opposition, form'd to blast
 His good designs, by men of différent cast,
 He had some tedious struggles, and a train
 Of rude affronts, and insults to sustain;
 Which he beheld with an unruffled mind,
 And bore them all nor ever once repin'd :

An intimate Acquaintance, one who knew
 What difficulties he had waded through,
 Time after time, and very much admir'd
 A patience so provok'd, and so untir'd,
 Made bold to ask him if he could impart,
 Or teach the Secret of his happy art ?

Yes, said the good, old Prelate, that I can,
 And 'tis a plain and practic'able plan.
 For all the Secret that I know of lies,
 In making a right use of my own eyes.

Pray, holy father, tell how that should be—
 Why, in whatever state I am, said he,
 I first look up to heav'n, as well aware
 That to get thither is my main affair.
 I then look down on earth, and deeply think,
 In a short space of time, how small a chink
 I shall possess of its extensive ground!
 And then I cast my eyes to those around,
 Where more distress appears on every side
 Amongst mankind, than I myself abide.

So thus reflecting on my own concern,
 First—where true happiness is plac'd I learn.
 Next—let the world to what it will pretend,
 I see where all its good and ills must end.
 Last—how unjust it is, as well as vain,
 For ought on earth to murmur or complain.

Thus, looking up, and down, and round about,
Right use of eyes does find the Secret out.

With heaven in view—his real home—in sine,
Nothing on earth should make a man repine.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE.

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

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

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

Guilty

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Some

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

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

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

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

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

The

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

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

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

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

I travel

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

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

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

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

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

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

S H O R T H Y M N S.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*To be continued.*]

S E R M O N II.

On 1 JOHN V. 20.

[*Concluded from page 136.*]

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

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

Curtâ nescio quid Semper abest rei.

Still

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

The

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Reſtore, Great Father, thy inſtruded ſon;
And in my act may thy great Will be done!”

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

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

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

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

9. But

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

Quod petis, hic est!

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

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

LONDON,
Dec. 22, 1780.

Some Account of Mr. RICHARD WHATCOAT.

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

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

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

4. The

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightenéd of her load;
And seeks the things above.”

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

An Extract from the DIARY of Mrs. BATHSHEBA HALL.

[Continued from page 132.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To be continued.]

An Account of SARAH WHISKIN.

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

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

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

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

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

Saturday

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

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

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

her

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



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

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

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

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

The *Arms* are exactly proportioned to each other, to preserve the equilibrium of the structure. These being the guards that defend, and the ministers that serve the whole body, are fitted for the most diversified and extensive operations: firm with bone, yet not weighty with flesh, and capable of performing all useful motions. They bend inwards and turn outwards; they move upward or downward. They wheel about in whatever direction we please. To these are added the *Hands*, terminated by the fingers, not of the same length, nor of equal bigness, but in both respects different, which gives the more beauty, and far greater usefulness. Were they all flesh, they would be weak: were they one entire bone, they would be utterly inflexible: but consisting of various little bones and muscles, what shape can they not assume? Being placed at the end of the arm, the sphere of their action is exceedingly enlarged. Their extremities are an assemblage of fine tendinous fibres, acutely sensible: which notwithstanding are destined to almost incessant employ, and frequently among rugged objects. For this reason they are overlaid with nails, which preserve them from any painful impressions.

In the hand we have a case of the finest instruments. To these we owe those beautiful statues, this melodious trumpet. By the strength of the hand the tallest firs fall, and the largest oaks descend from the mountains. Fashioned by the hand they are a floating warehouse, and carry the productions of art and nature from *Britain* to *Japan*.

The hand is the original and universal sceptre, which not only represents, but ascertains our dominion over all the elements and over every creature. Though we have not the strength of the horse, the swiftness of the greyhound, or the quick scent of the spaniel, yet directed by the understanding, and enabled by the hand, we can as it were make them all our own. These short hands have found a way to penetrate the bowels of the earth, to touch the bottom of the sea. These feeble hands can manage the wings of the wind, arm

themselves with the violence of fire, and press into their service the forcible impetuosity of water. How greatly then are we indebted to our wise Creator, for this distinguishing, this invaluable member?

Above all is the *Head*, for the residence of the brain, ample to receive, and firm to defend it. It has a communication with all, even the remotest parts; has outlets, for dispatching couriers to all quarters, and avenues for receiving speedy intelligence, on all needful occasions. It has lodgments wherein to post sentinels, for various offices: to expedite whose operations the whole turns on a curious pivot, nicely contrived to afford the largest and freest circumvolutions.

This is screened from heat, defended from cold, and at the same time beautified by the *Hair*: a decoration so delicate, as no art can supply, so perfectly light, as no way to incumber the wearer.

While other animals are *prone* in their aspect, the attitude of man is *erect*, which is by far the most graceful, and bespeaks superiority. It is by far the most commodious, for prosecution of all our extensive designs. It is likewise safest, less exposed to dangers, and better contrived to repel or avoid them. Does it not also remind us of our noble original, and our sublime end? Our original, which was the breath of the almighty: our end, which was the enjoyment of him in glory?

Thus much for the *rafters* and *beams* of the house. Let us now survey the lodgings within. Here are *Ligaments*, a tough and strong arrangement of fibres, to unite the several parts, and render what would otherwise be an unwieldy jumble, a well compacted and self-manageable system: *Membranes*, thin and flexile tunics, to enwrap the fleshy parts, to connect some, and form a separation between others; *Arteries*, the rivers of our little world, that striking out as they go, into numberless small canals, visit every street, yea every apartment in the vital city. These being wide at first, and growing narrower and narrower, check the rapidity of the blood. This thrown from the

the heart, dilates the arteries, and their own elastic force contracts them: by which means they vibrate against the finger, and much assist both in the discovery and cure of diseases. The larger arteries, wherever the blood is forced to bend, are situate on the bending side; lest being stretched to an improper length, the circulation should be retarded. They are not, like several of the veins, near the surface, but placed at a proper depth. And hereby they are more secure from external injuries. In those parts which are most liable to pressure, an admirable expedient takes place. The arteries *inofsculate* with each other: breaking into a new track, they fetch a little circuit, and afterwards return into the main road. So that if any thing block up or straiten the direct passage, the current, by diverting to this new channel, eludes the impediment, flows on, and soon regains its wonted course.

The *Veins* receive the blood from the arteries, and re-convey it to the heart. The pressure of the blood is not near so forcible in these as in the arteries. Therefore their texture is considerably slighter. Such an exact œconomist is Nature, amidst all her liberality! In many of these canals, the current though widening continually, is obliged to push its way against the perpendicular: hereby it is exposed to the danger of falling back and overloading the vessels. To prevent this, *Valves* are interposed at proper distances, which are no hinderance to the regular passage, but prevent the reflux, and facilitate the passage of the blood to the grand receptacle. But these valves are only where the blood is constrained to climb: where the ascent ceases, they cease also.

Here are *Glands* to filtrate the passing fluids, each of which is an assemblage of vessels, complicated with seeming confusion, but with perfect regularity. Each forms a secretion far more curious than the most admired operations of chymistry: *Muscles*, composed of the finest fibres, yet endued with incredible strength, fashioned after a variety of patterns, but all in the highest taste for elegance and conveniency.

These

These are the instruments of motion, and at the command of the will, execute their functions quick as lightning: *Nerves*, surprizingly minute, which set the muscles at work, diffuse the power of sensation through the body, and upon any impression from without, give all needful intelligence to the soul: *Vesicles*, distended with an unctuous matter, in some places compose a soft cushion; as in the calf of the leg, whose large muscles, mixt with *fat*, are of singular service to those important bones. This flanks and fortifies them, like a strong bastion, supports and cherishes them, like a soft pillow. In other places they fill up the vacuities, and smooth the inequalities of the flesh. Inwardly, they supply the machine for motion; outwardly, they render it smooth and graceful.

[*To be continued.*]



THOUGHTS upon *Baron Montesquieu's* SPIRIT OF LAWS.

1. **A**S some of my friends desire I would give them my thoughts on "The Spirit of Laws," I do it willingly, and in the plainest manner I can; that if I am wrong, I may be the sooner set right. I undertook the reading of it with huge expectation, hoping to find an invaluable treasure; as the Author is seldom spoken of, but as the Phoenix of the Age, a Prodigy of Understanding, and the book is every where spoken of, as the highest effort of Genius that ever was. Accordingly, as late as it has appeared in an English dress, it is already come to the Eleventh Edition. And who knows, but in a few years more, it may come to the two and twentieth?

2. Yet I cannot but observe, that in several places the Translator does not seem to understand the Original: that there is in the last London Edition, a great number of Typographical

graphical errors: and that, not in a few places, either the Translator or the Printer has made absolute Nonsense.

3. But whence is it, that such a multitude of people, so hugely admire, and highly applaud this Treatise? Perhaps nine in ten of them do this, because others do: they follow the cry, without why or wherefore. They follow one another like a flock of sheep; they run on, because many run before them. It is quite the fashion: and who would be out of the fashion? As well be out of the world. Not that one half of these have read the book over; nor does one in ten of them understand it. But it is enough, that "every one commends it. And why should not I too?" Especially, as he seems greatly to admire himself; and upon occasion to commend himself too; though in a modest, decent way; not in that fulsome manner, which is common among modern Writers.

4. Others admire him because of his vast learning, testified by the numerous books he refers to: and yet others, because he is no Bigot to Christianity, because he is a free and liberal Thinker. I doubt whether many Gentlemen do not admire him on this account, more than on all the others put together: and the rather, because he does not openly attack the Religion of his country, but wraps up, in the most neat and decent language, the remarks which strike at the root of it.

5. But it cannot be denied, that he deserves our commendation, upon several accounts. He has an extremely fine Imagination, and no small degree of Understanding. His style is lively; and even under the disadvantage of a translation, terse and elegant. Add to this, that he has many remarks, which I suppose are perfectly his own; at least, I never remember to have seen them, in any either ancient or modern Writer. Now when all these things are considered, is it any wonder that he should be received with so high and general applause?

6. "Why then do not you concur with the general voice? Why do not you pay him the same admiration?" Without any

any preface or apology, I will tell you my Reasons. And then let you or any candid man, judge whether they are not sufficient.

I do not greatly admire him, 1. Because so large a part of his book, I believe little less than half of it, is dry, dull, unaffecting and unentertaining: at least to all but *Frenchmen*. What have I, or any *Briton* to do, with the petty changes in the *French* government? What have we to do, with a long, tedious detail, of the old, obsolete, feudal laws? Over and above, that we cannot find any use therein, that the knowledge of these things answers no one reasonable purpose, it touches none of the passions: it gives no pleasure, no entertainment to a thinking mind. It is heavy and tedious to the last degree. It is as insipid as the travels of *Thomas Coryatt*.

7. I do not admire him, 2. Because I think, he makes very many remarks that are not just; and because he gives us many assertions, which are not true. But all these he pronounces as *ex Cathedra*, with an air of infallibility: as though he were the dictator not only of *France*, but of *Europe*; as though he expected all men to bow before him.

8. But what I least of all admire is, his laying hold on every opportunity to depreciate the inspired Writers. *Moses* in particular. Indeed here his prudence and decency seem to fail him, and he speaks of the Jewish law-giver with as little respect or reserve, as he would of *Lycurgus*, *Romulus* or *Numa Pompilius*.

9. These are some of the reflections which readily occurred to me, from a cursory reading of this celebrated Author. I add but one more, What is the meaning of his Title-Page? I am afraid of stumbling at the threshold. What does he mean by "*The Spirit of Laws?*" After reading the whole book, I really do not know. The words give me no idea at all. And the more I study, the less I comprehend them. The Author never defines them at all. I verily believe, he did not comprehend them himself. I believe he had no clear or determinate ideas

ideas affixt to those words. And was he not likely, when he set out with his head in a mist, to go on in a wonderful manner? Other talents he undoubtedly had: but two he wanted, Religion and Logic. Therefore he ought to be read warily by those who are not well grounded in both.

10. Upon the whole, I think Baron *Montesquieu* was wholly unworthy of the violent Encomiums which have been bestowed upon him. I think he excelled in Imagination, but not in Judgment, any more than in solid Learning. I think, in a word, that he was a Child to *Monfieur Pascal*, *Father Malebranche*, or *Mr. Locke*.

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An Account of the BROTHERS' STEPS.

LAST summer I received a Letter from a Friend, wherein were these words.

"I think it would be worth your while to take a view of those wonderful marks of the Lord's hatred to *Duelling*, called *The Brothers' Steps*. They are in the fields, about a third of a mile northward from *Montague-House*. And the awful tradition concerning them is, That two Brothers quarrelled about a worthless woman, and according to the fashion of those days, fought with sword and pistol. The prints of their feet are about the depth of three inches, and nothing will vegetate, so much as to disfigure them. The number is only eighty three: but probably some are at present filled up. For I think, there were formerly more in the centre, where each unhappy combatant wounded the other to death. And a bank on which the first who fell, died, retains the form of his agonizing couch, by the curse of Barrenness, while grass flourishes all about it. *Mr. George Hall*, who was the Librarian

rian of *Lincoln's-Inn*, first shewed me those steps, twenty eight years ago, when, I think, they were not quite so deep as now. He remembered them about thirty years, and the man who first shewed them him, about thirty more; which goes back to the year 1692: but I suppose they originated in King *Charles the Second's* reign. My Mother well remembered their being plowed up, and corn sown to deface them about fifty years ago. But all was labour in vain; for the prints returned in a while to their pristine form; as probably will those that are now filled up. Indeed I think an account of them in your Magazine, would be a pious memorial of their lasting reality.

“ These hints are only offered as a small token of my goodwill to yourself, and the work, by

Your Son and Brother in the Gospel,

JOHN WALSH.”

This account appeared to me so very extraordinary, that I knew not what to think of it. I knew Mr. *Walsh* to be a person of good understanding and real piety. And he testified what he had seen with his own eyes: but still I wanted more witnesses; till a while ago, being at Mr. *Cary's*, in *Copthall Buildings*, I occasionally mentioned *The Brothers' Footsteps*, and asked the company, if they had heard any thing of them? Sir, said Mr. *Cary*, “ Sixteen years ago, I saw and counted them myself.” Another added, “ And I saw them four years ago.” I could then no longer doubt, but they had been. And a week or two after, I went with Mr. *Cary* and another person to seek them.

We sought for near half an hour in vain. We could find no steps at all, within a quarter of a mile, no nor half a mile, North of *Montague-House*. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man, who was at work, directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we sought

sought for, about three-quarters of a mile North of *Montague-House*, and about five hundred yards East of *Tottenham-Court-Road*. The steps answer Mr. *Walsh's* description. They are of the size of a large human foot, about three inches deep, and lie nearly from North-East to South-West. We counted only seventy-six: but we were not exact in counting. The place where one or both the Brothers are supposed to have fallen, is still bare of grass. The labourer shewed us also the bank, where (the tradition is) the wretched woman sat to see the combat.

What shall we say to these things? Why, to Atheists, or Infidels of any kind, I would not say one word about them. For if they hear not *Moses* and the *Prophets*, they will not regard any thing of this kind. But to men of candour, who believe the Bible to be of God, I would say, Is not this an astonishing instance, held forth to all the inhabitants of *London*, of the justice and power of God? Does not the curse he has denounced upon this ground bear some little resemblance, to that of our Lord on the barren figtree, *Henceforth let no fruit grow upon thee for ever!* I see no reason or pretence for any rational man to doubt of the truth of the Story; since it has been confirmed by these open visible tokens for more than a hundred years successively.



REMARKS on the Nature and Design of an Oath.

[By Dr. S.]

AN Oath is a solemn Appeal to *Almighty God*, as the Searcher of Hearts, and the righteous Judge of the World, who will render to every man according to his works.

Every one who swears, or bears testimony, or makes any declaration upon *Oath*, does in the most awful manner, call this God himself to witness to what he asserts or denies; and by

the very nature and design of the *Oath*, and particularly by the words, “*So help me, God;*” does most solemnly renounce all hope in the divine protection and mercy, and devote himself to the miseries of eternal perdition, if he does not verily believe what he says to be true. What can be more serious and interesting than such an Appeal!

Mankind, accordingly, have universally agreed to consider an *Oath*, as the most *sacred Bond of Truth*;—the strength of the Laws;—the last resort in Controversies of the greatest importance;—and the grand security of their persons and properties, and of all the most valuable privileges of their respective Communities.

If an *Oath* once comes to be trifled with, and the awful sanctions, by which it is enforced, broke in upon by *mental reservations, or equivocal interpretations*, contrary to the *honest simplicity of truth*, there is an end of all confidence between man and man; the most powerful bonds of social fidelity are dissolved; and a wide door opened to all manner of treachery, injustice, oppression, and every kind of wickedness, destructive to the good order and happiness of society.

The crime of *Perjury* then must be one of the greatest, most horrid, and complicated of all crimes. It is at once a most daring insult upon the *Omni-science, Justice, and Mercy of Almighty God*, and his government of the world; and a most shocking violation of the natural rights of mankind: it must therefore certainly be followed, first or last, with peculiar marks of the divine indignation: for whatever presumptuous men may think, God is not to be mocked. He always hears and notices the *solemn Appeal* implied in every *Oath*; and, if contrary to Truth, “will not hold *him* guiltless who *so* takes his Name in vain;” that is, will certainly hold him guilty, and punish him accordingly. And it certainly must be a most *fearful thing* for a creature, with *such guilt* upon him, to *fall into the hands of the living God*.

The frequency of *Oaths*, the irreverent manner of administering them, and the little account that numbers appear to make of them, naturally lead mankind, (the ignorant and careless especially) to trifle with them: and, when tempted by *Party*, resentment, self-interest, or revenge, to swear even contrary to Truth: but let every wilfully *false Swearer* remember, that (however he may escape detection from men,) there is a *Conscience* in him, and a *God above* him, who will, first or last, set his *guilt* before him with an Evidence, which he shall not be able to resist; and, if he repents not, kindle such a *Hell* in his bosom, as no created power shall be able to extinguish!



An ADDRESS to PRISONERS and CAPTIVES.

[By the late Mr. *Charles Perronet.*]

PRISONERS of all men are most miserable. Out of sight and out of mind. The poorest have some to behold their wants, and tell their distress. But, shut up in dungeons, we are forsaken of all.

And who amongst us obeys the command,—visits the sick and in prison? Who leaves not Christ in his suffering members, hungry, and thirsty? Where are the professors of religion that deny themselves for Jesus? that feed on fragments, clothe in mean apparel, and endure hardship, to release the prisoner, or to give to him that needeth? *Inasmuch as ye did it to these my brethren, ye did it unto me.*

Suffering men—accept the voice of sympathy, and let a tear be mingled with your own. If I cannot release you, suffer me to offer comfort. If I have nothing else to give, yet receive instruction from my mouth.

I mourn over the fears, and distresses of prisoners. One is shut up for debts he cannot pay: another fast bound in irons, and to appear before the Judge. Soon may the light of this world go for ever, with all that is dear to him!

There is a prison beyond the grave; a tribunal for quick and dead; a Judge that knows the secrets of all hearts; and none can deliver out of his hand. There condemnation is eternal. There the prison-doors are shut for ever.

Your debt may be large; the hands you are in merciless; their hearts inexorable.

The debt we owe to God is greater; justice requires the last mite; and the sentence is,—“Thou shalt in no wise come out till thou hast paid the last mite.”

I know the thoughts of your heart; your tears, and cries; you want life; you would fain be set at liberty. But what is life without the fear of the Lord? Length of days would but increase sin. Release, prosperity, all below, pass away; and we shall receive according to what we have done.

The jail within the heart is the deepest dungeon,—its darkness, the thickest darkness. The chains are sinful desires; the prison-walls, unbelief; the iron grate, “hardness of heart, and contempt of God’s word and commandment.” The bondage, is the corruption of *nature*: a thousand wilful offences bind us down, and ten thousand calls cannot persuade us to accept deliverance.

How often has God warned, and we would not hear?—his spirit strove, and we did not yield? How have the golden sands of *time* been running out, while we were sinning on? We have *walked in the counsel of the ungodly*; scorned the righteous, and betrayed others into the paths of vice:—broken the divine law; despised threatenings; and abused mercy.

Past actions now stare you in the face. Sin appears unpardonable; ruin unavoidable; and your burden too heavy to bear. Ignorant of God’s word, you have no hope; no knowledge of *the things that make for your peace*; no conception how one so lost can be restored.

And can you endure anguish of spirit, and not seek deliverance? Can you bear the pains of hell, and not cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" Shall death stare you in the face, and you not repent? Judgment overtake you, and not make you afraid? Shall the Almighty call, and you will not answer? Shall Christ descend, and bleed, and die, and *is it nothing to you*,—nothing that he came to seek, and to save,—nothing that he offers mercy after all you have done? His spirit will not always strive with man. If you refuse now, he may never offer again. If you reject him to the last, *He will cast you off for ever.*

There is hope. *Redemption draws nigh. Light breaketh forth out of darkness. Mercy descends to the lowest deep. Have ye not known, have ye not heard, hath it not been told you from the beginning, that the Lord is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance? Let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.*

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy! The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

Lo, the Judge becomes our Advocate! He pays the mighty debt, and sets us free! He reconciles us to God, and brings the joyful news. O glorious Judge! O blessed God, who *so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life!*

Jesus hath *tasted death for every man*; and by the blood of his covenant he *sends forth his prisoners out of the pit.* Behold, he bids you *arise*; he calls you to "come forth:" he *proclaims liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.* The Lord hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary, to hear the groaning of the prisoner, to loose them that are appointed to die. Now turn to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope. Now cry out, and say, O Lord, *I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me!* Now cry mightily, "Though we be tied

tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of thy great mercy loose us." Now believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved.

Behold the *Friend of sinners*, and draw near. He has *plenteous redemption*, and bids us come. His looks are full of grace; pardon in his hands; *all power in heaven and earth*. He will subdue our sins, and set us free. He will restore to righteousness, and crown us with glory.

There is no other name under heaven whereby we can be saved. Jesus is all our salvation. His blood atones; his spirit purifies; his intercession prevails. *The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all*, and he bore away the sin of the world. He is our refuge in the day of affliction; our strength, and fortress; light, and life: living water, and bread that came down from heaven. *If any man eat, he shall never die; and whosoever drinks shall never thirst.*

Now present your offerings. Bring the sweet incense of sighs, and supplications. *The sacrifice of God is a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise!* Mourn over your past life. Let your eyes run down, and cease not. Offer to God the life, and death of his beloved Son. If you owe *ten thousand talents*, he will freely forgive. All he requires is, that you go, and sin no more.

By all your sufferings, God has been saving you from worse. Confined a moment, to preserve you from that prison where there is no release. Many have found it, and rejoiced in the Lord for his fatherly chastisement. *Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy word.* Jails; deaths; sufferings; all are sweetened by the presence of Christ. He is ease in pain; life in death,—heals the wounds of conscience, and gives us the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Then you will rejoice over adversity, and glorify God, that by a prison you have learned repentance and newness of life, are reconciled to Christ, and delivered from the wrath to come.

Without

Without regenerating grace, the best cannot be saved: with the soul renewed in God's image, the worst will find mercy. Even now, if after all, you receive the Lord Jesus, and he becomes your peace; if his spirit purifies your heart, whether you live or die, are released or confined, all in life and death is yours. *Joy is in the tabernacles of the righteous.* The prison becomes a palace if Christ dwells in us. If you depart now, sin is forgiven, and you *will be for ever with the Lord.* If you live, it is to his glory, and in a short time he will say, *Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.*



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CLIX.

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

April 1, 1761.

Dear Sir,

MAY Jesus now stand as a wall of salvation round me, and enable me in his light to see light! Indeed I shall need it more than ever: I had no intent of drawing you to speak more freely: but feeling a strong desire for your soul's prosperity, I just spoke what was uppermost in my heart, with much prayer, that it might not be productive of any evil: I still find my soul cast on Jesus, and can truly say from the centre of my heart,

“ Would ought on earth my wishes share ?

Though dear as life the idol be,

The idol from my breast I'd tear,

Resolv'd to seek my All in Thee.”

And I can appeal to him and say, Shew me but any thing, and I will give it up without hesitation. But if my Lord does for a time please to unite me to any of his creatures, or help me, through them, I dare not throw the blessing away. Only let us fix our eye on God alone, and write nothing but what we can spread before him, and call him to witness, "My aim is thy glory:" then we may commit it into his hands and fear nothing.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

M. B.

I cannot doubt in the least, but those mentioned in the following *Letter, were *real* instances of the mighty power of God: and that the persons mentioned therein, did *truly* experience what they then professed. But if so, what dreadful proofs have we before us, that men may fall even from perfect love?

L E T T E R CLX.

[From Mr. Thomas Ranken, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Rye, March 8, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

GOD is at work here in a wonderful *manner. At first, many were much tempted against me for enforcing the Rules of our Society. But I found, nothing but cutting to the quick would do. And now, glory be to God, there is such a work begun as I never was witness of in so short a time! At one meeting, five received pardon, two at another, three at another, and four at another. At the Love-feast, at *Ewhurst*, five declared, God had cleansed their hearts from all sin. Some of these had found peace some months before; two of them, only a few days. Some more have found the same blessing since. At *Rye*, five have received remission of sins;

*The Letter here referred to, will be published in our next.

the rest are on the full stretch for God. One of those at *Ewhurst*, who have found peace, is the Minister of the parish.

I am enabled to see the subtilty of the Enemy at his very first approach: so that though he comes again and again, he gains no advantage over me. Indeed he harasses my body; but my soul is full of love and faith, and the Holy Ghost. Often he suggests, "What a meeting you have had now? Now you have done well!" But my Lord covers all his work with a veil, and points me to Jesus, and I am safe. I can every moment say, "Not unto me, but unto thy Name be the glory!" Thou hast done it: if thou art pleased to make use of a ram's-horn still, thy will be done!

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your loving, but unworthy Son in the Gospel,

THOMAS RANKEN.

L E T T E R CLXI.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to ———.]

April 10, 1761

Dear Sir,

1. **I**N order to answer the Question more clearly, which Mr. ——— has proposed to you, it may be well to look a little backward. Some years since, two or three Clergymen of the Church of England, who were above measure zealous for all her Rules and Orders, were convinced, That Religion is not an External thing, but Righteousness, and Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghost: and that this Righteousness, and Peace, and Joy are given, only to those who are justified by Faith. As soon as they were convinced of these great Truths, they preached them; and multitudes flocked to hear. For these Reasons, and no others,

real or pretended, (for as yet they were strictly *regular*) because they *preached such doctrine*, and because *such multitudes followed* them, they were forbid to preach in the Churches. Not daring to be silent, they preached elsewhere, in a School, by a River-side, or upon a Mountain. And more and more sinners forsook their sins, and were filled with Peace and Joy in believing.

2. But at the same time huge offence was taken at their "Gathering Congregations" in so *irregular* a manner. And it was asked,

(1.) "Do you judge that the Church, with the authority of the State, has power to enact laws for her own government?" I answer, If a Dispensation of the Gospel is committed to me, no Church has power to enjoin me Silence. Neither has the State; though it may *abuse* its power, and enact laws whereby I suffer for preaching the Gospel.

(2.) "Do you judge it your duty to submit to the laws of the Church and State, as far as they are consistent with a good Conscience?"

I do. But woe is me if I *preach not* the Gospel. This is not consistent with a good Conscience.

(3.) "Is it a law of the Church and State, that none of her Ministers shall *gather Congregations*, but by the appointment of the Bishop? If any do, does not She forbid her people to attend them? Are they not subversive of the good order of the Church? Do you judge there is any thing sinful in such a law?"

I answer, 1. If there is a law, that a Minister of Christ, who is not suffered to preach the Gospel in the Church, should not preach it elsewhere, I do judge that law to be absolutely sinful. 2. If that law forbids Christian-people to hear the Gospel of Christ out of their Parish-Church, when they cannot hear it therein, I judge it would be sinful for them to obey it. 3. This Preaching is not subversive of any *good order* whatever. It is only subversive of that vile *abuse of the*

the good order of our Church, whereby men who neither preach nor live the Gospel, are suffered publicly to overturn it from the foundation: and in the room of it to palm upon their Congregations a wretched mixture of dead Form and maimed Morality.

(4.) "If these Premises be allowed"—They cannot be allowed. So, from Nothing, Nothing follows.

3. It was objected farther,

(1.) "In every Nation there must be *some settled order of Government, Ecclesiastical and Civil.*"

There must. But put *Civil* out of the question. It only tends to puzzle the Cause.

(2.) "The Scriptures likewise enjoin this." They do, that *all things* in the Church, be *done in order.*

(3.) "There is an Ecclesiastical Order established in *England.* And it is a lawful one."

I believe it is, in general, not only lawful, but highly commendable.

(4.) But Mr. — tells you, "You are born under this Establishment. Your Ancestors supported it, and were ennobled on that account." These points, I think, are not very material. But that which follows is. "You have by deliberate and repeated acts of your own, engaged yourself to defend it. Your very rank and station constitute you a formal and eminent Guardian of it."

A Guardian of what? What is it that you have "deliberately engaged yourself to defend?" The Constitution of the Church of *England.* And is not her *Doctrine* a main part of this Constitution? A far more essential part thereof, than any Rule of *External Order?* Of this then you are a formal Guardian, and you have deliberately engaged yourself to defend it. But have you deliberately engaged to defend her *Orders,* to the destruction of her *Doctrine?* Are you a Guardian of this *external Circumstance,* when it tends to destroy the *substance* of her Constitution? And if you are engaged; at all events to defend her *Order,* are you also

to defend the *abuse* of it? Surely no. Your rank, your station, your honour, your conscience, all engage you to oppose this.

(5.) "But how can it consist with the duty arising from all these, to give *encouragement, countenance, and support* to Principles and Practices that are a direct renunciation of the established Constitution? and that, in their genuine issue" (or natural tendency) "are totally subversive of it?"

Are "the Principles of those Clergymen a *direct renunciation* of the established Constitution?" Are "their Practices so?" Are either the one or the other "totally subversive of it?" Not so. Their fundamental Principles are the very Principles of the Established Church. So is their Practice too; save in a very few Points, wherein they are constrained to deviate. Therefore it is no ways inconsistent with your duty to *encourage, countenance, and support* them: especially seeing they have no alternative. They must either be *thus far* irregular, or destroy their own souls, and let thousands of their brethren perish for lack of knowledge.

(6.) Nay, but their "Principles and Practices are of this character. For, 1. They gather Congregations and exercise their ministerial Office therein, in every part of this kingdom, directly contrary to the restraint laid on them at their ordination, and to the design of that parochial distribution of duty, settled throughout this nation. 2. They maintain it lawful for men to preach, who are not episcopally ordained, and thereby contradict the twenty-third Article. 3. They disclaim all right in the Bishops, to control them in any of these matters, and say, That rather than be so controlled, they would renounce all communion with this Church. 4. These Principles they industriously propagate among their Followers."

I answer, 1. They do gather Congregations every where, and exercise their ministerial Office therein. But this is not "Contrary to any restraint which was laid upon them at their ordination." For they were not ordained to serve any particular

cular parish. And it is remarkable that *Lincoln College* was founded, “*ad propagandam Christianam Fidem & extirpandas Hæreses.*” But were it otherwise, suppose a Parish-Minister to be either ignorant or negligent of his duty, and one of his Flock adjures me, for Christ’s sake, to tell him what he must do to be saved: was it ever the design of our Church, that I should refuse to do it, because he is not of my parish? 2. “They maintain it lawful for men to preach, who are not episcopally ordained.” In some circumstances, they do: particularly, where thousands are rushing into destruction, and those who are *ordained* and appointed to watch over them, neither care for, nor know how to help them. “But hereby they contradict the twenty-third Article, to which they have subscribed.” They subscribed it in the simplicity of their hearts, when they firmly believed none but Episcopal Ordination valid. But Bishop *Stillingfleet* has since fully convinced them, this was an entire mistake. 3. “They disclaim all right in the Bishops to control them in any of these matters.” In every point of an indifferent nature, they obey the Bishops, for Conscience-sake. But they think *Episcopal* authority cannot reverse what is fixt by *Divine* authority. Yet they are determined, never “To renounce communion with the Church,” unless they are cast out head-long. “If it be said, Nay, but if I varied from the Church at all, I would throw off my Gown, and be a profest Dissenter.” What! would you *profess* to dissent, when you did not? If *you* would, they dare not do it. They love the Church, and therefore keep to all her Doctrines and Rules, as far as possibly they can. And if they vary *at all*, it shall not be a hair’s breadth farther than they cannot help. 4. “These Principles they industriously propagate among their Followers.” Indeed they do not: the bulk of their Followers know just nothing of the matter. They industriously propagate among them, nothing but inward and outward Holiness.

(7.) "Now these are oppositions to the *most fundamental Principles*, and *essentially constituent* parts of our Establishment: and not of ours only, but of every Ecclesiastical Establishment, that is or ever has been in the Christian World."

"The most fundamental Principles!" No more than the Tiles are "the most fundamental Principles of a House. Useful doubtless they are: yet you must take them off, if you would repair the rotten Timber beneath. "Essentially constituent parts of our Establishment!" Well, we will not quarrel for a word. Perhaps the Doors may be "essentially constituent parts" of the Building we call a Church. Yet if it were on fire, we might innocently break them open, or even throw them for a time off the hinges. Now this is really the case. The timber is rotten, yea, the main Beams of the House. And they want to place that firm Beam, Salvation by Faith, in the room of Salvation by Works. A Fire is kindled in the Church, the House of the living God. The Fire of Love of the World, Ambition, Covetousness, Envy, Anger, Malice, Bitter Zeal; in one word, of Ungodliness and Unrighteousness! O who will come and help to quench it? Under disadvantages and discouragements of every kind, a little handful of men have made a beginning. And I trust they will not leave off, till the Building is saved, or they sink in the ruins of it.

4. To sum up the whole. A few irregular men openly witness those Truths of God, which the regular Clergy (a few excepted) either suppress or wholly deny.

Their word is accompanied with the power of God, convincing and converting Sinners. The word of those is not accompanied with power. It neither wounds nor heals.

The former, witness the truth and the power of God, by their own life and conversation. Therefore the World, men who know not God, hate them, and speak all manner of evil against them falsely. The latter, are of the world. Therefore the World loves its own, and speaks honourably of them.

Which

Which of these ought you to hear? Those who declare, or those who deny the truth of God? That Word which is the power of God unto salvation? Or that which lulls men on to destruction? The men who live, as well as preach the Gospel? Or those whose Lives are no better than their Doctrine?

“ But they are irregular.” I answer,

1. That is not their choice. They must either preach irregularly, or not at all. 2. Is such a circumstance of weight to turn the scale against the substance of the Gospel? If it is, if none ought to speak or hear the Truth of God, unless in a *regular* manner, then (to mention but one consequence,) there never could have been any Reformation from Popery. For here the entire argument for *Church-Order* would have stood in its full force. Suppose one had asked a German Nobleman to hear *Martin Luther* preach, might not his Priest have said, (without debating, whether he preached the truth or not,) “ My Lord, in every nation there must be *some settled order* of government, Ecclesiastical and Civil. There is an *Ecclesiastical Order* established in Germany. You are born under this establishment. Your ancestors supported it, and your very rank and station constitute you a formal and eminent Guardian of it. How then can it consist with the duty arising from all these, to give *encouragement, countenance, and support*, to Principles and Practices that are a direct renunciation of the *established Constitution*?” Had the force of this reasoning been allowed, what had become of the Reformation?

Yet it was right. Though it really was a subversion of the whole *Ecclesiastical Constitution*, with regard to Doctrine as well as Discipline. Whereas, this is no such thing. The *Doctrine* of the *established* Church, which is far the most essential part of her *Constitution*, these Preachers manifestly confirm, in opposition to those who *subvert* it. And it is the opposition made to them by those subverters, which constrains them in *some* respects, to deviate from her discipline, to which, in *all others*, they conform for conscience. O what pity, that any

who preach the same doctrine, and whom those subverters have not yet been able to thrust out, should join with them against their brethren in the common Faith, and fellow-witnesses of the Common Salvation!

I am, dear Sir,

Your willing Servant for Christ's sake,

JOHN WESLEY.



P O E T R Y.

A STRICTURE on the Bishop of Gloucester's
DOCTRINE of GRACE.

WRITING, or Scripture, sacred or profane,
Can only render History more plain,
Of what was done or said, by God or man,
Since the creation of the World began:
Though every word and syllable be true,
To give *account* is all that it can do.

Now an account of things as done, or said,
Is not a *living* letter, but a *dead*;
A picture only which may represent,
But cannot give us what is really meant.
He that has got a *Map* in either hand,
May use the *Name*, but knows it is not land.

So in *the Bible*, when we come to look,
(That is by way of eminence, *The Book*.)

We must not fancy that it can bestow

The things themselves, which we desire to know :

It can but yield, however true and plain,
Verbal directions how we may obtain.

Though a prescription be directly sure,
Upon the patient's taking it, to cure,
No one imagines that the worded bill
Becomes, itself, the remedy for ill;
The medicines taken, as the bill directs,
Procure the salutiferous effects.

Who then can place in any written code,
The Holy Ghost's, the Comforter's abode?
Constant abode—supreme Illumination—
What copy can be *This*, or what Translation?
The Spirit's dwelling, by the attesting pen
Of all the inspiréd, is in the hearts of men.

Were *Books* his constant residence indeed,
What must the millions do who cannot read?
When they who can so vary in their sense,
What must distinguish true from false pretence?
If they must follow where the learned guide,
What different spirits in one book abide?

Genius for *Paradox* however bright,
Cannot well justify this overfight!
Better to own the truth for its own sake,
Than to persist in such a gross mistake;
Books are but books; the illuminating part
Depends on God's good spirit in the heart.

The *Comforter*, said *Christ*, will come unto,
Abide with, dwell in (not your books, but) *you*:
Just as absurd an ink and paper throne
For God's abode, as one of wood or stone:
If to adore an Image be idolatry,
To deify a Book is *bibliolatry*.

AN OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

FATHER of all, whose bowels move
To every object of thy love,
Regard my Advocate and Friend,
And bless me with a peaceful end.

Weary of life, with guilt oppress'd,
I want the pledge of endless rest,
I want thy grace to testify,
And then to lay me down and die.

The pardon grant for which I pray,
Because I nothing have to pay ;
Because I a mere sinner am,
And ask the grace in Jesu's name.

Ten thousand talents, Lord, remit,
Whose mercies are more infinite,
The sins of seventy years forgive,
And then my spotless soul receive.

Thou knowest, I wait for this alone,
Till thou shalt manifest thy Son,
The fulness of the Deity ;
Reveal, in Christ, thyself to me.

Then, O my God, and Father, then,
When I have thy Salvation seen,
In peace permitted to depart,
I soar, and see thee as thou art !

For the C H U R C H.

HEAD of thy Church, attend
 Our long-continuéd prayér,
 And our Jerufalem defend,
 And in thy bosom bear,
 The Sheep of *England's* fold,
 Markéd with their Shepherd's fign,
 Bought with a price, redeeméd of old,
 And washéd in blood divine.

Calléd out of Babylon,
 At thy command we came,
 Our ancestors their lives laid down,
 And triumphéd in the flame :
 The Church's seed arose
 Out of the martyr's blood,
 And faw their antichristian foes
 Before thy crofs subduéd.

Again thy Spirit of grace
 Doth with our Israel strive,
 And evèn in our degenerate days
 His ancient work revive :
 Ten thousand witneffes
 Stand forth on evéry fide,
 And bold in life and death confefs
 Jehovah crucifixéd.

O that the faithful feed
 Might never, never fail,
 Victorious, through their conquering Head,
 O'er all the powers of hell !

Still

Still with thy people stay,
 By *England's* Church adorèd,
 Till every island flee away
 Before our glorious Lord.

For their uncommonness, I insert the following

V E R S E S :

Taken, with a little variation, from the Tomb-Stone of
 MARGARET SCOTT,

*Who died at Dalkieth, four miles from Edinburgh, April 9, 1738,
 aged one hundred and twenty-five years.*

STOP, courteous passenger! till thou hast read:
 The living may gain knowledge from the dead.—

Five times five years I livèd a virgin's life,
 Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
 Ten times five years I livèd a widow chaste;
 Now, tired of a mortal life, I rest.

Eight mighty Kings of *Scotland*, and one Queen,
 I 'twixt my cradle and my grave have seen:
 Four times five years the Commonwealth I saw,
 Ten times the subjects rise against the law;
 Twice did I see *Old Prelacy* pullèd down,
 And twice the cloak was humblèd by the gown.
 I saw my country sold for *English Ore*,
 And *Stewart's* race destroyèd to rise no more:
 Such desolation in my time has been,
 No footsteps of antiquity are seen.

From

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

Ask what I shall give thee. 2 Sam. iii. 5.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
 Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
 I pray to be released from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's power.

More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
 More of thine image let me bear;
 Erect thy throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.

Give me to read my pardon sealed,
 And from thy joy to draw my strength;
 To have thy boundless love revealed
 In all its height, and breadth, and length.

Grant these requests, I ask no more,
 But to thy care the rest resign;
 Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
 All shall be well if thou art mine.

 S H O R T H Y M N S.

Jeremiah xlix. 11. *Leave thy fatherless children, I will
 preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.*

O Thou faithful God of love,
 Gladly I thy promise plead,
 Waiting for my last remove,
 Hastening to the happy dead;

Lo,

Lo, I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in pray'r.

Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave;
Call my little ones thine own,
Give them, all thy blessings give:
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

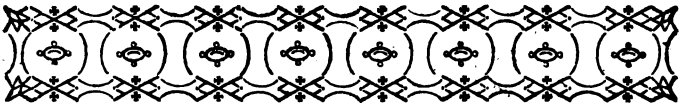
Whom I to thy grace commend,
Into thine embraces take,
Be her sure immortal friend,
Save her for my Saviour's sake;
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
Let my widow trust in thee.

Father of the fatherless,
Husband of the widow prove;
Me and mine persist to bless,
Tell me, we shall meet above;
Seal the promise on my heart,
Bid me then in peace depart.

Matt. v. 13. *If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith
shall it be seasoned?*

AH, Lord, with trembling, I confess
A gracious soul may fall from grace,
The salt may lose its favoury power,
And never, never find it more!
Lest this my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee,
And lead me to thy mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For M A Y 1781.



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

D I A L O G U E I.

[Continued from page 184.]

Lewis. I Have still a doubt left. *Fred.* What is it? *Lewis.*

After God had commanded the earth to bring forth roots, &c. if it had not brought them forth, would not his command have proved of no effect? *Fred.* Yes.

Lewis. But when, after he had commanded Adam, and in later ages, the Israelites, and then all other nations, to abstain from sin, they did not obey,—doth not God's command seem to be of no effect, and consequently he himself not omnipotent?

Fred. Answer me in your turn, Lewis. When God commanded that the earth should bring forth roots, did the *whole* earth bring forth roots? *Lewis.* By no means; but only that

part which was able to bear fruit. That part which was covered with sand, or consisted of brackish or stony ground, could bring forth none. *Fred.* And nevertheless his command was not without effect. *Lewis.* It was not, in that ground which was able to bear fruit. *Fred.* But suppose none of the ground had been able to bring forth roots, God's command would then have been of no effect: would it not? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* It is the same with regard to man. If there never had been, and never were to be, any men who would love God with their whole hearts, he would have required it in vain. But as it is absolutely necessary that what he hath commanded should come to pass, the time will come when there shall be men who will love him with their whole hearts, as it is promised in many places of holy Writ. Nay, that there have already been persons of that description, the Scriptures testify. And indeed, I doubt not but there are such living at this time, though unknown to the world. It is absolutely necessary that the same regulation should take place, and the same force of law should prevail, in the spirit, as did in the flesh; that in both respects it might be said, "God spake and it was done." And if those to whom it was first enjoined should not perform it, God will seek others who shall; lest his command should be fruitless: as in the parable of the King's son; because those who had been invited would not come, the King ordered others to be called in, lest the wedding-feast should be prepared in vain. Thus it appears that the Jews who had been intended for, and called to the kingdom of heaven, were rejected; and we have been put in their stead, lest the place should be empty. In the same manner, unless we abide in the Faith, we shall likewise be cut off, and others succeed us; lest, from our failure, there should be any room left; till at last, God finds out true Israelites, obeying his commandments to the full. And thus it will come to pass, that his commandments shall not be of no effect; but, on the contrary, as a fruitful shower fructifies the earth, they shall fructify

tify the hearts of those who are faithful and fecundable. *Lewis.* I cannot contradict your arguments, Frederic, and you have entirely satisfied my doubts concerning the Foreknowledge and Omnipotence of God.

There remains only to explain those passages which seem to oppose what you have advanced. *Fred.* This I will do, my dear Lewis, as far as God will enable me. Though I must observe beforehand, that the curiosity of man cannot be fully satisfied in these things. For most of the passages you speak of, were pronounced at divers times, and to suit divers occasions, and therefore seem to clash, although they really do not. Hence it happens, that men make them answer their purpose, according to the party they espouse: and if they be ill-disposed, it follows that they expound them wrong. This is the reason so many contradictory explanations have taken place, because they beheld the sentence through a false mirror. *Lewis.* Be of good courage, Frederic, I hope I shall not be over-curious. I wish, however, that the whole be carefully explained to me, and the objections properly refuted; that when once I have discovered the Truth, I may walk in it without hesitation. *Fred.* Well then, propose your objections. *Lewis.* First then, they oppose to your opinion what *Solomon* says, *Prov. xvi. 4,* "The Lord hath made all things for himself; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." *Fred.* Tell me, Lewis, do all animals naturally love their young? *Lewis.* They do. What is the cause of that love? *Lewis.* God. *Fred.* Consequently he is possessed of the same love, in a higher degree, since he imparts it to others. *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* And of course, since *he hath made the wicked, he loves them.* Why do you hesitate? *Lewis.* It seems he loves the wicked, since Christ, when he commands us to love our enemies, adduces the example of our heavenly Father; who suffers his rain to come down, and his sun to shine on the wicked as well as the good; which undoubtedly is a sign of love. *Fred.* If then he loves them, he hath not

made them for the day of evil. For evil belongs to hatred, and not to love. And when God said, he hated *Eſau*, he ſhewed it by the puniſhment he inflicted on him, Mal. i. 3. Why do you hesitate again? *Lewis*. I have perhaps allowed you too readily that God loves the wicked. *Fred*. You may recal it, if you please. *Lewis*. Suppose then we ſay, that God hates the wicked? *Fred*. You will gain nothing by this. For if he hates them whom he has created, he hates his own production, which is againſt nature. Beſides, he hates that which is good; for he ſaw all that he had made, and behold it was very good. Now if he made the wicked, the wicked were originally good; and conſequently he hates himſelf, ſince he is good. *Lewis*. What then, hath not God created the wicked? *Fred*. We may ſay, he hath not: if we ſpeak *properly*. For what is born of the Fleſh is fleſh, and what is born of the Spirit is ſpirit, and what is born of good is good. Now if the wicked be born [created] of God, he is wicked: which is blaſphemy. *Lewis*. Who then hath created the wicked? *Fred*. I will tell you. Have not you begotten a Muſician? *Lewis*. Who! I that have no turn for muſic? *Fred*. You have, however, begotten a ſon that is a Muſician. *Lewis*. I have, 'tis true, begotten a ſon, but he that taught him muſic has begotten a Muſician. *Fred*. Your ſon has two fathers at this rate. *Lewis*. No: but, as a Muſician, he has two fathers. *Fred*. We may advance the ſame of the *Galatians*, whom *St. Paul* begot, that is, converted. *St. Paul* was the father, not of the *Galatians* in general, but of the *Chriſtian-Galatians*. *Lewis*. He was. *Fred*. Suppose then any *Chriſtian-Galatian* had begotten a renegade, *St. Paul* could not be ſaid to have begotten a renegade. *Lewis*. By no means. For that only can be called *St. Paul's* child, which he begot; namely, the *Chriſtian*. *Fred*. Conceive the ſame of God. He has created man good. A good man therefore is God's child. But, through the devices of the Serpent, man, from good, became wicked. The father of his

his

his wickedness is Satan who begat it. For if a Music-Master may be called the father of a Musician, Satan, the teacher of evil, must be called the father of it. Hence God is the father of man, and *Satan* the father of a wicked man. For *man* is the name of a subject, which subject God hath created; but *wicked* is the name of an accident, of which the devil is the author. Our Saviour speaks after the same manner, when he says "Render unto *Cesar* the things that are *Cesar's*; and unto God the things which are God's." The matter of the coin was God's; but the image and superscription were *Cesar's*. For God had not created that metal with the inscription, and stamp the image on it. Thus likewise do the Prophets call images "the works of men's hands;" for God did not create the images, tho' he did the wood or stone, of which they were composed. Now as every one loves his own productions, so God loves in man, what he hath created, namely, man. And *Satan* also loves in man, what he hath formed in him, namely, sin. And as *Satan* is the opposite to God, God hates the works and productions of *Satan*; that is to say, *Satan's* wicked children, as Christ calls them, though just before he had declared them to be the children of *Abraham*, John viii. For *Abraham* was the father of the Jews; but the father of the wicked, as such, was the devil. Hence this saying, Psalm v, "God abhors the bloody and deceitful man." And again, "Thou hatest all the workers of iniquity." Nay *Solomon* himself, in the passage quoted, thus writes: "The proud in heart are an abomination to the Lord."

Lewis. What then does *Moses* mean, when he declares, "that the heavens and the earth and all the host of them," that is, all that is in them, "have been made by the Lord?" *Fred*. Sin is not a thing made, or created, but the corruption of a thing already created: as the rottenness of a pear is the corruption of a pear. So that you cannot say with propriety, that the rottenness of a pear was made or created; unless indeed you chuse to assert that *making* and *undoing* are one and

and the same thing! I argue in the same manner concerning sin. Sin is by no means a thing created, but rather (if I may so express myself) a de-creation, or corruption of a thing already made, namely, Righteousness. *Lewis.* But you said just now that *Satan* is the father of wickedness, and if you said true, wickedness has been begotten and created. *Fred.* Wickedness is the corruption of good; and speaking after the manner of men, we call the author or cause of that corruption, the father of it; although to speak properly, it ought rather to be termed the *de-creator* or corrupter of it. Thus God is the creator of all that is created. *Lewis.* Why then does *Solomon* say, "God hath made the wicked," since he is neither their father nor their maker? *Fred.* I repeat, just as it might be said that you are the father of a Musician, though you did not beget him a Musician; for thus we commonly speak, though improperly. And in the same manner the scripture sometimes speaks. As in *Job*, when he says, "The wicked evil-treateth the barren, which beareth not, Job xxiv." The meaning of which is, he injures, or poisons the woman, so that she afterwards becometh barren.

Lewis. But here arises a greater difficulty: namely, If God has not created man wicked, but good, and yet has created him unto punishment; it follows that he has created the good also to punishment. *Fred.* It does, my dear Lewis; for since he punishes no man but for his evil deeds, and he has created some unto punishment, he must have created them unto the cause of punishment, (lest he should punish them without a cause,) that is, unto crimes. Nay, since he has created all men in the seed of one, he must have created all men unto sin, if he had created some.

[To be continued.]

[In compliance with the request of several Friends, and because of the importance of the Subject to every Protestant-Reader, I here insert the Letter published last year. The Defence of it (in two more Letters,) will be afterwards inserted.]

A Letter to the Printer of the Public Advertiser,

[Occasioned by the late Act, passed in favour of Popery.]

SIR,

SOME time ago a Pamphlet was sent me, entitled "An Appeal from the Protestant Association, to the People of Great Britain." A day or two since, a kind of Answer to this was put into my hand; which pronounces, "its stile contemptible, its reasoning futile, and its object malicious." On the contrary, I think the stile of it is clear, easy and natural; the reasoning (in general) strong and conclusive; the object, or design, kind and benevolent. And in pursuance of the same kind and benevolent design, namely, to preserve our happy Constitution, I shall endeavour to confirm the substance of that Tract, by a few plain Arguments.

With Persecution I have nothing to do. I persecute no man for his religious principles. Let there be as "Boundless a freedom in Religion," as any man can conceive. But this does not touch the point; I will set Religion, true or false, utterly out of the question. Suppose the Bible, if you please, to be a Fable, and the Koran to be the Word of God. I consider not, whether the Romish Religion be true or false; I build nothing on one or the other supposition. Therefore away with all your common-place declamation about intolerance and persecution for Religion! Suppose every word of Pope Pius' Creed to be true; suppose the Council of Trent

to

to have been infallible: yet, I insist upon it, that no Government, not Roman Catholic, ought to tolerate men of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

I prove this by a plain argument; (let him answer it that can.)—That no Roman Catholic does or can give security for his allegiance or peaceable behaviour, I prove thus. It is a Roman Catholic maxim, established not by private men, but by a public Council, that “No Faith is to be kept with Heretics.” This has been openly avowed by the Council of *Constance*; but it never was openly disclaimed. Whether private persons avow or disavow it, it is a fixed maxim of the Church of *Rome*. But as long as it is so, it is plain, that the Members of that Church can give no reasonable security, to any Government, of their allegiance or peaceable behaviour. Therefore, they ought not to be tolerated by any Government, Protestant, Mahometan, or Pagan.

You may say, “Nay, but they will take an *oath* of allegiance.” True, five hundred oaths; but the maxim, “No Faith is to be kept with Heretics,” sweeps them all away as a spider’s web. So that still, no Governors that are not Roman Catholics, can have any security of their allegiance.

Again. Those who acknowledge the *spiritual power* of the Pope can give no security of their allegiance to any Government; but all Roman Catholics acknowledge this: therefore, they can give no security for their allegiance.

The power of granting *Pardons* for all sins, past, present, and to come, is, and has been for many centuries, one branch of his *spiritual power*.

But those who acknowledge him to have this spiritual power, can give no security for their allegiance: since they believe the Pope can pardon Rebellions, High Treason, and all other sins whatsoever.

The power of *dispensing* with any Promise, Oath, or Vow, is another branch of the *spiritual power* of the Pope. And all who acknowledge his spiritual power, must acknowledge this.

this. But whoever acknowledges the *dispensing power* of the Pope, can give no security for his allegiance to any Government.

Oaths and promises are none: they are light as air, a Dispensation makes them all null and void.

Nay, not only the Pope, but even a Priest has *power to pardon sins*!—This is an essential doctrine of the Church of Rome. But they that acknowledge this, cannot possibly give any security for their allegiance to any Government. Oaths are no security at all; for the Priest can pardon both Perjury and High Treason.

Setting then Religion aside, it is plain, that upon Principles of Reason, no Government ought to tolerate men, who cannot give any security to that Government for their allegiance and peaceable behaviour. But this no Romanist can do, not only while he holds, that “No Faith is to be kept with Heretics,” but so long as he acknowledges either Priestly-Absolution, or the *spiritual power* of the Pope.

“But the late Act, you say, does not either *tolerate* or *encourage* Roman Catholics.” I appeal to matter of fact. Do not the Romanists themselves understand it as a Toleration? You know they do. And does it not already (let alone what it *may* do by and by) *encourage* them to preach openly, to build Chapels, (at Bath and elsewhere,) to raise Seminaries, and to make numerous Converts day by day to their intolerant, persecuting principles? I can point out, if need be, several of the persons. And they are increasing daily.

But “nothing dangerous to English liberty is to be apprehended from them.” I am not certain of that. Some time since, a Romish Priest came to one I knew: and after talking with her largely, broke out, “You are no Heretic! You have the experience of a real Christian!” And would you, she asked, burn me alive? He said, “God forbid!—Unless it were for the good of the Church?”

Now what security could she have had for her life, if it had depended on that man? The *good of the Church* would have

burst all the ties of Truth, Justice, and Mercy. Especially when seconded by the absolution of a Priest, or (if need were) a Papal pardon.

If any one please to answer this, and to set his Name, I shall probably reply.—But the Productions of Anonymous Writers, I do not promise to take any notice of.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

City Road, Jan. 21, 1780.

S E R M O N III.

On 1 JOHN V. 21.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.

1. **T**HERE are two words that occur several times in this Epistle, *παιδία* and *τεκνία*, both of which our translators render by the same expression, *little children*. But their meaning is very different. The former is very properly rendered *little children*: for it means, *Babes in Christ*, those that have lately tasted of his love, and are as yet weak and unestablished therein. The latter might with more propriety be rendered, *Beloved children*; as it does not denote any more than the affection of the speaker to those whom he had begotten in the Lord.

2. An ancient Historian relates, that when the Apostle was so enfeebled by age as not to be able to preach, he was frequently brought into the congregation in his chair, and just uttered, "Beloved children, love one another." He could not have given a more important advice. And equally important

important is this which lies before us; equally necessary for every part of the Church of Christ. *Beloved children, keep yourselves from idols.*

3. Indeed there is a close connexion between them: one cannot subsist without the other. As there is no firm foundation for the love of our brethren, except the love of God, so there is no possibility of loving God, except we *keep ourselves from idols.*

But what are the *idols* of which the Apostle speaks? This is the first thing to be considered. We may then, in the second place enquire, how shall we keep ourselves from them?

I. 1. We are first to consider, What are the idols of which the Apostle speaks? I do not conceive him to mean, at least not principally, the idols that were worshipped by the Heathens. They to whom he was writing, whether they had been Jews or Heathens, were not in much danger from these. There is no probability, that the Jews, now converted, had ever been guilty of worshipping them: as deeply given to this gross idolatry as the Israelites had been for many ages, they were hardly ever entangled therein, after their return from the Babylonish captivity. From that period the whole body of the Jews had shewn a constant, deep abhorrence of it: and the Heathens, after they had once turned to the living God, had their former idols in the utmost detestation. They abhorred to touch the unclean thing; yea, they chose to lay down their lives, rather than return to the worship of those gods, whom they now knew to be devils.

2. Neither can we reasonably suppose, that he speaks of those idols, that are now worshipped in the Church of Rome: whether angels, or the souls of departed saints, or images of gold, silver, wood or stone. None of these idols were known in the Christian Church, till some centuries after the time of the Apostles. Once indeed, St. John himself, *fell down to worship before the face of an Angel* that spake unto him; probably mistaking him, from his glorious appearance, for the

Great Angel of the Covenant. But the strong reproof of the angel, which immediately followed, secured the Christians from imitating that bad example. *See thou do it not: as glorious as I may appear, I am not thy Master. I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets: worship God.* Rev. xxii. 9.

3. Setting then Pagan and Romish idols aside, what are those of which we are here warned by the Apostle? The preceding words shew us the meaning of these. *This is the true God*; the End of all the souls he has made; the centre of all created spirits: *and eternal life*, the only foundation of present as well as eternal happiness. To him therefore alone our heart is due. And he cannot, he will not quit his claim, or consent to its being given to any other. He is continually saying to every child of man, *My son, give me thy heart!* And to give our heart to any other is plain idolatry. Accordingly whatever takes our heart from him, or shares it with him, is an idol: or, in other words, whatever we seek happiness in, independent of God.

4. Take an instance that occurs almost every day. A person who has been long involved in the world, surrounded and fatigued with abundance of business, having at length acquired an easy fortune, disengages himself from all business, and retires into the country—to be happy. Happy in what? Why, in taking his ease. For he intends now,

*Somno & inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.*

To sleep, and pass away,
In gentle inactivity the day!

Happy, in eating and drinking whatever his heart desires: perhaps more elegant fare, than that of the old *Roman*, who feasted his imagination before the treat was served up: who,

before

before he left the town, consoled himself with the thought, of
 “ fat bacon and cabbage too !”

Unctis satis pingui ponuntur oluscula lardo !

Happy—in altering, enlarging, rebuilding, or at least, decorating, the old mansion-house he has purchased : and likewise in improving every thing about it, the stables, out-houses, grounds. But mean time where does God come in? No where at all. He did not think about him. He no more thought of the King of Heaven, than of the King of *France*. God is not his plan. The knowledge and love of God are entirely out of the question. Therefore this whole scheme of Happiness in Retirement is idolatry from beginning to end.

5. If we descend to particulars, the first species of this idolatry is what St. *John* terms, *the desire of the flesh*: we are apt to take this in too narrow a meaning, as if it related to one of the senses only. Not so: this expression equally refers to all the outward senses. It means, the seeking happiness in the gratification of any, or all of the external senses: although more particularly of the three lower senses, Tasting, Smelling and Feeling. It means, the seeking happiness herein, if not in a gross, indelicate manner, by open intemperance, by gluttony or drunkenness, or shameless debauchery: yet, in a regular kind of epicurism, in a genteel sensuality, in such an elegant course of self-indulgence, as does not disorder either the head or the stomach, as does not at all impair our health, or blemish our reputation.

6. But we must not imagine this species of idolatry is confined to the rich and great. In this also, “ the toe of the peasant, (as our Poet speaks) treads upon the heel of the courtier.” Thousands in low, as well as in high life, sacrifice to this idol: seeking their happiness (though in a more humble manner) in gratifying their outward senses. It is true, their meat, their drink, and the objects that gratify their other senses are of a
 coarser

coarser kind. But still they make up all the happiness they either have or seek, and usurp the hearts which are due to God.

7. The second species of idolatry mentioned by the Apostle, is *the desire of the eye*, that is, the seeking happiness in gratifying the imagination: (chiefly by means of the eyes) that internal sense, which is as natural to men as either sight or hearing. This is gratified by such objects, as are either grand, or beautiful, or uncommon. But as to grand objects, it seems they do not please any longer than they are new. Were we to survey the Pyramids of Egypt daily for a year, what pleasure would they then give? Nay, what pleasure does a far grander object than these,

“ The ocean rolling on the shelly shore,”

give to one who has been long accustomed to it? yea, what pleasure do we generally receive from the grandest object in the universe,

“ Yon ample, azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With stars unnumbered and unmeasured light?”

8. Beautiful objects are the next general source of the pleasures of the imagination: the works of Nature in particular. So persons in all ages have been delighted

“ With Sylvan scenes, and hill and dale,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams.”

Others are pleased with adding Art to Nature, as in gardens, with their various ornaments: others with mere works of Art, as buildings, and representations of nature, whether in statues or paintings. Many likewise find pleasure in beautiful *apparel*

or *furniture* of various kinds. But Novelty must be added to beauty, as well as grandeur, or it soon palls upon the sense.

9. Are we to refer to the head of Beauty, the pleasure which many take in a *favourite animal*? Suppose a Sparrow, a Parrot, a Cat, a Lap-dog? Sometimes it may be owing to this. At other times, none but the person pleased can find any beauty at all in the favourite. Nay, perchance it is in the eye of all other persons, superlatively ugly. In this case, the pleasure seems to arise from mere whim or caprice; that is, Madness.

10. Must we not refer to the head of Novelty chiefly, the pleasure found in most *diversions* and *amusements*; which, were we to repeat them daily but a few months, would be utterly flat and insipid? To the same head, we may refer the pleasure that is taken, in *collecting Curiosities*; whether they are natural or artificial; whether old or new. This sweetens the labour of the Virtuoso, and makes all his labour light.

11. But it is not chiefly to Novelty, that we are to impute the pleasure we receive from *Music*. Certainly this has an intrinsic beauty, as well as frequently an intrinsic grandeur. This is a beauty and grandeur of a peculiar kind, not easy to be express'd: nearly related to the sublime and the beautiful in *Poetry*, which give an exquisite pleasure. And yet it may be allowed, that Novelty heightens the pleasure which arises from any of these sources.

12. From the study of *Languages*, from *Criticism*, and from *History*, we receive a pleasure of a mixt nature. In all these, there is always something new; frequently something beautiful or sublime. And history not only gratifies the imagination in all these respects, but likewise pleases us by touching our passions, our Love, Desire, Joy, Pity. The last of these gives us a strong pleasure, though strangely mixt with a kind of pain. So that one need not wonder at the exclamation of a fine Poet,

“What

“ What is all mirth but turbulence unholy,
When to the charms comparéd of heavenly melancholy?”

13. The love of Novelty is immeasurably gratified by *Experimental Philosophy*: and indeed by every branch of *Natural Philosophy*, which opens an immense field for still new discoveries. But is there not likewise a pleasure therein, as well as in *Mathematical* and *Metaphysical* studies, which does not result from the imagination, but from the exercise of the understanding? Unless we will say, that the newness of the discoveries which we make by *Mathematical*, or *Metaphysical* researches, is one reason at least, if not the chief, of the pleasure we receive therefrom.

14. I dwell the longer on these things, because so very few see them in the true point of view. The generality of men, and more particularly, men of sense and learning, are so far from suspecting, that there is, or can be the least harm in them, that they seriously believe, it is matter of great praise, to *give ourselves wholly to them*. Who of them, for instance, would not admire and commend the indefatigable industry of that great Philosopher, who says, “ I have been now eight and thirty years at my parish of *Upminster*. And I have made it clear, that there are no less than three and fifty species of Butterflies therein. But if God should spare my life a few years longer, I do not doubt but I should demonstrate, there are five and fifty!” I allow, that most of these studies have their use, and that it is possible to *use*, without *abusing* them. But if we seek our happiness in any of these things, then it commences an *idol*. And the enjoyment of it, however it may be admired and applauded by the world, is condemned of God, as neither better nor worse than damnable *idolatry*.

15. The third kind of *Love of the world*, the Apostle speaks of under that uncommon expression, *ἡ ἀλαζονεία τῆ βίης*. This is rendered by our translators, *The pride of life*. It is usually supposed to mean, the pomp and splendor of those that are in high

high life. But has it not a more extensive sense? Does it not rather mean, the seeking happiness in the praise of men, which above all things engenders Pride? When this is pursued in a more pompous way, by kings, or illustrious men, we call it Thirst for Glory: when it is sought in a lower way by ordinary men, it is stiled, Taking care of our Reputation. In plain terms, it is seeking the honour that cometh of men, instead of that which *cometh of God only*.

16. But what creates a difficulty here is this, we are required, not only to *give no offence to any one*, and to *provide things honest in the sight of all men*, but to *please all men for their good to edification*. But how difficult is it to do this, with a single eye to God? We ought to do all that in us lies, to prevent *the good that is in us from being evil spoken of*. Yea, we ought to value a clear reputation, if it be given us, only less than a good conscience. But yet, if we seek our happiness therein, we are liable to perish in our idolatry.

17. To which of the preceding Heads is the *Love of money* to be referred? Perhaps sometimes to one and sometimes to another, as it is a means of procuring gratifications, either for *the desire of the flesh*, for *the desire of the eyes*, or for *the pride of life*. In any of these cases, money is only pursued, in order to a farther end. But it is sometimes pursued for its own sake, without any farther view. One who is properly a Miser, loves and seeks money for its own sake. He looks no farther, but places his happiness in the acquiring or the possessing of it. And this is a species of idolatry, distant from all the preceding; and indeed the lowest, basest idolatry, of which the human soul is capable. To seek happiness either in gratifying this, or any other of the desires above-mentioned, is effectually to renounce the true God, and to set up an idol in his place. In a word, so many objects as there are in the world, wherein men seek happiness instead of seeking it in God, so many *idols* they set up in their hearts; so many species of *idolatry* they practice.

18. I would take notice of only one more, which, though it in some measure falls in with several of the preceding, yet in many respects is distinct from them all, I mean, the idolizing any human creature. Undoubtedly it is the will of God that we should all love one another. It is his will that we should love our Relations and our Christian brethren with a peculiar love: and those in particular, whom he has made particularly profitable to our souls. These we are commanded to *love fervently: yet still with a pure heart.* But is not this *impossible with man?* To retain the strength and tenderness of affection, and yet, without any stain to the soul, with unspotted purity? I do not mean only unspotted by lust. I know, this is possible. I know a person may have an unutterable affection for another, without any desire of this kind. But is it without idolatry? Is it not loving the creature more than the Creator? Is it not putting a man or woman in the place of God? Giving them your heart. Let this be carefully considered, even by those whom God has joined together; by Husbands and Wives, Parents and Children. It cannot be denied, that these ought to love one another tenderly: they are commanded so to do. But they are neither commanded, nor permitted, to love one another idolatrously! Yet how common is this? How frequently is a Husband, a Wife, a Child, put in the place of God? How many that are accounted good Christians, fix their affections on each other, so as to leave no place for God? They seek their happiness in the creature, not in the Creator. One may truly say to the other,

“ I view thee, Lord and End of my Desires.”

That is, “ I desire nothing more but thee! Thou art the thing that I long for! All my desire is unto thee, and unto the remembrance of thy name.” Now, if this is not flat idolatry, I cannot tell what is!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



Some Account of Mr. WILLIAM GREEN.

I Was born in *London*, Sept. 22, 1739. My mother being pregnant with me, heard the first sermon which Mr. *Wesley* preached at the *Foundry*. Soon after, she found peace with God, and walked worthy of the Gospel to the day of her death, having been a member of the Society, upwards of thirty years.

I had the first part of my Education at the Foundry-School, so that I was early instructed in the principles of Religion. But I was no better than if I had not been instructed at all; for God was not in all my thoughts. Between thirteen and fourteen I was put apprentice to a man who had some degree of the fear of God. For about three years he was able to manage me; but afterwards I neither regarded the threatenings of my master, nor the counsels of an affectionate mother, but ran on in my own ways. When my apprenticeship was out, I was for ten years a faithful servant of the Devil. But for the last two years, I was very far from being a willing captive; one hour praying against sin, the next falling into it. I could truly say, *The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.*

About July 1770, a person lent me one of Mr. *Wesley's* Journals. I read it with prayers and tears; seeing much beauty in being persecuted for righteousness sake. Soon after, I read Bishop *Taylor's* Rules for Holy Living and Dying: one passage struck me much: "A true lover of God is more grieved on account of an impure dream, than one who does not love him is, on account of a gross outward sin." And it put me upon praying earnestly, that God would give me his love.

In August following, Mr. *Wesley* coming to town, I went with eagerness to hear him. His text was, *My son give me*

thy heart. But he shot over my head; I understood nothing about it. However I went in the evening to Moorfields, and heard Mr. *Murlin* preach. And there it pleased God to touch my heart. I went directly home greatly affected: so that my wife, though a serious woman, could not imagine what was the matter with me. But these impressions wore off, and I still continued a slave to gaming, my besetting sin. However I continued to hear on Sundays, and was much pleased with what I heard. And after a time, my dear mother, by much persuasion, prevailed upon me to meet in a Class. From this time my chains began to fall off. I think, I had not met above three times, before all my outward sins left me, and I shook off all my old companions.

I was now a close attendant on all the means of Grace. I clearly saw, that I was a fallen spirit; and I as clearly saw, that religion was to restore me to that image of God from which I fell. It was now the fear of God took place in my soul. But in this I was greatly mistaken; I thought myself a good Believer; whereas I was then as ignorant of the nature of faith, as I am now of Greek. Soon after, I heard Mr. *Wesley* preach on, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* I listened very attentively, but still could not find out what Faith was.

The same evening I went to Mr. *Maxfield's* Chapel. He was preaching upon the same text. He said, "Faith is a divine conviction, that Christ died for *me.*" But I found, I could no more give myself this conviction, than I could make a world. It was now the Holy Ghost convinced me of sin, because I believed not in Jesus. I went home in deep heaviness, and told my wife, I was an unbeliever, and that if I died as I was, I should go to hell. I was utterly slain by those words, *He that believeth not, shall be damned.* For want of this conviction of unbelief, how many thousands stop short of saving Faith?

But though I was so fully convinced of sin, I was so far from being discouraged, that I was all hope, knowing that if all the

sins of the world were upon me, the mercies of God infinitely surpassed them all.

About Christmas I went to hear the Letters read. One of which gave an account of a wonderful work among the children at *Kingswood*, some of whom were determined, not to eat or sleep till they knew their sins were forgiven. I went home full of the spirit of mourning, and yet big with earnest expectation. The next day my sorrow was so great, that I could do no work: till upon praying with a friend, the cloud began to disperse, and light broke into my soul. But I was determined, not to be satisfied with any thing short of an assurance of pardon. In this situation of mind I went to bed. About two o'clock the next morning, Dec. 30, 1770, I was waked by a full sense of the love of God. The skies poured down righteousness into my soul, and I could boldly say,

“ For me, I now believe he died!
He made my every crime his own.”

I was now happy in God; his Spirit bearing witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. But about three days after, I was sorely tempted; and a thought striking into my mind, that I was to be a Preacher, this put me upon many reasonings, which strengthened the temptation. I believe the thought was from God: yet, for six weeks I was greatly perplexed. However, I never lost, for one moment, the sense of my Acceptance. Yea, and I knew the work of the Spirit was going on, and felt the blessedness of enduring temptation.

Being at *Spitalfields* on Sunday, I was greatly strengthened while those words were singing,

“ Even now the Lord doth pour
His blessing from above,
A kindly gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love:
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.”

My faith was strengthened, my peace flowed as a river, and I had a clearer view of a crucified Saviour. About this time, a Hymn-book of Mr. *Charles Wesley's* fell into my hands, which speaks largely and particularly concerning entire Sanctification. I read it with attention, and comparing it with the Scripture, a fair prospect opened to my view. At the same time I saw my vast distance from it, in a manner I never did before. And yet I wanted to see it more, and I could not bow my knee, but words to this purpose flowed from my lips,

“ Shew me, as my soul can bear,
 The depth of inbred sin :
 All the unbelief declare,
 The pride that lurks within.”

My prayer was answered : I had a surprising view of the total sinfulness of my heart. I knew this discovery was from God. I believed it possible, to be saved from all sin before death. I believed it possible to be thus saved in a moment : and I believed, that moment was near. So that I could cheerfully sing,

“ The glorious crown of righteousness
 To me reach'd out I view :
 Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
 And wear it as my due.”

In this state of mind I went to *Spitalfields* Chapel. Mr. *Wesley's* text was, *Now is the day of salvation*. He addressed himself chiefly to believers. I found I was one to whom this word of salvation was sent. An inexpressible hunger and thirst after full salvation took place in my soul. And I thought, surely I shall be filled therewith. But the question is, When? The answer was, If thou canst believe, now is the day of salvation. And I was as clearly convinced of unbelief, as I was before

my

my justification. God told me, his time was now. Unbelief told me, it was not now! O the wickedness of a heart, that is but partly renewed in the image of God!

As I formerly felt, that I only wanted faith in order to be justified, so I now felt, that I only wanted faith in order to be sanctified. But I knew, every one that asketh receiveth. I therefore gave myself to prayer, nothing doubting but God would answer. For two days I prayed continually. I prayed in my shop: I prayed in the street: I prayed rising up: I prayed lying down. The Lord heard and answered me. At the end of two days, it seemed as if my strength failed me, and I could only say, "Lord, I will believe: help thou my unbelief! I was enabled, to bring the words to the present moment. I felt That Faith which bringeth salvation, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. In that moment I was as clearly saved from sin, as ever I was justified. And this blessing was bestowed upon me, only eight weeks after the former.

Surely when God gives any blessing, it is his will that we should keep it. But I did not keep this long. I fancied, because I had much love, I had much knowledge, and that therefore few could teach me. I forgot, that I had need every moment of the intercession of Christ. And I fixt my own meaning on several texts of scripture, which exposed me to a flood of enthusiasm. This brought on some loving opposition from my brethren, which was not always received in the spirit of meekness. And I sunk lower and lower, till I had no longer any pretence to perfect love. But notwithstanding my great unfaithfulness, God did not wholly withdraw himself from me. I still retained a sense of acceptance, which indeed I have not lost an hour since I first received it. But yet I sensibly felt, that it is an evil and a bitter thing, to sin against God. My natural tempers again prevailed, and I could not keep myself from idols. I was barely kept from outward sin. And this, I knew, was not by my own strength.

[To be concluded in our next.]

An

Thursday 31. Though the winds have risen high, and the waves have lifted up their voice, I see Jesus walking upon the water, and hear him say, "Peace! Be still!" O the exceeding preciousness of God in Christ! He captivates my every affection.

Tuesday, Nov. 5. Out of the depth of my poverty and vileness do I cry unto thee, O Lord! Surely never was a soul so needy! so divested of joy and comfort! Lord, thou knowest which way to make me conformable to thy death. I yield, O my God! to the painful stroke. All my desire is to be made like unto thee in all things!

[I doubt not but this pain was partly nervous, and partly diabolical.]

Thursday 7. My soul was refreshed this day with the multitude of peace. I felt the holy presence of my God and my All: and I had sweet communion with the saints, though absent in body. How thankful is the soul, after a day of trouble, for the least of these consolations!

Wednesday 20. My soul is truly penetrated with my God and my All! My heart is set free. O how shall I bless my Great Deliverer's Name!

Sunday, Dec. 1. Though secluded from public means, I feel my life is hid with Christ in God. And I feel no desire, but to be useful in my Lord's vineyard.

Monday 2. We had, at our Prayer-meeting, many feeble ones, and many notorious finners. And thanks be to God, his power was present in a most remarkable manner. Many of our souls were in an agony of prayer, and felt that nothing could stand before Faith.

Monday 9. Surely never did any one stand in more need of a present God! How was I tormented in the night with diabolical dreams? And the same have been again and again presented to me since I rose. My body is weak, my spirits faint, and I have many outward incumbrances. Satan well knows, this is his time to distress me. But getting a little time to

retire, I find my Beloved is still the same. He has condescended to meet me at his throne of love, and to check my sighs and tears.

Tuesday 24. I went to *Bath*. On the way, I was favoured with much of the divine presence. In the afternoon I was with sister *Jones*, whose feet God has set in a large room. She is the first witness here of his power to save to the uttermost. Consequently Satan stirs up all his forces against her. 'Tis pity that any of the children of God should join with him, and call her a deceiver of the people! I found two more who seem to be on the brink of liberty. May they never stop till they obtain the prize!

Tuesday 31. Amazing goodness! I am preserved to see the last day of another year. I feel that which I cannot express! A solemn awe bows my soul at Jesu's feet: and also a deeper sense of the small-advances I have made in the way of holiness. Yet, glory be to God, I do feel some increase of pure devotedness. For some time past, my soul has been filled with zeal for the Lord of Hosts. I have the cause of God more at heart than ever. If we tenderly love even a human friend, with what vehemence do we stand up for him? How earnestly then should we engage in the cause of God? O God, teach my hands to war, and my fingers to fight! And let me neither conceal, nor misemploy the talents thou hast so freely given me.

Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1772. I feel my soul solemnly engaged with the Lord this day, that I may live more than ever to his glory. I heard to-night of a dear friend being removed to paradise. A few moments more, and I shall follow her!

Tuesday 14. I still live! May I answer the great end of life! This is the perpetual desire of my soul. I find, as I improve the present grace, the Lord increases it more and more. At the beginning of our Prayer-meeting last night, my spirit was so dull and inactive, that I determined not to open my mouth. But no sooner did I break through, than the

the Lord poured down so large a shower of his grace, that we could scarce sustain the weight of glory.

Saturday, Feb. 1. O what am I, that I should be favoured more than the Son of God himself! He had not where to lay his head! And how richly hast thou provided for me! O fill my heart with gratitude!

[To be continued.]



A Short Account of JOHN WOOLLEY, who died in February 1742, aged thirteen Years and some Months.

JOHN Woolley was for some time in Mr. *Wesley's* School: but was turned out for his ill behaviour. Soon after he ran away from his parents, lurking about for several days and nights together, and hiding himself in holes and corners, that his mother might not find him. During this time he suffered both hunger and cold. Once he was three whole days without sustenance, sometimes weeping and praying by himself, and sometimes playing with other loose boys.

One night he came to the *New-Room*. Mr. *Wesley* was then speaking of disobedience to parents. He was quite confounded, and thought there never was in the world, so wicked a child as himself. He went home, and never ran away any more. His mother saw the change in his whole behaviour, but knew not the cause. He would often get up stairs by himself to prayer, and often go alone into the fields, having done with all his idle companions.

And now the devil began to set upon him with all his might, continually tempting him to self-murder. Sometimes he was vehemently prest to hang himself: sometimes to leap into the river. But this only made him the more earnest in prayer: in which, after he had been one day wrestling with God, he saw himself, he said, surrounded on a sudden with an

inexpressible light, and was so filled with joy and the love of God, that he scarce knew where he was; and with such love to all mankind, that he could have laid himself on the ground, for his worst enemies to trample upon.

From this time his father and mother were surpris'd at him; he was so diligent to help them in all things. When they went to the preaching, he was careful to give the other children their supper: and when he had put them to bed, hurried away to the Room, to light his father or mother home. Mean time, he lost no opportunity of hearing the preaching himself, or of doing any good he could, either at home or in any place where he was.

One day walking in the fields, he fell into talk with a farmer, who spoke very slightly of religion. *John* told him, he ought not to talk so; and enlarged upon that word of the apostle, (which he begged him to consider deeply) *Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.* The man was amazed; caught the child in his arms, and knew not how to part with him.

His father and mother once hearing him speak pretty loud in the next room, listened to hear what he said. He was praying thus: "Lord, I do not expect to be heard for my much speaking. Thou knowest my heart. Thou knowest my wants." He then descended to particulars. Afterwards he prayed very earnestly for his parents, and for his brothers and sisters by name: then for Mr. *John* and *Charles Wesley*, that God would set their faces as a flint, and give them to go on, conquering and to conquer: then for all the other ministers he could remember by name, and for all that were, or desired to be, true ministers of Christ.

In the beginning of his illness, his mother asked him, If he wanted any thing? He answered, "Nothing but Christ; and I am as sure of him, as if I had him already." He often said, "O mother! if all the world believed in Christ, what a happy world would it be? And they may. For Christ died for every

every foul of man. I was the worst of finners, and he died for *me*. O thou that callest the worst of finners, call me! O it is a free gift! I am sure I have done nothing to deserve it."

On *Wednesday* he said to his mother, "I am in very great trouble for my father. He has always taken an honest care of his family. But he does not know God: if he dies in the state he is in now, he cannot be saved. I have prayed for him, and will pray for him*. If God should give him true faith, and then take him to himself, do not you fear: do not you be troubled. God has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow. I will pray for him and you: and I hope we shall sing hallelujah in heaven together."

To his eldest sister he said, "Do not puff yourself up with pride. When you receive your wages, which is not much, lay it out in plain necessaries. And if you are inclined to be merry, do not sing songs: that is the devil's diversion; there are many lies and ill things in those idle songs. Do you sing psalms and hymns. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth. When you are at work, you may lift up your heart to God. And be sure never to rise or go to bed, without asking his blessing."

He added, "I shall die. But do not cry for me. Why should you cry for me? Consider what a joyful thing it is, to have a brother go to heaven. I am not a man. I am but a boy. But is it not in the bible, *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength?* I know where I am going. I would not be without this knowledge for a thousand worlds. For though I am not in heaven yet, I am as sure of it, as if I was there."

On *Wednesday* night, he wrestled much with God in prayer. At last, throwing his arms open, he cried, "Come! come, Lord Jesus! I am thine. Amen and Amen." He said, "God answers me in my heart, Be of good cheer: thou hast overcome the world:" and immediately after, that he was filled with love and joy unspeakable.

* His father died soon after.

He said to his mother, "That school was the saving of my soul; for there I began to seek the Lord. But how is it, that a person no sooner begins to seek the Lord, but *Satan* straight flirs up all his instruments against him?"

When he was in an agony of pain he cried out, "O Saviour, give me patience! Thou hast given me patience. But give me more. Give me thy love, and pain is nothing. I have deserved all this, and a thousand times more. For there is no sin but I have been guilty of."

Awhile after he said, "O mother, how is this? If a man does not do his work, the masters in the world will not pay him his wages. But it is not so with God. He gives me good wages: and yet I am sure I have nothing to gain them. O it is a free gift! It is free for every soul. For Christ has died for all."

On *Thursday* morning his mother asked him how he did? He said, "I have had much struggling to-night. But my Saviour is so loving to me, I do not mind it: it is no more than nothing to me."

Then he said, "I desire to be buried from the Room, and I desire Mr. *Wesley* would preach a sermon over me, on those words of *David* (unless he thinks any other to be more fit) *Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now I have kept thy word.*"

I asked him, how do you find yourself now? He said, "In great pain, but full of love." I asked, but does not the love of God overcome pain? He answered, "Yes; pain is nothing to me. I did sing praises to the Lord in the midst of my greatest pain: and I could not help it." I asked him, if he was willing to die? "O yes: with all my heart." I said, But if life and death were set before you, what would you choose then? He answered, "To die and to be with Christ. I long to be out of this wicked world."

On *Thursday* night he slept much sweeter than he had done for some time before. In the morning he begged to see Mr.

John

John Wesley. When Mr. *Wesley* came, after some other questions, he asked him, What he should pray for? He said, "That God would give me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me." When prayer was ended, he seemed much enlivened, and said, "I thought I should have died to-day. But I must not be in haste. I am content to stay. I will tarry the Lord's leisure."

On *Saturday*, one asked if he still chose to die? He said, "I have no will: my will is resigned to the will of God. But I shall die. Mother, be not troubled. I shall go away like a lamb."

On *Sunday* he spoke exceeding little. On *Monday* his speech began to falter. On *Tuesday* it was gone; but he was fully in his senses, almost continually lifting up his eyes to heaven. On *Wednesday*, his speech being restored, his mother said, "Jacky, you have not been with your Saviour to-night." He replied, "Yes, I have." She asked, What did he say? He answered, "He bade me not be afraid of the devil. For he had no power to hurt me at all, but I should tread him under my feet." He lay very quiet on *Wednesday* night. The next morning he spent in continual prayer: often repeating the Lord's prayer, and earnestly commending his soul into the hands of God.

He then called for his little brother and sister to kiss them; and for his mother, whom he desired to kiss him. Then (between nine and ten) he said, "Now let me kiss you:" which he did, and immediately fell asleep.



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

[Continued from page 206.]

THE *Skin*, like a curious furtout, covers the whole, formed of the most delicate net-work, whose meshes are minute, and whose threads are multiplied, even to a prodigy :

the

the meshes are so minute, that nothing passes them, which is discernible by the eye; though they discharge every moment, myriads and myriads of superfluous incumbrances. The threads are so multiplied, that neither the point of the smallest needle, nor the infinitely finer lance of a gnat; can pierce any part, without drawing blood, and causing an uneasy sensation. Consequently, without wounding, by so small a puncture, both a nerve and a vein!

But a course of incessant action must exhaust the solids and waste the fluids, and unless both are properly recruited, in a short time destroy the machine. For this reason it is furnished with the *organs*, and endued with the *powers of nutrition*: *Teeth*, the foremost, thin and sharp, to bite asunder the food; the hindermost, broad and strong, indented with small cavities, the better to grind in pieces what is transmitted to them. But in children, the formation of teeth is postponed till they have occasion for them.

Were the teeth, like other bones, covered with the periosteum, chewing would give much pain. Were they quite naked, they would soon decay and perish. To guard against both, they are overlaid with a neat *enamel*, harder than the bone itself, which gives no pain in chewing, and yet secures them from various injuries.

The *Lips* prevent the food from slipping out of the mouth, and assisted by the tongue, return it to the grinders. While they do this in concert with the cheeks, they squeeze a thin liquor from the adjacent glands. This moistens the food and prepares it for digestion. When the mouth is inactive, these are nearly closed: but when we speak or eat, their moisture being then necessary, is expressed as need requires.

But the food could not descend merely by its own weight, through a narrow and clammy passage into the stomach. Therefore to effect this, muscles both *straight* and *circular* are provided. The former enlarge the cavity, and give an easy admittance. The latter, closing behind the descending ali-
ment,

ment, prefs it downward. But before the food enters the gullet, it muſt of neceſſity paſs over the orifice of the wind-pipe : whence it is in danger of falling upon the lungs, which might occaſion inſtant death. To obviate this, a *moveable lid* is placed, which when the ſmalleſt particle advances, is pulled down and ſhut cloſe, but as ſoon as it is ſwallowed, is let looſe and ſtands open. Thus the important paſs is always made ſure againſt any noxious approaches ; yet always left free for the air, and open for reſpiration.

The food deſcending into the ſtomach is not yet ready for the bowels. Therefore that great receiver is ſtrong to bear, and proper to detain it, till it is wrought into the ſmootheſt pulp imaginable. From hence it is diſcharged by a gentle force, and paſſes gradually into the inteſtines.

Near the entrance waits the *gall-bladder*, ready to pour its ſalutary juice upon the aliment, which diſſolves any thing viſcid, ſcours the inteſtines, and keeps all the fine apertures clear. This bag, as the ſtomach fills, is preſſed thereby, and then only diſcharges its contents. It is alſo furniſhed with a valve of a very peculiar, namely, of a ſpiral form ; through which the deterſive liquid cannot haſtily pour, but muſt gently ooze. Admirable conſtruction ! which, without any care of ours, gives the needful ſupply, and no more.

The nutriment then purſues its way through the mazes of the *inteſtines* : which, by a worm-like motion protrude it, and force its ſmall particles into the *lacteal veſſels*. Theſe are a ſeries of fineſt ſtrainers, ranged in countleſs multitudes all along the ſides of the winding paſſage. Had this been ſtraight or ſhort, the food could not have reſigned a ſufficient quantity of its nouriſhing particles. Therefore it is artfully convolved and greatly extended, that whatever paſſes may be ſifted thoroughly. As the aliment proceeds, it is more and more drained of its nutritious juices. In conſequence of this, it would become hard, and pain the tender parts, but that glands are poſted in proper places, to diſcharge a lubricated fluid.

These are smaller and fewer near the stomach, because there the aliment is moist enough: whereas in the bowels remote from the stomach, they are either multiplied or enlarged.

The *Chyle* drawn off by the lacteals is carried through millions of ducts, too fine even for the microscope to discover. To this it is owing, that nothing enters the blood, but what is capable of passing through the finest vessels. It is then lodged in several commodious cells (the glands of the *Mesentery*) and there mixt with a thin diluting lymph, which makes it more apt to flow. Hence it is conveyed to the *common receptacle*, and mounts through a perpendicular tube into the left *subclavian vein*. This tube lies contiguous to the *great artery*, whose strong pulsation drives on the fluid, and enables it to ascend and unload its treasure, at the very door of the heart.

But the chyle is as yet in too crude a state, to be fit for the animal functions. Therefore it is thrown into the lungs. In the spongy cells of this amazing laboratory, it mixes with the external air, and its whole substance is made more smooth and uniform. Thus improved it enters the left ventricle of the heart, a strong, active, indefatigable muscle. The large muscles of the arm or of the thigh are soon wearied: a day's labour, or a day's journey exhausts their strength. But the Heart toils whole weeks, whole months, nay years, unwearied: is equally a stranger to intermission and fatigue. Impelled by this, part of the blood shoots upward to the head; part rolls through the whole body.

But how shall a stream divided into myriads of channels, be brought back to its source? Should any portion of it be unable to return, putrefaction, if not death, must ensue. Therefore the all-wise Creator has connected the extremities of the arteries, with the beginning of the veins: so that the same force which darts the blood through the former, helps to drive it through the latter. Thus it is re-conducted to the great cistern, and there played off afresh.

Where two opposite currents would be in danger of clashing, where the streams, from the *vena cava* and *vena ascenden* coincide, a fibrous

a fibrous excrescence interposes, which like a projecting pier, breaks the stroke of each, and throws both into their proper receptacle. Where the motion is to be speedy, the channels either forbear to wind (as in the great artery, which descends to the feet) or lessen in their dimensions, as in every interval between all the ramifications. When the progress is to be retarded, the tubes are variously convolved or their diameter contracted. Thus guarded, the living flood never discontinues its course, but night and day, whether we sleep or wake, still perseveres to run briskly through the arteries, and return softly through the veins.

But farther. The great Creator has made us an invaluable present of the senses, to be the inlets of innumerable pleasures, and the means of the most valuable advantages.

The *Eye*, in its elevated station, commands the most enlarged prospects. Consisting only of fluids, inclosed within coats, it shews us all the graces and glories of Nature. How wonderful, that an image of the hugest mountains, and the widest landscapes, should enter the small pupil! that the rays of light should paint on the optic nerve, paint in an instant of time, paint in their truest colours, and exactest lineaments, every species of external objects!

The *Eye* is so tender, that the slightest touch might injure its delicate frame. It is guarded therefore with peculiar care, intrenched deep, and barricaded round with bones. As the smallest fly might incommode its polished surface, it is farther protected by two substantial *curtains*. In sleep, when there is no occasion for the sense, but a necessity to guard the organ, these curtains close of their own accord. At any time they fly together as quick as thought. They are lined with an extreme fine sponge, moist with its own dew. Its bristly palifades keep out the least mote, and moderate the too strong impressions of the light.

As in our waking hours we have almost incessant need for these little orbs, they run upon the finest castors, rolling every

way with the utmost ease: which circumstance, added to the flexibility of the neck, renders our two eyes as useful as a thousand.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THOUGHTS *upon* JACOB BEHMEN.

[*By the Rev. Mr. Wesley.*]

I Have considered the Memoirs of *Jacob Behmen*, of which I will speak very freely.

I believe he was a good man. But I see nothing extraordinary either in his life or in his death. I have known many both men and women, who were far more exemplary in their lives, and far more honoured of God in their death.

I allow he wrote many Truths: but none that would have appeared at all extraordinary, had he thrown aside his hard words, and used plain and common language.

What some seem most to admire in his Writings, is what I most object to: I mean, his *Philosophy*, and his *Phraseology*. These are really *his own*: and these are quite *new*: therefore they are quite wrong.

I totally object to his blending Religion with Philosophy: and as vain a Philosophy as ever existed: crude, indigested; supported neither by Scripture nor Reason: nor any thing but his own *ipse dixit*.

I grant, Mr. *Law*, by taking immense pains, has licked it into some shape. And he has made it hang tolerably together. But still it admits of no manner of proof.

And

And all he writes concerning Religion is what very many have said before him; and in a far better manner.

To his whole Scheme I object,

1. The whole foundation of it is wrong: the very attempt to explain Religion, which is the most simple thing in the world, by an abstruse, complicated, philosophical Theory, is the most absurd thing that can be conceived.

I pray, consider but one argument against it. Either St. Paul and St. John knew this Theory, or they did not. Mr. Law supposes, they did not know it: but that Jacob knew more than them both. I verily think, this needs no confutation. Let him believe it that can. But if they did know it, how did they dare to conceal any part of the counsel of God?

Upon the Theory itself I shall only repeat a very little of what I observed in my printed Letter to Mr. Law, p. 8, &c.

“All that can be conceived (says Mr. Law, quoting from Jacob) is God, or Nature, or Creature.”

Is Nature created or not created? It must be one or the other; for there is no medium. If not created, it is God. If created, is it not a Creature? How then can these be three, God, Nature, and Creature? Since Nature must coincide either with God or Creature.

“Nature is in itself a hungry, wrathful fire of life. Nature is and can be only a Desire. Desire is the very Being of Nature.” “Nature is only a Desire, because it is for the sake of something else! Nature is only a Torment; because it cannot help itself to what it wants.”

Shame to human Understanding! That any man should fall in love with such stark, staring nonsense as this!

“Nature as well as God is antecedent to all Creature. There is an eternal Nature, as universal and as unlimited as God.” Is then Nature God? Or, are there two Eternal, Universal, Infinite Beings?

“Nothing is before Eternal Nature, but God.” Nothing but! Is any thing before that which is Eternal?

“Nature,

“*Nature, and Darknefs, and Self, are but three different expreffions for one and the fame thing.*” “*Nature has all Evil and no Evil in it.*”

“*Nature has feven chief Properties, and can have neither more nor lefs, becaufe it is a Birth from the Deity in Nature.*” (Is *Nature a Birth from the Deity in Nature?* Is not this a flat contradiction?) “*For God is triune, and Nature is triune:*” (Nature triune! Prove it who can.) “*And hence arife Properties, three and three.*” (Why not four and four?) “*And that which brings thefe three and three into union is another property.*” Sublime jargon!

“*The three firft properties of Nature are the whole effence of that Defire, which is, and is called Nature.*” A part of its properties are the *whole effence* of it! Flat contradiction again!

“*The three firft Properties of Nature are, Attraction, Refiftence, and Whirling.* In thefe three Properties of the *Defire*, you fee the reason of the three great laws of Matter and Motion.”

How does it appear, that thefe are any of the Properties of *Nature*, if you mean by *Nature* any thing diftinct from *Matter*? And how are they Properties of *Defire*?

“*The fourth Property is Fire: the fifth, the form of Light and Love:*” (what is the *form of Love?* And are Light and Love the fame thing?) “*The fixth, Sound or Understanding,*” (the fame thing doubtlefs!) “*The feventh, a Life of triumphing Joy.*” Is then a *Life of triumphing Joy*, “that which brings the three and three Properties into union?” If fo, how is it, “the *refult* of that union?”

Once more. “*Attraction is an inceffant working of three contrary Properties, Drawing, Refifting, and Whirling.*” That is, in plain terms, “*Drawing is inceffant Drawing, Refiftence and Whirling.*”

Such is the *Philofophy* which *Jacob* received by *immediate Infpiration!* (to mention only the firft Principles of it.) And by which he is to explain all Religion, and the whole Revelation of God!

I. As to his Divinity, I object, first, to the very design of explaining Religion by any Philosophy whatever. The Scripture gives us no direction, no, nor any permission so to do. I object much more, to the execution of his design: the attempting to explain it by that base, unmeaning, self-contradictory jargon, which is as far remote from all true, genuine Philosophy, as it is from the Scripture itself.

II. But be the foundation as it may, he builds no superstructure upon it, but what we knew before, either with regard to Internal or External Holiness. We knew before, *Neither Circumcision availeth any thing, nor Uncircumcision, but Faith that worketh by Love.* And what does he teach us by all his hard, uncouth words, more than this plain truth?

We knew before, that we *must be born again*; inwardly changed from all evil tempers to all good; from an *earthly, sensual, devilish mind, to the mind that was in Christ Jesus.* And what more does he teach us on this head, by all his vain, precarious, mystical Philosophy?

We knew before, that *the loving God with all our heart, and the loving our neighbour as ourselves, is the fulfilling of the law, the end of the commandment, the sum of all Religion.* And what has he told us more than this, in all his nineteen volumes?

We knew before, that the whole of Religion is, a heart and life totally devoted to God. Has he told us, or can he tell us any thing more? No, nor all the Angels in heaven.

We knew before, that the *foundation* and the *superstructure* of Religion are comprised in those words, *We love him, because he first loved us.* Does he teach us any thing higher or deeper? In a word, Does he teach any single point either of inward, or outward holiness, which we did not know before? If he does, what is it? I cannot find out one in all his writings.

III. But if his matter is not new, if this is nothing uncommon, his manner of speaking is new indeed! His language is
utterly

utterly new: it was never used since the world began. And this is the very reason, for which he is so admired. Because he *speaks* (which cannot be denied) as never man spake. Indeed I hardly know, for which he is most admired, the *novelty*, or the *obscurity* of his *language*.

But I cannot admire it at all: because it is quite unscriptural. There is no trace of it to be found in any part either of the Old or New Testament. Therefore I cannot reconcile it to that express command, *If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God*.

I cannot admire it, because, secondly, it is *barbarous* in the highest degree: whatever is peculiar in his Phraseology, is not authorized by any good Writer whatever. It is queerness itself. It is mere Dog-Latin. It is an insult upon the Ear and the Understanding of all mankind.

One allows, "None can understand it without much pains; perhaps not without reading him thrice over." I would not read him thrice over on any consideration. 1. Because it would be enough to crack any man's brain to brood so long over such unintelligible nonsense; and 2. Because such a waste of time, might provoke God to give me up to a strong delusion, to believe a lie.

But I doubt, whether any man understands it at all. For it is so dark and indeterminate, that I have not found any two persons in *England*, who understand it alike. I thought; if any man living understood *Behmen*, Mr. *Law* did. "No (says one who has been studying him these forty years) Mr. *Law* never understood a page of him."

IV. The whole of *Behmenism*, including both phrase and sense, is useless. It stuns and astonishes its admirers. It fills their heads; but it does not change their hearts. It makes no eminent Christians. For many years I have diligently enquired, concerning the Grand patrons of it. And I have found none of them who were burning and shining Lights; none who adorned the Doctrine of *God* our Saviour.

V. But

V. But it is not barely ufelefs: it is *mifchievous*: and that in a high degree. For it ftrikes at the root of both Internal and External Religion, (fuppofe Mr. *Law* understood it) by fapping the foundation of Juftification by Faith. For *Jacob* affirms, “ God was never angry at Sinners.” But if fo, he was never reconciled to them. His wrath was never turned away, if it never exifted. And admitting this, there is no place for Juftification: nor confequently, for faith in a pardoning God, which is the root of both Inward and Outward Holinefs.

More particularly it ftrikes at the root of *humility*, tending to make men admire themfelves, and defpife others. Never was a more melancholy proof of this than Mr. *Law*, who ferioufly believed himfelf the moft knowing man in the kingdom, and defpifed all that contradicted him, even in the tendereft manner, as the mire in the ftreets. It ftrikes at the root of *charity*, infpiring into its ftrictest votaries deep *cenforiofnefs* toward the world in general, and an inexpressible *bitternefs* toward all who do not receive their new Apoftle. This may be obferved, in all the Authors of the Memoirs, though, in other refpects, good men: and in all I have converfed with in my life who were thorough *Behmenifts*.

Above all, it ftrikes at the root of *External Religion*, by deftroying zeal for good works: by laying little ftreffes on either works of Piety or Mercy, and ftill lefs, upon Christian Society: it particularly tends to make all men of fenfe and learning bury their talent in the earth, the natural effect of continually declaiming, in a loofe and indifcriminate manner, againft Reason and Learning.

It ftrikes at the root of *all revealed Religion*, by making men think meanly of the Bible: a natural effect of thinking *Behmen* more highly illuminated than any or all of the Apoftles. So Mr. *S.* frankly acknowledged, “ While I admired him, I thought St. *Paul* and St. *John* very mean writers.”

God is not one afar off,—whom we cannot know, or be acquainted with: but the nearest of all; and who created us, to be the dwelling-place of the most High.

To believe in God, is not barely to conceive he made the world, preserves and governs all things; but to know he formed us in his own image, and designed us for communion with himself: that he is the soul of our soul, the one eternal good, and centre of all bliss, now and for ever: that he delights in bestowing benefits,—His favour constitutes all our happiness, and that heaven is no heaven without his likeness in the soul, and himself eternally present with us.

Faith in Christ, is not only to believe, that he who is one with God, took our nature, died, and rose again; but that this was all for *us*,—for our present and eternal good.

The life of Jesus is all purity: our pattern of lowliness and patience. *He fulfilled all Righteousness.* And so far as the fruit is holiness, we are partakers of Christ, and the end is eternal life. *If we suffer with him, we shall reign with him. If we deny ourselves, and bear his cross, we are his disciples.*

The death of the Son of God cancels sin; and by dying with him, he removes all things that hinder our conformity to his will. We unite with him in what he has done, or commands us to do for his sake. We are one spirit with our living Head; and fall and rise with him into the heights and depths of *Love that passeth knowledge.*

His resurrection completes the virtue of his sufferings, gives energy to all he became for man, and calls us to rise to a life of righteousness.

He ascended into heaven, sits at the right hand of God, intercedes for us, will come in the clouds of heaven to judge the quick and dead, condemn the wicked, and reward the righteous with endless glory.

Jesus is supreme Jehovah, who *laid the foundation of the earth*; but *took upon him the form of a servant, and became obedient to the death of the cross.* The infinite mind of God

only

only can tell the benefits of his whole life and death. He executed an office, and performed a glorious part that extended its efficacy to all persons, diffused a saving virtue over every station, and profited every duty, and circumstance of life.

He is Lord of heaven and earth. His *kingdom is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*. He reigns in his people over sin and Satan, writes his law in their hearts, offers mercy to all; multiplies grace to the faithful, is a perfect Saviour, Redeemer, Mediator, Purifier,—our atonement, strength, light, life, peace,—the only door to enter by: all that fallen nature requires: all sufficient to restore what was lost in Adam. By him, and for his sake, is the whole of our salvation. All is of grace, through faith in Christ. We are washed in his blood, receive his holy Spirit, and through him our persons and sacrifices are accepted.

To believe in the Holy Ghost, is not only to acknowledge he is God, in one undivided JEHOVAH, of Father, Son, and Spirit; but that he bears an office for our salvation, and is a present, and almighty helper. By him, Christ is formed *in us the hope of glory*. He quickens, enlightens, and brings the things of Christ home to us, and makes the promises our own. He is a Paraclete; one that comforts, and intercedes in us:—the great Promise of the Father: a Gift that is all blessings in one,—in time and eternity.

When the Spirit of God makes effectual to the soul what Christ has done, our faith has saved us, and we go in peace. But till then, the Deliverer is not come, and our sins are not blotted out.

By the influences of this almighty Spirit, sin is subdued in the hearts of them who are *justified by faith*. They *have peace with God, are renewed in righteousness, after his image, and have fellowship with the Father and Son: as God hath said, —I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.*

To all who read these Lines, the Author wishes Faith, in Christ—the Peace of God—Communion with the Holy Spirit—Obedience to the Commandment—Perseverance to the end—and a Right to the Tree of Life.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CLXII.

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

April 6, 1761.

Dear Sir,

I Have a great desire to inform you, as I am able, of the particular instances of the love and power of God, as they are at present manifested among us. The Saturday before you left us, while we were at prayer at Mr. *Jay's*, Mrs. *Jay* cried out, "Pray for my dear Mrs. *Cayley*." They did so. At the same time she was at home pleading with God for a clean heart, till he spoke to her with power, *Thou art all fair: there is no spot in thee*. She then believed. Yet in the evening, she said with tears, "God offered me the blessing, but I let it go. I cannot believe." I told her the fight I had had to believe and hold fast my confidence. This comforted her much. The next day she was more confirmed; and on Monday the Lord told her, "I have made thee a pillar in the temple of thy God." And though Satan still strove hard, accusing and afflicting her, the Lord shone on her soul more and more, and her peace now flows as a river.

The Sunday after you went, Mr. *M.* preached at *Spittlefields*. After the sermon, the power of God was very present. Many were groaning and weeping before the Lord, when *Sarah*

Webb,

Webb, falling down to the ground, cried aloud, declaring that God had set her foul at liberty. At the same time, one at the bottom of the Chapel declared, The Lord had made him whole. The flame now began to spread, and every one seemed to feel, God was in that place. Fourteen or fifteen persons desired in the evening to give God thanks, for the blessings they then received.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R CLXIII.

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

July 23, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

I Had convictions from five years old, and many sweet drawings from God as my years increased. But it was on Nov. 5, 1756, that by hearing a sermon of Mr. *Whitefield's*, I was awakened to see my lost estate, and began earnestly to seek for redemption. My convictions increased by hearing Mr. *Charles Wesley*, and I was quite miserable for want of Christ: till he preached Sept. 29, 1757, on those words, *I will not let thee go except thou bless me*. That very day, after I had long wrestled with God in prayer, about ten in the evening, as I was on my knees, God manifested his love, and enabled me to believe in Christ. About ten days after, God gave me a clearer witness of my pardon: and about a fortnight after that, as I was at prayer, God did indeed fill my soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I was carried on thus for about a twelvemonth, being almost a stranger to sin and temptation. In the year 1759, I heard deliverance from sin preached. But it was not become burdensome to *me*, to make me heartily wish for that deliverance. I came by degrees to see my want of a new heart, though not how it was to be attained. At times my corruptions were very grievous to me; though

though from the time of my being justified, I never lost my sense of the favour of God for more than twenty four hours. Mr. *Berridge's* preaching helped me much. At the Love-feast, after he had declared his experience, several of our brethren declared theirs, and clearly pointed out the way to full salvation. My soul was broken in pieces. I went home as fast as I could, and sought a place to vent my tears and cries; and resolved, I would never leave the Lord, till he gave me a clean heart. I saw that all I wanted was faith: and this I trusted, God would give me. One night, as two or three of us were praying together, the power of God came so upon me, that all my strength was taken away, and I seemed like a woman in travail. And many promises were applied to my soul: but I let them go again.

The last sermon you preached before you went out of town, was a great blessing to me. The Lord again brought the promises very nigh; yet I could not hold them fast. On Monday morning I felt inward sin tear me like a lion. I went out of my house, angry with my wife, and groaned before the Lord. While I was gone, she wrestled with God in prayer, with many tears, and opened "the Golden Treasury" on those words, "*Weep not: behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of Jesse hath prevailed.* He rose triumphantly and destroyed the work of the devil. Therefore sin shall not have dominion over you." Immediately her tears were turned into tears of joy. When I came home, she shewed me the words. God applied them to my soul also, and melted it into love. Now, said I, let us go to prayer, that God would remove this bent to backsliding from us. God again brought the promises very nigh; but I could not hold them. While I was on my knees, it came into my mind, to go to Mr. *Guilford's* and pray with him. I ran away immediately. But in the way I was sorely tempted with blasphemous thoughts. I found him and his wife, and two more with them, that the Lord had blest there. I told him freely the
cause

cause of my coming. He began wrestling with God in prayer for me. Quickly the power of God came upon me, so that I expected to swoon away every moment. Yet I felt, I could not believe. My soul was in such an agony as cannot be described, while we all prayed by turns for three hours. Many promises now came into my mind: but with many temptations, doubts and fears, and innumerable reasons continually suggested, why I should not take them to myself. At last I resolved at all hazards to believe, and rose from prayer easy and happy. I came home much composed, and all night the Lord comforted me. I told my wife, who was very happy too, I knew God had changed me, and I believed, he had taken away the heart of stone. The next day Mr. *Biggs* came to see us. We prayed together, and such a spirit of prayer was given me, with such boldness of faith, as I never experienced before. My wife was now enabled clearly to believe; so we praised God together. O what extasies of love did my soul experience! My first love, in my justification, (which I then thought nothing could exceed) was little, compared to this. I was every moment in the dust before the Lord, and did indeed enjoy heaven upon earth. Yet I soon found, there is no state on this side the grave, exempted from suffering. I wrestled (not indeed against flesh and blood, but) against principalities and powers. And many times my soul has been sorely distressed by the wiles of Satan, so that for a time I knew not where I was, nor what state I was in. Many times I have been on the very point of giving all over for lost, till the Lord again spoke in my soul, and answered for himself.

I find at present I have, as it were, every thing to learn: I feel myself to be nothing, yea, less than nothing in the presence of God. Every day I come infinitely short of what I ought to be. I am astonished at the goodness of God to me! Methinks I am all imperfections. But glory be to my Lord, I am a stranger to guilt: his precious blood is

upon me every moment. I am now learning to live the life of faith: and indeed it is a delightful lesson.

Whether I am wholly saved from sin or no, that I cannot determine. But I am from all guilt: and so is my wife. Yet how foolish am I! how weak! how blind! O pray for me, that my faith fail not, and that I may endure to the end!

I am, Rev. Sir, your's, &c.

J. D.

L E T T E R CLXIV.

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

Sept. 30, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

ON Sept. 14, 1750, I heard Mr. *Larwood* preach at *Acomb*. By this means my Understanding was something enlightened. In November I was convinced of Unbelief. I continued seeking the Lord till May 22, 1752, when after hearing a sermon on the Almost Christian, I went home in utter despair. I attempted to pray, but could not. I then cried out in anguish of spirit, "What must I do?" When to my great surprise, I felt those words applied, "Believe and thou shalt be saved." Immediately I was filled with love and peace. But my simple heart was soon beguiled. For being ignorant of Satan's devices, I was drawn into a snare, of which I had not once thought myself in danger. My old tempers began to revive, and gained such advantage over me, that I not only lost my love and joy, but even my confidence in God. Yet I was preserved through fire and water, till the year 1755, when I heard of some who professed to be saved from sin. One of these being my intimate friend, I undertook to convince him of his mistake. But he convinced me, and I began

with all diligence to fight against all sin. This I continued till September 1758. I then gave up the contest, having lost all hope, and being worn out with fatigue both of body and mind. I fell asleep one night under painful apprehensions of waking in hell, not from a sense of the wrath of God, but from a deep sense of my unfitness for the kingdom of heaven. I awoke in the morning with those words, *I have set thee as a seal upon my arm.* I could then, and not till then, rejoice in hope. And from this time I could sensibly feel grace conquer sin, till my soul was emptied of every thing contrary to love. I could no longer resist the will of God, but solemnly gave myself up to him. Yet for some time all the evidence I could produce, arose from the nature of the change. But all this time I found the want of a clear and *direct* witness. For although I was *rationally* persuaded the work was done, yet being liable to many suggestions of the enemy, a kind of heaviness, which I could not avoid, often fell upon my mind. Whereupon I cried to God for a *direct* witness, which I received about Feb. 1759. And this I have never lost, but can acknowledge, to the glory of God, it is as clear now as at the first. I know not how to describe the difference between the witness and the work itself: but this I know; many, in whom we believe the work is wrought, are often in doubt concerning it: whereas the testimony of the spirit enables the soul to rise superior to these doubtful disputations, which sometimes hinder the progress of those who are really saved from sin.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your's affectionately,

H. H—n.

P O E T R Y.

A MEDITATION for PASSION WEEK.

[By Dr. Byron.]

BEHOLD the tender love of God!—behold
 The Shepherd dying to redeem his Fold!
 Who can declare it?—worthy to be known—
 What tongue can speak it worthily?—His own.
 From his own sacred lips the theme began,
 The glorious gospel of God's love to man.

So great, so boundless was it, that he gave
 His only Son—and for what end? To save;
 Not to condemn; if men reject the light,
 They of themselves, condemn themselves to night.
 God, in his Son, seeks only to display,
 In every heart an everlasting day.

God hath revealèd to us, says holy *Paul*,
 While we were sinners, Jesus dièd for all:
Peter, that God's all-gracious aim is this,
 By *Christ* to call us to eternal bliss:
 Of all the inspirèd, to understand the view,
 Love is the Text—and Love the Comment too.

The ground to build all Faith, and Works upon;
 For *God is Love*—says the beloved *John*—
 Short word—but meaning infinitely wide,
 Including all that can be said beside:
 Including all the joyful Truths above,
 The power of eloquence—~~for~~ *God is Love*.

Think on the proof, that *John* from Jesus learnèd;
 In this was God's amazing love discernèd:

Because

Because he sent his Son to us, that we
 Might live through him—how plain is it to see
 That, if in this, in every other Fact,
 Where God is Agent, Love is in the Act.

Essential Character, (whatever word
 Of different found in Scripture has occurred,)
 Of all that is ascribed to God; of all
 That can by his immediate Will befall;
 The Sun's bright orb may lose its shining flame,
 But Love remains unchangeably the same.

FROM THE OLNEY COLLECTION.

Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings iii. 5.

SINCE 'tis the Lord's command,
 My mouth I open wide;
 Lord open thou thy bounteous hand,
 That I may be supplied.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy preference and thy love;
 I ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,
 Conform my will to thine;
 Let me victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

If thou these blessings give,
 And wilt my portion be;
 Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
 To them who know not thee.

ODE IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

[By *John Scymour, Esq.*]

HOW blest is he who, far from noise,
 In rural scenes content enjoys !
 His chearful hours unruffled glide,
 Not stained with avarice or pride.

A stranger to the modish town,
 Its midnight revels, noontide down;
 In easy sleep he wastes the night,
 And rises with the dawning light.

When groves exclude the genial ray,
 The warmer plains invite his way :
 When plains expose to sultry heat,
 The groves afford a cool retreat.

Taught by the warbling birds to praise,
 Blest is the man who tunes his lays ;
 Who leaves like them, all meaner views,
 And nature's sacred call pursues.

While various blessings joy bestow,
 He sings the source from whence they flow ;
 Which decks with flowers the fragrant fields,
 And plenty's golden promise yields.

Or thanks the bounteous hand that gave,
 To quench his thirst, the crystal wave ;
 And yearly hangs the bending trees,
 With fruits that blooming, tempt to seize.

Where'er he turns, still something new
 Engages his admiring yiew :
 Nor ends his strain till day retires,
 And that, returned, again inspires.

*A VERSION of the First Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to
the HEBREWS.*

HEAVEN's awful Monarch, who in times of old,
 Bade the Prophetic Seers his will unfold;
 Hath to these days a greater Teacher shown,
 Confessed in human flesh the Eternal Son :
 Whom, ere the heavens or their bright host were framéd,
 Or ere the morning stars with radiance flaméd ;
 He did by infinite decree appoint
 Him Heir; and universal King anoint :
 Image exprefs of Majesty divine !
 Where all the glories of the Father shine :
 What time, for human sin, from heavén revealéd,
 Our pardon with his precious blood was sealéd ;
 Triumphantly returning, he sat down
 On the right-hand of God's exalted throne ;
 Bearing our nature to that glorious feat,
 Above the Hiérarchies supremely great ;
 By merit more than birth-right worthy deeméd,
 That high pre-eminence : —————
 For unto which of all the sons of light,
 Spoke thus the Eternal in his boundless might ;
 Thou art my Son,—this day begotten,—Lo !
 Before thy footstool shall the nations bow ;
 Yet, yet again the awful sounds descend,
 Let all the powers of heavén in homage bend :
 Because thy heart, by wisdom led, approvéd
 The righteous paths, nor e'er with sinners rovéd ;
 Therefore hath God the oil of gladness shed,
 And o'er thy equals raiséd thy sacred head :
 The heavens, and earth, and all the starry frame,
 To thee their Author yield immortal fame !

The heavens, and earth, and all the starry frame,
 Shall melt away—but thou remainest the same :
 They as a fretted garment shall decay,
 And as a scroll waste in the fire away ;
 But no cessation can thy blessing see,
 Thyself the bound of all Eternity.

W I S E E P I C U R I S M.

LIVE while you live, the Epicure would say,
 And seize the pleasures of the present day :
 Live while you live, the sacred Preacher cries ;
 And give to God each moment as it flies.
 Lord, in my views may both united be,
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

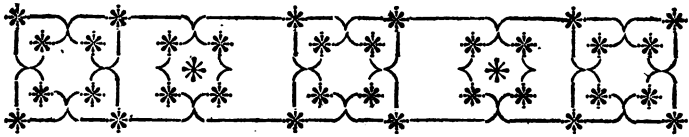
S H O R T H Y M N S.

Matt. vii. xxv. *It fell not, for it was founded upon a Rock.*

LET the rain descend, the flood
 And vehement winds assail,
 Built on the eternal God,
 The house can never fail :
 Built on *Christ*, the Rock, it stands :
 Stablished in obedience sure,
 Man who keeps his God's commands,
 Shall as his God endure.

Matt. x. 30. *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

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



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For J U N E 1781.



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

D I A L O G U E I.

[Continued from page 238.]

Fred. **N**OW tell me, Lewis, if God has created some men unto punishment, why has he created them to it?

Lewis. That God himself might be glorified in punishing them. *Fred.* What perfection will he be glorified for?

Lewis. For his Justice. Because he punishes the wicked.

Fred. And who are to glorify him? *Lewis.* Men. As to what concerns himself, he was glorious in himself from all eternity, even before men were created; nor did he stand in

N n

need

need of such punishments to add to his glory. *Fred.* But he would have obtained this glory from men much easier and better, if he had created them with a free will; not purposely to sin, but able to sin if they would. They would then appear to be punished justly, as they had sinned freely. But now, if he has created men to sin, yea, and makes them sin, he cannot expect to receive any glory from man, by their punishment. *Lewis.* Why not? *Fred.* Because no man comprehends that Justice, as you yourself acknowledged before. But the Justice of God must be known, or it cannot be glorified. Accordingly, *St. Paul* reproveth men on this very account, because *When they knew God, they did not glorify him as God.* This *Moses* saw, while he pleaded, *When the Egyptians and the other nations shall see this, they will say, Because thou couldst not bring them into the promised land, thou didst destroy them in the wilderness.* And God himself saw it, when he said, *Verily I would have taken away the very memory of them, from among men, but that I feared lest their adversaries would have ascribed the whole, to their strength, and not unto the Lord.* You see it is the will of God, that his glory should appear even to wicked men, much more to the righteous. But that Justice you speak of, is utterly incomprehensible to good, as well as bad men. What, if it is not justice? What if this which you call Justice, is the highest injustice? *Lewis.* How so? *Fred.* I will tell you. But attend diligently: and do not reject what I say, till you hear it out.

Will you allow, that we are to judge of the Justice of God, in the same manner as we do of the Justice of men? *Lewis.* I allow it. *Fred.* And you allow that Justice is justice in itself, and cannot but be Justice; as Light cannot but be light, and Heat cannot but be heat? *Lewis.* I allow this too. *Fred.* Now let us come to the point. If your father, being about to beget you, had decreed, "I will beget a son, on purpose to kill him. And that I may find an occasion for it, I will beget him without any feet. Then I will command
him

him to walk: and because he does not walk I will kill him:” would not you say, your father was unjust toward you? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* What if God had so created you that you could not act well: then commanded you to act well; and because you did not, destroyed you; would he not be unjust toward you? Would it not have been the same, as if he had commanded you to walk, when he had given you no feet? *Lewis.* Nay: but we answer, The will of God is the supreme law of Justice, so that whatever he wills is just, because he wills it. Therefore if he wills to damn any one, who not only has not sinned, but has not as yet any being, it is just. *Fred.* This is not to defend the Justice of God, but to charge him with injustice, and then to call it Justice: as if God held in his hand an uneven pair of scales, and yet you said, it was even because he willed it so. Not so: the will of God is not the rule of his Justice, (as some speak more plausibly than truly.) But his Justice is the rule of his will. Nor is any thing just, because God wills it; but he wills what is so. For Justice is as it were, the level, the rule, the scales by which all things are to be directed and weighed. God shews this, when he says to *Ezekiel*, *Thy people say, My ways are not equal; whereas their ways are not equal. If the righteous turneth from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, he shall die. Again, if the wicked turneth from his wickedness, and doth that which is lawful and right, he shall live.* Hence, you see, that he should die who turned from his righteousness is not therefore just, because God wills it, but God wills it on that very account, because it is just.

I say the same of that place, where *Abraham* intercedes for *Sodom*, asking, *If thou findest some righteous there, wilt thou destroy the city? Shall not the judge of the whole earth do right?* God does not answer, whatever I will is right. But if there be *ten righteous men found in it, I will not destroy it:* which is the same as if he had said, “I will what is right.”

Now, will you fly to that subterfuge, that the Justice of God is incomprehensible to us? I know the judgments of

God, and many of his ways are so. Why he chose *Abraham* and the *Israelites*, rather than any other nation; why he did this neither sooner nor later, and a thousand other things, we know not. But as to Justice, punitive Justice in particular, we know it as well as we know the straightness or crookedness of a rule. And that two ways: first by our natural Reason, which teaches, that none ought to be punished but he that has sinned? Then, by the word of God, which forbids to punish the innocent.

Lewis. But wicked men, we say, are punished for their sins.

Fred. You must say so; because the scripture says it so often: but your doctrine says the contrary. For do not you say, that the wicked were created, not only to punishment, but also to the cause of punishment, namely to sin? *Lewis.* So our Writers speak. *Fred.* Then sin is derived from creation.

Lewis. They say, No; but from the sinner himself. *Fred.*

They assert contradictions. Whence is the flying of Birds derived? Is it not from their creation, because they are created to fly? *Lewis.* It is. *Fred.* If man then is created

to sin, must not his sin be derived from his creation? *Lewis.*

It seems so. *Fred.* Sin itself then is a punishment; for it is an evil thing. *Lewis.* It is so. *Fred.* And what will sin

be the punishment of? For should you say that it is the punishment of another sin, (as, according to *St. Paul*, the obduracy and proneness of men to all wickedness, is the punishment and reward of their ingratitude; because when they knew God, they did not honour him as they ought to have done) you would gain nothing. I will therefore return back to the first sin, and ask, what sin was this first sin the punishment of? If you say that the first sin was not the punishment of any other, you must confess it had its origin either from God's creation, or from some other cause. If you maintain the latter, it follows that man was not created to sin, and consequently not to punishment; because punishment is inflicted on account of sin. And if you say, from God's creation, it follows that

God

God acts against his own Law, by inflicting punishment (that is to say, the first sin) on a man who did not deserve it. For man had never sinned before the first sin.

And if it be so, pray how shall God judge the world? He will say to the wicked, I suppose, among other things, "Ye shall be condemned, because ye have condemned the innocent." And what, may we suppose, will the wicked return to this? Why they will say, "O God, thou hast enjoined us to imitate thee; yet thou hast condemned us when innocent; for we could not have sinned before we existed, and thou didst condemn us before we existed! Nor hast thou found in us any reason for damnation; for what reason can there be in that which is not? or what has he done who has done nothing? What do you say, Lewis? *Lewis.* That your arguments convince me. But I pray you, explain that saying of *Solomon*; "The Lord hath made all things for himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." *Fred.* But *Moses* says, "God saw every thing he had made, and behold it was very good." No mention is made here of any thing evil or wicked. Again, "The Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden to dress it and to keep it." *Lewis.* How then shall we make these Writers agree? *Fred.* Very easily. God punishes the wicked for their sins, and in *so doing*, he obtains the praise of his Justice. Hence he is said to have created them to punishment. Not that he created (I shall not say, *the wicked*, for the wicked are evil, and all that God created was very good; but) *men* with that intent; but it proved to be the event. And do not think this manner of speaking unusual; the holy Writers often express themselves in the same way. "Woe is me, my mother," says *Jeremiah*, "that thou hast borne me a man of strife, and a man of contention to the whole earth." Do you think it was the intention of *Jeremiah's* mother, when she conceived him, to bring him forth to strife and contention? *Lewis.* By no means. *Fred.* *Jeremiah* speaks then of the event, and not of the intention. And so does *Isaiah*, when

he says, (xxiii. 13,) "Behold the land of the *Chaldeans*; the *Affyrian* founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness." And yet the *Affyrians* did not build *Babylon* with an intent that those of the wilderness should inhabit it; but the event was such. And *Hosea*, (viii. 4,) "Of their silver and their gold have they made them idols, that they may be cut off." They did not make them with an intention that they might be cut off; but so it happened. *St. Paul* likewise says, (1 Cor. xi. 34,) "Lest ye come together to condemnation;" that is, lest you incur punishment thereby. And further, "The law entered, that the offence might abound," (Rom. v. 20.) Not because this was the end of the law, for he says, soon after, that "The commandment was ordained for life;" (Rom. vii. 10,) but because it was the effect. Many similar expressions are to be found in scripture. And to compleat the whole in a few words, God positively declares that he had brought the children of *Israel* out of the land of *Egypt*, to bring them into the Land of Promise; which the *Israelites* denied to be his intention, saying he had done it that they might perish in the wilderness. At which impiety God being exasperated, swore it should happen as they said, although he had brought them out with a different intention. Thus it came to pass, through their evil disposition and false construction, that an event which was intended to prove a kind one, proved, on the contrary, a sad one: and that those very people who were brought out, to be introduced into a land of happiness, died in the wilderness.

[*To be continued.*]

ON P O P E R Y.

[Two Letters to the EDITORS of the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.]

To the R E A D E R.

SEVERAL months since, Father *O'Leary*, a Capuchin-Friar, in *Dublin*, published Remarks on a Letter in the *Freeman's Journal*. [Which was inserted in the last Month's Magazine.] As soon as these were sent to me, I published a Reply in the same Paper. When I read more of his Remarks, printed in five succeeding Journals, I wrote a second Reply, but did not think it worth while to follow, step by step, so wild, and rambling a writer.

Mr. *O'Leary* has now put his Six Letters into One, which are reprinted in London, with this title, "Mr. *O'Leary's* Remarks on the Rev. Mr. *W's* Letters in defence of the Protestant Associations in England: to which are prefixed Mr. *Wesley's* Letters."

Is it by negligence or by design, that there are so many mistakes even in a title-page?

1. "To which are prefixed Mr. *W's* Letters." No: the Second of those Letters is not mine. I never saw it before.

2. But where are the two Letters published in the *Freeman's Journal*? Why is a *spurious* letter palmed upon us, and the genuine ones suppressed?

3. "Letters in defence of the Protestant Associations in England."—Hold! In my first Letter I have only three lines in defence of a tract published in London. But I have not one line "in defence of the Associations," either in London or elsewhere.

If Mr. *O'Leary* will seriously answer the two following Letters, he may expect a serious Reply. But if he has only drollery and low wit to oppose to Argument, I shall concern myself no further about him.

London, Dec. 29, 1780.

L E T T E R I.

Gentlemen,

1. **M**R. *O'Leary* does well to entitle his Paper, *Remarks*; as that word may mean any thing or nothing; but it is no more an Answer to my letter, than to the *Bull unigenitus*. He likewise does wisely in prefacing his Remarks with so handsome a compliment: this may naturally incline you to think well of his judgment, which is no small point gained.

2. His manner of writing is easy and pleasant; but might it not as well be more serious? The subject we are treating of is not a light one; it moves me to tears, rather than to laughter. I plead for the safety of my country; yea, for the children that are yet unborn. "But cannot your country be safe, unless the Roman Catholics are persecuted for their religion?" Hold! Religion is out of the question; but I would not have them persecuted at all. I would only have them hindered from doing hurt: I would not put it in their power, (and I do not wish that others should,) to cut the throats of their quiet neighbours. "But they will give security for their peaceable behaviour." They cannot while they continue Roman Catholics: they cannot while they are members of that church which receives the decrees of the *Council of Constance*, which maintains the *spiritual power* of the *Bishop of Rome*, or the doctrine of *Priestly Absolution*.

3. This I observed in my late Letter; whoever therefore would remark upon it to any purpose, must prove these three things; 1. That the decree of the Council of *Constance*, publicly made, has been publicly disclaimed. 2. That the Pope has not power to pardon sins, or to dispense with Oaths, Vows, and Promises: and 3. That no Priest has power to pardon sins. But has Mr. *O'L*—proved these three points? Has he proved any one of them? He has indeed said something upon the first. He denies such a decree was ever made.

4. I am

4. I am persuaded Mr. *O'L*— is the first man that ever made the important discovery. But before he is quite sure, let him look again into Father *L'Abbe's Concilia Maxima*, printed at *Paris* in the year 1772. The last volume contains a particular account of the Council of *Constance*: one of whose decrees, page 169, is, "That Heretics ought to be put to death, *Non obstantibus salvis conductibus Imperatoris, Regum, &c.*" notwithstanding the public faith engaged to them in the most solemn manner. Who then can affirm that no such doctrine or violation of faith with Heretics is authorised by this Council? Without putting on spectacles, (which, blessed be God, I do not wear,) I can read a little Latin still. And while I can, I must fix this horrid doctrine on the Council of *Constance*.

5. But supposing the Council of *Constance* had never advanced this doctrine, or the Church of *Rome* had publicly disclaimed it; my conclusion stands good, till it is proved, 1. That no Priest has a power of pardoning sins: and 2. That the Pope has neither a power of pardoning Sins, or of dispensing with Oaths, Vows, Promises, &c.

Mr. *O'L*— has proved neither of these; and what else has he proved? It is hard to say. But if he proves nothing, he either (directly or indirectly) asserts many things. In particular, he asserts, 1. "Mr. *Wesley* has arraigned in the jargon of the Schools."—Heigh-day! What has this to do here? There is no more of the jargon of the Schools in my Letter, than there is of Arabic. "The Catholics all over the world are liars, perjurers, &c." Nay, I have not arraigned one of them. This is a capital mistake. I arraign the doctrines; not the men. Either defend *them*, or renounce them.

"I do renounce them," says Mr. *O'L*—. Perhaps you do. But the Church of *Rome* has never renounced them. "He asperges our communion in a cruel manner." I do not asperse it at all, in saying these are the doctrines of the Church of *Rome*. Who can prove the contrary?

2. "Mr. *O'L*— did not even attempt to seduce the English soldiery." I believe it; but does this prove any of *these three*

points? "But Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* roasted Heretics in Smithfield?" In what year? I doubt the fact.

3. "Mr. *Wesley* is become an Apologist of those who burned the Chapel in *Edinburgh*." Is not this said purely *ad movendam invidiam*? To inflame the minds of the people? For it has no shadow of truth. I never yet wrote, nor spoke one word in their defence. "He urged the rabble to light that fire." No more than he urged them to dethrone the King.

4. "Does Mr. *Wesley* intend to sound *Alecto's* horn, or the war-shell of the *Mexicans*?" All this is cruel aspersion indeed: designed merely to inflame! What I intend, is neither more nor less than this, to contribute my mite to preserve our Constitution both in Church and state.

5. "They were the *Scotch* and *English* regicides who gave rise to the Irish massacre." The Irish massacre!!! Was there ever any such thing? Was not the whole account a mere *Protestant lie*? O no! It was a melancholy truth, wrote in the blood of many thousands. But the regicides no more gave rise to that massacre than the Hottentots. The whole matter was planned several years, and executed before the King's death was thought of. "But Mr. *Wesley* is sowing the seeds of another Massacre?" Such another as the massacre of *Paris*?

6. "Was he the trumpeter of persecution, when he was persecuted himself?" Just as much as now. Cruel aspersions still! Designed and calculated only to inflame. "Did he then abet persecution on the score of conscience?" No, nor now. Conscience is out of the question. "His Letter contains all the horrors, invented by blind misguided zeal, set forth in the most bitter language." Is this Gentleman in his senses? I hope not. Else I know not what excuse to make for him. Not one bitter word is in my Letter. I have learned to put away all bitterness, with all malice. But still this is wide of the mark; which of those three points does it prove?

7. "In

7. "In his *second* Letter he promises to put out the fire which he has already kindled in England?" Second Letter! What is that? I know nothing of it. "The fire which he has kindled in England."—When?—Where? I have kindled no fire in England any more than in Jamaica. I have done, and will do, all that is in my power, to put out that which others have kindled.

8. "He strikes out a Creed of his own for Roman Catholics. This fictitious creed he forces upon them." My words are these: "Suppose every word of Pope Pius' Creed to be true." I say not a word more of the matter. Now, I appeal to every reasonable man, *Is this striking out a Creed of my own for Roman Catholics? Is this forcing a fictitious creed on them, "like the Frenchman and the Blunderer in the Comedy?"* What have I to do with one or the other? Is not this *dull* Jest quite out of season? And is the Creed, composed by the Council of Trent, and the Bull of Pope Pius the fourth, a *fictitious one*? Before Mr. O'L. asserts this again, let him look into the *Concilia Maxima* once more, and read there, "*Bulla Pii Quarti super forma Juramenti professionis fidei.*" This *forma professionis fidei*, I call Pope Pius' Creed. If his "*stomach revolts from it,*" who can help it?

9. Whether the account given by Philip Melancthon of the words spoken (not in *Hebrew*, but in *Latin*) be true or false, it does not at all effect the account of Miss Dukesne, which I gave in her own words. And I cannot but observe, that after all the witticisms which he has bestowed upon it, Mr. O'L. does not deny that the PRIEST MIGHT HAVE BURNT HER, "HAD IT BEEN FOR THE GOOD OF THE CHURCH."

10. "*Remark a Missionary inflaming the rabble, and propagating black slander.*"—*Remark a SAN BENITO Cap, painted with devils! but let him put it on, whom it fits.* It does not fit me: I inflame no rabble: I propagate no slander at all. But Mr. O'L. does. He propagates a heap of slander in these his Remarks. I say too, "Let the Appeal be made to the

Public and their impartial Reason." I have nothing to do with the "*jargon or rubbish of Schools,*" lugged in like the jargon of Schools before. But I would be glad if Mr. O'L. would tell us what these two *pretty* phrases mean?

The whole matter is this. I have, without the least bitterness, advanced three Reasons, why I conceive it is not safe to tolerate the Roman Catholics. But still I would not have them persecuted: I wish them to enjoy the same liberty, civil and religious, which they enjoyed in England, before the late Act was repealed. Mean time, I would not have a sword put into their hands; I would not give them liberty to hurt others. Mr. O'L. with much *archness and pleasantry* has nibbled at one of *these* three Reasons, leaving the other two untouched. If he chuses to attack them in his next, I will endeavour to give him a calm and serious Answer,

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

Manchester, March 23, 1780.

S E R M O N III.

On 1 JOHN V. 21.

[*Concluded from page 250.*]

II. **H**AVING largely considered, What those *idols* are, of which the Apostle speaks, I will come now to enquire, (which may be done more briefly) how we may *keep ourselves from them.*

1. In order to this, I would advise you first, Be deeply convinced that none of them bring happiness; that no thing, no person under the sun, no, nor the amassment of all together, can give any solid, satisfactory happiness to any child of man. The world itself, the gay, giddy, thoughtless world, acknowledge

ledge this unawares, while they allow, nay, vehemently maintain, "No man upon earth is contented." The very same observation was made, near two thousand years ago.

*Nemo quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors abjecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat.*

Let Fortune, or let Choice the station give
To man, yet none on earth contented live.

And if no man upon earth is contented, it is certain, no man is happy. For whatever station we are in, Discontent is incompatible with Happiness.

2. Indeed not only the giddy, but the thinking part of the world, allow, That no man is contented: the melancholy proofs of which we see on every side, in high and low, rich and poor. And generally, the more understanding they have, the more discontented they are. For,

" They know with more distinction to complain,
And have superior sense, in feeling pain."

It is true, every one has (to use the cant term of the day; and an excellent one it is,) *his Hobby-horse!* Something that pleases the great boy for a few hours or days, and wherein he *hopes* to be happy! But though

" Hope blooms eternal in the human breast,
Man never *is*, but always *to be blest.*"

Still he is walking in a vain shadow, which will soon vanish away! So that universal experience, both our own, and that of all our friends and acquaintance, clearly proves, that as God made our hearts for himself, so they cannot rest till they rest

rest in him: that till we *acquaint* ourselves with him, we cannot be at peace. As a *scorner* of the wisdom of God, *seeketh wisdom and findeth it not*: so a scorner of happiness in God, *seeketh happiness, but findeth none.*

3. When you are thoroughly convinced of this, I advise you, Secondly, Stand and consider what you are about? Will you be a fool and a madman all your days? Is it not high time to come to your senses? At length, awake out of sleep? And shake yourself from the dust! Break loose from this miserable Idolatry, and *chuse the better part.* Steadily resolve, to seek happiness where it may be found, where it cannot be sought in vain. Resolve to seek it in the true God, the Fountain of all blessedness! And cut off all delay. Straightway put in execution what you have resolved! Seeing *all things are ready, Acquaint thyself now with him and be at peace.*

4. But do not either resolve or attempt to execute your resolution, trusting in your own strength. If you do, you will be utterly foiled. You are not able to contend with the evil world; much less with your own evil heart, and least of all, with the powers of darkness. Cry therefore to the Strong for strength. Under a deep sense of your own weakness and helplessness, *trust thou in the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength.* I advise you to cry to him for Repentance in particular, not only for a full consciousness of your own impotence, but for a piercing sense of the exceeding guilt, baseness, and madness of the idolatry that has long swallowed you up: cry for a thorough knowledge of yourself, of all your sinfulness and guiltiness. Pray that you may be fully discovered to yourself, that you may know yourself as also you are known. When once you are possessed of this genuine conviction, all your idols will lose their charms. And you will wonder, how you could so long lean upon those broken reeds, which had so often sunk under you.

5. What

5. What should you ask for next ?

“ Jesus, now I have lost my All,
Let me upon thy bosom fall !

Now let me see thee in thy vesture dipt with blood !

Now stand in all thy wounds confest,
And wrap me in thy crimson vest !

Hast thou not said, *If thou canst believe, thou shalt see the glory of God?* Lord, *I would believe! Help thou mine unbelief!* And help me *now!* Help me now to enter into the rest that remaineth for the people of God! For those who give thee their heart, their whole heart! Who receive thee as their God and their All! O thou that art fairer than the children of men, full of grace are thy lips! Speak that I may see thee! And as the shadows flee before the sun, so let all my idols vanish at thy presence!

6. From the moment that you begin to experience this, fight the good fight of Faith: take the kingdom of heaven by violence! Take it as it were by storm. Deny yourself every pleasure that you are not divinely conscious brings you nearer to God. Take up your cross daily; regard no pain, if it lies in your way to him. If you are called thereto, scruple not to pluck out the right eye and to cast it from you. Nothing is impossible to him that believeth: you can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth you. Do valiantly, and stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free. Yea, go on, in his name and in the power of his might, till you *know all that love of God that passeth knowledge.* And then you have only to wait till he shall call you into his everlasting kingdom!

London, Jan. 5, 1781.



Some Account of Mr. WILLIAM GREEN.

[*Concluded from page 253.*]

TOWARD the latter end of the year 1774, it pleased God to stir me up anew. I was deeply convinced of my fall. I again felt foolish desires, the fear of man, and various other evils in my heart. And I could truly say,

“’Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone!”

Till that memorable day, Dec. 12, 1774; yea, on the former part of that day, I was torn by unruly passions, by the love of the world, and a train of evils. Yet in the midst of all, I poured out my soul to God in much prayer. In the midst of all, a thought sprung up, “I will go to the Tabernacle.” I went, being still in the spirit of prayer. Mr. *Joss* preached from part of the fourth chapter to the Romans. Although I could not agree with him, that “All believers are staggerers,” yet his preaching so much below my experience, was sanctified to me. I looked to God, and the spirit of supplication was poured into my soul. I was athirst for God, I opened my mouth wide, and indeed he filled it. He spoke to my heart, *I will cleanse thee from all thy filthiness and from all thine idols.* These words passed my mind several times, before I attended to them. At length I started and thought, surely this is the voice of God to my soul. I determined to hold the promise fast, though Satan endeavoured to tear it from me. This was about the middle of the sermon, the latter part of which was made very useful to me, the Spirit of God ap-

plying it in a higher sense than the Preacher intended it. I went home, praying all the way, my whole attention being fixt upon,

“ The sure prophetic word of grace,
That glimmered through my nature’s night.”

I was not sensible what the Lord had done for me, till I entered my room. The first thing I saw there was my snuff-box. This idol had long divided my heart, (though I never took it with me to the house of God) and had given me inexpressible pain. But I now felt all desire of it was gone. I know not any thing wherein I could have been more sensible of my liberty. It was a right eye: and I had been wedded to it as much as I formerly was to a pack of cards. I felt unspeakable happiness in my deliverance. But a quere came, “ How will it be to-morrow?” It was answered in my heart, “ To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant.”

The next morning I rose to the preaching with ease, which before seemed an impossibility. In the course of a day, there are not wanting in a family, many little trying circumstances. Some temptations also to pride, to anger and to self-will, presented themselves. But in all things I was more than conqueror. The fear of man likewise was removed, so that I could reprove, warn, and exhort every one. Mean time the promises flowed into my heart without obstruction. I easily perceived the change was universal, and felt that I was *cleansed from all my idols, and from all my filthiness*. And I seemed to have light equal to my love; so that in one week I had a clearer insight into the life of faith, than I had for several years. Thus Jesus saves his people from their sins.

My heart being thus set at liberty, a thought which I had had years before, that it was the will of God I should be a Preacher, returned with greater force than ever. But I remembered, *He that believeth shall not make haste*, and was

thoroughly willing to wait God's time. I knew it was God's work and his only, to make a Preacher of the Gospel, and that the more passive I was, the more fit I should be for the Master's use. In this peaceful frame of mind I remained, attending to the leading of his Spirit, and the opening of his Providence, till not long after I went with some of our friends to a Workhouse, where one of them preached. I felt great love to the poor people. As we were coming back one of our brethren asked me, "Are you willing to give them a sermon next Sunday morning?" I looked upon this to be a call of Providence, and therefore durst not refuse it. So I went and spoke to them from those words, "Ask and it shall be given you:" and I had a testimony within, that I pleased God.

Not long after, being exceeding weary in body, and having much business upon my hands, my spirits sunk, and I thought, "How is it possible for me to work till twelve o'clock at night? Besides, I am to preach at the Workhouse in the morning." Just then the power of the Highest overshadowed me, and God spoke with power, "Lo! I am with thee always." The words pointed me at first, to the work I had to do the next morning. But I thought also, should not I expect power *now*, to carry me through my business? Weariness vanished away, and I went on swiftly, for the grace of God carried me.

In the morning I preached as I had appointed: when I had done, I thought, I have made a stammering piece of work. But that word was immediately applied, *The tongue of the stammerer shall speak plainly*. From this time, I constantly attended the Workhouse, but was particularly careful, to keep the life of God in my own soul. I saw religion was neither more nor less than the constant union of the soul with God, and used all diligence to shun those rocks on which I had split before. I laboured to retain a sense of the littleness of my understanding, that I might always be open to instruction:
and

and I depended not on my graces or gifts, but upon the giver, living by faith on the Son of God.

As to the acting in a more public manner, I was entirely passive. I thought, if ever I do speak in public, I will be a Preacher of God's making. In this spirit I continued, till going to the *Foundry* one Saturday evening, I was informed, that Mr. *Wesley* had appointed me to preach there, the next morning. I was surprised: but I thought, how can I honour my spiritual father, unless I do what he orders me? So I went and preached on, *The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple*. For a minute after I had named my text, I trembled and could hardly utter a word. But I then found help, and spoke about forty minutes without any difficulty. Afterwards I preached at *Bow*, on, *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord*. And after a few trials, I was thoroughly convinced, that, provided his soul be truly alive to God, the life of a Preacher of the Gospel is the happiest life under heaven.

I was now received into the number of local Preachers. But I was fearful of putting myself forward, lest I should run before the Spirit. I never asked to preach at this or the other place, receiving the appointment of the Assistant as a call from God. How happy would it be for the Preachers, if they were all to follow the guidance of the Spirit, rather than their own will! Then nothing would come amiss. In a few months I preached in all the Chapels in *London*, and when summer came on, in *Moorfields*, *Marybone-Fields*, and on *Tower-Hill*: all the time blessing God for being kept from that false humility which shackles so many! My unfitness never stood in my way. Indeed I cannot but think all who are called of God to preach, are some way fitted for the work: if not, the Lord of the vineyard does not know his business! However, sure I am, that humility of this kind, is inconsistent with perfect love. I believe, genuine humility makes a man invulnerable, by the praise or dispraise of men.

From this time I continued to preach, and to labour diligently with my hands, that I might provide things honest in the sight of all men, till in August 1777, I was called to suffer the will of God, being about three months under a Surgeon's hands; he at last pronounced the case desperate; of which my wife informed me with tears in her eyes. In that instant, three scriptures came to my mind, *All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. The things impossible with men are possible with God. The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence;* and I was fully assured, I should not die: mean time I suffered the will of God willingly, chearfully, joyfully. By this illness I was cured of another disorder, which otherwise must have been my death, and was made more capable both inwardly and outwardly, of doing the work I was called to.

When I gathered strength, I was advised to go into the country; and being recommended to our friends at *Dorking*, I spent sixteen days with them. May God repay them for the love they shewed me! When I came back I was quite capable of my business, which I chearfully entered upon, being equally willing to work at my trade, or to preach the Gospel. But in the latter end of July 1780, one asking me, whether I had no thoughts of being a travelling Preacher? I owned, I had: and having just buried two of my children, I thought the time was come. I was accordingly proposed at the *Bristol* Conference, and appointed for the *Salisbury* Circuit. Many of my prudent friends blamed me much for leaving a quiet, comfortable business. But I had counted the cost. So on Monday, Sept. 11, I set out for *Salisbury*. When I left my wife and three children, I felt a mixture of joy and grief, but with a full resignation to the will of God. I have been about five months in my Circuit, and am more convinced, that this is the pleasantest life under heaven. Though I have left my wife, and children, and dearest friends, and house, and business, and wander about, chiefly on foot, through cold and rain, I find my mind uninterruptedly happy: I feel a constant witness
of

of the work wrought in my heart by the Spirit of Holiness. I have received in this world a hundred fold: and I know, that when my earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!



An Extract from the DIARY of Mrs. BATHSHEBA HALL.

[Continued from page 259.]

MONDAY, Feb. 3. What a day of rest and peace, was yesterday! He that is the Lord of the Sabbath, richly supplied me out of his unexhausted fulness. Though I have not the privileges which many enjoy, yet does my Experience answer theirs, as face answers face in a glass.

Tuesday 11. I have lately had a deeper view than ever of the Love that never faileth. I cried out, "Give me this love and it sufficeth. This alone can endure the contradiction of sinners." Blessed be God, he has given me a taste thereof! But I see all our grace must be tried, as by fire. Various have been the suggestions of Satan this day: particularly, that this Love will lull me into security. Lord, see Thou to that!

Monday 24. I was seized with the gout in my head and stomach. The pains were exquisite. But glory be to God! the sharper my pains were, the more did I triumph in God my Saviour. If I felt any choice, it was of longer life, that I might answer life's great end. And now I am returned to life, make me thy constant home, thy consecrated shrine!

Friday, March 28. O Lord, they that put their trust in thee, mercy embraceth them on every side. I need be careful for nothing: my heavenly Father hath this day richly provided for me. O bless my Friends! Let them be satisfied with favour, and full of the blessing of the Lord!

Sunday

Sunday 29. I have this day felt the power of an endless life: but still something cries for devotedness. This busy thought too often wanders: but not with my consent. O that every thought may be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ!

Tuesday 31. At our Prayer-meeting, I had deep communion with God, such as calls for loudest songs of praise. We did indeed sit together with Christ Jesus in heavenly places. All the day I was favoured with the presence of the Lord, the King of Glory. O let me consecrate my every hour to Thee!

Tuesday, April 7. Ever since Sunday I have had a nervous Fever. At this trying time, I feel very little activity of soul. It is my exercise then to say continually, Lord, thy will be done! O that I may live every moment in the spirit of Death! It is profitable to be conversant with Eternity.

Monday 13. In the evening I had a little time before the Lord. I felt deep abasement! Indeed a sense of thy presence, O eternal Jehovah! and of my exceeding great vileness and unprofitableness, made me loath myself before thee.

Sunday 26. I find many speak evil of me. But why should I expect to be above my Master? O that I may be all on the Lord's side! Be this my only care, to please God!

Saturday, May 2. All this week I have had little time for prayer, and none for writing. Yet on Monday evening the holy fire I felt, seemed almost to consume me. Afterwards I was desired to attend a Prayer-meeting. As I was going, my spirit spread itself too wide for all below. As I entered, one who used vehemently to oppose it, was crying to God for full deliverance from sin. All my soul was engaged in mighty prayer for him. And we were answered with a shower of love.

Since Wednesday morning I have been forely buffeted with grievous accusations. But the Lord hath been my support. The more we labour to shake Satan's kingdom, the more will he labour to distress us.

Tuesday

Tuesday 5. I see more than ever, I am not called to please myself, but others, for their good, to edification. Here are a few that are much athirst for God: my spirit is much knit to them. I intended to have gone this evening to a Prayer-meeting, but was prevented. Even our best intentions are often sacrificed to God.

Wednesday 13. The Lord is reviving his work at *Bedminster*. I feel my soul much engaged in it. And yet I tremble, lest I should not be diligent therein. I know, I must improve my Lord's talent. I had rather be obscure. But I dare not. O my God, help me to fight thy battles!

Monday, June 15. I parted with my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. *Mayer*. It was a close trial. Farewel, ye happy pair! But yet, not for ever. We shall meet again, to cast our crowns before Him that liveth for ever and ever!

Tuesday 30. I am called to fill up a measure of my Lord's sufferings. I have been deeply tried: glory be to God, I am to be purified and made whole. But the most painful trial has been my barrenness, a deep sense of unprofitableness. Surely the farther we go in the divine life, the more sensible we are of this. What should I be, if one moment without my God?

“ Day and night my Keeper be!
Every moment water me.”

On Monday, brother *Jones*, a plain, simple man, much athirst for the great salvation, called. In the evening, in our meeting for prayer, we had a mighty out-pouring of the Spirit: and he was enabled to believe, that the Lord had cast out all his enemies. The next day came brother *Payne*, and told me, that on Wednesday morning, God had given him the same blessing. O may they never lose what thou hast given them!

[To be concluded in our next.]

A short

A short Account of Mrs. SUSANNAH WESLEY: extracted from the Journal of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.

ON Tuesday, July 20, 1742, I came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity. But she had no doubt or fear: nor any desire but (as soon as God should call) *To depart and to be with Christ.*

Friday 30. About three in the afternoon, I went to see her, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bed-side. She was in her last conflict; unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixt upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four, the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern: and then, without any struggle, sigh or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God."

Sunday, Aug. 1. Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon, I committed her body to the earth, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of scripture from which I afterwards spoke was, *I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it; from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened—And the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.* It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see on this side eternity.

We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words:

"Here lies the body of Mrs. *Susannah Wesley*, the youngest, and last surviving daughter of Dr. *Samuel Annesley.*"

" IN

“ In fure and stedfast hope to rife,
 And claim her manfions in the fkies,
 A Chriftian here her flefh laid down,
 The crofs exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction fhe,
 Inuréd to pain and mifery,
 Mournéd a long night of griefs and fears,
 A legal night of fevénty years.

The Father then revealéd his Son,
 Him in the broken bread made known;
 She knew and felt her fins forgivén,
 And found the earneft of her heavén.

Meet for the fellowfhip above,
 She heard the call, “ Arife my love:”
 I come, her dying looks repliéd,
 And lamb-like, as her Lord, fhe diéd.”

I cannot but further obferve, that even fhe (as well as her father and grandfather, her husband, and her three fons) had been in her meafure, a Preacher of righteoufnefs. This I learned from a letter, wrote long fince to my father; part of which I have here fubjoined.

Feb. 6; 1711-12.

— **A**S I am a woman, fo I am alfo a miftrefs of a large family. And though the fuperior charge of the fouls contained in it, lies upon you,—yet in your abfence, I cannot but look upon every foul you leave under my care, as a talent committed to me under a truft, by the great Lord of all the families, both of heaven and earth. And if I am unfaithful to him or you, in neglecting to improve thefe talents, how fhall I anfwer unto him, when he fhall command me to render an account of my ftewardfhip?

As these and other such like thoughts, made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants, so, knowing our religion requires a strict observation of the Lord's day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution, by going to church, unless we filled up the intermediate spaces of time by other acts of piety and devotion: I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day, in reading to and instructing my family.—And such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God, than if I had retired to my own private devotions.

This was the beginning of my present practice. Other people's coming in and joining with us was merely accidental. Our lad told his parents: they first desired to be admitted: then others that heard of it begged leave also. So our company increased to about thirty: and it seldom exceeded forty last winter."—

But soon after you went to *London* last, I light on the account of the *Danish* missionaries. I was, I think, never more affected with any thing.—I could not forbear spending good part of that evening, in praising and adoring the divine goodness, for inspiring them with such ardent zeal for his glory.—For several days I could think or speak of little else. At last it came into my mind, though I am not a man, nor a minister, yet if my heart were sincerely devoted to God, and I was inspired with a true zeal for his glory, I might do somewhat more than I do. I thought I might pray more for them, and might speak to those with whom I converse with more warmth of affection. I resolved to begin with my own children; in which I observe the following method. I take such a proportion of time as I can spare every night, to discourse with each child apart. On Monday I talk with *Molly*; on Tuesday with *Hetty*; Wednesday with *Nancy*; Thursday with *Jacky*; Friday with *Patty*; Saturday with *Charles*: and with *Emily* and *Suky* together on Sunday.

With

With those few neighbours that then came to me, I discoursed more freely and affectionately. I chose the best and most awakening sermons we have. And I spent somewhat more time with them in such exercises, without being careful about the success of my undertaking.

Since this, our company increased every night. For I dare deny none that ask admittance. Last Sunday I believe we had above two hundred. And yet many went away, for want of room to stand.

We banish all temporal concerns from our society. None is suffered to mingle any discourse about them, with our reading or singing. We keep close to the business of the day, and when 'tis over, all go home.

I cannot conceive, why any should reflect upon you, because your wife endeavours to draw people to church, and to restrain them from profaning the Lord's day, by reading to them, and other persuasions. For my part, I value no censure upon this account. I have long since shook hands with the world. And I heartily wish, I had never given them more reason to speak against me.

As to its looking particular, I grant it does. And so does almost any thing that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God, or the salvation of souls.—

As for your proposal, of letting some other person read, alas! You do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon, without spelling a good part of it. Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough, to be heard by such a number of people.—

But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied; that is, their being present at family prayers. I do not speak of any concern I am under, barely because so many are present. For those who have the honour of speaking to the great and holy God, need not be ashamed to speak before the world: but because of my sex. I doubt, if it is proper for me,

to present the prayers of the people to God. Last Sunday I would fain have dismissed them before prayers; but they begged so earnestly to stay, I durst not deny them.—

To the Rev. Mr. Wesley, in St. Margaret's
Church-yard, Westminster.



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

[Concluded from page 268]

THE *Ear* consists of an outward porch and inner rooms. The porch, somewhat prominent from the head, is of a cartilaginous substance, covered with tight membranes and wrought into sinuous cavities. These, like circling hills, collect the wandering undulations of the air, and transmit them, with a vigorous impulse, to the finely stretched membrane of the *drum*. This is expanded upon a circle of bones, over a polished, reverberating cavity. It is furnished with *braces* that strain or relax, as the sound is faint or strong. The *hammer*, and the *anvil*, the winding *labyrinth*, and the sounding *galleries*, these and other pieces of mechanism, all instrumental to *hearing*, are inexpressibly curious.

Amazingly exact must be the tension of the *auditory nerves*, since they answer the smallest tremors of the atmosphere, and distinguish their most subtil variations. These living chords, tuned by an almighty hand, and spread through the echoing isles, receive all the impressions of sound, and propagate them to the brain. These give existence to the charms of music, and the still nobler charms of discourse.

The eye is useless amidst the gloom of night. But the ear hears through the darkest medium. The eye is on duty only in our waking hours; but the ear is always accessible.

As

As there are concussions of the air, which are discernable only by the instruments of hearing, so there are *odoriferous* particles wafted in the air, which are perceivable only by the *Smell*. The *nostrils* are wide at the bottom, that more effluvia may enter; narrow at the top, that when entered they may act more strongly. The steams that exhale from fragrant bodies, are fine beyond imagination. Microscopes that shew thousands of animals in a drop of water, cannot bring one of these to our sight. Yet so judiciously are the olfactory nets set, that they catch the vanishing fugitives. They imbibe all the roaming perfumes of Spring, and make us banquet even on the invisible dainties of Nature.

Another capacity for pleasure our bountiful Creator has bestowed, by granting us the powers of *Taste*. This is circumstanced in a manner so benign and wise, as to be a standing plea for temperance, which sets the finest edge on the taste, and adds the most poignant relish to its enjoyments.

And these senses are not only so many sources of delight, but a joint security to our health. They are the inspectors that examine our food, and enquire into the properties of it. For the discharge of this office they are excellently qualified, and most commodiously situate. So that nothing can gain admission, till it has past their scrutiny.

To all these, as a necessary supplement, is added the sense of *Feeling*. And how happily is it tempered between the two extremes, neither too acute, nor too obtuse! Indeed all the senses are exactly adapted to the exigencies of our present state. Were they strained much higher, they would be avenues of anguish, were they much relaxt, they would be well nigh useless.

The crowning gift, which augments the benefits accruing from all the senses, is *Speech*. Speech makes me a gainer by the eyes and hears of others; by their ideas and observations. And what an admirable instrument for articulating the voice, and modifying it into speech is the *tongue*? This little collection

lection of muscular fibres; under the direction of the Creator, is the artificer of our words. By this we communicate the secrets of our breasts, and make our very thoughts audible: This likewise is the efficient cause of music: it is soft as the lute, or shrill as the trumpet. As the tongue requires an easy play, it is lodged in an ample cavity. It moves under a concave roof, which gives additional vigour to the voice, as the shell of a violin to the sound of the strings.

Wonderfully wise is the regulation of *voluntary and involuntary* Motions. The will in some cases has no power: in others she is an absolute sovereign. If she commands, the arm is stretched, the hand is closed. How easily, how punctually are her orders obeyed!—To turn the screw, or work the lever, is laborious and wearisome. But we work the vertebræ of the neck, with all their appendent chambers; we advance the leg, with the whole incumbent body: we rise, we spring from the ground, and though so great a weight is raised, we meet with no difficulty or fatigue.

That all this should be effected without any toil, by a bare act of the Will, is very surprizing. But that it should be done, even while we are entirely ignorant of the manner in which it is performed, is most astonishing! Who can play a single tune upon the spinnet, without learning the difference of the keys? Yet the mind touches every spring of the human machine, with the most masterly skill, though she knows nothing at all of the nature of her instrument, or the process of her operations.

The eye of a rustic, who has no notion of optics, or any of its laws, shall lengthen and shorten its axis, dilate and contract its pupil, without the least hesitation, and with the utmost propriety: exactly adapting itself to the particular distance of objects, and the different degrees of light. By this means it performs some of the most curious experiments in the Newtonian philosophy, without the least knowledge of the science, or consciousness of its own dexterity!

Which

Which shall we admire most, the multitude of organs? Their finished form and faultless order? Or the power which the soul exercises over them? Ten thousand reins are put into her hands: and she manages all, conducts all, without the least perplexity or irregularity. Rather with a promptitude, a consistency and speed, that nothing else can equal!

So *fearfully and wonderfully* are we made! Made of such complicated parts, each so nicely fashioned, and all so exactly arranged; every one executing such curious functions, and many of them operating in so mysterious a manner! And since health depends on such a numerous assemblage of moving organs; since a single secretion stopped, may spoil the temperature of the fluid, a single wheel clogged may put an end to the solids: with what holy fear, should we *pass the time of our sojourning here* below! Trusting for continual preservation, not merely to our own care, but to the Almighty Hand, which formed the admirable machine, directs its agency and supports its being!



A SCHEME of SELF-EXAMINATION,
used by the first Methodists in Oxford.

Sunday. LOVE OF GOD AND SIMPLICITY: *means of which are Prayer and Meditation.*

1. **H**AVE I been simple and recollected in every thing I said or did? Have I 1. been *simple* in every thing, i. e. looked upon God, my Good, my Pattern, my One Desire, my Disposer, Parent of Good; acted wholly for Him; bounded my Views with the present action or hour? 2. *Recollected*? i. e. Has this simple view been distinct and uninterrupted? Have I, in order to keep it so, used the signs agreed upon with my-Friends, wherever I was? Have I done any thing without a previous perception of its being the Will of God! Or, without

without a perception of its being an Exercise or a Means of the Virtue of the day? Have I said any thing without it?

2. Have I prayed with fervor? At going in and out of Church? In the Church? Morning and evening in private? Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, with my Friends, at rising? Before lying down? On Saturday noon? All the time I am engaged in exterior work in private? Before I go into the place of public or private prayer, for help therein? Have I wherever I was, gone to Church morning and evening, unless for necessary mercy? And spent from one hour to three in private? Have I in private prayer frequently stopt short and observed what fervor? Have I repeated it over and over, till I adverted to every word? Have I at the beginning of every prayer or paragraph owned I cannot pray? Have I paused before I concluded in his Name, and adverted to *my Saviour* now interceding for me at the right-hand of God, and offering up these prayers?

3. Have I duly used Ejaculations? i. e. Have I every hour prayed for Humility, Faith, Hope, Love, and the particular Virtue of the day? Considered, with *whom* I was the last hour, *what* I did, and *how*? With regard to Recollection, Love of Man, Humility, Self-denial, Resignation, and Thankfulness? Considered the next hour in the same respects, offered up all I do to my Redeemer, begged his assistance in every particular, and commended my soul to his keeping? Have I done this deliberately, (not in haste,) seriously, (not doing any thing else the while,) and fervently as I could?

4. Have I duly prayed for the Virtue of the day? i. e. Have I prayed for it at going out and coming in? Deliberately, seriously, fervently?

5. Have I used a Collect at nine, twelve, and three? And Grace before and after eating? (aloud at my own room,) Deliberately, seriously, fervently?

6. Have I duly meditated? Every day, unless for necessary mercy, 1. From six, &c. to prayers? 2. From four to five,

(What

(What was particular in the Providence of this day?) How ought the Virtue of the day to have been exerted upon it? How did it fall short? (Here faults.) 3. On Sunday from six to seven, with Kempis? From three to four on Redemption, or God's Attributes? Wednesday and Friday from twelve to one on the Passion? After ending a book, on what I had marked in it?

Monday. LOVE OF MAN.

1. Have I been zealous to do, and active in doing good? i. e. 1. Have I embraced every probable opportunity of doing good, and preventing, removing, or lessening evil? 2. Have I pursued it with my might? 3. Have I thought any thing too dear to part with, to serve my neighbour? 4. Have I spent an hour at least every day in speaking to some one or other? 5. Have I given any one up, till he *expressly* renounced me? 6. Have I, before I spoke to any, learned, as far as I could, his temper, way of thinking, past life, and peculiar hinderances, internal and external? Fixt the point to be aimed at? Then the means to it? 7. Have I in speaking, proposed the motives, then the difficulties, then ballanced them, then exhorted him to consider both calmly and deeply, and to pray earnestly for help? 8. Have I, in speaking to a stranger, explained what Religion is not, (not negative, not external) and what it is, (a recovery of the image of God,) searched at what step in it he stops, and what makes him stop there? Exhorted and directed him? 9. Have I persuaded all I could to attend public Prayers, Sermons and Sacraments? And in general, to obey the laws of the Church Catholic, the Church of *England*, the State, the University, and their respective Colleges? 10. Have I, when taxed with any act of obedience, avowed it, and turned the attack with sweetness and firmness? 11. Have I disputed upon any practical point, unless it was to be practised just then? 12. Have I in disputing, (1.) Desired him, To define the terms of the question. To limit it:

what he grants, what denies: (2.) Delayed speaking my opinion; let him explain and prove his: then insinuated and pressed objections? 13. Have I after every visit, asked him who went with me, Did I say any thing wrong? 14. Have I, when any one asked Advice, directed and exhorted him with all my power?

2. Have I rejoiced with and for my neighbour in Virtue or Pleasure? Grieved with him in pain, for him in sin?

3. Have I received his infirmities with pity, not anger?

4. Have I thought or spoke unkindly of or to him? Have I revealed any evil of any one, unless it was necessary to some *particular* good I had in view? Have I then done it with all the tenderness of phrase and manner, consistent with that end? Have I any way appeared to approve them that did otherwise?

5. Has good-will been, and appeared to be, the spring of all my actions toward others?

6. Have I duly used intercession? 1. Before, 2. after speaking to any? 3. For my Friends on Sunday? 4. For my Pupils on Monday? 5. For those who have particularly desired it, on Wednesday and Friday? 6. For the Family in which I am, every day?

The following Account of Mr. STUDLY, is so full of remarkable Incidents, that I believe it will be both pleasing and useful to the pious Reader. It is taken from Mr. TURNER'S
REMARKABLE PROVIDENCES.

MR. Studly's father was a Lawyer in Kent, of about 400l. a year. He was a great enemy to the power of Religion, and a hater of those that were then called *Puritans*. His son, in his youth, seemed to follow the same steps, till the Lord called him home in the following manner. The young man was at
London,

London, and being drunk one night, as he was going towards his lodgings, fell into a cellar, and in the fall was seized with horror, and thought he fell into hell. It pleased God he took little harm by the fall, but lay there some hours, still thinking he was in hell. After he was come to himself, and was got home into *Kent*, he betook himself to read and study the scriptures, and to much prayer. At length, his father perceived this; and fearing he would turn *Puritan*, dealt roughly with him, and made him dress his horses, which he humbly and willingly submitted to. When his father perceived he sat up late at night, reading his Bible, he denied him candle-light, but being allowed a fire in his chamber, he was wont to lie along and read by the fire-light. While he was dressing his father's horses, and reading by the fire, he had great comforts from the Lord. His father seeing these means ineffectual, resolved to send him to *France*, that by the airness of that country he might be cured. He went, and being at his own disposal, placed himself in the house of a pious Protestant-Minister; and between them, after they were acquainted, there grew great endearment. Great progress he made in speaking the language; and soon after, he had orders to return home. The father intreating it, the landlord, with whom he had sojourned, came into *England* with him, and both were made very welcome at his father's house. But at last the father finding the *French* gentleman and his son at prayers together, paid him what was due to him, and sent him away. Then his father having an interest in a great Lady at *Whitehall*, prevailed with her to take his son for her gentleman. He thought by a court-life to drive away his melancholy, (as he called his son's-seriousness.) The Lady had many servants; some of whom were given to swearing, whom this young gentleman reprov'd, with that prudence and gravity, that sin fell down before him. And if any of the servants had been ill employed, and had heard him coming, they would say, stop! "Mr. Studly is coming." After a year's time, his father

waited upon the Lady, to enquire of his son's carriage. She answered, she was glad she had seen his son's face; he had wrought a mighty reformation in her family. She that had formerly been troubled with unruly servants, by his prudent carriage was now as quiet in her house as if she had lived in a private family in the country. At this, the father stormed, "What, will he make *Puritans* in *Whitehall*?" He told the lady that was no place for him, he would take him with him, which to her trouble he did. When he had him at home in *Kent*, as his last refuge, he thought of marrying him; and to that end found out a match, which he thought fit for his ends. He ordered his servant to make ready their horses in the morning, and when they were riding on the way, he bade the man ride before. He then spake to his son to this purpose: "Son, you have been matter of great grief to me; and having used many means to reclaim you from this way, to no purpose, I have one more remedy in view, with which if you comply, I shall settle my estate upon you, else you shall never enjoy a groat of it; I am riding to such a gentleman's house, to whose daughter I intend to marry you." The son said little, but went with his father, who before had made way there. They were entertained nobly; he had a sight of the young lady, a great beauty, and the young man fell much in love with her. When they had taken their leave, and were on their way home, his father asked him what he thought of her? He answered, "No man living, but must be taken with such a one; but I fear she will not like me." The father bid him take no care for that. The wooing was not long; at three weeks end they came to *London* to buy things for the wedding. The father had charged, that, in the time of wooing in that gentleman's house, there should be no swearing or debauchery, lest his son should be discouraged. Wedding clothes being bought, and the day come; the young couple were married. At the wedding-dinner, at her father's house, the mask was taken off; they fell to drinking and swearing among

among their cups; and, amongst others, the bride swore an oath. At this the bridegroom, as a man amazed, took occasion to rise from the table, stepped forth, and going to the stable, took a horse, mounted, and rode away, not knowing whither. As he rode along, he bewailed himself as undone, and that deservedly; he had been so in love, and the business so hurried on! He said, he had at that time restrained prayer, and slackened his communion with God, whereas, in that grand affair he should have been doubly serious; and so might thank himself that he was utterly undone. He sometimes thought of riding quite away. At last, being among the woods, he led his horse into a solitary place, tied him to a tree and betook himself to his prayers and tears, in which he spent the afternoon. God had altered his argument of prayer; which was now for the conversion of his wife. He did not rise from prayer, without good hope of being heard. At the bride-house there was hurry enough; horse and man (after they missed the bridegroom) being sent every way. In the evening he returned, and enquiring where his bride was, went up to her and found her in her chamber pensive enough. She asked him, "If he had done well, to expose her to scorn and derision all the day?" He intreated her to sit down upon a couch by him, and he would give her an account of what he had done, and tell her the story of his whole life. He went over the story, not without great affection and many tears; the flood-gates of which had been opened in the wood. And ever and anon, "through grace, God did so and so for me." When he had told her his story, she asked him, what he meant by that word, so often used in the relation, "Through grace?" and then asked him, if he thought there was no grace for her, who was so wretched a stranger to God? Yes, my dear, said he, there is grace for thee; That I have been praying for this day in the wood. And God hath heard my prayer, and seen my tears, and let us now go together to him about it. Then did they kneel down by the couch-

couch-side, and he prayed: and such weeping and supplication there was on both sides, that when they were called down to supper, they had hardly eyes to see with, so swelled were they with weeping. At supper the bride's father (according to his custom) swore. The bride immediately said; "Father, I beseech you swear not." At which the bridegroom's father, in a great rage, rose from table: what (says he) is the devil in him! hath he made his wife a *Puritan* already? and swore bitterly, that he would rather set fire (with his own hands) to the four corners of his new-built house, than ever he should enjoy it. Accordingly he made his will, gave his son (when he should die) ten pounds to cut off his claim; and gave the estate to some others, of whom *Dr. Reeves* was one. Not long after, he died. *Dr. Reeves* sent for the Gentleman, paid him his ten pounds, told him he had been a rebellious son, and disobliged his father, and might thank himself. He received the ten pounds, and meekly departed. His wife (the match was so huddled up,) had no portion promised, at least that he knew of, who relied on his father. And she was also deserted by her friends: but having two hundred pounds in her own hand, that had been given her by a grandmother, they took and stocked a farm in *Suffex*. There *Mr. Knight* hath often been, and seen her, who had been highly bred, in her red waistcoat milking her cows. She was now become the great comforter and encourager of her husband. God, said she, hath had mercy on me, and any pains-taking is pleasant to me. There they lived with much comfort, and had the blessing of marriage, divers children. After three years, he was met on the road, in *Kent*, by one of the tenants of the estate, and saluted by the name of Landlord: alas! said he, I am none of your Landlord: yes, you are, said he; I know more than you do of the settlement: your father, though a cunning Lawyer, with all his wit, could not alienate the estate from you, whom he had made joint-purchaser. Myself, and some other tenants know it, and have refused to pay any money

money to Dr. *Reeves*: I have sixteen pounds ready for you, which I will pay to your acquittance, and that will serve you to go to law with them. He was amazed at this wonderful Providence, received the money, sued for his estate, and in a term or two recovered it. His blessed wife who enjoyed a loving husband, divers fine children, and a plentiful estate; in the midst of these outward blessings, fell into a way of questioning the truth of her grace, because of outward prosperity. This was her sin without doubt, for which Mr. *Knight* rebuked her; but it was a severe rebuke that the Lord gave her for her unthankfulness: a fine boy, about three years old, fell into a kettle of scalding wort, and was taken out by his mother, and died. This she looked on as the Lord's discipline for her unthankfulness, and was instructed. This relation was sent me (says Mr. *Turner*,) by the Rev. Mr. *Singleton*, now living in *Hoxton-Square*; and he received it from Mr. *Knight*, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. *Studly*.



A true NARRATIVE of a prodigious Storm of Wind, Rain, Thunder, and Lightning, that happened at ATHLONE, betwixt four and five o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 27th of October 1697, as it was declared before the Sovereign, and Governor of the said Town, upon the examinations of the Officers and Soldiers of the Main-Guard, and Guard of Dublin-Gate; and likewise by the eight Sentinels that stood on the bastions and works during this Storm.

1. **A** DREADFUL blast of high wind, suddenly shook and stripped the guard-house.
2. A terrible shower of rain, as if a whole river had fallen on the street, which being forced on by a violent wind, made a prodigious noise as it fell.
3. After the rain, a dreadful and terrible clap of thunder.
4. A thick darkness ensued, that continued for
half

half a quarter of an hour. 5. Continued lightning broke out without ceasing, so that heaven and earth seemed to be united in the flame; which was more terrible to the Guards than all that happened before, and ended with three claps of dreadful thunder out of a fiery cloud from the North; which running violently through the air, stopt just above the Castle. At the last of the three claps, in the twinkling of an eye, fell a wonderful great, round body of fire, out of the clouds, directly upon the Castle; and in a moment the magazine blew up, which contained two hundred and sixty barrels of powder, one thousand charged hand-grenades; with eight hundred and ten skanes of match, which were piled over them; two hundred and twenty barrels of musket and pistol-balls; great quantities of pick-axes, spades, shovels, horse-shoes, and nails; all blew up into the air, and covered the whole town, and neighbouring fields: by the violence of the shock, the town-gates were all blown open. The poor inhabitants, who were generally asleep when this tragical scene began, were awaked with the different, surprizing misfortunes that befel them: some finding themselves buried in the ruins of their own houses; others finding their houses in a flame above their heads; others blown from their beds into the streets; others having their brains knocked out with the fall of great stones, and breaking of hand-grenades in their houses. These stupifying disasters within doors, made most of the poor, amazed mortals, fly to the streets for shelter; where to their great astonishment, they saw the air filled with different shapes of fire, ready to fall upon their houses and heads. The great quantities of match that was blown up, occasioning these different figures of fire, which being followed with great thunder-claps, made many of these helpless inhabitants believe that it was the Day of Judgment; who therefore for some time minded nothing but their prayers, without using any other means for the preservation of themselves or neighbours. In the mean time the lighted match firing the thatched
houses

houses burned to the ground, the greatest part of what the thunder and blast of wind had left standing; so that little remained of the whole town, but a few poor cottages without the gates.

The wonderful deliverance of Mr. *Dodwell*, Store-keeper; and Mr. *Roe*, one of the Bailiffs of the town, should not be omitted; who being buried in the rubbish, at least six hours after this fatal accident happened, were at length dug out, with their wives dead in their arms. Mr. *Dodwell* is in a fair way of recovering, and Mr. *Roe* is perfectly well. God's great care of the inhabitants was very wonderful in this disaster; there being but thirty-six wounded, and seven killed in the whole town.

Upon the strictest enquiry I could make, I find this to be a true Account, and therefore desire that no other may be written.

GUSTAVUS HAMILTON,
Sovereign.



RIGHTEOUSNESS *the* PATH of PEACE: SUFFERING *the*
MEANS of PURITY.

[*By the late Mr. Charles Perronet.*]

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation. Jam. i. 12.

SOME fare so well in this life, they cannot conceive they can fail in the next. Others endure so much, they trust to escape hereafter. But God will not determine our future estate by the present portion of good or evil. *He commands all men every where to repent.* Such as do not, there is but one decree for them, whether they have enjoyed much or little. If our abundance makes us the more fruitful in every good thing, the end will be peace. If we *suffer according to the will of God,*

He will be our *Great Reward*. *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.* The rich that live in sin will be condemned for the abuse of mercies, and their abundance will end in want that cannot be relieved. The poor that die in their iniquity will perish, because they made not God their refuge.

Poverty secures us from many evils. *But they that desire to be rich fall into a snare, and into many foolish desires that plunge men in perdition.* The rich are taken up with variety, and cannot attend to the things of God. Time lies heavy on their hands, and becomes an inlet to sin, either mouldering away, or employed in grasping more of the *mammon of unrighteousness*. They "receive their good things in this life," and lay not up for eternity. Rejecting the precepts of self-denial, they exclude themselves from all the promises annexed thereto. They are stewards that must account for every mite, and consider it not. Abusing temporal blessings, they cannot receive spiritual. In affluence, they live in penury: in possessing all things, truly enjoy nothing. Their abundance leads them to excess; increases condemnation; makes them daring, and ready to say, *Our lips are our own, who is Lord over us?*

Not many mighty, not many noble are called. If they incline at all to religion, still it is mixt with the dross of this world. Pride shuts them out from God, and gold from the knowledge of the truth. Who may reprove or teach rich men? If they err, they remain ignorant. If they stray, they seldom stop. *If they fall, they have not another to help them up.* Shame stifles their convictions; the fear of man deters them from seeking salvation. If they seem to enquire after truth, still it is where religion has no difficulties: no cross, or self-denial, or reproach for Christ; where the path is smooth: where the *law is made void through faith*, and the covenant of grace a dispensation from obedience.

To the poor is the gospel—the whole counsel of God, preached. Their low estate prepares them to receive it. Their meanness
lets

lets them go unmolested to eternal life, — accounted vile, they fear no shame; seeking the truth, they *make confession unto salvation.*

Peculiar promises are made to the poor. Peculiar providences attend them. Blessings are promised to such as care for the poor. Whatever is done for *one of the least of these*, is done to Christ. *God hath chosen the poor of this world.* His word flows with tenderness to the poor. Their affliction brings them near to Jesus; bears a resemblance of his sufferings; gives them a peculiar relation to his person, and interest in his favour.

Christ hath sanctified the paths of poverty. Here he walked in the days of his flesh. Here he meets them that *follow his steps.* The poverty of Christ has blessings peculiar to itself. It secures from many evils; prepares for *the fellowship of his sufferings*; and is the foundation of all spiritual good.

Poverty is one series of distress; and distress is unceasing prayer, supplication without a voice, and the ear of mercy is open to it. *I have heard the groaning of my people, and am come down to deliver them.* The sigh extorted by poverty becomes a spiritual cry. God unites with it, and hears for the soul what is offered up for the body.

In affliction God draws near, and delights in the purifying work of his spirit. *I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.* When every comfort fails, he is a present help. We cleave to him the more, and cast all our care upon him. *His counsels are dear to us*, we attend to his providence, and learn from the smallest things.

Affliction worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. It discovers the mind of God to us, that he is *very pitiful, and of tender mercy.* It leads us to seek rest in a Saviour formed in the soul, and makes us *conformable to his death.* We receive him as an indwelling God; one to

reign over every motion of the heart. We are made willing to be baptized with this baptism, and own his love in giving us to drink his cup of sorrow.

Affliction, like all things that proceed from God, is a talent to occupy with. It mortifies earthly affection; makes us humble and resigned; tries every grace; and constrains us to examine our faith, experience, and walking with God. We call past things to remembrance; look whether our lamps have oil; watch, pray, and consider *what manner of persons we ought to be in all holy conversation.*

Jesus meets his people in his own way, the way of holiness, to teach them to glorify God by faith and patience. He was lowliness, and love, and bids us *learn of him, and find rest.* If he hides his face in things below, it is to increase the riches of grace and glory; make a cottage sacred ground; and that *having nothing we may possess all things.*

Think of Jesus—the eternal God. It will sweeten every suffering of our own. He was *despised, and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief!*

“ Who would not in thy footsteps tread,
Who would not bow with thee his head,
And sympathize with God!”

They who bear his cross shall wear his crown. *If we suffer with him, we shall reign with him.*

It is *through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom.* Be content that *Jehovah is your portion.* His *loving-kindness is better than life,* and sweetens the most abject state, whilst all the world, yea, and all heaven, would leave us miserable without it. *He that feedeth the young ravens which cry,* will not fail them that put their trust in him. Make Jesus your support. *Quench not the spirit* by strong drink. Under no sorrow or weakness, seek help out of God. For no want, or suffering, be unjust in the smallest thing. *Such as are upright in their way, are his delight.*

Murmur

Murmur not one against another. If the poor grudge, and are hard to the poor,—if sufferings make us not merciful to them that suffer, it is sorely displeasing in the sight of God. Let the poor love the poor, as Christ is love to all. Their offerings may be small, but precious: the widow's *two mites* were above the gifts of the rich.

Be respectful to superiors. If the *lines are fallen to you in pleasant places*, and the Lord is pleased to *save the poor tents of Judah first*, pray that the great *inhabitants of Jerusalem* may be counted worthy of the same.

“ In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power:
 And, when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.”

*****:*****

L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CLXV.

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

April 6, 1761.

Dear Sir,

ON Easter-Day, we had a Love-feast indeed. *M. W— was there, who had for some months been in great darkness, having quite lost the Assurance of her pardon. But God restored it to her that day, and soon after, gave her such a sight of her idols and inbred corruption, that she could not

*M. W. soon cast away her shield.

bear

bear it, but wrestled with the Lord, to take it away *just then*. And he quickly answered her prayer. Two days after, she was seized with a violent Fever. Miss M. visiting her, found her rejoicing in God, and having no will either to live or die.

There was much of the presence of the Lord during the whole Love-feast. This was redoubled, while Mr. Jones prayed. Several cried out much, particularly ^bMrs. Streaton, having such a sight of her sinful nature, as she never had before, but with a full persuasion, that God would take it away.

Mrs. Mitchell had, some time before, found the blessing! And so had many more.

When we met on Friday, April 3, John Fox said, Though he knew he was saved from sin, and loved God with all his heart, yet, his mind was not always stayed upon him. But he saw, This as well as the former blessing, was to be received by simple Faith. From this time he continually prayed for an increase of Faith. And it was not long before his soul was brought as into the immediate presence of God, who from that hour did every moment *keep his heart and his mind* also.

When he mentioned this, Daniel Carney said, "Mr. M. spoke some time since, concerning the necessity of watching over the wandering of the Eye and Ear. This struck me exceedingly; for I remembered, how often, when I was happy in God, my eye was nevertheless wandering, to look at my child, or something else that did not profit. I cried mightily to be delivered from this; and one morning pleaded that promise, *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee*. I said, Why not now, Lord? Thou canst give it me now! Immediately it was to me according to my Faith. I have found no wanderings since.

Brother Biggs and Calvert received the same blessing, about the same time. This morning Sarah Guilford, and another of our brethren, testified the same thing. And they all declare, This is as different from what they received before, as That is from Justification.

^b Mrs. S. lived in love, and died in peace.

Friday, April 10. Brother *Depay* said, "I was much helped last week by what my brethren said, of having their minds wholly fixt on God. I cried earnestly to him: and have ever since found my mind so fixt, as it never was before."

At the same time Brother *Marston* said, "Ever since I received a clean heart, I was convinced that I wanted a farther power, in order to stay my mind constantly on God." And a few days since as I was walking I said, "Lord, I want to have my mind always so deeply fixt, that nothing may hinder me a moment." It was answered, "If thou canst believe, it shall be according to thy faith." I replied, "Lord, I *do* believe." And since then my soul goes out to God continually: nor does any thing I do, or meet with, hinder my intercourse with him. He added, God has indeed wrought a quick work in my soul: for a few months ago, I lived in all manner of wickedness. And a quick work he *will* work in every soul, that does but cry earnestly to him.

Thursday 16. Miss *March* and I went to see *M. W.* though it was very improbable we should be admitted. But we had spoke only two or three words, when her mother asked us to go up, and left us alone with her. She told us, She had that morning intreated the Lord, to bring Miss *M.* and me: that she had been much persecuted in various ways, but continued always happy in God: having an uninterrupted witness in herself, that he had indeed cleansed her from all sin.

I am many times much tried; but stronger is he that is with me, than all that are against me. And blessed be his holy Name, he does keep me night and day. But I long to be so entirely dedicated to him, that my mind may be fixt on him every moment, with

"That speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heav'n of love."

* He and Sarah Guilford witnessed a good confession to the end.

I want

I want not only to walk in the way, but in the *highway* of holiness: so that every breath I draw, every word I speak, every drop of my blood, and every grain of my strength, may be holiness to the Lord. Yea, I want to be more abundantly nothing, and my Jesus to be all in all! I believe the promise standeth sure, *Draw near to me, and I will draw near to you.* I find many times nothing so helpful, as to cast my soul just as it is at the foot of the cross; forgetting all that is past both good and bad, and only pleading, "Thou, Lord, must ordain my peace; for thou, Lord, hast wrought all my works in me." I then love Jesus, and give up my will that moment, as if I had not one more to live.

This is indeed a time of blessing, which the Spirit of God is pouring out on all around us. May we be as ready to receive, as he to give, that none of us may be at last constrained to say, *The summer is over, the harvest is ended; and we are not saved.*

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R CLXVI.

[From Mr. Coughlan, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

January 26, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

IBless God, I do hold fast whereunto I have attained. Christ is all and in all to my soul. In all his works my God I see, the object of my love. Two or three years ago, you wrote the following words with a diamond pencil on a window in *Whitehaven*, "God is here." Those words have often since been made a great blessing to my soul. I am often so filled with gratitude and love, that I can only let silence speak his praise. Sometimes

times it is drawn out in sweet, holy mourning for those who are as sheep without a shepherd. At other times, God shews me what a poor, helpless creature I am. And the sense of this always abides with me, so that I am often amazed at my own ignorance; and whatever good I feel, or do, I can truly say, it is the Lord. I now hear a voice say, In a few years thou wilt turn out worse than ever. But, blessed be God, I hear and follow *his* voice: therefore I take no thought for the morrow. This day is put into my hands; and I have only to make the best of it.

I have need to watch against my own will. But is there not what we may call an *innocent* will? For instance, I *will* to be at London, from this motive only, that I may hear more of the praise of God. So I chuse or refuse this or that kind of food, that I may be more fit to serve God. But I am not uneasy about it. If I was, I apprehend it would be a sinful will. No: I am entirely resigned, knowing God will cause all things to work together for good.

I remain, Rev. Sir, yours, &c.

LAWRENCE COUGHLAN.

L E T T E R CLXVII.

[From the same.]

April 12, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

I staid two nights at *Chester* after you: and indeed it was a time of love. In the meeting of the Bands, several of our Friends spoke. Old Mr. *Pritchard* was the first. He said, "For some time I have been longing for a clean heart; yet I thought God would not give it to so vile a sinner. And the first night Mr. *W.* preached, I felt something across my

heart, like an iron bar, cold and hard. But hearing Mr. W. insift on the word *now*, I said, Lord, here I am, a poor sinner. I believe thou canst save me *now*, and give me a clean heart. In that moment Jesus said to my soul, *I will: be thou clean.* Immediately that bar was broken, and all my soul was filled with love: nor could I doubt but Jesus had made me clean, through the word which he had spoken to my soul." And three more were establed, before we parted, to declare the same.

I find Christ to be exceeding precious to my soul, and it is my one desire to do his will. My soul is as a watered garden; my life is hid with Christ in God. And I believe, when Christ who is my life shall appear, I shall appear with him in glory.

I remain, Rev. Sir, yours, &c.

LAWRENCE COUGHLAN.

L E T T E R CLXVIII.

[From Mr. Erasmus Middleton, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Horncastle, Feb. 27, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

I Was convinced of sin last Good Friday, and from that day closely attended all the ordinances of God. In the middle of May, I found a sense of his pardoning love, and continued full of love, till I gave way to my constitutional sin, which caused me many a sorrowful hour. But for about three months last past, I have found a great deliverance from it. The tenth of last month, I went to hear the preaching, at *Autumn in the Morning*. As I drew near to a place where I used to step and pray, I found an uncommon backwardness, till on a sudden; I was constrained to cry out vehemently,

" A clean

“A clean heart, a clean heart, O God! I cannot rest in any thing short of the fulness of thy love.” And this continued, with many tears, and violent sweats, to the end of my walk, which was about three quarters of a mile. I was obliged to stay some time at a distance from the house, before I could stop my cries and tears. I shall never forget, how loath I was to leave heaven: for it was heaven indeed! No tongue or pen can express the sweets of the overflowing love of my dear Jesus. It appeared to me as if he held me by the hand, and presented me at the throne of grace to his Father, who smiled upon me, and seemed willing to grant me whatever I could ask. I remained all the day full of love, though scarce expecting it to continue. But the next day likewise I found my soul as it were lost in God, through Christ. And sin with all its remains was quite gone. Nor had I any temptations for about a fortnight. Then Satan told me, I had deceived myself: but my heart was staid upon the Lord, and I am continually borne up with that word, *Resist the devil and he will flee from you.*

O could I but tell you what the Lord has done for my soul! He has given me such a sight of my unworthiness, that I appear to myself as a crawling insect! I feel no will of my own; but am continually crying out, “Lord, not mine, but thy will be done!” I cannot express how I thirst after all righteousness: it is my constant prayer. And my meditation of it is sweet. The devil fights strongly. But Jesus keeps me at the inexhaustible Fountain; and I am so filled with his love, that my ravished soul can hardly help breaking out into extasy of joy, both when I am in company with our people, and when at work. But I much want the advice of those that have more experience. For we are young and ignorant in this dark corner, and Holiness and Sanctification is a language little understood among us: so that when I have spoken any thing, I have generally met with a repulse, rather than encouragement. Only, one here is earnestly longing for it, and we often wrestle

with God together. I hope you will bestow a line or two upon me, and pray to the Giver of all good gifts, to bestow his wisdom upon

Your unworthy Friend in Christ,

ERASMUS MIDDLETON.



P O E T R Y.

“ No longer PIPE, no longer DANCE.”

THE First and Second *George* were wise,
 And understood a Faction's price;
 Little account of those they made,
 That from mere principle obey'd,
 But purchas'd with an annual bribe
 The votes of the Dissenting Tribe;
 Who serv'd with flaming zeal and hearty,
 The Heads of their own favour'd Party.

Why are they chang'd to *George* the Third,
 And never give him a good word?
 His rebels why do they embrace,
 And spit in a mild Monarch's face!
 “ Because he slights his Father's friends,
 And the three kingdoms comprehends,
 All Sects and Parties reconciles,
 Alike on Whig and Tory smiles:
 Aims at impossibilities,
 And studies friends and foes to please;
 Because our pensions he withdraws,—
 And if he starve the good, old Cause,
 And if he nothing more advance—
 No longer pipe, no longer dance!”

FROM THE OLNEY COLLECTION.

The joy of the Lord is your strength. Nehemiah viii, 10.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil ;
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,
 And made his glories known ;
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
 Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
 A sense of pard'ning love ;
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Give joys like those above.

To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine ;
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakably divine !

These are the joys which satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind ;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

No more, believers, mourn your lot,
 But if you are the Lord's ;
 Resign to them that know him not,
 Such joys as earth affords.

The P O T T E R and his C L A Y.

A HYMN ascribed to Dr. W. Contrasted by Dr. B.

The Hymn.

BEHOLD the Potter and his Clay,
 He forms his vessels as he please;
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his high decrees.

Does not the workman's power extend
 O'er all the mass—which part to chuse,
 And mould it for a nobler end,
 And which to leave for viler use?

May not the sovereign Lord on high
 Dispense his favours as he will?
 Chuse some to life, while others die,
 And yet be just and gracious still?

What if to make his terror known,
 He lets his patience long endure,
 Suffering vile rebels to go on,
 And seal their own destruction sure?

What if he means to shew his grace,
 And his electing love employs,
 To mark out some of mortal race,
 And form them fit for heavenly joys?

Shall man reply against the Lord,
 And call his Maker's ways unjust?
 The thunder of whose dreadful word
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust.

But O my soul! if truth so bright
 Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
 Yet still his written will obey,
 And wait the great, decisive day.

Then shall he make his justice known,
 And the whole world before his throne,
 With joy, or terror, shall confess
 The glory of his righteousness.

The Contrast.

BEHOLD the Potter and his Clay,
 He forms his vessels to his mind;
 So did creating *Love* display
 Itself in forming human-kind.

The almighty Workman's power, and skill,
 Could have no *vile, ignoble ends*;
 His one immutable *good will*
 To *all* that he hath made extends.

This gracious, sovereign Lord on high,
 By his eternal word and voice,
 Chose *all* to live, and *none* to die,
 Nor will he *ever* change his choice.

Not by *his* will, but by their *own*,
 Vile rebels break his righteous laws;
 And make the terror to be known,
 Of which they are *themselves* the cause.

His *all-electing* love employs
 All means, the human race to bless;
 That mortals may his *heavenly joys*,
 By *re-electing* him possess.

Shall man reply that God decreed
 Fallen *Adam's* race *not* to be blest?
 That for a *few* his Son should bleed,
 And *Satan* should have *all the rest*?

Do thou, poor sinful soul of mine,
 By Faith and Penitence embrace,
 Of doubtless, *boundless love* divine,
 The *free*, the *universal* grace.

Let God, within thy pliant soul,
 Renew the image of his Son;
 The likeness *marr'd* will then be *whole*,
 And show what he, *in Christ*, has done.

*An EPITAPH on EDWARD HEARNE, of Monmouth, who
died April 28, 1776.*

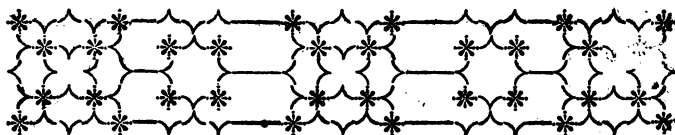
STRANGER to Vice, with early grace imbued,
The pious youth his Saviour's steps pursued:
Pursued, a zealous Follower of his Lord,
A mother labouring for her full reward:
Traced her from earth, by lawless violence driven,
And found the martyréd Saint enshrined in heaven.

A S H O R T H Y M N.

Mark iii. 5. *He looked round about on them with anger, being
grieved for the hardness of their hearts.*

SUCH may all my anger be,
Sin when I in others see,
Not the pagan passion blind,
Rage of a vindictive mind,
But the fervency of zeal
Pained for those who cannot feel.

Lord impart thy grief to me,
Grief for man's obduracy;
Angry at the sin alone,
Let me for the sinner groan,
Till his hardness thou remove,
His, and mine, by dying love.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For J U L Y 1781.



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

D I A L O G U E I.

[*Concluded from page 294.*]

Fred. **G**OD declares positively that he created man for paradise. And afterwards when man was defiled through sin, he again declares that he willeth not the death of a sinner; that he willeth not that any should perish. Nay, he hath sent his Son, that where sin abounded, grace might much more abound. But they maintain, in opposition to these express declarations, that God willeth not that *all* men should be saved; but that on the contrary many are created to perdition, so that Christ himself cannot save them, nor can be said to be the Saviour of all. In which respect they are (give me leave to speak freely,) worse than *Cain* himself. For he only confessed that *his sin was too great to be forgiven;*

whilst they teach (not in words 'tis true, for they are ashamed to do that; but in fact) that some men, even before they were created, much more before they had sinned, were incurable, even by Christ himself. Let them take heed, therefore, lest they be punished after the manner of *Cain*, or the *Israelites* I have spoken of. *Lewis*. Indeed, *Frederic*, you have conquered, and I yield entirely to your arguments. But still there are some passages that perplex me. As for instance; that of *St. Luke*, (*Acts* xiii. 48.) *As many as were ordained to eternal life, believed.* Again, that concerning the sons of *Eli*, (*1 Sam.* ii. 25.) *They hearkened not unto the voice of their father, because the Lord would slay them.* Again, *Shimei* (*2 Sam.* xvi.) is said to have been ordered by God to curse *David*. Again, consider *Pharaoh's* obduracy. *Fred.* As for the saying of *St. Luke*, we oppose it to that of *St. Peter*, (*1 Pet.* ii. 7, 8.) *Unto you who believe, he is precious; but unto them who are disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient, whereunto also they were appointed.*

From these words of *St. Peter*, we may ascertain the meaning of *St. Luke* to be quite contrary to his words. As thus: "All those that were ordained unto life did not believe." For many of the Jews, who certainly were the children of the kingdom, did not believe; and therefore were deprived of the right of the kingdom, and the inheritance to which they were ordained. *Lewis*. What then, *Frederic*, are *St. Peter* and *St. Luke* in contradiction to each other? *Fred.* Yes, if you will adhere to the words only. Therefore if any one will contentiously urge the words of *St. Luke*, nor admit of any explication, I shall avail myself of the same liberty to urge the words of *St. Paul*, and likewise admit of no explication. But if there be a necessity to make them agree, (as certainly there is, since the Spirit of Truth cannot be in contradiction with itself,) let us see how that conciliation may be brought

brought about. First, tell me how your Friends make St. Peter agree with St. Luke. For if their method of conciliation be right, we will approve of it; if not, we will see whether Luke cannot be made to agree with Peter. Lewis. They expound Peter so as to assert, that what he says of *Those who are ordained to believe*, relates only to the outward Calling. Fred. How so, Lewis? That they were ordained to an outward Calling; that is, they were called outwardly, to wit, by words? Lewis. Yes. Fred. Is then, among you, to be called by words, and to believe, one and the same thing? Lewis. By no means. Fred. Then they explain St. Peter wrong; for he doth not say that they were ordained to hear the words outwardly, but to believe that unto which they were called. And this *act of believing*, certainly is not outward but inward. Therefore if you have any thing more plausible, produce it; for this argument is too weak. Lewis. Indeed, I have nothing else to offer. Fred. Hearken then to what I say. Peter immediately explains his meaning, in the following words, *But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him, who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light: Which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God: which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy,* 1 Pet. ii. 9, 10. If you examine attentively the whole passage, you will perceive the purport of it to be this. "The Jews, who were God's people, the sons of the kingdom, ordained unto Christ, and chosen (for unto them did the promises and the covenant belong) "believed not in Christ, and therefore were deprived of the kingdom; but ye who were not God's people, nor chosen unto salvation, are adopted in their stead, and are now the people of God." St. Paul says the same, (Rom. xi.) "The Jews have been broken off through unbelief." "Thou hast been ingrafted through faith." And the same in the very chapter of St. Luke we have under consideration. "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken

unto you," (you see in what manner they were ordained to believe,) "but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, know ye that we turn to the Gentiles," Acts xiii. 46. St. *Luke* cannot contradict these sayings. In order therefore rightly to understand his meaning, answer me a few questions. Do you think that those Jews, of whom St. *Luke* writes, who rejected the word of God, and judged themselves unworthy of everlasting life, were ordained thereunto? *Lewis*. Most certainly. For you had convinced me of it before you began to argue about St. *Peter*. *Fred*. Nevertheless they did not believe. *Lewis*. They did not. *Fred*. Consequently all those that were ordained unto everlasting life, did not believe. *Lewis*. I understand you now. You mean, that those Jews which were called by *Paul* and *Barnabas*, and consequently ordained unto everlasting life, (for whomsoever God calleth, those has he ordained,) did not believe. *Fred*. You take me right, *Lewis*; for St. *Luke* doth not speak in general of all those that were ordained unto life, (for all the ordained do not believe, since the Jews, the children of the kingdom are cast out,) but of those Gentiles who believed at that time. And this is exactly the same meaning we have now discovered St. *Peter's* to be; as will plainly appear to any one that will examine the passage attentively. Whatsoever therefore has been told you, (and which I perceive to be common) that St. *Luke's* saying, relative to the Gentiles, and those times, belongs to all times, and to all men; is erroneous. Otherwise we might say upon the same principle, that all Christians, as many as ever were, laid down their goods and possessions at the Apostles feet, because the same Evangelist says, (Acts iv. 3, 4.) *As many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them at the Apostles feet.* You may easily perceive how erroneous it would be to apply this in general to all Christians, of all times. *Lewis*. I perceive it, and approve of the comparison. You have entirely satisfied me concerning

concerning this passage, my dear Frederic, and I esteem it a great thing to have attained the right understanding of it. *Fred.* So do I, my dear Lewis; for to tell you the truth, I never perfectly understood it myself till now. And I have not now obtained the knowledge of it by human craftiness; but through my prayers to God; and unto him, whose gift it is, be the glory and praise that is due, for so great a mercy.

But I observe that it is common to err in this; that in order to benefit by such a gift of God, some persons will endeavour to explain many passages by a comparison with one; and by this method they turn a particular question into an universal one. I mean, when they apply to all, what is said but of one. Thus they are wont to apply to all Christians this saying of *St. Paul*, *Romans vii. 14, 15, I am carnal; sold under sin,* &c. which he speaks neither of himself nor of all. Likewise, what Christ says to his disciples, (*Luke xii. 7.*) *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.* Some apply this to the wicked; as if God takes an equal care of them, and they need not fear more than the righteous. Which conclusion is no less absurd, than if we were to contend, that all men will be judges of the twelve tribes of Israel, because Christ said that his Apostles would be so. Again, they understand of *all men*, what is wrote somewhere of Christ; "That the Jews did not seize him because his hour was not yet come." This they interpret as meaning, that none can die before his time, because the Jews could not destroy Christ before his time. As if there was no difference, in that respect, between Christ and all men. Which is not less absurd than if one should say that all men are born at *Bethlehem*, because Christ was born there. I argue in the same manner concerning God's promise unto *Abraham*, that he would be his God, and the God of his seed; which they refer to all Christians, and is as absurd as if you was to refer to every Christian, God's promise to the same patriarch, that his seed should be as numerous as the stars of heaven, or as the sand on the sea shore.

Lewis.

Lewis. All this is very true, my dear Frederic, and therefore nothing remains, I think, but to pass on to the other passages I have hinted at. *Fred.* You say right, Lewis; but these will require a little more time; and though they belong to the subject of Predestination, they will fall better under that of Election; of which (God permitting,) we shall speak hereafter. And if you have nothing more to oppose, we shall leave off here for the present. *Lewis.* I have nothing further.

Fred. Let us conclude then, that all who say, God has created some men unto everlasting misery, teach an erroneous and pernicious doctrine; I may truly term it so, from the many evils which result from it. *First,* because it is so far from corresponding with the nature of God, that on the contrary, nothing can be more averse to it, than bringing into existence children (for *Adam* was the child of God, and consequently all his posterity are the children of God,) unto perdition; when not even wolves or tygers would do so. This doctrine cancels that word, which exhorts us to imitate God's goodness towards his creatures, as the following saying of Christ doth; "If ye being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father?" In this sentence our Saviour teacheth the wicked; and convinces them by an induction of the goodness of God, drawn from their own example. But if Predestination is to take place, they might have answered Christ thus: "Why do you propose to us the goodness of God for an example, as if he were better than we are? None of us are so wicked, that we would willingly beget a child to bring him to condign punishment. No; we cannot even renounce our wicked children, unless their wickedness be invincible and incurable. But God hath created some, even the greatest number of his children unto the punishment of everlasting fire; and hath created them so, that they cannot escape it at any rate. Why do you propose him to our imitation? Is it goodness to condemn before creation?" Tell me, Lewis, what could Christ have

have answered to all this; or by what means could he have softened their hearts? For wheresoever you turn yourself, or whatever you may say, it will not avail, it will have no power to teach men. *A Second* evil consequence resulting from Predestination is, that it destroys God's mercy; which he himself proclaims, when he says, "That he is abundant in mercy, and slow to anger." But if he hath created men to everlasting misery, it follows, that he is slow to mercy, and very abundant in anger, since he inveighs against his own productions, and that even before they exist, or before they have sinned. The *Third* evil is, that it makes God a hypocrite; who means otherwise than he commands. By which they make God worse than the devil, as we have shewn already. *A Fourth* is, the danger lest it destroys all desire of religion and obedience; since you are thereby convinced that you cannot help doing what you are ordained to. Should it be objected, that the righteous will obey willingly, through that very predestination, I answer, that it takes away the contest between the Spirit and the Flesh. For if this obedience is derived naturally from Predestination, as a beard grows on a man's face, or teeth in children, or as harvest succeeds summer, they need be no more anxious about it, than about the growth of their beard. And thus it will come to pass, that some will work out their salvation with fear and trembling, but will live an abandoned life, if they imagine themselves to be chosen, or be thrown into despair, if they consider themselves rejected. Experience shows this clearly. For if you will confess the truth, my dear Lewis, you well know these Predestinarians; their supineness; their carelessness; their audaciousness in deciding about every one, and their arrogance in condemning others unto perdition. They teach every where, that God hath decreed sin; and go even so far, that one of them was bold enough to say, holding a knife in his hand, should I stab you with this knife, I should do nothing but what God hath decreed. This is the case, Lewis, and you know it. And this is the fruit of their doctrine;

doctrine; namely, to live without any care; to esteem themselves chosen; to send those who dare contradict them, to perdition; and forthwith to call them Reprobates. Hence, common people, inclined enough before to a licentious life, being intoxicated with this doctrine, live as the Impious and Atheists do. Their usual saying is, Let us do as we please, we shall do nothing but what God hath decreed; let us drink; let us whore; all is done through Predestination. If therefore any one is accused of a rape, and he be a friend of your Masters, he gets clear. He was predestinated to commit a rape, and God is glorified by it, as by *David's* adultery. But if your Masters happen to have an enmity against him, they stile him at once a Reprobate, and the crime is considered as a sure sign of Reprobation. And with what pride, with what haughtiness do these Teachers condemn others? They are predestinated to it. But why should we say any more on this subject, Lewis? The Lord hath said that in the latter days there should be men living in supineness, as in the days of *Noah*. I think this supineness is brought to perfection by the doctrine of Predestination. For no doctrine doth exist, or can be devized, that makes men more supine.

[*The End of the first Dialogue.*]

On P O P E R Y.

L E T T E R II.

[*To the EDITORS of the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.*]

Gentlemen,

SOME time ago, in a Letter published at *London*, I observed, "Roman Catholics cannot give those whom they account Heretics, any sufficient Security for their peaceable Behaviour:"

1. Because it has been publicly avowed in one of their General Councils, and never publicly disclaimed, That Faith is not to be kept with Heretics :

2. Because they hold the Doctrine of Priestly Absolution, and 3. The Doctrine of Papal Pardons and Dispensations.

Mr. *O'Leary* has published *Remarks* on this Letter: nine parts in ten of which are quite wide of the mark. Not that they are wide of *his* mark, which is to introduce a plausible Panegyric upon the Roman Catholics, mixt with keen invectives against the Protestants, whether true or false it matters not. All this is admirably well calculated, to inspire the Reader with aversion to these Heretics, and to bring them back to the holy, harmless, much-injured Church of *Rome!* And I should not wonder, if these six Papers should make six thousand Converts to her.

Close arguing he does not attempt, but he vapours, and skips to and fro, and rambles to all points of the compass, in a very lively and entertaining manner.

Whatever has the face of an argument in his first Letter, I answered before. Those of the 14th, 16th, 18th, and 21st instant, I pass over at present: I have now only to do with what he advances in your Journal of March the 12th.

Here I read, "For Mr. *Wesley's* second Letter, see the last page." I have seen it; but I can find no more of the second Letter in the last page, than in the first. It would be strange, if I did; for that second Letter was never heard of, but in Mr. *O'L's* Remarks. "But why then does he mention it over and over?" Truly I cannot tell.

He begins, "Fanaticism"—Hold! There is no Fanaticism in my Letter, but plain, sober Reason. I "now expect" (they are his own words) "a serious Answer to a serious Charge."

My argument was, The Council of *Constance* has openly avowed violation of faith with Heretics. But it has never been openly disclaimed. Therefore, those who receive this

Council cannot be trusted, by those whom they account Heretics.—This is my immediate conclusion. And if the premises be admitted, it will infallibly follow.

On this, Mr. O'L. says, "A Council so often quoted, challenges peculiar attention. We shall examine it with all possible precision and impartiality. At a time when the broachers of a new Doctrine" (as new as the Bible) "were kindling the fire of Sedition, and shaking the foundations of thrones and kingdoms"—Big words, but entirely void of truth—"was held the Council of *Constance*. To this, was cited *John Hus*, famous for propagating errors, tending to—wrest the sceptre from the hands of Kings."—Equally true. "He was obnoxious to Church and State." To the Church of *Rome*: not to the State in any degree.

"Protestant and Catholic Legislators enacted Laws for burning Heretics." How wisely are these jumbled together! And the Protestants placed first! But pray what Protestant Legislator made such Laws, either before or after the Catholic ones?—I know one man, *Servetus*, was burnt at *Geneva*: but I know not that there was any law for it. And I know one woman, *Joan Bocher*, was burnt in *Smithfield*, much against the mind of King *Edward*. But what is this to the numbers who were inhumanly butchered by Queen *Mary*? To say nothing of her savage Husband. "But the same Laws were executed by Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James*." How! Did either of these burn Heretics? Queen *Elizabeth* put two Anabaptists to death! But what was this to the Achievements of her Sister?

He adds a well-devised Apology for the Romish Persecutions of the Protestants, as necessarily resulting from the nature of things, and not from any wrong Principles. And this he illustrates by the treatment formerly given to the Methodists, "whose Love-feasts and Watch-nights roused the vigilance of the Magistrate, and influenced the rage of the rabble." Indeed they did not. Not only no Magistrate ever
objected

objected either to one or the other, but no mob, even in the most turbulent time, ever interrupted them.

But to the Council. "*Hus* strikes at the root of all temporal Power and civil Authority. He boldly asserts, That all Princes, Magistrates, &c. in the state of mortal sin, are deprived, *ipso facto*, of all power and jurisdiction. And by broaching these Doctrines, he makes *Bohemia* a theatre of intestine war. See the Acts of the Council of *Constance* in *L'Abbe's* Collection of Councils."

I have seen them, and I can find nothing of all this therein. But more of this by and by.

"He gave notice that he would stand his trial. But he attempted to escape." No, never: this is pure invention. "He is arrested at *Constance*," whence he never attempted to escape—"and confined. His friends plead his Safe-conduct. The Council then declared, *No Safe-conduct granted by the Emperor, or any other Princes, to Heretics, ought to hinder them from being punished, as Justice shall require. And the person who has promised them security, shall not be obliged to keep his promise, by whatever tie he may be engaged.*"

And did the Council of *Constance* declare this? Yes, says Mr. O'L. I desire no more. But before I argue upon the point, permit me to give a little fuller account of the whole affair.

The Council of *Constance* was called by the Emperor *Sigismund*, and Pope *John* the 23d, in the year 1414. Before it began, the Emperor sent some *Bohemian* Gentlemen, to conduct *John Hus* to *Constance*, solemnly promising, That he should "come and return freely, without fraud or interruption."

But before he left *Prague*, he waited on the Bishop of *Nazareth*, Papal Inquisitor for that City and Diocese, who in the presence of many witnesses gave him the following testimonial.

"We, *Nicholas*—do by these presents, make known to all men, That we have often talked with that honourable man,

Master *John Hus*, and in all his sayings, doings and behaviour, have proved him to be a faithful man; finding no manner of evil, sinister, or erroneous doings in him, unto this present." *Prague*, August 30, 1414.

This was attested by the hand and seal of the public Notary, named *Michael Pruthatietz*.

After this, *Conrade*, Archbishop of *Prague*, declared before all the Barons of *Bohemia*, That "he knew not that *John Hus* was culpable or faulty, in any crime or offence whatever." So neither the Inquisitor nor the Archbishop knew any thing, of "his making *Bohemia* a theatre of intestine war!"

In October he began his journey, accompanied by two Noblemen, *Wencelat de Duba*, and *John de Clum*. On Nov. 3d, he came to *Constance*, and was treated with great respect. But not long after, he was suddenly arrested and cast into a noisome prison. Here he quickly fell sick. During his sickness, his accusers exhibited twelve articles against him. But none of them charge him with Sedition. They relate purely to the Church.

May 14, 1415, The Nobles of *Böhemia* complained to the Council, "When Master *John Hus*, came to the Council, under the Emperor's safe-conduct, he was in violation of the public Faith imprisoned before he was heard." They add, "And he is now grievously tormented, both with fetters, and with hunger and thirst."

June 8, His accusers brought thirty-nine articles more, and afterward twenty-six others. But both the former and the latter relate wholly to the Church.

Seven more were brought next. The first of these is, "If the Pope, Bishop, or Prelate be in deadly sin, he is then no Pope, Bishop or Prelate." But this he himself explains in the same tract whence it is taken. "Such as touching their deserts, are not worthily Popes, or Pastors before God; yet as touching their office, are Popes and Pastors."

After these, six more articles were exhibited, but all relate to the Church, as do nineteen more that followed them. In
fine,

fine, nineteen others were preferred by the Chancellor and University of *Paris*. One of these was, "No man being in deadly sin, is a true Pope, Prelate or Lord." This seems to be the same with the preceding Charge; only they have mended it, by adding the word *Lord*. Another was, "Subjects ought publicly to reprove the vices of their Rulers." It does not appear, that ever he held this.

In the seventeenth Session, the sentence and condemnation of *John Hus* was read and published. The Emperor then commanded the Duke of *Bavaria*, to deliver him to the Executioners; for which glorious exploit he was thus addressed by the Bishop of *Landy*, in the name of the Council: "This most holy and goodly labour was reserved only for Thee, O most noble Prince! Upon thee only doth it lie, to whom the whole rule and ministration of Justice is given. Wherefore thou hast established thy praise and renown; even by the mouths of babes and sucklings thy praise shall be celebrated for evermore."

From this whole transaction we may observe, 1. That *John Hus* was guilty of no crime, either in word or action; even his Enemies, the Archbishop of *Prague*, and the Papal Inquisitor, being Judges.

2. That he never preached or wrote any thing tending to Sedition: neither was there in fact any Sedition, much less intestine war in *Bohemia*, while he ministered there.

3. That his real fault, and his only one was, Opposing the Papal Usurpations.

4. That this "most noble Prince" was a bigotted, cruel, perfidious Murderer, and that the Fathers of the Council deserve the same praise, seeing they urged him to embrace his hands in innocent blood, in violation of the public Faith, and extolled him to the skies for so doing. And seeing they have laid it down as a maxim, That the most solemn promise, made to a Heretic, may be broken.

But

But says Mr. *O'L.* "This regards the peculiar case of Safe-conducts granted by Princes to Heretics." If you mean, They took occasion from a particular Case, to establish a General Rule; this is true. But what then? If the public Faith with Heretics may be violated in one instance, it may be in a thousand. "But can the Rule be extended farther?" It may; it must; we cannot tell where to stop. Away then with your witticisms on so awful a subject. What, do you sport with human blood? I take burning men alive to be a very serious thing. I pray, spare your Jests on the occasion.

But you have another plea. "*Sigismund* only promised to guard him from any violence in going to the Council." Why this was just nothing. What man in his wits would have moved a step upon such a promise as this? "But this was all it was in his power to do." It was not. It was in his power to have told the Council, "My own Honour, and yours, and that of the Empire are at stake. I will not upon any account suffer the public Faith to be violated: I will not make myself infamous to all generations. My name shall not stink to all future ages. I will part rather with my Empire, with my Life." He could have taken *John Hus* out of their hands, and have sent him safe to his own Country. He would have done it, had he been an honest man; had he had either Honour or Conscience. I ask Mr. *O'L.* would not you have done it, had you been in *Sigismund's* place? If you say "No," a Protestant ought not to trust you, any more than he would trust a wild Bull.

I am afraid, this is the case; for you strangely add, "It was nugatory in *Sigismund*, to grant him a Safe-conduct. For neither King nor Emperor could deprive the Bishops of their right of judging" (add, and of murdering Heretics.) It is plain, *Sigismund* thought he could, that he could screen *Hus* from all dangers; else he had been both a fool and a knave to promise it: especially by a public instrument which pledged his own Honour and that of the whole Empire for his safety.

Now

Now for flourish. "Thus the superannuated Charge of violation of faith with Heretics"—No more superannuated now, than it was, while *John Hus* was in the flames—"vanishes away."—No, nor ever will. It still stares us in the face, and will do so, till another General Council publicly and explicitly repeals that infamous determination of the Council of *Constance*, and declares the burning of *John Hus* to have been an open violation of all Justice, Mercy and Truth. But flourish on! "The foundation then of Mr. *W's* aërial fabric being fapped"—Not at all—"The superstructure falls of course, and his long train of false and unchristian assertions."—What can this mean? I know of no *long train of assertions*, whether true or false! I use three Arguments and no more, in proof of one Conclusion.

"What more absurd, than to insist on a General Council's disclaiming a Doctrine which they never taught?" They *did* teach it: and that not by the bye, not incidentally; but they laid it down as a stated rule of action, dictated by the Holy Ghost. I quote chapter and verse. I say too, "See *L'Abbe's Councils*," printed at Paris, in 1672.* Yea, and they were not ashamed to publish this determination to all the Christian world! And to demonstrate their sincerity therein, by burning a man alive. And this Mr. *O'L.* humourously compares, to the roasting a piece of beef! With equal tenderness I suppose he would compare, the "singing the beards of Heretics," (that is, thrusting a burning furze-bush in their face) to the singeing a fowl before it was roasted.

"It is sufficient to disclaim it, when it is fixt upon us." Then disclaim it without delay; for it is fixt upon you, to all intents and purposes. Nay and you fixt it upon yourselves, in every new Edition of the Councils: in all of which, this Council stands in *aternal rei memoriam*, and this very determination, without the least touch of blame! It must therefore stand as an avowed Doctrine of the Church of Rome, That "Heretics ought to be condemned and executed, notwithstanding

standing the most solemn assurances to the contrary:" in other words, That "*the public Faith, even that of Kings and Emperors, ought not to be kept with Heretics.*"

What security then for my life can any man give me, till he utterly renounces the Council of *Constance*? What security can any Romanist give a Protestant, till this Doctrine is publicly abjured? If Mr. *O'L.* has any thing more to plead for this Council, I shall follow him step by step. But let him keep his word, and "give a serious Answer to a serious Charge." "Drollery may come in, when we are talking of roasting fowls;" but not when we talk of "roasting men."

Would I then wish the Roman Catholics to be persecuted? I never said or hinted any such thing. I abhor the thought: it is foreign to all I have preached and wrote for these fifty years. But I would wish the Romanists in *England* (I had no others in view) to be treated still with the same lenity that they have been these sixty years: to be allowed both Civil and Religious Liberty, but not permitted to undermine Ours. I wish them to stand just as they did, before the late Act was passed: not to be persecuted or hurt themselves; but gently restrained from hurting their Neighbours.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

Chester, March 31, 1780.

S E R M O N IV.

On 1 JOHN v. 8.

For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.

1. **M**ANY eminent writers, Heathen as well as Christian, both in earlier and later ages, have employed their utmost labour and art, in painting the beauty of Virtue. And the

the same pains they have taken, to describe, in the liveliest colours, the deformity of Vice; both of Vice in general, and of those particular vices which were most prevalent in their respective ages and countries. With equal care they have placed in a strong light, the happiness that attends Virtue, and the misery which usually accompanies Vice, and always follows it. And it may be acknowledged, that treatises of this kind, are not wholly without their use. Probably hereby some on the one hand have been stirred up, to desire and follow after Virtue, and some on the other hand, checked in their career of Vice; perhaps reclaimed from it, at least for a season. But the change effected in men by these means, is seldom either deep or universal. Much less is it durable: in a little space, it vanishes away as the morning cloud. Such motions are far too feeble to overcome the numberless temptations that surround us. All that can be said of the beauty and advantage of Virtue, and the deformity and ill effects of Vice, cannot resist, and much less overcome and heal one irregular appetite or passion.

“ All these fences, and their whole array,
One cunning bosom Sin sweeps quite away.”

2. There is therefore an absolute necessity, if ever we would conquer Vice, or steadily persevere in the practice of Virtue, to have arms of a better kind than these. Otherwise we may see what is right; but we cannot attain it. Many of the men of reflexion among the very Heathens, were deeply sensible of this. The language of their heart was that of *Medea*:

*Vide meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.*

How exactly agreeing with the words of the Apostle, (personating a man convinced of sin, but not yet conquering it)

The good that I would, I do not; but the evil I would not, that I do. The impotence of the human mind, even the *Roman* Philosopher could discover. "There is in every man, says he, this weakness; (he might have said, this sore disease,) *Gloria fitis*, athirst for glory. Nature points out the disease: but Nature shews us no remedy."

3. Nor is it strange, that though they sought for a remedy, yet they found none. For they sought it, where it never was, and never will be found, namely, in themselves, in Reason: in Philosophy: broken reeds! bubbles! smoke! They did not seek it in God, in whom alone it is possible to find it: in God! No, they totally disclaim this: and that in the strongest terms. For although *Cicero*, one of their Oracles, once stumbled upon that strange truth, *Nemo unquam vir magnus sine afflatu divino fuit*; (there never was any great man, who was not divinely inspired.) Yet in the very same tract he contradicts himself, and totally overthrows his own assertion, by asking, *Quis pro virtute aut sapientiâ gratias dedit Deis unquam?* Who ever returned thanks to God for his Virtue or Wisdom? The *Roman* Poet is, (if possible) more express still: who, after mentioning several outward blessings, honestly adds,

*Hæc satis est orare Jovem, quæ donatet aufert:
Det vitam; det opes: Æquum mi animun ipse parabo.*

We ask of God, what he can give or take:
Life, wealth: but virtuous I myself will make.

4. The best of them either sought Virtue partly from God, or partly from themselves; or sought it from those gods, who were indeed but devils, and so not likely to make their votaries better than themselves. So dim was the light of the wisest of men, till *life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel; till the Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.*

But

But what are *the works of the devil* here mentioned? How was *the Son of God manifested*, to destroy them? And, how, in what manner, and by what steps, does he actually destroy them? These three very important points we may consider in their order.

I. And, first, what these works of the devil are, we learn from the words preceding and following the text. *We know that he was manifested, to take away our sins*, ver. 5. *Whosoever abideth in him, sinneth not; whosoever sinneth, seeth him not, neither knoweth him*, ver. 6. *He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil*, ver. 8. *Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin*, ver. 9. From the whole of this it appears, that *the works of the devil* here spoken of, are sin and the fruits of sin.

2. But since the wisdom of God has now dissipated the clouds which so long covered the earth, and put an end to the childish conjectures of men, concerning these things, it may be of use, to take a more distinct view of these *works of the devil*, so far as the oracles of God instruct us. It is true, the design of the Holy Spirit, was to assist our Faith, not gratify our curiosity. And therefore the account he has given in the first chapters of Genesis, is exceeding short. Nevertheless it is so clear, that we may learn therefrom whatsoever it concerns us to know.

3. To take the matter from the beginning, *The Lord God*, (literally *Jehovah, the Gods*; that is, One and three) *created man in his own image*: in his own *natural image* (as to his better part) that is, a Spirit, as God is a Spirit: endued with *Understanding*, which if not the essence, seems to be the most essential property of a Spirit. And probably the human spirit, like the angelical, then discerned Truth by intuition. Hence he named every creature as soon as he saw it, according to its inmost nature. Yet his knowledge was limited, as he was a

creature: ignorance therefore was inseparable from him. But error was not: it does not appear that he was mistaken in any thing. But he was capable of mistaking, of being deceived, although not necessitated to it.

4. He was endued also with a *Will*, with various affections, (which are only the will exerting itself various ways,) that he might love, desire and delight in that which is good; otherwise his understanding had been to no purpose. He was likewise endued with *Liberty*, a power of chusing what was good, and refusing what was not so. Without this, both the Will and the Understanding would have been utterly useless. Indeed without Liberty man had been so far from being a *Free-Agent* that he could have been no *Agent* at all. For every *unfree Being* is purely passive, not active in any degree. Have you a sword in your hand? Does a man stronger than you seize your hand, and force you to wound a third person? In this you are no *Agent*, any more than the sword: the hand is as passive as the steel. So in every possible case. He that is not free, is not an *Agent*, but a *Patient*.

5. It seems therefore, that every Spirit in the universe, as such, is endued with *Understanding*, and in consequence with a Will, and with a measure of *Liberty*: and that these three are inseparably united, in every intelligent nature. And observe: *Liberty necessitated*, or over-ruled, is really no liberty at all. It is a contradiction in terms. It is the same as *unfree Freedom*; that is, downright nonsense.

6. It may be farther observed, (and it is an important observation,) that where there is no Liberty, there can be no Moral Good or Evil, no Virtue or Vice. The fire warms us, yet it is not capable of virtue; it burns us; yet this is no vice. There is no virtue, but where an intelligent being knows, loves and chuses what is good: nor is there any vice, but where such a being knows, loves and chuses what is evil.

7. And God created man, not only in his *natural*, but likewise in his own *moral* image. He created him not only in *knowledge*,

knowledge, but also in righteousness and true holiness. As his understanding was without blemish, perfect in its kind, so were all his affections. They were all set right, and duly exercised on their proper objects. And as a free Agent, he steadily chose whatever was good, according to the direction of his understanding. In so doing he was unspeakably happy, dwelling in God and God in him, having an uninterrupted fellowship with the Father and the Son, through the eternal Spirit. And the continual testimony of his conscience, that all his ways were good and acceptable to God.

8. Yet his liberty, (as was observed before) necessarily included, a power of chusing or refusing either good or evil. Indeed it has been doubted, whether man could then chuse evil, knowing it to be such. But it cannot be doubted, he might mistake evil for good. He was not infallible; therefore not impeccable. And this unravels the whole difficulty of the grand question, *Unde Malum?* "How came evil into the world?" It came from *Lucifer, son of the morning*: it was the *work of the devil*. For the devil, saith the Apostle, *sinneth from the beginning*; that is, was the first sinner in the universe: the author of sin; the first being, who, by the abuse of his liberty, introduced evil into the creation.

He, "of the first,
"If not the first Arch-angel,"

was self-tempted to think too highly of himself. He freely yielded to the temptation, and gave way first to Pride, then to Self-will. He said, *I will sit upon the sides of the North: I will be like the most High*. He did not fall alone: but soon drew after him a third part of the stars of heaven: in consequence of which, they lost their glory and happiness, and were driven from their former habitation.

9. *Having great wrath*, and perhaps envy at the happiness of the creatures whom God had newly created, it is not strange,

strange, that he should desire and endeavour to deprive them of it. In order to this, he concealed himself in the Serpent, who was *the most subtil*, or intelligent, of all the brute creatures, and on that account, the least liable to raise suspicion. Indeed some have (not improbably) supposed, that the serpent was then endued with Reason and Speech. Had not Eve known he was so, would she have admitted any parley with him? Would she not have been frightened, rather than *deceived*? (as the Apostle observes she was.) To deceive her, Satan mingled truth with falsehood: *Hath God said, ye may not eat of every tree of the garden?* And soon after persuaded her to disbelieve God, to suppose his threatening should not be fulfilled. She then lay open to the whole temptation; to *the desire of the flesh*; for the tree was good for food: to *the desire of the eyes*; for it was pleasant to the eyes; and to *the pride of life*; for it was to be desired to make one wise, and consequently honoured. So Unbelief begot Pride. She thought herself wiser than God, capable of finding a better way to happiness than God had taught her. It begot Self-will: she was determined to do her own will, not the will of him that made her. It begot foolish Desires, and compleated all by outward Sin: *She took the fruit, and did eat.*

10. She then gave to her husband and he did eat. And in that day, yea that moment he died. The life of God was extinguished in his soul. The glory departed from him. He lost the whole moral image of God, righteousness and true holiness. He was unholy; he was unhappy: he was full of sin, full of guilt and tormenting fears. Being broke off from God, and looking upon him now as an angry Judge, he was afraid. But how was his understanding darkened, to think he could *hide himself from the presence of the Lord, among the trees of the garden?* Thus was his soul utterly dead to God! And in that day his body likewise began to die: became obnoxious to weakness, sickness, pain: all preparatory to the death of the body, which naturally led to eternal death.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Some Account of Mr. DUNCAN WRIGHT.

[Wrote by himself.]

I Was born, May 1736, in the Kirktown of *Fortingale*, near the river *Lyon*, and not far from the lovely banks of the "Soft winding *Tay*," *Breadalbin, Perthshire*.

I claim kindred to the *Stuarts, M'Donalds, and M'Gregor's* families; perhaps more famed in story for martial exploits, than for any extraordinary attainments in religion.

It might have been better for me to have had a hardy, Highland education; but of this I was deprived by the removal of my Parents to *Edinburgh*, when I was very young. Here I had the best education my Father could give me, who was my only Schoolmaster. He was esteemed a pretty good scholar; but I doubt knew little of the life and power of religion. Yet he prayed with us at times, made us learn the *Assembly's Shorter Catechism*, and took care of us to the best of his knowledge. I lost him early, which was a loss indeed! For my Mother being too easy and indulgent, let us have our own way, which led us to all the follies and sins we were capable of. I do not remember that any creature took any pains to instruct me till I was near twenty years of age; but old *Lady D. of Preston-Field*, who at times, advised me as well as she could. And yet the the Lord did not leave me without drawings from above: for having a bookish inclination, I read, and wept very often till my head ached, and hardly knew what ailed me. Only I wanted to be a Christian, and to be easy and happy, but knew not how. Had any
living

living Christian taken a little pains to inform me, I doubt not but I should have embraced the proffers of mercy long before I did. Indeed I never felt any spirit of opposition to religion and religious persons. For as I had neither the form nor the power of religion myself, I knew I had little reason to speak an unkind word of those, that had any appearance of either.

I was from my infancy feeble and tender: yet having many relations in the army, no employment would relish with me but a soldier's life; hence my Mother never could prevail with me to follow any regular business, and this exposed me to vain and wicked company. Yet having some tenderness of conscience left, repenting and sinning, resolving and breaking through my resolutions, made my life a weariness indeed. So, in order to be happy, I resolved to see the world in a military life. Hence I enlisted, the latter end of 1754, into the tenth regiment of foot. None of my friends knew what was become of me, till I wrote to my Mother from *Limerick*, in *Ireland*. My Mother being infirm, did not survive this long; she died the spring following: and I fear my disobedience, hastened her departure. An awakened conscience will smart, first or last, for this sin, among others, stubbornness and disobedience to parents. So did mine, for the day I enlisted, I thought, now I have done for soul and body: for I could form no conception how a soldier could be religious.

In the Summer of 1755, we encamped near the city of *Cashell*, eight regiments of foot, and two of horse, where *William Coventry*, a Corporal in the *Royal Scotch*, frequently preached. I heard him once, and felt nothing but a kind of wonder at his courage in preaching among such a set as we were. I little thought, that in less than four years, I should be engaged in the same work in another camp.

We returned to *Limerick* for winter-quarters, where I began to consider, (as the soldiers had then a great deal of leisure time in the winter,) how I should pass my tedious mo-
ments;

ments; I could play at cards, and other games, (then common among the soldiery, but now happily suppressed,) but I seldom liked my company. For though I could swear sometimes, yet I could not relish so much of it, as they were addicted to. I therefore bought and borrowed all the plays, novels, and romances, I could lay my hands upon: reading late and early. And my reading had this effect, at least, that it kept me out of worse diversions, and gave my mind a turn above such intemperance and lewdness, as were too common in men of my rank.

At last an old soldier, in the same barrack-room with me, found fault with me for spending my time, and spoiling my eyes, in reading such trash. I thought, I will shew you I can read religious books as well as others. But I had none of my own. I borrowed two from one of our soldiers. One of them was the *Marrow of modern Divinity*, which being wrote by way of dialogue, attracted my attention; and before I read it half through, I was *truly*, though *gently* convinced, that I was a lost sinner, and that Christ was all I wanted to make me easy, satisfied, and happy.

Now it was that a deep sense of my time, youth, and health, spent in sin and folly; my ingratitude to God, the best of fathers; my slighting of Christ so long, and grieving the blessed Spirit, melted my heart, and made my eyes a fountain of tears. I awoke as from a dream, and saw all about me, like the men of *Sodom*, blind and groping about for happiness; or asleep, with storms of wrath ready to burst upon their heads. The immediate consequence was; a distaste to all my books and diversions. I exchanged them for religious tracts: and, having a praying heart, it soon found a praying place; for as I had no place of retirement in my room, I found a covered battery on the Castle wall. This soon became my closet; and when on guard, I used to cover my head with my watch-cloak, and stopping my ears with my fingers, spent many a happy moment in converse with God, weeping and making supplication.

Although I now forfook, in a fenfe, all for Chrift, yet there was, at times, fuch a mixture of ferioufnefs and levity, that fome might conclude I had no tincture of the fear of God. But my trifling in the day, made me often water my couch with tears at night. But I had none to guide me, I did not know a man, among feven hundred, that had any knowledge of fuch a work as I now felt in my mind.

There was one indeed, who I thought muft have fomething in him, becaufe he was fober, and read good books. But when I began to tell a little of what I felt, I found him an entire ftranger to every thing of the kind. However, the Lord made up the want of chriitian-fellowfhip, by fending me fuch books, from time to time, as furprizingly fuited my cafe; particularly *Allien's Alarm*, which proved of wonderful fervice to me. Among his directions for Conversion, he advifes the reader to enter into covenant with God; a form of which he has there given. I took the advice, fet apart a day of fafting, and prayer, wrote the covenant and figned it, and it was not long before the Lord fhewed me he did not defpife the day of fmall things.

There was a Society of *Methodifts* in the town, but I knew them not; and when I did, they were fuch objects of univerfal contempt, that I hardly knew what to make of them; however the laft night of this year, I ventured to go, and heard Mr. *Oddie*. I likewise began the year 1756 with them, and from that time never miffed an opportunity of hearing, morning and evening.

I think it was in April this year, that the Lord juftified me by his grace. I ufed to fpend all my time in bed, while awake, in weeping and prayer; and it was in one of thefe weeping nights, that in an instant the Lord brought me out of darknefs into his marvellous light. I did not know then what to call it; but its effects were many, I found an uncommon concern for the fouls of the foldiers; and the fight of a *Methodift* ufed to fet my heart on fire with love. Yet for half
a year

a year, not a soul of them spoke a word to me, though I sometimes threw myself in their way. For, much did I long to be acquainted with them, but my shyness was such, that I could not break through to speak to them.

Mr. *John Wesley*, and Mr. *Thomas Walsh*, made us a visit this summer; and O, what a heaven upon earth did I feel in hearing them! and yet I could not speak to them for my life. At length, that serious man, Mr. *Thomas Seccombe*, took notice of me, and when he was about to leave *Limerick*, desired *Sidney Hoey*, (a mother in Israel she was to me and many of the soldiers,) to get acquainted with me. She brought me to her house, and the same day to a Class-meeting, which was a day of gladness to me; for I had often found *Solomon's* words fulfilled, *Woe to him that is alone when he falleth*. For when I fell into perplexities and temptations, I had no one to help me; but now I found the real benefit of having fellowship with a loving people.

Part of 1757 and 58, I spent at *Dublin*, and found their fellowship there, also of very great service. The Preachers were lively and faithful lovers of discipline. The Society retained much of their simplicity and teachableness, and were in a good degree prepared for the blessed revival which followed some time after, under Mr. *John Manners*.

It was of uncommon advantage to me to be among the *Methodists*, at a time, when both the Preachers and people loved all our discipline, and practised it. I saw the blessed consequences; for few cared to stay among us, but such as retained their fervour for the whole of Religion. False brethren especially were soon tired, and went to the *Independents*, *Anabaptists*, or *Moravians*. But with great simplicity we used to crowd to the Sacrament at *St. Patrick's* in *Dublin*; or the Cathedral, at *Limerick*, every Sabbath. These were happy times to me; for although I was bred a Presbyterian, (if I was bred any thing,) yet the love of God threw down the walls of partition, and made me love to be there, where I

found most of the people of God. I soon saw our Plan to be more noble than any poor, narrow dissenting Scheme whatever, as intending the good of thousands and tens of thousands, in the great bodies of the established Churches; and I am still convinced, that our present situation is infinitely better calculated for general good than the best planned Separation that can be conceived.

[*To be continued.*]

An Extract from the DIARY of Mrs. BATHSHEBA HALL.

[*Concluded from page 311.*]

SEPTEMBER 3. My spirit still gasps for deeper union with Thee, my God and my All! Whither should thy indigent creature flee, but to thy blessed self?

“ My fluttering heart fatigues my breast,
 And swells and spreads abroad,
 And pants for everlasting rest,
 And struggles into God?”

Saturday, May 2. All this week I have had little time for prayer, and none for writing. Yet on Monday evening, the holy fire I felt, seemed almost to consume me. Afterwards I was desired to attend a Prayer-meeting. As I was going, my spirit spread itself too wide for all below. As I entered, one who used vehemently to oppose it, was crying to God for full deliverance from sin. All my soul was engaged in mighty prayer for him. And we were answered with a shower of love.

Since Wednesday morning I have been sorely buffeted with grievous accusations. But the Lord hath been my support.

port. The more we labour to shake Satan's kingdom, the more will he labour to distress us.

Tuesday 5. I see more than ever, I am not called to please myself, but others, for their good to edification. Here are a few that are much athirst for God: my spirit is much knit to them. I intended to have gone this evening, to a Prayer-meeting; but was prevented. Even our best intentions are often to be sacrificed to God.

Wednesday 13. The Lord is reviving his work at *Bedminster*. I feel my soul much engaged in it. And yet I tremble, lest I should not be diligent therein. I know, I must improve my Lord's talent. I had rather be obscure. But I dare not. O my God, help me to fight thy battles!

Sunday, Nov. 15. Infinite Source of Good! I adore thee: thou hast put on me the garment of Self-abasement. I feel the Life-Divine infused. The holy fire consumes my very spirit. O may I this day be more deeply baptized into thy death!

Dec. 10. How shall I praise thee, thou Ocean of Mercies! Many and great have been my spiritual conflicts. But thou hast been my strength, my confidence, and my glory!

Thursday 17. The Lord sent one of his dear children to me, who found pardon last winter, but was now in deep distress through inbred sin, and longed for deliverance. I read her my own experience. While I was reading, my soul was overwhelmed with the power of God. We went to prayer. She was shook as over the mouth of hell. She cried out, "I am just like Satan. It is not possible, God should save such a wretch as *me*." For some time she continued in a deep agony. We wrestled with God about an hour. God then began to shine upon her soul. I then left her alone: and her light and love gradually increased till we parted. The next day she came again; and while we were pouring out our souls in prayer, the Lord came down as a mighty rushing wind, and filled her soul with himself,

Sunday

Sunday 27. I have this day seen seven and twenty years! But have been alive to God ten years only. Glory be to God that I was created for a noble purpose, and that in some small degree I have answered it! O that from this day I may be more entirely consecrated to thee than ever!

January 12, 1773. Surely the Lord is my defence. Amidst many close trials among false brethren, it is He that keeps my soul. I find only the Spirit of Love and Prayer, for those that despitefully use me. I am called to very deep sufferings for others. I feel myself offered up as in sacrifice for them. Yesterday it seemed I could give up my life for them. I went to bed with my mind much oppressed for several. In the night the Lord spoke, "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive be delivered? Thus saith the Lord, even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered. For I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." I know the persons particularly referred to, I believe, O my God, thou wilt save them.

Feb. 16. The Lord was so powerfully present at the Room, that I thought my spirit must take its flight. But O what did I feel for many, who I fear, are drawing back to perdition? O Eternity! Who that is not like thee, O God, can grapple with Eternity? Lord, thou seest my labouring soul! Let me meet them at thy right hand!

April 24, 1775. Lord, support me while I behold my own vileness! Ah! why do I cumber the ground? What is man! A bubble upon the wave! A mere nothing and vanity! But how immensely am I, thy poor creature, indebted to thy bounty? I need not descend into the deep to find thee, O thou Saviour of men! Yet, I will descend into the depths of thy love, and silently adore!—The language of my soul is,

“Weary

“ Weary world, when will it end,
 Destinèd to the purging fire?
 Fain I would to heavèn ascend;
 Thitherward I still aspire!
 Saviour, this is not my place!
 Let me die to see thy face!”



*A short Account of Mrs. S——; extracted from the Rev. Mr.
 Wesley's Journal.*

IN the evening, [Monday October 24, 1743,] the house at *Grimby* not being able to contain one fourth of the congregation, I stood in the street, and exhorted every prodigal to *Arise and go to his father*. One or two endeavoured to interrupt; but they were soon stilled by their own companions. The next day, one of the town promised us the use of a large room. But he was prevailed upon to retract his promise, before the hour of preaching came. I then designed going to the Cross; but the rain prevented: so that we were a little at a loss, till we were offered a very convenient place, by a woman who was a sinner. I therefore declared *Him* (about one o'clock) whom God hath exalted, to give repentance and remission of sins. And God so confirmed the word of his grace, that I marvelled any one could withstand him.

However, this *Female-Prodigal* held out till the evening, when I enlarged upon the sins and faith of her who washed our Lord's feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. She was then utterly broken in pieces (as indeed, was well nigh the whole congregation) and came after me to my lodging, crying out, “O Sir! *What must I do to be saved?*” Being now informed of her case, I said, “Escape for your life.

life. Return instantly to your husband." She said, "But how can it be? Which way can I go? He is above a hundred miles off. I have just received a letter from him; and he is at *Newcastle upon Tyne*." I told her, "I am going for *Newcastle* in the morning. You may go with me. *William Blow* shall take you behind him." And so he did. Glory be to the Friend of sinners! He hath plucked one more brand out of the fire.—Thou poor sinner, thou hast received a prophet in the name of a prophet: and thou art found of him that sent him.

Wednesday 26. We set out at six. During our whole journey to *Newcastle*, I scarce observed her to laugh or even smile once. Nor did she ever complain of any thing, or appear moved in the least with those trying circumstances which many times occurred in our way. A steady seriousness or sadness rather appeared in her whole behaviour and conversation, as became one that felt the burthen of sin, and was groaning after salvation. In the same spirit, by all I could observe or learn, she continued during her stay at *Newcastle*. Not long after, her husband removed from thence, and wrote to her to follow him. She set out in a ship bound for *Hull*. A storm met them by the way. The ship sprung a leak. But though it was near the shore, on which many people flocked together, yet the sea ran so exceeding high, that it was impossible to make any help. Mrs. S. was seen standing on the deck, as the ship gradually sunk: and afterwards hanging by the hands on the ropes, till the masts likewise disappeared. Even then, for some moments, they could observe her floating upon the waves; till her cloaths, which buoyed her up, being thoroughly wet, she sunk—I trust, into the ocean of God's mercy.

which causes the blood to mount in the veins, when the force impress on it by the heart is nearly spent, and which forces the heart itself from its natural state of contraction, to that of dilation.

When in an ordinary expiration, the pressure on the larynx is two ounces, the pressure on the whole internal substance of the lungs, is 14412 pounds. So vast is the extent of the surface of the vesicles, on which it was necessary the blood should be spread in the finest capillary vessels, that each globule of blood might as it were immediately receive the whole force of the air, and thereby be broken into smaller parts, fit for secretion and circulation.

And hence we see the reason for the structure of the lungs. For since all the blood is to pass through them, in order to receive the effect of the air, and that this could not be done, unless it were diffused in very small vessels: it was necessary the surface on which they were to be spread, should be proportioned to their number. And this is admirably well provided for, by the fabric of the lungs.

If the diameter of the trachea at the time of every expiration were the same in all, and the weight of the air always equal, the pressure on the lungs would be always the same. But as the difference between its least and greatest gravity, is no less than a tenth part of the whole, that pressure is likewise greater by a tenth part at some times than it is at others.

This is a difference which the Asthmatic must sensibly feel; especially as they breathe thicker, that is, every expiration is performed in less time. In truth, these feel a difference in the air, upon the greatest rise and fall of the barometer, equal to above one third of its pressure in ordinary breathing.

The alternate dilation and contraction of the Thorax are so necessary to animal life, that there is no animal life without this, or something analogous to it. Fishes and insects have no dilatable Thorax. But fishes have gills, which receive and expel the water alternately, whereby the blood-vessels suffer
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the same alterations of dimension as those in our lungs do. And insects have air-vessels distributed through the whole trunk of their bodies. By these they communicate with the external air through several vent-holes, to which are fastened so many wind-pipes, which send branches to all parts; and seem to accompany the blood-vessels all over the body, as they do in our lungs only. And hereby in every inspiration the whole body is dilated, and in every expiration compressed.

But may it not be doubted, whether the primary end of respiration, be not to supply the whole animal machine with the ethereal fire, a particle of which is connected with every particle of air? Is not this detached from it by the action of the lungs, and thence communicated to every part of the body? And is not this the true vital flame, the original source of life and motion?

[To be concluded in our next.]

An extraordinary instance of the goodness of divine Providence to Mr. DAVID ANDERSON, Minister at Walton upon Thames, ejected by the Bartholomew Act, 1662.

THIS good man, soon after his ejection, crossed the seas, went into *Zealand*, and settled at *Middleburgh*, with his wife and five small children. Having no employment, he soon consumed the little money he had carried over with him; owed a year's rent for his house, and was reduced so as to want bread: yet such was his modesty, that he knew not how to make his case known in a strange country. In this condition, after he had been one morning at prayer with his family, his children desired some bread for their breakfast: but having none, nor money to buy any, they all burst into tears. In this case, the bell at the door rung; and Mrs. *Anderfon* went, in a mean habit, to see who was there. The person that rung the bell, asked for the mistress: she answered, that her name

was *Anderfon*. Here, says he, a gentleman has sent you this paper, and will send you some provisions presently. When they had opened the paper, they found forty pieces of gold in it. The messenger went away, without telling his name, or whence he came. Soon after, came a countryman with a horse load of flesh, fish, herbs, and bread, yea, and of all things necessary. Neither did he tell them from whence they came; nor did they know to their dying day who it was. But Mr. *John-Quick* (from whose memoirs this account is taken) being, in 1681, Pastor of the *English Church at Middleburgh*, came-accidentally to the knowledge of the whole matter. For being at the country-house of *Mijn Heer de Koning*, a magistrate of that city, and happening to mention that story, *M. de Koning* told him that he was the person that carried the gold from *Mijn Heer de Hofte*, a pious merchant of that place, with whom he was then an apprentice. He added, that *Mijn Heer de Hofte*, observing a grave *English Minister* walk the streets frequently, with a dejected countenance, enquired privately into his circumstances, and apprehending he might be in want, sent him the gold by *M. de Koning*, and the provisions by his country servant, saying, "God forbid, that any of Christ's Ambassadors should be strangers, and we not visit them; or in distress, and we not assist them!" But he expressly charged both his servants to conceal his name. This relief, besides present provision, enabled Mr. *Anderfon* to pay his debts; and he could not help communicating this instance of the great goodness of God, to his friends and acquaintance. This coming to the ears of *M. de Hofte*, he afterwards found a secret way of paying Mr. *Anderfon's* rent for him yearly; and conveying to him besides, ten pounds sterling every quarter; which he managed so as that he never could or did know his benefactor. *M. de Koning* kept the whole matter secret, as long as his master lived, but thought himself at liberty to give this account after his death.

Upon the death of Mr. Spang, Minister of the *English* Church at *Middleburgh*, Mr. *Anderson* was unexpectedly chosen in his stead. When the messenger came from the church to acquaint him with it, his wife was so overcome with joy at the goodness of God, in providing them a fixed and honourable maintenance, that it threw her into a fever, of which she died. Mr. *Anderson* in some time grew sickly, and died also in March 1677. The Lords of the city became guardians to the five orphans which he left behind him. The famous *Anna Maria Schurman* took one of his daughters, and two other *Dutch* gentlewomen the two others, and became mothers to them. And the unknown benefactor continued his kind offices to them all. *M. de Hofte* took his two sons under his own charge, and by his last Will bequeathed a good portion to each of his daughters. He ordered that the eldest son, who was very pious, should be brought up a scholar, and settled upon him sixty pounds per annum sterling, for his education at one of their universities, where he afterwards died of a consumption; and appointed the youngest to be bound apprentice, and when he should be out of his time, to receive sixty pounds sterling, to begin the world with. So wonderful a Providence attended this pious Confessor, and his children after him.



A plain Account of Kingwood School, near Bristol.

1. **I**T was remarked concerning one of our Poets, "Whenever he wrote, i. e. seemed to take it for granted, that whatever he understood himself, all his Readers would understand." But this mistake is not peculiar to Mr. *Dryden*: I have fallen into it abundance of times: supposing, because the thing was so plain to *me*, it must be so to all mankind. I have fallen into it particularly, with regard to the School, some time

sometime since begun in *Kingswood*. I have long taken it for granted, that it would be quite sufficient, to publish the bare Rules of that School, and to set down simply the Method therein pursued, in as few words as possible. I supposed, the Reasons whereon those Rules were grounded, were not only so strong, but so obvious, that every person of common understanding, must discern them as well as myself. However, after above twenty years trial, I am convinced, this was a supposition not to be made. What is as clear to *me*, as the sun at noon-day, is not so clear to every one. At length therefore I judged it needful, to enlarge a little, upon the nature of that Institution; to lay down the *grounds* of those Rules, and the *Reasons* of what is peculiar in our Method.

2. About forty years ago, one or two tracts upon Education fell into my hands, which led me to consider the Methods pursued in that great School, wherein I had been educated, and in such others as were in the highest repute, particularly those in and near *London*. I spent many thoughts on the subject, and frequently conversed upon it, with some of the most sensible men I knew. A few years after, I had an opportunity of enquiring, concerning some of the most celebrated Schools in *Holland* and *Germany*. But in these, as well as our own, I found a few particulars, which I could not approve of.

3. One regarded the *situation* of them, which itself seemed a circumstance of some importance. The very most of them were placed in a great town; perhaps in the principal town in that country. The inconveniences which naturally attended this, were more easy to be discovered than removed. The children, whenever they went abroad, had too many things to engage their thoughts, which ought to be diverted as little as possible, from the objects of their learning. And they had too many other children round about them, some of whom they were liable to meet every day; whose example, (perhaps their advice too) would neither forward them in Learning, nor Religion.

Religion. I say, neither Learning, nor *Religion*. For if we have any Religion ourselves, we certainly desire, that our children should have some too. But this they are not likely either to have, or retain, if they converse promiscuously with the children in a great town.

4. The *promiscuous admission* of all sorts of children into a great School, was another circumstance I did not admire. Are children likely (suppose they had it) to retain much Religion in a School where all that offer are admitted, however corrupted already, perhaps in principle (though that is not quite so frequent) as well as practice? And what wonder, when (as frequently happens) the parents themselves have no more Religion than their ungodly offspring. It may be, they do not desire to have any of their family infected with the plague of Virtue. A Gentleman removed his son, then at *Westminster* School, from boarding with my eldest Brother, for teaching him the Catechism: telling him, "Sir, I do not want my son, to learn Religion, but *Latin* and *Greek*."

5. But this is no common fault: generally Heathen Parents may meet with *Heathen Schoolmasters*: a third inconvenience in many Schools is, the Masters have no more Religion than the Scholars. And if they have little or no Religion themselves, we may be well assured, they will give themselves little trouble about the Religion of the children, that are committed to their care. Every part of the nation abounds with Masters of this kind: men who are either uninstructed in the very Principles of Christianity, or quite indifferent as to the practice of it, *caring for none of these things*. Consequently they are nothing concerned, whether their scholars are Papists or Protestants, Turks or Christians, they look upon this as no part of their business; they take no thought about it.

6. But it is not only with regard to instruction in Religion, that most of our great Schools are defective. They are defective likewise (which is a fourth Objection,) with regard to *Learning*; and that in several respects. In some, the children

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are taught little or no *Arithmetic*; in others, little care is taken even of their *Writing*. In many, they learn scarce the Elements of *Geography*, and as little of *Chronology*. And even as to the Languages, there are some Schools of note, wherein no *Hebrew* at all is taught. And there are exceeding few, wherein the scholars are thoroughly instructed, even in the *Latin* and *Greek* tongues. They are not likely to be; for there is a capital mistake, in their very method of teaching. The *Books* which they read are not well chosen, not so much as with regard to *Language*. The Language of them is not *Standard*; not even in the *Latin*. Were even this circumstance duly considered, would *Eutopius* or *Lucias Florus* have any place among them? "O, but I want to give a sketch of the *Roman History*." And cannot you do this much better by *English* Authors? Cannot you give the marrow of *Roman History*, without ruining their stile by bad *Latin*?

But the *Sense* too of the Authors read in many Schools, is as imperfect as their Language. And this betrays an inexcusable negligence in those who teach these empty Books. For there is no necessity for it. It is well known, there are excellent, both *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, who excel them as much in strength of Understanding, as in purity and elegance of Stile.

Again. In most Schools little judgment is shewn, in the Order of the Books that are read. Some very difficult ones are read in the lower Classes, *Phædrus's Fables* in particular. And some very easy ones are read long after, in utter defiance of common sense.

[To be continued.]

AN ARIAN ANTIDOTE.

ARIAN Principles, if true, shut all men out of heaven, by denying the Saviour's Divine nature, and Atonement; seeing *All have sinned, and are guilty before God*, Rom. iii. 19.

And

And a created being—can by no means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him, Pſal. xlix. 7.

Hebrews i. v, 6, 7, it is written, *When he (the Father) bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, Let all the Angels of God worship him—since, Thy throne O God, is for ever and ever.* Hence Reason concludes that Christ is essentially God; or all the Angels of God (who disobey not his command) are idolaters.

The Oracles of God declare, *All manner of sin and blasphemy (against the Father and the Son) shall be forgiven to men; but blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven.* Hence Reason, “infallible Reason!” infers, If either is greatest in the adorable Trinity, it is God the Holy Ghost.

But greater or lesser in Infinity, is not; inferior Godhead shocks our sense; Jesus was *inferior to the Father, as touching his Manhood*, John xiv. 28. He was a *Son given, and slain, intentionally, from the foundation of the world*, Rev. xiii. 8. *And the first-born from the dead, of every creature*, Col i. 15. 18.

But *Our Redeemer from everlasting*, Isa. lxiii. 16, had not the inferior name of Son: *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, from eternity, and the Word, made flesh, was God; and dwelt among us*, John i. 14. x. 36. And as it was in the beginning, so after his ascension, *His Name is called, The Word of God*, Rev. xix. 13. *He who is, and who was, and who cometh—He that liveth, and was dead, and is alive for evermore, saith, I am Alpha, and Omega, the First and the Last, the Lord God Almighty*, Isa. xlv. 6. Rev. i. 5. 8. 18.

Immanuel declares to unbelieving earth; *There are Three that testify above; (co-equal Majesty in heaven!) The Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, are One*, 1 John v. 7. 10.



P H I L A N T H R O P Y.

[A FRAGMENT, by Mr. Charles Perronet.]

Great peace have they that love thy law. Psalm cxix. 165.

In unfeigned love to *all*,
 With godly jealousy over *some*,
 With fervent desire to *establish*
 Or *restore*,

The Author presents these Gospel truths.

The humble will hear thereof and be glad.

The C O N T E N T S.

1. **G**OD is unchangeable.
2. Creation and Redemption have one design.
3. The Old and the New Testament testify for Holiness.
4. The Gospel was at first considered as a means of restoring the image of God.
5. Simon Magus the first Christian, (so called,) that, opposed the Law.
6. The first (real) Christians bore witness against Antinomianism.
7. The unity of the Christian Faith.
8. Unconditional Decrees crept into the Church in the fifth Century; and from that time the Antinomian poison destroyed bad and good.
9. The Church of Rome adopted *Augustine* for their prime Father: hence the Reformers were Predestinarians.

10. Count

10. Count *Zinzendorf* the first that could make Antinomianism acceptable to good men, without the doctrine of the Decrees.
11. The late revival of Religion: (Strictures on the chief Instruments.)
12. The injury it received from Predestinarians and Antinomians.
13. Their preaching corrupts the very scum of the people.
14. (Strictures on Matt. v. 42.)
15. Their Methods of seducing.
16. Three melancholy instances.
17. The bondage Preachers were under through the Calvinists.
18. Mr. *Sellon* refutes the doctrine of Unconditional Decrees.
19. Mr. *Wesley* first broke through, and testified the plain truth.
20. The opposition that was raised.
21. Mr. *Fletcher* overthrows Antinomianism.
22. The persecution that it brought upon him.
23. An Extract from him, called *Archophsis*,
24. The Antinomian rage that followed,
25. The methods the Antinomians have recourse to, when they have too openly exposed themselves.
26. The Papists use the same methods to make profclytes.
27. The affinity between Antinomians and Papists.
28. The worst Christians preferable to Pagans. But Antinomians are no Christians.
29. The proofs of Revelation are such as leave the Deists without excuse.
30. Eight capital Apostasies from the Christianity of the first Ages.
31. Strictures on the *French* Prophets and *Romish* Fraternities.
32. A Sect of Mahometans recommended to the consideration of Antinomians.

L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CLXIX.

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

April 17, 1761.

Dear Sir,

IF we continue to cry, God will surely hear and answer with abundant blessing. But we have indeed need to watch and pray. There is something very amazing in the whole affair of our intercourse with each other: we shall understand it better in eternity. Instead of reasoning about these things, I can now look to Jesus. Yet I think we should use much self-denial, with regard both to our thoughts, words and actions. Then every thought, as often as it comes into our mind, may drive us afresh to Jesus; and as it were found in our ears, "Cleave to Jesus! Behold the Lamb of God!" And if we so use every thought of each other, we shall have reason to bless God we ever met. May he preserve you from cleaving to any creature! It is not easy to describe the pangs which a soul that cleaves to any thing must suffer, before it is entirely healed.

There is something in the account you give of yourself which quite struck me. Had you been in my heart, you could not have described it more exactly. A little while before God blessed my soul, I felt just what you speak of: only Satan was busier, and sin strove much more in me, than it seems to do in *you*. Sometimes I thought, I had lost my desire, and seemed to be quite faint. At other times, when the blessing was held out to me, Satan said, "Nay, but you can never receive it till that idol is taken out of your heart." This would throw me into bitter anguish; and what gave an edge to his fiery darts was this, I felt my will was not given up. One day men-

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tioning this to *Molly Mulford*, she said, "Cast it all away. Only come to Christ just as you are, and plead, Lord, I would love thee;" and whether you feel it or not, he will hear." Her words were accompanied with a wonderful power. And you know the blessing I found them,

Do you seem to be a great way off? You are not out of God's reach: not farther from being healed than the man covered with leprosy was, the moment before Christ said, "I will: be thou clean!" Jesus hath joined the glory of the Father, and the answer of your prayers in one, for in this is his Father glorified, that you bear much fruit. And will he not care for his own glory! I had not only nothing in me that I liked, but all that I disliked: a heart bowing down under a weight of sin. But what was all that to Jesus? *All* diseases he heals as well as *one*. He does not expect you to bring him *fruit* in order to fetch the *root*. All you want he will give with a new heart: all he asks of you is, to *claim your right*. Do you seek a sacrifice beside? O, he is all-sufficient! And he has paid the full debt both for actual and original sin. By his stripes you are healed. And why should you be without the blessing any longer? It is his will, that from the time you read this, you should never sin against him any more. Now believe, and his blood shall so flow over your soul, that no spot shall be found there. He will keep your heart, as with a garrison, that it shall never open to any thing but his love. There needs but one grain of Faith; and the mountains shall be removed. You now believe, your sins cannot condemn you: that he has taken away the guilt. Only believe, he who loved you in your sins, will keep you from moment to moment.

You cannot help your great abundance of business. But you do not serve a hard Master. And I am sure, he loves your soul as well as your body. Now he *has* strengthened that, according to your day. And he will supply your soul with strength, to stand and praise him even in the fire.

I rejoice

I rejoice that you have time for retirement: though I believe you find the same trial I have done. Whenever I went to pray, I felt as if a swarm of devils had surrounded my soul: so that I could only say in broken sentences, "Lord, I can do nothing. If thou force me to be saved; well: if not, I must perish." All you say of your wanting desire and earnestness, I can still say, with regard to a farther blessing, that of having my whole mind, fixt on God, as well as my whole heart, I want that constant, uninterrupted intercourse with God, which *Lopez* speaks of when he says, that for thirty six years he had never discontinued one moment, making an act of love with all his strength. For want of this, I do not keep quite clear of idle reasonings. I never had a clear, *abiding* witness, that I was saved from sin. But I feel my soul hangs on Jesus, and I do believe he will keep me forever. And my peace is more solid than it was at first, and my soul seems more sunk into God. But what I judge more by, is the change I feel: my one desire is to do his will: and I feel nothing but love to every creature, let them use me well or ill. My love to God (glory be to his name) does not decline, and my acquaintance with him grows deeper and deeper. But I am hindered still by wandring thoughts. O pray for me, and stir up all you can, to seek all my Saviour has to give, till all his dear will be accomplished.

I am yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R CLXX.

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

December 28, 1761.

Rev. Sir,

I Neither have, nor desire to have a Witness, that "Sin never will enter more." My everlasting life depends upon, patiently continuing in well-doing. I have learnt to

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count it all joy, when I fall into divers temptations. But I am neither preserved in, nor delivered out of temptation, without using every means. I should be sorry to let a sentence escape me, without examining, what is my end in speaking? Without this, when by more light I am made sensible, "Such things might have been done or said better," I should feel great trouble, if not condemnation. I feel great love to Jesus Christ; but when I think of God the Father, I can find nothing but boundless inconceivables. Many unnecessary things are presented to my imagination. But as soon as they appear to be such, I can as easily dismiss them, as I can move my hand. I am now looking for the power to follow that excellent advice:

"Let all your gestures fix attention draw,
And wide diffuse infectious awe.
Present with God by recollection seem,
Yet present by your cheerfulness with men."

I am yours, &c.

H. H——n.

L E T T E R CLXXI.

[From the same.]

January 20, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

I Am far from believing, that looking back upon an hour's conversation to be loss of time. Beside the Spirit of Judgment which I continually exercise, I have many solemn seasons of Examination, in which I discover many things which might have been said or done much more to the purpose.

pose. My reason for this exercise, is; I know I am very liable to deviate from the path, in which, by grace, I am enabled to walk. Were I incapable of this, I too might possibly imagine seasons of Self-examination to be useless.

I have a hope full of immortality, which is as an anchor, both sure and steadfast. 'Tis long since I had the shadow of a doubt of my final Acceptance with God. But yet I cannot say that I am sealed to the Day of Redemption.

I am not sensible of any decay in the love of God; and 'tis the delight of my soul to keep his commandments. My happiness is augmented or impaired, as the Cause of God prospers or not.

Though I am possess'd of every natural passion, 'tis long since I felt a desire, inordinate either in kind or degree. It is the chief desire of my heart, to improve what I have received, till all the faculties of my soul, are not only regulated, but strengthened and confirmed.

I am yours, &c.

H. H——n.

L E T T E R CLXXII.

[From the same.]

May 12, 1762.

Rev. Sir,

I Have been brought extremely low by a Fever, by which I often lost the command of my thoughts. My ideas were extremely wild, and my head sometimes turned. I felt much weakness, weariness and pain, but nothing contrary to full Resignation; being sensible (when I had the use of my Reason,) that all would work together for good.

If by being "always happy," you mean, am I ever unhappy, I answer in the Negative. But I am far from believing

living, the whole of Christianity lies in rejoicing and praising God. Did we but rightly divide our time, we should find seasons too for weeping and lamentation.

My thoughts are employed upon various subjects, and it requires great care, to go so far, and no farther. But I still find, if at any time the subject of my meditation appears unnecessary, I can as easily divert my ideas, as I move my hand.

I am yours, &c.

H. H——n,

L E T T E R CLXXIII.

[From Mrs. E. M——n, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Potter, March 11, 1762.

Dear Sir,

ON May 3, 1757, one was speaking of two persons that were made perfect in love. While he spoke, God said to my heart, "This is what thou wantest: without it thou canst not be happy." From that day my convictions were exceeding great. And though for near two years and a half, I had enjoyed the pardon of all my sin, constant power over outward sin, and a daily sense of the love of God shed abroad in my heart; yet I saw and felt such a mystery of iniquity within me, which made me groan as the worst creature living. Often did I reason whether the Lord was able or willing to deliver my soul? But I believed, "He has done this for many: He may do it even for me." For two years I continued mortifying my passions, and using every ordinance of God. Then, as I was hearing his word, one Sunday, I found my heart affected in an uncommon manner. And on a sudden my spirit was taken up on high, and surrounded with God. What

I then saw, it may not be expedient to utter, though whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell. I afterward found such a deep and humble thankfulness as I cannot declare. For six weeks I felt no evil move in my heart, nor could any temptation touch my spirit. But yet I was not satisfied that the Lord had renewed my heart. I then desired him to discover whatever there was in me contrary to his will. In a few days he did: as I was in secret prayer, he withdrew the veil, and let me see such a depth of unbelief, as for some time overwhelmed my spirit. For many days I could not pray, nor read. I then threw myself before him, desiring of him, that if there was any way for my escape, he would shew it me. Before I rose, I felt those words, *The God of peace shall bruise Satan under thy feet shortly.* I then found power to pray, to read the Scripture, and to watch my heart in every motion. But I ran into an extreme: by too great abstinence I threw myself into a Fever. Satan then suggested, "It cannot be till the point of death, and it may be, not then neither." But the Lord strengthened me by those words, *I have set before thee an open door, and none can shut it.* I found great resignation, yet continually cried, *As the hart panteth for the water-brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.* On a sudden, my spirit was taken up as before, and surrounded with the arms of Love, sealing on my heart, "Thou art the redeemed of the Lord: I will make thee all-glorious within." Immediately I saw such a light within me, as swept away all darkness. I found such power to believe, and such a change pass upon me, as I cannot declare. But in a short time it was suggested, It is impossible for Satan to tempt any whom God has renewed. Being so ignorant, and having no instructor, I readily believed this; and cried out, "Lord, let me not rest a moment, till thou hast indeed renewed my soul." Again his Spirit bore witness, "Thou art renewed:" but I was afraid of deceiving myself. And soon the Enemy darted, "Thou hast thrown away his grace, and there is no mercy for thee."

I cannot tell what I then felt for six weeks. My spirit was torn with temptation every moment. My Fever returned, and on the third of March, 1760, I was brought to extremity. Satan enforced upon me, "Where is thy Deliverer now? Thy desires are vain. There is no hope for body or soul. Thou wilt lose thy Reason; die in Despair; dishonour the Cause of God; and shame his people." I cried out, "Lord, will it be so!" I gave soul, body, and all things to the Lord. Self was slain. My Fever was taken away: and every motion of my soul was only, "Thy will be done."

I remained a few hours with a strong impression, "Thou art going to rest on the bosom of Love." It was then that Jesus appeared more glorious than the sun at noon-day: giving me power to believe and to receive him for my All, with such a weight of love as pen cannot describe. He spoke into my heart, *Be thou holy: and I have sprinkled thee with clean water and thou shalt be clean.* The scripture I was before delivered by, was now again sealed upon my heart: and he united me to himself with those words, *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.* I found his Spirit bearing witness in the clearest manner, that the work was done. My heart shouted, "Victory! Glory to Jesus! Let all that he has created, praise him for ever!"

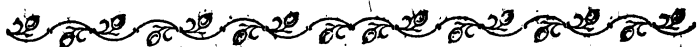
I have ever since, to this day, found a clear witness that the Lord has made an end of Sin, and brought his pure Righteousness into my heart. But I wonder he looks upon me! I find such weakness and ignorance, in all I say, or do, or write, that I am apt to think, I had better do nothing. But I see an unspeakable depth of Holiness, Glory, and Love in Jesus! I want to be all Spirit, and stand every moment in the full sunshine of his Love!

I am continually watched, and almost daily persecuted for the Cause of God. I often stand in the front of the battle, to bear the buffetings of men and devils. I want instruction.

Teach me wherein I have done, or do amiss. Pray for me.
 May our dear Lord strengthen and settle you and me, with
 all his weight of Love!

I am yours, &c.

E. M. — n.



P O E T R Y .

St. C E C I L I A ' s H Y M N .

[By Dr. Byron.]

OH! born of a Virgin, most lowly and meek,
 Thou, sent of thy Father, lost creatures to seek;
 Vouchsafe, in the manner that pleaseth thee best,
 To kindle thy love in my virginal breast.
 Let the words of my mouth, and the thoughts of my heart,
 Obey the sweet force which thy grace shall impart;
 Whilst Angels assist me to offer my Vows
 To the God of my life, my Redeemer and Spouse.

My life I esteem, O Creator divine,
 As a loving impression out-flowing from thine;
 As an act of thy bounty, that gives us a part
 Of the Light, Love, and Glory, my God, which thou art.
 May I always as little thy pleasure oppose,
 As the pure, simple Nature from whence I arose;
 And by thee, and for thee, created, fulfil
 In thought, word, and deed, thy adorable Will.

By this blessed Will, howsoever made known,
 With a dutiful joy will I govern my own;

And

And deaf to all tempting enchantments of sin,
 I will hearken to thee, my Redeemer within.
 Thy words will I ponder by night and by day,
 And the light of thy gospel shall mark out my way;
 Till at length I arrive at the honour I claim,
 To live like a Virgin, baptized in thy Name.

FROM THE OLNEY COLLECTION.

Pleading for mercy. Pſal. vi.

IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
 Thy feeble worm, my God!
 My spirit dreads thine angry look,
 And trembles at thy rod.

Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
 Regard my heavy groans;
 O let thy voice of comfort speak,
 And heal my broken bones!

By day my busy, beating head
 Is fill'd with anxious fears;
 By night, upon my restless bed,
 I weep a flood of tears.

Thus I sit desolate and mourn,
 Mine eyes grow dull with grief;
 How long, my Lord, ere thou return,
 And bring my foul relief?

O come and shew thy power to save,
 And spare my fainting breath;
 For who can praise thee in the grave,
 Or sing thy Name in death?

Satan,

Satan, my cruel, envious foe,
 Insults me in my pain;
 He smiles to see me brought so low,
 And tells me, hope is vain.

But hence, thou enemy, depart!
 Nor tempt me to despair;
 My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,
 The Lord has heard my prayer.

INSCRIPTION *near a SHEEP-COT*, 1745.

SHEPHERD, wouldst thou here obtain
 Pleasure unalloyed with pain?
 Joy that suits the rural sphere?
 Gentle Shepherd! lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
 Verdant Vales, and Fountains bright;
 Trees that grow on sloping hills,
 Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose
 In the simplest bud that blows;
 Go, forsake the plain and fold,
 Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
 Banish each tumultuous joy:
 All but Love—for love inspires
 Fonder wishes, fiercer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
 Yet, ere thou the reins resign,

Hear

Hear what Reason seems to say,
Hear attentive, and obey.

“Crimson leaves the Rose adorn,
But beneath them lurks a Thorn:
Fair and flowery is the Brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful Snake.

Think not she, whose empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb deride;
Think not she, who light and vain
Scorns the Sheep, can love the Swain.

Artless deed, and simple dress,
Mark the chosen Shepherdes;
Thoughts by decency control'd,
Well conceiv'd, and freely told.

Sense that shuns each conscious air,
Wit that falls ere well aware;
Generous pity prone to sigh,
If her Kid or Lambkin die.

Let not Lucre; let not Pride,
Draw thee from such Charms aside?
Have not those their proper sphere?
Gentler passions triumph here.

So to sweeten thy repose,
The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
All that milk and fruits afford.

Seek no more—the rest is vain;
 Pleasure ending soon in pain:
 Anguish lightly gilded o'er;
 Close thy Wish and seek no more."

S H O R T H Y M N S.

John ix. 4. *The night cometh when no man can work.*

MOST sensibly, O Lord, I know,
 My night of death approaches fast;
 My time for work, my course below,
 Is in another moment past:
 O then cut short thy work of grace,
 This moment finish it in me,
 And let the next conclude my race,
 And bring me to my goal and thee.

John xviii. 20. *In secret have I said nothing!*

O Might I like Jesus be!
 Foe to guile and secrecy,
 Walk as always in his light,
 Free and open as the light!
 Jesus, Lord, to me impart,
 The true nobleness of heart,
 The unfeigned simplicity,
 The pure mind which was in thee.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For A U G U S T 1781.



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

D I A L O G U E II.

Lewis. YOU gave me your sentiments before dinner, my dear Frederic, on *Predestination*; and I acknowledge that you have satisfied my doubts on that point. I could now wish that you would treat of *Election* also, and clear up to me as well such difficulties as have already been cursorily mentioned, as those which may occur as we go on.

Fred. I am very ready to give you every instruction on this head, that God will enable me, my dear Lewis. And to this purpose, tell me, in a few words, what opinions your Teachers entertain concerning *Election*. *Lewis.* They say that all men, without exception, are damned in *Adam*; but that of

these, some are chosen unto salvation through Christ, that he may heal them; and this they term *Election*. Whereas the rest are suffered to remain in evil and in their original state of damnation; which is called *Rejection* or *Reprobation*. And this doctrine they explain by the following simile. A Physician enters a house in which there are many sick persons, of whom he cures several, and that without fee or reward. For this voluntary goodness, those that are healed are certainly much beholden to the Physician, and return him thanks. The others, on the contrary, he does not heal; yet as he was under no obligation to do so, they have no reason to complain. In like manner, those who are saved, are indebted to God; whilst those who are excluded from the same benefit, have no right to murmur, as God cannot owe any thing to man.

Fred. Comparisons are undoubtedly of great service towards conveying instruction, if they are proper and applicable. But on the other hand, they lead to error, if they are inapplicable or misapplied. Let us therefore examine the propriety of this you have produced, lest there be any fallacy in it. I would in the first place ask you, whether the Physician was so skilful as to *be able* to cure all the sick? *Lewis.* Yes; we believe him to be so. *Fred.* Is he merciful likewise? *Lewis.* Most certainly; for it is mercy alone that prompts him to heal any. *Fred.* Why then does he not cure them all? *Lewis.* He does not chuse it. *Fred.* But, my dear Lewis, if you was that Physician, and it was in your power to heal all the sick in the house, would you not do it? Why do you hesitate? *Lewis.* You push me too close. However, if I must answer, I certainly would. *Fred.* At that rate you would be more merciful than he is. *Lewis.* I should. *Fred.* Behold then the impropriety of the comparison. For by it, a Physician who has but little mercy is compared to God, or to Christ, who is all merciful. This Physician, therefore, could not say, "Come unto me all ye that are sick, and I will heal you;" whereas our Saviour proclaims aloud "Come unto me, all ye

ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," Matt. xi. 28. *Lewis.* But we ourselves, though mercifully inclined, if we happen to fall in with a troop of beggars, give only to some of them. *Fred.* This is through want of ability; for had we as much money as we wished to have, and were truly merciful, we should assist them all. Now the power of God, by which he heals the sick, is so far from being exhausted, as our purses are; that it is inexhaustible and infinite. Hear therefore a more just comparison. A skilful, and at the same time, a merciful Physician enters a house, full of sick persons, and declares that he will cure all those who will take his medicine. Some do take it, and are cured. Whilst others refuse to take it, because it is bitter, and consequently are not cured. From whence we may thus argue; this Physician is both able and willing to heal them all; why then does he not do it? The answer is plain; because they will not all take the medicine he prescribes; without which it is impossible they should be cured. We may say the same of Christ. He came into the world to cure all men of their sins; and at the same time he is able to do it. But he presents them with a bitter medicine, to wit, Self-denial. Some rejecting this medicine, are not healed; whilst others who take it are. It may be said of Christ likewise, that he is both able and willing to cure them all; why then doth he not do it? Because, not only the Physician must perform *his* part, but the sick *theirs* also: which if they will not do, they cannot be healed. In order clearly to understand what *Election* is, let us examine the parable of our Saviour, concerning those that are invited to the wedding; in which he speaks expressly of the Elect. "A certain King made a marriage for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding: and they would not come. Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto

the marriage. But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise: and the rest took his servants and entreated them spitefully, and slew them. But when the King heard thereof, he was wroth: and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burnt up their city. Then said he unto his servants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden are not worthy. Go ye therefore into the high-ways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage. So those servants went into the high-ways, and gathered together all, as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was furnished with guests. And when the King came in to see the guests; he saw there a man which had not on a wedding-garment: and he said unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding-garment? And he was speechless. Then said the King to the servants, bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness." Matt. xxii. 2—13. Thus runs the parable; and after Christ had spoken it, he adds, verse 14, "*For many are called, but few are chosen.*" You here see the whole doctrine of Election. But to understand it more clearly, answer me in order. Was it the will of the King, who invited the guests to the wedding, that they should come; or did he only dissemble? *Lewis.* Certainly it was his will that they should come, otherwise he would not have invited them. *Fred.* Was it his will that they should kill his servants? *Lewis.* By no means, or else he would not have punished them. *Fred.* Again; when he ordered that his servants should invite to the wedding whomsoever they found, was it his will that they should *all* come to it? *Lewis.* Without doubt. *Fred.* And likewise that they should have on wedding-garments? *Lewis.* Certainly; or he would not have punished the man that had not on a wedding-garment. *Fred.* And what does the Lord mean when he says, "*Many are called, but few are chosen?*" Whom does he mean by the chosen? *Lewis.* Those who came with wedding-garments

on.

on. *Fred.* Does then the Election depend on the wedding-garment? *Lewis.* Undoubtedly. *Fred.* What then is this wedding-garment? *Lewis.* Faith working by love; or the new man, which is put on through Faith; the old one being first put off. *Fred.* Let us now recapitulate the whole, not according to the letter, but the spirit of it. By the King, is meant God; who first invited the Hebrews unto his kingdom, by his Prophets. Now, when God invited them, was it his will that they should enter into his kingdom; or did he dissemble only? *Lewis.* It was his will: or why did he invite them? *Fred.* Was it likewise his will that they should kill his Prophets? *Lewis.* God forbid. *Fred.* Again, when Christ commanded his Apostles to preach the gospel to every creature, was it his will that all those to whom the gospel was preached by them, should be saved; that is; that having put off, through Faith, all carnal affections, they should put on the new man, which is created after God? *Lewis.* It was. *Fred.* You say right; for why would he have commanded, if it had not? Or why was he wroth at the disobedient? But to proceed. Their election then depends on that wedding-garment, which is the new man put on by the faithful. *Lewis.* It is so. *Fred.* We shall conclude then that those are chosen who put on Christ; and that Election depends on nothing else; as St. Paul says in the following passage: *If ye through the Spirit mortify the works of the Flesh, ye shall live.* *Lewis.* It seems indeed to be so; but if so, Election was not from all eternity, but follows the Calling. Whereas it is written, *That we are chosen before the foundation of the world, that we might be holy.* Whereas, according to this, God seems to have chosen us, not that we *might be* holy, but because we *are* holy. *Fred.* Your observation is just. Conceive then the thing thus. Let us suppose that the King we speak of, reasoned thus with himself, before he invited the guests unto the wedding: "I will call some certain men unto the wedding, namely, such and such a persons, &c. and

and should these refuse coming, I will order, that whosoever shall be indiscriminately met with, shall be invited. Further, should any one of these come in with a defiled garment, I will have him cast into outer darkness, and retain the rest. Now, at the time the King was thus reasoning with himself, did he not first chuse such and such men unto the wedding?

Lewis. Yes. *Fred.* But did he chuse them in reality, or only intentionally? *Lewis.* Intentionally. *Fred.* Did he make any distinction in chusing them? *Lewis.* He did; for he chose some certain ones, and not every one promiscuously.

Fred. But when he afterwards determined to call whosoever should be found in the way, did he not then intentionally chuse them? and that, not as he had chosen the former, but without any distinction? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* Consequently they all were chosen before the wedding.

Lewis. They were intentionally, but not in fact. For the King had determined to retain none at the wedding, but those who should have wedding-garment on. *Fred.* Thus those who had the wedding-garment on, were both in fact, and intentionally, chosen before the wedding, and that without distinction. *Lewis.* They were.

Fred. Conceive then the same of God. Before the foundation of the world, God purposed thus: "I will create man to inhabit paradise, and be blessed. Should he deviate from Righteousness, (without which he cannot be blessed,) I shall send down to earth a heavenly doctrine, by which he may learn Righteousness, that he may recover his happy state: and I will teach it first to one *Abraham*, whom I will chuse out of the nation of the *Chaldeans*; and I will teach it to his posterity likewise. If they will not obey it, I will send my Son, with a greater power to teach them. And if they will not obey him, I will command, that all nations without distinction be taught; and that those, who being called, would not obey, be punished; whilst I substitute the rest in their stead. Now tell me, do you think that, (speaking after the manner of men,) this was God's purpose and decree? *Lewis.* I do, *Fred.* Has

he

he not then, when the offspring of *Abraham* had rejected the offered salvation, chosen all men without distinction; since Christ says, *Preach ye the gospel unto every creature?* *Lewis*. It seems so.

Fred. Therefore the true doctrine of Election stands thus: in the beginning, God did in fact chuse a few, namely, the seed of *Abraham*, unto his heavenly kingdom; but afterwards, the party-wall being broken down through Christ, that is, the distinction between the Jews and the other Nations being abolished, he has chosen unto his heavenly kingdom, all men who were fallen in *Adam*. For the benefits of Christ must needs spread as far as *Adam's* sin, otherwise he could not with propriety be called, "The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Neither could it be said, that "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." For if Christ was unable to save every one whom *Adam* destroyed, the grace of Christ would be overcome by the sin of *Adam*. Therefore all men, to whom the gospel is preached, are chosen in Christ unto salvation. Not indeed in fact, (for they could not be chosen in fact before they existed,) but by God's intention from all eternity. Since that intention and decree, on which the first salvation of all depends, may be called an Election from all Eternity.

St. Paul speaks of this Election, when he says, *We were chosen before the foundation of the world*. And lest you should be offended at my saying, that those who are elected in Christ, are not elected in fact, until they are taught, consider what *St. Paul* says to the *Ephesians*, chap. ii. 11, 12, *Remember that ye being in times past Gentiles in the flesh, who are called Uncircumcision by that which is called the Circumcision in the Flesh, made by hands; that at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the Covenants of Promise, having no hope, and without God in the world*. Now, if they were without Christ, strangers from the Covenants of Promise, and without God in the world, they

they were not chosen in fact : but only then when they had learned of Christ. Again ; observe the following words, *Romans ix. 25, I will call them my people, which were not my people, and her beloved, which was not beloved.* Now if we were in fact chosen before the foundation of the world, we were always God's people, and never could have been called with truth, not his people. And yet *St. Paul* here shews that we were not his people, but now are become his people. Whence it appears, that we are then only chosen in fact, when we are called unto Christ. As on the contrary, the Jews were then only in fact rejected, when they had rejected Christ ; so that they who were formerly God's people, are now no longer the people of God.

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N IV.

On 1 JOHN v. 8.

[Concluded from page 366.]

II. **S**UCH are the works of the devil, Sin and its fruits, considered in their order and connexion. We are in the second place to consider, How the Son of God was manifested, in order to destroy them.

2. He was manifested as the only-begotten Son of God, in glory equal with the Father, to the inhabitants of heaven, before and at the foundation of the world. These morning-stars sang together, all these sons of God shouted for joy, when they heard him pronounce, *Let there be light; and there was light; when he spread the North over the empty space, and stretched out the heavens like a curtain.* Indeed it was the universal belief of the ancient Church, that God the Father

Father none hath seen, nor can see: that from all eternity, he hath dwelt in light unapproachable: and it is only in and by the Son of his Love, that he hath at any time revealed himself to his creatures.

2. How the Son of God was manifested to our first parents in paradise, it is not easy to determine. It is generally, and not improbably supposed, that he appeared to them in the form of a man, and conversed with them face to face. Not that I can at all believe the ingenious dream of Dr. *Watts*, concerning "The glorious humanity of Christ," which he supposes to have existed before the world began, and to have been endued with, I know not what astonishing powers. Nay, I look upon this, to be an exceeding dangerous, yea, mischievous hypothesis; as it quite excludes the force of very many scriptures, which have been hitherto thought to prove the Godhead of the Son. And I am afraid it was the grand means of turning that great man aside from the faith once delivered to the saints: that is, if he was turned aside, if that beautiful soliloquy be genuine, which is printed among his posthumous works, wherein he so earnestly beseeches the Son of God, not to be displeased, "Because he cannot believe him to be co-equal and co-eternal with the Father."

3. May we not reasonably believe, it was by similar appearances that he was manifested in succeeding ages, to *Enach*, while he *walked with God*; to *Noah* before and after the deluge; to *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob* on various occasions; and to mention no more, to *Moses*. This seems to be the natural meaning of the word; *My servant Moses is faithful in all my house. With him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches, and the similitude of Jehovah shall he behold*, namely, the Son of God.

4. But all these were only types of his grand manifestation. It was in the fulness of time (in just the middle age of the world, as a great man largely proves,) that God brought his

first-begotten into the world, made of a woman, by the power of the Highest overshadowing her. He was afterwards manifested to the shepherds; to devout Simeon; to Anna the prophetess; and to all that waited for redemption in Jerusalem.

5. When he was of due age for executing his Priestly Office, he was manifested to Israel, *preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, in every town, and in every city.* And for a time he was glorified by all, who acknowledged, that he *spake as never man spake; that he spake as one having authority, with all the wisdom of God, and the power of God.* He was manifested by *numberless signs and wonders, and mighty works which he did:* as well as by his whole life, being the only one born of a woman *who knew no sin; who from his birth, to his death, did all things well, doing continually not his own will, but the will of him that sent him.*

6. After all, *behold the Lamb of God, taking away the sin of the world!* This was a more glorious manifestation of himself, than any he had made before. How wonderfully was he manifested to angels and men, when he *was wounded for our transgressions, when he bore all our sins in his own body on the tree:* when, having by that one oblation of himself once offered, made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, he cried out, *It is finished: and bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.* We need but just mention those farther manifestations, his Resurrection from the dead, his Ascension into heaven, into the glory which he had before the world began; and his pouring out the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost: both of which are beautifully described in those well-known words of the Psalmist: *He hath ascended up on high; he hath led captivity captive; he hath received gifts for men: yea, even for his enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among, or in them.*

7. That the Lord God might dwell in them. This refers to a yet farther manifestation of the Son of God, even his inward

inward manifestation of himself. When he spoke of this to his Apostles, but a little before his death, one of them immediately asked, *Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself to us, and not unto the world?* By enabling us to believe in his name. For he is then inwardly manifested to us, when we are enabled to say with confidence, "My Lord, and my God!" Then each of us can boldly say, *The life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.* And it is by thus manifesting himself in our hearts, that he effectually *destroys the works of the devil.*

III. 1. How he does this, in what manner, and by what steps he does actually destroy them, we are now to consider. And first, as Satan began his work in *Eve*, by tainting her with Unbelief, so the Son of God begins his work in man, by enabling us to believe in him. He both opens and enlightens the eyes of our understanding. Out of darkness he commands light to shine, and takes away the vail which the god of this world had spread over our hearts. And we then see, not by a chain of *reasoning*, but by a kind of *intuition*, by a direct view, that *God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself, not imputing to them their former trespasses, not imputing them to me.* In that day we know that we are of God, children of God by faith. *Having redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins. Being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ:* that peace which enables us in every state, therewith to be content; which delivers us from all perplexing doubts, from all tormenting fears; and in particular from that *fear of death, whereby we were all our life-time subject to bondage.*

2. At the same time the Son of God strikes at the root of that grand work of the devil, Pride; causing the sinner to humble himself before the Lord, to abhor himself as it were in dust and ashes. He strikes at the root of Self-will, enabling the humbled sinner to say in all things, *Not as I will, but as thou wilt.* He destroys Love of the world, delivering them that

that believe in him from every *foolish and hurtful desire*, from the *desire of the flesh*, the *desire of the eyes*, and the *pride of life*. He saves them from seeking any, or expecting to find happiness in any creature. As Satan turned the heart of man, from the Creator to the creature; so the Son of God turns his heart back again, from the creature to the Creator. Thus it is, by manifesting himself, he destroys the works of the devil, restoring the guilty outcast from God, to his favour, to pardon and peace, the sinner in whom dwelleth no good thing, to love and holiness; the burdened, miserable sinner, to joy unspeakable, to real, substantial happiness.

3. But it may be observed, that the Son of God does not destroy the whole work of the devil in man, as long as he remains in this life. He does not yet destroy bodily weakness, sickness, pain, and a thousand infirmities incident to flesh and blood. He does not destroy all that weakness of understanding which is the natural consequence of the soul's dwelling in a corruptible body: so that still

Humanum est errare & nescire:

Both ignorance and error belong to humanity. He entrusts us with only an exceeding small share of knowledge in our present state, lest our knowledge should interfere with our humility, and we should again affect to be as gods. It is to remove from us all temptation to pride, and all thought of independency, (which is the very thing that men in general so earnestly covet, under the name of *Liberty*) that he leaves us encompassed with all these infirmities, particularly weakness of understanding, till the sentence takes place; *Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return!*

4. Then Error, Pain, and all bodily infirmities cease: all these are destroyed by Death. And Death itself, *the last enemy of man*, shall be destroyed at the Resurrection: The moment that we hear the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, *Then shall be fulfilled the saying that is written, Death*

is swallowed up in victory. This corruptible body shall put on incorruption; this mortal body shall put on immortality: and the Son of God, manifested in the clouds of heaven, shall destroy this last work of the devil.

5. Here then we see in the clearest, strongest light, what is real Religion: a restoration of man, by Him that bruises the serpent's head, to all that the old Serpent deprived him of: a restoration not only to the favour, but likewise to the image of God; implying not barely deliverance from sin, but the being filled with the fulness of God. It is plain, if we attend to the preceding considerations, that nothing short of this is Christian Religion. Every thing else, whether Negative or External, is utterly wide of the mark. But what a paradox is this! How little is it understood in the christian world? yea, or this enlightened age, wherein it is taken for granted, the world is wiser than ever it was from the beginning of the world. Among all our discoveries, who has discovered this? How few, either among the learned or unlearned? And yet, if we believe the Bible, who can deny it? Who can doubt of it? It runs through the Bible, from the beginning to the end, in one connected chain? And the agreement of every part of it with every other, is properly the *analogy of Faith!* Beware of taking any thing else, or any thing less than this for Religion. Not any thing else: do not imagine an *outward Form*, a round of Duties, both in public and private, is Religion. Do not suppose, that Honesty, Justice, and whatever is called *Morality*, (though excellent in its place,) is Religion. And least of all, dream that Orthodoxy, right Opinion, (vulgarly called *Faith*,) is Religion. Of all religious dreams, this is the vainest, which takes hay and stubble, for gold tried in the fire!

6. O do not take any thing less than this for the religion of Jesus Christ! Do not take any part of it for the whole? What God hath joined together, put not asunder. Take no less for his Religion, than *the Faith that worketh by Love*; all inward and outward Holiness. Be not content with any Religion

Religion which does not imply the destruction of all the works of the devil, that is, of all sin. We know, weakness of understanding, and a thousand infirmities will remain, while this corruptible body remains. But sin need not remain: this is that work of the devil, eminently so called, which the Son of God was manifested to destroy in this present life. He is able, he is willing to destroy it now, in all that believe in him. Only be not straitened in your own bowels! Do not distrust his power or his love! Put his promise to the proof! He hath spoken: and is he not ready likewise to perform? Only *come boldly to the throne of grace*, trusting in his mere mercy: and you shall find, *He saveth to the uttermost all those that come to God through him!*

Jan. 20, 1781.

Some Account of Mr. DUNCAN WRIGHT.

[Wrote by himself.]

[Continued from page 372.]

WHAT occasioned my commencing a Preacher, was as follows. In September 1758, we returned to *Limerick*; and as Government resolved to shoot a Defeater in every city, *in terrorem*, the lot fell on a young man in our regiment to die in *Limerick*. His name was *Joseph Newton*; he was a *Derbyshire* man, twenty two years of age. I longed to talk with him; but as he was kept in a public Guard-house, with no place of retirement, I could not tell how to speak to or pray with him, among so many people. But when I found the Adjutant had been to inform him that he must die on Monday, (this was on the Tuesday before). I saw I had no time

time to lose. I went in, and found him weeping, as if his heart would break, and reading a *Whole Duty of Man* with all his might: like a drowning man catching at any thing to save him. I spoke a few words to him then, and again in the evening, though with uncommon reluctance, there being many soldiers round us. I prayed with him, and found very great freedom to speak to him and to all that were present. He had no plea, but saw himself an undone sinner without help, and almost without hope. Some of us visited him twice or thrice a day, and on Thursday his soul was set at liberty. From that time he witnessed a good confession to all that spoke to him. Every one that saw him go to the place where he was shot, could not but admire the serene joy that appeared in his countenance. He said but little, but his calm, happy death, made a deep impression on many of our soldiers; for they could not but discern the difference between him and one they saw die awhile before at *Dublin*, who shewed the greatest reluctance, the Field-Officer of the day, being obliged to ride up to him several times to tell him he *must* die; while *Joseph Newton* was not above ten minutes on his knees before he dropt the signal, and went to paradise.

I thought now was the time to try what could be done among the soldiers. I therefore told several, that as many as had a mind, might come to my room every night after roll-calling, and I would sing, read, and pray with them as well as I could. They came and crowded my room, and in a little while I had a Class of them. But about the beginning of the year 1759, I was ordered for *Scotland* on the recruiting service. I found this not to be easy work for a Christian, yet, through mercy, I was kept from outward sin.

After an absence of four months, the *French* being expected to invade *Ireland*, we were ordered to join the regiment, which lay encamped near *Kilkenny*, and found my little flock; having had no one to look after them, were all scattered. The first morning we met (in a field adjoining) there were
but

But three of us. But our number increased every time we met; and before our camp broke up, I had a little society gathered again. And here it was, that I got the name of a Preacher: for it being frequently late in the evenings before we could meet, before I had sung and prayed, our light was gone out, so that I could not see to read, but was obliged to say something to them without a book, or send them away empty.

It was well I did not begin to preach among very knowing men, for they might soon have silenced me, as a little thing would have done it: but here there was none to hinder me but the Commanding Officer, and he did not choose to do it. Though he did not like the Methodists, yet he wanted us all to be very good, as we did not know how soon our valour might be tried by the *French*. Therefore we had very strict orders against swearing, drunkenness, &c. but those orders did not effect any great reformation.

When we left the camp, as we still expected an invasion, we were scattered abroad in cantonments all over the south of *Ireland*. This hurt such of us as were weak in the Faith, very much. None can tell, but such as have tried, how hard it is for a soldier to stand his ground among so many unreasonable, as well as ungodly men; for such were most of the Officers as well as soldiers. Men whose tender mercies were cruel.

I had myself suffered much loss in my mind for a year, and consequently had little inclination for preaching. Hence when we got the Route for *Galway*, I was not at all sorry that there was no Society to solicit me to preach among them. Even my friends among the Officers were much concerned for me, as many Serjeants were preferred to Commissions, they said, they doubted they could do nothing for me, as I made myself so ridiculous. Indeed this did not move me. But my unhappiness of mind was the great hinderance to my preaching. Yet in *Galway* it was that I had

had the most clear, undoubted seals to my mission, in the conviction and conversion of souls who never had heard any other Methodist Preacher. Some of them are a comfort to me to this day; and some are fallen asleep in Jesus.

In 1761, we marched for *Dublin* again, and the following year back to *Galway*. All this time, from 1758 to 1763, I walked in darkness, and had no light. I fell into it by degrees: but by what particular thing, I am at a loss to know. But this I know, my case was truly deplorable; and yet I did not give way to any known sin; neither did I miss any means of grace. Nay, I often went to the Lord's table, when, to all sense and feeling, I was as dead as a stone. My gracious tears were all dried up. My stony heart could not melt. And yet I heard the greatest Preachers, read the best books I knew, and conversed or corresponded with the most gracious Christians I could hear of. Nay, I frequently exhorted or preached the whole time; yea, and in that season had apparent success to my labours. I remark this, to refute an idle conceit, that none are fit to teach others, but such as are happy themselves. I know, that many times, though I forgot it while preaching, I was as miserable as a devil, both before and after. And it was often suggested to me, "*Judas may cast out devils, and notwithstanding all this, be only an outcast.*" I often saw myself like one enclosed all around *with hewn stone, my strength and my hope perished from the Lord.* As I knew very little of myself when the Lord justified me, he saw good to shew me now my utter helplessness, by leading me into the painful school of Self-knowledge. And a dull scholar I proved, being five years in learning what others have learned in less than five months.

Yet notwithstanding my wretchedness, our little Society at *Galway*, was wonderfully blest. As there was about this time a glorious revival in many parts of the three kingdoms, I communicated to them, from time to time, the intelligence I received of the work, and the fire soon kindled among

them also. All were happy, or in earnest but me, and I durst tell very few my sad case, for fear of hurting them. This was often the language of my heart,

“ My soul in sin so rooted stands,
 No common miracle can move,
 I know my spirit's cure demands
 Thy whole omnipotence of love.

But whether thou hast ever heal'd
 A spirit so desperate as mine,
 It lies, alas, from me conceal'd,
 In lowest depths of love divine.”

If it be asked, what could induce me to continue in the means of grace? I answer, I never doubted my former experience of the truth and reality of religion; and (besides an unseen hand that upheld me) I retained a full conviction, that in the favour of God alone there was life and happiness. So I was determined to be happy in the favour of God, or refuse every other comfort.

It was when I was thus in darkness, and in the deep, that the Lord, in a moment, *restored to me the joy of his salvation*. This was like a plenteous shower, upon a parched and dry land, that soon made my soul like a *watered garden*. The Lord now *led me into green pastures, beside the still waters*. What a change was this! The soul that was before, all tumult and confusion, was now all joy and peace through believing. This was about June 1763.

And yet I soon found I had not attained what *J. Dillon*, and *S. Hoey*, informed me they had attained, viz. *A mind constantly staid upon God, and kept in perfect peace*.

Being about this time confined to my room, by a violent inflammation in my cheek, my pain made me pray the more earnestly, that the peace of God might *keep my heart and mind* also.

also. The Lord heard, and gave me a glorious answer. I felt such a sudden, and such a delightful change, as I never before conceived possible. My joy was indeed unspeakable; my hope full of immortality; and my peace flowed like a river. I then understood those words as I never did before, *We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.*

Just then we were ordered to the North of Ireland, to quell a set of Rioters, called *Hearts of Oak*. Being something better, I marched on till we came to *Carrick on Shannon*, when our Surgeon told me I must go no farther, at the peril of my life. My excessive pain, and the being left behind, would at some other times have tried me sufficiently: but now,

“ All was calm, and joy, and peace.”

And here it was that I first understood, how the blessed Martyrs could clap their hands in the flames; for although for some nights my pain was excruciating, yet all was tranquillity within.

The little Society here, and the *M'Neily's* family in particular, took remarkable care of me. *The Lord grant they may find mercy of him in that day!* This state continued several months; but having none to direct me, and not being sufficiently aware of the need there was for constant watchfulness and prayer, I fell, by degrees, from that heaven of love.

[To be continued.]

A short Account of Mr. THOMAS JOYCE.

I Was born at *Portsmouth*, in February 1712. I did not go to school till I was twelve years old. After three years I was taken away, and wrought for a time at my Father's trade

of Sail-making. About sixteen, I went to sea on board the *Namur*; and afterward on board the *Romney*. Here I learned cursing and swearing, and all manner of wickedness. But being weary of the sea, when I was about twenty, I bound myself apprentice to a Sail-maker. About six months after, being reproved by my Fellow-servant for swearing, I promised to amend, and did not swear any more for ten years. Soon after, I began to be convinced of sin, and to pray much with many tears. I grew more and more serious till my apprenticeship was out. A fortnight after, I married. My convictions then died away, and three years after, I fell into outward sins. Indeed I prayed much against them, but fell again and again, for above five years, till my wife died. This was in June. In August I was walking in *Deptford*, when a voice, as it were, came into my soul like thunder, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" It went through me, and immediately I felt a hell in my conscience. I went into my house, ran up stairs, fell upon my knees, and cried to God to save me from my bosom sin. And I was saved from it, from that hour. Coming out a few minutes after, it was suggested to me, "There is no Christ:" but I said, "However, I will seek him." And from that time I sought him diligently in all his public and private Ordinances. This was in August 1747. In the year 1749, I joined a Religious Society in *Wapping*. Soon after, I began to hear Mr. *Brewer* in *Stepney*, by whom I was convinced, that we are justified by Faith. About two years after, I began to hear Mr. *Whitefield*, and sin was more and more a burden to me. In November 1752, as I was walking from *St Katherine's* to *Wapping*, I felt such a load as I was scarce able to bear. I looked down, and thought I must drop into hell forthwith: when in a moment I saw a great light, and heard a voice, saying, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice." This came twice, and I answered in my heart, "Yea, and I will rejoice." Since that time, I never lost the sense of God's love, nor ever yielded to any known sin.

In

In June 1753, being out of business, I went to *Wapping Chapel*, just when Mr. *J. Wesley* was in the pulpit. I immediately knew him again, having seen him in a dream a year and a half before. But I continued at the *Tabernacle* till Nov. 5, when, by my sister's importunity, I joined Mr. *Wesley*. From that time I was more and more desirous to give up all for God, and I was more and more convinced, that I could not go to heaven without a full deliverance from sin. On Feb. 11, 1757, as I was going to *Spittlefield's Church*, my sister told me what God had wrought in her. I was cut to the heart, and went on trembling. When we came to the Church, I was in an agony of prayer, till my hair was wet with sweat. On Sunday, at *West-Street Chapel*, I was still more deeply convinced of the necessity of entire Sanctification. Before I communicated, I wrestled with God in prayer, till my bodily strength was gone. And in communicating, I was exceedingly comforted, and strengthened to wrestle still more earnestly. On Tuesday evening, Feb. 22, I went up into my room, and broke out into prayer, pleading the Promises, till I was all over in a sweat. But I could not leave off, till I felt that word applied, "Thou art sealed unto the day of redemption." I immediately felt a far greater change, than I did when I was justified. I felt my soul was all renewed, and a witness that sin was all destroyed. And from that time I have found a continual increase of light, and love, and holiness.

. A few months ago, this *Nathanael* went to God, dying (as he lived) in perfect peace.

[In Mr. Fox's Acts and Monuments, there are many relations, which ought never to be forgotten. But the following is little known, lying near the end of a very large volume. I have therefore thought an Extract from it might be of use to every serious Reader.]

An Account of Mrs. ALICE BENDEN.

MRS. Alice Benden, wife of Mr. Edward Benden, of the parish of *Staplehurst*, in the county of *Kent*, was first brought before Mr. Roberts, of *Crambroke*, in the said county, the 14th of October 1556, of whom she was demanded why she would not go to the church? To which she answered, that she could not do so with a clear conscience, because there was much idolatry committed. For which, with many mocks, she was sent to prison, where she lay fourteen days: on the 20th of October, her husband required his neighbours, the wealthy men of *Staplehurst*, to write to the Bishop of *Dover*, who had the chief government of the sword in *Kent*, which they did, desiring him to send her home. Wherefore the Bishop called her before him, and asked her if she would go home, and go to the church; she answered, if I would have so done, I need not have come hither. Then wilt thou go home, and be confessed by thy Parish-Priest? She said, No, that would she not. Well, said he, go thy ways home, and go to the church when thou wilt. Whereunto she answered nothing. So he let her go, and she came home forthwith. On the Saturday following, her husband desired her to go to the church; which she refused: wherefore on the Sunday fortnight after, he procured her to be sent to Sir *John Gilford*, who commanded her to prison again: her husband took money of the Constable to carry her to prison.

But

But she having more care of his good report, than he had himself, chose rather to commit herself into the hands of her enemies, than that the world should bear witness against her husband. Wherefore she went to the Constable, desiring him to go with her: but he answered that he could not: but he granted her his boy to go with her, with whom she went to prison; namely, to the castle of *Canterbury*, according to the commandment given. While she was in this prison, she agreed with a fellow-prisoner to live both of them on two-pence halfpenny a day, to try how well they could sustain hunger, before they were put to it. For they had heard, that when they should be removed to the Bishop's prison, their livings would be but three farthings a piece a day; and they lived thus for fourteen days, ere she was removed. The 22d day of January following, her husband went again to the Bishop, desiring him to deliver his wife out of prison; but he said she was an obstinate heretic, and therefore he could not deliver her. Then said he, my Lord, she hath a brother, who resorteth unto her. If your Lordship could keep him from her, she would turn. This caution was no sooner given, but it was put in execution. For the Bishop commanded her to a prison called Monday's Hole; and gave a strict charge, that if her brother came, he should be apprehended. This prison was within a court where the Prebend's chambers were, being a vault beneath the ground, and being before the window, inclosed with a pale about four feet and a half high, and three feet distant from the same; so that she looking from beneath, might only see such as stood at the pale. After this, her brother sought often for her, with no less danger than diligence. But from the unknown situation of the place, it being also rarely used for a prison, he could never come to understand where she was, until, through God's providence, coming thither very early in the morning, her Keeper being then gone to the church to ring, (for he was a ringer,) happened to hear her voice, as she was pouring out her

her complaints unto God, saying the psalms of *David*: and there he could no otherwise relieve her, than by putting money in a loaf of bread, and sticking the same on a pole, and so reaching it to her. And this was five weeks after her coming thither; all which time no creature came to her but her Keeper. Her bed in that prison was only a little straw, between a pair of flocks and a stone wall; being allowed three farthings a day, that is a halfpenny for bread, and a farthing for drink; neither could she get any more for her money. Wherefore she desired to have her whole allowance in bread, and used water for her drink. Thus did she lie nine weeks. During all which time she never changed her apparel; whereby at last she became a very piteous creature to behold. At her first coming into this place, she did grievously bewail and reason, why her Lord God did suffer her to be sequestered from her loving fellows, into so extreme misery? In these mournings did she continue, till one night as she was in her sorrowful supplications, rehearsing this verse of the psalm, "Why art thou so heavy, O my soul?" She received comfort, and after that, continued very joyful till her delivery from the same. About the 25th day of March, in the year 1557, she was called before the Bishop, who demanded of her, whether she would now go to the church? Promising her great favour, if she would. To whom she answered, I am thoroughly persuaded by the great extremity that you have already shewed me, that you are not of God; and I see that you seek my utter destruction; shewing how lame she was by hunger and cold, while she lay in the dismal prison, whereby she was not able to move herself without great pain. Then the Bishop sent her to *Westgate*, where being kept clean, her skin did scale off as if she had been poisoned. Here she continued till the latter end of April, when, with others, she was condemned to the flames. When she was at the stake, she threw her handkerchief to one *John Banks*, requiring him to keep

resolve the whole into one homogeneous body. It is just so in Digestion. In proportion to its heat, the stomach does the very same thing as the Digeſter.

Add to this, that the muscular coat of the stomach continually contracting, and pressing its contents by its peristaltic motion, occasions a more intimate mixture, and works the more fluid parts, through the pylorus into the duodenum. Along the sides of this, and the other small intestines, the lacteals are planted: into the minute orifices whereof, the chyle or finer part of the mass is received. The lacteal veins of the first kind discharge themselves into the glands of the basis of the mesentery. The chyle is afterward received by the lacteals of the second kind, and conveyed into the glands between the two tendons of the diaphragm. And hence it is carried to the heart, where it mixes with the blood.

By the perpetual motion of the fluids (especially in the minute vessels) as well as by the constant action of the muscles, small particles are continually worn off from the solids of the body. The fluids likewise are continually diminishing. And hence every animal body, by the very condition of its frame, is liable to destruction. To prevent this, a restitution must be made to the juices and solids of the body, equal and similar to what is lost. And this we call *Nutrition*.

It seems to be performed thus. The blood, forcibly thrown by the heart into the arteries, endeavours to go out every way through the pores. But these are usually too small to give its particles a free passage. They can only pass where any of the pores are open. Here one will naturally follow another in a line, and constitute a fibre or part of a fibre. When as much is thus added to one end of the fibre, as is wasted at the other, the body is *nourished*: when more is added than is wasted, we are said to *grow*.

We see then how absolutely necessary food is, to repair the constant decay of the body: so that few men or women can live without it, above five or six days. And yet the abstaining
from

from it for a season has its use. Indeed great is the efficacy of abstinence, both in prolonging life beyond its usual period, and in the cure of many stubborn disorders.

Lewis Cornaro, a nobleman of *Venice*, after all other means had failed, so that his life was despaired of at forty, recovered, and lived to near a hundred, by mere dint of abstinence.

'Tis surprising to observe, to what an age those ancient christians lived, who retired from the fury of persecution, into the deserts of *Arabia* and *Egypt*. They drank only water, and took no other food than 12 ounces of bread in 24 hours. On this *St. Anthony* lived 105 years, *Epiphanius* 115; *Simon Stylites* 112, and *Romuald* a hundred and twenty.

Among animals we see surprising instances of long abstinence. Several species pass 4, 5, or 6 months every year without eating or drinking. So tortoises and dormice regularly retire at the season to their respective cells. Some kinds get into ruins, or the hollows of rocks; others, into clefts of trees. Some sleep in holes under the earth: others bury themselves under water.

The serpent-kind bear abstinence to a miracle. Rattlesnakes will subsist many months without food. *Dr. Shaw* saw two *Egyptian-serpents*, which had been kept in a bottle five years, (on a small quantity of sand wherein they coiled themselves up) without any sort of food. Yet when he saw them, they had just cast their skins, and were as lively as if just taken.

There have been instances even of men passing several months, with scarce any sustenance. So *Samuel Chilton* of *Tisbury*, near *Bath*, in the year 1693, 1694 and 1695, slept sometimes four months, and sometimes above six together, with very little food: and six weeks without any, but a little tent conveyed with a quill through his teeth.

And since this, *John Ferguson*, of *Killmelford* in *Argyleshire*, about 18 years ago, over-heated himself, drank largely of cold water, and fell asleep. He slept for four and twenty

hours, and waked in a high fever; ever since, his stomach loaths, and can retain no kind of aliment but water. A neighbouring gentleman to whom his father is tenant, locked him up for twenty days, supplying him daily with water, and taking care that he should have no other food. But it made no difference either in his look or strength. He is now six and thirty years of age, of a fresh complexion, and as strong as any common man.

Still more strange is the case of *Gilbert Jackson*. About fifteen years of age, in February 1716, he was seized with a violent fever: it returned in April for three weeks, and again on the tenth of June; he then lost his speech, his stomach, and the use of his limbs, and could not be persuaded either to eat, or drink any thing. May 17, 1717, his fever left him, but he was still deprived of speech and of the use of his limbs, and took no food whatever. June 30th, he was seized with a fever again, and the next day recovered his speech, but without eating or drinking, or the use of his limbs. On the 11th of October he recovered his health, with the use of one of his legs, but neither ate nor drank; only sometimes washed his mouth with water.

On the 18th of June 1718, the fever returned and lasted till September. He then recovered, and continued in pretty good health and fresh coloured, but took no kind of meat or drink. On the 9th of June, 1719, he was again seized with a severe fever. On the tenth at night, his father prevailed on him to take a spoonful of milk boiled with oatmeal. It stuck so long in his throat, that his parents feared he had been choaked; but ever since that time he has taken food, though so little, that a halfpenny loaf serves him for eight days. All the time he fasted, he had no evacuation, either by stool, or urine: and it was fourteen days after he began to eat, before he had any. He is now in pretty good health.

I suppose such another instance as this, has scarce been known in the memory of man.

It is not improbable, that the air itself furnishes some nutritive particles. It is certain, there are substances of all kinds, floating in the atmosphere. And that an animal body may be nourished hereby, is evident in the case of vipers. These, if taken when first brought forth, and kept from every thing but air, will yet grow very considerably in a few days.



An Account of the surprizing deliverance of Mr. JOHN ROGERS, Minister at Croglin, in Cumberland, and the case of his deliverer: in a letter from a Dissenting Minister in Essex, to a Merchant in Edinburgh, dated October 12, 1767.

THE late Mr. *Thomas Bradbury* happened to dine one day at the house of Mrs. *Tooly*, a lady in *London*, who was famous in her day, for the love she bore to Christ, and to all his servants and people. Her house and table were open to them all, being another *Lydia* in that respect. Mr. *Timothy Rogers*, who wrote the book on religious melancholy, and was himself many years under that distemper, happened to dine there the same day with Mr. *Bradbury*; and, after dinner, he entertained Mrs. *Tooly* and him with some stories concerning his father, who was one of the ejected Ministers in the year 1662. Mr. *Rogers* particularly related, that he had often heard his father, with a good deal of pleasure tell himself and others, a deliverance which he had from being sent to prison, after his *mittimus* was written out for that purpose. He lived near the house of one Sir *Richard Cradock*, a Justice of the peace, who was a violent persecutor of the Dissenters. He bore a particular hatred to Mr. *Rogers*, and wanted above all things to have him in his power. A fair opportunity offered. He heard that Mr. *Rogers* was to preach

preach at a place some miles distant; and he hired two men to go as spies, who were to take the names of all the hearers, and to witness against Mr. *Rogers* and them.

The thing succeeded to his wish; they brought the names of several persons; and Sir *Richard* sent and warned them and Mr. *Rogers* to appear before him. Accordingly they all came with trembling hearts, for they knew the violence of the man.

While they were in his great hall, expecting to be called upon, there happened to come into it a little girl, a grandchild of Sir *Richard's*, six or seven years of age. She looked at Mr. *Rogers*, and was much taken with his venerable appearance; and he, being fond of children, got her on his knee, and made a great deal of her. At last Sir *Richard* sent one of his servants to inform the company that one of the witnesses was fallen sick; therefore he warned them to come on another day which he named to them.

Accordingly they came; and the crime was proved. He ordered their *mittimus* to be written, to send them to goal. Mr. *Rogers*, before he came, expecting to see the little girl again, had bought some sweetmeats to give her: and he was not disappointed; for she came running to him, and was fonder of him than she was the day before. She was a particular favourite of her grandfather's, and had got such an ascendancy over him, that he could deny her nothing. She was withal a child of a violent spirit, and could bear no contradiction. Once, it seems, when she was contradicted in something, she ran a pen-knife into her arm, that had near cost her her life. After this, Sir *Richard* would not suffer her to be contradicted in any thing.

While she was sitting on Mr. *Rogers's* knee, she looked wishfully at him, and said, What are you here for, Sir? He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to goal," "To goal! said she, why, what have you done?" "Why, I did nothing, but preach at such a

place;

place; and they did nothing but hear me." "But, said she, my grandpappa shall not send you to goal." "Ay but my dear, said he, I believe he is now making out our *mittimus*."

She ran immediately to the chamber where her grandfather was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman here in the hall?" "That is nothing to you, said her grandfather, get you about your business." "But I will not, said she; he tells me, that you are going to send him and his friends to goal; and if you send them, I will drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone: I will indeed." When he saw the girl was peremptory, it shook and overcame him. He stepped into the hall, with the *mittimus* in his hand, and said, "I had here made out your *mittimus* to send you all to goal, but, at my grandchild's request, I set you all at liberty."

They all bowed, and thanked his Worship. Mr. Rogers stepped up to the child, and laid his hand upon her head, and lifting his eyes up to heaven said, "God bless you, my dear child! May the blessing of that God whose cause you now plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and throughout eternity!" And then he and his friends went away.

Mrs. Tooty listened with uncommon attention to the story; and looking on Mr. Rogers, said, "and are you that Mr. Rogers's son?" "Yes Madam, answered he, I am." "Well, said she, as long as I have been acquainted with you; I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something you never knew before: I am the very girl your dear father blessed. It made an impression on me I could never forget." Upon this he and Mr. Bradbury were desirous to know how she who had been bred up with an aversion to serious religion, came to be so eminent for it.

[To be concluded in our next.]

A plain

A plain Account of KINGSWOOD SCHOOL, near Bristol.

[Continued from page 384.]

ANOTHER fault common in almost all our Schools, is, The Masters not only take no care to train up their Scholars in true Religion, but they themselves teach them what is utterly destructive of all Religion whatever. They put Authors into their hands, that, with all the beauty of language, all the sweetness of expression, instil into their tender minds both obscenity and profaneness. *Virgil's Alexis*, the lewd Epigrams of *Martial*, and the shameless Satires of *Juvenal*, (even the sixth) so earnestly recommending Sodomy as well as Adultery!

Nonne putas melius, quod tecum pufio dormit?

Here, you see, is the blessed *Moral*! Nay, in spite of the loud complaint made by *St. Austin*, fourteen hundred years ago, we read there still of the great God,

Qui templa caeli summa sonitu concutit,

coming down from heaven upon that blessed errand,

Fucum factum mulieri!

And to this day we retain, for edification of our Children,

Tonantem & fornicantem Jovem!

8. After long enquiring, but enquiring in vain, for a School free from these palpable blemishes, at last a thought came into my mind, of setting up a School myself. The first point was, to find a proper *situation*: not too far from a great town; which I saw would be highly inconvenient for a large

large family: nor yet too near, and much less in it; which would have been attended with greater evils. After mature consideration, I chose a spot, in the middle of *Kingswood*, three miles from *Bristol*. It was quite private, remote from all high roads, on the side of a small hill, sloping to the West, sheltered from the East and North, and affording room for large gardens. I built the house capable of containing fifty Children, besides Masters and Servants; reserving one room, and a little study, for my own use.

9. I then set myself to procure *Masters*. And in this respect I had such an advantage, as few besides have, in being acquainted with every part of the nation. And yet I found it no easy thing, to procure such as I desired. For I was not satisfied, that they had Learning sufficient for their several departments, unless they had likewise the Fear of God, producing an unblameable conversation. I saw, none would answer my intention, but men who were truly devoted to God: who sought nothing on earth, neither pleasure, nor ease, nor profit, nor the praise of men: but simply to glorify God, with their bodies and spirits, in the best manner they were capable of.

10. I next considered, How to procure proper *Scholars*: not any that came to hand, but, if possible, such as had some thoughts of God, and some desire of saving their souls: and such whose Parents desired they should not be almost, but altogether Christians. This was proposed to them, before their Children came: and to prevent future misunderstandings, they were desired attentively to read, and seriously to consider the Rules of the School; being assured they would be punctually observed, without any favour or affection. One of these rules was, That "no child shall be admitted after he is twelve years old." The ground of this rule was, A child could not well before that age be rooted either in bad habits, or ill principles. But notwithstanding the strictness of the Rules, I had soon as many Scholars as I desired: nay,

considerably more. For I was afraid of having too many at once, knowing how difficult it was to govern a large number: children being so apt, when many of them are together, to hinder and corrupt one another.

11. Having procured proper Masters, and a sufficient number of Children, most of whom were as well inclined as could be expected, our first point was, To answer the design of Christian Education, by forming their minds, through the help of God, to wisdom and holiness; by instilling the principles of true Religion, speculative and practical, and training them up in the ancient way, that they might be rational, scriptural Christians. This design was expressly mentioned in the "Short Account of the School in *Kingswood*, near *Bristol*." "It is our particular desire, that all who are educated here, may be brought up in the Fear of God, and at the utmost distance, as from Vice in general, so in particular, from Softness and Effeminacy. The children therefore of *tender Parents*, so called, have no business here: for the Rules will not be broken, in favour of any person whatever. Nor is any Child received, unless his Parents agree, 1. That he shall observe all the Rules of the House, and 2. That they will not take him from School, no, not for a day, till they take him for good and all. The reasonableness of this uncommon Rule, is shewn by constant experience, For Children may *unlearn*, as much in one week, as they have learned in several: nay, and contract a prejudice to exact Discipline, which never can be removed.

12. "The General Rules of the House are these: The Children rise at four, Winter and Summer." This I know by constant observation, and by long experience, to be of admirable use, either for preserving a good, or improving a bad constitution. It is of peculiar service in almost all nervous complaints, both in preventing and in removing them, "They spend the time till five in private; partly in reading, partly in singing, partly in prayer: and in self-examination and meditation, those that are capable of it."

“ At five they are all together with the Master. Then, till seven they breakfast, and walk or work. For as we have no play-days, the School being taught every day in the year but Sundays, so neither do we allow any time for play on any day. It is a wise *German Proverb*, “ He that plays when he is a boy, will play when he is a man.” If not, why should he learn now, what he must unlearn by and by?

“ On fair days they work, according to their strength, in the garden; on rainy days, in the house. But particular care is taken, that they never work alone, but always in the presence of a Master.” This circumstance I adopted from the great School at *Jena*, in *Germany*. It lays much labour upon the Masters; but the advantage is worth all the labour. It prevents abundance of evil: (and it is far better to prevent evils, than to punish them :) not only rudeness and ill manners, but many sins that Children would easily teach each other.

“ The school-hours are from seven to eleven, and from one to five. They drink water at their meals:” (and why do not all wise Parents teach their Children so to do from their infancy, seeing it is universally allowed to be the best dilutor of food, which is to be found on earth?) “ Nothing between meals”—lest they should insensibly contract habits which are neither good for body nor mind. Their food is as simple as possible: two days in a week it is wholly *vegetable*: every day, at breakfast and supper: if we allow (with *Dr. Cheyne*) milk to come under that appellation.

“ At eight they go to bed, the youngest first. They all lodge in one room, (every Child having a bed to himself) in which a lamp burns all night. A Master lies in the same room.” The propriety of these circumstances is so manifest; that it needs not to be enlarged upon. “ All their beds have mattresses on them, not feather-beds: both because they are more healthy, and because we would keep them at the utmost distance from softness and effeminacy.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

PHILANTHROPY.

UNFINISHED.

[By the late Mr. Charles Perronet.]

1. **G**OD is eternally *One*, always the *same*, unchangeable in his nature, unalterable in his purpose.

He for ever unites with the likeness of his own purity, and departs from the workers of iniquity. When he formed the first-born sons of light, they were his beloved. But when they *left their first estate*, he abhorred and *cast them down to hell*. Because he is the *same* for ever, without *shadow of turning*.

His Counsels are as invariable as his Essence. He created man holy, and designed him for everlasting communion with himself. His purpose is still the same. His word calls us back to our first estate. His Spirit strives with us, and would fain restore the lost inheritance.

2. Creation and Redemption are one in the purposes of God. The mode is different, but the end and design the same. Redemption is a second creation. We *are created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God had before ordained, that we might walk in them*, Eph. ii. 10. The benefits received by Christ, are a continuation and lengthening out of what was granted to *Adam*. Through Christ, the promised *seed of the woman*, the divine favour and means of salvation are restored. Every man is reinstated in a state of probation, and receives a talent a second time, to improve for eternal life.

As the end of the first creation was answered by God, *making man in his own image*, (though the blessing was forfeited

feited by disobedience,) so the design of the second creation is answered, by God being *manifested in the flesh*. Accordingly *we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish.*

3. The testimony of the whole law, and of all the prophets is this, "God is holy, and commands all men, *Be ye holy; for I am holy.*"

This testimony the Son of God bore. And thus spake all, whom he sent to preach *salvation in his Name*; and to *declare his righteousness, for the remission of sins.*

4. When the Gospel was first published, it was considered as a plan of divine wisdom, justice and mercy, to free us from Guilt, and restore us to Holiness, by the death of Christ. Accordingly, the first Christians believed that the sacrifice which purchased Pardon, procured power over Sin; that *as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life*, Rom. vi. 4. They believed the Gospel to be salvation from *the wrath of God, revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness*, and from the power that *works with energy in the children of disobedience*; they believed, that by Faith we receive Christ, and by continuance in well-doing, retain Faith and a good Conscience, abide in our living Head, and ensure eternal life. And they judged, that no news but this was *glad tidings*; that nothing short of salvation from the evil which separated us from God, was worthy of Christ to give, or could profit his Redeemed; and that as our grand loss was that of the divine likeness, so nothing but the recovery of it, could be *joy to all people*, or make us *meet, to partake of the inheritance of the saints in light.*

5. He that first broke down the sacred fence, which enclosed the heritage of Christ, was *Simon the Sorcerer*: he first taught *the depths of Satan* in the Antinomian Creed. And in every succeeding age of the Church, his seed have trod in his steps, destroying numberless souls, by the flood of blasphemy, which they pour out against the law of God.

6. These were they, whom St. Paul calls *grievous wolves, arrogant, unholy, despisers of good men, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.* Of these St. Peter says, that they *beguiled unwary souls; and while they promised them liberty, were themselves the slaves of corruption.* Of these St. Jude says, *There are certain men crept in unawares, turning the grace of God into lasciviousness.* And he foretels their fearful doom: *for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.*

At whatsoever time this generation of vipers appeared, the real Christians resisted them, *contending earnestly, though mildly, for the faith that purified the heart and wrought righteousness,* and by which they kept themselves in the love of God, *waiting for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.*

The Christians in the purer ages of the Church, did not entertain the least fear, (as many do now,) of dishonouring Christ, by keeping his commandments. The path they chose was *the narrow way;* their warfare was against Sin; their labour, that of *purifying themselves, by obeying the truth through the Spirit.*

7. They knew of no *unity of the Faith,* but the love of the truth; in all purity, long-suffering and gentleness. The loss of brotherly kindness, they accounted *Schism,* and its breaking out into parties, *Heresies.* The Apostles declared *the whole counsel of God,* and established every thing essential to the Gospel. But they did not all appoint the same External; and probably, no Apostle the same in every place. Rather, they suited indifferent things to the particular circumstances of each people, always appointing what best answered the end of each institution.

And no man *had dominion over another's faith:* nor was any man's *liberty to be judged by another's conscience.* They knew, the right of private judgment was implied in the very capacity of thinking: and that as *every one was to give an account*

count of himself to God, every-one was to act as he was fully persuaded in his own mind: no man having a right to judge another, since he stood or fell to his own master.

But when Antinomianism had spread Laodicean coolness far and wide, and destroyed both the truth and power of Religion, opinions and modes of worship became the whole of Christianity, and human authority the best support of the Gospel.

[To be concluded in our next.]

On the M O T T O of a S E A L—

BELIEVE! — LOVE! — OBEY!

THIS motto is indeed a very short one; but surely it contains much in little. It is replete with every instruction necessary to teach us how to be happy both in time and in eternity. Let us then examine a little into each of its particulars, beginning with the first:

B E L I E V E !

When the Gaoler asked of the Apostle, What he should do to be saved? He was answered—*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* This answer is what remains to be given to every one who shall make the same enquiry, to the end of the world. This being the case, let us next enquire; What it is to believe in Jesus Christ? Our Saviour tells us; John iii. 16. that *God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.* Now the whole tenor of the Old Testament teaches us, that Christ should come to be a sacrifice; and a propitiation for the sins of the world; to make reconciliation for iniquity; and to bring in everlasting righteousness.

All which he has done, according to the scriptures: being raised from the dead, and ascended on high: for when he had by himself purged our sins, he sat down on the right-hand of the Majesty on high, to give eternal life to all that should come unto him. In consequence of this, remission of sins is preached in his Name to all that believe. *To him give all the prophets witness, that through his Name, whosoever shall believe in him shall receive remission of sins, Acts x. 23.* Now, as Christ's blood was shed for the remission of sins, so faith in his blood receives the remission of sins; and *Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.* Every true believer experiences the same thing in his own soul, whereof the Holy Ghost is the witness. *He that believeth, hath the witness in himself.*

And we are all called; we are all invited; we are all commanded, to *believe in him whom God hath sent.* May we all accept this great salvation, and by faith receive the Atonement! Now let us proceed to the next particular,

L O V E!

This can never be separated from true Faith. For Faith, when it is real, always works by love. How is it possible that we can really believe, that God hath loved us, and forgiven us our sins, without loving him again? It can never be. For as St. John says, *We love him, because he first loved us.* And he that says he believes in Jesus Christ, and does not find love to God, may be assured he deceives himself with only a notion of Faith. A picture of fire is without heat; but a real fire cannot be without it. A notional Faith is without love; but a real one is never without it. *But to you, who are indeed Believers, Christ is precious; yea, more precious than all things.* Love then; and walk in love; encrease in love; and let love be your element, your business, your every thing; but remember! the flower withers when cut off from the stalk—so your love will wither, unless you stand fast, and grow in the Faith. Without you abide in the Faith, the fire of love will go out.

If

If this is the case with any, let them believe again, and love will come again; for they always come and go together. Do we profess to believe? and do we profess to love? Say, my friends, is our Faith unfeigned? And is our love without dissimulation? If so, let us proceed to the third particular; which is,

O B E Y!

As a heart-felt Faith in Jesus Christ produces a heart-felt Love to him; so Obedience to his commands, will follow as the opening flowers, and ripening fruits follow the genial heat of the sun. Christ saith, *If ye love me, keep my commandments.* What are his commandments? Love to God, and love to one another: the first shews itself in doing his will, both actively and passively. Doing what we know is our duty, and patiently suffering; yea, and resigning ourselves to his disposal in all things. The second shews itself in doing to others as we would be done by. In all loving and kind offices, in forgiving injuries; in all things being just and true; also in patience, long-suffering, and forbearance, and all other duties, mentioned in the law. Also loving our enemies, returning good for evil, and praying for our persecutors. Obedience to God, is shewing the reality of our love to him, in following the example of Christ in all his imitable perfections. And this Obedience is the result of having his Spirit dwelling in us, inclining us to walk in all the ways of holiness: summed up in loving God with all our hearts, and our neighbour as ourselves: in which are contained all the precepts of the moral law—which law is written in the hearts of all true Believers. See 1 Cor. chap. xiii.

Thus we see in these three particulars—Believe—Love—Obey! are contained the very essentials of all true Religion. What then remains, my Friends, but that we give all diligence to be found, *believing, loving, obedient Followers* of the Lamb of God? If so, let us not quarrel about other matters. Let us keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and bear

with one another's different opinions and forms, that do not clash with true Faith, true Love and true Obedience. Let us not wrangle about circumcision, or uncircumcision, but let us contend for the Faith, which worketh by love. Let the strong bear with the weak, and let the weak not be offended with the strong. May the Motto of the seal be engraven in all our hearts, and may our sober, godly, and righteous lives and conversations, demonstrate to all the world that it is really so! In a word: may we all believe; may we all love; and may we all obey! So prays, from his very heart, one who is a Lover of all the true Church of Christ; one who is for Christ's sake their truly affectionate Servant in the Ministry of the Gospel of Peace and Salvation.

L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CLXXIV.

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

Friday Evening.

Dear Sir,

ON March 7, Mrs. *Jay* received a clean heart. Yet she was greatly tempted, and so disturbed by wandering thoughts that she began to doubt, whether she was saved from sin, or not? But on the second of April, she was, as it were, caught up into the third heavens. She thought her soul lay prostrate before the Lord, and she cast her crown at his feet. And ever since, her mind has been so stayed on him, that she has been kept in perfect peace.

I am much tempted still, especially when I pray. So that I can only say, in M. *De Renty's* words, "In spite of all these things, still I am thine, and so I shall continue without reserve

reserve for ever." What have we to do but trust and watch? Trust our souls, and the whole management of them to him who has bought them with his blood, and watch steadily and constantly: 1. Against every thought, word and deed, that does not draw our souls to Christ; and 2. For that blessed moment, when he shall give us a fuller manifestation of his love. O that my Jesus may give you such a hunger after himself, that the cry of your soul may never cease, night or day, till all your heart is love! Lord, is any thing wanting on *thy* part? Wilt thou muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn? While thou art filling his children on every side, shall he be constrained to say, "My leanness, my leanness?" Far be that from my tender-hearted Lord! He loves you more than his own life.

"And you will taste the perfect power,
As sure as God is love!"

Saturday Morning.

I will freely unburden my mind. Before I knew what it was, to *love God with all my heart*, I thought my soul would be so fixt, that it would be continually ascending as a flame before him. But instead of this, though I feel my *Will* is given up, and my *Love* is fixt on Jesus, though he is my All, yet crowds of thoughts frequently press into my mind. And sometimes Satan brings the things I used to be tempted with, and then accuses me. But I can say all the time,

"Jesus, to thee my soul I raise,
My soul in thee securely boasts,
Exults and triumphs in thy praise,
And glories in the Lord of Hosts."

Meantime I cry to God to fix my mind on him, so that it may wander no more. And I am confirmed in the expectation of this, by the experience of many of my brethren.

3 H 2

Though

Though others cannot believe there is any such thing to be attained, and are offended at our mentioning it. *Joseph Guistford*, in particular, at one of our meetings, fought exceedingly against it. Afterwards in prayer, he said, "Lord, if there be such a blessing, I am as ignorant of it as the table." Yet he cried mightily, and after he had wrestled some time, the Lord gave it to him. He is now all praise and prayer. The Lord *will* work. And who shall hinder him!

Some call this, "Loving God *with all their minds*." Might they not rather say, they had received a farther degree of Faith, enabling them always to stay their minds upon God? But let us call it what we will, it is always given instantaneously,

Eternity seems to be brought so nigh, that I think the Lord is just going, either to take me to himself, or to manifest himself more abundantly to the Church. I do indeed delight in the thought of departing. Yet I cannot help wishing to see one prayer answered first, one soul entirely cast on God! And I do believe, I shall see it. I believe, I know, you will be blest. I can so commit you to my loving Saviour, that I am sure he will keep you for ever!

I am yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R CLXXV.

[From Mrs. E. M——n, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley,]

Potto, April 14, 1762,

Dear Sir,

AS the Lord has made your instruction so great a blessing to my soul, I think it my duty to let you hear from me.

What you said of being "settled in the pure love of God," was greatly blest to me. While you spoke to me, I saw the grace set before me, and my heart was drawn out to the Lord in prayer, with a constant waiting upon him for the blessing, till at the Love-feast in *York*, under your prayer, the Lord revealed himself with such a weight of love, that my bodily strength

strength was all removed, by his glorious appearing, and he said to my soul, "Thou shalt never wander more." In this unspeakable blessing, I found my whole soul to centre in the arms of Jesus, being all united and swallowed up, in his infinite love to *me*. For two weeks after, the Enemy seemed to stir up earth and hell to tear it from me. He then tried his smother wiles, suggesting, "There is no scripture for this." But I found those words ever before me, (and I knew they were a scriptural promise,) *I will keep his soul in perfect peace, whose mind is staid on me*. Yet I prayed the Lord to make it still plainer. And at the end of six weeks, as I was in secret prayer, I beheld him appearing glorious and sealing this scripture on my heart, *All mine are thine*. I then found more of his love than ever before; even more than when he spoke the destruction of sin, whereby my spirit was overwhelmed in love, for three days and nights together. Ever since I have found steadiness of mind, though often surrounded with the hurries of my family, and of the world, in which I must act, and speak, and think, according to my calling. For while I am in the body, I am exposed to the various scenes of life. Have the happy souls you are with, never an useless or unprofitable thought cast before them? I find a constant looking to the Lord: but I want to be every moment free from this life, and ever be swallowed up in the ocean of his love. I find my soul to be so shallow, I contain but a small measure of his love. I have need to pray the Lord to enlarge my heart, and strengthen me to bear the fulness of it.

Since I saw you, I seldom bow my knee, but I have such uncommon desires for your soul, as I cannot express. I could struggle with the Lord for you, while I have any life, that he would fill your soul with every grace which he hath purchased with his precious blood. Remember me, as one of the unworthiest of his creatures, in all your prayers.

I am yours, &c.

M——n,

LETTER

L E T T E R CLXXVI.

[From the same.]

Potto, May 24, 1762.

Dear Sir,

I Have received yours, to the unspeakable comfort of my soul. And though I have delayed a little in writing, my heart never delays in praying for, and being present with you daily. I thank the Lord in every remembrance of you, whom I find so dear to himself, his cause, and to me, the most unworthy of all to whom you ever wrote.

I have daily more and more reason to bless the Lord, for his unnumbered mercies: I have always a sweet sense of his tender love; but I want to be constantly swallowed up herein. Time is very precious to me, and yet it appears, as if I made little improvement thereof. I seem always to have too little time; never any to spare. My family is ever calling for my assistance for this life; and the Lord is ever calling me to pursue his work: so that I am constrained to cry, "Lord! my moments fly away, before my work is half performed."

Blessed be God, I find an increase of love, and joy, and peace! This world appears a vain shadow, swiftly flying from me, and I from it. I have lately found an uncommon desisting of all things here below: and yet at the same time, more abundant thankfulness to the Lord for every thing. I often see such scenes of blessings to be thankful for, as appear like an unfathomable ocean, without a bottom or a shore. I am lost in amazement; for the more I gaze, the more the ocean swells, and I poor dust and ashes, sink into a silent nothing before him.

I have no confidence of persevering to the end in any way, but constantly obeying all the commands of God. And in this, I find the Lord seals his word by his blessed Spirit upon
my

my heart; and that in so deep and powerful a manner, as I cannot describe or explain. He then shews me, that scripture is mine, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." My prayer is, that he may keep me to the end, and fully accomplish his blessed word in me.

I always can tell you my whole heart; for your soul is unspeakably near to me. May the Lord bless and preserve you every moment, from all the snares, and baits, and smiles, and frowns, and powers of earth and hell, to rejoice every moment in his love! O remember me in all your prayers, the most ignorant and weak of all his creatures! I desire your reproof in whatever you may fear amiss in me, and your direction in all things.

I am yours, &c.

E. M——n.

L E T T E R CLXXVII.

[From the same.]

Potto, July 29, 1761.

Dear Sir,

I Have great cause of thankfulness for your care, in so thoroughly searching my heart. I hope you ever will: but I am so weak and ignorant, I scarce know how to answer. I do not always pray in words: but I find a constant prayer in my heart to God. And this he is pleased frequently to answer, with springs of strength and comfort. Yet I desire to be every moment more fervent in this blessed Duty. I am enabled to rejoice evermore, yea, in every trial and affliction I meet with. I am astonished that the Lord should pour his blessings upon me, who can thank him no more! Indeed I do render him all my powers in thanks and love to him. But this seems to be as nothing to his immensity of love to me.

When

When I meet with the contradiction of sinners, I feel much love and pity for their poor souls. But in general, while I am with them, they seem to melt before me. I find more to bear from those who know, or have known the Grace of God. Some of these are constantly deriding holiness, and calling the experience of those that are renewed, Delusion. This kind of contradiction meets me daily, and makes me sink as into dust and ashes before the Lord, and all his creatures, willing to be trodden under foot of all men.

As to pride, anger, and vain desire, I know my soul is cleansed from them. And though I am tempted to them all, yet they can never affect my spirit or touch my heart. My will is wholly devoted to God; but I am so ignorant, I have need to cry to the Lord to teach me every moment. I desire not to live, but to do his will; it would be a hell to me, to dishonour the Lord, or grieve his people.

I hope you will caution me, whereinfoever you fear evil in me or near me. This above all will endear your soul to me, and I hope make you love and pray for me the more. I cannot tell what joy I feel in hearing, how the Lord prospers your labours. O may your hands never hang down! May your knees never be feeble; but may the Lord appear victorious for you, and in you every moment! May your care and labour for other souls, never be a hinderance to your own! I never bow my knee to the Lord, but my heart is drawn out in prayer, that your peace may flow as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea! And I cannot doubt but the Lord will conquer every hinderance you meet with, and bring you forth into the *Canaan* of peace and plenty, to sing his praise for ever and ever.

I am yours, &c.

E. M——n.

LETTER

L E T T E R CLXXVIII.

[From Mrs. Sarah Oddie to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Barton Forge, March 18, 1762.

Dear Sir,

I Am still more and more astonished at the goodness of God! What am I, O Lord, that thou shouldest vouchsafe to take up thine abode in so unworthy a creature! Yea, and to give me the advantage of thy most excellent ones, to help my weakness on? It surpriseth me, that they should take any notice of one so insignificant. I think of you often, when tears of joy are streaming down my face! I believe God does bless your precious soul, and I pray him to fill you with all his fulness, and to return a thousand fold into your own bosom, all the good you have done to me.

God of his great mercy kept me when I was a child, from what the world calls sin. I was then under great fear of death: and that fear put me upon many duties. I got the strictest books, and copied after them as far as I could. I prayed eight stated times every day. I was strict in going to Church and Sacrament. Thus I was rich, and increased in goods, and needed nothing; thinking what I could not do, Christ would make up for me.

In 1750 I heard of your Societies, and became acquainted with some of them. They gave me some books, by which, and by the holy scriptures, I was soon convinced, I had been in the dark all my life long. It was then the Commandment came home to my Conscience, and a sight and sense of my sins, brought me into such misery, that I had no ease in the day, nor rest in the night. My continual prayer was, though with little hope, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But in Lent, 1752, as I was dressing myself to go to Church, I was on a sudden filled with the love of God. The fear of

death was gone: I wished for nothing so much as to be with him whom my soul loved. It was not long before my joy abated, and I began to doubt, if it was not a false peace. But I went to God in prayer, and before I rose from my knees, he manifested himself afresh. This set my soul at liberty from all doubts; and my heart was again filled with thankfulness.

In this state I continued almost a year, when God began to shew me by degrees, the wickedness of my heart. I found many tempers contrary to the will of God: but generally one at a time. Then God gave me power to agonize and wrestle with him, till that was under my feet. No sooner had I the victory over one, but another shewed itself. I made use of the same method, till that also was conquered: and hereby I was greatly encouraged. Yet I thought sometimes, my heart was more desperately wicked than any one's in the world. And how was I grieved, that after all God had done, I should find so many things in me to oppose him!

In the year 1759, I knew not any thing that hindered my deliverance from all sin, unless it were the hurrying business in which I was engaged, which took up so much of my time and thought. But being about this time with Mrs. *Green*, of *Ratherham*, while she was more than commonly hurried with business, I was convinced, that as she rejoiced evermore, so might I, in any outward state whatever. And the beauty of holiness which I saw in her, made me long for it more than ever. But the more I strove to please God in all things, the more I saw of my imperfections. I could not find that I could do this for one day. I always found at night, that I had done something wrong, or spoke too many words, or kept silence when I should have spoken: so that I went heavily, though I had a constant sense of the pardoning love of God. I do not indeed remember, that ever I was one hour in darkness since I was justified. But this was my sorrow,

“Pardoned, but yet alas! unclean.”

In January 1760, I determined to give myself up entirely, into the hands of my Redeemer, fully resolving, that the care of my soul should have every moment of my leisure time, and leaving it to God, to give me what he pleased. My soul was then in a great calm.

On the first of February it was said to my heart, "I have shewed thee how unable thou art of thyself, to do what thou desirest; and now I will do it for thee. My love shall constrain thee to obey me, and my grace shall be sufficient for thee." I felt such love, peace, and joy, as tongue cannot express. This continued all day, while a stream of loving tears ran down my face. Next morning I awaked all in tears of joy, full of wonder, with the greatest confidence, that God had brought me into the liberty of his much favoured children. For a week together I awoke every morning, in the same joyous surprize. The Bible was a new book to me. I saw Christ in every line, and his all-sufficiency to keep me in the state to which he had brought me.

And ever since, glory be to God! I have found him faithful to his word. I have loved God and all mankind at all times. I have served him from love only; and whatever I have been employed in, I have offered it to him, with a pure intention to please him. Formerly I used to feel some anger or resentment, when men treated me ill. But now I find it is all turned into tender compassion for them. I am ever under the eye of my indulgent Father, and look to be guided by him in every step I take. And since I have done this, I find my business is dispatched in less time, with fewer words, and to greater advantage than ever before. He is a present help in time of need. And amidst all the cumber, hurry, and trials, of so large a family, and so great a charge, "Careful without care I am."

Indeed sometimes I see, that some things might have been done, or some words spoken better than they were. But those are shewn me by my loving Father, to improve his loving, but

ignorant child. Therefore I receive the instruction with thankfulness, and set myself to improve thereby.

And what shall I now say to the King? When I attempt to praise him, I am as one dumb before him. I cannot find words to express my heart: I am forced to say, let silence speak thy praise. I lie in his hand, thirsting for more of his image, more of his love, till I am wholly lost in him. His blessed word and all his ordinances are right precious to my soul. His dear children are my companions: I have nothing, and yet possess all things. I think myself the most highly favoured creature under heaven: death is always welcome. Christ is always present and precious; especially in sickness and pain. What in his love possess I not? In him I find every thing to make me holy and happy. Thanking you for all favours,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obliged Child in the Gospel,

SARAH ODDIE.



P O E T R Y.

A PENITENTIAL SOLILOQUY.

[By Dr. Byron.]

WHAT! though no objects strike upon the sight!
 Thy sacred presence is an *inward* light!
 What! though no sounds should penetrate the ear!
 To listening Thought the Voice of Truth is clear!
 Sincere Devotion needs no outward shrine;
 The centre of an *humble* soul is thine!

There

There may I worship! there mayest thou ever place
 Thy Seat of Mercy, and thy Throne of Grace!
 Yea, fix, if Christ my Advocate appear,
 The dread tribunal of thy Justice there!
 Let each vain thought, let each impure desire,
 Meet, in thy wrath, with a consuming fire.

Whilst the kind rigours of a righteous doom
 All deadly filth of *selfish Pride* consume,
 Thou, Lord! canst raise, though punishing for sin,
 The joys of peaceful Penitence within.
 Thy Justice and thy Mercy both are sweet,
 That make our *suff'rings* and *salvation* meet.

Befal me then whatever God shall please!
 His Wounds are healing, and his pains give ease;
 He like a true Physician of the soul
 Applies the medicine that will make it whole.
 I'll do, I'll *suffer*, whatsoe'er he will;
 I see his aim through every transient ill.

'Tis to infuse a *salutary* grief,
 To fit the mind for absolute relief:
 That purged from every *false* and finite love,
 Dead to the world, alive to things above;
 The soul may rise, as into *first* forméd youth,
 And worship God in *spirit* and in *truth*.

FROM THE OLNEY COLLECTION.

None upon earth I desire besides thee. Psal. lxxiii. 25.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have lost all their sweetness with me:

The

The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

His Name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blessed with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song;
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

A. PRAYER.

A PRAYER, written at the time of the Insurrection, June 1780.

GOD omnipotent, arise,
 And scatter all thy foes,
 Blast the rebels with thy eyes
 Who Thee and Thine oppose;
 Let the Tools of anarchy,
 The sons of daring wickedness,
 Driven as by a whirlwind flee
 Before thine angry face.

Lord of hosts, and King of kings,
 Thine outstretchéd arm make bare,
 Thine alone salvation brings,
 And stops the waste of war:
 Earth and hell to Thee submit:
 Avenge us quickly of the fiend,
 Chase him back to his own pit,
 The hour of darkness end.

Arm the Man of thy right-hand,
 And make him strong for Thee,
 Confident, thè angelic Band
 His constant guard shall be;
 Him with wisdom from above,
 With calm, intrepid zeal inspire,
 All our evils to remove,
 And snatch us from the fire.

Britain then thy Hand shall own,
 And bless thine Instrument,
 Thou through Him the work hast done,
 The great Deliverance sent:
 Praise entire to Thee we give,
 The God supreme, the Lord most high,
 Thankful to thy glory live,
 And to thy glory die!

On the MESSENGERS of GOD.

A Scripture Test—to tell, and try
The Messengers of the Most High—

“ Servants of all”—are these on earth,
Yet Sons of God, by heavenly birth! ||
Godlike in temper, act, and word,
Meek imitators of their Lord ;*

Who seek not pleasure; profit, praise,
Which vanish with terrestrial days;
But “ Honour coming from above,”
Boundless as heavén’s eternal love!

“ Lord, make me fruitful,” is their cry,
“ To prove my mission from the sky,
O give me children—else I die!”

Nor labour such for souls—in vain,
While faithful—fruitful they remain;
Weeping, with zeal through crowds they roam!
Shouting, with sheaves fly bounding home!
Wishing the world to heavén would come!
Expecting that millennial day †
When earth, like heavén, shall God obey!
Nor “ run they as uncertainly,”
Each know from strictest scrutiny,
By heart-felt joys, and what they see,
“ I AM hath sent unworthy me.”

A S H O R T H Y M N.

Rom. xv. 2. *Let every one of us please his neighbour, for his
good, to edification.*

A I M I N G at the noblest end,
Would I learn the art to please,
Yield to all, and condescend,
Sacrifice my time and ease;
Cast my own desires behind,
Live the Servant of mankind.

[John iii. 3. * Mat. xi. 29. John viii. 40. † Isa. lxvi. 23





T H E

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D I A L O G U E II.

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

[Continued from page 408.]

Fred. **I**T is therefore* a second Election, when a man is chosen in fact: that is, when he is called unto salvation by a peculiar choice. Of this, *St. James* speaks, when he says, chap. ii. 5, *Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom?* But both these elections are entirely gratuitous, and without any condition whatsoever. For God hath no regard to man's work when he chuses him. He did not ask *Saul* or *David*, whether or not they would be chosen unto the kingdom. Neither did he propose to them any condition, or say thus to them, "I will chuse you to reign, if you will do so and so;" but he said only, I chuse thee to the kingdom. In the same manner,

* See the preceding Number.

Christ did not ask his Apostles, whether or not they would be chosen or called; no more than a Father asks his Son whether he will be begotten; or after he is born, whether or not he will be constituted heir. Regeneration is like unto generation in this respect. For as he who is to be begotten is not yet, so likewise he that is to be regenerated is not yet; that is, not yet what he is to be through Regeneration.

Now follows the third and last Election; of which God speaks thus by Isaiah xlvi. 10, *I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.* And this takes place when man is tried, and approved of, by the Cross of Christ, (as gold is tried in the fire,) and shows himself faithful, and perseveres unto the end. As it is written by Daniel, chap. xii. 10, *Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried.* For then Christ says, *Well done, good and faithful servant: because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,* Matt. xxv. 23. The two former Elections lead to this. For God chuses or calls none unto salvation, without being willing to conduct them to it. Now if this election or approbation, was similar to the former, that is, if it had no regard to works, all those who are called unto salvation would be chosen. But as it must follow works, many, as they will not perform the works required, do not obtain salvation. For if being called, they refuse the Cross, they are not chosen; that is, they do not reach salvation. Hence he says, *Many are called, but few are chosen.* For those only are chosen, that have shewed themselves faithful. Just as a piece of gold, though set aside to make some elegant vessel, is nevertheless rejected, if it be not found good, when put into the crucible. So that the same gold may be said to be both chosen for the work, and yet afterward rejected. Those who are chosen by this last election cannot be lost; nor can any pluck them out of the hands of Christ.

I am aware; that what I have said of this threefold Election may, to many, seem hard; but thus the scriptures speak. And lest you should be offended at my saying, many who are chosen unto salvation do not obtain it, I shall prove it by several instances. In the first place, it cannot be doubted but *Eſau* was by nature chosen unto superiority; since he was the first-born, to which that honour is naturally due. And yet *Eſau* lost that right, and through his own fault, by preferring a mess of pottage to so great a privilege. The same will happen to all, who like him, though called to salvation, do not attain it, because they prefer their own lusts to it.

I do not say, that *Eſau* was rejected from life everlasting; all I mean is, that his rejection is a figure of everlasting rejection; insomuch that what happened to him in the body, will happen unto the wicked spiritually. This the Author of the Epistle to the *Hebrews* seems to hint at, when he says, chap. xii. 16, 17, *Lest there be any fornicator, or profane person, as Eſau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birth-right. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected.* Lewis. But the rejection of *Eſau*, which relates to earthly things, does not seem to be an emblem of the rejection of the wicked, which concerns heavenly things; since God declared the former before *Eſau* was born; whilst the latter, in many respects, depends upon man's will. *Eſau* therefore was not chosen by God at all; consequently he could not but lose his birth-right, since God had foretold that it should come to pass. Fred. That rejection of *Eſau*, which the Author of the Epistle to the *Hebrews* speaks of, never was foretold before *Eſau* was born. It was foretold, indeed, that of the people which were in *Rebecca's* womb, the elder should serve the younger: but not that *Eſau* should sell his birth-right, as he did, and of course, was justly rejected. What I mean is, *Eſau* did not lose his birth-right, which was necessarily his prerogative, but through his own fault. The

same happened to him, that afterwards happened to *Reuben*; who, because he had defiled his father's bed, was deprived of the prerogative he before enjoyed over all his brethren.

But besides *Esau's* example, I will produce another still clearer. God speaks thus unto *Eli* the High-Priest, because he had not rebuked his sons in the manner he ought to have done, 1 Sam. ii. 30. 35, *I said indeed, that thy house, and the house of thy father should walk before me for ever: but now the Lord saith, Be it far from me, &c. &c.* Here you may clearly perceive, that *Eli* was chosen by God unto an everlasting Priesthood, and yet that he was deprived of it on account of his sin. I say the same of *Saul*; who, tho' he had been elected to the kingdom for ever, was rejected for his disobedience. So *Samuel*, (1 Sam. xiii. 13, 14.) *Thou hast done foolishly: thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord thy God, which he commanded thee: for now would the Lord have established thy kingdom upon Israel for ever. But now thy kingdom shall not continue.* Here again it is manifest that *Saul* would have been king over Israel for ever, had he not been disobedient. Nay, he was not deprived of the kingdom only, but also of the spirit of God. *Lewis.* I must interrupt you, Our Teachers say, that *Saul* was not endowed with the spirit of God which makes men righteous, but only, with that which makes them prudent and successful in business. *Fred.* Should it be so, what I have advanced would be equally true; that though *Saul* was chosen to a perpetual kingdom, he did not remain possessed of it. But it is not so, for *Samuel* speaks to him thus: *The spirit of the Lord will come upon thee, and thou shalt prophesy with them, and shalt be turned into another man. And let it be when these signs are come unto thee, that thou do as occasion shall serve thee, for God is with thee.* Pray, is he that is thus changed into another man, and may do as occasion serves him, and who hath God with him, only prudent? Is he not righteous also? *Lewis.* He may be said to be righteous also. *Fred.* Certainly. For *Saul* did not only perform deeds

deeds of wisdom and of courage, but moreover of righteousness; as when he would not take revenge of his adversaries for their having rejected him. Which was the same spirit with which *David* was afterwards endowed, when he would not avenge himself of his enemies. When therefore *Saul* was deprived of the spirit of God, he was not only deprived of Gifts, but of Righteousness also.

But not to dwell any longer on the history of *Saul*, let us come to the people at large. Why did God lead the *Israelites* out of *Egypt*? *Lewis*. To give them the possession of the land of *Canaan*. *Fred*. Consequently they were chosen for that land? *Lewis*. They were so; for God speaks thus, Exodus iii. 8, *I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land, unto a good land and a large*. *Fred*. And yet he did not bring them into it. *Lewis*. He did not. *Fred*. Do you not observe that this Destination and Election were hindered by their stubbornness? *Your carcases shall fall in this wilderness; and all that were numbered of you, according to your whole number, from twenty years old and upward, which have murmured against me. Doubtless, ye shall not come into the land, concerning which I swear to make you dwell therein*, Num. xiv. 29, 30.

Let us now speak of the heavenly kingdom, of which, that earthly one was a figure. Will you not allow that all the children of *Abraham* were chosen and destined? *Lewis*. I do not know; for St. Paul says, Rom. ix. 8, *They which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God: but the children of the promise are counted for the seed*. *Fred*. Neither do I speak of *Ishmael's* posterity, but of *Isaac's*; who, since he was born by the promise, his posterity must needs be the sons of the promise. *Lewis*. But St. Paul teaches, Rom. ii. 29, *That he alone is a Jew, and circumcised, who is circumcised in the heart*. *Fred*. Neither do I speak of a true and spiritual Jew, but of him who is chosen so to be. And since the circumcision of the flesh is the figure of that of the heart,

heart, all those who are circumcised in the flesh, are chosen unto the circumcision of the heart; otherwise the circumcision of the flesh would signify nothing. Therefore Moses says, *Circumcise the foreskin of your hearts.* As if he had said, This circumcision of the flesh invites you to the circumcision of the heart, unto which ye are called. St. Paul himself indisputably proves, that all the Jews were chosen unto salvation, when he calls them *Olive branches, broken off through their unbelief*, Rom. xi. 20. For all branches are designed to bear fruit; which fruit, as it was not when they were under the law, they must needs have been chosen unto Christ, to whom the law respects; as in him alone are the true fruits of the law found. In like manner, therefore, as every tree is designed to arrive at an age of maturity, in which it is to bear fruit; and as every youth is designed to become a man; so likewise all those who were under the law (which law was a kind of rudiments) were designed unto Christ: in whom all the treasures of divine wisdom are found.

Now when St. Paul writes, that the people of God are not cast away of God, since he himself was an Israelite, *of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin*, Rom. xi. 1, he certainly speaks of the seed of *Abraham* according to the flesh; else it would have been improper to mention the tribe of *Benjamin*. Whence it is evident that the promises appertained to that seed according to the flesh; that those who were the children of *Abraham* according to the flesh, might also become the children of *Abraham* according to the spirit. Hence Christ, born himself of the seed of *David* according to the flesh, did at first send his disciples to the *Israelites* only; and forbad them to go unto other nations. He likewise answered the woman of *Canaan* to this purpose, (Matt. xv. 24,) *I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.* And elsewhere he calls the *Israelites* *the children of the kingdom.* *The children of the kingdom*, says he, *shall be cast out.* And why does he call them the children of the kingdom? but because

because they were designed for the kingdom by the promise made unto *Abraham*. And how are they to be cast out, unless they be deprived of the kingdom unto which they were chosen. For otherwise they could not be said to have been cast out. Since none can be thrust out of doors, but such as are within.

[*To be continued.*]

S E R M O N V.

On GALATIANS iv. 18.

It is good to be always zealously affected in a good cause.

1. **T**HERE are few subjects in the whole compass of Religion, that are of greater importance than this. For without Zeal it is impossible, either to make any considerable progress in Religion ourselves, or to do any considerable service to our neighbour, whether in temporal or spiritual things. And yet nothing has done more disservice to Religion, or more mischief to mankind, than a sort of Zeal, which has for several ages prevailed, both in Pagan, Mahometan, and Christian Nations. Infomuch that it may truly be said, Pride, Covetousness, Ambition, Revenge, have in all parts of the world slain their thousands; but Zeal its ten thousands. Terrible instances of this have occurred in ancient times, in the most civilized Heathen Nations. To this chiefly were owing the inhuman persecutions of the primitive Christians: and in later ages, the no less inhuman persecutions of the Protestants, by the Church of *Rome*. It was Zeal that kindled the fires in our own nation, during the reign of bloody Queen *Mary*. It was Zeal that soon after made so many provinces of *France* a field of blood. It was Zeal that murdered so many thousand, unresisting Protestants,

in

in the never to be forgotten Massacre of *Paris*. It was Zeal that occasioned the still more horrid Massacre in *Ireland*; the like whereof, both with regard to the number of the murdered, and the shocking circumstances wherewith many of those murders were perpetrated, I verily believe never occurred before, since the world began. As to the other parts of *Europe*, an eminent *German* Writer has taken immense pains, to search both the Records in various places, and the most authentic Histories, in order to gain some competent knowledge of the blood which has been shed since the Reformation. And he computes, that partly by private Persecution, partly by religious Wars, in the course of forty years, reckoning from the year 1520, above forty millions of men have been destroyed.

2. But is it not possible to distinguish right Zeal from wrong? Undoubtedly it is possible. But it is difficult: such is the deceitfulness of the human heart! So skilfully do the Passions justify themselves! And there are exceeding few treatises on the subject; at least in the *English* language. To this day I have seen, or heard of only one Sermon; and that was wrote above a hundred years ago, by *Dr. Spratt*, then Bishop of *Rocheſter*, so that it is now exceeding scarce.

3. I would gladly cast in my mite, by God's assistance, toward the clearing up this important Question, in order to enable well-meaning men, who are desirous of pleasing God, to distinguish true Christian Zeal from its various counterfeits. And this is more necessary at this time, than it has been for many years. Sixty years ago there seemed to be scarce any such thing as religious Zeal left in the nation. People in general were wonderfully cool and undisturbed about "that trifle, Religion." But since then, it is easy to observe, there has been a very considerable alteration. Many thousands almost in every part of the nation, have felt a real desire to save their souls. And I am persuaded there is at this day more religious Zeal in *England*, than there has been for a century past.

4. But

4. But has this Zeal been of the right or the wrong kind? Probably both the one and the other. Let us see if we cannot separate these, that we may avoid the latter, and cleave to the former. In order to this, I would first enquire, What is the nature of true, Christian Zeal: Secondly, What are the Properties of it? And thirdly, draw some practical Inferences.

I. And first, What is the nature of Zeal in general, and of true Christian Zeal in particular.

1. The original word, in its primary signification means *Heat*, such as the heat of boiling water. When it is figuratively applied to the mind, it means any warm Emotion or Affection. Sometimes it is taken for *Envy*. So we render it, Acts v. xvii, where we read, *The high-priest, and all that were with him, were filled with envy*: *ἰπλήσθησαν ζήλου* (although it might as well be rendered, were filled with *Zeal*.) Sometimes it is taken for Anger and Indignation; sometimes for vehement Desire. And when any of our Passions are strongly moved on a religious account, whether for any thing good, or against any thing which we conceive to be evil, this we term *Religious Zeal*.

2. But it is not all that is called Religious Zeal, which is worthy of that name. It is not properly Religious or Christian Zeal, if it be not joined with Charity. A fine Writer, (Bishop *Spratt*,) carries the matter farther still. "It has been affirmed, says that great man, No Zeal is right, which is not charitable. But this is not saying enough. I affirm, that true Zeal is not only charitable, but is mostly so. Charity or Love is not only one Ingredient, but the chief ingredient in its composition." May we not go further still? May we not say that true Zeal is not mostly charitable, but wholly so? That is, if we take Charity in *St. Paul's* sense, for Love; the Love of God and our Neighbour. For it is a certain truth, (although little understood in the world,) that Christian Zeal is all Love. It is nothing else. The Love of God and Man fills up its whole nature.

3. Yet, it is not every degree of that Love, to which this appellation is given. There may be some Love, a small degree of it, where there is no Zeal. But it is properly, Love in a higher degree. It is *fervent Love*. True Christian Zeal is no other than *the flame of Love*. This is the nature, the inmost essence of it.

II. 1. From hence it follows, that the properties of Love, are the properties of Zeal also. Now one of the chief properties of Love, is *Humility: Love is not puffed up*. Accordingly this is a property of true Zeal: humility is inseparable from it. As is the degree of Zeal, such is the degree of Humility: they must rise and fall together. The same Love which fills a man with zeal for God, makes him little, and poor, and vile in his own eyes.

2. Another of the properties of Love is *Meekness*: consequently it is one of the properties of Zeal. It teaches us to be meek, as well as lowly: to be equally superior to Anger and Pride. Like as the wax melteth at the fire, so, before this sacred flame, all turbulent Passions melt away, and leave the soul unruffled and serene.

3. Yet another property of Love, and consequently of Zeal, is unwearied *Patience*; for *Love endureth all things*. It arms the soul with entire resignation to all the disposals of divine Providence, and teaches us to say in every occurrence, *It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good*. It enables us, in whatever station, therewith to be content: to repine at nothing; to murmur at nothing; but *in every thing to give thanks*.

4. There is a fourth property of Christian Zeal; which deserves to be more particularly considered. This we learn from the very words of the Apostle, *It is good to be zealously affected*, (not to have transient touches of zeal, but a steady, rooted disposition) *in a good thing*: in that which is good; for the proper object of Zeal, is Good in general. That is, every thing that is good, really such, in the sight of God.

5. But

5. But what is good in the sight of God? What is that Religion, wherewith God is always well-pleas'd? How do the parts of this rise one above another? And what is the comparative value of them?

This is a point exceeding little considered, and therefore little understood. Positive Divinity, many have some knowledge of. But few know any thing of Comparative Divinity. I never saw but one tract wrote upon this head; a sketch of which it may be of use to subjoin.

In a Christian Believer, *Love* sits upon the throne, which is erected in the inmost soul: namely, love of God and man, which fills the whole heart, and reigns without a rival. In a circle near the throne, are all *holy Tempers*; Long-suffering, Gentleness, Meekness, Goodness, Fidelity, Temperance: and if any other is compris'd in *the mind that was in Christ Jesus*. In an exterior circle are all the *Works of Mercy*, whether to the souls or bodies of men. By these we exercise all holy Tempers; by these we continually improve them, so that all these are real *Means of Grace*, although this is not commonly adverted to. Next to these are those that are usually termed *Works of Piety*: Reading and Hearing the Word, Public, Family, Private Prayer, Receiving the Lord's Supper, Fasting or Abstinence. Lastly, that his followers may the more effectually provoke one another, to Love, holy Tempers, and good Works, our blessed Lord has united them together in one body, *the Church*, dispersed all over the earth: a little emblem of which, of the Church universal, we have in every particular Christian congregation.

6. This is that Religion which our Lord has established upon earth, ever since the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. This is the entire, connected system of Christianity: and thus the several parts of it rise one above another, from that lowest point, *the assembling ourselves together*, to the highest, Love enthroned in the heart. And hence it is easy to learn the comparative value of every branch of Religion.

Hence also we learn a fifth property of true Zeal. That as it is always exercised *ἐν καλῷ*, *in that which is good*, so it is always *proportioned* to that Good, to the degree of Goodness that is in its object.

7. For example. Every Christian ought undoubtedly to be zealous for *the Church*, bearing a strong affection to it, and earnestly desiring its prosperity and increase. He ought to be thus zealous, as for the Church universal, praying for it continually, so especially for that particular Church or Christian Society, whereof he himself is a member. For this he ought to wrestle with God in prayer; mean time using every means in his power, to enlarge its borders, and to strengthen his brethren, that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.

8. But he should be more zealous for the *Ordinances of Christ*, than for the Church itself: for Prayer in public and private, for the Lord's Supper, for reading, hearing and meditating on his word; and for the much neglected duty of fasting. These he should earnestly recommend, first by his example, and then by advice, by argument, persuasion, and exhortation, as often as occasion offers.

9. Thus should he shew his Zeal for Works of Piety; but much more for *Works of Mercy*. Seeing *God will have mercy and not sacrifice*; that is, rather than sacrifice. Whenever therefore one interferes with the other, Works of Mercy are to be preferred. Even reading, hearing, prayer, are to be omitted, or to be postponed, "at Charity's almighty Call:" when we are called to relieve the distress of our neighbour, whether in body or soul.

10. But as zealous as we are for all good Works, we should be still more zealous for *holy Tempers*; for planting and promoting both in our own souls, and in all we have any intercourse with, Lowliness of mind, Meekness, Gentleness, Long-suffering, Contentedness, Resignation unto the Will of God, Deadness to the world and the things of the world, as the
only

only means of being truly alive to God. For these proofs and fruits of living Faith, we cannot be too zealous. We should *talk of them when we sit in our house, and when we walk by the way, and when we lie down, and when we rise up.* We should make them continual matter of prayer; as being far more excellent than any outward works whatever: seeing those will fail when the body drops off; but these will accompany us into eternity.

11. But our choicest Zeal should be reserved for *Love* itself, the end of the commandment, the fulfilling of the law. The Church, the Ordinances, outward Works of every kind, yea, all other holy Tempers, are inferior to this, and rise in value, only as they approach nearer and nearer to it. Here then is the great object of Christian Zeal. Let every true Believer in Christ, apply with all fervency of spirit, to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that his heart may be more and more enlarged in Love to God and to all mankind. This one thing let him do: let him *press on to this prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



Some Account of Mr. DUNCAN WRIGHT.

[Wrote by himself.]

[*Continued from page 419.*]

IN the beginning of 1764, I was called to suffer a little for the testimony of Jesus. And indeed but a little; for what were a few threatenings, a little reproach and shame, a few stones, or rotten eggs, to what many of the dear servants of God have suffered even in this age?

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Our Lieutenant-Colonel did not care what a soldier's religion was, provided he did his duty; but our Major, a warm blunderer, to whom the command of the regiment was left for a time, thought it a disgrace to have a Serjeant, a Preacher among them. He therefore resolved to drive me out of preaching if possible. I shall not enter upon a detail of the several means he used for this purpose, as I believe he was ashamed of them himself before I left him. He found me so much the soldier, however, as not to be frightened out of what I thought was my duty. Yet I found it no easy matter to walk the streets of *Newry*, a gazing stock to both old and young. At last, as he found he could not prevent my preaching, he hit upon a method to get quit of me: namely, to put me into the tenth company, which was soon to be reduced. And thus it was that the Lord *thrust me out into the harvest*; for I was determined not to leave the army, till some clear Providence set me free. Before the time came for the reduction of the company, some of the friendly Officers wanted me to stay, and said, they would get the Major to put some old Serjeant in my place. I begged they would not, and they acquiesced. Some of them, indeed, wished I could persuade all their men to be religious, for they had no trouble with the Methodist soldiers, but enough with the others. Yet they told me, they feared what our enthusiasm would turn to; and mentioned *Cromwell*, who could preach and pray one part of the day, and kill and plunder the other.

Never were words more applicable to these fearful men than the following,

“ The same in your esteem,
 Falsehood and truth ye join;
 The wild pretender's dream,
 And real work divine;

Between

Between the substance and the show,
 No difference you can find ;
 For colours all, full well we know,
 Are equal to the blind."

Were the Chaplains men of real piety and courage, much good might be done in the Army ; but the chaplaincy is generally a kind of sinecure, and the care of souls is left to any worthless wretch, that will do it at an easy rate. When we lay in one city, the care of four or five regiments was left to an unhappy man, who was an object of common ridicule among the soldiers, for his perpetual drunkenness.

But although my Commanding-Officer could not hinder me from preaching, and God gave me to see the fruit of my labours, yet I was not thoroughly satisfied in my own mind that it was my duty to preach ; but this spring, at *Waterford*, God revived his work wonderfully among that Society, and set my mind free from every scruple ; so that when Mr. *Wesley* wrote me word, that if I left the army, he had immediate work for me, I had no objection, but the precarious state of my health ; for by preaching loud, and long, and by reading at all hours, I had brought myself so low, that our Surgeon sometimes thought me in a consumption. Mr. *Wesley* told me in answer to my objection, *that our master had all power in heaven, and in earth, and that as my day, so should my strength be.* And in the latter end of 1764, I found myself at liberty to go where Providence directed.

I was now entering upon a new scene of life, and though I was twenty-eight years of age, I was an utter stranger to mankind : hence I imagined that blunt honesty, with innocency, would bear me through any thing ; but I have since learned, that we need the wisdom of the Serpent, as well as the innocence of the Dove, in our dealings with men, even about their souls. I mention this as an apology for some parts of my conduct, which had not always a due mixture of calm wisdom ;

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my native impetuosity, often hurrying me beyond the bounds of moderation; a thing too common with well-meaning, zealous young men.

I would observe farther, that I was kept in such watchfulness and tenderness of conscience, nine years after I knew something of religion among the soldiery, as to my grief and shame I have not always retained since that period. I was then continually among the open enemies of religion, which partly obliged me to vigilance, but being since then, chiefly among the profest friends of religion, how often have I been off my watch? But whatever I have fallen into, I could never preach till I recovered a sense of the divine acceptance. O where are we safe, beyond the power of sinning, but in Paradise!

When I came to *Dublin*, our Society and Preachers received me in the kindest manner, and a comfortable time I spent with them that winter.

One of our Captains, without my knowledge, now recommended me to a late Nobleman, who, he told me, had an easy place for me, and desired my answer in two or three days; I thanked him, and told him I had chosen another employment.

Here I was acquainted with Dr. *Davis*, whose case is worth relating. He was formerly remarkable for a peculiar lively turn of wit on all occasions, and happy was the company that could get him to spend the evening with them. But being persuaded by a friend to hear *John Carr*, one of our local Preachers, his companions, alas, lost their Merry-Andrew. He told me that he went to *see* the Preacher, merely to take him off, as he expressed it: "but, said he, while I was leaning on my cane, looking at him through my fingers, during his first prayer, an arrow went to my heart, which sent me home, bruised and wounded." He then sought the true Physician, who soon brought him to a healthful mind.

The regiment of dragoons, of which he was Surgeon, marched into *Dublin*, while I was there. One day, being at
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the soldier's Infirmary, a serious man, the porter of the house, one *Francis May*, said to him, Sir, we want prayer, and a word of Exhortation, very much in this house: would you pray with two or three, Sir, if I get them together? Really *Frank*, said the Doctor, "I never prayed in my life, but with two or three serious people, and I know not how to begin with any other." Sir, said *Frank*, it is high time you should begin. Begin to-day Sir, begin now! The Doctor was prevailed on. Away went *Frank*, and informed them through all the house, that Dr. D——, was going to preach to them. Down came every soul that could crawl; the sick, the lame, and the lazy, to the long room, where the Chaplains used to read prayers. Away came *Frank* to the Doctor. Now Sir, said he, "I have got a few of them." When the Doctor came to the room door, and saw the place full, he was for going back. Nay, Sir, said *Frank*, "you cannot go back for your life! There they are, the Lord has delivered them into your hands, and will you start from his work!" In short, the Doctor went in, stood on a form, sung and prayed; and having his pocket-bible with him, he read a portion to them, discoursed an hour and half, and from that time, preached to the soldiers where ever he could. As I knew his dangerous situation, I was a little afraid for him. But God took care of him; for going to visit some prisoners in Newgate, who had a malignant fever, he caught the infection, and finished his course rejoicing in God his Saviour.

We had several remarkable conversions while I was in *Ireland*. One or two more may be mentioned. We often think it lost labour, to talk to a man about his soul while drunk; but I know to the contrary. I knew one in the North of *Ireland*, who, going home one summer-evening, much in liquor, saw a crowd of people on a green, at some distance; and imagining it to be a cock-fight, he would see it before he went home. The Preacher being in the application of his discourse, said, "are there any drunkards here? &c." The

poor fellow looking up, said, "Yes, I am one." At that instant he was seized with such concern for his soul, as never left him till he became a new man.

I add another remarkable case. We had a little Society in the county of *Wexford*, who used to be much pestered with a Popish mob. They met in a long barn, with the door near one end. The rabble wanted sadly to know what they did at their private meetings; but as the barn belonged to one that was no Methodist, they durst not break open the door. At length they contrived that one of them should get into the barn before the people came, and let his companions in at a proper time. To conceal himself the better he got into a sack, and lay down behind the door. When the Society were all in, they fastened the door as usual. Soon after came the mob, hollowing and shouting to their friend to let them in; but God found other work for him; for being charmed with the first hymn, he thought it a thousand pities (as he afterwards said) to disturb them while singing it. And when the prayer began, the power of God did so confound him, that he roared out with might and main. And not having power to get out of the sack, lay bawling and screaming. At last one ventured to see what was the matter, and helping him out, brought him up confessing his sins and crying for mercy: which was the beginning of a lasting work in his soul.

But to return. This winter, three of the Preachers going to *Chappel-Izod*, where one of them was to preach, as there was room in the coach, they invited me to accompany them. A river, through which we were to pass, happened to overflow part of the road. Our coachman thinking to drive in the most shallow water, drove near a wall; but the wheels turning on a large stone, overset us. Through mercy we got out, with little more damage, than being well wet; but the Coachman stood up to the neck, like one distracted, crying, "Murder! Murder!" At last he got out, and then I
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and two others, (Mr. *Johnson* and *Dempster*,) walked home, and were no worse.

In the spring, there being no Preacher in the *Waterford* Circuit, I went thither, and spent some time very agreeably among my former acquaintances. And now it was that I saw what spirit many of the *Irish* Papists were of. While I carried a sword by my side, few of them cared to speak their minds; but now, that restraint being removed, several of them told me to my face, that they thought it would be doing both God and the Church service, to burn all such as me in one fire! The infatuation of many of them, owing to the ignorance they are kept in, cannot be described; for upon the least pretence, and often without any, they rise in large parties, well armed, to destroy the lives and properties of their neighbours, oppose the magistracy, and even insult the army.

About this time, a party of the light-horse, being on foot, were conveying one of the *Whiteboys* to *Kilkenny*-jail. In going through a village, the Papists crossed the way with a mock funeral. When they had got the soldiers in the midst, they threw down their coffin full of stones, and fell on, old and young, with the greatest fury. The soldiers defended themselves, till the Serjeant and three or four more were killed, and several desperately wounded. For this, five of them were hanged at *Kilkenny*. They all died "innocent (they said) as the child unborn!" So did five more, who were executed a little while before, for burning a mill, and burying the miller up to the neck. I could not understand at first, how most of the Papists that die here, by the hands of the executioner, die declaring their innocency, till I found out the secret: having confessed all their crimes to the Priest, and received his absolution, they believed themselves guiltless, and were forbid to make confession to the *Heretics*. However we had the comfort to see several of them brought to the experience of real christianity. And there is no doubt but if there were a few Preachers of Mr. *Walsh's* spirit, we should see many more.

Mr. *Wesley* having signified to me, some time before, that I might travel with him if I had a mind, I gladly embraced the opportunity, and met him at *Limerick*, in June 1765. This and the next year, I had an opportunity of seeing most of our large Societies in the three kingdoms; and had my health, capacity, and industry kept pace with my opportunities, it might have been a time of extraordinary improvement. Besides all other advantages, I had constantly before me such an example of redeeming time, as I hope will be of service to me while I live. But however profitable my travelling with Mr. *Wesley* might be, as the exercise was too much, I was obliged to give it up.

It was also of service to me to spend some time in *London*, among some of our old, happy Methodists; who bore with my weaknesses, and by their prayers and example confirmed me more and more in the truth as it is in Jesus.

What the Lord has been doing by me in *Kent, Essex, Norwich, Manchester, Macclesfield*, in the *Yarm*, and *Thirsk* Circuits, and in *Scotland*, is known to him. I bless God that I have seen the work prosper and increase in most of the Circuits I have been in, not indeed in consequence of *my preaching*, so much as by some regard to our discipline, and the labour of my colleagues. I have been happy, in having those in general with me who were not *drones*, but hearty in the work of God. And their love to discipline has not been labour in vain; to God alone be all the glory!

[To be concluded in our next.]

A short

A Short Account of Mrs. RUTH HALL.

I Was born at *Woolley*, near *Barnsley*, in *Yorkshire*, in the year 1732. I thought that I lived to the best of my knowledge, till I was about eighteen, having always some measure of the fear of God, which kept me from outward sins, and from being undutiful to my parents; but I had no great concern about heaven or hell. I then lived with a popish Gentlewoman, who told me I was a Heretic, and that no heretic could be saved. This threw me into much trouble and perplexity; which was afterwards increased by a Quaker, with whom I lived at *Leeds*, who was continually talking against the Sacrament, against going to Church, and against the Ministers, whom I had always revered as the best of men. When I was about twenty, Mr. *Murgetroyd* began to read the Homilies in the Church. He read them every night that winter. I was deeply affected by some of them, particularly that on Good-Friday! What is said there concerning the sufferings of our Saviour, cut me to the heart. From that time my convictions grew deeper and deeper, till I was scarce fit for any business. I had hardly any natural understanding left, and no memory at all; so that if I went out to fetch any thing, I had forgot it, before I was half way down the street. I then, by the advice of my parents, who were afraid I should be quite distracted, removed to *York*. Here I left off reading religious books, and used all means to make myself gay and easy. But I could not; for whenever I went to Church, the Scriptures were as an arrow piercing my heart. So that I grew more and more uneasy, in spite of all that I could do. Finding no help in any thing, I one day asked one of my neighbours, What those People called *Methodists* were? And by a little persuasion was inclined to hear some of them preach. I went twice. The second time, *William Shent* was the Preacher. When

When I looked at him, I was unufually affected. I thought, "I wifh that man would fpeak to me! I could tell him all that is in my heart." Soon after, he did fpeak to me, and I told him how I had been, and how I was. He faid, "Young woman, you have been fifling conviction: you have been refifting the Spirit of God. If you die as you are now, you will certainly go to hell." I faid, "O Sir, do not fay fo! for I cannot bear it." He added, "But I have one word of comfort for you. God will not fuffer you to die as you are. Continue to feek him in good earneft, and you will furely find him." This was made a wonderful bleffing to me, and fhortly after I joined the Society.

Yet I found no lafting comfort, but felt the burden of fin increafe more and more, till I had no hope left. I fully expected to go to hell, and knew it was juft; yet I continued constantly in prayer. Many ftrve to comfort me; but it was in vain: I could receive no comfort. Thus I remained for two or three months, till March 1752. Then, for two or three days, I was as in hell, full of anguish and bitterness of foul. On March 20th, being in a great agony, I was crying to God to have mercy upon me, when I heard a voice, (inwardly or outwardly I cannot tell,) "Jesus Chrift maketh thee whole." I could not believe it. I cried out, "Me, Lord! If cannot be me!" But it was repeated again and again, it may be twenty times, till I could not but believe it. I was quite overwhelmed with peace and love, and was unfpeakably happy. From that moment I never could doubt at all, nor did I ever lofe the love I then received. In March 1753, I married. Worldly troubles followed, which damped me a little, and inclined me to peevifhnefs, fo that fometimes for one, fometimes for two days, I was under a kind of cloud, not having fo free and open an intercourfe with God as I ufually had. This concerned me much, and I never could ref, till the clear light returned. I was likewise concerned, that there fhould be any peevifhnefs, or any fin in me, and longed to have it all taken away.

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I had heard a great deal about *Nicholas Manners*, some believing what he said, and some disbelieving. In December 1756, I found means of talking with him. I asked, if he was not troubled by sin, or the temptations of the devil? He said, "No, not at all: I live as if there was no sin and no devil in the world." He then gave me a particular account how God had dealt with his soul: which much increased my hope of perfect love, and my hunger and thirst after it.

In June last, I went to *Leeds*, and in the way called upon *Samuel Mafsey*, at *Seacroft*. He wept over me, and said, "O sister H—! God has a great work to do in you." His words pierced my heart, and melted me into tears, so that I could hardly speak. At the same time I was so filled with the love of God, as I never had been before. And I felt no sin of any kind, so that I began to think I was fully delivered from it. I went and asked *William Shent*, "Can any one be thoroughly sanctified, and not know it?" He said "Certainly none can. For if the change at Justification be glorious, that of full Sanctification must be much more glorious." Then, I resolved never to rest, till I had as clear a witness of it as of my Justification.

When I returned to *York*, *John Fenwick* came and preached entire Sanctification clearly. This was food to my soul, which God applied, to my exceeding comfort. All the summer I was continually happy, and full of the love of God. Yet I had not that witness in myself, which I longed for, and expected daily.

One morning in July, *John Johnson*, in preaching said, "Before you can be entirely holy, it is absolutely needful, that you should be convinced of your unholiness." Immediately I felt an unspeakable conviction of the holiness of God, and the unholiness of my heart. For about eight days I felt eternal things still nearer and nearer to me. I was full of hope and fear, and strong desire, and of uncommon, violent temptations.

temptations. Then I read over the latter part of the 36th chapter of Ezekiel, and saw the vast height, and depth of the promise, which strengthened me exceedingly.

On Thursday, July 28, I was musing by myself, and saying in my heart, "Lord Jesus! what is it I would not part with for thy sake?" I thought, one by one, of my husband, my child, and all things I loved best. And I found they were so little! They were nothing! I said, "Lord, I give thee all!" Immediately I heard as it were a voice, saying in my inmost soul, "Stand thou fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made thee free." I felt all evil, all fear, all darkness removed, and only fulness of light and love. I felt, and have done from that hour, an inexpressible oneness with God: such an union of nature with him, as it is impossible to describe. At the same time I felt violent pain in my body, as if it would burst asunder. But the joy over-powered it; for I found God making his abode in me. I have never found any decay since, but a continual increase in the knowledge and love of God. Three months after, I felt those words applied to my soul, in a manner I cannot express, *They that trust in the Lord, shall be even as Mount Sion, which cannot be removed, but standeth fast for ever.* From that time, I have been assured I shall not be removed: I stand fast in the Lord. I know he will never depart from me, nor shall I ever depart from him. Many times I know not what to ask for more: for I want nothing: I have Christ; I have All. But yet I do ask: I am always praying or giving thanks: for the Lord is always before me.

An Account of Mr. JULIUS PALMER, *some time Fellow of Magdalen-College, in Oxford; burnt at a place called, The Sand-Pits, in Newbery, about the 16th Day of July, 1556.*

HE was born in *Coventry*. His Father had sometime been Mayor of that city, and occupied merchandize. How he was brought up in his tender years, we know not: but he was sometime scholar to Mr. *Harley*, of *Magdalen-College, in Oxford*; had a very ready memory, a wit, sharp and pregnant. He spoke *Latin* with great facility, and wanted not competent knowledge in the *Greek*; insomuch, that divers times he supplied the room of the *Greek-Reader*. He was a subtle disputer, both in the public schools, and at home. He used to say, that he was never so pleasantly occupied, as when he came to the hard debating of profound questions in philosophy. And this he used to do sundry times, with divers of his equals. Although he applied to divinity, he recompensed the small time of his study, with the greatness of his diligence, and his late coming to the truth, with earnest and zealous proceeding therein. He gave an apparent signification in his young years, that if God spared his life, he would have been an ornament to *Christ's church*, and an honour to his country.

He was courteous without curiosity; of countenance cheerful, without high looks; of speech, pleasant; without affectation, affable and lowly as any child. He practised no deceit toward any man, for he was of such simplicity, that he was apter to be deceived than to deceive; and he was so great a contemner of all reproaches, that he would say, None were to be counted valiant, but such as could despise an injury. He rose every morning at four o'clock, and went not to bed before ten. As he grew in years, he was chosen Fellow of *Magdalen-College*, where also he was Reader in *Logic*, Anno 1550.

He was so much addicted to the Romish Faith, that his company in the house was altogether with such as were utter enemies to the gospel of Christ. If he came to common prayer at any time, it was by violence, for otherwise he came not. Sermons would he hear none himself; nor suffer his scholars by his good-will. The Preachers themselves he disdained and despised, and all such as were setters forth of sound doctrine.

Not long before the death of King *Edward*, certain slanderous libels and verses, were fixed to the walls and doors of the College, against the President. Great inquisition was made in the College for the Author; but nothing could be proved. Mr. *Palmer*, who being hereupon examined by the Officers, did not only deny the fact, but also spake reproachful words touching the said Officers, whereby they adjudged him to be an unworthy member of that society. After he was expelled, he was obliged, for his maintenance, to apply himself to be a teacher of children in the house of Sir *Francis Knolles*, until the coming in of Queen *Mary*. And when her Visitors were sent to Magdalen-College, then was he restored to his Fellowship. But God dealt so mercifully with him, that of an obstinate Papist, he became a zealous Protestant. When he was restored to the College, although he began to taste of God's truth, yet was he not thoroughly persuaded, but in most points continued for awhile either blind or else doubtful. But within a short time, God so wrought in his heart, that he became very inquisitive, to hear and understand how the Martyrs were apprehended, what articles they died for, how they were used, and after what manner they took their death. Inasmuch that he spared not, at his own charges, to send over one of his scholars to *Gloucester*, to see the whole order of Bishop *Hooper's* death, and to bring him a true report thereof. Thus he learned, with what horrible cruelty the Martyrs of God were tried, and how valiantly they overcame all. But he saw more of this at the examination and death

death of those holy Martyrs which were burnt at *Oxford* before his eyes; infomuch that the first hope which was conceived of him, was at his return from the burning of Bishop *Ridley*, and Bishop *Latimer*. From that day forward he studiously endeavoured to understand the truth; until, through hearty prayer, and a diligent search into the scriptures, he at length believed and embraced it with great joy: infomuch, that ever afterwards, he loved the truth as much as he before hated it.

Perceiving after awhile, that he was greatly suspected by Mr. *Cole*, the President of the College, and divers others who before had been his friends, and finding great uneasiness of mind daily growing upon him, he asked leave to depart the house. And being demanded by a particular friend whither he would go, or how he would live? he made answer, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. Let the Lord work, I will commit myself to God, and the wide world." The last time of his being at *Oxford*, one *Barwick*, an old acquaintance of his, then Fellow of Trinity-College, began to reason with him, and perceiving him to be zealous for the truth, said, Well *Palmer*, now thou art stout and hardy in thy opinions; but if thou wert once brought to the stake, I believe thou wouldst tell me another tale. I advise thee, beware of the fire; it is a shrewd matter to burn. Truly, said *Palmer*, I have been in danger of burning once or twice; and hitherto, I thank God, I have escaped it. But I judge verily, it will be my end at the last; welcome be it, by the grace of God. Indeed it is a hard matter for them to burn, that have their mind and soul linked to the body, as a thief's foot is tied in a pair of fetters: but if a man be once able, through the help of God's Spirit, to divide the soul from the body, for him it is no more mastery to burn, than for me to eat this piece of bread. Within a short time after he had yielded up his Fellowship, he was, through God's providence (who never faileth them that seek his glory,) placed School-master, by patent, in

the Grammar-School of *Reading*, where he was well accepted by all those that feared God, and favoured his word, as well for his learning, as for his zeal and profession of the truth. But Satan would not suffer him long to be quiet. Wherefore he stirred up against him certain, who by crafty insinuation had crept in, to understand his secrets, under pretence of a zeal to the gospel. He (suspecting no deceit) joyfully embraced them, and made them privy to all his doings. These trusty brethren! so soon as they found good opportunity, spared not, in his absence, to rifle his study of certain writings; amongst which was, his Replication to verses, touching arguments (both which were in *Latin* and *English*) against the popish proceedings, and especially their brutish tyranny against the Martyrs. When they had done this, they threatened to exhibit the same to the Council, unless he would, without delay, give over the school to a friend of their's. Thus then was he for the safe-guard of his life, forced to depart on a sudden from *Reading*, leaving behind him, in the hands of his enemies, his goods, and one quarter's stipend; and so he took his journey towards *Ensham*, where his mother then dwelt, hoping to obtain at her hands certain legacies due to him by his father's will.

[To be continued.]

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

O N D E A T H.

AS long as the soul and body are united, a man is said to be *alive*. But it is extremely difficult to determine the precise time at which life ceases, or what that is, which is absolutely necessary to the continuance of it. Is respiration?

But

But when this is entirely ceased, as is the case in a person strangled, blow strongly into the lungs, and they play again; which shews he was not dead before.—Is the beating of the heart? But when this also is ceased, in the forementioned case, take the same method, and when the lungs begin to play, the heart begins to beat anew.—Is the circulation of the blood? But persons drowned, who have been so long under water, as to have no pulse remaining in any artery, and consequently no circulation, have recovered by the use of proper means, and lived many years after.—Is the fluidity of the blood? Nay, but it is a common thing in *Sweden*, to recover to life one who has been twenty-four hours under water; and who not only has no pulse, but is as stiff all over, as any dead corpse can be. What then is *Death*? Undoubtedly it is the separation of the soul and body. But there are many cases wherein none but God can tell the moment wherein they separate.

Many who *seem* to be dead, may be recovered.—A person suffocated by the steam of coals, set on fire in the pit, fell down as dead. He lay between half an hour and three quarters, and was then drawn up, his eyes staring, his mouth gaping, his skin cold: not the least breathing being perceivable, nor the least pulse either in his heart or arteries.

A Surgeon applied his mouth to that of the patient, and by blowing strongly, holding the nostrils at the same time, raised the chest by his breath. Immediately he felt six or seven quick beats of the heart: the lungs began to play, and soon after the pulse was felt in the arteries. He then opened a vein, which at first bled drop by drop, but in a while bled freely. Mean time he caused him to be pulled and rubbed. In an hour he began to come to himself; in four hours walked home, and in four days returned to his work.

Wherever the solids are whole, and their tone unimpaired, where the juices are not corrupted, where there is the least remains of animal heat, it would be wrong not to try this experiment.

periment. This takes in a few diseases, and many accidents. Among the first are many that cause sudden deaths, as apoplexies and fits of various kinds. In many of these it might be of use to apply this method: and in various casualties, such as suffocations from the damps of mines and coal-pits, the condensed air of long-unopened wells, the noxious vapours of fermenting liquors, received from a narrow vent, the steam of burning charcoal, arsenical effluvia, or those of sulphureous mineral acids.—And perhaps those who seem to be struck dead by lightning, of any violent agitation of the passions, as joy, fear, anger, surprize, might frequently be recovered by this simple process.

[To be continued.]

A plain Account of KINGSWOOD SCHOOL, near Bristol.

[Concluded from page 435.]

13. **T**HE things taught here, are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic; English, French; Latin, Greek, Hebrew; History, Geography, Chronology: Rhetoric, Logic, Ethics; Geometry, Algebra, Natural Philosophy, and Metaphysics.

In teaching the Languages, care is taken to read those Authors, and those only, who join together the purity, the strength, and the elegance of their several Tongues. In particular, no *Roman* Author is read, who lived later than the *Augustan Age*. Only to these are added proper *Excerpta*, from *Juvenal*, *Perfius* and *Martial*. To supply the place of bad *Latin* Writers of antiquity, a few of the moderns are added. And indeed their writings are not unworthy of the *Augustan Age*: being little inferior, either in purity and beauty of diction, to the best Writers of that period.

14. Particular

14. Particular care is taken, that nothing immodest or profane be found in any of our Authors. One of the most immodest wretches that ever defiled paper, has nevertheless stumbled upon this caution :

*Nil dictu fædum visuve hæc limina tangat
Intra quæ puer est.*

But this is not all. We take care that our books be not only inoffensive but useful too: that they contain as much strong sterling *Sense*, and as much genuine *Morality* as possible: yea, and Christian *Morality*. For what good reason can be assigned, why we should leave this out of the account? Why should not even Children be taught, so far as they are capable, *the Oracles of God?*

15. Another point, which has been carefully considered, is *The Order* in which the books are read. The harder are never learned before the easier: we begin with the plainest of all; next read such as are a little more difficult, and gradually rise to those that are hardest of all: that is, of all those which are read in the Classes, that belong to the School. The most difficult are reserved for those who have gone through the School, and are employed in *Academical Exercises*.

16. It is true, I have for many years suspended the execution of this part of my design. I was indeed thoroughly convinced, ever since I read *Milton's* admirable Treatise on Education, That it was highly expedient for every youth, to begin and finish his Education at the same place. I was convinced, nothing could be more irrational and absurd, than to break this off in the middle, and to begin it again, at a different place, and in a quite different method. The many and great inconveniences of this, I knew by sad experience. Yet I had so strong a prejudice in favour of our own Universities, that of *Oxford* in particular, that I could hardly think of any one's finishing his Education, without spending some years

years there. I therefore encouraged all I had any influence over, to enter at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. Both of which I preferred in many respects, to any University I had seen abroad. Add to this, that several of the young persons at *Kingswood*, had themselves a desire of going to the University. I cannot say, I am yet quite clear of that prejudice. I love the very sight of *Oxford*: I love the manner of life: I love and esteem many of its institutions. But my prejudice in its favour, is considerably abated: I do not admire it as I once did. And whether I did or not, I am now constrained to make a virtue of necessity. The late remarkable occurrence of the six young Students, expelled from the University, and the still more remarkable one of Mr. *Seagar*, refused the liberty of entering into it, (by what rule of *prudence*, I cannot tell, any more than of Law or Equity) have forced me to see, That neither I, nor any of my Friends, must expect either favour or justice there. I am much obliged to Dr. *Nowell*, and the other Gentlemen who exerted themselves on either of those transactions, for not holding me longer in suspense, but dealing so frankly and openly. And, blessed be God, I can do all the business which I have in hand without them. Honour or preferment I do not want, any more than a feather in my cap. And I trust most of those who are educated at our School, are, and will be of the same mind. And as to the knowledge of the Tongues, and of Arts and Sciences, with whatever is termed Academical Learning; if those who have a tolerable capacity for them, do not advance more here in three years, than the generality of Students at *Oxford* or *Cambridge* do in seven, I will bear the blame for ever.

17. It may be objected, "But they cannot have many advantages here which they have at the University. There the *Professors* are men of eminent learning: and so are also many of the *Tutors*. There they have *public Exercises* of various kinds: and many others in their several Colleges. Above all, they have there such choice of *Company*, as is not to be found elsewhere in all the kingdom."

This is most true. But may I be permitted to ask, (and let calm, sensible men give the answer:) what is the real, intrinsic worth of all these advantages? As to the *Professors*, how learned so ever they are, (and some of them I verily believe yield to none in *Europe*.) What benefit do nine in ten of the young Gentlemen reap from their learning? Truly they do them neither harm, nor good; for they know just nothing about them. They read now and then an ingenious Lecture, perhaps three or four times a year. They read it in the Public Schools. But who hears? Often, *Vel duo, vel nemo*. And if two hundred, out of two or three thousand Students hear, how much are they edified? What do they learn, or what are they likely to learn, which they may not learn as well or better at home? For about fourteen years, except while I served my Father's Cure, I resided in the University. During much of this time, I heard many of those Lectures, with all the attention I was master of. And I would ask any person of understanding, considering the manner wherein most of those Lectures are read, and the manner wherein they are attended, what would be the loss, if they were not read at all? I had almost said, What would be the loss, if there were no *Professorships* in the University? "What! Why Dr. — would lose three hundred a year!" That is a truth. It cannot be denied.

18. "But the *Tutors*, you say, in the several Colleges, supply what is wanting in the Professors." A few of them do: and they are worthy of all honour: they are some of the most useful persons in the nation. They are not only men of eminent learning, but of piety and diligence. But are there not many of another sort? Who are utterly unqualified for the work they have undertaken? Who are far from being masters even of *Latin* and *Greek*: who do not understand the very Elements of the Sciences: who know no more of Logic or Metaphysics, than of *Arabic*, or even of that odd thing, Religion? Perhaps if a person who knew of this, were to

examine therein the famous Gentleman of *Edmund-hall*, who made such a pother with the young men for their want of learning, he might be found as very an ignoramus as Mr. *Middleton*.

And even with regard to many of those Tutors that have learning, how little are their Pupils the better for it? Do they use all diligence to infill into them, all the Knowledge which they have themselves? Do they lecture them constantly: every day, either in the Languages or Sciences? Do they instruct them regularly and thoroughly, in Logic, Ethics, Geometry, Physics and Metaphysics? Are there not some, who instead of once a day, do not lecture them once a week? Perhaps not once a month, if once a quarter? Are not these, precious Instructors of youth? Indeed when I consider many of the Tutors who were my cotemporaries, (and I doubt, they are not much mended since) I cannot believe, the want of *such Instructors* to be an irreparable loss.

19. "Well, but they lose also the advantage of the *Public Exercises*, as well as of those in their several Colleges." Alas, what are these Exercises? Excuse me, if I speak with all simplicity. I never found them any other, than idle useless interruption of my useful studies. Pray of what use, are the stated *Disputations* for Degrees? Are they not mere grimace? Trifling beyond expression? And how little preferable to these, are most of the *Disputations* in our several Colleges? What worthy *subjects* are usually appointed, for the Scholars to dispute upon? And just suitable to the importance of the subject, is the management of it. What are the usual *Examinations* for the degree of a *Batchelor*, or *Master of Arts*? Are they not so horribly, shockingly superficial, as none could believe, if he did not hear them? What is that, which should be the most solemn Exercise we perform, for a Master of Arts' Degree? The reading six Lectures in the Schools, three in Natural, and three in Moral Philosophy. Reading them to whom? To the walls: it being counted an affront, for any
one.

one that has ears to hear them. This is literally true: you know it is. But what an execrable insult on common sense? These are the *Public Exercises!* And is it a loss, to have nothing to do with them? To spend *all our time* in what directly tends to improve us in the most useful Knowledge?

20. "However, there is no such choice of *Company* elsewhere, as there is at *Oxford* or *Cambridge.*" That is most true: for the moment a young man sets his foot either in one or the other, he is surrounded with company of all kinds,—except that which would do him good: with loungers and triflers of every sort, (*nequid gravius dicam:*) with men who no more concern themselves with Learning than with Religion;

"Who waste away

In gentle inactivity the day:"

To say the best of them; for it is to be feared, they are not always so *innocently* employed. It cannot be denied, there is too much choice of this kind of company in every College. There are likewise Gentlemen of a better kind: but what chance is there, that a raw, young man should find them? Seeing the former will every where obtrude themselves upon him, while the latter naturally stand at a distance? Company therefore is usually so far from being an advantage to those who enter at either University, that it is the grand nuisance, as well as disgrace of both: the pit that swallows unwary youths by thousands. I bless God, we have no such *choice of Company* at *Kingswood*: nor ever will, till my head is laid. There is no trisler, no lounge, no drone there: much less any drunkard, sabbath-breaker, or common swearer. Whoever accounts this a disadvantage, may find a remedy at any College in *Oxford* or *Cambridge.*

21. "Be this as it may, there are other advantages, of which no other place can boast. There are Exhibitions, Scholarships, Studentships, Fellowships, Canonrys: to say nothing of Headships, and Professorships, which are not only accom-

panied with present honour and large emoluments, but open the way to the highest preferments, both in Church and State.”

All this is indisputably true : I know not who can deny one word of it. Therefore if any of *these advantages*, if honour, if money, if preferment in Church or State, be the point at which a young man aims, let him by all means go to the University. But there are still a few, even young men in the world, who do not aim at any of these. They do not desire, they do not seek either honour, or money, or preferment. They leave Collegians to dispute, and bite, and scratch, and scramble for these things. They believe there is another world : nay, and they imagine, it will last for ever. Supposing this, they point all their designs, and all their endeavours towards it. Accordingly they pursue learning itself, only with reference to this. They regard it merely with a view to eternity ; purely with a view to know and teach, more perfectly, the truth which God has revealed to man, *the truth which is after godliness*, and which they conceive, men cannot be ignorant of, without hazarding their eternal salvation. This is the only advantage which they seek : and this they can enjoy in as high a degree, in the School or Academy at *Kingswood*, as at any College in the Universe.

22. “ But whatever Learning they have, if they acquired it there, they cannot be ordained.” (You mean, *Episcopally* ordained : and indeed that ordination we prefer to any other, where it can be had.) “ For the Bishops have *all agreed together*, not to ordain any *Methodist*.” O that they would *all agree together*, Not to ordain any Drunkard ; any Sabbath-breaker ; any Common-Swearer ! Any that makes the very name of Religion stink, in the nostrils of Infidels ! Any that knows no more of the grounds of Religion, than he does of *Greek* or *Hebrew* ! But I doubt that fact. I cannot easily believe, That *all the Bishops* have made such an agreement. Could I be sure they had, I should think it my duty, to return them my sincerest

cerest thanks. Pity they had not done it ten years ago, and I should not have lost some of my dearest friends. However, I am extremely obliged, if they have agreed to prevent my losing any more the same way: if they have blocked up the door, through which several others were likely to run away from me.

23. I should not wonder, if there was a general agreement against those who have been so often described as both Knaves and Madmen. Meantime I can only say (as a much greater man said) "*Hier stehe ich: GOTT hilf mich!*" By his help I have stood for these forty years, among the children of men, whose tongues are set on fire, who shoot out their arrows, even bitter words, and think therein they do God service. Many of these are already gone to give an account to the Judge of quick and dead. I did not expect to have stayed so long behind them: but *good is the Will of the Lord*. If it were possible, I should be glad, for my few remaining days, to live peaceably with all men: I do *as much as lieth in me*, in order to this. I do not willingly provoke any man. I go as quietly on my way as I can: but quietly or unquietly, I must go on. For *a dispensation of the gospel is committed to me: and woe is me, if I preach not the gospel*. I am convinced, that I am a debtor to all men, and that it is my bounden duty,

To rush through every open door,

And cry, sinners, behold the Lamb.

Now especially I have no time to lose: if I slacked my pace, my grey hairs would testify against me. I have nothing to fear: I have nothing to hope for here, only to finish my course with joy:

Happy, if with my latest breath,

I might but gasp his Name,

Preach him to all, and cry in death

Behold, behold, the Lamb!

P H I L A N T H R O P Y.

U N F I N I S H E D.

[By the late Mr. Charles Perronet.]

[Concluded from page 439.]

8. **I**N the fifth century arose *Augustine*, an *African* Bishop, and once a zealous *Manichee*. The *Manichean* doctrine was composed of various other blasphemies, and the Stoical doctrine of *Fate* or *Necessity*. And from that part of their doctrine he never recovered, but brought it with him into the Church.

There was no end of the evil, which this heathen principle brought into the christian world. The *Stoics* had maintained it five hundred years; but that did not affect the Christians. Some apostate Christians had adopted it; but they were little regarded. But the fame and piety of *Augustine*, gave sanction to his error: and the precious truths which he mingled with it, disguised and recommended the poison.

Wherever this doctrine came, it opened wide the gate of everlasting perdition. For who did not see, that if all things were fixt by eternal Destiny, nothing could possibly be altered: all being bound by a law which could not be broken? If God compelled every man to be just what he was, who could control the Almighty? Thus the reproach of sin was wiped from all faces. For how could a man contend with his Maker?

9. The Church of *Rome*, conceiving *St. Augustine* to countenance Persecution, adopted him for their prime Father. And on his authority most of their chief Writers, espoused the doctrine of Absolute Predestination. In a few ages, the papal authority over spread the western world. Hence our first Reformers, being all Papists, were of course Predestinarians. And when they cast off many of the Romish errors,

errors, few of them cast off this: but *Calvin* and *Bellarmino* still drew in one yoke, equally maintaining the Absolute Decrees.

10. The late Count *Zinzendorf* seems to have been the first person of any note, who was able to make the Law of God, appear contemptible, nay, even odious in the eyes of good men, without being beholden to the doctrine of Absolute Predestination. Such was the power of darkness in these latter days, that this great man abolished the whole divine Law, and invalidated all the commandments of God, by virtue of his own sole authority. "*No Law, said he, no Commandments now! There is no commandment in the New Testament, but to believe!*"

11. About forty years since, it pleased God to begin a revival of pure Religion in this land, by Mr. *John* and *Charles Wesley*, and to carry it on by divers unlettered men: so that by means of their unwearied endeavours, notwithstanding reproach and persecution from all quarters, the land that was before as *the shadow of death, saw a great light*. The plan they set out upon was, to wave controversy with Dissenters; but to abide themselves in the National Church, to preach her doctrines and attend her service, so far as was consistent with the work God had called them to, of calling men at all times and in all places, to *repent and believe the gospel*, so as to be holy of heart, as well as holy in all manner of conversation. For awhile, several Clergymen united with them: but most of these, renouncing the National Church, either joined the Dissenters, or set up for themselves, and soon came to nothing.

But some, being convinced the work was of God, though they continued with their flock, yet opened their pulpits to God's messengers, shewed them all kind of countenance, and were not ashamed to share their reproach, knowing it to be the reproach of Christ.

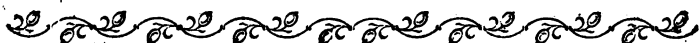
12. I do not mean to exclude some others from being instruments of good also, in *Scotland, Wales, and England*. But
it

it was observed with grief, that they pulled down with one hand, what they had built up with the other. No sooner were large Congregations gathered together, willing to learn the scriptural terms of salvation, but instead of being taught, that *without holiness no man can see the Lord*, the matter was put on quite another footing. They were told of Unconditional Decrees, the sum of which was, "If you are *Elect*, you *must* be saved; if not, you must be damned!" And thus the harvest was trodden under foot, just as it began to spring out of the ground!

Some even of their own children (I mean Mr. *W's*) being given up to Predestinarian or Antinomian delusion, lost all gratitude and all brotherly affection, and learned to revile both their Brethren and Teachers, as ignorant of the Gospel, because they insisted on our being *under the law to Christ*.

To these, the sound of *Obedience* became the common topic of ridicule and derision. Nothing was to be heard with *them*, but *Christ* dying for the *Elect only: no falling from Grace: no Conditions; finished Salvation*, through imputed Righteousness. The bare mention of holiness excluded a man from the number of "Gospel Preachers," and was supposed to rob *Christ* of his honour, and to pull the crown from his head. Thus *the prophets prophesied falsely*, and the people *loved to have it so*. They would hear no other Preachers, and receive no other doctrine.

13. And what were the fruits of this other gospel? Just such as might be expected. Wherever the doctrine of Absolute Decrees and Antinomian liberty was preached, it corrupted the most corrupt of the people yet more; it made them two-fold more the children of hell than before. Nor durst they *strive* to be any better. For this would be "To counteract the Divine Sovereignty, to under-value the Righteousness of *Christ*, and *climb up into the sheep-fold* by some other way."



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CLXXIX.

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

May 1, 1761.

Dear Sir,

MANY here have now experienced the blessing of having their minds continually stayed on God. And Satan is so bruised under their feet, that he cannot distress them at all. But it is not so with *me*. My mind is still frequently hurried and distressed. And particularly when any one says, "Believe *now*: and you shall have the blessing." I am always assured of the love of God, and know he will withhold from me no good thing. Yet I am greatly pained for the want of this, and wish I could wrestle for it continually.

I pray from my inmost soul, that you may be filled with all the fulness of your great Lord and Master, and changed from glory unto glory, till you "behold without a veil his face!"

I am, yours, &c,

M. B.

L E T T E R CLXXX.

• [From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Jan. 10. 1759.

Dear Sir,

THE kind hand of Providence has graciously brought us to the beginning of another year. O how precious is Time! How carefully ought we to spend the present moment!

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You

You are one of the best Friends I have in the world: I know you desire my soul's welfare. You would have me without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. I am far from it; but I will never cease to pray, till I am made perfect, and entire, lacking nothing.

With regard to your first Question; the witness of Sanctification was quite clear, the moment it was given. And I think I may say, it is as clear still: though I try myself often: particularly when temptation besets me close, when sin approaches near. But at all times, I find there is no condemnation to me, but free access to the Throne of Grace. And 2dly, this witness does fully testify, that I shall never perish, but have everlasting life.

I do not so clearly see, whether I shall ever offend God, or not. Indeed if by offending you mean, any coming short of the holy Will and Law of God, I offend him too often: but if you mean, committing sin, in this sense I cannot offend, while he is pleased to continue the grace I have. My Desires, and Affections, are always clear and free as air. It is true, I have felt some things, since I believed the change was wrought, that I could not account for: but never any thing contrary to it. May the Lord bless you with all the riches of his love here, and with eternal glory in the world to come!

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and loving Sister,

RUTH HALL.

L E T T E R CLXXXI.

[From the same.]

Sept. 9, 1759.

Dear Sir,

I Neither send nor receive a letter from you without prayer, that the Lord may bless it and sanctify it. He does wonderfully bless yours to me: and I know, he can do all things: so
he

he can make mine, though weak and simple, useful even to you. But I cannot see how it can be, and often wonder at your patience and condescension.

Our little company had a blessed meeting to-day. The Lord was indeed with us, and our hearts were as wax before the fire. A dear child of God from *Leeds* met with us, who has found a perfect change in his heart, and is swallowed up in the Love of God. You are the person, to whom all things work together for good. The all-wise God best knows what is truly good for us; and he is pleased to exercise his dearest children with what might seem to us, strange things. But there must be ballast in the ship, or it cannot fail.

I will now tell you the state of my own soul, according to the best of my knowledge. I feel no Sin, no Pride, no Anger, no Self-will, nothing contrary to pure Love. The ever-blessed Spirit makes his continual, and I believe, his everlasting abode in me. I feel both the Witness, and the happy effects, of my soul's being all renewed. When I look most narrowly into my soul, (as I do on many particular occasions) I cannot find any thing contrary thereto, but all within me is of a piece. I find more and more purity of heart: the work sinks deeper and deeper. I feel a sensible growth in grace, and am farther separate from sin and temptation. I find much more cheerfulness in my temper, with continual peace and joy in believing. But I seldom speak these things, lest it should discourage some sincere, weak soul. To him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood, be honour and praise for ever! Yet this treasure we have in earthen vessels, clothed with flesh and blood, and surrounded with a thousand infirmities.

May the Lord Almighty bless you with the fulness of his Love! I hope I shall never forget *you*, and may you never forget, before the throne of grace,

Your affectionate and ever loving Sister,

RUTH HALL.

L E T T E R CLXXXII.

[From the same.]

October 12, 1759.

Dear Sir,

WHAT reason have I to rejoice, that I am still favoured with your kind Letters, and that the Providence of God is over them all? You can scarcely suppose, how present in spirit you have been with me, for some weeks last past! Who can account for these things? Are you still able to travel, though the season of the year is so far advanced? You have indeed strength according to your day. Go on, thou blessed of the Lord, nothing doubting, but in due time thou shalt reap: though I believe, the Lord is nothing in your debt; for his Reward is with him. He dwelleth already in every believing, humble, loving heart.

You may see, how easily Love hopeth all things. However, we will rejoice in what God *has* done for you. And we cannot cease to pray for you, so long as you have any complaint. But let me venture to remind you, when you find the power of God so sensibly upon you again, be sure, that prayer has opened heaven: ask for all that God can give, and see that you do not let him go, until he bless you indeed.

You shall always have plainness, truth, and love from *me*: but then you must forgive my ignorance, and many other faults.

With regard to the state of my own soul, I am not only preserved, but strengthened daily. I find no hurry upon my spirits, nor any thing that darkens my soul. I find more light, and am very sensible of more love. I will tell you freely, with respect to the particular you mention. In years past, when I looked upon an agreeable person, it affected me
much.

much. But now I find not the least shadow of this, no more than a little child. I only desire to love and please God; so far I am redeemed from the Fall, that my desire is not even to my H—, and yet I love him with an endeared affection. I was not quite so clear in this when I first found the blessing. Yet if we consider the Scripture, we must allow, Marriage is lawful and honourable even to persons full of Faith and Love. And when I remember the first Command, which God gave to man while in innocence, with the many Precepts and Examples in holy Writ, and consider the human frame, I incline to think, that two such persons might have children, if the Lord should please. But if there is any uneasy desire, if we have not learnt in whatever state we are to be content, and that in the fullest sense, it is plain, there is want of grace, want of purity of heart.

May the Lord teach you his perfect Truth! This is the prayer of

Your unworthy Friend and Servant.

RUTH HALL.

L E T T E R CLXXXIII.

[From Mrs. D. King, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

May 11, 1762.

Dear Sir,

ON Sunday morning last I wrestled much with God, for a Witness of the work he had wrought in me, till these words were deeply impressed upon me, "Thou art all fair, my Love." But still I could not believe, though it followed me all day, "Thou art all fair; there is no spot in thee." But in the evening, under the word, the bar of unbelief was removed. Immediately my heart expanded before God, as the opening

opening flower before the sun, and I sensibly found my Lord enter by his Spirit, to take full possession of it. O may he for ever reign, the Lord of every motion there! For these two days I have been in the fire, but glory be to God, the flames have not hurt my soul, which looks to him every moment. I am like a helpless infant, more afraid than ever, of the least appearance of evil; none of which I find within; yet still I keep a jealous eye over my heart.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

D. K——.

L E T T E R CLXXXIV.

[From the same.]

June 4, 1762.

Dear Sir,

I Am ready to cry out, What is my Father's House? What am I, the vilest? Yet O! What showers of blessings are daily bestowed on such a worthless worm! My God delights in the happiness of his children, of whom I see myself the least. But the Witness abides: yea, I cannot but believe, even for the work's sake. In the midst of business I find my soul looking and leaning on my God. My inbred foes are all gone, and I walk in liberty unspeakable, in the unclouded blaze of day. Yet for the most part, my joy is solid, not transporting; being mixt with deep humility. I have lately had a fever. During the violence of this, my thoughts were sometimes unsettled. But in my greatest pain I found no will, for ease or health, life or death.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

D. K——.

LETTER

L E T T E R CLXXXV.

[From the same.]

June 15, 1762.

Dear Sir,

I Dare not call in question the work wrought in my soul, lest I should grieve the Spirit of God, who now bears testimony in my heart, that I am saved from my inbred sin. Indeed, a few days ago I was accused, that a word I spoke proceeded from pride. I pleaded with my Lord, to search, try, and prove the ground of my heart. Soon after, I found my soul abundantly strengthened, and at the same time humbled to the dust. And while I walked in awful reverence before him, these words were spoke to my heart, "A garden enclosed, a fountain sealed is my beloved."

I am not sensible of losing sight of God for a moment, unless it may be called so, that now and then a thought passes through my mind, which I seem for a moment to look at. Sometime since, I found strong attacks, on falling asleep. Immediately I resisted in agony of prayer, and I always came off conqueror. Since I was brought into light, my dreams have always been pure, and sometimes heavenly. Sometimes I have a clear intercourse with the unseen world. I do not recollect many of my sleeping thoughts. Only I remember twice, I found myself sensible, that God had delivered my soul.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

D. K—.

LETTER

LETTER CLXXXVI.

[From the same.]

July 5, 1762.

Dear Sir,

HOW shall I express my gratitude for your concern for so unworthy a creature? I cannot; but may my Lord repay it a thousand fold.

My soul sinks in the deepest abasement before God. I am less than nothing, a cumberer of the ground. I am pained at my unprofitableness. O teach me how I shall glorify my God, who has done so great things for me!

As yet, glory be to my great Deliverer! I feel no risings of sin. And the more I cry to God, to search and prove me, the clearer the witness grows. But O! methinks I am like a grave, in which the mercies of my God are buried!

Short wanderings sometimes dart through my mind, but nothing intercepts my sight of God. Sometimes, when I am in much business, I find but little happiness, till I can retire, in which I find a heaven indeed. But at other times, in the midst of business my joy is great. I earnestly desire an interest in your prayers.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

D. K—.

N. B. She is the same now, as she was then: only more rooted and grounded in love.



P O E T R Y.

The BEGGAR and the DIVINE.

[By Dr. Byron.]

IN some good Books one reads of a Divine,
 Whose memorable case deserves a line ;
 Who, to serve God the best and shortest way,
 Prayed for eight years together every day,
 That in the midst of Doctrines and of Rules
 However taught, and practised by the Schools,
 He would be pleased to bring him to a man
 Prepared to teach him the compendious plan.

He was himself a *Doctor*, and well read
 In all the Points to which Divines were bred ;
 Nevertheless he thought, that what concerned
 The most illiterate, as well as learned,
 To know and practise must be something still
 More independent on such kind of skill :
 True Christian Worship had, within its root,
 Some simpler Secret, clear of all dispute ;
 Which, by a living proof that he might know,
 He prayed for some Practitioner to show.

One day, possessed with an intense concern
 About the lesson which he sought to learn,
 He heard a voice that sounded in his ears——
 “ Thou hast been praying for a man eight years ;
 Go to the porch of yonder Church, and find
 A man prepared according to thy mind.”

Away he went to thé appointed ground ;
 When, at the entrance of the Church, he found
 A poor old Beggar, with his feet full fore,
 And not worth two-pence all the clothes he wore.
 Surprised to see an object so forlorn——
 My friend said he, I wish thee a good morn,——
 “ Thank thee, replied the beggar, but a bad
 I don't remember that I ever had.”——

Sure he mistakes, the Doctor thought, the phrase——
 A fortune good, befall thee all thy days !
 “ Me, said the Beggar, many days befall,
 But none of them unfortunate at all.”——
 God bless thee ! answer plainly I request——
 “ Why plainly, then I never was unblest,”——
 Never ? Thou speakest in a mystic strain,
 Which more at large I wish thee to explain.——

“ With all my heart.—Thou first didst condescend
 To wish me kindly a good morning, Friend ;
 And I replied, that I remembered not
 A bad one ever to have been my lot :
 For, let the morning turn out how it will,
 I praise my God for every new one still.
 If I am pinch'd with hunger or with cold,
 It does not make me to let go my hold ;
 Still God I praise——Hail, rain, or snow, I take
 This blessed cordial, which has power to make
 The foulest morning, to my thinking, fair ;
 For cold and hunger yield to praise and prayer.
 Men pity me as wretched, or despise ;
 But whilst I hold this noble exercise,
 It cheers my heart, to such a due degree,
 That every morning still is good to me.

“ Thou

“ Thou didst, moreover, wish me lucky days,
 And I by reason of continual praise,
 Said that I had none else; for come what would
 On any day, I knew it must be good,
 Because God sent it; sweet, or bitter, joy,
 Or grief, by this angelical employ,
 Of praising him, my heart was at its rest,
 And took whatever happenéd for the best;
 So that by sweet Experience I can say
 I never knew of an unlucky day.”

“ Then didst thou pray—God blefs thee!—and I said,
 I never was unblest; for being led,
 By the good Spirit of imparted Grace,
 To praise his Name, and ever to embrace
 His righteous Will, regarding that alone,
 With total resignation of my own,
 I never could, in such a state as this,
 Complain for want of happiness or bliss;
 Resolvéd in all things, that the Will divine,
 The Source of all true blessing, should be mine.”

The Doctor, learning from the Beggar's case,
 So great an instance of the power of Grace,
 Proposéd a Question, with intent to try
 The happy Mendicant's direct reply—

“ What wouldst thou say, said he, should God think fit
 To cast thee down to the infernal pit?

“ He cast me down! He send me into hell!
 No — He loves me, and I love him too well:
 But put the case he should, I have two arms
 That will defend me from all hellish harms;
 The one Humility, the other Love;
 These I would throw below him, and above.

One under his *Humanity* I'd place,
 His *Deity* the other should embrace ;
 With both together I would hold so fast,
 That he should *go* wherever he would *cast*.
 And then whatever thou shalt call the sphere,
 Hell if thou wilt, is heav'n if He be there."

Thus was a great Divine, (whom some have thought
 To be the justly fam'd *Taulerus*) taught
 The holy art, for which he us'd to pray,
 That to serve God the most compendious way,
 Was to hold fast a loving, humble mind,
 Still praising Him, and to his Will resign'd.

From the O L N E Y C O L L E C T I O N.

The Believer's safety. Psal. xci.

INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
 Thy Name's mysterious power;
 Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
 Nor fear the trying hour.

Thy wisdom, faithfulness and love,
 To feeble, helpless worms,
 A buckler and a refuge prove,
 From enemies and storms.

In vain the fowler spreads his net,
 To draw them from thy care;
 Thy timely call instructs their feet,
 To shun the artful snare.

When like a baneful pestilence,
 Sin mows its thousands down
 On every side, without defence,
 Thy grace secures thine own.

No

No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
 No arrow wounds by day ;
 Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,
 If found in duty's way.

Angels, unseen, attend the faints,
 And bear them in their arms ;
 To cheer the spirit when it faints,
 And guard the life from harms.

The angels' Lord, himself is nigh,
 To them that love his Name ;
 Ready to save them when they cry,
 And put their foes to shame.

Crosses and changes are their lot,
 Long as they sojourn here ;
 But since their Saviour changes not,
 What have the faints to fear ?

The SWALLOW S: written in September, 1748.

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retiréd,
 And gave to wintry storms the variéd year,
 The Swallow-race, with foresight clear inspiréd,
 To southern climes preparéd their course to steer.

On *Damon's* roof a grave assembly sat ;
 His roof a refuge to the featheréd kind ;
 With serious look he markéd the nice debate,
 And to his *Delia* thus addresséd his mind.

Observe yon twittéring Flock, my gentle Maid,
 Observe, and read the wondérous ways of heavén !
 With us, through summer's genial reign they stayéd,
 And food and lodging to their wants were givén.

But

But now through sacred prescience well they know
 The near approach of elemental strife ;
 The blust'ry Tempest and the chilling snow,
 With every want, and scourge of tender life !

Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight ;
 For this, even now they prune their vigorous wing ;
 For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite,
 And prove their strength in many an airy ring.

No sorrow loads their breast, or swells their eye,
 To quit their friendly haunts, or native home ;
 Nor fear they launching on the boundless sky,
 In search of future settlements to roam.

They feel a Power, an Impulse all divine !
 That warns them hence ; they feel it, and obey :
 To Thy direction all their cares resign,
 Unknown their destined stage, unmarked their way !

Well fare your flight ! ye mild domestic Race !
 O ! for your wings to travel with the sun !
 Health brace your nerves, and Zephyrs aid your pace,
 Till your long voyage happily be done !

See *Delia*, on my roof thy guests to-day ;
 To-morrow on my roof thy guests no more !
 Ere yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away ;
 To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

How just the Moral in this scene convey'd !
 And what without a moral would we read ?
 Then mark what *Damon* tells his gentle Maid,
 And with his lesson register the deed.

'Tis thus life's cheerful seasons roll away ;
 Thus threatens the winter of inclement age ;
 Our time of action, but a summer's day ;
 And earth's frail orb the sadly varièd stage !

And does no power its friendly aid dispense ?
 Or give us tidings of some happier clime ?
 Find we no Guide in gracious Providence,
 Beyond the stroke of Death, the verge of Time ?

Yes, yes, the sacred Oracles we hear,
 That point the path to Realms of endless day :
 That bid our Hearts nor Death nor Anguish fear,
This future Transport, that to Life the Way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
 And form the Soul for her divine abode ;
 Obey the call, and trust the Leader's care
 To bring us safe through Virtue's Path to God.

Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
 No doubts divert our steady steps aside ;
 Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die ;
 Heav'n is our hope, and Providence our Guide.

O n O L D A G E.

[*Even to hoar hairs I will bear, and I will carry, and I will deliver you. Isaiah.*]

BELIEVING, I my seal set to,
 That God is merciful and true ;
 Who took out of my mother's womb,
 He leads me softly to the tomb.

From infancy to hoary hairs,
 He all my griefs and burthens bears ;

Supports

Supports me in his arms of love,
And hides my ransom'd life above.

Still, O my gracious God and just,
I in thy faithful mercies trust:
And who on thee alone depend,
Thou wilt deliver to the end:

Thou wilt in death my weakness bear,
And rais'd out of the sepulchre,
Carry me up thy face to see,
And save through all eternity.

S H O R T H Y M N S.

1 Cor. xv. 42. *It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption.*

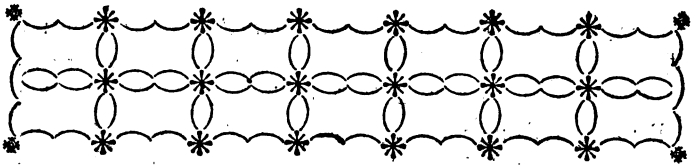
O Blessed Hope of life to come,
Life which beyond the grave I see!
This body tott'ring o'er a tomb,
Committed to the ground shall be:
'Tis sown a corruptible seed,
A lump of putrifying clay;
'Tis rais'd immortal from the dead,
No more to moulder or decay.

1 Cor. xv. 43. *It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory.*

SOON as I render up the ghost,
The worm on this vile body preys,
Shocking to those who lov'd it most
'Tis sown in ruinous disgrace,
Loathsome, remov'd from human sight,
It heavenly dignity receives,
And cloth'd with robes of purest light,
And glorious as its Maker lives.



JOHANNES UITENBOGAERT.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1781.



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

D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from page 463.]

Fred. **W**HEN St. Paul says, (Rom. xi. 28,) *As concerning the gospel, they are enemies for your sakes; but as touching the Election, they are beloved for the Father's sake; do you not see that Election belongs also to those Israelites who are enemies, and reject the Gospel? And what does St. Paul mean when he says, that they were cut off, and we were ingrafted in their stead? Does he not clearly shew that we were received and placed in lieu of them, not by any original, hereditary, or natural right, but by ingrafting or adoption,*

(which certainly is not from eternity,) as *Jacob* succeeded to *Eſau*, *Samuel* to *Éli*, and *David* to *Saul*? *Lewis*. You ſay right, *Frédéric*; nor do I object any thing againſt what you advance. I would only aſk how all this can agree with what *St. Paul* ſays, (*Rom. xi. 29.*) *The gifts and calling of God are without repentance?* For if *Saul* was called unto the kingdom for ever, and nevertheless was rejected, it ſeems as if that calling and gift was not without repentance. *Fred.* Even in *St. Matthew* (*xviii. 32, 33.*) the forgiving of the debt was ſo called. *O thou wicked ſervant, I forgave thee all that debt, becauſe thou deſiredſt me: ſhouldſt not thou alſo have had compaſſion on thy fellow-ſervant?* God's gifts are indeed without repentance, in themſelves; but the acceptance of the gifts is ſometimes changed. *Chriſt's* promiſe, that his twelve Apoſtles ſhould ſit on twelve thrones, is irrevocable: and it muſt needs happen that there be twelve Apoſtles ſitting on as many thrones. Should heaven and earth be deſtroyed, this cannot fail. But it is by no means neceſſary that either *Peter* or *Judas*, or any other particular perſon ſhould ſit on them. Therefore, when *Judas* had fallen from his office, *Matthias* was ſubſtituted in his room, leſt the number ſhould not be compleat. If *Peter* had fallen likewise, another would have ſupplied his place. And therefore this ſaying of *Chriſt's*, *Ye that followed me ſhall ſit, &c.* will always hold good. But *Judas* will not ſit, for he did not follow him unto the end: ſuch a promiſe, therefore, has a tacit condition annexed to it; which condition is expreſſed in many places. As in *John xiii. 8*, *If I waſh thee not, thou haſt no part with me.* Again, in *Matt. v. 20*; *Except your righteousneſs ſhall exceed the righteousneſs of the Scribes and Pharifees.* Again, *John iii. 3*, *Except a man be born again; except a man forſakes father and mother, &c. &c.* From all which conditions, it evidently appears, that the gift itſelf is certainly without repentance; but that the acceptance of it is uncertain. And that the gift is transferred to another, if he to whom it is offered does not accept

accept of it. *Lewis*. What you say, seems to me very true; but our Teachers oppose to these arguments, some promises, such as the following. (John vi. 37) *All that the Father giveth me, shall come unto me; and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.* Again, (Ver. 39.) *This is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me, I shall lose nothing, but shall raise it up again at the last day.* Again, (John x. 27, 28.) *My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.* Again, *Rejoice that your names are written in heaven.* They infer from these sayings, that we may trust we shall be saved for ever, because we were once chosen unto salvation. *Fred*. But what will you say, if to these Promises we oppose Threatenings; which are not less true than promises? As (1 Cor. x. 12.) *Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.* Again, *Thou art grafted in among the people of God. Be not high minded but fear; for God is able to cut thee off again and graft others.* Again, (1 Cor. ix. 27.) *I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any Means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.* *Lewis*. To this they answer, that St. Paul does not warn the Christians against security itself, but against a supine and careless security, which carries with it pride, arrogance, and contempt of others. *Fred*. This would be my very answer, Lewis, as it makes so much against them. For if security is to be dreaded, because it carries all these evils with it, it is to be dreaded lest we be cut off. Certain it is, that those in whom the foregoing evils abide, cannot be saved. To maintain their Point, they must deny that it is to be feared lest any one that believes in Christ should be cut off. But this is evidently St. Paul's opinion. *Behold*, says he, (Rom. xi. 22, 23.) *The goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but towards thee, goodness, if thou continue in his goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off. And they also, if they abide not still in unbelief, shall*

be grafted in. What answer do they make, Lewis? *St. Paul* expressly says, *If thou continue not in goodness, thou shalt be cut off.* They will answer perhaps, that he cannot but continue in goodness. Why then does *St. Paul* teach, that this is to be feared, if it cannot possibly happen? Or why does he say, that the Jews were cut off, if no one that is once grafted in can be cut off? *Lewis.* But what reply will you give to the promises I just now mentioned? *Fred.* That which I have already hinted; that we must not mistrust the goodness of God, or his will to save us; but we must by all means mistrust ourselves, lest we render void God's design towards us, (as *St. Luke* writes to have been the case of the Lawyers, vii. 30,) and the Kingdom of God be transferred from us unto others. This opinion is not contradicted by the promises you refer to; *All that the Father giveth me, shall come to me: and him that cometh unto me, I will not cast out!* For our Saviour cannot be said to cast out those that willingly forsake him, as bad servants do their Master. And, this is *the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing.* I believe it. We do not ask, whether it be the Father's will that they should be saved, for he desireth not the death of the wicked, much less of the righteous; but whether he that will not be saved, can perish? and whether God ever saves any person against his will; since Christ says, *Will ye also go away? My sheep hear my voice and they follow me.* Who denies it? But this is likewise true, *Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister and mother,* *Matt. xii. 50.* You here see who are Christ's sheep. But what is all this to the purpose? For should they discontinue to hear his voice, they would no longer be his sheep. And this is the very thing, I say, which we have to dread. But Christ moreover says, *They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.* I believe it: for the sheep that perishes is not Christ's; for it has ceased to be so, if it was so before.

before. Neither is it plucked out of Christ's ; hand but it ran away freely. Whosoever abideth in Christ, is *written in the book of life*, and has cause to rejoice. He cannot perish, since he is under the protection of the Father, who is greatest of all. But, at the same time, as there is no salvation out of Christ, whosoever goeth from Christ ; that is, whosoever is self-sufficient, despising others, overthrowing humility, and the reverence due to God, and forgets the grace received, is sure to perish ; and that this may be the case, appears from many passages : particularly from Luke xi. 24. There our Saviour speaks of the unclean spirit, which, after having walked through dry places, returns to the house from whence he had been cast out. Therefore, an unclean spirit that is cast out, may return. That is to say, he that has put on Christ, may grieve the Holy Ghost, and return again like the dog to his vomit, (2. Peter. ii. 22,) and consequently, be himself the cause that his name is blotted out of the Book of Life. The Israelites were undoubtedly God's people ; nor could any one pluck them out of his hands. But after they had willingly forsaken God, he forsook them ; not as being plucked away, but as run-aways.

Lewis. Indeed all this appears to be very true ; but I could wish that you would explain to me what St. *Paul* writes unto the *Romans*, concerning Election, that I may have no doubt remaining in my mind. I acknowledge that St. *Paul's* reasoning has puzzled me for a long while. He appears to me to be so very intricate on this subject, that I have not yet been able to disentangle my thoughts from the difficulties that present themselves. I am of opinion that this place is one of those, concerning which St. *Peter* speaks in his 2d Epist. iii. 16, where he saith, there are in St. *Paul's* Epistles some things hard to be understood, and which unlearned and unstable men wrest, as they do the other scriptures, unto their own destruction.

Fred. You do not judge amiss, *Lewis*. But how shall we know who they are that wrest them unto their own destruction ?

tion? For that some do wrest them is most certain; since they explain them in contrary ways;—one of which must needs be false. *Lewis.* Indeed I do not know. *Fred.* But I will inform you, (God willing) if you will be attentive. You make no doubt, I trust, but that the way unto salvation is strait? *Lewis.* Most assuredly. *Fred.* Consequently whosoever explains the holy scriptures, which shew us the way unto salvation, in such a manner as to lead men into a broad way, does undoubtedly wrest them to his own destruction. We find an instance of it in the false prophets among the Jews. They were always flattering the people, by telling them that they were the chosen people of God, and that they would not be led away captives to Babylon. And afterwards, when this event happened, they promised them that they should soon shake off the yoke of *Nebuchadnezzar*, and return. Hence those arrogant sayings, *The temple of the Lord. The temple of the Lord. We have Abraham for our father.* The true prophets, on the contrary, always taught a narrow way. *Though Coniah were the signet upon my right-hand, yet would I pluck thee thence;* thus speaks Jeremiah, (xxii. 24.) And you see from it how averse he is, that even those who are most intimate with God (for what can be nearer to a man than the ring he wears on his right-hand,) should be confident, unless they be obedient. How severe is John the Baptist? *Think not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham for our father; for God is able of these stones to raise children to Abraham.* (Matt. iii. 9.) What does Christ himself say? *The children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness. The kingdom shall be taken away from you, and given to a nation that will bring forth fruit in due season.* These and many similar passages, clearly shew that we must not confide in Election, unless we persevere in the same. And agreeable to this, St. Peter writes, (2 Peter. i. 10.) *Give all diligence to make your Calling and Election sure.* Let us now come to the Teachers of our own times, and we shall find the same. Some pretend that

that those who are chosen, and believe in Christ, cannot perish. I leave you to judge, my dear Lewis, what benefit can accrue from this Doctrine. There has lately been a dispute between two Ministers of your persuasion, one of whom taught, that men were *necessitated*, (that is the word he makes use of,) by God to sin. The other opposed that Doctrine. Now tell me, my dear Lewis, how were the people then affected? *Lewis*. I scarcely dare speak it, yet I must acknowledge, that I never saw any thing so deplorable. The people were raving mad: and had attained to that pitch of licentiousness, that nothing was heard among them but, "Let us sin, since God chuses sin, and has subjected us to the necessity of sinning." And had not the Magistrates put a stop to the evil by an Edict, the greatest part of them would in a short time have ran headlong into enormous licentiousness. *Fred*. And these are the sure effects of such a Doctrine. Believe me, Lewis, the people are so tenacious of licentious Tenets, that this wound will not be so easily healed as it was given. Now examine the other Doctrine, which teaches that God does *not* delight in Unrighteousness; and you will readily perceive that the fruits of it are the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom. Whereas, on the contrary, that security they teach, is the beginning of folly. The troubles which were the consequences of it, ought to make a doctrine, productive of such effects, suspected even by the ignorant. For such as are the fruits, such is the tree. Weigh things well, and you will find that most men who admit of that doctrine, become the worse for it:

"Happy are those whom others' harms make wise."

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N V.

On GALATIANS' iv. 18.

[Concluded from page 469.]

III. **I**T remains only, to draw some practical Inferences from the preceding Observations.

1. And first, if Zeal, true, Christian Zeal, be nothing but the Flame of Love, then *Hatred*, in every kind and degree, then every sort of *Bitterness* toward them that oppose us, is so far from deserving the name of Zeal, that it is directly opposite to it. If Zeal be only fervent Love, then it stands at the utmost distance from *Prejudice*, *Jealousy*, *Evil-surmising*; seeing *Love thinketh no evil*. Then *Bigotry* of every sort, and above all the spirit of *Persecution*, are totally inconsistent with it. Let not, therefore, any of these unholy Tempers screen themselves under that sacred Name. As all these are the works of the Devil, let them appear in their own shape, and no longer, under that specious disguise, deceive the unwary children of God.

2. Secondly. If Lowliness be a property of Zeal, then Pride is inconsistent with it. It is true, some degree of Pride may remain, after the Love of God is shed abroad in the heart: as this is one of the last evils that is rooted out, when God creates all things new. But it cannot reign, nor retain any considerable power, where fervent Love is found. Yea, were we to give way to it but a little, it would damp that holy fervor; and if we did not immediately fly back to Christ, would utterly quench the Spirit.

3. Thirdly. If Meekness be an inseparable property of Zeal, what shall we say of those, who call their Anger by that name?

Why;

Why, that they mistake the truth totally; that they in the fullest sense, put darkness for light, and light for darkness. We cannot be too watchful against this delusion, because it spreads over the whole Christian world. Almost in all places, Zeal and Anger pass for equivalent terms: and exceeding few persons are convinced, that there is any difference between them. How commonly do we hear it said, "See how zealous the man is!" Nay, he cannot be zealous: that is impossible; for he is in a passion. And Passion is as inconsistent with Zeal, as Light with Darkness, or Heaven with Hell.

It were well that this point were thoroughly understood. Let us consider it a little farther. We frequently observe one that bears the character of a religious man, vehemently angry at his neighbour. Perhaps he calls his brother *Raca*, or *thou fool*; he brings a railing accusation against him: You mildly admonish him of his warmth. He answers, it is my Zeal! No, it is your sin; and unless you repent of it, will sink you lower than the grave. There is much such Zeal as this in the bottomless pit. Thence all Zeal of this kind comes. And thither it will go, and you with it, unless you are saved from it, before you go hence.

4. Fourthly, If Patience, Contentedness, and Resignation, are the properties of Zeal, then Murmuring, Fretfulness, Discontent, Impatience, are wholly inconsistent with it. And yet how ignorant are mankind of this? How often do we see men fretting at the ungodly, or telling you, They are "out of patience" with such or such things, and terming all this their Zeal! O spare no pains to undeceive them? If it be possible, shew them what Zeal is: and convince them that all murmuring, or fretting at sin, is a species of sin, and has no resemblance of, or connexion with, the true Zeal of the Gospel.

5. Fifthly, If the object of Zeal be *that which is good*, then fervour for any *evil thing*, is not Christian Zeal. I instance in *Idolatry*, worshiping of Angels, Saints, Images, the Cross.

Although therefore a man were so earnestly attached to any kind of idolatrous worship, that he would even *give his body to be burned*, rather than refrain from it, call this bigotry or superstition if you please, but call it not Zeal: that is quite another thing.

From the same premises it follows, that fervour for *indifferent things*, is not Christian Zeal. But how exceedingly common is this mistake too? Indeed one would think, that men of understanding could not be capable of such weakness. But alas, the History of all Ages proves the contrary. Who were men of stronger understandings, than Bishop *Ridley*, and Bishop *Hooper*? And how warmly did these, and other great men of that age, dispute about the *Sacerdotal Vestments*? How eager was the contention for almost a hundred years, for and against wearing a *Surplice*? O shame to man! I would as soon have disputed about a straw, or a barley-corn! And this, indeed, shall be called Zeal! And why was it not rather called Wisdom, or Holiness?

6. It follows also from the same premises, That fervour for *Opinions* is not Christian Zeal. But how few are sensible of this? And how innumerable are the mischiefs, which even this species of false Zeal has occasioned in the Christian world? How many thousand lives have been cast away, by those who were zealous for the *Romish Opinions*? How many of the excellent ones of the earth have been cut off, by zealots for the senseless opinion of *Transubstantiation*? But does not every unprejudiced person see, that this Zeal is *earthly, sensual, devilish*? And that it stands at the utmost contrariety to that Zeal, which is here recommended by the Apostle?

What an excess of Charity is it then which our great Poet expresses, in his Poem on the Last Day? Where he talks of meeting in heaven,

“Those who by mutual wounds expired,
By Zeal for their distinct persuasions fired?”

Zeal

Zeal indeed! What manner of zeal was this, which led them to cut one anothers throats? Those who were *fired* with this spirit, and died therein, will undoubtedly have their portion not in heaven: (only love is there:) but in *the fire that never shall be quenched.*

7. Lastly, If true Zeal be always proportioned, to the degree of Goodness which is in its object, then should it rise higher and higher according to the scale mentioned above; according to the comparative value of the several parts of Religion. For instance; all that truly fear God, should be zealous for the *Church*: both for the Catholic or Universal Church, and for that part of it whereof they are members. This is not the appointment of men, but of God. He saw, it was *not good for men to be alone*, even in this sense, but that the whole body of his children should be *knit together, and strengthened, by that which every joint supplieth.* At the same time they should be more zealous for the *Ordinances* of God; for public and private Prayer, for hearing and reading the word of God, and for Fasting, and the Lord's Supper. But they should be more zealous for *works* of Mercy, than even for works of Piety. Yet ought they to be more zealous still, for *holy Tempers*, Lowliness, Meekness, Resignation: but most zealous of all, for that which is the sum and the perfection of Religion, the *Love* of God and Man.

8. It remains only, to make a close and honest Application of these things to our own souls. We all know the general Truth, That *it is good to be always zealously affected in a good thing.* Let us now, every one of us, apply it to his own soul in particular.

9. Those indeed who are still dead in trespasses and sins, have neither part nor lot in this matter: nor those that live in any open sin, such as Drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, or profane Swearing. These have nothing to do with Zeal; they have no business at all even to take the word in their mouth. It is utter folly and impertinence for any one to talk of

Zeal for God, while he is doing the works of the devil. But if you have renounced the devil and all his works, and have settled it in your heart, I will *worship the Lord my God, and him only will I serve*, then beware of being neither cold nor hot: then be zealous for God! You may begin at the lowest step. Be zealous for *the Church*; more especially, for that particular branch thereof, wherein your lot is cast. Study the welfare of this, and carefully observe all the Rules of it, for conscience sake. But in the mean time, take heed that you do not neglect any of the *Ordinances* of God; for the sake of which, in a great measure, the Church itself was constituted: so that it would be highly absurd, to talk of Zeal for the Church, if you were not more zealous for Them. But are you more zealous for *works of Mercy*, than even for works of Piety? Do you follow the example of your Lord, and prefer mercy even before sacrifice? Do you use all diligence in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting them that are sick and in prison? And above all, do you use every means in your power, to save souls from death? If, as you have time, *you do good unto all men, though especially to them that are of the household of faith*, your Zeal for the Church is pleasing to God: but if not, if you are not *careful to maintain good works*, what have you to do with the Church? If you have not *compassion on your fellow-servants*, neither will your Lord have pity on you. *Bring no more vain oblations*. All your service is *an abomination to the Lord*.

10. Are you better instructed than to put asunder what God has joined? Than to separate Works of Piety from Works of Mercy? Are you uniformly zealous of both? So far you walk acceptably to God: that is, if you continually bear in mind, that God *searcheth the heart and reins*: that *he is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth*: that consequently no outward works are acceptable to him, unless they spring from *holy Tempers*, without which no man can have a place in the kingdom of Christ and of God.

11. But of all holy Tempers, and above all others, see that you be most zealous for *Love*! Count all things loss in comparison of this, the Love of God and all Mankind. It is most sure, that if you give all your goods to feed the poor, yea, and your body to be burned, and have not humble, gentle, patient Love, it profiteth you nothing. O let this be deep engraven upon your heart: all is nothing without Love.

12. Take then the whole of Religion together, just as God has revealed it in his word, and be uniformly zealous for every part of it, according to its degree of excellence, grounding all your Zeal on the one foundation, *Jesus Christ and him crucified*: holding fast this one principle, *The life I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me*: proportion your zeal to the value of its object. Be calmly zealous therefore, first, for the Church; "the whole state of Christ's Church militant here on earth," and in particular for that branch thereof, with which you are more immediately connected. Be more zealous for all those *Ordinances* which our blessed Lord hath appointed, to continue therein to the end of the world. Be more zealous for those *works of mercy*, those *sacrifices where-with God is well pleased*, those marks whereby the Shepherd of Israel will know his sheep at the last day. Be more zealous still for *holy Tempers*, for *Long-suffering*, *Gentleness*, *Goodness*, *Meekness*, *Lowliness*, and *Resignation*: but be most zealous of all for *Love*, the Queen of all Graces, the highest perfection in earth or heaven, the very image of the invisible God, as in men below, so in Angels above. For *God is Love: and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him*.

Haverford West,
May 6, 1781.

Some Account of Mr. DUNCAN WRIGHT.

[Wrote by himself.]

[Concluded from page 476.]

BEFORE I conclude, I must not forget to mention one circumstance in order to encourage others, and to justify the observation, "That we hardly know what we are capable of, till we are put to the trial."

When I was in *Scotland*, I remarked that many of the Clergy were men of sense and piety, and took real pains in their work. And yet there was in many places, a want of care and zeal, for the spiritual welfare of the poor Highlanders. Many of these coming for employment to the larger towns, were destitute of all help for their souls; as they did not understand English. In *Edinburgh* and *Glasgow* there have been places of worship built for them, within these few years, and well supplied; but in *Aberdeen*, *Perth*, and *Greenock*, they still had none to help. When Mr. *M'Nab* went to *Scotland*, in 1769, he began to preach to them as well as he could, and wanted me to come to his help. Mr. *Wesley* accordingly appointed me for *Scotland* at the ensuing Conference, and desired me to try to recover my *Erse*: but of this I had no hope; as I could not read a verse of it, and never spoke two minutes in it on religious subjects in my life.

However, when I came to *Perth*, and saw their forlorn condition, several motives induced me to make a trial. I therefore bought a New Testament in the modern *Galic*, and got one of the society who could read it, to give me some instructions. By Christmas I had made such a progress, that my Teacher was positive I could preach in it, and would needs invite

invite the Highlanders, to come and hear me. But I knew my deficiency better than he did; however, I was prevailed upon to let him invite them. He gave out the psalm and sung it for me. When I began to pray in Erse, I should have been set fast, had I not learned the Lord's prayer before-hand. When I began to speak, I was often obliged to break off, and address the people in English. But by the grace of God, in less than four years, I could officiate in that language two hours together, without a word of English. While we were thus employed, the Ministers in *Perth*, and in several other places, wished us good luck in the Name of the Lord.

This was by far the most delightful work I ever had. But it was often hard enough, as I commonly preached at *Greenock*, in English, at seven in the morning: then spent two hours from ten to twelve, with the Highlanders: walked to *Port-Glasgow*, and preached in the streets at four; then walked back to *Greenock*, and preached at six o'clock, and then met the Society. Although by this means I had many an aching head, and pained breast, yet it was delightful to see hundreds attending to my blundering preaching, with streaming eyes, and attention still as night: or to hear them, in their simple way, singing the praises of God in their own tongue. If ever God said to my heart, "*Go, and I will be with thee,*" it was then, when with much trembling, and deep sighs, I have gone to preach to them, hardly knowing what to say. I extol the Name of my adorable Master, that my labours were not in vain. How gladly would I have spent my life with these dear souls! but my health would not permit it; so I was obliged to leave them.

To conclude: how graciously did my heavenly Father strive with me by his spirit, even from my infant days! and when I was an outcast, and lost as to any thing of religion, he reclaimed the wanderer, and brought me to his fold; then led me into the wilderness to shew me my heart! Healed my backslidings,

backslidings, comforted and fortified me for sufferings; and knowing my feebleness, led me gradually on to preach to those who most needed my assistance.

And, when he saw a little affliction needful, he sent it. And a profitable time it proved to me; all thanks to the Sender! I have since seen such beauty in holiness, and in the imitation of Christ, and have had such discoveries of the boundless love of God! as I never had before. O for an eternity to praise him in!

If ever man could say the following lines, surely I may:

Pardonèd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide,
And glory give to *God alone*,
My *God* for ever pacifièd!

Stockton, March 1781.

Some Account of the DEATH of Mr. CHARLES PERRONET.

[*Even this imperfect Account of the Death of so good a Man, will be acceptable, at least, to all that knew him.*]

Canterbury, Aug. 23. 1776.

I Arrived here just time enough, to attend the funeral of our dear Friend, Mr. *Charles Perronet*, who died on Monday, August 12th, about seven o'clock in the morning.

It may afford matter of joy to many, to give a little account of his Experience, some time before his departure. It is well known that he had been long subject to great affliction; but his affliction increased with his years. In April last, God laid his hand sorely upon him, and caused him to pass through the fire of a burning Fever. This left him very little use of his limbs, and in a very weak state of body. But the strength and vigour of his soul, were such as I never saw before.

before. All his expressions were those of a soul lost and swallowed up in God. Oft have I sat with pleasure and astonishment, to hear him repeat what God had done for his soul. He often told me, "This affliction is the best I ever had. God has revealed to me his power, his love, and excellence, in so great a measure, that no tongue is able to express it." He then broke out into such glorious descriptions of the worth, the merit, the preciousness of Christ; as I never heard before. He frequently repeated, "I have uninterrupted fellowship with God; and Christ is all and in all to me." A variety of equally strong expressions were continually dropping from his lips. He was a *living* and *dying* Witness of the blessed Doctrine he always defended, I mean *Entire Sanctification*. About a week before he died, he told several friends, (and among the rest his brother Mr. *Edward Perronet*) that God had given him an entire new nature: that he felt nothing contrary to the Will of God, nothing contrary to Holiness. "God (said he,) has purged me from *all* my dross, —all is done away: I am all *Love*."

A particular friend asked him, "How was this work wrought in you? Was it done *gradually* or *instantaneously*?" He replied, "You know God has long been at work in me in a peculiar way, but the work I am now speaking of, was wrought in one *moment*. I was pouring out my soul to God that he would give me a full *meetness* for himself. He answered my request, and gave, what I desired." From *that moment* he lived, he spoke, he appeared as in Eternity. And it was remarkable that though he suffered much in life, he suffered nothing in death. As he was easy the day before he died, so he was the morning he departed. He changed in a moment, and had just time to say, with the greatest composure, "I am dying: into thy hands, Lord, I commend my spirit."

CHARLES BOON.

An Account of Mr. JULIUS PALMER.

[Continued from page 484.]

HIS mother understanding his errand, (by his brother whom he had sent before to intreat for him) as soon as she beheld him on his knees, asking her blessing, as he had been accustomed to do: Thou shalt, said she, have Christ's curse and mine, wheresoever thou goest. He pausing a little, as one amazed, at length said, O mother! your own curse you may give me, which God knoweth, I never deserved; but God's curse you cannot give me; for he hath already blessed me. Nay, said she, thou didst go from God's blessing, when thou wast banished for a heretic out of that worshipful house at *Oxford*: and now for the like knavery, art thou driven out of *Reading* too. Alas, mother, said he, you have been misinformed. I was not expelled, but freely resigned of mine own accord. A heretic I am not, for I stand not stubbornly against any true doctrine, but defend it to the best of my power. And you may be sure, they use not to expel nor banish, but to burn heretics (as they term them.) Well, quoth she, I am sure thou dost not believe as thy father and I, and all our fathers have done: but as we were taught by the new law in king *Edward's* time, which is damnable heresy. Indeed I confess, said he, that I believe that doctrine which was taught in king *Edward's* days, which is not heresy, but truth; neither is it new, but as old as Christ and his Apostles. If thou art at that point, said she, I require thee to depart from my house, and out of my sight, and never take me more for thy mother. As for money and goods I have none of thine; thy father bequeathed nothing for heretics. Faggots I have to burn thee; more thou gettest not at my hands. Mother, said he, whereas you have cursed me,

I again

I again pray to God to bless you, and prosper you all your life-long; and with such like soft words, and abundance of tears trickling down his cheeks, he departed from her; wherewith he so mollified her hard heart, that she hurled an old angel after him, and said, Take that to keep thee a true man. Thus being destitute of worldly friendship, he knew not which way to turn his face. Soon after, it came to his mind, to return secretly to Magdalen-College, upon the assured trust, that he had a secret friend or two in that house. At which time, by the suit of one *Alane Cope*, then Fellow of the house, he obtained letters commendatory from Mr. *Cole*, for his preferment to a School in *Gloucestershire*. So he went away, committed by his friends to God's protection, of whom some accompanied him as far as *Ensun-Ferry*, and some to *Burford*. Afterwards, as he went alone, musing, it came into his head to return privately to *Reading*, trusting, by the help of friends there, to receive a quarter's stipend, and convey his goods to the custody of some trusty person. To *Reading* he came, yet not so closely, but that this viperous generation had knowledge thereof. Wherefore without delay they laid their heads together, and consulted what way they might most safely proceed against him. And soon it was concluded, that one Mr. *Hampton* should resort to him under the pretence of friendship, to fish out the cause of his repair to *Reading*. *Palmer*, as he was a simple man, and without all deceit, opened to him his whole intent. But *Hampton* earnestly persuaded him to the contrary, and at last flung away in a fury, and said, As he had fished, so should he fowl for him. *Palmer* not suspecting mischief against him, called for his supper, and went quietly to bed. But in a short space, the officers and their retinue came rushing in with lanthorns and bills, requiring him in the King and Queen's name, to make himself ready, and depart with them: and led him away to ward, whom the keeper brought down into a vile, stinking dungeon, prepared for thieves and murderers, and there left

him, hanging by the hands and feet in a pair of stocks, so high, that well nigh no part of his body touched the ground. In this dungeon he remained about ten days under the tyranny of this unmerciful keeper. After this, he was brought before the Mayor of *Reading*, and by the procurement of certain false brethren, divers enormous crimes were laid to his charge; such as Treason, Sedition, Murder, and Adultery: To whom *Palmer* answered, that if such crimes might be proved against him, he would patiently submit to all kind of torments. All this while no mention was made of heresy or heretical writings. Their proofs against him were these: *first*, That *Palmer* said, the Queen's sword was not put in her hand to execute tyranny, and to murder the true servants of God. *Item*, That her sword was too blunt toward the Papists, but toward the true Christians too sharp. *Item*, That certain servants of *Sir Francis Knolles*, resorting to his lectures, had fallen out among themselves, and were like to have committed murder. *Item*, That his hostess had written a letter unto him, (which they had intercepted) wherein she required him to return to *Reading*, and sent him her commendations, by the token that the knife lay hid under the beam; whereby they gathered, that she had conspired with him to murder her husband. *Item*, That they found him alone with his hostess by the fire-side in the hall.

When the evidence was given up, the Mayor dismissed them and went to dinner, commanding *Palmer* to the Cage, to make him an open spectacle of ignominy: it being given out, that he was so punished for his evil life. In the afternoon, *Palmer* came to his answer, and did clearly face their evidence, and defend his own innocency, proving also that the said letters were forged by themselves, so that the Mayor himself was much ashamed that he had given such credit to them; so that he sought means how they might convey him out of the country privily. When they saw the matter frame so ill-favourably, fearing that if he should escape, their doing would

bleffing therein. I continued earnestly to ferve God, to the beft of my knowledge, and was always kept from outward fin, and felt much of the love of God. About twenty-five, I married. Then the cares and defires of the world deadened me much for above two years. But in every trouble I ftill called upon God, and he delivered me. Two years fince, I found a defire to go to the preaching, which foon convinced me that I was under the wrath of God. I ufed all the Means, particularly Prayer, in the midft of many fore temptations. But not long after, about Whitsuntide, 1759, God freed me from them by a fenfe of his Love. A month or two after, I felt my inward fins fuch a burden, that I could not eat, or work, or fleep. And my fenfes were almoft gone, for about a fortnight. I was then happy again for two or three months, and then unhappy again through a fenfe of inbred fin, till the firft Saturday in Auguft laft. I was then at my work, when I was filled with fuch love and power, that I could work no longer. My foul was melted with love, the tears ran down my cheeks; and foon after, thefe words came, "I have cleaned thee from all filthinefs of flefh and fpirit," which followed me for a fortnight wherever I went. I thought however, I would tell no body of it: but I could not refrain. I never found any doubt fince, having the Witnefs in myfelf continually. I feel no will, but the Will of God. Even my body feemed renewed as well as my foul. I have a wife and five fmall children; but I have no care about them. I work every day among the wicked; but I am not hurt or hindered by them. I am always happy in God, full of love and peace, and feel no deadnefs or heavinefs, but a continual increafe of loving faith, fpringing up into everlafting life.

Feb. 1758.

An Account of a REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

1. **B**EFORE I was ten years old, I believe God was striving with me by his holy Spirit. I spent many hours in secret, weeping, and praying to the Lord, to take me to himself. I was so much afraid of pride, that I could hardly be persuaded to put on any new clothes, lest they should make me think better of myself; and I had a continual fear of doing or saying any thing to offend God: so that my relations often used to say, "The child is not for this world."

2. But when I was between fourteen and fifteen, I began to keep company with girls of my own age. By this means, I soon grew like them: I was less and less serious, till all the good impressions I had once, were entirely vanished away.

3. When I was near seventeen, God was pleased to stop me in my course, by sending me a severe fit of sickness. I kept my bed for two months; and never thoroughly recovered, till the latter end of December, 1771. I lost the use of my left side. I had all the advice that could be procured, and tried abundance of remedies; but without any effect at all: till at length it was resolved to try, what the Physicians of *Dublin* could do. Here I had the advice of those that were thought the best Physicians, and tried whatever they recommended. But I was no better at all: so I thought it well to return from whence I came.

4. On October 29th, I went on board a small vessel, at *St. George's-Key*. We had in the vessel four mariners, and six women, with one man, and a little child, passengers. We sailed down the Bay, about nine o'clock, in a fair, calm evening. But before nine in the morning, we had a violent storm from the South-West, which rose higher and higher, till before twelve, there was nothing left upon deck, our sails being

being torn to pieces, and the mast carried away. They had shut up all the passengers in the cabin, and could not tell which way they went, as the Compass was washed overboard, so that we were left to the winds and waves. About four, one of the men came down to strike a light; but he could not; for all the tinder was wet. We asked him, "Where we were?" He said, "He could not tell; neither where we were going." Only we all expected every moment, that we should go to the bottom. About nine, it being exceeding dark, the vessel struck upon a rock and stuck fast. Afterwards we knew, it was not very far from the *Calf of Man*, but above a mile from the Isle. The water flowing in apace, three of the men let down the boat: the fourth asked, "Where are you going?" They said, "To save ourselves, if we can." He asked, "And what will you do with the poor Women on board?" They said, "We must leave them to the mercy of God." Nay, said the man, "Whatever becomes of *them*, shall become of *me*." As he spoke, a wave washed the ship off the rock, but with a large hole in the bottom. They fell to pumping with their might, while the wind drove us toward the shore, till we were driven in between two rocks, and stuck quite fast. The mariners then opened the hatches, to let the passengers out: after which, they got down upon the rocks, and helped the women after them. Having no heart to stir, I lay *still* where I was, till they were all gone. Finding I was all alone, I would fain have got out; but I could not. For the boom was fallen across the cabin-door, and quite blocked it up. I then cried with all my might. A man, who was come back for his clothes, hearing the cry, came to the cabin-door, lifted away the boom, and pulled me out. As soon as we were out of the vessel, I suppose not knowing what he did, he laid me down in the water. I immediately sunk. He caught hold of my clothes and swam with me to the rocks, on which he left me half dead. When I was a little revived, I made toward the land, creeping on my hands

and

and knees, over the craggy rocks, though I was sadly torn, and bruised all over. But before I got to the land, there were two rocks that ran across, with a deep cleft between them, filled up with water. I knew nothing of this, till I dropt in headlong. There I must have perished inevitably, had not a man who thought of saving something out of the vessel, come just at the instant, who pulled me out, and would not leave me, till I was on firm land.

5. About twelve o'clock I got to *Castletown*, far less hurt than might have been expected. And for a few days, I was thankful to God, for so wonderful a Deliverance. But I soon gave way to discontent, because of my lameness, till my life was miserable. Yet still the goodness of God was striving with me: and often when I was alone, I had earnest desires to give myself wholly to God; but I knew not how. One time, as I was walking and musing by myself, I thought I heard a loud voice, saying, "If thou seek the Lord, thou shalt be happy." I replied aloud, "If the Lord had made me like other persons, I *would* serve him; but as I am, I am fit for nothing."

6. In March, 1775, Mr. *Crook* came to the Island. The two first times I heard him preach, it made no impression upon me. The third time I went, he preached on those words, "Escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." I thought, he spoke to none but *me*. I trembled all over. I felt myself a guilty sinner, and all my other trouble was swallowed up in this. I continued to hear, and the more I heard, the more my trouble increased, till at last, I was afraid to sleep, lest I should awake in hell. Many times I walked all night in my room, praying and crying bitterly. Yet many times I felt a strange joy, but it did not stay long. And thus, having none to speak to, that understood my case, I struggled on for several months.

7. One Friday night in September, I went to the preaching, with all my load of sin. Something in me answered every

word that was spoken. From eight o'clock that night, till three the next day, I believe no woman in her labour-pains was ever in a greater agony. But *as the lightning shineth from the East to the West*, so was the coming of the Lord to my distressed soul. I fell with my face to the ground, and wept for half an hour. I was filled with joy unspeakable. As soon as I could rise, I went to the Preacher, and told him what the Lord had done for my poor soul. My eyes were full of tears, my mouth full of praise, and my heart full of love. My Lord had given me *beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning*. For two years after, I felt nothing but love; no trial, no temptation, did the adorable Jesus suffer to disturb me, but all were made easy.

8. I was then convinced, that I wanted something still, namely, full Sanctification. And I fought it with all my might, crying day and night, that God would sanctify me wholly. I bless God, that he gave me this too in a moment, purifying me from all sin, and enabling me to present my whole soul and body, a living sacrifice to him. Thus far he hath brought an unworthy worm, and I trust he will be with me to the end.

CATHERINE CORBETT,
Of Castletown, in the Isle of Man.



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

O N D E A T H.

[Continued from page 486.]

THE animal machine is like a clock: the wheels whereof may be in ever so good order, the mechanism compleat in every part, and wound up to the full pitch; yet without some impulse communicated to the pendulum, the whole continues motionless.

Thus

Thus in these accidents, the Solids are whole and elastic, and the juices no otherwise vitiated, than by a short stagnation, from the quiescence of that moving *Something*, which enables matter in animated bodies, to overcome the resistance of the medium it acts in. Inflating the lungs, and thus communicating motion to the heart, like giving the first vibration to a pendulum, enables this *Something* to resume the government of the fabric, and actuate its organs afresh. — It has been suggested, that “a pair of bellows might be applied, better than a man’s mouth.” But, 1. Bellows may not be at hand: 2. The lungs of one man may safely bear as great a force, as the lungs of another can exert, which by the bellows cannot always be determined; 3. The warmth and moisture of the breath may likewise be of use.

But what is properly a *natural Death*? From the very birth, every vessel in the human body grows stiffer and stiffer, by the adhesion of more and more earthly particles to its inner surface. Not only solid food supplies it with these, but every fluid that circulates through it. Hereby more and more of the small vessels are so filled up, as to be no longer pervious. In proportion, the coats of the larger vessels grow harder, and their cavities narrower. Hence the dryness and stiffness of all the parts, which are observable in old age. By this means, more and more of the vessels are destroyed, the finer fluids secreted in less quantity, the concoctions weakened, and the reparation of the decayed and injured parts prevented. So that only the coarser juices continue to run slowly through the larger vessels. Soon these also not only become narrow, but stiff, bony, and unelastic, till even the great artery having lost its spring, can propel the blood no longer. And then follows death by old age, which is a purely *natural death*. But this is a very rare case; it is seldom life is so long protracted, the lamp of life being easily blown out, when it burns with so feeble a flame. So that the age of man seldom exceeds three-score years and ten, before dust returns to dust.

The term of life can be prolonged but a very little time, by any art we can use. A few only have lived beyond the ordinary duration of human existence; such as *Parre*, and *Jenkins*: yet these men used no peculiar arts to prolong life; on the contrary, they were peasants, accustomed to the greatest fatigues, and who had no settled rules. Indeed, if we consider that the *European*, the *Negro*, the *Chinese*, and the *American*, the civilized man, and the *Savage*, the rich and the poor, the inhabitant of the city, and of the country, though all so different in other respects, are yet entirely similar in the period allotted them for living; if we consider that neither the difference of race, of climate, of nourishment, of convenience, or of soil, makes any difference in the term of life; if we consider that those men, who live upon raw flesh, or dried fishes, upon sage or rice, upon cassava, or upon roots, nevertheless live as long as those who are fed upon bread and meat; we shall readily acknowledge, that the duration of life depends neither upon habit, customs, nor the quantity of food, and that nothing can change the laws of that mechanism, which regulates the number of our years.

If there be any difference in the different periods of man's existence, it ought principally to be ascribed to the quality of the air. It has been observed, that in elevated situations there have been found more old people than in those that were low. The mountains of *Scotland*, *Wales*, *Auvergne*, and *Switzerland*, have furnished more instances of extreme old age, than the plains of *Holland*, *Flanders*, *Germany*, or *Poland*. But, in general, the duration of life is nearly the same in most countries. Man, if not cut off by accidental diseases, is generally found to live ninety or a hundred years. Our ancestors did not live beyond that date; and, since the times of *David*, this term has made but little alteration.

If we be asked how, in the beginning, men lived so much longer than at present, and by what means their lives were extended to nine hundred and thirty, or even nine hundred
and

and sixty years, it may be answered, that the productions of the earth, upon which they fed, might be of a different nature at that time, from what they are at present. But perhaps it is better to say, that the term was abridged by divine command, in order to keep the earth from being over-stocked with human inhabitants; since, if every person were now to live and generate for nine hundred years, mankind would be increased to such a degree, that there would be no room for subsistence: so that the plan of Providence would be altered; which is seen not to produce life, without providing a proper supply!

But to whatever extent life may be prolonged, or however some may have delayed the effects of age, death is the certain goal to which all are hastening. All the causes of decay, which have been mentioned, contribute to bring on this dreaded dissolution. However, nature approaches to this awful period, by slow and imperceptible degrees, life is consuming day after day, and some one of our faculties, or vital principles, is every hour dying before the rest; so that death is only the last shade in the picture: and it is propable, that man suffers a greater change in going from youth to age, than from age into the grave. When we first begin to live, our lives may scarcely be said to be our own; as the child grows, life increases in the same proportion, and is at its height in the prime of manhood. But as soon as the body begins to decrease, life decreases also; for, as the human frame diminishes, and its juices circulate in smaller quantity, life diminishes and circulates with less vigour: so that as we begin to live by degrees, we begin to die in the same manner.

Why then should we fear *Death*, if our lives have been such as not to make *Eternity* dreadful? Why should we fear that moment which is prepared by a thousand other moments of the same kind, the first pangs of sickness being probably greater than the last struggles of departure. Death, in most persons, is as calmly endured, as the disorder that brings it on.

If

If we enquire from those, whose business it is to attend the sick and the dying, we shall find, that, except in a very few acute cases, where the patient dies in agonies, the greatest number die quietly, and seemingly without pain. And even the agonies of the former rather terrify the spectators, than torment the patient; for how many have we not seen, who have been accidentally relieved from this extremity, and yet had no memory of what they then endured? In fact, they had ceased to live, during that time when they ceased to have sensation: and their pains were only those of which they had an idea.

[*To be continued.*]

REFLECTIONS *on the SABBATH-DAY: extracted from a Book, wrote a hundred and seventy Years ago.*

TO sanctify the Sabbath, or the Seventh Day, is not (as some warmly imagine) a ceremonial Law abrogated; but the moral and perpetual Law of God perfected. So that the same perpetual commandments which bound the Jews to keep the sabbath, as a memorial of the World's Creation, binds Christians to solemnize the Sabbath, in memorial of the World's Redemption. For the fourth Commandment, being a moral law, requireth a seventh day to be kept holy for ever. That this Commandment is moral and perpetual, may appear by these reasons.

1. Because all the reasons of this Commandment are moral and perpetual. And God hath bound us to obey this Commandment, with more forcible reasons than to any of the rest; first, because he foresaw, that irreligious men would either more carelessly neglect, or more boldly break this Commandment than any other: secondly, because with the practice of this, the keeping of all the others is so closely connected.

And

And it is certain, he who makes no conscience of breaking the Sabbath, will make no conscience of breaking any of the Commandments. Therefore God places this Commandment in the midst of the two tables; because the keeping it is the best help to the keeping of all the rest. The conscientious keeping of the Sabbath, is the mother of all Religion. Take away the Sabbath, and let every man serve God when he listeth, and what will shortly become of Religion? He is not far from true Piety, who maketh conscience of keeping the sabbath-day. But he who can dispense with keeping the Sabbath, either for profit or pleasure, his heart never felt, what either the fear of God, or true Religion meaneth. Since then God has fenced this Commandment with so many moral reasons, it is evident the Commandment itself is Moral.

2. Because it was given of God to Adam in innocence: while (holding his happiness, not by Faith in Christ's merits, but by Obedience to God's Law) he needed no Ceremony, shadowing the Redemption of Christ. The Sabbath therefore, cannot be simply a Ceremony, but an essential part of God's worship. And if it was necessary for our first Parents to have a sabbath-day, to serve God in their perfection, much more need have their posterity to keep the sabbath in the state of their corruption.

3. Because it is one of the Commandments which God wrote in tables of stone, to signify their authority and perpetuity. All that God wrote were moral and perpetual Commandments: the ceremonial, which were to be abrogated, were all written by *Moses*, Deut. iv. 2. But this of the Sabbath, with the other Nine, written by God himself, were put into the Ark, (where no ceremonial Law was put) to shew they should be the perpetual Rules of the Church.

4. Because Christ professes, that he *came not to destroy the (moral) law*: and that *whosoever breaketh one of the least of these commandments, shall be the least in the kingdom of heaven; that is, shall not enter therein.* Now this law commands one day

day in seven to be kept as a holy sabbath. And Christ expressly mentions the keeping of a Sabbath among Christians, at the destruction of Jerusalem; by which time all the Mosaic Ceremonies were abolished, by a public decree of all the Apostles. *Pray ye, said he, that your flight be not in the winter, nor on the sabbath-day. Not in the winter; because it would be more painful and troublesome; not on the sabbath; because it would be grievous to them, to spend that day in toiling to save their lives, which should be spent in holy exercises to comfort their souls.*

5. Because all the ceremonial Laws were enjoined to the Jews only, not the Gentiles. But this Commandment was instituted, when there was but one state of all men, and therefore enjoined to Gentiles as well as Jews. All the Ceremonies were a partition-wall, to separate Jews from Gentiles. But seeing the Gentiles were bound to keep this commandment as well as the Jews, it is evident that it is no Jewish Ceremony.

6. Because as God by a perpetual Decree made the Sun, the Moon, and other lights in the firmament of Heaven, not only to divide the day from the night, but also to be for signs and for seasons, and for years: so he ordained in the Church on earth, the Sabbath to be not only the appointed season for his solemn worship, but also the perpetual Rule and Measure of time. So that as seven days make a week, seven years make a sabbath of years; seven sabbath of years, the grand sabbatic year, or year of Jubilee.

7. Because the whole Church, by an universal consent, ever since the time of the Apostles, have held the Commandment of the sabbath to be the moral and perpetual law of God; and the keeping of the sabbath on the first day of the week, to be the institution of our Lord. Indeed hereby he only brought back the Sabbath-day to its original institution. For whoever carefully considers the 16th chapter of *Exodus*, will easily discern, that the day on which the Sabbath had been observed

observed ever since the beginning of the world, namely, the seventh from the Creation was then altered, in memory of the deliverance of the Israelites out of the Egyptian-bondage. But when the Jewish Dispensation was at an end, it was brought back to the true Seventh-day, in memory, as of the Creation, so of a far greater deliverance than that of Israel out of the land of Egypt.

8. Because the Lord himself expounds the end of the Sabbath to be, *a sign for ever, betwixt him and his people, that he is Jehovah, by whom they are sanctified*, Exod. xxxi. 13. Ezek. xx. 12. But this end is moral and perpetual. And what God hath sanctified, let no man presume to make common. Upon this ground it is, that the commandment terms this day, *the sabbath of the Lord thy God*. And God calls it *my holy-day*. And upon the same ground, the Old Testament consecrated all their sabbath and holy days to the worship of God alone.

9. Perhaps one might add, The Examples of God's judgments on notorious Sabbath-breakers, sufficiently shew, how highly God is displeas'd at wilful profaners of the Lord's-day.

To wave other instances. *Stratford upon Avon* was long famous for eminent profanation of the Lord's-day. And twice on the same day twelvemonth (being the Lord's-day) it was almost consumed by fire.

Tiverton, in Devonshire, was often admonish'd, That God would bring some heavy judgment upon that town, for their notorious profanation of the Sabbath; (occasioned, chiefly by their keeping the market on the day following.) On the third of April, 1598, God, in less than half an hour, consumed with a sudden and fearful fire, the whole town, except only the Church, the Court-house, the Alms-houses, and a few poor cottages. And now again, on the fifth of August last, 1612, it was all consumed, except the Alms-houses, the School-house, and thirty little houses.

Thus have we proved, that the commandment of observing the Sabbath-day, is not Ceremonial; but Moral; and consequently is not abrogated with the Ceremonial Law, but of perpetual obligation.

But it is objected, 1. St. Paul says to the *Galatians*, *Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years.* I answer, the Apostle does not here condemn the observation of the Christian-Sabbath-day: but speaks of the Jewish days, and times, and years, which he terms *shadows of things to come*, Col. ii. 17; and which, since Christ, the substance is come, are now totally abolished.

2. It is objected, secondly, that St. Paul says to the *Colossians*, *Let no man condemn you in meet, or drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath-days.* We answer, Here also the Apostle means the Jewish Ceremonial Sabbath, not the Christian-Lord's-day.

3. But the same Apostle says to the *Romans*, *This man esteemeth one day above another; another counteth every day alike.* The question is here merely between the *stronger* and *weaker* Christians. The weaker, scrupled laying aside the Jewish Ceremonies, and therefore still observed the Jewish New Moons and other Festivals. The stronger Christians knew that these were abolished, and therefore regarded them only as common days. But this has no reference to the Sabbath, which was instituted before the Ceremonial Law was in being.



THOUGHTS on the propriety of the Methodists attending divine Service in the Church of England. By the late Mr. SAMUEL WELLS.

MY intention is to exhort those who are already Members of the Church of England, to continue in the use of her Public Worship. This I shall attempt,

First,

First, By enquiring into the principal intentions of Public Worship: and secondly, By answering the Objectons that are usually made by such Methodists as incline to renounce her Service and Communion.

1. What are the principal intentions of Public Worship?

God has ordained it, to impress on the minds of mankind, a general idea of our duty to Him. If we were not to assemble together, and pay Him some kind of worship, it is certain the greater part of mankind, would become as insensible of Him and his Attributes, as the wildest Indians,

By this means also, people are led to consider themselves accountable for their actions, in a future state, to think of the immortality of the soul, and the certainty of eternal rewards and punishments.

Now, God has, by his wise and gracious Providence, given us, in the Church-Service, the truth of the everlasting Gospel; both as the Scriptures are read in the vulgar tongue, and as the Common-prayer contains the doctrine delivered by our Lord and his Apostles. The advantage of a Form of Prayer, in this respect, is of great use: for men of corrupt minds, who may at any time officiate as Ministers, have it not in their power to deprive the people of the pure Word of God.

By Public Worship likewise, God intended to impress the minds of men with a regard for the Sabbath, which, were it not for this, would, by the greater part, be totally disregarded: by this means also, thousands of young people are restrained from evil company, who would otherwise devote the day to idleness and vice.

Public Worship is intended for the conviction and conversion of sinners. And an attendance on this, as well as a receiving the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, is intended as a principal means of building up Saints in their most holy Faith.

Now, these intentions cannot be answered so well, by any other method, as by our attending the public Worship.

I will now endeavour to answer the usual objections, that are raised, to justify our neglect of it.

It is objected, I. "The worship of the church of *England* promotes superstition, rather than Religion: the people think to save themselves by going to Church; saying their Prayers; and receiving the Sacrament."

I answer: in some, it does; but that is not its natural consequence. *You* need not be superstitious: *you* need have no wrong idea of God, by going to Church. Indeed you will not, or any one else, if you pay a proper regard to the words of the Common-Prayer; for the very vitals of pure and undefiled Religion are therein contained. The Abuse of the thing, is no reason for rejecting the Use of it. But indeed it is better even to worship God superstitiously, than not worship him at all.

Objection II. "But what sense of God, do the general part of Church-worshippers discover? Do they not appear as unconscious of God, even at Church, as if there were no God?"

Indeed it is lamentable to see how much truth there is in this Objection. Certainly such worshippers, (if we may call them worshippers,) are very common; but yet all are not such; nor need you to be such. You may go and set them a better pattern; perhaps your behaviour may so affect some of them, that they may be brought to repentance. I wish every one would well consider this circumstance. Is it not an important one? If you really have the love of God and your neighbour, one would think it should induce you, to do all you can, with a good conscience, to forward your neighbour's salvation; but if you renounce all religious connexion with him, you will lose almost all means and opportunities of doing him good.

Objection III. "But by going to Church, do you expect a sense of the soul's immortality, and of a future state of rewards
and

and punishments will be promoted? Are not the Ministers of the Church shamefully negligent in endeavouring to promote the knowledge of these things?"

• However careless about the matter many may be, yet certainly, if there was no public, national worship, the minds of men would be far less sensible of these things. We should, if it were not for these, and such like advantages, be mere Heathens.

Objection IV. "But how shall going to Church, instruct or confirm any one in the truths of the Gospel? Are they not as often denied, as preached there?"

• If any Minister deny, in his preaching, the sacred truth of God's word, we can appeal to the Bible, and the Common-prayer, which he cannot alter, or deprive us of. And if sometimes a point of doctrine is denied, or improperly defended, yet there are few Sermons wherein something instructive, is not contained.

Objection V. "But who profane the Sabbath more than Church-people?"

Though many go to Church, and as soon as the service is over, profane the Lord's-day, you may do otherwise; you may bring up your family to worship God in the house of prayer, and sanctify every hour of the day to the service of his Name.

[To be continued.]

THOUGHTS on PERFECTION.

[By Mr. J. B.]

I Have long thought of offering a few Remarks on a certain subject; but from a conviction of my ignorance, and want of experience in such deep things of God, I have deferred my design till now: and I should probably have deferred

deferred it longer, had not the many instances of misconduct in the Professors of Christian-Perfection convinced me, that it was highly necessary some farther steps should be taken, to prevent such abuses of one of the most precious doctrines of the Gospel.

2. How these abuses might gradually prevail, even in persons who had experienced a high degree of grace, is easy to conceive. The Enemy might first tempt them to look at their great attainments: and this, not with a view to lay them low, under a sense of their great unworthiness, and inflame their gratitude to Him who had done so much for them; but to excite self-compacency in them. They might then yield to the temptation; and grieve the holy Spirit of God. If they did, his light would be obscured, and his comforts withdrawn. Now this should have alarmed them: but being confident that all sin was rooted out of their hearts; they were not alarmed; but rather sunk into a lukewarm and indolent state. Hence *false peace*, and its inseparable attendant, *unwatchfulness*. The Spirit of God being now more grieved than before, withdrew his sacred influences. Thus being stripped of their strength, they became weak as other men, and open to every temptation. They were then led captive by the Devil at his will, and fell into outward sin.

3. Now, if it was in some such way, that several, for whom God had done such great things, have fallen; if they gave way, first to Pride, next to Unwatchfulness, and then to Lukewarmness and Indolence, till, being again forsaken of God, they were capable of committing Uncleanness with greediness; it will not be difficult to point out what steps ought to be taken, in order to prevent this deplorable evil.

4. And first, granting, as we certainly must, if we believe the Bible, that the Lord Jesus was manifested to *take away our sins, all our sins*, and to *destroy the works of the devil*; and allowing *Christian-Perfection* to imply an *extirpation* of all sin; it is necessary, in order to prevent those who experience

rience

rience it from being puffed up, to inform them in what sense sin is, and in what sense it is not rooted out. To inform them, that though they are now freed from every sinful temper, word and work; from every desire and pursuit contrary to the love of God; yet, first, their thoughts and affections, dispositions, and actions cannot bear to be examined by the strict justice of God. Secondly, That being still in the body, the seat of various animal appetites and passions, which we cannot lay aside till death, they have still their animal nature, (as well as the devil and the world) to guard against. And that therefore, thirdly, The whole of that deliverance from sin, depends on the constant indwelling of the Holy Ghost; who if they grieve, so that he withdraw from them, their animal nature, (to say nothing of the devil and the world) will again prevail; and they will find all their corruptions, re-enter.

5. Now as the first of these observations lays a deep foundation for Humility, so do the two following for Watchfulness; for as He has great reason to be *humble*, who is every day coming short of the glory of God, even of his glorious likeness, and perfect will; so has He great need to *watch* continually, who is not only surrounded with enemies from *without*, but has an animal nature *within*; whose appetites and passions have been, and, when not restrained by grace, will ever be sources of much sin and misery in the world. And if I mistake not, the following particulars will strike at the root of Lukewarmness and Indolence, so incident to those who think they have attained, and will lay a foundation equally firm for fervency of spirit and diligence in action; for hungering and thirsting after Righteousness, and for labouring for the meat that endureth to eternal life, as though we had hitherto attained nothing.

6. Granting, secondly, As we certainly must, that the Lord hath promised to *circumcise our heart, so that we shall love him*
with

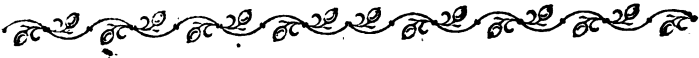
with all our heart: ought not those who experience it, to be continually taught, That *no bounds* can be set to the love of God; but that those who love him with *all their heart*, may have their vessel still enlarged, so as to contain *more love*; and that those who love Him *perfectly*, may love him *more perfectly* still? Thus will the flame of holy Desire be kept alive in their soul; and, notwithstanding all they have received, they will still be able to say,

“ A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, and pant for more.”

7. Again, thirdly, Granting it is the will of God that we should be *perfect* Christians, having in us all the mind of Christ, and walking as he also walked; ought not those who profess this Perfection, to be put in mind, that God hath predestinated them to be conformed, *entirely conformed*, to the image of his Son; so as to be *perfect images* of Jesus Christ, even as He is the *perfect* and *express image* of his Father; to represent the Lord Jesus to the world, even as He represents the Father to the Church? That as all the Perfections of the indwelling Godhead shine forth with effulgent brightness through the man Christ Jesus, so all the graces that adorned his humanity may appear conspicuously in their temper and conduct: discovering to all, that they have not only *Christ in them* the hope of glory, but are arrived at the measure of the stature of his fulness, being *perfect men in Him*? And ought they not therefore to be assured that they have still need to adopt the Apostle's words, “Not as though I had already attained, or were already perfected,” inasmuch as they have not attained as great a degree of humility, meekness, love, &c. as dwelt in the Son of God, and are not yet *as compleat in the whole will of God*, and *as perfect*, and *entire*, *lacking nothing*, as he was; much less are they *entirely holy*, as he that hath called them is holy; and *perfect as their*
Father

Father in heaven is perfect : and that therefore having not yet arrived at the mark set before them, they have as much need as ever to forget the things behind, and press on to the things before, till being matured in grace, they are fit to receive the prize of their high calling ?

8. Once more : Allowing, what (I think) neither Reason nor scripture forbids us to allow, that God *may*, and that he often *does, instantaneously* so baptize a soul with the Holy Ghost and with fire, as to purify it from all dross, and refine it like gold, so that it is *renewed in love*, in *pure* and *perfect* love, as it never was before ; yet ought not those who have experienced this, to be repeatedly told, 1. That there is a further, and still further renewal to be experienced *day by day*, 2 Cor. iv. 16. As long as we are in the body, even a gradual growing up into Christ our living Head in all things, till we are filled with the fulness of God : and 2. That they have got *in them* this power from on high, that they may fulfil the will of God in *all good works* : that they are filled with this sap of grace, in order to this grand end, that they may bring forth *outward fruit* ; and therefore, 3. That they ought chiefly to judge of their state by their fruitfulness, by their obedience to the whole will of God, by their improvement of their time and talents for God, by doing, as they have opportunity, all possible good unto all men, unto their bodies and souls, and by thrusting as many good works into every hour as they possibly can. And if this outward holiness, as well as the internal love from whence it springs, is to be included (as it certainly is) in the notion of Christian Perfection, who dares say he has fully attained ? Who, in the evening, upon a review of the whole day, will not see he might have filled up his time better in one respect or another ? might have managed *this* conversation, done *this* work, employed *this* hour to greater purpose ; and above all, that he might have been more full of *zeal for the glory of God and the good of mankind* : and might have laboured still more for the advancement of the one and the other ?



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CLXXXVII.

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

May 5, 1761.

Dear Sir,

IF one who has so much more grace than me was deceived, how can I stand against all the snares thrown in my way? I have no security but this: I am all weakness: Christ is all strength. I dare not look forward in any thing: I only judge for this moment. O pray for me, that the Lord may teach me in all things! The ways of God are past finding out: may his dear Will be done!

In order to obtain the blessed *fruit* of love, your surest way is, first to get the *Root*. It is the Will of God, you should *now* receive it; and then, all the rest will follow. O let us look to Jesus! He knows our inmost soul, and he will heal our every wound. Do you fear you have not begun to be a Christian? O how dreadfully did I fear this, the last quarter of an hour before the Lord gave me the great blessing! Continually was Satan darting that at me, "Thou art not justified!" For a time it much discouraged me. But I found the readiest way was, to go immediately to Jesus, and say, (whether I could *feel* it or not, "I cast me afresh on thy atoning blood. I *will* trust in it; and if I perish, I will perish at thy feet! I *will* believe; for I am thine." I held to this, whatever Satan could say. And this going continually to Christ, is all we want in every state. Were you ever so polluted, wash in the all-cleansing blood, and you shall be white as snow. O fly every
moment

moment to your Ark! I know the Lord is nigh to bless you. Cast yourself, again and again, on that precious blood that flowed so freely for you! Claim *your* Saviour! He is all your own: he hath given himself for *you*! Yea, his very life he did not with-hold, but bought *your holiness* with blood divine.

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R CLXXXVIII.

[From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Feb. 26, 1760.

Dear Sir,

IN compliance with your request, I endeavour to answer your Questions, though these are things better felt than exprest. I do see God continually by the eye of Faith, though not as a human person: but I have at times an evidence of the glorious person of our ever-blessed Saviour. What I conceive of God is inexpressibly great: all the praise my tongue can give is nothing. I love and adore God for his Holiness: though not for that only. No clouds ever arise, to obscure my sight of God. When I am ever so closely beset, either with inward or outward enemies, I know as well where and how I am, as when I am most at rest. Yet I then find need of more immediate watchfulness, from a sense of Satan's strength and my weakness. I never found the eye of my soul grow dim, since the Lord gave me a single eye. I see him as clearly as I see the sun at noon-day: I see him in the sun, in the firmament, in all the Creation. I trust, I have learnt the happy lesson, to see God in all things, and all things in God.

I am as well assured of invisible, and eternal things, such as are revealed in the written word, as I am of any visible thing,

of any thing I now see with my eyes. I do not understand the terms, "Walking in Eternity:" but I know, I have no connexion with this world. And yet I know, I am in the place where the Lord would have me to be, as much as those happier spirits are, who continually behold his glory. I am sensible, there is but one general church of the first-born, one innumerable company, of which I humbly trust I am one. Blessed be his Name, I can trust him, and that absolutely with my soul and my body! Glory be to God for his unspeakable Gift!

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and loving Sister,

RUTH HALL.

L E T T E R CLXXXIX.

[From the same.]

April 18, 1760.

Dear Sir,

I Hope this will find you safe arrived in —, and doing the will of him that sent you. I had not an opportunity of writing to you before; but trust it may be as acceptable now. I can very freely tell you all that is in my heart, without fear or reserve. Surely it is the gift of God, over-ruling the closeness of my natural temper. He has given to several of his dear children, that they can have an entire confidence in me. And if he who is infinite in wisdom, sees it will answer a good end, he will bestow the same more abundantly upon you. I can truly say, I always speak and write in the simplicity of my heart. I care not if there was a window in my breast, that all might see the motives of my every action. But there are thousands of things which must be left, till the judgment of the Great Day.

There

There are many that meet you daily at the Throne of Grace, where the oftener you go, the more welcome you are. God shall deliver you from every snare, and preserve you to his heavenly kingdom. I have many a time proved, that all things works together for good to them that love God: whether sickness, or pain, or loss of friends, or whatever else he permits to befall us. I do, by grace, cast all my care upon him: and sometimes I find particular answers to Prayer. But I see, all I enjoy, both spiritual and temporal, is for Christ's sake alone.

I feel a hope full of immortality, and a measure of holiness. But I know, I must be abundantly more holy, before I am fully meet to mingle with just men made perfect, in the regions of bliss and glory. I do not so long for it, as to have one wish, one desire to be there now. I rejoice to do and suffer the will of God on earth, so long as he pleases.

Dear Sir, Let the many snares that are laid for your feet, stir you up to more abundant watchfulness and prayer: that you may rise superior to your every foe, and God may be glorified in your body and in your spirit.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and loving Sister,

RUTH HALL,

L E T T E R CXC.

[From the same.]

May 30, 1760.

Dear Sir,

I Hope your love will pardon my seeming neglect, in not answering you sooner. I was much affected with the trial you mention; but it is difficult to write, unless I knew the particulars. And even then I should be utterly insufficient for the task. But this I know, if temptations increase, God will give a proportionable increase of strength.

You

You are set as a Mark for the devil and his children to shoot at, and that in every kind. You may expect it. And who would not be willing, yea, more than willing, to bear all that men and devils can lay upon them, to have such fruit of their ministry, as God is pleased to bless you with? I trust, nothing will be able to induce you to shrink in any measure from the work that God hath set before you. My continual prayer to God is, that you may be, not only preserved, but blessed and strengthened, and made more than conqueror. O that sympathy of spirit! O that bearing one anothers burdens! Who can conceive it but they that feel it? I pray God to fulfil in me the prayer and desire of your soul. I trust he will still keep me a little child, and yet make me a Father in Christ. I cannot find, upon the closest examination, any decay in my love to God, or that I love him less at one time than another. I am now, and always, happy in God. Love him less! No, I cannot. Every repeated instance of his goodness, creates in me stronger returns of thankfulness and adoration, till I am many times lost in wonder, love and praise.

Time seems to me to fly exceeding swift. I see, we are on the brink of eternity: and therefore long to make the very best use of the present moment. I find sometimes a kind of heaviness through temptations, but no fainting in my mind. Yet I have sometimes found, as if my mind would have cleaved too much to those that excel in virtue. But the Lord, by some blessed means or other, prevents it; so that in some sense, I stand alone, as though there were only God and myself in the world.

O pray for me, that he may fulfil in me all the good pleasure of his will, and make me just what he would have me to be!

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and loving Sister,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER

L E T T E R CXCI.

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

May 14, 1757.

Honoured Sir,

I Do not forget you, but bear you ever on my heart before the Lord. I often find communion with you, though absent in body. O the length of the love of Christ! It reaches through earth's remotest bounds, uniting the children of God in one, and joining earth to heaven. I find no desire to speak any thing of myself: but because I believe it my duty, therefore I do it. Yet properly, it is not of myself, but of God: for I am nothing; God is all in all! And such he is to me: he is all my desire, all my hope, joy, love, delight. Yea, the Three-One God, is my heaven on earth, and will be so for ever.

The entire resignation I feel, is that from which my greatest happiness flows. But this does not at all hinder my enjoying God, first in his children, then in the least of his mercies. The constant aim of my soul is, to give glory to God in the highest, and to establish peace and good-will among men: yet am I fully willing, that all I say or do should be set at nought, and forgotten by God and man.

From the relation I stand in to my heavenly Father, I best conceive the relation I am in to you: and therefore cannot but long, that you may increase, though I should decrease. And O! permit me, from the fulness of my heart to speak: I know the Lord Jesus loves you, and that you are a chosen Vessel unto him, separated to plant and establish his Gospel. And viewing you in this character, I am not worthy to unloose the latchet of your shoes. But if I may take the liberty to speak, as to a Christian Friend, I may ask, Do you love the Lord Jesus more than any person or thing? Do you find more
happiness

happinefs in thinking or fpeaking of him, than in thinking or fpeaking of any creature? Does your foul delight in him? This is what my foul defires for you: and I pray, that whatever is a hinderance to it, may be removed; and that you may be kept reftlefs, till the full image of God be ftamp't upon your heart! I fhall acknowledge it a favour, to have a Line from you: I defire you will continue to inftruct, exhort, reprove, and pray for your affectionate, though unworthy Daughter in Chrift,

S. C——.

L E T T E R CXCII.

[*From the fame.*]

June 18, 1751.

Honoured Sir,

MY foul muft ceafe to love God, before I ceafe to pray for you. There are heights and depths in the Lord Jefus, that I cannot comprehend. Neither have I apprehended That for which I am apprehended of Chrift Jefus: but this one thing I do; forgetting the things behind, I reach forth to thofe before, and am ftill determined, nothing lefs than All fhall fatisfy my foul. I find my love rifes higher, and finks dee e into him, in whom dwells all the fulnefs of the Godhead bodily. O I long to be

“ Plunged in the Godhead’s deepeft fea,
And loft in his immenfty !”

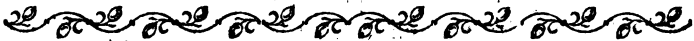
The Lord has lately given me a larger manifeftation of himfelf, from which I find a fuller union with him. O who can explain the myftery? The more I have, the lefs I feem to have: the ftonger I am, the more deeplly fenfible am I of my own

own weakness. The more I know of God, the more I see, that I know nothing of him in comparison. Yet does my soul centre in him, and rest in him continually. And yet I cannot rest; for I seem but just beginning to be a Christian. Let not me, who have just put on the harness, boast like them who are putting it off.

I am fully employed for my Lord; but do daily get time for meditation and prayer. I am more persuaded than ever, that nothing shall, for one moment, hinder the Lord Jesus from loving me, or my soul from loving him, in time or eternity.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Child,

S. C.—



P O E T R Y.

A D Y I N G S P E E C H.

[By Dr. Byron.]

IN this unhappily divided state,
 That Christian-churches have been in of late,
 One must, however catholic the heart,
 Join and conform to some divided part.
 The *Church of England* is the part that I,
 Have always lived in, and now choose to die;
 Trusting, that if I worship God with her,
 In spirit and in truth, I shall not err,
 But as acceptable to him be found
 As if in times for one pure Church renowned,
 Born, I had also lived in heart and soul,
 A faithful Member of the unbroken Whole.

As I am now, by God's good-will to go
 From this disorder'd state of things below ;
 Into his hands as I am now to fall,
 Who is the great Creator of us all ;
 God of all Churches that implore his aid,
 Lover of all the souls that he hath made ;
 Whose kingdom, that of uniyersal Love,
 Must have its blest inhabitants above,
 From every class of men, from all the good,
 Howe'er descended from one human blood ;
 So in this loving spirit I desire,
 As in the midst of all their sacred quire,
 With rites prescrib'd, and with a Christian-view,
 Of all the world to take my last adieu ;
 Willing in heart and spirit to unite
 With ev'ry Church in what is just and right,
 Holy and good, and worthy, in its kind,
 Of God's acceptancę from an honest mind :
 Praying, that ev'ry Church may have its Saints,
 And rise to that perfection which it wants.

Father! *thy kingdom come!* thy sacred will
 May all the Tribes of earth with joy fulfil :
 Thy Name be prais'd by ev'ry living breath,
 Author of Life, and Vanquisher of Death.

From the O L N E Y C O L L E C T I O N .

The Believer's safety. Psa. xcii.

THAT man no guard or weapon needs,
 Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows ;
 But safe may pass, if duty leads,
 Through burning sands or mountain-snows.

Released

Releas'd from guilt he feels no fear,
 Redemption is his shield and tower;
 He sees his Saviour always near
 To help, in every trying hour.

Though I am weak, and Satan strong,
 And often to assault me tries;
 When Jesus is my shield and song,
 Abash'd the wolf before me flies.

His love possessing I am blest,
 Secure whatever change may come;
 Whether I go to East or West,
 With him I still shall be at home.

If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
 Though winter reigns with rigor there;
 His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
 And make a spring throughout the year.

Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil,
 My lonely dwelling ere should prove;
 His presence would support my toil,
 Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

An E L E G Y *on* E V E N I N G.

HAIL! sober Eve, whose robe of dusky gray,
 Each blooming verdant landscape doth invest,
 Hush'd is the rude tumultuous glare of day;
 And veil'd those flowery scenes that charm'd my breast.

Where now the Shepherd, who at ease reclin'd
 On some green turf, beside yon tinkling rills?
 Where now the breeze, rais'd by the Western-wind?
 Where now the cattle on a thousand hills?

A solemn shade eclipses Nature's Face ;
 The tuneful tribes in artful nests are laid ;
 Each shepherd with his cattle finds a place,
 Where toil, by balmy sleep is well repaid :

Sweet sleep ! inspiring dreams of harmless kind,
 Where no ambitious, fretful care annoys,
 Nor scene luxurious cloy the fated mind,
 Which Nature's purest genuine bliss destroys.

For seldom does the luckless Monarch taste,
 Such pure, untainted bliss within his breast,
 As doth the virtuous Shepherd on the waste,
 When noon-day heats lull all his frame to rest.

Vain then, the keen pursuit of Fortune's plume !
 And vain the glittering honours earth bestows,
 Unless they to the owner's breast become
 A true perennial source of calm repose.

But, ah ! 'tis seldom Honours can impart,
 Such true celestial comforts to the breast ;
 Can whisper sweet contentment to the heart,
 Or lull discordant Passions into rest.

Then let this solemn truth invade your ear,
 Ye gaudy tribes that grasp at power and fame,
 That push with boldness to bring up the rear,
 Of those that toil to gain a mighty name :

That earth-born trifles ne'er can bless the mind ;
 Like visionary shadows quick they pass ;
 By such the soul is often hurt, we find,
 As breathing dims the lustre of the glass.

For what, alas! is all the power, the wealth,
 That earth can yield? How empty is the whole,
 Join'd to illustrious Parentage and Health,
 When put in ballance with the immortal soul!

For these shall moulder, perish, and decay;
 And ruin o'er creation's face shall come:
 But when the sun and stars shall fade away,
 The soul shall boast an uncorrupted bloom.

Alas! how empty then our hopes and fears,
 For fanci'd ills, which seldom do molest!
 Why wish for Transport in this vale of Tears,
 Or let its absence discompose our breast?

What though the blustering Storms of Life arise,
 And grief usurp fair Joy's alluring place!
 A milder scene awaits us in the skies,
 Where sin dare never show its odious face,

The soul that keeps this glorious prize in view,
 Superior mounts above each trifling aim,
 The Hydra-forms of vice strives to subdue,
 And onward moves towards heav'n, from whence it came.

Hail Night! thou gentle, emblematic shade,
 Of that tremendous Period fixed by God,
 When drear Forgetfulness shall veil the dead,
 And Fame be lost beneath the verdant sod.

This ends the Race of feeble Man below:
 Nor Power, nor Honour, Fame, nor youthful Bloom,
 Can gain a respite from the dreadful blow,
 'Tis Virtue only triumphs o'er the Tomb.

An O D E to S P R I N G.

[By Miss F.]

HAIL, genial goddess, blooming Spring!
 Thy blest return, O let me sing,
 And aid my languid lays;
 Let me not sink in sloth supine,
 While all Creation, at thy shrine,
 Its annual tribute pays.

Escaped from Winter's freezing powers,
 Each blossom greets thee, and each flower;
 But foremost of the train,
 By Nature, (artless hand-maid!) drest,
 The snow-drop comes in lilléd vest,
 Phrophetic of thy reign.

The Lark now strains his warbling throat,
 While evéry loud and sprightly note
 Calls Echo from her cell.
 Be warnéd ye fair that listen round,
 A beauteous Maid became a found,
 A Maid who lovéd too well.

The bright-haired Sun with warmth benign,
 Bids Tree, and Shrub, and swelling Vine,
 Their infant-buds display:
 Again the streams refresh the plains,
 Which Winter bound in icy chains
 And sparkling blefs his ray.

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,
 And instant glows thé enamelléd ground,

With

With Nature's varied hues :
 Not so returns our youth decayed,
 Alas! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
 The spring of life renews.

The Sun's too quick revolving beam
 Will soon disclose the human Dream,
 And bring the appointed hour :
 Too late we catch the parting ray,
 And mourn the idly-wasted day,
 No longer in our power.

Then happiest he whose lengthened fight
 Pursues, by Virtue's constant light,
 A Hope beyond the skies ;
 Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,
 But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
 And Suns eternal rise.

For L O V E.

O Love, thou sovèrign Good unknown!
 Anxious I wait for thee alone,
 Before I take my flight ;
 Before I *can* depart in peace,
 Or hope for endless happiness,
 In a new world of light.

Joyful I fly this moment hence,
 Meet for my rich inheritance,
 If thou thyself impart :
 Salvation sure in thee is given ;
 My perfect peace, my present heaven,
 My God himself thou art !

O Love,

O Love, O God, thyself reveal!
 My pardon in thy blood to seal,
 My spirit to restore;
 Then, let me then a lot obtain,
 Where grief, infirmity, and pain,
 And death shall be no more.

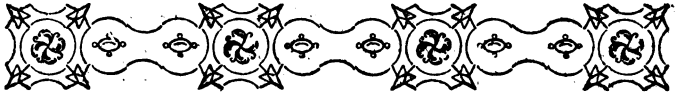
Canst thou deny thyself to me,
 A thirsty soul who gasp for thee,
 Incapable of rest;
 Till I thy loving nature share,
 Till thou the mystery declare,
 And take me to thy breast.

Now, O thou Love essential come!
 And lo! I sink into the tomb,
 With Jesus in my heart;
 Secure at that great day to rise,
 And mount above the flaming skies,
 And see thee as thou art.

A S H O R T H Y M N.

1 Cor. xv. 43. *It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.*

THIS flesh at the last gasp restores,
 The feeble strength it once enjoyed,
 Deprived of all its active force,
 It lies, of sense and motion void;
 But raised in power to reach the skies,
 Inspired with vigorous life unknown,
 With lightning winged, it mounts, it flies,
 It stands before the Saviour's throne!



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1781.



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

D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from page 519.]

Fred. **L**ET us return to *St. Paul*. He treats professedly, of Election, you know, in the ninth chapter to the *Romans*. And as Rejection is connected with Election, he mentions Rejection also. But, because the passage is rather difficult, I shall first say something in general on the subject; which will lead the way to a right understanding of the words, You allow, that those who are chosen, are chosen through God's gratuitous mercy; and that those who are rejected, are rejected on account of their own sins? For it is thus written concerning the Israelites and the Canaanites, (*Deut. ix. 5.*) *Not for thy righteousness, or for the uprightness of thy heart dost thou go to possess their land: but for the wickedness of these nations,*

nations, the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee, and that he may perform the word which the Lord swore unto thy fathers. And a little after (Deut. x. 15.) *The Lord had a delight in thy fathers to love them, and he chose their seed after them above all people*: that is, he has preferred you to all other nations. From hence you see that the Israelites, that is, the Righteous, are elected by God's gratuitous love, without any merit on their side; and the Canaanites are rejected for their sins. *Lewis*. I see it. *Fred*. And likewise that *Reuben* was deprived of his birth-right; *Saul*, of his kingdom; *Eli*, of his Priesthood; and *Judas* of his Apostleship, on account of their sins: and that *Juda*, *David*, *Samuel*, and *Matthias* did succeed them, not for their own merit, but by the mere love and gratuitous mercy of God. *Lewis*. I acknowledge it. *Fred*. From this we may establish, as a general and invariable rule, what is said by the prophet *Hosea*, (xiii. 9.) *O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself: but in me is thy help*. And I shall add, that all those who are saved, are saved gratuitously; whilst all those who perish, perish through their own faults. *Lewis*. I admit all this. *Fred*. But suppose somebody should say the contrary? *Lewis*. I will not allow it. *Fred*. But suppose *St. Paul* should say the contrary? *Lewis*. He never will. *Fred*. But what if he does? *Lewis*. We must then either disbelieve him, (which we can by no means do,) or explain his saying by the foregoing rule: for Truth cannot be contrary to Truth. *Fred*. Well, let us proceed, and examine *St. Paul's* words. He says, (Rom. ix. 10—13.) *And not only this, but when Rebecca also had conceived by one, even by our father Isaac, (for the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God, according to Election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth.) It was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved; but Esau have I hated*. Now, my dear *Lewis*, does that saying of *Moses*, *The elder shall serve the younger*, relate to two men or two people? *Lewis*. To two people;

for

for thus does God speak to *Rebecca*, (*Gen. xxv. 23.*) *Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels: and the one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger.* He does not say two men, but two nations. *Fred.* And what then means this saying of *Malachi*, *I have loved Jacob, but Esau have I hated?* *Lewis.* This also, I apprehend, to be said not of two men, but of two nations: for thus speaks the Lord, (*Mal. i. 2—4.*) *Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated, and laid his mountain and his heritage waste, for the dragons of the wilderness. Whereas Edom saith, we are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places: thus saith the Lord of Hosts, they shall build, but I will throw down; and they shall call them, The Border of Wickedness, and the people against whom the Lord hath indignation for ever.* The Prophet clearly speaks here of nations, and not of individuals; and of a thing that is past, and not of a thing to come. *Fred.* And what does *St. Paul* say? How does he quote these passages? *Lewis.* That is the very thing which puzzles me; as *St. Paul* in his quotation seems to speak of two men, and of a thing to come; whereas it is clear that they both speak of two nations, and *Malachi* of a thing past. *Fred.* How shall we reconcile this, my dear *Lewis*? Shall we wrest the clear history into *St. Paul's* difficult words, or shall we rather explain *St. Paul's* difficult words by the clear history? *Lewis.* As the history comes first, and is the most clear, it cannot be wrested; it is better therefore to unfold *St. Paul's* meaning by it. *Fred.* You are right: for difficult things must be explained, and not those that are clear, rendered difficult. Conceive then the thing to be thus: *St. Paul* cannot quote these passages as relating particularly to *Jacob* and *Esau*, since they were spoken concerning nations, and not of men: however, as these men were the fathers of the nations, and their fate and condition was the same as that of the nations afterwards was, these passages may be quoted without absurdity, as re-

lating to the men themselves. *Lewis.* But *Efau* did not serve *Jacob*. On the contrary, he had dominion over him. *Fred.* He did not serve him at first, but he did at last. For he went out of Canaan that he might be the farther off from *Jacob*; and settled on Mount-Seir, a place much inferior to Canaan. These are by no means, tokens of dominion, but of yielding to a superior. It seems therefore, that as *Efau* was the first-born, but *Jacob* afterwards obtained that blessing from *Isaac*, so he at last obtained the real dominion, after he had served him for a time. *Lewis.* But how will that word agree with this, *Efau have I hated?* for this was not said before they were born. *Fred.* Neither does *St. Paul* quote it as if it was. For he says, Rom. ix. 13, *As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Efau have I hated.* As if he had said, What is foretold by *Moses* as about to come to pass, is recited by *Malachi* as already past; that it might appear that God had accomplished it. For we cannot suppose that God hated *Efau* before he had done any thing wrong, since God hated nothing but evil. Therefore the meaning of these words, *Efau have I hated*, is, I have loved him less than *Jacob*. You find the same kind of expression in Deuteronomy; where *Moses* speaks of him who had two wives, the one of which he hate, whilst he love the other. *Hate*, means here, no more than a less degree of love. This is also the meaning of Christ's saying, *Unless a man hateth his father and mother, he is not worthy of me.*

But some argue thus: If vessels of mercy are loved before they have done any thing good, so likewise vessels of wrath are hated before they have done any thing evil. We answer, this is to abolish God's nature, and to render his severity equal to his mercy; contrary to experience and the testimony of holy Writ. As to his nature; we ourselves love our own children before they have done any thing good; but we do not hate them before they have done any evil. And if we that are evil, have in this respect, more mercy than severity, how much more has God, who is Goodness itself? And what

what do the scriptures say concerning God's mercy? *He is slow to anger and plenteous in mercy*, Pſal. ciii. 8. So that his mercy extends unto a thousand generations, whilst his anger reaches only to three or four; and is confined ſolely to thoſe who hate him. You ſee, God's hatred relates only to thoſe who firſt hated him; ſo far is he from hating thoſe who have done no evil. Therefore, though God loves and ſaves gratuitouſly, yet he does not hate and deſtroy gratuitouſly.

Lewis. There ſeems however, to be a reſemblance in this; that God declares he will be merciful unto thoſe that love him and keep his commandments, and puniſh thoſe who hate him and do not keep his commandments. On both ſides, the cauſe appears to be in man; namely, Diſobedience, the cauſe of puniſhment; and Obedience, the cauſe of mercy.

Fred. So it is, my dear Lewis; but obſerve, that there are two cauſes of mercy, and but one of puniſhment. The firſt cauſe of mercy is God's gratuitous Goodneſs; by which he loves man, and deſtines him to happineſs, even before he had done any thing good; in the ſame manner as you loved your ſon, and appointed him your heir, before he had obeyed you. The other cauſe of mercy is man's Obedience; on which account God increaſes, confirms, and ratifies his mercy, ſaying, *Well done, good and faithful ſervant; thou haſt been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.* Now, if a man, invited forth by that firſt mercy, does not ſhew himſelf faithful, he is rejected, and deprived of the talent he had received from God's gratuitous goodneſs: not indeed gratuitouſly, but on account of his own wickedneſs and ſloth. Juſt as you would love your ſon better and better, if he was obedient. On the contrary, ſhould he prove diſobedient and profligate, you would diſinherit him: even that ſon whom you had before conſtituted your heir; not on account of his obedience, (for he had not yet obeyed,) but gratuitouſly, through fatherly love. Thus your ſon did not gain the inheritance by his obedience;

for

for he was heir before he obeyed; but he may lose it through disobedience. So there is but one cause of hatred; to wit, Disobedience; because God, like a good father, hates no man but for his disobedience. And this is what I have already told you: hatred and love differ in this; love is gratuitous, but hatred is not so. For God is a God of love and mercy, not of hatred and anger. But if God hated any man without his deserving or meriting his hatred, as he loves him without merit or desert; he might as justly be called a God of hatred and wrath, as a God of mercy and love. Which it would be blasphemous to imagine.

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N VI.

On 1 CORINTHIANS xiv. 20.

Brethren, be not children in understanding; in wickedness be ye children; but in understanding be ye men.

1. **I**T is the true remark of an eminent man, who had made many observations on human nature, "If Reason be against a man, a man will always be against Reason." This has been confirmed by the experience of all ages. Very many have been the instances of it in the christian, as well as the heathen-world; yea, and that in the earliest times, Even then there were not wanting well-meaning men, who not having much Reason themselves, imagined that Reason was of no use in Religion: yea, rather, that it was a hinderance to it. And there has not been wanting a succession of men, who have believed and asserted the same thing. But never was there a greater number of these in the Christian-Church, at least in Britain, than at this day.

2. Among

2. Among them that despise and vilify Reason, you may always expect to find those Enthusiasts, who suppose the dreams of their own Imagination, to be Revelations from God. We cannot expect, that men of this turn will pay much regard to Reason. Having an infallible Guide, they are very little moved by the reasonings of fallible men. In the foremost of these we commonly find the whole herd of Antinomians; all that, however they may differ in other respects, agree in *making void the law through faith*. If you oppose Reason to these, when they are asserting propositions ever so full of absurdity and blasphemy, they will probably think it a sufficient answer to say, "O, this is your Reason!" Or your carnal Reason. So that all arguments are lost upon them: they regard them no more than stubble or rotten wood.

3. How natural is it for those who observe this extreme, to run into the contrary? While they are strangely impressed with the absurdity of under-valuing Reason, how apt are they to over-value it? So much easier it is, to run from East to West, than to stop at the middle point! Accordingly we are surrounded with those, (we find them on every side,) who lay it down as an undoubted principle, that Reason is the highest gift of God. They paint it in the fairest colours: they extol it to the skies. They are fond of expatiating in its praise: they make it little less than divine. They are wont to describe it, as very near, if not quite infallible. They look upon it as the all-sufficient Direction of all the children of men; able by its native light to guide them into all Truth, and lead them into all Virtue.

4. They that are prejudiced against the Christian-Revelation, who do not receive the Scriptures as the Oracles of God; almost universally run into this extreme. I have scarce known any exception: so do all, by whatever name they are called, who deny the Godhead of Christ. (Indeed some of these say, they do not deny his Godhead; but only his Supreme Godhead. Nay, this is the same thing: for in denying him to be the

the Supreme God, they deny him to be any God at all: unless they will assert that there are two Gods, a great one and a little one!) All these are vehement applauders of Reason, as the great unerring Guide. To these over-valuers of Reason we may generally add, men of eminently strong understanding; who, because they do know more than most other men, suppose they can know all things. But we may likewise add many who are in the other extreme, men of eminently weak understanding: men in whom Pride (a very common case) supplies the void of sense: who do not suspect themselves to be blind, because they were always so.

5. Is there then no medium between these extremes, undervaluing and over-valuing Reason? Certainly there is. But who is there to point it out? To mark down the middle way? That great Master of Reason, Mr. *Locke*, has done something of the kind, something applicable to it, in one chapter of his Essay concerning Human Understanding. But it is only remotely applicable to this: he does not come home to the point. The good and great Dr. *Watts* has wrote admirably well, both concerning Reason and Faith. But neither does any thing he has written point out the medium between valuing it too little and too much.

6. I would gladly endeavour in some degree to supply this grand defect: to point out, first, to the under-valuers of it, what Reason can do: and then to the over-valuers of it, what Reason cannot do.

But before either one or the other can be done, it is absolutely necessary to define the term, to fix the precise meaning of the word in question. Unless this is done, men may dispute to the end of the world, without coming to any good conclusion. This is one great cause of the numberless alterations which have been on the subject. Very few of the disputants thought of this; of defining the word they were disputing about. The natural consequence was, they were just as far from an agreement at the end, as at the beginning.

I. 1. First

I. 1. First then, *Reason* is sometimes taken for *Argument*. So, "Give me a *reason* for your assertion." So in Isaiah, *Bring forth your strong reasons*; that is, your strong *arguments*. We use the word in nearly the same sense when we say, "He has good *reasons* for what he does." It seems here to mean, He has sufficient *Motives*, such as ought to influence a wise man. But how is the word to be understood, in the celebrated question concerning the *reasons of things*? Particularly when it is asked, *An Rationes rerum sunt æternæ*? Whether the reasons of things are eternal? Do not the *reasons of things* here mean, The *relations* of things to each other? But what are the *eternal relations* of *temporal* things? Of things which did not exist till yesterday? Could the relations of these things exist, before the things themselves had any existence? Is not then the talking of such relations a flat contradiction? Yea, as palpable a one as can be put into words.

2. In another acceptation of the word, Reason is much the same with *Understanding*: it means a faculty of the human soul: that faculty which exerts itself, in three ways, by Simple Apprehension, by Judgment, and by Discourse. *Simple Apprehension* is barely conceiving a thing in the mind, the first and most simple act of the Understanding. *Judgment* is, the determining that the things before conceived either agree with, or differ from each other. *Discourse* (strictly speaking) is the motion or progress of the mind, from one judgment to another. The faculty of the soul which includes these three operations, I here mean by the term *Reason*.

3. Taking the word in this sense, let us now impartially consider, first, What it is that Reason can do? And who can deny that it can do much, very much in the affairs of common life? To begin at the lowest point, it can direct servants how to perform the various works wherein they are employed; to discharge their duty either in the meanest offices, or in any of a higher nature. It can direct the husbandman at what time, and in what manner to cultivate his ground; to plow,

to sow, to reap, to bring in his corn, to breed and manage his cattle, and to act with prudence and propriety in every part of his employment. It can direct Artificers how to prepare the various sorts of apparel, and the thousand necessaries and conveniences of life, not only for themselves and their household, but for their neighbours, whether nigh or afar off. It can direct those of higher abilities, to plan and execute works of a more elegant kind. It can direct the Painter, the Statuary, the Musician, to excel in the station wherein Providence has placed them. It can direct the Mariner to steer his course over the bosom of the great deep. It enables those who study the Laws of their Country, to defend the property of their fellow-subjects: and those who study the Art of Healing, to cure most of the maladies, to which we are exposed in our present state.

4. To ascend higher still; it is certain, Reason can assist us in going through the whole circle of Arts and Sciences: of Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, Algebra, Metaphysics. It can teach whatever the skill or industry of man has invented for some thousand years. It is absolutely necessary for the due discharge of the most important offices: such as are those of Magistrates, whether of an inferior or superior rank: and those of subordinate or supreme Governors, whether of States, Provinces or Kingdoms.

5. All this, few men in their senses will deny. No thinking man can doubt, but Reason is of considerable service, in things relating to the present world. But suppose we speak of higher things, the things of another world: what can Reason do here? Is it a help or a hinderance of Religion? It may do much in the affairs of men. But what can it do in the things of God?

6. This is a point that deserves to be deeply considered. If you ask, What can Reason do in Religion? I answer, It can do exceeding much, both with regard to the foundation of it, and the superstructure.

The foundation of true Religion stands upon the oracles of God. It is built upon the Prophets and Apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief Corner-stone. Now of what excellent use is Reason, if we would either understand ourselves, or explain to others, those living Oracles? And how is it possible without it to understand the essential truths contained therein? A beautiful summary of which we have, in that which is called the Apostles Creed. Is it not Reason (assisted by the Holy Ghost) which enables us to understand, what the holy Scriptures declare, concerning the Being and Attributes of God? concerning his Eternity and Immensity, his Power, Wisdom and Holiness? It is by Reason that God enables us, in some measure to comprehend his method of dealing with the children of men; the nature of his various Dispensations, of the Old and New Covenant, of the Law and the Gospel. It is by this we understand (his Spirit still opening and enlightening the eyes of our Understanding) what that Repentance is, not to be repented of; what is that Faith whereby we are saved; what is the nature and the condition of Justification; what are the immediate, and what the subsequent fruits of it. By Reason we learn what is that New-Birth, without which we cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven, and what that Holiness is, without which no man shall see the Lord. By the due use of Reason we come to know, what are the Tempers implied in Inward Holiness: and what it is to be outwardly holy; holy in all manner of conversation: in other words, What is the mind that was in Christ, and what it is to walk as Christ walked.

7. Many particular cases will occur, with respect to several of the foregoing articles, in which we shall have occasion for all our understanding, if we would keep a conscience word of offence. Many cases of conscience are not to be solved, without the utmost exercise of our Reason. The same is requisite in order to understand, and to discharge our ordi-

nary relative duties; the duties of Parents and Children, of Husbands and Wives, and (to name no more) of Masters and Servants. In all these respects, and in all the duties of common life, God has given us our Reason for a guide. And it is only by acting up to the dictates of it, by using all the understanding which God hath given us, that we can have a conscience void of offence, towards God and towards man.

8. Here then there is a large field indeed, wherein Reason may expatiate and exercise all its powers. And if Reason can do all this, both in Civil and Religious things, what is it that it cannot do?

[To be concluded in our next.]

Some Account of the Life of Mr. THOMAS PAYNE: in a Letter to the Rev. Mr. WESLEY.

Waterford, March 16, 1781.

Rev. Sir,

1. **A**T your request I undertake a work, of which, God knows, I am ashamed. For, when I look back on my past tempers, words, and actions, I am really amazed that I am yet alive: for surely I have deserved the lowest place in hell. I was created to be happy; but I chose the means of misery: and firmly believe myself the most unworthy of all that body of Preachers with whom I am connected.

2. I was born at *Nailsworth*, near *Stroud*, in *Gloucestershire*, in the year 1741, of very pious and upright parents. They were by profession, *Particular Anabaptists*: and they lived in the fear and love of God. My Father laboured to train up his children in the same, seconding his precepts by his examples and prayers. He kept up family devotion twice a day, reading a chapter or psalm first. And twice a day, early and late, he spent a considerable time with God in secret.

Thus

Thus he walked with God himself, and incited his children to follow him. He never spoiled the child by sparing the rod; but always remonstrated, and then corrected. And his well-timed corrections seldom failed to leave some good impressions upon us.

3. On his death-bed he gave me his dying-charge, with a prayer, which I believe God sealed in heaven. As my Mother was weeping, and wishing that God would spare him a little longer, he said, "Would you wish me so much evil, as to be any longer detained from the joys of Heaven? Poor *Tom* (meaning me,) will lose a good friend to-morrow, about two o'clock." The next day, about that time he cried out, "Lord, how long are thy chariot wheels a coming?" And within a few moments after, sweetly fell asleep.

4. I heartily thank God for a pious education, which laid a foundation for a future reformation. From the earliest period of recollection, I found the strivings of God's Spirit. I formed many good resolutions, from time to time; but quickly broke through them all; although when I was ten years old, I prayed much, and desired to be truly religious. I was left under the care of a Currier and Leather-dresser, who carried on the Shoe-making business. But being under little restraint, and continually exposed to bad company, I gave way to youthful follies, till I left my place, without asking leave; and till my friends sent me to *London*. Being now among religious people who belonged to Mr. *Whitfield*, my good desires revived, and produced a considerable amendment, in the whole tenor of my actions.

5. But I did not at all know myself. And having an inclination to see the world, I enlisted in the year 1759, in General *Burgoyne's* light regiment of dragoons. But, upon examination, I was found not quite tall enough, and so was discharged from them. Being ashamed to return to my friends, I enlisted in the service of the *East-India Company*: and was soon sent out in the *Triton* store-ship, for the Island of *St. Helena*,

St. Helena, on the South of *Africk*. I saw the Island in a dream just before I enlisted. We sailed from *Gravesend* in December 1759, under convoy of the *Rippon* man of war, and in company with the *Anslow* East-India-man, who afterward parted from us in a gale of wind. A French frigate bore down upon us in the Bay of *Biscay*, doubtless taking us for merchant-men. When we were preparing to engage, I was troubled at first, knowing I was not fit to die: but I soon comforted myself with the unchangeable Decree. After firing a few shot, the frigate bore away. The *Rippon* chased and took her. But we saw our Convoy no more, till some time after she came to *St. Helena*.

6. We had now a week's calm. It then blew a hurricane for three weeks without intermission. All our masts were loosened, and several set of sails torn in a thousand pieces. Both our chain and hand pumps were kept going for a month, without any intermission. During this time one poor man fell over-board, and cried out "a boat for God's sake," and sunk. A second fell down from the mast on the quarter-deck, and dashed out his brains. A third going up to furl the main-sail, must have shared the same fate, but that as he was falling, he caught and hung by his hands and feet, to the clue-garling of the sail. But he did not give God the glory. Afterwards as we were sailing near the Equator, on a calm sea, he was scraping the ship-side, standing on one of the half-parts, and as usual, damning his own eyes and limbs. The Captain hearing him, said, "You should not curse and swear in that manner. The half-part may turn with you, and you may be drowned with an oath in your mouth." But he swore on. In less than five minutes the half-part did turn. He fell and rose no more. The Captain instantly put the ship about: but it was all in vain! This alarmed me a little: but then I thought, "It was decreed," and was easy again.

7. The day we arrived at *St. Helena*, I had another shock. Two men were swimming near our ship. A very large Shark (which

(which I verily believe had followed our ship four hundred miles,) bit at one of them and missed him. He cried out, "A Shark!" but too late; for his comrade was immediately bit in two. Indeed we had men killed continually. Some getting drunk, rolled down precipices; others fell into the sea. And I verily think, half of the army, and half of the other inhabitants of the Island, did not live out half their days. Which often gave me véry ferious thoughts of the uncertainty of human life.

8. My seriousness was increased by an extraordinary occurrence, which I simply relate just as it was. One night, as I was standing sentinel at Mr. M——'s door, I heard a dreadful rattling, as if the house was all shaken to pieces, and tumbling down about my ears. Looking towards it, I saw an appearance, about the size of a six-week's calf, lying at the door. It rose, came towards me, looked me in the face, passed by, returned again, and went to the door. The house shook as before, and it disappeared. A few days after, our head Inn-keeper, Mr. M—, told the Officer of the guard, That the same night Mrs. M— died, he, with eight persons more sitting up, observed the house shake exceedingly: that they were greatly surprized, and carefully searched every room: but to no purpose: that not long after, there was a second shaking, as violent as the former. That a while after, the house shook a third time; and just then Mrs. M— died.

9. I now really desired to serve God. But I had none to help me forward. I longed for some religious acquaintance: and every year, when the store-ship came from *England*, I diligently enquired, whether any good men came in it? At length one arrived who had been educated at the Foundry-school in *London*. And he was once serious, but had turned again to folly. However he was now desirous to return to God. I found likewise another young man, who had an earnest desire to save his soul: and we three agreed to serve God together. I now fasted, and prayed, and having a little
larger

larger income, endeavoured to help my neighbours. But this quickly puffed me up with pride, till I was suffered to fall into outward sin. This humbled me indeed: I abhorred myself, and saw the necessity of a deeper work, in order to my being happy, either in this world or in the world to come. †

10. My companions and I were greatly strengthened, by an uncommon trial that befel us soon after. We frequently went out at night, to pray by the side of a mountain. One night, as we were walking together, and talking of the things of God, I heard a noise, and saw something in the form of a large bear pursuing me closely. My hair stood on end, and as we were walking arm in arm, I suddenly pulled both my companions round with me. They both saw him, and one of them fainted away. It then reared itself upon its hind legs into the air. I said, "Satan we are come hither to serve God: and we *will* do it, in spite of thee, and all the devils in hell." Instantly it sunk into the earth: we then prayed upon the very spot: and soon found ourselves strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

11. In about a week after, I *spoke unadvisedly with my lips*. It cut me to the heart, I went to a quarry at the foot of the mountain, fell prostrate on the earth, and cried out "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the guilt and power of sin?" But I was a strong Calvinist, and that kept me from the blessing a long time, waiting for the irresistible call, and thinking it horrid presumption to venture upon Christ, till God compelled me by his almighty arm. Thus I waited, till I met with a German Author, who convinced me of the absolute necessity, of *striving to enter in at the strait gate; of taking the kingdom of heaven by violence, of laying hold of God's strength*, in order to make peace with him: of venturing my spirit, soul, and body, with all my sins, sorrows, cares, and all my wants on the absolute mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

12. With

12. With a full purpose of doing this, I called my companions to the old spot to prayer. And while I was praying, and wrestling for Christian-liberty,

“ Panting for everlasting rest,
* And struggling into God!”

I cried out, with an uncommon extasy of joy and astonishment, “ *O God, my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise!*” Being divinely assisted, *I believed with my heart unto righteousness*: on which, God shed abroad his love therein, and gave me *the Spirit of Adoption, crying, Abba, Father*; which Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I was a child of God. I then could not refrain from declaring what God had done for my soul. I cried out to those about me, “ Why cannot you praise God *with me and for me*? I am so filled with the love of God, methinks, I am just ready to fly up to heaven, with my very body.”

13. But I had a Calvinian library, which I often read. And hence I imbibed that miserable notion, That it was absolutely necessary, every Believer should come down from the mount. Hence I was persuaded that I must lose my first love; that I must *doubt* of my Justification, which those wretched Casuists lay down, as one great mark of sincerity. For want of knowing better, I listened to these, till I lost the witness of the Spirit. I then fell into doubts concerning my Justification; nay, and concerning the being of a God. I sunk deeper and deeper, till I got to my old German Author again. I then found that I must strive, not only to gain, but to hold fast, the witness of the Spirit, and the hope of the Gospel: yea, that I must dispute every inch of ground, with the world, the flesh, and the devil. Thus convinced, I went with renewed repentance, to the throne of grace. And I found the fountain open. At two several times, it pleased God to give me so strong a discovery of his love to my soul, that it was then impossible to admit the least shadow of a doubt.

14. I now thought I could never be moved; God had made my hill so strong. I hired a little dwelling. I got a large library of books. I gathered more and more of the soldiers to join with me, in fasting, praying, reading, singing, and every other means whereby we might edify each other. I began to exhort, and many were convinced of sin; some were justified, some English backsliders were restored, who died happy in God. But soon after I was preferred to a higher rank which was a means of my forsaking God. To please man, I did violence to my conscience, and grieved the holy Spirit of God. But I found no peace herein. Conviction returned, and I was on the brink of despair. Many times in a day I threw myself on the bed, in unspeakable anguish of mind, seeing no door of hope, but taking it for granted, I should breathe my last in horrible fear. For about a year, I could not believe even the being of a God. I thought, if there was such a God as the scripture speaks of, he would either have saved or damned me before now. I do not know that I slept one whole night, for thirteen months together: nor indeed one whole hour, without some dreadful dream presaging the wrath to come. To compleat my distress, and make me perfectly miserable, the ungodly who denied, and the pharisees who despised all heart religion, were continually laughing me to scorn: crying, "Ha! ha! So would we have it. Where is our Reprover now?"

15. One man on the parade (to provoke me) called upon the devil to d—n his Maker. Immediately a horror fell upon him, and from that hour he had no rest, day or night, till he made an open confession to a Magistrate, That seven years before he had murdered a soldier, whose apparition followed him wherever he was. Upon this confession judicially repeated, he was condemned to die. When under sentence, he sent for me, and begged I would converse and pray with him, which (with the leave both of the Governor and the Chaplain) I did, till the day of his execution. He then declared, "This
is

is the best day I ever saw. This is my wedding-day. I am married to Christ, and I am going to heaven, to praise him to all eternity."

[To be concluded in our next.]

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A SUPPLEMENT to the LIFE of Mr. THOMAS TAYLOR.

IN the short Account of myself, published last year in the *Arminian Magazine*, page 367 and 420, I omitted one circumstance of importance; namely, *The Great Salvation from Sin*. This omission neither proceeded from any dislike to the doctrine, nor from any reproach it might draw upon me: for blessed be God, I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; seeing it is the power of God unto full Salvation, to all who believe. My sole reason for being silent on this head is, *I have not already attained*. At times, I have felt nothing but love in my heart, and that for a considerable space. But I did not readily believe this great truth; my first religious sentiments, as well as acquaintance, being wholly contrary to it. Perhaps I might have received it sooner, but for two things, which I wish all our brethren would attend to. The one was, the strange manner in which it has been spoken of by many, whose hearts were better than their heads. A truth so offensive to nature, should be guarded at all points, or it will not be received. For not only all the powers of darkness, but all the powers of fallen man will rise up against a doctrine, which aims at bringing about so entire a revolution in the soul of man. The other objection was, the conduct of several who professed to have attained it; who said their hearts were purified; and their wills wholly given up to God, but were still censorious. This was contrary to the Love which thinketh no evil. Besides, they would bear no contradiction,

and were not well pleased, if every thing which they said of themselves was not believed. This was contrary to the love which beareth all things. Nay, some whose moral conduct was irregular, still held fast their profession. What allowances are to be made for ignorance I know not. But I know that such things clog the wheels of this blessed work, more than all outward opposition can do. I know not if my own prayer was not the first thing which struck me with a desire of Perfection. I prayed *that the will of God might be done in me as it is done in heaven; that God would create in my soul his whole image; and root out every root of bitterness; and that my spirit, soul, and body, might be preserved blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Thus my Creed and my Prayers, quite disagreed. The next thing was, the Life of Mr. Brainerd. I had the greater regard to this, because of its being published by a Presbyterian Minister, and a man of deep understanding, and piety. I saw that the agony of that dear man was for the whole image of God. I then read the "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," and the "Thoughts on Christian Perfection." Then I considered what God's Word says upon the point. Here I observed the necessity of it, seeing *No unclean thing can enter into heaven, and that without holiness no man can see the Lord.* Here I saw the efficacy of Jesu's blood, as *cleansing from all sin.* Here I saw the great promises made in the Old Testament; among which were Deut. xxx. 6. Ezek. xxxvi. 25—26. Here I saw it was a gospel command to *love God with all the heart.* Thus I saw in God's Book, that Jehovah commanded it; Jesus bled for it; the Apostles preached it, and prayed for it; and the Spirit of God promised it. All this made me cry out, Lord, enable me to believe it! This is still my prayer; nor shall my soul ever rest, till it feels that abiding rest which remaineth for the people of God.

But perhaps some will say, What do you mean by that high-sounding word, *Perfection*? And some will search

Lexicons

Lexicons and Dictionaries to find the true meaning of it, I have done the same, and to very little purpose. By this term, I do not mean the perfection of God. He is possessed of such power, wisdom, goodness, purity, and love, as none of his creatures can possibly be possessed of. Nor do I mean the perfection of Angels. Indeed I cannot form a proper idea what their perfection is! Nor do I mean the perfection of just men made perfect: I cannot attain to that here below. Nor do I mean the perfection of *Adam* in Paradise; for his body had such a perfection as ours cannot have till raised again. Nor do I mean such a perfection as exempts from all mistakes; nor such as excludes all growth in grace. This is so far from being the case in time, that I am fully persuaded the saints will be growing for ever. Nor do I mean such a perfection as exempts from temptation; no, for our Saviour himself was not exempt from it. What I mean, I shall express in a single text, Phil. iii. 3, *For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.* Let the three circumstances in this important text concur, and such a one is, in the language of Scripture, a perfect man. I might refer to several declarations of *St. Paul*, such as Gal. ii. 20. c. vi. 14. Phil. iii. 8. c. xv. 20. All which imply the same thing. Now all these texts speak of a state which I have not attained; but I follow on towards it. And I have no doubt but he will make a full end of sin, and bring in everlasting righteousness. Neither have I any doubt but he can speak a leperous soul, as well as a leperous body, clean in a moment. I am equally certain that preaching this doctrine is of the greatest utility, not only to the stirring up of drowsy believers; but even to the awakening of stupid, dead sinners. Hence I have observed that God has made some of very small gifts, who were constantly and strongly setting forth this doctrine, to my great astonishment, highly useful; it has been as if the gates of hell trembled before them, and Satan has fallen like lightning from heaven.

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I do not wonder that a doctrine so repugnant to all the corrupt tempers of human nature, should have so many enemies; but for either Ministers or Members of the Church of *England* to oppose it, argues either a very dull head or a very perverse heart.

I hope in life, and in death to proclaim, that the precious blood of Jesus, by which God is reconciled to the world, does really purge the conscience from dead works, to serve the living God.

T. TAYLOR.

An Account of Mr. JULIUS PALMER.

[Concluded from page 533.]

AFTER the prisoner was presented, and the commission read; Dr. *Jeffrey* said, Art thou that jolly writer of three-halfpenny books that we hear of? *Palmer*. I know not what you mean. *Jeffrey*. Have you taught Latin so long, that now you understand not English? To this, he answered nothing. Then Dr. *Jeffrey*, standing up, said, We have received certain articles against you; whereby we understand, that you are convicted of certain heresies. First, That you deny the supremacy of the Pope's holiness. Secondly, That there are but two sacraments, Thirdly, That the Priest sheweth an idol at Mass. Fourthly, That there is no purgatory. Last of all, That you are a fower of sedition. *Sheriff*. You had best see first what he will say to his own handy-work. *Jeffrey*. You say truth. Tell me, *Palmer*, Art thou he that wrote this fair volume? Look upon it. *Palmer*. I wrote it indeed, and gathered it out of the scripture. *Jeffrey*. Is this doggish rhyme your's also? Look. *Palmer*. I wrote this; I deny it not. *Jeffrey*. And what say you to these Latin verses, are they your's too? *Palmer*. Yea, Sir. *Jeffrey*. Art thou

not

not ashamed to affirm it? Thou didst both rail at the dead, and slander a learned and catholic man yet alive. *Palmer.* If it be a slander, he hath slandered himself: for I do but report his own writing. And I reckon it no railing to inveigh against *Annas* and *Caiaphas*, being dead. *Jeffrey.* Sayest thou so? I will make thee recant it, and write Peccavi out of thy lying lips. *Palmer.* Although of myself I am able to do nothing, yet if you, and all mine enemies, do their worst, you shall not bring that to pass, neither shall you prevail against God's mighty Spirit. *Jeffrey.* Are you inspired with the Holy Ghost? *Palmer.* Sir, no man can believe, but by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Therefore if I am not inspired with God's Holy Spirit, I am not a true christian. He that hath not the Spirit of Christ is none of his. *Jeffrey.* I perceive you lack no words. *Palmer.* Christ hath promised, not only to give us words necessary, but with them, such force of matter, as the gates of hell shall not be able to prevail against. *Jeffrey.* Christ made such a promise to his Apostles. I hope you do not compare yourself with them. *Palmer.* With the holy Apostles I may not compare; neither have I any assistance in mine own wit or learning, which I know is but small: yet this promise I am certain pertaineth to all such as are appointed to defend God's truth, in the time of their persecution for the same. *Jeffrey.* Then it pertaineth not to thee. *Palmer.* Yes, I am well assured that through his grace it appertaineth at this present, to me, as it will (I doubt not) appear; if you give me leave to dispute with you before this audience, in defence of all that I have there written. *Jeffrey.* Thou art a beardless boy, and darest thou presume to offer disputation, or to encounter with a doctor? *Palmer.* Remember Mr. Doctor, "The Spirit breathes where it pleaseth him, &c." And again, "Cut of the mouth of babes hast thou ordained strength." And in another place, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." God is not tied to time,

wit,

wit, learning, place nor person. And although your wit and learning is greater than mine; yet your belief in the truth, and zeal to defend the same, is not greater than mine. *Jeffrey*. Well, I have it not in commission to dispute with you. But the cause why you are now called hither is, that you may be examined upon such articles as are administered against you, and such matter as is here contained in your hand-writing, that it may be seen whether you will stand to it, or not. How say you to this? *Palmer*. If you prove any sentence therein comprized, not to stand with God's word, I will presently recant it. *Jeffrey*. Thou impudent fellow, have I not told thee, that I came not to dispute with thee, but to examine thee? Here the Parson of *Inglefield*, pointing to the Pyx, said, What seest thou yonder? *Palmer*. A canopy of silk, broidered with gold. *Parson*. Yea, but what is within it? *Palmer*. A piece of bread, I suppose. *Parson*. Thou art as froward a heretic as ever I talked with. Dost thou not believe that they which receive the holy Sacrament of the Altar, do truly eat Christ's natural body? *Palmer*. If the sacrament of the Lord's-Supper be administered as Christ did ordain it, the faithful receivers do indeed spiritually eat and drink in it, Christ's body and blood. *Parson*. The faithful receivers? Ye cannot blear our eyes with such sophistry. Do not all manner of receivers, good and bad, faithful and unfaithful, receive the very natural body in form of bread? *Palmer*. No, Sir. *Parson*. How prove you that? *Palmer*. By this place, "He that eateth me, shall live by me." *Parson*. See that fond fellow, whilst he taketh himself to be a Doctor, you shall see me prove him to be a stark foolish daw. Mark how St. *Paul* answereth you. He saith that "The wicked do eat the true body to their condemnation. The Parson crying still, what sayest thou to St. Paul? *Palmer*. I say that St. Paul hath no such words. *Parson*. See, the impudent fellow denieth the plain text: "He that eateth and drinketh the body of the Lord unworthily, is guilty of judgment." *Palmer*. I beseech you

you, lend me your book. *Parson*. Not so. *The Sheriff*. I pray you lend him your book. So the book was given over to him. *Palmer*. Your own book hath, "He that eateth this bread." *Parson*. But St. *Jerome's* translation hath (Corpus) body. *Palmer*. Not so, Mr. *Parson*, and God be praised, that I have in the mean season, shut up your lips with your own book. *Jeffrey*. It is no matter whether ye write bread or body, for we are able to prove that he meant the body. And whereas you say, they eat it spiritually, that is but a blind shift. *Palmer*. What should I say else? *Jeffrey*. As the holy church saith, really, carnally, substantially. But is Christ present in the sacrament or no? *Palmer*. He is present, *Jeffrey*. How is he present? *Palmer*. The doctors say, (*Modo ineffabili*) in a manner not to be expressed. Therefore why do ye ask me? Would God ye had a mind ready to believe it, or I a tongue able to express it unto you. Sir *Richard Abridges*, the same day, after dinner, sent for him to his lodging, and exhorted him to revoke his opinion, to spare his young years, wit and learning. If thou wilt be conformable, in good faith, said he, I promise thee before this company, I will give thee meat and drink, and books, and ten pounds yearly, so long as thou wilt dwell with me. And if thou wilt set thy mind to marriage, I will procure thee a wife, and a farm, and help to furnish and fit thy farm for thee. How sayest thou? *Palmer* thanked him very courteously, and made him further answer concerning his religion somewhat at large, but very modestly and reverently; concluding, that as he had already, in two places, renounced his living for Christ's sake, so he would with God's grace be ready to yield up his life for the same. When Sir *Richard* perceived that he would by no means relent; he said, Well *Palmer*, then I perceive one of us twain shall be damned. For we be of two faiths, and there is but one faith that leadeth to salvation. *Palmer*. O Sir, I hope that we both shall be saved. Sir *Richard*. How may that be? *Palmer*. Right well, Sir. For as it hath

pleased our merciful Saviour, to call me at the third hour of the day, even at the age of four and twenty, so I trust he hath called, and will call you at the eleventh hour, in your old age, and give you everlasting life for your portion. Sir *Richard*. Sayest thou so? Well *Palmer*, well, I would I might have thee but one month in my house, I doubt not but I should convert thee, or else thou wouldst convert me. Then said Mr. *Winchcomb*, take pity on thy golden years, and flower of youth, before it be too late. *Palmer*. Sir, I long for those living flowers, that shall never fade away. Then he was commanded again to the Blind-house. Afterwards he was required to subscribe to certain articles, which they had drawn out, touching the cause of his condemnation: in the front whereof, were heaped together many heinous terms, as heretical, and devilish, and execrable doctrine. To these words *Palmer* refused to subscribe, affirming that this doctrine was not that which he professed. *Jeffrey*. Ye may see, good people, what shifts these heretics seek, when they see justice administered unto them. But I tell thee, this stile is agreeable to the law, and therefore I cannot alter it. *Palmer*. Then I cannot subscribe to it. *Jeffrey*. Wilt thou then crave mercy, and revoke thy heresy? *Palmer*. I forsake the Pope, with all popish heresy. *Jeffrey*. Then subscribe to the articles. *Palmer*. Alter the epithets, and I will subscribe. *Jeffrey*. Subscribe, and qualify the matter with thine own pen. So he subscribed. Yet Dr. *Jeffrey* proceeded to read the sentence, and so was he delivered to the secular power. Within one hour before they went to the place of execution, *Palmer*, comforted his companions with these words: Brethren, be of good cheer in the Lord, and faint not. Remember the words of our Saviour Christ, where he saith, "Happy are you, when men revile you, and persecute you for righteousness sake. Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven. Fear not them that kill the body, and are not able to touch the soul. God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tempted further than

than

than we shall be able to bear it. We shall not end our lives in the fire, but make a change for a better life. Yea, for coals, we shall receive pearls. For God's holy Spirit certifieth our spirit that he hath even now prepared for us a sweet supper in heaven, for his sake, who suffered first for us." With these and such like words, he did not only comfort the hearts of his weak brethren, but also wrested plentiful tears from the eyes of many that heard him. And as they were singing a psalm, came Sir *Richard Abridges*, the Sheriff, and the Bailiffs of the town, with a great company of armed men, to conduct them to the fire. When they were come to the place, they all three fell to the ground, and Palmer, with an audible voice pronounced the 31st. psalm; but the other two made their prayers secretly. As he began to arise, there came two popish priests, exhorting him yet to recant and save his soul. *Palmer* answered, Away! away! tempt me no longer. Away, I say, from me, all ye that work iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my tears. And so forthwith they put off their raiment, and went to the stake and kissed it. And when they were bound to the post. *Palmer* said, Good people pray for us, that we may persevere to the end. And for Christ's sake, beware of popish Teachers, for they deceive you. As he spake this, a servant of one of the Bailiffs threw a faggot in his face, so that the blood gushed out in divers places. At which the Sheriff was very angry, and with his walking-staff broke his head, so that the blood likewise ran down his ears. When the fire was kindled, and began to take hold upon their bodies, they lifted up their hands, towards heaven, and quietly and cheerfully, as though they had felt no smart, cried, Lord Jesus strengthen us! Lord Jesus, assist us! Lord Jesus receive our souls! And so they continued without any struggling, holding up their hands, and calling upon Jesus, until they had ended their mortal lives. It was very remarkable, that when the spectators thought they were all dead, *Palmer*, as a man awaked out of sleep, moved his tongue and jaws,

and was heard to pronounce this word, JESUS. So being dissolved into ashes, he yielded to God as joyful a soul as any that ever was called to suffer for his blessed Name. God grant us all to be moved with the like spirit, working in our hearts constantly to stand in defence and confession of Christ's holy gospel to the end ! Amen.



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

O n D E A T H.

[Continued from page 542.]

THE greatest number of mankind die without sensation; and of those few that still preserve their faculties to the last moment, there is scarce one that does not also preserve the hopes of still out-living his disorder. Nature, for the happiness of man, has rendered this sentiment stronger than his reason. A person dying of an incurable disorder, which he must know to be so, by frequent examples of his case; which he perceives to be so, by the inquietude of all around him, by the tears of his friends, and the departure, or the face of the physician, is, nevertheless, still in hopes of getting over it. His interest is so great, that he only attends to his own representations; the judgment of others is considered as an hasty conclusion; and while death every moment makes new inroads upon his constitution, and destroys life in some part, hope still seems to escape the universal ruin, and is the last that submits to the blow.

Death, therefore, is not the terrible thing which we suppose it to be. It is a spectre which frights us at a distance, but which disappears when we come to approach it more closely.

Our

Our ideas of its terrors are conceived in prejudice, and dressed up by fancy; we regard it not only as the greatest misfortune, but also as an evil accompanied with the most excruciating tortures: we have even encreased our apprehensions, by reasoning on the extent of our sufferings. It must be dreadful, say some, since it is sufficient to separate the soul from the body; it must be long, since our sufferings are proportioned to the succession of our ideas; and these being painful, must succeed each other with extreme rapidity. In this manner false philosophy labours to augment the miseries of our nature, and to aggravate that period, which Nature has kindly covered with insensibility. Neither the mind, nor the body, can suffer these calamities; the mind is, at that time, mostly without ideas, and the body too much enfeebled, to be capable of perceiving its pain. A very acute pain produces either death, or fainting, which is a state similar to death: the body can suffer but to a certain degree; if the torture becomes excessive, it destroys itself; and the mind ceases to perceive, when the body can no longer endure.

In this manner, excessive pain admits of no reflection; and wherever there are any signs of it, we may be sure, that the sufferings of the patient are no greater than what we ourselves may have remembered to endure.

But, in the article of death, we have many instances in which the dying person has shewn, that every reflection that pre-supposes an absence of great pain, and, consequently, that pang which ends life, cannot even be so great as those which have preceded. Thus, when *Charles XII.* was shot at the siege of *Frederickshall*, he was seen to clap his hand on the hilt of his sword; and although the blow was great enough to terminate one of the boldest and bravest lives in the world, yet it was not painful enough to destroy reflection. He perceived himself attacked, he reflected that he ought to defend himself, and his body obeyed the impulse of his mind, even in the last extremity. Thus it is that the prejudice of persons in

in health, and not the body in pain, that makes us suffer from the approach of death: we have, all our lives, contracted a habit of making out excessive pleasures and pains; and nothing but repeated experience shews us, how seldom the one can be suffered, or the other enjoyed to the utmost.

If there be any thing necessary to confirm what we have said, concerning the gradual cessation of life, or the insensible approaches of our end, nothing can more effectually prove it, than the uncertainty of the signs of death. If we consult what *Winslow* or *Bruhier* have said upon this subject, we shall be convinced, that between life and death, the shade is so very undistinguishable, that even all the powers of art can scarcely determine where the one ends, and the other begins. The colour of the visage, the warmth of the body, the suppleness of the joints, are but uncertain signs of life still subsisting; while on the contrary, the paleness of the complexion, the coldness of the body, the stiffness of the extremities, the cessation of all motion, and the total insensibility of the parts, are but uncertain marks of death begun. In the same manner also, with regard to the pulse, and the breathing: these motions are often so kept under, that it is impossible to perceive them. By approaching a looking-glass to the mouth of the person supposed to be dead, people often expect to find whether he breathes or not. But this is a very uncertain experiment. The glass is frequently sullied by the vapour of the dead man's body; and often the person is still alive, although the glass is no way tarnished. In the same manner, neither burning, nor scarifying, neither noises in the ears, nor pungent spirits applied to the nostrils, give certain signs of the discontinuance of life; and there are many instances of persons who have endured them all, and afterwards recovered without any external assistance, to the astonishment of the spectators. How careful, therefore, should we be, before we commit those who are dearest to us to the grave, to be well assured of their departure. Experience, justice, humanity, all persuade

persuade us not to hasten the funerals of our friends, but to keep their bodies unburied, until we have certain signs of their real decease.

Indeed, soon after the creation, when the earth was to be peopled by one man and one woman, the wise Providence of God prolonged the life of man to above 900 years. After the Flood, when there were three men to people the earth, their age was cut shorter. And none of these patriarchs, except *Shem*, attained to five hundred years. In the next century none reached 240. In the third, none but *Terah* lived 200: men being then so increased, that they built cities, and divided into different nations. As their number increased, the length of their lives diminished, till about the time of *Moses* it was reduced to 70 or 80 years, where it stands at this day. This is a good medium, so that the earth is neither over-stocked, nor kept too thin of inhabitants. If men were now to live to *Methuselah's* age, of 969 years, or only to *Abraham's* of 175, the earth would be over-peopled. If on the contrary, the age of man was limited like that of divers other animals) to 10, 20, or 30 years, it would not be peopled enough. But at the present rate, the balance is nearly even, and life and death keep on an equal pace.

This is highly remarkable, that wherever any account has been taken, there is a certain rate and proportion in the propagation of mankind. Such a number marry, and so many are born, in proportion to the number of persons in every town or nation. And as to births, two things are very observable: one, the proportion of males and females, fourteen males to thirteen females, which is exactly agreeable to all the bills of mortality. And this surplusage of males allows one man to one woman, notwithstanding the casualties to which men are exposed above women. The other is, that a few more are born, than appear to die in any place. This is an admirable provision for extraordinary emergencies, to supply unhealthy places, to make up the ravages of epidemic distempers,

pers, and the depredations of war; and to afford a sufficient number for colonies, in the yet unpeopled parts of the earth. On the other hand, those extraordinary expences, are not only a just punishment of sin, but also a wise means, to keep the balance of mankind even. So one would be ready to conclude, by considering the *Asiatic*, and other more fertile countries, where prodigious multitudes are swept away by wars and plagues; and still they remain full of people.

As to the length of life, it has been an antient opinion, that men lived longer in cold countries than in hot. But the reverse is true. The inhabitants of the *Caribbee* Islands, usually live a hundred and fifty years. In the *Molucca* Islands, the ordinary life of the natives is a hundred and thirty years. In *Sumatra*, *Java*, and the neighbouring islands, the life of the inhabitants commonly extends to a hundred and forty years; in the realm of *Cassuby*, to 150. The *Brasilians* frequently live 160 years, and many in *Florida* and *Jucatan* still longer.

Nor is this at all improbable. For there being no such inequality of weather in those climates as in ours, the body is not shocked by sudden changes, but kept in a more equal temper. And sickly persons with us, when fixt to their beds, and kept in an equal degree of heat, are often found to hold out many years, who would otherwise scarce have survived one.

Before concluding this head, we may observe one more eminent instance of the divine Wisdom, in the great *variety*, throughout the world, of men's faces, voices, and hand-writings. Had men's faces been cast in the same mould, had their organs of speech given the same sound; and had the same structure of muscles and nerves given the hand the same direction in writing; what confusion, what numberless inconveniencies must we have been expos'd to? No security could have been to our persons, nor certainty of our possessions. Our courts of justice abundantly testify the effects of mistaking men's faces or hand-writing. But this the wise

Creator

For what more fundamental point, or grand,
 Than our ascending Saviour's own command?
 "Go, and baptize all nations in the Name"——
 Of whom, or what? (For thence the surest aim
 Of Christian-doctrine must appear the most)
 The Name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Our Lord's interpretation here we see,
 Of—"Thou shalt have no other gods but me."

For can the phrase, so highly sacred, show
 The Name of God to be omitted? No;
 By its essential Trinity express'd,
 It showed what Faith *Christ* would be profess'd,
 One God the *Jews* had own'd, and one supreme,
 With others lower, was the *Pagan* theme;
 How one was three, and how supreme profan'd,
 Our Lord's *baptismal* Ordinance explain'd.

The one Divinity of Father, Son
 And Spirit, teaches Christian-Thought to shun
 Both *Pagan* and *Rabbinical* mistake,
 And understand what holy Prophets spake;
 Or in the ancient writings, or the new,
 To which this doctrine is the sacred clue;
 That so conducts us to the saving plan,
 Of true Religion, as no other can.

For, were the Son's Divinity denied,
 The Father's must of course be set aside;
 Or be a dark one——How can it be bright,
 But by its own eternal, inborn light?
 The glory of the Father, is the Son,
 Of all his powers begotten, or begun,
 From all eternity: take Son away,
 And what the Father can delight in, say.

The Love paternally divine, implies
 Its proper object, whence it must arise;
 That is, the Son; and so the filial too
 Implies paternal Origin in view;
 And hence the third, distinctly glorious tie
 Of Love, which both are animated by:
 All is one God, but He contains divine,
 Living relations, evidently *Trine*.

So far from hurting *Unity*, that hence
 The fulness rises of its perfect sense;
 And every barren, spiritless dispute,
 Against its truth, is pluck'd up by the root:
 The Faith is solid to repose upon,
 Father, Word, Spirit, undivided One;
 By whom mankind, of three-fold life possess,
 Can live, and move, and have its being blest.

Not by *Three Gods*; or One supremely great,
 With two *Inferiors*; or the wild conceit,
 God, *Michael, Gabriel*; or aught else devis'd,
 For we are in no *Creature's* name baptiz'd;
 But of the whole, inseparably Three,
 Whose fertile oneness causes all to be;
 And makes a heaven through nature's ample round,
 By its paternal, filial, spirit crown'd.

From the **OLNEY COLLECTION.**

Vanity of Life. Ecclesiastes i. 2.

THE evils that beset our path
 Who can prevent or cure?
 We stand upon the brink of death
 When most we seem secure.

If we to-day sweet peace possess,
 It soon may be withdrawn ;
 Some change may plunge us in distress,
 Before to-morrow's dawn.

Disease and pain invade our health,
 And find an easy prey ;
 And oft, when least expected, wealth
 Takes wings and flies away.

A fever or a blow can shake
 Our wisdom's boasted rule ;
 And of the brightest genius make
 A madman or a fool.

The gourds, from which we look for fruit,
 Produce us only pain ;
 A worm unseen attacks the root,
 And all our hopes are vain.

I pity those who seek no more,
 Than such a world can give ;
 Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
 And dying while they live.

Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
 And creatures fade and die ;
 Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
 And fix our hopes on high.

O n F R I E N D S H I P.

[*By Miss J.*]

THE greatest blessing we can know,
 The richest gift heaven can bestow,
 (Next to that celestial Ray,
 Which guides us to the realms of day,)

Is Friendship's pure and steady flame,
 For ever sacred be the Name!
 Let no unhallowéd lips pretend
 To vilify the name of Friend!
 The holy sparks from heavén were sent
 To favouréd mortals, only lent;
 And they shall never, never die,
 But ripen in Eternity.

Altered from a celebrated S O N G.

THE smiling Morn, the breathing Spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 'Tis Gratitude inspires the lay;
 Let us *Eliza*, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 In pious works employ the day,
 And join at night, to praise and pray.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this, thy vivid sense will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade;
 Improving time will then be o'er,
 Youth's vigour then will aid no more;
 Seize, seize the moments as they fly,
 And gain a blest Eternity.

To a F R I E N D.

WHEN here *Eliza*, first I came,
 Where *Usk* rolls on his silver stream,
 What different thoughts usurped my breast,
 From these which now ensure my rest;
 Religion, with her radiant train,
 Peace, joy, and love, does now maintain
 Her rightful empire in my heart,
 Since I have chose the better part.

'Tis now I live a happy life;
 My passions now have ceas'd their strife:
 Their current turn'd from earthly things,
 They centre in the King of kings:
 Where, blifs alone is to be found,
 Which only lives on hallow'd ground.

O! may thy friendly bosom prove,
 The sacred force of heavenly love;
 Then wilt thou soon be taught to know
 The vanity of all below;
 Then will thy happy soul aspire,
 And sweetly catch seraphic fire;
 With burning Cherubim confefs,
 In God alone is happiness.

An Epitaph on Mr. PETER JACO.

FISHER of men,* ordain'd by Christ alone,
 Immortal souls he for his Saviour won;
 With loving faith, and calmly fervent zeal,
 Perform'd, and suffer'd the Redeemer's will;
 Unmov'd, in all the storms of life remain'd,
 And in the good old Ship the haven gain'd.

A S H O R T H Y M N.

1 Cor. xv. 44. *It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.*

A Body natural, by food
 And sleep sustain'd, to death I give,
 A body spiritual, endu'd
 With nobler qualities, receive,

* In the short Account of Mr. *Jaco's* Life, he says he was brought up to the Fishing-Business. Here then we have another *Peter* the Fisher-man, forsaking his Nets, following Christ, and becoming a fisher of Men,

- 2 *Suffex*, W. Ashman, T. Cooper.
 3 *Kent*, T. Rankin, J. Hindmarsh.
 4 *Colchester*, T. Carlill, J. Ingham.
 5 *Norwich*, J. Wood, W. Horner, J. Accut, R. Hopkins.
 6 *Lynn*, J. Prickard, G. Button.
 7 *Bedford*, T. Vasey, R. Swan.
 8 *Northampton*, R. Whatcoat, M. Moorhouse.
 9 *Oxfordshire*, R. Rodda, T. Warwick.
 10 *Gloucester*, G. Story, J. Cole, J. Walker.
 11 *Sarum*, F. Wrigley, T. Shaw, J. Cofins, J. Poole.
 12 *Bradford*, J. Mafon, J. Perfect, G. Gibbon, W. Green.
 13 *Bristol*, J. Pawson, J. Murlin, W. Moore.
 14 *Taunton*, J. Pritchard, C. Boone.
 15 *Tiverton*, J. Moon, A. Suter.
 16 *Cornwall East*, T. Payne, J. Wittam, W. Saunders, G. Wadsworth.
 17 ——— *West*, C. Watkins, N. Manners, F. Wolf, S. Day.
 18 *Glamorgan*, S. Proctor, W. Church.
 19 *Pembroke*, S. Randal, T. Tennant, J. Hall.
 20 *Brecon*, H. Robins, N. Ward.
 21 *Staffordshire*, J. Broadbent, J. Goodwin, T. Handby.
 22 *Macclesfield*, R. Roberts, J. Hampson, Jun. J. Leech, R. Seed, Supernumerary.
 23 *Manchester*, J. Valton, J. Allen, A. M'Nab.
 24 *Chester*, W. Boothby, Supernumerary, J. Hern, W. Simpson.
 25 *Liverpool*, J. Easton, J. Brettel, W. Eels.
 26 *Leicester*, J. Harper, R. Costerdine, D. Evans, J. Furz, Supernumerary.
 27 *Nottingham*, J. Hampson, Sen. J. Brettel, J. Skinner,
 28 *Sheffield*, J. Rogers, W. Percival, J. Taylor.
 29 *Grimby*, G. Shadford, T. Corbet, J. Pescod, C. Atmore,

30 *Gainsborough*,

- 30 *Gainsborough*, J. Robertshaw, W. Warrener, P. Hardcastle.
- 31 *Epworth*, J. Barry, J. Norris, T. Tattershall.
- 32 *Leeds*, A. Mather, C. Hopper, J. Benson.
- 33 *Birstal*, T. Brisco, J. Shaw, T. Longley.
- 34 *Huddersfield*, G. Snowden. T. Lee.
- 35 *Bradforth*, S. Bradburn, J. Floyd, J. Oliver.
- 36 *Kighley*, I. Brown, R. Hayward.
- 37 *Coln*, T. Hanfon, T. Readshaw, P. Greenwood.
- 38 *Whitehaven*, T. Dixon, J. Booth.
- 39 *Iste of Man*, D. Jackson, J. Brown.
- 40 *York*, T. Taylor, T. Johnson, J. Kighley.
- 41 *Hull*, L. Harrifon, W. Dufon, S. Hodgson.
- 42 *Scarboroughh*, J. Fenwick, J. Peacock, C. Peacock.
- 43 *Thirsk*, J. Thompson, J. Beanland, J. Ray.
- 44 *Yarm*, W. Collins, J. Watfon, B. Rhodes.
- 45 *The Dales*, W. Thom, J. Morgan, J. Robinfon.
- 46 *Newcastle*, D. Wright, W. Hunter, E. Jackson, T. Ellis.
- 47 *Edinburgh*, W. Thompson, J. Sanderfon, D. M'Allum.
- 48 *Dundee*, B. Thomas.
- 49 *Aberdeen*, P. Mill, S. Bardfley, A. Inglis.
- 50 *Dublin*, J. Pillmoor, J. Crook.
- 51 *Waterford*, R. Lindsay, Z. Yewdal.
- 52 *Corke*, R. Watkinfon, N. Price.
- 53 *Limerick*, J. Cricket, R. Boardman.
- 54 *Castlebar*, T. Barber, R. Naylor.
- 55 *Athlone*, J. Price, G. Mowat, J. Watfon, Senior.
- 56 *Sligo*, A. Blair, T. Davis: J. Mealy, J. Miler,
G. Dice: change once in three months.
- 57 *Clones*, S. Mitchell, R. Blake, E. Evans.
- 58 *Inniskilling*, J. Livermore, R: Armstrong, R. Briggs.
- 59 *Charlemount*, H. Foster, W. M'Cormuck, R. Davis.
- 60 *Lisleen*, G. Brown, J. Jordan, W. Graham.
- 61 *Londonderry*, H. Moor, W. West.
- 62 *Belfast*, W. Myles, J. Watfon, Jun.
- 63 *Lisburn*, T. Rutherford, H. Moore.

Creator has taken care to prevent from being a general case. A man's face distinguishes him in the light, as his voice does in the dark: and his hand-writing can speak for him when absent, and secure his contracts to future generations.

Lastly, How admirably has God secured the execution of his original sentence, upon every child of man, *Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return?*—From the moment we live, we prepare for death, by the adhesion of dust, mixt with all our aliments, to our native dust; so that whatever we eat or drink, to prolong life, must sap the foundation of it. Thus, in spite of all the wisdom of man, and all the precautions which can be used, every morsel we take, poisons while it feeds, and brings us nearer to the dust from whence we came.

THOUGHTS on the propriety of the Methodists attending divine Service in the Church of England. By the late Mr. SAMUEL WELLS.

[Continued from page 549.]

Object. VI. “**B**UT what company is worse than those who frequent the Church? Do you wish to introduce youth into the company of cursing, swearing, drunken Churchmen? Would this be training them up for heaven?”

No one who fears God would wish you to introduce your children to the company of drunkards, cursers, and swearers of any denomination. But though going to Church, and taking your family there, will not do this; a neglect of public Worship, will be the ready way to do it. At public Worship they may be under your eye, and return with you home, there to be exercised in such things as are suitable to the day, and are likely to profit their souls.

Objection VII. "I can see no reason for contending for the worship of the Church of *England*, rather than any other! Why may I not as well go where my inclination leads me, to a Dissenting Congregation?"

If Inclination and not a sense of Duty leads you elsewhere, you rather go to please yourself than God, and then your going is sinful.

If you are a Dissenter in principle, you have an undoubted right to go to a Meeting. Worship God in the way that is most suitable to your conscience. But I am not persuading such as these, but those who belong to the Church of *England*. Let not these forsake her worship and communion.

Objection VIII. "Indeed I should always go to Church, if we had a converted Minister; but as it is, it is better to go and hear a Dissenter, where I shall get some food for my soul."

Suppose your Minister is unconverted (which is not always the case) you do not go to worship him, but God. As to food for your soul, you are sure to meet with it in the Prayers and Lessons, and perhaps in the Sermon, if you have a spiritual appetite. And as to its being better to go and hear a Dissenter, it is frequently far worse. Are you sure of meeting with food there? If you are, is there no poison mixed with the food? You had better go and hear the moral discourses of *Plato* or *Seneca*, than the poisonous doctrines of Absolute Predestination, and Final Perseverance. You had better hear the Truth opposed, where there is no danger of your Faith being overturned, than hear that preaching which has so insensible, and yet effectual tendency to subvert it, and lead into carnal security.

Objection IX. "But I can hear with profit, taking what is good, and leaving the bad."

If you really can separate the chaff from the wheat, it is strange that you should chuse to hear that preaching, which usually abounds with such sentiments as are dangerously opposite to your own? At Church, the whole service, at least

till

till the sermon, is pure gospel; and even the sermon has frequently something profitable in it, without any mixture of dangerous error.

Objection X. "But the Minister I hear is a moderate Calvinist; he says very little about Principles."

I have known some such, whom I have occasionally heard with pleasure. And yet they would, at times, say much about their own Principles: which were interwoven in all their discourses; and were so much the more dangerous, as they were less discernible. Barefaced Calvinism would seldom hurt any one; it would only shock and disgust, but mixed with Arminianism it goes smoothly down, till the poison steals into the soul, as oil into the bones.

Objection XI. "But I cannot hear our Minister, his life and conversation are so bad."

I am sorry if it be so. But still your chief business is not to hear him, but to worship God. Now can you not worship God, because you have not a godly Minister? What hinders? Nothing but your own heart.

It is true, many have been led to forsake the national worship, because of the ungodliness of Ministers, but this is not always a sufficient reason. It is a sufficient reason, when idolatry or false worship is introduced; but this is not the present case. *Eli's* sons (1 Sam. ii. 12—17,) were sons of Belial; and their sins were great before the Lord, so that men abhorred the offering of the Lord, but it was nevertheless the offering of the Lord, and the people were still required not to neglect national worship. So our Lord said of the Jewish Teachers, *The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses's seat, all therefore that they bid you observe, that observe and do, but do ye not after their works.* Here was a plain command to hear them; but why? Not because they were good men, but because they were the legal, authorised Teachers of the Jewish Church: they sat in *Moses's* seat. If they had not done this, and read the law, I suppose our Lord would never have given his disciples this command: and it is

certain that (as long as the Temple-worship continued) they went to the Temple to worship, notwithstanding they knew that the Jewish worship would soon be abolished. For national worship was a matter of such consequence to the rest of mankind, that they chose not to seem to pour contempt on that which had God's authority for its institution, till God himself should abolish it.

[To be concluded in our next.]



Of the right METHOD of meeting CLASSES and BANDS,
in the Methodist-Societies.

[By the late Mr. Charles Perronet.]

IN general, the method proper for meeting the one is proper for meeting the other.

The particular design of the *Classes* is,

To know who continue Members of the Society;

To inspect their Outward Walking,

To enquire into their inward State;

To learn, what are their Trials? And how they fall by, or conquer them?

To instruct the ignorant in the first Principles of Religion: if need be, to repeat, explain, or enforce, what has been said in public Preaching.

To stir them up to believe, love, obey; and to check the first spark of Offence or Discord.

The particular design of the *Bands* is,

To enquire, whether they *now* believe? Now enjoy the life of God? Whether they grow herein, or decay? If they decay, what is the cause! And what the cure?

Whether they aim at being *wholly devoted* to God; or would keep something back?

Whether

Whether they see God's hand in all that befalls them? And how they bear what he lays upon them?

Whether they take up their crosses daily? Resist the bent of Nature? Oppose Self-love in all its hidden forms, and discover it, through all its disguises?

Whether they humble themselves in every thing? Are willing to be blamed and despised for well-doing? Account it the greatest honour, that Christ appoints them to walk with himself, in the paths that are peculiarly *his own*? To examine closely, whether they are willing to drink of *his cup*, and to be baptized with *his baptism*?

Whether they can cordially love those that despitefully use them! Justify the ways of God in thus dealing with them? And in all they suffer, seek the destruction of inward Idolatry, of Pride, Self-will and Impatience?

How they conquer Self-will, in its spiritual forms? See through all its disguises, seeking itself, when it pretends to seek nothing but the glory of God?

Whether they are simple, open, free, and without reserve in speaking? And see it their duty and privilege so to be?

To enquire concerning Prayer, the Answers to Prayer, Faith in Christ, Distrust of themselves, Consciousness of their own vileness and nothingness:

How they improve their talents? What zeal they have for doing good, in all they do, or suffer, or receive from God? Whether they live *above* it, making Christ their All, and offering up to God nothing for acceptance, but his Life and Death?

Whether they have a clear, full, abiding conviction, that without inward, compleat, universal Holiness, no man shall see the Lord? That Christ was sacrificed for us, that we might be a whole burnt-sacrifice to God; and that the having received the Lord Jesus Christ will profit us nothing, unless we steadily and uniformly walk in him?

C. P.

I earnestly exhort all Leaders of Classes and Bands, seriously to consider the preceding Observations, and to put them in

execution with all the Understanding and Courage that God has given them.

J. W.



NECESSITY *considered as influencing PRACTICE: extracted from Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion.*

Allowing that the notion of Necessity does not destroy the proof, that there is an intelligent Author of Nature, and natural Governor of the world; the present question is this: whether the Opinion of Necessity, supposed consistent with possibility, with the constitution of the world, and the natural government which we experience to be exercised over it; destroys all reasonable ground of belief, that we are in a state of Religion: or whether that Opinion be reconcilable with Religion; with the system, and the proof of it.

Suppose then a Fatalist to educate any one, from his youth up, in his own principles; that the Child should reason upon them, and conclude, that since he cannot possibly behave otherwise than he does, he is not a subject of blame or commendation, nor can deserve to be rewarded or punished: imagine him to eradicate the very perceptions of blame and commendation, out of his mind, by means of this system; to form his temper, and character, and behaviour to it; and from it to judge of the treatment he was to expect, even from reasonable men, upon his coming abroad into the world: as the Fatalist judges from this system, what he is to expect from the Author of Nature, and with regard to a future state. I cannot forbear stopping here to ask, whether any one of common sense would think fit, that a Child should be put upon these speculations, and be left to apply them to practice. - And a man has little pretence to Reason, who is not sensible, that we are all children in speculations of this kind. However, the Child would doubtless be highly delighted to find himself freed from the restraints of fear and shame, with which his play-fellows were fettered and embarrassed; and highly conceited

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in his superior knowledge, so far beyond his years. But conceit and vanity would be the least bad part of the influence, which these principles must have, when thus reasoned and acted upon, during the course of his education. He must either be allowed to go on and be the plague of all about him, and himself too, even to his own destruction: or else correction must be continually made use of, to supply the want of those natural perceptions of blame and commendation, which we have supposed to be removed; and to give him a practical impression, of what he had reasoned himself out of the belief of, that he was in fact an accountable Child, and to be punished for doing what he was forbid. It is therefore in reality impossible, but that the correction which he must meet with, in the course of his education, must convince him, that if the scheme he was instructed in was not false; yet that he reasoned inconclusively upon it, and some how or other misapplied it to Practice and common life: as what the Fatalist experiences of the conduct of Providence at present, ought in all reason to convince him, that this scheme is misapplied, when applied to the subject of Religion. But supposing the Child's temper could remain still formed to the system, and his expectation of the the treatment he was to have in the world be regulated by it; so as to expect that no reasonable man would blame or punish him, for any thing which he should do, because he could not help doing it; upon this supposition, it is manifest he would, upon his coming abroad into the world, be insupportable to society, and the treatment which he would receive from it, would render it so to him: and he could not fail of doing somewhat, very soon, for which he would be delivered over into the hands of civil justice. And thus in the end, he would be convinced of the obligations he was under to his wise instructor. Or suppose this scheme of Fatality, in any other way, applied to Practice, such practical application of it, will be found equally absurd; equally fallacious in a practical sense: for instance, that if a man be destined

destined to live such a time, he shall live to it, though he take no care of his own preservation; or if he be destined to die before that time, no care can prevent it; therefore all care about preserving one's life is to be neglected: which is the Fallacy instanced in by the Ancients. But now on the contrary, none of these practical absurdities can be drawn, from reasoning upon the supposition, that we are free; but all such reasoning with regard to the common affairs of life, is justified by experience. And therefore, though it were admitted that this Opinion of Necessity were speculatively true; yet, with regard to Practice, it is as if it were false, so far as our experience reaches; that is, to the whole of our present life. For, the constitution of the present world, and the condition in which we are actually placed, is, as if we were free. And it may perhaps justly be concluded, that since the whole Process of Action, through every step of it, suspense, deliberation, inclining one way, determining, and at last doing as we determine, is as if we were free, therefore we are so. But the thing here insisted upon is, that under the present natural government of the world, we find we are treated and dealt with, as if we were free, prior to all consideration whether we are or not. Were this Opinion therefore of Necessity admitted to be ever so true; yet such is in fact our condition and the natural course of things, that whenever we apply it to Life and Practice, this application of it, always misleads us, and cannot but mislead us, in a most dreadful manner, with regard to our present interest. And how can people think themselves so very secure then, that the same application of the same Opinion may not mislead them also, in some analogous manner, with respect to a future, a more general, and more important interest? For, Religion being a practical subject; and the Analogy of Nature shewing us, that we have not faculties to apply this Opinion, were it a true one, to practical subjects; whenever we do apply it to the subject of Religion, and thence conclude that we are free,

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from its obligations, it is plain, this conclusion cannot be depended upon. There will still remain just reason to think, whatever Appearances are, that we deceive ourselves; in somewhat of a like manner, as when people fancy they can draw contradictory Conclusions from the Idea of Infinity.

[To be continued.]



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CXCIH.

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

May 16, 1762.

Dear Sir,

SINCE your departure, many have been brought into the glorious liberty. And such a spirit of prayer has been poured out upon several, as was never known among us before. To this prayer there is a constant answer: so that almost at every meeting, we hear of some, either justified or sanctified, in answer to the prayer of Faith. One instance of this is old Mr. *Watkins*, who is now rejoicing with joy unspeakable.

S. Ryan brings good accounts from *Bristol*. *A. K.* was long prejudiced against her. But for some weeks she has been quite broken down, yea, roaring for the disquietness of her heart. The night before *S. Ryan* came away, a few of them who had received the blessing met with *A. Sh.* and Miss *Furly*. When *S. R.* came in, she said, "It is much on my mind, if we are true witnesses, God will give you the blessing." Before they parted, *Ann Sh.* was in a grievous agony, screaming in a

dreadful manner. *S. R.* prayed, "Lord, give her a promise." She cried out, "Not a promise: I want the God of promise." When *Miss F.* and she rose up they were in amaze, feeling a change, but not knowing what it was. *Nancy S.* has since received a clear witness of what was then wrought in her. Many are greatly stirred up, and those who used to oppose, now wonder and are silent.

Some time ago, *James Th.* had so clear a sight of his sinful nature, as almost sunk him into despair. He went to the Chapel, and thought as he entered, "My heart is so desperately wicked, I shall soon fall into some grievous, outward sin. Under the sermon, a cry for deliverance was deeply fixt in his soul. About a fortnight ago, *Benjamin Biggs* and brother *Calvert* called at his house. While they were at prayer, God so shewed him his unbelieving heart, that he almost thought, I cannot be delivered. But presently after, as he was musing in himself, God broke in upon his soul. Unbelief vanished away: and from that time, God has confirmed him more and more.*

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R CXCIV.

[From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Aug. 4, 1761.

Dear Sir,

YOU ask, Whether I pray, "Forgive me my trespasses, as I forgive them that trespass against me." I scarce find that any do trespass against *me*: but I continually say, "Lord, I know nothing by myself; but do thou forgive whatever thy pure eye seeth amiss." And I hope, I do grow in the knowledge and love of God; though not so sensibly as I desire.

* But what is he now?

You

You enquire concerning my Dreams. Blessed be God, they are sanctified. I do not always dream. But when I do, I feel much the same as when I am awake. I am still thinking, or saying, or doing something for God and Eternity. And I often find the real teaching of God's Spirit in dreams. Sometimes the devil would put a cheat upon me. But I fly to the Law and the Testimony.

I will gladly embrace every opportunity of writing, as long as I have breath, by the grace of God.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Sister,

RUTH HALL.

L E T T E R CXC.V.

[From the same.]

Sept. 20. 1760.

Dear Sir,

THE kind hand of the Most High surrounded me in my going out and coming in, I have great desires, entirely to get the better of my natural Temper. And I do gain ground upon it. What cannot the power of grace do? Mr. *H.* did indeed do me hurt, by reasoning me out of the Promise that God had given. Yet I find the effect of that Promise abide with me ever since. My soul is stayed upon God, the Rock of Ages. His promises are to me as large as my wishes, and as lasting as my soul. Yes, I am as happy as ever, as much blest with divine love in my soul. I feel lowliness of heart. I find nothing like anger at any time. I know not whether I find absolute need of self-examination or not. I always see the state of my soul at one view: yet I continually examine and measure myself by Sermons and by the Word of God. I try whether I have the same measure

of such and such Graces, and whether I exercise them on the like occasions, in the manner our Lord describes and commands; and as the Christians did of old. And glory be to God, in many of these things he has dealt very bountifully with me. Wherein I have not been tried, I can trust him who has promised strength according to our day.

The Lord leads me continually to cross my own will, and I find unspeakable blessings in so doing. I rejoice in his will at all times, however contrary to my own. Thus have I endeavoured to tell you freely the present state of my soul. I desire to be instructed and helped by you, that I may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing. May the same blessings rest on your happy soul; that both he that soweth and they that reap may rejoice together.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Sister,

RUTH HALL.

L E T T E R CXCVI.

[From the same.]

Dec. 30, 1760.

Dear Sir,

I Have often told you what I find, both of the Witnesses and the Fruit of the Spirit. But I prefer, before all other, that Evidence which arises from the very nature of the change. I have known the time when I could not easily distinguish between sin and temptation. But of late I am enabled to see it clearer in the light of the Lord. I doubt not but there may be a witness of the soul's never falling. But I think the most excellent way is to live the present moment, and leave all futurity to God. You ask, if I ever had a persuasion that I should never offend God more? I can say no more (and I desire no more) than this, I have the comfort to know that I do not offend him.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Sister,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER

LETTER CXCVII.

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

London, Dec. 31, 1757.

Honoured Sir,

WHAT a wonderful depth is there in the Providence of God! We may well say with the Apostle, How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! But what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. And this we know even now, All things shall work together for good to them that love God.

I am not insensible of my present trial. It is the heaviest and closest I have ever met with: and had not the eternal God been my refuge, I should have sunk under it from the beginning. But he is faithful, and as my day is, so he maketh my strength to be. I have no room to complain. I am not yet "forfaken of all men, and dying in a cottage." Neither am I as they who wandered in sheep-skins and goat-skins, and lodged in dens and caves of the earth. But I am ready. My spirit is resolutely fixt, "To suffer all his righteous will."

I know nothing by myself, yet am I not hereby justified: but he that judgeth me is the Lord. And surely he hath said, "I have created in thee a clean heart, and renewed a right spirit within thee." O the depth of Love Divine! I can say no more. My thought is too big for utterance.

I have no desire to give up my friends, but bless God for the good I receive through them. Yet if God himself cuts off the stream, he will lead me to the fountain. Therefore I am free from every creature; for God is all-sufficient. But I do not believe it is the design of God to separate us; only to purge away the dross of nature, that there may be a more firm and spiritual union, than hath ever been yet.

Indeed I grieve and joy on *your* account. I grieve for the trial you have had, as well as the many others which
you

you must have. May the Lord bear you above them all! But I joy in this, that I believe the one desire of your soul is, to be wholly given up to God. And I pray God, that those who speak evil of you may be ashamed, while they behold your good conversation in Christ. O that you may go on, through evil report and good report, denying yourself, in the minutest circumstance, wherein you are liable to get hurt, and continually watching the motions of your heart, till all that is in you is "Holiness to the Lord."

Whatever is amiss in this, you will forgive: and continue to instruct, reprove, and pray for your ever affectionate Child,
S. C—.

L E T T E R CXCVIII.

[From the same.]

London, March 14, 1758.

Very dear and honoured Sir,

I Still experience the goodness of God, and am thankful for all things. He hath delivered; he doth deliver: and I know he will deliver to the end. Many times I wish myself unknown to all. Yet at others, I cannot help saying, (in effect) "Come, all ye that fear the Lord: and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." I shall endeavour simply to describe to you my present state, that you may reprove or instruct, as the case requires.

I find a Rest in the centre of my soul, which nothing doth, or can interrupt. I feel no Pride, no Anger, no Unbelief, no desire of any thing evil. I have but one desire, which nothing can satisfy, but the full fruition of God. And what kind of rest this gives, they only that find it know: The light of Faith shines clear; the Love of God does melt and meeken

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my soul, and reduces me to nothing: so that I live not, but Christ liveth in me. I know not that I need any thing more, but to increase herein. But my ideas are beyond any expressions I can find. I see a fulness in him, which Angels cannot fathom.

Knowing my own demerits, I cannot think hard of any trial I meet with. And I find, as Faith makes all things possible, so Love makes all things easy. I feel my present trial: but Almighty strength is perfected in my weakness.

May the Lord bless you with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus! May he more than supply all your wants, and give you length of days, and life for evermore! I still say, May I see you again, if we may magnify the Lord together. Till then, dear Sir, cease not to instruct, advise, or reprove, your affectionate Child,

S. C.—.

L E T T E R CXCIX.

[*From the same.*]

March 30, 1758.

Very dear and honoured Sir,

MAY all the blessings of the New Covenant rest upon you! O that the high praises of God, may for ever be in our heart and mouth. The time is lost that is not spent in prayer or praise.

My heart is enlarged in love to all. I know not a soul for whom I would not part with any thing, but the favour of God, to do them any real service. But how much more for my Father whom I still love as my own soul, and whose salvation as nearly concerns me as my own?

I cannot rest satisfied with what I have. Indeed I have the greatest encouragement to press forward, well knowing that there is room to grow, in time, and in eternity. What a blessing

bleffing it is, that we are taught of God, not to plead for *the remains of fin*, in order to our growing in grace: nor yet to think that all the work is done, when we are faved from fin, but ftill to look for farther growth in the knowledge and love of God?

My foul is happy in his love, but ftill grasping after all, though unworthy of any thing. By this window you may look into my breaft. You know my ftrength, and you know my weaknefs. And I trust you will give all the help you can, to increafe the one, and leffen the other.

Ceafe not to pray for *me*, that my prayers may be the more effectual for *you*. This union the world knows not of, nor many of the children of God. May the choicest of his bleffings reft upon you, and as your day is, fo may your ftrength be! So prays your very affectionate Child,

S. C—.



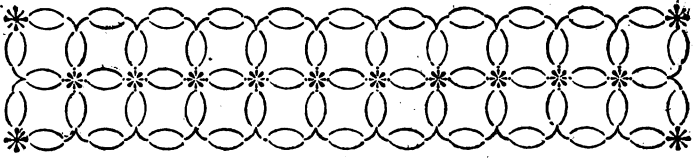
P O E T R Y.

On TRINITY SUNDAY,

[By Dr. Byron.]

CO-EQUAL *Trinity* was always taught,
 By the Divines moft famed for pious thought;
 The men of learning fill'd, indeed, the page,
 With difsonant difputes from age to age:
 But with themfelves, fo far as we can read,
 About their fchems they never were agreed,
 When they oppos'd, by Reason or by Wrath,
 This grand Foundation of the Christian-Faith.

For



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For DECEMBER 1781.



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

D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from page 574.]

Lewis: **W**HAT does St. Paul mean, when he says,
(Rom. ix. 14. 16.) *What shall we say then?
Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid. For he saith
to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and
I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So
then it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of
God that sheweth mercy.* *Fred.* Does he say this concerning
Election, or concerning Rejection? *Lewis.* Concerning
Election. *Fred.* Concerning Election, we grant the whole;
namely, that it is gratuitous and founded solely and
entirely on God's mercy and goodness. But we have

already proved that the cause of Rejection is different. *Lewis*. But they affirm, there can be no Election, unless there be Rejection upon the same principle. *Fred*. Not so. One may chuse and love gratuitously, but we may not reject and hate gratuitously. Accordingly, God loved and was kind to the *Israelites* gratuitously, and punished the *Canaanites* not gratuitously, but for their crimes. And it is written, that the good were loved and chosen before they existed; but it is nowhere written that the wicked were rejected and hated before they were in being. Add to this, that Election may be without Rejection, as love without hatred, and a first-born without an after-born. Thus *Adam*, though he was alone, was elected; and had no one sinned, all would have been elected. In like manner, you have chosen this son, and yet you have rejected none of your sons. And Christ is chosen by the Father, though he be the first and the last; that is to say, alone. Consequently, we cannot assert that Election and Rejection stand upon the same principle.

Lewis. It is so indeed. But why does *St. Paul* say, "Is there unrighteousness with God?" For who does not know, that there can be no unrighteousness, when one does good to another gratuitously? He seems to make use of the word unrighteousness, to answer the following objection: "If God hated *Esau*, who was not yet born, he appears to be unrighteous." To which *St. Paul* answers. God hath the same power over man that a potter hath over the clay; and therefore he doth him no injury if he condemns him, though without his deserving it. And what he writes of Pharaoh's being hardened seems to be took the same way. *Fred*. If we had no other writings of *St. Paul* extant but that passage, I should have nothing to reply: but since both the Justice of God, and the whole tenor of scripture, and other assertions of *St. Paul* himself prove the contrary, it must be that either these words have another meaning, or that the Apostle contradicts himself. He himself gives us a beautiful description of God's justice,
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in this very Epistle: (chap. ii.) *Despiseſt thou the riches of his goodneſs, and forbearance, and long-ſuffering, not knowing that the goodneſs of God leadeth thee to repentance? But after thy hardneſs and impenitent heart, treaſureſt up unto thyſelf, wrath againſt the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God, who will render to every man according to his works?* Pray, what does he call the righteous judgment of God? *Lewis.* The rendering to every man according to his works. *Fred.* But if he hated *Eſau* before he was born, and from that hatred hardens him, he does not render to *Eſau*, according to his works, ſince *Eſau* was hated before he had a being. The ſame I ſay of Pharaoh. Whence it follows, that ſuch a hardening of Pharaoh does not agree with St. Paul's rule of divine juſtice.

Should it be ſaid, whatever God wills is juſt, becauſe of his ſovereignty, we answer, Then that rule, concerning the righteous judgment of God, is vain. For if his will is the rule of juſtice, his judgment is no leſs righteous, if he renders to every man quite contrary to his works. *Lewis.* How then ſhall we explain this place? *Fred.* I hope, well; the maſter of the houſe ſaid to that murmurer, *Friend, I do thee no wrong. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own? Is thine eye evil, becauſe I am good?* So God ſays here, Is it not lawful for me to give as much to every man as I pleaſe? And to ſhew mercy to whom I pleaſe? I do no man wrong, if I pleaſe to give more bleſſings to one than to another.

That this is the meaning of the place, appears from thoſe words of God to *Moſes.* *I will be gracious, to whom I will be gracious.* But if he does not pleaſe to confer a favour, this is no injuſtice. For he is indebted to no man. But there is a difference between giving nothing to a man, and hurting him. If God does not give bleſſings to a man, this is not unjuſt: for he owes him nothing. But if he did hurt to one that had not deſerved it, this would be unjuſt. For it would be contrary to that rule of juſtice, which he has preſcribed to himſelf as well as to man.

Lewis. What then does that hardening of Pharaoh mean?

Fred. What does that hardness mean in the passage before cited, *After thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up wrath?* Can these sentences be reconciled, "The goodness of God leadeth men to repentance:" and, "God hardens the heart of man?" Or these, "This man by his hardness rejects the goodness of God leading him to repentance:" and, "God hardens the heart of man?" Are not these contradictions?

Lewis. Undoubtedly. *Fred.* Should we not then explain one of these sentences by the other, the less plain by the more plain? *Lewis.* We should; and this concerning hardening, seems the plain and unambiguous one. For it is said expressly, (Exod. viii. 9.) *The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart,* and that more than once. It is likewise said expressly, and more than once, *Pharaoh hardened his own heart.* What then hardened it, seeing this is ascribed to both?

Lewis. I cannot tell. *Fred.* Let us consider. You know, unregenerate men have hearts of stone. This being the case, the hearts of such men cannot be hardened, any more than a stone can. But as it cannot be softened, unless by God, those whom he does not soften, he is said to harden: the scripture frequently speaking of God as *doing* those things, which he *permits* to be done. So Solomon, *The Lord will not cause the righteous man to hunger;* that is, will not suffer it. So in Job, God is said to have *deprived the Ostrich of wisdom,* that is, hath not given it wisdom. Just so God is said to harden those whom he leaves in their hardness. Thus the people complain in *Isaiah* (c. lxxiii. 17.) *O Lord, why hast thou made us to err from thy ways, and hardened our hearts from thy fear?* How harsh an expression? And how flatly contrary to St. Paul's word, that *the goodness of God leads the hard-hearted to repentance?* Look at these words by themselves, and you would think the people were actually hardened by God himself. But view the whole passage, and you will see it was quite the contrary: for the prophet had just said, *I will mention the loving-kindnesses of*

of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed upon us, and the great goodness towards the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them, according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his loving-kindnesses. For he said, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie; so he was their Saviour. In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them, and he bare and carried them all the days of old. You see, God's kindness towards his people, his benefits, his mercies, his love where-with he led them to repentance, are recited in this passage, just as in that before cited from St. Paul. Observe then that their hardness came not from God, but from their own perverseness. For thus Isaiah speaks, But they rebelled and vexed his Holy Spirit. Then follows the punishment. Therefore he was turned to be their enemy and fought against them. This is just what St. Paul says. After thy hardness and impenitent heart, thou treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath.

You have here in order, what is hardening and what is the use and cause of it. Man is hard from his infancy, and prone to all sin. But God being full of mercy, by his goodness, his word and his spirit, leads him to repentance. Yet the wicked despise his goodness and grieve his Spirit. And like the deaf-adder, stopping their ears, wilfully continue in their perverseness. Thus it was that Pharaoh hardened his heart; thus the Israelites hardened theirs: to whom God says, *To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.* God being offended at man's thus hardening his heart, in despite of all his goodness, leaves him to himself, and does no longer strive with him by his Spirit. Man thus left to himself, rushes into all sin. And in this sense only he is hardened of God, that is, left in his hardness.

To this head we may refer those texts in which God seems to command men to sin: although it is not properly commanding,

manding, but desisting to forbear those whom he sees hardened in disobedience. So Christ, *Fill up the measure of your fathers*: that is, since ye will not be reclaimed, sin on till judgment overtakes you. Yet we cannot say, these filled up the measure of their wickedness by the command of Christ; as, though a father should say to an incorrigible son, "Go on in your own way;" yet you could not say, he sinned by the command of his father.

[*To be continued.*]

S E R M O N VI.

On 1 CORINTHIANS xiv. 20.

[*Concluded from page 580.*]

WE have hitherto endeavoured to lay aside all prejudice, and to weigh the matter calmly and impartially. The same course let us take still: let us now coolly consider, without prepossession on any side, what it is, according to the best light we have, that Reason cannot do?

II. 1. And, first, Reason cannot produce Faith. Although it is always consistent with Reason, yet Reason cannot produce Faith, in the scriptural sense of the word. Faith according to scripture, is "an evidence or conviction of things not seen." It is a divine evidence, bringing a full conviction of an invisible, eternal world. It is true, there was a kind of shadowy persuasion of this, even among the wiser Heathens, (probably from tradition, or from some gleams of light, reflected from the Israelites.) Hence many hundred years before our Lord was born, the Greek Poet uttered that great truth,

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, whether we wake, or if we sleep."

But

But this was little more than faint conjecture. It was far from a firm conviction: which Reason in its highest state of improvement could never produce in any child of man.

2. Many years ago I found the truth of this by sad experience. After carefully heaping up the strongest arguments, which I could find either in antient or modern Authors, for the very being of a God, and (which is nearly connected with it) the existence of an invisible world; I have wandered up and down, musing with myself: what if all these things which I see around me, this earth and heaven, this universal frame, has existed from eternity? What if that melancholy supposition of the old Poet, be the real case?

Ὅτι περ φύλλων γενεή, ποιεῖτε καὶ ἀίδμων* What if the generation of men be exactly parallel with the generation of leaves? If the earth drops its successive inhabitants, just as the tree drops its leaves? What if that saying of a great man be really true,

Post mortem nihil est; ipsaque mors nihil?

“Death is nothing, and nothing is after Death?”

How am I sure that this is not the case? That I have not followed cunningly devised fables? And I have pursued the thought, till there was no spirit in me, and I was ready to chuse strangling rather than life.

3. But in a point of so unspeakable importance, do not depend on the word of another; but retire for a while from the busy world, and make the experiment yourself. Try whether *your* Reason will give you a clear, satisfactory evidence of the invisible world. After the prejudices of education are laid aside, produce your strong reasons for the existence of this. Set them all in array; silence all objections, and put all your doubts to flight. Alas, you cannot with all your understanding. You may perhaps repress them for a season. But how quickly will they rally again, and attack you with redoubled violence? And what can poor Reason do for your deliverance?

deliverance? The more vehemently you struggle, the more deeply you are entangled in the toils. And you find no way to escape.

4. How was the case with that great admirer of Reason, the Author of the Maxim above cited? I mean, the famous Mr. *Hobbes*. None will deny, that he had a strong understanding. But did it produce in him a full and satisfactory conviction of an invisible world? Did it open the eyes of his understanding, to see

“ Beyond the bounds of this diurnal Sphere ?”

O no! Far from it! His dying words ought never to be forgotten. “ Where are you going, Sir,” said one of his friends. He answered, “ I am taking a leap in the dark,” and died. Just such an evidence of the invisible world can bare Reason give to the wisest of men!

5. Secondly, Reason alone cannot produce Hope in any child of man: I mean Scriptural Hope, whereby we *rejoice in hope of the glory of God*: that Hope which St. Paul in one place terms, *tasting of the powers of the world to come*; in another, the *sitting in heavenly places with Christ Jesus*. That which enables us to say, *Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath begotten us again unto a lively hope — To an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, which is reserved in heaven for us*. This Hope can only spring from Christian Faith: therefore where there is not Faith, there is not Hope. Consequently Reason being unable to produce Faith, must be equally unable to produce Hope. Experience confirms this likewise. How often have I laboured, and that with my might, to beget this Hope in myself? But it was lost labour: I could no more acquire this hope of heaven, than I could touch heaven with my hand. And whoever of you makes the same attempt, will find it attended with the same success. I do not deny, that a self-deceiving Enthusiast may work himself a kind of hope. He may work
himself

himself up a lively imagination, into a sort of pleasing dream. He may *compass himself about*, as the prophet speaks, *with sparks of his own kindling*. But this cannot be of long continuance, in a little while the bubble will surely break. And what will follow? *This shall ye have at my hand, saith the Lord, ye shall lie down in sorrow.*

6. If Reason could have produced a hope full of immortality in any child of man, it might have produced it in that great man, whom *Justin Martyr* scruples not to call, "a Christian before Christ." For who that was not favoured with the written word of God, ever excelled, yea, or equalled *Socrates*? In what other heathen can we find so strong an Understanding, joined with so consummate Virtue? But had he really this Hope? Let him answer for himself. What is the conclusion of that noble apology, which he made before his unrighteous Judges? "And now, O judges, ye are going hence, to live: and I am going hence, to die. Which of these is best, the gods know: but I suppose, no man does." No man knows! How far is this from the language of the little Benjamite? *I desire to depart and to be with Christ: for it is far better.* And how many thousands are there at this day, even in our own nation, young men and maidens, old men and children, who are able to witness the same good confession?

7. But who is able to do this, by the force of his Reason, be it ever so highly improved? One of the most sensible and most amiable men that have lived since our Lord died, even tho' he governed the greatest Empire in the world, was the Emperor *Adrian*. It is his well-known saying, "A Prince ought to resemble the Sun; he ought to shine on every part of his dominion, and to diffuse his salutary rays, in every place where he comes." And his life was a comment upon his word; wherever he went, he was executing Justice and shewing Mercy. Was not he then at the close of a long life, full of immortal Hope? We are able to answer this from unquestionable authority, from his own dying words. How inimitably pathetic!

Adriani morientis ad animam suam.

Dying *Adrian* to his soul :

*Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut sùls, dabis jocos!*

Which the English Reader may see, translated into our own language, with all the spirit of the original.

“ Poor, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou knowest not whither?”

Thy pleasing vein, thy humorous folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot!
And pensive, wavering melancholy,
Thou hopest, and fearest, thou knowest not what.”

8. Thirdly, Reason however cultivated and improved, cannot produce the Love of God; which is plain from hence: it cannot produce either Faith or Hope, from which alone this love can flow. It is then only, when we *behold* by Faith, *what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us*, in giving his only Son, that we might not perish but have everlasting life, that *the love of God is shed abroad in our heart, by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us*. It is only then, when we *rejoice in hope of the glory of God, that we love him, because he first loved us*. But what can cold Reason do in this matter? It may present us with fair ideas: it can draw a fine picture of love: but this is only a painted fire! And farther than this, Reason cannot go. I made the trial for many years.

years. I collected the finest Hymns, Prayers and Meditations, which I could find in any language: and I said, sung or read them over and over, with all possible seriousness and attention. But still I was like the bones in Ezekiel's vision: *the skin covered them above; but there was no breath in them.*

9. And as Reason cannot produce the Love of God, so neither can it produce the Love of our Neighbour, a calm, generous disinterested Benevolence to every child of man. This earnest, steady Good-will to our fellow-creatures, never flowed from any fountain but Gratitude to our Creator. And if this be (as a very ingenious man supposes) the very essence of Virtue, it follows that Virtue can have no being, unless it spring from the Love of God. Therefore as Reason cannot produce this Love, so neither can it produce Virtue.

10. And as it cannot give either Faith, Hope, Love or Virtue, so it cannot give Happiness, since separate from these, there can be no Happiness for any intelligent Creature. It is true, those who are void of all Virtue, may have Pleasures, such as they are: but Happiness they have not, cannot have. No:

“ Their joy is all sadness,
 Their mirth is all vain;
 Their laughter is madness;
 Their pleasure is pain?”

Pleasures? Shadows? Dreams? fleeting as the wind; unsubstantial as the rainbow? As unsatisfying to the poor, gasping soul,

“ As the gay Colours of an Eastern cloud.”

None of these will stand the test of Reflection: if thought comes, the bubble breaks.

Suffer me now to add a few, plain words, first to you who undervalue Reason. Never more declaim in that wild, loose, ranting manner, against this precious gift of God. Ac-

knowledge *the candle of the Lord*, which he hath fixed in our souls for excellent purposes. You see how many admirable ends it answers, were it only in the things of this life: of what unspeakable use is even a moderate share of Reason, in all our worldly employments, from the lowest and meanest offices of life, through all the intermediate branches of business, till we ascend to those that are of the highest importance and the greatest difficulty. When therefore you despise or depreciate Reason, you must not imagine you are doing God service; least of all, are you promoting the cause of God, when you are endeavouring to exclude Reason out of Religion. Unless you wilfully shut your eyes, you cannot but see, of what service it is, both in laying the foundation of true Religion, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, and in raising the whole super-structure. You see, it directs us in every point, both of Faith and Practice: it guides us with regard to every branch both of inward and outward Holiness. Do we not glory in this that the whole of our Religion is a *reasonable service*? Yea, and that every part of it, when it is duly performed, is the highest exercise of our Understanding.

Permit me to add a few words to you likewise, who over-value Reason. Why should you run from one extreme into the other? Is not the middle way best? Let Reason do all that Reason can: employ it as far as it will go. But at the same time, acknowledge it is utterly incapable, of giving either Faith, or Hope, or Love: and consequently, of producing either real Virtue, or substantial Happiness. Expect these from a higher source, even from the Father of the spirits of all flesh. Seek and receive them, not as your own acquisition, but as the gift of God. Lift up your hearts to him who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not. He alone can give that Faith which is the evidence and *conviction of things not seen*. He alone can *beget you unto a lively hope of an inheritance eternal in the heavens*. And he alone can

shed

shed abroad his love in your heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto you. Ask therefore, and it shall be given you: cry unto him, and you shall not cry in vain. How can you doubt? If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven, give the Holy Ghost unto them that ask him? So shall you be living witnesses that Wisdom, Holiness, and Happiness are one, are inseparably united: and are indeed the beginning of that eternal life, which God hath given us in his Son.

Langham-Row, July 6, 1781.

Some Account of the Life of Mr. THOMAS PAYNE: in a Letter to the Rev. Mr. WESLEY.

[Concluded from page 587.]

16. **I** Was now promoted again. I had five different offices, and a large revenue therefrom. But as business increased, Religion wore off; till (to avoid running into more sin) I married. My Wife's mother was one of the most pious women in the Island. But my Wife's Religion consisted in going to Church, and then running a continual round of Pleasure, of eating and drinking, dressing, playing, dancing, singing. Indeed we both swam down the stream together; for I was afraid to think; I did not dare to meet my own Conscience; and endeavoured to stifle my own convictions, with business, and with frantic mirth. Yet sometimes I could not help thinking. And my convictions were then so keen, that I was many times under strong temptation to put an end to my own life. Perhaps I should have done it, but for a dream which I had a little before. I thought I saw myself standing on the summit of a frightful Precipice: whence I

was suddenly hurled down head-long through the air, expecting every moment to be dashed in pieces; when I was turned into a white Dove, and flew up again.

17. About this time I saw, at a friend's house, two volumes extracted from Mr. *Law's Works*, and a volume of your Sermons. Hence my Convictions returned stronger than ever. I sincerely and deeply lamented my grievous fall: my heart was broken in pieces, for my repeated and aggravated sins against so good a God. And I sincerely prayed, that he would send me any kind of affliction, which would bring me back to himself. I saw, Prosperity had ruined me, and cared not what I suffered, so I might once again love and serve God. And I referred it wholly to him, to use whatever means he saw fit, in his adorable Providence. At the same time I had a vehement desire, to hear once more, the genuine Gospel of Christ.

18. One night I started in my sleep, and waked my wife, saying, "*Peggy*, I shall be obliged to leave you, and to go to *England*." She said "It is only a foolish dream: go to sleep again." I endeavoured so to do, but could not, this being so strongly impressed on my mind. Not long after, I disobliged some of my superiors, by the just discharge of my duty. In consequence of this, I received orders to return to *England*: the man I saw in my dream pushing me off the precipice, being the very man who bore false witness against me, out of fear of the Governor, who cursed, and drove away those that came to give evidence in my favour. I saw the hand of God herein, and acquiesced in his providence.

19. I came to *England*, and preferred a petition to the honourable East-India Company. But they did not answer it; as indeed I had not with me the proper evidences to support it. I left my wife and child behind, and she was breeding with another. She did not desire to come with me: nor did I then desire that she should. I remained in *London*, waiting for the arrival of some of my evidences, till I had spent almost all my money, having only a few shillings left. I could not

now tell what to do, as I had not one friend in *London*; till hearing of you, Sir, I found a desire to have some conversation with you. I went to the Foundery, but instead of you, met with Mr. *Jaco*. I told him my situation and circumstances. He said, "I can do nothing for you." I asked, if he knew of any under-clerk's place, that I could get till Providence cleared my way? He said, no. I left him; but was not humbled enough yet, for God to lift me up.

20. I said to myself, I have been a soldier, and I will be so again. I could not murmur nor repine; having a deep sense of my backsliding from God, and being fully convinced that although his ways are often past finding out, yet he does all things well, and for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. I enlisted in the fifteenth Regiment of foot, and was immediately made Clerk of the Regiment. I should have been farther preferred; but I was too religious: I was not like other men. Indeed I do not know, that we had three men in the whole Regiment, who pretended to any religion at all. I had now again a few opportunities of calling sinners to repentance. I went home to *Nailsworth* upon a furlow, and began exhorting the people to turn to God. I did the same at *Stroud*; then at *Cirencester*, and afterwards at other places. Here my former sentiments were shaken, and I began to halt between two opinions. At length the gracious Providence of God brought me to *Leeds*, in *Yorkshire*. Here I found such a large body of affectionate people as I never saw before. And some of them desired me to preach; but my Officers threatened me, that if I did, I should be tried by a Court-martial. And I still doubted my Call to preach. So I determined to take this method, Never to preach unless invited to it: and then to observe, Whether there was any fruit?

21. Soon after, one of our soldier's told Mrs. *Walsh*, that they had a Preacher in their Regiment. She sent for me, and desired me to give an Exhortation. I did so, and contrary

to my expectation, my Officers were so far from punishing me, that they gave me all the liberty I could desire. And it pleased God to employ me as an instrument of awakening and converting several souls. I preached many times in the streets of *Leeds*. Mr. *Mitchell* then sent for me and asked me, "For whom do you preach?" I said, "For Christ, in order to convert sinners to him." He invited me to preach in your Preaching-house, which I did many times. And I frequently went into the Circuit for him, and for Mr. *Robert Roberts*, who were glad to have sinners converted to God, whatever instruments he was pleased to make use of. And it was here, that by reading and considering your's, Mr. *Fletcher's*, and Mr. *Sellon's* Works, I was entirely delivered from the whole Hypothesis of Absolute Predestination. And so, I am firmly persuaded, will every sensible man be, who has a real desire to know the whole truth of God, and then gives them a fair reading, with frequent and fervent prayer.

22. It was now, that the thought of my wife and children lay upon my mind. And I saw no way, either for me to escape from the Army, or them from *St. Helena*. But nothing is too hard for God. He first made a way for me. My Colonel demanding thirty guineas for my discharge, it was soon raised and paid. Being now once more a free man, I desired to join with the people called *Methodists*. I saw (to begin with smaller things) that wherever they came, they promoted, 1. Cleanliness, Industry, Frugality and Economy: 2. Loyalty, conscientious subjection to the King, and all that are in authority: and 3. Real, vital Religion, which was well nigh banished from the earth.

23. I was received upon trial at the *Leeds* Conference, in the year 1772. Thence I was sent to *London*, where the sensible *Methodists* were so kind as to bear with my weaknesses, and they were not a few. I bless God that I was stationed here for my improvement. And even here, it pleased God, that my labour was not in vain. You was then pleased

pleased to fend me to *Ireland*, to take off my rough military edge, and to break me thoroughly to the work, on the rough Mountains of the North. The damp, dirty, smoaky cabins of *Ulster*, were a good trial for me for the present. But what makes double amends for all these inconveniences, to any Preacher who loves the work of God, is, that our people here are in general the most zealous, lively, affectionate Christians we have in the kingdom.

24. When I had been a little above a year in *Ireland*, my wife, who was before unwilling to leave home, as well as afraid of a sea-voyage, and of venturing into the Northern climate; wrote me word that her father and mother were dead, and that she was willing to leave *St. Helena*, and not afraid, either of a sea-voyage, or of a cold climate. I informed you of this: and you was pleased to make application to the East-India Company, who generously ordered my family to be brought to *England*, with every needful accommodation, at their own charge. By the blessing of God, they arrived safe. You was pleased to send my little boy to *Kingfwood* School, and my little girl to *Publow*, and to send me word, not to take any thought or care about them. After a while you sent over my wife to me. This has proved an unspeakable blessing to her. She has been convinced of sin, converted to God, and I trust, made pure in heart.

25. As to myself, I have been many times so unfaithful to the Grace and Gifts wherewith God has entrusted me, that I abhor myself in dust and ashes, as an unprofitable servant. Yet this I can say from the ground of my heart, I am not at all careful, where or how long I live in this world, so I may answer the end of my being; so I may have the testimony of my conscience, that I do all to the glory of God. For I know, that to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I fear God, and uniformly endeavour to work righteousness: I believe that God is both able and willing to cleanse me from all unrighteousness: and I lie before him as clay in the hands of the

potter, to be just what he would have me to be: as holy and as happy, as my nature and state can bear. I am not afraid of being too holy; but I believe it is my privilege to be all-holy, in the very complexion of my soul, in all my tempers, thoughts, words and actions. I am convinced that Grace is stronger than Sin, and that Christ is stronger than the Devil: and that Gospel-liberty implies a deliverance from the guilt, power, and nature of sin; into peace, life, love and holiness. I can say farther, that though I do not yet fully enjoy these inestimable blessings, yet God is pleased to own my weak labours, so that more and more sinners are converted to God, every time I go my Circuit.

26. And now, what shall I render to the Lord, for all the benefits that he has done unto me? I can only praise him as long as I live, and be telling of all his wonderful works. Praise the Lord, then, O my soul! and let all within me praise his holy Name!

Dear Sir, blot out or keep in just what you please of this Narrative. And in so doing you will oblige

Your Son in the Gospel,

THOMAS PAYNE.

An Account of Mr. THOMAS EDEN.

[*By the Rev. Mr. B——.*]

ON Tuesday, April 27, 1781, after a week's illness, died Thomas Eden, aged about sixty. He was by trade a Bricklayer, and all that knew him, acknowledged his singular skill and eminence in every thing relating to that profession. His Wife being dead, and leaving him no family, he had retired from his business many years ago; yet he exercised it occasionally: for though he declined following it with lucrative views, he was always, to

the end of his life, ready to give his judgment, his time, and his labour for the service of others; whether to repair the cottage of poverty, or to raise structures for the worship of God.

Contented with an estate of not quite forty pounds per annum, this honest and benevolent man lived in a small house, in *Tabernacle-Walk, Moorfields*. He used sometimes in summer, to make little excursions into the country, to preach to poor people, and was frequently useful among them. He likewise sometimes wrote verses: but it must be owned that his talents either as a Preacher or a Poet, were not very conspicuous. His most frequent and beloved employment was visiting the sick, often relieving their temporal wants, always praying with them, and soothing their sorrowful hours with the consolations of Religion.

His Foibles were such as are most excusable; his Virtues such as are most rare among mortals. Indeed his chief Foible was, if truly considered, one of the highest Virtues to which humanity can attain: I mean, his neglect of money. He was one of those few great souls who can set bounds to the craving passion, who resolve to be contented with a little, and reject opportunities of being richer.

Singularly abstemious in his diet; frugal and even penurious in what concerned himself, he was, towards the needy and distressed, liberal to an extreme. He often straitened himself greatly, by giving before his rents were due.

For the excess and apparent imprudence of his charities, the Writer of this Account has often found fault with him; but now retracts the censure. Reader, he was in reality one of the only true œconomists. He knew a way of placing his property at far higher interest than the usurer, and on far better security. He sent most of his money before him to that country, to which his soul aspired, and in which he now rests from his cares and labours.

Let us copy such disinterestedness and devotedness to God, in our own lives: and not be content, (as is too frequent) with only admiring it in others.

*A short Account of the Death of ELIZABETH MARSH,
and two others.*

Sept. 6, 1744.

I Committed to the dust the remains of *Elizabeth Marsh*, a young woman who had received a sense of the pardoning love of God about four years before her death, and had never left her first love. She had scarce known health or ease from that hour. But she never murmured or repined at any thing. I saw her many times after she was confined to her bed; and found her always quiet and calm, always chearful, praising God in the fires; though longing to depart and to be with Christ. I could not learn that her mind was ever clouded, no, not a moment, from the beginning of her illness. But a few days before she died, she told me, "I am concerned: I spoke a hasty word to-day. One told me, You shall recover within ten days. And I said, "I do not want to recover." A little before her speech failed, she beckoned one to her, and said, "Go, and tell *Molly Brown* from me, she must come back to Mr. *Wesley*. I have not breath to speak to her myself: but do you tell her, she *must* come back." She had lost her voice when I prayed with her the last time, and commended her soul to God. But

" Her eye dropt sense, distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak."

A little after, she recovered her speech and said, "To me, to die is gain. I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil."

I could only speak a few words at her grave. But when I returned to the *Foundery*, God made his word as a flame of fire. I spoke from that passage in the Revelations, *And one of*

of the elders said unto me, *What are these who are arrayed in white robes; and whence came they? And I said, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*

A young man, servant to Mrs. Clark, of Newington, went home deeply affected. The next day he was taken ill, and every day grew worse; so that when I came to the house on Monday the 10th, (though I knew nothing of him, or of his illness before) he was just gasping for breath. It was a melancholy sight. Both his words and his eyes "witnessed huge affliction and dismay." Death stared him in the face. And he knew not God. He could but just say, "For God's sake pray for me."

John Nelson coming in, we asked life for our brother, in full confidence of the promise. All this day as his illness, so his terrors increased. But the next day God gave him life from the dead. He told me, "Now I am not afraid to die: for I know that God loves me. I did not use to love you or your people: but now I love you as my own soul. I love you all: I know you are the people of God; and I am just going to him." He continued praising God as long as he could speak, and when he could not, his eyes were fixed upwards. Between one and two on Wednesday morning he cried out, "I have lost my God! Where is he? I cannot see him." But he soon recovered himself and said, "Now I have found him: and I shall lose him no more." About seven I prayed with him, and praised God on his behalf; and not long after, he fell asleep.

Friday 14. I performed the last office (according to his desire) over his body, which was interred in the presence of a vast multitude of people, at a small distance from that of *Elizabeth Marsh*.

Sunday 16. I buried near the same place, one who had soon finished her course, going to God in the full assurance of

of faith, when she was little more than four years old. In her last sickness (having been deeply serious in her behaviour for several months before) she spent all the intervals of her convulsions, in speaking of, or to God. And when she perceived her strength to be near exhausted, she desired all the family to come near, and prayed for them all, one by one; then for her Ministers, for the Church, and for all the world. A short time after, recovering from a fit, she lifted up her eyes, said, "Thy kingdom come," and died.

J. W.

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

On the E Y E S.

THE situation, number, and conformation of the eyes in various animals, is wonderfully adapted to their various circumstances. In several, the eye looks chiefly forward, but so as to take in nearly the hemisphere before it. In others, the eyes are so placed, as to take in nearly a whole sphere. In some, they are so fixt as to look chiefly behind, so that they see their enemy following them. So in Rabbits and Hares: whereas in Dogs they are more forward, to look after their prey.

Generally the *head* is moveable for the sake of the eyes, and the eyes themselves moveable every way. Where it is not so, other expedients are found, to answer the same end. Thus in some creatures, the eyes are set at a distance from the head, to be moved this way or that: as in Snails, whose eyes are fixed to the end of their horns, or rather of the optic nerves which are sheathed therein. In other creatures, whose head and eyes are immoveable, this is made up by the number of eyes. So Spiders, which cannot move their head, have

have four, six, or eight eyes, all placed in the front of the head, (which is round) like a locket of diamonds.

Many animals have muscles to move the eye, and obvert it to the object. Fishes have none; but for amends, they have many little protuberances finely ranged on their large, bulging eyes; by which numberless rays of light are deflected from objects above, beneath, and on either side. Yea, some hundreds of these protuberances are curiously ranged on the convex eye of a flesh-fly.

Scorpions have a hundred eyes; an Ephemeron-fly full two thousand.

In other creatures, which have only two eyes, the want of motion therein is supplied, by their eyes protuberating into hemispheres, each being a vast number of segments of a sphere.

The eyes of a Cameleon resemble a convex glass set in a round socket, which he turns backward and forward without stirring the head, and commonly, one a contrary way to the other.

Lastly, Moles living under ground, have not so much need of eyes as other creatures. Yet they have eyes, but exceeding small, far in the head, and covered with strong hair. When they are above ground they can put them forth beyond the skin, and draw them back at pleasure.

Another circumstance, relative to the Eye is highly remarkable. As we use various apertures to our optic glasses, so Nature has made a far more compleat provision, to admit enough, and not too much light, into the eyes of animals, by the dilatation and contraction of the pupil. And this in divers animals of divers forms, is according to their peculiar occasions. In some it is round, particularly in Man; that being the most proper figure, for the position of our eyes, and the use we make of them, both by day and night. In some animals it is of a longish form, in some transverse, with its aperture large, (an admirable provision for their seeing sideways, and thereby avoiding many inconveniences, as well as
a help

a help for gathering their food on the ground, whether by day or night. In others, that aperture is erect, and also capable of opening wide and shutting close. The latter serves to exclude the bright light of the day, the former to take in the faint rays of the night; thereby enabling them to see and catch their prey, when there is no light discernible to us.

Thus Cats can so close their pupil, as to admit but a single ray of light. And again, by throwing all open, they can take in all the faintest rays: which is an incomparable provision for creatures that have occasion to watch their prey both by day and night.

But beside this, in Cats and other nocturnal animals, there is a sort of carpet at the bottom of the eye, which gives a kind of radiation on the pupil, thereby enabling them to see in the dark.

To preserve this tender organ, many creatures have a membrane, which is not commonly perceived, wherewith they can at pleasure cover the eye, without too much hindering the sight, being both transparent and strong, so that it is a kind of moveable cornea.

Providence is conspicuous in furnishing *Frogs* with this. For as they live in watry places, which generally abound with plants that have sharp edges or points; and as the Frog goes on, not by walking, but by leaping, if he were not so furnished, he must either shut his eyes, and so leap blindfold, or run many risques by leaving them open. But this membrane guards the eyes, without blinding him. And as soon as the occasion for it is over, he draws it back into a little cell.— Many Birds also, as they must fly between trees and bushes, are provided with the same membrane. And so is the *Reindeer*.

NECESSITY *considered as influencing PRACTICE*: *extracted from Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion.*

[*Concluded from page 609.*]

FROM these things together,* the attentive Reader will see it follows, that if upon supposition of Freedom, the evidence of Religion be conclusive, it remains so, upon supposition of Necessity; because the notion of Necessity is not applicable to practical subjects: i. e. with respect to them, is as if it were not true. Nor does this contain any reflection upon Reason; but only upon what is unreasonable. For to pretend to act upon Reason, in opposition to practical principles, which the Author of our Nature gave us to act upon; and to pretend to apply our Reason to subjects, with regard to which, our own short views, and even our experience, will shew us, it cannot be depended upon; and such, at best, the subject of Necessity must be; this is Vanity, Conceit, and Unreasonableness.

But this is not all. For we find within ourselves a Will, and are conscious of a Character: Now if this in us, be reconcilable with Fate, it is reconcilable with it in the Author of Nature. And besides, natural government and final causes, imply a Character and a Will in the Governor and Designer; a Will concerning the creatures whom he governs. The Author of Nature then being certainly by some character or other, notwithstanding Necessity; it is evident this Necessity is as reconcilable with the particular character of Benevolence, Veracity, and Justice in him, which Attributes are the foundation of Religion, as with any other Character: since we find this Necessity no more hinders *men* from being benevolent, than cruel; true, than faithless; just, than unjust; or if the Fatalist pleases, what *we call* unjust. For it is said indeed, that what, upon supposition of Freedom, would be just

* See the preceding Number.

punishment; upon supposition of Necessity, becomes manifestly unjust: because it is punishment inflicted for doing that, which persons could not avoid doing. As if the Necessity, which is supposed to destroy the Injustice of Murder, for instance, would not also destroy the Injustice of punishing it. However, as little to the purpose as this Objection is in itself, it is very much to the purpose to observe from it, how the notions of Justice and Injustice remain, even whilst we endeavour to suppose them removed; how they force themselves upon the mind, even whilst we are making suppositions destructive of them: for there is not, perhaps, a man in the world, but would be ready to make this objection at first thought.

But though it is most evident, that universal Necessity, if it be reconcilable with any thing, is reconcilable with that character in the Author of Nature, which is the foundation of Religion; "Yet, does it not plainly destroy the proof, that he is of that Character, and consequently the proof, of Religion?" By no means. For we find, that Happiness and Misery are not our fate, in any such sense as not to be the consequences of our behaviour; but they are the consequences of it. We find God exercises the same kind of government over us, with that, which a Father exercises over his Children, and a civil Magistrate over his Subjects. Now, whatever becomes of abstract Questions concerning Liberty and Necessity, it evidently appears to us, that Veracity and Justice must be the natural rule and measure of exercising this authority or government, to a Being, who can have no competitions, or interfering of interests, with his creatures and his subjects.

But as the doctrine of Liberty, though we experience its truth, may be perplexed with difficulties, which run up into the most abstruse of all speculations; and as the opinion of Necessity seems to be the very basis, upon which Infidelity grounds itself; it may be of some use to offer a more particular proof of the obligations of Religion, which may distinctly be shewn not to be destroyed by this Opinion.

The proof from final Causes of an intelligent Author of Nature, is not affected by the opinion of Necessity; supposing Necessity a thing possible in itself, and reconcileable with the constitution of things. And it is a matter of fact, independent on this or any other speculation, that he governs the world by the method of Rewards and Punishments: and also that he hath given us a moral faculty, by which we distinguish between actions, and approve some as virtuous and of good-desert, and disapprove others as vicious and of ill-desert. Now this moral discernment implies, in the notion of it, a rule of action, and a rule of a very peculiar kind; for it carries in it authority and a right of direction; authority in such a sense, as that we cannot depart from it without being self-condemned. And that the dictates of this moral faculty, which are by Nature a rule to us, are moreover the Laws of God, laws in a sense including sanctions; may be thus proved. Consciousness of a rule or guide of action, in creatures who are capable of considering it as given them by their Maker, not only raises immediately a sense of duty, but also a sense of security in following it, and of danger in deviating from it. A direction of the Author of Nature, given to creatures capable of looking upon it as such, is plainly a command from him: and a command from him, necessarily includes in it, at least, an implicit promise in case of obedience, or threatening in case of disobedience. But then the sense or perception of good and ill desert, which is contained in the moral discernment, renders the sanction explicit, and makes it appear, as one may say, expressed. For since his method of government is to reward and punish actions, his having annexed to some actions an inseparable sense of good desert, and to others of ill, this surely amounts to a declaration upon whom his Punishments shall be inflicted, and his Rewards be bestowed. For he must have given us this discernment and sense of things, as a pre-sentiment of what is to be hereafter: that is, by way of information before-hand, what we are finally to

expect in his world. There is then most evident ground to think, that the Government of God, upon the whole, will be found to correspond to the Nature which he has given us: and that in the upshot and issue of things, Happiness and Misery shall, in fact and event, be made to follow Virtue and Vice respectively; as he has already, in so peculiar a manner, associated the ideas of them in our minds. And from hence might easily be deduced the obligations of religious worship, were it only to be considered as a means of preserving upon our minds a sense of this moral Government of God, and securing our Obedience to it: which yet is an extremely imperfect View of that most important Duty.

THOUGHTS *on the propriety of the Methodists attending divine Service in the Church of England.* By the late Mr. SAMUEL WELLS.

[*Concluded from page 604.*]

Objection XII. “**I** Would go to Church constantly, but our Minister makes it his business to rail at us, and I cannot bear it.”

It is certainly hard to bear such a trial as this; and yet it may be borne. It seems this is a device of the enemy to *drive* you away. But will you give place to the devil? Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good. Endure the contradiction of a sinner against yourself, not returning evil for evil, but blessing for cursing.

If your Minister could drive you from Church, and keep your neighbours from hearing the Methodists, nothing would please him better. But if you calmly endure, still attending on public Worship, your neighbours will not be prejudiced against you; but in the end, for you: and your
Minister's

Minister's railing will excite more to come and hear, and hear with candour too. It has been frequently found that a steady attendance on public Worship, notwithstanding the abuse we sometimes meet with there, greatly conduces to carry on the work of God. It is in the eyes of the world, a kind of implicit expression of our innocence, when we go constantly to Church and Sacrament, notwithstanding the violent opposition made to us by the Clergyman. But if you fly, you implicitly acknowledge your guilt. I would therefore if it were only in self-defence, hear such a Clergyman. He should be sooner tired of railing, than I of hearing him.

Objection XIII. "But would you advise me to go to the Sacrament too, with a man who hates the Methodists? I can see his heart rises against me, whenever he goes to the Lord's Table."

If he hates the Methodists, *he* is not fit to receive the Sacrament with you or any one. But what is that to you? truly nothing, unless you hate *him*. If you can forgive your enemies, persecutors and slanderers, and pray to God to change their hearts; if your heart does not rise against *him*, *you* are fit to receive it. And if *he* receives unworthily, the harm is to himself. There is but one thing will fairly discharge you; that is, his repelling you from the Communion; but there are few that will do this.

Objection XIV. "I go no where but to the Methodists, and I make no doubt but the doctrine I hear among them, is sufficient to save my soul, without going any where else."

Doubtless the doctrine we preach is sufficient to save your soul, if you experience and practise it; but a part of its Practice is public Worship. Now our's is not, properly speaking, such. Our hours of assembling to hear the word of Exhortation, are not the usual hours of going to Church, on purpose that all may attend her service; so that you are quite inexcusable if you do not go. Better go to the Dissenters or any where, than stay at home, and lounge away so
great

great a part of the day. Besides, have you a family? And what will you do with your children and servants? May they go any where, or no where on the Lord's-day, if they please? Can you restrain these from mispending the sabbath, if you do not take them with you to Church? You would wish them rather to go, than be guilty of idleness and vice. And yet, this they are almost sure to learn, and more effectually too, if you take them not to Church.

What! is there no worship holy enough for you to join in, but the Methodist's? Did we ever teach you so? This is a downright device of the devil, to lead you and your family into irreligion. You say perhaps, I can spend an hour or two at home more profitably, in reading the bible, or any other good book. If you really could, do you? Do you apply yourself to reading and secret prayer, with that true devotion you might feel, if you were at public Worship? I doubt God will not help you; you have no business in your closet now. You are out of God's way; so you lazily read a chapter or two, and drop asleep, while your family, are following the devices of their own heart; or you sit down with two or three of your acquaintance, like-minded with yourself, and enjoy a comfortable hour, of useless conversation, perhaps *about* religion. Arise man, and shake thyself from the dust! Up and be doing! This is no day for idle conversation. This is not an hour for retirement, and private devotion. Thou and thy family like David, *Go to the house of God, with the multitude, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude, who keep holy day, Psal. xlii 4. Go thou to the altar of God, unto God, thy exceeding joy, Psal. xliii, 4. Enter into his gates, with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Be thankful unto him, and bless his Name, Psal. c. 4. Regard not so much who is alive to God, Minister or people, as thine own soul. Do thou worship him, in the beauty of holiness, and thou shalt not lose thy reward.*

Indeed brethren, how can we honestly give you any other advice, or set before you any other example? Did we not tell you, when first we came to preach Repentance towards God, and Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, that we did not mean to turn any man from the worship or doctrine of the Church of *England*? We only wanted to persuade you to turn from your sins, to have the true Church of *England*-Faith, a sure trust and confidence that through the merits of Christ, your sins are forgiven, and you are reconciled to God, whereof doth follow a loving heart, to keep the commandments of God. And now God hath called you to that Repentance, and given you that Faith, will you renounce the worship of that Church, whose doctrine you ought so dearly to love, since you feel it is the power of God to your own salvation? Or will you implicitly say, by forsaking her worship and communion, that the Methodists hold another doctrine than that of the Church of *England*? God forbid! Nay, my brethren, do not lay a stumbling-block in the way of your neighbour. What regard will they pay to us, or our preaching, if they think that our's is another doctrine, and that we separate from the Church? Have a more sincere regard for your own profit, for your family's welfare, and the salvation of your neighbour. So shall you abundantly manifest, that it is not a narrow spirit of bigotry that leads you; but duty to God, and benevolence to men. And you shall in that day receive a more abundant reward, when the Lord shall say to you, *Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord.*

CAPTAIN SPENCER'S *Account of the taking and re-taking of his Ship.*

ON Friday, June 15, 1781, Captain G. Spencer's ship was taken by a small privateer. Himself and a boy were left in the vessel, accompanied by four of the privateer's crew; one of whom, an *American*, was Prize-Master, two

Swedes or *Danes*, and one boy. They were off *Whitby*, and intended carrying his ship into *Dunkirk*. When he found there was no help, he was enabled joyfully to acquiesce in the Lord's will, and to believe it would work for good. He found all care respecting himself, wife, friends, property, or imprisonment quite removed; and employed his time in reading the Scriptures, and some Hymns he had on board. He found the Promises very precious, and thought, that if he had been tried, he could with *Paul* and *Silas* have sung, had his feet been thrust in the stocks.

As the privateer's crew could not work the ship without his assistance, they had frequent occasion to call him from the cabin. When the Prize-Master was with him on one of these occasions, he took the liberty of speaking to him on the folly of seeking happiness in such a course of life as he was now in. Happening to open the Bible on that passage in *Habbakuk*, *Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, &c.* see, said he, the comfort those have that fear God, amidst the darkest scenes of Providence. I am now an instance of it; you see me unruffled, although I am stripped of all my property, myself in your hands, and nothing before me but the prospect of a tedious imprisonment in an enemy's country. Yet I can trust the Lord, and thank him for all. *Your* hearts are bent only upon getting to harbour, unloading your ship, and securing your plunder; then you flatter yourself with some satisfaction. Yet you know not that ever you may come there. You have to die; you have to go into another world, *and what peace will these things then afford you?* The Prize-Master took it kindly, and said, it is very true. The Captain likewise reprov'd some of the others for swearing, and they submitted to his reproof. When it drew near the evening, he prevail'd on them to let the ship sail nearer the shore; by which means they fell in with an *English* vessel, and when he was near enough he hailed her, and notwithstanding all the opposition the four men could make, he laid her to, till the

other

other ship sent some of their crew on board, by whose assistance he was again put in possession of his own vessel. Upon this the Prize-Master said, "Now Captain, we are all *your* prisoners; I see God Almighty will take care of his own." The privateer's men having some fire-arms on board, they attempted to shoot him while he was hailing the ship, but the pistol only flashed in the pan. When he had an opportunity of speaking to the Captain that assisted him, he said he should be glad to know what return he might make him? The Captain replied, "I wish for none: you may give the men something, if you please." Mr. *Spencer* said, "Captain, I heartily thank you, and hope the Lord will reward you." The other replied, "The Lord rewards all that trust in him." And Mr. *Spencer* looked upon this as an additional proof of the Lord's care, in sending him deliverance by one that feared him.

There were three of the ship's crew put on board the privateer, on whose account Captain *Spencer* was now much concerned, especially for the Mate, and a boy who was a relation of his; but to his great surprise, when he arrived at *Sunderland*, he found they had got there almost as soon as him. Their release was occasioned by the following circumstance. Soon after the privateer separated from the ship, they chased another sloop; but wanting all the assistance they could get to work the vessel, they requested the prisoners to help them: to which they readily consented, on condition that if the sloop was taken, they should be set at liberty. Upon capturing the sloop, the Captain put them on board her, and they arrived soon after, at *Hartlepool*.^a From thence they came to *Sunderland*, where to their mutual joy they met their Master. One of the men (who had been remarkably wicked) was detained on board the privateer, which was afterwards taken and sent into *Shields*. Capt. *Spencer* says while he was in the enemy's hands, they treated him with great respect.

^a I suppose the Sloop was ransomed.



On W A R.

THAT Vice is more profitable and pleasurable than Virtue, was the devil's first preachment to our parents in paradise, "The day ye eat thereof (and *disobey* your kind Creator) ye shall be as gods!" wise, great, and happy. Thus mankind's grand Deceiver tempts us still, and ruins all the *credulous* like them. The doctrine preached last week by *Tacitus*^a was familiar to this: "Can Peace procure a scene comparable to sympathetic feelings,—fired by War?"

To answer this enquiry, rise ye butchered multitudes! and whisper what your "sympathetic feelings" were, while bleeding! dying! agonizing bodies graced the fields of battle! Languishing heaps of men breathing their last! Embrace with "sympathetic feelings" their expiring friends! Loud instruments of music labouring hard, to silence sighs! and drown their dying groans! Last, whole and wounded victors shouting over the numbers slain! (the more the better!) Then burying breathless enemies, (dear fellow-mortals!) fifties, hundreds, thousands^b in one doleful grave! What "sympathetic feelings" these! How "moving is this scene!" Horrid to hear of! much more so to see, and share! What seas of blood and sympathizing tears, has War (infernal monster!) shed on earth in seven and fifty centuries! What wounds, woes, deaths procured! Say, ye immortals slain by fire and sword! Have you forgot your violent passage to eternity? Can Seraphs count your numbers!—speak your sorrows!—calculate your pains? Can he who "weighs the mountains," weigh the worlds of grief! sustained by myriads massacred in War?

^a A Writer in the *Sherborne Journal*.

^b 1 Kings xx. 29.

“ Silence in heavén there was ! ” — and needs must be ;
Such queries solvèd not by Infinity !

Shall Christians then assist the prince of hell, who “ was a murderer from the beginning,” by telling the world “ the benefit of War ? ” Shall Protestant publications proclaim to the nations, that “ War is a blessing of Providence ? Shall “ sons of peace ” turn advocates for *offensive* hostilities, by asserting that “ WAR is preferable to PEACE ? ” *Tell it not in Gath ! publish it not in the streets of Askelon ! lest uncircumcised heathens blaspheme* “ the Prince of peace,” because of the contrast in his *peaceless* professors. O cease ye Reformed ! to contradict by your conduct a CHRISTIAN CHARACTER. Let Papist *aggressors* have the honour and glory of pleading for, and practising men-killing Crusades !

O cruel War ! O cruel Sin ! O cruel Crowned Heads !
who slaughter their subjects by thousands for inanimate dust !
When ONE Immortal far outweighs in value, worlds of
transitory wealth ! Surely, *mighty men*, says king Solomon,
shall be mightily tormented !

Sour *pride* and *av’rice* reign in graceless kings !
Scattering their scourges sad on War-born wings !
Sin’s devastations drown the realms around !
Satan’s creations curse the crimsonèd ground !
Sinners in finners sheath the murdering blade !
So sacrificing man whom God hath made !

Supreme of heavén ! Sovereign of (warring) earth !
Shower floods of peace ! to bring forth “ second birth ! ”
Say’st thou, “ What could I more than I have done ?
Since I the *world* have ransomed by my Son ?
Since I my Spirit fend to *lighten all* ?
Since I Salvation shower on *all that call* ?

Since Angels’ origin bids *dust* “ draw near ! ”
Since a Redeemer’s *love* forbids our *fear* :

Since Grace instructs the “*lowly* what to say :”
 Suffer a worm to speak, to plead, to pray!
 See! matchless Majesty! thy best bestow!
 See *men* by millions lost!—Compassion show!
 See! mighty Maker! see a ruined race!
 Sinking to hell! for want of—*promis’d Grace!*
 See! fondest Father! see thy sons, and save!
 Snatch “heaven’s dear offspring” from a fiery grave!—
 Saith the Most High, “What more shall Godhead do?
 “Say, how *must* Deity the earth renew?”—
 Scripture fulfil, my Lord! “sprinkle thy blood!”
 So shall “glad nations hasten home to God!”
 Scatter the *means prepar’d*—from pole to pole!
 Soon then “the Balm of *Gilead* makes us whole!”
 Speak but the word,^d—The Universe shall rise!
 Shouting thy praises through the lofty skies!
 So shall Creation sing, “The grace is given!
 “Thy will is done on earth as ’tis in heaven!”
 So shall bright Revelation largely shine!
 Thy Promises shall all be *prov’d* divine!
 So shall we “*know* the truth” of *Gabriel’s* words,
 “The world’s wide kingdoms are become our Lord’s!”

July 19, 1781.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CC.

[From Miss B. to a Friend.]

Dear Friend,

May 25, 1762.

MY Desire and Faith for you are greatly increased.
 There is no danger of my being wearied out. He
 that has laid the burden upon me, will bear it for me; though

^c Isa. lii. 1. 15. Psal. lxxxvi. 9, 10. Rev. xi. 15.

^d Psal. xlv. 6. Joel xxi. 11. 28.

I believe,

I believe, I feel it heavier than you do yourself. You cannot conceive what a weight it is to my soul: but I always find a blessing in praying for you.

My soul does exceedingly plead with the Lord, that he would shew you whatever hinders. Does not his Spirit point out something, which it would be more excellent to do or to leave undone? Before he clearly shewed me my way, I had at times many secret warnings. Several little satisfactions I was, as it were, invited to sacrifice to Jesus. If I was faithful (but I seldom was) then more light broke in: but if not, the Spirit of Conviction was quenched, and it was some time before I found it again. I found also, that the sins I had long since committed, might still be visited, till I was deeply convinced of the guilt of them, and carried them to the atoning blood. I likewise saw, that I needed much searching, and earnestly cried to God, to discover to me those little foxes that still spoiled the vines. For by little things, especially if they touch the Affections, we are often kept low.

Suffer not such a thought to approach, as if the most excellent way was now shut up from you. I know Satan would gladly persuade you to think so; but regard him not. If you now desire to walk in the narrowest part of the narrow way, what should hinder you? Nothing is wanting on your Saviour's part. "Witness yon streaming blood!"

I exceedingly feel for you. I know what a *cleaving* temper is: and a grievous task it is to subdue it. But fear not! The greater the conflict, the more glorious shall your conquest be. True it is, nothing but a stroke of Omnipotence can do you any good. But this you surely shall experience, when once you earnestly wrestle with the Angel of the Covenant. O cry to the strong for strength! Redouble your cries! You have need of Jesus! No power in earth or heaven but his, can do you any good; all other help his vain!

Bear with me a little further. While you are thus crying to Jesus, put away, *with all your might*, every thing that can
in

in the least degree draw you to any creature. Even what is good for one in health, may be poison in a dangerous fit of sickness: and what may be lawful to another, to your temper is absolutely unlawful. I feel for you in this: it is indeed tearing out a right eye, and cutting off a right hand. But shrink not, neither be afraid. Stand

“ Firm as a beaten Anvil to the stroke !”

Give up all for him who gave up all for you: and while you are resisting with your might, in one moment, Jesus, your Almighty Captain, will take out of your Affections every thing displeasing to his pure eyes, and make you holy as he is holy.

God has a peculiar favour for you, and calls you to rest wholly on himself. Let not therefore Satan paint to your mind any other happiness.

“ Suffice for this the season past !”

Now let you and I renounce from the ground of our heart, and keep at the utmost distance from the very appearance of Idolatry.

The Lord guide and keep you!

I am, dear Friend, your real Well-wisher,

M. B.

L E T T E R . C C I .

[From Mrs. Ruth Hall, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Feb. 1, 1762.

Dear Sir,

BE not afraid, that either men or devils should have been able to hurt my soul. The mighty power of God is over all things for good. I have the happiness to inform you,
it

it is well with me. I have gained a good deal of ground over my natural temper, and great comfort redounds to me thereby. The zeal of God's house does as it were, eat me up. I am always fully employed. Time seems to be too short for me to do the great work that lies before me. God's commandments are exceeding broad, his holy law very extensive. And yet such is his goodness, that to us it is no larger than the present capacity of the soul. O the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the love of God in Christ Jesus! How few there are that live up to the light? Yet blessed be God, some do. And they know what it is, to suffer with Christ, as well as for Christ. There are they that being purified and tried, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament for ever.

For some time I have had an earnest desire to have such a Testimony as *Enoch* had. But I do not see, whether God has promised such a *particular* Testimony as extends to every thought, and word, and action. I shall be glad of your help, in this and whatever you see I need.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Sister,

RUTH HALL.

L E T T E R C C I I .

[*From the same.*]

May 12, 1762.

Dear Sir,

THE blessing I lately received, was given as the Minister was pronouncing those words, "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for *thee*, preserve thy body and soul to everlasting life." I then found an uncommon degree of Assurance, that I should see eternal life. This was increased by the strong application of that Scripture to my heart in the
 night

night season, *After ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise.* At our Love-feast on the Sunday following, I was confirmed still more, and could say, "Now, I believe. I do now feel the full Assurance of Hope.

"Now, my Lord, I claim a share,
In thy never-failing Prayer."

I am now happy in the love of God: I see more and more into the depth of God's mercy in Christ Jesus. And yet I know nothing in comparison of what is to be learnt in the School of Christ.

I have much exercise at times among our people. Well did Mr. C. W. observe, "He who prays for the mind of Christ, prays for all that men and devils can inflict upon him." But it is enough that the Servant be as his Lord. Hold out Faith and Patience a little longer, and we shall appear before our God in Sion!

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Sister,

RUTH HALL.

L E T T E R C C I I I .

[*From the same.*]

June 22, 1762.

Dear Sir,

INDEED, I do not intend to be shy or reserved. I speak quite freely to you at all times. But how is it, that this does not appear so to you? Unless it be that our language is confounded, or that some preternatural power is endeavouring to hinder what might be of the greatest use to us or others. With regard to evil Reports, I have not been troubled with them; since I saw you.

Jesus

Jesus is very precious to me. He keeps my simple heart. I find strength sufficient for the day, and the day enough for all the grace I have. I trust, my eye is always single; yet I am in a strait as to your next question. I often find pleasure in what I speak and do; yet I hope it is not sinful. For instance; I eat pleasant food, and am thankful, when coarser might sustain the body. If I am a sinner in this, convince me of it. I find as much zeal as ever I did, and think I do exert all the power and strength I have to do all possible good to all men; nor am I conscious of many omissions. May you abound in every good word and work! And when time is no more, may you shine as the Sun in the kingdom of our Father!

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Sister,

RUTH HALL.

L E T T E R CCIV.

[From the same.]

July 7, 1762.

Dear Sir,

YOU know, among the simple children of God, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. So I find it. The language of my heart is, O Lord, how good thou art! My adorable Jesus is the Rest of my soul: it is always quiet, always still. Nothing drives me from my centre: and nothing draws me from it. My soul is dead; but it is alive also: blessed death that leads to eternal life below! My tears now tell my sins forgiven, and heaven even now flows into my heart.

Yea, they are freely, abundantly forgiven. (To you I may speak freely.) I can find no traces remaining of what I once

was. I am changed indeed: I am become a new creature: my soul is strongly drawn heaven-ward, and waits to receive from his fulness, till my last, great change shall come.

O what a refreshment is it to me, to talk thus simply to you! There are but few to whom I can thus speak. They would call it Pride, and setting myself up. But this I should not mind, did it not imply, that they were hurt by it, rather than helped. O my Jesus! Thou art the life of my delights. When shall I see thee without a veil between?

I believe, I have a *single eye* in all things. I do not know, that I do any thing, small or great, to *please myself*, but because I think it right so to do. I do generally *reprove* all that sin in my sight, directly or indirectly. I *would* be *zealous* of all good works, but it is so little I do, that I am ashamed to say I *am so*. I am ready to hide myself, because of my unprofitableness. I am out of conceit with all I do, and cannot bear to look at any thing but Jesus. My works are not perfect before God: but *his* works are perfect. And I feel, I am interested in all he *did*, all he *suffered*, and all he *has*. I want to forget that I have a being, and to know no existence but his. I think, I do use the little strength I have, in instructing the ignorant, reclaiming the wicked, and relieving the pains of those who suffer in body or mind. I am generally some way employed herein. I am not conscious of any *wilful omissions*. Unless my not speaking among the Bands may be filed omissions: however, I have broke through, and have been blest in speaking.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate Sister,

RUTH HALL.

LETTER

LETTER CCV.

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

April 25, 1758.

Very dear and honoured Sir,

I CAN excuse *you*, but shall never forgive myself, for speaking to any what I thought amiss in you. After all, I still bless God for the trial on my own account, and have learned thus much at least, to pray for a right head, as well as a right heart.

The greatest means of increasing Christian Affection, is close conversation concerning the work of God on our own souls: speaking without reserve our trials, temptations, comforts, and accordingly pleading with God for each other. But this means I have not had with *you*; which makes me wonder at the nearness I have always found to you. But why should we remain on the surface of things, and not come close to the heart?

I am still "free from design, or selfish aim:" I do nothing, small or great, to please myself, in opposition to God or man. Nor does that self remain in me, that could be pleased by so doing. Yet in a sound sense, I please myself in all I do; for when God accepts, I am pleased. And I have always a *general* Witness from God, that my person and works are approved: at most times, a *particular* Witness, that all I feel and do pleases God. All I speak is not unreprieveable; yet he condemns me not, but applies the sprinkled Blood. I often speak foolishly (though never wickedly.) But as I have forgiven every one that trespasses against *me*, so God has forgiven my trespasses against him, and he doth not lay folly to my charge. O my God, let not *my* perfection consist in those little particularities for which many are so strenuous, while they

they have that lion-like spirit, which was not in the Lamb of God! But let my "Love, with softer Pity join'd, endure all things:" and at length,

"Stand before the host of heav'n confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest."

By all my researches I cannot find, that either Pleasure or Pain deadens my intercourse with God. But I have always found Contention to have this effect, and am now pretty well cured of it. I can and will be trampled under foot of all, rather than contend.

I believe you will return in safety. However,

May we each hour improve,
To mourn for errors past!
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last!

And permit even *me* to intreat you, by all that is sacred, Give your whole heart to God. You well know, private Prayer, and frequent Meditation on the greatness of eternal things, and the insignificancy of all earthly enjoyments, are the greatest helps thereto. O how I long for your full salvation! I can hardly be happy alone. Excuse whatever is amiss, and believe me to be

Your Child with much affection,

S. C——.

L E T T E R C C V I.

[From the same.]

May 17, 1758.

Very dear and much honoured Sir,

YOUR propositions concerning Christian Perfection, are exactly agreeable to the sentiments of my heart. Ever since God has wrought this work in me, I have daily prayed
for

for pardon. I dare not deny the work of God in my soul. But O how thankful should I be (provided it were his will) that every one should forget I had ever said or thought such a thing! that I might henceforward only love and serve his blessed will, till I silently breathed my soul into his hands! O pray for me, that I may be "without any part *weak, earthly, or human!*" I many times fear to speak what I feel, because there is so little discerned in me by others. My life is indeed hid with Christ in God. O that I may grow up in all things into him who is my head! I find it impossible to be displeased with any one for not believing me: and could I help it, I would not believe myself.

For some years past God has been shewing me clearer and clearer, how small the difference is, between us and some of those who deny the attainableness of Perfection. And it is because I have endeavoured to explain this to others, that many have counted me a Predestinarian. Indeed those Predestinarians who are alive to God, do not desire more than you have attained.

A few days ago, while by Faith I entered into the Holiest through the blood of Jesus, and while in his light I saw light, how was I humbled before him that liveth for ever and ever! But (all glory be unto his unmerited mercy!) I found Innocence and a spark of real Holiness. Will you not pray him to increase them? With tears of love I ask this favour of you. I acknowledge indeed, I am unworthy. And O that I was more deeply conscious of it! O how did my soul then fear and tremble at the thought of being known or esteemed by men! I was constrained to say, O that I was clad with sackcloth and ashes, and hid in a den or cave of the earth! But thy will be done! This keeps my soul at rest in the midst of hurry.

I am, with all respect, dear Sir,

Your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. C.—.

LETTER

L E T T E R C C V I I .

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to the Rev. Mr. F——.]

St. Ives, Sept. 15, 1762.

Dear Sir,

*Speclatum satis, ac donatum jam rude quæris
Mecænas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo?
Non eadem est ætas, non mens.——*

I Have entirely lost my taste for Controversy. I have lost my readiness in disputing. And I take this to be a providential discharge from it. All I can now do, with a clear Conscience is (not to enter into a formal Controversy about the New-Birth, or Justification by Faith, any more than Christian Perfection, but) simply to *declare* my judgment; and to *explain* myself as clearly as I can, upon any difficulty that may arise concerning it.

So far I can go with *you*, but no farther. I still say (and without any self-contradiction) I know no persons living, who are so deeply conscious of their needing Christ both as Prophet, Priest, and King, as those who believe themselves, and whom I believe, to be cleansed from all sin: I mean, from all Pride, Anger, Evil Desire, Idolatry, and Unbelief. These very persons feel more than ever, their own ignorance, littleness of grace, coming short of the full mind that was in Christ, and walking less accurately than they might have done after their divine Pattern; are more convinced of the insufficiency of all they are, have, or do, to bear the eye of God, without a Mediator: are more penetrated with the sense of the want of him, than ever they were before.

If Mr. M—— or you say, "That *coming short* is sin:" be it so; I contend not. But still I say, "These are they whom I believe to be scripturally perfect. And yet these never felt their

their want of Christ, so deeply and strongly as they do now." If in saying this, I have "fully given up the point, what would you have more?" Is it not enough that I leave you to "boast your superior power, against the little, weak shifts of baffled Error?" Canst not thou be content, as the Quaker said, "To lay *J. W.* on his back, but thou must tread his guts out?"

Here are persons, exceeding holy and happy; rejoicing evermore, praying always, and in every thing giving thanks: feeling the Love of God and man every moment; feeling no Pride, or other evil Temper. If these are not *perfect*, that scriptural word has no meaning. Stop! you must not cavil at that word. You are not wiser than the Holy Ghost. But if you are not, see that you teach *Perfection* too. "But are they not sinners?" Explain the term one way, and I say, "Yes." Another, and I say, "No." Are they cleansed from *all sin*?" I believe they are, meaning from all sinful Tempers. "But have they then need of Christ?" I believe they have, in the sense, and for the reasons above mentioned. Now, be this true or false, it is no contradiction: it is consistent with itself: and, I think, consistent with right Reason, and the whole Oracles of God.

O let you and I go on to Perfection! God grant we may so run as to attain!

I am your affectionate Friend and Brother,

J. WESLEY.



P O E T R Y .

On CHURCH-COMMUNION

[By Dr. Byron.]

RELIGION, Church-Communion, or the way
Of public Worship that we ought to pay;
As it regards the Body, and the Mind,
Is of external, and internal kind;

The one consisting in the outward sign,
The other in the inward Truth divine.

This inward Truth intended to be shown,
So far as outward signs can make it known,
Is that which gives external Modes a worth,
Just in proportion as they shew it forth ;
Just as they help in any outward part,
The real, true Religion of the heart.

Now, what this is, exclusive of all strife,
Christians will own to be an inward life ;
Spirit and power, a birth to say the whole
Of Christ himself brought forth within the soul ;
By this all true salvation is begun
And carried on, however it be done.

Christ'anity that has not Christ within,
Can by no means whatever save from sin ;
Can bear no Evidence of Him—the End,
On which the value of all Means depend :
Christian Religion, signifies no doubt,
Like mind within, like show of it without.

The will of God, the saving of mankind,
Was all that Christ had in his inward mind :
All that producéd his outward action too,
In Church-Communion while he was a Jew ;
Like most of his disciples, till they came
At *Antioch*, to have a Christian Name.

If Christ has put an end to Rites of old,
If now recal, what was but then foretold,
The one true Church, the real heavenly ground,
Wherein alone salvation can be found ;

Is still the same, and to its Saviour's praise,
His inward Tempers outwardly displays.

By hearty Love, and correspondent Rites
Ordain'd, each Member to the Head unites ;
And to each other—in all stated scenes,
The Life of Christ is what a Christian means ;
Though change of circumstance may alter those,
In this he pleases, and enjoys repose.

Church-Unity is held, and Faith's increase,
By Jesu's Spirit in the Bond of Peace,
And Righteousness of life : without this tie
Forms are in vain prescribed to worship by,
Or Temples modell'd ; hearts as well as hands,
A holy Church, and catholic demands.

From the O L N E Y C O L L E C T I O N .

The Name of Jesus. Solomon's Song i. 3.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear ?

It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.

Jefus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I fee thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath:
 And may the mufic of thy Name
 Refresh my foul in death.

A P R A Y E R,

Written at the Time of the Infurrection, in June, 1780.

THOU most compassionate High-Priest,
 In answer to our joint request
 United to thine own,
 With pity's softest eye behold
 The sheep which are not of this fold,
 The Church in Babylon.

The ignorant who miss their way,
 Not wilfully, but weakly stray,

O let

O let thy bowels move
 To these, by furious hate pursuéd,
 And from the frantic multitude,
 Conceal their lives above.

As sheep appointed to be slain,
 By cruel, persecuting men,
 By fierce, fanatic' zeal ;
 By Christian-Wolves, *reform'd* in name,
 Whom their atrocious deeds proclaim
 The synagogue of hell.

Thy help to the distrest afford,
 The men that tremble at thy word,
 The quiet in the land ;
 Thy worshippers, though blind, sincere,
 Who honour thy Vicegerent here,
 And blest his mild command.

And O! beneath thy mercy's wings,
 Hide and preserve the best of Kings ;
 (Our King by right divine)
 His Consort in thy bosom bear,
 His Children make thy darling care,
 And seal them ever thine,

The Father of his people blest,
 With outward and with inward peace,
 And when his work is done,
 Our hoary Patriot-King receive,
 Redeem'd from earth, with Thee to live,
 And wear a heavenly crown.

On the DEATH of a CHILD, five years of Age.

[*By Phillis Wheatly, a Negro.*]

FROM dark abodes, to fair ethereal light,
 The enrapturéd innocent has wingéd her flight;
 On the kind bosom of eternal love
 She finds unknown beatitude above.
 This know, ye parents, nor her loss deplore,
 She feels the iron hand of pain no more;
 The dispensations of unerring grace,
 Should turn your sorrows into grateful praise;
 Let then no tears for her henceforward flow,
 No more distresséd in our dark vale below.

Her morning sun, which rose divinely bright,
 Was quickly mantléd with the gloom of night;
 But hear in heavén's blest bowers your *Nancy* fair,
 And learn to imitate her language there.

"Thou, Lord, whom I behold with glory crownéd,
 By what sweet name, and in what tuneful sound
 Wilt thou be praised? Seraphic powers are faint
 Infinite Love and Majesty to paint.
 To thee let all their grateful voices raise,
 And Saints and Angels join their songs of praise."

On the DEATH of a young GENTLEMAN.

WHO taught thee conflict with the powers of night,
 To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight?
 Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown,
 How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown!
 War with each principedom, throne, and power is o'er,
 The scene is ended to return no more,

O could

O could my Muse thy feat on high behold,
 How deckt with laurel! how enrichéd with gold!
 O could she hear what praise thy harp employs,
 How sweet thy anthems, how divine thy joys!
 What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain!
 What holy raptures in her numbers reign!

To sooth the troubles of the mind to peace,
 To still the tumult of life's losing seas,
 To ease the anguish of the parents' heart,
 What shall my sympathizing verse impart?
 Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound?
 Where shall a sovèrign remedy be found?

Look, gracious spirit, from thy heavenly bowèr,
 And thy full joys into their bosoms pour;
 The raging tempest of their grief control,
 And spread the dawn of glory through their soul;
 To eye the path, the faint departed trod,
 And trace him to the bosom of his God.

THOUGHTS *on the* WORKS of PROVIDENCE.

ARRISE, my soul, on wings enrapturéd rise,
 To praise the Monarch of the earth and skies,
 Whose goodness and beneficence appear,
 As round its centre moves the rolling year,
 Or when the Morning glows with rosy charms,
 Or the Sun slumbers in old Ocean's arms;
 Of light divine be a rich portion lent,
 To guide my soul, and favour my intent.
 Celestial Muse, my arduous flight sustain,
 And raise my mind to a seraphic strain!

Adoréd for ever be the God unseen,
 Who round the sun revolves this vast machine,

Though

Though to his eye its mass a point appears :
 Adorèd the God who whirls surrounding spheres,
 Who first ordainèd that mighty Sol should reign,
 The peerless monarch of the etherial train :
 Of miles twice forty millions is his height,
 And yet his radiance dazzles mortal sight.
 So far beneath—from him the extended earth
 Vigour derives, and every flower its birth :
 Vast through her orb she moves with easy grace,
 Around her Phœbus in unbounded space ;
 True to her course, the impetuous storm derides,
 Triumphant o'er the Winds, and surging Tides.

O'er beings infinite his love extends,
 His wisdom rules them, and his power defends.
 When tasks diurnal tire the human frame,
 The spirits faint, and dim the vital flame,
 Then too, that ever active bounty shines,
 Which not infinity of Space confines.
 The sable veil, that night in silence draws,
 Conceals effects, but shews the Almighty Cause ;
 Night seals in sleep the wide creation fair,
 And all is peaceful but the brow of care.
 Again, gay Phœbus, as the day before,
 Wakes every eye, but what shall wake no more,
 Again the face of nature is renewèd,
 Which still appears harmonious, fair, and good.
 My grateful strains salute the smiling morn,
 Before its beams the eastern hills adorn !

Shall day to day, and night to night conspire
 To shew the goodness of the Almighty Sire ?
 This mental voice, shall men regardless hear,
 And never, never raise the filial prayer ?
 To-day, O hearken, nor your folly mourn
 For time mispent, that never will return.

Almighty !

Almighty! in these wondrous works of thine,
 What power! what wisdom! and what goodness shine?
 And are thy wonders, Lord, by men explor'd,
 And yet creating glory unador'd!

Creation smiles in various beauty gay,
 While day to night, and night succeeds to day:
 That wisdom, which attends Jehovah's ways,
 Shines most conspicuous in the solar rays:
 Without them, destitute of heat and light,
 This world would be the reign of endless night,
 In their excess how would our race complain,
 Abhorring life! how hate its lengthen'd chain!
 From air and dust what numerous ills would rise?
 What dire contagion taint the burning skies?
 What pestilential vapours, fraught with death,
 Would rise, and overspread the lands beneath?

Hail, smiling Morn, that from the orient main
 Ascending, dost adorn the heavenly plain!
 So rich, so various are thy beautiful dies,
 That spread through all the circuit of the skies;
 That, full of thee, my soul in rapture soars,
 And thy great God, the Cause of all adores.

But see the sons of vegetation rise,
 And spread their leafy banners to the skies.
 All-wise, Almighty Providence we trace,
 In trees, and plants, and all the flowery race:
 As clear as in the nobler frame of man,
 All lovely copies of the Maker's plan.
 The power the same that forms a ray of light,
 That call'd Creation from eternal night.
 "Let there be light" he said; from its profound
 Old Chaos heard, and trembled at the sound:
 Swift as the word, inspir'd by power divine,
 Behold the light around its Maker shine,

The first fair product of the omnific God,
And now through all his works diffus'd abroad.

As Reason's powers by day our God disclose,
So we may trace him in the Night's repose :
Say what is Sleep ? and dreams how passing strange !
When action ceases, and ideas range
Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,
Where Fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns,
Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh
To a kind fair, or rave in jealousy ;
On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,
The labouring passions struggle for a vent.
What power, O man ! thy Reason then restores,
So long suspended in nocturnal hours ?

A S H O R T H Y M N.

Colossians iii. 8, 9. *But now you also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another.*

BUT did the faints of God, the dead
With *Christ*, the partners of his rise
The Spirit's strongest cautions need
'Gainst every sin, and every vice ?
O what are men (if God remove)
The best, the perfected in love ?

The holiest, who their watch remit,
May sink into the tempter's snare,
Will fall into the hellish pit,
Unless with humble, ceaseless prayer,
They to the last themselves deny,
And conquerors in the harness die.

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