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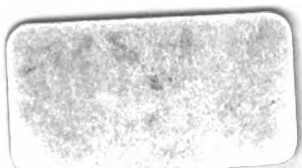


The Arminian magazine

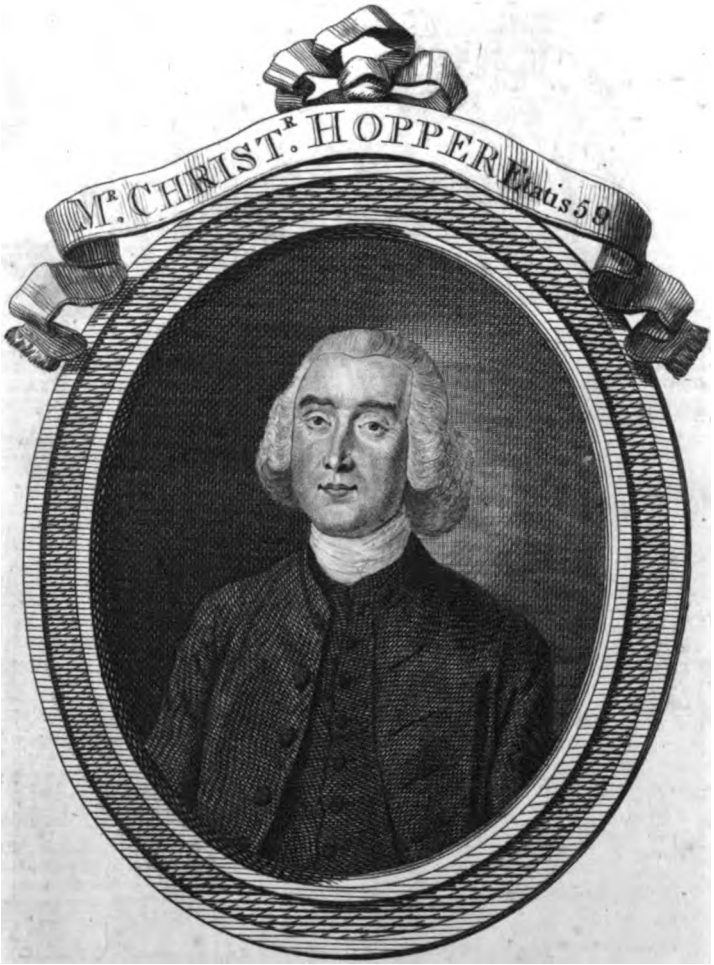
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T H E
Arminian Magazine,

For the Y E A R 1782.

CONSISTING OF
E X T R A C T S
A N D
ORIGINAL TREATISES
O N
Universal Redemption.

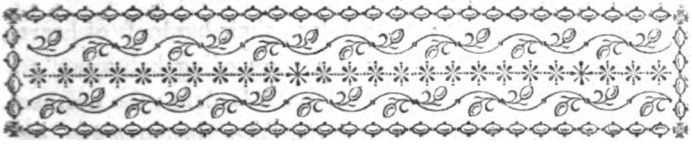


V O L U M E V.

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T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For JANUARY 1782.



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

D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from Vol. iv. page 630.]

Fred. **S** EARCH the whole Bible, and you will find no other hardening;* nor will you find any one left of God, in this hardness, until he had first wilfully and obstinately despised the admonitions and Spirit of God. The Scripture is full of examples. So Moses says of the Israelites, *They waxed fat, and kicked and forsook God which made them,* Deut. xxxii. 15. And presently after, (ver. 19, 20,) *When the Lord saw it, he abhorred them, because of the provoking of his sons and of his daughters. And he said, I will hide my face from them. I will see what their end will be.* You see the cause of his hiding his face. They were deserted, be-

cause they first deserted God. And why God left Pharaoh, and why the Egyptians were left to their hardness of heart, any one will see who considers their preceding behaviour to the Israelites. Why did he afterwards desert the heathen nations? *Because when they knew God, they honoured him not as God.* Yea, search the Scriptures all over, and you will find no man forsaken of God, before he has forsaken God. Wherefore those words, *He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth,* do not mean that God hardens or forsakes any man, without why or wherefore: seeing all the inspired Writings point out the cause, for which alone God forsakes man.

Lewis. But does not God himself say to Pharaoh, *For this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might shew my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth. Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy; and whom he will he hardeneth. Thou wilt say then unto me, Why doth he yet find fault? For who hath resisted his will! Nay, but O man! who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say unto him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?* Here it seems, that Pharaoh was raised up for punishment, and that it was God's will he should sin, that God might be glorified in his punishment. *Fred.* When God says, *For this purpose have I raised thee,* it does not refer to his creation, as if God had created him to punishment; but when he was already wicked, God raised him up unto punishment, on account of his wickedness. *His will* here mentioned, is only, as was shewn before, his permissive will.

With regard to the Potter, we should observe that here are two comparisons interwoven: the one, of vessels which are *made unto dishonour*; the other, of vessels which are broken. For to be broken, and to be made to dishonour, is not the same thing. The former comparison is this: as a potter, out of the same mass makes vessels, some to honourable, some to less honourable uses, so God, out of the same mass of mankind,

makes

ON ELECTION.

makes some men to be as eyes, or ears in the body of Christ, (such as Prophets, Apostles, Evangelists,) others to be as the feet or less honourable parts. Such are those to whom God has not imparted so large gifts, or raised to so high offices. And here none have reason to find fault with God, the Potter,

The other similitude is this. As a good and wise Potter makes no vessel on purpose to break it, so God never created any man, on purpose to destroy him. But if any vessel prove faulty, then he breaks it: and so if any man prove wicked, God destroys him. This is confirmed by St. Paul himself, saying, *God willeth all men to be saved.* And again, *He hath concluded all under sin, that he may have mercy upon all.* Mark that word, *That he may have mercy upon all.* It is therefore his will, not to destroy, but to have mercy even upon sinners. Wherefore when God is compared to a Potter, it is to a good potter, who is not willing to lose his labour. We must also take care, not to make this text contradict those others, wherein God is compared to a Father, *who knoweth how to give good gifts to his children.*

Lewis. But when God knew what men would perish, why did he create them? *Fred.* You may suppose God to speak to the wicked Israelites in the following manner. O Israel! I created you for salvation: it was my design, that you should be saved, not destroyed. Therefore, that you do perish, is wholly your own fault, who will not be saved; who will not do those things which I have commanded, which are necessary for your salvation. If you ask, But did I not foreknow that you would refuse salvation? I answer, this is nothing to you. For my foreknowing it, neither makes me guilty, nor you innocent. For whether I foreknew it, or not, you are guilty, who refused the salvation I offered. And I not only am blameless, but have deserved well of you, who have given you so many benefits, and would have given you more, had not you yourselves hindered. Wherefore suppose I did not foreknow your perverseness, does not your ingratitude and obstinacy

nacy deserve punishment? And suppose I did, is not my goodness so much the greater, who so loaded you with benefits, though I knew you would be ungrateful? Had I created you on purpose to destroy you, you might justly have complained. But as I created you to be saved, and you might have been saved if you would, you have only yourselves to blame. If you still ask, Why I created you, if I knew you would perish? I answer, Woe unto the man that contendeth with his Maker; the clay with the potter! *Shall the clay say to the potter, Why makest thou me thus?* Woe to him, who asketh of his Father, why didst thou beget me? What is more unworthy, than for him who is created, to ask his Creator, why he created him? He might answer, You ought not to ask why I created you, but to thank me, that I did create you: and create you to happiness: if you perish it is your own fault, which I will turn to my own glory in punishing you. Not that I created you on purpose to punish you: (this would bring me no glory) but you deserve punishment, for making *void my counsel against yourselves.*

This is the true account of St. Paul's similitude of the potter. The sum is, God created no man for destruction. But as men are free agents, most of them will not obey God, and so perish, and are called *vessels of wrath.* Not that they were created with that design: but that was the event. Why the Apostle styles them vessels of wrath, appears from his own words: *The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness.* You see, which are the vessels of wrath, namely, those men who hold the truth in unrighteousness. If you say, they were created for this purpose. You excuse them; whereas St. Paul says, *They are without excuse.*

But let us weigh the passage in Jeremiah, from which this similitude of the Potter is taken, chap. xviii. ver. 1, &c. *The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Arise, and go down to the potter's house. Then I went down to the*

the

the potter's house, and behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made was marred: so he made another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in my hand! At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation and a kingdom, to pluck and to pull down, and to destroy it: if that nation turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them. Now tell me, what is the cause of God's changing his purpose, and revoking their punishment? Lewis. Their amendment. Fred. Therefore if that nation does not amend, it will be a vessel of wrath. Lewis. True. Fred. Therefore the wrath purposed against that nation may be avoided, as in the case of the Ninevites. Lewis. It may. Fred. Therefore that nation was not created to wrath. Lewis. It was not. Fred. And yet if it does not amend, wrath is purposed against it. Lewis. It is. Fred. You see therefore, the purpose of God is not inevitable; but it is his will that even those who are by that purpose destined to death, should yet repent and live.

He goes on. *At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation and a kingdom, to build and to plant it: if it do evil in my sight, then I will repent of the good wherewith I said I would benefit them. Now tell me: when God says to any nation, Thou shalt live, is it his will that they should? Lewis. It is. Fred. If that nation offends him, and so procures its own destruction, Does it not act contrary to his will? Lewis. Certainly. Fred. He does not then destroy it, because he created it for destruction, but because it would not obey him. Lewis. True. Fred. But he did not create it, to disobey him. Lewis. No; for he would not have promised it life, if he had created it to death. Fred. Therefore that nation becomes a vessel of wrath, through its own disobedience, not God's creation. On the whole then, God is a good potter, who makes no vessel, on purpose to destroy it.*

[To be continued.]



ORIGINAL SERMONS

BY THE

Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

SERMON VII.

FREE THOUGHTS ON THE BRUTE CREATION:

A Sermon on Romans viii. 19, 20, 21, 22.

The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God,

For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him that subjected it.

Yet in hope that the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

For we know, that the whole creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together until now.

1. **N**OTHING is more sure, than that as the Lord is loving to every man, so his mercy is over all his works; all that have sense, all that are capable of pleasure or pain, of happiness or misery. In consequence of this, he openeth his hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness: he prepareth food for cattle, as well as herbs for the children of men. He provideth for the fowls of the air, feeding the young ravens when they cry unto him. He sendeth the springs
into

into the rivers, that run among the hills, to give drink to every beast of the field, and that even the wild asses may quench their thirst. And suitably to this, he directs us to be tender of even the meaner creatures, to shew mercy to these also. Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, (a custom which is observed in the Eastern countries, even to this day.) And this is by no means contradicted by St. Paul's question, Doth God take care for oxen? Without doubt, he does. We cannot deny it, without flatly contradicting his word. The plain meaning of the Apostle is, Is this all that is implied in the text? Hath it not a farther meaning? Does it not teach us, We are to feed the bodies of those, whom we desire to feed our souls? Mean time it is certain, God giveth grafs for the cattle, as well as herbs for the use of men.

2. But how are these Scriptures reconcileable to the present state of things? How are they consistent with what we daily see round about us, in every part of the creation? If the Creator and Father of every living thing, is rich in mercy towards all: if he does not overlook or despise any of the works of his own hands: if he wills even the meanest of them to be happy, according to their degree; how comes it to pass, that such a complication of evils oppresses, yea overwhelms them? How is it, that misery of all kinds overspreads the face of the earth? This is a question which has puzzled the wisest philosophers in all ages. And it cannot be answered, without having recourse to the oracles of God. But taking these for our guide, we may enquire,

I. What was the original state of the Brute Creation?

II. In what state is it at present? And

III. In what state will it be, at the manifestation of the children of God!

I. 1. We may enquire, in the first place, What was the original state of the Brute Creation? And may not we learn this, even from the place which was assigned them, namely, the

garden of God? All the beasts of the field, and all the fowls of the air, were with Adam in Paradise. And there is no question, but their state was suited to their place: it was paradisiacal, perfectly happy. Undoubtedly it bore a near resemblance to the state of man himself. By taking therefore a short view of the one, we may conceive the other. Now *man was made in the image of God. But God is a Spirit.* So therefore was man. Only that spirit being designed to dwell on earth, was lodged in an earthly tabernacle. As such, he had an innate principle of *Self-motion*. And so, it seems, has every spirit in the universe; this being the proper distinguishing difference between Spirit and Matter, which is totally, essentially passive and inactive, as appears from a thousand experiments. He was, after the likeness of his Creator, endued with *Understanding*, a capacity of apprehending whatever objects were brought before it, and of judging concerning them. He was endued with a *Will*, exerting itself in various Affections and Passions: and lastly, with *Liberty*, or Freedom of Choice, without which all the rest would have been in vain, and he would have been no more capable of serving his Creator, than a piece of earth or marble. He would have been as incapable of Vice or Virtue, as any part of the inanimate creation. In these, in the power of *Self-motion*, *Understanding*, *Will*, and *Liberty*, the natural image of God consisted.

2. How far his power of *Self-motion* then extended, it is impossible for us to determine. It is probable, that he had a far higher degree, both of swiftness and strength, than any of his posterity ever had, and much less any of the lower creatures. It is certain, he had such strength of *understanding*, as no man ever since had. His *Understanding* was perfect in its kind: capable of apprehending all things clearly, and judging concerning them according to truth, without any mixture of error. His will had no wrong bias of any sort, but all his passions and affections were regular, being steadily and uniformly guided by the dictates of his unerring *Understanding*; embracing

bracing nothing but good, and every good in proportion to its degree of intrinsic goodness. His Liberty likewise was wholly guided by his Understanding: he chose or refused, according to its direction. Above all (which was his highest excellence, far more valuable than all the rest put together) he was a creature capable of God, capable of knowing, loving, and obeying his Creator. And in fact, he did know God, did unfeignedly love, and uniformly obey him. This was the supreme perfection of man, (as it is of all intelligent beings,) the continually seeing, and loving and obeying the Father of the spirits of all flesh. From this right state, and right use of all his faculties, his happiness naturally flowed. In this the essence of his happiness consisted; but it was increased by all the things that were round about him. He saw with unspeakable pleasure, the order, the beauty, the harmony of all the creatures: of all animated, all inanimate nature; the serenity of the skies, the sun walking in brightness, the sweetly variegated clothing of the earth; the trees, the fruits, the flowers;

“ And liquid lapse of murmuring streams.”

Nor was this pleasure interrupted by evil of any kind. It had no alloy of sorrow or pain, whether of body or mind. For while he was innocent he was impassive, incapable of suffering. Nothing could stain his purity of joy. And to crown all, he was immortal.

3. To this creature, endued with all these excellent faculties, thus qualified for his high charge, God said, *Have thou dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth,* Gen. i. 28. And so the Psalmist, *Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet. All sheep and oxen, yea and the beasts of the field: the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea; and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas!* Psal. viii, ver. 6, &c. So that

man was God's Vicegerent upon earth, the Prince and Governor of this lower world; and all the blessings of God flowed through him to the inferior creatures. Man was the channel of conveyance between his Creator, and the whole brute creation.

4. But what blessings were those that were then conveyed, through man, to the lower creatures? What was the original state of the brute creatures, when they were first created? This deserves a more attentive consideration, than has been usually given it. It is certain these, as well as man, had an innate principle of *Self-motion*: and that at least in as high a degree as they enjoy it at this day. Again. They were endowed with a degree of *Understanding*, not less than that they are possessed of now. They had also a *Will*, including various passions, which likewise they still enjoy. And they had *Liberty*, a power of Choice, a degree of which is still found in every living creature. Nor can we doubt, but their Understanding too was in the beginning perfect in its kind. Their Passions and Affections were regular, and their Choice always guided by their Understanding.

5. What then makes the barrier between men and brutes? The line which they cannot pass? It was not Reason. Set aside that ambiguous term: exchange it for the plain word, Understanding: and who can deny that brutes have this? We may as well deny that they have sight or hearing. But it is this: man is capable of God; the inferior creatures are not. We have no ground to believe, that they are in any degree capable of knowing, loving, or obeying God. This is the specific difference between man and brute: the great gulph which they cannot pass over. And as a loving obedience to God was the perfection of Men, so a loving obedience to man was the perfection of Brutes. And as long as they continued in this, they were happy after their kind; happy in the right state and the right use of their respective faculties. Yea, and so long they had some shadowy resemblance

semblance of even *Moral Goodness*. For they had gratitude to man for benefits received, and a reverence for him. They had likewise a kind of benevolence to each other, unmixed with any contrary temper. How *beautiful* many of them were, we may conjecture from that which still remains: and that, not only in the noblest creatures, but in those of the lowest order. And they were all surrounded not only with plenteous food, but with every thing that could give them pleasure: pleasure unmixed with pain; for pain was not yet: it had not entered into paradise. And they too were immortal. For *God made not Death; neither hath he pleasure in the death of any living.*

6. How true then is that word, *God saw every thing that he had made: and behold it was very good.* But how far is this from being the case? In what a condition is the whole lower world? To say nothing of inanimate nature, wherein all the elements seem to be out of course, and by turns to fight against man. Since man rebelled against his Maker; in what a state is all animated nature? Well might the Apostle say of this, *The whole creation groaneth together, and travaileth together in pain until now.* This directly refers to the brute creation. In what state this is at present we are now to consider.

II. 1. As all the blessings of God in paradise flowed thro' man to the inferior creatures: as man was the great channel of communication, between the Creator and the whole brute creation: so when man made himself incapable of transmitting those blessings, that communication was necessarily cut off. The intercourse between God and the inferior creatures being stopped, those blessings could no longer flow in upon them. And then it was that *the creature*, every creature *was subjected to vanity*: to sorrow, to pain of every kind, to all manner of evils. *Not indeed willingly*; not by its own choice; not by any act or deed of its own: *but by reason of him that subjected it*; by the wise permission of God, determining to draw eternal Good, out of this temporary evil.

2. But

2. But in what respects was *the creature*, every creature, then *made subject to vanity*? What did the meaner creatures suffer, when man rebelled against God? It is probable, they sustained much loss, even in the lower faculties, their vigour, strength and swiftness. But undoubtedly they suffered far more in their understanding, more than we can easily conceive. Perhaps, insects and worms had then as much understanding as the most intelligent brutes have now, whereas millions of creatures have at present little more understanding than the earth on which they crawl, or the rock to which they adhere. They suffered still more in their will, in their passions, which were then variously distorted, and frequently set in flat opposition to the little understanding that was left them. Their liberty likewise was greatly impaired, yea, in many cases totally destroyed. They are still utterly enslaved to irrational appetites, which have the full dominion over them. The very foundations of their nature are out of course, are turned upside down. As Man is deprived of *his* Perfection, his loving obedience to God, so Brutes are deprived of *their* Perfection, their loving obedience to Man. The far greater part of them flee from him, studiously avoid his hated presence. The most of the rest set him at open defiance, yea, destroy him, if it be in their power. A few only, those we commonly term domestic animals, retain more or less of their original disposition, and (through the mercy of God) love him still and pay obedience to him.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A short ACCOUNT of Mr. GEORGE STORY.

[*Written by himself.*]

I Was born in the year 1738, at *Harthill*, in the West-Riding of *Yorkshire*. At four years of age I had learned the Catechism, and had repeated it before the Minister in the Church,

About

About that time, I had a narrow escape; being near the edge of a deep pond, my foot slipped, and I plunged in, but recovering myself, I struggled to the side, and laying hold on some weeds, got out, no one being near that could give me any assistance.

In my sixth year, I had read the Bible through several times, and other books that came in my way; particularly the History of the Sufferings of the Protestants, in the Vallies of *Piedmont*; which fixed in me an aversion to the principles of the Church of *Rome*. Among the practical Treatises in this History, was a Caveat against Dancing, wherein was asserted, that "Every step a dancer takes, is a step to hell." This so affected me, that no inducement could ever prevail upon me to attend the Dancing-school; which I esteem a singular mercy, as it prevented connections that might have proved very pernicious. †

One day I wantonly threw a stone and killed a young bird belonging to a neighbour. Though no one saw me, yet for several nights I had little sleep. The idea of the bird's expiring in agonies, through my wickedness, filled me with inexpressible anguish. I would have given a great deal to have restored the little creature to life. Tears and prayers to God for pardon, and promises to offend him thus no more, was the only way wherein I found relief.

My Parents taught me early the fear of the Lord, as far as they knew; and though their instructions were tedious and irksome, yet they made an impression on my mind that was never lost, but often recurred when I was alone, or in places of temptation.

Our Minister was a pious, venerable man, and performed his duty with a solemnity that often struck me with awe of the divine presence: particularly when he was reading the burial service, I frequently had a distant prospect of Judgment and Eternity. I was agreeably affected with thunder and lightning. It filled me with a sense of God's majesty and power;

power; for which reason I would get into the midst of it, though ever so dreadful, if I was not prevented, that I might enjoy the whole report, and see the full blaze.

In my seventh year, I lost all relish for learning, and contracted several evil habits. The two following years, my time at school was spent to little purpose: part of this I attribute to the being too early taught to read, and too close application to it; and part to the want of a proper Master, who could suit my genius and engage my curiosity for useful knowledge. But my master dying, and being succeeded by one whose ability and method were adapted to my capacity, I soon recovered my thirst for learning, and made considerable improvement therein.

Before I was well able to carry a gun, I was fond of shooting; till being out one day in the fields, my gun went off at half cock, and was within a very little of killing my brother; this filled me with such horror, that I could not endure that exercise any more.

When I was about ten years of age, God began to revive his work of grace in and about *Sheffield*; the rumour of which spread into our village, and occasioned serious reflections in the minds of many. One evening, as I was hearkening to the conversation of my parents, on that subject, I was struck with an observation they made, That prayer was nothing, unless the mind was stayed on God. At night, when I repeated my customary prayers, I watched my thoughts narrowly, and soon found that they wandered from the Lord all the time. This discovery deeply affected me; I strove with all my might to think on God as being present, seeing and hearing me; and after repeated efforts, through grace, I prevailed. I now began to delight in duties; to pray fervently, and feelingly, with, or without a form, and many times the Lord answered me in such a manner as clearly convinced me of his omniscience and omnipresence. I read the Bible with pleasure and profit; the sufferings of Christ filled me with wonder and

and gratitude, as I now understood that he endured them all for my sins, and to save my soul from eternal destruction. Reading in the Thirty-nine Articles, that Justification was by Faith, I endeavoured to cast my soul upon the Lord in the best manner I was able, and at times was persuaded that he had forgiven all my trespasses. Though I had never heard any of the Methodist Preachers, yet from that time I felt an esteem for them; and notwithstanding they were loaded with all manner of reproach, and represented in the most detestable light, those calumnies only increased my regard for them, because I understood that true Christians, in all former ages, had met with the same treatment from the world.

Having acquired all the learning that was taught at a country school, my friends began to think of putting me to some business. Going one day to a Bookseller's shop, in a neighbouring market town, I got acquainted with him, and my friends accepting of his proposals, I soon after went with him to his place of residence. This introduced me into company, and exposed me to temptations I never knew before; and yet the Spirit of God strove with me more than ever: almost every night I was called to a strict account by that inward Monitor, and reproved for the faults of the day: and I could seldom sleep, till with prayers and tears I had implored mercy, and in some degree obtained it from the Lord: and in this manner I went on for about a year.

I had often been perplexed with the doctrine of Predestination, but now the Tempter drew me insensibly into it; he continually suggested, That if I was to be saved, I certainly should, live as I list; but if I was ordained to be damned, there was no remedy; God himself could not save me; and therefore it was mere folly to give myself so much concern about it. But although these suggestions tended to stupify my conscience, and harden my heart, yet I was more uneasy than ever. The Methodists at that time were few and feeble; they had seldom any travelling Preachers; I sometimes at-

tended their prayer-meetings, and often followed them up and down the town, hoping they would turn and speak to me; but none took any notice of me. I was left alone to struggle with sin and Satan.

One day hearing a Preacher was to be there, I attended; but he did not come. Upon this, one of the local Preachers, who was then a Calvinist, gave an exhortation: in which he fairly repeated the words that Satan had so often suggested to me: viz. that if we were to be saved, we could not possibly perish; and if we were to be damned, there was no help for us. This made a deep impression, and confirmed all that the devil had been preaching to me for years. I believed the horrible doctrine, and from that time determined to give myself as little trouble as possible about Religion.

Being surrounded with books, I read the first that came to hand; Histories, Novels, Plays, and Romances, by dozens; but they only pleased while my eyes were upon them, and afterwards furnished matter for a thousand vain imaginations. I then read the Lives of the Heathen Philosophers, with admiration, and determined to copy after them. I perfected myself in Geometry and Trigonometry; then I learned *Macaulay's* Short-Hand; soon after, Geography and Astronomy, together with Botany, Anatomy, Physic, and several branches of Natural Philosophy. Once I intended studying the Law, and read a great deal in the Statutes at large, and other law books: but the subject was too dry and unentertaining for one of my desultory disposition. I could recollect reading over three hundred volumes, of one kind or another; (some of them were large folios) before I was sixteen years old. My passion for books was insatiable. I frequently read till ten or eleven o'clock at night, and began again at four or five o'clock in the morning; nor had I patience to eat my meat, unless I had a book before me.

But about this time I was weary of the Shop, and entered the Printing-Office. This opened a new scene of things, which

which pleased me for a season. I was determined to be a complete master of my business, and in about two years, was able to accomplish my day's work in six hours, so that I had much time upon my hands for study and recreations. One summer I was an Angler, and attended the rivers early every morning, but this, after a few months trial, brought me neither pleasure nor profit. The next summer I commenced Florist, took a garden, was passionately fond of Auriculas, Polyanthoses, &c. But this too, soon grew insipid: happiness was not to be found in these pursuits. In the midst of my reading I met with some Deistical authors; I read and reasoned, till the Bible grew not only dull, but, I thought, full of contradictions. I staggered first at the divinity of Christ; and at length gave up the Bible altogether, and sunk into Fatalism and Deism.

This new light promised great satisfaction. I thought myself much wiser than others; but alas, it soon led into a dreary labyrinth! My ideas of God and Religion, were quite confounded; I felt the wretchedness of my heart, but could discover no way to escape from it.

About the age of eighteen, the management of the Printing-Office fell to my share. I had a weekly News-Paper to publish, all the paragraphs to select from the public prints, the advertisements to prepare, the press to correct, and the journeymen and apprentices to superintend. This flattered my vanity, increased my native pride, and consequently led me further from God. I then sought happiness in card-playing; but after repeated trials, it appeared such a silly waste of time, and so opposite to common sense, that I was obliged to give it up. Twice or thrice I got into company, and was intoxicated with liquor; but in the midst of this folly I saw its madness, and turned from it with abhorrence. I likewise saw its ruinous consequences in those I was daily surrounded with. However, I hoped a horse-race was a more manly and rational amusement: I therefore attended the races at *Doncaster*, with

the most flattering expectation of the happiness I should find that week. The first day vanished away without any satisfaction: the second was still worse; as I passed through the company, dejected and disappointed, it occurred to my mind, "What is all this immense multitude assembled here for? To see a few horses gallop two or three times round the course, as if the devil was both in them and their riders! Certainly we are all mad; we are fit for Bedlam, if we imagine that the Almighty made us for no other purpose but to seek happiness in such senseless amusements!" I was ashamed and confounded, and determined never to be seen there any more.

[*To be continued.*]

Some Account of the Death of MARY COOK.

London, May 25, 1745.

SHE had been ill for above six months, grew much worse a week or two ago. She had been long remarkably serious, and greatly desirous of knowing her interest in Christ; but then her desires were much increased, and she had no rest in her spirit, but cried unto him day and night. On Monday last, she mourned more than ever, and would not be comforted, Then she lay still awhile, and on a sudden broke out,

"Praise God from whom pure blessings flow!"

Her mother asked her the cause of this; she said, "O mother, I am happy, I am happy! I shall soon go to heaven;" and many words she spoke to the same effect. I called upon her a few hours after, and found her still in a settled peace. She told me, "I am assured of God's love to my soul. I am not afraid to die. I know the Lord will take me to himself; Lord hasten the time! I long to be with thee." On Tuesday and
Wednesday

Wednesday she spoke little, being exceeding weak, but continued instant in prayer. On Wednesday about noon, she desired her mother to get her up into the chair, which she did. A little before three, her mother holding her in her arms, she desired her to let her go. Then placing herself upright in the chair, with her hands laid in her lap, and a calm majesty in her countenance, she said, "Lord, receive my soul!" and then expired.



Some Account of the Death of MARY THOMAS.

Bristol, June 6, 1745.

ON Saturday night, *Mary Thomas* was taken home. She was always constant in the use of all the means, and behaved well both at home and abroad. After she was taken ill, she was distressed indeed, between the pain of her body, and the anguish of her soul. But where is all pain gone, when Jesus comes? When he manifests himself to the heart? In that hour she cried out, "Christ is mine! I know my sins are forgiven me." Then she sung praise to him that loved her, and bought her with his own blood. The fear of death was gone, and she longed to leave her father, her mother, and all her friends. She said, "I am almost at the top of the ladder. Now I see the towers before me, and a large company coming up behind me. I shall soon go. 'Tis but for Christ to speak the word, and I am gone. I only wait for that word, Rise up, my love, and come away."

When they thought her strength was gone, she broke out again,

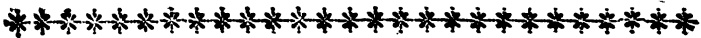
"Christ hath the foundation laid,
 And Christ shall build me up;
 Surely I shall soon be made
 Partaker of my hope,

Author

Author of my faith he is ;
 He its finither shall be :
 Perfect love shall seal me his
 To all eternity."

So she fell asleep. O Lord, my God! glory be to thee for all things. I feel such desires in my soul after God, that my strength goes away. I feel there is not a moment's time to spare: and yet how many do I lose? Lord Jesus, give me to be more and more diligent in all things. It is no matter to me, how I was an hour ago. Is my soul now waiting upon God? O that I may in all things, and through all things, see nothing but Christ! O that when he comes, he may find me watching!

SARAH COLSTON.



Some Account of the Death of ISAAC KILBY.

Bristol, June 27, 1745.

I Sat up with *Isaac Kilby* three nights, and being greatly comforted by many of his expressions, I believed it would not be losing time to set a few of them down.

On Wednesday, June 18. When I came into the house, he was supposed to be near his end. His body was in great pain, and just gasping for breath. But his mind was in perfect peace.

He had little strength to speak. But when he did (which was now and then on a sudden, as it immediately supported for that purpose) his words were strangely powerful; just as if they came from one, who was now before the throne of glory.

When he had just drank something, I said, "All may drink of the water of life freely." He lifted up his hands in great love, and said, "Yea, all, all: all the world."

After

After long silence, he suddenly asked me, how I felt myself? I replied, "I find great consolation from the Lord." He said, "How strange it is that such a rebel as I, should bring glory to God!"

When dosing, his mind would rove, but even then his discourse consisted chiefly, of strong exhortation to some of his acquaintance, to repent and persevere in the ways of God.

On Friday I called, and found him in the same spirit, full of pain, yet full of joy unspeakable. I could not forbear sitting up with him again. All his words were full of divine wisdom, expressing a deep sense of the presence and mercy of God, and of his own unworthiness.

Mention being made concerning his burial, (in the beginning of his sickness, he had desired, that Mr. *Wesley* might bury him, and preach a sermon from that text, *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,*) he said, "Now I do not think of such things. Bury me as you will. Yet I should be glad to have a sermon preached. But just as Mr. *Wesley* pleases."

He said to me, "O go on, and you will rejoice as I do, in the like condition!" He prayed, That he might die before the morning: but added, "*Not as I will, but as thou wilt.*"

Thus he continued till Wednesday June 25, when I sat up with him again. Being now much weaker, he roved more than ever. Yet when I asked, "*Isaac*, how do you find your soul?" He answered, "I rejoice in God my Saviour. I am as clay in the hands of the potter." And about half an hour after twelve, he went to sing praise to God and the Lamb forever.

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

OF BRUTES.

*Of their Ears, Nose, Teeth, and Windpipe; of their vegetative
and sensitive Motions: of their Soul.*

THE comparative anatomy of the *Ear*, yields abundant instances of the Creator's Wisdom. In Birds, the outward ear is close and covered; not protuberant, as that would obstruct their flight. In Beasts, its form is agreeable to the posture and motion of the body, but admirably varied in the several species, according to their various occasions. In some, as the Hare, it is large, open, and erect; by which means that timorous, helpless creature, is warned of the least approach of danger. In others, it is covered, to keep out noxious bodies. In those which are forced to mine and dig for their habitation, it is short, and lodged deep and backward in the head. Thus Moles have no auricle at all, but only a round hole, between the neck and shoulder. And this is closed with a little skin, which opens and shuts like an eyelid.—The Sea-calf also, as well as Lizards and Serpents, have no outward Ear. And the Tortoise, with most kinds of Fishes, have the passage quite covered over.

But among all the varieties in the structure of this organ, none are more remarkable than those of the *passage* into the *os petrosum*. In an Owl, which perches upon a tree or beam, and hearkens after the prey beneath her, it comes farther out above than below, for the better reception of sounds from beneath. In a Fox, which scouts under the prey at roost, it comes farther out below than above. In a Pole-cat, which hearkens straight forward, it is produced behind, for the taking a forward sound. Whereas a Hare, whose enemy comes behind, is supplied with a bony circle, directed backward: by means of which she receives distinctly the smallest sound which comes that way.

The

The more accurate the sense of *Smelling* is in any creature, the longer are the laminæ in the nostrils, and the more in number, folded up, and crowded together, to contain more nervous filaments, and to detain the odoriferous particles, in their windings and turnings. An admirable provision this, for the good of many creatures, the chief acts of whose lives are performed by the ministry of this sense. In insects and many other creatures, it is of great use, in helping them to proper places for hatching their eggs, and breeding up their young. And most irrational animals, beasts, birds and reptiles, do by their smell find out their food. With what sagacity do some of them discover it, in the midst of mud and dirt? How curiously do others pick and chuse such plants as afford them wholesome food, (perhaps medicine too) avoiding such as tend to hurt or destroy them? And all this principally by the smell, together, with its near ally, the taste.

The various forms of the *Teeth* in various creatures, is another instance of the Divine Wisdom. How curiously are they adapted to the peculiar food and occasion of each species! Thus in the Rapacious they are fitted to catch and hold their prey; in the Herbaceous, to gather and chew vegetables. In those which have no teeth, as Birds, the bill supplies that defect; together with their additional stomach. And it is a remark which hardly fails, All such animals as have four stomachs, have no teeth at all.

There are great varieties in the teeth of other animals. Trout have teeth upon their tongues; Cod-fish at the bottom of their gullet. Crocodiles have three rows of teeth on the same jaw; Sharks, four or five; Sea-devils, so called, have several rows of moveable teeth.

The variation of the *Wind-pipe* in various creatures is likewise observeable, as it is necessary for that of the voice. In an Hedge-hog, which has a very small voice, it is hardly more than membranous. In a Pigeon, which has a low, soft note, it is partly membranous, partly cartilaginous. In an Owl,

which has a good audible note, it is more cartilaginous. But that of a Jay (as of a Linnet) has bones instead of cartilages.

The rings of the wind-pipe likewise are fitted for the modulation of the voice. For in Dogs and Cats, which use a great many notes, they are (as in Man) open and flexible; whereby all or any of them is more or less dilated or contracted, in order to a deeper or shriller note. But they are one entire ring in the *Japan Peacock*, which uses one single note.

As to the *Motions* of Brutes, it is not easy to conceive, that even those of the *Vegetative* kind, can be the mere mechanical effects of matter, however modified. Much less can we conceive this of their *Sensitive* motion: for we have not the least reason to doubt, but the same impressions of external objects, raise the same perceptions in them, as in us.—No question, they see, and hear, and smell, and taste, and feel in the same manner as men!

We cannot therefore deny, that there is something in Brutes, which perceives the impressions made by outward objects; and that they perform a thousand actions, which can never be explained by mere mechanism: those in particular which spring from what we call *Instinct*, as the feeding and tending their young, the building their nests and preparing their habitation, upon or in the earth.

It is true, some things in brutes, as well as in men, may be mechanically accounted for. But others cannot: so that we are constrained to own, there is in them also some superior principle, of whatever kind it be, which is endued with sense, perception and various appetites. For from their outward actions we may as easily learn, as we could from those of a man born deaf and dumb, that there are in this principle or *Soul* two different faculties: that of *perceiving* or *knowing*, answerable to our understanding, and that of *desiring* and *shunning*, answerable to our will. That this principle is immaterial, appears from this single consideration, it has a power of *Self-motion*; which no matter can have, being wholly and essentially passive.

REMARKS

Pembroke, April 28, 1781.

REMARKS upon Mr. Locke's ESSAY on HUMAN
UNDERSTANDING.

1. **F**OR some days I have employed myself on the road, in reading Mr. *Locke's* Essay on Human Understanding. And I do not now wonder at its having gone through so many Editions, in so short a time. For what comparison is there between this deep, solid, weighty treatise, and the lively, glittering trifle of Baron *Montesquieu*? As much as between tinsel and gold, between glass-beads, and diamonds. A deep fear of God and reverence for his Word, are discernable throughout the whole. And though there are some mistakes, yet these are abundantly compensated, by many curious and useful Reflections. I think therefore a little time will be well employed in pointing out those little mistakes, and in extracting some of the most useful passages of that excellent treatise.

2. How admirable are those passages in the Introduction. " Sect. 4. If by this enquiry into the nature of the Understanding, I can discover the powers thereof; *how far* they reach; to what things they are in any degree proportionate; and where they fail us, I suppose it may be of use, to prevail with the busy mind of man to be more cautious in meddling with things exceeding its comprehension; to stop, when it is at the utmost extent of its tether; and to sit down in a quiet ignorance of those things, which, upon examination, are found to be beyond the reach of our capacities. We should not then perhaps be so forward, out of an affectation of an universal knowledge, to raise questions, and perplex ourselves and others with disputes about things, to which our Understandings are not suited; and of which we cannot frame in our minds any clear or distinct perceptions, or whereof (as it has perhaps too often happened) we have not any notions at all.

If we can find out, how far the Understanding can extend its view; how far it has faculties to attain certainty; and in what cases it can only judge and guess, we may learn to content ourselves with what is attainable by us in this state.

“ Sect. 5. For though the *comprehension* of our Understandings, comes exceeding short of the vast extent of things; yet, we shall have cause enough to magnify the bountiful Author of our Being, for that portion and degree of knowledge, he has bestowed on us, so far above all the rest of the inhabitants of this our mansion. Men have reason to be well satisfied with what God hath thought fit for them, since he has given them (as St. Peter says *πάντα πρὸς ζωὴν καὶ ὑσίβειαν*. Whatsoever is necessary for the conveniencies of life, and information of virtue; and has put within the reach of their discovery the comfortable provision for this life and the way that leads to a better. How short soever their knowledge may come of an universal or perfect comprehension of whatsoever is, it yet secures their great concernments that they have light enough to lead them to the knowledge of their Maker, and the sight of their own duties. Men may find matter sufficient to busy their heads, and employ their hands with variety, delight, and satisfaction; if they will not boldly quarrel with their own constitution, and throw away the blessings their hands are filled with, because they are not big enough to grasp every thing. We shall not have much reason to complain of the narrowness of our minds, if we will but employ them about what may be of use to us; for of that they are very capable: and it will be an unpardonable, as well as childish peevishness, if we undervalue the advantages of our knowledge, and neglect to improve it to the ends for which it was given us, because there are some things that are set out of the reach of it. It will be no excuse to an idle and untoward servant, who would not attend his business by candle-light, to plead that he had not broad sunshine. The candle, that is set up in us, shines bright enough for all our purposes.

The

The discoveries we can make with this, ought to satisfy us: and we shall then use our Understandings right, when we entertain all objects in that way and proportion, that they are suited to our faculties; and upon those grounds, they are capable of being proposed to us; and not peremptorily, or intemperately require demonstration, and demand certainty, where probability only is to be had, and which is sufficient to govern all our concernments. If we will disbelieve every thing, because we cannot certainly know all things; we shall do much-was wisely as he, who would not use his legs, but sit still and perish, because he had no wings to fly.

“ Sect. 6. When we know our own *strength*, we shall the better know what to undertake with hopes of success: and when we have well surveyed the *powers* of our own minds, and made some estimate what we may expect from them, we shall not be inclined either to sit still, and not set our thoughts on work at all, in despair of knowing any thing; nor on the other side, question every thing, and disclaim all knowledge, because some things are not to be understood. 'Tis of great use to the sailor to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom all the depths of the ocean. 'Tis well he knows, that it is long enough to reach the bottom, at such places, as are necessary to direct his voyage, and caution him against running upon shoals, that may ruin him. Our business here is not to know all things, but those which concern our conduct. If we can find out those measures, whereby a rational creature, put in that state which man is in, in this world, may, and ought to govern his opinions and actions depending thereon, we need not be troubled, that some other things escape our knowledge.

“ Sect. 7. This was that which gave the first *rise* to this *Essay* concerning the *Understanding*. For I thought that the first step towards satisfying several enquiries, the mind of man was very apt to run into, was, to take a survey of our own Understandings, examine our own powers, and see to what things they were adapted. Till that was done, I suspected we began

began at the wrong end, and in vain sought for satisfaction in a quiet and sure possession of truths, that most concerned us, whilst we let loose our thoughts into that vast ocean of *being*, as if all that boundless extent, were the natural and undoubted possession of our Understandings, wherein there was nothing exempt from its decisions, or that escaped its comprehension. Thus men, extending their enquiries beyond their capacities, and letting their thoughts wander into those depths, where they can find no sure footing; 'tis no wonder, that they raise questions, and multiply disputes, which never coming to any clear resolution, are proper only to continue and increase their doubts, and to confirm them at last in perfect Scepticism. Whereas were the capacities of our Understandings well considered, the extent of our knowledge once discovered, and the horizon found, which sets the bounds between the enlightened and dark parts of things; between what is, and what is not comprehensible by us, men would perhaps with less scruple acquiesce in the avowed ignorance of the one, and employ their thoughts and discourse, with more advantage and satisfaction in the other."

3. I think that point, "That we have no innate Principles," is abundantly proved, and cleared from all objections, that have any shadow of strength. And it was highly needful to prove the point at large, as all that follows rest on this foundation, and as it was at that time an utter paradox, both in the Philosophical and the Religious world.

4. That all our ideas come either from Sensation or Reflection, is fully proved in the second book. And why should any one be angry, at his using the word *Idea*, for "whatever is the object of the mind in thinking?" Although, it is true, it is his favourite word, which he often thrusts in, not so properly.

5. That "*Socrates* asleep and *Socrates* awake is not the same person," (p. 72.) I can by no means allow. This odd assertion depends upon another, which will be considered by and by.

[To be continued.]

An

An Account of JOHN OKEY: taken from a Tomb-Stone, in Bolton Church-Yard.

JOHN OKEY, the servant of God, was born in *London*, 1608, came into this town 1629, married *Mary*, the daughter of *James Crompton*, of *Brightmet*, 1635: with whom he lived comfortably twenty years, and begat four sons and six daughters; since then he lived sole till the day of his death. In his time were many changes and terrible alterations: eighteen years civil wars in *England*, besides many dreadful sea-fights. The crown or command of *England* changed eight times. Episcopacy laid aside fourteen years. *London* burnt by Papists, and more stately built again. *Germany* wasted three hundred miles: two hundred thousand Protestants murdered in *Ireland* by the Papists. This town three times stormed, once taken and plundered. He went through many troubles and divers conditions. Found real joy and happiness only in holiness,—the faith, fear, and love of God in Jesus Christ. He died the 20th of April, and lieth here buried, 1684. Come, Lord Jesus, O come quickly!



An Account of the surprising Deliverance of Mr. J. ROGERS.

[Concluded from vol. iv. page 431.]

[N. B. This Account would have been concluded sooner; if the following part of the Copy had not been mislaid.]

SHE [Mrs. *Tooly*] complied with their request,^a and very freely told them her story. She said, that after her grandfather's death, she was left sole heiress of his great estate; and being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her,

^a The request of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Bradbury, who desired to know how she, who had been bred up with an aversion to Dissenters and serious religion, made such a figure among them; and was so eminent for religion.

she

she ran after all the fashionable diversions of the times in which she lived, without any manner of restraint. But at the same time she confessed, that at the end of them all, she found a dissatisfaction both with herself and them, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of, but by running the same fruitless round over and over again.

She contracted some slight illness, upon which she thought she would go to *Bath*, as hearing that was a place for pleasure, as well as health. When she came there, she was led by Providence to consult an Apothecary, who happened to be a very worthy, religious man. He enquired what she ailed? "Why, Doctor, said she, I do not ail much as to my body; but I have an uneasy mind, that I cannot get rid of." "Truly, Miss, said he, I was so too, till I met with a book that cured me of it." "Books! said she; I get all the books I can lay my hands on; such as plays, novels, romances, &c. but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same." "That may be, said he, but the book I now speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read; I never tire in reading it; but can begin to read it again, as if I had never read it before. And I always see something new in it." "Pray, Doctor, said she, what book is that?" "Nay Miss, answered he, that is a secret I do not tell to every one." "But, said she, cannot I get a sight of that book?" "Yes, said he, if you speak me fair, I can help you to it." "Pray get it me then, Doctor, and I will give you any thing you please." "Yes, said he, "if you will promise one thing, I'll bring it you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading."

She promised faithfully she would: and after raising her curiosity, by coming twice or thrice without bringing it, he at last brought it, took it out of his pocket, and gave it her. It was a New Testament. When she looked on it, she said,

"Poh,

" Poh, (with a flirt,) I could get that at any time." " Why, Miss, so you might," replied the Doctor; " but remember I have your solemn promise, that you will read it carefully." " Well, said she, though I never read it before, I will give it a reading."

Accordingly she began to read it; and soon saw something in it which deeply concerned her, and which caused her to grow ten times more uneasy than she was before. So she got away back to *London*, to see what the diversions there would do again. But all was in vain.

She lodged at the court end of the town, and had a gentleman with her by way of a companion. One Saturday evening she dreamed, that she was in a place of worship, and heard a sermon which she could remember nothing of when she awaked, but the text; but the dream made such an impression on her mind, that the idea she had of the place and the Minister's face, was so strong as if she had been acquainted with both for a number of years. She told her dream to her companion on the Lord's-day morning; and after breakfast said, she was resolved to go in quest of it, if she should go from one end of *London* to the other.

Accordingly they set out, and went into this and the other church, as they passed along: but none of them answered what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock, they found themselves in the heart of the city; they then went into an eating-house, to get a bit of dinner; and then set out again in search of the place.

About half an hour after two, they were in the Poultry, and seeing a great many people going down the Old Jewry, Mrs. *Tooly* determined to see where they were going. She mixed herself among them, and they carried her to the Meeting-house in the Old Jewry. So soon as she had entered the door, and looked about, she turned to her companion, and said, " This is the very place I saw in my dream!" She had not stood long, till Mr. *Shower*, Minister of the place, went up into the pulpit; and so soon as she looked on him, said, " This

is the very man I saw in my dream! and if every part of it hold true, he will take for his text, *Pfal. cxvi. 7, Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.*" When he rose to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished prayer, he took that very passage for his text; and there God met with her in a saving manner; and she at last obtained what she so long sought for in vain elsewhere, rest in Christ, to her troubled soul.

N. B. The publisher * thinks it only necessary to say, that the foregoing account of *Mr. Rogers* and *Mrs. Tooty*, is sufficiently authenticated by the gentleman from whom the writer of the letter had it, the *Rev. Dr. Wood*, at *Norwich*.



FRENCH MERCY,

Exemplified in the Case of Monsieur ISAAC LEFEVRE.

1. **M**R. *Isaac Lefevre*, was born at *Chatelchinson*, in the *Nevernois*, of honourable parents. He was sent to *Geneva* in the year 1683, where he went through the course of *Philosophy*. Afterwards he went to *Orleans*, and studied the *Law*. Having taken his *Degrees*, he went to *Paris*, and was admitted by the *Advocate-General*, as one of the *Advocates* of the *Court of Parliament*. After living some time in *Paris*, he took a journey into *Poitou*, to settle the affairs of a *Lady* of quality: thence he returned to *Paris*, just at the time that the *Edict of Nantz* was revoked. Knowing then there was no safety for him in *France*, he determined to retire into *Switzerland*. But as he was on the way, he was seized on the 4th of *February*, 1686, and sent to *Bezanson*, where

* This has been published before.

he was stripped of all that he had. They then sent him to prison, and clapped him in irons. After three weeks he was tried, and condemned the same day. The day following he was put into the dungeon. "I am, said he, in a place where the air is infected, and feed on such diet as would formerly have poisoned me. But I find such sweetness and consolation as I could not have hoped for."

2. After two months and some days, he was removed to *Dijon*. He came thither on the 30th of May: but the hardship of the journey, added to the irons which were left upon him, who was of a delicate constitution, had bruised and hurt him greatly. In a letter, dated June 1, he says, "I suffer great pains all over my body: and I should not have come alive to *Dijon*, but that my irons were taken off at *Aufonne*, and I was set on horseback; whereas I was before in a wagon, and in a killing posture, prest on all sides. I am now treated with humanity, and begin to recover the strength I stand in need of, to bear the chains that are preparing for us."

3. Having continued in prison at *Dijon* about two months, he was conducted to *Chalons*, where the chain arrived from *Paris*. Hence they were to go by water, and their chains were something lighter. Yet the journey was uneasy enough. In his letter from *Marseilles*, of August 20th, he says, "It seems to me, as if I had been gone above six months from *Dijon*. My flesh and my skin are grown old, and I have been as in the pains of death. Indeed, I could have expected nothing else, had we not made a little stop at *Avignon*. I am now mixt with a very great number of galley-slaves, and have been eight and forty hours, without being able to close my eyes, or to eat or drink what they gave me. But my life is not precious to me. If it were God's will, I could leave it with delight. Yet the Lord works miracles to preserve it to me." He came to *Marseilles* in August, and being very ill, was put into the Hospital for the galley-slaves. But being a little better in September, he was removed to the Galley,

Grande Reale. " I went on board, says he, yesterday, and was immediately loaded with irons. But to all this, I oppose the will of God. If poverty, sickness, and pain, are what he chuses, why should I refuse them? If he should kill me, yet will I hope in him, and praise him all the days of my life. I lie on a board about two feet broad: I have nothing to cover me; but the slaves near me have stript themselves of their own clothes for me."

4. At the intreaty of some of his friends, he was put on board another galley, named the *Magnificent*, where at first he was used more tenderly. But after two days, the liberty of seeing his friends was taken from him, and of conferring with them by writing. Neither was he suffered to converse with any of those that were in the same galley, being always fastened to the chain, which was kept shorter than usual. At that time he was sent for by the Bishop, and earnestly solicited to change his Religion. But this only confirmed his resolution, to suffer all things for the Truth's sake.

5. He continued on board the galley, only till April 1687: and was then, by an order from above, put into a dungeon, in Fort St. *John*, at *Marseilles*. As he was now cut off from all intercourse with men, being constantly guarded day and night, his friends had very seldom any opportunity of hearing whether he was dead or alive, during this hard captivity, which lasted sixteen years. His prison was a vault which was formerly a stable; but being too moist, was found unhealthy for the horses. There was still a rack and manger in it. No light came in, but by the door; the upper part whereof was broken, and grated within and without. The air of it was foul, and of an ill scent; every thing moistened and rotted in it.

6. At first he lay two or three nights in a moist manger, and above a month on a short and narrow chest, having no covering but his galley-slave jacket. Nevertheless, he slept quietly, only sometimes the cold interrupted his sleep: but this caused a defluxion in his teeth; pains in the veins, rheumatism,

rheumatism, and at last a continual fever. But though he was of a weak constitution, yet God raised him up five several times from extraordinary sicknesses. In common he had sharp colics in his stomach, and flying pains, especially in his neck and shoulders. Nobody durst come near him, nor even look at the door, much less speak to him.

7. At some intervals of times, his pains redoubling, he thought he was not far from death: under which apprehension he said, "I declare before God, I freely forgive all that have offended me in any manner whatsoever. It is not likely I should live much longer, unless God touch the hearts of those that give orders for my food: the aliments which they give me being full of nastiness and impurities, I must die soon, unless God acts in an extraordinary manner on my body and on my food." Of this he spoke again in the year 1699, that they had afflicted him by the corruption of all that they gave him either to eat or drink. But "the Lord, said he, supports my weak nature, in a miraculous manner." Yea, he comforts and supports me sensibly; he gives me strength to suffer my affliction with joy. And if I should tell you, that I am sometimes so happy, that I forget all I have suffered, I should tell you the truth!

8. "They do not forget, says he in another letter, to try all ways to weary out my patience. The Mayor promised me a mattress and covering; my mattress being quite rotten, and my covering all rags: but I never had them. Yet whatever my anguish be, I esteem it more expedient, to suffer life than to desire death. As God will be glorified by my sufferings, the longer they are and the harder to be borne, the more glory he will have by them: his will be done. I am always pursued with the same violence. There is no intermission. They deny me all manner of commerce with the living, and also with the dead. But the Lord, who is my God and my protector, has had pity on my weakness, and given me such patience as I never dared to hope for. Glory be to his Name!"

9. In November 1695, he wrote thus, "I now enter into the tenth year of my sufferings, and by the grace of God, I have neither lost spirit, nor faith, nor patience; nor have I totally lost my health. My dear kinswoman, the Lord hath heard your prayers, and those of his servants that intercede for me. He has spared my weakness; he has pitied my frailty; and he will finish what concerneth me. If I was but cleansed from all my sins, I should be too happy. But I confess with grief and confusion, that I am a man of little faith. I am a sinner. I have desired my liberty with too much fervency." Mean time his mind was constantly employed, in meditating on the mysteries of salvation, of which he spake with as much light and solidity, as the most accomplished divine. To some who wondered at this, he said, "I never learnt the things I tell you, till I was a galley-slave and a prisoner of Jesus Christ. Nor am I the only one that has learnt to speak in irons, and to pray on the sea. My dear companions have received the same grace."

10. Notwithstanding all the pains that were taken to prevent it, he found means for several years to correspond now and then, with his friends; but for two years and four months, this intercourse was quite cut off. By what means, it was restored we do not know. But he looked upon it as a singular favour from God: and he seems to have enjoyed that privilege, more or less, from the year 1699, to near the end of his life.

11. In June 1700, he writes, "The corruption and malignity of the food which they give me, has strange effects on my body. It causes me to void more or less blood every day. I had formerly some days of ease: but for some time, this has been my daily bread.* And very often it gives me the colic in my breast and stomach for divers hours. The last fit made

* There is no doubt but poison was mixed with it, as his life was a constant reproach to them.

me suffer violent pain from the evening to the next morning. I vomited sharp and bitter water by fits, and my pains were increased, not lessened thereby. Afterwards, a Physician was ordered to inspect my food; but it was no better than before." There is little doubt but their design was, to make an end of him. But it pleased God to preserve him still longer, as a pattern of patience and perseverance.

12. In June 1702, God was pleased to put an end to his miseries. For a year before, he was not permitted to send or to receive any letter. But on the 9th of June, a Lady was permitted to see him. She found him full of faith and the Holy Ghost, but quite weak and faint: and on the 11th, about eleven o'clock at night, he rested from his labours: having for above seventeen years triumphed over all the cruelty which men and devils could invent.



The following Paper is truly Original.

Since the Piece on War has been honoured with a place in the Arminian Magazine, these Lectures on the Cause and Cure of it, may serve as a Supplement.

The CAUSE and CURE of WAR.

THE word of the Lord to the *lucre-loving* Pastor,* (whose people perish through his *sensual life*, or *lazy labours*, licencing their sins;) is eminently applicable to the aggressors in War, who fight, not from *necessity*, but draw the sword and sinners slay by *choice*. "They shall die in their iniquity; but their blood will I require at thine hand!"

* These *censure* no Divine, who loves God above *gold*, and souls more than *silver*, Matt. xxii. 37. 39. And he that "loves the Creature more than the Creator," but ill deserves the name, "Divine."

The Cause of War.

The Americans *chuse* War (a mountainous load!) rather than bear a pound of Brethren's *massy* burdens; or longer brook Patent government: and, to secure *enriching* Independence, fleece themselves of ages' hoarded cash, to see their fathers butchers! "Great and good Allies!" And fall by thousands into death's dark prisons; earth and seas!

The French *chuse* War, to *win the wealth*, and waste the lives of *hated* Protestants!

The Spaniards *chuse* War, to *keep their silver-chestings* "Compact"—and cast away invaluable blood! and heaps of treasure.

The Dutch *chuse* War, and thereby *break* their *costly* "Covenant"—^b, sooner than break their *bags of gold*, to help *oppressed* and *best* of friends and helpers, claiming *promised* aid.

O love of money! Root of evil! Soul-tormenting passion! *Piercing them through with many sorrows*, lasting as eternity! 1 Tim. vi. 10. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1 John ii. 15.

The Cure of War.

"Love God: love thy neighbour: love your *enemies*"—thundered forth from the Sovereign of angels and men! should silence the *wars* and *contentions* of (Bible-blest) Christendom; who by *profession* venerate the Oracles of heaven. But the conduct of nominal Christians so contradicts revelation, (and fulfils it too!) that not only "nation rises up against nation, and kingdom against kingdom," but counties, cities, towns, villages, houses, brothers! are *unchristianly* divided! The *peaceless* demons, Avarice, Ambition, Anger, breed our battles, foreign and domestic; and like the fiends in former days, still *drive* too large a *herd* the *downward road*.

"Love not the world, nor the things of the world," *obeyed*, leads fallen mortals up to *love divine*, which *paradise* us with

^b The Papists *keep*—Protestants *break* their "Treaty!" How *low* are High Mightiness fallen from *grace*! Matt. vii. 10.

two worlds at once! No man can so taste the sweets of creature-good, as he who *knows*, "My God is reconciled." None can enjoy, with *calm delight*, the gifts of Providence, save grateful men who love the gracious Giver. *No enemy to God*,^d if on a Throne, can share the pleasures Sense imparts, like humble, thankful saints: the fears of Death, and frowns of Heaven! imbitter sinners' sensual delights. *This bitterness of spirit* makes the wealthy wretched—the proud man peevish—the passionate, a plague to man and beast! *This bitterness of spirit* (*lowness of spirits*, by Physicians called) is sent to make us sick of *sin*, and bring the burthened back to God, for *satisfying* blessings. *This bitterness of spirit*^e is a drop of mental misery, (to save from *seas* of grief!) which makes the *avaricious* sigh for happiness; and sigh away his days *in vain*; because he will not quit the shadow—*love* of terrestrial objects, and seek as *heartily*, celestial, soul-delighting comforts. While his poor *pardoned* vassals shout,

" On all the *groveling* kings of earth,
With pity we look down;
And claim, in virtue of our birth,^f
A never-fading crown."

Lay not up for yourselves, the riches of earth, but of heaven; is the great Proprietor's all-wise command. And who are wisest in *his sight*, the duteous, or undutiful? The charitable steward; or the covetous? The happy poor in spirit here, and hereafter, rich as heaven can make them, ages without number! or they that blindly barter boundless wealth, for momentary treasure?—Let Conscience solve these most momentous queries! while mild its accents, useful its advice! Nor let it thunder in a dying hour or judgment-day, the *waste* of Talents! *loss* of Time! and *lack* of all that time *well-used* procures, the angel-pleasures of Eternity!

^d Col. i. 21. Rom. viii. 7. 9. ^e Rom. vii. 15. Heb. ii. 15. ^f John i. 13. iii. 3.

Immortal beings! Everlasting spirits! Look down, O look before ye leap, into a fathomless Abyss! a dread Eternity! Eternity's the ocean whence ye flowed; and thither you *must* soon return: and can you bear the *gain* of *endless* pain! and *loss* of *boundless* pleasure? The *fear* of this, how hard to bear! and how much more the full reward of *man's* *iniquity filled up!*

“ Pain is for man; and O how vast a pain!
For him who made the Godhead bleed in vain!”

Look up, ye never-dying souls! and through Almighty merits live for ever! Be what ye would be, *wise*, and *rich*, and *great*, and *always blessed!* Be happy here. Be happy evermore. Renounce the *cause* of mortal and immortal misery, and the *effect* shall cease. “ Receive a kingdom, *stable* as the heavens.” *Retain*, and reign in grace beneath. *Reign* then in rapturous glory!

The way to *bliss*—would mortals know?
Then search the scripture-truths below,
Till sin-born sorrows cease:
Then walk in wisdom's pleasant ways,
The pleasing paths of prayer and praise,
Till all your hours are peace.

The Love of God—how deep! how high!
That lifts lost sinners to the sky!
To godlike grandeur there!
That cancels all their crimson crimes!
That helps from hell,⁶ to heaven-born climes!
That makes men perfect here!

⁶ Psalm cxvi, 1. 8.

The power of Faith, what tongue can tell!
 That conquers sin, and death, and hell!
 Till human is divine!
 That claims, through Christ, both earth and heaven!
 The treasures to the faithful given,
 That says, they're *justly* mine.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R C C V I I I .

[From Miss B. to a Friend.]

May 29, 1762.

Dear Friend,

I See there is a jealousy in God, which I did not so clearly discern before. Well, this I can say, blessed be his Name, *all my will* is his, and I renounce, from the bottom of my heart, every comfort that does not spring from his pure Love alone. But this I know, God has so laid your burden upon me, that I must continue to cry exceedingly for you. Oh take warning by *me*! That Saviour who seeks your heart, is jealous above all you can conceive. He will not have a divided heart; no, not in the least degree. O that he may now descend, and fill your soul with the pure flame of *his* Love! I know there is a furnace for you to pass through, and the longer before you enter, the hotter it will grow. But fear not, my dear Friend! He that will walk with you is the Son of God. The present difficulty is here: how to enter into this furnace? But is not God faithful? And will he not snuff you, how to put away all That which his Spirit abhors? I know he will: only let your weapons be earnest Prayer, constant

stant and continued, (whether you feel a desire to it or not.) And in a short time the Lord will guide you, as his pillar of fire did the Israelites, till every enemy is fallen before you, and you are in full possession of the promised land!

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R CCIX.

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

The following Letters, wrote in the course of a few months, by one who is now in *Abraham's* bosom, breathe deep, strong sense, though unimproved by Education; with a deep, and strong, unaffected Piety. I know few like them in the *English* Tongue. So much of the Answers to them is occasionally inserted, as may serve to make the Replies which followed, more readily understood,

London, Aug. 10, 1757.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Have considered well your Proposal, and it appears to me to be the will of God, which my soul desires to do. For this month past it has been laid upon my mind to pray, that I might be the servant of his Servants, and that God would use me for his glory, in whatever way he pleased: so that when I received your letter, I saw it was an answer to prayer, and needed not to intreat the Lord, to shew if it was his will. I am conscious of my own weakness, but trust in him who is everlasting strength, and believe, whatsoever he calleth me to, he will give me strength to perform.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, but unworthy Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER

L E T T E R C C X.

[From the same.]

Bristol, Nov. 13, 1757.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Received your welcome Letter with much pleasure: it was the mouth of God to my soul. O Sir! God has made me deeply sensible, what a wondrous work he hath wrought in me, and truly out of nothing, less than nothing. I am altogether what you describe me to be, and much less. Nothing is so great a wonder to me, as that God should deal so bountifully with one of yesterday. I do not wonder you should tremble for me: I almost tremble for myself, to think I cannot fear amidst those great snares and dangers I am surrounded with. If I could have chose for myself, I should have been glad to be despised by all. But is not God's time best? As to your confidence in me, I am no less amazed: but all is of God. O Sir, often have I said, since I have been in your house, if all the Omnipotence of God does not stand on my side, I shall dishonour Him in this place! But I feel my life is hid with Christ in God. Dear Sir, pray that all your desires may be answered in me, by me, and upon me. If God is able and willing to keep me, I shall stand,

“ Firm as a beaten anvil to the stroke !”

I find no power to resist any thing: but my soul *sinks* below all. I take it as a great blessing from God, that you deal with me, as a father with a child. The day that I shall think myself past your help, I shall have little reason to think well of myself.

I trust, God will enable me to keep to your Rules, and to shine as a light in a land of darkness. It is easy to obey, where God has the heart. We are all in peace with God, and in love with one another.

Dear

Dear Sir, look not at the things which are seen, but the things which are not seen! Time is well-nigh at an end: eternity is at hand! O that with Enoch you may walk with God and be perfect! I pray God, you may forget the things that are behind, and reach forth to the things which are before! I believe you will excuse my simplicity and freedom with you: that burning love I feel to your soul, makes me almost forget you are my father in Christ. Pray, Sir, speak plainer still to me. I find my soul like a little child, waiting to be taught of God. I would not only be free from sin, but worship him as the angels do above!

I am your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

L E T T E R CCXI.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Norwich, Nov. 22, 1757.

My dear Sister,

MAY the peace and love of God spring up in your heart, as in time past, and more abundantly! You have refreshed my bowels in the Lord! I feel your words, and praise God on your behalf. I not only excuse, but love your simplicity, and whatever freedom you use, it will be welcome.

Surely God will never suffer me to be ashamed of my confidence in you. I have been censured for it by some of your nearest friends: but I cannot repent of it. Will not you put forth all your strength, (which indeed is not yours; it is the Spirit of the Father which now worketh in you,) 1. In managing all things pertaining to the House, so as to adorn the Gospel of God our Saviour? 2. In feeding the sheep he has committed to your immediate care, and carrying the weak and sickly

sickly in your bosom? 3. In assisting, quickening and directing the Family at Kingswood, whom I trust you will always bear upon your heart? 4. In reprovng, stirring up, or confirming all whom the providence of God shall put into your hands? And lastly, In watching over, and helping forward in the ways of God, one who has more need of help than all the rest? And who is always willing to receive it from you, because you always speak the truth in love.

Do you find no interruption or abatement at any time of your joy in the Lord? Do you continually see God? And that without any cloud, or darkness, or mist between? Do you pray without ceasing, without ever being diverted from it, by any thing inward or outward? Are you never hindered by any person or thing? By the power or subtlety of Satan, or by the weakness or disorders of the body, pressing down the soul? Can you be thankful for every thing without exception? And do you feel all working together for good? Do you do nothing, great or small, merely to please yourself? Do you feel no touch of any desire or affection, but what springs from the pure love of God? Do you speak no words but from a principle of love, and under the guidance of his Spirit? O how I long to find you unblameable in all things, and holy as he that hath called you is holy!

I am, yours, &c.

J. W.

L E T T E R C C X I I .

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

Madely, June 6, 1781.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Rejoice to hear that your spiritual bow abides in strength. I would have wished you joy about it since my arrival, if I knew where a letter could overtake you. I heartily thank you about the directions you give me to hinder my bow, so far
split,

split, from breaking quite. Now I must imitate your prudence, or the opportunity of doing it will soon be lost for good.

I would do something in the Lord's vineyard, but I have not strength. I can hardly, without over-doing myself, visit the sick of my Parish: I was better when I left Switzerland, than I am now; I had a great pull back in venturing to preach in the fields, in the Cevennes, to about two thousand French Protestants. I rode thirty miles to that place from Montpellier, on horseback, but was obliged to be brought back in a carriage. And now that I am here I can neither serve my Church, nor get it properly served. Mr. G—s owns, the place is not fit for him, nor he for it. He will go when I can get some body to help me: could you spare me brother B—? It would be a charity. Unless I can get a Curate zealous enough to stir among the people, I will give up the place: it would be little comfort to me to stay here to see the dead bury the dead. I thank God however, for resignation to his will. As soon as I shall discern it clearly, I shall follow it, for I trust I have learned in what state soever I am, therewith to be content. What a blessing is Christ to the soul, and health to the body! When you go to, or come from the Conference, be so good as to remember that you have now a pilgrim's house in the way from Shrewsbury to Broseley; and do not go and climb our hills without baiting. At our first interview, I shall ask your thoughts about a French Work or two I have upon the anvil; but which I fear I shall not have time to finish. Be that as it will, God needs not the hand of Uzzah nor my finger, to keep up his ark. I read with pleasure and edification, your Arminian Magazine. Your storehouse is inexhaustible. The Lord strengthen you to *Nestor's* years, or rather, to the useful length of St. *John's* life. It is worth living to serve the Church, and to teach Christians to love one another.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your affectionate, though unprofitable Servant,

JOHN FLETCHER.

LETTER

LETTER CCXIII.

[From the same.]

Madeley, June 24, 1781.

Rev. and dear Sir,

AS to Miss *L*—, I believe her to be a simple, holy follower of the Lord. Nothing throws *unscriptural* Mysticism down like holding out the promise of the Father, and the fulness of the Spirit, to be received *now*, by *faith* in the two Promisers, the *Father* and the *Son*. Ah! what is the *penal fire* of the Mystics, to the *burning love* of the *Spirit*, revealing the glorious power of the *Father* and the *Son*, according to John xiv. 26, and filling us with all the fulness of God? Plain Scripture is better than all Mystic refinements.

When I was at N—, near Geneva, three Ministers received the Word, and preached the Truth. When persecution arose because of the Word, the two Pastors were afraid; but the Curate of the first Pastor, a Burgess of the town, stood by me. This Timothy opened his house, when the Pastors shut both their pulpits and houses; and I heard him preach a Discourse before I came away, worthy of *you*, Sir, upon the heights and depths of holiness. He wrote an apology for me, which he sent to the head of the persecuting Clergy, and so stopped the torrent of wrath. He made observations upon the mischief done to Christianity by a bad Clergy, such as George Fox, and you, Sir, would not disown. When I told him of you and the Methodists, he expressed a great desire to come to England, to hear you, to see the English brethren, and to learn English, that he might read your Works, and perhaps translate some of them. He can have no Living in his own country, because we will not *swear to prosecute all who propagate Arminian Tenets*: which is more honest than the Clergy, many of whom are Arians, Socinians or Deists, and do not scruple to take the Calvinian Oaths! I shall endeavour to wait upon you at Leeds at the time of the Conference: in the mean time, I am, Rev. and dear Sir, your obedient Servant, and affectionate Son in the Gospel,

JOHN FLETCHER.



P O E T R Y.

On CHURCH-COMMUNION.

PART II.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

IF once establish'd the essential part,
 The inward Church, the Temple of the Heart,
 Or house of God, the substance, and the sum
 Of what is pray'd for in—*thy kingdom come* ;
 To make an outward correspondence true,
 We must recur to Christ's example too.

Now in his outward life we plainly find,
 Goodness demonstrated of every kind ;
 What he was born for, that he show'd throughout,
 It was the business that he went about :
 Love, kindness, and compassion, to display
 Towards every object coming in his way.

But Love so high, Humility so low,
 And all the Virtues which his actions show ;
 His doing good, and his enduring ill,
 For Man's salvation, and God's holy will :
 Exceed all terms—his inward, outward plan,
 Was Love to God; express'd by Love to Man.

Mark of the Church which he establish'd then,
 Is the same Love, same proof of it to Men ;
 Without let Sects parade it how they list,
 Nor Church nor unity can ne'er subsist :
 The name may be usurp'd, but want of power,
 Will shew the Babel; high or low the Tower.

And

And where the same behaviour shal appear,
 In outward form, that was in Christ so clear;
 There is the very outward Church that he
 Willéd all mankind to shew, and all to see;
 Of which whoever shews it from the heart,
 Is both an inward and an outward part.

What Excommunication can deprive
 A pious soul that is in Christ alive,
 Of Church-Communion? or cut off a limb,
 That life and action both unite to him?
 For any circumstance of place or time,
 Or mode or custom, which infers no crime?

If he be that which his beloved *John*
 Calls him,—*The Light, enlightening every one*
That comes into the world—will he exclude
 One from his Church, whose mind he has renewéd,
 To such degree, as to exert, in fact,
 Like inward Temper, and like outward Act?

Invisible, and visible effect
 Of true Church Membership, in each respect,
 Let the one Shepherd from above behold,
 The Flocks, how'er disperséd, are his one Fold:
 Seen by their hearts, and their behaviour too,
 They all stand present in his gracious view.

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

The Gourd. · Jonah chap. iv. 7.

AS once for Jonah, so the Lord,
 To sooth and cheer my mournful hours,
 Preparéd for me a pleasing gourd,
 Cool was its shade, and sweet its flow'rs.

To prize his gift was surely right ;
 But through the folly of my heart,
 It hid the Giver from my sight,
 And soon my joy was changéd to smart.

While I admiréd its beautiful form,
 Its pleasant shade and grateful fruit ;
 The Lord, displeaséd, sent forth a worm,
 Unseen, to prey upon the root.

I trembléd when I saw it fade,
 But guilt restrainéd the murm'ring word ;
 My folly I confesséd, and prayéd,
 Forgive my sin, and spare my gourd.

His wondrous love can ne'er be told,
 He heard me and relievéd my pain ;
 His word the threatenng worm controlléd,
 And bid my gourd revive again.

Now, Lord, my gourd is mine no more,
 'Tis thine, who only couldést it raise ;
 The idol of my heart before,
 Henceforth shall flourish to thy praise.

T H E W I S H .

[By Mrs. B——, of Limerick.]

TO me should God indulgent grant,
 My Wish, and fill up evéry want :
 Speak as to Solomon from heavén,
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be givén.

Nor gilded roofs, nor regal state,
 Nor all that splendid is, or great,
 Or gay, or famed, my soul desires;
 For higher still my Wish aspires.

Too mean are all earth-born delights;
 Pure, heavenly joy my soul invites;
 And asks, though prisoned in this clod,
 A nearer union with my God.

That every moment I might feel
 His love, and know I do his will;
 Might feel no slackness on my part,
 But praise flow constant from my heart.

I ask no portion here below,
 Content with what my God bestow;
 But should I ask, I savéd would be,
 From riches, and from poverty.

Few, and select my friends should be,
 Dear to my Jesus and to me;
 Who's holy converse still should prove,
 A furtherance to my faith and love.

But joined in holy friendship one,
 I like my Lord, would have my John;
 My chosen Friend, my other part,
 And next to Jesus in my heart.

Who's watchful and impartial love,
 Should mark my failings, and reprove;
 Should all my griefs and comforts share,
 One heart, one mind, and one in prayer.

His love unchangeable and free,
 Faithful and true to God and me;
 A friend in every state the same,
 And worthy of that sacred Name.

Thus happy in my God and Friend,
 I'd wait till life's short journey end;
 Then with my friends above appear,
 And have my Wish completed there.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUCH-LOVED WIFE.

[By the Rev. Mr. G.]

DISTRACTING scene! Oh fatal stroke!
 All human skill is now too late:
 The cords of life at length are broke;
 And Nature must submit to Fate!

No longer now my Lucia needs
 Our friendly aid; the conflict's o'er:
 A transient calm the storm succeeds,
 And now alas! she breathes no more.

Yet smiles attest a soul serene;
 Her mortal frailties are forgiven:
 Let Hope illumine the tragic scene,
 Her pardon now is sealed in heav'n.

But ah! to what far distant coast,
 Is flown the spirit of my dear?
 In what wild region art thou lost?
 Oh gentle spirit, tell me where!

Whether

Whether beyond the radiant pole,
 Unnumbered leagues, on wings conveyéd,
 Where comets blaze, or planets roll,
 Through azure-depths of space art strayéd ?

No ; rather 'midst the angelic throngs,
 To thy blest soul a place is givén ;
 Where seraphs chant immortal songs,
 With cherubs, round the throne of heavén.

Perhaps with sympathetic care,
 Invisible to mortal eyes,
 Thou hoverést in the fields of air,
 A witness to our tears and sighs.

There pleaséd, thy sweet maternal love,
 Our youthful offspring still surveys ;
 Sent by the indulgent powers above,
 The guardian of their thoughtless days.

Oh let me burst this clay-built shrine !
 That veils my Lucia from my sight ;
 Unite my ravishéd soul with thine,
 In realms of empyreal light !

There, undisturbéd by grief or pain,
 Let hymns of praise our hearts employ,
 Till each lovéd friend we meet again,
 And endless bliss in heavén enjoy !

S H O R T H Y M N S,

Rom. xv. 2. *Let every one of us please his neighbour, for his good to edification.*

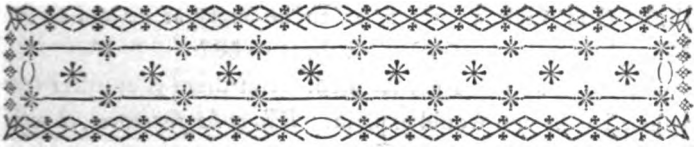
EVERY gift on me bestowed,
 Let me, Lord, to all impart;
 Studious of my neighbour's good,
 Serve him with a willing heart;
 Serve with complaisance divine,
 Serve, till both are wholly thine.

2 Tim. iv. 18. *The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom.*

THAT stedfast faith divine,
 Jesus on me bestow,
 To' assure this trembling heart of mine,
 Thou wilt not let me go;
 In every time of need,
 Thou wilt my soul defend,
 And save from every evil deed,
 Till all my conflicts end.

With me, most gracious Lord,
 In my temptation stay,
 And by thy comfortable word
 Preserve unto that day,
 When thou, our King, shalt come,
 With all thine angels down,
 And take thy suffering servants home,
 And with thy glory crown.





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For FEBRUARY 1782.



*Of ELECTION: translated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S
Dialogues, between Lewis and Frederic.*

D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from page 7.]

Fred. **G**OD proceeds. *Therefore speak to the men of Judah, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Behold I frame evil against you, and devise a device against you. Return ye now every one from his evil way, and make your ways and your doings good. You see here that goodness of God which St. Paul speaks of leading them to repentance. But you likewise see their hardness and impenitent heart. They said, Nay, but we will walk after our own devices: and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart. Do not you see whence the wrath of God arises? And can you believe that God, who so kindly calls them to repentance, and*

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who

who is so angry at their sins, created them to sin? Can you think God such a potter, as to be angry at his vessels for being such as he himself willed them to be?

Lewis. As to this I am satisfied. But there is another text which I wish you would explain. *Whom he foreknew, them he predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son. Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.* Now this seems to contradict what you said, That some are predestinated and called, and yet do not attain salvation. *Fred.* Those who are elected of God, will never perish through him: but they may themselves make his counsel void, as it has a condition annexed, namely, to renounce themselves, and abide in him to the end. *Lewis.* Does our salvation then depend upon our perseverance? *Fred.* It depends upon all the gifts of God, which are partly without us, partly within us. The mercy of God, his predestinating, electing, calling us, these are without us. In these gifts he commands us nothing, and requires nothing of us, but bestows them upon us without any condition. In us, are Faith, Courage, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Goodness, brotherly Love, Charity. These, if we persevere, we receive from the free mercy of God, and without them we cannot be saved.

Lewis. But I have one difficulty remaining. The Scripture says, *There is no respect of persons with God.* But it seems there is respect of persons with him, if gratuitous Election be allowed: for when he chose Abraham, and then the Israelites out of the nations, without any regard to their merit, was not this respect of persons? *Fred.* Consider, there are two sorts of respect of persons, one of which is evil, the other not. The latter sort is, when one gives of his own, and that freely, as much as he will, to whom he pleases. So the King (Matt. xxii.) invited whom he pleased to the marriage. So their master gave to one servant, five talents, to another, two, to another, one. Thus God freely chose Abraham and

and the Israelites, nor has any one reason to complain. So variously he distributes his goods to various nations. He has placed some in a fruitful and happy soil, as *Italy* and *France*; some in a barren soil, exposed to perpetual storms, as *Switzerland*. The same we may observe in man. Some are endued with a sound Judgment, or a retentive Memory; others are wanting in both. Yet none has cause to complain, seeing God does not owe any thing to any man. He that has the least, is a debtor for all that he has.

The other sort of respect of persons is evil. As if one values a rich man for his riches, more than a poor man; or if a Judge condemns a widow or an orphan, because they have none to help them. This respect of persons God is not capable of. So St. Paul; *There is no respect of persons with God. For they who have sinned without the law, shall be judged without the law. And they that have sinned under the law, shall be judged by the law.* And here you see Predestination falls to the ground. For if God created any man to damnation, he hated and condemned him before he sinned; and therefore had respect of persons, in condemning an innocent man.

But we may observe, whereas before the coming of Christ, God called the Israelites alone his people, this difference is taken away by his coming, who hath broken down the middle-wall, and made both one, so that *in Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile, but only a new creature.* Therefore, although Christ at first observed that distinction, (for he forbade his disciples to go to the Gentiles, and said of himself, *I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel*; whence it is plain, that the Israelites were then the Elect, and the only elect people,) yet after *the veil was rent in twain* at his resurrection, he took that distinction away; commanding his disciples to go and preach the gospel to all nations. And even before the distinction was taken away, he did not so reject other nations, but that any of them might be received into the common

wealth of Israel, provided they were circumcised. But if before the coming of Christ, a Gentile, and one not elected (for the Gentiles were not elected before Christ) might yet become elected, by being adopted into the house of Abraham : how much more now the distinction is taken away, may any none-elect person be elected ?

Lewis. But what will become of those ancient nations, to whom the Law was not given ? Or those to whom the Gospel is not preached ? *Fred.* The Gospel either has been, or will be preached to all nations. For so our Lord has told us expressly. *Lewis.* But in the mean time, many die without hearing it, who seem to perish thereby. For if they had heard it, they would have amended their lives. *Fred.* They who have sinned without law, shall be condemned without law. *Lewis.* But how can they sin without law ! Since *where there is no law, there is no transgression ?* *Fred.* They had the law of nature, which forbids to kill, lie, deceive : if they sinned against this, they will be judged by it. *Lewis.* But Christ says, *If I had not come, they had not had sin.* And, *This is the condemnation, that when light is come into the world, men love darkness rather than light.* *Fred.* They will not be punished for rejecting Christ, to whom he was not offered ; but they will be punished for rejecting the light, (whatever it be called) which was offered them. For to whom little was given, of him little shall be required.

Lewis. I have one difficulty more. In our conversation you have frequently mentioned the Free-will of man. The disputes concerning this are many. I wish you could clear up the point. Pray come and dine with me to-morrow, and we will talk about it. *Fred.* I will come, provided you will give me a Pheasant. *Lewis.* I gladly would ; but I know not where to get one. *Fred.* But you can give me a Pullet. *Lewis.* Yes, two if you please. *Fred.* My dear Lewis, there is no need of my coming to you, to dispute about Free-will. For you yourself have in few words cleared the whole argument.

ment. *Lewis.* I? Indeed I did not so much as think of it. *Fred.* So much the greater is the force of truth, that you have explained it, without thinking of it. You desired, that I would come to you to-morrow. *Lewis.* I did. *Fred.* Do you think it is in my power, to accept of your invitation? *Lewis.* Certainly, or I would not have invited you. *Fred.* If so, I have a Free-will. And nothing but your invitation excited in me the will of going to you. And did not you say, you would give me a Pheasant if you could? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* Then you have a Free-will too: you had a will to give it me, when I asked you, whereas you had no will to do it before. But still you have not the power; whereas with regard to the pullets, you have the will and power too. Thus you see we have a Free-will in all things, but power in some only, *Lewis.* You have decided the point in few words. However, come to-morrow, for I have many objections. *Fred.* I will come if it please God. And let us beseech him, who has all power, that our conversation may be for our good and his glory!

[*The End of the Second Dialogue.*]

S E R M O N VII.

FREE THOUGHTS ON THE BRUTE CREATION:

A Sermon on Romans viii. 19, 20, 21, 22.

[*Concluded from page 14.*]

3. **S** E T T I N G these few^a aside, how little shadow of good, of gratitude, of benevolence, of any right temper is now to be found in any part of the brute creation? On the contrary, what savage fierceness, what unrelenting cruelty, are invariably observed in thousands of creatures, yea, is infepa-

^a The few domestic and friendly Animals. See page 14, of the preceding Number.
rable

rable from their natures? Is it only the Lion, the Tyger, the Wolf, among the inhabitants of the forests and plains; the Shark and a few more voracious monsters among the inhabitants of the waters; or the Eagle among birds, that tears the flesh, sucks the blood, and crushes the bones of their helpless fellow-creatures? Nay, the harmless Fly, the laborious Ant, the painted Butterfly, are treated in the same merciless manner, even by the innocent Songsters of the grove! The innumerable tribes of poor insects are continually devoured by them. And whereas there is but a small number, comparatively, of beasts of prey on the earth, it is quite otherwise in the liquid element: there are but few inhabitants of the waters, whether of the sea, or of the rivers, which do not devour whatsoever they can master. Yea, they exceed herein all the beasts of the forest, and all the birds of prey. For none of these have been ever observed to prey upon their own species,

Sævis inter se convenit urfs.

Even savage-bears will not each other tear.

But the water-savages swallow up all, even of their own kind, that are smaller and weaker than themselves: yea, such at present is the miserable constitution of the world, to such *vanity* is it now *subjected*, that an immense majority of creatures, perhaps a million to one, can no otherwise preserve their own lives than by destroying their fellow-creatures.

4. And is not the very form, the outward appearance of many of the creatures, as horrid as their dispositions? Where is the beauty which was stamped upon them, when they came first out of the hands of their Creator? There is not the least trace of it left: so far from it, that they are shocking to behold! Nay, they are not only terrible and grisly to look upon, but deformed, and that to a high degree. Yet their features,

features, ugly as they are at best, are frequently made more deformed than usual, when they are distorted by pain, which they cannot avoid, any more than the wretched sons of men. Pain of various kinds, weakness, sickness, diseases innumerable, come upon them, perhaps from within, perhaps from one another, perhaps from the inclemency of seasons, from fire, hail, snow, or storm, or from a thousand causes which they cannot foresee or prevent.

5. Thus, *as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; even so death passed upon all men.* And not on man only, but on those creatures also, that *did not sin after the similitude of Adam's transgression.* And not death alone came upon them, but all its train of preparatory evils: pain, and ten thousand sufferings. Nor these only, but likewise all those irregular passions, all those unlovely tempers, (which in men are sins, and even in the brutes, are sources of misery) *passed upon all the inhabitants of the earth, and remain in all, except the children of God.*

6. During this season of *vanity*, not only the feebler creatures are continually destroyed by the stronger; not only the strong are frequently destroyed by those that are of equal strength: but both the one and the other are exposed to the violence and cruelty of him that is now their common enemy, Man. And if his swiftness or strength is not equal to theirs, yet his art more than supplies that defect. By this he eludes all their force, how great so ever it be: by this he defeats all their swiftness, and notwithstanding their various shifts and contrivances, discovers all their retreats. He pursues them over the wildest plains, and through the thickest forests. He overtakes them in the fields of air, he finds them out in the depths of the sea. Nor are the mild and friendly creatures, who still own his sway, and are dutiful to his commands, secured thereby from more than brutal violence, from outrage and abuse of various kinds? Is the generous horse, that serves his master's necessity or pleasure, with unwearied diligence:

gence: is the faithful dog, that waits the motion of his hand, or his eye, exempt from this? What returns for their long and faithful service, do many of these poor creatures find? And what a dreadful difference is there, between what they suffer from their fellow-brutes, and what they suffer from the tyrant, Man? The Lion, the Tyger, or the Shark, gives them pain from mere necessity, in order to prolong their own life; and put them out of their pain at once. But the human shark, without any such necessity, torments them of his free choice: and perhaps continues their lingering pain, till after months or years, death signs their release.

III. 1. But will *the creature*, will even the brute creation always remain in this deplorable condition? God forbid that we should affirm this, yea, or even entertain such a thought! While *the whole creation groaneth together*, (whether men attend or not,) their groans are not dispersed in idle air, but enter into the ears of him that made them. While his creatures *travail together in pain*, he knoweth all their pain, and is bringing them nearer and nearer to the birth, which shall be accomplished in its season. He seeth *the earnest expectation* wherewith the whole animated creation *waiteth for* that final *manifestation of the sons of God*: in which *they themselves also shall be delivered*, (not by annihilation: annihilation is not deliverance,) *from the present bondage of corruption, into a measure of the glorious liberty of the children of God.*

2. Nothing can be more express. Away with vulgar prejudices, and let the plain word of God take place. They *shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into glorious liberty*: even a measure, according as they are capable of *the liberty of the children of God.*

A general view of this is given us in the twenty-first chapter of *the Revelation*. When he that *sitteth on the great white throne* hath pronounced, *Behold I make all things new*: when the word is fulfilled, *The tabernacle of God is with men, and they shall be his people; and God himself shall be with them and*
be

be their God: then the following blessing shall take place, (not only on the children of men; there is no such restriction in the text; but) on every creature according to its capacity. *God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying. Neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.*

3. To descend to a few particulars. The whole brute creation will then undoubtedly be restored, not only to the vigour, strength, and swiftness, which they had at their creation, but to a far higher degree of each than they ever enjoyed. They will be restored, not only to that measure of understanding which they had in paradise, but to a degree of it, as much higher than that, as the understanding of an Elephant is beyond that of a Worm. And whatever affections they had in the garden of God, will be restored with vast increase, being exalted and refined in a manner, which we ourselves are not now able to comprehend. The liberty they then had will be compleatly restored, and they will be free in all their motions. They will be delivered from all irregular appetites, from all unruly passions, from every disposition that is either evil in itself, or has any tendency to evil. No rage will be found in any creature, no fierceness, no cruelty, or thirst for blood. So far from it, that *the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the young lion together, and a little child shall lead them. The cow and the bear shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain,* Isaiah xi. 6, &c.

4. Thus in that day all the *vanity* to which they are now helplessly *subject*, will be abolished: they will suffer no more, either from within or without: the days of their groaning are ended: at the same time there can be no reasonable doubt, but all the horridness of their appearance, and all the deformity of their aspect will vanish away, and be exchanged for their primeval beauty. And with their beauty, their hap-

pines will return, to which there can now be no obstruction. As there will be nothing within, so there will be nothing without, to give them any uneasiness: no heat or cold, no storm or tempest, but one perennial spring. In the new earth, as well as in the new heavens, there will be nothing to give pain, but every thing that the wisdom and goodness of God can create to give happiness. As a recompense for what they once suffered, while under the *bondage of corruption*, when God has *renewed the face of the earth*, and their corruptible body has put on incorruption, they shall enjoy happiness, suited to their state, without alloy, without interruption, and without end.

5. But though I doubt not, that the Father of all has a tender regard for even his lowest creatures, and that in consequence of this, he will make them large amends for all they suffer while under their present bondage, yet I dare not affirm, that he has an *equal regard* for them and for the children of men. I do not believe, that

“ He sees *with equal eyes*, as Lord of All,
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall!”

By no means. This is exceeding pretty; but it is absolutely false. For though

“ Mercy, with truth and endless grace,
O'er all his works doth reign,
Yet chiefly he delights to bless
His favourite creature, Man.”

God regards his meanest creatures much; but he regards man much more. He does not *equally regard* a Hero and a Sparrow, the best of men and the lowest of brutes. “How much more does your heavenly Father care for you?” says he who is *in the bosom of the Father*. Those who thus strain the point are clearly confuted by his question, “Are not ye *much better*

better than they?" Let it suffice, that God regards every thing that he hath made, in its own order, and in proportion to that measure of his own image, which he has stamped upon it.

6. May I be permitted to mention here a conjecture, concerning the brute creation? What if it should then please the All-wise, the All-gracious Creator, to raise them higher in the scale of beings? What if it should please him, when he makes *us equal to Angels*, to make them what we are now? Creatures capable of God? Capable of knowing, and loving, and enjoying the Author of their being? If it should be so, ought our eye to be evil, because he is good? However this be, he will certainly do what will be most for his own glory.

7. If it be objected to all this, (as very probably it will.) "But of what use will those creatures be, in that future state?" I answer this by another question, What use are they of now? If there be, (as has commonly been supposed) eight thousand species of insects, who is able to inform us, of what use seven thousand of them are? If there are four thousand species of fishes, who can tell us, of what use are more than three thousand of them? If there are six hundred sorts of birds, who can tell of what use five hundred of those species are? If there be four hundred sorts of beasts, to what use do three hundred of them serve? Consider this; consider how little we know of even the present designs of God: and then you will not wonder, that we know still less, of what he designs to do in the new heavens and the new earth.

8. "But what end does it answer, to dwell upon this subject which we so imperfectly understand?" To consider so much as we do understand, so much as God has been pleased to reveal to us, may answer that excellent end, to illustrate that mercy of God, which *is over all his works*. And it may exceedingly confirm our belief, that much more he is *loving to every man*. For how well may we urge our Lord's word, *Are not ye much better than they?* If then the Lord takes such care of the fowls of the air, and of the beasts of the field, shall he not

much more take care of *you*, creatures of a nobler order? If *the Lord will save*, (as the inspired writer affirms) *both man and beast*, in their several degrees, surely *the children of men* may put their trust under the shadow of his wings!

9. May it not answer another end, namely, furnish us with a full answer to a plausible objection against the justice of God, in suffering numberless creatures, that never had sinned, to be so severely punished? They could not sin, for they were not moral agents. Yet how severely do they suffer? Yea, many of them, beasts of burden in particular, almost the whole time of their abode on earth. So that they can have no retribution here below. But the objection vanishes away, if we consider, that something better remains after death, for these poor creatures also! That these likewise shall one day be delivered from this bondage of corruption, and shall then receive an ample amends for all their present sufferings.

10. One more excellent end may undoubtedly be answered by the preceding considerations. They may encourage us to imitate him, whose mercy is over all his works. They may soften our hearts towards the meaner creatures, knowing that the Lord careth for them. It may enlarge our hearts towards those poor creatures to reflect, that as vile as they appear in our eyes, not one of them is forgotten in the sight of our Father which is in heaven. Through all the vanity to which they are now subjected, let us look to what God hath prepared for them. Yea, let us habituate ourselves to look forward, beyond this present scene of bondage, to the happy time when they will be delivered therefrom, into the liberty of the children of God.

11. From what has been said I cannot but draw one inference, which no man of reason can deny. If it is this which distinguishes men from beasts, That they are creatures capable of God; capable of knowing, and loving, and enjoying him: then whoever is *without God in the world*; whoever does not know, or love, or enjoy God, and is not careful about

about the matter, does in effect disclaim the nature of man, and degrade himself into a beast. Let such vouchsafe a little attention to those remarkable words of Solomon: *I said in my heart concerning the estate of the sons of men,—they might see, that they themselves are beasts.** These sons of men are undoubtedly beasts; and that by their own act and deed. For they deliberately and wilfully disclaim the sole characteristic of Human Nature. It is true they may have a share of Reason: they have speech, and they walk erect. But they have not the mark, the only mark, which totally separates man from the brute creation. *That which befalleth beasts, the same thing befalleth them.* They are equally without God in the world, *so that a man (of this kind) hath no pre-eminence above a beast.*

12. So much more, let all those who are of a nobler turn of mind, assert the distinguishing dignity of their nature! Let all who are of a more generous spirit, know and maintain their rank in the scale of beings. Rest not, till you enjoy the Privilege of Humanity, the Knowledge and Love of God. Lift up your heads, ye creatures capable of God. Lift up your hearts to the source of your being!

“ Know God, and teach your souls to know
The joys that from Religion flow.”

Give your hearts to him, who, together with ten thousand blessings, has given you *his Son, his only Son!* Let your continual *fellowship* be *with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ!* Let God be in all your thoughts, and ye will be men indeed: let him be your God and your All! The desire of your eyes, the joy of your heart, and your portion for ever!

November 30, 1781.

* Eccles. iii. 18.

A short ACCOUNT of Mr. GEORGE STORY.

[Continued from page 20.]

WHEN I was twenty years old, I was glad of the opportunity of seeing *London*. I went up full of the most sanguine expectation of finding the happiness I was in search of, and therefore lost no time in seeing and hearing every thing new and curious that I could gain access to. But new things quickly grew old, and the repeated sight of them soon proved disgustful. No happiness followed, but an unaccountable anguish of spirit, whenever I attended to the sensations of my own mind. Then I would gladly have travelled into any part of *Europe* or *America*, hoping a continual change of scenes would satisfy me. But it was war time, and I could not embark for *Holland* without a passport from the Secretary of State, which I did not know how to procure.

At length I resolved to try if Religion would afford me any relief. I went to several places of worship, but every this was in vain: there was something dull and disagreeable, wherever I turned my eyes, and I knew not that the malady was in myself. At length I found Mr. *Whitfield's* chapel in *Tottenham-Court-Road*: and was agreeably entertained with his manner of preaching: his discourses were so engaging, that when I retired to my lodgings, I wrote down the substance of them in my journal, and frequently read them over with pleasure: but still nothing reached my case, nor had I any light into the state of my soul. Mean time on the week nights I went to the Theatres; nor could I discern any difference between Mr. *Whitfield's* preaching and seeing a good tragedy.

Being now weary of every thing, and every place being equal to me, (for I carried about with me a mind that was
never

never at rest,) I embraced the invitation of my friends, and returned into the country. I was kindly received and solicited to enter into business for myself. But reflecting that I was young and unexperienced, I declined the offer, and engaged with a person to manage his Printing-Office. I was now in an agreeable situation. I wanted for nothing. I had more money than I knew what to do with. Yet notwithstanding I was as wretched as I could live, without knowing either the cause of this misery, or any way to escape.

I had now for some years attempted to regulate my conduct according to Reason; but alas! I stood condemned, in a thousand instances, even at the bar of that partial Judge. From my infancy I was exceeding passionate; and this evil grew upon me, and caused bitter reflections on various occasions. I knew that Anger was a paroxysm of Madness, that it was contrary to Reason in every respect; I therefore guarded against it with all my might. Sometimes I conquered; and those transient victories greatly pleased me; but if an unexpected temptation suddenly occurred, all my resolutions were but as a thread of flax before the fire: and my behaviour was more like that of an enraged wild beast, than of a rational creature. Sometimes, when among facetious company, I endeavoured to catch their spirit. But in the midst of levity I had a dread upon me. Experience taught me, that their laughter was madness. As soon as I returned to sober thoughts, I found my feigned mirth left a melancholy upon my mind. And this was succeeded either by storms of passion, or an aversion even to life. During this dark night of apostasy, I lost all remembrance of God's former goodness. I wandered to different places of religious worship, but found sufficient matter every where to be disgusted; at length I forsook them all, and on Sundays, confined myself to my room, or retired to the centre of a neighbouring wood. Here I considered, with the closest attention I was able, the arguments for and against Deism. I would gladly have given credit

credit to the Christian Revelation, but could not. My Reason leaned to the wrong side, and involved me in endless perplexities. I likewise endeavoured to fortify myself with stronger arguments and firmer resolutions against my evil tempers; for since I could not be a Christian, I wished however to be a good moral Heathen. Internal anguish frequently compelled me to supplicate the Divine Being for mercy and truth; I seldom gave over till my heart was melted, and I felt something of God's presence. But I retained those gracious impressions only for a short time.

Being employed in abridging and printing the Life of *Eugene Arum*, who was hung in chains at *Knareborough*, for murder, I observed that by intense application he attained to a prodigious knowledge in the Sciences and Languages. I was so engaged with this account, that I determined on the same acquisitions: vainly imagining, that as I had the desire, so I had the capacity to learn every thing. While I was musing upon these matters, and fixing the plan for my future proceedings, the following thoughts fastened upon my mind, and broke in pieces all my schemes. "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. What did this man's wisdom profit him? It did not save him from being a thief, and a murderer; no, nor from attempting even his own life. True Wisdom is foolishness with men. He that will be wise, must first become a fool, that he may be wise!" I was like a man awakened out of sleep. I was astonished. I felt myself wrong. I was conscious I had been pursuing a vain shadow; and that God only could direct me into the right path. I therefore applied to him with earnest importunity, intreating him to shew me the true way to happiness; which I was determined to follow, however difficult or dangerous.

Just at this time a work of grace broke out in the village where I was born, through the labours of a person remarkably zealous for the cause of God. My mother, in particular, was deeply convinced of the Truth, which she soon experienced,

rienced, and retained the life and power thereof to her dying day. She was much concerned for me, hoping if I could be brought among religious persons, I should, likewise, soon be convinced. She therefore, by an acquaintance, intreated me to converse with the Methodists. I answered, "If my Mother desires it, I will visit them with all my heart." The first time I entered a Methodist's house, they went to prayer with me and for me, a considerable time. I looked upon them as well-meaning, ignorant people, and thought no more about the matter. In a few days they desired I would come and see them again. Considering it was my Mother's request, I went, without hesitation. I found four or five persons in the house, with whom I disputed about Religion for some hours, till I had fairly wearied them. They laboured to convince me, that I was a sinner, and in danger of eternal death, if I did not repent and return to God. These were subjects I had no kind of idea of; and as their arguments were only supported by Scripture, for which I had very little regard, all they said made not the least impression.

As I was about to withdraw, not a little elevated with my imaginary victory, one of the company desired to ask me a few questions, the first was, "Are you happy?" My countenance instantly fell, and I answered from the dictates of my conscience, "No:" she then enquired, if I was not desirous of finding happiness? I replied, it had been my pursuit ever since I could remember; that I was willing to obtain it on any terms, and that I had sought for it every way I could think of, but in vain. She then shewed me the true way of obtaining the happiness I wanted, assuring me if I sought the Lord with all my heart I should certainly find in him that peace and pleasure which the world could not bestow. Every word sunk deep into my mind; and from that moment I never lost my convictions, nor my resolution to be truly devoted to God.

I immediately broke off all connection with my companions; threw my useleſs books into the fire; and fought the Lord with all my might. I ſoon diſcovered the importance of the Scriptures; that there was no other Revelation of the Divine will to mankind; that I muſt credit the truths contained therein, however oppoſite they appeared to my own vitiated Reaſon. I found my Reaſon had been deceived and corrupted by the ſuggeſtions of an enemy, and that I could truſt it no more, till it was renewed by grace: that my memory was filled with a train of falſe ideas, every moment preſenting themſelves, and leading me from God; and that my underſtanding was totally dark, till divine illumination ſhould viſit me.

Reading Mr. *Hervey's* Dialogues, this light ſhone upon me, and I was much delighted with the diſcovery of the divinity of Chriſt, and the atonement which he made for ſinners. About this time I heard Mr. *Fugill* preach; his diſcourſe was ſuited to one in my ſtate, and the power of my evil reaſonings was ſuſpended while he deſcribed the work of grace in the ſoul; I ſaw the way of Juſtification and full Sanctification ſo clearly, that I could trace the path as if it had been a road delineated in a map.

The next diſcovery I had was the hardneſs of my heart; this called off my attention from every thing elſe: neither fears nor joys, heaven nor hell, made any impreſſion on it: I often thought that Satan himſelf could not poſſibly have a more obdurate heart. I found it was full of Pride, Ambition, Anger, evil Deſire, Unbelief, and every thing that was vile and vain. Being invited to join the Society, I gladly embraced the opportunity, and found much encouragement to ſeek the Lord, notwithſtanding all the wretchedneſs I felt in myſelf.

Attending to the experience of the people, I obſerved that almoſt all of them, during the time of conviction, were exerciſed with horrible fears and terrors; and thence I concluded,

cluded, it was necessary I should have the same. For at that time I did not know, that frequently, those distracting terrors were from the Enemy, in order to drive the soul into despair. I therefore used every method to bring myself under dreadful apprehensions: hoping this would break my stubborn heart: but I could never find that kind of experience. After several weeks struggling with this obduracy, at last I resigned myself to the Lord, when he was pleased to regard my distress; and while *W. Brammah* was at prayer, the softening power of grace descended and removed the stony heart.

I now found a great change in my mind, but it was not compleat; for I had no consciousness of the pardon of sin, which I was convinced was the privilege of the children of God: therefore I could not conclude myself justified: however, I began to seek for that blessing with all diligence; many difficulties occurred in the way. The old train of pernicious ideas continually presented themselves: I could not meditate a moment without sinking into Deism: and I was equally embarrassed with the doctrine of predestination. Indeed their connection seemed inseparable; I could not by any means disjoin one from the other. And I repeatedly found that the moment I suffered my mind to embrace either of them, I lost sight of God, and plunged into blackness of darkness. The wretchedness I then felt was insupportable, accompanied with suggestions to blaspheme, or to embrace Atheism. After many sore conflicts, the Lord shewed me a path by which I might escape; and that was by staying my mind upon him, and ceasing from these reasonings. This I found was a safe, though painful path: it equally mortified my proud reason, and vain imaginations. While gracious promises occurred, and encouraged me to follow on to know the Lord. Now I began to look up for the pardon of sin; I saw that it was purchased by Christ, and that God gave it freely; that no works or sufferings of mine, could in the least degree merit this blessing; but that it was to be received by Faith.

But here again I was greatly embarrassed; the Scriptures universally testified that I must believe or perish; my friends were continually urging me to believe, and I should be saved. Upon close examination I found that I did believe every truth in the Bible; yet this did not bring a sense of Justification. And I durst not think that God was reconciled to me, when I was conscious of the contrary. But the Lord soon brought me out of this dilemma, by shewing me, that to forgive was his prerogative; and to believe, was my duty. This believing *for* salvation, I found was a distinct thing from believing I *was* saved; I found it implied, the lifting up of my heart to the Lord, in fervent prayer, looking to him with a single eye and steady aim; without evil reasonings or vain wanderings; cleaving to him with all my strength; casting my soul upon his mercy, and depending upon his promises.

While I persisted in this, I found I was saved from many evils, and the great blessing I had in view was often near: sometimes I could lay hold on it for a moment, and found Peace and Joy; but I had been so long habituated to Unbelief, that it often rose spontaneously and overturned all my Consolation. I had therefore to renew my efforts hourly, and to rise as speedy as possible from every fall. In this exercise I continued about two months. Many times I lost my way by too scrupulously regarding the Experience of others, yet I had never found any thing like Despair, unless I wilfully reasoned myself into it: nor could I attain to any deep Terrors, which were too much insisted on as a necessary branch of Conviction. I likewise formed wrong ideas of Justification: I wanted some great work to be wrought upon me, that I might have something very remarkable to boast of. And therefore, when the Lord gently drew near, and manifested his peace in a small degree, I rejected it with displeasure. I even contended with the Lord, till he strongly impressed upon my mind these words, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have

not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight: these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." I was now convinced of the necessity of receiving, with thankfulness, the smallest tokens of the divine favour; and that I must suffer, with child-like simplicity, the Lord to lead me in his own way. This was soon followed by a clear manifestation of pardoning mercy, that excluded all doubts, temptations, and fears, accompanied with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

I continued praising a reconciled God for some days. The happiness I felt carried me above every difficulty. I could discern and reject the first approach of temptation. I now thought, my mountain was so strong, I should never be moved. I did not know that I should meet with war any more. Indeed I expected to go right forward to heaven, in a short time. My mind had been so intensely engaged in seeking pardon, that I had quite forgot there was a further work of grace to be wrought in me. But the Lord did not suffer me to remain long under that mistake; he soon discovered the remains of the carnal mind, and the necessity of its removal: I had scarce begun earnestly to seek after that blessing, before the Tempter returned with double rage. I saw an invaluable privilege before me, but the way was difficult; a thousand arguments were presented to discourage my pursuit.

Once I lost the peace of God, by attending to a discourse which set Justification exceeding high, confounding it with full Sanctification. Viewing myself in this false glass, and not finding I had all the marks which the Preacher said belonged to one born of God, I fell into the snare of Satan; gave up my shield, and suffered myself to be persuaded that all I had experienced of the goodness of God, was a mere delusion. For some hours I was in as deep distress as I had ever known. And I saw no way to escape but by returning to the Lord in Faith; who then discovered and broke the snare.

I had

I had suffered much by evil reasonings on many occasions; but now I was determined to use double vigilance against them. Yet the Enemy suggested to me, "Thou mayest now take thy time; thou art a Child of God; and if once in Christ, always in Christ: as for full Sanctification, it will be accomplished some time or other; perhaps in the article of Death. God has begun the work, and he will finish it; therefore take thy ease, and enjoy thy present comfort." But I saw, whether these were true or false arguments, yet the conclusion was deadly. Therefore I rejected the suggestions with all my might, and determined to be wholly devoted to God.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A short Account of a CHILD.

June 28, 1746.

I Enquired more particularly of Mrs. *Nowers*, concerning her little son. She said, "He appeared to have a continual fear of God, and an awful sense of his presence: that he frequently went to prayers by himself, and prayed for his father, and many others by name: that he had an exceeding great tenderness of conscience, being sensible of the least sin, and crying and refusing to be comforted, when he thought he had in any thing displeased God: that a few days since, he broke out into prayer aloud; and then said, "Mamma, I shall go to heaven soon, and be with the little angels. And you will go there too, and my pappa; but you will not go so soon:" that the day before, he went to a little girl in the house, and said, "Polly, you and I must go to prayers. Do not mind your doll. Kneel down now. I must go to prayers; God bids me." When the Holy Ghost teaches, is there any delay in learning? This child was then three years old! A year or two after he died in peace.

J. W.

A short



A short Account of the RECTOR *of* *Wensley.*

ON Wednesday, July 16, 1746, I called upon good, old Mr. *Clayton*. He was exceeding weak, and seemed like one that had not got long to continue here. I called again on Monday 21, and found him very ill. He told me, No one else should have been admitted: that he had much to say to me to tell Mr. *Wesley*, and desired me to send his kind respects to him, and wished him prosperity in his pious undertakings. Finding he was not able to talk much, I took my leave, not thinking it would be the last time. But when I returned into these parts on Saturday last, I found he died that morning between two and three. On Monday last I went to his burial, and I was unexpectedly made mourner for my good, old friend. I followed his corpse to the ground, where I saw it solemnly interred. Many of the parishioners dropt tears, he having been a father to the poor. He died very poor, though he had an estate of forty pounds a year, and a living of near three hundred, of which he had been Rector three and forty years.

HENRY THORNTON.



Some Account of FRANCIS COXON.

March 30, 1747.

FRANCIS COXON, was at first the grand support of the Society at *Biddick*. But after a time he grew weary of well-doing, complaining, "That it took up too much of his time." He then began to search after curious

rious knowledge, and to converse with those who were like-minded. The world observed it, and courted his company again, "Now he was not so precise." His school was filled with children. Many flowed in, and he said, "Soul take thy ease for many years." He came to *Newcastle* with *John Reach* the Saturday after I came; but had no leisure to call upon me. At night they set out homeward. He was walking a little before his companion, about three miles from *Newcastle*, in a way he knew as well as his own house floor, when *John* heard him fall, and asked, what is the matter? He answered, "God has overtaken me, I am fallen into the Quarry, and have broke my Leg." *John* ran to some houses that were near and having procured help, carried him thither. Thence he was removed to another house, and a Surgeon sent for, who came immediately. He soon recovered his spirits, and asked how long it would be, before he could be in his school again? And on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday was full of the world, nor was God in all his thoughts. On Wednesday, the Surgeon told him honestly, He thought he could not live. Then he awoke out of sleep. The snares of death came about him, the pains of hell overtook him. He continued all Thursday and Friday in the lowest pit, in a place of darkness and in the deep; warning all to beware of drawing back unto perdition, and calling upon God with strong cries and tears. On Sunday he found a little dawning of hope. This gradually increased all the day. On Monday, he knew God had healed his backsliding, and sorrow and sighing fled away. He continued all day in fervant prayer, mingled with praise and strong thanksgiving. "This night, said he, will be a glorious night to me. My warfare is accomplished. My sin is pardoned." Then he broke out again into vehement prayer. About eight he left off speaking, and soon after, without any struggle or groan, gave up his soul to God.

J. W.

An

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

Of ELEPHANTS.

THE largest land-animal in the world is an *Elephant*, which seems rather to belong to the hog-kind than any other. They are found only in the south of *Afric*, and in the *East-Indies*, and are generally of a dark colour. Their eyes are like those of a Hog. At the corners of their mouth grow two large teeth, six or seven feet long in the male, but not above one in the female. They feed on grass, nuts, and other vegetables.

Of all quadrupeds, the Elephant is the strongest, as well as the largest; and yet in a state of nature, it is neither fierce nor formidable. Mild, peaceful, and brave, it never abuses its strength, and only uses it for its own protection. In its native desarts, the Elephant is a social, friendly creature. The oldest of the company conducts the band; that which is next in seniority brings up the rear. The young, the weak, and the sickly, fall into the centre; while the females carry their young. They maintain this order only in dangerous marches, or when they desire to feed in cultivated ground: they move with less precaution in the forests, and solitudes; but without ever removing far asunder.

Nothing can be more formidable than a drove of Elephants, as they appear at a distance, in an *African* landscape: wherever they march, the forest seems to fall before them; in their passage they bear down the branches, on which they feed; and if they enter into an inclosure, they destroy all the labours of the husbandman, in a very short time. Their invasions are the more disagreeable, because there is no means of repelling

them; since it would require a small army to attack the whole drove when united. It now and then happens, that one or two is found lingering behind the rest, and it is against these that the art and force of the hunters are united; but an attempt to molest the whole body, would certainly prove fatal. They go forward directly against him who offers the insult, flick him with their tusks, seize him with their trunks, fling him into the air, and then trample him to pieces under their feet. But they are thus dreadful, only when they are offended, and do no manner of personal injury, when suffered to feed without interruption.

The Elephant has very small Eyes, when compared to the enormous bulk of its body. But, though their minuteness may at first sight appear deformed, yet, when we come to examine them, they are seen to exhibit a variety of expressions. It turns them with attention and friendship to its master; it seems to reflect and deliberate; and as its passions slowly succeed each other, their various workings are distinctly seen. It is remarkable for the excellence of its hearing. Its ears are extremely large. They are usually dependent; but it can readily raise and move them. They serve also to wipe its eyes, and to protect them against the dust and flies. It appears delighted with music, and readily learns to beat time, to move in measure, and even to join its voice with the drum and trumpet.

This animal's sense of smelling is not only exquisite, but it is pleased with the same odours that delight mankind. The Elephant gathers flowers with great pleasure; it picks them up one by one, unites them in a nosegay, and seems charmed with perfume. The orange-flower is particularly grateful, both to its taste and smell; it strips the tree of all its verdure, and eats every part of it, even to the branches themselves. It seeks in the meadows the most odoriferous plants to feed upon; and in the woods it prefers the cocoa, the banana, the palm and the sage tree to all others.

But

But it is in the sense of feeling, that this animal excels all others of the brute creation, and perhaps man himself. The organ of this sense is wholly in the trunk, which is an instrument peculiar to this animal; and that serves it for all the purposes of a hand. The trunk ends in two openings, or nostrils, like those of a hog. An Elephant of fourteen feet high, has the trunk about three feet long, and five feet and a half in circumference, at the mouth. It is hollow all along, but with a partition running from one end of it to the other. This tube is composed of nerves and muscles, covered with a skin like that of the rest of the body. It is capable of being moved in every direction, of being lengthened and shortened, of being bent or straightened; so pliant as to embrace any body it is applied to, and yet so strong that nothing can be torn from its gripe. To aid the force of this grasp, there are several very little eminences, like a caterpillar's feet, on the under-side of this instrument, which without doubt contribute to the sensibility of the touch, as well as the firmness of the hold. Through this trunk the animal breathes, drinks, and smells; and at the very point of it, just above the nostrils, there is an extension of the skin, about five inches long, in the form of a finger, and which, in fact, answers all the purposes of one; for with the rest of the extremity of the trunk, it is capable of assuming different forms at will, and, consequently, of being adapted to the minutest objects. By means of this, the Elephant can untie the knots of a rope, unlock a door, and even write with a pen. It sometimes happens, that the object is too large for the trunk to grasp; in such a case, the Elephant makes use of another expedient. It applies the extremity of the trunk to the surface of the object, and, sucking up its breath, lifts and sustains such a weight as the air in that case is capable of keeping suspended. In this manner this instrument is useful in most of the purposes of life; it is an organ of smelling, of touching, and of suction; it not only provides for the animal's necessities, but it also serves for its ornament and defence.

The legs are not so inflexible as the neck, yet they are very stiff, and bend not without difficulty. Those before, seem to be longer than the hinder; but, upon being measured are found to be something shorter. The joints by which they bend are nearly in the middle, like the knee of a man, and the large bulk which they are to support, makes their flexure ungainly. Yet while the Elephant is young, it bends the legs to lie down or rise; but when it grows old, or sickly, this becomes so inconvenient that the animal chuses to sleep standing.

It is one of the striking peculiarities of this animal, that his generative powers totally fail when he comes under the dominion of man; as if he seemed unwilling to propagate a race of slaves to increase the pride of his conqueror.

The Elephant when once tamed becomes the most gentle and obedient of all animals. It soon conceives an attachment for the person that attends it, caresses him, obeys him, and seems to anticipate his desires.

In a short time it begins to comprehend the signs made to it, and even the different sounds of the voice; it perfectly distinguishes the tone of command from that of anger or approbation, and acts accordingly. It receives his orders with attention, eagerly, yet without precipitation. All its motions are regulated, and its actions seem to partake of its magnitude, being grave and majestic. It is quickly taught to kneel down to receive its rider; it caresses those it knows with its trunk; with this salutes such as it is ordered to distinguish, and with this, as with a hand, helps to take up part of its load. It suffers itself to be arrayed in harness; and seems to take a pleasure in the finery of its trappings. It draws either chariots, cannons, or shipping with surprising strength and perseverance; and this with a seeming satisfaction, provided its master appears pleased with its exertions. And he frequently takes such an affection for his keeper that he will obey no other: and it has been known to die for grief, when in some sudden fit of madness, it has killed its conductor.

In

In *Deli*, an Elephant passing the streets, put his trunk into a taylor's shop, where several people were at work. One of the persons of the shop, desirous of amusement, pricked the animal's trunk with his needle. The Elephant passed on without any signs of resentment, but coming to a puddle of dirty water, filled his trunk, returned to the shop, and spurted it over all their finery.

Some of them are twenty feet in compass, and near fourteen high. They seem to have more sense than any other brute, and are capable of fidelity and strong affection: particularly to their companion: so that neither the male nor female is ever known to make a second choice.

The female goes seventeen months with her young: they are fifty or sixty years before they have their full strength, are in full vigour at about a hundred, and live two or three hundred years.

[*To be continued.*]

REMARKS upon Mr. Locke's ESSAY on HUMAN
UNDERSTANDING.

[*Continued from page 30.*]

6. THE following Reflections on Pleasure and Pain, are well worthy the consideration of every serious Reader.

“The infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also by the motion of them to move ourselves, and our contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of Body: having also given a power to our Minds, in several instances, to chuse, amongst
its

its *Ideas*, which it will think on, and to pursue the enquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention, to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion, that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts, and several sensations, a *Perception of Delight*. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations, and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action, to another; negligence, to attention; or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies, nor employ our minds; but let our thoughts (if I may so call it) run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the *Ideas* of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearances there, as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, Man, however furnished with the faculties of Understanding and Will, would be a very idle unactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy, lethargic dream. It has therefore pleased our wise Creator, to annex to several objects, and to the *Ideas* which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure, and that in several objects, to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with, might not remain wholly idle, and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work, that Pleasure has; we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that, as to pursue this: only this is worth our consideration, That *Pain is often produced by the same Objects and Ideas, that produce Pleasure* in us. This their near conjunction, which often makes us feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, who designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do; and as advices to withdraw from them. But he not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath, in many cases,
annexed

annexed pain to those very *Ideas*, which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it, proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, causes a very painful sensation. This is wisely and favourably so ordered by Nature, that when any object does, by the vehemency of its operation, disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structure cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order, and so be unfitted for its proper functions for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it, may well persuade us, That this is the end or use of pain. For though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all diseafe them; because the causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unarmed, in its natural state. But yet excess of cold, as well as heat, pains us; because it is equally destructive to that temper, which is necessary to the preservation of life, and the exercise of the several functions of the body, and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth; or, if you please, a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason *why* God hath scattered up and down *several degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the things that environ and affect us*; and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of compleat happiness, in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of him, *with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.*

Though what I have said, may not, perhaps make the *Ideas of Pleasure and Pain* clearer to us, than our own experience does, which is the only way that we are capable of having them;

them; yet the consideration of the reason, why they are annexed to so many other *Ideas*, serving to give us due sentiments of the wisdom and goodness of the sovereign Disposer of all things, may not be unsuitable to the main end of these enquiries: the knowledge and veneration of him, being the chief end of all our thoughts, and the proper business of all Understandings."

[*To be continued.*]



FRENCH MERCY.

Some Account of Mr. PETER MAURU.

1. **M**R. *Peter Mauru*, was born at *Loisi*, in *Brie*. When the edict at *Nantz* was repealed, he preferred his conscience to all other considerations, and resolved to leave his native country. But he was stopped in *Burgundy*, carried to *Bezanson*, and there condemned "to the Gallies for ever!"

2. Before he came to the Gallies, he was coupled in the way with *Philip de Boucher*. And because *Philip* was not able to carry his chain, *Mauru* raised the collar with his hands above his head, and being stronger than him, bore it on his own head and shoulders, carrying in that manner all the burden, in the heat of the dog-days.

3. One of his companions says, "The patience of that confessor of Jesus Christ is not to be imagined. One cannot conceive, how a man could suffer what he has suffered, and does suffer continually, and yet live. He was six or seven times sick near unto death. But his long and dangerous illnesses did not hinder him from being in all the summer expeditions. And he is actually now in the expedition, covered with sweat and blood. He is a prodigy of humility, of piety and constancy. I do not think there is a greater saint upon earth."

4. "You

“ You desire, says he to a friend, that I would give you the particulars of what they have done to me. I cannot. It would take up too much time. But what is all this, to the treasures that are reserved in heaven? You desire me to tell you, how many blows I have received with cudgels or hoop-sticks? Sometimes above forty a day, for eight or ten days following: every day, above twenty. And this is a little painful; but the joy I feel in suffering for Christ, alleviates all the pain. And after we have suffered, the consolations of Christ abound in us by the Holy Ghost. And he hath not only comforted and rejoiced my soul, but assured me, He will support me to the last breath.

5. “ When I was put on board, the Captain enquired why I was sent to the Gallies? And learning it was for my Religion, he fixt me to the form near the pump, and set one over me, to put me continually upon needless labour. But he only tired himself, and seeing me complain of nothing, he went away. They then shifted my seat, that others might abuse me: but they too soon became my friends. Finding these means ineffectual, they tried others. They gave orders to an officer, to do whatever he would with me; only not to kill me. Every day the Captain contrived something new. Sometimes he would make me supply all the forms in the Galley with water. Sometimes he said, they had given me a letter, or that some one had spoken to me, though he knew the contrary: and all was, to find a pretence to beat me. He made me go with a great chain about me, to tap water-barrels. And one of them falling down, he caused another, whom he had sent with me, to beat me so, that those who saw it, threatened bring him before the Mayor. Afterwards he made me clean all the quarters of the Galley, and now and then shewed the Quarter-master some stains, to make me be beaten, and encouraged the galley-slaves to abuse me. Finding they would not, he removed them all, and picking out the most wicked of the Turks and Moors, placed them about me. But it was

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labour lost; for all of these were more civil to me than the others had been. Sometimes he gave me no bread in the morning, but kept me fasting till one or two o'clock. Sometimes he coupled me with others, to carry cordage, who promised to work me to death. But God supplied me not only with strength and patience; but also with joy, to suffer all for the love of my Saviour. And those who had threatened to work me to death, before the day was ended, desired me, Not to go so fast.

6. "If my body suffered by day, my soul was glad in my Saviour day and night. My heart fed on that hidden manna, and possessed a joy the world knows nothing of. The ease of my body did not continue long; for in a little time they brought oars, to exercise the new comers. And while I was learning to row, they took occasion to beat me at their pleasure: yet frequently telling me, I might avoid all this, if I would return to the holy Roman Church? When we put to sea, the rigour both of the work and the blows often brought me to death's door. At our return I fell into a great sickness, for about a month. After I had been ill eleven days, they carried me to the Hospital, where they expected my death daily. But though I was not able to stir, yet I felt no pain. And the broth they gave me, bad as it was, seemed to me the best food I ever eat. I said daily, This is the day of deliverance: I shall suffer no more pain. But God did not see good to release me yet. When I began to recover, they carried me on board again. That day the fever returned, and I was ill in the Galley, from some days before Christmas till Easter.

7. "Here they used me as ill as they could, wanting me to die, to save the credit of the Missionaries, who had assured them, That I could not live a year, being under their curse. So, many persons endeavoured to certify what they said. But God made them all liars. There were some in all the voyages, who, to make themselves sport, caused me to be
beaten

beaten continually. When they saw me lift up my eyes to heaven, they said, 'God does not hear Heretics.' While we were at sea, no day passed, wherein I was not brought to such a condition, that I was ready to die. The other slaves, as miserable as they were, assisted me all they could. But in all the excess of pain which my flesh felt, my God did not leave me comfortless. And I am still ready to suffer whatever pleases him, being assured he will make me more than conqueror."

8. After having suffered thus, for above ten years, (with no intermission, but when they were afraid of his dying under the blows; for which they would have been called in question) his health was totally destroyed; and he fell into an extraordinary weakness, with a continual cough that gave him no rest day or night, till, with such a testimony of Faith and Love as confounded even his tormentors, he yielded up his soul to God.

He was in a languishing condition from the end of the year 1695, till the April after. The following testimony of him is given by one of the galley-slaves.

"I did not believe Monsieur *Maur* was so near death, when I was with him yesterday. He spoke with the same earnestness, as he was formerly used to do, and desired me to thank you for all your favours to him, and to tell you, He waited, with resignation, the Lord's hour."

Another that was with him when he died, writes, "He made an end answerable to his life. He preserved his senses as sound to the last gasp, as when he was in perfect health: his faith and constancy were brighter than ever. As his body grew weaker, his soul raised itself up with more zeal and vigour towards heaven. Those who had long waited to pervert him from the truth, were then constrained to forsake him, and to leave his holy soul in the hands of that sovereign Shepherd, who conducted it into the everlasting pastures.

Some THOUGHTS upon an important QUESTION.

1. **F**OR many years I have earnestly advised, both in public and in private, all in connexion with me, who have been brought up in the Established Church, to continue therein: and of consequence to attend the public service of the Church, at all opportunities: and my reasons for so doing I published to all the world, more than twenty years ago.

2. But a few months ago, I was favoured with a letter, which required me to review my sentiments. It is signed by several members of our Society, men of a loving spirit, and of an unblamable conversation: and it is worthy of the greater regard, as they speak not only in their own name, but in the name of many who wish to have a conscience void of offence, both towards God and towards man.

3. Part of it runs thus:

“ Having read many of your books, and heard many of your Preachers, and being in connexion with you, we have from time to time been advised by them and you, constantly to attend the Church. But we find that neither you nor your Preachers, have given any countenance to the doctrines of Calvinism. This induces us humbly to ask the following questions.

First, Whether you would have us to go to that Church where the doctrines of Calvinism are continually inculcated? And where the doctrines taught by you, Christian Perfection in particular, are continually exploded?

Secondly, Whether you think we shall be profited, in any degree, by hearing such Preaching?

Thirdly, Whether it is not a means of filling our hearts with prejudice either against those Preachers or against the Truth?

Fourthly,

Fourthly, Whether hearing them does not expose us to temptation from those who continually ask, How did you like the Sermon to-day? We cannot dissemble; and if we do not, we offend them.

If you please, you may give us your sentiments in the *Arminian Magazine*.

<i>Baildon,</i>	John W—,	Francis B—,
<i>Near Bradforth,</i>	Nathan. O—,	Joseph B—.
<i>July 24, 1781.</i>	John R—,	

4. It is a delicate, as well as important point, on which I hardly know how to answer. I cannot lay down any general rule. All I can say at present is, "If it does not hurt you, hear them: if it does, refrain. Be determined by your own conscience. Let every man in particular act, *as he is fully persuaded in his own mind.*"

JOHN WESLEY.

Nov. 19, 1781.



Some Account of Mr. PATRICK HAMILTON.

MR. PATRICK HAMILTON was brother's son to James Hamilton, earl of Arran, and sister's son to John Stuart, duke of Albany, which raised more attention to his doctrine, holy life, and sufferings. Having travelled into Germany, he became acquainted at Wittenberg with those eminent servants of Christ, Martin Luther, and Philip Melancthon, whereby he greatly increased in knowledge and learning; from whence he went to the university of Marpurg, which was then newly erected by Philip Landgrave of Hesse, where he was intimate with other learned men, especially with Francis Lambert. He was the first that publicly set up conclusions to be disputed there, concerning faith and good works. By reason of his

his learning and integrity of life, he was had in admiration by many: but the zeal of God's glory did so eat him up, that he could not rest till he returned into his own country.

In process of time, the fame of his doctrine came to the ears of James Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrew's, who invited him to St. Andrew's, where after divers days conference, he had his liberty, the bishop seeming to approve his doctrine, acknowledging, that in many things there needed a reformation in the church. Yet, fearing their kingdom should be endamaged, they laboured with the king to go on pilgrimage to St. Dothesse in Ross, that so, by reason of his absence, no intercession might be made to him.

The king being gone, Mr. Hamilton was seized by the bishop's officers, and carried to the castle; and the morrow after he was brought forth unto judgment, and condemned to be burnt. The articles for which he suffered were about pilgrimages, purgatory, prayers to saints, and for the dead. And that his condemnation might have the greater authority, they caused it to be subscribed by all those that were there present; and, to make their number great, they took the subscription of the very children who were of the nobility. Immediately after dinner, the fire was prepared, and he was led to execution; yet most men thought it was only to terrify him, and to cause him to recant. But God, for his own glory, and for the manifestation of their brutal tyranny, had otherwise decreed: for he so strengthened him, that neither the love of life, nor fear of this cruel death, could move him to swerve from the truth.

At the place of execution he gave to his servant, that had long attended him, his gown, coat, cap, and his other garments, saying, After this, thou canst receive no commodity of me, except the example of my death, which I pray thee to bear in mind; for, though it be fearful before men, yet it is the entrance into eternal life, which none shall possess who deny Jesus Christ before this wicked generation: and so
being

being tied to a stake, they set fire to some powder, which with the blast scorched his left hand, and the side of his face, but did not kindle the wood, till they ran to the castle for more combustible matter; which being at last kindled, with a loud voice he cried, Lord Jesus receive my spirit! The fire was slow, and put him to the greater torment. But that which most grieved him, was the clamour of some wicked men set on by the friars, who continually cried, Turn thou heretic; call upon our lady; say *salve regina*: to whom he answered, Depart from me; and trouble me not; and speaking to one Campbell, a friar, that was the ringleader, who still roared on him with great vehemence, he said, Wicked man, thou knowest the contrary; and hast confessed the contrary to me; I appeal to thee before the tribunal seat of Jesus Christ. After which words he resigned up his spirit unto God, in the year of Christ 1527. A few days after, Campbell the friar died.



Some Account of Mr. WISHART.

MR. WISHART first preached in Ross, and then in Dundee; where, with great admiration of all that heard him, he expounded the Epistle to the Romans, till, at the instigation of the Cardinal, one Robert Mill, a principal man there, and formerly a professor of religion, inhibited him from preaching, requiring him, that he should trouble their town no more, for he would not suffer it; and this was spoken to him in the public place: whereupon he mused awhile, with his eyes bent unto heaven, and then looking sorrowfully upon the speaker and people, he said: "God is my witness that I never intended your trouble, but your comfort; yea, your trouble is more dolorous to me, than it is to yourselves; but I am assured, that, to refuse God's word, and to chase from you his messenger, shall not preserve you from trouble, but shall bring

bring you into it: for God shall send you ministers that shall neither fear burning nor banishment. I have offered you the word of salvation; with the hazard of my life I have remained amongst you: now ye yourselves refuse me, and I must leave my innocency to be declared by my God: if it be long prosperous with you, I am not led by the Spirit of Truth; but if unlooked for trouble come upon you, acknowledge the cause, and turn to God, who is gracious and merciful: but if you turn not at the first warning, he will visit you with fire and sword." Then went he into the West-country, where he made offers of God's word, which were gladly received by many, till the Bishop of Glasgow, by the instigation of the Cardinal, came with his train to the town of Ayr, to resist Wishart. The earl of Glencairn, and some other gentlemen hearing of it, came thither also with their retinue, and when they were all come together, the bishop would needs have the church himself to preach in; some opposed, but Wishart said, let him alone, his sermon will not do much hurt, let us go to the market-cross; and so they did, where Wishart preached such a sermon, that his very enemies were confounded. After that Wishart remained with the gentlemen in Kyle, preaching sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; but coming to Mauchlin, he was by force kept out of the church. Some would have broke in, but he said to one of them, brother, Jesus Christ is as mighty in the fields as in the church, and himself often preached in the desert, at the sea-side, and other places: 'tis the word of peace God sends by me, the blood of none shall be shed this day for the preaching of it; and so going into the fields, he stood upon a bank, where he continued in preaching to the people above three hours; and God wrought so wonderfully by that sermon, that one of the most wicked men in all the country, the laird of Sheld, was converted by it, and his eyes ran down with such abundance of tears, that all men wondered at it. Presently news was brought to Wishart that the plague was broke out in Dundee, which

which began within four days after he was prohibited from preaching there, and raged so extremely, that 'tis almost beyond credit how many died in twenty four hours; this being related to him, notwithstanding the importunity of his friends, he would needs go thither, saying, they are now in trouble and need comfort; perhaps this hand of God will make them now to reverence the word of God, which before, they lightly esteemed. Coming to Dundee, the joy of the faithful was exceeding great, and without delay, he signified that the next day he would preach; and because most of the inhabitants were either sick, or employed about the sick, he chose the East-gate for the place of his preaching, so that the whole were within, and the sick without the gate: his text was Psa. 107. "He sent his word and healed them," wherein he treated of the profit and comfort of God's word, the punishment that comes by the contempt of it, the readiness of God's mercy to such as truly turn to him, and the happiness of those whom God takes from this misery. By which sermon, he so raised up the hearts of those that heard him, that they regarded not death, but judged them more happy that should then depart, than such as should remain behind; considering that they knew not whether they should have such a comforter with them. He spared not to visit them that lay in the greatest extremity, and to comfort them; he provided all things necessary for such as could take food, the town being very bountiful to them, through his instigation. But whilst he was thus busying himself for the comfort of the afflicted, the devil stirred up the Cardinal, who corrupted a desperate Popish-priest, called John Weighton, to slay him. And on a day, the sermon being ended and the people departed, suspecting no danger, the priest stood waiting at the bottom of the stairs, with a naked dagger in his hand under his gown; but Mr. Wishart, having a sharp piercing eye, saw the priest as he came down, and said to him, My friend, what would you have? and withal, clapping his hand

upon the dagger, took it from him; the priest herewith being terrified, fell down upon his knees, confessed his intention, and craved pardon; a noise being hereupon raised, and it coming to the ears of those who were sick, they cried, Deliver the traitor to us, or we will take him by force; and so they burst in at the gate: but Wishart taking him in his arms, said, Whosoever hurts him, shall hurt me; for he hath done me no hurt, but much good, by teaching me more heedfulness for the time to come: and so he appeased them, and saved the priest's life. Afterwards he preached in divers other places, the people much flocking to hear him.

[To be concluded in our next.]



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R C C X I V .

[From Miss B. to a Friend.]

June 5, 1762,

Dear Friend,

O How blind and dark is all human wisdom! Teach me, my Saviour, by thy Spirit! I thought God called me to give up corresponding with *you*: and I found, I could readily comply. But whether he does call me to it or no, I cannot see. I rather think, he does not. It seems to me at present, I am to continue this prayer, "Let thy Star appear, and I will follow it:" and that in the mean time, I am to continue writing; only with the closest prayer and strictest watchfulness.

The burden I feel for you is very heavy; much heavier than I used to feel for my own soul. But if in a little measure I am like my Lord, what does his tender heart feel for you?

The

The way you are to take is straight before you: fly to your loving, bleeding, dying Saviour. See him hanging on the accursed tree, his head drooping beneath *your* load, and crying in the midst of his agony, "Fear not! all thy sins were laid on my head, and I bore them all away! Return unto *me*; for I have redeemed thee! Wound me not afresh! Renounce all for my sake, and I will adorn thee with the robes of my Righteousness." O accept the offer! He is *your* Saviour. Cast yourself just as you are, upon him!

Shutting yourself up will not do. The root is within. Cut off every thing that would nourish it. Those things, we here falsely called *Innocent*, are the right eye to be plucked out. If you were besieging strong enemies, and had no hopes of conquering but by starving them, would it be *innocent*, now and then to throw them a little bread? O beware of such innocent things, as may cost you your life! And ought you not to guard others, as well as yourself, against them? Remember, you are answerable, if you do not teach us, the strictest, narrowest path of Self-denial! Yet God will be better pleased with your sacrificing yourself to him, than if you were to save the whole world.

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R C C X V .

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

Bristol, Nov. 29, 1757.

Dear and honoured Sir,

I Received yours with no little satisfaction. For several days my soul had been grieved for you. For I have heard of what has lately been, and it has pierced my soul through.

N 2

The

The Lord knows, how I bear all your burdens: I am a partaker of your griefs. And yet will not God bring great good out of this evil? O may it answer the end for which it is sent! May you not hear the voice of God in this? "Look at no creature: trust to no creature: lean on no arm of flesh!" Surely God intends a great blessing for your soul, by beating you off from every prop! O when will you be willing to be forsaken of all, as your dear Master was? When we are thus willing, doth he not take the will for the deed? Doth he strip us of all human comfort? Experience shews, he doth not. It appears to me at present, that I shall be able to comfort you, and yet to commend myself to your conscience in the fight of God. Shall I make your hands hang down, by any thing I say or do? I pray that God would first take me to his bosom; I do not wonder, that you should fear for me, after all this. O pray that the Lord would keep me every moment! I am very sensible, that I am liable to mistake every day; to be deceived, as to persons or things. But God has hitherto given me a watchful spirit. If you have heard any thing I have said or done amiss, I should be glad to know it; for I have the cause of Christ so much at heart; I would not stagger any one. The Lord Jesus keep me from hearkening to the voice of a stranger? I find more and more, the need of being taught of God, in all I think, speak or do. The Lord answer your last prayers on my soul!

As to your questions, I answer, I do always find joy in the Lord, though at some times more than others. Likewise, I always see God, though at some times more clearly. I find a constant offering up of myself to God in every thing I do: and my soul is thankful for every thing without exception, as I see all things working together for good. I do not know that I do any thing merely to please myself. God knows I do not feel any affection contrary to the pure love of God. I think I do not speak any thing, but from a principle of love. But I have need to grow in all these things. For I have but one grain of true holiness.

Permit

Permit me to ask, if God should strip you of all earthly friends, would you believe he did all things well? O Sir, do not chuse for yourself! Be-willing *I* should be estranged from you also. I trust, I shall always behave as your child: but if not, *Behold the Lamb!*

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, but unworthy Child and Servant,

S. R.

L E T T E R C C X V I .

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. S. R.]

London, Nov. 30, 1757.

My dear Sister,

YOUR letter came in a seasonable time, as rain in a time of drought. How fain would we excuse those we love? I would gladly acquit those who severely condemn each other. The wrong to myself is not worth a thought; it gives me not a moment's uneasiness. But I am pained for others, who if they do not sin against God, yet give great occasion to the enemy to blaspheme.—

You may learn an excellent lesson herefrom. Suppose you are saved from sin, it is certain that you are not saved from a possibility of mistake. On this side therefore Satan may assault you: you may be deceived either as to persons or things. You may think better, or (which is far more strange) you may think worse of them than they deserve. And hence words or actions may spring, which if not sinful in *you*, are certainly wrong in themselves: and which will and must appear sinful to those, who cannot read your heart. What grievous inconvenience would ensue? How would the good that is in you be evil spoken of? How would the great gift of God be
doubted

doubted of, if not disbelieved and denied for *your* cause? Therefore in the name of God I exhort you, keep close every moment to the Unction of the Holy One! Attend to the still, small voice! Beware of hearkening to the voice of a stranger! My eyes ach, my head-achs, my heart-achs. And yet I know not when to have done. O speak nothing, act nothing, think nothing, but as you are taught of God.

Still may he with your weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart:
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep your hand, your tongue, your heart.

So shall you always comfort, not grieve,
Your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

L E T T E R C C X V I I .

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

Dec. 1, 1757.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Have been more than once or twice forsaken of all. And I verily believe, was God to call me to it, I should still be willing to drink of this cup. May I be more and more willing so to do! As great a value as I have for *you*, I verily think I could give you up. And I am fully assured, were God to strip me of all my friends, I should know he did all things well, I do not dare to chuse: I only say, "*If it be thy will, let not this friend be estranged from me.*"

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, but unworthy Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER

L E T T E R C C X V I I I .

[From Mr. John Manners, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Jan. 17, 1763.

Rev. Sir,

SINCE I was able, when I could be spared from the Round, I have laboured a good deal in fresh places. And in the Spring I shall think it my duty to do it more; especially since there is such an universal Call, as I never knew before. The language of most places is, "Come over and help us."

After much opposition, I joined nineteen together in Society, in Malton, and fifteen in Pickering. There will be a glorious work in both places, if one may judge of the future, by the present. The power of God greatly accompanies his word, and prevails over the hearts of sinners.

We have added, during the last three or four months, upwards of eighty Members to the Societies: and a proportionable number have been justified by Faith, and have found peace with God. And indeed, it is no wonder, for there never was such a spirit of life, and of joy, among the people in general, as is at present. The ways of Wisdom are not only ways of pleasantness and peace, but as new as at the first entrance therein. By this, the ways of God are distinguished from all the ways of sin. The Lord was pleased to bless with the remission of their sins, seven persons lately, in one place, where they had but a small share of public Means. But they forgot not to assemble themselves together, neither did God forget to meet with them.

When I was in Malton last, I went on the Sabbath-day to preach at Setterington. The congregation being very large, we asked the owner of the town, for a place large enough to contain them. He answered us, "As it is for the worship of God, I dare not refuse it. And I will send as many of my servants

servants as can be spared to hear for themselves." But before I had finished my discourse, the Curate, Mr. Hebdon came, and called aloud among the people for the Church-wardens and Constable, who followed him out, and received a charge to pull me down. They came and told me. I desired them to give my respects to Mr. Hebdon, and tell him if he had any thing to say to me, I was ready to answer for myself: but he was gone. I then finished my discourse in peace. He threatened in the following week to banish all the Methodists from town and country. But in going from an entertainment the next Saturday night, he fell from his horse and broke his neck!

God has been pleased to take lately to himself, six or seven persons of our little number. William Shipton, Dinah Holmes, and Richard Richmond, of York. The two former were saved, only as by fire. Which, although it proves God abundantly merciful, yet shews what a poor use too many make of all the Means which God gives them. The latter, nearly a Lazarus in condition, lived five or six years in the clear light of God's countenance; in the most solid peace; and a becoming resignation to the dispensations of Providence; and then died.

Hannah Wood, of Cave, when her departure was at hand, bid the nurses call her husband, for she had only three minutes to live: when one was gone, she bid them hasten him, for she had but two to live: when another was gone, she said, she had only one; and in a minute she expired. She fell into the arms of Death, as a man falls upon his couch, when weary. She lived a steady, uniform Christian; a loving Wife; a tender Mother; a good Mistress; and then died the death of the Righteous.

Margaret Banks, of Stockton, a young woman, all the time of her long illness; exhorted all around her to seek and serve God; telling them, she knew she was going home too, and should be happy with him for ever. She praised and sung

fung praises to God, day and night. When I asked her if she did not rather chuse life, than death, as she was young? She answered, "No: I had rather die now. I have no desire to live." Her last words were, "I am happy."

I am, your obedient Son and Servant,

JOHN MANNERS.

L E T T E R C C X I X .

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

Bristol, Jan. 22, 1763.

Dear Sir,

THE Word is, Only believe! O that I could believe! Jesus help my unbelief! This is all I wait to prove; and I believe that he hath not said unto me, seek my face in vain. O that I may seek aright, and never rest till I also have apprehended That, for which I am apprehended of God, in Christ Jesus! Dear Sir, pray for me. I would be the Lord's Free-man. I would be all Faith; all Love. I think I would. And yet were this my *one* desire, I believe the Lord would soon come to my help. I find that the converse of Christian-friends is a great blessing. I am glad of the opportunities I enjoy, and I believe our meeting will be more profitable than ever, as our friend, Mr. Stonehouse, has freely declared his sentiments, and engaged me in a dispute (by writing) concerning Perfection. To me it is the One Thing needful. Therefore I cannot avoid being explicit on this head, in these meetings especially, and to the Sunday morning congregation; and I find an unspeakable blessing in my own soul in so doing, as also in pressing the present Now. I doubt not but you have heard good news of your Brother. It rejoices

joices my heart to see his strength renewed, both in body and soul, and that the Lord hath blessed him to several. I observe a quickening among the people. Five or six I am told have lately been justified. I heard that two more had been set at liberty in Newgate; but I cannot find out who they are, so I let it drop. I believe Mr. O. has been of real service here: but I could wish he would speak a little more to the main point. I think he might press the matter more home. It might be a means of bringing the people forward. Indeed I fear the confusions in London have made the hands of many hang down. There is no reason for it; but such is our frame. Above all I lament, that any professing this Renewal, should be found so wanting in the main branches of it. Is it any thing short of the whole mind that was in Christ: loving God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves? Doth not this imply that we should walk even as Christ walked? Whoever abideth in him *ought so to walk*. Surely then if we are as Christ was in this world, we shall walk in love like him. Like him endure the contradiction of sinners, much more the infirmities of his children; for every one that is perfect shall be as his Master. For my part, I freely own, I stand in doubt of every man, whose *meek and lowly walk* doth not prove that he hath learned of Jesus. God grant I may never rest, till the Tree being made good, all its Fruit is good also: sound unto the praise, and honour, and glory of God! May God fill you with Wisdom and the Abundance of his Grace! and, at this time more especially, comfort your heart, and establish you in every good thing, to the praise and glory of his Grace in Christ Jesus.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Friend and Servant,

JAMES ROUQUET.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

On CHURCH-COMMUNION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART III.

A Local union, on the other hand,
 Though crowded numbers should together stand,
 Joining in one same Form of prayér and praise,
 Or Creed expressèd in regulated phrase;
 Or ought beside—though it assume the name
 Of Christian-Church, may want the real claim.

For if it want the spirit and the sign,
 That constitute all worship as divine,
 The love within, the test of it without,
 In vain the union passes for devout:
 Heartless, and tokenless if it remain,
 It ought to pass, in strictness, for profane.

At first, an unity of heart and soul,
 A distribution of an outward dole,
 And every member of the body fed,
 As equally belonging to the head,
 With what it wanted, was, without suspense,
 True Church-Communion in the Christian sense.

Whether averse the many, or the few,
 To hold communion in this righteous view;
 Their thought commences heresy, their deed
 Schismatical, though they profess the Creed;
 Ways of distributing, if new, should still
 Maintain the old communicative will.

Broken by every loveless, thankless thought,
 And not behaving as a Christian ought;

By want of meekness, or a show of pride,
 Tow'rd's any soul for whom our Saviour diéd ;
 While this continues, men may pray and preach,
 In all their forms, but none will heal the breach.

Whatever helps an outward form may bring,
 To Church-communion, it is not the thing ;
 Nor a Society, as such, nor place,
 Nor any thing besides uniting grace :
 They are but accessaries at the most,
 To true communion of the Holy Ghost.

This is the essential fellowship, the tie,
 Which all true Christians are united by :
 No other union does them any good,
 But that which Christ cemented with his blood,
 As God and Man ; that having lost it, men
 Might live in unity with God again,

What he came down to bring us from above,
 Was grace, and peace, and law-fulfilling love ;
 True spirit-worship which his Father fought,
 Was the sole end of what he did and taught :
 That God's own Church and Kingdom might begin,
 Which Moses and the Prophets usheréd in.

From the O L N E Y C O L L E C T I O N ,

A Prayer for the Lord's promised presence. Zech. ii. 10,

SON of God ! thy people shield !
 Must we still thine absence mourn ?
 Let thy promise be fulfilled,
 Thou hast said, " I will return ! "

Gracious Leader now appear,
 Shine upon us with thy light !
 Like the spring, when thou art near,
 Days and suns are doubly bright,

As

As a mother counts the days
 Till her absent son she see;
 Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
 So our spirits long for thee.

Come, and let us feel thee nigh,
 Then thy sheep shall feed in peace;
 Plenty bless us from on high,
 Evil from amongst us cease.

With thy love, and voice, and aid,
 Thou canst every care assuage;
 Then we shall not be afraid,
 Though the world and Satan rage.

Thus each day for thee we'll spend,
 While our callings we pursue;
 And the thoughts of such a friend
 Shall each night our joy renew.

Let thy light be ne'er withdrawn,
 Golden days afford us long!
 Thus we pray at early dawn,
 This shall be our evening song.

The ARBOUR: *an* ODE *to* CONTENT.

[By Mr. Thomas Cole.]

PART I.

TO these lone shades where peace delights to dwell,
 May Fortune oft permit me to retreat;
 Here bid the world, with all its cares farewell,
 And leave its pleasures to the rich and great.

Oft as the summer's sun shall clear this scene,
 With that mild gleam which points its parting ray;
 Here let my soul enjoy each eve serene,
 Here thare its calm till life's declining day.

No gladfome image then ſhould 'ſcape my ſight,
 From theſe gay flowers, which border near my eye,
 To yon bright cloud that decks, with richeſt light,
 The gilded mantle of the Weſtern ſky.

With ample gaze I'd trace that ridge remote,
 Where opening cliffs diſcloſe the boundleſs main;
 With earneſt ken, from each low hamlet note
 The ſteeple's ſummit peeping o'er the plain.

What various works that rural landscape fill;
 Where mingling hedge-rows beautiful fields incloſe;
 And prudent culture, with induſtrious ſkill,
 Her checkered ſcene of crops and fallows ſhows!

How ſhould I love to mark that riv'let's maze,
 Through which it works its untaught courſe along;
 Whiſt near its graſſy banks the herd ſhall graze,
 And blithſome milk-maid chant her artleſs ſong!

Still would I note the ſhades of lengthning ſheep,
 As ſcatter'd o'er the hill's ſlant brow they move;
 Still note the day's laſt glimmering luſtre creep,
 From off the verge of yonder up-land grove.

Nor ſhould my leiſure ſeldom wait to view
 The ſlow-wing'd rooks in homeward train ſucceed;
 Nor yet forbear the ſwallow to purſue,
 With quicker glance, cloſe ſkimming o'er the mead.

But moſtly here ſhould I delight to' explore
 The bounteous laws of Nature's myſtic power;
 Then muſe on him who bleſſeth all her ſtore,
 And give to ſolem thoughts the ſober hour.

Let mirth unenvy'd laugh, with proud diſdain,
 And deem it ſpleen one moment thus to waſte;
 If ſo ſhe keep far hence her noiſy train,
 Nor interrupt thoſe joys ſhe cannot taſte.

Far

Far sweeter streams shall flow from Wisdom's spring,
 Then she receives from Folly's costliest bowl;
 And what delights can her chief dainties bring,
 Like those which feast the heavenly pensive soul?

The L O R D's P R A Y E R.

[By the Rev. Dr. Gibbons.]

OUR Father high-enthronéd above,
 With boundless glory crownéd ;
 Fountain of Life, and Light and Love,
 To thousand worlds around.

Hallowéd and honouréd be thy Name,
 By evéry grateful mind,
 Whether a pure etheréal flame,
 Or else in flesh confinéd.

Erect thine empire, gracious King,
 And spread it's powér abroad,
 Till earth and all her millions sing
 The praises of their God.

O be thy will below obeyéd,
 As 'tis obeyéd above !
 And the profoundést homage paid,
 In all the joys of love !

To nature, in her daily want,
 Thy daily bounties give,
 And with our food thy blessing grant ;
 By both thy creatures live.

Our debts are grown immensely large,
 But Lord efface the score,
 As we a brother's debts discharge,
 And never claim them more.

Into

Into temptation's poisonéd air,
 O never let us stray!
 Guard us from evil by thy care,
 Along life's dangérous way.

Thine is the kingdom, Lord, by right,
 Unbounded and supreme,
 And thine the all-sustaining might,
 And glory's peerless beam.

These are for ever thine, in songs
Heavén's blissful myriads cry;
These are for ever thine, our tongues
In humble notes reply.

A S H O R T H Y M N.

Titus ii. 14. *He gave himself for us, that he might redeem us
 from all iniquity.*

'TIS this must banish my complaints,
 Must make an end of sin in me,
 I grant it the faint-hearted saints,
 That only *death* can set me free:
 But whose shall purge my inbred stain?
 The death of God, and not of man.
 Believing the pure fountain flowéd,
 To make my life and nature clean,
 I seek redemption in thy blood,
 From outward and from inward sin,
 Whoe'er expect it from their own,
Jesus, I trust thy death alone.



JOHANNES BOGERMAN.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For M A R C H 1782.

Of *FREE WILL*: translated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S
Dialogues, between Lewis and Frederic.

D I A L O G U E III.

YOU shewed me many things yesterday, which I did not know before. And therefore I hope to know something to day likewise. *Fred.* Yesterday our whole Conversation turned, on the duty of God to man (if I may say so). But the knowledge of this does us no good, unless we know what is our duty to God. *Lewis.* But I trust we know our own duty to day, if we discourse of the Will and Freedom of Man. For this being cleared up, we shall be able, what we are able, either to will or to perform. *Fred.* I then ask first, Would you have us dispute of the Will or the Freedom of Man? *Lewis.* Are they not the same? *Fred.* By no means. For Freedom or Liberty is a

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Power

Power of *doing* what we *will*. So when I say, "I am at liberty in this," it means, I *can* do as I *will* herein. Now would you have me speak of the Will of man, or of his Liberty? *Lewis*. If you please, of both.

Fred. Let us then enquire, first, What man is able to will: next, What he does will: and lastly, What his Will can effect. *Lewis*. Agreed. *Fred*. But give me leave to take the matter a little higher. And first, I observe, God willeth all men to be saved. I repeat this, though I observed it before, because the whole controversy turns upon it. That he created Adam to be saved, cannot be doubted, since he created him in his own image. And we proved yesterday that all the seed of Adam were, like him, created for salvation; whence it follows, that if any are ordained to punishment, it is only because of their sin. This appears from what God said to Adam, "If thou eatest thereof, thou shalt die." Now, since *by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, as all had sinned*: the question is, Whether God willeth all men to be healed? I answer, It is his will. For the same fatherly Love which induced him to create a child unto Health, must make him willing to heal him when sick. Nor is there any among us so wicked, as not to be willing that all his sick children should, if possible, be cured. But if we that are evil do this, what shall the good God do! And if we have from God, this fatherly mind towards our Children, how much more must God himself have it? Can any Good be in man, but the same must be in God, in an infinitely higher degree? *Can a mother, saith he, forget her child? She may. Yet will I not forget thee.* "But he speaks this of the Jews." What then? *Is he the God of the Jews only, and not of the Gentiles also?* Yea, he is the God and Father of all men. And therefore he sent his Son, to call them all.

This

This may be proved by many Scriptures. ^a *Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.* And, ^b *God willeth all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth.* If you say, "God does not here speak of all men, but only of all sorts of men;" St. Paul himself confutes you in the very place, adding, *For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all.* Here you see, that Christ is the Mediator of all of whom his Father is the God. If then God is the God not only of all sorts, but of all men; Christ is the Mediator and Saviour of all. And this the Apostle confirms, where he says to the Athenians, ^c *God now commandeth all men every where to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.* Here certainly he excepts no man. But St. Peter speaks plainest of all. ^d *There were false prophets also among the people, even as there will be false teachers among you, who will privily bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction.* He certainly speaks here of the wicked, the reprobates, and yet affirms that *the Lord bought them*; which would be false, had not Christ been sent to save them. And a little after, ^e *The Lord is not slack concerning his promise; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.* Surely he speaks of individuals, when he says, *Not willing that any should perish.*

This well agrees with St. Paul's saying, *That the goodness of God leadeth unto repentance*, even those that finally harden their hearts. Again. *He hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all.* Upon all! Namely all those whom he had concluded in unbelief. You must either

^a John i. 29. ^b 1 Tim. ii. ^c Acts xvii. 31. ^d 2 Pet. ii. ^e chap. iii. 9. ^f Rom. ii.

confute all these, or confes, that *God willeth all men to be saved.* *Lewis.* This is undeniable. *Fred.* It remains to point out, what is the way of salvation; for we cannot be saved by any other way. Now, if the Disease of Adam and of his posterity, was contracted by disobedience, it must be removed by Obedience. Therefore in order to restore man, God has given him precepts, by obeying which he may be saved. These precepts do not bring Death, but Life: for God intends not to kill men, but to quicken them. And should a man perish by not obeying God's precepts, this does not come to pass, because they were designed to kill him; but because he himself does not obey them. For the end of the commandment is Life: for, pray observe, God commands what he would have done; which indeed is so plain, that I should not have mentioned it, did not many affirm, that "the will of God is sometimes contrary to his Commandments!" Let them worship a god who speaks one thing, and means another: we worship the God of truth: and are well assured, he commands nothing which he would not have done. *David* shews this when he says, *"I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.* You see here, the Will of God is contained in his Law. As to those who make God to have two Wills, one of them contrary to the other, they have been confuted already.

Lewis. But here a difficulty occurs. You said yesterday, God wills nothing which cannot be done. Now you say, God wills that we should do all that he commands. But our Friends say, God commands what we cannot do. And for this they cite *St. Paul*, who says, *The law was given by reason of transgressions: that by the law is the knowledge of sin, and that the law entered, that offences might abound.* *Fred.* I oppose to them the words of the Law given by himself: (*Deut. iv. 1.*) *Now therefore hearken, O Israel, unto the statutes and*

• *Isaiah* lx. 8.

unto the judgments, which I teach you, for to do them; that ye may live. And a little after, Behold I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me, that ye should do so in the land whither ye go to possess it. And elsewhere (c. xxx. v. 19, 20,) I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore chuse life, that both thou and thy seed may live: that thou mayest love the Lord thy God, and that thou mayest obey his voice, and that thou mayest cleave unto him.

From these and the like passages it appears, that the Law was not given unto sin or death; but unto life and righteousness. Lewis. What then do you answer to those words of St. Paul? Fred. The same that St. Paul himself answers, explaining his own words: *The law which was ordained for life, was found death unto me.* Here you see, the law was ordained not for death, but for life. And when he says, *It was found death unto me,* it is as if he had said, the *design* of the law was life; but the *event* of it was Death. Therefore all those sayings concerning the *law being given unto sin,* speak not of the *design,* but the *event* of it. Thus it may be called the *law of sin and death,* with regard to its event; yet with regard to its *design,* the *Law of righteousness and life.*

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N VIII.

OR EPHESIANS v. 16.

Redeeming the Time.

1. **S**EE that ye walk circumspectly, says the Apostle in the preceding verse, *not as fools, but as wise men: Redeeming the time, saving all the time you can for the best purposes;*

poses; buying up every fleeting moment, out of the hands of sin and Satan, out of the hands of sloth, ease, pleasure, worldly business: the more diligently, because the present *are evil days*, days of the grossest ignorance, immorality and profaneness.

2. This seems to be the general meaning of the words. But I purpose at present to consider, only one particular way of *redeeming the time*, namely, from Sleep.

3. This appears to have been exceeding little considered, even by pious men. Many that have been eminently conscientious in other respects, have not been so in this. They seemed to think it an indifferent thing, whether they slept more or less, and never saw it in the true point of view, as an important branch of Christian Temperance.

That we may have a more just conception hereof, I will endeavour to shew,

I. What it is to *redeem the time* from Sleep.

II. The evil of not redeeming it. And,

III. The most effectual manner of doing it.

I.—1. And first, What is it, to *redeem the time from Sleep*?

It is, in general, to take that measure of Sleep every night, which nature requires, and no more: that measure which is the most conducive to the health and vigour both of the body and mind.

2. But it is objected, "One measure will not suit all men: some require considerably more than others. Neither will the same measure suffice even the same persons, at one time as at another. When a person is sick, or if not actually so, yet weakened by preceding sickness, he certainly wants more of this natural restorative, than he did when in perfect health. And so he will, when his strength and spirits are exhausted, by hard or long-continued labour."

3. All this is unquestionably true, and confirmed by a thousand experiments. Whoever therefore they are that have attempted to fix one measure of sleep for all persons, did not understand

understand the nature of the human Body, so widely different in different persons: as neither did they, who imagined, that the same measure would suit even the same person at all times. One would wonder therefore that so great a man as Bishop *Taylor*, should have formed this strange imagination: much more that the measure which he has assigned for the General Standard, should be only three hours in four and twenty. That good and sensible man, Mr. *Baxter*, was not much nearer the truth: who supposes four hours in four and twenty will suffice for any man. I know an extremely sensible man, who was absolutely persuaded, that no one living needed to sleep above five hours in twenty four. But when he made the experiment himself, he quickly relinquished the opinion. And I am fully convinced, by an observation continued for more than fifty years, that whatever may be done by extraordinary persons, or in some extraordinary cases, (wherein persons have subsisted with very little sleep for some weeks, or even months) a human body can scarce continue in health and vigour, without at least six hours sleep in four and twenty. Sure I am, I never met with such an instance: I never found either man or woman, that retained vigorous health for one year, with a less quantity of sleep than this.

4. And I have long observed, that Women in general, want a little more sleep than men: perhaps because they are in common, of a weaker, as well as a moister habit of body. If therefore one might venture to name one standard, (though liable to many exceptions and occasional alterations) I am inclined to think This would come near the mark: healthy men in general, need a little above six hours sleep: healthy Women, a little above seven, in four and twenty. I myself want six hours and a half, and I cannot well subsist with less.

5. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own constitution requires, he may very easily make the experiment, which I made about sixty years ago: I then waked every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for
some

some time. I readily concluded, that this arose from my lying longer in bed than nature required. To be satisfied, I procured an Alarm, which waked me the next morning at seven, (near an hour earlier than I rose the day before) yet I lay awake again at night. The second morning I rose at six; but notwithstanding this, I lay awake the second night. The third morning I rose at five: but nevertheless I lay awake the third night. The fourth morning I rose at four, (as, by the Grace of God, I have done ever since.) And I lay awake no more. And I do not now lie awake (taking the year round) a quarter of an hour together in a month. By the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, may any one find, how much sleep he really wants.

II. 1. "But why should any one be at so much pains? What need is there of being so scrupulous? Why should we make ourselves so particular? What harm is there in doing as our neighbours do? Suppose in lying from ten till six or seven in Summer, and till eight or nine in Winter?"

2. If you would consider this question fairly, you will need a good deal of candor and impartiality; as what I am about to say will probably be quite new, different from any thing you ever heard in your life: different from the Judgment, at least from the Example of your Parents, and your nearest Relations; nay, and perhaps of the most religious persons you ever were acquainted with. Lift up therefore your heart to the Spirit of truth, and beg of him to shine upon it, that without respecting any man's person, you may see and follow the truth as it is in Jesus.

3. Do you really desire to know, what harm there is, in not redeeming all the time you can from Sleep? Suppose in spending therein an hour a day more than nature requires? Why, first, *it hurts your substance*, it is throwing away six hours a week, which might turn to some temporal account. If you can do any work, you might earn something in that time, were it ever so small. And you have no need to throw even

even this away. If you do not want it yourself, give it to them that do: you know some of them that are not far off. If you are of no trade, still you may so employ the time, that it will bring money, or money's worth, to yourself, or others.

4. The not redeeming all the time you can from sleep, the spending more time therein, than your constitution necessarily requires, in the second place, *hurts your Health*. Nothing can be more certain than this, though it is not commonly observed. It is not commonly observed, because the evil steals on you by slow and insensible degrees. In this gradual, and almost imperceptible manner, it lays the foundation of many diseases. It is the chief, real (though unsuspected) Cause of all Nervous Diseases in particular. Many enquiries have been made, Why Nervous Disorders are so much more common among us than among our Ancestors? Other causes may frequently concur: but the chief is, we lie longer in bed. Instead of rising at four, most of us, who are not obliged to work for our bread, lie till seven, eight, or nine. We need enquire no farther. This sufficiently accounts for the large increase of these painful disorders.

5. It may be observed, that most of these arise, not barely from sleeping too long, but even from what we imagine to be quite harmless, the lying too long in bed. By *soaking* (as it is emphatically called) so long between warm sheets, the flesh is, as it were, parboiled, and becomes soft and flabby. The nerves in the mean time are quite unstrung, and all the train of melancholy symptoms, faintness, tremors, lowness of spirits, (so called) come on, till life itself is a burden.

6. One common effect of either sleeping too long, or lying too long in bed, is Weakness of Sight, particularly that weakness which is of the nervous kind. When I was young, my sight was remarkably weak. Why is it stronger now than it was forty years ago? I impute this principally to the blessing of God, who fits us for whatever he calls us to. But undoubt-

edly the outward means which He has been pleased to bless, was the rising early in the Morning

7. A still greater objection to the not rising early, the not redeeming all the time we can from sleep, is, *It hurts the Soul* as well as the Body: it is a sin against God. And this indeed it must necessarily be, on both the preceding accounts. For we cannot waste, or (which comes to the same thing) not improve any part of our worldly substance, neither can we impair our own health, without sinning against Him.

8. But this fashionable Intemperance does also hurt the soul in a more direct manner. It sows the seeds of foolish and hurtful Desires: it dangerously inflames our natural appetites; which a person stretching and yawning in bed, is just prepared to gratify. It breeds and continually increases Sloth, so often objected to the English Nation. It opens the way, and prepares the soul for every other kind of Intemperance. It breeds an universal softness and faintness of spirit, making us afraid of every little inconvenience, unwilling to deny ourselves any pleasure, or to take up or bear any cross. And how then shall we be able (without which we must drop into hell) to *take the kingdom of heaven by violence?* It totally unfits us for *enduring hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ:* and consequently for *fighting the good fight of faith, and laying hold on eternal life.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



A Short ACCOUNT of Mr. GEORGE STORY.

[*Concluded from page 78.*]

IN the midst of great exercises of mind, through manifold temptations, I omitted no opportunity of exhorting all about me, to flee from the wrath to come. God was pleased to smile upon my weak endeavours, and to make me instrumental

mental in the conversion of several. Afterwards I was convinced I ought to act in a more public manner: but I saw the danger of being too forward, as well as of being too backward, and was enabled to keep from both extremes. When an opportunity offered of giving an exhortation in any of the neighbouring Societies, I did it with much fear and trembling; but I durst not shun the cross. Indeed I laboured under great disadvantages. Through a natural impediment in my speech, I could not easily pronounce several words: and it was a considerable time before I could conquer, or substitute others in their place. I hoped, my acquaintance with Authors on most subjects, might be of some use to me: but I was greatly mistaken; my mind was in a situation that forbade all kind of meditation. If I attempted any such thing, I was instantly filled with my old deistical ideas again. I was therefore necessitated to stay my thoughts upon the Lord, and to follow his light and truth as they shone upon me. What knowledge I had acquired, while in the spirit of apostasy from God, I was obliged to throw away, as altogether useless.

After some time, a scene opened, which was both painful and profitable: we took an old chapel in a neighbouring village, the inhabitants of which, in general, differed very little from the savage Indians. Here I frequently preached to large congregations, and met with plenty of persecution for my pains: but it was not unexpected, and I was determined to stand it, though it should cost me my life.

One time a Popish Gentleman hired some men to pull me out of the pulpit; though I was ignorant of their design, I providentially fixed my eye upon them as soon as they came in. They were confounded, and stayed peaceably till the service was over. Sometimes the mob revenged themselves on the door and windows, throwing whatever came next to hand; and then followed us through the street with mire and dirt. At an adjoining village, where I was to preach, some had engaged a madman; and to qualify him more perfectly

for the work, had made him drunk. He came armed with a large club, and raging in a most furious manner. I was waiting calmly for the event, when the man's wife came, and having endeavoured in vain, to persuade him to go away, fell into violent fits. Seeing this, he instantly became as quiet as a lamb, and we returned without the least injury.

Soon after, I entered into the most afflicting dispensation I had ever known, which continued three months. I gradually sunk into unaccountable anguish of mind, as if the Powers of Darkness surrounded me without intermission. Sometimes such a horror penetrated my whole soul as if I had committed some atrocious crime; and was instantly to stand before the great Judge to receive the sentence of eternal damnation. Very often I expected instant death; my whole frame seemed just dissolving. In the midst of all, I found the grace of God was sufficient to support me under it; my conscience was free from condemnation; and I saw this distress was part natural, and part diabolical. I still kept cleaving to the Lord and staying my mind upon him: the cloud broke, and my former peace returned. I found something daily dying within me, but what it was I could not tell. When I was at the lowest, I began to rise again, and continued increasing in the life of God for three months more. I was then one evening meeting my band, when the power of the Lord descended in an uncommon manner, and I believed he had purified my heart. At first I rejected it through a sense of my unworthiness. But the witness again returned. I considered, "What have I either done or suffered, that could induce the Lord to shew me this great mercy?" And I was upon the point of giving up again, when it occurred to my mind, "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works lest any man should boast." I was then constrained to acquiesce, and said, since it is so, I will hold fast, if I can.

The

The next morning I awoke in such power and peace as I had never known, and the promises, in the latter part of the 30th chapter of Ezekiel, were applied in such a manner as left no doubt but the Lord had wrought that great change in me. Nevertheless it was not in the manner I expected. I supposed a soul saved from all sin, would be a great, wise, and glorious creature; whereas I found myself infinitely little, and mean, and base: I had such a discovery of my own nothingness, as humbled me to the dust continually. I felt myself as ignorant and helpless as an infant, and knew I could not stand a moment without the divine aid. Nor did I find such overflowing joys as I expected, but only an even permanent peace, which kept my heart in the knowledge and love of God.

Mean time several scriptures were opened to me at once: and I found a delightful relish for the whole. But still I found, knowledge in divine things was to be acquired gradually, through patient labour; and that even this was limited: God giving no more than was necessary, and at such times as he pleased.

I walked in this liberty some months, till one day I met with a circumstance which grieved me. I attended too much to the temptation, and was not inwardly watchful; so before I was aware, the temptation took place in my heart, and I found myself angry for a moment or two. As I never expected to feel this evil any more, my distress was inconceivable for three or four hours; the enemy suggesting that I was now an apostate from the pure love of God, and could never be restored. I cried mightily to the Lord, and he discovered the device of the enemy, and healed the wound that had been made. He likewise shewed me, that as I had received Christ Jesus, so I must walk in him; that the same faith by which I entered into rest, must be continued, in order to be established in that liberty.

The

The Conference being at *Leeds*, in the year 1762, I attended with a design of edifying by the public discourses and private conversation of the Preachers. And herein I had abundant reason to be satisfied. Mr. *Wesley's* Sermons were in a peculiar manner calculated for establishing me in what I had lately experienced. During the Conference it appeared there wanted several more Preachers as itinerants, in different Circuits. My friends proposed me for one, and asked if I had any objection. As I was resigned to any station Providence seemed to point out, I submitted to the judgment of my brethren. Being admitted on trial, I returned home to settle my affairs; and in the latter end of February 1763, I went into the *Dales* Circuit.

When I got to *Darlington*, the town was in an uproar, occasioned by *George Bell's* prophesy. That day, according to his prediction, the world was to be destroyed. Many people were much frightened; but their fears soon gave place to resentment, and they threatened to pull down the house, and burn the first Preacher that came. However, considering that God was all-sufficient, I told Mrs. *Oswald*, if she would venture the house, I would venture myself. Notice being given for preaching, the place was soon filled with people, rude enough. Providentially I found in the *Newcastle* Paper, a paragraph, wherein Mr. *Wesley* disavowed all connection with Mr. *Bell*, and all credit to his prophesy. This I read to the people, which instantly quieted them, and they attended patiently to the end of the meeting. A poor backslider was that night cut to the heart, and roared out in a tremendous manner. But shortly after he found mercy, and died in peace.

In this Circuit I found several Societies of sincere people: but many of them were settled upon their lees: those who had obtained Justification were resting in their past experience, and had little expectation of being saved from inward sin, till death. I spoke strongly of full Salvation, and God gave

gave the word success. Several were stirred up to seek for purity of heart, and others were convinced of sin. Mr. *Samuel Meggot*, a zealous, pious teacher, was my fellow-labourer, in whom I found the affection of a parent. Meeting me one day in the *Dales*, he said, "You must make haste to *Barnard-castle*; the people are all in confusion; six or seven of them have found full Sanctification, and the rest are tearing one another to pieces about it." When I got to the town, I found many were not a little prejudiced against me, as a setter forth of strange doctrines. I attempted to preach among them, but could find no liberty; I met the Society, but it was still the same. I was just going to conclude, when in an instant, the power of God descended in a wonderful manner. The assembly were all in tears, some praising God for pardoning mercy, and others for purifying grace. And even those who could not yet understand this new doctrine, were constrained to say, "If we do not believe it, we will never speak against it any more." The snare of the enemy was effectually broken; and from that time the work spread, not only through the town, but also into the neighbouring Societies; we seldom had any meeting, public or private, but some were either convinced, justified, or saved from all sin.

The Society in *Wear-Dale* consisted of thirty-six members. But one Sunday, at two o'clock, the divine power descended upon the assembly; six persons, one after another, dropped down, and as soon as they came to themselves, cried out for mercy. The work from that time revived and spread through different parts of the *Dale*, and the Society was soon doubled in its number: many of whom stand to this day.

In other places, the people were remarkably lively, and many were added to the Societies. I continued in this Circuit till July, 1764, having the satisfactory evidence that I was acting in a station suitable to the designs of Providence. This greatly supported me in the various difficulties that unavoidably occurred. Indeed I exerted myself much above
my

my strength, both in preaching and travelling, often venturing in tempestuous weather, over those dreary Fells, where even the Mountaineers themselves durst not. I was frequently in danger of being swallowed up in the bogs, or carried away by the torrents. Sometimes I have rode over valleys where the snow was eight or ten feet deep, for two or three furlongs together. When the danger was most eminent, I not only found a calm resignation, but a solid rejoicing in the God of my salvation.



Some Account of SARAH PETERS.

November 13, 1748.

SARAH PETERS, a lover of souls, a mother in Israel, went to rest. During a close observation of several years, I never saw her, upon the most trying occasions, in any degree ruffled or discomposed; but she was always loving, always happy. It was her peculiar gift and her continual care, to seek and save that which was lost; to support the weak, to comfort the feeble-minded, to bring back what had been turned out of the way. And in doing this, God endued her above her fellows, with the love that *believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things.*

For these four years last past (says one who was intimately acquainted with her) we used once or twice a week to unbosom ourselves to each other. I never knew her to have one doubt concerning her own salvation. Her soul was always filled with that holy flame of love, and ran after Christ as the *chariots of Aminadab*. She used to say, "I think I am all spirit; I must be always moving, I cannot rest, day or night, any longer than I am gathering in souls to God." Yes she would often complain of her weakness and imperfections, and

and cry out, "I am an unprofitable servant." I was sometimes jealous that she carried her charity too far, not allowing herself what was needful. But she would answer, "I can live upon one meal a day, so that I may have to give to them that have none."

On Sunday, Oct. 9. She went with one more to see the condemned malefactors in Newgate. They enquired for *John Lancaster* in particular, who had sent to desire their coming. He asked them to go into his cell, which they willingly did, although some dissuaded them from it, because the goal-distemper (a kind of pestilential fever) raged much among the prisoners. They desired he would call together as many of the prisoners as were willing to come. Six or seven of those who were under sentence of death came. They sung a hymn, read a portion of scripture, and prayed. Their little audience were all in tears. Most of them appeared deeply convinced of their lost estate. From this time her labours were unwearied among them, praying with them and for them, night and day.

John Lancaster said, "When I used to come to the Foundery every morning, which I continued to do for some time, I little thought of ever coming to this place. I then often felt the love of God, and thought I should never commit sin more. But after awhile, I left off coming to the preaching; then my good desires died away. I fell again into the diversions I had laid aside, and the company I had left off. As I was one day playing at skittles with some of these, a young man, with whom I was now much acquainted, gave me a part of the money which he had just been receiving for some stolen goods. This, with his frequent persuasions, so wrought upon me, that at last I agreed to go partners with him. Yet I had often strong convictions, but I stifled them as well as I could.

"We continued in this course till August last. As we were then going home from Bartholomew fair, one morning

about two o'clock, it came into my mind to go and steal the branches out of the Foundery. I climbed over the wall, and brought two of them away, though I trembled, and shook, and made so great a noise, that I thought all the family must be dead, or else they could not but hear me. Within a few days after I stole the velvet, for which I was taken up, tried and condemned."

Some being of opinion it would not be difficult to procure a pardon for him, *S. Peters*, though she never mentioned this to him, resolved to leave no means unattempted. She procured several petitions to be drawn, and went herself to Westminster, to Kensington, and to every part of the town where any one lived, who might possibly assist therein. In the mean time, she went constantly to Newgate, sometimes alone, sometimes with one or two others, visited all in their cells that were condemned, exhorted them, prayed with them, and had the comfort of finding them every time more athirst for God than before, and of being followed, whenever she went away, with abundance of prayers and blessings.

After a time, she and her companions believed it would be of use to examine each closely as to the state of his soul. They spoke to *John Lancaster* first. He lifted up his eyes and hands, and after pausing awhile, said, "I thank God, I do feel, that he has forgiven me my sins. I do know it." They asked, "How, and when he knew it first?" He replied, I was in great fear and heaviness, till the very morning you came hither first: that morning I was in earnest prayer; and just as St. Paul's clock struck five, the Lord poured into my soul such peace as I had never felt, so that I was scarce able to bear it. From that hour I have never been afraid to die. For I know, and am sure, as soon as my soul departs from the body, the Lord Jesus will stand ready to carry it into glory."

The next who was spoken to was *Thomas Atkins*, nineteen years of age. When he was asked (after many other questions, in answering which he express the clearest and deepest

deepest conviction of all his sins, as well as that for which he was condemned) if he was not afraid to die? He fixed his eyes upward and said, in the most earnest and solemn manner, "I bless God, I am not afraid to die; for I have laid my soul at the feet of Jesus." And to the last moment of his life, he gave all reason to believe, that these were not vain words.

Thomas Thompson, the next, was quite an ignorant man, scarce able to express himself on common occasions: yet some of his expressions were intelligible enough. "I do not know, said he, how it is; I used to have nothing but bad and wicked thoughts in me, and now they are all gone, and I know God loves me, and has forgiven my sins." He persisted in this testimony, and in a behaviour suitable thereto till death.

When *John Roberts* came first into *John L's* cell, he was utterly careless and sullen. But it was not long before his countenance changed; the tears ran down his cheeks, and he continued from that hour earnestly and steadily seeking repentance and remission of sins. There did not pass many days before he likewise declared, that the burthen of sin was gone; that the fear of death was utterly taken away, and it returned no more.

William Gardiner, from the time that he was condemned, was very ill of the goal-distemper. *S. Peters* visited him in his own cell, till he was able to come abroad. He was a man of exceeding few words, but of a broken and contrite spirit. Some time after, he expressed great readiness to die, yet with the utmost diffidence of himself. One of his expressions, to a person accompanying him to the place of execution was, "O Sir, I have nothing to trust to but the blood of Christ. If that will not do, I am undone for ever."

As soon as *Sarah Cunningham* was told, that the warrant was come down for her execution, she fell raving mad. She had but few intervals of reason, till the morning of her execution.

cution. She was then sensible, but spoke little; till being told, "Christ will have pity upon you, if you ask him:" she broke out, "Pity upon me! Will Christ have pity upon me? Then I will ask him. Indeed I will:" which she did in the best manner she could, till her soul was required of her.

Samuel Chapman appeared to be quite hardened. He seemed to fear neither God nor devil. But when after some time *Sarah Peters* talked with him, God struck him down at one stroke. He felt himself a sinner and cried aloud for mercy. The goal-distemper then seized upon him, and confined him to his bed, till he was carried out to die. She visited him frequently in his cell. He wept much and prayed much; but never appeared to have any clear assurance of his acceptance with God.

It was the earnest desire of them all, that they whom God had made so helpful to them, might spend the last night with them. Accordingly she came to Newgate at ten o'clock, but could not be admitted on any terms. However, so far they were indulged, that six of them were suffered to be in one cell. They spent the night, wrestling with God in prayer. When the bell-man came at twelve o'clock, to tell them (as usual) Remember you are to die to-day, they cried out, Welcome news! welcome news!" When the cell was opened at the usual time, they sprang out; several of them crying, with a transport not to be expressed, "O what a happy night have we had? What a blessed morning is this? O when will the hour come that we long for, that our souls shall be set at liberty? The turnkey said, "I never saw such people before."

John Lancaster was the first who was called out, to have his irons knocked off. When he came to the block (at which this is done) he said, "Blessed be the day I came into this place! O what a glorious work hath the Lord carried on in my soul since I came hither?" Then he said to those near him, "O my dear friends, join in praise with me a sinner. O for
a tongue

a tongue to praise him as I ought. My heart is like fire in a close vessel. I am ready to burst for want of vent. O that I could tell the thousandth part of the joys I feel!" One saying, "I am sorry to see you in that condition;" he answered, "I would not change it for ten thousand worlds." From the press-yard, he was removed into a large room, where he exhorted all the Officers to repentance. When *T. Atkins* was brought in, he immediately asked him, "How is it between God and your soul?" He answered, "Blessed be God, I am ready." An Officer asking, about this time, What is it o'clock, was answered, near nine. On which *Lancaster* said, "By one I shall be in paradise, safely resting in *Abraham's* bosom." To another prisoner coming in, he said, "Cannot you see Jesus? I see him by faith, standing at the right-hand of God, with open arms to receive our souls." One asking which is *Lancaster*? He answered, "Here I am. Come, see a Christian triumphing over death." A by-stander said, "Be stedfast to the end." He replied, "I am by the grace of God, as stedfast as the Rock I am built upon; and that Rock is Christ." He then said to the people, "Cry to the Lord for mercy, and you will surely find it. I have found it. Therefore none should despair. When I came first to this place, my heart was as hard as my cell-walls, and as black as hell. But now I am washed, now I am made clean by the blood of Christ."

When *William Gardiner* came in, he said, "Well, my dear man, how are you?" He answered, "I am happy, and think the moments long; for I want to die, that I may be with him whom my soul loves." *Lancaster* asked, "Had we not a sweet night?" He said, "I was as it were in heaven. O, if a foretaste be so sweet, what must the full enjoyment be!" Then came in *Thomas Thompson*, who with great power witness the same confession. The people round, in the mean time were in tears, and the Officers stood like men affrighted.

Then

Then *Launcester* exhorted one in doubt, never to rest till he had found rest in Christ. After this he brake out into strong prayer, (mingled with praise and thanksgiving) that the true gospel of Christ might spread to every corner of the habitable earth: that the congregation at the *Foundery* might abound more and more in the knowledge and love of God: that he would in a particular manner Bless all those, who had taken care of his dying soul; and that God would bless and keep *Mr. W's*; that neither men nor devils might ever hurt them, but that they might, as a ripe shock of corn, be gathered into the garner of God.

When the last prisoner came into the room, he said, "Here is another of our little flock." An Officer said tenderly, "I think it is too large." He said, "Not too large for heaven: thither we are going."

He said to *Mr. M.* "O Sir, be not faint in your mind. Be not weary of well-doing. You serve a glorious Master. And if you go on, you will have a glorious reward."

When the Officers told them "It was time to go," they rose with inexpressible joy, and embraced each other, commending each others soul to the care of him who had so cared for them. *Launcester* then earnestly prayed, that all there present, might, like him be found of God, though they fought him not.

Coming into the press-yard, he saw *Sarah Peters*. He stepped to her, kissed her, and earnestly said, "I am going to paradise to-day. And you will follow me soon."

The crowd being great, they could not readily get through. So he had another opportunity of declaring the goodness of God. And to one in heaviness he said, "Cry unto the Lord and he will be found. My soul for thine, he will have mercy upon thee." Then he said to all, "Remember *Mary Magdalene*, out of whom the Lord cast seven devils. So rely ye on him for mercy; and you will surely find it."

As

As they were preparing to go into the cart, he said, "Come my dear friends, let us go on joyfully, for the Lord is making ready to receive us into everlasting habitations." Then turning to the spectators he said, "My friends, God be your guide! God direct you in the right way to eternal glory! It is but a short time and we shall be where all sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Turn from the evil of your ways, and you also with us shall stand with the innumerable company on Mount Zion."

As they went along, he frequently spoke to the people, exhorting them to repentance. To some he said, "Ye poor creatures, you do not know where I am going. See that you love Christ; see that you follow Christ; and then you will come there too." He likewise gave out and sung several hymns; particularly that, with which he was always deeply affected,

"Lamb of God, whose bleeding love
We still recal to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release!
O remember Calvary;
And let us go in peace."

All the people who saw them, seemed to be amazed; but much more when they came to the place of execution. A solemn awe overwhelmed the whole multitude. As soon as the Executioner had done his part with *Lancaster* and the two that were with him, he called for a hymn-book; and gave out a hymn with a clear, strong voice. And after the Ordinary had prayed, he gave out and sung the fifty-first psalm. He then took leave of his fellow-sufferers with all possible marks of the most tender affection. He blest the persons who had attended him, and commended his own soul to God.

Even

Even a little circumstance that followed seems worth observing. His body was carried away by a company hired of the surgeons; but a crew of sailors pursued them, took it from them by force, and delivered it to his mother, by which means it was decently interred, in the presence of many who praised God on his behalf.

One thing which occasioned some amazement, was, that even after death there were no marks of violence upon him; his face was not at all bloted and disfigured; no, nor even changed from its natural colour. But he lay with a calm, smiling countenance, as one in a sweet sleep.

He died on Friday, Oct. 28, and was buried on Sunday the 30th. *Sarah Peters*, having now finished her work, felt her body sink apace. On Wednesday, Nov. 3, she took her bed, having the symptoms of a malignant fever, she praised God in the fires for ten days, continually witnessing the good confession, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith: I am going to receive the crown." And a little after midnight, on Sunday 13, her spirit also returned to God.

J. W.



An Account of some remarkable DEATHS.

THURSDAY, Dec. 8, 1748, I saw one crying out (in a high fever) "O Sir, I am dying, without God, without Christ, without Hope." I spoke strongly of the mercies of God in Christ, and left him a little revived. The next night he told me, "For some time after you were here, I was, I know not how; so light and easy! I had no doubt but God would have mercy upon me; but now I am dark again, I fear lest I should perish at the last." He then broke out into prayer. I left him a little easier, beginning again to cast his care upon God.

Sunday

Sunday 11. Several of our brethren called upon him and found his hope gradually increasing. Monday 12, He expressed a strong confidence in the mercy of God, and said, he feared nothing but lest he should live and turn back into the world. Before noon he was a little delirious; but as soon as any one spoke of God, he recovered himself and prayed so vehemently, as to set all that heard him in tears. I called once more about six in the evening, and commended his soul to God. He was speechless, but not without sense, as the motion of his lips plainly shewed; though his eyes were generally fixt upwards, with a look which said, "I see God." About half an hour after I went away, his soul was set at liberty.

Thus, in the strength of his years, died *Francis Butts*, one, in whose lips was found no guile. He was an honest man, fearing God, and earnestly endeavouring to work righteousness.

Saturday 24. I buried the body of *William Turner*, who, towards the close of a long illness, had been removed into *Guy's Hospital*, though with small hope of recovery. The night before his death he was delirious, and talked loud and incoherently, which occasioned many in the ward to gather round his bed, in order to divert themselves. But in that hour it pleased God to restore him at once to the full use of his understanding; and he began praising God and exhorting them to repent, so as to pierce many to the heart. He remained for some time in this last labour of love, and then gave up his soul to God.

Tuesday 27. Mr. *Glanville* died. He was at the burial of *Francis Butts*, and was then saying, "What a mercy it is, that I am alive? that I was not cut off a year ago?" The same night he was taken ill, and was for the most part delirious. In his lucid intervals he seemed intent on the things of God. I saw him not till the night before his death; he answered me sensibly once or twice, saying, "He hoped to meet me in a better place." Then he raved again; so I used a short prayer, and commended his spirit to God.

J. W.

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S

Some



Some Account of Mr. WISHART.

[*Concluded from page 98.*]

IN Feb. 1546, Mr. Wishart was sent for by cardinal Beton, to give an account of his doctrine: the cardinal called all his retinue to come armed to the place of their sitting, which was the abbey church. When Mr. Wishart was brought, there was a poor man lying at the door, that asked his alms, to whom he flung his purse; when he came before the cardinal, there was a dean appointed to preach; whose sermon being ended, Wishart was put up into the pulpit to hear his charge: and one Lawder, a priest, stood over against him, and read a scrowl full of bitter accusations and curses, so that the ignorant people thought the earth would have opened and swallowed up Wishart quick: but he stood with great patience without moving, or once changing his countenance: the priest having ended his curses, spit at Mr. Wishart's face, saying, What answerest thou? thou runnagate, traitor, thief. Then Mr. Wishart fell upon his knees, making his prayer unto God; after which he said, Many horrible sayings; many words abominable to hear, have ye spoken here this day: which, not only to teach, but even to think of, I ever thought a great abomination. He then gave them an account of his doctrine, answering to every article as far as they would give him leave to speak; but they, without having any regard to his answers, presently condemned him to be burnt. After which sentence, falling upon his knees, he said, O immortal God! how long wilt thou suffer the ungodly to exercise their fury upon thy servants, who further thy word in this world? while they, on the contrary, seek to destroy the truth, whereby thou hast revealed thyself to the world. O
 Lord,

Lord, we know certainly that thy true servants must suffer for thy sake, persecutions, afflictions, and troubles; yet we desire that thou wouldst preserve and defend thy church, and give thy people grace to hear thy word, and to be thy true servants in this present life. Then were the common people put out, the bishops not desiring that they should hear the innocent man speak, and so they sent him again to the castle, till the fire should be made ready; two friars came to him in the castle, requiring him to make his confession to them, to whom he said, I will make no confession to you, but fetch me that man who preached even now, and I will speak with him; then was the sub-prior brought, with whom he conferred a pretty while, till the sub-prior wept, who going to the cardinal, told him that he came not to intercede for Mr. Wishart's life, but to make known his innocency to all men; at which words the cardinal was very angry, saying, We know long ago what you are. The captain of the castle, with some friends, coming to Mr. Wishart, asked him if he would break his fast with them: yea, said he, very willingly, for I know you are honest men: in the mean time he desired them to hear him a little; and so he discoursed to them about the Lord's supper, his suffering and death for us, exhorting them to love one another, laying aside all rancour and malice as becomes the members of Christ, who continually intercedes for us to his Father. Afterwards he gave thanks, and blessing the bread and wine, he took the bread and brake it, giving it to every one, saying, eat this; remember that Christ died for us, and feed on it spiritually; then taking the cup, he bade them remember that Christ's blood was shed for them. He then gave thanks and prayed for them, and so retired into his chamber. Presently after, two executioners came from the cardinal. One of whom put on him a black linen coat; the other brought bags of powder, which they tied about several parts of his body, and so they brought him forth to the place of execution. Just opposite to it, the castle windows

were hung with rich hangings, and velvet cushions laid for the cardinal and prelates, who from thence fed their eyes with the torments of this innocent man: the cardinal fearing lest Wishart should be rescued by his friends, caused all the ordnance in the castle to be bent against the place of execution, and commanded the gunners to stand ready all the time of his burning; then were his hands bound behind his back, and so he was carried forth; in the way, some beggars met him, asking his alms for God's sake: to whom he said, My hands are bound wherewith I was wont to give you alms, but the merciful Lord, who of his abundant grace feeds all men, vouchsafe to give you necessaries both for your bodies and souls! Then two friars met him, persuading him to pray to our lady; to whom he meekly said, Cease; tempt me not, I entreat you: and so with a rope about his neck, and a chain about his middle, he was led to the fire: where falling upon his knees, he thrice repeated, O thou Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me! Father of heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands! Then turning to the people, he said, Christian brethren and sisters, I beseech you be not offended at the word of God, for the torments which you see prepared for me; but I exhort you to love the word of God for your salvation, and suffer patiently, and with a comfortable heart, for the word's sake, which is your undoubted salvation and everlasting comfort: I pray you also, tell my brethren and sisters, who have often heard me, not to cease learning the word of God, for any persecution or trouble in this world whatsoever; and shew them that the doctrine was no old wives fables, but the truth of God; for if I had taught men's doctrine, I should have had greater thanks from men. But for the word of God's sake I now suffer; not sorrowfully, but with a glad heart and mind: for this cause I was sent into the world that I should suffer this for Christ's sake: behold my face: you shall not see me change my countenance: I fear not the fire; and if persecution come to you for the word's sake, I pray you

you fear not them that can kill the body, and have no power to hurt the soul. Then he prayed for them who accused him, saying, I beseech thee, Father of heaven, forgive them that have of ignorance, or of an evil mind, forged lies of me: I forgive them with all my heart; I beseech Christ to forgive them who have ignorantly condemned me this day. Then turning to the people again, he said, I beseech you brethren, exhort your prelates to learn the word of God, that they may be ashamed to do evil, and learn to do good, or else there shall come upon them the wrath of God, which they shall not eschew. Then the executioner fell on his knees, and said, I pray you, Sir, forgive me; for I am not the cause of your death. Mr. Wishart then calling him to him, kissed his cheeks, saying, Lo here is a token that I forgive thee: my heart, do thine office; and so he was tied to the stake, and the fire kindled. The captain of the castle coming near him, bade him be of good courage, and beg for him the pardon of his sin; to whom Mr. Wishart said, This fire torments my body, but no whit abates my spirit: then looking towards the cardinal, he said, He who in such state, from that high place, feeds his eyes with my torments, shall be hanged out at the same window to be seen with as much ignominy, as he now leans with pride: on which, his breath being stopped, he was consumed by the fire. In a short time, his last words were very remarkably fulfilled; for after the cardinal was slain, the provost raising the town, came to the castle-gates, crying, What have you done with my lord cardinal? where is my lord cardinal? to whom they within answered, Return to your houses, for he hath received his reward, and will trouble the world no more: but they still cried, We will never depart till we see him. Then did the Leslies hang him out at that window, to show that he was dead; on which the people departed,

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

Of the Baboon, Chimpanaze, &c.

THE *Baboon*, is from three to four feet high, very strong built, with a thick body and limbs, and canine teeth, much longer than those of men. It walks more commonly upon all-fours than upright, and its hands as well as its feet are armed with long sharp claws, instead of the broad round nails of the Ape kind.

At the Cape of Good Hope they are under a sort of natural discipline, and go about whatever they undertake with surprising skill and regularity. When they set about robbing an orchard or a vineyard, (for they are extremely fond of grapes, and apples;) they go in large companies, and with preconcerted deliberation; part of them enter the enclosure, while one is set to watch. The rest stand without the fence, and form a line reaching all the way from their fellows within to their rendezvous without, which is generally in some craggy mountain. Every thing being thus disposed, the plunderers within the orchard throw the fruit to those that are without as fast they can gather it; or, if the wall or-hedge be high, to those that sit on the top; and these hand the plunder to those next them on the other side. Thus the fruit is pitched from one to another all along the line, till it is safely deposited at their head quarters. They catch it as readily as the most skilful tennis-player can a ball; and while the business is going forward, a profound silence is observed. Their sentinel, during this whole time, continues upon the watch, and if he perceives any one coming, instantly sets up a loud cry, on which signal the whole company scamper off.

Nor

Nor yet are they willing to go empty handed; for if they be plundering a bed of melons for instance, they go off with one in their mouths, one in their hands, and one under their arm. If the pers it is hot, they drop first that from under their arm, then that from their hand; and if it be continued, they at last let fall that which they had kept in their mouths.

The *Chimpanzee* is an animal found in *Angola*, nearly approaching to the human figure; but of a fierce disposition, and remarkably mischievous. In the year 1738, one of these creatures was brought over to *England*. It was about twenty months old. (The parent had it in her arms, when she was killed, she was five feet high.) It was of the female sex, naturally walked erect, was hairy on some parts of the body and limbs, and of a strong, muscular make. It would eat any course food, but was very fond of tea, which it drank out of a cup, with milk and sugar, as we do. It slept in the manner of the human species, and its voice resembled the human, when people speak very hastily; but without any articulate sounds. The males of this species are very bold, and will fight a man, though he is armed. It is said, they often assault and ravish the negro women, when they meet them in the woods.

There is another strange species of *Monkey* found in the *West-Indies*, of the size of a fox. Its face is raised high, its eyes black and shining, and its ears small and round. His hairs are so nicely disposed all over the body, that he appears perfectly smooth: and they are much longer under the chin, so that they form a kind of beard there.

These are found in great numbers in the woods, and make a loud and frightful noise. But it is common for one only to make a noise, and the rest to form a mute assembly round him.

Marcgrave says "I have frequently seen great numbers of them, meeting about noon: at which time they formed a large circle, and one placing himself above the rest, began to make a loud noise. When he had sung thus by himself, for some time,

time, the rest all remaining silent, he lifted up his hand; and they all instantly joined in a sort of chorus. This intolerable yell continued, till the same Monkey, who gave the signal for the beginning, lifted up his hand a second time. On this they were all silent again, and so finished the business of the assembly."

[*To be continued.*]

REMARKS upon Mr. Locke's ESSAY on HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

[*Continued from page 88.*]

OF P E R C E P T I O N.

7. "PERCEPTION, as it is the first Faculty of the mind, so it is the first and simplest *Idea* we have from Reflection." I presume the sentence, (to make it sense) should run thus: "As *Perception* is the first faculty of the mind, so the *idea* of it is the first and simplest which we have from Reflection."

"Sect. 11. This faculty of *Perception* seems to me to be that, which puts the distinction betwixt the animal Kingdom, and the inferior parts of Nature. For however Vegetables have, many of them, some degrees of motion, and upon the different application of other bodies to them, do very briskly alter their figures and motions, and so have obtained the name of sensitive Plants, from a motion, which has some resemblance to that, which in Animals follows upon sensation: yet, I suppose, it is all bare Mechanism; and no otherwise produced, than the turning of a wild oat-beard, by the insinuation of the particles of moisture; or the shortening of a rope, by the effusion of water. All which is done without any sensation in the subject, or the having or receiving any *Ideas*.

" Sect. 12.

“ Sect. 12. *Perception*, I believe, is, in some degree, in all sorts of *Animals*; though in some, possibly, the avenues, provided by Nature for the reception of sensations are so few, and the perception, they are received with, so obscure and dull, that it comes extremely short of the quickness and variety of sensations, which is in other animals: but yet it is sufficient for, and wisely adapted to, the state and condition of that sort of animals, who are thus made: so that the wisdom and goodness of the Maker plainly appears in all the parts of this stupendous fabric, and all the several degrees and ranks of Creatures in it.

“ Sect. 13. We may, I think, from the make of an *Oyster*, or *Cockle*, reasonably conclude, that it has not so many, nor so quick senses, as a *Man*, or several other *Animals*; nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring it self from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itself to, or from the objects, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickness of sensation, be an inconvenience to an *Animal*, that must lie still, where Chance has once placed it; and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it?

“ Sect. 14. But yet, I cannot but think, there is some small, dull Perception, whereby they are distinguished from perfect insensibility. And that this may be so, we have plain instances, even in mankind itself. Take one, in whom decrepid old age has blotted out the memory of his past knowledge, and clearly wiped out the *Ideas* his mind was formerly stored with; and has, by destroying his sight, hearing, and smell quite, and his taste to a great degree, stopped up almost all the passages for new ones to enter: or, if there be some of the Inlets yet half open, the impressions made are scarce perceived, or not at all retained. How far such an one (notwithstanding all that is boasted of innate principles) is in his

knowledge, and intellectual faculties, above the condition of a *Cockle*, or an *Oyster*, I leave to be considered. And if a man had passed sixty years in such a state, as 'tis possible he might, as well as three days, I wonder what difference there would have been, in any intellectual perfection, between him, and the lowest degree of animals.

“ Sect. 15. *Perception* then being *the first step and degree towards Knowledge, and the Inlet of all the materials of it*, the fewer senses any man, as well as any other creature hath; and the fewer and duller the impressions are, that are made by them; and the duller the faculties are, that are employed about them, the more remote are they from that knowledge, which is to be found in some men. But this being in a great variety of degrees, (as may be perceived amongst men) cannot certainly be discovered in the several species of animals, much less in their particular individuals. It suffices me only to have remarked here, that *Perception* is the first operation of all our intellectual faculties, and the *Inlet of all knowledge into our mind*. And I am apt too, to imagine, That it is *Perception* in the lowest degree of it, which puts the boundaries between animals, and the inferior ranks of creatures.”

[*To be continued.*]



On the ORIGIN of the SOUL.

I Was many years in doubt, concerning this question, finding nothing satisfactory wrote upon it. But I am thoroughly satisfied with the following account, which I think will satisfy any candid Enquirer.

“ The advocates for the natural purity of the human race (endeavouring to clog with difficulty, what they cannot disprove to be matter of fact) still assert, “ As we have our souls *immediately* from God, if we are born sinful, he must
either

either *create sinful* souls, which cannot be supposed without impiety; or send *sinless* souls into *sinful* bodies, to be defiled by the unhappy union, which is as inconsistent with his goodness as his justice. Add to this, say the objectors, that nothing can be more unphilosophical than to suppose, that a body, a mere lump of organized matter, is able to communicate to a pure spirit that moral pollution, of which itself is as incapable, as the murderer's sword is incapable of cruelty."

This specious objection, which Dr. Watts acknowledges to be "the very chief point of difficulty in all the controversies about original sin," is wholly founded upon the vulgar notion, that we have our soul, immediately from God by infusion: it will therefore entirely fall to the ground, if we can prove that we receive them, as well as our bodies, by traduction from Adam: and that this is a fact, appears, if I am not mistaken, by the following arguments:

1. We have no ground from Scripture or Reason to think, that adulterers can, when they please, put God upon *creating* new souls to animate the spurious fruit of their crimes. On the contrary, it is said, that God *rested on the seventh day from ALL his work* of creation.

2. Eve herself was not *created* but *in* Adam: God breathed no breath of life into her, as he did into her husband to make him a *living soul*. Therefore when Adam saw her, he said, *she shall be called woman, because she* [her whole self, not her body only] *was taken out of man*. If then the soul of the first woman sprang from Adam's soul, as her body from his body; what reason have we to believe, that the souls of her posterity are immediately infused, as Adam's was when God created him?

3. All agree, that under God, we receive *life* from our parents; and if life, then certainly our *soul* which is the *principle of life*.

4. Other animals have power to propagate their own species *after its kind*; they can generate *animated* bodies: why should

should man be but half a father? When did God flint him to propagate the mere *shell* of his person, the body without the soul? Was it when *he blessed him, and said, be fruitful and multiply?* When he spoke thus, did he not address himself unto the *soul*, as well as to the body? Can the body alone either understand or execute a commandment? Is it not on the contrary highly reasonable to conclude, that by virtue of the divine appointment and blessing, the *whole* man can be *fruitful and multiply*; and the soul, under proper circumstances, can generate a soul, as a thought begets a thought; and can kindle the flame of life, as one taper lights another, without weakening its immortal substance, any more than God the Father (if I may be allowed the comparison) impairs the divine essence by the *eternal* generation of his *only begotten Son*.

5. Does not *matter of fact* corroborate the preceding argument? A sprightly race-horse generally begets a mettlesome colt; while a heavy cart-horse begets a colt that bears the stamp of its sire's dulness. And is it not so with mankind in general? The children of the Hottentots and Eskimaux, are commonly as *stupid*; while those of the English and French are usually as *sharp* as their parents. You seldom see a wit springing from two half-witted people, or a fool descended from very sensible parents. The children of men of genius, are frequently as remarkable for some branch of hereditary genius; as those of blockheads, for their native stupidity. Nothing is more common than to see very passionate and flighty parents, have very passionate and flighty children. And I have a hundred times discovered not only the features, look, and complexion of a father or mother in a child's face; but seen a congenial soul, looking out (if I may so speak) at those windows of the body, which we call the *eyes*. Hence I conclude, that the advice frequently given to those who are about to chuse a companion for life, "*Take care of the breed,*" is not absolutely without foundation; although some lay too much stress upon it; forgetting that a thousand unknown accidents may
form

form exceptions to the general rule; and not considering, that the peculiarity of the father's breed may be happily corrected by that of the mother, [*and vice versa:*] and that as the grace of God yielded to, may *sweeten* the *worst* temper; so sin persisted in, may *sower* the best.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A Letter written by OLIVER CROMWELL.

A Writer of the last century, gives us a remarkable relation concerning *Oliver Cromwell*. On his death-bed, he asked some of his Chaplains, "Is it possible, that a saint should fall from Grace?" They answered, "No; no more than it is possible, that Christ should fall from heaven." He replied, "Then I am safe yet: for I am sure, I was a good man once."

Of this I think no reasonable man can doubt, who carefully reads the following Letter, which is transcribed (word for word, and letter for letter) from Mr. *Thurloe's* Memoirs, vol. i. p. 1.

Ely 13th of October 1638.

Deare Cozen,

I Thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of mee upon this oportunitye. Alas you doe too highlye prize my lines, and my companie. I may bee ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am and the meane improvement of my tallent. Yett to honour my God by declaringe what hee hath done for my soule, in this I am confident, and I will bee soe. Trulye then this I finde, that hee giveth springes in a drye and barren wildernesse where noe water is. I live (you know where) in Mesheck, which they say signifies *prolonginge*; in Kedar, which signifieth *blacknesse*; yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though he doe prlonge yett hee will (I trust) bring mee to his

his tabernacle, to his resting place. My soule is with the congregation of the first borne, my bodie rests in hope; and if heere I may honour my God, either by doinge or sufferinge I shall be most glad. Truely no poore creature hath more cause to putt forth himselfe in the cause of his God then I. I have had plentifull wadges before hand; and I am sure I shall never earne the least mite. The Lord accept mee in his Sonn, and give mee to walke in the light; and give us to walke in the light, as hee is in the light. Hee it is that inlighteneth our blacknesse, our darknesse. I dare not say, he hideth his face from mee; hee giveth mee to see light in his light: one beame in a darke place hath exceedinge much refreshment in it; blessed bee his name for shining upon soe darke a hart as mine. You know what my manner of life hath bin. O, I lived in, and loved darknesse and hated the light; I was a chiefe, the chiefe of sinners. This is true I hated godlinesse, yett God had mercy onn mee. O the riches of his mercy! Praise him for mee, pray for mee, that hee whoe hath begunn a good worke would perfect it to the day of Christ. Salute all my good friends in that family, whereof you are yett a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I blesse the Lord for them, and that my sonn by their procurement is soe well. Lett him have your prayers, your councell; lett mee have them. Salute your husband and sifter from mee: hee is not a man of his word: hee promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epenge, but as yett I received noe Letters: putt him in mind to doe what with convenience may bee donn for the poore cozen, I did sollicit him about. Once more farewell; the Lord bee with you; soe prayeth

Your trulye lovinge cozen,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My wives servace and love presented to all her friends. *To my beloved cozen Mrs St. Johns at Sir William Maskam his house called Oates in Essex present theise*

How

be hanged." If General *Burgoyne* or Lord *Cornwallis* is betrayed into their Enemy's hand, all the blame is laid on our Ministers at home. But still the King is wounded through their sides; the blame glances from them to him. Yet if we say a word in defence of Them (which is in effect, defending Him) this also is *preaching Politics*.

6. It is always difficult and frequently impossible for private men, to judge of the measures taken by men in public Offices. We do not see many of the grounds which determine them to act, in this or the contrary manner. Generally therefore it behoves us to be silent, as we may suppose they know their own business best: but when they are censured without any colour of reason, and when an odium is cast on the King by that means, we ought to *preach Politics* in this sense also: we ought publicly to confute those unjust Censures. Only remembering still, that this is rarely to be done, and only when fit occasion offers: it being our main business to preach *Repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ*.

JOHN WESLEY.

Lewisham, Jan. 9, 1782.

On hearing MINISTERS *who oppose the* TRUTH.

1. **L**AST summer I received a letter from Yorkshire, signed by several serious men, who proposed a Difficulty they were under, wherein they knew not how to act. And indeed I did not well know how to advise them, So I delayed giving them a determinate Answer, till I could lay the matter before our Brethren, at the ensuing Conference.

2. Their Difficulty was this. "You advise all the members of our Societies, constantly to attend the Service of the Church. We have done so for a considerable time. But very

very frequently Mr. R. our Minister, preaches not only what we believe to be false, but dangerously false Doctrine. He asserts, and endeavours to prove, That we cannot be saved from our sins in this life, and that we must not hope to be perfected in love, on this side Eternity. Our nature is very willing to receive this; therefore it is very liable to hurt us. Hence we have a doubt, whether it is our duty, to hear this preaching, which experience shews to weaken our souls."

3. This Letter I laid before the Conference, and we easily perceived, the Difficulty therein proposed, concerned not only the Society at Bailden, but many others in various parts of the kingdom. It was therefore considered at large, and all our Brethren were desired to speak their sentiments freely. In the conclusion, they unanimously agreed, 1. That it was highly expedient, all the Methodists (so called) who had been bred therein, should attend the service of the Church as often as possible: but that Secondly, if the Minister began either to preach the Absolute Decrees, or to rail at, and ridicule Christian Perfection, they should quietly and silently go out of the Church; yet attend it again the next opportunity.

4. I have since that time, revolved this matter over and over in my own mind. And the more I consider it, the more I am convinced, this was the best Answer that could be given. I still advise all our Friends, when this case occurs, quietly and silently to go out. Only I must earnestly caution them, not to be critical: not to make a man an offender for a word; no, nor for a few sentences, which any who believe the Decrees may drop without design. But if such a Minister should at any time, deliberately and of set purpose, endeavour to establish Absolute Predestination, or to confute Scriptural Perfection; then I advise all the Methodists in the Congregation, quietly to go away.

JOHN WESLEY.

Lewisham, Jan. 9, 1782.

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LETTERS



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCXX.

[From Miss B. to a Friend.]

June 16, 1762.

Dear Friend,

WHILE I write, the Lord give me to speak plainly, eying nothing but his glory! O search the very bottom of your heart, that you may not cleave to any thing. This is one of the most difficult things, in the whole race we have to run. At the time my soul was deeply entangled, I gained abundantly more power over all things else. It infallibly hindered my cleaving to any other person: nor could the temptations which would have destroyed others come near me. Satan was content with that One, which he knew would be as effectual as a thousand hinderances. But here I found him out. I thought, "Lord, how is it, that I have more *power* over all these things; and yet I have not more union with thee? I do not feel that I draw nourishment from thee, as the branch from the vine?" Is it not so with you? Do not you cleave to *me*? I would not for the world have you deceived herein. Search therefore I intreat you, and cut off whatever stands between God and you!

Do not you find at some times, more Faith, or Hope, or nearness to God than at others? May my dear Lord bless you more and more!

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCXXI.

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

Bristol, Dec. 13, 1757.

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOU say, I *oblige* you by my freedom. But do I *profit* you? That is my end: it is more easy to please than to profit: if I do not lead you to Christ, I shall be taken from you. We shall be glad to see you soon, if it be the will of God; but not one moment before his time.

I have received a letter from ———, and understand the law the last you sent me. O Sir, we cannot be too close till eternity comes; and then to our comfort all will be made manifest.

God is with us, one and all, and blesses us every day more and more. As for myself, my soul is constantly happy in doing the will of God. My body is very weak and ill: but his will be done!

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate but unworthy Child and Servant,

S. R.

L E T T E R CCXXII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Dec. 14, 1757.

My dear Sister,

I Find by Mr. P—n's last Letter, that he is deeply offended: that his former affection (so he speaks) "is degenerated into a cold esteem, and that he no longer, regards me as a dear friend,

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friend,

friend, but as an austere master." Has he not a little affected you? He does not speak with passion; but his words distil as the dew. The God whom you serve send forth his light and his truth, and direct you in every thought!

Do you never find any *wandering thoughts* in prayer? Or useless thoughts at other seasons? Does the corruptible body never press down the soul, and make it muse about useless things? Have you so great a command over your imagination, as to keep out all unprofitable images? At least to banish them the moment they appear; so that they neither trouble, nor fully your soul? Do you find every *reasoning* brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ? Is there no vanity or folly in your *dreams*? No temptation that almost overcomes you? And are you then as sensible of the presence of God, and as full of prayer, as when you are waking?

I can hardly avoid trembling for you still: upon what a pinnacle do you stand? Perhaps few persons in *England* have been in so dangerous a situation, as you are now? I know not whether any other was ever so regarded both by my brother and me at the same time? What can I do to help you? The Father of mercies help you, and with his favourable kindness surround you on every side! May the eternal Spirit help you in every thought, word and work, to serve the living God!

I am, your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

L E T T E R CCXXIII.

[From Mr. Thomas Westell, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Manchester, Feb. 1, 1763.

Rev. and dear Sir,

IN my last, I informed you that my dear Wife lay very ill of an inflammation in her bowels. This last week, she grew worse in body, but quite patient and resigned to the will of

of God. Several persons asked her particular questions relating to the state of her soul; to whom she replied, (as she ever did to me,) "I have no doubt or fear, either as to my present or eternal salvation." On the 27th and 28th, her intimate friends repeated the same questions; and to their great satisfaction, found her Confidence unshaken, and her Hope of immortality stronger and stronger, till she was in the pangs of death; but she was sensible to the very last. Saturday morning, 29th, about one o'clock, the child heard her in instant prayer and praise. The last words she was heard to speak were, "O Death! were is now thy sting! O Grave! were is now thy victory!" She then fell asleep in the arms of her Beloved, without a sigh or groan.

My little girl received a sense of the pardoning love of God a few months since, (she will be ten years old the 24th of next May,) and daily enjoys the light of God's countenance. On Sunday last she had that promise applied to her soul, "I will create in thee a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within thee." The first time, she was much surprised, but it was repeated to her till she believed it to be the voice of God. A little after, she saw, by the eye of Faith, Jesus Christ in glory, and an innumerable company of glorified spirits, with her dear mother, rejoicing and praising God. I have reason to be humble and thankful. Please to remember me in all your prayers, and bear with my many infirmities. I desire ever to remain your son and servant for Christ sake.

THOMAS WESTELL.

L E T T E R CCXXIV.

[From the Rev. Mr. B. Colley, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.],

March 15, 1763.

Oh Sir!

IS it possible? I say, is it possible for an Enthusiast, that for conscience-sake has acted imprudently and ungratefully, to find favour again? Can forgiveness be had? Nay, will the
acknow-

acknowledgment of my behaviour be looked upon to be genuine? Will it not rather appear to spring from a selfish motive? *Truly*, upon due consideration, I cannot see how you can receive, or put any more confidence in one so base, as I have been. But is not the same humanity *still* in your breast? You know the infirmities of men; how liable we are to be imposed upon by Satan. I am one of those deluded ones. *Will you, can you* have pity upon me? I feelingly acknowledge my faults this day; that I have abused your manifold favours, and am no more worthy the least notice from you. But, dear Sir, will you cover my faults with love? I believe the Lord has forgiven me; but how shall I give sufficient proof of my repentance towards you? I cannot do it otherwise than by my future obedience; and that, through the grace of God assisting me, I shall endeavour after.

But yet, I do not see that my coming down into Yorkshire *itself* was wrong; but the *manner* of it gives me pain; that I should so set at nought that humane and gracious offer of yours. Oh, dear Sir, give me a line to ease my mind. I am ashamed and confounded. I do not know how I should dare to look you in the face again, but that I believe, according to our Lord's command, you will forgive; and that according to what I heard you say at York, your forgiving is forgetting.

John Manners has been with me. And since his departure I have had many a sorrowful reflection upon my own conduct. Nor could I in anywise be satisfied, till I had made a sincere confession to you. It has struck so upon me, that I thought I should not be able to preach any more; but the Lord takes it away, when I stand up. He does bless my labours, and I trust will continue to do so, for my heart is still towards him, singly to do his will. If you cannot receive me again into your fraternity, only forgive me, and I shall be content.

I am, dear Sir your unworthy Servant.

B. COLLEY.

LETTER

LETTER CCXXV.

[From Mr. Francis Gilbert, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Antigua, May 16, 1763.

Rev. and dear Sir,

AFTER a most pleasant passage, I arrived here in five weeks after leaving the Lizard, and in less than seven from our leaving London: the Lord graciously hearing my prayers, in not suffering us to lie one night in the Downs. The first week or two, I found myself remarkably dead, yet was wonderfully preserved in peace, and was sensible of little or no condemnation. But I saw plainly that whilst I had great reason to be thankful, I had abundant cause to be humbled. Afterwards my soul began to revive; though I could read, pray, or meditate but little, through want of sleep; for my rest was interrupted every day by the constant rolling of the ship, as she went almost continually before the wind. I preached every Sunday, but few of the sailors attended; though the Captain and Mate constantly did, except once. I frequently went into the stcerage among the sailors, and found great liberty in speaking to, and in praying with them; but I am sorry to say that I left the ship without any visible fruit of my weak labour: yet I must acknowledge, we had but little swearing. When I came on board, I found the Mate seriously disposed, and well-affected to Religion, yet he was a stranger to himself; but I trust I left him better informed, and more sensible of his want of a Saviour. I think, the Lord, like an indulgent Father, answered my prayers in every thing, especially in giving me a cabin to pray in every morning and evening: where the Captain, Mate, and all the Passengers constantly attended. When I landed, I was received with great affection by my brothers and sisters. At present, I am at my eldest brother's, about nine miles from the Capital, where I have preached several times. I have

I have found most liberty, when I have directed my discourse to the Whites; being at a great loss how to speak to the Blacks, so as to be understood. My youngest sister still rejoices in God her Saviour, and my brother, and several of my sisters are waiting, I trust, by the way-side. I have paid my respects to the Governor, and informed him of my intention of preaching, and that I hoped he would not oppose me; to which he answered, That he would not: and trusted that I would be so prudent as not to meddle with Government affairs. He also permitted me to go to the barracks and speak to the soldiers. Indeed the ground seems to be prepared for the seed; for many are ready to hear, and I trust from a better principle than mere curiosity. My brother has already taken a house for proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation in. O pray for us, Sir; especially for me, a very unfit and unworthy Instrument for promoting the glory of God. But let the Lord send by whom he will send. I trust, I shall ever, whilst upon praying ground, continue to offer up my weak petitions to the Lord, that he may bless you with every blessing of the new Covenant, and with comfort among your spiritual children.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your unworthy Son in the Gospel,

FRANCIS GILBERT,

POETRY,



P O E T R Y.

On CHURCH-COMMUNION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART IV.

A Christian, in so catholic a sense,
 Can give to none, but partial minds offence;
 Forcéd to live under some divided part,
 He keeps entire the union of the heart,
 The sacred tie of love; by which alone
 Christ said that his disciples should be known.

He values no distinction, 'as profess
 By way of separation from the rest;
 Obligéd in duty, and inclinéd by choice,
 In all the good of any to rejoice;
 From evéry evil, falsehood, or mistake,
 To wish them free, for common comfort's-sake.

Freedom, to which the most undoubted way
 Lies in Obediènce (where it always lay)
 To Christ himself, who with an inward call
 Knocks at the door, that is, the heart of all,
 At the reception of this heavenly guest
 All good comes in, all evil quits the breast.

The free receiver, then becomes content
 With what God orders, or does not prevent

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T.

To them that love him, all things, he is sure,
 Must work for good, though how, may be obscure;
 Even successful wickedness when past,
 Will bring to them some latent good at last.

Fallen as divided churches are, and gone
 From the perfection of the Christian one,
 Respect is due to any that contains,
 The venerable, though but faint remains
 Of ancient rule, which had not, in its view
 The letter only, but the spirit too.

When that variety of new-found ways,
 Which people so run after in our days,
 Has done its utmost,—when, *Lo here, lo there,*
 Shall yield to inward seeking and sincere;
 What was at first, may come to be again,
 The praise of Church-assemblies amongst men.

Mean while, in that to which we now belong,
 To mind in public lesson, prayer and song,
 Teaching and preaching what conduces best,
 To true devotion in the private breast,
 Wishing increase of good to every soul
 Seems to be our concern upon the whole.

To God, and Christ and holy angels stand,
 Disposed to every Church, in every land,
 The growth of good still helping to compleat,
 Whatever tares be sown among the wheat;
 Who would not wish to have, and to excite,
 A disposition so divinely right?

From

[From the *OLNEY COLLECTION.*

Praise for the fountain opened. Zach. xiii. 1.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power;
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply:
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save;
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
 And form'd by power divine;
 To sound, in God the Father's ears,
 No other name but thine.

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The

The ARBOUR: an ODE to CONTENT.

[By Mr. Thomas Cole:]

PART II.

[*Concluded from page 111.*]

TIS God that gives this Bower its awful gloom ;
 His arched verdure does its roof invest ;
 He breathes the life of fragrance on its bloom ;
 And with his kindness makes its owner blest.

O may the guidance of thy grace attend
 The use of all thy bounty shall bestow ;
 Lest Folly should mistake its sacred end,
 Or Vice convert it into means of woe.

Incline and aid me still my life to steer,
 As conscience dictates what to shun or chuse ;
 Nor let my heart feel anxious hope or fear,
 For ought this world can give me or refuse.

Then shall not Wealth's parade one wish excite,
 For wretched State to barter Peace away ;
 Nor vain Ambition's lure my Pride invite,
 Beyond Contentment's humble path to stray.

What though thy Wisdom may my lot deny,
 The treasur'd plenty freely to dispense ;
 Yet well thy goodness can that want supply
 With larger portions of benevolence.

And sure the heart that wills the generous deed,
 May all the joys of Charity command ;
 For she best loves from notice to recede,
 And deals her unsought gifts with secret hand.

Then

Then will I sometimes bid my fancy steal,
 That unclaim'd wealth no property restrains;
 Sooth with fictitious aid my friendly zeal,
 And realize each goodly act she feigns.

So shall I gain the Gold without Alloy;
 Without Oppression, Toil or treacherous snares;
 So shall I know its use, its power employ,
 And yet avoid its dangers and its cares.

And spite of all that boastful Wealth can do,
 In vain would Fortune strive the rich to bless,
 Were they not flatter'd with some distant view
 Of what she ne'er can give them to possess.

Even Wisdom's high conceit great wants would feel,
 If not suppli'd from Fancy's boundless store;
 And nought but shame makes power itself conceal,
 That she to satisfy, must promise more.

But though experience will not fail to show,
 Howe'er its truth man's weakness may upbraid,
 That what he mostly values here below,
 Owes half its relish to kind Fancy's aid;

Yet should not Prudence her light wing command,
 She may too far extend her heedless flight;
 For Pleasure soon shall quit her Fairy-land,
 If Nature's regions are not held in sight.

From Truth's abode in search of kind deceit,
 Within due limits she may safely roam;
 If roving does not make her hate retreat,
 And with aversion shun her proper home.

But

But thanks to those whose fond parental care,
 To learning's paths my youthful steps confinéd;
 I need not shun a state which lets me share
 Each calm delight that sooths the studious mind.

While Genius lasts his fame shall ne'er decay,
 Whose artful hand first causéd its fruits to spread;
 In lasting volumes stamp't the printed lay,
 And taught the Muses to embalm the dead.

To him I owe each fair instructive page,
 Where Science tells me what her sons have known;
 Collects their choicest works from ev'ry age,
 And makes me wise with knowledge not my own.

Books rightly uséd may ev'ry state secure:
 From Fortune's evils may our peace defend;
 May teach us how to shun, or to endure,
 The Foe malignant, and the faithless Friend.

Should rigid Want withdraw all outward aid,
 Kind stores of inward comfort they can bring;
 Should keen Disease life's tainted stream invade,
 Sweet to the soul from them pure health may spring.

Should 'both at once Man's weakly frame infest,
 Some letteréd charm may still relief supply;
 'Gainst all events prepare his patient breast,
 And make him quite resignéd to live, or die.

For though no words can Time or Fate restrain;
 No sound suppress the call of Nature's voice;
 Though neither rhymes nor spells can conquer pain,
 Nor Magic's self make wretchedness our choice:

Yet

Yet Reason, while it forms the subtle plan,
 Some purer source of pleasure to explore,
 Must deem it vain for that poor pilgrim, man,
 To think of resting till his journey's o'er.

Must deem each fruitless toil by heav'n design'd,
 To teach him where to look for real bliss;
 Else why should heav'n excite the hope to find
 What baulk'd Pursuit must here for ever miss.

A MOTION of the MINORITY.

AGREED! let it be as the Patriots hope,
 To their Friends let us give all America up:
 Let the Rebels be lords, and the Loyalists swing,
 For loving Old England, and serving their King:
 Be the Westerly Isles the next easy prize,
 Which Geneva bestows on her Popish Allies:
 The East Indies must then unavoidably fall,
 And dominion at sea be transferr'd to the Gaul.

Here's an end of the Story, and end of the Dance,
 By GREAT Britain becoming—a Province to France!

S H O R T H Y M N S.

Heb. iv. 16. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

FATHER, I still his passion plead,
 Which bought thy love for all mankind,
 And pardon'd, in this time of need,
 I come, confirming grace to find;

Importunate

Importunate in faithful prayér,
 Thy promisèd succours I implore,
 Power to withstand, and strength to bear,
 Till sin destroyèd can tempt no more.

The grace I evèry moment want,
 The fresh supplies of faith and love,
 God of exhaustless mercy, grant,
 In answer to my Friend above :
 Increase my faith, confirm my hope,
 Compleat my love and purity,
 And lo, I yield my spirit up,
 And find the place preparèd for me.

Heb. xiii. 20, 21. *Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect, &c.*


O God of peace, and pardoning love,
 Thy bowels of compassion move
 To evèry sinful child of man ;
 Jesus our Shepherd great and good,
 Who dying bought us with his blood,
 Thou hast brought back to life again :
 His blood to all our souls apply ;
 His only blood can sanctify,
 (Which first did for our sins atone)
 The covenant of redemption seal,
 The depths of God, of Love, reveal,
 And speak us perfected in one.





Arminian Magazine,

For A P R I L 1782.



Of *FREE-WILL*: translated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S
Dialogues, between Lewis and Frederic.

D I A L O G U E III.

[Continued from page 117.]

Lewis. **B**UT is not this giving up the point? For if the law designed for life, yet brings death because of the infirmity of the flesh, which cannot obey it; it follows, that God commands what cannot be done. *Fred.* True, what cannot be done by the flesh: for the flesh cannot obey the law of God, as being spiritual. But what then? If they are not done by that flesh, they will by the Spirit. And we are not enquiring, by what power they can be done, but whether they can be done at all? For we say, God has commanded nothing impossible.

Let us consider this whole matter from the beginning. God commanded Adam to abstain from that fruit. Could he abstain from it? *Lewis.* Undoubtedly. *Fred.* Afterwards he commanded Noah to abstain from blood. Could he do this? *Lewis.* He could. *Fred.* He gave to Abraham the command of circumcision. Could he obey it? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* And when he commanded Moses to go into Egypt, and the Israelites to come out of it, were these things possible? *Lewis.* They were. *Fred.* Let us come now to the law of Moses. Moses commanded them to abstain from blood and to be circumcised. These things you allowed, they could observe. But could they likewise observe the other Ceremonies which God commanded? *Lewis.* They could. *Fred.* What then is commanded that is impossible? *Lewis.* Evil Desire is forbidden: and we are commanded to love God with all our hearts. But these, they say, are impossible things. *Fred.* At most then they should say, the Law commands *some* impossible things. But I cannot grant even this. For Moses speaks of it thus, (Deut. xxx. 11, &c.) *This commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it. Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, Who will go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it. But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it. Behold, I set before you this day, life and good, death and evil. Chuse therefore Life.* Now does Moses here speak of the whole law, or of some part of it? *Lewis.* Of the whole. *Fred.* It is therefore possible to observe the whole. Indeed otherwise why did God command the Israelites to swear they would obey the law? For if it could not be obeyed, this was commanding them to forswear themselves.

God says (Exod. xx. 6,) *I shew mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.* Therefore there are
some

Some that keep them: otherwise there are none to whom God shews mercy. And various instances of those who did so, are recorded in Holy Writ. *Lewis.* But what then does *St. Paul* mean, citing from David, *There is none that doth good, no not one.* *Fred.* He there shews, that none are justified by works, but by faith. But do you think, none had faith, before Christ came? Where is Abraham then, the *Father of the faithful*? *St. Paul* himself declares he was *justified by Faith.* Where is that *cloud of witnesses*, mentioned, Hebrews the eleventh, *of whom the world was not worthy*? *St. Paul* in the above passage does not speak of Believers, but of those that sought Justification by the works of the law.

Lewis. But what do those words mean, *What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.* *Fred.* I will tell you; but attend diligently; for it is a point of the utmost importance. I observed before, that as man was lost by his disobedience, so he must be restored by Obedience. But observe; there are two sorts of Commandments; the one, when God commands those things, which he to whom the command is given, has not power to perform, Then God, who commands nothing impossible, in commanding gives power to obey. So when he commands the earth to bring forth plants and animals, the earth had not before power to bring them forth, but God in commanding gave it that power. Again, when he commanded man to propagate his kind, he gave him the power so to do.

The other sort of Commandment is, when God commands those things, which he to whom the command is given, has already power to perform: as when he commanded Adam to abstain from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. For Adam had already power to eat or to abstain: therefore God did not herein give him new power, but commanded him to

exert the power which he had already given him. The same method God observes still. If he gives any command to man, which he is not able to obey, he gives him that power. But if he commands what man is already able to do, he gives him no new power, but the command is directed to that power, which he has already.

Our Lord gives us instances of both. When he commands the man with the withered hand (Luke vi.) to *rise, and stand in the midst*, he commands no more than he could do: for his feet were not withered. Therefore Christ gave him no new power for this. But when he commands him to *stretch out his hand*, he gives him power to stretch it out: else he had commanded an impossibility. Again, When he commands his disciples to *go and preach the gospel*, he commands what was in their power. But when he commands them to *cast out devils, to cleanse the lepers, to raise the dead*, he commands what they had not power to do. Therefore he gives them the power. Nor did he ever command any man to do any thing, but either he had already power to do it, or he gave him power.

But if visible and external things are a figure (as they undoubtedly are) of invisible and internal, God must take the same method in the latter as in the former. Therefore he enjoins man nothing, either visible or invisible, but either he has already power to do it, or God gives him the power. Let us then consider what man can, and what he cannot do without new power: and what he can do, by that power. He can naturally exert his bodily powers: he can walk, stand, sit down, see, hear. He needs no new power in order to do these things. Accordingly when God, commanded Noah to abstain from blood, or Abraham to circumcise his household, or the Israelites to rest every seventh day, he gave them no new power, in order to do these things, but only enjoined them to use the power which they already had. But inward duties man cannot perform as God requires, unless he has new power.

power. Therefore when God commands man, to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself, he does not suppose man can do this by his natural power, but he gives him new power from on high.

This may be illustrated by the case of Moses, who when God commanded him, *Take thy shoes from off thy feet*, he obeyed without any hesitation, as knowing he was able so to do. But when God commanded him to bring the Israelites out of Egypt, he hesitated, as being conscious of his own inability to do it. Therefore God gave him new power to work miracles: as if he had said, "Do what thou canst, and I will enable thee to do what thou canst not do now. Go into Egypt. Thou canst do this, And I will supply what thou canst not do." Hence it appears, that God enjoins what a man can do, before he enjoins what he cannot do. And thus man, being convinced of his weakness, will be truly thankful to God, for giving him the power which he had not. And the work of God will be carried on, in its natural order, from its beginning, to its perfection.

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N VIII.

On EPHESIANS v. 16.

[Concluded from page 122.]

9 **I**N how beautiful a manner does that great man, Mr. Law, treat this important subject!* Part of his words I cannot but here subjoin, for the use of every sensible reader.

"I take it for granted, that every Christian who is in health is up early in the morning. For it is much more reasonable to suppose, a person is up early, because he is a Christian, than because he is a labourer, or a tradesman, or a servant.

* Viz. Redeeming Time from Sleep.

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We conceive an abhorrence of a man that is in bed, when he should be at his labour. We cannot think good of him, who is such a slave to drowsiness, as to neglect his business for it,

Let this therefore teach us to conceive, how odious we must appear to God, if we are in bed, shut up in sleep, when we should be praising God; and are such slaves to drowsiness, as to neglect our devotions for it.

Sleep is such a dull, stupid state of existence, that even among mere animals, we despise them most which are most drowsy. He therefore that chuses to enlarge the slothful indolence of sleep, rather than "be early at his devotions; chuses the dullest refreshment of the body, before the noblest enjoyments of the soul. He chuses that state which is a reproach to mere animals, before that exercise which is the glory of angels."

10. Besides, he that cannot deny himself this drowsy indulgence, is no more prepared for prayer when he is up, than he is prepared for fasting or any other act of self-denial. He may indeed more easily read over a form of prayer, than he can perform these duties: but he is no more disposed for the spirit of prayer, than he is disposed for fasting. For sleep thus indulged gives a softness to all our tempers, and makes us unable to relish any thing but what suits an idle state of mind, as sleep does. So that a person, who is a slave to this idleness, is in the same temper when he is up. Every thing that is idle or sensual pleases him. And every thing that requires trouble or self-denial is hateful to him, for the same reason that he hates to rise.

11. It is not possible for an Epicure to be truly devout, He must renounce his sensuality, before he can relish the happiness of devotion. Now he that turns sleep into an idle indulgence, does as much to corrupt his soul, to make it a slave to bodily appetites, as an Epicure does. It does not disorder his life, as notorious acts of intemperance do; but like any more moderate course of indulgence, it silently and
by

by smaller degrees, wears away the spirit of religion, and sinks the soul into dulness and sensuality.

Self-denial of all kinds is the very life and soul of piety. But he that has not so much of it as to be able to "be early at his prayers, cannot think that he has taken up his cross, and is following Christ.

What conquest has he got over himself? What right hand has he cut off? What trials is he prepared for? What sacrifice is he ready to offer to God? Who cannot be so cruel to himself as to rise to prayer at such a time, as the drudging part of the world are content to rise to their labour?

12. Some people will not scruple to tell you that they indulge themselves in sleep, because they have nothing to do: and that if they had any business to rise to, they would not lose so much of their time in sleep. But they must be told; that they mistake the matter: that they have a great deal of business to do: they have a hardened heart to change; they have the whole spirit of religion to get. For surely he that thinks he has nothing to do, because nothing but his prayers want him, may justly be said to have the whole spirit of religion to seek.

You must not therefore consider, how small a fault it is, to rise late; but how great a mystery it is, to want the spirit of religion; and to live in such softness and idleness as makes you incapable of the fundamental duties of Christianity.

If I was to desire you, not to study the gratification of your palate, I would not insist upon the sin of wasting your money though it is a great one; but I would desire you to renounce such a way of life, because it supports you in such a state of sensuality, as renders you incapable of relishing the most essential doctrines of religion."

For the same reason, I do not insist much upon the sin of wasting your time in sleep, though it be a great one; but I desire you to renounce this indulgence, because it gives a softness and idleness to your soul, and is so contrary to that
 lively,

lively, zealous, watchful, self-denying spirit, which was not only the spirit of Christ and his Apostles, and the spirit of all the saints and martyrs that have ever been among men, but must be the spirit of all those who would not sink in the common corruption of the world.

13. Here therefore we must fix our charge against this practice. We must blame it, not as having this or that particular evil, but as a general habit that extends itself through our whole spirit, and supports a state of mind that is wholly wrong.

It is contrary to piety; not as accidental slips or mistakes in life are contrary to it: but in such a manner as an ill state of body is contrary to health.

On the other hand, if you was to rise early every morning, as an instance of self-denial, as a method of renouncing indulgence, as a means of redeeming your time and fitting your spirit for prayer, you would soon find the advantage. This method, though it seems but a small circumstance, might be a means of "great piety. It would constantly keep it in your mind, that softness and idleness were the bane of religion. It would teach you to exercise power over yourself, and to renounce other pleasures and tempers that war against the soul. And what is so planted and watered, will certainly have an increase from God."

III. 1. It now only remains, to enquire, in the third place, How we may redeem the time? How we may proceed in this important affair: in what manner shall we most effectually practise this important branch of temperance?

I advise all of you, who are thoroughly convinced of the unspeakable importance of it, suffer not that conviction to die away, but instantly begin to act suitably to it. Only do not depend on your own strength: if you do, you will be utterly baffled. Be deeply sensible, that as you are not able to do any thing good of yourselves, so here in particular, all your strength, all your resolution will avail nothing. Whoever trusts

trusts in himself will be confounded. I never found an exception. I never knew one who trusted in his own strength that could keep this resolution for a twelvemonth.

2. I advise you, Secondly, Cry to the strong for strength. Call upon Him that hath all power in heaven and earth. And believe that He will answer the prayer that goeth not out of feigned lips. As you cannot have too little confidence in yourself, so you cannot have too much in Him. Then set out in faith: and surely his strength shall be made perfect in your weakness.

3. I advise you, Thirdly, Add to your Faith, Prudence: use the most rational means to attain your purpose. Particularly begin at the right end, otherwise you will lose your labour. If you desire to rise early, sleep early: secure this point at all events. In spite of the most dear and agreeable companions, in spite of their most earnest solicitations, in spite of entreaties, railleries or reproaches, rigorously keep your hour. Rise up precisely at your time, and retire without ceremony. Keep your hour, notwithstanding the most pressing business; lay all things by till the morning. Be it ever so great a cross; ever so great self-denial, keep your hour, or all is over.

4. I advise you, Fourthly, Be steady. Keep your hour of Rising, without intermission. Do not rise two mornings, and lie in bed the third; but what you do once, do always. "But my head aches." Do not regard that. It will soon be over. But I am uncommonly drowsy; my eyes are quite heavy." Then you must not parly; otherwise it is a lost case: but start up at once. And if your drowsiness does not go off, lie down for awhile, an hour or two after. But let nothing make a breach upon this Rule, Rise and dress yourself at your hour.

5. Perhaps you will say, "The advice is good; but it comes too late: I have made a breach already. I did rise constantly, and for a season, nothing hindered me. But I gave way by little and little, and I have now left it off for a

considerable time! Then in the name of God begin again! Begin to-morrow; or rather to night, by going to bed early, in spite of either company or business. Begin with more self-diffidence than before, but with more confidence in God. Only follow these few rules, and my soul for yours, God will give you the victory. In a little time, the difficulty will be over: but the benefit will last for ever.

6. If you say, "But I cannot do now as I did then; for I am not what I was. I have many disorders, my spirits are low, my hands shake: I am all relaxed." I answer, All these are nervous symptoms; and they all partly arise from your taking too much sleep; nor is it probable they will ever be removed, unless you remove the cause. Therefore on this very account (not only to punish yourself for your folly and unfaithfulness, but) in order to recover your health and strength, resume your early rising. You have no other way: you have nothing else to do. You have no other possible means of recovering, in any tolerable degree, your health both of body and mind. Do not murder yourself outright. Do not run on in the path that leads to the gates of death! As I said before, so I say again, In the name of God, this very day, set out anew. True, it will be more difficult than it was at the beginning. But bear the difficulty which you have brought upon yourself, and it will not last long. The Sun of Righteousness will soon arise again, and will heal both your soul and your body.

7. But do not imagine that this single point, Rising early, will suffice to make you a Christian. No: although that single point, the not rising, may keep you a Heathen, void of the whole Christian spirit; although this alone (especially if you had once conquered it) will keep you cold, formal, heartless, dead: and make it impossible for you to get one step forward in vital Holiness: yet this alone will go but a little way, to make you a real Christian. It is but one step out of many: but it is one. And having taken this, go forward. Go on to universal

universal Self-denial, to temperance in all things: to a firm resolution of taking up daily every cross whereto you are called. Go on, in a full pursuit of all the mind that was in Christ, of inward, and then outward Holiness: so shall you be not almost, but altogether a Christian: so shall you finish your course with joy: you shall awake up after his likeness, and be satisfied.

London, Jan. 20, 1782.



A short Account of Mr. ROBERT WILKINSON.

BEFORE hearing the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation, I was often terrified in dreams and visions of the night. Sometimes I thought I was falling down steep precipices; at others, that the devil was standing over me to take me away immediately.

At such times, I have often waked, shrieking in such a manner as terrified all who heard me. Afterwards I heard the gospel for a season, at *Rookhope*, in the county of *Durham*; but the people not receiving the joyful sound, the Servants of God forsook the place. I was left with much uneasiness on my mind; what I formerly delighted in, was now hateful to me. I could play no more on the violin, or at cards, nor sing vain songs; neither had I a desire to speak any more than I was forced to. The people saw my distress, but not knowing God, could not point out a Cure.

In this condition I continued for some weeks. I began to read religious books, and likewise to bow my knees before God in secret; sometimes I could weep much, but having no one to direct me, after a time, I got back into folly, and pursued my evil practices with more eagerness than before. About four years after, I was called to live in *Weardale-Chapel*. I then heard the Methodists very frequently. I was

often softened under the word. I never found a desire to mock the people as many do; but rather stood in awe of them. But all this while I continued in my sins. The first Sunday in Lent, 1767, I heard, as usual, a Methodist Preacher in the afternoon. I did not then find that the word made any impression upon me. But at night, on my bed, the Lord cut me to the heart, and I could not help roaring for the disquietness of my soul. I then felt I must perish eternally, unless some ways to escape were found which I knew not of. Immediately I wished for the Methodists to pray with me; but in particular, for a young man, *Stephen Watson*, who is now in glory. [From the time he knew Jesus, he was a pattern to all the Society. And after having walked four years in the light of God's countenance, he departed in the full Assurance of Faith; having testified, for many months before his death, that the blood of Jesus had cleansed him from all sin. His last words were, "Glory be to God for ever and ever! Amen and Amen!"]

One morning I fell down on my knees to ask forgiveness for my many offences, and continued to cry night and day. My burden increased, and temptations were very strong. I then began to compare myself with the most sinful of my companions, and with other notorious sinners I had heard of; but I could find no equal. I said, from the ground of my heart, of all the sinners under heaven, I am the Chief. The Enemy then suggested, that I was guilty of a sin which God never would pardon.

Tongue cannot express the distress I then felt. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. I thought, never man suffered what I did. That saying, "A dreadful sound in his ears," continually followed me. I found the Enemy ready day and night to devour me. When in private prayer, I thought he had hold of my clothes. For many nights he suggested, If I prayed, he would appear and tear me in pieces. Yet I durst not but pray, though my prayers were mostly made up of sighs and
groans.

groans. One day, drawing towards evening, the Enemy came in as a flood, and the temptation was, to put an end to a wretched life. I resisted, but it continued to come as quick as lightning, and I was afraid that the Tempter would prevail, so that I durst not carry a penknife about me. That was the only time I was banished from private prayer, because I durst not stay alone. That night we met our Class; I then cried out to one of my brethren, who was waiting for me to go with him to the meeting, *O Cuthbert!* I am driven to distraction! He spake to me as comfortably as he could; but as we walked together, I found as if one was hanging on the skirts of my clothes. After the first prayer was over, it was with difficulty I rose from my knees. When the Leader asked how I found the state of my soul, I answered, I am left without one spark of hope that God will ever have mercy on me. No, said he, you are not; for if you were, you would not now be using the means of grace.

He encouraged me to follow on; but I still found no comfort. All the time of my Convictions I had but very little ease, and when I had, I had a fear almost equal to my pain, lest I should fall back into sin, or speak peace when God did not. O how I longed for deliverance from sin! I often cried, Lord, if I am for ever banished from thy presence, let me not sin again!

Not long after, that text in the 51st Psalm followed me, "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." I thought, if God did pardon me, he could refuse none; but the foulest on this side hell might come and welcome. But this was the sting, I thought he would not. However, I kept using the means, and went frequently among the Methodists, to get them to pray with me. And I would have been glad if they had asked me to stay all night, but shame would not let me tell them so. I often thought I never could get over another night. My neighbours said I was besides myself, for I could not rest in my

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my bed. I often rose and wandered in the fields, weeping and bewailing my desperate state. But blessed be God! he that wounds can heal.

In the beginning of July, as *Stephen Watson* and I were sitting together, he had a volume of the Christian Library in his hand, out of which he read one of *Mr. Rutherford's Letters*. When he had done, *Stephen*, said I, I find as it were, a melting warmth in my breast. So do I too, said he. He then asked, cannot you believe that God has pardoned your sins? No, said I: I dare not: on which I immediately lost my comfort.

Sunday the 12th of July, *Joseph Watson* preached in the Chapel in *Weardale*. He gave out that hymn,

All ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh,
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
 Your ransom and peace,
 Your surety he is,
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

For you and for me,
 He pray'd on the tree,
 The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free:—

Then, all within me cried out,

The sinner am I
 Who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the pardon, God cannot deny.

I then believed that God for Christ's sake had forgiven all my sins, and found that peace which arises from a sense of Reconciliation. The people of God who knew my distress, perceived

perceived by my countenance that the Lord was gracious to me, before I had the opportunity to tell them. I then went rejoicing home, and could not help telling what God had done for my soul.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An ACCOUNT of a very remarkable CHILD, who died some years ago, at Stockton upon Tees.

WHEN she was about six years old, she was something awakened by hearing one of our sisters instruct her own children: soon after, she was taken ill of a white swelling, and was then more deeply awakened. In this state she was visited by our people, and soon found a sense of the pardoning love of God. I saw her about two months after this. She was then exceeding weak, and in constant pain. I asked her, "Do you find your soul happy?" With great seriousness, she answered, "Yes, I bless the Lord, my Beloved often visits my soul." I asked, "Can you bear your affliction with patience?" She replied, "O yes! if my affliction was greater I could bear it; I have reason to bless the Lord that I ever was afflicted; for before I was afflicted I went astray; but he has laid this affliction upon me to bring me to himself." She added, "But what is this pain which I feel, to what my Jesus felt for me, when he bore my sins in his own body upon the tree! O how willing is Jesus to be found of them that seek him!" Then looking up to her mother she said, with great earnestness, "O mammy! you must seek Jesus: indeed you must. He says, *Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. No mammy! no unclean thing can enter within the gates of the new Jerusalem.* I then asked her, "Are you afraid to die now?" She smiled and said, "O no, if it was the Lord's will, I could now meet
Death

Death with pleasure." She then added, *O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!* One night, being exceeding ill, her mother said, "You must be very patient, and then, in a little time, you will go to heaven and be an angel there." The child answered, "O no mammy! that I never shall. An angel had never flesh and bones like me: but I shall be a saint." This is all I can remember of this most extraordinary child.

Feb. 5, 1782.

JOHN PAWSON.



An Account of a very extraordinary Deliverance, which happened to ANN WATSON, of Thorner, near Leeds, in Yorkshire.

ANN WATSON was brought to the knowledge of God when she was about fourscore. She was then remarkably happy in her soul; but very feeble in body. As she had a son who lived at *Weatherby*, (a town about six miles from *Thorner*.) weak as she was, she determined to go and talk to him about the salvation of his soul. Accordingly she set out on foot, in Feb. 1762. After she had been there two or three days, she set out again for her own home, one Thursday morning. Towards night, she had got within less than a mile of the town; but having a small brook to cross, over which there was only a very narrow wooden-bridge, without a hand-rail, and as the wind was exceeding high, she durst not attempt to go over, for fear of falling into the water. She therefore turned back, in order to take the high-road, which was but at a small distance. Having a wood to pass through, she lost her way, and wandered about till all her strength was gone. And as the night was coming on, she lay down under a hedge, quite upon the top of a hill. On
Friday

Friday several persons went in search of her; but supposing that she had fallen into the brook, they only searched there, and of course did not find her: so she lay out all that day and night. On Saturday many went and searched the brook again, and also the adjoining wood. They found part of her clothes which she had lost, but did not come near the place where she was. So she lay out till Sunday morning. Out of pity to her poor distressed husband, (for as to her, every body had given her up for lost,) most of the Congregation left the preaching, and went in search of her. At last, to their no small astonishment, they found her alive and well; only extremely weak. She had lain in one place all the time; and said she saw several persons at a small distance, but was so weak that she could not call them. All this time she had taken no kind of nourishment; for though she had a half-penny cake in her pocket, she was so weak, that, when she had got her hand into her pocket, she could not draw it out again. All the time she lay there, the weather was as cold as I ever remember it to have been; so that one would have thought, even the most healthy person alive, could not have survived one night where she lay. Yet she, weak as she was, having a firm confidence that God would send her relief, and that she should not die there, was preserved during two whole days and three nights, without ever moving from the place where she first lay down, without the least shelter from the weather, or the least nourishment of any sort whatsoever. Indeed had she not been found when she was, she would have been buried alive very soon; for there fell such a snow that day, as I believe the oldest person living could not remember. When she was got home, she was put into a warm bed, and proper care being taken of her, in a few days she was as well as usual, and lived several years after.

JOHN PAWSON.

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

Of the OPOSSUM, ICHNEUMON, &c.

THE *Opossum* is about the size of a Cat, only more corpulent, and its legs more robust. It is a kind of chestnut colour, very bright and glossy. Its head is long, and terminates in a snout, somewhat like a Fox's. The tail is long, and much resembles that of a Rat, which it twists about with a surprising facility. The legs being short, the body is carried at no great distance from the ground. On the belly of the female, a bag is formed, by the skin being doubled. It is not very deep; the closed part being toward the upper part of the body, and the open part toward the lower. This is covered with fur, like the rest of the body; so that it is not very obvious to the sight.

It is a harmless, but likewise a defenceless animal: and the young of no creature, are produced so small and tender, in respect of the parent animal. Therefore that bag is extremely useful to them. They are cherished there by the warmth of the parent's body, till toward noon: then they go abroad, till at the first warning by the evening-cold, they retire into their lodging again. Nor is this all the help which it affords them. For as the tender young of the *Opossum* are delicate morsels, they would be exposed to the rage of many animals, both by day and night. But the body of the parent is a safe and ready receptacle for them. By day she is as watchful over her brood, as a Hen over her Chickens. She is alarmed at the slightest appearance of danger, and by a noise which they well understand, instantly calls them into her bag. At night she constantly takes them in, and consults for herself and them in a very uncommon manner. There are those among the devourers of her young, who will climb a tree after
after

after her. Therefore when she has climbed, to secure herself and her young still farther, she twists her tail twice round some small bough, and then drops from it. There she hangs with her head downward: and whenever she pleases, she recovers the branch with her feet by a swing, and loosening her tail, walks about as usual.

To enable her thus to hang, there are spikes or hooks in the under side of the vertebræ of the tail. Indeed, in the first three vertebræ there are none; for there they would be of no use. But they are found in all the rest. They are placed just at the articulation of each joint, and in the middle from the sides. Nothing could be more advantageously contrived. For when the tail is twisted round a bough, these hooks easily sustain the weight. And there is no more labour of the muscles required, than just to bow or crook the tail.

Another animal of a very peculiar kind is an *Ichneumon*. It is of the weasel kind, with a longer and narrower body than a Cat, something approaching to the shape and colour of a Badger. Its nose is black and sharp, like that of a Ferret. Its colour is a yellowish grey. Its legs are short, and each of its feet has five toes. Its tail is very long; its teeth and tongue much like those of a cat. It is a very cleanly animal, very brisk and nimble, and of great courage. It will engage a dog, and destroy a cat, by three bites on the throat. But it is quite inoffensive to mankind, and is kept tame in *Egypt*: running about the house, destroying all vermin, and playing tricks, like spaniels.

When wild, he cannot overtake any nimble animal. But he makes this up by assiduity. His legs being short, he is not much seen; but he has a way of concealing himself yet more, by crawling with his belly close to the ground, which he does all day long. But on the least noise (for his hearing is exceeding quick) he starts up erect on his hinder legs. If the noise is made by any reptile, bird, or small beast, he observes

whereabouts it is, places his noise directly in a line with it, and begins to move towards it. He is silent and slow, but constant in his approach; often stopping to hear, or look forward, and know exactly where the creature is: when he is got within about five feet, he stops. Nature, which has denied him speed, has given him strength to leap, beyond most other creatures. Having taken good aim, he springs from the place, and falls directly on his prey. Thus he deals with beasts and birds. But to serpents he gives chase, and to avoid their bite, always seizes them by the neck.

Gesner says, that the *Ichneumon* is not only an enemy to serpents themselves, but to their eggs also: which he hunts after continually and destroys, though he does not feed upon them.—How mercifully has God given this animal in the countries where those terrible reptiles most abound! And which, without this provision, would be so over-run with them, as to be uninhabitable.

The *Jackal* is of the carnivorous kind. They hunt by scent, and go in packs. They pursue with patience, rather than with swiftness, and excite each other by a spirit of emulation.

It goes for current, that the *Jackal* discovers the Lion's prey: that each of these retains one of them, and having satiated himself, lets his dependent feed on the offals of his repast.

But the truth is, there are great numbers of *Jackals* in some woods, and when one of these sees a Stag, or other large beast, which is not a beast of prey, he sets up his cry, which is like that of a hound, and follows it. As he continues his cry, the other *Jackals* within hearing follow likewise. And could the creature outrun those that began the chase, there is a continual supply; so that it cannot escape. When they have run it down, they worry it at once, and it is devoured almost in an instant. After this the *Jackals* disperse, till another cry invites them,

They

They hunt generally in the night; and in those parts of the East, where they are most frequent, there never is a night but they are heard, in one part or other of the woods. The other beasts of prey understand the sound: and frequently profit by it. If a Lion, Tyger, or Leopard happens to be near, he hears the cry, and stands upon the watch. These large animals are all very swift, but they are lazy, and never make long pursuits. If the creature pursued be far off, and runs another way, they never trouble themselves about it. But if it be near, or if it runs towards the place where the Lion is, he will dart out upon it as it goes by. And the little animals that hunted it down must stand by, and be content with what their master leaves,

The *Sable-mice*, (which were first observed in *Lapland*, in 1697,) are near as big as a small Squirrel. Their skin is streaked and spotted with black and light brown. They have two teeth above, and two under, very sharp and pointed. Their feet are like a Squirrel's. They are so fierce, that if a stick be held out to them, they will bite it, and hold so fast, that they may be swung about in the air. In their march they keep a direct line, generally from north-east to south-west. Innumerable thousands are in each troop, which is usually a square. They lie still by day, and march by night. The distance of the lines they go in, parallel to each other, is of some ells. Whatever they meet in their way, though it were fire, a deep well, a torrent, lake, or morass, they avoid it not, but rush forwards. By this means many thousands of them are destroyed. If they are met swimming over a lake, and are forced out of their course, they quickly return into it again. If they are met in woods or fields and stop, they raise themselves on their hinder legs, like a dog, and make a kind of barking noise, leaping up as high as a man's knee, and defending their line as long as they can. If at last they are forced out of it, they creep into holes, and set up a cry,
sounding

foundling like *Biab, biab*. If a house stands in their way, they never come into it, but stop there till they die. But they will eat their way through a stack of corn or hay. When they march through a meadow, they eat the roots of the grafs: and if they encamp there by day, they utterly spoil it, and make it look just as if it had been burnt. They are exceeding fruitful: but their breeding does not hinder their march. For some of them have been observed, to carry one young in their mouth, and another upon their back. In winter they live under the snow, having their breathing-holes, as Hares and other creatures have.

[*To be continued.*]

REMARKS upon Mr. Locke's ESSAY on HUMAN
UNDERSTANDING.

[*Continued from page 146.*]

Of ATTENTION and REPETITION.

" Sect. 3. **A**TENTION and REPETITION help much to the fixing any *Ideas* in the *Memory*: but those which naturally at first make the deepest, and most lasting impression, are such as are accompanied with *pleasure* or *pain*. The great business of the Senses, being to make us take notice of what hurts, or advantages the body, it is wisely ordered by Nature (as has been shewn) that Pain should accompany the reception of several *Ideas*; which supplying the place of Consideration and Reasoning in Children, and acting quicker than Consideration in grown men, makes both the young and old avoid painful objects, with that haste, which is necessary for their preservation; and in both, settles in the *Memory* a caution for the future.

" Sect. 4.

“ Sect. 4. Concerning the several *degrees* of lasting, where- with *Ideas* are imprinted on the *Memory*, we may observe, That some of them have been produced in the *Understanding*, by an object affecting the *Senses* once only, and no more than once: others, that have more than once offered themselves to the *Senses*, have yet been little taken notice of; the *Mind*, either heedless, as in children, or otherwise employed, as in men, intent only on one thing, not setting the stamp deep into itself. And in some, where they are set on with care, and repeated impressions, either through the temper of the body, or some other default, the *Memory* is very weak: in all these cases, *Ideas* in the mind quickly fade, and often vanish quite out of the *Understanding*, leaving no more footsteps, or remaining characters of themselves, than shadows do flying over fields of corn; and the *Mind* is as void of them, as if they never had been there.

“ Sect. 5. Thus many of those *Ideas*, which were produced in the minds of children, in the beginning of their sensation (some of which, perhaps, as of some pleasures and pains, were before they were born, and others in their infancy) if in the future course of their lives, they are not repeated again, are quite lost, without the least glimpse remaining of them. This may be observed in those, who by some mischance have lost their sight, when they were very young, in whom the *Ideas* of Colours, having been but slightly taken notice of, and ceasing to be repeated, do quite wear out; so that some years after, there is no more notion, nor memory of colours left in their minds, than in those of people born blind. The *Memory* in some men, it is true, is very tenacious, even to a miracle: but yet there seems to be a constant decay of all our *Ideas*, even of those which are struck deepest, and in minds the most retentive; so that if they be not sometimes renewed by repeated exercise of the *Senses*, or *Reflection* on those kinds of objects, which at first occasion them, the print wears out, and at last there remains nothing to be seen. Thus the *Ideas*, as
well

well as the children of our youth, often die before us: and our Minds represent to us those tombs, to which we are approaching; where though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. *The pictures drawn in our minds, are laid in fading colours;* and if not sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear. How much the constitution of our bodies, and the make of our animal spirits, are concerned in this, and whether the temper of the brain make this difference, that in some it retains the characters drawn on it like marble, in others like free-stone, and in others little better than sand, I shall not here enquire, though it may seem probable, that the constitution of the body does sometimes influence the Memory; since we oftentimes find a disease quite strip the Mind of all its *Ideas*, and the flames of a fever, in a few days, calcine all those images to dust and confusion, which seemed to be as lasting, as if graved in marble.

“ Sect. 6. But concerning the *Ideas* themselves, it is easy to remark, That those that are *ostentest refreshed* (amongst which are those that are conveyed into the mind by more ways than one) by a frequent return of the objects or actions that produce them, *fix themselves best in the Memory*, and remain clearest and longest there; and therefore those, which are of the original qualities of bodies, viz. *Solidity, Extension, Figure, Motion, and Rest*, and those that almost constantly affect our bodies, as *Heat and Cold*; and those which are the Affections of all kinds of beings, as *Existence, Duration, and Number*, which almost every object that affects our Senses, every thought which employs our Minds, bring along with them: these, I say, and the like *Ideas*, are seldom quite lost, whilst the mind retains any *Ideas* at all.

“ Sect. 7. In this secondary Perception, as I may so call it, or viewing again the *Ideas*, that are lodged in the *Memory*, *the Mind is oftentimes more than barely passive*, the appearance of those dormant pictures, depending sometimes on the Will.

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The Mind very often sets itself to work in search of some hidden *Idea*, and turns, as it were, the eye of the soul upon it; though sometimes too they start up in our minds, of their own accord, and offer themselves to the Understanding; and very often are roused and tumbled out of their dark cells, into open daylight, by some turbulent and tempestuous passion; our Affections bringing *Ideas* to our memory, which had otherwise lain quite and unregarded. This farther is to be observed, concerning *Ideas* lodged in the Memory, and upon occasion revived by the Mind, that they are not only (as the word *revive* imports) none of them new ones; but also that the mind takes notice of them, as of a former impression, and renews its acquaintance with them, as with *Ideas* it had known before. So that though *Ideas* formerly imprinted, are not all constantly in view, yet in remembrance they are constantly known to be such, as have been formerly imprinted, i. e. in view, and taken notice of before by the Understanding.

“ Sect. 8. *Memory*, in an intellectual creature, is necessary in the next degree to Perception. It is of so great moment, that where it is wanting, all the rest of our faculties are in a great measure useless: and we, in our thoughts, reasonings, and knowledge, could not proceed beyond present objects, were it not for the assistance of our memories, wherein there may be *two defects*.

First, That it *loses the Idea* quite, and so far it produces perfect ignorance. For since we can know nothing farther than we have the *Idea* of it, when that is gone, we are in perfect *Ignorance*.

Secondly, That it moves slowly, and *retrieves not the Ideas*, that it has, and are laid up in store, *quick enough* to serve the mind upon occasions. This, if it be to a great degree, is *Stupidity*; and he, who through this default in his memory, has not the *Ideas*, that are really preserved there, ready at hand, when need and occasion calls for them, had almost

as good be without them quite, since they serve him to little purpose. The dull man, who loses the opportunity, whilst he is seeking in his mind for those *Ideas*, that should serve his turn, is not much more happy in his knowledge, than one that is perfectly ignorant. It is the business therefore of the Memory to furnish to the Mind those dormant *Ideas*, which it has present occasion for, in the having them ready at hand on all occasions, consists that which we call *Invention*, *Fancy*, and quickness of parts.

“ Sect. 9. These are defects, we may observe, in the memory of one man compared with another. There is another defect, which we may conceive to be in the memory of men in general, compared with some superior created intellectual beings, which in this faculty may so far excel man, that they may have constantly in view the whole sense of all their former actions, wherein no one of the thoughts they have ever had, may slip out of their sight. The Omniscience of God, who knows all things past, present, and to come, and to whom the thoughts of men’s hearts always lie open, may satisfy us of the possibility of this. For who can doubt, but God may communicate to those glorious spirits, his immediate attendants, any of his perfections, in what proportion he pleases, as far as created, finite beings can be capable. It is reported of that prodigy of parts, Monsieur *Pascal*, that, till the decay of his health had impaired his memory, he forgot nothing of what he had done, read, or thought in any part of his rational age. This is a privilege so little known to most men, that it seems almost incredible to those, who after the ordinary way, measure all others by themselves: but yet when considered, may help us to enlarge our thoughts towards greater perfections of it in superior ranks of spirits. For this of Mr. *Pascal* was still with the narrowness, that human minds are confined to here, of having great variety of *Ideas* only by succession, not all at once: whereas the several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with
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capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them, as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once. This, we may conceive, would be no small advantage to the knowledge of a thinking man; if all his past thoughts, and reasonings could be always present to him. And therefore we may suppose it one of those ways, wherein the knowledge of separate spirits may exceedingly surpass ours."

8. The Operations of the Mind are more accurately divided by *Aristotle*, than by *Mr. Locke*. They are three and no more: *Simple Apprehension*, *Judgment* and *Discourse*. It seems *Mr. Locke* only gives a New Name to *Simple Apprehension*, terming it *Perception*. Of *Judgment* and *Reason* he speaks in the fourth Book. Discerning, Comparing, Compounding, Abstracting, are Species of Judgment. *Retention* or *Memory* refers to them all.

[To be continued.]



On the ORIGIN of the SOUL.

[Concluded from page 146.]

6. **M**OSES informs us, fallen Adam begat a son in his own likeness, and after his image: but had he generated a body without a soul, he would not have *begotten a son in his own likeness*, since he was not a mere mortal body, but a *fallen, embodied spirit*. Compare Gen. v. 3, with lvi. 26.

"But upon this scheme, will objectors say, if Adam was converted when he begat a son, he begat a converted soul." This does by no means follow; for if he was born of God after his fall, it was by *grace, through Faith*, and not by nature, through generation: he could not therefore communicate his *spiritual regeneration*, by *natural generation*, any more

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than a great scholar can propagate his learning together with his species. Should it be again objected, that "The soul is not generated, because the scriptures declare, *The Lord is the Father of the spirits of all flesh, and the spirit returns to God who gave it:*" I answer, It is also written, that Job and David were *fearfully made and fashioned by the hands of God in the womb*; that he *formed Jeremiah in the belly*; and that *we are the offspring of him who made of one blood all nations of men*. Now if the *latter* scriptures do not exclude the interposition of parents, in the formation of their children's *bodies*; by what rule of criticism or divinity can we prove, that the former exclude that interposition in the production of their *souls*?

Nor can materialists, who have no ideas of generation, but such as are gross and carnal, like their own systems, with any shadow of reason infer, that "If the soul is generated with the body, it will also perish with it:" for dissolution is so far from a necessary consequence of the spiritual generation of souls, that it would not so much as have followed the generation of our bodies, if Adam had not brought *sin into the world, and DEATH by sin*.—Again, if wheat, a material seed, which grows out of the same earthly clod with the chaff that encloses it, can subsist unimpaired when that mean cover is destroyed: how much more can the soul (that spiritual, vital, heavenly power, which is of nature so vastly superior to the body in which it is confined,) continue to exist, when flesh and blood are returned to their native dust!

Should some persons reject what I say of the tradition of souls, in order to illustrate the derivation of original sin: and should they say that they have no more idea of the *generation*, than honest Nichodemus had of the *regeneration* of a spirit: I beg leave to observe two things:

First, If such objectors are converted, they will not deny the *regeneration* of souls by the Spirit of God, since they experience it; and our Lord speaks of it as a blessed reality,
 even

even while he represents it as a mystery *unknown*, as to the manner of it, John iii. 8—13. Now if pious souls have been *regenerated* from the beginning of the world, without exactly knowing *how*; is it reasonable to deny that souls are *generated*, merely because we cannot exactly account for the manner in which that wonder takes place?

Secondly, Should my objectors be versed in Natural Philosophy, they need not be told that even the kind of generation, which they allow, is as much a mystery to man, as the movement of a watch is to a child, that just sees the case and glass. If they will not believe me, let them believe him, who gave his heart to search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven; and who, touching upon our question, says; *as thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God that maketh all.* Eccl. xi. 5.

For my part, I do not see, why the same almighty Preserver of men, who (as St. Paul tells us) *made of ONE BLOOD the bodies of all nations of men*, might not of *one ACTIVE THOUGHT and ARDENT DESIRE*, have made the souls of all nations of men also. Have not thoughts and desire as great affinity to the nature of the *soul*, as blood has to that of the *body*? And consequently are not our ideas of the *translation* of the *soul*, as clear as those, which we are able to form of the *generation* of the *body*?



A DISAVOWAL of PERSECUTING PAPISTS,

[By the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

I Have read a tract lately sent me, and will now give my free thoughts upon the subject.

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I sat out early in life with an utter abhorrence of Persecution in every form, and a full conviction that every man has a right to worship God, according to his own conscience. Accordingly, more than fifty years ago, I preached on those words, *Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of: for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.* And I preached on the same text, in London, the fifth of last November. And this I extend to members of the Church of Rome, as well as to all other men.

I agree not only that many of these in former ages were good men, (as Thomas à Kempis, Francis Sales, and the Marquis de Renty) but that many of them are so at this day. I believe, I know some Roman Catholics, who sincerely love both God and their Neighbour, and who steadily endeavour to do unto every one, as they wish him to do unto them.

But I cannot say, this is a general case: nay, I am fully convinced, it is not. The generality of Roman Catholics wherever I have been, are of the same Principles, and the same Spirit with their Forefathers. And indeed, if they had the same Principles, it could not be doubted, but they would be of the same Practice too, if opportunity should serve.

Those Principles openly avowed by their Forefathers, of Priestly Absolution, Papal Indulgences, and No Faith to be kept with Heretics, have never been openly and authoritatively disavowed, even unto this day. And until they are, a Roman Catholic, consistent with his Principles, cannot be trusted by a Protestant.

For the same Principles naturally tend to produce the same Spirit, and the same Practice. Very lately, a person seeing many flocking to a place, which she did not know was a Romish Chapel, innocently said, What do all these people want? And was answered by one of them, with great vehemence, "We want *your blood.* And we will have it soon."

On

On Friday last I dined with a Gentlewoman, whose Father, living in Dublin, was very intimate with a Roman Catholic Gentleman. Having invited him to dinner one day, in the course of conversation, Mrs. Gr—— asked him, “ Sir, would you really cut my husband’s throat, if your Priest commanded you?” He answered honestly, “ Madam, Mr. Gr—— is my Friend. And I love him well; but I must obey the Church. “ Sir, said she, I beg I may never more see you within my doors.”

But still, be their Principles what they will, I would not persecute them. So persecution is utterly out of the question. I know no one that pleads for it. Therefore the writing or talking against it, is time lost: it is proving what no one denies.

And the Romanists never have been persecuted in England since I remember. They have enjoyed a full toleration. I wish them to enjoy the same toleration still; neither more nor less.

I would not hurt a hair of their head. Mean time I would not put it into their power to hurt me, or any other persons whom they believe to be Heretics. I steer the middle way. I would neither kill, nor be killed. I would not use the sword against Them; nor put it into their hands, lest they should use it against me: I wish them well: but I dare not trust them.

But still I say, Persecution is out of the question. And I look on all vague declamations upon it, which have been lately poured out, as either mere flourishes of persons who think they talk prettily, or artful Endeavours to puzzle the cause, and to throw dust into the eyes of honest Englishmen.

J. W.

Bristol, March 18, 1782.

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*An Account of the PASSIONS, or NATURAL AFFECTIONS ;
extracted from Dr. Watts.*

A general Division of the Passions.

1. **I**T is evident there must be in pure and separate spirits some Affections correspondent to most of those passions which our spirits feel who dwell in bodies. They have Love and Hatred, Desire and Aversion, Joy and Sorrow, Fear and Hope, as well as we : but while we dwell in these bodies, the Affections of our minds will be accompanied with some commotions of animal nature. Now it is impossible for us precisely to distinguish how far the animal nature, and how far the spirit, are concerned in raising these sensations which we call Passions. I shall therefore only give some account of these complex workings of our compound nature, as we find them in our present state.

2. The Passions are those sensible commotions of our whole nature, soul and body, which are occasioned by the perception of an object, either rare and uncommon, or good and agreeable, or evil and disagreeable : or at least we must have such an apprehension of it, before it can excite any passion in us.

Now if we will distinguish the chief Passions according to their objects, we may make three ranks of them. The two first, primitive ; the third, derivative.

3. The first rank of Passions, are these three ; *Admiration, Love, and Hatred.*

If the object be rare or uncommon, it excites *Admiration*. If we look on it as good or agreeable, it engages our *Love*; if as evil or disagreeable, it moves our *Hatred*.

If the object appear valuable, it raises *Esteem* ; if worthless, it raises *Contempt*.

If the object appear fit to receive good from us, it is *Benevolence, or Good-will*: if it appear fit to receive evil from us, the *Hatred* is called *Malevolence, or Ill-will*.

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If the object appear pleasing, and fit to do us good, it raises Complacence, or Delight; if it be displeasing, and unfit to do us good, it excites a Displacence, or Dislike.

4. From love and hatred in their different kinds, (but chiefly from Complacence and Displacence) arise several more Passions, which are also distinguished by their objects.

In Complacence and Displacence, and in all the Passions derived from them, the pleasing object is more properly called Good, and the displeasing, Evil, than in the Passions before-mentioned.

If the good be unpossessed, and possible to be obtained, Love grows up to Desire; if the evil may possibly come upon us, the Hatred expresses itself in Aversion: though there may be also an aversion to some evil, from which we are sufficiently secure.

If there be any prospect of obtaining the absent good, it excites Hope; if the absent evil be likely to come upon us, it raises Fear.

Fear also arises from a present or expected good in danger of being lost: and there is a Hope of escape from some threatening evil, or of deliverance from some that is present.

If the good be actually obtained, or the evil prevented, it excites Joy; if the good be actually lost, or evil come upon us, it causes Grief.

Whoever helps us to attain this good, or prevent the evil, excites in us Gratitude; whoever hinders our attainment of good or promotes the evil, raises our Anger.

There are few, if any Passions in the heart of man; but they may be reduced to some or other of these general heads.

5. It is not necessary that the object which excites our passions should be actually present with us; if there be but the idea of it in the mind, it is sufficient to raise intense passions. So sometimes Horror and Fear may be violent when the objects or occasions of them are far distant; but they are

supposed to be approaching: and sometimes the very absence of pleasing or displeasing objects may be the occasion of Grief or Joy.

The Passions are wont to be described as mere inward sensations. But since there are some of them that include acts of Volition, or some outgoings of the Will as well as perceptions of the Mind, such as Desire, and Aversion, I chuse rather to describe the Passions in general, as sensible commotions of our whole nature, both soul and body.

6. Because several Passions, particularly affect the heart, therefore the heart is reckoned the seat of the Passions. It was probably from this observation that some ancient philosophers, among other nations as well as the Jews, supposed the heart to be the special seat and residence of the soul or intellectual spirit; and on this account the Heart in Scripture as well as in heathen writings is used to signify the Soul itself.

7. Though the original Passions are these which were before named, yet they include a great variety of particular Affections. In many of the Passions the ferments of flesh and blood, and the sensations of the mind, are so swift and momentaneous, and are so joined and complicated with each other, that it is exceeding hard to give an accurate and distinct account of them. And there is another thing that makes a just and accurate scheme of the Passions very difficult, if not impossible; and that is, that the language of men has sometimes made one word to signify very different Passions, and hath sometimes combined several different Passions into one word, or name; such as Jealousy, Suspicion, Envy: sometimes also where the Passions themselves have scarce any difference, yet there are different names for them; as Anger, and Wrath, and Fury: and there are many other combined Passions that have no name. A perfect scheme therefore is not to be expected.

[To be continued.]

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*An Extract from Mr. VINCENT's Account of the PLAGUE,
in London.*

IT was generally observed, that God's people who died by the plague among the rest, died with such peace and comfort, as Christians do not ordinarily arrive to, except when they are called to suffer martyrdom. Some who had been full of doubts, and fears, and complaints, whilst they were well, were filled with assurance, and comfort, and praise, and joyful expectation of glory, when they lay on their death-beds. And not only more grown Christians had these comforts, but also some younger Christians of no long standing.

I can speak something, of my own knowledge, concerning some of my friends: I shall instance only in the house where I lived. We were eight in family, three men, three youths, an old woman, and a maid; all which came to me, hearing of my stay in town, some to accompany me, others to help me. It was the latter end of September before any of us were touched; the young ones were not idle, but improved their time in praying and hearing, and were ready to receive instruction, and were strangely borne up against the fears of death, every day familiar to their view. But at last the plague came in dreadfully upon us; the cup was put into our hand to drink, after a neighbour-family had tasted it, with whom we had sweet society in this time of sorrow. And first our maid was smitten; it began with a shivering in her flesh, and quickly seized on her spirits; it was a sad day, which I believe I shall never forget: I had been abroad to see a friend in the city, whose husband was newly dead of the plague, and she herself visited with it; I came back to see another, whose wife was dead of the plague, and he himself under apprehensions that he should die within a few hours: I came home,

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and

and the maid was on her death-bed, and another crying out for help, being left alone. What was an interest in Christ worth then? What a privilege to have a title to the kingdom of heaven?

It was on Monday the maid was smitten; on Thursday she died: on Friday one of the youths had a swelling in his groin; and on the Lord's-day died with the marks of the distemper upon him: on the same day another youth sickened, and on Wednesday he died: on Thursday night his master fell sick of the disease, and within a day or two was full of spots, but strangely, beyond all expectation, recovered. Thus the messengers came, one upon the heels of another, in such a dreadful manner, as if we must all follow each other into the pit. Yet the Lord in mercy put a stop to it, and the rest were preserved. But what was very remarkable, those who died, were less troubled themselves, than others were troubled for them. The first youth that was visited, being asked what provision he had made for eternity, said, he hoped, if he died, he should go to heaven; and when he was drawing near his end, boldly enquired whether the tokens yet appeared, saying, he was ready for them. The other, being under seventeen, lay so unconcerned at the thoughts of approaching death, that I marvelled to see it; the sting and fear of death was taken out; yet once he told his mother he could desire to live a little longer, if it were the will of God: she asked him why he desired it? He said, I desire to live till fire and faggot comes. She said, if he died now, he should have a crown; he answered, but if I died a martyr, I should have a more glorious crown; yet he was not unwilling to receive his crown presently; and he went away with great peace and sweetness in his looks, to his Father's house.

I might speak of the carriage of the master, under the apprehensions of death; when the spots appeared, he sent for me, and desired me to pray with him; told me he was now going home, desired me to write to his friends, and let them

them know, That it did not repent him of his stay in the city, though they had been so importunate with him to come away; for he had found so much of God's presence in his abode here, that he had no reason to repent: he told me where he would be buried, and desired me to preach his funeral sermon on Psal. xvi. 11, "In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right-hand there are pleasures for evermore."

The plague, at this time, increased exceedingly, and there were fears that within awhile there would not be enough alive to bury the dead.

Those ministers (formerly put out of their places, and who abode in the city, when most of the other ministers were fled) seeing the people crowd so fast into eternity, crying as they went, for spiritual physicians; and perceiving the churches and pulpits to be open; judged that the law both of God and of nature now commanded their preaching in public places, though the law of man forbade them.

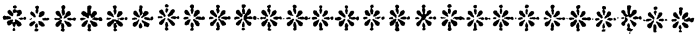
Accordingly they embraced the opportunity, and every sermon was unto them, as if they were preaching their last. For Time seemed now to stand at the head of each pulpit, with its scythe, saying, with a hoarse voice, "Work while it is called To-day; at night I will mow thee down." And Death seemed to stand at the side of the pulpit, with its sharp arrows, saying, "Do thou shoot God's arrows, and I will shoot mine."

Ministers now had loud calls to seriousness and fervour in their ministerial work; to preach on the brink of the pit, into which thousands were tumbling; and to pray under such views of eternity, as might stir up the people to more than ordinary diligence.

Now there was such a concourse of people in all churches where ministers were to be found, that often they could not get to the pulpit, without climbing over the pews: and such a face was now seen in the assemblies, as seldom was seen before
in

in London; such eager looks, such open ears, such greedy attention, as if they would swallow every word.

If you ever saw a drowning man catch at a rope, you may guess how eagerly many people caught at the word, when they were ready to be overwhelmed by this overflowing scourge; when death was knocking at so many doors, and God was crying aloud by his judgments; and ministers were lifting up their voice like a trumpet: then, then the people began to open their ears and hearts, which were fast shut and barred before. How did they then hearken, as if every sermon was their last, as if death stood at the church door, to seize upon them so soon as they came forth, as if the arrows which flew so thick would strike them, before they could get to their houses, as if they were immediately to appear before the bar of that God, who by his ministers was now speaking unto them? Great were the impressions which the word made upon many hearts. When sin is ript up and reprov'd, O the tears that slide down from the eyes! When the judgments of God are denounced, O the tremblings which are upon the conscience! When the Lord Jesus Christ is made known, O what desire for him! When the riches of the gospel are displayed, O the sweet flames which are in the affections! Now the net was cast, and much fish were taken; the pool was moved by the angel, and many sin-sick souls were cured; many were brought to the birth, and I hope not a few brought forth. Upon the whole, there was a strange moving upon the hearts of multitudes; and many were brought over unto Jesus Christ; whereof some died with great willingness; and others remain stedfast in God's ways unto this very day.



A SPECIMEN of the Divinity and Philosophy, of the highly-illuminated JACOB BEHMEN.

IN the late Edition of his Works, before the Second Volume, we have the following Advertifement:

“As He and Mr. *Law* were raised up by God, and highly qualified as Instructors of mankind in divine Wisdom, so all who are followers of Christ in simplicity of heart, and seek only the salvation of their souls, will find in their writings every thing relating to their essential Happiness. And all the efforts of human Wisdom to depreciate them, can be but like sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.”

Mr. *Law's* Writings are entirely out of the present question: we are only concerned with those of *Jacob Behmen*: a specimen of which I beg to lay before those, who really seek the salvation of their souls.

Vol. II. page 165, and seq.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE LORD'S-PRAYER.

Unser vater	im himmel
Our Father	in heaven

41. *Un* is God's eternal will to nature: *ser* comprehends in it the four forms of nature.

42. *Va* is the matrix upon the cross; *ter* is Mercury in the Centre of nature. And they are the two mothers in the eternal will. The one severs itself into fire, the other into the light of Meekness and into water. For *va* is the mother of the light which affords substantiality, and *ter* is the mother of the fires tincture.

43. *Im* is the heart: for the syllable *im* goes forth from the heart and soundeth through the lips.

44. *Him* means the creation of the soul: *mel* is the angelical soul itself: which the heart on the cross in the centre
between

between the two mothers has comprehended, and with the word *him* framed it to a creature, viz. into *mel*: for *him* is the habitation of *mel*.

Dein nahme werde geheiliget
Thy name be hallowed

45. When we say *dein* we understand how the poor soul swims in the water of this world.

46. In the syllable *nah* it inclines inward; and in the syllable *me* it comprehends the heavenly substantiality.

47. When we say *wer* the whole creature goes along in the will: for *wer* has the whole centre, and with the syllable *de* it lays itself down in obedience to the meekness, and will not kindle the *wer* in the fire.

48. And when we say *ge* the soul goes into the heavenly substantiality, and then *hei* is the powerful entering upon the cross into the number three. With the syllable *li* the soul's will has comprehended the Holy Ghost. *Ge*, there the soul will go forth with the Holy Ghost.

Dein reich komme.
Thy kingdom come.

49. *Dein*: then the soul gives itself into the will of God.

50. *Reich*: here it gives itself into the virtue of the Angelical world.

51. In the syllable *kom*, it goes into the virtue, and with the syllable *me*, it goes into the kingdom as a sprout: for the *me* makes the lips be open.

Dein wille geschehe, wie im himmel
Thy will be done, as in heaven.

Also auch auff erden.
So also upon earth.

52. *Dein*—here the will casts itself into God's will.

53. *Wil*, is its desire to will the same with the Holy Ghost; *le*—with this syllable it takes in the will with the spirit into the centre.

54. *Ge*,

54. *Ge*, with this syllable it goes into the will *fche*: with this syllable it worketh the work of God: *he*, in this syllable it bows itself as a child.

55. *Wie*, there it goes again into the voice of God: *im* is the heart of God. *Him* is again the creating of the creatures; *mel* is the soul willing the will of God.

56. *Al*, there it drives on that will with the syllable *fo* out of its centre into the outward principle. *Auch*—there it affords all it has in itself out into the outward.

57. *Auff*, with this syllable it apprehends the same again, and desires its substance should not be dissipated.

58. *Er*, with this syllable it brings its substance into the spirit of this world, and there the will shall work wonders. *Den*, with this syllable it shews that it must not be done in the fire of the anger; for this syllable does not break up the centre. They should be done in meek love, and yet taken out of the *er*.

Gieb uns unser taglich brodt heute
Give us our daily bread to-day

60. *Gieb*, there the will sticketh in the heart, and presses outward, and the mouth catches it.

61. *Uns*, with this syllable the soul desires food for all its fellow members.

62. *Un*, with this syllable the soul goes into the internal wisdom, wherein before the creation in the seed, it was discerned in the eternal will: *fer*, with this syllable it takes the original of nature in the will, where one form in the original penetrates, fills and preserves the other. And that is the bond of the soul, whereby it eternally subsists. And that the will of the soul desires; else it would be dissolved.

63. This is the true *Doctōrship of the Holy Ghost*. The Outward is but foppery.

64. *Tag*, with this syllable the heavenly number is understood, as wherein the Spirit on the cross in the holy matrix comprehends the genitive in the multiplication; *lich*, in this

syllable the soul quickens and strengthens itself with the heavenly number, which springs up out of the Divine Majesty infinitely: and herein the soul is acknowledged for an Angel.—

Whoever desires it, may read the rest of this Explanation at his leisure. I will only add the Conclusion of it.

A M E N.

95. *A* is the first letter, and presses forth out of the heart, and has no nature; but we clearly understand herein, the seeking, longing or attracting of the eternal will, without nature, wherein nature is generated, which has been from eternity.

96. Now as the *A* is generated out of the heart, that is, out of the eternal will, so out of *A* afterwards comes the whole Alphabet with four and twenty numbers. For the *A* begins to number, and comprizes the whole number in the syllable *men*.

Now here I fix my foot. Upon this ground I join issue with every admirer of *Jacob Behmen*, in *England*.

I appeal to every candid man, every man of piety and common sense, whether this Explanation deserves those violent Encomiums, contained in the Advertisement?

I ask any person of understanding, First, Whether any man in his senses, from the beginning of the world, ever thought of explaining any treatise, divine or human, syllable by syllable? Did a more absurd imagination ever enter into a madman's brain? Is it possible by this means to make sense of any text from *Genesis* to the *Revelation*? Must there not be a very high degree of Lunacy before any such design could be formed? I ask, Secondly, If any Scripture could be thus explained, if any meaning could be extracted from the several syllables, must it not be from the syllables of the Original, not of a translation, whether German or English? I ask, Thirdly, Whether this Explanation be any explanation at all? Whether it gives the meaning of any one Petition?

Nay.

Nay, Whether it does not reduce the divine Prayer, all the parts of which are accurately connected together, into an unconnected, incoherent Jumble of no one can tell what? I ask, Fourthly, Whether we may not pronounce with the utmost certainty, of one who thus distorts, mangles, and murders the word of God, That the light which is in him is darkness; that he is *illuminated* from beneath, rather than from above; and that he ought to be stiled a *Demonosopher*, rather than a *Theosopher*?

J. W.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCXXVI.

[From Miss B. to a Friend.]

July 6, 1762.

Dear Friend,

I Do find enough in Jesus: I dare to say, I love him with all my heart. Therefore the difficulty on *my* side is done away, and I am not tempted as before, concerning *you*. But O! beware, lest *in any degree*, I should prove a temptation to you. I fear lest you should so rest on any created Good, as to feel less need of Jesus to rest on. O fly for refuge, rest and Happiness to your bleeding Lord! Though you should feel as if he did not hear or answer, yet force yourself upon him, and plead the promise, That he *will not send you a warfare at your own cost*. And O! be earnest with him, to *tear away your All*, if you cannot *give it*! O that

you may cast your whole soul on Jesus, and find in his Love your abiding home! What heights and depths of Holiness have many attained with half the helps and half the time that we have had? My dear Friend, from this moment, let us know nothing but Christ! But let us remember! If we would know Him, we must know him crucified. Yea, we must be crucified with him, or we can never reign with him.

How may you be crucified with him? The thing you want is Faith: Faith to believe that from this moment the Captain of the Lord's host will go before you, and subdue all your Enemies beneath your feet? By the power of that Faith, you would say to the mountain of Sin, "Be thou cast into the sea, and it would obey. O cry for Faith! May Jesus bless you!" Pray for us, as we do for you!

I am yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R CCXXVII.

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

Dec. 20, 1757.

Dear Sir,

YOURS laid me in the lowest dust before the Lord. Am I not surrounded with snares on every side? O what power do you put into my hands? How honoured by your Brother, Mr. Jones, my Bands and Classes, and many others! Added here unto are so many outward comforts; food, and raiment, with many other mercies! Considering the whole, how shall I escape the snare of the Devil? I find but one way, a constant sense of my own nothingness and helplessness, and a clear view of Eternity at hand. This makes me every moment cleave to the Lord Jesus; and he is faithful: his Grace is sufficient for me.

As

As to your Questions, I do often find in Prayer many *impertinent thoughts* come into my mind; but they do not distract me. I never find my soul prest down by any bodily weakness. I often find Satan exercises my *Imagination* with impertinent thoughts. Sometimes I can banish them as they appear: at other times I bear them as my burden. They never trouble my soul: yet I think the deeper communion I have with God, the less power Satan will have. I do find every *Reasoning* brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. As to my *Dreams*, I seldom remember them. But when I do, I find in general they are harmless. Sometimes I dream of being in danger, and always escape by the power of Faith. My soul is pierced through with a sense of God's goodness and my own unworthiness! If my happiness were dependent on any creature, how often would it be at an end? But

Stands my house on Jesus fast,
My Rock cannot remove.

Blessed be God for Christ, the Sinner's Friend! And blessed be Christ for free Grace! What great things hath God laid up for them that give him their whole hearts?—

I never sit down to write to you, but I find my soul filled with the goodness of God. As to being offended at *you* by any thing I can hear, I think my soul is guarded against it, I am enabled to look through all I hear. There is but one thing which would lessen my affection to you, that is, to find in you any Evil allowed. My heart cannot be joined to any one, who hath not the glory of God at heart. Nothing but sin can separate the soul from God: and nothing but sin can separate my heart from you: and that, not by hearing it from others; but *my* eyes must see, and *my* ears hear.

You said once, "By your plain dealing you have the Key of my heart, and free liberty to search it as you please." I think,

think, I use it. God grant it may answer the end for which he intended it! He would not have put this power into my hands, were it not to answer some great end. I feel a love that would break through fire and water, so you may love God with all your heart! O that you was filled with the Holy Ghost, with all inward and outward Holiness! How my heart is expanded at the thought! Sir, in writing and conversing, let you and I always consider ourselves, as before the Throne of God: and then we shall surely speak in the uprightness of our hearts. My strength fails me: so I conclude,

Your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

L E T T E R CCXXVIII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Jan. 20, 1758.

My dear Sister,

HOW did you feel yourself under your late trial? Did you find no stirring of Resentment? No remains of your own Will? No desire or wish, that things should be otherwise? In one sense, you *do* desire it: because you desire, that God should be glorified in all things. But did not the falling short of that desire lessen your happiness? Had you still the same degree of communion with God? The same joy in the Holy Ghost? I never saw you so much moved, as you appeared to be that evening. Your soul was then greatly troubled: and a variety of conflicting passions, Love, Sorrow, Desire, with a kind of Despair, were easy to be read in your countenance. And was not your heart unhinged at all? Was it not ruffled or discomposed? Was your soul all the time calmly stayed on God? Waiting upon him without distraction?

distraction? Perhaps one end of this close trial was to give you a deeper knowledge of yourself and of God? Of his power to save, and of the salvation he hath wrought in you.

Most of the trials you have lately met with, have been of another kind: but it is expedient for you to go through both evil and good report.—The conversing with you, either by speaking or writing, is an unspeakable blessing to me. I cannot think of you, without thinking of God. Others often lead me to him: but it is, as it were, going round about: you bring me straight into his presence. Therefore whoever warns me against trusting you, I cannot refrain; as I am clearly convinced, he calls me to it.

I am your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

L E T T E R CCXXIX.

[From Mr. Theophilus Oakes, to Mr. L. C. and Mr. T. B.]

Dublin, May 20, 1763.

My dear Brethren,

IT is about fifteen years since the Lord called me from among the pots, and spoke peace to my soul. I was for many months in the chariot of Love. I did not see the wickedness of my heart. I thought all was over, and that I should never again draw my chariot wheels heavily. And I am sure, if I had been faithful, it would have been so. But I began to see and feel that I had an evil heart, yet I did not expect being delivered from it; and so was sometimes rejoicing, and sometimes cast-down. But last year the Lord was pleased to begin such a work here, as was astonishing. Many have found a glorious and blessed deliverance from all sin.

fin. The alarm reached me; and the Lord, in a manner I never saw before, shewed me the dreadful consequences of my fallen nature, and the necessity of being delivered from it. I also found a great desire to be freed from it. He who gave me this knowledge did not let me wait in vain. For in a moment he cleansed my heart from all evil. I felt the change pass upon my soul with that comfortable text, "I will, be thou clean." The Lord has been unto me ever since, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. He reigns in my heart, and makes it as a watered garden. I can rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing. I find it as natural for me to watch and pray, as to breathe. I know the Enemy of souls is always endeavouring to impose his temptations upon me. But blessed be God they have no place in my heart. I see more and more the preciousness of Faith, and the love of Jesus to so poor a worm as me. I can say, my Master's service is perfect freedom. O let us be thankful to God! surely if all his children knew this privilege, they would not plead for sin's remains: they would not doubt his power and willingness to destroy the carnal mind. How does Satan strive to hinder the children of men from coming to the knowledge of the Truth? Yet, glory be to God, there are many, even here, who testify that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.

I am your affectionate Brother in Christ,

THEOPHILUS OAKES.

L E T T E R CCXXX.

[From the Rev. Mr. Conyers, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

June 7, 1763.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Have had informations from many hands of your design of calling upon me at Helmsley, in your return out of Scotland. I take this opportunity frankly and freely to declare

declare to you, Sir, that my house and my heart are, and ever shall be open to you. I presume our Archdeacon will be with me from Stokesley, on Wednesday evening, as he always takes a bed, and spends a night or two with me, when he is upon his Visitations, which is at this place on Friday next. How far you may think proper to alter your design of preaching here upon that account, I leave to yourself. I speak not this out of fear; for I love *you* as I love *my own soul*: my only apprehension is, that he being upon the spot, may shut my church-doors against you. But if you only mean a friendly visit to me, I shall be glad to see you, let who will be here, and it will be the comfort of my heart to have you preach to my flock in every room of my house, at any time when you come this way. As far as the doctrine you teach has come to my knowledge, I know not one part to which I could not subscribe both with *hand* and *heart*. You have my prayers for the divine blessing and protection upon you. May he conduct you safely through all dangers to his everlasting kingdom! And O that I may bear some humble part in that blessed work of praise, and be a partaker with you in the joys of the Redeemer's kingdom!

I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend, and Servant in Christ,

RICHARD CONYERS.



P O E T R Y.

THOUGHTS ON IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS,

*Occasioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's Dialogues between
Theron and Aspasio. By Dr. Byrom.*

PART I.

IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS!—beloved Friend,
To what advantage can this Doctrine tend?
If at the same time a Believer's breast,
Be not by *real* Righteousness possess'd?
And if it be, why volumes on it made,
With such a stress upon *imputed* laid?

Amongst the Disputants of later days,
This in its turn, became a favourite phrase;
When much divided in religious Schemes,
Contending Parties ran into extremes:
And now it claims the attention of the age,
In *Hervey's* elegant and lively page:
This his *Aspasio* labours to impress,
With every turn of language and address.
With all the flow of eloquence, that shines
Through all his (full enough) embellish'd lines.

Though now so much exerting to confirm
Its vast importance, and revive the term,
He was himself, he lets his *Theron* know,
Of different sentiments not long ago.

And

And friends of yours, it has been thought, I find,
 Have brought Aspalio to his present mind.
 Now having read, but unconvinced I own,
 What various Reasons for it he has shown;
 Or rather Rhetoric—if it be true,
 In any sense that has appeared to you;
 I rest securéd of giving no offence
 By asking—how you understand the sense?
 By urging in a manner frank and free
 What reasons, as I read, occur to me;
 Why *Righteousness*, for man to rest upon,
 Must be a *real* not *imputed* one.

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

A sick soul. Mat. ix. 12.

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
 To thee I bring my case;
 My raging malady control,
 And heal me by thy grace.

Pity the anguish I endure,
 See how I mourn and pine;
 For never can I hope a cure
 From any hand but thine.

I would disclose my whole complaint,
 But where shall I begin?
 No words of mine can fully paint
 That worst distemper, sin.

It lies not in a single part,
 But through my frame is spread;
 A burning fever in my heart,
 A palsy in my head.

D d 2

It

It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
 And impotent and lame ;
 And overclouds, and fills my mind,
 With folly, fear, and shame.

Lord I am sick, regard my cry,
 And set my spirit free ;
 Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
 Who longs to live to thee ?

F O R T I T U D E.

[By the Rev..Dr. Gibbons.]

MY Friend, should *Fortune's* favouring gales,
 Just undulate your peaceful sails,
 Or should the billows roll,
 Tumultuous through the roaring deep,
 Still in one even tenor keep
 Your dignity of soul.

Should *Fortune* smile, be still serene,
 Let no responsive smile be seen,
 Or should she pour the tear ;
 Be sure to wipe the tear away,
 And through life's miscellaneous day,
 Firm to yourself appear.!

Nor quit your road, nor 'bate your speed,
 Whatever thorn, or baleful weed,
 May choke or curse the ground :
 Often from sorrow's cloud of night,
 Joy, like an angel, bursts to fight,
 And gilds the horizon round.

Prosperity

Prosperity its evil brings,
 Relaxing oft the mental strings,
 In her soft sultry air :
Adversity her blessing gives,
 And ev'ry stroke the soul receives,
 Enables it to bear.

Almighty God, whatever ills,
 Thine all-disposing Wisdom wills
 For me thy meanest care ;
 Teach me, enlivenéd with thy love,
 And opening views of blifs above,
 Magnanimous to bear.

Fortune and *Fate* are wild and vain,
 The segments of a *Pagan* brain :
 A God, a God is all :
 O'er Nature he extends his sway,
 O'er realms of night, and realms of day,
 Of this terraqueous ball.

Prosperity sent from above,
 To win our gratitude and love,
 Spreads her inviting charms ;
Adversity receives from God
 Its scorpion-stings and smarting rod,
 To drive us to his arms.

P A R A D I S E R E G A I N E D.

[By H. T.]

SEEK not for Paradise with curious eye
 In Asiatic climes, where Tigris' waves,
 Mixéd with Euphrates in tumultuous joy,
 The spacious plains of Babylonia laves.

'Tis

'Tis gone with all its charms, and like a dream,
 Like Babylon itself, is swept away;
 Bestow one tear upon the mournful theme,
 But let it not thy gentle heart dismay.

For know wherever Love and Virtue guide,
 They lead us to a state of heavenly bliss;
 Where joys unknown to Guilt and Shame preside,
 And pleasures unalloy'd each hour increase.

Behold that grove, whose waving boughs admit,
 Through the live colonnade, the fruitful hill,
 A moving prospect with fat herds replete,
 Whose lowing voices all the valley fill.

There through the spiry grass, where glides the brook,
 (By yon tall poplar which erects its head
 Above the verdure of the neighbouring oak,)
 And gently murmurs o'er the adjoining mead:

Philander and Cleora, happy pair!
 Taste the cool breezes of the gentle wind;
 Their breasts from guilt, their looks are free from care,
 Sure index of a calm, contented mind.

'Tis here in virtuous love the studious fair
 Informs her babes, nor scorns herself to' improve,
 While by his smile she lives whose pleasing care
 Dispenses knowledge from the lips of love.

No wild Desires can spread their poison here,
 Nor Discontent their peaceful hours attend;
 False Joys, nor flatt'ring Hopes, nor servile Fear,
 Their gentle minds with jarring passions rend.

Here

Here oft in pleasing solitude they rove,
 Recounting o'er the deeds of former days;
 With inward joy their well-spent time approve,
 And feel a recompense beyond all praise.

Or in sweet converse through the grove, or near
 The fountain's brink, where the cool arbour's shade
 Beats back the heat, fair Virtue's voice they hear,
 More musical by sweet digressions made.

With calm dependance, every good they taste,
 Yet feel their neighbour's wants with kind regret,
 Nor cheer themselves alone (a mean repast!)
 But deal forth blessings round their happy feat.

'Tis to such virtue, that the Power supreme,
 The choicest of his blessings hath design'd,
 And shed them plenteous over every clime,
 The calm delights of an untainted mind.

Ere yet the sad effects of foolish pride,
 And mean ambition still employ'd in strife,
 And luxury did o'er the world preside,
 Deprav'd the taste, and pall'd the joys of life.

For such the Spring in richest mantle clad,
 Pours forth her beauties through the gay paterre;
 And Autumn's various bosom is o'erspread,
 With all the blushing fruits that crown the year.

Or Summer tempts, in golden beams array'd,
 Which o'er the fields in borrow'd lustre glow,
 To meditate beneath the cooling shade,
 Their happy state, and whence their blessings flow.

Even

Even rugged Winter varies but their joy,
 Painting the cheeks with fresh vermilion hue;
 And those rough Frosts which softer frames annoy,
 With vigorous Health their slackning Nerves renew.

From the dark bosom of the dappled Morn,
 To Phœbus shining with meridian light;
 Or when mild Evening does the sky adorn,
 Or the pale Moon rides through the spangled Night.

The varying scenes in every virtuous soul,
 Each pleasing change with various pleasures blest;
 Raise cheerful hopes, and anxious fears control,
 And form a Paradise of inward Peace.

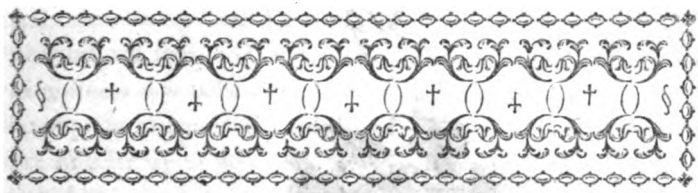
A S H O R T H Y M N.

Heb. xiii. 21. *Make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever, amen.*

O Might our every work and word
 Express the tempers of our Lord,
 The nature of our Head above!
 His Spirit send into our hearts,
 Engraving on our inward parts
 The living law of holiest love:
 Then shall we do with *pure delight*
 Whate'er is pleasing in thy sight,
 As vessels of thy richest grace;
 And having thy whole counsel done,
 To thee, and thy co-equal Son
 Ascribe the everlasting praise.

W. THOMPSON, Aged 47





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For M A Y 1782.



*Of FREE-WILL: translated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S
Dialogues, between Lewis and Frederic.*

D I A L O G U E III.

[Continued from page 173.]

Fred. **G**OD began the work of his Grace in the Jewish Church: but the Jews did not love God as the Apostles did, even before the day of Pentecost; nor did the Apostles then love him, as they did after the descent of the Holy Ghost. The not attending to this, has led many Commentators into grievous mistakes, who would measure the privileges of adult Christians, by those of the Jews, who lived in the infancy of the Church.

To return now to your text. *What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh*, is not to be understood, as if the law was carnal and ordained for death. The Apostle

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had before said, that it was *spiritual*, and *ordained for life*. But it means, Because the Spirit of God given under the law, could not make us truly righteous, God sent his Spirit in a larger measure by his Son, to supply what was wanting in them. And his Son endued with his whole Spirit, conquered sin, *that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us*; that is, that we might love God with all our hearts, and *walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit*. This is called the righteousness of the law, not because the law enables us to perform it, but because it is enjoined therein.

The sum of what has been said is, God willeth all men to be saved. The way of Salvation is, to obey the will of God declared in his Commands. Now God commands nothing impossible: and if he enjoins any thing to man, which man cannot perform, he gives him power to perform it. And his Commands are given to all men: but all do not obey them. But what hinders their obeying? *Lewis*. I had rather you would tell me. *Fred*. Attend then. You remember, God wills nothing impossible. *Lewis*. I do. *Fred*. Now obedience is voluntary. *Lewis*. It is. *Fred*. But it is impossible, that the same thing should be both voluntary and compelled. *Lewis*. True. *Fred*. Therefore no man can be compelled to obey. And therefore God willeth not that any be compelled to obey. For it is impossible that the same man should be compelled, and at the same time act voluntarily. It follows, The perverse will of those that will not obey, is the cause that all are not saved: whose will being free, may be persuaded, but cannot be compelled.

Lewis. But here arises a doubt. God does seem sometimes to compel the wills of men: as when he compelled the Egyptians to give the Israelites vessels of silver and gold. So he compelled Balaam to bless Israel, and Jonah to go to Nineveh. *Fred*. God compelled Balaam to bless the Israelites; but he did not compel him to bear them any good-will. For he afterwards gave Balak that advice, which did them much hurt.

hurt. So he compelled Jonah to go to Nineveh; but he did not compel him, to wish well to the Ninevites. The outward action was constrained; but his will remained the same. In a word: God does sometimes constrain men to do this or that particular action. But he does not praise them for doing it, because they do it against their will. Their inclination is still the same. You may explain this by a comparison. In the case of Shadrack, Meshech, and Abednego, God deprived the fire of its power to burn, so that it could not act on them according to its nature. But he did not change the nature of fire. And thus he sometimes bends the wicked to mercy by force; but that does not change their nature: it does not turn them into good men. They remain wicked still. We allow, God draws men to Goodness: but we deny that he compels them to it. He may sometimes compel them to particular Actions; but never to inward Holiness.

Lewis. What then mean those sayings, *Compel them to come in?* And, *No man cometh unto me, except my Father draw him?* *Fred.* To draw, is to attract, to allure. So the Spouse: (Cant. i. iv.) *Draw me; we will run after thee.* Here certainly she is drawn willingly; for she of herself asks the King to draw her. So God, in Hosea, (chap. xi. ver. 4, 5,) *I drew them with the bands of a man, with the cords of love. I was unto them, as they that take off the yoke on their jaws: and I laid meat unto them. But they refused to return.* You see how they are drawn, and yet how they resist the attraction and the will of God. Therefore God adds, *Therefore the sword shall abide on his cities, and shall consume his branches, and devour them, because of their own counsels.* You see why they are thus punished, because of *their own counsels*, pursuant to which, they refused to follow the drawings of God. For thus he concludes, *My people are bent to backsliding from me: though called to the most High, none would exalt him.* See how manifestly they resist, both his calling, his drawing, and his bands of love!

I say the same concerning *compelling*. To compel here means, earnestly to invite, urge, press. So Christ *compelled* his disciples to go into the ship: and so the disciples going to Emmaus, (Luke xlv. 29,) *constrained him to stay with them*. But such a kind of compulsion does not take away the will of him that is compelled. For this compulsion is not irresistible, as was shewn but now.

Lewis. But what does God promise the Israelites in those words, *I will take away their heart of stone and give them a heart of flesh*? And what is the meaning of that word, *It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do*? Here God seems not to *persuade* men, but to *create in them a new heart*. *Fred*. He certainly does, in making a bad man good. And yet this is not done but by persuasion: by the clear concurrence of their own will or choice: without which no lasting change is wrought.

To return to my first point, I say, Man's own Will is the only reason why he is not saved. And that Will is free. But then *Will* is one thing, and *Power* is another. To understand this the more clearly, let us repeat the thing from the beginning. You own, Adam was free before he sinned, and was able to chuse either Good or Evil. *Lewis*. I do. *Fred*. How was he after he had sinned? *Lewis*. Calvin says, he was then so corrupt, that he could will nothing but sin; for *all the thoughts and imaginations of his heart were evil*. *Fred*. Yet Noah was a just man. Not to mention Enoch and Abel: and indeed Adam himself: who if he could will nothing but evil, would scarce have begotten good and bad. But if he could chuse good, as it is plain he did, I see not why his sons might not have done the same.

But to come closer still. Is that word true, *The things of a man knoweth the spirit of a man that is in him*? *Lewis*. It is true. *Fred*. And is not the Will of a man one of the things of a man? *Lewis*. It is. *Fred*. Then the spirit of a man knoweth, whether his Will is free or not. Therefore to this we
 must

must appeal. *Lewis.* Nay, but our friends say, *The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God:* and therefore we are not to regard Common Sense in this matter. *Fred.* Why this is putting out the eyes of the mind, and depriving men of their understanding! They who talk thus require us to grant more than ever our Lord required. For he was so far from ever requiring the Jews to lay aside their natural Judgment, that he directed them to judge of spiritual things, as they judged of natural things. So (Luke xii. 56.) *Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky: how is it that ye do not discern this time? Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?* Again, (Matt. xxi. 28.) *What think ye? A certain man had two sons.—Which of these did the will of his father?* Yet again, (Luke x. 36.) *Which now of these thinkest thou, was neighbour to him that fell among thieves?* You see how Christ desires us to judge even of the things of the Gospel, by the rules of Common Sense? And indeed who would have regarded him, had he taught things inconsistent with Nature, and contrary to Common Sense? Yea, what would any have thought, had he said to her that washed his feet with her tears, “O woman, whatever sin thou hast committed, it was by God’s decree, therefore thou couldst not do otherwise, no, nor wish to do otherwise. Nay, if you sin on, still it is decreed, and therefore you cannot help it.” Pray, how could the woman herself have borne this, who knew she had sinned voluntarily, not necessarily?

If God will teach us, must he not teach us according to our nature; leading us from the knowledge of natural things, (which every one knows) to that of spiritual things? If he would bring us Light, must it not be such light, as our eyes can bear? If he speaks, must he not speak in our language? Otherwise what end would it answer? These very men, who would not have us judge of the will of man, by what we feel in ourselves, why do they so strongly urge the Scripture Similies, that of the potter in particular? Have we not
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our answer ready? "Away with your Similies, which appeal to the reason of a natural man! He cannot judge of the things of the Spirit of God." In fine, are not they quite at liberty, in denying human liberty? Will they not find if they examine themselves, that what they speak, they speak quite freely? As freely as I should contradict them, if they spake so in my hearing.

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N IX.

On GENESIS iii. 19.

Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.

1. **W**HY is there *Pain* in the world? Seeing God is *loving to every man, and his mercy is over all his works?* Because there is *Sin*: had there been no sin, there would have been no pain. But pain, (supposing God to be just,) is the necessary effect of sin. But why is there sin in the world? Because man was created in the image of God: because he is not mere Matter, a clod of Earth, a lump of Clay, without Sense or Understanding, but a Spirit, like his Creator: a being endued not only with Sense and Understanding, but also with a Will exerting itself in various Affections. To crown all the rest, he was endued with Liberty, a power of directing his own Affections and Actions, a capacity of determining himself, of chusing good or evil. Indeed had not man been endued with this, all the rest would have been of no use. Had he not been a free, as well as an intelligent being, his Understanding would have been of no service. For he would have been as incapable of Holiness, or any kind of virtue, as a tree or a block of marble. And
having

having this power, a power of chusing Good or Evil, he chose the latter; he chose Evil. Thus *Sin entered into the world*, and Pain of every kind preparatory to *Death*.

2. This plain, simple account of the Origin of Evil, whether Natural or Moral, all the wisdom of man could not discover, till it pleased God to reveal it to the world. Till then Man was a mere enigma to himself, a riddle which none but God could solve. And in how full and satisfactory a manner, has he solved it in this chapter? In such a manner, as does not indeed serve to gratify vain curiosity, but as is abundantly sufficient to answer a nobler end; to

“Justify the ways of God with men.”

To this great end, I would First, briefly consider the preceding part of this chapter, and then Secondly, more particularly weigh the solemn words, which have been already recited.

I. 1. In the first place, let us briefly consider the preceding part of this chapter. *Now the serpent was more subtil, or knowing, than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made*, ver. 1. Endued with more understanding than any other animal in the brute creation. Indeed there is no improbability in the conjecture of an ingenious man,* That the serpent was then endued with that Reason, which is now the property of man. And this accounts for a circumstance, which on any other supposition would be utterly unintelligible. How comes Eve not to be surpris'd, yea startled and affrighted, at hearing the serpent *speak and reason*? Unless she knew that Reason, and Speech in consequence of it, were the original properties of the serpent? Hence, without shewing any surpris'e, she immediately enters into the conversation with him. *And he said unto the woman, yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?* See how he

* The late Dr. Nicholas Robinson.

who

who was a liar from the beginning mixes truth and falsehood together? Perhaps on purpose, that she might be the more inclined to speak, in order to clear God of the unjust charge. Accordingly *the woman said unto the serpent, (ver. 2.) We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it: neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.* Thus far she appears to have been clear of blame. But how long did she continue so? *And the serpent said unto the woman, Surely ye shall not die. For God doth know, in the day ye eat thereof your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil, ver. 4, 5.* Here sin began, namely, Unbelief. *The woman was deceived,* says the Apostle. She believed a lie: she gave more credit to the word of the devil, than to the word of God. And Unbelief brought forth actual sin. *When the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and pleasant to the eyes, and to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit and did eat,* and so completed her sin. But *the man,* as the Apostle observes, *was not deceived.* How then came he to join in the transgression! *She gave unto her husband, and he did eat.* He sinned with his eyes open. He rebelled against his Creator, as is highly probable,

“ Not by stronger Reason movèd,
But fondly overcome with female charms.”

And if this was the case, there is no absurdity in the assertion of a great man, “ That Adam sinned in his heart, before he sinned outwardly, before he ate of the forbidden fruit,” namely, by inward Idolatry, by loving the creature more than the Creator.

2. Immediately Pain followed Sin. When he lost his Innocence, he lost his Happiness. He painfully feared that God, in the Love of whom his supreme Happiness before consisted *He said (ver. 10.) I heard thy voice in the garden ;*
and

and I was afraid. He fled from Him, who was till then his desire, and glory, and joy. He *hid himself from the presence of the Lord God, among the trees of the garden?* Hid himself! What, from the all-seeing eye? The eye which, with one glance, pervades heaven and earth? See how his Understanding likewise was impaired! What amazing folly was this! Such as one would imagine very few even of his posterity could have fallen into. So dreadfully was his *foolish heart darkened* by sin, and guilt, and sorrow, and fear! His innocence was lost; and at the same time, his happiness and his wisdom! Here is the clear, intelligible answer to that question, How came evil into the world?

3. One cannot but observe, throughout this whole narration, the inexpressible tenderness, and lenity of the Almighty Creator, from whom they had revolted; the sovereign against whom they had rebelled. *And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?* Thus graciously calling him to return, who would otherwise have eternally fled from God. *And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked.* Still here is no acknowledgment of his fault, no humiliation for it. But with what astonishing tenderness does God lead him to make that acknowledgment? *And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked?* How camest thou to make this discovery? *Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?* *And the man said* (still unhumbled, yea indirectly throwing the blame upon God himself,) *The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.* *And the Lord God, still endeavouring to bring them to repentance, said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done?*

v. 13. *And the woman said, nakedly declaring the thing as it was, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.* *And the Lord God said unto the serpent, to testify his utter abhorrence of sin, by a lasting monument of his displeasure, in punishing the creature that had been barely the instrument of it, Thou art*

curfed above all the cattle, and above every beaft of the field.— And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy feed and her feed: it fhall bruife thy head, and thou fhalt bruife his heel. Thus in the midft of judgment, hath God remembered mercy, from the beginning of the world! Connecting the grand promife of falvation, with the very fentence of condemnation.

4. *Unto the woman he faid, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow, (and, or in) thy conception, in sorrow or pain, thou fhalt bring forth children, yea, above any other creature under heaven: which original curfe we fee is intailed on her lateft pofterity. And thy defire fhall be to thy husband, and he fhall rule over thee.* It feems, the latter part of this fentence, is explanatory of the former. Was there till now any other inferiority of the woman to the man, than that which we may conceive in one angel to another? *And unto Adam he faid, Because thou haft hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and haft eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, faying, Thou fhalt not eat of it; curfed is the ground for thy fake.— Thorns and thiftles fhall it bring forth unto thee; ufelefs, yea and hurtful productions: whereas nothing calculated to hurt or to give pain, had at firft any place in the creation. And thou fhalt eat the herb of the field, coarfe and vile, compared to the delicious fruits of paradife. In the fweat of thy face fhalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wafte thou taken. For duft thou art, and unto duft thou fhalt return.*

II. 1. Let us now in the fecond place, weigh thefe folemn words, in a more particular manner. *Duft thou art.* But how fearfully and wonderfully wrought, into innumerable fibres, nerves, membranes, mufcles, arteries, veins, veffels of various kinds! And how amazingly is this duft connected with *water*, with inclofed, circulating fluids, diversified a thoufand ways, by a thoufand tubes and ftrainers! Yea, and how wonderfully is air impacted into every part, folid, or fluid

fluid, of the Animal Machine! *Air* not elastic, which would tear the Machine in pieces, but as fixt as water under the pole! But all this would not avail, were not ethereal *Fire* intimately mixt both with this Earth, Air, and Water. And all these Elements are mingled together in the most exact proportion: so that while the body is in health, no one of them predominates in the least degree over the others.

2. Such was Man, with regard to his corporeal part, as he came out of the hands of his Maker. But since he sinned, he is not only dust, but mortal, corruptible dust. And by sad experience we find, that this *corruptible body presses down the soul*. It very frequently hinders the Soul in its operations, and at best serves it very imperfectly. Yet the soul cannot dispense with its service, imperfect as it is. For an imbodied spirit cannot form one thought, but by the mediation of its bodily Organs. For thinking, is not (as many suppose,) the act of a pure Spirit: but the act of a Spirit connected with a body, and playing upon a set of material keys. It cannot possibly therefore make any better Music, than the nature and state of its instruments allow it. Hence every disorder of the body, especially of the parts more immediately subservient to thinking, lay an almost insuperable bar, in the way of its thinking justly. Hence the maxim received in all ages, *Humanum est errare & nescire*. Not Ignorance alone (That belongs more or less to every *Creature* in Heaven and Earth: seeing none is omniscient, none knoweth all things, save the *Creator*) but Error is intailed on every child of man. Mistake as well as Ignorance, is in our present state, inseparable from Humanity. Every child of man is in a thousand mistakes, and is liable to fresh mistakes every moment. And a mistake in judgment may occasion a mistake in practice, yea, naturally leads thereto. I mistake, and possibly cannot avoid mistaking, the character of this or that man. I suppose him to be what he is not; to be better or worse than he really is. Upon this wrong supposition I behave wrong to

him, that is, more or less affectionately than he deserves. And by the mistake which is occasioned by the defeat of my bodily organs, I am naturally led so to do. Such is the present condition of Human Nature: of a mind dependent on a mortal body. Such is the state entailed on all human spirits, while connected with flesh and blood!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A Short Account of Mr. ROBERT WILKINSON.

[*Concluded from page 183.*]

IT was not long before my faith was tried. One of our brethren, a Calvinist, lent me a book. As I read, I thought Mr. *Wesley* was quite in the wrong; and I found something in me that rose against him: yet one thing I remember I could not swallow, which was, The Author asserted that a sense of inbred sin would reconcile us to death. No, said Mr. *Wesley*, Nothing but perfect Love. Indeed I could not persuade myself that the sting of death could reconcile us to death itself! However, I read and reasoned myself miserable. Yet the Lord gave me grace to wrestle with him in prayer; and every day, I found more or less, the witness of my sonship. I was then afraid if I sought after holiness, I should rob Christ of his glory. Some of our people hearing that I read that book, and conversed with the man who lent it, took it for granted that I was prejudiced against the doctrine of Perfection and those that preached it. They told this to my Band-Leader. I went one Sunday morning, as usual, at seven o'clock, to meet my Band, and found myself in a peaceable frame of mind. No sooner did the Leader begin to pray, than he cried, "Lord, never suffer us to be prejudiced against thy Servants, seeing that thy will is our Sanctification!"

Sanctification!" I found, as it were, something in me saying, He means me. When he spoke his experience he expressed the same thing; on which, I said, It is me you mean? He answered, "What I have said, I have said." I then found violent prejudice against him. My peace was gone. My soul was torn in pieces within me. I told one of our people as we went home, how my Leader had behaved towards me. I did not regard breaking the Band-Rules, because I was determined never to meet in a Band any more. I had no rest: though I could not give up my Confidence in God; nevertheless my corruptions boiled so within me that I could have fought with a feather.

On Friday night we had preaching. I went to it like one possessed with a legion of devils. Afterwards the Bands met, and the Preacher earnestly exhorted all present to look for the second Blessing, and insisted that it might be received. Now, thought I, if there is such a thing, none can stand in more need of it than I do. But the Enemy suggested; "There are those that have known God several years, and have not attained; and shalt thou be delivered who hast been justified only a few months?" Immediately I found power to resist the temptation, and said within myself, God is not tied to time. No sooner did that thought pass through my heart than the power of God seized me. I found I could not resist, and therefore turned myself over upon the seat: I cannot express how I was. I found such a travail in my soul as if it would burst from the body. I continued so, till I was motionless and insensible for a season. But as I was coming to myself I found such an emptying, and then such a heaven of love springing up in my soul, as I had never felt before: with an application of these blessed words, "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." If possible, I could have put my Band-Leader into my heart. The book I mentioned before, had pleased me so well that I had given orders to him that
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lent it me, to buy me one of them. But no sooner did God work this change in my soul, than I found an utter aversion to it, and told the man, You must not buy it; for I shall never read it more.

In the year 1768, I was sent to call sinners to repentance, in and about the city of *Carlisle*. Here I was much persecuted; but blessed be God he delivered me out of the hands of all my enemies, and gave me several seals to my ministry.

[Thus far Mr. Wilkinson lived to write himself. One of his Fellow-labourers added what follows.]

My acquaintance with Mr. *Wilkinson* was very short. The first time I ever saw him was a little above three years ago. The next time was after last Bristol Conference. He was there appointed to labour with me in and about *Grimby*.

When we met in the Circuit, we were both in health; but the day before our Quarterly-meeting, I was taken very ill of a fever; however the next morning I ventured to set out for the meeting; but having fifteen miles to ride, it was with much difficulty I got safe thither. And then I was unable to attend either the Love-feast or the Watch-night.

But I shall never forget the prayer Mr. *Wilkinson* put up for me at the close of the Love-feast, "That the Lord would spare me a little longer, and raise me up again to labour in his vineyard." His prayer pierced the heavens; the power of God came down upon the people like a torrent of rain. They were so affected that they wept and rejoiced abundantly. Immediately I shared with them, although I was not in the same room, the Divine presence broke my heart to pieces. My soul overflowed with love, and my eyes with tears. I know not that I was ever so powerfully and suddenly affected under any person's prayer, except on the day I was converted to God. Immediately I had faith to believe the Lord would raise me up again, and for several minutes it appeared to me

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as if I was perfectly well. The next day I went along with him to *Louth*; and in that time we had a good deal of conversation together, which chiefly turned upon these two points, viz. Predestination, and Christian Perfection.

He told me with sorrow of heart, how often he had been grieved for the immense hurt that he had seen done by the preaching of Unconditional Predestination, as it blocked up the way of Repentance; weakened the foundation of Diligence; damped the fervor of Believers after Holiness; and had a tendency to destroy it root and branch. He likewise very warmly expressed his love for Bible-holiness, saying, it was the delight of his soul to press after it himself, and to enforce it upon others; and that while he was doing this, the Lord blessed him most in his labours, and shone clearest upon the work he had wrought in his own soul. He signified to me that the Lord had circumcised his heart to love the Lord his God with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength: and I believe, at that time, he was full of Faith and the Holy Ghost.

He was truly meek, and lowly of heart; and little, and mean, and vile in his own eyes. I found my mind amazingly united to him, for the time we were together, like the soul of David and his beloved Jonathan. I loved him much for the mind of Christ I saw in him, and for his zeal for the Lord of Hosts. We parted at *Louth*, and I endeavoured, with the fever upon me, to creep along to *Tedford* to preach: but it was with much trouble I went through my Discourse. That night the fever seized upon me more violently, and never left me for near a month. About a week after, Mr. *Wilkinson* came to *Tedford* to see me. We spent about three hours together very profitably. We then both of us prayed, and commended each other to God.

A few days after we parted, he was taken ill of the fever, and could not rest until he came to his Wife at *Grimby*; where he lay ill for four or five weeks. He then appeared

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to be recovering fast, and walked about a little: but he suddenly relapsed, and was carried off in about a week.

He bore all his afflictions with great patience, frequently lifting up his heart to God, and repeating these words: "But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. My foot hath held his steps, his way have I kept, and not declined. Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips; I have esteemed the words of his mouth, more than my necessary food," Job xxiii. When he perceived that he should die, he exhorted his Wife to cast all her care upon the Lord; and encouraged her to believe that his grace was sufficient for her.

He then prayed for her and his two children: earnestly intreating the Lord to protect them in this troublesome world, and to supply all their wants.

He next prayed fervently for Mr. *Wesley*, that the presence of the Lord might continue with him all his days, and crown him at last with eternal glory.

He then remembered his three Fellow-labourers in the Circuit, praying at the Redeemer would assist us in the great work: that he would go forth with, and bless the labours of all the Preachers, and that the kingdom of the Redeemer might spread unto the ends of the earth, and preserve them until they join the church triumphant.

In the night season, he had a severe conflict with Satan, and his spirit wrestled with God in prayer. Yea, he was in an agony, as he said afterwards. At last the Tempter fled, and he seemed as if he was admitted into heaven, to converse with God, with angels, and saints.

He suddenly waked his Wife (who was in the same room) and said, "Thou hast been sleeping, but I have been in heaven. O what has the Lord discovered to me this night! O the glory of God! the glory of God and heaven! The celestial city! the New Jerusalem! O the lovely beauty! the happiness of paradise! God is all love; he is nothing but
love!

love! O help me to praise him! O help me to praise him! I shall praise him *for ever!* I shall praise him *for ever!*" So *Robert Wilkinson* departed this life in peace, on Friday, December 8th, about eleven o'clock, 1780.

It seemed a great Providence that he died on the market-day, when a number of friends out of the country were present, who quickly published, in their little villages, that a funeral sermon would be preached on Sunday. The house was well filled, and the Lord made it a solemn time. I believe there was scarce a dry eye in the congregation.

I have often taken notice, how the Lord makes the triumphant death of good men a peculiar blessing to his children, who are left behind: so it was at this time. The people of God were remarkably blest in hearing the dying testimony of our dear friend. The worldly people and the backsliders also were cut to the heart.

At the conclusion of the sermon I dropt these words: Earth has lost, and heaven has gained a child of God. Let us pray the Lord to add another to the Church militant. We did so; and the Lord answered our prayer, by setting a young man's soul at liberty, so that he went from the solemn place, as the shepherds from the heavenly vision, blessing, praising, and glorifying God.

The Minister of the parish behaved exceeding kind; he came to the Preaching-house, stayed awhile, and then walked slowly before the corpse; whilst the people sung a hymn of praise. When we arrived at the Church, one of our friends asked him if we might sing a hymn. He answered, "I have no objection: I am against nothing that is good." So we sung those awful words,

Thee we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to thee;
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be!

The people sang lustily and with a solemn spirit; for the Divine presence was with us all the way through; and in such a manner as I never knew before at any funeral.

When the Minister read these words, "Not to be sorry as men without hope," Mrs. *Wilkinson* (who hung upon my arm with her two little babes,) was so overwhelmed with the presence of God, that she could not refrain from crying out, "Sorry! no! Glory be to God! glory be to God! Glory, and praise, and blessing, be ascribed unto God, for ever, and ever! Her spirit seemed as if it was ready to launch into the eternal world, to be with Jesus and her happy husband. A remarkable power fell on all that could hear her; so that the people were melted into tears; some of sorrow, others of joy.

From this time the work of God began to revive at *Grimby*, and the country people caught the fire, and carried it along with them into their little Societies.

Robert Wilkinson was, as you have described him, "An Israelite indeed; a man of faith and prayer: who having been a pattern of all good works, died in the full triumph of Faith." O what a blessing to live, and die a Christian! May I also be a follower of those who through Faith and Patience inherit the promises! In my life, and at my death, may I be like him!

Sept. 20, 1781.

G. S.

Some Account of JOSEPH TAYLOR.

I Saw a remarkable instance of the power and goodness of God about five years ago, when in the Birstal Circuit. One *Joseph Taylor*, a very old man who lived at *Staincross*, near *Barnsley*, had been for many years remarkably prejudiced against

against the Methodists, infomuch, that when they preached abroad, near where he lived, if he happened to come that way, he would not so much as look at them. He constantly attended the service of the Church, and lived a very regular life, and built his hopes of salvation upon that Scripture, *Be stedfast, immoveable, &c.* but went no farther. At last he was taken exceeding ill, and was expected to die very soon. A neighbour of his visited him, and took much pains to convince him of his lost and undone condition; but it seemed all lost labour. He then asked me to go to see him: I did so; but after hearing what kind of man he had been, I confess I had very little hopes of doing him any good. I spoke a little to him, and then we joined in prayer with him. After prayer, I said, You seem to be very near death, and you cannot die in peace without an interest in Christ. You know he says, *Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven.* You have not a moment to spare. O cry to God that he may have mercy upon you! When I left him, he began to think, It is all true that he says. I know that it is the word of God. And I am not born again that I know off. He then was something distressed, and began to pray as well as he could; the more he prayed, the more he was distressed; till, either that night or the following, the Lord spoke peace to his soul: and what was very remarkable, his body was healed at the same time; so that he got up the next morning and went and told his neighbours what the Lord had done for him. They beheld him with no small degree of surprise, as every body had expected his death. He lived several years after, happy in the love of God, and then died in great peace.

JOHN PAWSON.

A Short Account of Mrs. ANN HALL.

ANN HALL was a little awakened when she was about fourteen years of age. Having been from home a short time, on her return, she observed a great change in her mother, who had been awakened during her absence, which made her think more seriously of her own state and condition. That text made a deep impression on her mind, *Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*

When she was about seventeen years of age, she found the Lord, and was so happy, and walked so circumspectly, that she was a pattern to all that knew her. Soon after, she fell into a decline; but was miraculously raised again for awhile. After this, she lived servant with Mrs. C——: where, though at times she could rejoice in the Lord, she was often overcome with violent passion, which was a great grief and discouragement to her Mistress; who thought she had lost ground by coming into her family. However, she ceased not to cry unto the Lord both for her and with her. She also prayed earnestly herself for deliverance from it, as it was so great a hurt to her own soul, and also brought a reproach on the cause of God. One day, as her Mistress and a friend were at prayer with her, crying to God that he would *then* bring compleat deliverance into her soul, it pleased him who answers the prayer of Faith, to set her soul at liberty. She suddenly burst out into praises, saying, Lord, thou hast heard, thou hast delivered, and I shall never thus offend thee more.

Mrs. C—— says, all the time she lived with her after, she never saw her the least moved to anger. After she married, she was a pattern to all that knew her. But her old complaint returned, and continued more than a twelvemonth: but there was nothing but praise and resignation heard from her. The

nearer

nearer she came to her end, the clearer views she had of her approaching glory, and sometimes said she saw the blessed spirits above, she was going to join, and Jesus smiling and assuring her, he would soon send for her. She frequently heard such delightful music as was beyond all description, and as plain as she heard any of our voices. She would sometimes say, "If I had but strength, I could talk all the day and all the night, of the love of Jesus to my soul." I have often gone and found her weeping. And once I asked, if she wanted any thing? She answered, "No; blessed be the Lord I want nothing: but am overcome with the consideration of the love of Jesus." While Mrs. C—— and I were at prayer with her, the day she died, it seemed as if heaven was come down to earth: the presence of the Lord so filled the place. Several who sat up with her said, the Lord was always so present, that the nights seemed but as so many hours.

Glory be to the Lord, her husband was as much a living, as she was a dying witness of the power and faithfulness of God. During the course of her illness, he was a pattern of tenderness, faith, resignation, and industry. Sometimes they were both ill together, yet their faith never failed: they followed the advice of the Apostle, in every thing making their request known to the Lord, with prayer and thanksgiving; and so were without carefulness. And the Lord abundantly rewarded them, in never suffering them to want what was necessary for their bodies, any more than for their souls.

Leeds, Feb. 12, 1782.

D. D.

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

Of the HORNS of divers ANIMALS.

THE Horns of many animals fall off every year, and new ones come in their place. Our Deer drop them in March, and the new horns are full grown by the July following.

lowing. We may very justly rank this, among the most wonderful phænomena of nature, which yields nothing analogous to the growth of such hard solid bodies, of so great a bulk, in so short a time. Many idle opinions have been maintained, concerning the cause of their falling off. The truth seems to be this: they are a sort of vegetables, growing on animals, as the nails and hair on man, and feathers on birds. And there is some analogy between the growth of them, and that of branches and leaves in trees. Trees commonly drop their leaves in Autumn, because the nourishing juice flows into them no longer. And at certain periods, these parts of the animal drop off, because the blood and juices cease to flow into them. At this time, the hollow part at the root of the horn grows hard, and the pores through which the juices passed, grow up. And as no more nourishment can then be carried to the horn, it decays and falls off. It is probable this stoppage of the pores happens, as soon as the horns are at their full growth. But they are so fixt to the head, that it takes a long time for them to loosen and fall. Whereas in leaves, their stalks are so tender, that when the juice ceases to flow, they presently wither and fall.

The analogy between the falling off of Deer's horns and the falling of leaves and ripe fruit from the tree, will receive light from observing the process of Nature in the latter case. If the stalk from which a ripe Orange has fallen, be compared with that part of a Deer's forehead, from which a horn is just fallen, it will plainly appear, that Nature has operated by the same laws in both. The young horns while yet soft, are full of blood-vessels; and if cut off, especially near the head, bleed violently. By these vessels they are supplied with nourishment for their growth. But these dry up, when there is no farther occasion for them. And hence it is, that no ill symptoms attend the falling off of these parts, when full grown.

So far we may give a probable account:— But who can account for this, that if a Stag be castrated while he is so young

young as not to have horns, he will never have any; and if castrated afterward, while his horns are on, he will never cast them?

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING:
with short REMARKS.

[*Continued from page 195.*]

CHAP. XI. *On the difference of Wit and Judgment.*

“Sect. 2. **H**OW much the imperfection of accurately discriminating Ideas one from another lies, either in the dulness, or faults of the organs of sense; or want of acuteness, exercise, or attention in the Understanding; or hastiness and precipitancy, natural to some Tempers, I will not here examine: it suffices to take notice, that this is one of the operations that the Mind may reflect on, and observe in itself. It is of that consequence to its other knowledge, that so far as this faculty is in itself dull, or not rightly made use of, for the distinguishing one thing from another; so far our Notions are confused, and our Reason and Judgment disturbed or misled. If in having our Ideas in the Memory ready at hand, consists quickness of parts; in this of having them unconfused, and being able nicely to distinguish one thing from another, where there is but the least difference, consists, in a great measure of the exactness of Judgment, and clearness of Reason, which is to be observed in one man above another. And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the clearest Judgment, or deepest Reason. For Wit lying most in the assemblage of
Ideas,

Ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make pleasant pictures, and agreeable visions in the Fancy: Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully, one from another, Ideas, wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion, wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of Wit, which strikes so lively on the Fancy, and therefore so acceptable to all people; because its beauty appears at first sight, and there is required no labour of thought, to examine what truth or reason there is in it. The Mind without looking any farther, rests satisfied with the agreeableness of the picture, and the gaiety of the fancy: and it is a kind of an affront to go about to examine it, by the severe Rules of Truth and good Reason; whereby it appears, that it consists in something, that is not perfectly conformable to them.

“ Sect. 13. The defect in *Naturals* seems to proceed from want of quickness, activity, and motion, in the intellectual faculties, whereby they are deprived of Reason: whereas *mad men*, on the other side, seem to suffer by the other extreme. For they do not appear to have lost the faculty of Reasoning: but having joined together some Ideas very wrongly, they mistake them for truths; and they err as men do that argue right from wrong principles. For by the violence of their imaginations, having taken their fancies for realities, they make right deductions from them. Thus you shall find a distracted man fancying himself a king, with a right inference, require suitable attendance, respect, and obedience: others who have thought themselves made of glass, have used the caution necessary to preserve such brittle bodies. Hence it comes to pass, that a man, who is very sober, and of a right understanding in all other things, may in one particular be as frantic

frantic as any in Bedlam; if either by any sudden very strong impression, or long fixing his fancy upon one sort of thoughts, incoherent Ideas have been cemented together so powerfully, as to remain united. But there are degrees of Madness, as of Folly; the disorderly jumbling ideas together, is in some more and in some less. In short, herein seems to lie the difference between idiots and mad-men, That mad-men put wrong Ideas together, and so make wrong propositions, but argue and reason right from them: but idiots make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all."

9. The rest of this volume treats of *Complex Ideas*, most awkwardly divided, (I fear, chiefly through affectation of Novelty,) into *Modes*, *Substances*, and *Relations*! How much clearer is the vulgar division of Beings into the ten classes, called *Predicaments*? Or into the two, *Substances*, and *Accidents*? If the word *Mode* has any determinate meaning, it is only another term for *Accidents*. And are not *Relations* one species of *Accidents*? So that Mr. L——'s discovery comes to this, "Complex Ideas are without Modes, Substances, or a particular sort of Modes!"

When *Accidents* are termed *Modi Eatius*, or *Eatium* in Latin, the phrase seems proper enough. But why any man should squeeze it into the English tongue, I know not; since the old word, *Accidents* is full as good. And we may retain it without any danger of "running into the notion, that *Accidents* are a sort of real Beings."

[To be continued.]



An Account of the PASSIONS, or NATURAL AFFECTIONS:
extracted from Dr. Watts.

Of ADMIRATION or WONDER.

8. I Proceed to give some account of each general or original Passion, with the particulars contained under it.

VOL. V.

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The

The primitive and original Passions, are Admiration, Love, and Hatred.

First, Admiration. When we perceive any object that is new and strange, either for its kind or qualities; or when we meet with such an occurrence as is unusual or unexpected; at least unusual at such a particular time and place, we are struck with Admiration: and that without any consideration whether the object be valuable or worthless, whether it be good or evil. Admiration has no regard to the agreeableness or disagreeableness of the object, but only the rarity of it. And for this reason Wonder seems to be the first of the Passions.

If our wonder arise to a high degree, it is called Amazement or Astonishment. When it rises very high, it will stop the voice, and reduce the person to the posture and silence of a statue. And if Fear be joined with it, it will produce more unhappy effects.

Let it be observed, that this Passion has properly no opposite, because if the object be not rare or new, or if the appearance be not sudden or unexpected, but a common thing, we receive it with Neglect instead of Wonder: now Neglect is no Passion. The rest of the Passions, at least the most of them, go in pairs.

Let us take notice also that Admiration is most frequently excited in young persons, and such as have had but little opportunity of furnishing themselves with the knowledge of various things; whereas men, who have seen or known a large variety of objects and events, seldom find things rare, or strange enough to wonder at.

The great end of this Passion is to fix our attention upon the admired object, to impress it more effectually upon our memory, as well as to give a sensible delight to the mind of man, which loves newness and variety.

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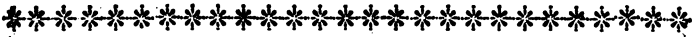
. *Of LOVE and HATRED.*

9. The next primitive Passions are Love and Hatred.

Love in general implies an approbation of, or propensity towards what appears good: Hatred is a disapprobation of, or aversion to what appears evil. I take Love and Hatred here in so general a sense as may be applied to all those Passions which arise from the several objects, that may be called Good or Evil.

In this general sense therefore the word good may signify any thing that we look upon with esteem, good-will or delight; and evil may be extended to whatever we view with ill-will, or disgust: and hence arises the second rank of primitive Passions, Esteem and Contempt, Good-will and Ill-will, Delight and Disgust, all which are but different kinds of Love and Hatred.

[*To be continued.*]



[Two remarkable Accounts lately fell into my hands; the one of Mrs. *Elizabeth Savage*, the other of *Susannah Archer*, which well deserve to be transmitted to posterity. But they are now exceeding scarce, having been published near ninety years ago. I believe therefore the republishing them will give pleasure to every pious Reader.]

A NARRATIVE of an extraordinary Cure, wrought in an instant upon Mrs. ELIZABETH SAVAGE.

MRS. *Elizabeth Savage*, the daughter of Mr. *Wm. Morton*, of the parish of Hitchington, in the county of Bucks, and the wife of Mr. *John Savage*, School master, living in Horseshoe-Alley, in Middle-Moorfields, was afflicted with a Palsy on her rightside, and her mother, (to use her own

words,) knows nothing to the contrary, but that she brought it into the world with her. She perceived it so much, when she was about twelve months old, that she feared some of her child's bones were dislocated; but advising with a Surgeon, he told her it was only some weakness, and directed her to some strengthening things; but all applications proved ineffectual; and as she grew in years, her distemper appeared more and more visible, and was judged remediless. Her right thumb was distorted, and three of her fingers were bowed round, almost close to the palm of her hand, but her fore-finger she could stretch out a little. She was unable with that hand to put any sustenance to her mouth: it was very cold in comparison of the other hand, even in the hottest weather; but it felt and looked like a dead hand in the winter, which made the Cure the more remarkable, in that it was effected in a very cold season, namely, on the 22d day of December, she being then twenty-eight years old and upwards.

Mr. *Savage* and his wife agreed to set apart the aforesaid day, for Fasting and Prayer to Almighty God, not for the obtaining of any temporal blessings but purely upon a spiritual account. About eleven o'clock, he being upon his knees, what he had heard of a French girl's cure came into his mind, and made such an impression, that he heartily praised God, for shewing his power in so wonderful a manner, at such a time, when Atheism and Infidelity so much abounded; and this put him in mind of his wife's weakness, after his return out of his chamber: and asking her whether she believed our Lord Christ was able to cure her hand, adding, That he believed it, though he could not say he believed he would do it: this sudden question drew tears from her eyes, and she answered, That had she been on the earth when Christ was, she believed he could have cured her; and that he is able to do it now, but she questioned whether he would bestow

bestow such a favour on her, saying, That perhaps it might not be good for her to have such a mercy; and that this infirmity might be inflicted on her to keep her humble.

Mr. *Savage* then looked into St. Matthew, and finding that the eighth chapter treated of Christ's cleansing the leper, he began to read it; and when he had read those words, *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean*; he said, That he himself had as much faith in the power of Christ as the leper, as to the curing of her infirmity: and then proceeding to the third verse, where Christ saith, *I will, be thou clean*; on a sudden she felt great pain in the middle joints of her crooked fingers, which before the chapter was ended were stretched out, and became almost as strait as those on the other hand. Her thumb, which was also bent, was now every whit as strait as the other. And in a short time she could move those fingers and that thumb as nimbly as those of her left hand: and they were so strengthened, that she, without pain, could double lock the fore-door of her house with that hand, whereas before she never could single lock it, or so much as lock or unlock her boxes with it. And now warmth came into it, and even all the frosty weather it hath continued as warm as the other; and is become like the other, as to its natural colour. And whereas it was poor and lean before, it since grows (as likewise the wrist) more fleshy. And all this without the use of any means from first to last, but Faith in God and Christ, while reading that part of God's holy word in the eighth of St. Matthew. After Mrs. *Savage* had shewed her husband what God had done, they both sat down some time in tears of admiration, being amazed at God's wonderful power and goodness: and after they had recovered themselves, they solemnly praised God on their knees for his infinite mercy. And the next day she found a very great alteration in her weak side; for whereas she was not able to walk a mile without weariness, though assisted by her husband, and sometimes was fain to rest herself too in a journey of less than

than a mile, which she every week went with him, when she was at all able; now she walked from Moorfields to Mill-yard at the farther end of Goodman's-fields, and returned home again without the least complaint of weariness: and the day following (the second day after her cure,) she walked to Beech-lane, and from thence to Shadwell-dock, round about by Ratcliff-highway, and through Old Gravel-lane, and about by the water-side, and back again through Goodman's-fields home, which cannot be less than four or five miles: all this without weariness.

This wonderful Matter of Fact hath been enquired into, with all its circumstances, by noted Divines both of the Church of England and others; and by eminent Doctors of Physic of the College, and very many persons of quality, who have expressed themselves fully satisfied, that this Cure was wrought by the immediate hand of God.

The Affidavit of Mrs. Elizabeth Savage.

I *Elizabeth Savage*, Wife of *John Savage*, living in Horse-shoe-Alley, in the parish of St. Leonard Shoreditch, do testify and declare, That ever since I can remember, I have been afflicted with a Palsical Distemper, (for so it was called,) in my right side, which was very sensible on that hand; my thumb, and three of my fingers were drawn and bowed round, so as their ends almost touched my palm; it being impossible without the help of my other hand, to stretch them out, which at most was but a little way, and that with pain; by which means I was rendered very helpless. I could not at any time, since I can remember, make use of that hand to feed myself; my whole right side wanted the strength and warmth of my other side, and my hand the colour also, being very pale and wan. It was a great pain and toil to me to travel, though I never could very far. And thus I remained until December 22d, 1693, which day my husband and myself set a part for fasting and prayer upon a spiritual account,

my

my distemper being no end of it, not so much as having it upon my thoughts. And about eleven o'clock my husband reading the eighth chapter of St. Matthew, and the second verse, (where the leper exercised his Faith in the power of Christ,) he propounded several questions to me, which, with my answers and the occasion thereof, are truly set down in the Relation. About the time when he was reading the third verse, where Christ said, *I will, be thou clean*, I felt the middle joints of my lame fingers ache; and, as I remember, immediately, or at least before the chapter was read out, my fingers and thumb were stretched out, without any means used: by which wonderful work of God, I enjoy the advantages I never did before; the whole right side of my body being (I finding as yet nothing to the contrary) in as perfect a soundness as my other. And therefore to God alone I desire to ascribe the glory.

Elizabeth Savage.

Jurat. fuit 26^o die Januarii
1693, coram me

William Ashhurst, Major.

The Affidavit of Mr. John Savage, husband to Mrs. Savage.

I JOHN SAVAGE, living in Horseshoe-Alley, in Moorfields, do certify, That *Elizabeth Savage*, my Wife, hath been troubled with the Palsy in her right side, ever since I married her, which hath been two years and a quarter. It was most predominant in that hand, contracting her thumb and three fingers into a crooked and distorted form, and clinching them almost to her palm. I further declare, I have, whensoever I have observed it, always found her hand to be very cold; and that I have received a letter from my brother *Flight*, at War-grove, near Henley, in which he testifies, That my Wife's Mother, who lives at Hitchington, in Buckinghamshire, asserts, That she knows no other, but that she brought the
aforesaid

aforesaid distemper into the world with her; for it was much perceived by her when she was twelve months old; and she has remained, as we thought, incurable, until the 22d of December, 1693; when, being in the duty of Fasting and Prayer, the relation that I had heard of a French girl's cure came so powerfully into my mind, that I heartily praised the Name of Almighty God for shewing his power in so wonderful a manner; and after prayer, this my Wife's illness came into my mind: so I took the Bible into my hand, and thought to have read the chapter that the girl had done; but not remembering which it was, I casting my eye upon the eighth chapter of Matthew, and finding it treated of the miracles of our blessed Saviour, namely, of the leper's being cleansed, I began to read; and about the time when I was reading the third verse, my Wife, as she told me, felt a great aching in her crooked fingers, which were stretched out, and became strait before the chapter was read out; whereupon it became like the other hand, and strength increased. All this was done without any outward means used, we never having any thoughts to use any; which in conscience I am bound to testify as the wonderful work of God, not seeking any profit, interest, or advantage by the publication thereof, but only the glory of God.

John Savage.

*Jurat, fuit. 26^o die Januarii
1693, coram me*

William Ashhurst, Major.

The Certificate of Mr. Thomas Slater, of Dorking.

I am willing to satisfy all persons that are inquisitive, of the truth of the foregoing Relation, that I have known Mrs. Savage for more than two years and a half last past; and have been in her company both at her own house and other places; in all which time, I never saw her any other than lame, three
of

of her fingers and thumb being almost clinched close to her palm: and being at London since the 22d day of December, 1693, I cannot discern, but her fingers are as well as those of her other hand, her husband and she declaring to me the manner of her cure. I am well satisfied with the matter of fact in all its circumstances, as also with the sincerity and honesty of the parties themselves. I render this testimony as unquestionably true.

Thomas Slater,
London, living at Dorking, in the county of Surry.
Jan. 23, 1693.

February 6, 1693.

WE whose Names are underwrit do testify, That upon diligent search and observation, we find Mrs. *Elizabeth Savage's* right hand and arm strait and useful as the other.

THOMAS BURWELL,
†*Præses Coll. Med. Lond.*
RICHARD MORTON,
Soc. Coll. Med. Lond.

[The Account of Sufannah Archer in our next.]

A S E R M O N

[By Dr. Cudworth.]

On 1 JOHN ii. 3, 4.

And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his Commandments.

He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his Commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.

WE have much enquiry concerning knowledge. The sons of Adam are now as busy as ever he himself was, about the *Tree of Knowledge* of good and evil, shaking the

boughs of it, and scrambling for the fruit; whilst many are too unmindful of the *Tree of Life*. And though there be now no Cherubim with their flaming swords to fright men off from it; yet the way that leads to it seems to be solitary and untrodden. There are many that speak of new discoveries of Truth, of dawnings of Gospel-light; and no question but God hath reserved much of this for the very evening and sun-set of the world; for *in the latter days, knowledge shall be increased*: but yet I wish we could at the same time see that *day dawn* which the Apostle speaks of, and that *day-star to arise in men's hearts*. I wish, whilst we talk of *light*, and dispute about *truth*, we could walk more as *children of the light*. For if St. John's rule be good, that no man truly knows Christ but he that *keepeth his commandments*; it is much to be suspected, that many of us who pretend to light, have thick darkness within overspreading our souls.

There are now many large volumes written concerning Christ, thousands of controversies discussed, infinite problems determined concerning his Divinity, Humanity, Union of both together, and what not? So that our *Bookish Christians*, that have all their Religion in writings and papers, think they are now completely furnished with all kind of knowledge concerning Christ: and when they see all their leaves lying about them, they think they have a goodly stock of knowledge and truth, and cannot possibly miss of the way to heaven; as if Religion were nothing but a little *book-craft*, a mere *paper-skill*.

But if the Apostle's rule here be good, we must not judge of our knowledge of Christ by our skill in books, but by our keeping of his commandments. And that I fear will discover many of us (notwithstanding all this light, which we boast of) to have nothing but Egyptian darkness within.

The vulgar think they know Christ enough out of their Creeds, and Catechisms, and Confessions of Faith: and if they have but a little acquainted themselves with these, and like
parrots

parrots have conned the words of them, they doubt not but they are sufficiently instructed in all the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. Many of the more learned, if they can but dispute about Christ, imagine themselves to be grown great proficient in the school of Christ.

The greatest part of the world, learned or unlearned, think that there is no need of purifying their hearts for the right knowledge of Christ: but though their lives be never so wicked, their hearts never so foul, yet they may know Christ sufficiently out of their Systems and Bodies of Divinity; although our Saviour prescribeth his disciples another method to come to the knowledge of divine truths, by doing of God's will. *He that will do my Father's will (saith he,) shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.* He is a Christian indeed, not that is only *Book-taught*, but he that is *God-taught*; he that hath an *Unction from the Holy One, that teacheth him all things*; he that hath the Spirit of Christ within him, *searcheth out the deep things of God.*

Cold Maxims and dry Disputes, could never yet of themselves beget the least glimpse of true heavenly light; the least sap of saving knowledge in any heart. All this is but the groping of the poor dark spirit of a man, after truth, to find it out with his own endeavours, and feel it with his own cold and benumbed hands. A Painter that would draw a Rose, though he may flourish some likeness of it in figure, and colour, yet can never paint the scent and fragrancy; or if he would draw a Flame, he cannot put heat into his colours: he cannot make his pencil drop a sound. All the skill of cunning Artizans cannot put a principle of life into a Statue of their own making, neither are we able to inclose in words and letters, the life, soul and essence of any spiritual Truths, and as it were to incorporate it in them.

There is a spirit in man that giveth wisdom; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding. But we shall not

meet with this spirit any where but in the way of obedience: the knowledge of Christ, and the keeping of his commandments, must always go together.

Hereby we know that we know him if we keep his commandments. He that saith I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.

I shall not need to force any thing from these words: I shall only take notice of some few observations which drop from them of their own accord, and then conclude with an application.

First then, If this be the right way of discovering our *knowledge of Christ*, viz. by our *keeping his commandments*; then we may safely draw conclusions concerning our state from the *conformity of our lives to the will of Christ*.

Would we know whether we know Christ aright, let us consider whether the life of Christ be in us: he that hath not the life of Christ in him, hath nothing but a fancy of Christ, not the substance of him. He only that builds his house upon Christ dwelling and living in his heart, *buildeth it upon a rock*; and when the floods come, and the winds blow, and the rains descend and beat upon it, it shall stand impregnable. But he that builds his comfort upon a persuasion that God from all eternity hath decreed him to life, and seeketh not for God really dwelling in his soul; builds upon a quicksand, which shall suddenly sink and be swallowed up: *His hope shall be cut off, and his trust shall be a spider's web; he shall lean upon his house, but it shall not stand, he shall hold it fast, but it shall not endure.*

We are no where commanded to pry into these secrets, but to *make our calling and election sure*. We have no warrant in scripture to peep into these hidden Rolls and Volumes of Eternity, and to persuade ourselves that we are elected to everlasting happiness before we see the *Image of God* stamped upon our hearts. God's everlasting decree is too dazzling an object for us to set our eye upon. It is far easier for us to
look

look upon the rays of his goodness and holiness, as they are reflected in our hearts, and there to read the mild and gentle characters of God's love to us, in our love to him, and our hearty compliance to his heavenly will: as it is safer for us, if we would see the sun, to look upon it here below in a pail of water, than to cast our eyes upon the body of the sun itself, which is too radiant for us. The best assurance that any one can have of his interest in God, is doubtless the conformity of his soul to him. Those divine purposes, whatsoever they be, are altogether unknowable by us, they lie wrapt up in everlasting darkness and covered in a deep abyss: who is able to fathom the bottom of them?

[*To be continued.*]



[The writings of Capt. *Williams*, both in Prose and Verse, are so perfectly original, that I cannot doubt but they will be acceptable to many Readers, were it only for their Novelty. But to others, the Piety which they breathe throughout, will be a stronger recommendation.]

S I O N's *prevalent* P R A Y E R.

TO save from sin, to cure our curse, to hand us home to heaven, celestial Grace descends on *all*, 1 Cor. xii. 7; and deigns to dwell with every *praying* mortal, Mark xi. 24. The high-price blessings, bought with blood-divine, are graciously conferred on sinners, on these *easy terms*; and yet how few "wisely inherit glory!" How few will pray life's moment, to obtain "a never-fading crown!" How few will have a present and eternal heaven, only for *asking*! Too high, or too low, or too lazy are most men to pray, and sooner will perish than be at the pains, or rather have the pleasure of praying. Too happy also are many below, to ask for
a throne

a throne in the skies. Could I, said one, (while wine went round) possess my *earthly* joys, I ask no other heaven! But Godhead heard the earth-born Epicure! and death was dispatched to *drive* this son of Adam out of house and home! O cruel parent! Source of all our sorrows! Thou first and worst of sensualists! How has the pleasing of thy senses, poisoned thy *sin-born* posterity! Psa. li. 5. O that the "second Adam" would repair the ruins of the first! And save surviving sons of pleasure from *eternal pain!*

See! Mighty Maker! see a ruined race!
Sinking to hell! for want of—*promis'd grace!*

This seems to lay on the Creator the loss of his creatures, and is an argument of prayer seldom used. To say, The world sinks, because God *will not save*, seems a daring assertion indeed! but to say that he *cannot*, is more so! That the Almighty *will not*—yet, is certain; but that he *cannot* verify his word, "The world's wide kingdoms are become our Lord's," is blasphemy to speak or think! since "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Therefore the sacred enquiry,

"What more shall Godhead do?
Say, how *must* Deity the earth renew?"

speaks neither more, nor less than the language of Faith, in the *absolute* promise of heaven, which *attributes-divine* are bound to perform. "The Lord increase our praying-faith," to hasten earth's millennium! is still the request of the Redeemer's disciples. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! Make haste, O Beloved! to bring in Jew and Gentile! For Sion's sake we cannot hold our peace, for Jerusalem's sake we will not rest, till the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and its glory as a lamp that burneth," Isa. lxii. 1, 2, This is the righteous resolve of supplicants still—seeing "All things

things now are ready." Seeing the *gospel* is ready to be "preached to all people:" the *means* are prepared to conquer the world: the *ministers* of grace, mortal and immortal! are ready to forward the work of their Lord. These wait the word, "Go;" and they *haste through all lands; their words to the ends of the world*—instrumental under God, in *converting* nations of *souls* now *lost* in their sins. Will then *one* blest word from the throne work such wonders on earth, and will not the Majesty of heaven "send forth the command?" Psa. xlviii. 15. *Will not the Judge of all the earth do right? "Avenge us of our adversary quickly?"* Will not the Most High *yet* submit to the cry, of millions of martyrs in heaven, (Rev. vi. 10.) and men of God on earth, who for numbers of ages have been asking, "How long?" Will "the Father, of Mercies" *seem* more slow to shew mercy, than the *judge* (most *unjust!*) *whom the widow's entreaties subdued?* Luke xviii. 1. 8. Will "the God that heareth the prayer," hear numberless prayers (most importunate!) and still leave them unanswered—ruined regions unrenewed—and "oracles divine" unconfirmed? Will "the God of truth" affirm, "Behold I do a new thing: *now* shall it spring forth; shall ye not know it?" and *yearly* postpone his *present* engagements? Isa. xliiii. 19. Will "the God of all grace" reveal this "*new* thing, "and *monthly* refuse to impart what scripture gives *now?*" Will "the Holy One of Israel" say, "Now shall it spring forth," and *weekly* withhold, the fulfilment of his promise—the grace a *world* wants—the claim of God in man? Will not infinite compassion now be conquered? will not boundless love now yield? Will not Almighty goodness now be overcome, by worlds of woe! by professing prayer! by arguments almighty? Can "Deity deny himself" (2 Tim. ii. 13.) by keeping till to-morrow, what *mercy, justice, holiness, grace, truth* demand "to-day?—Not so! say reason, faith, and *all that's good*, within, without, below, above. Sooner shall all creation crumble back to chaos, than spotless Purity
be

be sullied! or "one jot or tittle fail, of all that God hath promised!" or Truth's *performance* be *delayed* one day—when gracious gifts prepare the way for, "Now shall this new thing spring forth!"

"The prayer of Faith" prevails with Heaven, *to heal a sin-sick* Universe! Hosanna in the highest! The *answer* graciously descends, "Ask *what ye will* (believingly,) it shall be done!" John xv. 7. The Word and the Spirit testify, "Jehovah will avenge us *speedily*!" Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! *The dominion of Satan falls like lightning from heaven!*—till Sin, infernal sin! is chased to hell! "The most Mighty girds his sword on his thigh, and triumphs gloriously over *yielding* kingdoms!" The Sovereign of glory comes "riding on his chariots of salvation!" to sway his golden sceptre over the "*willing* nations!" Psa. xlv. 3, 4. Rev. xv. 4.

Hail golden age! celestial day!
 Hasten it Lord! ten thousand pray!
 Whose fearless-faith *can't* be denied,
 When God hath sworn! and Christ hath died!
 The promised graces "shall be given,"
 Till earth obeys like dutious heav'n!

Hail golden age! celestial day!
 When wars, wounds, woes, are swept away!
 When Tempters cease from shore to shore!
 When "wickedness corrects" no more!
 When men like angels blest agree!
 When earth like heav'n is *unity*!

Hail golden age! celestial day!
 When Love shall spread its blissful sway!
 When peace-born pleasures bright as noon!
 Will rule as wide as sun and moon!
 When "filled with glory, worlds adore!"
 The heaven's "Great King"—till *time's* no more!

Hail

Hail golden age! celestial day!
 When "Godhead reigns from sea to sea!"
 When worlds allow, "All souls are mine!"
 When realms redeemed are all divine!
 When "floods" of heav'n the earth o'erflow!
 With dearer joys than angels know!

Hail golden age! celestial day!
 Which now draws near, saints, f——s say!
 "The morning dawns! the day-stars rise!"
 The Sun of heav'n shines from the skies!
 The purchas'd glories Grace displays!
 Till "earth, like heav'n, is grateful praise!"

Hail golden age! celestial days!
 When mortals tune angelic lays!
 When Sion's sons below, above,
 Harmonious hymn ethereal love!
 When earth is paradise restored!
 "The heav'n-born garden of the Lord!"



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCXXXI.

[From Miss B. to a Friend.]

July 16, 1762.

Dear Friend,

I Have many fears lest you should find such a Rest in the enjoyment of your Friends, as shall hide from your eyes your need of Christ to rest in. When I cry earnestly for you, it seems to me, that this is the very hinderance. And I tremble, lest I should be one, and you insensible of it. Were you sensible of the danger, and watchful against it, I should

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be no more hurtful to *you*, than you were to *me* the last two months, when I really fought with all my might.

Sure I am, that my Jesus, who has saved you from ten thousand dangers, is now waiting, yea longing to fill you with the Faith that opens heaven. And though we find our heart full of corruption, yet I am a witness, if we discern and strive against it, it will not long hinder, but God will soon *destroy the man of sin, by the breath of his mouth.*

I bless God, I find the cross very profitable: though at times it has lately laid so heavy upon me, that without a very particular assistance, the flesh would have failed before him. I am not conscious of any will to lay it down, but rest in this, Thy will be done in all things! It is enough: I can trust him to keep my will from ever departing from him. He does keep me night and day.

I find Jesus very present with my soul. And his Spirit continually reproves me, if I speak uselessly, or too much, or any thing in the least degree contrary to love. But I am not always so on my guard, as immediately to hear his voice. Therefore I fall exceeding short of the perfect Law: but I know my interest in the atoning blood. And my will does not err; though as a child just learning to read, I make a thousand blunders. Pray for me, and help me by pointing out the very *narrowest path.*

I am yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R CCXXXII.

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

Rev. and dear Sir,

Bristol, Jan. 27, 1758.

YOURS dated January 20th, gave me matter of prayer and praise to God.

To answer your questions. I really was what I *appeared* to be. My soul was exceedingly troubled: I found my
Lord's

Lord's prayer in my heart, "Father, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me:" yet not my will, but thine be done. My sorrow proceeded, from my knowing how the Spirit of God was grieved by what was spoken. I had as much desire as ever, that all those things should be done away; and yet I was tempted to despair of it. As to my love, I cannot tell how I felt. I found my own life nothing, if that would put away these dreadful things. I think if we all had a deeper sense, how much this dishonours God, we should pray more, till he made all love and harmony.

As soon as you were gone, the Lord was gracious to me; I found a great weight taken off my spirits, with a clear sense, I had been bearing the Lord's burden, and a thankfulness that I had dealt faithfully with both your souls. Certainly it was no mark that our conversation was not of God, because Satan raged. I know it was made a blessing to my soul every way, and I will not despair of Mrs. ———.

It is true, my trials hitherto have been of another kind: but I must go through honour and dishonour. And if I suffer a thousand times more, I am paid over and above, if the end is answered on your soul.

One thing in your letter comforts my heart more than all. Does conversing with me or thinking of me indeed bring your soul strait to God? Why this is the very end I want it to answer. I often feared lest you should have stopped by the way. I find fresh life at the very thought. O Lord, let this be done, and it is enough! For Christ's sake, for his Church's sake, for your soul, for my soul's sake, let it do so still. And it will, if you are instant in prayer.

Sir, may I not ask you, Whether it is right to obey God or man? If God has called you to trust *me*, or *me you*, will he not give us integrity of heart? When I shall no longer be of use to you, he will not let me spend uselefs words. As

to my praying for you, I find no difference; for it is as natural, as to pray for my own soul.

Since you have been gone, I have read again my favourite book, the Life of Monsieur de Renty. It covers me with shame and confusion to think, how little I know of true Christianity. The Lord help me to set out afresh! Help me by your prayers!

I believe you will not spare letting me know the goodness of God to your soul. In this I am more nearly concerned than many. My very dear Sir, I am ashamed of my freedom with you. I cannot account for it. One favour more I must beg of you. That you would *unbosom* your heart to God! O Sir, pray for me continually; for I never stood more in need. That Grace, Mercy, and Peace may follow you all your days, is the prayer of

Your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

L E T T E R CCXXXIII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. S. R.]

January 27, 1758,

My dear Sister,

LAST Friday, after many severe words, my —— left me, vowing she would see me no more. As I had wrote to you the same morning, I began to reason with myself, till I almost doubted, whether I had done well in writing, or whether I ought to write to you at all? After prayer, that doubt was taken away. Yet I was almost sorry that I had written that morning. In the evening, while I was preaching at the Chapel, she came into the chamber where I had left my clothes,

clothes, searched my pockets, and found the letter there, which I had finished, but had not sealed. While she read it, God broke her heart: and I afterwards found her in such a temper, as I have not seen her in for several years. She has continued in the same ever since. So I think, God has given a sufficient answer, with regard to our writing to each other.

I still feel some fear concerning you. How have you found yourself since we parted. Have you suffered no loss by any thing? Has nothing damped the vigour of your spirit? Is honour a blessing? And dishonour too? The frowns and smiles of men? Are you one and the same in ease or pain? Always attentive to the voice of God? What kind of humility do you feel? What have you to humble you, if you have no sin? Are you wise in the manner of spending your time? Do you employ it all, not only well, but as well as it is possible? What time have you for reading? I want you to live like an Angel here below! Or rather like the Son of God! Woman, walk thou as Christ walked! Then you cannot but love and pray for

Your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

L E T T E R CCXXXIV.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to the Rev. Mr. Walker.]

October 1757.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Return you many thanks for the welcome Letter from Mr. Adam, as well as for your own. I have answered his, (which is wrote in a truly christian spirit) and now proceed to consider yours. After having observed, That two of our Preachers are gone from us, and none of these remaining
(to

(to my knowledge,) have at present, any *desire* or *design* of separating from the Church, yet I observe,

1. Those Ministers who truly feared God near a hundred years ago, had undoubtedly much the same objections to the Liturgy, which some (who never read their works) have now. And I myself so far allow the force of several of those objections, that I should not dare to declare my assent and consent to that book in the terms prescribed. Indeed they are so strong, that I think they cannot safely be used, with regard to any book but the Bible. Neither dare I confine myself wholly to Forms of Prayer, not even in the Church. I use indeed all the Forms; but I frequently add Extemporary Prayer, either before or after Sermon.

2. In behalf of many of the Canons, I can say little; of the Spiritual Courts, nothing at all. I dare not therefore allow the authority of the former, or the jurisdiction of the latter. But I am not yet required to do it. So that difficulty does not lie in my way yet.

3. "Whether it be lawful to attend the ministrations of one, whom I know God has not sent to minister, seeing he expressly disclaims that Call of God, which is at least as necessary as the Call of man:" is really a question which (as I said before) I cannot answer to my own satisfaction. Neither can I tell,

4. How far that Command of our Lord, *Beware of false prophets*, obliges me to refrain from hearing such, as put darkness for light and light for darkness. I am still in doubt, whether quietly attending them while they do this, be not, in effect, the *bidding them God speed*; the strengthening their hands in evil, and encouraging others to hear them, till they fall into hell together.

I am still desirous of knowing, In what particular manner you think the present work of God could be carried on, without the assistance of Lay-preachers. This I will fairly weigh, and give you my thoughts upon it.

Some

Some little things occurred to me in reading over your Sermons, which I had a desire to communicate to you. In the great Points I cannot observe any difference between us. We both contend for the Inward Kingdom, the Mind that was in Christ Jesus, the Image of God to be new stamped upon the heart. I am sometimes much discouraged at finding so little of this in myself. Assist both with your advice and prayers,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Brother and Servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

L E T T E R CCXXXV.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Miss Elizabeth Hardy.]

December 26, 1761.

Dear Sister,

THE path of Controversy is a rough path. But it seems smoother while I am walking with *you*. So that I could follow *you*, through all its windings: only my time will not permit.

The plain Fact is this. I know many who love God with all their heart, mind, soul and strength. He is their One Desire, their One Delight, and they are continually happy in him. They love their neighbour as themselves. They feel as sincere, fervent, constant a desire, for the happiness of every man, good, or bad, friend or enemy, as for their own. They rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks. Their souls are continually streaming up to God in holy joy, prayer and praise. This is plain, sound, scriptural experience. And of this we have more and more living witnesses.

But

But these souls dwell in a shattered, corruptible body, and are so pressed down thereby, that they cannot *exert* their love as they would, by always thinking, speaking, and acting *precisely right*. For want of better bodily organs, they sometimes inevitably think, speak, or act wrong. Yet I think, they need the advocacy of Christ, even for these involuntary defects: although they do not imply a defect of *love*, but of *understanding*. However that be, I cannot doubt the fact. They are *all love*. Yet they cannot *walk* as they desire. "But are they *all love* while they grieve the Holy Spirit?" No surely: they are then fallen from their steadfastness: and this they may do even after they are sealed. So that even to such, strong cautions are needful. After the heart is cleansed from Pride, Anger, and Desire, it may suffer them to re-enter. Therefore I have long thought, some expressions in the hymns are abundantly too strong: as I cannot perceive any state mentioned in Scripture from which we may not (in a measure at least) fall.

Persons who talked of being "emptied before they were filled," were for sometime a great stumbling-block to me too: but I have since considered it Thus: the great point in question is, "can we be saved from all sin or not?" Now it may please God to act in that uncommon manner; purposely to clear this point: to satisfy those persons, That they are "saved from all sin" before he goes on in his work.

Forgive me, dear Miss Hardy, that I do but just touch upon the heads of your Letter. Indeed this defect does not spring from the want of love, but only from want of time. I should not wonder if *your* soul was one of the next, that was filled with pure love. Receive it freely! Thou poor bruised reed! It is able to make *thee* stand.

I am your affectionate Friend and Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

LETTER

LETTER CCXXXVI.

[From ———, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

April 5, 1762.

Dear Sir,

THE present state of my soul is, Him having not seen I love; in whom though I see him not, yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My chief consolation flows from the expectation of seeing him as he is. And having this hope, my desire is, to purify myself even as he is pure.

I have found of late an hour of sore temptation; but have been saved through all. I have no doubt of the love of God to my soul, or of his saving me eternally. But I have doubted, Whether I loved him with all my heart, and sometimes thought, I have felt *evil*. But I do not reason about it, as in times past; for I have power to go to Christ through all: and I always find him, to receive me graciously, and to love me freely. I continue to prove, great is his faithfulness: my soul is more deeply acquainted with God, and more sensible of the utter helplessness of man, and of my inability to breathe one wish heavenward, without the influence of his Spirit.

I have been greatly tempted to a refined sort of Antinomianism: so to see all in Christ, as not earnestly to seek after the mind that was in Him, a full renewal in his image. O how many unsuspected wiles has Satan! What need have we to hear our Lord's voice, and to follow it!

I am, &c.

L E T T E R CCXXXVII.

[From the same, to the same.]

Dear Sir,

May 28, 1762.

I Am often ashamed of myself, for writing so freely to you. I think my Letters have an appearance of self-sufficiency. And yet I do not know how it is, that when I begin to write, I cannot help it.

One lesson I see God means to teach me, by all the various occurrences that have lately happened, is the folly, weakness, and instability of human Nature. Lord, what is man! The name of Jesus alone shall be exalted: hereby we are forced to depend alone on Him, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

My desire is, to sit at the Saviour's feet, and hear his words which are spirit and life. I feel the necessity of inwardly following God, and being free from all care and every incumbrance of spirit, that my soul may be at leisure to receive the communications of his love and power. Fellowship with God is the thing my soul thirsts after: to live in his presence, and to be taught by the Spirit, to walk in the truth, and to do the will of my heavenly Father in all things. I find more communication with God, and knowledge of the Three-One Jehovah. My soul beholds, as with open face, the glory of the Lord. The veil is more withdrawn, and by faith I enter into the holiest, and feel the preciousness of that Blood, which alone speaks my peace. So that I can say,

“ For ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding-side :
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour diéd !”

I am, &c.

 POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

THOUGHTS ON IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS,

*Occasioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's Dialogues between
Theron and Aspasio. By Dr. Byrom.*

PART II.

TO shun much novel sentiment and nice,
I take the thing from its apparent rise;
It should seem then, as if *imputed sin*
Had made *imputed Righteousness* begin:
The one suppos'd, the other to be sure,
Would follow after—like disease and cure:
Let us examine then imputed guilt,
And see on what foundation it is built.

As our first parent lost a heavenly state,
All their descendants share their hapless fate,
Forewarn'd of God, when tempted not to eat,
Of the forbidden tree's pernicious meat;
Because incorporating mortal leaven
Would kill, of course, in them the life of heaven.
They disobey'd, both Adam and his wife,
And di'd of course to their true heavenly life:
That life thus lost the day they disobey'd,
Could not by them be possibly convey'd;
No other life could children have from them,
But what could rise from the parental stem:
That love of God, alone, which we adore,
The life, so lost, could possibly restore:

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Their

Their children could not, being born to earth,
 Be born to heaven, but by a heavenly birth:
 God found a way, (explain it how we will,
 To save the human race from endless ill;
 To save the very disobeying pair;
 And made their whole posterity his care.

Has this great Goodness any thing a-kin,
 To God's *imputing* our first parents' sin
 To their unborn posterity?—What sense
 In such a strange, and scriptureless pretence?
 For though men feel——(so far we are agreed)
 The consequences of a sinful deed:
 Yet where ascribed, by any sacred pen
 But to the *doers*, is the *deed* of men?
 Where to be found, in all the scripture through,
 This *imputation* thus advanced anew?

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

Will ye also go away? John vi. 67—69.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas! what numbers do!)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too?"

Ah Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast;
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.

Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me;
 To whom, or whither, could I go,
 If I should turn from thee?

Beyond

Beyond a doubt I rest assuréd
 Thou art the Christ of God;
 Who hast eternal life securéd
 By promise and by blood.

The help of men and angels joinéd,
 Could never reach my case;
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.

No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart;
 No love but thine can make me blesséd,
 And satisfy my heart.

What anguish has that question stirréd,
 If I will also go?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No!

VERSES to the Memory of the late Rev. Mr. Smith Dunning.

[By Miss E——.]

ALAS! what miseries o'er the life of man,
 By sad Mortality's dread law are spread!
 How like a vapour glides the fleeting span,
 Which quickly ranks him with the silent dead!

Man like a beauteous flower in morn appears,
 Fresh opening all its glories to the day;
 But cropt ere noon, a witheréd aspect wears,
 Trod under foot, he shrinks to quick decay.

So

So often in the pride of youthful bloom,
 The sons of Adam fall a prey to Death;
 From honours torn, to drop into the tomb,
 Whilst weeping friends deplore their parting breath.

Here mourns a father o'er a much-lov'd son;
 Here sighs a wretched widow and forlorn;
 Whilst by the anxious cares of life undone,
 Are by a thousand fruitless passions torn.

But soft—from whence proceeds this mournful sound!
 From yonder room?—Ah! what a dismal groan!
 Who by yon funeral bed sits weeping round?
 In agonizing woe they sigh and moan.

A mournful eloquence dwells in their eyes;
 Silent and sad their looks to heav'n ascend:
 But breathless, cold, and pale here ever lies,
 Their kind protector, brother, father, friend.

Dear, tender names! in one for ever fled;
 Ye sympathizing friends that pity know:
 Approach with awe, and justly mourn the dead,
 To grief like theirs a sacred reverence show.

For ne'er from sorrow's ever-streaming eye,
 The human tears more reason had to flow:
 Ne'er did the wounded bosom heave a sigh,
 Or prove a more afflictive cause of woe.

No more shall his instructive language cheer
 The heart when sad, or calmly whisper peace:
 For Friendship's sacred force can banish fear,
 And bid each tumult in the bosom cease.

This

This art was his : for Harmony and Truth,
 Fair Virtue, Piety, with Ease combinéd,
 With evéry nobler grace, to form his youth,
 And guard from abject views thé immortal mind.

Large were the virtues of his friendly heart,
 Though veiled by modesty from public view:
 His worth to chosen friends he did impart ;
 Which, as the more 'twas known, the dearer grew.

Benevolence and justice ruléd his mind ;
 E'en whilst some thorny paths of life he trod,
 To conquer Vice his soul was still inclinéd,
 And fire the lukewarm heart with love to God.

But ah! 'tis past! and mortal things no more
 Can e'er employ his unembodiéd soul,
 Now safely landed on the heavenly shore ;
 Where human passions never more shall roll.

No more disease or death shall him affright ;
 But God's eternal day on him shall shine ;
 And whilst he rapturéd treads yon fields of light,
 He sings the power of love and grace divine.

Ah, think, whilst weeping o'er the senseless clay,
 Your briny tears bedew his cold remains ;
 The spirit borne by Seraphs, wings its way
 To yonder regions where the Saviour reigns.

With what delight and wonder will he trace
 The matchless glories of his sovereign Lord!
 With extasy survey the boundless space,
 Where Jesus is by rapturéd saints adoréd!

Death

Death is to Nature dreadful and severe ;
 But Faith in God dispels the awful gloom ;
 Bids fairer worlds beyond the grave appear,
 Where through eternal years the soul shall bloom.

A S H O R T H Y M N.

James ii. 21. *Was not Abraham our father justified by works,
 when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar?*

THE father of the faithful seed,
 His faith by his obedience provéd;
Abraham was justifiéd indeed,
 When offering up his best belovéd;
 He shewéd the grace before receivéd,
 And perfectly in God believéd.

Accepted *first* through faith alone,
 His pardon unconfirméd he held;
 But rendering back his only son,
 He felt the precious promise sealéd,
 Felt in his heart and spirit pure
 The peace irrevocably sure.

Before he sacrificéd his child,
Accounted just through faith he livéd,
 By causeless mercy reconcilé
 Forgiveness without works receivéd:
 But when he res'lutely obeyéd,
 Through works he then was righteous *made*.





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For J U N E 1782.



*Of FREE-WILL: translated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S
Dialogues, between Lewis and Frederic.*

D I A L O G U E III.

[Continued from page 230.]

Lewis. **B**UT what is the Answer to that of St. Paul, *The natural man receiveth not the things of God?*
Fred. The same which I gave before. *The things of God knoweth the Spirit of God,* and he that hath that Spirit: such are the kingdom of heaven, the new man, and the like. These are known only to God and his Children. But this is nothing to the point, Whether the Will be free or not? For the Will is one of the things of men, which is in the wicked as well as the good, and of which all may judge, as they do of colours, tastes, and sounds. Add, that the spiritual man has no other sense of the will, than the carnal man. Nor do you now feel any other freedom or servitude of the will, than you did before you believed.

VOL. V.

M m

Pray,

Pray, when you drink wine, do you drink it willingly, or unwillingly? *Lewis.* Willingly. *Fred.* Are you compelled thereto, or not? *Lewis.* I am not. I feel a temptation from pleasure; yet I can drink or let it alone. *Fred.* You have then a Free-will, and power to drink or not. *Lewis.* I have, if I may judge from what I feel. *Fred.* You certainly may. But when afterwards your head aches, do you chuse it should? *Lewis.* No indeed. *Fred.* You chuse then that it should not ache, but you cannot help it. *Lewis.* So it is. *Fred.* You have then the will to help it, but not the power. *Lewis.* True. *Fred.* Therefore you feel your Will is free, both in things that are, and things that are not in your own power. *Lewis.* I do feel it. *Fred.* Certainly you do; for what is so free as the Will? What is so good or so evil, so hard or so easy, which you may not will? Let us make the experiment. Here I am. I say, my will is free. Bid me rise; I rise: bid me stand; I stand: bid me speak; I speak: bid me be silent; I am so. And all these things, I will do, not only at my own choice, but at yours also. Again, bid me rise; I will not rise: bid me stand; I will not stand: bid me be silent; I will speak. All these things are at my own choice. But this liberty I have, not from myself, but from God who created me thus.

I will say more. Bid me do what I cannot do. I answer, I am willing to do it, but am not able. Yet my Will herein is absolutely free: I can will this way or that way: I can chuse black or white, hot or cold, which I could not do, unless my Will were free. Otherwise I could not will what I pleased of two contraries, but one of the two only; as a heavy body cannot move upward or downward, but must move downward. Let any shew me if they can, that Adam before he sinned, yea or Christ himself, (whom surely none can deny to have had Free-will,) could have had a greater Freedom than this.

Lewis.

Lewis. But perhaps some will say, Still your Will is not free: for your Understanding is moved by Duty, Profit, or Pleasure, and one or other of these draw your Will to itself; and it cannot be otherwise. *Fred.* This is only shewing the motive, not the servitude of the will: for motives do not force, or lay us under a necessity. When good men serve God, they have motives to it; yet their Will is then most free. Otherwise Christ himself had not been free. For he was moved by several causes to serve the Father. He was moved by compassion to heal the sick: yet he was free in the highest degree.

Lewis. They confess, the Will of man is free in things indifferent, but deny it to be free to any thing good. For it can will nothing but evil: seeing all men are sinners. And he that committeth sin is the servant of sin. *Fred.* Likewise he that worketh righteousness is the servant of righteousness. Is he therefore enslaved to it? Nothing less: if we allow the will of Christ to have been free, who certainly was a servant of righteousness. Your footman, Lewis, serves you. But is his Will therefore enslaved? Yea, it is his Will, which commands him to serve you. So that the will even of a servant is free, whether he chuses to serve you always, or to change his master. So he that serves sin serves it freely, whether he chuses to serve it always, or to change his master. But if his will is enslaved, because he wills only sin, You must say, God's will is enslaved, because he wills only righteousness.

All this I have said on supposition that all men can by nature will nothing but evil. But even if it were so, their Will would be no more enslaved, than if they could will nothing but good. But I cannot allow, that men can will nothing but evil. There are two things which invite men to know and then love God. One is, the visible work of God, wherein his invisible things are seen, even his eternal Power and Godhead. The other is, the Law of God, that is, whatever is contained in the Law of Moses, the Prophets, and the

Gospel. For the sum of both the Law and the Gospel is, To love God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves. Now not only the Scripture, but the very frame of nature (by the preventing grace which is given to every man) invites those who have not the Scripture, to reverence God, and love their neighbour. To shew this by clear examples. I suppose you will allow, that among those who are *without the law* there are two kinds of men; some good and others bad. Take Camillus and Catiline. By what name shall we distinguish these? Or will you call them both alike, wicked men? *Lewis.* I dare not; there was a wide difference between them, *Fred.* What difference? *Lewis.* Catiline was of an evil disposition, fond of murder, rapine, and civil discord from his youth. In Camillus were just the contrary tempers. *Fred.* But what is contrary to evil is good. Therefore Camillus willed that which is good: for certainly it is good to will peace, and to abhor murder, rapine, and discord. *Lewis.* But our friends answer, He was a natural man, and therefore nothing in him was good, *Fred.* If so, let us place him in the same rank with Catiline, and ascribe the same vices to him, and say that all natural men, as well as him, are villains, traitors, hypocrites, guilty of all vices, and that there is no difference at all between the Catilines, and the Camillus'. *Lewis.* Nay, the difference is great and undeniable. *Fred.* Then we must say, that Camillus, though a natural man, yet willed that which is good. I say *Willed*: although I allow, his power was small. And yet he performed more good than Catiline did; Catiline himself being the judge.

But let us come to Scripture-examples. *Abimelech* said to God, who threatened him for taking *Sarah*, (Gen. xx. 5.) *In the integrity of my heart, and innocency of my hands have I done this.* And God accepts of the plea. He afterwards expostulates with *Isaac*, because he had called his wife *Rebeckah* his sister, (Gen. xxvi. 10.) *One of the people might lightly have lien with thy wife, and thou wouldest have brought guiltiness*

guiltiness upon us. See, how he abhors adultery! And if he thus abhorred evil, he certainly had a Will to good. What shall we say of the Queen of *Sheba*, who came so far, to hear the wisdom of *Solomon*? Shall we say, that she willed nothing but evil, when our Lord himself commends her desire of instruction?

But the plainest place of all is that of the Apostle, (Rom. ii. 14, 15,) *When the Gentiles who have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these not having the law are a law unto themselves, who shew the work of the law written in their hearts.* Now I pray could they do the things contained in the law, if they could will nothing but evil? When they praise virtue, and blame and punish vice, do not they shew a will to good, and an aversion to evil? Otherwise they would praise vice, and blame and punish virtue. What shall we say of *Cornelius the Centurion*, who before he was a Christian worshipped God and prayed, so that his *prayers and his alms came up for a memorial before God.* We must not therefore say, that men till they are converted will nothing but evil.

From these Reasons and Examples I think it evident, that man has a Will, flexible either way, so that he may will either good or evil, and that not from himself, but from God his Creator. Having now shewn, what man *can will* by virtue of the nature which God has given him, it remains to shew, what he actually *does will.* Now I allow, most men will evil; but a few (as we have shewn) will good. And even those who now will evil, need not continue so to do. As no wild olive-tree is so bad, but it may be amended by being ingrafted into a good olive, so no man is so bad, but he may become good, by being grafted into Christ.

[To be continued.]



S E R M O N IX.

On GENESIS iii. 19.

[Concluded from page 236.]

3. *AND unto dust thou shalt return.* How admirably well has the wise Creator, secured the execution of this sentence on all the offspring of Adam! It is true, He was pleased to make one exception, from this general rule, in a very early age of the world, in favour of an eminently righteous man. So we read (Gen. v. 23, 24,) After Enoch had walked with God, three hundred, sixty and five years, he was not; for God took him. He exempted him from the sentence passed upon all flesh, and took him alive into heaven. Many ages after he was pleased to make a second exception; ordering the prophet Elijah to be taken up into heaven, in a chariot of fire: very probably by a convoy of Angels, assuming that appearance. And it is not unlikely, that he saw good to make a third exception, in the person of the beloved Disciple. There is transmitted to us a particular account of the Apostle John's old age. But we have not any account of his death, and not the least intimation concerning it. Hence we may reasonably suppose, that he did not die, but that after he had finished his course, and walked with God for about a hundred years, the Lord took him as he did Enoch: not in so open and conspicuous a manner, as he did the prophet Elijah.

4. But setting these rare instances aside, who has been able in the course of near six thousand years, to evade the execution of this sentence, passed on Adam and all his posterity? Be men ever so great Masters of the Art of Healing, can they prevent or heal the gradual decays of nature? Can all their
boasted

boasted skill heal Old Age, or hinder dust from returning to dust? Nay, who among the greatest masters of Medicine has been able to add a Century to his own years? Yea, or to protract his own life any considerable space beyond the common period? The days of man, for above three thousand years, from the time of Moses at least, have been fixt, by a middling computation, at threescore years and ten. How few are there that attain to fourscore years? Perhaps hardly one in five hundred. So little does the Art of man avail against the appointment of God!

5. God has indeed provided for the execution of his own decree, in the very principles of our nature. It is well known, the human Body when it comes into the world, consists of innumerable membranes exquisitely thin, that are filled with circulating fluids, to which the solid parts bear a very small proportion. Into the tubes, composed of these membranes, nourishment must be continually infused: otherwise Life cannot continue, but will come to an end almost as soon as it is begun. And suppose this nourishment to be liquid, which as it flows through those fine canals, continually enlarges them in all their dimensions, yet it contains innumerable solid particles, which continually adhere to the inner surface of the vessels through which they flow: so that in the same proportion as any vessel is enlarged, it is stiffened also. Thus the body grows firmer, as it grows larger, from infancy to manhood. In twenty, five and twenty, or thirty years, it attains its full measure of firmness. Every part of the body is then stiffened to its full degree: as much earth adhering to all the vessels, as gives the solidity they severally need to the Nerves, Arteries, Veins, Muscles, in order to exercise their functions in the most perfect manner. For twenty, or it may be, thirty years following, although more and more particles of earth, continually adhere to the inner surface of every vessel in the body, yet the stiffness caused thereby is hardly observable, and occasions little inconvenience. But after

after sixty years, (more or less, according to the natural Constitution, and a thousand accidental circumstances) the change is easily perceived, even at the surface of the body. Wrinkles shew the proportion of the fluids to be lessened, as does also dryness of the Skin, through a diminution of the blood and juices which before moistened, and kept it smooth and soft. The Extremities of the body grow cold, not only as they are remote from the centre of motion, but as more remote, the inner vessels are filled up, and can no longer admit the circulating fluid. As Age increases, fewer and fewer of the vessels are pervious, and capable of transmitting the vital stream: except the larger ones, most of which are lodged within the trunk of the body. In extreme Old Age, the Arteries themselves, the grand instruments of Circulation, by the continual opposition of earth, become hard and as it were bony, till having lost the power of contracting themselves, they can no longer propel the blood, even through the largest Channels, in consequence of which, Death naturally ensues. Thus are the seeds of Death sown in our very nature! Thus from the very hour when we first appear on the stage of life, we are travelling toward Death: we are preparing, whether we will or no, to return to the dust from whence we came!

6. Let us now take a shortest review of the whole, as it is delivered with inimitable simplicity, in what an unprejudiced person might even from hence infer to be the word of God. In that period of Duration which He saw to be most proper, (of which He alone could be the judge, whose eye views the whole possibility of things from everlasting to everlasting) the Almighty, rising in the greatness of his strength, went forth to create the universe. *In the beginning he created, made out of nothing, the matter of the heavens and the earth.* (So Mr. Hutchinson observes, the original words properly signify.) Then *the Spirit or breath from the Lord, that is the Air, moved upon the face of the waters.* Here were Earth, Water, Air, three of the Elements, or component parts of the lower world.

And

And God said, Let there be light : and there was light. By his omnific word, Light, that is, Fire, the fourth Element sprang into being. Out of these variously modified and proportioned to each other, He composed the whole. *The earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed, and the tree yielding fruit after its kind :* and then the various tribes of animals, to inhabit the waters, the air, and the earth. But the very heathen could observe,

*Sanctius his animal mentisq; capacius altæ Deerat
Adhuc!-----*

There was still wanting a creature of a higher rank, capable of Wisdom and Holiness. *Natus homo est.* So God created man in the image of God, in the image of God created He Him! Mark the emphatical repetition! God did not make him mere Matter, a piece of senseless, unintelligent clay; but a Spirit, like himself, (although clothed with a material vehicle.) As such, he was endued with Understanding, with a Will, including various Affections, and with Liberty, a power of using them in a right or wrong manner, of chusing good or evil. Otherwise neither his Understanding nor his Will would have been to any purpose; for he must have been as incapable of virtue or holiness, as the stock of a tree. Adam in whom all mankind were then contained, freely preferred evil to good. He chose to do his own will rather than the will of his Creator. *He was not deceived,* but knowingly and deliberately rebelled against his Father and his King. In that moment he lost the Moral Image of God, and in part, the Natural. He commenced, unholy, foolish, and unhappy. *And in Adam all died.* He entitled all his posterity, to error, guilt, sorrow, fear; pain, diseases and death.

7. How exactly does matter of fact, do all things round us, even the face of the whole world agree with this account? Open your eyes? Look round you! See darkness that may be felt; see ignorance and error; see vice in ten thousand forms: see consciousness of guilt, fear, sorrow, shame, remorse, care covering the face of the earth! See misery, the daughter

daughter of sin. See on every side sickness and pain, inhabitants of every nation under heaven, driving on the poor helpless sons of men, in every age, to the gates of death! So they have done, well-nigh from the beginning of the world. So they will do, till the consummation of all things.

8. But can the Creator despise the work of his own hands? Surely that is impossible? Hath he not then, seeing He alone is able, provided a remedy for all these evils? Yea, verily he hath! And a sufficient remedy, every way adequate to the disease. He hath fulfilled his word: He hath given *the seed of the woman to bruise the serpent's head.* God *so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, might not perish but have everlasting life.* Here is a remedy provided for all our guilt: He *bore all our sins in his body on the tree.* And *if any man have sinned, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.* And here is a remedy for all our disease, all the corruption of our nature. For *God hath also, through the intercession of his Son, given us his Holy Spirit, To renew us both in Knowledge, in his natural image, opening the eyes of our understanding, and enlightening us with all such knowledge as is requisite to our pleasing God: and also in his moral image, namely, Righteousness and true holiness.* And supposing this is done, we know that *all things will work together for our good.* We know, by happy experience, that all Natural Evils change their nature and turn to good: that Sorrow, Sickness, Pain, will all prove medicines, to heal our spiritual Sickness. They will all be *to our profit*; will all *tend to our unspeakable advantage*: making us more largely *partakers of his holiness*, while we remain on earth, and adding so many stars to that crown, which is reserved in heaven for us.

9. Behold then both the Justice and Mercy of God! His Justice in punishing sin, the sin of him in whose loins we were then all contained, on Adam and all his whole posterity! And his Mercy, in providing an universal Remedy for an universal evil! In appointing the second Adam to die for all, who had
died

died in the First: that *as in Adam all died, so in Christ all might be made alive*: that *as by one man's offence, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, so by the righteousness of one, the free gift might come upon all, unto justification of life*. Justification of life, as being connected with the New Birth, the beginning of spiritual life, which leads us through the life of Holiness, to life eternal, to glory.

10. And it should be particularly observed, that *where sin abounded, Grace does much more abound*. For *not as the condemnation, so is the free gift*, but we may gain infinitely more than we have lost. We may now attain both higher degrees of Holiness, and higher degrees of Glory, than it would have been possible for us to attain, if Adam had not sinned. For if Adam had not sinned, the Son of God had not died. Consequently that amazing instance of the Love of God to man had never existed, which has in all Ages excited the highest Joy, and Love, and Gratitude from his children. We might have loved God the Creator; God the Preserver, God the Governor. But there would have been no place for Love to God the Redeemer: this could have had no being. The highest glory and joy, of saints on earth and saints in heaven, Christ crucified, had been wanting. We could not then have praised Him, *that thinking it no robbery to be equal with God, yet emptied himself, took upon him the form of a servant, and was obedient to death, even the death of the cross!* This is now the noblest theme of all the Children of God on earth. Yea, we need not scruple to affirm, even of Angels; and Archangels, and all the company of Heaven,

“ Hallelujah they cry
 To the King of the sky,
 To the great, everlasting I AM,
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 And liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

Bristol, March 13, 1782.

N n 2

Some

Some Account of Mr. WILLIAM FERGUSON: aged 47.

1. **M**Y Father and Mother lived at *Kelfo*, in *Scotland*, where they had five children. But when my mother was big of the sixth, she could not be delivered, the child being dead within her. In a desperate case a desperate method was used; incision was made, and the child taken out of her side. And yet, by the blessing of God she survived, and recovered her health and strength. But the Physician assured her, if she had another child, it could not be born, but she must infallibly die. However she was with child again: as the time of her delivery approached, expecting nothing but death, she cried to God day and night. But to the amazement of all, she was delivered with more ease, than she had ever been of any child before.

2. I was the child then born, on the 25th of March, 1735. I was brought up a Presbyterian, and had very early impressions on my soul. When I was about six years old, I used to wonder, I could not weep under sermons, as others did. I left off play, and going into the fields, used to think of God, of the devil; of heaven and hell. I thought God loved me, and was willing to bring me to heaven. But I thought if the devil should get me to hell, I shall never get out. Yet I thought, Christ suffered for my sins; and thereby made a full atonement for them. But although I knew these great truths, yet my heart was unchanged: and I constantly went on in the follies of childhood, according to the devices of my own heart.

3. When I was ten years old, my parents removed to *Eyesmouth*, eight miles North of *Berwick*: here I grew thoughtful again, and began to pray much, wherein I found so great pleasure, that I persuaded four boys I was acquainted with,

With, to go with me, morning and evening, into a secret place in a timber-yard, between two stacks of deals, where we prayed one after the other. This we constantly did for two months: but a young gentleman lodged just by, whose window looked into the yard: observing us to go thither constantly, he wanted to know the reason. And meeting me one day alone, after giving me many good words, he asked me, Why we met together between the stacks? I told him, but begged him, not to tell any one: which he faithfully promised. But notwithstanding he went immediately and told the children themselves, and their parents, and the people of the town: many of whom cried out, "That it was blasphemy for such young children to pretend to pray." The children were soon laughed out of their religion, and never rested till they made me like themselves: nay till they taught me to get drunk, which we did in that very place where we used to pray together.

4. Two years after, my parents removed to *Holy Island*, nine miles South of *Berwick*. The people of this place were mostly Smugglers, and the children remarkably wicked. Of these I soon learnt to curse and swear, and to glory in my shame. I learned to tell lies for sport, to play at cards, to dance, to work the greatest part of the Sabbath-Day: and to make a mock at all religious people, saying, they were all hypocrites. And in this deplorable condition I remained, till I was near twenty years old.

5. During this time I was twice in great danger of being drowned, going to *Holy Island* in very dark nights. It was also a flowing tide: I had lost my way: and the sea came in fast upon me. But both times I was brought safe to land. I was serious for a while after. But I then got into laughing, trifling company; and my seriousness soon wore off. Another time being with a gang of Smugglers, a King's Officer clapt a pistol to my breast, and swore bitterly, if I lifted a hand, he would

would shoot me through the heart. The thought of instant death shocked me much. But this too I stifled by drinking and dancing.

6. So I continued fast asleep in the devil's arms, till one day as I was working in the shop with my father, my mind ran upon a match of drinking and dancing in which I was engaged to join in the evening. Suddenly I heard a voice as from heaven saying, "What if thou shouldst drop down dead in the midst of the dance! Wouldest thou go to heaven?" I said, "No: I am not fit for heaven." Immediately I felt, I had passed sentence upon myself; and that if I went not to heaven, hell was my portion; light broke in: I was filled with horror: I saw myself hanging over the mouth of hell, by the brittle thread of life!

7. My father looked me in the face, and asked, "What is the matter?" But I made no answer. He said, certainly something is the matter. For you are sometimes red as scarlet, and in a moment white as chalk. But still I spoke not one word: my mouth was stopt: I was guilty before God. Yet I was thankful that I was alive, and thought, "O that God would let me live one day longer! In how different a manner would I spend my time! Surely not in the ways of sin." Soon after I sat down to dinner; but I could not swallow a morsel. My mother observing this, was very angry at my father, thinking I was grieved at something he had said. But finding that was not the case, she was quite struck, and turning to me said, "My dear, why do not you eat your dinner?" I made no answer. Indeed I could not, for my heart was fit to break.

8. In the evening my company came in, to carry me to the dancing. To their great surprise, they found me reading the Bible. They asked my father and mother, "Are not you willing he should go with us?" They said, "Yes; but we think, he is not well." They said, "Come, we shall soon cure him. Lay hold. We will carry him." "Do says another, and I will carry his fiddle." I looked at them and said

said very mildly, "If you do carry me, I shall be of no use to you. For a dance I will not dance this night; and a tune I will not play." They stared and left me.

9. When our family went to rest, I durst not go to bed, for fear I should awake in hell. I tried to pray but could not. I stayed for some time, with my heart as hard as a stone. At last I fell upon my knees; and with a flood of tears cried out, "Lord, be merciful to me; for I am a great sinner." I found my mind a little eased, and went to bed and slept comfortably. But in the morning my trouble was as great as ever. When I went out about my business, many mocked me for my gravity: others said, "It is great pity, so fine a young man should lose the use of his reason." But what grieved me more, was to see all the people, as I had been myself, fast asleep in the devil's arms.

10. On Sunday morning I rose early, and the tide being out, walked to *Lonwick* on the main land, and went to a Presbyterian meeting. The Minister's text was, *I will arise and go to my Father.* It was a word spoke in season. I thought he looked at me all the time. The people did indeed look at me; many of them knowing me well, and therefore wondering; how I came there! When I came home, my mother begged me with tears, to reveal what was upon my mind. She said, "What is it you have done? Have you murdered any body?" I said, No, mother; I have murdered no body; but I have almost murdered my poor soul."

11. As soon as the inhabitants of the island found, that I would not drink, swear, or work on the Lord's-Day, they were violently angry, so that I could hardly walk the street, for the mob setting upon me. And my father and mother insisted on my working at my business on the Lord's-Day. But I told them, "No: never more; I will sooner have the flesh torne off my bones." My prayer now was, to get out of this ungodly place: and a fortnight after, my parents consented: so I left them, not knowing whither I was going,
but

but desigining to follow my father's trade, provided I could find any Master, who would not require me to work on the Lord's-Day.

12. When I came to *Newcastle upon Tyne*, as I was going down Pilgrim-street, I saw abundance of people going along, who seemed remarkably serious. I asked a man, "Pray, who are all these?" He answered, These are all Wesleyites; they are coming from the preaching. This was the first time I saw or heard of them. The next day I went on to *Sunderland*, where I found out my father's brother, and enquired, If he knew any Barber, who did not work on a Sunday? "Yes, said he, there is *Tommy Parker*." So to him I went without delay.

13. To my great surprize, the sailors that came into our shop, did not curse or swear at all. But several of them took my Master by the hand, and said, "How do you do, Brother?" I asked, "Pray, Sir, are all these your Brothers?" He said, "We are all Brethren in Christ." When Sunday came, I got one to shew me to the Preaching-house, where I saw my Master in the pulpit! His text was, *He shall bring forth the top stone with shouting, crying, Grace, grace unto it.* I then told him the distress of my mind. He advised me to go to *London*, telling me, I should there have all the means of grace, in the greatest abundance. I went to *London*, where my cousin *Thomas Fryer* soon got me into a shop: and not long after, on my telling him I wanted to meet in a Class, carried me to the Tabernacle. I went into the Vestry and told two Gentlemen I found there, "I should be glad to meet in a Class, that I may speak my experience, and tell of the work of God which I have found upon my heart." One of them said, "What Class shall we put him into?" The other answered, "Indeed I cannot tell. Mr. *Wesley's* Classes are far more strictly looked after than ours." If you please then, said I, I will go and meet in one of his Classes. He looked

at

at me and said, "Really young man, I cannot blame you." I went immediately to Mr. *Wesley*, who after a little conversation, gave me a note of Admittance.

14. As I now prayed much, and heard many sermons, and abstained from all known sin, I began to be very easy, supposing myself to be a very good Christian. And one day in a house in *Radcliffe-highway*, I began talking as if I had gone a great way in Religion. This an old gentlewoman observing, came and taking me by the hand, said, "Do you know your sins are pardoned?" I answered, "I hope so." She said, "I fear not: for if they were, you would have the witness in yourself. Satan cares not how far we go in Religion, if we will but stop short of this. I advise you, when you go home, pray earnestly to the Lord, to shew you whether your sins are pardoned? If they are, to give you the witness of it: if they are not, never to let you rest without it."

15. I was quite speechless, finding I had stopped short of the prize. I hastened home, praying all the way. I watched, I prayed, I waited in all the means of grace, longing for Christ to come into my heart. I could hardly eat any food, till Sunday came, when I went to the *Seven-Dials*, to hear Mr. *Wesley*. I was much blest under the word, expecting every moment to receive the blessing. On Monday, as I sat at work, I was thinking the sermon over again, when on a sudden my mind was whirled away, and filled with vain imaginations. After a time I cried out, "Lord, what a wicked wretch am I? Wilt thou pardon this, with all my other sins?" In a moment the Lord said to my heart, "My blood hath atoned not only for this, but for all the sins which thou hast ever committed. Thou art no more thy own. Thou art bought with a price: and I will give thee power to glorify me, with thy body, and thy spirit which are mine."

[To be concluded in our next.]

To the R E A D E R.

I Do not remember ever to have met with a more remarkable account than is contained in the following Journal. What an amazing instance of Divine Mercy does it set before us! Especially considering all the difficulties he had to grapple with, in his infancy, his childhood and his youth. Was not this indeed a brand plucked out of the burning? And who then can despair? For

“ May not every sinner find
The grace that found out thee ?”

The Journal itself is abundantly larger. But as the same Experience occurs over and over, I judged it advisable to select out of it only the most material parts: those especially which artlessly describe the struggle between the flesh and the Spirit, even in a true Believer; and those which relate to the accomplishment of that grand Promise, which is the Quintessence of the Gospel, “ I will circumcise thy heart, to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul.”

J. W.

Macclesfield, April 1, 1782.

An Extract from the JOURNAL of Mr. G— C—.

- I** Was born July 1, 1710, (New Style,) at *New York*. My Father was several years Governor of the Province. My Mother's name was *Rebecca*, daughter of *George Haig*, merchant in *London*. My Mother brought me to *London*, without my Father's consent. Having in a little time spent all the money she had, she was obliged to leave me to the parish of *St. Ann's, Westminster*. I was shifted about from
one

one parish-nurse to another, till I was taken into the School, I dined on Sundays at the woman's house, where my Mother lodged: but I knew nothing either of my Father or Mother.

2. When the Parish-Officers judged me to be of a fit age, they bound me apprentice to a soft-wood Turner. He took me for the sake of the six pounds he had with me. My Mistress made Soldiers' clothes: and while that business lasted (six months in the year,) we lived pretty well: but afterwards we had scanty allowance: for my master and I earned next to nothing. I was then taken very ill: the Physician said, I must go out of town. My mother heard of it, and came and took me in a coach to *Kenfington*. Being recovered, I was brought home to my Master, with whom I continued two years. I then stole some pattens and offered them to sale; but I was stopped and forced to confess. Yet the owner would not prosecute me. But my Master would not receive me, and bade me go where I would.

3. I wandered about, till I was found by a woman whom my Mother had desired to enquire after me. With her I lodged, till I got to be servant to a man that sold Newspapers. Sometime after I caught an Ague, which continued eighteen months. But before I was well, my Master turned me away: I then returned to the same woman, whom I long begged to introduce me to my mother. At length my mother consented to see me. And that was all; for she gave me nothing, no, not so much as a kiss.

4. After this, I got a place in a public-house. Here I learnt all manner of wickedness. At this time I was about one and twenty. Together with the rest, I had learnt to swear in so uncommon a manner, that it shocked even my companions. Yet even at this time, and in the midst of this company, the Lord did strangely visit me with Love, strongly drawing me every day for a fortnight, to retire to prayer, and giving me inexpressible sweetness in it: but having no one

to converse with, I quickly returned as a dog to the vomit, and was more the child of hell than before.

5. When I was about five and twenty I married. My wife's father died soon after, and she and I undertook his business, which was selling Newspapers. Within two months of her delivery of a second child, I was taken ill of a fever, and brought very low. I promised God great things if he would raise me up: he did so; but the fear of my death brought on her labour. I was then so weak, as hardly to be able to get out of my bed: yet I was obliged to go and serve the customers. I held by her mother, and walked from morning to evening: yet I was strengthened to bear it. In this illness my mother came to me, being reduced to great poverty. She never owned me till now; and I know not that ever she called me, "My dear," or "My dear child," in her life.

6. There was now a considerable change in my outward life. I behaved decently, and was well esteemed of my neighbours. Yet I had no Religion. I frequently drank to excess, and was violently passionate. I made no account of the sabbath, and it was very seldom that any of our family went to Church. The year after the hard frost, I was much straitened in my circumstances, having a sickly wife, three children and two mothers to keep. I therefore took a ticket as a porter at Doctors-Commons which enabled me both to pay my debts and keep my family. Yet did I not see the Lord's hand in this, nor acknowledge him in any of my ways.

7. Soon after, my wife fell into a consumption, and languished for several months. Besides a girl she had before I married her, I had two fine children, a boy and a girl. They both died of the small-pox, about six weeks before my wife. She wept much, and told me, "My dear, your mother says, I should not fear death, if God would make known his love to me." But I could say little to it. Many times since I have cried out, "Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O Lord?"

8. Soon

8. Soon after my wife died, God touched my heart, in reading a little tract of Bishop *Taylor's*. And though my conviction was not deep, yet now, for the first time, I prayed from my heart. About this time my mother asked me, to go to hear Mr. *Wesley*; but it made little impresson upon me. Yet I liked it more and more, till November, 1746, at my mother's instance I entered into the Society. I knew not the nature of it; but I got the Rules; read them carefully, and resolved to keep them. From this time I gave up all my company, and all thoughts of women. And now every sermon went to my heart, and I was constrained to plead guilty before God: but he dealt very graciously with me, gently leading me, yet with so strong a conviction, that I sat up part of many nights, not daring to sleep, lest I should wake in hell. This continued till February 15, 1747. That morning I found a strange alteration. I felt no more condemnation. I had liberty to pray, and a full assurance, that my prayer was heard. Yet this was but as a drop before a shower. For at the Chapel the love of God so over-powered me, that I could not bear up under the weight of it, but was obliged to sit or kneel great part of the service. And for several days those words followed me, "I am the Lord, the Lord God, who forgives iniquity, and transgression, and sin." My soul had now a clear sense of its union with Jesus, and I peculiarly loved him. I no more feared death or judgment, but had a strong desire to go to Him my soul loved. I had a great love for the sabbath, for private prayer, and all the other means of grace.

[*To be continued.*]



A short Account of Mr. SAMUEL MASSEY.

MR. *Samuel Massey*, lived at *Seacroft*, near *Leeds*. He was a great bigot to the Church, and an utter enemy to the Methodists. He heard indeed Mr. *Charles Wesley* preach

preach one sermon, but did not receive any benefit from it. But God who is rich in mercy, was afterwards pleased to convince and convert him without any outward means.

As soon as he was converted, (being about eighty years of age,) he joined the Society, and rejoiced exceedingly for a short time: soon after, he was sorely tried, being urged to think, he and all that would be saved, must leave the Church. But by conversing with a friend upon that subject, he was reconciled, and he continued to go to the Church the remainder of his life. Afterwards, he was very happy, for about two years, and then believed he had a clean heart.

For four years he was opposed almost by every one he conversed with. But he said, it did not make him unhappy whether they believed him or not, although he felt himself grieved on their account.

The last three years of his life, hardly any one doubted of his testimony. Sept. 20, he went to Church as usual. In the time of the service he was overcome with sleep in a very uncommon manner. On Monday he went to see some of the Society, but in returning home he fell down and hurt his arm. However he got as well as he could, to his own house, yet he had no one there to help him. For after his wife died, he would not have any woman of the Society as a servant, lest any one should be offended; nor would he have any of the world, because he could not bear their ways. On Tuesday one of the Society went to see him, and found him drowsy, and almost deprived of his Reason. So he continued the following day, and only for about two hours every morning, he had his Reason perfectly well. All his conversation then was about the perfect Love of God, exhorting all about him to seek it: when any came that was unawakened, he often repeated those words,

We want we know not what,

We want our wants to see,

We

We want, alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me!

It was all one to him to live or die. When he was asked if he was ready to die? his answer was, "Yes, love, I am." On Sunday morning all his drowsiness left him, and he made his Will, his Memory being as well as ever. When he was asked what he owed, he told them every particular, and also what was owing to him. One of our friends asking him if he would leave the Bible for the use of the Desk, in the Preaching-house, as he had promised, he said, "Yes, love, and blessed be God it is all written on my heart."

He said, "O the Enemy! O the Enemy! It is his last onset, but he has no place in me;" and in the afternoon he went to God.

October 31, 1761.

J. J.

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

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

AND first, what admirable Wisdom is displayed, in the motion of various animals, suited to their various occasions! In some their motion is swift, in others slow; and both diversified a thousand ways.

And first, for swift or slow motion. This is exactly proportioned to the occasion of each animal. *Reptiles*, whose food, habitation, and nests lie in the next clod, plant, tree, or hole, or which can bear a long hunger, need neither legs, nor wings, but their vermicular motion answers all their purposes.

Beasts, whose occasions require a larger room, have accordingly a swifter motion: and this in various degrees, answerable to their range for food, and the enemies they are to escape from.

But

But as for *Birds*, who are to traverse vast tracts of land and water, for their food, habitation, breeding their young, and for places of retreat and security, from various inconveniencies: they are endued with the faculty of *flying*; and that swiftly or slowly, a long or short time, according to their occasions. In all this, the Wisdom of God appears, ordering all things well.

Again. How admirable is the motion of all creatures, is the neat, geometrical performance of it! The most accurate mathematician cannot prescribe a nicer motion than that they perform, to the legs and wings of those that fly or walk, or to the bodies of those that creep. Neither can the body be more completely poised, for the motion it is to have, in every creature. From the largest Elephant to the smallest Mite, the body is exactly balanced. The head is not too heavy, nor too light for the rest of the body, nor the rest of the body for it. The bowels are not loose, or so placed as to swag, overbalance, or overset the body: but well-braced, and accurately distributed to maintain the equipoise of it. The motive parts also are admirably well fixed, in respect to the centre of gravity, placed in the very point which best serves to support and convey the body. Every leg bears the share of the weight. And the wings are so exactly placed, that even in the fluid medium, the air, the body is as truly balanced, as we could have balanced it with the nicest scales.

Yet again. What an admirable provision is made for the motion of some creatures, by *temporary parts*! *Frogs* for instance have tails in their Tadpole-state, which fall off when their legs are grown out. The *Water-Newt* also when young, has four fins, two on a side, to poise and keep the body upright. But as soon as the legs are fully grown, these presently drop off.

Secondly, The *Bore* of the *Gullet* in all creatures, is answerable to their occasions. In a *Fox*, which feeds on bones, (as in all ossivorous beasts) it is very large. But in a *Squirrel* it

it is exceeding small, lest he should disgorge his meat in his descending leaps: and so in Rats and Mice, which often run along a wall with their heads downward.

Thirdly, In all animals the strength and size of their *Stomach* are proportioned to their food. Those whose food is more tender and nutritive, have it smaller, thinner, and weaker. Whereas it is large and strong in those whose food is less nutritive, and whose bodies require large supplies.

All carnivorous beasts have the smallest stomachs, as flesh goes the farthest. Those that feed on fruits and roots have them of a middle size. Sheep and Oxen, which feed on grass, have the greatest. Yet the Horse, Hare, and Rabbit, though graminivorous, have comparatively small ones. For a Horse is made for labour, and both this and the Hare for quick and continued motion; for which the most easy respiration, and so the freest motion of the diaphragm is requisite. But this could not be, did the stomach lie big and cumbersome upon it, as it does in Sheep and Oxen.

Another very remarkable circumstance is, that those animals which have teeth on both jaws, have but one stomach; whereas most of those which have no *upper-teeth*, or no teeth at all, have three stomachs. For the meat which is first chewed, is easily digested; but that which is swallowed whole, requires a stronger concoctive power.

Fourthly, All the parts of the same animal are adapted one to the other. So, for instance, the length of the neck is always proportioned to that of the legs. Only the *Elephant* has a short neck: for the weight of his head and teeth, would to a long neck have been insupportable. But then he is provided with a trunk, which abundantly supplies the defect. In other beasts and birds, the neck is always commensurate to the legs; so that they which have long legs have long necks, and they that have short legs short ones; as may be observed in Lizards of all kinds, and the king of them, the Crocodile. And creatures that have no legs, as they want no necks, so

they have none, as Fishes. This equality between the length of the neck and legs, is peculiarly seen in beasts that feed on grafs. Their legs and necks are very near equal. Very near, I say, because the neck must necessarily have some advantage; for it cannot hang perpendicular, but must incline a little.

Moreover, as these creatures must hold their heads down, for a considerable time together, which would be very laborious and painful for the muscles, therefore on each side the neck, nature has placed a thick and strong ligament, capable of stretching and shrinking again as need requires: this, which is vulgarly called *white-leather*, extends from the head (to which, and the next vertebræ of the neck it is fastened at the end) to the middle vertebræ of the back, to which it is knit at the other. And by the assistance of this, they are able to hold the head in that posture all day long.

Fifthly, The parts of all animals are exactly fitted to their manner of living. A notable instance of this is in the swine. His natural food being chiefly the roots of plants, he is provided with a long and strong snout; long, that he may thrust it to a convenient depth in the ground without offence to his eyes; strong and conveniently formed, for rooting and turning up the ground. And besides, he has an extremely quick scent, for finding out such roots as are fit for him. Hence in *Italy*, the usual way of finding truffles, or subterraneous mushrooms, is by tying a cord to the hind-leg of a pig, and driving him before them into their pastures. They then observe, where he stops and begins to root: and digging there they are sure to find a truffle. So in pastures where there are earth-nuts, though the roots are deep in the ground, and the leaves are quite gone, the Swine will find them by their scent, and root only in the places where they grow.

Another instance of like nature we have in the *Porpes* (antiently wrote *Porc-pesce*, that is, *Swine-fish*) which resembles the Hog, both in the strength of his snout and in the manner
of

of getting his food. For the stomach of one of these when dissected, was found full of sand-eels, which lie deep in the sand, and cannot be gotten, but by rooting and digging there.

That very action, for which we look upon Swine as unclean creatures, namely wallowing in the mire, is designed by nature for a good end; not only to cool their bodies (which fair water would do as well) but also to suffocate and destroy fleas, lice, and other insects, which are troublesome and hurtful to them. For the same reason, poultry and divers other birds bask themselves in the dust, in hot summer weather.

The *Variety* of shape and colour observable in *Beasts*, prevents any two from being exactly alike, as much as the human features distinguish mankind one from another. Wherefore then was this variety bestowed upon brutes? Are they at all sensible of such diversity? Are they the more happy, or more useful to one another for it? No. This variety then is doubtless intended for the sake of man, to prevent confusion, and decide and ascertain his property.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS from LOCKE on HUMAN UNDERSTANDING:
with short REMARKS.

CHAP. XIII. *Of Simple Modes of Space.*

“Sect. 21. **I**F *Body* be not supposed infinite, which I think, no one will affirm, I would ask, Whether, if God placed a man at the extremity of corporeal beings, he could not stretch his hand beyond his body? If he could, then he would put his arm, where there was before *Space* without *Body*; and if there he spread his fingers, there would still be *Space* between them without *Body*: if he could not stretch out his hand, it must be because of some external

hinderance; (for we suppose him alive, with such a power of moving the parts of his body, that he hath now, which is not in itself impossible, if God so pleased to have it; or at least it is not impossible for God so to move him;) and then I ask, Whether that which hinders his hand from moving outwards, be Substance or Accident, something or nothing? And when they have resolved that, they will be able to resolve themselves, what that is, which is, or may be between two Bodies at a distance, that is not Body, has no Solidity. In the mean time, the argument is at least as good, That where nothing hinders, (as beyond the utmost bounds of all Bodies) a *Body* put into motion may move on, as where there is nothing between, there two Bodies must necessarily touch; for pure *Space* between, is sufficient to take away the necessity of mutual contact; but bare *Space* in the way, is not sufficient to stop the motion. The truth is, these men must either own, that they think *Body* infinite, though they are loth to speak it out, or else affirm, that *Space* is not *Body*. For I would fain meet with that thinking man, that can, in his thoughts, set any bounds to *Space*, more than he can to *Duration*; or by thinking, hope to arrive at the end of either: and therefore if his Idea of *Eternity* be infinite, so is his Idea of *Immensity*; they are both finite or infinite alike.

“ Sect. 22. *Father*, those who assert the impossibility of *Space* existing without *Matter*, must not only make *Body* infinite, but must also deny a power in *God* to annihilate any part of *Matter*. No one, I suppose, will deny, that *God* can put an end to all motion that is in *Matter*, and fix all the *Bodies* of the universe in a perfect quiet and rest, and continue them so as long as he pleases. Whoever then will allow, that *God* can, during such a general rest, annihilate either this *Book*, or the *Body* of him that reads it, must necessarily admit the possibility of a *Vacuum*: for it is evident, that the *Space* that was filled by the parts of the annihilated *Body*, will still remain, and be a *Space* without *Body*. For the circumambient *Bodies* being in perfect rest, are a wall of adamant,

adamant, and in that state make it a perfect impossibility for any other Body to get into that Space. And indeed the necessary motion of one particle of Matter, into the place from whence another particle of Matter is removed, is but a consequence from the supposition of plenitude; which will therefore need some better proof, than a supposed matter of fact, which experiment can never make out, our own clear and distinct Ideas plainly satisfying us; that there is no necessary connexion between *Space* and *Solidity*, since we can conceive the one without the other. And those who dispute for, or against a *Vacuum*, do thereby confess they have distinct Ideas of *Vacuum* and *Plenum*, i. e. that they have an Idea of Extension void of Solidity, though they deny its existence; or else they dispute about nothing at all. For they who so much alter the signification of words, as to call *Extension*, *Body*, and consequently make the whole essence of a Body to be nothing but pure Extension, without Solidity, must talk absurdly whenever they speak of *Vacuum*, since it is impossible for Extension to be without Extension. For *Vacuum*, whether we affirm or deny its existence, signifies Space without Body, whose very existence no one can deny to be possible, who will not make Matter infinite, and take from God a power to annihilate any particle of it.

“Sect. 23. But not to go so far as beyond the utmost bounds of Body in the universe, nor appeal to God's Omnipotency, to find a *Vacuum*, the motion of Bodies that are in our view and neighbourhood, seem to me plainly to evince it. For I desire any one so to divide a solid Body, of any dimension he pleases, as to make it possible for the solid parts to move up and down freely every way within the bounds of that superficies, if there be not left in it a void space, as big as the least part into which he has divided the said solid body. And if where the least particle of the Body divided, is as big as a mustard-feed, a void space equal to the bulk of a mustard-feed, be requisite to make room for the free motion

of

of the parts of the divided Body within the bounds of its superficies, where the particles of Matter are 100,000,000 less than a mustard-feed, there must also be a space void of solid Matter, as big as 100,000,000 part of a mustard-feed; for if it hold in one, it will hold in the other, and so on *in infinitum*. And let this void Space be as little as it will, it destroys the hypothesis of *Plenitude*. For if there can be a Space void of Body, equal to the smallest particle of Matter now existing in Nature, it is still Space without Body, and makes as great a difference between Space and Body, as if it were *Μίλλα χρονα*, a distance as wide as any in Nature. And therefore, if we suppose not the void Space necessary to motion, equal to the least parcel of the divided solid Matter, but to one-tenth or one-thousandth part of it, the same consequence will always follow of Space, without Matter.

“ Sect. 24. But the question being here, Whether the *Idea of Space* or *Extension* be the same with the *Idea of Body*, it is not necessary to prove the real existence of a *Vacuum*, but the *Idea* of it; which it is plain men have, when they enquire and dispute, whether there be a *Vacuum* or no? For if they had not the *Idea* of Space without Body, they could not make a question about its existence: and if their *Idea* of Body did not include in it something more than the bare *Idea* of Space, they could have no doubt about the plenitude of the world; and it would be as absurd to demand, whether there were Space without Body, as whether there were Space without Space, or Body without Body, since these were but different names of the same *Idea*.”

[To be continued.]

*An Account of the PASSIONS, or NATURAL AFFECTIONS:
extracted from Dr. Watts.*

Of ESTEEM and CONTEMPT.

10. **T**HE first sort of Love is called Esteem, and its opposite is Contempt. Esteem arises from the consideration of some excellency, in an object, and it belongs either to persons or things. Contempt arises from the consideration of a worthless object. So we esteem a good picture and the hand that drew it, or a good piece of clock-work and its author: but we condemn an ill painting or any bungling performance, as well as the maker of it, considered in that view.

If our Esteem be raised by an object which has any thing in it either grand or solemn, and sacred, it is called Reverence or Veneration. So we reverence the persons and the counsels of our parents and superiors: we have a veneration for the Bible, and for the Prophets and Apostles.

When this Veneration has God for its object, it may be properly termed Adoration or inward Worship.

As we esteem an excellent object, and condemn what is worthless; so there is a sort of Passion which arises towards an intelligent object that has some disagreeable or dishonourable qualities, and which we may call Disesteem or Disapprobation. Dishonourable qualities are distinct from those which are merely worthless, and raise a motion of the mind a little different from Contempt. Nor yet is Disesteem quite the same thing with Displacence.

If a man has too high an esteem of his own merit, this excites Vanity. This is sometimes called Arrogance, sometimes Self-Admiration: but then the word Admiration does not signify Wonder, but Esteem.

From

From this many times springs boldness to attempt what is too hard for us; which is properly called Rashness.

Hence also arise Scorn and Disdain toward those whom we think beneath us.

But the terms Scorn and Disdain are sometimes used in a good sense; as when a man of virtue, disdains and scorns a base practice.

[To be continued.]



A NARRATIVE of the Cure of SUSANNAH ARCH.

I *Susannah Arch*, do solemnly declare, in the fear of God, that my distemper began about four years ago, with an extraordinary itching and scurf on my head, and afterwards it spread over my body. This continued about three years before I advised with any Physician to know what it was; and then my husband died; whose death was attended with many aggravating circumstances, occasioning much sorrow and grief: all which conduced to increase my distemper. Under my great distress of body and mind I was lamenting myself, saying, What a poor distressed widow! a poor afflicted widow! Then the Lord was pleased to give me in that Scripture, Romans viii. 32, *He that spared not his own Son, but gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?* This I took as a bond from the Lord, wherein he was graciously pleased to bind himself to supply all my necessities. Immediately after my husband's burial, being left in a poor and desolate condition, that Scripture came to my mind, Job i. 21, *Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return again. The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the Name of the Lord.*

After these troubles, my distemper much increased: then I advised with Mr. *Forty*, an Apothecary, who told me my distemper

temper was a Leprosy. I asked him whether it was curable : he told me it was not curable. Then I was advised by his wife to go to one Mrs. *Griffin*, who was noted for curing scald heads, who persuaded me to go to the Hospital, but I found a great reluctancy thereto, having a persuasion from the time Mr. *Forty* told me it was incurable, that Jesus Christ would cure it. Nevertheless considering that passage of the woman that had the bloody issue, that though she spent all on physicians, yet this did not hinder her being cured by Christ when she came to him; I concluded my going to the hospital might not hinder Christ's curing me: thereupon I was satisfied to go; and when I presented myself to the Physician and Surgeons, they told me it was a Leprosy, and asked me what I desired of them? I told them I desired to be an out-patient, on which they prescribed me some medicines, but I had no faith in them, so I took but one dose, and threw the rest away, looking to a higher hand for my cure. However, I went a second time, and then they who gave out the medicines, seeing my distemper, told me, it was in vain to spend my time in attending any further on them, for it was a Leprosy, and could not be cured. Not long after this, I was sent by a friend of mine, on her own account, to Dr. *Bourne*, and I took that opportunity to shew him my distemper: and when he saw it, he lift up his hands, saying, Good Lord have mercy upon thee! It is a Leprosy. He likewise told me, there might be something given to curb it (but not to cure it) if I had wherewithal to defray the charge. I told him I was a poor widow, and so concerned myself no more with him. I went away from him full of comfort, having this persuasion that Jesus Christ would be my Physician.

After this, I was sent by the same friend to Dr. *Clarke*, who knowing me, sympathized with me, saying, Alas, poor woman, it is a Leprosy! I asked him whether it could be cured: he told me, something might be given to check it, but not to cure it; and that if I would go to Mr. *Hume's*, the

Apothecary, he would give directions to him, and he would do what he could for me. But having no hopes of cure from any human means, I concerned myself no further about it.

After this, another friend and neighbour being sick, desired me to go to Dr. *Nicholls* for her; and after I had discoursed with him concerning my friend, I asked him what he thought of my distemper? He said, Alas! poor woman, how came you by this? I asked him what the distemper was. And he likewise told me, as the others had done, that it was a Leprosy, and incurable.

Yet all along my faith was fixed on the Lord Jesus Christ: it was on him I was resolved to rely, who in the days of his flesh cured all diseases and sicknesses among the people; and I was confident that he had the same power now he was glorified, as he had in the days of his humiliation.

Upon the last day of May, 1694, at night, when I was asleep in my bed, I was pleading with God in those words of the Psalmist, *I will cry unto God most high, unto him that performeth all things for me*, Psa. lvii. 2. And I thought I saw a man standing by me, and laying his hand on me, saying, *I will: be thou clean*. I answered, *Lord, if thou sayest the word, it is done*. To which I received this reply, *All things are possible to him that believeth*. I answered, *Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief*. To which it was answered, *He that believes, is whole every whit*, (the hand being all the while upon my hand) thereupon I awaked, and perceived it was a dream. From that time (tho' I grew worse and worse) I was strongly persuaded I should be made whole.

And whereas I had been afflicted with a phtysical-complaint for many years, wherewith I was laid up every winter; in November last it pleased the Lord to remove that distemper, without any human means. *And this was to me a token that God would likewise cure me of my Leprosy. Soon after this, hearing people talk of a miraculous cure of one that was lame, I asked one that sat by me concerning it. She told

told me, a maid that had been lame seventeen years was miraculously cured. I told her, I was waiting at the pool, believing that I should be made whole. From that time my heart was drawn out to wrestle more earnestly with God, crying out; *Lord! why not I? why not I, a poor Leper?*

In December my distemper growing worse and worse, both on my head and body, I met with some inward strugglings, but was helped to say; in the words of Job, *I know, O Lord, that thou canst do every thing.*

On the 26th of December, I went to bed at night as bad as ever I was; and in the night had grievous temptations from the Adversary, who told me I had no faith; and that if I had faith I might be healed: but I perceived this was to beat me off from my confidence in God. Then I was helped to look back to former experience, and remembered that about thirty years ago, when I was under great distress about the state of my soul, I was enabled to cast it on the Lord Jesus Christ. And from that consideration many times since, when I have been in great distress, with respect to my outward condition, I have been enabled to cast my bodily concerns upon him. I cried out, Lord, I have cast my soul and body upon thee, and now I am resolved to cast all my diseases upon thee. Then I pleaded with God, saying, Lord, if I have true faith; if I have an interest in Christ, take away this distemper before I die. I then lay quiet, with a composed mind till morning. Next day I found a marvellous alteration, being much better, and more cheerful, which was discerned by a friend of mine, who said, she perceived I was much better.

The next night, as I was in bed, I put my hand to my head, first on one side, and then on the other, and felt skin on both sides of it, which at first was surprising to me. Then I said, *Lord Jesu! hast thou begun? thou wilt carry it on.* When I arose in the morning, and took off my head clothes, I found the scurf was gone from off my head, there only remaining

a little scurf like a cap on the crown of my head, which was easily taken off with a comb: and then appeared firm skin all over my head. At the same time my distemper, which was spread over my whole body from head to foot, even to my very toes, was taken away. And whereas I had neither skin nor hair on my head before, my hair is now grown to the admiration of them that behold it. And to this day, through the Lord's goodness, I remain free both from the Leprosy and Phthysic.

SUSANNAH ARCH.

Jan. 16, 1694-5.

SOME of us whose names are subscribed, have had certain knowledge of Susannah Arch's Distempers, and also of her Cure: and we are all fully satisfied in the truth of what is contained in this Narrative.

William Kiffin,
William Collins,
Robert Stead,
Richard Adams,
Edward Man,

John Piggott,
Benjamin Dennis,
William Draycot,
Robert Bartlett.

The Certificate of Charles Nicholls, Doctor of Physic.

ON the 29th of September last, Susannah Arch coming to me on the behalf of another woman, desired me to tell her what her own distemper was? I gave it, as my opinion, that it was a Leprosy, and could not perfectly be cured, but something might be given to check it, or keep it under. Furthermore, I coming this day into Southwark, saw this woman was cured of her said distemper; and I do verily believe it was done by the immediate Hand of God, as the effect of her Faith. I must say, that I stand in admiration in beholding this woman cured. In witness of all which I set my hand this 18th day of January, 1694-5.

CHARLES NICHOLLS.

The

The Certificate of Mr. Thomas Forty, Apothecary.

I understand I was the first person that Sufannah Arch came to enquire of about her distemper, as she declared; and I do testify, in the fear of God, that I did and do believe she had a Leprosy; and I have seen her several times since she was cured: and by my conferring with her and others, I do declare, that I verily believe she is perfectly cured; and that it was not done by any human means, but by the immediate Hand and Power of Jesus Christ, as the effect of her Faith. In witness of which I set my hand this 18th day of January, 1694-5.

THOMAS FORTY.

The Testimony of Mr. Robert Hume, Apothecary,

I Robert Hume do declare, in the fear of the all-seeing, heart-searching God, concerning Sufannah Arch, whom I have known for several years, as followeth, viz.

1. She was to my knowledge, grievously afflicted with an Asthma; yea, I have seen her scarce able to go along the street so fast as a child of two years old. When her husband was ill of the sickness whereof he died, if she went but a cross the chamber, she would pant like one almost expiring, insomuch that I thought she was more likely to die than he: and so she commonly was in the winter.

2. One day she came to me, (which I think was about July last,) and shewed me her head, saying, Sir, Can you tell me what I have got here? I answered, It is a Leprosy. Ay, said she, so every body tells me; for I have been at the hospitals, and they all say so of it, and tell me there is no cure for it.

Now as to these matters I do further declare, First, as to her Asthma: I could not but admire when I was with her a little after she was cured of the Leprosy, and saw how she went along the street, and up a pair of stairs, and that in frosty weather, without puffing and blowing, as she was used

to

to do. I did take particular notice how she could speak without fetching her breath longer than a great many that never were afflicted with any such indisposition.

Secondly, As for the Leprosy: it was no less wonder to me, that when I came to look upon that which formerly was as leprous as snow, I found now was become as the flesh of a young child. I do verily believe she is wholly cured of it, there being all the symptoms of soundness, and the hair does grow apace. Let any doubtful, make what search they will, I am not afraid of being found in a mistake in this matter. To the truth of this Attestation, I have hereunto set my hand this 12th day of February, 1694-5.

ROBERT HUME.

A S E R M O N

[By Dr. CUDWORTH.]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[Continued from page 261.]

LET us not therefore make this our first attempt towards God and Religion to persuade ourselves of these everlasting Decrees: for if at our first flight we aim so high, we shall but scorch our wings, and be struck back with lightning as those giants of old were, that would attempt to assault heaven. And indeed it is a most giganatical essay, to thrust ourselves so boldly into the lap of Heaven; it is the prank of a *Nimrod*, of a *mighty hunter*, thus rudely to deal with God. The way to obtain a good assurance of our title to heaven is, not to climb up to it by a ladder of our own persuasions, but to dig low by humility and self-denial. And though

though this may seem to be the farthest way about, yet indeed it is the nearest way to it. We must, as some of the Grecians speak, *ascend downward*, and *descend upward*, if we would indeed come to heaven, or get a true persuasion of our title to it.

The most triumphant confidence of a Christian riseth safely on this low foundation. When our heart is once tuned into a conformity with the word of God; when we feel our will perfectly to concur with his will, we shall then presently perceive a *Spirit of Adoption* within ourselves teaching us to cry, *Abba, Father*. We shall not then care for peeping into those hidden Records of Eternity, to see whether our names be written there in golden characters: no, we shall find a copy of God's thoughts concerning us, written in our breasts. There we may read the characters of his favour to us; there we may feel an inward sense of his love to us, flowing out of our unfeigned love to him. And we shall be more persuaded of it, than if any of those winged Watchmen above, that are privy to Heaven's secrets, should come and tell us, that they saw our names enrolled in those *Volumes of Eternity*. Whereas on the contrary, though we strive to persuade ourselves never so confidently that God from all eternity hath elected us to life and happiness, if we yet entertain any iniquity within our hearts, do what we can, we shall find many a cold qualm now and then seizing upon us at approaching dangers: and when Death shall grinly look us in the face, we shall feel our spirits faint away, though we strive to raise and recover them never so much with the *strong Waters* and *Aqua-vitæ* of our own ungrounded presumptions. But a good Conscience will be better to a Christian, than *health to his navel, and marrow to his bones*; it will be an everlasting cordial: it will be softer than a bed of down, and he may sleep securely upon it in the midst of raging and tempestuous seas. A good Conscience is the best looking-glass of heaven; in which the soul may see God's thoughts, and purposes concerning

cerning it, as if so many shining stars reflected to it. *Hereby we know Christ; hereby we know that Christ loves us, if we keep his commandments.*

Secondly, If hereby we know that we know Christ, by our keeping his commandments: then *the knowledge of Christ doth not consist merely in a few barren Notions, in a form of certain dry and sapless Opinions.*

Christ came not into the world to fill our heads with mere speculations; to kindle a fire of contentious disputes amongst us, and to warm our spirits against one another with angry and peevish debates, whilst in the mean time our hearts remain all ice towards God. Christ came not to possess our brains with some cold opinions, that send down nothing but a benumbing influence upon our hearts. He is the Christian whose heart beats with the truest pulse towards heaven: not he whose head spinneth out the finest cobwebs.

I wish it were not the distemper of our times, to make men solicitous about this and that speculation, which will not render them any thing the better in their lives, or the liker unto God; whilst there is no care taken about *keeping of Christ's commandments*, and being renewed in our minds, according to the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness. We say, *Lo, here is Christ*; and, *Lo, there is Christ*, in these and these Opinions; whereas in truth Christ is neither here, nor there, nor any where, but where the Spirit of Christ, where the life of Christ is.

Do we not open and lock up heaven with the private key of this and that Opinion? Do we not suppose that though a person observes Christ's commandments never so sincerely, and serve God with faith and a pure conscience, yet because he is not of our opinion, he hath not the right Watchword, he must not pass the Guards into heaven. Do we not make this and that Opinion, this and that outward Form, to be the *Wedding-garment*, and boldly sentence those to outer-darkness that are not invested there-
with?

with? Whereas every true Christian finds the least dram of hearty affection towards God to be more cordial and sovereign to his soul, than all the speculative Notions and Opinions in the world; and though he study also to inform his understanding aright, and free his mind from all error and misapprehensions; yet it is nothing but the life of Christ deeply rooted in his heart, which is the chymical elixir that he feeds upon. He feels himself safely anchored in God, though perhaps he is not acquainted with many of those subtilties which others make the Alpha and Omega of their Religion. Neither is he scared with those childish affrightments, with which some would force their private conceits upon him: he is above the superstitious dreading of mere speculative opinions, as well as the superstitious reverence of outward Ceremonies: he cares not so much for subtilty as for soundness and health of mind. And indeed it is well spoken by a noble philosopher, that *without purity and virtue God is nothing but an empty name*; so it is true here that without Christ's commandments, without *the life of Christ* dwelling in us, whatsoever opinion we entertain of him, Christ is only named by us, he is not known.

[To be continued.]

I think the following Account, one of the most remarkable, which I ever saw. I recommend it to the serious attention of all that have a feeling heart.

March 22, 1782.

J. W.

A TALE of REAL WOE.

THE following little narrative is so strictly and literally true, that it does not require any ornament from fiction, or any embellishment from language. I shall relate it with the utmost simplicity, and the closest adherence to Fact.

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Near

Near four years ago, a young woman stopped at a small village near *Bristol*, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. There was something so attractive in her whole appearance as to engage the attention of all around her. She was extremely young, and strikingly beautiful: her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance interesting to the last degree: she was alone—a stranger—and in extreme distress; yet she uttered no complaints, and used no arts to excite compassion. Her whole deportment and conversation bore visible marks of superior breeding, yet there was a wildness, an incoherence, and inconsistency in all she said and did. All day she wandered about in search of a place to lay her wretched head, and at night actually took up her lodging under an old hay-stack. The neighbouring Ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of so exposed a situation, but in vain; their bounty supplied her with the necessaries of life, but neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to sleep in a house. As she sometimes discovered evident marks of insanity, she was at length confined.

I pass over this period of her history—it is too touching for my own feelings.—At length she was released; with all the speed her small remains of strength allowed she flew to her beloved hay-stack, though it was six miles from the place of her confinement. Her rapture was inexpressible on finding herself at liberty, and once more beneath this miserable shelter. It is now near four years since this forlorn creature has devoted herself to this desolate life, since she has known the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a roof. Hardship, sickness, intense cold, and extreme misery, have gradually injured her health, and impaired her beauty, but she is still a most interesting figure; there is an uncommon sweetness and delicacy in her air and manner; she is above all that vanity so common to her sex, and so natural to Maniacs, for she will neither wear nor accept of any finery or ornaments, but hangs them on the bushes as below her attention. She refuses to
give

give the least account of herself; her silence on this head is invincible: her recollection seems impaired, and her whole mind visibly disturbed; yet her answers are pertinent enough, unless she suspects the question is meant to ensnare her. Her way of life is the most harmless and unoffending that can be imagined; every fine morning she walks round the villages, converses with the poor children, makes them little presents of such things as are given her, and receives others in return; she will take no food except milk, tea, and the most simple diet. No means have been left unattempted by the neighbouring Ladies (one in particular, who has been her constant and unwearied benefactress,) to prevail on her to live in a house, but her constant reply is, "*That trouble and misery dwell in houses, and that there is no happiness but in liberty and fresh air.*" From a certain peculiarity of expression, with a slight foreign tincture in her pronunciation and in the construction of some sentences, some have been led to conjecture, that she is not of this country. Various attempts have been made at different times to draw from this circumstance some knowledge of her origin. About a year ago a Gentleman spoke to her in the language of the continent; she appeared uneasy, restless, and embarrassed; but when he addressed her in German, her emotion was too great to be suppressed; she turned from him, and burst into tears. The Anecdote, which is told in the neighbourhood, was a few days ago, related to two Gentlemen, whom humanity led to visit this forlorn creature. One of them, who spoke German fluently, made the experiment; she was evidently confused, blushed, and from accident, or a knowledge in the language, answered some questions in English; but feeling as if she had been hurried into an imprudence, she artfully changed the subject, and denied having understood what had been said to her.

This artless story is written with no other view but the warm hope that it may catch the eye of some one interested

in this tale of woe, and the ardent wish of restoring an amiable and wretched young creature to the arms of (perhaps) a broken hearted parent.

The preceding *Tale of real Woe* (which first made its appearance in the St. James Chronicle, and since in various other publications) has induced many to visit the unfortunate Object alluded to, and they fully confirm the truth of this descriptive and affecting narration. Some persons feeling themselves particularly interested for her safety and welfare, and considering on every hand, the inclemencies to which she is exposed, are anxious to remove her to some suitable place, where every attendance may be given, which the circumstances of her case require; in order, if possible, to restore her to health of body and mind.

To defray the needful expences of this measure, Donations and Annual Subscriptions are solicited; for which purpose Books are opened at the Miss *Mores*, Park-street; Dr. *Till-Adams's*, Union-street; and at Mr. *J. B. Becket's*, Bookfeller, opposite the Exchange; where those who may be desirous of further information, are requested to apply.

To conclude—If *Innocence* and *Beauty* in *distress*—if *Delicacy* and *Virtue*—secluded from human society—where the *Rays* of the *Understanding* have ceased to *illumine*—are subjects of *tender Consideration*—this *instance of Calamity* has surely an *especial Claim* to the *Tear of Compassion*—to the *Smile of Benevolence*.

Bristol, Dec. 12, 1781.

Friday, March 15. I called on Mr. *Henderson*, at *Hannam*, and spent some time with the poor, disconsolate creature. Such a sight, in the space of near eighty years, I never beheld before. Pale and wan, worne with sorrow, beaten with wind and rain, (having been so long exposed to all weathers,) with her hair rough and frizzled, and a blanket wrapt round her. Native Beauty gleamed through all. Her Features
were

were small and finely turned ; her Eyes had a peculiar sweetness ; her Arms and Fingers were delicately shaped ; her Voice soft and agreeable. But her Understanding was in ruins : she appeared partly insane, partly silly and childish. She would answer no questions concerning herself ; only that her name was *Louisa* : seemed not to take notice of any person or thing, and seldom spake above a word or two at a time. Mr. *Henderson* has spared no pains, since she was brought to him. And with regard to her body he has been successful, having restored her to some degree of health. She appears to love him much, (as indeed all the patients do,) and he is exceeding tender of her. She is alone in a clean, large room, with a constant fire, and wants nothing that is proper for her.

Sometime since a Gentleman called, who said, he came two hundred miles, on purpose to enquire after her. When he came in, she took no notice of him at all : but when he saw her face, he trembled exceedingly. All he said was, "She was born in Germany ; and is not four and twenty years old."

A Gentleman in Devonshire affirms, (how truly I cannot tell,) That he knows her well : that her father is a German Baron : that a Gentleman married her some years since, brought her over to England, and after awhile deserted her. If this be true, a very easy account may be given of her insanity. But what a Villain !

LETTERS.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCXXXVIII.

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

Bristol, Feb. 1, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Am thankful if my Lord continue to make me a blessing to your soul. For O! how I long for you to be holy, in spirit, soul, and body! Has God fixt a resolution in your soul, to grasp the glorious prize? Do not you depend too much upon any creature? We must not say, "Lord, work by this or that person or thing. Work as thou wilt, and how thou wilt! Only finish thy work in my soul." O dear Sir, It is a good, but painful fight: indeed it is fighting up to the knees in blood. Nature will not submit to die. But away with it; crucify it; crucify it! "The sins that murdered God shall die."

Dear Sir, use much private Prayer, and much good will come out of all this. Let us stand still, and we shall see the great salvation of God. In the mean time, having our eye single, our intention pure, determined to be on the Lord's side.

O how good is God to my soul! I do not need *sin* to humble me. For he breaks me in pieces with his ten thousand blessings. I find a life that never dies; a hidden life above. Neither pain nor ease, smiles nor frowns, life nor death, can part me from my Love.

I am sometimes tempted, because I do not labour more with my hands. But O! the thirst I feel for souls! I know not but the Lord lays his hand on my body in mercy, or I should

should have little time for retirement : for I could be speaking and going about all the day. O Sir, let us make haste to live !

The Lord grant you the desire of your soul upon me ! O that I may be like my spotless Master ! The thought makes my heart leap again. This is all I thirst for, and short of this I will not live. Jesus hath purchased all for *me*. Pray help me by your prayers !

O my Father, look up ! The chariots and horse-men of Israel ! O for faith to lay hold on all the promises ! Let us pray more than ever, and the Lord will keep us from every snare of the devil !

I am your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

L E T T E R CGXXXIX.

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

October 7, 1762.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Have found you much laid on my heart, and have power to commend you to Him who is able to help you ; and who, I believe, will with-hold from you no manner of thing that is good. He delighteth in the prosperity of his servants ; and my heart's desire and prayer for you is, that Jesus may set you as a seal on his heart, and disclose to you all the secrets of his love, the hidden mysteries of his kingdom. This is a time when you have need of his eye to guide you. He will direct you in all your paths. I rejoice that that word is true, " My grace is sufficient for thee."

I believe, I need not ask you to forgive the freedom of my style, because I am persuaded you would have me simply write the

the language of my heart. I desire to consider you as my Minister, and to treat you with the respect that character claims.

I have abundant reason to praise my Lord, for I feel him to be my portion, and he makes me happy by giving me himself. I only thirst for a deeper knowledge of Jesus, whom to know is eternal life. There is no complaining in my streets, for the voice of joy and gladness is heard in my land: the Lord hath rooted and grounded me in his love, and taught me to *come* to him for a supply of my present wants. I strove, I laboured to do, and to suffer the will of God, but I was continually foiled, because I did not *believe* as my day, my strength should be; I mean, I stood in some measure in the strength of the present grace, without coming every moment for a fresh supply. The many arguments I had heard against the doctrine of Salvation from Sin, and the continual attacks of Satan with, How can these things be! And how is this or the other thing consistent, &c. made me reason much whether there was *sin* in my heart? I could not believe there was, and yet I did not dare to say there was *not*. But after much reasoning about the matter, sometimes fearing every thing was a delusion, I always left off just as I begun, and felt the truth of those words, "Man by wisdom knew not God." I strove to search Him out by my Reason, but I found *Faith* alone revealed the Saviour to my heart. When I was taken sick, my reasonings all dropt for a season, and I felt a power to take God at his word; my soul was quite happy, and I could not doubt but his precious blood had cleansed me from *sin*. I have not doubted ever since, I feel it such a self-evident thing, something so *real*! Neither do I find that the Enemy hath power to bring his temptations so close to my heart; but I dwell in the light, and that light shews me what I am. I do not *now* seek to find out the state of my soul by my Reason: but I look to Jesus, that his Spirit may reveal his thoughts of me, and I find the whispers of his
voice

voice is *peace*. I feel I live in the possession of that promise, "I will not leave you comfortless, but because I *live*, ye shall live also;" and it is true in him and no lie, for by believing, eternal life abideth in us.

I am weak and helpless, but in the Lord-I have righteousness and strength. Help me to praise my everlasting Friend, for great is his goodness, great is his bounty. Pray for me; and believe me your obliged Servant in the Lord,

J. C. M,

LETTER CCXL.

[From the same.]

October 16, 1762.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Thank you for yours. The Lord is good to all who trust in him. Whoever make the eternal God their refuge, will prove him to be the strong city; and experience that he hath appointed salvation for walls and bulwarks. The desire of my heart is to receive the law from his mouth, and to lay up his words in my heart; for they are spirit and life: and man liveth by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. My chief blessing of late has been, in understanding more fully the union between Christ and my soul; and how much I am *one* with him. That word has been unspeakably precious to me, "As the Father hath loved *me*, so have I loved *you*. Continue ye in my *love*." We may well long to know, What manner of love it is wherewith he hath loved us; because it passeth knowledge. When I read the Scripture, every text is so full of meaning, that my understanding is too shallow to search into all the riches contained therein. The word of God is like himself, incomprehensible; and I daily learn to know that I know nothing, and can only understand as he, by

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his

his Spirit, explains the hidden mystery: and I rejoice that the secret of the Lord is with those who fear him.

I am more and more convinced that one thing is needful; and by his grace I am determined only to know Jesus Christ and him crucified. His *will* I desire to make my rule of action in every minute thing; and if I watch always, I am persuaded I shall hear that voice behind me saying, *This is the way, walk ye in it.*

That the Lord may bless, and fill you with holiness, is the prayer of your obliged and obedient Servant in Christ,

J. C. M.

L E T T E R CCXLI.

[From the same.]

February 8, 1763.

Dear Sir,

I feel for your present trials; but I hope the Lord will support you. It is a matter of comfort that you did not force any of those people to separate from you. I fear for them, and yet I believe they are devoted to God; though there appears a want of bowels of compassion. I have observed in them an inattention to that command, "Be ye merciful as your Father which is in heaven is merciful." True is that word, "God is *love*, and he that dwelleth in *love*, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

I praise the Lord, that in some measure, I experience the salvation you preach; yet not in all the fulness thereof. I find my heart given to God without reserve. My desire is unto him, and unto the remembrance of his name. But I do not feel always the same fervor. Sometimes I experience a kind of heaviness of spirit. I think I am always sensible of the multitude of mercies with which I am surrounded, and
in

in some degree thankful for them, though I have not such a lively sense at sometimes as at others. I find temptations to *pride*; but my soul takes refuge under the shadow of the Almighty. I do not feel anger, though I am not so well-pleas'd with all I meet with. I am sensible I want more tender compassion for all in affliction. I often think, I was formerly more unfeeling than any body; and in all the outward trials I meet with, my greatest is, that I am too little sensible of them: I want that mind that was in Jesus, when he wept over Jerusalem.

I am found fault with by some, for being blind to the faults of those I love much. I know it is a comfortable way; for if I was to dwell upon all the evil there appears in every one; I fear my love would be lessened towards them. Before I was a Christian I could love nobody, unless my affection was founded on esteem. You will give me your opinion on this head. If we judge of every action rigorously, I know not where we shall find any freed from *sin*. I believe all the degrees of grace you preach is both scriptural, and attainable; but I doubt whether any body is truly or properly *sinless* before God.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

J. C. M.

L E T T E R C C X L I I .

[From Mr. A. O. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Manchester, Jan. 8, 1763.

Reverend Sir,

AMONGST the many relations you have of the work of God under your direction, I think it my duty to add to your consolation, by acquainting you of the

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happy

happy union in your little Society here. I think we are in a prosperous way, growing up into the mind that was in Christ Jesus. It is my province once a week to enquire what fresh Members we have, and who are justified in the preceding week. And it appears to me, as if every soul was pressing towards the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Many, most, nay, near all that came after me, are preferred before me. I find them exceeding kind; most of them being willing to lend me their helping hand. But what had almost borne me down was, Mr. *Furz's* enjoining me to take part of *Mr. Mattis's* Class. I durst not refuse, though it threw me into great conflicts. I cried to God, and he strengthened my hands. About a month since, one in the Class found the blessing of a clean heart; the power of God was so awful, that we were obliged to be silent before him. I mustered up all my resolution, that I might not expose myself. But I was obliged to submit, after some struggles, to lie as clay before him. I find my soul in solid peace, and crying for the indubitable seal. Many help me with their prayers, so that I expect God will soon give me what I long and wait for. Pray for your assured Friend, but unworthy, Brother in Christ Jesus.

A. O.

P O E T R Y.

THOUGHTS ON IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS,

Occasioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's Dialogues between Theron and Aspasio. By Dr. Byrom.

PART III.

ADAM and *Eve*, by *Satan's* wiles decoy'd,
 Did what the kind Commandment said—avoid.
 To them with justice therefore you impute
 The sin of eating the forbidden fruit;

And

And every imputation must in fact,
 If just, be built on some preceding act;
 Without the previous deed supposed, the word
 Becomes unjust, unnatural, and absurd.

If as you seem'd to think the other day,
 All *Adam's* race, in some mysterious way,
 Sinned when he sinned; consented to his fall,
 With justice then impute it to them all:
 But still it follows that they all contract
 An imputation founded upon fact.
 And *Righteousness of Christ*, in Christian heirs
 Must be as deeply and as truly theirs;
 A heavenly life in order to replace,
 As was the sin that made a guilty race.

Old *Eli* thus, not knowing what to think,
 Imputed *Hannah's* violent prayer to drink.
 Little supposing that it would prepare
 A successor to him, her silent prayer.
 There may be other meanings of the phrase,
 To be accounted for in human ways;
 But God's imputing to the future Child,
 The sin by which his Parents were beguiled;
 Seems to establish, an unrighteous blame,
 That brings no honour to its Maker's name.

A serious REFLECTION on NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

BEHOLD, my Friend, the radiant sun,
 Once more his annual course has run,
 And finds thee still the same!
 Reason with custom strives in vain;
 But cannot break stern habit's chain;
 Nor one fierce passion tame.

With

With health and spirits not content ;
 On pleasures still, or trifles bent,
 Each glittering work of art ;
 A picture, medal, bust, or seal,
 From Wisdom's charms thy love can steal,
 And captivate thy heart.

But ah! though *Tully* pleads in vain,
 Nor *Seneca* can yet restrain
 The ardors of thy soul :
 Oh! listen what the sacred page
 Prescribes to check wild fancy's rage,
 And every thought control.

No longer with the *Muses* sport ;
 Let younger Bards their favour court,
 On whom they gladly smile :
 Though yet indulg'd, hope not for praise :
 Ah, how insipid are thy lays !
 How obsolete thy style !

Each fond pursuit of life give o'er ;
 Old age creeps on, then write no more
 In prose or jingling rhyme ;
 With critic eye thy *works review* ;
 Scan well thy ways ; thy life renew ;
 Correct thy faults in time.

" Thy counsel's good : heav'n grant I may,
 Whilst life remains, each fleeting day
 Some human frailty mend !
 With conscience clear, then cheerful wait
 The time allotted to my fate ;
 Still mindful of my end !"

To

To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

BE not, my Friend, by *youth* deceivèd,
 Nor let the *Siren* be believèd,
 Though smooth and soft her strain :
 Away on whirling wheels she flies,
 Swift as the gulf that rides the skies
 Without or yoke or rein,

Youth must resign its blooming charms
 To *Age*, whose cold, whose frozen arms
 Will wither every joy :
 'Tis brittle glass ; 'tis rapid stream ;
 'Tis melting wax, 'tis hair-dress'd dream,
 That *Time* will soon destroy.

So smiles at *Morn* the dewy Rose,
 And to the genial breezes blows,
 Revolving odours round :
 But, crushèd by *Evening's* furious rains,
 It droops, it sinks upon the plains,
 Down-trodden on the ground.

Hours, days, months, years impetuous fly,
 Like meteors darting through the sky,
 And must return no more.
 Know my young Friend, that moments fled,
 Are moments ever, ever dead,
 And cancellèd from thy score.

See how the globes, that sail the heav'n,
 Around in rapid eddies driv'n,
 Are hast'ning to their doom :
Time rushes to *Eternity*,
 Eager in his embrace to die,
 His parent and his tomb.

Though

Though we in this low vale were born,
 Yet this low vale our souls should scorn,
 And to the heav'n should rise :
 So the larks hatch'd on clods of earth,
 Disdain their mean inglorious birth,
 And warble to the skies.

On an URN at WORVILLE, in SHROPSHIRE.

STRANGER! if woods and lawns like these ;
 If rural scenes thy fancy please ;
 Ah! stop awhile, and pensive view
 Poor *Shenstone's* Urn: who oft, like you,
 These woods and lawns well-pleas'd has roved,
 And oft these rural scenes approv'd.
 Like him be thou fair Virtue's friend,
 And health, and peace, thy steps attend!

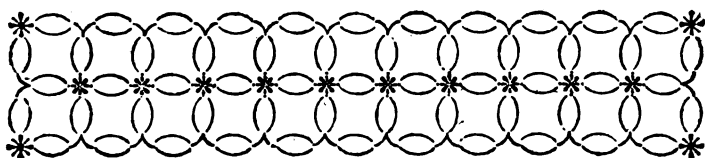
A S H O R T H Y M N.

James ii. 22. *Thou seest that faith wrought together with his works, and by works was faith made perfect.*

THE power of faith his works begot,
 They did not life on faith bestow,
 But faith with works together wrought,
 And working faith did stronger grow ;
 New life by exercise obtain,
 And thus its full perfection gain.

As motion rais'd by vital heat,
 Increase the heat, and vigour brings,
 The work which faith doth first beget,
 Augments the source from whence it springs ;
 And faith by each exertion grows,
 And fuller still the fountain flows.





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For J U L Y 1782.



*Of FREE-WILL: translated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S
Dialogues, between Lewis and Frederic.*

D I A L O G U E III.

[Continued from page 285.]

Fred. **H**AVING shewn that the will of man is free, I will shew farther, that this is the cause, why although God willeth all men to be saved, yet all men are not saved. You know what choice was given to David: *Chuse*, saith the Prophet, *either three years famine, or three months to be destroyed before thy foes, or three days the sword of the Lord, even the pestilence in the land.* Do you think, David had a free choice? *Lewis.* Doubtless: for God did not mock him. *Fred.* His will therefore was free herein. *Lewis.* It was. *Fred.* And if he had chose famine, or war, he would have

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had

had this, not the pestilence. *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* And do you think that God, in the other things which he offers to the choice of man, is serious, and does not mock him? *Lewis.* I do. *Fred.* Let us appeal to instances from the beginning. First, God says to *Cain* (Gen. iv. 7.) *If thou doest well, shalt not thou be accepted, as well as Abel: and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door.* It is thy own wilful sin which lies in the way of thy acceptance. Indeed had he not been convinced of this he would scarce have said, *My sin is too great to be forgiven.* (That is the true rendering of the words.) And how much juster herein is Cain, than your friends? For he lays the blame upon himself: they throw it upon God, who so decreed it, that it was impossible for him not to kill his Brother.

Come we next to the Israelites, whom God commanded to invade Canaan. If it was not his will, why did he command it, and punish them for not doing it? Indeed, if he does not will what he commands, how shall we know his will? Or if he has two wills contrary to each other, will not this sometimes bring us into such a strait, that whether we do what he commands, or not, we shall sin? So that it signifies nothing, whether we do it or no? For if we do what he commands, and he has decreed the contrary, we sin against his secret will: if we do it not, we sin against his declared will. Yea, whether we do or do it not, we always obey his will. For if we do what he commands, we obey his revealed will: if we do what he forbids, we do his secret will. And since both of these are equally holy, it is no matter which we obey!

Come we now to the words of God in *Isaiah*; (chap. v. 24.) *And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem, and men of Judah, judge I pray you betwixt me and my vineyard? What could have been done more for my vineyard that I have not done? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes? What can be answered? What more could be required of Him? The fault clearly lay in their own will.*

I had

I had almost forgot the word of God by Moses, (Deut. xxx. 19,) *I set before you life and death; good and evil: therefore chuse life.* If they said, But their choice was not free, I ask first, Why then was the offer made? And, secondly, Did not many embrace it, as Caleb and Joshua, who did in fact chuse life? The same choice is given them by Jeremiah (chap. xxi. 8, 9,) *I set before you the way of life, and the way of death. He that abideth in the city, shall die by the sword, and by the famine, and by the pestilence. But he that goeth out and falleth to the Chaldeans that besiege you, he shall live.* Now, I pray, was it not in their power, to chuse one or the other?

I will cite but one instance more: *O Jerusalem, Jerusalem;* (they are our Lord's words,) *thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; and ye would not,* Matt. xxiii. 37. Hence those tears which Christ shed, when he wept over Jerusalem: which he certainly would not have done, had he willed that it should perish. For it would have been ridiculous to have wept because that was done, which he himself had willed.

Lewis. But they say, God wills some things only conditionally; some things absolutely. He wills conditionally, that all men should be saved; namely, if they believe the Gospel. But he wills absolutely that the Elect should be saved, and therefore gives them all things necessary for salvation. *Fred.* What, does God will to save any, without any condition at all? That is, whether they believe or not? For if they are saved without any condition, they are saved with or without Faith. *Lewis.* Not so: God gives them Faith, and all things necessary to salvation. *Fred.* If those things are necessary to salvation, they are not saved without any condition, but on condition of believing the Gospel: since this, you say, is necessary, there is a condition in either case. And

if you deny there is any condition in those that are saved, because they cannot but believe, I must likewise deny there is any condition to them that perish, because they cannot believe. And so there is no condition on either side.

Lewis. But supposing there is a condition on either side, yet they say, here is the difference, God gives all things necessary for salvation to the elect; but to none else. *Fred.* If so, he does not will all those to be saved, whom he invites to salvation. For to will that they should be saved, implies the willing that they be supplied with all things necessary to salvation. If a physician who alone could cure you of a fever, should say, "I am willing to cure you of your fever," and yet would not give you the things which are necessary to cure it, what would you say? *Lewis.* That he lied, or that he mocked me. *Fred.* What if to him who said, *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean*, Christ had answered, *I will: be thou clean*: and yet had not cleansed him, what would you say? *Lewis.* That Christ had mocked him. *Fred.* The case is just the same. For if God says, "I will, that all men be saved," and yet will not supply all men with all things necessary to salvation, he undoubtedly mocks them. If you were to say to your son, "I will have you learn to write, and yet gave him neither pen, ink, nor paper, which he could not have but from you; and afterwards were angry with him, because he had not learnt, who would not think you a madman? And they suppose God to act exactly in this manner.

Who can reconcile these contradictions? God says, *Come unto me, and I will give you rest*: while, mean time, he has so bound me by his decree, that I can no more come unto him than I can fly: and afterwards, because I cannot come, he casts me into everlasting fire! He said to dead *Lazarus*, *Come forth*. And he that was dead, came forth. He saith unto me, "Come forth out of thy sins." And is it his will that I should not come forth? Such is the power of his word, that it commands winds, seas, devils, diseases, death, and they obey,

obey. And is it his will, that I should not obey when he commands? Does he himself so bind me, that I cannot? Who even of us is capable of such injustice? O beware of thinking God capable of it!

[To be continued.]



S E R M O N X.

On GENESIS i. 31.

And God saw every thing that he had made; and behold, it was very good.

1. **W**HEN God created the heavens and the earth, and all that is therein, at the conclusion of each day's work it is said, *And God saw that it was good.* Whatever was created was good in its kind, suited to the end for which it was designed, adapted to promote the good of the whole, and the glory of the great Creator. This sentence it pleased God to pass, with regard to each particular creature. But there is a remarkable variation of the expression, with regard to all the parts of the Universe, taken in connexion with each other, and constituting one system. *And God saw every thing that he had made: and behold, it was very good!*

2. How small a part of this great work of God is man able to understand! But it is our duty to contemplate what he has wrought, and to understand as much of it as we are able. For *the merciful Lord*, as the Psalmist observes, *hath so done his marvellous works*, of Creation as well as of Providence, *that they ought to be had in remembrance* by all that fear him, which they cannot well be, unless they are understood. Let us then, by the assistance of that Spirit who giveth unto man understanding, endeavour to take a general survey of the works

works which God made in this lower world, as they were, before they were disordered and depraved, in consequence of the sin of man: we shall then easily see, that as every creature was *good* in its primeval state; so when all were compacted in one general System, *behold, they were very good*. I do not remember to have seen any attempt of this kind, unless in that truly excellent Poem, (termed by Mr. *Hutchinson*, *That wicked farce*;) *Milton's Paradise Lost*.

1. *In the beginning God created the matter of the heavens and the earth.* (So the words, as a great man observes, may properly be translated.) He first created the four Elements, out of which the whole Universe was composed, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, all mingled together in one common mass. The grossest parts of this, the earth and water, were utterly without form, till God infused a principle of motion, commanding the Air to move *upon the face of the waters*. In the next place, *the Lord God said, Let there be light: and there was light*. Here were the four constituent parts of the universe: the true, original, simple Elements. They were all essentially distinct from each other: and yet so intimately mixt together in all compound bodies, that we cannot find any, be it ever so minute, which does not contain them all.

2. *And God saw that every one of these was good, was perfect in its kind.* The *earth* was good: the whole surface of it was beautiful in a high degree. To make it more agreeable,

“ He clothed

The universal face with pleasant green.”

He adorned it with Flowers of every hue, and with Shrubs and Trees of every kind. And every part was fertile as well as beautiful: it was no where deformed by rough or ragged rocks: it did not shock the view with horrid precipices, huge chasms,

chasms, or dreary caverns; with deep, impassable morasses, or deserts of barren sand. But we have not any authority to say, with some learned and ingenious Authors, That there were no Mountains on the original earth, no unevennesses on its surface. It is not easy to reconcile this Hypothesis, with those words of *Moses*, *The waters increased—and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven were covered. Fifteen cubits upward (above the highest) did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered*, Gen. vii. 19, 20. We have no reason to believe, that these mountains were produced by the deluge itself. Not the least intimation of this is given: therefore we cannot doubt but they existed before it: indeed they answered many excellent purposes, beside greatly increasing, the beauty of the creation, by a variety of prospects, which had been totally lost, had the earth been one extended plain. Yet we need not suppose that their sides were abrupt, or difficult of ascent. It is highly probable, that they rose and fell, by almost insensible degrees.

3. As to the internal parts of the earth, even to this day, we have scarce any knowledge of them. Many have supposed the centre of the Globe to be surrounded with an abyss of fire. Many others have imagined it to be encompassed with an abyss of water; which they supposed to be termed in scripture, *the great deep*, Gen. vii. 11: all the fountains of which were broken up, in order to the general deluge. But however this was, we are sure all things were disposed therein, with the most perfect order and harmony. Hence there were no agitations within the bowels of the Globe: no violent convulsions; no concussions of the Earth; no Earthquakes; but all was unmoved as the pillars of heaven. There were then no such thing as eruptions of fire: there were no Volcanos, burning Mountains. Neither Vesuvius, *Ætna* nor *Hecla*, if they had any being, then poured out smoke and flame: but were covered with a verdant mantle, from the top to the bottom.

4. The

4. The Element of *Water*, it is probable was then mostly confined within the great abyfs. In the New Earth (as we are informed by the Apostle, Rev. xxi. 1.) *There will be no more sea*: none covering as now the face of the earth, and rendering fo large a part of it uninhabitable by man. Hence it is probable, there was no external Sea in the Paradifiacal earth: none, until the Great Deep burft the barriers which were originally appointed for it: indeed there was not then that need of the Ocean for Navigation, which there is now. For either (as the Poet fupposes)

Omnis tulit omnia tellus ;

Every country produced whatever was requisite either for the neceffity or comfort of its inhabitants: or man being then (as he will be again at the refurretion) equal to angels, was able to convey himfelf at his pleafure, to any given diftance. Over and above that thofe flaming Mefengers were always ready to minifter to the heirs of falvation. But whether there was fea or not, there were rivers fufficient to water the earth and make it very plenteous. Thefe answered all the purpofes of convenience and pleafure;

By “liquid lapfe of murmuring fream.”

To which were added gentle genial fhowers, with falutary mifts and exhalations. But there were no putrid lakes, no turbid or flagnating waters; but only

Such as “bore impreft
Fair Nature’s image on their placid breaft.”

5. The Element of *Air* was then always ferene, and always friendly to man. It contained no frightful Meteors, no unwholfome

unwholsome vapours, no poisonous exhalations, There were no tempests, but only cool and gentle breezes,

Genitabilis aura Favoni

fanning both man and beast, and wafting the fragrant odours on their silent wings.

6. The Sun, the fountain of *Fire*,

“ Of this great world both Eye and Soul,”

was situated at the most exact distance from the Earth, so as to yield a sufficient quantity of heat, (neither too little nor too much,) to every part of it God had not yet

“ Bid his Angels turn astance
This oblique Globe.”

There was therefore, then no Country that groaned under

“ The Rage of Arctos, and eternal Frost.”

There was no violent Winter, or sultry Summer; no extreme either of Heat or Cold. No Soil was burnt up by the Solar Heat: none uninhabitable through the want of it. Thus Earth, Water, Air and Fire all conspired together to the welfare and pleasure of man.

7. To the same purpose served the grateful vicissitude of light and darkness, day and night. For as the human body, though not liable to death or pain, yet needed continual sustentance by food, so although it was not liable to weariness, yet needed continual reparation by sleep. By this the springs of the animal machine were wound up from time to time, and kept always fit for the pleasing labour, for which man was designed by his Creator. Accordingly, *the evening and the morning were the first day*, before sin or pain was in the world.

The first natural day had one part dark, for a season of repose; one part light, for a season of labour. And even in paradise *Adam slept*, (chap. ii. 21,) before he sinned; sleep therefore belonged to innocent human nature. Yet I do not apprehend, it can be inferred from hence, that there is either darkness or sleep in heaven. Surely there is no darkness in that city of God. Is it not expressly said, (Rom. xxii. 5,) *There shall be no night there?* Indeed they have no light from the sun; but *the Lord giveth them light*. So it is all day in heaven, as it is all night in hell. On earth we have a mixture of both. Day and night succeed each other, till earth shall be turned to heaven. Neither can we at all credit the account given by the ancient Poet, concerning Sleep in heaven; although he allows *cloud-compelling Jove* to remain awake, while the inferior gods were sleeping. 'Tis pity therefore that our great Poet should copy so servilely after the old heathen, as to tell us,

“ Sleep had sealéd

All but the unsleeping eyes of God himself.”

Not so: they that *are before the throne of God* serve him day and night, (speaking after the maner of men,) *in his temple*, Rev. vii. 15. That is, without any interval. As wicked spirits are tormented day and night, without any intermission of their misery; so holy Spirits enjoy God day and night, without any intermission of their happiness.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Some Account of Mr. WILLIAM FERGUSON: aged 47.

[*Concluded from page 297.*]

16. **I**N that moment my hell was turned into heaven: joyful day, that ascertained the kingdom mine; just two years after the Lord had awakened me out of the sleep of death.

death. I seemed now to be in another world: every thing was new. Every thing about me was comfortable; for the Lord smiled upon my soul. For two days and two nights, every breath I drew was Praise and Prayer, having a sweet intercourse opened between God and my soul. When Satan tempted, I said, "Go to my Lord!" And the temptation died away. Whatever I wanted, I could make my request known to my reconciled Father for it, in the name of his well-beloved Son. And he granted my petition. I asked of him two temporal blessings, the one that he would give me a lawful Calling, wherein I might not be so continually teased to work on the Sabbath-day: the other, that he would give me a Help-mate. He answered me in both. He inclined the heart of a Watchmaker to teach me his trade; who afterwards gave me his Grand-daughter to Wife. And from that time we have sweetly gone on hand in hand, towards our Father's kingdom.

17. Some time after, having a great desire to see my Parents once more, I went with my Wife to *Holy Island*. But now I was exposed to a danger I had not foreseen. I was employed in my trade by some of the first people in the country, and frequently invited to their houses; whereby Pride and other unholy tempers began to revive in my soul. However, by the grace of God, I continued fighting against them, tho' sometimes conquering, sometimes yielding. Indeed I seemed like a door upon the hinges, turning backwards and forwards. This filled me with unspeakable grief: and though I still knew, God was reconciled, yet I went mourning all the day long, because of inbred sin.

18. But about fourteen years ago, as I was one night sitting in my house at *Alnwick*, in *Northumberland*, my family being all in bed, I began reading one of Mr. *Walsh's* Sermons. When I came to those words, "Salvation is two-fold, Emptying us of Evil, and filling us with Good!" My heart was melted down, and I cried out, "Lord, give me at least the

former part of thy salvation. Empty me of evil!" In a moment I felt such a change as no tongue can express. I felt every kind and degree of Anger and Resentment quite taken out of my heart. My Pride also was gone, and I was thoroughly content to be despised of all men. I was crucified to the world; to all its Honours and Profits; all its Comforts and Pleasures. The Fear of man was clear gone: and so was all Conformity to the world. I regarded neither the smiles nor the frowns of great men; being quite set at liberty, and finding nothing in my heart but pure Love. Love free from dissimulation, abhorring that which is evil, and cleaving to that which is good.

19. I cried out, "What shall I render unto the Lord, for all the benefits he hath done unto me?" The Lord said, "Go work in my vineyard. As thou hast been a faithful advocate for the devil, be now a faithful labourer for me." I shivered at the thought, knowing the littleness of my talents, and fearing I should dishonour his cause: yet believing it was his will, I promised to go, though with my life in my hand.

20. When I declared what a blessing I had received, there was no body that would believe me. And when I said, I believed God had called me to preach, many were ready to swallow me up. I desired they would give me a fair trial. But it could not be. So I went to a little country-town, where no Methodist had ever preached. I spoke to a serious, attentive Congregation; in consequence of which, I was invited to four country-towns near *Alnwick*. But the more I laboured, the more angry some of my Brethren were, till the Providence of God called me to *London*.

21. I came to *London* on Friday, nine years ago. The next day the men were hung in chains on *Bow-Common*. On Sunday thousands of people came to gaze at them: to whom I preached on, *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul!* Quickly after I was seized with a violent fever. But the consolations of God were

were not small with me; and made me large amends for all the pain I suffered. After the Lord had raised me up from my sick-bed, it pleased him to try me with poverty. We were brought so low, as to have neither food to eat, nor raiment to put on. This was our case, while I served a severe Master, for very small wages; who, nevertheless, was continually blaming me, and threatening to turn me off.

22. At length, the Lord put it into the heart of my dear Wife, to advise me to try what I could do in *Holland*. I left *England* in the latter end of August. After a passage of ten days, I landed at *Amsterdam*; from whence I went to the *Hague*. It was at first, very distressing to me, that I did not understand the language. But the Lord moved the minds of the people wherever I was, to help me all they could. He raised me up real friends, who sent me from town to town, and recommended me from one to another: even to the first persons of the land. And after having disposed of my goods, I was brought home again in safety, after an absence of six months and three days.

23. I now thought my work abroad was done, and that I might spend the rest of my life in my own country. But to my surprise, I received abundance of letters, earnestly pressing me to come back. Believing it was the call of God, on the eleventh of April, 1778, I embarked at *Helvoetsluys*, and crossed over to the *Hague*, where my friends, with the utmost kindness, introduced me to the chief of the country, the Prince of Orange in particular. He asked me many questions concerning both my Country and Religion. I answered him with all simplicity, and he appeared well satisfied. Soon after, I was made Burgher of the town. From thence I went to *Leyden*, *Delf*, *Rotterdam*, *Dort*, *Haerlem*, *Amsterdam*, *Utrecht*, and most of the other chief Cities in the United Provinces. In my journies I met with many persons, whom I believed to be the true children of God. But it was a grievous
cross,

cross, that we could speak only a very few words to each other. Having done my business, I returned by *Helvoetsluys* to *Harwich*, and so to *London*.

24. On April 15, 1779, I embarked again for *Holland*, and went through the same places I did the last year. And now I could converse a little in the Dutch language. The first Children of God that I found, were in the city of *Haerlem*. They came to my shop, and told me, The goods were pretty: but I must take care, not to set my heart upon them. I told them, My heart was in heaven, and that these pretty things were under my feet. One of them then invited me to his house, where I found a company assembled together. They received me with the utmost courtesy, and asked, What Religion I was of? I answered, "Of that described in the 13th. of the first of Corinthians, from the fourth to the seventh verse." Having read the words, they said, "This is our Religion too: we receive you as a Brother." They recommended me as such to all their acquaintance, so that I was kindly received wherever I came. And I found just the same liberty of spirit with these, as with my brethren in *England*. From this time, I found all over the country, persons that knew and lived the Gospel: and after spending six months comfortably among them, I cheerfully returned to my family.

25. I went again the next Spring, and was received with the same kindness as before. And having more of the language, I found out more and more of the children of God. I rejoiced to find among these some of the rich and great, who appeared to be as humble as the least of them. They were glad to hear, that there was a people in *England* that loved and served God. And some of them had a great desire to settle a correspondence with their English brethren; which was soon after effected, and has continued ever since, to the no small comfort of both.

26. When

26. When I entered upon this trade, I had many discouragements. Most of my acquaintance either mocked or pitied me, saying, I was the most improper person in the world, to be concerned in such a business. And besides I had no money. I had indeed very little. But I believed God would bless that little. And he sent me help in time of need, so that money came just when it was wanted. One time I was shipping off a chest of goods, but had not money to pay the duty. I told my Wife, "God will provide." Presently a Gentleman I never saw before, knocked at the door, and when he came in, told me, he wanted a parcel of goods, and would pay part of the money then. He did so, and it was as much as I wanted, to pay the duty on my chest.

27. It is now about fourteen years since I began, according to my ability, to call sinners to repentance. And I bless God, though I have had many discouragements, I am not yet weary. I have not laboured in vain. God has given me to see a little fruit of my labours. Blessed be his Name, he hath washed me from my sins; and I know he is able to keep me from falling, and to enable me to grow in grace, till he receives me into his glory.

An Extract from the JOURNAL of Mr. G— C—.

[Continued from page 301.]

9. **T**HE little knowledge I had of my own heart, made me think too highly of myself, till a few days after I felt anger in my heart, which I expected to feel no more. This gave me great pain, and also deprived me of my loving communion with Christ. I was all confusion, not knowing where to go, or what to do. But I was soon drawn to prayer, and the Lord gave me again a lively sense of his forgiving love.

Yet

Yet from this time I found every day the evil of my nature, and began to feel what sin was! The Lord now began to uncover my heart, and to make me feel the sinfulness of sin. But I was unwilling to bear it. I could think of nothing but love, and joy, and peace. These I sought in all the means of grace; yet I found but little of them. And once I brought myself under condemnation for three weeks, by drinking more than I needed. After this, I was doubly watchful. But the more I watched and prayed, the more I felt of my evil nature. And hence I was often under great perplexities, and much heaviness of spirit. And now it became a fight indeed: but I often think God would not have bruised me so, had it not been for the enormous wickedness of my preceding life. For six and thirty years I had borne no restraint; I gratified every desire, and let loose every passion. I was now to be created anew in Christ Jesus. I was to fight against every inordinate affection, and every unholy desire. Now the pain of resisting these, so as always to keep ourselves, is only known to them that feel it. But my merciful Lord never left me one hour to the power of Sin and Satan. Yet I suffered much from the world and the devil; but far more from my evil nature; from pride, passion, self-will, bitterness, uncleanness, and every sin the soul is capable of.

10. For the two first years after I found peace with God, there was not a day (except in the first transport of joy) where I did not find doubt, and a fear of perishing at the last. I had but two with me, my mother, and my daughter; but these were enough to try such a spirit as mine. There was no natural affection between me and my mother: however we had no contention. I had much affection for my child, but she had a spirit as uncontrolable as my own. My trials from her were great; but when anger boiled in me, Jesus was my Saviour. But here was no communion of spirit. My girl lived in all manner of pleasure, not regarding her reputation. My mother fancied herself justified, though she was never convinced

convinced of sin, and could not understand a word I said, of the work of God in the heart. Having none to speak to at home, I was glad to be acquainted with a pious friend, Mrs. *Yarner*, to whom I spoke freely of my trials, and through whom I often received comfort.

11. After I had struggled two years with doubts and fears, it pleased God to deliver me from them, enabling me to live a day at a time, and to take no thought for the morrow. From that time I found no anxious care, but could steadily rely on God my Saviour. I now began to write down some account of God's dealing with my soul; the review of which has often since been a means of stirring me up to prayer and thanksgiving.

I now look back and see the merciful hand of God, taking me out of my father's family, preserving me from being made a public example, and bearing with me, when I lived in all manner of abominations. And after a variety of sufferings, which he brought me through, giving me to hear and receive the truth in the power thereof.

Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1749. I felt anger, but by prayer it was removed. Thurs. 2, My mind was discomposed through unbelief, and my heart inclined to depart from God. Sunday 5, My heart humbly waited upon God, and found more power to give glory to him, in all my words and works, than I have done any day since I was justified.

Thursday 9. I felt unbelief, anxious care and peevishness. O how does my soul groan for liberty! Sometimes I sigh, as though my heart would break; yet soon after, any vain thing will make me laugh. Monday 13, I felt heaviness of spirit from hearing men swear. And yet I did not reprove them! O when shall I be obedient to the Spirit? Tuesday 14, I suffered much from my fellow-porters. I pray much for them; but still find a root of bitterness. Saturday 18, I again felt anger and peevishness, and my heart departing from God. Sunday 19, I found the presence of the Lord, and a strong desire to love him with all my heart.

Wednesday 22, My spirit was so trifling, I could have laughed at any thing; and yet my heart trembled for fear of sin. Thursday 23, This root of bitterness pressed me so, that I was not able to lift up my heart unto the Lord. Friday 24, I was troubled for the loss of worldly goods, and could not wholly resign myself to God. Saturday 25, I felt some temptation, with an unloving heart; and I never saw myself more helpless. Sunday 26, I cannot find that sense of God my soul longs for: yet I thank him my soul does not cleave to the earth.

Wednesday, March 1. Praised be the Lord, who has refreshed me with a strong sense of his pardoning love, and has given me to love and bear with my child. Thursday 2, Being obliged by my business, to go to several taverns, and seeing the luxury and profaneness that there abounded, I blessed God who gave me more happiness in eating a few potatoes, than the epicures have in all their dainties. And when in prayer, I knew not how to rise from my knees, the love of God was so strong in me. Likewise on Sunday 5, I felt much love, and great confidence, that he would create in me a clean heart. Monday 6, My spirits were much depressed by fear; but in the evening it was removed. Sunday 12, I praised God for delivering me from sinful desires in the night, and blessing me this day with peace and love. The following week I was much exercised with the fear of falling, lightness of spirit, lifelessness in prayer: also with much pain of heart, on account of my child, fearing she would be ruined. I also felt my corrupt nature in such a manner, that I could hardly speak civilly to any one: and it was my unbelief and reasonings against God, which gave it such power over me. Wednesday 22, I was much oppressed with blasphemous thoughts; also with pride and love of the world. Thursday 23. O my wretched heart! I had fallen this day into outward sin, had not the Lord restrained me. Saturday 25, I found a little spiritual life; and the cry of my heart was to die

west. In a very short time it separated the whole fleet, so that scarce two of them were left together. Continuing eight and forty hours, it damaged our ship so much, that she took in much water by a general leak. However by keeping all our pumps constantly going, we made shift to clear the ship: and the weather abating, we comforted ourselves with the hopes of making our voyage. But on Christmas-day a gale of wind came on, more terrible than the former. Indeed it was such a one, as few of our sailors had ever seen before. All our sails were in a short time torn to tatters, so that the ship being left to the mercy of the sea, and rolling every way, the sheathing was soon beaten off by the waves, the oakum washed out of the seams, and the bottom planks working fore and aft, we knew not what to do. When the gale abated, our danger was conspicuous. Death stared us in the face: and an old Captain, a passenger, said to me, "It is all over with us: let us make what preparation we can. But say nothing to discourage the sailors from pumping, and doing what they can."

In this deplorable situation we remained, from Christmas to Newyear's-day. On that day, the ship beginning to sink, we were obliged to have recourse to our boats. But the yawl was quickly dashed to pieces, by the violence of the sea. The long-boat only remained, which with great difficulty we got out of the ship: and three and twenty of us, men and boys, with much ado, jumped into it. But the difficulty now was to free ourselves from the sinking ship: with the ropes of which we were now entangled, that we expected to go down with it every moment. Before we could get clear, the bow of the boat was stove in, and the boat half filled with water.

We were now left to the mercy of the seas, which still ran mountain-high. No ship was in sight. We had nothing in the boat, neither bread to eat, nor water to drink. Nothing but death was before us; without any visible hope or expectation

expectation of relief. I found myself afraid to die, and thought of *Peter* beginning to sink. However I tried to trust in God, and had a faint hope, he would deliver us.

In about four hours we saw a brig standing towards us. But the difficulty was, how to get along her side? And how to do it, without striking against her, in which case we must inevitably go down? At length a great sea hove us along side of her. Just then I got hold of the main chains; and a man catching fast hold of my hair, drew me up into the vessel. Presently the boat struck against the brig, stove, and went down. Nevertheless every one caught hold of something, and was taken in.

But still our danger was not over. It was a very small brig; and where were the water and provisions for three and twenty additional persons? As we were still five hundred leagues from *England*, had we had contrary winds, we must all have perished together. But we ran it in thirteen days; and when we came into *Plymouth*, had one piece of pork, two of beef, and a few biscuits left! O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for the wonders he doth for the children of men!

RICHARD SWANWICK.

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

Of the Generation of BIRDS.

THE generation of Birds is now well known. In the ovary, placed between the liver and the back-bone, a great number of yolks are contained; one of which when impregnated, passes through the oviduct into the womb, where it receives the white and the shell, and remains till it comes

comes to its full size. The parent then broods over it, till the young being gradually formed, perfected, and quickened, bursts the shell.

Under the shell of an egg lies the Common Membrane, adhering closely to it, except at the bigger end, where a little space is left between them. This membrane contains two whites, each enclosed in his own membrane. In the middle of the inner white is the yolk, enclosed likewise in a separate cover. The outer white is oval, the inner round, (as is the yolk,) and of a more viscid substance.

At each end is a Chalaza, a white dense body consisting of three little globules, like grains of hail, (so the word signifies) all joined together. These serve both to knit the several membranes together, and to keep the liquors in their proper places and position.

About the middle of the small end of the yolk, is a little yellowish bladder, like a vetch, called the Cicatricula or Eye of the egg. This contains a humour, in and out of which the young bird is generated. The white serves it for food, till it becomes big; then the yolk, and likewise after it is hatched. For even then a good part of the yolk is lodged in its belly, as in a storehouse, and being conveyed thence by the Intestinal Duct into the bowels, serves it instead of milk.

An egg, improperly so called, is that, of the whole whereof the animal is formed. Such are the eggs of flies. Proper eggs, when excluded, need no external nutriment. Of proper eggs, some are perfect, that is, have all the parts above described, while in the ovary or womb: some imperfect, which have them not, till after they are excluded; as those of fishes, which assume a white in the water.

An egg not impregnated by the male, will never breed young, but always putrify. One impregnated contains the rudiments of the bird, even before incubation. By the microscope we see the plain carina or spine of it swimming in the middle of the cicatricula, consisting of fine, white threads, which incubation gradually perfects.

The

The Air-Bag is very small in a new-laid egg, but becomes larger, when the egg is kept. The yolk is specifically heavier than the white. Hence its smaller end is always uppermost, in all positions of the egg.

After incubation the Air-Bag gradually extends, till near the hatching, it takes up a third of the egg. By incubation the white becomes thinner and more turbid, especially near the air-bag, where it is first consumed. Then it lessens towards the sharp end of the egg, till nothing is left, but a white, chalky substance. The white of an impregnated egg is as sweet all the time of incubation as that of a new-laid egg. They are only unimpregnated eggs, vulgarly called wind-eggs, which putrify and stink.

The yolk also remains fresh and uncorrupted all the time of the incubation. It is depressed in the middle, as the chick grows, and is soon brought into a form, not much unlike that of a horse-shoe, in the middle of which the chick lies.

Not long before the chick is hatched, the whole yolk is taken into the abdomen.

The eye or tread, in which the chick lies, is soon enlarged by incubation, and rises to the upper part of the egg. The heart and umbilical vessels, are some of the first parts, which we are able to distinguish.

The embryo is seen at first like a small worm. Then its carina or spine appears, with the large prominencies that afterward shew themselves to be the brain and eyes. The other bowels seeming hanging from the spine. Then the chasm of the mouth is discovered. The extremities sprout out. The bowels are gradually covered with the teguments. At last the beak, nails, and feathers are seen. When all its parts are formed, the chick is always found lying on its side, with its neck bent forward, the head covered with the upper wing, and the back placed between the thighs.

The birds which nourish their young, have commonly very few. On the contrary, those whose young feed themselves when they

they first see the day, have sometimes eighteen or twenty at a brood. This prudence could only spring from Him, who regulates all things to the best advantage. Were those who provide for their young to have so numerous a brood, both the parents would be slaves, and yet the young but ill accommodated. Whereas the mother, who only marches at their head, without nourishing them, can conduct twenty as well as four.

But when they first make their appearance, what care do the parents take, till their young can subsist without them? Of those that feed their young, the linnet and the nightingale then labour like the rest. Sometimes one parent goes in quest of provisions, sometimes the other, and sometimes both. They are up before the sun. And the food they have procured, they distribute with great equality, giving each a portion in its turn, before ever they feed one bird twice.

And this tenderness for their offspring is so strong, as even to change their natural disposition. Follow the hen when she is the parent of a family, and she is no longer the same creature. She is no longer ravenous and insatiable. If she finds but a grain of corn or crumb of bread, she never touches it herself, but calls her troop, by a note they well understand, and divides it among them. She is no longer timorous, but at the head of her young, will spring even at the stoutest dog.

When the Turkey-hen appears at the head of her young, she sometimes utters a mournful cry, and they immediately run under bushes, furz, or whatever presents itself. She looks upwards, and repeats her cry: which is occasioned by her seeing a bird of prey, though so distant, that he appears unto us, only as a dark point under the clouds. But he no sooner disappears, than she utters another cry, which revives all her brood. They run to her, flutter their wings, and shew all the tokens of joy. Now, who apprizes her of an enemy, that never yet committed any act of hostility in the country? And how is she able to discover him, when at so great a distance

tance? How are her family instructed, to understand her different cries, and regulate their behaviour accordingly? What wonders are these which are daily obvious to our view, tho' we treat them with inattention?

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING:
with short REMARKS.

CHAP. XV. *Of Duration and Expansion, considered together.*

“ Sect. 10. **E**XPANSION and Duration, have this farther agreement, that though they are both considered by us as having parts; yet *their parts are not separable* one from another, no not even in thought: though the parts of bodies, from whence we take our measure of the one; and the parts of motion, or rather the succession of Ideas in our minds, from whence we take the measure of the other, may be interrupted and separated; as the one is often by Rest, and the other is by Sleep, which we call Rest too.

“ Sect. 11. But yet there is this manifest difference between them, That the Ideas of length, which we have of *Expansion*, are turned every way, and so make figure, and breadth, and thickness; but *Duration* is but as it were the length of one straight line, extended in *infinitum*, not capable of multiplicity, variation, or figure; but is one common measure of all Existence whatsoever, wherein all things, whilst they exist, equally partake. For this present moment is common to all things, that are now in being, and equally comprehends that part of their existence, as much as if they were all but one single being; and we may truly say, they all exist in the same moment of time. Whether angels and spirits have any analogy to this, in respect of Expansion, is beyond my comprehension,

prehension: and, perhaps, for us, who have understandings and comprehensions, suited to our own preservation, and the ends of our own being, but not to the reality and extent of all other beings, it is near as hard to conceive any existence, or to have an Idea of any real being, with a perfect negation of all manner of Expansion; as it is, to have the Idea of any real existence, with a perfect negation of all manner of Duration: and therefore what Spirits have to do with Space, or how they communicate in it, we know not. All that we know is, that Bodies do each singly possess its proper portion of it, according to the extent of its solid parts; and thereby exclude all other Bodies from having any share in that particular portion of Space, whilst it remains there.

“ Sect. 12. *Duration*, and *Time* which is a part of it, *is the Idea we have of perishing Distance, of which no two parts exist together*, but follow each other in succession; as *Expansion is the Idea of lasting Distance, all whose parts exist together*, and are not capable of succession. And therefore though we cannot conceive any Duration without succession, nor can put it together in our thoughts, that any Being does now exist to-morrow, or possess at once more than the present moment of Duration; yet we can conceive the eternal Duration of the Almighty far different from that of man, or any other finite being. Because man comprehends not in his knowledge, or power, all past and future things: his thoughts are but of yesterday, and he knows not what to-morrow will bring forth. What is once passed, he can never recal; and what is yet to come, he cannot make present. What I say of man, I say of all finite beings, who, though they may far exceed man in knowledge and power, yet are no more than the meanest creature, in comparison with God himself. Finite of any magnitude, holds not any proportion to infinite. God’s infinite duration being accompanied with infinite knowledge, and infinite power, he sees all things past and to come; and they are no more distant from his know-
ledge.

ledge, no farther removed from his sight, than the present : they all lie under the same view : and there is nothing which he cannot make exist each moment he pleases. For the existence of all things, depending upon his good pleasure ; all things exist every moment, that he thinks fit to have them exist”

[*To be continued.*]

*An Account of the PASSIONS, or NATURAL AFFECTIONS :
extracted from Dr. Watts.*

Of BENEVOLENCE and MALEVOLENCE.

11. **T**HE second sort of Love is called Benevolence or Good-will, distinct from the love of Complacence or Delight. The object of Benevolence is a thing or person fit to receive good from me : the object of Complacence is a thing or person fit to do me good, or to give me pleasure. Benevolence is an inclination to seek the happiness of any being : Complacence is the derivation of some happiness to one's self from any being. Complacence terminates finally in one's self, to make one's self easy and pleased, though another thing or person may be the object of it : Benevolence terminates in that which is the object of it, in order to make that object easy and happy. Benevolence or Good-will therefore has some sensible being for the object of it, as man or some other animal : but we take Complacence or Delight in garments, flowers, houses, meats, drinks, books, conversation, or any thing that pleases us.

Complacence always supposes some present good in the object : Benevolence sometimes is laid out upon an object that has no such present good in it as we can desire or delight in, but only some capacity to be made good or agreeable. A pious man can never love wicked men with the love of

Complacency or Delight; but he may with the love of Benevolence. So our Saviour could not love the bloody city with Complacency; but he loved it with Benevolence, and wept over it.

There are a thousand objects of Benevolence or Good-will, in which we have no Complacence. God, and angels and good men exercise Benevolence towards sinners, in whom they have no Complacency: but there can hardly be any person, or any sensible being, in which we take delight, but we have a good-will to it, and wish its welfare.

12. Having premised these things, let us proceed to the *Love of Benevolence* and its contrary, and distinguish them into their several kinds.

Benevolence consists in a hearty concern for the welfare of any sensible being. If the being which is beloved be inferior to the lover, it is simple Benevolence; so a master may love his servant. If the beloved object be equal to the lover, there is generally some mutual Complacency mingled with it, and it gains the name of Friendship. If the object be superior, then Good-will is joined with Esteem, and it is termed Honour and Respect; so a servant loves his master. But if God himself be the object of it, there ought to be the highest Esteem, as well as the greatest degree of Complacency joined with it; and thus Love grows up into Devotion.

Friendship does, as it were, unite itself to the object; it produces a communion of benefits, and causes a mutual communication of good offices between the lover and the person beloved.

The love to superiors, which is called Honour or Respect, generally carries with it subjection to the object beloved, and makes us use our utmost endeavours to observe, and please him, by submission and obedience.

Devotion to God obliges us to perform all proper acts of adoration or worship towards himself, as well as to obey him in all other things which relate to ourselves, or to our fellow-creatures.

13. If

13. If the object of Benevolence be in miserable circumstances, it is then usually stiled Pity and Compassion: and this is one of the tenderest affections which belong to human nature. If the object be inferior, our inclination to relieve it, is called Mercy and Charity; if poor, it is called Bounty and Liberality.

If the object of Friendship be in Misery, it gains the name of Sympathy, whereby the lover expresses an inward sense of the pains and sorrows which his friends sustain: though perhaps this might as well be brought in under the passion of Sorrow, unless we extend the word Sympathy to signify our communion in all the joys and sorrows, and all the concerns of our friends.

Malevolence or Ill-will implies a desire of some evil to fall upon the hated object. Whether the hated object be superior, inferior, or equal, it may be called Ill-will: if it extend to parents, masters, and good magistrates, it becomes a spirit of Rebellion: if it arise against God, it grows up to Impiety. If our Ill-will express itself towards an object in miserable circumstances, it is called Cruelty and Inhumanity, or Hard-heartedness. If our Hatred arises to a high degree, it is called Malignity and Malice; a most hateful temper in the sight of God and men, and one of the chief parts of the image of the devil.

[*To be continued.*]

With

[With my latest breath will I bear my testimony against giving up to Infidels, one great proof of the invisible world. I mean, that of Witchcraft and Apparitions, confirmed by the testimony of all ages. I do not think any unprejudiced men can doubt of the truth of the following Narrative. The truth of it was in the last Century acknowledged by all Europe: against which the unaccountableness of it, is no objection, to those who are convinced of the littleness of their own knowledge.]

A true Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did and said at Mascon, in Burgundy.

To the Rev. and learned Friend Dr. Peter du Moulin.

Sir,

THOUGH I suppose you will look upon my sending you Monsieur Perreaud's French book, as a minding you of the promise you were the other day pleased to make me of putting it into an English dress, yet I hope you will do me the right to believe that if the subject were not extraordinary, I should think it injurious to the public, and to you, to be necessary to your turning translator of another's books, that hath already manifested, in several languages, how able you are to write excellent ones of your own.

I must freely confess to you, that the powerful inclinations which my course of life and studies hath given me to backwardness of assent, and the many fictions which are wont to blemish the relation where spirits and witches are concerned, would make me very backward to contribute any thing to your publishing, or any man's believing a story less strange than this of Monsieur Perreaud.

But

But the conversation I had with that pious Author, during my stay at Geneva, and the present he was pleased to make me of this Treatise before it was printed, in a place where I had opportunities to enquire both after the writer, and some passages of the book, did at length overcome in me (as to this narrative) all my settled indisposedness to believe strange things. And since I find that you have received an account both of Monsieur Perreaud himself, and several things relating to this book from that excellent person your father: I have no reason to doubt, but that as your skill in the tongues will bring it the greatest advantages that it can receive from a translator's pen: so the reputation which your and your learned father's, name will give it, will prove as effectual as any thing of that nature can be, to make wary readers believe even the amazing passages of it.

I am, Sir, your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

ROBERT BOYLE.

To the honourable and most eminent in Goodness and Learning, Mr. Robert Boyle,

Sir,

IN obedience to the charge which you have been pleased to lay upon me, I have translated this admirable story, worthy to be known of all men, and of singular use to convince the Atheists of these times; most of which persuade themselves that there is no such thing in the world as any spiritual, immaterial substance. And some of them will say, what most of them think, that if they could have any certainty that there are Devils, they would believe also that there is a God. Satan, to confirm these in their unbelief, will scarce once in an age discover himself in any visible or audible manner, but either to the rudest poor people, and the most bestial natures in some remote barren heath, or if in the converse with

with some whose wit is of a form somewhat higher, it is only in secret conference; that the confessions of the first may be ascribed to the fumes of melancholy; and the profession of the other sort may be imputed to imposture. And the truth is, that the Devil doth most harm where he is least seen, heard, and suspected. Wherefore I verily believe that he hath not in many ages done more wrong to his kingdom, than in disclosing himself so plainly as he did in the passages here related: For thereby he hath left no shift for the unbelief of reasoning Atheists. Many relations are extant of manifestations of Dæmons: the most certain are the history of the Gospel, how the devils spake aloud out of possessed bodies in the presence of great multitudes, constrained by the presence of their Sovereign and their Judge. But no history, either sacred or profane, related such a public, continued, and undeniable manifestation of the wicked Spirit, as this doth. For this familiar conversation of the Devil was not with magicians, but with godly men: and it was not in a corner, or in a desert, but in the midst of a great city, in a house where there was daily a great resort to hear him speak, and where men of contrary religions met together: whose pronouncements to cast a disgrace upon the dissenting parties did occasion the examining, and the full confirming of the truth thereof, both by the Magistrates, and by the Diocesan of the place. All these particulars, and many more have been related to my father, when he was President of a National Synod in those parts, by the man that was most concerned in them, the author of this book, a religious well poised and venerable Divine, who (if he be alive still) is above eighty years of age. He writ this relation when it was fresh in his memory; yet did not publish it till forty-one years after, in the year 1653; being compelled to it by the various and false relations of that story which were scattered abroad. His behaviour in all these passages was prudent, courageous and godly; he always resisted the Devil in his several postures, whether of an angel of light,
or

or an open enemy of God. He was tempted by the evil Spirit sometimes to curiosity, sometimes to covetousness, sometimes to fear, and sometimes to jelling and merriment: but the good man was always alike, grave, constant, and serious in rebuking Satan, and using the weapons of righteousness against him, on the right hand and on the left. And he was not disappointed of his trust in God; for in all the time God permitted not that stirring devil to do him any harm, or to any belonging to him, either in their persons or goods, and at the end of a hundred days, God dispossessed the Devil of his usurped hold. My labour in translating these few sheets is so inconsiderable, that I would not have put my name to it, but that you thought, Sir, my knowledge of the Truth of this history, by the relation of my father, would be some confirmation of it. I have it at the second-hand, yet from a sure hand. But yourself, Sir, had from the Author a more immediate information, which being prefixt before this narrative, gives it a free and uncontrollable pass, to be admitted into the belief of the most severe and judicious readers. Neither will they have a less opinion of the utility than truth of this relation, when they see that a person so high in learning, so deep in judgment, so real in godliness, so exemplary in good works; hath judged it to be of principal use for the convincing of unbelievers, and the confirming of those that are in the faith: thereby also I shall reap this benefit to myself, that the world shall know I am honoured with your commands, and that I delight to approve myself, Sir, your most humble and obedient Servant and true honourer,

PETER DU MOULIN.

A Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did and said, &c.

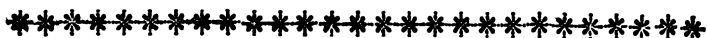
THE fourteenth day of September, in the year 1612, I went with one of the Elders of the Church of *Mafcon*, to a meeting held at *Couches*; five days after, we returned.

Being come home, I found my wife and her maid in a very great consternation, apparent in their countenance. And when I enquired the cause of it, my wife told me, That the night after I went out of town, she being in bed, her first sleep was broken by something, she knew not what, that drew her curtains with great noise and violence: that her maid who lay in another bed in the same room, hearing the noise, arose in haste, and ran to her mistress, to see what it was, but saw nothing: that on searching, she found the doors and windows as close as she had shut them before she went to bed. My wife also told me, that the night following she made the maid lie in the same bed with her: that as soon as they were in bed they felt something draw off the blankets: that then the maid getting out of bed endeavoured to go out of that room, but found the door bolted both within and without: that finding herself thus shut up, called a youth that lay in another room; who rose to open the door: that lighting the candle, she found the pewter and brass, in the kitchen, thrown about; with which, that and the following nights, the evil Spirit made such a noise, as they used to make when they hived bees. Upon this relation, I was seized with some amazement; yet I took a resolution not to be too credulous, nor too incredulous. Wherefore before I went to bed, I carefully searched all the corners of the house, and set bolts and barricadoes to all the doors and windows, stopping even the very cat-holes, leaving nothing that might occasion suspicion of imposture: and after I had prayed with my family, I went to bed, while my wife and maid sat spinning by the fire, with a lamp burning on the table.

I had scarcely got into bed, before I heard a great noise in the kitchen, as the rolling of a billet thrown with great strength. I heard also a knocking against a partition of wainscot in the same kitchen; sometimes as with the point of the fingers; sometimes as with the nails; sometimes as with the fist, and then the blows did redouble. Many things were also

also thrown against that wainscot, such as plates, trenchers and ladles, and music was made with a brass colander, gingling with some buckles that were at it, and with some other instruments of the kitchen. After I had given attentive ear to that noise, I rose from my bed, and taking my sword, I went into the room where all that stirred was kept, (the maid holding the candle before me,) and searched narrowly whether I could find somebody hidden, but finding nothing, I returned to my bed. The noise beginning again, I rose and searched again, but all in vain. Then did I know that all this could not proceed but from a wicked Spirit.

[*To be continued.*]



A S E R M O N

[*By Dr. CUDWORTH.*]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[*Continued from page 321.*]

KNOWLEDGE indeed is a thing far more excellent than riches, outward pleasures, worldly dignities, or any thing else in the world besides holiness and the conformity of our wills to the will of God: but yet our happiness consisteth not in it, but in a certain divine temper and constitution of soul.

But it is a piece of that corruption that runneth through human nature, that we prize Truth more than Goodness, and Knowledge more than Holiness. We think it a gallant thing to be fluttering up to heaven with our wings of Knowledge: whereas the highest mystery of a divine life here, and of perfect happiness hereafter, consisteth in nothing but mere Obedience to the divine Will. Happiness is nothing but that inward sweet delight that arises from the harmonious agreement between our wills and God's will.

Y y 2

There

There is nothing in the whole world able to do us good or hurt, but God and our own Will: neither riches nor poverty, nor disgrace, nor honour, nor life, nor death, nor angels, nor devils: but willing and not willing as we ought. Should hell itself cast all its fiery darts against us, if our will be right, if it be informed by the divine will, they can do us no hurt; we have then (if I may so speak) an enchanted shield, that is impenetrable and will bear off all. God will not hurt us, and hell cannot hurt us, if we will nothing but what God wills. Nay, then we are acted by God himself, and the whole Divinity floweth in upon us: and when we have cashiered this self-will of ours, which did but shackle and confine our souls, our wills shall then become truly free, being widened and enlarged to the extent of God's own will. *Hereby we know that we know Christ indeed, not by our speculative Opinions concerning him, but by our keeping of his commandments.*

Thirdly, If hereby we are to judge whether we truly *know Christ* by our *keeping his commandments*; so that *he that saith he knoweth him and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar*; then, *this was not the design of the gospel, to give the world an indulgence to sin, upon what pretence soever.*

But we are too prone to make such misconstructions of it; as if God had intended nothing else in it, but to dandle our corrupt nature, and contrive a smooth and easy way for us to come to happiness, without the toilsome labour of subduing our sinful affections: as if the gospel were nothing else but a declaration to the world, of God's engaging his affections from all eternity on some particular persons in such a manner, as that he would resolve to love them and dearly embrace them, though he never made them partakers of his image, in righteousness and true holiness: and though they should remain under the power of all their sins, yet they should still continue his *beloved ones*, and he would notwithstanding at last bring them to heaven.

And indeed nothing is more ordinary than for us to shape out such monstrous notions of God unto ourselves, by looking upon

upon him through the *coloured medium* of our own corrupt hearts. And therefore because we can fondly love and hate, and sometimes hug the very vices of those to whom our affections are engaged, we are ready to shape out a diety like ourselves, and to fashion out such a god, as will, in Christ at least, hug the very wickedness of the world, and in those that be once his own, by I know not what fond affection, connive at their very sins, so that they shall not make the least breach betwixt himself and them. But there is no such god as this any where in the world, but only in some mens false imaginations, who know not all this while, that they look upon themselves instead of God, and make an idol of themselves which they worship, for him; being so full of themselves that whatsoever they see round about them, even God himself, they colour with their own tincture.

But God will ever dwell in spotless light, howsoever we paint him and disfigure him here below; he will still be circled about with his own rays of unstained and immaculate glory. And though the gospel be not God as he is in his own brightness, but God veiled and masked to us, God in a state of humiliation and condescent, as the sun in a rainbow: yet it is nothing else but a clear and unspotted mirror of divine holiness, goodness, purity; in which attributes lies the very life and essence of God himself. The gospel is nothing else but God descending into the world in our form, and conversing with us in our likeness: that he might allure and draw us up to God, and make us partakers of his divine form (as *Athanasius* speaks,) *God was therefore incarnated and made man, that he might deifie us*, that is, (as *St. Peter* expresseth it) *make us partakers of the divine nature*. Now, I say, the very proper character and essential tincture of God himself is nothing else but goodness. Nay, I may be bold to add, that God is therefore God, because he is the highest and most perfect good, and good is not therefore good, because God out of an arbitrary will of his would have it so. Whatsoever God doth in the world,

world, he doth it as fuitable to the highest goodnes; the idea and fairest copy of which is his own essence.

That I may come nearer to the thing in hand: God, who is absolute goodness, cannot love any of his creatures and take pleasure in them, without bestowing a communication of his goodness and likenes upon them. God cannot make a gospel, to promise men life and happiness hereafter without being regenerated and made partakers of his holiness. As soon may heaven and hell be reconciled together, as God can be fondly indulgent to any sin, in whomsoever it be. As soon may light and darkness be espoused together, and midnight be married to the noon-day as God be joined in a league of friendship to any wicked soul.

[To be continued.]

Of ATTENDING the C H U R C H,

In a Letter to the EDITOR of the *Arminian Magazine*.

“ Rev. Sir,

I AM, as you are, an Arminian. I am well acquainted with your religious Tenets, and have read most, if not all of your works; and though I do not entirely fall in with you, in every Article of your Creed, yet I have much respect to your Character, great reverence for your Principles in general, and an entire affection for your Person. Depending upon the acknowledged candour of your disposition, and your uniform zeal for the Truth, I expect your attention and Answers to the following Questions.

“ Is it your wish that the people called Methodists should be, or become, a Body entirely separate from the Church ?”

Answer. No.

“ If

“ If not, where, that is, how often, and where, I mean, upon what description of Teachers, of the Establishment, are they to attend ?”

Answer. I advise them to go to Church.

“ More particularly, if the Fall, the Corruption, and natural Impotence of man, his free and full Redemption in Christ Jesus, through Faith working by Love, should be taught and inculcated, and offered to the attention of *all*, at the Church of the Parish where they reside, are they *then* in your opinion, bound in conscience to *hear*, or may they, at their own option, *forbear* ?”

Answer. I do not think they are bound in conscience to attend any particular Church.

“ Or if they are at liberty to absent themselves, are they at liberty, that is, have they a *christian privilege* to censure this Doctrine in the gross, to condemn such Teachers, and boldly to pronounce them, *Blind Leaders of the blind* ?”

Answer. No: by no means.

“ Lastly, Whenever this happens, is it through Prejudice or rational Piety? Is it through Bigotry or a Catholic Spirit? Is it consistent with Christian Charity? Is it compatible with a state of Justification? Or is it even allowable in the high habit of evangelical Perfection ?”

Answer. I think it is a sin.

“ Your unequivocal Answers to these interesting Queries, in the Arminian Magazine, will oblige, Rev. Sir,

Feb. 13, 1782.

A RESPECTFUL READER.”

I have answered simply to your Questions, whether they be proposed out of good or ill-will.

Feb. 23, 1782.

J. W.

A RE-

A REMARKABLE STORY.

DR. *Horneck*, in his great Law of Consideration, tells us the following remarkable story, in proof of that scriptural declaration, *He that watereth shall be watered again.*

“ In *Nisibis*, a city of *Mesopotamia*, there lived a religious woman, who had a man, that was a heathen, for her husband. They were poor, yet by hard labour had got fifty pounds together; whereupon the husband thought good to put it out to interest, that they might not live upon the main stock. His wife, being a christian, readily told him, that none paid greater interest for money lent him, than the God of the Christians. The man, pleased with the news, asked where this God was to be met with? The woman told him at such a Church, he had deputies that would receive the sum. They took the money, and to the Church they went, where they saw some poor widows sitting. The woman said, These are the deputies of the God of the Christians, who will receive your money, and pay you interest. The man, not much pleased with his security, yet over-persuaded by his wife, lets the poor widows have it; who, not knowing the man’s intent, thankfully received it.

“ A quarter of a year after, the man finding himself pincht for want of necessaries, bade his wife to go and demand a quarter’s interest; to which she replied, That if he would go to those poor widows and demand the use, she did not doubt but he might have it.

“ Accordingly he went to the poor women, with whom he expostulated; but what he had given them was consumed, and they were so far from paying him any interest, that they were ready to beg more money of him: with that, he went out of the church sad and sorrowful; but in going, he spied one of
the

the pieces of gold which he had given to the poor; which, it seems, he had accidentally dropped on the floor, at the time it was distributed. He took it up, went home, and complained to his wife of the cheat those poor widows had put upon him. She bade him trust that God whom he had lent the money to, and take the piece he had found and buy necessaries for the family. He went to the market-place, and among other things, bought some fish, which were to be dressed for dinner.

“His wife, on opening one of the fishes, found in its belly a precious stone, which betrayed its worth by its unusual glittering. The man carried it to a Jeweller, who presently gave him three hundred pounds for it: at which the man was so transported, that he began praising the God of the Christians, and became one himself, being astonished at the Providence that had so miraculously disposed of second causes for his signal profit and emolument.”



[The following Fragments, wrote by one of our Preacher's now with God, I doubt not will be acceptable to every pious Reader.]

FIRST FRAGMENT.

Sept. 20, 1759.

I AM lost in wonder, to think of the kindness of the Lord to me. My whole soul is in extasy of joy: all within me adores his Majesty. But how far out of the way are they, who think that when a man is perfect in love, he has no need of the Mediatorial office of our Lord? This is my glory, that I live through him. O how happy are they who obey him, with a pure heart! They serve him without any inward interruption.

CORNELIUS BASTABLE.

VOL. V.

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SECOND

SECOND FRAGMENT.

March 17, 1761.

THE necessary cares of a large family confine me much. However, I use my little time as well as I can. In the Lord's time I shall be enlarged. I devote my time, my thoughts, words, works, gifts, business, wife and children, constantly to the Lord; and I every moment feel my sacrifice is accepted. I have uninterrupted converse with God. My heart is entirely free to worship the Lord. He is the life of my soul, and my portion for ever. His presence does not forsake me for a moment: he holds a helpless worm in his hand, and blesses me with the beams of his glory. I cannot conceive how weak and feeble I am; and yet how strong the Lord makes me!

C. B.

THIRD FRAGMENT.

August 3, 1764.

I Think the oftener I speak, the more bodily strength I have. I preach six days in the week, and mostly twice a day, and yet I have strength enough: so I find we want nothing but God, and having him we have all things. I adore his Majesty, who does not leave me, no not for a moment. I can say, I have Him all my own. It is impossible to tell how my soul delighteth in him. I do not find any weariness in any thing I suffer: and as to his commandments, they are the delight of my soul.

C. B.

PRAISE DUE FROM ALL.

[By Capt. Williams.]

LET every breathing being, praise the Lord. This is the will of God concerning man (especially), *and every living thing on earth*; or this wide precept never had been penned.

penned. The breathing world of beasts, fish, fowl, obey their Maker's "broad command," by answering the end for which created. Their *lawless* lords, declare themselves *degenerate*, born, by infant *anger, pride, and disobedience!* (Psa. lxxviii. 3. John iii. 6. 7.) deny the adoration due from *all-dependant* beings! and drown themselves in sin's destruction sad! Rather than imitate their *grateful* servants, or adoring sons of bliss, in praising heaven's Supreme! earth's sun and Saviour! O how fatally fallen from harmlessness, holiness, happiness, are "the children of pride!" *O that they were wise, to consider their ways, and know, and acknowledge their fall!* which *must* precede their rise from sloth and sin. O that a world of prodigals would reasonably *use* the graces given; *come to themselves* immediately; and *now* resolve, "I will arise and go unto my Father!" Luke xv. This resolve put in practice, and lo! Infinite compassion *comes running towards them!* and fondly receives them through his Son.

This is the will and promise of Jehovah, willing and ready to perform his world-redeeming oath, As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of God: all flesh shall come and worship before me, saith the Lord; while moons and sabbaths measure time's duration. Isa. xi. 9. lxxvi. 23. These "great and precious promises" are given the church, to plead them with the righteous Promiser—till their *performance* Edens earth again! This is the godlike wish of saints and seraphs: and how much more the wish of him, who *made* the world, and by his wounds *redeemed* it! "Who willeth that *all men* should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth." Why then, stupendous Sovereign of the skies! should Satan reign thus far and wide on earth, over the Almighty's *double* property? Why should *the prince of darkness* always rule, "the ransomed of the Lord?" Why should *the god of this world* blind their *faithless* minds from age to age, while terror's king consigns *deceived* souls to *outer darkness*? Wherefore should God's creation thus be lost, when

God's own precious blood was shed to save them? Rom. xiv 15. Wherefore should fallen angels govern God's redeemed from year to year, when Revelation *verified*, would raise the blood-bought kingdoms to the realms of bliss?

[*To be continued.*]



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCXLIII.

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

Bristol, Feb. 8, 1758.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

I Did not think of writing so soon; but I cannot help letting you know the goodness of God to all our souls. Where shall I find words to express his mercy to such poor, helpless worms as we are? How does my heart burn with love to him who is my God and my All? I find him faithful to his promises: it is but "Ask, and have!" O for Faith! All his promises are yea and amen to the believing soul.

On Saturday night, brother Carthy, sister Clark, and I were met together as usual, when the Lord poured out his Spirit upon us in such a manner, that we were all speechless. On Sunday he met us again at his table, and made us drink of the wine of the kingdom. At night I was desired to meet a Class: and God was there also. On Monday my body was very weak with the power of God; but my soul was all on fire. I find the name of Jesus written on my heart with the finger of God. It is as ointment poured forth: I seem to taste it on my lips. He doubled the blessing in the evening.

as soon as I began to meet my dear Class. Dear I call them, because they are dear to my soul, and I never meet them without a peculiar blessing. I spake to about half of them; but I could speak no more. We then began to sing,

“ Come let us join our cheerful songs,” &c.

but we could sing only two verses. We went to prayer, and O the power of God we felt! I did not know what to say or what to do. Such a night I have not seen, since I have been in Bristol.

O Sir, what shall I say of such a God? And to whom is this grace given? What shall I do, that I may work the works of God? O my dear Sir, help me by your prayers. God will hear *you* for me. Labour with the Lord, that I may stand perfect in all the will of God, and grow in every heavenly and holy temper. I am as much athirst, as if I had not one grain of grace.

As to my body, it seems medicines are lost upon me; for I am as bad again, when I walk, pray, sing, or write. I might be better, if I laid them aside. But can I do this? No: God being my helper, while I am in the body, and he gives me power, I will use it. I cannot spend my life for a better Master. Prayer only will help me.

Pray, Sir, advise, or reprove, or instruct me as the Lord shall enable you. The Lord give you your heart's desire upon me and all your children!

I am your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

L E T T E R CCXLIV.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Feb. 10, 1756.

My dear Sister,

YOUR last Letter was reasonable indeed. I was growing faint in my mind. The being continually watched over for evil, the hearing every word I spoke, every action I did, small

small and great, watched over with no friendly eye; the hearing a thousand little, tart, unkind reflections, in return for kindest words I could devise,

“ Like drops of eating water on the marble,
At length have worn my sinking spirits down.”

Yet I could not say, “ Take thy plague away from me;” but only, “ Let me be purified, not consumed.”—

What kind of humility do you feel? Is it a sense of sinfulness. Is it not a sense of helplessness? Of dependence, of emptiness, and as it were, nothingness? How do you look back on your past sins, either of heart or life? What tempers or passions do you feel, while you are employed in these reflections? Do you feel nothing like pride, while you are comparing your present with your past state! Or while persons are shewing their approbation of, or esteem for you? How is it that you are so frequently charged with pride? Are you careful to abstain from the appearance of it? O how important are all your steps! The Lord God guide and support you every moment!

I am, yours, &c.

J. W.

L E T T E R C C X L V .

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

May, 14, 1763.

Dear Sir,

I Have wrote nothing more concerning *Jenny Cooper*. Nor has she wrote any thing of her last six months experience, except what may be found in her Letters. I have often wished she had: for during that time she ripened apace. She was

was favoured with much of the divine presence; and obeyed that command, "Hear ye him." She attended to the voice of her Shepherd, and her conversation was in heaven. She lived as one redeemed from the earth, and of all the christians I ever conversed with, I never observed such fervent love to all, as I saw in her: and in the acquaintance I had with her, particularly the last six months, I never saw any thing that had the appearance of evil.

It is a mercy that we are enjoined to be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises. They overcame through the strength of him who loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood. And the same Lord who is rich in mercy unto all that call upon him, has also undertaken our cause, and he who has delivered, and doth deliver, will continue to deliver to the end.

I praise the Lord I feel peace, and understand more fully the love of the Father, in giving his only-begotten Son, that whoever believeth on him may not perish. Jesus has truly opened a new and living way into the holiest. An open door is set before us; we may enter in and find pasture. I rejoice in that word, It hath pleased the Father that *in him* should all fulness dwell, and from his fulness we receive grace for grace. O how sweet a life is the life of faith, which teaches us to depend on Christ alone for all we want: which saves the soul from all confidence in the flesh, while it enriches and fills it with love, peace, joy, long-suffering. It debases, empties, and sinks it into nothing, so that all boasting is excluded. There is hardly any thing so blest to me as reading the word of God, and sometimes I think I never believed the Bible till within these last nine months; every word seems so spoken to my heart; I so feel, *All is yours.*

May the Lord abundantly bless you, and fill you with all his life and love, I often think that I do not enough love and honour you, or see the use God makes of you in his vineyard.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

J. C. M.
LETTER.

L E T T E R CCXLVI.

[From Mr. Francis Gilbert, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Antigua, June 18, 1763.

Rev. Sir,

WHEN I arrived here, I found but little life in the family, and this seemed to be owing to some servants whom I had sent out the year before: but thanks be to the Lord he is now giving us more life. The Negroes have no religion, except the two which were in England with my brother, who have not only retained their faith, but have received an abundant increase of it. There are two or three more whom I trust have a work on their souls. I have been puzzled to know what method to take to instruct the Negroes, not being able to speak in such a manner as to make them understand me. But yesterday the Lord pointed out a way. Going to seek a Negro woman, I took my brother's waiting-man to shew me her house, and whilst I was speaking to her, my sister told me, unless I spoke in their dialect she could not understand me: upon this the Negro man spoke to her, and in such a manner as astonished me. As he does not neglect private prayer, and has light sufficient to instruct the Blacks for the present, I propose to take some pains to instruct him and another: and I trust, through the grace of God, they will be useful.

I was soon informed of several who were dissatisfied with their present condition, and enquired if I did not intend to preach, for they would gladly hear me; so I perceived the Lord had prepared the ground to receive the seed. Accordingly I have taken a house. But it is not half large enough, though it will contain 200 persons. It has been crowded every night, while a number of attentive hearers stood without. And what is remarkable, a great part of the congregation

gregation every night consists of Gentlemen and Ladies of the greatest note in the island. For a few of the first nights we had much noise. But now we are quiet. I preach in St. John's every Sunday afternoon, and every Tuesday and Thursday at sun-set. At Parham, the second town in the island, I preach one Sunday in the morning, the other in the afternoon, before I preach at St. John's. Here I also preach on a Wednesday evening. I preach at my brother's house every Monday, Friday and Saturday nights, and the congregation is increasing here also. I was constrained to publish the gospel at Parham sooner than I intended, for some in the island had fixt a day, and given notice that I was to preach there at that time. Preaching was almost always a burden to me. But now it is my pleasure to preach Jesus, and the more so, because the land is pestered with deists, as well as overspread with infidelity. It has been a greater cross to me to stand up before a few simple people in London, than I find it to speak before a St. John's congregation. I find such boldness in publishing the gospel, that I care not who is present. But after all I must acknowledge, I have such a sense of my unfitness, that I often believe, little good will be done by my preaching: and I am astonished that the politer and more learned sort of hearers, will hear me a second time. However I bless Jesus Christ that a sense of my insufficiency does not discourage me, and that I find something more than a willingness to do my best, as long as it shall please my Master to employ me. I think, I may say, I am growing in grace, which astonishes me more than all; but God is love. I feel constant peace, and by looking to Jesus, I am always happy; yet I have a heart which puts me in mind that I am the chief of sinners. At present we have had no persecution, but a few lies told.

My moments are much taken up in private meetings. My brother and I meet every day, we are together, in order to speak freely to each other. He is very zealous, and encour-

rages the work much, and without him, I cannot see how I could have made a beginning: for the preaching of the gospel here is attended with great expence. My youngest sister, (an account of whose conversion you saw last year,) is growing in grace, and is the only one in the family, except *Bodily* and the two blacks, that has faith. I find her very useful to me. We have agreed to watch over each other in love, and we meet together every day, in order to help each other forward. Once a week I meet all the family, as also the white servants; and once a week I meet my brother's children, also the House-Negroes, and a Class of other Negroes beside. I perceive there will be visiting work enough for me, when I am in town. Next week, if not this, perhaps I may preach at the Barracks. I thank Jesus Christ I have my health better, and am stronger in body, than I have been, I think, for some years back. May the Lord strengthen you in body, and fill you with all joy in believing! O do not forget in private and public to pray for

Your unworthy Son in Christ,

FRANCIS GILBERT.

L E T T E R CCXLVII.

[From the Rev. Mr. B. Colley, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Newcastle, July 18, 1763.

My dear Sir,

THIS with comfort I now write to you. The bar, which Satan thrust in, God has burst asunder. You are near unto me; I can sympathize with you in your various afflictions. To reflect upon my former conduct, that added to the weight you endured, now pains me. Though you have forgiven me, I cannot forgive myself. I cannot bring into words,

words, how I loath and abhor myself. O that you and I may ever be in this spirit. I think if ever I had scriptural experience, it is *now*. Indeed, the Lord gave me such bitter physic, that I thought it would have cost me my life; but it has wrought effectually. To his name be the glory.

I have continued to preach morning and evening, though often tempted to give over, through the cloudiness of my understanding, and my various, horrible conflicts within. I have for some days found little else but temptations to blasphemy, and have thought, *now* the Lord will strike me dead upon the spot, and send me to hell; but though I did not see it, he was with me in the fire. Though it was as much as I could endure, yet there was a way for me to escape. His hand sustained me, and I am now (O for gratitude!) brought into the wealthy place.

I hope the love, which I have expressed towards you, will neither hurt you, nor be idolatry in me. Indeed there is need of watching and prayer; so various and subtle are the devices of Satan.

I meet with some precious souls in the North: yea in every place that I come to. But I think in general they are a happier people in Yorkshire. Opinions seem to take place with many, more than love. Satan has not yet lost his cunning. When he has stolen away life, then he infuses predestination. Durham seems to be renowned for that dangerous principle. I keep off from contention, as much as possible, both in preaching and conversation, and enforce Repentance, Faith, and Holiness both of heart and practice. This is the only way that I can find, to pull down the strong-holds of Satan. The Lord fill you with wisdom, and spiritual understanding! This is the servant prayer, of

Your Brother in the Gospel,

B. COLLEY.

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

THOUGHTS ON IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Occasioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's Dialogues between Theron and Aspasio. By Dr. Byrom.

PART IV.

WHAT numerous texts from *Paul*, from every faint,
 Might furnish out citations, did we want?
 And could not see, that Righteousness, or Sin,
 Arise not from *without*, but from *within*?
 That *imputation* where they are not found,
 Can reach no farther than an empty sound:
 No farther than imputed health can reach
 The cure of sickness, though a man should preach
 With all the eloquence of zeal and tell,
 How health imputed makes a sick man well.
 Indeed if sickness be imputed too,
 Imputed remedy, no doubt may do;
 Words may pour forth their entertaining store,
 But things are just—as things were just before.

In so important a concern as that,
 Which good *Aspasio's* care is pointed at;
 A small mistake, which at the bottom lies,
 May sap the building that shall thence arise;
 Who would not wish that Architect, so skilled,
 On great mistakes might not persist to build;
 But strictly search, and for sufficient while,
 If the foundation could support the pile?

This

This *Imputation*, which he builds upon,
 Has been the source of more mistakes than one;
 Hence rose, to pass the intermediate train
 Of growing errors, and observe the main,
 That worse than *pagan* principle of fate,
Predestination's partial love and hate;
 By which, not tied like fancied *Jove* to look,
 In stronger *Destiny's* decreeing book;
 The *God of Christians* is supposed to will
 That *some* should come to good and *some* to ill:
 And for no reason, but to shew in fine,
 The extent of *goodness*, and of *wrath divine*.

Whose doctrine this? I quote no less a man,
 Than the renowned *Calvin* for the plan;
 Who having laboured, with distinction's vain,
Mere Imputation only to maintain;
 Maintains, when speaking on another head,
 This horrid thought, to which the former led;
 "Predestination here I call," (says he
 Defining) "God's eternal, fixed decree;
 "Which having settled in his Will, he past,
 What every man should come to at the last;"
 And lest the terms should be conceived to bear
 A meaning less, than he proposed, severe;
 "For all mankind (he adds to definition),
 Are not created on the same condition:"
Pari conditione—is the phrase,
 If you can turn it any other ways;
 "But life to some, eternal, is restrained,
 To some, damnation endless pre-ordained."

ELEGY

ELEGY on the Death of a Sister, who died in the sixteenth year of her age.

WHILE nature lies in silence, while the moon
 A glimmèring light doth through my window shed,
 Awake my muse, and seize this awful gloom,
 And trace some moral lessons from the dead.

For sure no orator so well can preach,
 Or to my wounded breast this truth convey,
 In words so strong as Maria's ashes teach,
 That all must shortly mingle with the clay.

Dear hapless Virgin! cropt in life's warm bloom,
 Whilst sanguine prospects fire the throbbing breast,
 No fairer victim ever gracèd the tomb,
 By death consignèd to everlasting rest.

Ah me! how cold and silent now she lies!
 That gentle form that once lookèd fresh and gay,
 The animating sparks fled to the skies,
 Which renderèd active that endearing clay!

For lavish Nature early did adorn
 With every grace:—few could with her compare;
 The mildest lusture of the opening morn,
 Bloomèd on her angel-form and made it fair.

But as sweet roses cropt soon feel decay,
 Slow lingèring sickness nipt her youthful prime;
 Quick from her cheek the roses fled away,
 Which warnèd her soul to seek a purer clime.

How

How shall I paint her in the arms of death!
 Or how do justice to that awful hour!
 What heroism mark'd her latest breath!
 When faith disarm'd the tyrant of his power!

Though warm in blooming youth, yet quite resign'd:
 The Herald wore no terrors on his face;
 Heaven's gentle messenger he seem'd design'd,
 To waft her soul to everlasting peace.

Still do I see death's languor shade her eye;
 Alas! my heart was tortured at the sight;
 And still I hear that last emphatic sigh;
 By which the immortal spirit took its flight.

But thou, dear spirit, now got past his power,
 On wings of lucid air stand fair confess'd;
 Before me, as I weep, in some lone hour,
 Beneath some gloomy shade with woe oppress'd.

Declare what region far above the sky,
 What bowers of fragrant bliss your soul contains;
 What radiant seraph lent the wings to fly,
 With speed of angels, through the æth'ral plains.

Hail, bless'd religion! Souls inspir'd by thee,
 By faith confide in this eternal truth,
 That when the last dread trump sets prisoners free,
 Each mortal form assumes immortal youth.

This gilds the horror of the gloomy tomb,
 And animates with cheerful hope the just,
 Who know the power that points the general doom,
 To glory shall receive their silent dust.

SOLON'S

SOLDON'S CURE FOR GRIEF.

HIS lot bewailing with unmanly tears,
 A friend, by this advise, wife *Solon* cheers:
 He leads him up to *Athens'* utmost height,
 And, "From this tower," says he, "direct your sight:
 On all the numerous buildings there below;
 And now reflect, what various scenes of woe:
 Beneath those roofs each mortal, more or less,
 Have long, do now, and ever will oppress.
 Then learn, my friend, with decency to bear
 Those common ills, which all mankind must share."

S H O R T H Y M N S.

*Jam. ii. 23. And the scripture was fulfilled which saith,
 Abraham believed God, and it was imputed to him for righteousness:
 and he was called the friend of God.*

RETURNING from his sacrifice,
 The man whom God vouchsafed to' approve;
 More highly favoured by the skies,
 And perfected in faith and love;
 Again fulfilled, he found the word,
 An image of his righteous Lord.

Perfect in love which casts out fear,
 The hoary patriarch received
 The crown of his obedience here,
 And intimate with heaven he lived;
 With glorious dignity endowed,
 For ever stiled, The friend of God.





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For A U G U S T 1782.



*Of FREE-WILL: translated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S
Dialogues, between Lewis and Frederic.*

D I A L O G U E III.

[Continued from page 341.]

Fred. **I** Will now shew you what things God wills without any condition, and what conditionally. Those general Promises are without any condition; *The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head: All flesh shall no more be cut off by the waters of a flood: In thy seed shall the nations of the earth be blessed.* These things are unconditionally promised, and depend upon God alone. But when God promises, either to individuals or to a people, things which cannot be unless they do their part, he promises with a condition, which if man does not perform, God transfers his promise to another: so that the promise of God is always true: but it is

not always received by man. He had promised the Israelites that he would bring them into Canaan: but because of their disobedience, he transferred the promise to their children. And afterwards, although *their's were the covenants and the promises*, yet he rejected them, and received the Gentiles in their stead: the promise of God remaining firm on his part, though changed on the part of man. And know this, that eternal salvation is promised to no man without a condition. For thus saith the Lord, (Ezek. xxxiii. 13,) *When I say unto the righteous, that he shall surely live, if he trust to his own righteousness, and commit iniquity, all his righteousness shall not be remembered, but for his iniquity that he hath committed he shall die.* This befel Saul, to whom God had promised *a kingdom for ever*: but he lost it through his disobedience. The same might have befallen David, who therefore so earnestly besought God, *not to take his Holy Spirit from him.* For he well knew, (what St. Paul afterwards taught) *They were cut off through unbelief.* And *unless thou abidest in faith, thou also shalt be cut off.* Again, thus saith God, *If the wicked will turn from all his sins, and do that which is lawful and right; (and this he may do, seeing God willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn and live,) he shall not die.*

You have in Ezekiel, the general sentence. And you have instances on both sides. When God says to a man, *Thou shalt live.* He designs he should, he writes his name in the book of life, and the man has reason to rejoice therein. But if he turns back to sin, God says, *I will blot his name out of my book.* Again. If God says to a man, *Thou shalt die,* he designs he should, and writes his name in the book of death. And the man has reason to lament, as *Hezekiah* did. But yet, if he repents in time, he shall live.

To sum up the whole. God created man both with a will, and with liberty. Man by sinning lost his liberty, or power of doing good: but his will he did not lose. But as being depraved, he either willed evil, or willed the good which he could

could not perform. God who is rich in mercy towards all, determined to restore him by his Spirit: and that, in the same manner wherein he was destroyed, that as he was ruined by chusing evil, so he might by chusing good be restored to his former state. And this restoration, which began presently after Adam's sin, is perfected by Christ, who will heal all his sickness. And as through Adam we were born in sin, without any fault of our own, (for we could not sin, before we had a being) which sin we afterwards willingly obeyed: so we are through Christ, the second Adam, born again, without any merit of our own. And through the new nature then given us we may willingly obey, God giving us both the will and the power freely. Those who will not obey, perish by their own fault. Indeed a man can no more give himself salvation, than he that is not, can beget himself. But we may destroy ourselves, as he may kill himself that is now alive.

Lewis. But pray explain this. How does God give us both the will and the power *freely*? Does not this contradict what you said before? He therefore gives us the power, because otherwise we have no power. But if he gives us the will, does it not follow, that till then we have no will? Whereas you said just now, that we had a will. How does he then supply what we have already? *Fred.* God does not give a man all things together, nor in one manner; but he leads them to the end by degrees, and by various means. And in doing this, he does not take away what he has once given, but he adds them to what is wanting.

Take an instance. Christ, when he healed the man that was born blind, did not give him new feet, to go to the pool of Siloam. Neither new ears to hear, as he had these already from God. Likewise he did not give him other eyes; but opened the blind eyes which he had. In like manner, when he healed the dumb, he did not give them a new tongue, but loosed that which they had. The same thing he did with the deaf, not giving them new ears, but enabling those they had

to hear. So when he cured him that had a withered hand, he did not give him another hand, but restored that which was withered. The same method he takes in healing the soul. He does not create another soul: but restores it to his Spirit which had been separated from it by sin, that this Spirit may so animate the soul, as the soul animates the body. Mean time he does not alter those things which are left entire to the soul: but what is imperfect, he perfects; what is corrupted, he corrects; what is wanting, he supplies; and thus restores man to the image of God: accordingly the power of hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, feeling, he does not create new, but uses that which is already, and commands man so to do. Neither does he create another Reason in man, or scruple to appeal to the judgment of Reason.

Yet this should be observed, that just as Reason relieves the weakness of the senses, (being as it were, the sense of the senses) so the Spirit relieves the weakness of Reason, being as it were the Reason of Reason. The eye judges the horse which is afar off, to be as small as a crow. But reason, being taught by experience, judges him to be larger than a man. The eyes looking in a glass, judge there are men, houses, trees: but reason judges, there is nothing but shadows. It is the same in divine things. They are either too remote or too fine to be discerned by human reason. The spirit relieves this infirmity, and judges far otherwise of them than reason would: though it still allows reason to be the judge of those shadowy representation: as Reason itself allows the eyes to judge, not of the things themselves, but of the representations that are seen in the glass.

We may say the same of the Memory. God does not create a new memory in the soul: but it is the same faculty in him that is born again, as it was before. The same I say of the Will. If Christ found no such faculty in a man, which it was his pleasure he should have, he must necessarily create a will in him. But as man has a will already, Christ uses it. If it is
evil,

evil, he makes it good: if he finds any thing good in it already, (as he certainly did in *St. Paul*, who was zealous for God, though not according to knowledge) he shews the man, that what he pursues as good, is not so. And when he has shewn him what is truly good, he likewise gives him power to attain it.

Certainly therefore, *it is God that worketh in men, both to will and to do.* For before they knew Christ, being evil, they did not will good. Or if they willed good in general, yet they did not will Christ, the true good: as *St. Paul* before he knew Christ, though he willed good in general, yet did not will Christ. Therefore God both wrought in them, to will the true good, and gave them the power to do it. Now whatever good is in man, from nature or from the Father and the Son, it is all the gift of God, who *worketh all in all, and is the giver of every good gift.*

[*To be continued.*]

S E R M O N X.

On GENESIS i. 31.

[*Concluded from page 346.*]

8. **O**N the second day God encompassed the terraqueous globe with that noble appendage, the Atmosphere, consisting chiefly of Air, but replete with earthly particles of various kinds, and with huge volumes of water, sometimes invisible, sometimes visible, buoyed up with that ethereal fire, a particle of which cleaves to every particle of air. By this the water was divided into innumerable drops, which descending,

scending, watered the earth and made it very plenteous, without incommoding any of its inhabitants. For there were then no impetuous currents of Air, no tempestuous winds; no furious hail, no torrents of rain, no rolling thunders or forked lightnings. One perennial spring was perpetually smiling over the whole surface of the earth.

9. On the third day God commanded all kind of vegetables to spring out of the earth. It pleased him first to clothe

“ The universal face with pleasant green.”

And then to add thereto innumerable herbs, intermixed with flowers of all hues. To these were added Shrubs of every kind, together with tall and stately Trees, whether for shade, for timber or for fruit, in endless variety. Some of these were adapted to particular Climates or particular exposures; while vegetables of more general use, (as Wheat in particular,) were not confined to one country, but would flourish almost in every climate. But among all these there were no Weeds, no useless plants, none that incumbered the ground. Much less were there any poisonous ones, tending to hurt any one creature: but every thing was salutary in its kind, suitable to the gracious design of its great Creator.

10. The Lord now created *the Sun to rule the day, and the Moon to govern the night.* The Sun was,

“ Of this great world both Eye and Soul.”

The Eye, making all things visible: imparting light to every part of the system, and thereby rejoicing both Earth and Sky: and the soul, the principle of all life, whether to vegetables or animals. Some of the uses of the Moon we are acquainted with: her causing the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, and influencing, in a greater and smaller degree, all the fluids in the terraqueous globe. And many other uses she may

may have, unknown to us, but known to the wise Creator. But it is certain, she had no hurtful, no unwholesome influence on any living creature: *he made the stars also*: both those that move round the Sun, whether of the primary or secondary order: or those that being at a far greater distance, appear to us as fixt in the firmament of heaven. Whether *Comets* are to be numbered among the Stars, and whether they were parts of the original Creation, is perhaps not so easy to determine, at least with certainty: as we have nothing but probable conjecture, either concerning their nature or their use. We know not, whether (as some ingenious men have imagined) they are ruined worlds; worlds that have undergone a general Conflagration: or whether (as others not improbably suppose) they are immense reservoirs of fluids, appointed to revolve at certain seasons, and to supply the still decreasing moisture of the earth. But certain we are, that they did not either produce or pretend any evil. They did not (as many have fancied since,)

“ From their horrid hair
Shake Pestilence and War.”

11. The Lord God afterward peopled the Earth with animals of every kind. He first commanded the waters to bring forth abundantly; to bring forth creatures which as they inhabited a grosser element, so they were in general of a more stupid nature, endowed with fewer senses and less understanding than other animals. The bivalved Shell-fish in particular, seem to have no sense but that of feeling, unless perhaps a low measure of taste; so that they are but one degree above vegetables. And even the King of the waters (a title which some give the Whale, because of his enormous magnitude) though he has Sight added to Taste and Feeling, does not appear to have an understanding proportioned to his bulk. Rather, he is inferior therein not only to most birds and
beasts,

beasts, but to the generality of even Reptiles and Insects. However, none of these then attempted to devour, or in any wise hurt one another. All were peaceful and quiet, as were the watery fields wherein they ranged at pleasure.

12. It seems the Insect-kinds were at least one degree above the Inhabitants of the waters. Almost all these too devour one another, and every other creature which they can conquer. Indeed such is the miserably disordered state of the world at present, that innumerable Creatures can no otherwise preserve their own lives; than by destroying others. But in the beginning it was not so. The paradisiacal Earth afforded a sufficiency of food for all its inhabitants. So that none of them had any need or temptation to prey upon the other. The Spider was as harmless as the fly, and did not then lie in wait for blood. The weakest of them crept securely over the earth, or spread their gilded wings in the air, that waved in the breeze and glittered in the sun, without any to make them afraid. Mean time the Reptiles of every kind were equally harmless, and more intelligent than they. Yea, one species of them *was more subtle*, or knowing *than any of the brute creation which God had made*.

13. But in general, the *Birds*, created to fly in the open firmament of heaven, appear to have been of an order far superior to either insects or reptiles: although still considerably inferior to *Beasts*: (as we now restrain that word to Quadrupeds, four-footed animals, which too hundred years ago included every kind of living creatures.) Many species of these are not only endowed with a large measure of Natural Understanding, but are likewise capable of much improvement by Art, such as one would not readily conceive. But among all these there were no birds or beasts of prey; none that destroyed or molested another: but all the creatures breathed in their several kinds the benevolence of their Great Creator.

14. Such was the state of the Creation, according to the scanty ideas which we can now form concerning it, when its

great

great Author surveying the whole system at one view, pronounced it *very good!* It was good in the highest degree whereof it was capable, and without any mixture of evil. Every part was exactly suited to the others, and conducive to the good of the whole. There was “*a golden chain* (to use the expression of Plato) let down from the throne of God,” an exactly connected series of beings, from the highest to the lowest; from dead earth, through fossils, vegetables, animals, to Man, created in the image of God, and designed to know, to love and enjoy his Creator to all eternity.

1. Here is a firm foundation laid on which we may stand, and answer all the cavils of Minute Philosophers; all the objections which *vain men* who *would be wise*, make to the Goodness or Wisdom of God in the Creation. All these are grounded upon an entire mistake, namely, That the world is now in the same state it was at the beginning. And upon this supposition they plausibly build abundance of objections. But all these objections fall to the ground, when we observe this supposition cannot be admitted. The world at the beginning was in a totally different state, from that wherein we find it now. Object therefore whatever you please to the present state, either of the animate or inanimate Creation, whether in general, or with regard to any particular instances; and the answer is ready, These are not now as they were in the beginning. Had you therefore heard that vain King of Castile, crying out with exquisite self-sufficiency, “If I had made the world, I would have made it better than God Almighty has made it; you might have replied, “No: God Almighty, whether you know it or not, did not make it as it is now. He himself made it better, unspeakably better than it is at present. He made it without any blemish, yea without any defect. He made no corruption, no destruction in the inanimate Creation. He made not Death in the Animal Creation, neither its harbingers, Sin

and Pain. If you will not believe his own account, believe your brother Heathen. It was only

*Post ignem æthereâ domo
Subductum —*

that is, in plain English, After man, in utter defiance of his Maker, had eaten of the tree of Knowledge, that

*Macies & nova febrium
Terris incubuit colors :*

that a whole army of evils, totally new, totally unknown till then, broke in upon rebel man, and all other creatures, and overspread the face of the earth.

2. "Nay (says a bold man, who has since personated a Christian, and so well that many think him one!) God is not to blame for either the natural or moral evils that are in the world. For he made it as well as he could: seeing evil must exist, in the very nature of things." It must, *in the present nature* of things, supposing man to have rebelled against God. But evil did not exist at all in the original nature of things. It was no more the necessary result of Matter, than it was the necessary result of Spirit. All things then, without exception, were very good. And how should they be otherwise? There was no defect at all in the power of God, any more than in his Goodness or Wisdom. His Goodness inclined him to make all things good; and this was executed by his Power and Wisdom. Let every sensible infidel then be ashamed of making such miserable *excuses* for his Creator! He needs none of us to make *Apologies*, either for Him or for his Creation! *As for God, his way is perfect*: and such originally were all his works. And such they will be again, when *the Son of God shall have destroyed all the works of the devil*.

3. Upon this ground then, that *God made man upright, and every creature perfect in its kind, but that man found out to himself*

himself many inventions, of happiness independent on God: and that by his apostasy from God, he threw not only himself, but likewise the whole creation, which was intimately connected with him, into disorder, misery, death: upon this ground I say, we do not find it difficult, To

“Justify the ways of God with man.”

For although he left man in the hand of his own counsel, to chuse good or evil, life or death: although he did not take away the liberty he had given him, but suffered him to chuse death, in consequence of which the whole creation now groaneth together: yet when we consider that all the evils introduced into the creation, may work together for our good: yea, may work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory: we may well praise God, for permitting these temporary evils, in order to our eternal good: yea, we may well cry out, *O the depth both of the Wisdom and of the Goodness of God!* He hath done all things well. Glory be unto God, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THOUGH the Manuscript of a PREACHER'S LIFE was forwarded about two months ago, it is not yet come to hand. And as the Number *must* be published on the first of August, at farthest, we are obliged to omit this useful Article. If, therefore, the Reader will excuse this omission, we hope to make it up to him next month, by giving him a larger quantity of this Subject.

An *Extract* from the JOURNAL of Mr. G— C—.

[Continued from page 355.]

TUESDAY 18, I felt unbelief and hardness of heart, but the Lord soon dispelled it by his love. **Thursday** 20, I spoke to a backslider, who was thankful, and desired me to pray with her. But I refused, whereby I grieved the Spirit, and afterwards her soul lay heavy upon me. **Saturday** 22, I fell into anger against my child, which disordered my whole soul, and prest hard on my faith. But I cried unto the Lord; and he heard my cry. **Tuesday** 25. I am unworthy the least of his mercy. In the night past I sinned against him. Yet he has this day forgiven my sin, and given me to rejoice in his love. The following day, I felt much of his presence. **Sunday** 30, I was greatly tempted to pride and anger: but casting myself wholly on Christ, my soul revived, and I found a great measure of his love all the day after.

Monday, May 1. I found much pride, anger, fear and shame; yet was not insensible of the presence and love of God. **Thursday** 4, the Lord shewed me the necessity of persevering in prayer, seeing the eyes of many are upon me, especially in my public employment. **Saturday** 6, I had much sorrow on account of my child, as she had staid out all night. My only hope was in the Lord; and prayer was my only refuge. **Sunday** 7, I joined at four in the morning (it being Whitfunday) with the children of God. And he made it a day of Pentecost to my soul, enlarging my heart with love. **Monday** 8. I do not in prayer simply wait for the Spirit of God, but strive to bring something of my own to him. **Tuesday** 16, I parlied with a temptation to evil desire, and was near falling into it. **Saturday** 20, I found an unquiet spirit,

spirit, because my business did not please me. And when one came to me who was convinced of his lost estate, I was ill prepared to speak to him. But crying to God, he gave me words to speak, and he went away fully purposed to love God. O that I could so live, as to be ready for every good word and work. Tuesday 23, I was much tried, when at my employment, by one of Satan's faithful servants, who came up to me with his mouth filled with oaths and ribaldry, but I found power to speak to and pray for him. Thursday and Friday were days of great affliction, caused by the wickedness of my child. Saturday 27, anger and creature-love seemed to separate between God and my soul. And I could truly say,

“ 'Tis worse than death, my God to love,
And not my God alone.”

Tuesday 30. The Lord enabled me to rejoice in hope of loving him with all my heart. Wednesday and Thursday I was so peevish, I could not bear the least contradiction. Yet the Lord kept me in a sense of his love.

Friday, June 2, the Lord filled my heart with love, and my mouth with praise. I knew not how to express myself, when I thought of his bringing me to glory! Sunday 4, The law of the Lord was my delight. Indeed his day is ever sweet to my soul; and he does accept my sacrifice of praise and prayer. Tuesday 6, I felt much pride, but with a strong hope, that I should be wholly delivered from it. Thursday 8, I was filled with the spirit of offence; but by prayer it was removed. The latter part of the week, my corruptions warred against me; but the Lord preserved me from sin. The following week, I felt, as usual, much of pride, anger, self-will, and unbelief: and I was quite unable to resist them. But the Lord heard my groaning, and gave me a degree of faith and patience. Wednesday 21, My soul was filled with
love

love and power, my affection constantly flowing to the Lord. Friday 23, I awoke at two in the morning, and could sleep no more, having so lively a sense of the love of God as overpowered me, and made me all attention to the work of his Spirit. Sunday 25, My mind was fixt on God. I could resign myself to him, without a wish or desire for created good. He is my God for ever and ever. Monday 26. What a falling off from what I enjoyed last week! Yet I know not that I have grieved the Holy Spirit. But how has the old man fought! What bitterness of spirit did I find; and what a contention with pride, anger, and self-will! Sometimes my soul seems benumbed, so that I cannot pray.

Sunday, July 2. I am peevish; yet ready to laugh, even when at prayer. I also feel much desire of the creature. I have a hope that Jesus will deliver me from all I feel or fear.

This and the following week I had much of the consolations of the Spirit, and a lively hope of obtaining the victory over all my corruptions. Friday 14, I found my soul very weak, and feared much, lest I should fall into sin. I could scarce look any one in the face: I could reprove none. My thoughts wandered from God, and when I did think of him, it was with pain; because he is holy; I unholy. Yet from Sunday 16th, my soul greatly rejoiced in God, having much of his presence, and a firm belief of the promise of sanctification. Tuesday 25, I felt much bitterness against my child, But the Lord soon calmed my spirit, and assured me, he would not leave me, till all the evil I felt was done away. Friday 28, I awoke at two, and cried to God for humility. I fell asleep again, and dreamed that the day of Judgment was come. I saw the darkness, and the people in terrible fear, But my soul calmly waited for the trumpet to sound!

Monday, Aug. 7, I found much of the presence of God, and freedom to reprove without fear. Wednesday 9, My heart rejoiced in the Lord: but not attending to the reproof
of

of his Spirit, in what seemed a little thing, I brought my soul into heaviness; nor had I rest, till I confessed my sin and found pardon.

Sunday 13. All this week I found much of my evil nature, hardly bearing either reproof or contradiction. Sometimes my spirit sunk within me; sometimes the Lord comforted me with his promises. Thus I went on, hoping and fearing: but the merciful God saved me from sin. Thursday 24, I was greatly distressed for the soul of my mother, hearing her deny, what I knew she had spoken. I was obliged to tell her freely my thoughts of her state: but she persisted in her own opinion. Tuesday 29, I wrestled with God on her behalf, with strong cries and tears. I could willingly have wept my life away for her. But she is very sullen with me.

Tuesday, Sept. 5. The former part of the day my soul wandered from God; but finding no object worthy of its love, it was brought back to him. I am still pained for my Mother, she persisting that she has living faith. I earnestly pray, that the Lord would shew me, if I mistake her case, and teach me how to act concerning her.

Thursday 22. By disobedience I have lost the power to reprove. O how am I shorn of my strength! Endeavouring to speak to one I had been long acquainted with, I was filled with shame and confusion. My head is disordered and my heart faint.

October 4. When I went to-bed last night, the Lord was so with me that I could not sleep. And when I did, I soon awoke, and found my heart filled with his love: but O! the contrast! In the morning it seemed full of pride, anger, self-will, and almost every evil. I prayed earnestly, fearing I must sin. But the Lord was my helper.

October 9. Yesterday I found myself impatient of all contradiction, and bent upon doing my own will in all things. But this morning I felt the mighty power and love of God
in

in such strength, as made my heart melt within me. And I had a confidence that he would make me holy, and keep me to the end.

October 18. These two days, anxious care has so beset me, as to rob me of my strength. I could not reprove, though I had many calls to it. I trembled lest Satan should get an advantage over me. But this morning the Lord took away all my care, and strengthened me so that I feared neither men nor devils.

Sunday, Nov. 12. This has been a day of solid joy. My soul kept a sabbath to the Lord. And my rejoicing was greatly heightened by seeing the triumphant death of one I was acquainted with. Blessed be God, that has given me to know the Religion of Jesus Christ, and to feel the power thereof.

Monday 20. This inbred sin makes me tremble: but the Lord gives me hopes of deliverance from it. While I was speaking to a sick man to-day, a servant of Satan withstood me greatly. But the Lord so strengthened me, that I believe the word was blest, at least to the sick man.

[To be continued.]

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

MY Prayer has been, for these fourteen years past, that I may be nothing. And I praise God, I have reason to hope, that I come a little nearer to that blessed Mark. I well know, there is no happiness like that, which flows from a constant sense that I am nothing, and Jesus is All.

I have, at present, a deep sense of my Meanness, Poverty, and Folly, so that my soul lies in the dust. I am contemptible in my own eyes; yet I feel I am precious in his sight, who has paid so dear a price for me. My soul is broken before
my

my Lord, and desires to follow him as the shadow follows the substance. He has my heart, and reigns the Lord of all my wishes and desires. I need no change of place, person or thing to raise or increase my happiness. The presence of Jesus is sufficient: his will is my resting-place, and his love my delight. But my joy is not every moment full, though in general I can say,

“ My *full* soul doth still require
Thy whole eternity of Love.”

I see the justice of God in all my trials, and I love him the more, because he is just. But I know mercy guides the stroke. I speak feelingly, I know no finite punishment is adequate to my infinite offences. But his merits and mercy exceed them all.

I *rejoice evermore* in a constant union and oneness of spirit with the Lord Jesus: and *pray without ceasing*, as the desire of my soul is going out after him at all times and in all places. And I, *in every thing give thanks*, as I see the hand of God in all I meet with, great and small: though at sometimes, in things indifferent, I feel dislike, perhaps for a minute, before I advert to it; but when I discover this, I immediately embrace the thing I dislike, unless I have a good reason to the contrary. And I am ashamed before the Lord, that I can for a moment *chuse* any thing, after all that he has done for me.

I desire never to feel any thing amiss. Yet I desire to spend my whole life in holy shame before him, remembering what I *was*. I would weep much, and love much, having had much forgiven.

JANE COOPER.

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

Of B I R D S.

AN amazing degree of natural instinct, or understanding, God has imparted to *birds of passage*. They fly in troops, often in the form of a wedge, with the point foremost. They steer their course through unknown regions, without either guide or compass. And they are peculiarly accommodated for their flight, by the structure of their parts.

In the act of migration, it is highly remarkable, 1. That they know (as the scripture speaks) their appointed times, when to come, when to go. Appointed by whom? Surely by the great Creator, who has imprinted on their nature an inclination, at such a time to fly from a place that would obstruct their generation, or not afford food for them and their young, and betake themselves to another place, which will afford all that is wanting.

It is highly remarkable, 2. That they know whither to go, and which way to steer their course! That they should be directed yearly to the same place, perhaps to a little island, as the Basse in Edinburgh-Frith. How come land-birds to venture over a vast ocean, of which they can see no end? And how do they steer their course aright to their several quarters, which before the compass was invented, man himself was not able to do? They could not possibly see them at that distance. Or if they could, what should teach or persuade them that that land is more proper for their purpose than this? That Britain for instance, should afford them better accommodations, than Egypt, than the Canaries, than Spain, or any other of the intermediate places?

But

But it has been commonly supposed, that several birds are of this number, because they disappear in winter, which really are not : Cuckoos, for instance, and Swallows : for neither of these ever cross the seas. Cuckoos lodge all the winter in hollow trees, or other warm and convenient cavities. And Swallows have been found in vast quantities, clung together in a lump, like swarms of bees, but utterly cold and senseless, even in ponds that have been cleaned out, hanging under the water.

I know not how we can doubt of this fact, that Swallows have been found in winter, under water, clung together, attested by men of unquestionable veracity. And yet others affirm, that they have seen flights of Swallows crossing the sea in autumn. The truth seems to be this. There are some species of Swallows, which seek a warmer climate at the approach of winter, while others remain here in a temporary death, like the flies on which they feed.

They have in Virginia, a Martin like ours, only larger, which builds in the same manner. Col. Bacon observed for several years, that they constantly came thither upon the tenth of March. Two of them always appeared a day or two before, hovering in the air. Then they went away, and speedily returned, with the whole flock.

The following seems to be a very rational account of most of those that are really Birds of Passage.

When by the approach of our winter their food fails, Birds of Passage are taught by instinct to seek it elsewhere. Want of food seems to be the chief reason of their migration. The length of their wings enables them to catch the flying insects, with which the air is stored during the warm months. And most Summer Birds of Passage, feed on the wing upon such insects as are seen no more when winter comes. If it be considered, how much of the globe still re-

mains unknown, it is no wonder we are not yet acquainted with the places to which they retire. Probably they lie in the same latitude in the southern hemisphere, as those from whence they depart.

As Swallows cannot bear so much cold, as some other Birds of Passage, they are constrained to visit us somewhat later, and to depart somewhat sooner. Some stay a month after them. Probably many of them perform their long journeys chiefly in the night. Lying on the deck of a sloop on the north-side of Cuba, I and the company with me heard three nights successively, flights of Rice-Birds (their notes being plainly distinguishable) passing over our heads northerly, which is their direct way from the southern continent of America, from whence they go yearly when the rice begins to ripen, and after growing fat, return back.

There are also winter Birds of Passage, which arrive here in autumn and go away in spring, namely, the Fieldfare, Red-wing, Woodcock, and Snipe. But the two latter sometimes spend the whole year here. Whereas the two former constantly at the approach of summer, retire to more northern climates, where they breed, and remain till at the return of winter, they return to us again.

The winter food of these birds being berries and haws, which are far more plentiful here than in more northern regions, this is one reason of their coming over: but the principal is, the severity of the weather in those climates, which nature teaches them to exchange, for such as are more temperate: But why do they depart from us in the spring? This still remains among the secrets of nature.

[*To be continued,*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING;
with *short* REMARKS.

CHAP. XXI. *Of Power.*

“ Sect. 5. **W**E find in ourselves a *power* to begin or forbear, continue or end several actions of our minds, and motions of our bodies, barely by a thought or preference of the mind ordering, or, as it were, commanding the doing or not doing such or such a particular action. This *power* which the mind has, thus to order the consideration of any *idea*, or the forbearing to consider it; or to prefer the motion of any part of the body to its rest, and *vice versa* in any particular instance, is that which we call the *Will*. The actual exercise of that power, by directing any particular action, or its forbearance, is that which we call *Volition* or *Willing*. The forbearance of that action, consequent to such order or command of the Mind, is called *Voluntary*. And whatsoever action is performed without such a thought of the Mind, is called *Involuntary*. The power of Perception is that which we call the *Understanding*. Perception, which we make the act of the Understanding, is of three sorts: 1. The perception of *Ideas*, in our Minds. 2. The perception of the signification of Signs. 3. The perception of the Connexion or Repugnancy, Agreement or Disagreement, that there is between any of our *ideas*. All these are attributed to the *Understanding*, or perceptive Power, though it be the two latter only that use allows us to say we understand.

“ Sect. 6. These powers of the Mind, viz. of *Perceiving*, and of *Preferring*, are usually called by another name: and the ordinary way of speaking is, That the *Understanding* and *Will* are two *Faculties* of the Mind; a word proper enough,
if

if it be used as all words should be, so as not to breed any confusion in men's thoughts, by being supposed (as I suspect it has been) to stand for some real beings in the soul, that performed those actions of Understanding and Volition. For when we say, the *Will* is the commanding and superior faculty of the soul; that it is, or is not free; that it determines the inferior faculties; that it follows the dictates of the *Understanding*, &c. though these, and the like expressions, by those that carefully attend to their own *Ideas*, and conduct their thoughts more by the evidence of things, than the sound of words, may be understood in a clear and distinct sense: yet I suspect, I say, that this way of speaking of *Faculties*, has misled many into a confused notion of so many distinct agents in us, which had their several provinces and authorities, and did command, obey, and perform several actions, as so many distinct beings; which has been no small occasion of wrangling, obscurity, and uncertainty in questions relating to them.

“ Sect. 7. Every one, I think, finds in himself a *power* to begin or forbear, continue or put an end to several actions in himself. From the consideration of the extent of this power of the mind over the actions of the man, which every one finds in himself, arise the *Ideas* of *Liberty* and *Necessity*.

“ Sect. 8. All the Actions, that we have any *Idea* of, reducing themselves, as has been said, to these two, viz. Thinking and Motion, so far as a man has a power to think, or not to think; to move or not to move, according to the preference or direction of his own mind, so far is a man *free*. Wherever any performance or forbearance is not equally in a man's power; wherever doing or not doing, will not equally follow upon the preference of his mind directing it, there he is not *free*, though perhaps the action may be voluntary. So that the *Idea* of *Liberty*, is the *Idea* of a Power in any Agent to do or forbear any particular action, according to the determination or thought of the mind, whereby
either

either of them is preferred to the other; where either of them is not in the power of the agent, to be produced by him according to his *Volition*, there he is not at *Liberty*; that Agent is under *Necessity*. So that *Liberty* cannot be, where there is no Thought, no Volition, no Will; but there may be Thought, there may be Will, there may be Volition, where there is no *Liberty*. A little consideration of an obvious instance or two, may make this clear.

“ Sect. 9. A Tennis-ball, whether in motion, by the stroke of a racket, or lying still at rest, is not by any one taken to be a *free Agent*. If we enquire into the reason, we shall find it is, because we conceive not a Tennis-ball to think, and consequently not to have any volition, or preference of motion to rest, or *vice versa*; and therefore has not *liberty*, is not a free Agent; but all its Motion and Rest, come under our *Idea* of *Necessary*, and are so called. Likewise a man falling into the water, (a bridge breaking under him,) has not herein liberty, is not a free Agent. For though he has volition, though he prefers his not falling to falling; yet the forbearance of that motion not being in his power, the stop or cessation of that motion follows not upon his volition; and therefore therein he is not *free*. So a man striking himself, or his friend, by a convulsive motion of his arm, which it is not in his power, by volition or the direction of his mind to stop, or forbear; no body thinks he has in this *Liberty*; every one pities him, as acting by *Necessity* and *Constraint*.

“ Sect. 10. Again, suppose a man be carried, whilst fast asleep, into a room, where is a person he longs to see and speak with; and be there locked fast in, beyond his power to get out; he awakes, and is glad to find himself in so desirable company, which he stays willingly in, i. e. prefers his stay to going away. I ask, Is not this stay voluntary? I think, no body will doubt it; and yet being locked fast in, it is evident he is not at liberty not to stay, he has not freedom to be gone. So that *Liberty is not an Idea belonging to Volition*, or preferring;

preferring; but to the person having the power of doing, or forbearing to do, according as the mind shall chuse or direct. Our *Idea* of liberty reaches as far as the power and no farther. For wherever Restraint comes to check that Power, or Compulsion takes away that indifferency of ability on either side to act, or to forbear acting, there *Liberty*, and our notion of it, presently ceases.

“ Sect. 11. We have instances enough, and often more than enough in our own bodies. A man's heart beats, and the blood circulates, which it is not in his power by any thought or volition to stop; and therefore in respect of these motions, where rest depends not on his choice, nor would follow the determination of his mind, if it should prefer it, he is not a *free Agent*. Convulsive motions agitate his legs, so that though he *wills* it never so much, he cannot by any power of his mind stop their motion, (as in that odd disease called *Chorea Sancti Viti*,) but he is perpetually dancing: he is not at liberty in this action, but under as much necessity of moving, as a stone that falls, or a Tennis-ball struck with a racket. On the other side, a palsy or the stocks hinder his legs from obeying the determination of his mind, if it would thereby transfer his body to another place. In all these there is want of *Freedom*, though the sitting still even of a paralytic, whilst he prefers it to a removal, is truly voluntary. *Voluntary* then is not opposed to *Necessary*; but to *Involuntary*. For a man may prefer what he can do, to what he cannot do; the state he is in, to its absence or change, though *Necessity* has made it in itself unalterable.

“ Sect. 12. As it is in the motions of the Body, so it is in the thoughts of our minds; where any one is such, that we have power to take it up, or lay it by, according to the preference of the Mind, there we are at *Liberty*. A waking man being under the necessity of having some *Ideas* constantly in his Mind, is not at *liberty* to think, or not to think; no more than he is at *liberty*, whether his Body shall touch

any

any other, or no: but whether he will remove his contemplation from one *Idea* to another, is many times in his choice; and then he is in respect of his *Ideas*, as much at *Liberty*, as he is in respect of bodies he rests on: he can at pleasure remove himself from one to another. But yet some *Ideas* to the Mind, like some Motions to the Body, are such, as in certain circumstances it cannot avoid, nor obtain their absence by the utmost effort it can use. A man on the rack, is not at *liberty* to lay by the *Idea* of Pain, and divert himself with other Contemplations: and sometimes a boisterous Passion hurries our Thoughts, as a Hurricane does our Bodies, without leaving us the liberty of thinking on other things, which we would rather chuse. But as soon as the Mind regains the power to stop or continue, begin or forbear any of these motions of the Body without, or Thoughts within, according as it thinks fit to prefer either to the other, we then consider the man as a *free Agent* again:

“ Sect. 13. Wherever Thought is wholly wanting, or the power to act or forbear according to the direction of Thought, there *Necessity* takes place. This in an Agent capable of Volition, when the beginning or continuation of any action is contrary to that preference of his mind, is called *Compulsion*; when the hindering or stopping any Action is contrary to his Volition, it is called *Restraint*. Agents that have no Thought, no Volition at all, are in every thing *necessary Agents*.”

[To be continued.]

An Account of the PASSIONS, or NATURAL AFFECTIONS:
extracted from Dr. Watts.

Of COMPLACENCE and DISPLICENCE.

14. **T**HE third sort of Love and Hatred are *Complacence* and *Displacence*. If the object be suited to give pleasure, the love I feel to it is called *Complacence* or *Delight*. If this *Complacency* rise high, it is called *Fondness*.

There is a *Fondness* which is very innocent between kindred or the nearest relations, and which, in general, is called *Natural Affection*.

As an agreeable Object gives *Complacency* or *Delight*; so a disagreeable one raises *Displacency*, *Dislike*, or *Disgust*. If *Displacency* rise to a high degree, we call it *Abhorrence*; and sometimes by a metaphor, *Loathing*. Where the disagreeableness between the person and the object is wrought into the very constitution, it obtains the name of *Antipathy*.

Of DESIRE and AVERSION.

15. We proceed now to the Passions, which spring chiefly from *Benevolence* and *Complacency*, and their contraries. Here the first pair that occur are *Desire* and *Aversion*. When we look upon an Object as *good*, and possible to be attained, our *Desire* goes out toward it. When we look upon an Object as *evil*, which may possibly come upon us, it awakens *Aversion*.

But in our animal natures there are some *Propensities* or *Desires* that arise without any express ideas of the goodness of their Object, such as *Hunger* and *Thirst*. These we generally call *natural Appetites*. In the same manner there may be *Aversions* which arise before our mind expressly conceives the Object to be evil or disagreeable. But those *Aversions* only are proper *Passions* which arise first from the Mind, considering the Object as *evil*.

If our *Desire* be not violent, it is called a *simple Inclination*: when it rises high, it is termed *Longing*. When any Object raises our *Aversion* to a great degree, it is usually named *Loathing* or *Abhorrence*. If we are constrained to do or suffer evil contrary to our *Inclinations*, this awakens a sort of *Aversion*, we call *Reluctance* or *Regret*.

There are several objects of *Desire* (especially if the *Desire* be immoderate,) which give a distinct name to the *Passion* itself. *Desire* of the pleasures of sense is called *Sensuality*: *Desire* of honour, power and authority among men, is called *Ambition*: *desire* of riches is called *Covetousness*.

[To be continued.]

A SERMON



A S E R M O N

[By Dr. CUDWORTH.]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[Continued from page 374.]

THE great design of God in the gospel is, to clear up this mist of sin and corruption which we are surrounded with, and to bring up his creatures out of the *Shadow of Death*, to the *Region of Light* above, the land of Truth and Holiness. The great mystery of the gospel is to establish a God-like frame and disposition of spirit, which consists in Righteousness and true Holiness, in the hearts of men. And Christ who is the great and mighty Saviour, came on purpose into the world, not only to save from *fire and brimstone*, but also to save us from our *sins*. Christ hath therefore made an expiation of our sins by his death upon the cross, that we being thus *delivered out of the hands of these our greatest enemies, might serve God without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life*. The end of the whole gospel is, not only to cover sin, by spreading the purple robe of Christ's death and sufferings over it, but to convey a powerful and mighty spirit of holiness, to cleanse us and free us from it. And this is a greater grace than the former, which still go both together in the gospel; the free pardon of sin in the blood of Christ; and the delivering us from sin, by the Spirit of Christ dwelling in our hearts.

Our Saviour Christ came (as John the Baptist tells us) *with a fan in his hand, that he might thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into his garner: and to burn up the chaff*

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with

with unquenchable fire. He came (as the prophet Malachi says) like a Refiner's fire, and like Fuller's soap; to fit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and to purify all the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

The first Adam, as the Scripture tells us, brought in a real defilement, which like a loathsome leprosy, hath overspread all mankind: and therefore the second Adam must not only fill the world with a conceit of holiness, and mere imaginary righteousness: but he must really convey such an immortal seed of grace, into the hearts of true believers as may prevail still more and more in them, till it have at last quite wrought out that poison of the Serpent.

And cannot God save us from our sins? Have the Fiends of darkness then, those poor forlorn spirits, that are fettered and chained up in the chains of their own wickedness, any strength to withstand the force of infinite Goodness, which is infinite Power? Or do they not rather skulk in holes of darkness, and fly like bats and owls, before the approaching beams of this Sun of Righteousness? Is God powerful to kill and to destroy, to damn and to torment? And is he not powerful to save? Nay, it is the sweetest flower in all the garden of his 'Attributes, it is the diadem of his crown of glory, that he is *Mighty to save*: and this is far more magnificent for him, than to be stiled *Mighty to destroy*. For that, except it be in a way of justice, speaks no power at all, but mere impotency; for the root of all power is Goodness.

Or must we say, lastly, that God indeed is able to rescue us out of the power of sin and Satan, when we sigh and groan towards him; but yet sometimes, to exercise his absolute authority, his uncontrolable dominion, he delights rather in plunging wretched souls down into infernal night and everlasting darkness? What shall we then make the God of the whole world? Nothing but a cruel and dreadful *Erinnys*, with curled fiery snakes about his head, and *firebrands* in his hands,

hands, thus governing the world? Surely this will make us either secretly to think that there is no God at all in the world, if he must needs be such, or else to wish heartily there were none. But doubtless God will at last confute all these our misapprehensions of him; he will unmask our hypocritical pretences, and clearly cast the shame of all our sinful deficiencies upon ourselves, and vindicate his own glory from receiving the least stain or blemish by them. In the mean time, let us know that the gospel now requireth far more of us than the law did; for it requireth a *new creature*; a *divine nature*; *Christ formed in us*: but yet withal it bestoweth a *quickening spirit*, an *enlivening power* to enable us to express that which is required. Whosoever therefore truly knows Christ, the same also *keepeth his commandments*. But *he that saith I know him, and keepeth not his commandments is a liar and the truth is not in him*.

[*To be continued.*]

A true Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did and said at Mascon, in Burgundy.

[*Continued from page 371.*]

THE next day I gave notice to the Elders of the Church. Yea, I thought fit to make it known to Mr. *Francis Ternus*, a Royal Notary, of *Mascon*, although he was a Roman Catholic, and very jealous of his religion. Since that time, both he and all the others to whom I had imparted it, did not fail to visit me every evening, either together or by turns, as long as it continued, sitting up with me till midnight, and sometimes longer.

The first and some following nights, the wicked spirit kept himself from making a noise in their presence, as not willing

to

to be known to them. But upon the 20th of September, about nine o'clock, in presence of us all, he began to whistle three or four times with a very loud and shrill tone, and presently to frame an articulate voice, though somewhat hoarse, which seemed to be about three or four steps from us. He pronounced these words, singing *vingt & deux deniers*, that is, *two and twenty-pence*, a little tune of five notes which whistling birds are taught to sing. After that, he repeated many times this word, *Minister, Minister*. Because that voice was very terrible to us, at the first, I was long before I would answer any thing to that word, but only, *Get thee from me Satan: the Lord rebuke thee*. But as he was repeating very often the word *Minister*, I was provoked to tell him, *Yes indeed I am a Minister, a servant of the living God, before whose Majesty thou tremblest*. To which he answered, *I say nothing to the contrary*. And, I replied, *I have no need of thy testimony*. Yet he continued to say the same, as if he would win us to a favourable opinion of him. Then he would offer to transform himself into an angel of light, saying of his own accord, and very loud, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the morning and evening Prayers, and the ten Commandments. It is true that he did always clip and leave out some part of it. He sung also with a loud voice, part of the 81st Psalm. Then said many things which might be true, as some particular passages belonging to my family: and among other things, that my father had been poisoned; naming the man that did it, and why, and specifying the place, and the manner of the poison.

That very night, he said he came from *Pais de Vaux*; that he had passed through the village of *Allagmone*: which is in *Ballogne de Goz*, at the door of my eldest brother's house, where he had seen him, with *M. Du Pan*, Minister of *Thoiry*. That they were ready to go to supper together at my brother's house. That they were neighbours and dear friends, That he had saluted them, and asked whether they had any thing to command him to deliver to me, because he was going

to *Mafcon*. That they had shewed themselves very kind to him and desired him to remember their love to me; yea, and had invited him to drink with them. Thou wicked fiend (said I to the spirit) had they known thee, they would not have been so kind to thee.

Some truth there was in his story, for *M. Du Pan* hath since told me and many others, that he remembered very well how at that very time a man of such a shape, riding on a very lean horse, who hung down his head, had spoken with them, and that such discourses past between them.

The Demon told us also of another brother of mine living in the vale of the *Lake de Joux*, in the country of *Vaux*, saying, that one day when some of our near kindred were come to visit him, he, to give them some recreation, made them go upon the lake without a boat, upon floating wood tied together: and that they being far on the lake a stormy wind arose, which constrained them to return in haste to the shore. Not far from which all that floating wood was overturned, and they all well-nigh drowned. Which storm he affirmed to be of his raising. The relation of that passage being very true, it may be true also that he had raised that wind, as we read in the book of Job, that Satan raised a great wind that made the house fall. Another night the Demon speaking to *Claude Repay*, a bleacher of linen cloth, one of them that used to come to me at night, asked him whether he remembered not that upon such a day, after he had set in order some pieces of cloth and skeins of yarn, he found them awhile after removed out of that place and out of order, and then said, that it was his doing. He asked another bleacher called *Philbert Guillermin*, who was also in the company, whether he remembered not that one day as he was slooping to turn some pieces of cloth and skeins of yarn, lying upon the grass, something pulled him by the skirts of his doublet, and made him go back two or three steps, and that next evening as he lay in his bleaching house, his hat which he had
hanged

hanged on a nail by his bed-side was flung at his face, and made him start out of his sleep. That (said he) was of my doing. Both *Repay* and *Guillermin* acknowledged that these things happened to them.

Philbert Guillermin's brother, a merchant of *Lavan*, coming from *Lyons*, lodged in his brother's house, and had a mind to visit me the first night: but his brother would not let him. The Demon failed not to tell us of it, saying, I know why *M. Philbert* came not last night. His brother had a good mind to have bestowed a visit upon-us, but *Philbert* dissuaded him, because he would not that his brother should hear what noise we keep in this house.

He spake also of a late quarrel betwixt one *James Berard*, a cutler of *Mafcon*, and one *Samuel du Mont*, who had so beaten the said *Berard* that he had brought him to death's door, which was true, and told many particulars of that quarrel, which were not known. He told us how at the late fair of *St. Laurence*, upon which the citizens of *Mafcon* march in arms under their several colours, one *Francis Chickyard* had been hurt in the leg, which afterwards being gangrened was cut off. And he named the man that had shot him, and he had done it to be revenged of *Chickyard*, to whom he bore a malice.

Another night the Demon speaking to one of our company, told him such secret things that the man who affirmed never to have told them to any person, came to believe that the Devil knew his thoughts.

Then he began to mock God and all Religion, and saying *Gloria Patri* he skipt over the second person, and upon the third person he made a foul and detestible equivocation. Whereupon I being incensed, told the wicked Spirit, he should have said, Glory be to the Father, Creator of heaven and earth, and to his Son Jesus Christ, who hath destroyed the works of the devil. He then desired us with great earnestness, that we should send for *M. Du Chaffin*, the Popish Parson

Parson of St. *Stephen's* Parish to whom he would confess himself, and that he would not fail to bring holy water with him: for that (said he) would send me packing presently.

We wondered that the dog of the house who used to bark at the least noise, yet never barked at the loud speaking and hideous noise of the Demon. He said of his own accord, *You wonder that the dog barketh not, it is because I made the sign of the cross upon his head.*

Then he fell a scoffing, and among other things said that he was one of those that scaled the walls of *Geneva*, and that the ladder being broken he fell from the wall into the ditch, where he had been near to be eaten of the frogs, whose croaking he perfectly imitated.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Mr. BEDFORD's Account of THOMAS PERKS: in a Letter to the Bishop of GLOUCESTER.

My Lord,

Bristol, Aug. 2, 1703.

BEING informed by Mr. Shute of your Lordship's desire, that I should communicate to you what I had known concerning a certain person, who lately lived near this city, I have made bold to give you the trouble of this Letter, hoping my desire to gratify your Lordship in every particular, may be an apology for the length hereof.

About thirteen years ago, whilst I was Curate to Dr. Read, Rector of St. Nicholas, in this city, I began to be acquainted with one Thomas Perks, a man about twenty years of age; who lived with his father at Mangotsfield, by trade a Gunsmith, and contracted an intimate acquaintance with him, he being not only a very good tempered man, but extremely well skilled in Mathematical Studies. His constant delight was in Arithmetic, Geometry, Gauging, Surveying, Astro-

nomny and Algebra : he had a notion of the Perpetual Motion ; and which, as he held, was demonstrable from Mathematical Principles. He gave himself so much to Astronomy, that he could calculate the motions of the Planets, and demonstrate every Problem in Spherical Trigonometry from Mathematical Principles.

After this, he applied himself to Astrology ; calculated Nativities, and resolved horary Questions. When I was settled in Temple Parish, after I had seen him for some time, he came to me, and asked my opinion concerning the lawfulness of conversing with spirits. After I had given him my thoughts in the negative, I confirmed them with the best reasons I could. He told me, he had considered all those arguments, but that nevertheless there was an innocent society with them, which a man might use, if he did no harm by their means, and was not curious in prying into hidden things : and that he himself had discoursed with them to his great satisfaction. And he gave an offer to me at one time, and to Mr. Bayley, of Bristol, at another, that if we would go with him at night to Kingswood, we should hear them both talk and sing, and talk with them, and return very safe : but neither of us had the courage to venture. I told him the subtilty of the Devil to transform himself into an Angel of Light ; but he could not believe it was the Devil. I had several conferences with him upon this subject, but could never convince him.

I proposed (to try him) a question in Astronomy, relating to the Projection of the Sphere ; which he projected and resolved, and afterward did so demonstrate from the Mathematics, as to demonstrate at the same time, that his brain was free from the least tincture of madness. I asked him several particulars concerning the methods he used. He told me he had a book whose directions he followed ; that at midnight, he went to a cross-way with a lanthorn and candle, which was consecrated for this purpose with several incantations. He had

had also consecrated chalk, consisting of several mixtures with which he used to make a circle, at what distance he thought fit; within which no spirit had power to enter.

After this, he invoked the spirits by several forms of words, some of which he told me were taken out of the holy Scriptures, and therefore must be lawful. The spirits appeared to him which he called for, in the shape of little maidens, about a foot and half high, and played about the circle.

At first he was somewhat affrighted, but after some acquaintance with them, this wore off, and he began to be well pleased with their company. He told me they spoke with a very shrill voice. He asked them if there was a God; they told him there was. He asked if there was a heaven, or a hell; they said there was. He asked them what sort of a place heaven was, which they demonstrated as a place of great glory and happiness. He also asked what sort of a place hell was, but they desired him to ask no questions of that nature, for it was a dreadful thing to relate it. He further asked them what method and order they had amongst themselves; they told him that they were divided into three Orders; that they had a Chief, whose residence was in the air; that he had several Counsellors, which were placed by him in the form of a globe, and he himself in the centre, which was the chief Order; another Order was employed in going to and fro from thence to the Earth, to carry intelligence from those lower spirits; and a third Order was on the Earth to do according to the directions they should receive from those in the Air. This description being contrary to the account we have in Scripture of the blessed Angels, made me conclude they were devils; but I could not convince him of it. He told me he had bid them sing, and they went to some distance behind a bush, from whence he could hear such a concert of music, as he never heard before. That in the

upper part he could hear something very harsh and shrill, like a reed; but as it was managed it gave a particular grace to the rest.

About a quarter of a year after he came to me again, and told me he wistd he had taken my advice, for he thought he had done that which would cost him his life. Indeed his eyes and his countenance shewed a great alteration. I asked him what he had done; he told me that being resolved to proceed in his Art, and to have some familiar spirit at his command, according to the directions of his book, he procured a book made of virgin's parchment, and consecrated with several incantations; as also a particular inkhorn, ink, pen, &c. for his purpose. With those he went out (as usual) to a cross-way, called up a spirit and asked him his name; which he put in the first page of his book. This was to be his Familiar: thus he was to do by as many as he pleased, writing their names in distinct pages, only one on a leaf; and then whenever he took the book and opened it, the spirit whose name appeared, appeared also. The familiar spirit he had was called *Malchi*. After this, they appeared oftener than he desired, and in most dismal shapes, like serpents, lions, bears, &c. hissing at him, and attempting to throw spears and balls of fire, which did very much affright him. And the more, when he found it not in his power to lay them; infomuch that his hair, as he told me, stood upright, and he expected every moment to be torn in pieces. This was in December, about midnight. He continued there in a great sweat till break of day: then they left him; but from that time he was never well as long as he lived. In his sickness he came frequently to consult with Mr. Jacob, an Apothecary, in Broad-Street; but in vain. He also came to me, and owned every matter of fact; insisting that he long thought it lawful, but was since convinced to the contrary; he still owned, he made no compact with any of those spirits, and never did any harm by their means, nor never pryed into the future fortune of himself. He express a hearty repentance

tance and detestation of his sins; so that though those methods cost him his life, yet I have great reason to believe him happy now.

Perhaps your Lordship may be further informed from his Relations and Neighbours in Mangotsfield, which lies in Gloucestershire, not above a mile out of the road to Bath. I have frequently told the story, but never mentioned his name before; and therefore if your Lordship hath any design of printing such Accounts as these, I desire it may be with such a tenderness to his memory, as may not be the least prejudice to his Relations.'

I am,

Your Lordship's most dutiful Son and Servant,

ARTHUR BEDFORD.

Mr. Bedford was some time Chaplain of the Haberdasher's Hospital, in Hoxton.

An ANSWER to Mr. DODD.

1. **YOU** and I may the more easily bear with each other, because we are both of us *rapid* Writers, and therefore the more liable to mistake. I will thank you for shewing me any mistake I am in: being not so tenacious of my Opinions now, as I was twenty or thirty years ago. Indeed I am not fond of any Opinion as such. I read the Bible with what attention I can, and regulate all my Opinions thereby, to the best of my Understanding. But I am always willing to receive more light; particularly with regard to any less common Opinions, because the explaining and defending of them takes up much time, which I can ill spare from other Employments. Whoever therefore will give me more light, with regard to Christian Perfection, will do me a singular Favour. The Opinion I have concerning it at present, I espouse

esponse merely because I think it is Scriptural. If therefore I am convinced, it is not Scriptural, I shall willingly relinquish it.

2. I have no particular fondness for the Term. It seldom occurs either in my preaching or writings. It is my opponents who thrust it upon me continually, and ask me, What I mean by it? So did bishop Gibson, till by his advice, I publicly declared, What I *did not* mean by it, and what I *did*. This I supposed might be best done in the form of a Sermon, having a text prefixt, wherein that term occurred. But that text is there used only as an occasion or introduction to the subject. I do not build any doctrine thereupon, nor undertake critically to explain it.

3. What is the meaning of the term *Perfection*, is another question; but that it is a *Scriptural Term* is undeniable. Therefore none ought to object to the use of the *Term*, whatever they may do to this or that *Explication* of it. I am very willing to consider whatever you have to object, to what is advanced under the first head of that Sermon. But I still think that *Perfection* is only another term for *Holiness*, or the image of God in man. *God made man perfect*, I think is just the same, as he made him *holy*, or *in his own image*. And you are the very first person I ever read of or spoke with, who made any doubt of it. Now *this Perfection* does certainly admit of degrees. Therefore I readily allow the Propriety of that Distinction, Perfection of Kinds, and Perfection of Degrees. Nor do I remember one Writer, Antient or Modern, who excepts against it.

4. In the Sermon of Salvation by Faith I say, "He that is born of God sinneth not," (a proposition explained at large in another Sermon) and every where either explicitly or virtually connected with, *while he keepeth himself*) "by any sinful Desire, any unholy Desire he filleth in the Birth." (Assuredly he does, *while he keepeth himself*) "Nor doth he sin by infirmities. For his infirmities have no concurrence of his will,

will, and without this they are not properly sins." Taking the words as they lie in connexion thus, (and taken otherwise they are not *my* words but *yours*.) I must still aver, they speak both my own experience, and that of many hundred children of God whom I personally know. And all this, with abundantly more than this, is contained in that single expression, "The loving God with all our heart, and serving him with all our strength." Nor did I ever say or mean any *more* by Perfection, than *thus* loving and serving God. But I dare not say *less* than this. For it might be attended with worse consequences than you seem to be aware of. If there be a mistake, it is far more dangerous on the one side than on the other. If I set the mark too high, I drive men into needless fears; if you set it too low, you drive them into hell-fire.

5. We agree, that true "Christianity implies, a destruction of the Kingdom of Sin, and a renewal of the soul in Righteousness; which even babes in Christ do in a measure, experience; though not in so large a measure as young men and fathers?" But here we divide. I believe even babes in Christ (*while they keep themselves*) do not commit sin. By *sin* I mean outward sin; and the word *commit* I take, in its plain, literal meaning. And this I think is fully proved by all the texts cited Sermon 3, from the sixth chapter to the *Romans*. Nor do I conceive there is any material difference between *committing sin*, and *continuing therein*. I tell my neighbour here, "William, you are a child of the devil; for you *commit sin*; you was drunk yesterday." No, Sir, says the man; I do not *live or continue in sin*, (which Mr. Dodd says is the true meaning of the text) I am not drunk *continually*, but only now and then, once in a fortnight, or once in a month." Now, Sir, how shall I deal with this man? Shall I tell him, he is in the way to heaven or hell? I think, he is in the high road to destruction, and that if I tell him otherwise, his blood will be upon my head. And all that you say, of *living, continuing in, serving sin*, as different from *committing* it,

it, and of its *not reigning*, not having *dominion* over him, who still frequently *commits* it, is making so many *Loop-holes* whereby any impenitent sinner may escape from all the terrors of the Lord. I dare not therefore give up the plain, literal meaning either of St. Paul's or St. Peter's words.

6. As to those of St. John, (cited S. 5,) I do not think you have proved they are not to be taken literally. In every single act of obedience, as well as in a continued course of it, *ἡμῶν διακοσμήσει*. And in either an act or a course of sin, *ἡμῶν ἀμαρτίας*. Therefore, that I may give no countenance to any kind or degree of sin, I shall interpret these words by those in the fifth chapter, and believe, *He that is born of God* (while he keepeth himself) *finneth not*; doth not commit outward sin.

7. But "It is absolutely necessary, as you observe, to add sometimes explanatory words to those of the sacred Penmen." It is so: to add words *explanatory* of their sense; but not *subversive* of it. The words added to this Text, *Ye know all things*, are such. And you yourself allow them so to be. But I do not allow the words *wilfully and habitually* to be such. These do not explain, but overthrow the Text. That the first Fathers thus explained it, I deny: as also, that I ever spoke lightly of them,

8. You proceed. "You allow in another Sermon, in evident contradiction to yourself, that the true children of God *could* and *did* commit sin." This is no contradiction to any thing I ever advanced. I every where allow, that a Child of God *can* and *will* commit sin, *if he does not keep himself*. "But this, you say, is nothing to the present Argument." Yes, it is the whole thing. If they *keep themselves*, they do not; otherwise they *can* and *do* commit sin. I say nothing contrary to this in either Sermon. But "hence, you say, we conclude, *That he who is born of God, may possibly commit sin*." An idle conclusion as ever was formed. For whoever denied it? I flatly affirm it in both the Sermons

mons, and in the very paragraph now before us. The only conclusion which I deny, is, That "all Christians *do and will commit sin, as long as they live.*" Now this you yourself (though you seem to start at it) maintain from the beginning of your Letter to the end: viz. That all Christians *do sin and cannot but sin*, more or less, to their lives end. Therefore I do not "*artfully put this conclusion;*" but it is your own conclusion, from your own premises. Indeed were I *artfully to put* in any thing, in expounding the word of God, I must be an errant knave. But I do not: my conscience bears me witness, that I speak the very truth, so far as I know it, in simplicity and godly sincerity.

9. I think that all this time you are directly pleading for *looseness of Manners*, and that every thing you advance naturally tends thereto. This is my grand Objection to that Doctrine of the *necessity of sinning*. Not only that it is false, but that it is directly subversive of all Holiness. The Doctrine of the *Gnosticks*, was not that a child of God *does not commit sin*, i. e. Act the things which are Forbidden in Scripture: but that they are *not sin* in him; that he is a child of God still: so they contend, not for *sinless*, but *sinful Perfection*: just as different from what I contend for, as Heaven is from Hell. What the *Donatists* were, I do not know. But I suspect, they were the real Christians of that age; and were therefore served by St. *Augustine* and his warm Adherents, as the Methodists are now by their zealous Adversaries. It is extremely easy to blacken: and could I give myself leave, I could paint the consequences of your Doctrine, in at least as dark and odious colours, as you could paint mine.

10. The passage of St. *Peter* (mentioned S. 12.) I still think proves all which I brought it to prove.

"But you allow, (S. 14.) that *Paul* and *Barnabas* did commit sin. And these were without all controversy Fathers in Christ." That is not without controversy: that either *Barnabas* when he left *Paul*, or *Peter* when he dissembled at

Antioch, was at that time a father in Christ in St. *John's* sense: though *by office* undoubtedly they were. Their example therefore only proves what no one denies, viz. That if a Believer keeps not himself, he may commit sin. Would the conclusions here drawn, "be made only by a very weak Opponent?" Then you are a weak Opponent; for you make them all, either from these or other premises. For you believe and maintain, 1. That *all the other Apostles committed sin sometimes*: 2. That *all the other Christians of the Apostolic Age, sometimes committed sin*: 3. That *all other Christians in all Ages, do and will commit sin as long as they live*: and 4. That every man *must commit sin, cannot help it, as long as he is in the body*. You cannot deny one of these Propositions, if you understand your own Premises.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate Brother,

J. WESLEY.

An ANSWER to several important QUESTIONS.

May 22, 1764.

Q U E S T I O N S.

DO you never find any tendency to *Pride*? Do you find nothing like *Anger*? Is your mind never *ruffled*, put out of tune? Do you never feel any useless *Desire*? Any Desire of Pleasure? Of Ease? Of Approbation? Of Increase of Fortune? Do you find no *Stubbornness*, *Sloth*, or *Self-will*? No *Unbelief*?

May 28, 1764.

A N S W E R.

I think, to be able to answer all your Questions in the affirmative, I must be perfect indeed. I cannot but think, I am far from That. With regard to your first Question, if I feel any pain, when I am slighted or disregarded, is not this

" a ten-

“a tendency to *Pride*?” Indeed I only feel Pain from Persons I love. And this I have sometimes felt, though not lately: but I do not desire any should think highly of me: nor am I conscious, that I have high thoughts of myself.

A temptation to *Anger* I sometimes find, but very seldom. It is as though something came with violence, and *would* enter into my heart; but by looking up, I immediately find, it has not entered. Yet I generally feel a Pain remain for some minutes: and thus far my mind is *ruffled*, or *out of tune*.

I think, I do not feel any useless *Desire*. And yet I always desire Pleasure. But I do not find any thing pleases, that does not bring me nearer to God. I do not know that I desire any *Pleasure of Sense*: unless so far as I am persuaded, it will help me to enjoy him more, who is my Life, and my All. Neither do I know that I desire *Ease*: yet I often desire Freedom from Labour, that I may converse alone with my Beloved. And in this, above all things, I have the greatest need to watch, that I may not go farther than my own judgment allows.

Perhaps the not finding a freedom to converse about myself, with those I think are prejudiced against me, may be thought to imply the desiring *Approbation*. And it is certain, I do not feel the same freedom of Conversation with those, as I do with them that can receive what I say.

“Increase of Fortune,” I may truly say, I do not desire. I have now Food and Raiment, without having any thing to do with the world. This I esteem a mercy indeed. For my mind is wholly drawn heaven-ward. I remember daily, that I am living for Eternity. And I thank my God daily, that I need have but little commerce with those that know not God: I enjoy my present mercies, as coming from his hand, and trust Him for the future: being well satisfied, that he who has thus saved my soul, will provide for my body, till his Arms receive me home. All my care is, how I may be holy both in body and soul.

I cannot say, that I find any *Stubbornness, Sloth, or Self-will*: yet I fear to say absolutely, there is *none* in me. O Lord, let my sentence come forth from thy presence! Certainly I do not know myself as God knows me: and perhaps in some respects, I do not know myself so well as you know me. Therefore if you discern any thing of these in me, I shall receive it as a favour if you tell me.

I do not feel any *Unbelief*, with regard to my own soul. I believe my Saviour hath saved, doth save, and will save it everlastingly. Nevertheless I need to increase in Faith daily, as well as in every grace. All I live for is, to know myself and God more, and I feel a constant thirst so to do.

Last Sunday se'ennight, Mr. ——— preached such a Sermon as I never heard him preach before. A solemn, weighty power rested on the whole Congregation. My soul and body were so penetrated with God, that if I had felt more, I believe I must have died. I could only pray, that you and he may be living Witnesses of all he spake. O that your soul did feel always, what my soul felt then! Surely I should say, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: for I have no request unanswered."

I believe your danger is from *Persons* rather than *Things*. And so has mine been. Therefore I know the power of God to save, even in this respect. Jesus who has saved me, only knows what I have suffered from *Affection* to the *Creatures*. But I feel the fullest Confidence in my Deliverer, that all my deaths of this sort are past. And now the burden laid upon my heart is, that *you* may be thus saved. O what would I give, that your soul might cleave to Him, in all, and above all *Creatures*. This would be my highest happiness, (next to the enjoyment of my God) in time and in eternity. O that you may breathe your soul to Him, who knoweth whereof you are made, and is able to change your heart that it may be always true to Him!

How

How often have I wished to tell you all my thoughts! And now God has strangely given the opportunity. And I believe, while it answers the end he designs, neither men nor devils can interrupt it. I find all Reserve banished from me, and were I now going into Eternity, I should be glad to feel all the Affection to you I do, and to speak to you in the same manner.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCXLVIII.

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

Bristol, Feb. 17, 1756.

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOURS of February 10th, filled me with many thoughts, attended with much prayer. I am thankful you speak your state so plainly. Surely God hath a hand in this thing! Doth he permit your words and actions, small and great, to be marked? O how much of God do I see in this? Surely, if you marked every motion of your heart also, with much prayer, you would gain much ground in the race that is set before you.

O Sir, what I feel for you, when I consider there is hardly one, that knows how to help you; in this also I see the Wisdom of God, that you may not lean on an arm of flesh. But dear Sir, do not let your spirits droop! Surely you do not eye the Lord Almighty: is not this the very way by which God will purify your heart? Let not Satan keep you from much private prayer. If you let your hands hang down in
this,

this, will you not be backward in every duty? I contrive my business, so that from ten to eleven every morning I retire to pray and read. If you could meet me then at the throne of grace, it would not be in vain for your soul and mine. I find more power to pray for you since your last, than I have done for a great while. By whatever manner, way or means, may God make you holy: and may his presence shine continually on your heart!

The humility I feel does indeed flow from a deep sense of my helplessness. And when I look back upon my former life, I am amazed, and say, What hath God done? Why hath he done this for me? And because I cannot tell, I lie and wonder at his blessed feet! While my dear friends are approving of me, or what I say, I seem to lose myself. As to my being charged with pride, I do not wonder at it. I am conscious, there is in my manner, that which many may term so. I find a constant need of watching against all appearance of evil. I thirst to have matter and manner right. O help me by your prayers!

As to my body, it declines every day. I know nothing will help me, but to rest from labour of every kind. But that I dare not do. So I will make haste to live!

I am your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

L E T T E R CCXLIX.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Maldon, Feb. 20, 1758.

My dear Sister,

IS your eye altogether single? Is your heart entirely pure? I know you gave up the whole to God once: but do you stand to the gift? Once your will was swallowed up in God's.

But

But is it now? And will it be so always? The whole Spirit and Power of God be upon you; stablish, strengthen, settle you! And preserve your spirit, soul, and body, spotless and unblamable, unto the coming of Jesus Christ!

I am yours, &c.

J. W.

L E T T E R CCL.

[From the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1764.

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOUR kind Letter, dated in January last, through the negligence of those that received the parcel, did not reach me till within these few days. It found me at Philadelphia, just returned from my Northern Circuit; and waiting only for cooler weather to set forwards for Georgia. Perhaps that may be my *Ne plus ultra*. But the Gospel range is of such large extent, that I have, as it were, scarce begun to begin. Surely nothing but a very loud call of Providence could make me so much as think of returning to England as yet. I have been mercifully carried through the summer's heat; and, had strength permitted, I might have preached to thousands and thousands thrice every day. Zealous Ministers are not so rare in this New World as in other parts. Here is room for a hundred Itinerants. Lord Jesus send by whom thou wilt send. Fain would I end my life in rambling after those that have rambled away from Jesus Christ.

For this let men despise my name,
I'd shun no crosses, I'd fear no shame:
All hail reproach!————

I am

I am persuaded you are like minded. I wish you and all your dear Fellow-labourers much prosperity. O to be kept from turning to the right hand or the left! Methinks for many years, we have heard a voice behind us saying, "This is the way, walk in it." I do not repent being a poor, despised, cast out, and now almost worn-out Itinerant. I would do it again if I had my choice. Having loved his own, the altogether lovely Jesus, loves them to the end; even the last glimmerings of an expiring taper, he blessed to guide some wandering souls to himself. At New-England, New-York, and Pennsylvania, the word hath run and been glorified. Scarce one dry meeting since my arrival. All this is of grace. In various places there hath been a very great stirring among the dry bones. If you, and all yours would join in praying over a poor worthless, but willing Pilgrim, it would be a very great act of charity, he being, though less than the least of all,

Rev. and very dear Sir,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. WHITEFIELD.

L E T T E R CCLI.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to the Rev. Mr. Furly.]

Liverpool, July 15, 1764.

Dear Sir,

I Have had many thoughts since we parted, on the subject of our late conversation. I send you them just as they occur. "What is it that constitutes a *good Stile*?" Perspicuity, Purity, Propriety, Strength, and Easiness joined together. When any one of these is wanting, it is not a good Stile. Dr. Middleton's Stile wants Easiness. It is *stiff* to a high degree. And stiffness in Writing is full as great a fault

as

stiffness in Behaviour. It is a blemish hardly to be excused, much less to be imitated. He is *pedantic*. "It is pedantry, says the great Lord *Boyle*, to use a hard word, where an easier will serve." Now this the Doctor continually does, and that of set purpose. His Stile is abundantly too *artificial*: *artis est celare artem*; but *his* art glares in every sentence. He continually says, "Observe how fine I speak." Whereas a good speaker seems to forget he speaks at all. His full round curls, naturally put one in mind of Sir *Cloudefly Shovel's* peruke, that "Eternal buckle takes in Parian Stone." Yet this very fault may appear a beauty to you, because you are apt to halt on the same foot. There is a stiffness both in your carriage and speech, and something of it in your very familiarity. But for this very reason, you should be jealous of yourself, and guard against your natural infirmity. If you imitate any Writers, let it be *South*, *Atterbury*, or *Swift*, in whom *all* the properties of a good Writer meet. I was myself, once much fonder of *Prior* than *Pope*: as I did not then know that *stiffness* was a fault. But what in all *Prior* can equal, for beauty of stile, some of the first lines that *Pope* ever published,

" Poets themselves must die, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,
Even he whose heart now melts in tender lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays.
Then from his eyes thy much-loved form shalt part;
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart:
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more."

Here is Stile! How clear; how pure, proper, strong, and yet how amazingly *easy*! This crowns all: no stiffness, no hard words: no *apparent* art, no affectation: all is natural, and therefore consummately beautiful. Go thou and *write* likewise. As for *me*,

VOL. V.

H h h

I never

I never think of my Stile at all, but just set down the words that come first. Only when I transcribe any thing for the Press, then I think it my duty to see every phrase be clear, pure, and proper. Conciseness (which is now as it were natural to me,) brings *quantum sufficit* of strength. If after all, I observe any stiff Expression, I throw it out, neck and shoulders.

Clearness in particular is necessary for you and me; because we are to instruct people of the lowest understanding. Therefore we above all, if we *think* with the wise, yet must speak with the *vulgar*. We should constantly use the most common, little, easy words (so they are pure and proper,) which our Language affords. When I had been a Member of the University about ten years, I wrote and talked much as you do now. But when I talked to plain people in the castle, or the town, I observed they gaped and stared. This quickly obliged me to alter my stile, and adopt the language of those I spoke to. And yet there is a dignity in this simplicity, which is not disagreeable to those of the highest rank.

I advise *you* sacredly to abstain from reading any stiff Writer. A by-stander sees more than those that play the game. Your stile is much hurt already. Indeed something might be said, if you were a learned *Infidel*, writing for Money or Reputation. But that is not the case: you are a Christian Minister, speaking and writing to save souls. Have this end always in your eye, and you will never designedly use any hard word. Use all the sense, learning, and time you have: forgetting yourself, and remembering only those are the souls for whom Christ died; heirs of a happy, or miserable eternity!

I am your affectionate Friend and Brother,

J. WESLEY.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCLII.

[From Lady Frances Gardiner, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

July 25, 1763.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

I Persuade myself that you will not be displeas'd at my taking the liberty to write to you. You have cause to bless God for his having directed you in sending Preachers to this place. As to those of them I have heard, I have cause to thank God that they came hither. There has been a considerable reviving of late: some sinners are newly awakened: some formalists have got their eyes opened: some backsliders are recovered; and, I believe many faints have been much edified. Mr. Roberts' preaching has been *remarkably* blessed to many in Edinburgh; and so was Mr. Hanby's, the short time he stay'd. O that their Sermons may be blessed wherever they preach! I verily believe God sent them.

I have never, I own, been at the Preaching-house in a morning yet, as they preach so early; but I ventured to the High School-Yard the morning you left Edinburgh, and it pleas'd God, even after I had got home, to follow part of your Sermon with a blessing to me; and I think it my duty to mention, that God has often of late dealt very bountifully with me. Well may I be astonish'd at it, when I consider my own unworthiness. But I dare venture to say, that Christ and all with Christ is mine. I beg a share in your Prayers; and am, very dear Sir, with great Affection and Regard, your Sister in Christ Jesus,

FRANCES GARDINER.

So she thought and wrote, till Dr. *Erskine* convinc'd her,
 I was a *dreadful Heretic!*

H h h 2

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

*On the NATURE of FREE GRACE, and the CLAIM to
MERIT for the performance of good WORKS.*

[By Dr. Byrom.]

GRACE to be sure is in the last degree,
The *gift* of God, divinely pure and free :
Not bought, or paid for, merited, or claim'd,
By any Works of ours that can be nam'd.

What Claim or Merit, or withal to pay,
Could creatures have before creating day :
Gift of existence, is the gracious one,
Which all the rest must needs depend upon.

All boasting then of Merit, all pretence,
Of Claim from God, in a deserving sense,
Is in one word excluded by *St. Paul*,
Whate'er thou hast, thou hast received it all.

But sure the *use* of any gracious powers,
Freely bestow'd may properly be ours ;
Right application being ours to chuse,
Or if we will be so absurd, refuse.

In this respect what need to controvert,
The sober sense of *Merit*, or *Desert* ?
Works, it is said, will have, and is it hard
To say deserve, or merit their reward ?

Grace

Grace is the real saving gift; but then,
 Good Works are profitable unto men:
 God wants them not; but if our neighbours do,
 Flowing from Grace, they prove it to be true.

When human words ascribe to human spirit,
 Worthy, Unworthy, Merit, or Demerit:
 Why should disputes forbid the terms a place,
 Which are not meant to derogate from Grace.

All comes from God, who gave us first to live,
 And all succeeding grace, 'tis ours to give
 To *God alone*, the *Glory*, and to *Man*,
 Impower'd by Him, to do what *good* we can.

A TRANSLATION of a *Latin* EPITAPH,

Written by Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE,

On his Lady.

HERE lies a faithful Followér of her Lord,
 Who with a Seraph's flame her God adoréd;
 Of Friends, of Daughters, and of Wives the best,
 In all the Charms of social Graces drest:
 Candor, Discretion, Elegance refinéd,
 Mixt with a dove-like innocence of mind.
 Kindness upon her heart was deep imprest,
 But Injuries there were never known to rest,
 And kindle to Revenge her genérous breast.
 The Streams that from the sacred Fountains flowéd,
 She drank; to these her heavenly life she owéd;
 And still she drinks them in the Realms on high,
 Where ampler draughts her endless thirst supply.
 Hence her whole life ran free from evéry stain,
 Hence with divinest skill she could explain

Her

Her Faith's and Hope's foundations. Thou art gone
 My lovely Mate! to the celestial Throne,
 And Heaven's unbounded Joys: soon shall this house
 Of clay dissolve and then, my pious Spouse,
 Thy Partner on glad wings shall take his flight,
 And join his dear *Maria* in the world of light,

A TRANSLATION of a *Latin* EPITAPH,

Written by Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, on himself.

WHILE the free spirit towers into the skies,
 Here void of life, the mould'ring body lies:
 But when the Prince of heaven, the Judge of All,
 Returning visits this terrestrial ball:
 I shall revive (may not my hopes be vain!)
 And with him everlasting bliss obtain.
 And thou, long Partner of my life, but now
 The longer partner of my grave below;
 Fast sleeping by my side, with me shall rise,
 When the Archangel's trumpet shakes the skies:
 And in the ardors of seraphic love,
 We both shall scale the blissful seats above:
 The while we teach the heavenly towers to ring,
 With loud Hosanna's to our Saviour,—King;
 And while new Anthems, and harmonious verse,
 The Father's boundless Mercies shall rehearse,
 Eternal glories from the God shall shine,
 Attract, assimilate, exalt, refine,
 And fill our souls with extasies divine.

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 }
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On

On GENERAL WOLFE.

IN various climes immortal honours won,
 Quebec subduéd, great *Wolfe!* thy task was done.
 The Victor fell, with mournful laurels crownéd;
 His friends, 'midst shouts of triumph, weeping round,
 He fell, by evéry grateful Briton mournéd!
 With evéry virtue, evéry grace adornéd:
 A genius that improvéd; a feeling heart,
 That humanizéd evén War's destructive art;
 An Hero, sparing evén of hostile blood;
 Like *Julius* brave, like gentle *Titus* good.

Undaunted in the field, in counsel sage,
 He gainéd in youth the dignity of age.
 When glory calléd, each dangérous post he fought,
 And provéd himself the discipline he taught.
 Quick to discern, réward, and pleaséd, make known
 Each spark of latent merit, but his own.
 Thus trainéd to love, his troops with pride obey,
 And bravéd evén death, whenéver *He* led the way.

Such was great *Wolfe!* his much-lovéd Country's pride;
 For her he livéd, for her he bravely diéd.
 A formidable Foe; a cordial Friend;
 Great in his life, and glorious in his end.

 For the STATUE of HEALTH,

Under an Ionic Pavilion in the King's Bath.

AUSPICIOUS Health! fair daughter of the skies,
 O! guard with ease these springs that teaming rise;
 Whose healing virtues, (freed from dire distress,)
 Millions have felt, and millions daily blefs.

Ye

Ye languid tribe, with grateful hearts receive,
 The blessing these balsamic Fountains give :
 If Bath's salubrious streams your health restore,
 Thank heavén ; be temperate ; " Go and sin no more."

S H O R T H Y M N S.

James ii. 26. *For as the body without the soul is dead, so
 faith without works is dead also.*

AS when the active soul is fled,
 A senseless lump the body lies,
 The faith which did from God proceed,
 If sep'rated from works it dies,
 A carcase without life or power,
 A faith extinct is faith no more.

Faith without works is not the true ;
 The living principle of grace,
 The virtue which can all things do,
 Works universal righteousness ;
 And gains, when all its toils are past,
 The promise of pure love at last.

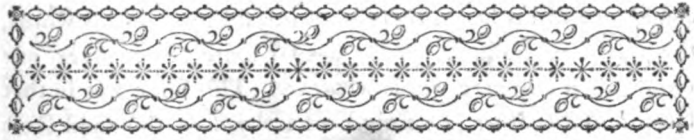
Know this, ye infidels in heart,
 Who boast your barren faith in vain,
 Who dare the sacred word pervert ;
 The carcase dead is not the man :
 Or if ye did true life receive,
 Ye ceased at once to work and live.

Dreamers of your salvation sure,
 Awaking unto righteousness,
 Your *Antinomian* faith abjure,
 Your groundless hope, and hellish peace ;
 Arise, and wash away your sins :
 And then the works of faith begins !

тс."

св.





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1782.



*Of FREE-WILL: translated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S
Dialogues, between Lewis and Frederic.*

D I A L O G U E III.

[Continued from page 397.]

Fred. **L**ET us now consider, how God worketh in men to will that which is good. This we may the more easily understand, by considering how the devil works in man to will that which is evil. Take a covetous man, who desires to make his son just like himself. By commending riches as the chief Good, and inveighing against poverty as the chief evil, he endeavours to work in his son a desire of riches. And because he speaks out of the abundance of his heart, there is an inward force in his words, the spirit of covetousness, which has far more power over his son, than the bare words have. On the other hand, God shews us what is good,

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by

by a man sent of him. And because he speaks out of the abundance of his heart, there is an inward force in his words, the Spirit of holiness, which has far more power over our minds, than any bare words whatever. This force was in that sermon of St. Peter (Acts xiv.) whereby five thousand souls were converted. Whereas had a man without that Spirit spoken the same words, they would have had no more effect than the words of a stage-player.

Lewis. I have nothing to say against this. But I have one difficulty remaining. How shall I answer those who say, You ascribe too much to the will of man, so that he seems to be saved by his own merit, at least in part, and thereby to diminish the benefit and glory of Christ. *Fred.* They seem to me, to do the very thing themselves, of which they accuse us. *Lewis.* How so? *Fred.* I will tell you. If your father had begotten you such, that you must always have remained an infant, unable either to will or to do any thing freely, would his merit or his glory have been greater than it is, in begetting you such, that you are able to walk to and fro, to will, and to act at your pleasure? *Lewis.* Nay, I am much more obliged to him for begetting me such as I am. *Fred.* And is not God much more to be praised, for creating man a Free-Agent, than if he had created him like a beast? And will it not be more glory to Christ, to save man as a free-agent, than if he had treated him as a piece of passive clay, which is moulded into a vessel, without any choice of its own?

As to Pride, we know men may be proud of them; but we must not therefore deny the gifts of God. And if we credit Experience, the men who deny Free-will are prouder than those that assert it. And no wonder; for thinking themselves elect, and therefore incapable of falling, they cannot fear, but reign as kings. To repress this insolence, the Apostle speaks thus: *Be not high minded, but fear; if God spare not the natural branches, take heed lest he spare not thee.* How glaring are the instances of their pride? They
condemn

condemn all others with such disdain, as manifestly to shew in fact, the Free-will which they deny in words! Yet if you exhort them to good works, you would act as impertinently, as if you exhorted the King's son, to take pains that he might become the King's son. They are elected already. They cannot fall: they are saved by faith. The good works of Christ are theirs. They have no Free-will. They do not pretend to be saved by their works. I know no man upon earth upon whom there is less room for exhortations to piety. Besides, they do not scruple bare-faced calumnies. I could mention many. *But the most impudent of all is, That "we are seeking to be saved by our own works." Nothing can be more false. We neither think so, nor speak so. We say and testify this, That we are saved by the mere gratuitous mercy of God, without any merit of our own, so that we cannot in anywise save ourselves; but we can easily destroy ourselves. Even as Adam was placed in Paradise for no merit of his own; but was cast out of it by his own demerit. But we likewise say with St. Paul, *If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.* But here they exclaim, that we seek to be saved by our own righteousness. Nay, let them exclaim against the Scripture, which abounds with such declarations as these, *Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven,* Matt. vii. 21. *Whosoever doth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother,* chap. xii. 50. Now I pray, what do these words mean? Do they ascribe to man the merit of his salvation? Nothing less: *It is not of him that willeth, or of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.* And yet we must both will and run; or we cannot expect to find mercy.

The Israelites who came out of Egypt, would not invade Canaan: and so they did not obtain it. Their children did

* Who would imagine, that this was wrote above two hundred years ago?

invade it (as God commanded,) and obtained it. That their fathers did not obtain it, was their own fault; because they would not fight. That their sons did obtain it, was the free gift of God: yet they fought: and if they had not fought, they would not have obtained it. But God gave them the strength wherewith they fought: therefore His was all the glory of the victory. So *Joshua; the Lord your God is he that fought for you.* If *Naaman*, the Syrian, had not washed seven times in Jordan, he would not have been healed. Was he therefore healed by his own merit? Who will affirm this? If the Israelites had not designed to gather the manna, they would have starved in the midst of plenty. But tho' they did gather it, it was no merit of theirs that preserved their lives. Unless the husbandman sows, he will not reap. Is it therefore by his merit or strength that the corn grows? Are not all good things the gift of God? What room is there then for man to be proud, if he has received from God, not only all good things, but his very being?

I myself was formerly of the same mind with our Friends. I saw, they refuted several manifest errors. And seeing this, I was easily induced to believe them, in the things I did not understand. And I then fell into the same pride with them, which I do not scruple to acknowledge. But since God was pleased to teach me those truths, which you have heard yesterday and to day; this was so far from making me prouder than before, that it convinced me of my pride. Convinced therefore as I am by my own experience of the tendency of one and the other doctrine, I am now rooted and grounded in this truth, which I will avow to all the world. All who are saved, are saved by the free mercy of God, without any merit of their own: all who perish, perish for no other reason, than because they would not obey the commands of God. I acknowledge this, as the first and the last cause of the destruction of man.

[*Concluded.*]

SERMON

S E R M O N XI.

On ROMANS v. 15.

Not as the transgression, so is the free gift.

1. **H**OW exceeding common, and how bitter is the outcry against our first Parent, for the mischief which he not only brought upon himself, but entailed upon his latest posterity? It was by his wilful rebellion against God, *That sin entered into the world. By one man's disobedience, as the Apostle observes, the many is made,* as many as were then in the loins of their forefathers, *were made,* or constituted *sinners*: not only deprived of the favour of God, but also of his image; of all virtue, righteousness and true holiness, and sunk partly into the image of the devil, in pride, malice, and all other diabolical tempers, partly into the image of the brute, being fallen under the dominion of brutal passions and grovelling appetites. Hence also Death entered into the world, with all his forerunners and attendants, pain, sickness, and a whole train of uneasy, as well as unholy passions and tempers.

2. "For all this we may thank Adam," has echoed down from generation to generation. The self-same charge has been repeated in every age, and in every nation, where the Oracles of God are known, in which alone this grand and important event, has been discovered to the children of men. Has not *your* heart, and probably your lips too, joined in the general charge? How few are there of those who believe the scriptural relation of the Fall of man, that have
not

not entertained the same thought concerning our first Parent? Severely condemning him, that through wilful disobedience to the sole Command of his Creator,

“ Brought death into the world, and all our woe.”

3. Nay, it were well if the charge rested here: but it is certain, it does not. It cannot be denied, that it frequently glances from Adam to his Creator. Have not thousands, even of those that are called Christians, taken the liberty to call his Mercy, if not his Justice also into question, on this very account? Some indeed have done this, a little more modestly, in an oblique and indirect manner. But others have thrown aside the mask and asked, “ Did not God foresee, that Adam would abuse his liberty? And did he not know the baneful consequences which this must naturally have, on all his Posterity? And why then did he permit that disobedience? Was it not easy for the Almighty to have prevented it?” He certainly did foresee the whole. This cannot be denied. *For known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world.* (Rather, from all eternity, as the words *απ’ ἀιώνος* properly signify.) And it was undoubtedly in his power to prevent it; for he hath all power both in heaven and earth. But it was known to him at the same time, that it was best upon the whole, not to prevent it. He knew, that *not as the transgression, so the free gift*: that the evil resulting from the former, was not as the good resulting from the latter, not worthy to be compared with it. He saw that to permit the fall of the first man, was far best for mankind in general: that abundantly more good than evil would accrue to the posterity of Adam by his fall: that if *sin abounded* thereby over all the earth, yet *grace would much more abound*: yea, and that to every individual of the human race, unless it was his own choice.

4. It

4. It is exceeding strange, that hardly any thing has been written, or at least published on this subject: nay, that it has been so little weighed or understood, by the generality of Christians: especially considering that it is not a matter of mere curiosity, but a truth of the deepest importance; it being impossible, on any other principle,

“ To assert a gracious Providence,
And justify the ways of God with man:”

And considering withal, how plain this important truth is, to all sensible and candid inquirers. May the Lover of men open the eyes of our understanding to perceive clearly, that by the fall of Adam mankind in general have gained a capacity,

First, of being more holy and happy on earth, and

Secondly, of being more happy in heaven, than otherwise they could have been.

1. And, first, mankind in general have gained by the fall of Adam, a capacity of attaining more holiness and happiness on earth, than it would have been possible for them to attain, if Adam had not fallen. For, if Adam had not fallen, Christ had not died. Nothing can be more clear than this: nothing more undeniable: the more thoroughly we consider the point, the more deeply shall we be convinced of it. Unless all the partakers of human nature had received that deadly wound in Adam, it would not have been needful for the Son of God to take our nature upon him. Do you not see, that this was the very ground of his coming into the world? *By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin. And thus death passed upon all, through him, in whom all men sinned.* Rom. v. 12. Was it not to remedy this very thing, that *the word is made flesh?* that *as in Adam all died, so in Christ all might be made alive?* Unless then many had been made sinners by the disobedience of one, by the obedience of one many would not have been made righteous, ver. 18. So there would

would have been no room for that amazing display of the Son of God's love to mankind. There would have been no occasion for his *being obedient unto death, even the death upon the cross*. It could not then have been said, to the astonishment of all the hosts of heaven, *God so loved the world, yea, the ungodly world, which had no thought or desire of returning to him, that he gave his Son out of his bosom, his only begotten Son, to the end that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish but have everlasting life*. Neither could we then have said, *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself: or that he made him to be sin, (that is, a sin-offering) for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God through him*. There would have been no such occasion for such an *Advocate with the Father, as Jesus Christ the righteous*: neither for his appearing at the *right-hand of God, to make intercession for us*.

2. What is the necessary consequence of this? It is this, there could then have been no such thing as faith in God *thus loving the world, giving his only Son for us men and for our salvation*. There could have been no such thing as faith in the Son of God, *as loving us and giving himself for us*. There could have been no faith in the Spirit of God, as renewing the image of God in our hearts, as raising us from the death of sin, unto the life of righteousness. Indeed the whole privilege of justification by faith could have had no existence; there could have been no redemption in the blood of Christ: neither could Christ have been *made of God unto us, either wisdom, righteousness, sanctification or redemption*.

3. And the same grand blank which was in our faith, must likewise have been in our love. We might have loved the Author of our being, the Father of angels and men, as our Creator and Preserver: we might have said, *O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth*. But we could not have loved him under the nearest and dearest relation, as *delivering up his Son for us all*. We might have loved

loved the Son of God, as being *the brightness of his Father's glory, the express image of his person*; (although this ground seems to belong rather to the inhabitants of heaven than of earth.) But we could not have loved him, as *bearing our sins in his own body on the tree*, and "by that one oblation of himself once offered, making a full oblation, sacrifice and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world." We could not have been *made conformable to his death*, nor have *known the power of his Resurrection*. We could not have loved the Holy Ghost, as revealing to us the Father and the Son, as opening the eyes of our understanding, bringing us out of darkness into his marvellous light, renewing the image of God in our soul, and sealing us unto the day of redemption. So that in truth, what is now, *in the sight of God, even the Father*, not of fallible men, *pure Religion and undefiled*, would then have had no being: inasmuch as it wholly depends on those grand principles, *By grace ye are saved through faith: and Jesus Christ is of God made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption*.

4. We see then what unspeakable advantage we derive from the fall of our first Parent, with regard to Faith: Faith both in God the Father, who spared not his own Son, his only Son, but *wounded him for our transgressions, and bruised him for our iniquities*: and in God, the Son, who poured out his soul for us transgressors, and washed us in his own blood. We see what advantage we derive therefrom, with regard to the Love of God, both of God the Father and God the Son, The chief ground of this Love, as long as we remain in the body, is plainly declared by the Apostle, *We love Him, because he first loved Us*. But the greatest instance of his Love had never been given, if Adam had not fallen.

5. And as our Faith both in God the Father and the Son, receives an unspeakable increase, if not its very being from this grand event, as does also our Love both of the Father and the Son; so does the Love of our Neighbour also, our

Benevolence to all Mankind: which cannot but increase in the same proportion with our Faith and Love of God. For who does not apprehend the force of that inference drawn by the loving Apostle, *Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.* If God *so* loved us—Observe, the stress of the argument lies on this very point: *So loved us!* as to deliver up his only Son, to die a cursed death for our salvation. *Beloved, what manner of love is this,* wherewith God hath loved us? as to give his *only Son!* in glory equal with the Father; in majesty coeternal! What manner of love is this, wherewith the only begotten Son of God hath loved us! as to *empty himself,* as far as possible, of his eternal God head! as to divest himself of that glory, which he had with the Father before the world began! as to *take upon him the form of a servant, being found in fashion as a man!* And then to humble himself still farther, *being obedient unto death, yea the death of the cross!* If God *so* loved us, how ought we to love one another? But this motive to brotherly love had been totally wanting, if Adam had not fallen. Consequently we could not then have loved one another in so high a degree, as we may now. Nor could there have been that height and depth in the command of our blessed Lord, *As I have loved you, so love one another.*

6. Such gainers may we be by Adam's fall, with regard both to the Love of God and of our Neighbour. But there is another grand point, which though little adverted to, deserves our deepest consideration. By that one act of our first Parent, not only *Sin entered into the world,* but Pain also, and was alike intailed on his whole posterity. And herein appeared, not only the Justice, but the unspeakable Goodness of God! For how much good does he continually bring out of this evil! How much Holiness and Happiness out of pain!

7. How innumerable are the benefits which God conveys to the children of men through the channel of Sufferings!

So

So that it might well be said, "What are termed Afflictions in the language of men, are in the language of God filed Blessings." Indeed had there been no Suffering in the world, a considerable part of Religion, yea, and in some respects, the most excellent part, could have had no place therein; since the very existence of it depends on our Suffering; so that had there been no pain, it could have had no being. Upon this foundation, even our Suffering, it is evident all our Passive Graces are built: yea, the noblest of all Christian Graces, *Love enduring all things*. Here is the ground for Resignation to God, enabling us to say from the heart, in every trying hour, *It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good: Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?* And what a glorious spectacle is this? Did it not constrain even a heathen to cry out, "*Ecce spectaculum Deo dignum!*" See a sight worthy of God. A good man struggling with adversity and superior to it." Here is the ground for Confidence in God, both with regard to what we feel, and with regard to what we should fear, were it not that our soul is calmly stayed on Him. What room could there be for trust in God, if there was no such thing as Pain or Danger? Who might not say then, *The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?* It is by sufferings that our Faith is tried, and therefore made more acceptable to God. It is in the day of trouble that we have occasion to say, *Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.* And this is well-pleasing to God, that we should own him in the face of danger; in defiance of sorrow, sickness, pain or death.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Some Account of Mr. JOHN FURZ, aged 65.

1. **I** Was born in the year 1717, at *Wilton*, near *Sarum*. My Parents were honest, but ignorant of true Religion. My Father never went to Church; my Mother and her children did. When I was about ten, I began to be afraid of death and hell, and prayed to God to have mercy upon me. At eleven I durst not keep company with boys that cursed and swore. I gave myself to reading, and went constantly to Church. Yet I was more and more uneasy, and had sometimes no sleep in the night, through the dread that was upon my spirits. At fifteen I became a constant Communicant. At seventeen, wherever I was, in bed, within the house or without, I had something speaking within me, "One thing is wanting." I read more, and prayed more; but so much the more did this cry echo within me. In this state I continued two years, having no kind shepherd to guide me. I was one day standing in the house, when this inward voice was repeated oftner than usual. I looked up and said, "O God what is this one thing?" It was instantly answered, "Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

2. I was astonished; for I thought I had always believed. However I thought, I will read over all the Bible, and try whether I believe or not? I took my Bible and opened it on those words. *The devils believe and tremble.* I thought with myself, they tremble, and so do I for the same cause: I too am afraid of the judgment of the great day. I took my Bible again, and read, *We know thee, who thou art, the holy One of God.* I laid it down again and thought, the devils know him and tremble; I tremble, but I do not know him. Now I saw, that I was without God in the world; and the sorrows of my heart were enlarged. I had read, *He that believeth hath the witness in himself:* but I knew I had not the witness.

witness. I reasoned much concerning this, wishing I could find some man that could tell me, what it is to believe?

8. One Sunday morning the Minister's text was, *He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not, shall be damned.* I stood up, and looked as earnestly at his mouth, as ever a hungry man looked for food: expecting every moment, that he would tell me what it was to believe? He did say something about Faith, but I did not understand it. I now thought, "I do not believe: I shall surely be damned." When I came to the Church-door, I could not restrain myself any longer, but burst into a flood of tears and cried aloud. The people came about me, and asked me, Why I wept? I said, "I shall go to hell; for I do not believe." They answered, "Young man, if you go to hell, no one in the town will go to heaven."

4. From this time for near two years, I was in despair. My sleep in great measure departed from me. My appetite was gone; my flesh wasted away, and I grew exceeding weak. My Mother observing it came to me and said, "My dear child, can I do any thing for you?" I said, "Yes, carry me to Mr. Smith;" (a Dissenter, to whom many that were in trouble came for advice.) She carried me to him without delay. He asked, what ailed me? I said, "Let my Mother and the men that brought me go out, and I will tell you." They went out, and I said, "I believe I shall die soon, and I am afraid of going to hell." He answered, "You are melancholy: you must seek for some merry company." I was shocked, and called aloud for my Mother, (who stood without) to come and carry me home, which she did. As I sat down in the street without the door, three young men passing by looked at me, and said, They were sorry to see me look so bad. They stayed sometime with me, talking merrily and jocosely. When they parted from me, I thought myself something better. They called on me again. I was pleased with their conversation, and endeavoured to stifle my convictions.

victions. I recovered my strength daily : and one evening, as I was walking with them, I asked, "Where did you get all these merry jests?" They said out of such and such books," which they named. I said, "If it please God, I will go in the morning to the Stationers, and buy one of the best of them."

5. As soon as I left my companions I went home. But I had but just sat down in a chair, when a divine conviction seized me, and I thought, "Lord what have I been doing?" I dropt to the earth utterly senseless. About midnight my senses returned : and I found my Mother weeping at my bedside, attended by some of her kind neighbours. I now found such a spirit of prayer, as I never found before. My heart cried, "Lord, spare me a little, before I go hence and am no more seen." For I clearly saw, if I died in my present state I must perish for ever.

6. But it was not long, before my new companions visited me, and expressed a sorrow for my late affliction. I was soon persuaded to walk with them, and in awhile began to be pleased again with their company and conversation. But one Sunday morning as I was in bed, it seemed to me as if one griped me by the arm. At the same moment a voice went through my heart, saying, "Go to the Meeting." I was much surpris'd, and felt much pain in my arm. However it being very early I compos'd myself to sleep again. But I had not lain long, when I heard the same voice as before. I rose and walked in the garden : but still found something within me saying, "Go to the Meeting." "I knew not what to do. I had ever been a zealous member of the Established Church, and thought it not right to go to a Presbyterian Meeting. I seemed resolv'd not to go : but the impression on my mind was such, I could have no rest unless I went. When I came in, the Minister was in his Sermon. I had no sooner sat down than he uttered those words, "Remember the promises you made to God on a sick bed." I thought he spoke

spoke to me. I remembered how earnestly I had prayed to God, to spare me a little longer. I returned home in deep distress, thinking, "I am still the same unhappy creature, lost to all sense of good. All my resolves are come to nought, my promises broken, and I am left a poor guilty sinner."

7. All my former works did now indeed appear to me no better than filthy rags. I said, "I have lied unto thee, O God, when I said, My spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour:" and when I professed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ," while I knew nothing about it. A few days after, I saw an unusual number of people flocking together, and asked, Whither they were going? One answered, "Mrs. Hall's son is come from Oxford, and is going to preach in the Presbyterian Meeting. Will you go and hear him?" After some pause I went. While I was musing with myself, he pointed out with his finger, as though he pointed at me, and said vehemently, "There are two witnesses that are dead and buried in the dust, that will rise in judgment against you." He took up his Bible, and said, "Here are the two Witnesses, that have been dead, and buried in the dust upon your shelf, the Old Testament, and the New." I felt what was spoken, I remembered, my Bible was covered with dust, and that I had wrote my name with the point of my finger on the binding. Now I thought, I had signed my own damnation, on the back of the witnesses,

8. I went home, no one speaking to me on the way, or I should have wept aloud. I walked in the garden; but I was afraid the earth would open and swallow me up, or that infernal spirits would be permitted to drag me to the bottomless pit. I went to bed; but the terrors I felt in the night, are beyond all that I can express. About midnight I sat up in bed, and said, "Lord, how will it be with me in hell?" Just then a dog began howling under my window, and I thought, *There shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!* Every joint now trembled: the terrors of the Lord seized my
foul;

soul; the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in me. I rose early in the morning, but did not attempt to pray, as I thought there was no mercy for me. As I walked in the garden, bewailing my misery and wishing I had never been born, God put a desire to pray into my heart, and those words into my mouth: "Lord, are there no bowels of mercy for such a sinner as me?" I went and kneeled down at the feet of my bed. Instantly I felt as if cold water ran through every vein. I started up, and ran into the garden and thought, "God will not suffer me to pray. He has driven me from the throne of grace: there is no mercy for me." I went a second time, but had no sooner kneeled down, than I was surpris'd as before: I flew again. As soon as I came into the garden, I looked round, and said, "Who will shew me any good?" I walked weeping, till I saw a dead toad, and said, "O that I had been a toad? Then I should have had no soul to lose." I then felt a fresh desire to pray. I went again into my chamber and kneeled down. But I was more surpris'd than ever. I thought the earth moved under me. I leaped down stairs, and fell to the ground; but strong desire constrained me to ask, "Are there no bowels of mercy for me?" Before I could utter it, I heard a small, still voice saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." What a change did I feel! My sorrow was turned into joy: my darkness into light! My soul was filled with love to God, for his unspeakable mercies. Now I did indeed draw water out of the wells of salvation. Yea, a fountain was opened in my heart, springing up into everlasting life. My tongue could not express the feelings of my heart; I was lost in speechless rapture. I now knew, what it was to believe: I knew on whom I believed; even on him that justifieth the ungodly. Being justified by faith, I was at peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. My bands were broken in sunder, and my captive soul was set at liberty.

9. I that

9. I that before was dead in trespasses and sins, was now made alive to God. I sat in heavenly places with Christ Jesus. I was as in a new world. If I walked out into the open field, every thing shewed forth the glory of God. If I looked at the Sun, my heart said, my God made this, not for himself, but us. If I looked on the grass, the corn, the trees, I could not but stand and adore the goodness of God. My Bible also was become a new book: it was sweeter to my soul, than honey to my tongue. I had near communion with God day and night. And O! how I longed for all the world to know what I knew! I longed also for a companion in the grace of God, to whom I could communicate what I felt: yea, I thought I would tell the trees of the wood, if I could make them understand what God had done for my soul.

[To be concluded in our next.]



An Extract from the JOURNAL of Mr. G— C—.

[Continued from page 408.]

SUNDAY, Dec. 3. For some days past, I have been greatly comforted. But this day I was severely tried by my girl, and tempted to revenge. By prayer I was enabled to forgive, and to be thankful, desiring above all things, that the Lord would dispose of me, as would most conduce to his own glory.

Saturday 23. Yesterday we kept a Fast: but the Lord made it a feast to my soul: never did I feel a greater measure of the Love of God. All the powers of my soul were filled with God, and humbled to the dust.

Thursday 28. Last night I was overcome of evil, between sleeping and waking. In the morning I found the Spirit was grieved: I cried to the Lord, but had no answer, till I

came to the Foundry, where at the latter end of the service, the Lord gave me deep contrition. Afterwards I poured out many tears, and sighed as though my heart would break. Yet I felt the effect of my sin all day, my thoughts wandering from the Lord. And I saw all my works were so polluted by my corrupt nature, as to find no place with God, but through the blood of atonement.

January 15, 1750. Anxious care came as a flood upon me. This would soon have deprived me of all the life of God; but he quickly delivered me. In the evening I was to meet a Class for the first time. But my heart so sunk at the sight of them, that I could not pray, nor well speak to any of them. Lord, increase my Faith!

February 3. I was seized with a Fever, but the Lord gave me a calmness of mind, and entire resignation to his Will. Sunday 4. My head was much disordered. At the Chapel I fainted away, and should have been glad just then to resign my soul into the hands of God. In the afternoon the Class met. The thought of speaking and praying with them, made the sweat drop from me. My Fever continued twelve days. However strength was given me, to follow my business every morning. And when I came home, I went to bed, and rested till the evening. Once I felt a temptation to fear: but the Lord supported me.

February 26. I find my evil nature is not taken away with my sickness: for pride, anger, revenge, and impatience, especially with my girl, have much place in me. Hereby my mouth is so stopped, that I do not reprove sin. I also fly on my meat, as a wolf on his prey.

March 5. I had power to reprove a little, and to bear the faults of many with patience. Two days after, my Fever returned, and continued till the 26th. But it was greatly blessed, the Lord making my bed in my sickness. He also provided me with one to do my business, and I was ready to give up my soul into his hands.

April

April 16. My heart was filled with thankfulness to God for all his mercies, and with a full expectation that he would cleanse me from all filthiness of flesh and spirit. On the 29th I felt the want of Faith's increase, my heart being very corrupt and deceitful. I found pride, anger, evil desire, and intemperance strongly beset me, with a backwardness to take up the cross: yet the Lord has this day greatly refreshed me.

May 7. My girl is so wickedly inclined, as to bear no restraint. This together with what I feel of the evil of my nature, greatly distresses my soul. On the tenth, the anguish of my soul was very great, finding anger so strong in me. I was also sorely tempted, not only to disbelieve the promises, but to deny what God had already wrought in me. But in prayer the Lord refreshed me, and set my soul at liberty.

Sunday, July 17. I saw myself so full of sin, as somewhat to discourage me. But afterward I had a lively hope, that God would deliver me out of all.

July 21. I feel my eye is not quite single either in speaking or acting, which gives me much pain. For I desire to live wholly to God, and to be guided by his Spirit in all things. But I ever fall short. Yesterday I was blest in temporals, and yet with-held from the necessitous. This grieved the Spirit. Yet on confessing my sin the Lord forgave me, and blest me with his Love all the day.

Aug. 8. I *would* live to the Lord, but find many hinderances within and without. Pride is the chief, and impatience of contradiction. And my fellow-porters bear hard upon me.

Monday, Sept. 5. I trembled for the consequence of giving way to Pride. I hope God makes me feel the burden of this sin, that I may cry to him for deliverance. He so manifests himself, as to make me sink into nothing before him, and to abhor myself as in dust and ashes.

Thursday 8. I went to the Foundry, with a lively sense of the Love of God: when unexpectedly seeing Mr. J. W. I was too much affected. I quickly found the Lord was dis-

pleas'd, that I should turn from Him to his Servant. But in a little time, I found my God return again with much love.

October 8. I never felt Pride so great a burden as I do now. I find it in every word and work, and at times, fear I shall never be delivered from it. I seem to be made up of nothing else. Oct. 21. Observing the heavens beautifully paved with stars, when I considered, for whom these were created, and that every thing answered the end of its creation but Man, my eyes gushed out with tears. I find much fear for Mr. Trembath. The people so idolize him, that it will be a miracle, if Satan does not get an advantage over him.

Nov. 18. The Lord continues his Love to me, and I have much of his presence. But I do not keep it, because I quickly think something of myself, and do not give all the glory to God. I have not, since I have known the ways of God, been so tempted to slight the means of grace as this week. My heart trembles, feeling itself so helpless, lest I should give way to the temptation.

[To be continued.]

An Account of JOHN WARRICK, aged ten years.

JOHAN WARRICK was born the 10th of October, 1768. From the first dawning of reason he discovered a sedateness of mind, and a genius adapted for study. After some time spent in learning his mother-tongue, he was put to learn Latin, in which he made a considerable improvement. Whilst thus employed he shewed a great love to divine things, by constantly attending the preaching, and meeting with the children in their Class. One time when the Preacher did not come, and the children were met, he would not

not let them go without first dropping something of a religious nature, and praying with them: one of the Society who listened at the door confessed herself astonished.

He kept from the company of wicked boys, and used to reprove them when he heard them swear, or take the name of God in vain.

He was very fond of singing, and seemed to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also.

In the year 1778, he began to shew evident marks of a declining state of health, which some judged to be owing to his diligence in learning, and a too frequent practice of singing.

His mother was ready to indulge flattering expectations of him till March 2d, 1779, when she found he had a hectic fever, of which he grew worse and worse, till at the end of eight days he took his bed.

During that interval, she one day asked him what ideas he had of God, (his little brother who stood by, answering according to the gross idea which children usually entertain of the Deity, having a corporeal form,) he answered, he could not form any: no insignificant proof this of the spirituality of his mind, and of his having reflected with attention on the subject.

About two o'clock the first night after he had taken to his bed, he appeared to be in great distress; his sins were set in array before him: he cried mightily to the Lord, and repeated many times over with inexpressible vehemence, "For Jesus' sake! for Jesus' sake! have mercy upon me!"

His mother being alarmed by his agonies arose, and desired I. J. to go to prayer with him; from which time his mind enjoyed a calm, and his mourning was turned into joy.

His conversation now ran continually upon the things of God; he spoke with rapture of the glorious doctrine of redemption, praising and blessing God for sending his Son into the world to die for such unworthy sinners as we are.

He

He had such views of hell, that he said if he went there himself, he would not wish the vilest wretch upon earth to go likewise.

One day J. A. coming to see him, he said, "John, I hear you are in the Society, I am very glad of it, I hope you intend to be a good man; do you ever swear now?" To which the other answered, No! "And do you ever pray to God?" To which the other answered, Yes. But said he! "It is not enough to pray morning and night, but likewise at noon-day, and we must pray from the heart too."

Miss O. coming to see him, he spoke to her in an affecting manner. He said, "Dear Miss, I hope to see you in heaven, O pray! pray to God. She answered, I do my dear. He said, "Beg of him to pardon your sins; repent, and live to God, that you may be found at his right hand." His speeches made a deep impression on her mind; she left the room in an agony, and for several days seemed under much concern. May it not pass away like the morning dew!

He spoke affectionately of Christ and his salvation, to all that came near him; warning the careless to flee from the wrath to come, begging those who made a profession of religion, to pray for him, and expressed his joyful assurance of seeing them above.

To Polly B. he said, "Well Polly, I hope to see you in heaven; do not slight the means of grace, but improve every opportunity." He was often praying for his dear father, mother, and brother, that they might meet him in glory. He expressed his gratitude to God, for giving him parents who instructed him in the good way; and said, that sometimes when he disobeyed them, he was so uneasy all night, that he scarce durst sleep for fear of waking in hell.

One day when he saw his mother weeping on his account, he said, "Dear mammy, do not fret; never mind, if God will permit me, I will come on earth to see you, and when you lie on a bed of affliction, I will be the first that shall take wing

wing to carry you up; and Jesus Christ will stand at heaven's gates with open arms to receive you: yes, I will come and fetch my daddy, you, and my brother; but I can only carry Tommy; and then tapping his mother on the cheek (who lay on the bed by him) he said with a heavenly smile, but God can put strength into me.

He was frequently rejoicing in the anticipation of that employment he trusted to have in the heavenly world. He said to some of the singers, "There will be no striking a wrong string, no singing a wrong note, there we shall play on a ten stringed instrument. O that will be brave!" He frequently called for his little brother, that he might instruct him in the way to heaven. He begged that he would not play with wicked boys, but mind his book, and learn to pray and love God from his heart. Begging of his mother and grandmother to have a particular care of him, for he had a wide world to go through.

Mr. Collins coming to see him, he said, "Sir, I shall not live to be a Preacher." It was answered, my dear, you are a Preacher now; but he said, "You know I cannot preach and pray as men do." His heart overflowed with love and gratitude to all who did any thing for him; he returned the kindness with exhortations and prayers. He often spoke till he had no strength left. When his mother begged him to forbear, he said, "Dear mammy, I cannot help talking of God; it does not hurt me: I cannot refrain if I might have all the world." His Uncle, who is a Joiner, coming in, he spoke to him with the greatest cheerfulness, and asked him whether he could not make him a coffin?

At first he was very desirous of seeing his father, but when his mother told him that if he were to be sent for, he would probably ride so fast as to throw himself into a fever, and kill his horse. He appeared to be resigned, and said, "Then do not send for him; I would not have my dear daddy or his horse hurt on any account." Notwithstanding the severity of his affliction,

affliction, he bore it with a lamb-like patience; and often observed that Jesus suffered more for him.

He continued in this happy frame till the eighteenth, when the Lord was pleased to bereave him of his senses; but even his incoherent speeches demonstrated that his heart was going out after Him whom his soul loved. On the twenty-third, in the afternoon, he said with a loud voice, "I am going home! God be with you!" He lay with his eyes fixed and motionless, till betwixt two and three in the morning, when his mother wetting his lips, he looked at her with a smile, and said, "Thank you mammy!" which were his last words. He continued till the twenty-fourth instant, and then resigned his soul to God.



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

REFLECTIONS on the Generation of BIRDS.

1. **T**HAT Birds should all lay eggs, and not bring forth live young, is a clear argument of divine Providence, designing their preservation thereby. For if they had been viviparous, had they brought any number at a time, the burden of their womb must have been so great and heavy, that their wings would have failed, and they become an easy prey to their enemies. And had they borne but one at a time, they would have been bearing all the year.

2. Since it would have been many ways inconvenient to birds to give suck; and yet inconvenient, if not destructive to the new-born chick, to pass suddenly from liquid to hard food, before the stomach was strengthened and able to digest it, and before the bird was accustomed to use its bill, and gather it up, which it does at first very slowly and imperfectly;

feetly : therefore nature has provided in every egg a large yolk, which serves the chicken for a considerable time, instead of milk. Mean time it feeds by the mouth a little at a time, and that more and more, till the stomach is strengthened to digest it.

3. Birds that feed their young in the nest, though they bring but one morsel at a time, and have perhaps seven or eight, which all at once, with equal greediness, hold up their heads and gape for : yet never mistake, never omit one, but feed them all by turns.

4. Though birds cannot number, yet are they able to distinguish many from few. And when they have laid as many eggs as they can cover, they give over and begin to sit. Yet they are not determined to such a number : they can go on and lay more at their pleasure. Hens, for instance, if you let their eggs alone, lay fourteen or fifteen, and give over. But if you withdraw their eggs daily, they will go on, to lay five times that number. This holds not only in domestic birds, but also in the wild. A swallow, when her eggs were withdrawn daily, proceeded to lay nineteen.

5. It is remarkable, that birds, and such other oviparous creatures as are long-lived, have eggs enough conceived in them at first, to serve laying for many years, allowing such a proportion for every year, as will suffice for one or two incubations. Whereas insects, which are to breed but once, lay all their eggs at once, be they ever so many.

6. How exceeding speedy is the growth of birds that are fed by the old ones in the nest ! Most of them come to near the full bigness, within the short term of a fortnight : an admirable provision, that they may not lie long in that helpless condition, exposed to the ravine of any vermin, and utterly unable to shift for themselves.

7. What amazing care do the parents take, for the hatching and rearing of their young ? First, they seek a secret and quiet place, where they may be undisturbed in their incubation

cubation. Then they make their nests, every one after his kind, that their eggs and young may be soft and warm: and those so elegant and artificial, as no art of man can imitate.

After they have laid their eggs, how diligently do they sit upon them, scarce giving themselves time to go off, to get them meat? When the young are hatched, how diligently do they brood over them, lest the cold should hurt them? All the while labouring hard to get them food, and almost starving themselves, lest they should want. Moreover, with what courage are they inspired, so as to venture their own lives in defence of them? The most timorous, as hens and geese, daring then to fly in the face of a man. And all these pains are bestowed upon those that will render them no thanks for it! And they are bestowed just so long as is necessary. For when the young is able to shift for itself, the old retains no such affection for it, but will beat it indifferently with others.

8. It is another proof of a superintending Providence, that all animals are produced at the most convenient time of the year, just when there is food and entertainment ready for them. So lambs, kids, and many other living creatures, are brought into the world in the spring, when tender grass, and nutritive plants are provided for their food. The like may be observed concerning silk-worms, whose eggs are hatched just when the leaves of the mulberry-tree appear; the aliment being soft and tender, while the worms themselves are so, and growing more strong and substantial, as the insects increase in bulk and vigour.

9. A still farther proof hereof we have in the various Instincts of animals, directed to ends which they know not, as,
 1. All creatures know how to defend themselves and offend their enemies. All know what their natural weapons are, and how to make use of them. A boar knows the use of his tusks, a horse of his hoofs, a cock of his spurs, a bee of her sting. Yea a calf will make a push with his head, even before any horns appear. 2. Those creatures which have not
 strength,

Strength to fight, are usually swift of foot or wing, and are naturally inclined to make use of that swiftness, and save themselves by flight. 3. Every creature knows and shuns its natural enemy, as a lamb does the wolf, and partridge or poultry, birds of prey. And they make use of a peculiar note, to warn their young of their approach, who thereupon immediately run to shelter. 4. As soon as ever it is brought forth, every animal knows its food. Such as are nourished with milk, immediately find the way to their paps and suck; whereas those which are designed for other nourishment, never make any such attempt. 5. Birds that are fin-toed, or whole-footed, are naturally directed to go into the water. So ducklings, though hatched and led by a hen, if she brings them to the brink of a river or pond, presently leave her and go in, though they never saw any such thing before; and though the hen clucks and calls, and does all she can to keep them out. 6. Birds of the same kinds make their nests of the same materials; laid in the same order, and exactly of the same figure, so that by the nest one may certainly know what bird it belongs to. And this, though living in distant countries, and though they never saw any nest made; that is, although they were taken out of the nest, and brought up by hand. Nor were any of the same kind ever known to make a different nest, either for matter or fashion; unless where the usual matter was not to be had: in that case, some birds use what they can get.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING;
with *short* REMARKS.

Of P O W E R.

[Continued from page 417.]

“ Sect. 14. **I**F this be so, (as I imagine it is,) I leave it to be considered, whether it may not help to put an end to that long agitated, and, I think, unreasonable, because unintelligible, Question, viz. *Whether Man's Will be free, or no?* For if I mistake not, it follows, from what I have said, that the Question itself is altogether improper; and it is as insignificant to ask, whether Man's Will be free, as to ask, whether his Sleep be swift, or his Virtue square: liberty being as little applicable to the Will, as swiftness of motion is to Sleep, or squareness to Virtue. Every one would laugh at the absurdity of such a Question, as either of these; because it is obvious, that the modifications of motion belong not to Sleep, nor the difference of figure to Virtue: and when any one well considers it, I think he will as plainly perceive, that Liberty, which is but a power, belongs only to Agents, and cannot be an attribute or modification of the Will, which is but a power.

“ Sect. 15. Such is the difficulty of explaining, and giving clear notions of internal actions by sounds, that I must here warn my Reader that *Ordering, Directing, Chusing, Preferring,* &c. which I have made use of, will not distinctly enough express Volition, unless he will reflect on what he himself does, when he wills. For example, *Preferring* which seems perhaps best to express the act of Volition, does it not precisely. For though a man would prefer flying to walking,
yet

yet who can say he ever wills it? Volition, it is plain, is an act of the Mind, knowingly exerting that dominion it takes itself to have over any part of man, by employing it in, or with-holding it from any particular action. And what is the Will, but the faculty to do this? And is that Faculty any thing more in effect, than a power, the power of the Mind to determine its Thought, to the producing, continuing, or stopping any Action, as far as it depends on us? For can it be denied, that whatever Agent has a power to think on its own actions, and to prefer their doing or omission either to the other, has that Faculty called Will? Will then is nothing but such a power. Liberty, on the other side, is the power a man has to do or forbear doing any particular action, according as its doing or forbearance has the actual preference in the Mind, which is the same thing as to say, according as he himself wills it.

“ Sect. 16. It is plain then, That the Will is nothing but one power or ability, and Freedom another power and ability: so that to ask, whether the *Will has Freedom*, is to ask, whether one Power has another Power, one Ability another Ability; a question at first sight too grossly absurd to make a dispute, or need an answer. For who is it that sees not, that *Powers* belong only to *Agents*, and are *Attributes only of Substances*, and not of *Powers* themselves? So that this way of putting the question, viz. Whether the *Will be free?* is in effect to ask, Whether the Will be a Substance, an Agent? or at least to suppose it, since Freedom can properly be attributed to nothing else. If Freedom can with any propriety of speech be applied to Power, it may be attributed to the power that is in a man, to produce, or forbear producing motions in parts of his body, by choice or preference; which is that which denominates him free, and is Freedom itself. But if any one should ask, whether Freedom were *free*, he would be suspected not to understand well what he said; and he

he would be thought to deserve *Midas's* ears, who knowing Rich was a denomination from the possession of Riches, should demand whether Riches themselves were Rich.

[*To be continued.*]



An Account of the PASSIONS, or NATURAL AFFECTIONS:
extracted from Dr. Watts.

Of HOPE and FEAR.

16 **T**HE second set of Passions which arise from Love and Hatred, are Hope and Fear. As an absent good merely possible raises our Desire, so if there is a prospect of its being obtained, it awakens our Hope: but so far as the attainment of it is difficult or unlikely, it excites our Fear. Fear and Hope mutually gain the ascendancy over each other, as the attainment of the good appears more or less probable.

As the acquisition of good, so the avoiding of evil awakens our Fear and Hope: if we may possibly escape it, there is Hope; if we may possibly suffer it, there is Fear. These also reciprocally rise and sink according to the probability of the evil coming upon us.

Fear and Hope are not utterly excluded, when the good or evil is present with us; for even when we possess good, we may hope to preserve it, and fear to lose it: and when evil is come upon us, we may fear its continuance, or hope for its removal.

When our Hope rises to the highest degree, it is Confidence or Security. As on the other hand, when our Fear rises highest, and there is little Hope left, it turns into Despondency; and when all Hope is banished, it becomes Despair.

When

When our Fear is busy in fore-thought about the evil feared, it is called Anxiety and Solicitude: when we are afraid lest some other person should prevent our possession of the good desired, it awakens in us Suspicion and Jealousy. If Fear be mingled with Surprise, or arise on a sudden to a violent degree, it gains the name of Terror and Consternation. The highest degree of Aversion and Fear united are called Horror.

Of JOY and SORROW.

17. Joy and Sorrow are the third set of Passions derived from Love and Hatred. When the good we desire is obtained, our Fear and Hope are turned into Joy: if the evil we would avoid, be come upon us, our Hopes and Fears sink into Grief or Sorrow. When these Passions are raised on a sudden, and to the highest degree, Joy becomes Exultation or Transport, and Grief is Distress and Anguish of Mind: when Joy has so long possessed the mind, that it is settled into a Temper, we call it Cheerfulness: if Sorrow affect the mind in this manner, it is named Dejection, Heaviness of Spirit, or Melancholy. Good and Evil which are past or future, as well as what is present, will raise some degrees of Joy and Sorrow. Evil foreseen gives us Sorrow Joined with Fear; Good foreseen raises the joy of Hope: and sometimes the joys and sorrows which arise from Hope and Fear of good or evil to come, are greater than those which we feel from the good or evil when it is come. In like manner, the recollection of former joy gives us pleasure, mingled with grief that it is gone. So also the remembrance of former sorrows has bitterness in it, but it is matter of Joy to think they are finished.

18. When we rejoice upon the account of any good, which others obtain, it may be called Congratulation or Sympathy of Joy; and when we grieve upon the account of evil, which others endure, it is Pity and Sympathy of Sorrow; Congratula-

Congratulation is Benevolence and Joy united; as Benevolence and Sorrow united, are Pity or Compassion.

But there is a wicked Passion called Envy, which stands in direct opposition to Pity and Congratulation. Envy takes pleasure in seeing others unhappy; and is uneasy that others should enjoy prosperity and peace. It is founded on Ill-will, and appears in Joy or Sorrow mixed with Malice.

19. Shame is a frequent concomitant of Sorrow. It arises from a consciousness of having done an action which is dishonourable, contrary to our good character in the esteem of God or men. Yea, if any thing that is counted dishonourable be charged upon us, though we are innocent, it excites Shame: and one may feel shame if any thing dishonourable be imputed to, or done by our parents, kindred, or friends.

There is another passion which is also called Shame, or Bashfulness, or Modesty. This arises upon the mention of any thing dishonourable, though not imputed to us, or to any that belong to us: it is raised also by the appearance or practice of any thing lewd or scandalous in company: it is a kind of Sorrow mingled with Displeasure and Aversion to the thing which is spoken of, or practised: it is the natural guard of innocence, especially in young people; and the Blush is called the colour of Virtue.

All the Affections, which go under the appellation of Shame, are designed by Nature to prevent shameful and dishonourable actions.

[To be continued.]



A S E R M O N

[By Dr. CUDWORTH.]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[Continued from page 421.]

I Have now done with the first part of my Discourse, concerning those Observations, which arise naturally from the words. I shall in the next place, proceed to make some Application of them.

Now therefore, let us consider whether we know Christ indeed: not by our acquaintance with the Systems and Models of Divinity, not by our skill in Books: but by our keeping of Christ's Commandments. Books can but represent spiritual objects to our Understandings; which yet we can never see in their own true colour and proportion, until we have a divine light within, to irradiate and shine upon them. Tho' there be never such excellent Truths concerning Christ and his Gospel set down in words: yet they will be but unknown characters to us until we have a living Spirit within us that can decypher them, until the same Spirit, by secret whispers in our hearts to comment upon them, which did at first indite them. There are many that understand the Greek and Hebrew of the Scripture, that never understood the language of the Spirit.

The life of divine Truths is better expressed in actions than in words: words are nothing but dead resemblances and pictures of those Truths which live and breath in actions: and *the kingdom of God* (as the Apostle speaketh) *consisteth not in word, but in life and power.* Let us not then only talk and

dispute of Christ, and so measure our knowledge of him by our words; but let us shew our knowledge connected into our lives and actions; and then let us really manifest that we are Christ's sheep indeed, that we are his disciples, by that Holiness which we wear, and by the Fruits that we daily yield in our lives and conversations: for *herein (saith Christ) is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.*

Let us not judge of our knowing Christ by our ungrounded persuasions that Christ from all eternity hath loved us, and given himself particularly for us, without the conformity of our lives to Christ's Commandments: without the real partaking of the image of Christ in our hearts. The great mystery of the Gospel doth not lie only in Christ without us (though we must know also what he hath done for us) but the very pith and kernel of it consists of Christ inwardly formed in our hearts.

[*To be continued.*]

A true Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did and said at Malcon, in Burgundy.

[*Continued from page 421.*]

SPEAKING of *Pays de Vaux*, he said that it was a country where they made goodly carbonades of witches, and at that he laughed very loud. He delighted much in jesting with the maid of the house, calling her *Bressande* (that is a woman of the country of *Bressia*.) and counterfeited her language. One night as she went up to the garret to fetch coals, he told her, *Thou art very bold to pass so near me; and making a noise as if he had clapt his hands together, he told her, I will put thee in my sack*

He

He seemed also to delight much in jesting with one *Michael Repay*, who came almost every night to us with his father, calling him often *Mihell, Mihell*. He told him once that he would bring him to war with the *Marquis of St. Martius*, who was raising a troop of horse in *Bressia* to go to *Savoy*. But *Michael Repay* answered him smiling, should I go to wars with such a coward as thyself, since thou professest that thou didst flee from the scalado of *Geneva*? To which the Demon answered, *And do you think that I will go and be hanged with my comrades? I was not such a fool*. Continuing to jest with *Michael Repay*, he put him in mind that the Sunday before going to church with one *Noel Monginot*, he was saying that the way to catch the devil was to spread a net for him, and then he asked him, *Wilt thou spread thy net to catch me?*

Another time he told us in a faint and moaning tone that he had a mind to make his will because he must go presently to Chambery, where he had a law suit ready for the trial, and that he feared to die by the way; wherefore he bade the maid go for a Notary, naming Mr. *Tornus*, father to that *Tornus* of whom we spake before; of his family he said many particularities, of which, as also of all the passages of this Demon acted in his presence, the said *Tornus* the son of a Royal Notary had left a relation, written and signed with his own hand.

In that relation he mentioneth the several legacies which the Demon declared that he would leave, to one this, to another that. One of them to whom he said that he would give five hundred pounds, answered him, that he would have none of his money, and wished that it might perish with him.

Awhile after he counterfeited that he was not the same Spirit that had spoken before, but his servant only. That he came from waiting upon his master, who had charged him to keep his place in his absence, while he was in his

journey to Chambery. And when I rebuked him in such words as God put in my mouth, he answered with much seeming lenity and respect, *I beseech you Sir, to pardon me, you are mistaken in me, you take me for another, I never was at this house before, I pray Sir, what is your name?* As he was thus speaking, one *Simcon Meiffonier*, that used to resort often to my house upon that occasion, rushed suddenly to the place whence the voice seemed to come, and having searched it again and again, as others had done before him, and found nothing, he returned to the place where he left us, bringing with him several things from the place where the voice sounded, among other things a small bottle. At which the Demon fell a laughing and said to him, *I was told long since thou wert a fool, and I see now that thou art one indeed to believe that I am in that bottle: I should be a fool myself to get into it, for one might take me with stopping the bottle with his finger.* One night when *Abraham Lullier*, a goldsmith was coming to my house, where he seldom failed to be, at the hour the Demon said, *Go open the door to Lullier who is coming.* As soon as he was come in, the Demon told him, that he desired to learn the goldsmith's trade of him, and that for his 'prenticeship he would give him fifty crowns, then giving him fair words *I love thee well, (said he,) thou art an honest man than such a one,* (naming another goldsmith, a man of Geneva) *who hath cozened such a Lady of Mascon, who was gone to visit some of her kindred at Geneva, in the sale of some rings, jewels, and plate.* Upon which, when Lullier told him, *I have no need of thy love, I am content with the love of my God. Neither will I take such a 'prentice as thee.* The Demon answered, *since thou wilt not teach me the Goldsmith's trade, let Mr. Philbert teach me to be a Bleacher.* Then acting again the part of a servant he complained that he was poor and ill clad that he starved for cold, and that his wages were but twelve crowns a year: he told us that if we would have him to go away quickly we should give him something, and that would please him.

him. I told him that he knocked at the wrong door, and that I would not give him the paring of my nails. He answered, You have then very little charity.

Again he obstinately affirmed that he was not the same that had been in the house from the beginning, but his servant, yea that he was not the same that had been in the house the night before, that then one of his fellow servants was waiting, and that they two were expecting their master's return from his journey to *Chambery*. Howsoever whether it was the Master Devil that then spake, or one of his servants, I have been informed by worthy witnesses that at the same time there was a spirit in the house of *Monsieur Favre* the first president of *Chambery*, who was one of the illustrious men of his age: to him the spirit spake, and told him among other things, that he came from *Mascon*, and had passed through *Bresse*, and seen such and such kinsmen of his.

[To be continued.]

An Account of an APPARITION in the North of England.

Of the following odd ACCOUNT, let every one judge as he pleases.

LAST Monday I took down the following particulars, from *John* and *Ann Lambert*, of *Wilmington*. The truth of which they are ready to confirm on Oath.

Henry Cooke, of *Wilmington*, (a Roman Catholic) departed this life, in the year 1752. And *John* and *Ann Lambert* took the house which he died in. A few days after their removal to this house, *Ann* was greatly surpris'd with a noise in an inner room; the door shook very much, and the latch was lifted up several times. About a week after this, *John* and *Ann* heard a knocking over the bed, (in which they lay) which

seemed

seemed to be between the roof and the plaistering. *Ann* heard the same noise three nights after. About a fortnight after this (and one year and half, after the death of *Henry Cooke*) *Ann Lambert*, at one o'clock in the day, saw in an inner room an Appearance resembling a man dressed in his grave clothes, which frightened her so that she swooned away, and was lifeless for sometime: upon which they immediately left that house, and removed to another, about 300 yards from it. A month after their removing to this house, *Ann* was suddenly surpris'd as she lay in bed, by a stroke given to the bedside. About a week after this, as she lay awake in bed with her husband, at midnight she saw at the further end of the room a square light, and in the middle of it, the appearance of a man's head as white as chalk. She awoke her husband, who saw it likewise. Four days after, she heard at one o'clock in the morning, a noise like the report of a large gun behind her; upon which she got up and stirred the fire, but could see nothing; she then returned to her bed, but had scarcely lain down, when something jumped upon her, and press'd her very hard, which seem'd like the weight of a human body; immediately after this, she saw standing by the bedside an appearance, dress'd in a surplice and white wig. She said, "In the name of God the Father, &c. why do you trouble me?" He answer'd "Meet me at one o'clock, and I will tell you what I want;" and then vanish'd away. No more noise was heard that night, but the next morning there were two heavy strokes given behind the bed, soon after her husband got up and went to his work. He had not been gone long, when she felt the heavy pressure, which was accompanied with a loud noise like the report of a large cannon; after this all was hush'd for some minutes, and then there was a shaking in the room, like the wind shaking of trees; the Apparition then appear'd at the bed's foot, like a man in his working dress, and passing on slowly disappear'd. Some days after this, as she lay in bed with her husband and children

dren, (for they all lay together) about eleven o'clock at night, There was a great noise like a cannon, followed with the heavy pressure; then one of the children (a girl five years old) was taken out of the bed and carried to the middle of the room and laid on the floor. The mother cried out, and her husband got up and brought the child into bed again. In the morning the child complained of a soreness under her thigh, it being examined nothing could be discovered but the mark of a pinch in the flesh, which increased every day more and more, and grew worse and worse till the child was obliged to take her bed, and remained five weeks under the Doctor's hands. The next night the noise was as usual. The youngest child lying in the mother's bosom, was snatched from her and carried out of bed; the mother immediately followed and found her child laid on the ground unhurt. The night following the noise was repeated, and the eldest child was partly dragged out of the bed; but upon the child's shrieking, the parents awoke and pulled her in again: the bed shook very much at these times. Being thus terribly frightened, and much fatigued for want of their natural rest, they resolved once more to change their habitation, to see if this would put an end to these uncommon visits. Accordingly they removed their little *all* into a house at the other end of the town. The third night after their removal, they were much disturbed by an uncommon scratching or scraping at their room door, and a great light at the same time appeared at the foot of the bed. The same week the pressure and noise were repeated: a few nights after her husband felt the pressure, which he thought would have pressed him through the bed.

About three weeks after at night, there was a great rumbling in the next room, when *Ann* asked, "In the Name of God what art thou;" but there was no answer: and the noise ceased. Soon after her husband went to work, about an hour after he was gone, she saw *Henry Cooke* stand at her bed's foot, dressed

dressed in the clothes which he wore during his life time: she was so over-powered that she could not speak, so he vanished away. All remained quiet for a week; no noise was heard, nor any thing seen, but on Sunday night the noise began again, and there seemed to be a man grinding with a hand-mill over their heads: then the sash window shook very much, so that they thought all the glafs had been broken, but upon examining it in the morning there was but one pane which was cracked at the four corners, and broke in the middle in the shape of a diamond. Nothing remarkable happened from July 1755, the time the window was broke, till December, save a continual noise in the house, and a large cat killed in uncommon manner. Dec. 2. As *Ann* was making her bed at night, she saw a small black four-footed beast run along the bolster, and disappeared. Two or three nights after she saw the Apparition in the likeness of a brown and white calf; it grew bigger and bigger till it was the size of a middling horse, then it leapt into the bed and struck her three times, but she received no hurt. Dec. 6. At midnight *John* being awake in bed, saw *Henry Cooke* dressed in his working clothes, come into the room; who walked to the fire-side, and stood there a considerable time: but he was so overcome that he could not speak, and the Apparition vanished away. Dec. 20. At midnight *Ann* felt the hands of a man on her face as cold as ice, which kept teasing her till she awoke her husband, and then they were removed. Dec. 22. About two o'clock in the morning, she saw as it were, a pewter dish the colour of blood, with blood sprinkled round the edges of it. This was the last time she saw it, which was the morning I took down this Account.

Newcastle, Dec. 29, 1758.

J. G. M.

CHRISTIAN

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

I Find Jesus at present with me, and as precious to me here, as in *London*. I have many proofs, that his presence fills the earth, as it does the heavens. I feel that a child-like heart, and a simple spirit, is the greatest preservative at all times and in all cases.

“ O that I as a little child
May follow thee, nor never rest !”

I would not rest till I behold him in glory : then I shall cast my crown at his feet. Now I have only a poor helpless soul to cast before him ; but it is accepted in the Beloved, who gives me to feel, that in emptiness there is fulness, and that to leave desire is the way to find rest. I cannot express the deep sense I have of my own poverty. Lord, how canst thou love a thing so vile, so mean as man ! Because thou art all love. And how condescending is love ! “ O how swiftly did it move, to save us in the trying hour ?” I praise him, that he enables me to live in his will. All other rests I find uncertain, and unable to bear the weight of my soul.

The full salvation of — is the thing my spirit pleads for : that he may excel himself daily, and that he may stand perfect and compleat in all the will of God : that all I think, hear or see of him, may teach me to pray, and weep, and love like him. My Jesus surround thy Servant with love's almighty power. And when thou hast spared him a few more years, till thy people are more established in righteousness, then let him be gathered as a ripe shock of corn, into the garner of the skies.

I cannot but acknowledge him a parent to my soul, superior to all others. Nor does this abate my love or reverence

to him, who is the Father of the spirits of all flesh: no; it raises my soul in holy gratitude to God, a thousand times more dear to me than any creature. And I desire always to be led by that rule, That which comes from God, leads to God.

May our Lord bless my friend continually with the increase of every spiritual blessing, till Faith is lost in Sight, and Hope in endless Enjoyment.

JANE COOPER.

T W O A N E C D O T E S,

Collected by the Rev. Mr. A—— in Rochester.

F I R S T.

ONE Mr. *Marshal*, a Schoolmaster, a few years ago, lived opposite to the Bell-Inn, *Rochester*. His daughter, not quite eleven years old, desired her Father to set her a new copy. He told her there were copies enough set. But she said, "Pray set me an uncommon one, such as, *Death is the gate of Life.*" He wrote her those words. This was on the Saturday. She wrote a few lines, but was then taken ill and died on the Tuesday following.

S E C O N D.

ON Friday, December 19, 1777, one *Buss*, a Gardiner, of *Rochester*, repaired with an acquaintance to a public-house; where smoking his pipe, and talking of the Lottery then on foot, cried out, "O! if I should get five thousand pounds! That would just do! It would be the very thing!" No sooner had he spoke, than the pipe dropt out of his hand, and without any struggle, died in an instant!

REMARKS

REMARKS on *the Count de BUFFON's Natural History.*

Malebranche maintains an odd conceit,
As ever enteréd Frenchman's pate.

PRIOR.

BUT is not the Count de Buffon's first conceit full as odd? That the Earth (and so every other Planet) is only a slice of the Sun, cut off from it by the stroke of a Comet, p. 64. He that would take pains to confute this wild Theory, must have little to do.

In consequence of this, he supposes all the inner part of the Earth to be Glass, and strains every natural Phænomenon to support his Hypothesis. He is certainly a man of a most lively Imagination: pity that his Judgment is not equal to it.

Many of his thoughts are quite singular. So vol. i. p. 12, "The upper Stratum of the Earth, from which all Animals and Vegetables derive their growth and nourishment, is nothing but a composition of the decayed particles of Animal and Vegetable bodies." Impossible! Was it composed of decayed Animals and Vegetables, *before* any Animal or Vegetable had decayed?

"The Earth was covered with the sea for many Ages, and thereby the Strata therein were formed," p. 15.

I believe all the upper Strata were formed by the Deluge; though no man can tell how. Yet I allow, the Sea has covered many Countries, which are now far distant from it. And I suppose some Mountains were then formed by the flux and reflux of it, in the manner he describes.

"The vapours exhaled from the Earth deposit mud, of which mixt with particles of animal and vegetable substances, or rather with particles of stone and sand, the upper stratum of the Earth is composed," p. 161.

How is this consistent with what was said before, p. 12. This upper Stratum of the Earth is *nothing but a composition of the decayed particles of animals and vegetables?* And how is the following sentence consistent with it? Vegetables derive more of their substance from the Air and from Water than from the Earth," p. 168.

"All Stones were originally a soft paste," p. 173. It is *probable*, that most stones were.

"Clay and sand are substances of the same kind," p. 184.

I doubt this cannot be proved.

"Glas is the true, elementary earth, and all mixt bodies are only glafs in disguise," *ibid.*

Perfectly new! Believe it who can.

"If Flints remain long exposed to the Air, and unmoved, their upper surface is always white," 185. "Expose to the Air the hardest and blackest Flint, and in less than a year, the colour of its surface will be changed, and it will gradually loose its hardness." Not so. The Flints of which most of the Churches in Norwich are built, have lost nothing of their hardness, and the surface though exposed to the Air has not changed colour at all, in two or three hundred years.

"Crystals on exudations of Flints," p. 199. I doubt it.

"Red Porphyry is composed of the prickles of the Sea hedge-hog. At Ficin, in Burgundy, there is a red stone that is entirely composed of them, and there is a considerable stratum of it," p. 213.

"The number of Sea-shells is so great in every part of the Earth, it is absolutely impossible, that all the fish which inhabited those shells should live at the same time, p. 221. Neither have we any proof, that the Earth was entirely dissolved, at the time of the Deluge," p. 222.

I believe therefore, that some of those shells were deposited by the Deluge; but most of them in succeeding Ages.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCLIII.

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

Bristol, March. 11, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

GOD is wise in all his dealings; he bringeth down to the grave and raiseth up again. His dealing with me is all love and mercy: O that I did but know how to praise him? The night Mr. *Walsh* came, I took my bed, and for near two days I did not know whether I should die or live. The third day God said to me, "Thou shalt not die but live, and shew forth the glory of the Lord." I then grew better: but a week ago I was suddenly taken so ill, that I could only lie on my face and groan to God. It came into my mind, if they prayed with me, I might be healed. Brother Carthy did pray with me. Presently my pain began to abate, and by the time he had done, it was all gone. When I was alone I said, "O God, art thou not the God of my body, as well as of my soul?" Immediately I found strength go through my whole body, so that I was able to meet my Band. I have mended ever since. O Sir, pray for me, that I may chuse nothing for myself, but be as clay in his hand!

I wondered I did not hear from you before: but I left it to God: for his will is best. I thank the Lord and you, I want for nothing, but more of God. O Sir, you need all the power of God to stand by you where you are going. O that his Spirit, as a flaming sword, may turn to guard you every way! Nothing can hurt you, if you keep at the feet of Jesus. Do not forget to pray, that in nothing I may

may bring a reproach upon his glorious gospel, but in all things may be kept, a bush in the fire, burning, yet unconsumed.

I am your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

L E T T E R CCLIV.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Dublin, April 4, 1758,

My dear Sister,

O That I could be of some use to you! I long to help you forward in your way. I want to have your understanding a mere lamp of light, always shining with light from above! I want you to be full of Divine Knowledge and Wisdom, as Jordan in the time of harvest. I want your words to be full of grace, poured out as precious ointment, I want your every work to bear the stamp of God, to be a sacrifice of a sweet smelling favour? Without any part weak, earthly or human: all holy; all divine? The great God, your Father and your Love, bring you to this self-same thing! Begin, Soldier of Christ, Child of God! Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith thou art called! Remember the Faith! Remember the Captain of thy Salvation! Fight! Conquer! Die—and live for ever!

I am yours, &c.

J. W.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCLV.

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

Birmingham June 22, 1765.

Rev. and dear Sir,

HAVING at length a few hours to spare, I sit down to answer your last, which was particularly acceptable to me, because it was wrote with so great openness. I shall write with the same. And herein you and I are just fit to converse together, because we both like to speak blunt and plain, without going a great way round about. I shall likewise take this opportunity of explaining myself on some other heads: I want you to understand me inside and out. Then I say, "*Sic sum: Si placeo, utere.*"

Were I allowed to boast myself a little, I would say, I want no man living, I mean, none but those who are now connected with me, and who bless God for that connection. With these I am able to go through every part of the work, to which I am called. Yet I have laboured after union with all whom I believe to be united with Christ. I have sought it again and again; but in vain. They were resolved to stand aloof. And when one and another sincere Minister of Christ, has been inclined to come nearer to me, others have diligently kept them off as though thereby they did God service.

To this poor end the doctrine of Perfection has been brought in head and shoulders. And when such concessions were made as would abundantly satisfy any fair and candid man, they were no nearer: rather farther off: for they had no desire to be satisfied. To make this *dear* breach wider and wider, stories were carefully gleaned up, improved, yea, invented and retailed, both concerning me and "the Perfect ones."

ones." And when any thing very bad has come to hand, some have rejoiced as though they had found great spoils.

By this means chiefly, the distance between you and me, has increased ever since you came to *Huddersfield*, and perhaps it has not been lessened by that honest well meaning man Mr. *Burnet* and by others, who have talked largely of my dogmaticalness, love of power, errors and irregularities. My dogmaticalness is neither more nor less than a "Custom of coming to the point at once," and telling my mind flat and plain, without any preface or ceremony. I could indeed premise something of my own imbecillity, littleness of judgment, and the like: but First, I have no time to lose, I must dispatch the matter as soon as possible. Secondly, I do not think it frank or ingenious. I think these prefaces are mere Artifice.

The *power I have I never sought*. It was the undesired, unexpected result of the work God was pleased to work by me. I have a thousand times sought to devolve it on others: but as yet I cannot. I therefore suffer it till I can find any to ease me of my burden.

If any one will convince me of my *errors*, I will heartily thank him. I believe all the Bible, as far as I understand it, and am ready to be convinced. If I am a heretic, I became such by reading the Bible. All my notions I drew from thence: and with little help from men, unless in the single point of Justification by Faith. But I impose my notions upon none: I will be bold to say, there is no man living farther from it. I make no opinion the term of union with any man: I think and let think. What I want is, holiness of heart and life. They who have this, are my Brother, Sister and Mother.

"But you hold Perfection." True: that is loving God with *all* our heart, and serving him with *all* our strength. I teach nothing more, nothing less than this. And whatever infirmity,

infirmity, defect ἀνομιᾶ, is consistent with this, any man may teach, and I shall not contradict him.

As to *irregularity*, I hope none of those who cause it do then complain of it. Will they throw a man into the dirt and beat him because he is dirty? Of all men living those Clergymen ought not to complain, who believe I preach the gospel (as to the substance of it.) If they do not ask me to preach in their churches, *they* are accountable for my preaching in the fields.

I come now directly to your Letter, in hopes of establishing a good understanding between us. I agreed to suspend, for a twelvemonth, our stated preaching at *Huddersfield*, which had been there these many years. If this answered your end, I am glad: my end it did not answer at all. Instead of coming nearer to me, you got farther off. I heard of it from every quarter: though few knew that I did; for I saw no cause to speak against *you*, because you did against *me*. I wanted you to do more, not less good, and therefore durst not do or say any thing to hinder it. And lest I should hinder it, I will make a farther trial, and suspend the preaching at *Huddersfield* for another year.

1. To clear the case between us a little farther. I must now adopt your words, "I, no less than you, preach Justification by Faith only, the absolute necessity of Holiness, the increasing mortification of sin, and rejection of all past experiences and attainments. I abhor, as you do, all Antinomian abuse of the doctrine of Christ, and desire to see my people walking even as he walked. Is it then worth while in order to gratify a few begotting persons, or for the sake of the minute differences between us" to encourage "all the train of evils which follow *contention for opinions*, in little matters as much as in great?"

2. If I was as strenuous with regard to Perfection on one side, as you have been on the other, I should deny you to be a *sufficient* Preacher: but this I never did. And yet I

assure you, I can advance such reasons for all I teach, as would puzzle you and all that condemn me, to answer: but I am sick of disputing. Let Them beat the air, and triumph without an opponent.

3. "None, you say, preach in your houses, who do not hold the very same doctrine with you." This is not exactly the case. You are welcome to preach in any of those houses: as I know we agree in the main points: and wherein soever we differ, you would not preach there contrary to me. "But would it not give you pain to have any other Teacher come among those committed to your charge, so as to have your plan disconcerted, your labours depreciated, and the affections of your flock alienated?" It has given me pain when I had reason to fear this was done, both at *Leeds*, *Birstal*, and elsewhere. And I was "under a temptation of speaking against you:" but I refrained even among my intimate friends. So far was I from publicly warning my people against one I firmly believed to be much better than myself.

4. Indeed I trust "the bad blood is now taken away." Let it return no more. Let us begin such a correspondence as has never been yet, and let us avow it before all mankind. Not content with not weakning each others hands, or speaking against each other, directly or indirectly, (which may be effectually done under the notion of exposing this and that error") let us defend each other's characters to the uttermost against either ill or well-meaning evil-speakers. I am not satisfied with "Be very civil to the Methodists, but have nothing to do with them." No: I desire to have a league offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ. We have not only one Faith, one Hope, one Lord, but are directly engaged in one warfare. We are carrying the war into the devil's own quarters, who therefore summonses all his hosts to war. Come then, ye that love him, to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty! I am now
well

well nigh *Miles emeritus, Senex, Sexagenarius* Yet I trust
to fight a little longer. Come and strengthen the hands, till
you supply the place of

Your weak, but affectionate Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.



P O E T R Y .

THOUGHTS *on* PREDESTINATION *and* REPROBATION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART I.

FLATTER me not with your *Predestination*,
Nor sink my spirits with your *Reprobation*.
From all your high disputes I stand aloof,
Your *Pres* and *Res*, your *Destin*, and your *Proof*;
And formal *Calvinistical* pretence,
That contradicts all Gospel, and good sense.

When God declares, so often, that he wills
All sort of blessings, and no sort of ills ;
That his severest purpose never meant
A sinner's death, but that he should repent :
For the *whole* world, when his beloved Son
Is said to do whatever he has done ;
To become man, to suffer, and to die,
That *all* might live, as well as you, and I :
Shall rigid *Calvin*, after this, or you,
Pretend to tell me that it is not true ?

But that eternal, absolute decree
 Has damnèd before-hand either you, or me,
 Or any body else? That God designèd,
 When he created, not to save *mankind*;
 But only *some*? The rest, this man maintainèd,
 Were so *decreed*, Damnation pre-ordainèd.
 No, Sir; not all your metaphysic skill
 Can prove the Doctrinè, twist it as you will.

I hate the man for Doctrinè so accurst,
 In Book the *third*, and Chapter *twenty-first*;
 Section the *fifth*—a horrid, impious lore,
 That one would hope was never taught before;
 How it came after to prevail away,
 Let them who mind the damning matter say;
 And others judge, if any christian fruit,
 Be like to spring from such a *pagan* root.

*Written on a late Declaration of Lord C——, that
 the Conquest of AMERICA by Fire and Sword is not to be
 accomplished.*

TRUE is the Patriotic word,
 “ We never can by fire and sword
 The fierce Americans subdue;”
 If we our Général’s steps pursue,
 His own allies who tears and rends,
 And turns his sword against his friends.

The loyal if he first invite
 For Britain and its King to fight,
 Promise to favour and protect;
 He then abandons to neglect,

Or

Or draws them in an easy prey,
For their inveterate foes to slay.

Poor, credulous slaves if he allure,
By flattering hopes of refuge sure,
Their cruel tyrants to desert;
He then with an unfeeling heart
Leaves them, who on his faith rely,
By hunger, or disease to die.

Thousands, who unconsumed remain,
He drives out of his camp again;
(While trusting in his treacherous words,)
Gives up the victims to their lords,
To punish in the lingering fire,
By varied torments to expire.

Such faithful Leaders we allow,
Fit to succeed immortal H—e,
Who fierce Americans subdued,
And conquered them when'er he would;
Too generous to pursue his blow,
Or trample on a vanquished foe.

His vanquished foe full oft he reared,
And kindly their dependence cheered:
Too brave to take them by surprise,
He saw their straits with pitying eyes;
And put them out of all their pain,
And gave them back their towns again.

Such Generals never can aspire
Rebels to quell with sword or fire;
But without fire, another can
Accomplish it—an honest man

Who

Who truth and public faith approves,
And more than life his country loves.

A man for this great end design'd,
Our Nation now expects to find,
By providential Love bestow'd,
Whose object is Britannia's good,
Britannia's peace his only aim :
And *Carlton* is the Patriot's Name.

To R E L I G I O N.

CHOICE of my serious hour! to thee
I raise the wish, I bend the knee;
Attend my feeble strain!
O guide me in the doubtful maze,
Where friendless Misery weeps and prays,
But never weeps in vain!

If no unhallow'd foot intrude,
None but "the perfect, wise, and good,"
Be objects of thy care :
Where shall the wretch oppress'd with woe,
The wearied and the guilty go ?
To whom address the prayer ?

To Grandeur and her vain parade ?
Can Pomp, or Wit, or Wisdom's aid
Set the poor captive free ?
Can glittering Health, or curious Art,
Charm the pall'd ear, or sooth the heart
That sighs for Peace, and Thee ?

Such

Such are the hopes thy precepts lend,
 In comforts, disappointments end,
 And pain to rapture turns!
 Soft opening dreams of brightening heavén,
 Of lasting joys and sins forgivén,
 Shall bless the wretch that mourns.

In light and life, and truth appear
 Alike from superstitious fear,
 And vain Presumption free:
 And far from boasting Pride removéd,
 Such as the gentle Lydia provéd,
 O such appear to me!

Come, now thou meek, thou peaceful guest,
 Shōw me the path that leads to rest,
 The path the pilgrims trod:
 Come, with thee bring thy sacred three,
 Fair Hope, and holy Charity,
 And Faith which sees her God!

EPITAPH *on Mr. SHENSTONE,*

On an Urn in Hales-Owen Church, Salop.

WHOE'ER thou art, with reverence tread
 These sacred mansions of the dead!
 Not that the monumental bust,
 Or sumptuous tomb here guards the dust
 Of rich or great: let wealth, rank, birth,
 Sleep undistinguished in the earth:
 This simple Urn records a name,
 Which shines with more exalted fame.

Reader!

Reader! if genius, taste refinéd,
 A native elegance of mind,
 If virtue, science, manly sense,
 If wit, that never gave offence,
 The clearest head, the tendérest heart,
 In thy esteem e'er claiméd a part;
 Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear;
 For know, *thy* Shenstone's dust lies here.

S H O R T H Y M N S.

James iii. 17. *The wisdom that is from above, is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.*

I Want that wisdom from above,
 From earthly, devilish mixtures pure,
 That faith divine producing love,
 And peace which speaks my pardon sure,
 That knowledge of the crucifiéd
 Which bids my sins and sorrows cease,
 And witness his blood appliéd
 In perfect purity and peace.

With true, celestial wisdom filléd,
 Soft, yielding, meek my soul shall be;
 (Not rigid, sour, morose, self-willéd)
 And mild as docile infancy,
 Easy to be convincéd and led
 By reason's and religion's sway,
 No importunity I need,
 But man for *Jesu's* sake obey.





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1782.



[Several years ago I delivered the following Discourse, at Londonderry, in Ireland. It was printed at the request of several of the Clergy. As it is little known in England, I believe the inserting it here will be acceptable to many serious persons.]

A D I S C O U R S E

On ROMANS viii. 29, 30.

Whom he did foreknow, he did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son:—Whom he did predestinate, them he also called: whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.

1. **O**UR beloved brother Paul, says St. Peter*, according to the wisdom given to him, hath written unto you: as also in all his epistles, speaking in them of these things: in which are

* 1 Pet. iii. 15, 16.

Some things hard to be understood; which they that are unlearned and unstable, wrest as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction.

2. It is not improbable, that among those things spoken by St. Paul which are *hard to be understood*, the apostle Peter might place what he speaks on this subject, in the eighth and ninth chapters of his epistle to the *Romans*. And it is certain, not only *the unlearned*, but many of the most learned men in the world, and not *the unstable* only, but many who seemed to be well established in the truths of the gospel, have for several centuries, *wrested* these passages to their own destruction.

3. *Hard to be understood* we may well allow them to be, when we consider, how men of the strongest understanding, improved by all the advantages of education, have continually differed in judgment concerning them. And this very consideration, that there is so wide a difference upon the head, between men of the greatest learning, sense and piety, one might imagine would make all who now speak upon the subject, exceedingly wary and self-diffident. But I know not how it is, that just the reverse is observed, in every part of the christian world. No writers upon earth appear more positive, than those who write on this difficult subject. Nay, the same men, who writing on any other subject, are remarkably modest and humble, on this alone lay aside all self-distrust,

“ And speak *ex cathedra* infallible.”

This is peculiarly observable of almost all those, who assert the absolute decrees. But surely it is possible to avoid this: whatever we propose, may be proposed with modesty, and with deference to those wise and good men, who are of a contrary opinion. And the rather, because so much has been said already, on every part of the question, so many volumes have been written, that it is scarce possible to say any thing which has not been said before. All I would offer at present,
not

not to the lovers of contention, but to men of piety and candor, are a few short hints, which perhaps may cast some light on the text above recited.

4. The more frequently and carefully I have considered it, the more I have been inclined to think, that the Apostle is not here (as many have supposed) describing a chain of causes and effects; (this does not seem to have entered into his heart:) but simply shewing *the method in which God works; the order* in which the several branches of salvation, constantly follow each other. And this, I apprehend, will be clear to any serious and impartial enquirer, surveying the work of God either forward or backward; either from the beginning to the end, or from the end to the beginning.

5. And first, let us look forward on the whole work of God in the salvation of man, considering it from the beginning; from the first point, till it terminates in glory. The first point is, The foreknowledge of God. God *foreknew* those in every nation, who would believe, from the beginning of the world, to the consummation of all things. But in order to throw light upon this dark question, it should be well observed, that when we speak of God's *foreknowledge*, we do not speak according to the nature of things, but after the manner of men. For if we speak properly, there is no such thing, as either *fore-knowledge* or *after-knowledge* in God. All time, or rather all eternity (for time is only that small fragment of eternity, which is allotted to the children of men) being present to him at once, he does not know one thing before another, or one thing after another: but sees all things in one point of view, from everlasting to everlasting. As all time, with every thing that exists therein, is present with him at once, so he sees, at once, whatever was, is, or will be to the end of time. But observe. We must not think they *are*, because he *knows* them. No: he knows them, because they are. Just as I (if one may be allowed to compare the things of men with the deep things of God) now know the sun

shines. Yet the sun does not shine, because I know it: but I know it, because he shines. My knowledge *supposes* the sun to shine; but does not in any wise *cause* it. In like manner, God knows that man sins; for he knows all things. Yet we do not sin, because he knows it, but he knows it, because we sin. And his knowledge *supposes* our sin, but does not in any wise *cause* it. In a word, God looking on all ages, from the creation to the consummation, as a moment, and seeing at once whatever is in the hearts of all the children of men, knows every one that does or does not believe in every age or nation. Yet what he knows, whether faith or unbelief, is in no wise caused by his knowledge. Men are as *free* in believing or not believing, as if he did not know it at all.

6. Indeed if man was not free, he could not be accountable, either for his thoughts, words or actions. If he were not free, he would not be capable either of reward or punishment. He would be incapable either of virtue or vice, of being either morally good or bad. If he had no more freedom than the sun, the moon, or the stars, he would be no more accountable than they. On supposition that he had no more freedom than they, the stones of the earth would be as capable of reward, and as liable to punishment as man: one would be as accountable as the other. Yea, and it would be as absurd to ascribe either virtue or vice to him, as to ascribe it to the stock of a tree.

7. But to proceed. *Whom he did foreknow, them he did predestinate, to be conformed to the image of his Son.* This is the second step, (to speak after the manner of men: for in fact, there is nothing *before* or *after* in God.) In other words, God decrees, from everlasting to everlasting, that all who believe in the Son of his love, shall be conformed to his image, shall be saved from all inward and outward sin, into all inward and outward holiness. Accordingly it is a plain, undeniable fact, all who truly believe in the name of the Son of God, do now *receive the end of their faith, the salvation of their souls:* and this

in

in virtue of the unchangeable, irreversible, irresistible decree of God, *He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

S E R M O N XI.

On ROMANS V. 15.

[*Concluded from page 459.*]

8. **A** GAIN. Had there been neither Natural nor Moral Evil in the world, what must have become of Patience, Meekness, Gentleness, Long-suffering? It is manifest they could have had no being; seeing all these have evil for their object. If therefore evil had never entered into the world, neither could these have had any place in it. For who could have *returned good for evil*, had there been no evil-doer in the universe? How had it been possible, on that supposition, to *overcome evil with good*? Will you say, "But all these graces might have been divinely infused into the hearts of men." Undoubtedly they might: but if they had, there would have been no use or exercise for them. Whereas in the present state of things, we can never long want occasion to exercise them. And the more they are exercised, the more all our graces are strengthened and increased. And in the same proportion as our Resignation, our Confidence in God, our Patience and Fortitude, our Meekness, Gentleness, and Long-suffering, together with our Faith and Love of God and man increase, must our Happiness increase, even in the present world.

9. Yet again. As God's permission of Adam's fall gave all his posterity a thousand opportunities of *suffering*, and thereby

thereby of exercising all those passive Graces, which increase both their Holiness and Happiness: so it gives them opportunities of *doing good* in numberless instances, of exercising themselves in various good works, which otherwise could have had no being. And what exertions of Benevolence, of Compassion, of godlike Mercy, had then been totally prevented! Who could then have said to the Lover of men,

“ Thy mind throughout my life be shewn,
 While listening to the wretches' cry,
 The widow's or the orphan's groan,
 On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
 The poor and needy to relieve;
 Myself, my All for them to give?”

It is the just observation of a benevolent man,

“ All worldly joys go less,
 Than that one joy of doing kindnesses.”

Surely in keeping this commandment, if no other, *there is great reward*. As we have time, let us do good unto all men; good of every kind, and in every degree. Accordingly the more good we do (other circumstances being equal,) the happier we shall be. The more we deal our bread to the hungry, and cover the naked with garments, the more we relieve the stranger, and visit them that are sick or in prison; the more kind offices we do to those that groan under the various evils of human life: the more comfort we receive even in the present world; the greater recompense we have in our own bosom.

10. To sum up what has been said under this head. As the more holy we are upon earth, the more happy we must be, (seeing there is an inseparable connexion between Holiness and Happiness;) as the more good we do to others, the

more

more of present reward redounds into our own bosom: even as our sufferings for God lead us to *rejoice* in Him, *with joy unspeakable and full of glory*. The Fall of Adam, first by giving us an opportunity of being far more holy; secondly, by giving us the occasions of doing innumerable good works, which otherwise could not have been done; and thirdly, by putting it into our power to suffer for God, whereby *the spirit of glory and of God rests upon us*: may be of such advantage to the children of men, even in the present life, as they will not thoroughly comprehend, till they attain life everlasting.

11. It is then we shall be enabled fully to comprehend, not only the advantages, which accrue at the present time to the sons of men, by the fall of their first Parent, but the infinitely greater advantages, which they may reap from it in Eternity. In order to form some conception of this, we may remember the observation of the Apostle, *As one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead*. The most glorious stars will undoubtedly be those, who are the most holy; who bear most of that image of God wherein they were created. The next in glory to these will be those who have been most abundant in good works: and next to them, those that have suffered most, according to the will of God. But what advantages in every one of these respects, will the children of God receive in heaven, by God's permitting the introduction of pain upon earth, in consequence of sin? By occasion of this, they attained many holy tempers, which otherwise could have had no being: resignation to God, confidence in him in times of trouble and danger, Patience, Meekness, Gentleness, Long-suffering, and the whole train of passive virtues. And on account of this superior holiness, they will then enjoy superior happiness. Again. Every one will then *receive his own reward, according to his own labour*. Every individual will be *rewarded according to his works*. But the fall gave rise to innumerable good

good works, which could otherwise never have existed, such as ministering to the necessities of saints, yea, relieving the distress in every kind. And hereby innumerable stars will be added to their eternal crown. Yet again. There will be an abundant reward in heaven, for *suffering*, as well as for *doing* the will of God: *these light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* Therefore that event, which occasioned the entrance of suffering into the world, has thereby occasioned, to all the children of God, an increase of glory to all eternity. For although the sufferings themselves will be at an end; although

The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more;
And sin shall never enter there:

Yet the joys occasioned thereby shall never end, but flow at God's right-hand for evermore.

12. There is one advantage more that we reap from Adam's fall, which is not unworthy our attention. Unless in Adam all had died, being in the loins of their first parent, every descendant of Adam, every child of man, must have personally answered for himself to God: it seems to be a necessary consequence of this, that if he had once fallen, once violated any command of God, there would have been no possibility of his rising again; there was no help, but he must have perished without remedy. For that covenant knew not to shew mercy: the word was, *The soul that sinneth, it shall die.* Now who would not rather be on the footing he is now? under a covenant of mercy? Who would wish to hazard a whole eternity upon one stake? Is it not infinitely more desirable, to be in a state wherein, though encompassed with infirmities, yet we do not run such a desperate risk, but if we fall we may rise again? Wherein we may say,

" My

“ My trespass is grown up to heaven!
 But, far above the skies,
 In Christ abundantly forgiven,
 I see thy mercies rise!”

13. In Christ! Let me intreat every serious person, once more to fix his attention here. All that has been said, all that can be said on these subjects, centres in this point. The fall of Adam produced the death of Christ! Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth! Yea,

Let earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joinéd,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind;
 To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's name!

If God had prevented the fall of man, *The Word* had never been *made flesh*: nor had we ever *seen his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father*. Those mysteries never had been displayed, *which the very angels desire to look into*. Methinks this consideration swallows up all the rest, and should never be out of our thoughts. Unless by *one man, judgment had come upon all men to condemnation*, neither angels nor men could ever have known *the unsearchable riches of Christ*.

14. See then, upon the whole, how little reason we have to repine at the fall of our first parent, since herefrom we may derive such unspeakable advantages, both in time and in eternity. See how small pretence there is for questioning that Mercy of God in permitting that event to take place! Since therein, mercy, by infinite degrees, rejoices over judgment! Where then is the man that presumes to blame God, for not preventing Adam's sin? Should we not rather bless

him from the ground of the heart, for therein laying the grand scheme of man's redemption, and making way for that glorious manifestation of his Wisdom, Holiness, Justice and Mercy? If indeed God had decreed before the foundation of the world, that millions of men should dwell in everlasting burnings, because Adam sinned, hundreds or thousands of years before they had a being; I know not who could thank him for this, unless the devil and his angels: seeing, on this supposition, all those millions of unhappy spirits, would be plunged into hell by Adam's sin, without any possible advantage from it. But, blessed be God, this is not the case. Such a decree never existed. On the contrary, every one born of a woman, may be an unspeakable gainer thereby: and none ever was or can be a loser, but by his own choice.

15. We see here a full answer to that plausible account "of the Origin of Evil," published to the world some years since, and supposed to be unanswerable: "that it necessarily resulted from the nature of matter, which God was not able to alter." It is very kind in this sweet tongued orator to make an excuse for God! But there is really no occasion for it: God hath answered for himself. He made man in his own image, a spirit endued with understanding and liberty. Man abusing that liberty, produced evil; brought sin and pain into the world. This God permitted, in order to a fuller manifestation of his Wisdom, Justice and Mercy, by bestowing on all who would receive it, an infinitely greater happiness, than they could possibly have attained, if Adam had not fallen.

16. *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! Although a thousand particulars of his judgments, and of his ways, are unsearchable to us, and past our finding out, yet may we discern the general scheme, running through time into eternity. According to the counsel of his own will, the plan he had laid before the foundation of the world, He created the parent of all mankind in his own image.*

image. And he permitted *all men* to be made *sinners*, by the *disobedience* of this *one man*, that by the *obedience* of *one*, all who receive the *free gift*, may be infinitely holier and happier to all eternity!

Birmingham, July 9. 1782.

Some Account of Mr. JOHN FURZ, aged 65.

[Continued from page 465.]

10. **O**NE day as I was going across the market-place, I past by a man at his labour. I felt all that was in me run out after him, in a manner I never felt before. I past by him again and again: and it was still the same. I thought I can tell this man any thing, though I only knew him by sight, and had often heard, his Father used to say, with his hand on his breast, "I have Christ in my heart." I asked him, "Do you believe your Father was a good man, and that he is gone to heaven?" He answered, "I do. He died singing the hundredth psalm, just as he uttered those words,

"O enter ye his gates with praise!"

I asked again, "Are you willing to live his life and to die his death?" He answered, the Lord knows that I am. But, said I, "Do you believe there is any such thing, as knowing our sins forgiven now?" He looked at me and paused, and then said, "I will tell you a fortnight hence."

11. That day fortnight I went to his house, took him aside, and told him, "Now you are to answer my question." He said, I will: I do believe, there is such a thing as knowing our sins forgiven now. I have been seeking it ever since I saw you; but I have not found it." I desired him to walk

R r r 3

with

with me to my house; I took him into my chamber. We sat down together, and I told him freely what troubles I had passed through, and how God had delivered me. Then I asked, "Are you desirous of the same blessing?" He answered, "The Lord knows that I am." We kneeled down, and I earnestly prayed, that God would make him a partaker of it. When I had done, he started up, and went out of the room in haste, without speaking one word.

12. In the morning as I was looking out of my door, I heard one man say to another, "Do you hear that John Kirby is run mad?" And about an hour after, I heard another asserting the same thing. In the evening he came to my house, looked earnestly at me, and said, "I am undone." He then instantly turned and went away, giving me no time to speak to him. The next evening he came in the same manner. I was sitting at a table reading. He struck the table with his hand, and said, "I am undone to all eternity." He then went out hastily. I followed him to his house, and found him sitting silent, looking with a look of deep sorrow. His wife sat looking at him. She said to me, "O Sir, our family is ruined." I said, "I hope not." She said again, with a flood of tears, "My husband is distracted. He neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps." However I persuaded him to go to bed, and went home. But I had not been long in bed, before he was knocking at the door, crying out, "For Christ's sake, quickly, quickly!" I ran down undrest and let him in. He clasped me fast in his arms, and said, "I will never go home more unless you go with me." I put on my clothes and led him home. As I went I advised him to pray. But he said, "I cannot; if I attempt to pray in my chamber, I am affrighted, and so I am, wherever I attempt it." When I came to his house, I found a most distressed family; his wife, his son, and his daughters all weeping. I desired him to go to bed. He said, he would never go into his chamber more, unless I would go with him. I did so, and saw him in bed,
desiring

desiring his wife and children to go to bed also, and to be as still as possible. Then I returned home. But I had scarce been in bed ten minutes, when he was knocking at the door with more earnestness than before; he again said, "I will never go home, unless you go with me." I went the third time, when I came to his house, the family was in bed. I heard his wife weeping. But he repeated, "I will never go into the chamber again, unless you go with me." I said, "O, for shame! Your wife is in bed." She cried aloud, "For Christ's sake, do not mind *me*, but bring my husband up stairs." She was sitting up in bed, in her night gown, bewailing herself and her family. After seeing him in bed, I kneeled down by the bed side, and commended him to God.

13. In the morning he came to my house again. But the whole form of his visage was changed. He walked to and fro with tears dropping from his eyes. I asked, "How is it with you now? He said, "Glory be to God! all is peace." I desired him to sit down and tell me how this change came. He said, "As soon as you were gone, I looked up, and it appeared to me, as if the roof of my house was taken away, so that I saw the firmament. While I was wondering at this, a dark cloud arose, which I thought was a thunder-cloud. The cloud was drawn aside, and left in view, Jesus Christ, all besmeared with blood. He looked down upon me and said, "I have loved *thee* and given myself for *thee*? I felt the word in my heart, and all guilt and fear, and sorrow fled away. Now I know that I *have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is the propitiation for my sins.*" We wept together for joy, and praised God for his abundant mercies bestowed upon us.

14. From this time, as the souls of David and Jonathan were knit together, so were our souls knit together in God. We had close fellowship with each other, and sat together as in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Neither of us were content to eat his morsel alone, but what was imparted to one, the other

other must partake of: we gladly met together every evening, to pray with and for each other, and pour out our souls before God in thanksgivings for all his mercies. Meantime our hearts burned with desire, that all men might know this love of Christ that passeth knowledge. But how to impart what we had received to others we knew not, or which way to begin.

15. After a while I heard, there was a company of Dissenters, that met together at a private house every Sunday evening. I told my friend, I was in hopes they were partakers of the same blessing that we were. I wrote a note, to desire leave for me and my friend to come and sit behind them. They sent word, we were welcome to come. When we came, we found about ten of them sitting round a large table, on which were the Bible and the news-paper, with a decanter and glasses. They were quite complaisant. They all rose up, and desired us to sit in rank with them. But I refused; saying we will only sit in the place we named, that is, behind you. They then began their evening exercise. First, they ridiculed the Vicar, particularly for his covetousness. Next, they drank one to another, and offered the glass to us; but we did not drink. Then they related the faults of the Church-wardens and the Overseers of the poor: till one read part of the News-paper, which gave occasion to discourse on the state of the nation. At last, one of them read a chapter in the Bible: another looking at his watch, said, "Bless me! It is time to go home. It is past ten o'clock." But said, one, we ought to go to prayer first. But they were not agreed which of them should pray. At last one of them stood up against the back of a chair, spoke a few words, and concluded. My friend and I were kneeling together, I was weary with forbearing, and began earnestly to pray, that God would awaken them, and by his goodness lead them to repentance, that they might know the things which belonged to their everlasting peace. They turned about, and
stared

stared at me, as if I had been speaking Greek. However they told us, we should be welcome to come again the next Sunday evening.

16. The next Sunday evening we came again. But one of the company having told his neighbours, that I had preached, I suppose not less than a hundred persons were standing about the door. The man of the house asked them, "What do you want?" And endeavoured, to keep them out. But when he stood aside for me and my friend to come in, they poured in after us. At first he seemed displeased, but soon after called to his wife, and said, "Bring me the Testament." He opened it, sat with it in his hand some time; then starting up came to me, with the book open, saying, "If you have a word of exhortation say on." The first words presented to my view were Romans viii. 1. *There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.* I had had no thought of exhorting or preaching to this hour. But now the power of God came upon me, and enabled me to speak from an experimental knowledge, of freedom from condemnation. Now I was able to testify, *By grace I am saved through faith:* not for any thing that I have done: it is the gift of God. Many of them that stood before me, felt the word and wept much. And from this time, by the help of God, I have continued to preach *repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.*

[To be concluded in our next.]

An Extract from the JOURNAL of Mr. G— C—.

[Continued from page 468.]

THURSDAY January 2, 1751. For several days I have enjoyed a great measure of the presence of God, with power to resist every temptation. But to-day I grieved the spirit

spirit by speaking evil of one person to another. It is true, I did it, with a design to guard her from danger. But this I might have done without evil-speaking.

February 10. My heart is pained for our Minister, fearing lest the altering his condition, should make him less zealous in the cause of God. But instead of reasoning, I give myself to prayer.

February 27. I am grieved for the corruption of my heart, which wanders from God to the desire of earthly things. I think too highly of myself, I prefer my own will to the will of God. And yet he refreshes me!

March 4. I came to my Class exceedingly tired with carrying heavy loads, so that I could hardly walk to the place: but when I came away, all my weariness was gone.

March 17. I know not a day, in which my heart has been more filled with love and deep humility: convinced by the Spirit that I am nothing, yet blessed and happy in Christ. My heart does at times vehemently cry after God, yet at other times strangely forgets him. Pride, anger and lightness greatly beset me: especially lightness, which causes me many a tear.

April 28. How good is God! The former part of this day he prepared me, by giving me a large measure of his love, for what I felt in the latter, by the discovery of an idol which I had set up in my heart: one whom Mr. W. had appointed to join with me, in visiting the sick. My desire was, to converse with her only for mutual edification and to the glory of God. But my deceitful heart had too great pleasure in her company. Lord save, or I perish!

June 3. This day my spirits were greatly oppressed: but speaking to her of it, and praying together, I found liberty. I did not find one unchaste thought; but I had too great an affection for her. I am pained when she is absent, and pleased when she is present. Yet have I found an uncommon degree of the Love of God, through all this temptation.

June 7.

June 7. I took leave of her, as she was going into the country for some time. Just then I felt freedom of spirit; but the pain I felt in the morning is not to be expressed. It seemed as if all my happiness was gone with her, and all day I was ready to faint away. But in the evening the pain was all removed, and my soul refreshed with the Love of God.

Sept. 14. For several days I have been greatly beset with pride and lightness of spirit: but this day I was enabled to cry to the Lord against them with many tears. I had a clearer sense of my own vileness than ever; but had also a great measure of his love.

Nov. 19. The Lord my God hath been very near to me this day; else I could not have borne to see the evil of my heart, in the manner he hath revealed it.

Dec. 19. I had power to wrestle with God, for meekness and humility. But it was with great striving that I kept it, especially when disputing with one who vehemently maintained particular Redemption.

January 1, 1752. I have, by the mercy of God, seen the end of another year; and such is his free mercy, that he still enables me to devote myself to his service.

Feb. 1. For several days I have enjoyed much of the Love of God, and have been much blest at the morning preaching: and I can with pleasure look back on his former mercies, which add strength to my faith.

Feb. 16. Still my soul seems void of God, and I feel more evil than I can well struggle under. I pray to know myself, but nature draws back when my heart is laid open. Yet the Lord gives me power to cleave to him in prayer, and I feel love to my poor child: I think I could lay down my life for her, if it would save her soul.

Sunday, March 15. The Love of God so overcame me this morning, that I was on the point of fainting away. In-

deed, whatever I suffer the week before, the Sabbath is always a delightful day to my soul.

But O! how corrupt is my heart! I find the Lord ever ready to impart his Love, which would abide with me, were I humble. But it is not so. I seldom have freedom in speaking or praying, but I am carried away by pride. And when the loving Spirit is withdrawn, I fret and am angry with God.

April 10. I was at Bedlam, and saw a disconsolate backslider, for whom my heart mourned. She was put in by her husband, who did not understand her disorder. But I believe God will appear for her.

Monday, July 13. I had much of the Love of God: on Tuesday abundantly more: my soul rejoicing in hope of an entire deliverance from self-will and pride. I enjoyed a closer union with his Spirit than ever before, humbling me to nothing. Yet on Thursday I gave way to the desire of praise, which brought barrenness on my soul.

October 15. The giving way to pride and lightness, brought on me such fear of man, that I was unwilling to go to my employment. But I cried earnestly to the Lord, who soon gave me power to trust in his protection, together with a sense of his love.

Sunday December 3. The Lord hath dealt very graciously with me this week. Tuesday and Wednesday I had much of his love; and on Thursday I had power to believe, that I shall shortly feel the blood of Jesus cleansing me from all sin. My sleep also has been pleasingly interrupted, by vehement desires after a further knowledge of him.

Sunday January 14. 1753. The former part of this week I was greatly blest with a sense of the presence and Love of God. But on Friday I grieved the Holy Spirit, by giving way to bitter zeal. This day my soul revived. Yet I was greatly tempted by the praise of men, and the desire of women. But I cried unto God and he delivered me from both.

Sunday 28.

Sunday 28. On Monday and Tuesday last, I seemed stupidly ignorant, not knowing how to speak of any of the things of God. On Wednesday I was in a sore temptation, being in company with one who had set her affection on me, and had sent for me on purpose to disclose it. But she was prevented by my immediately speaking of the things of God. Yet I had a severe conflict with myself, and was truly thankful to God who gave me the victory.

February 9. Yesterday and to-day I have felt much grief of heart, and many tears have I shed, at feeling the strength of my corrupt nature. Unbelief also prevails over me, and fear that I shall not hold out to the end. This and the various temptations I feel make me so peevish, that I am a burden to myself.

Sunday 25. This week I had much of the presence and Love of God, yet was often grieved with lightness of spirit. To-day a gentleman sent for me, and gave me a letter to carry, which I took without considering what I did. But I was afterwards grieved, being afraid, this was a violation of the sabbath.

April 17. Some of my brethren counted me an Enthusiast, for a point which still I cannot give up. I still believe the persuasion which I then felt in my soul, was not of nature but of God.

Sunday May 27. Monday and Tuesday I enjoyed much of the Love of God; on Wednesday night, I was grievously tempted; but the Lord saved me. I slept a little, and suddenly awoke, with a lively sense of my unholiness. At the same time I thought, I was just then going to appear before God. I was unspeakably surprized: I trembled and prayed some time, before my spirit was calm. This was not from a sense of guilt: I had the clear witness of my acceptance in Christ Jesus. But from a conviction, that I was yet unholy. O for faith to be cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit.

July 17. I was exercised with a new temptation. I was waked by the enemy, throwing a heat over my body, as if I had been laid on a bed of fire: and tho' my mind was calm, the sweat poured out as if I had been in a hot bath.

Thursday 19. I was pained for one I love, as she was in great temptation concerning me. The next day I felt so much sorrow as to wish for death for having given place to the thought of marriage with another. To that person I had never spoken of it; but I had to her I love. And this had caused her much pain, as thereby she found out her inordinate affection.

Sunday August 5. For several days my evil nature has given me much pain: yet the Lord hath refreshed me with his love. But last night, soon after I went to bed, I heard something knock twice, soon after my body felt an uncommon heat, and this several times in half an hour. It ceased for two hours. Then I was waked by something blowing upon my hand. At that instant the violent heat returned, and I distinctly heard a loud hissing very near me. I found no fear, but all within was calm, my soul being reclined on Jesus.

Wednesday October 3. I was in the night grievously disturbed by evil spirits: but I prayed and found deliverance. On Friday night soon after I lay down, an invisible power raised up first one foot and then the other. Once I heard a voice that made me tremble. Afterwards, with a swift and violent motion, it twitched first one arm toward my head, then the other: next one leg, then the other: then my head was thrust strongly toward my breast. But in all I found much of the peace and Love of God.

[*To be continued.*]

Miss HATTON's account of her SISTER's Death.

DURING the whole of my Sisters's illness, (which continued near ten months) she never doubted of her salvation; tho' she was not favoured with any bright manifestations of her heavenly Father's Love. But when she was conflicting with her last enemy, she declared she could sing the believer's Song, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, thro' our Lord Jesus Christ." When she saw her Mother and me weeping by her, she modestly reproved us; and taking us each by the hand, said, "This is the hour I have long waited for; would you grieve for my happiness? I have not the least fear of death. I have nothing but a prospect of happiness before me! I have not power to utter half what I feel. Mercy! mercy! a sinner saved! I rejoice that I am saved by Grace alone! This will heighten my felicity above."

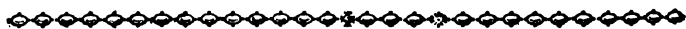
To the person who sat up with her she said, "Strive to make your calling and election sure. What is the World to me now! If I had not an interest in Christ, I should be miserable indeed." The evening before she died, being told, on her enquiry, that it was Saturday, she said, with a sweet and composed countenance, "I believe I shall begin to spend an eternal Sabbath in Glory on the morrow." A little before her death, she asked my Brother, "Do you think departed spirits know what is done on Earth?" He asked her why she enquired, "Because (said she) it would give me pleasure to know that my friends go on in the ways of God."

She has left a sweet favour behind her, and is much lamented, especially by those who have experienced her friendly care and love; whom she had watched over, and who had sweet communion with her spirit. We have sustained a
great

great loss in her, but I am assured, beyond a doubt, our loss is her unspeakable gain. My mother and I have been wonderfully supported, and made willing to resign so dear a Relation into the hands of that God, who had long engaged all her affections.

F. HATTON.

Salop, Feb. 16, 1767,



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

REFLECTIONS on the Generation of BIRDS.

I Would add a little farther improvement of some particulars mentioned before.

What Master has taught Birds, that they have any need of Nests? Who has warned them, to prepare them in time, and not to suffer themselves to be prevented by necessity? Who hath shewn them how to build? What mathematician has given the figure of them? What architect has taught them to choose a firm place and to build a solid foundation? What tender mother has advised them to cover the bottom with a soft and delicate substance, such as cotton or down, and when these fail, who has suggested to them that ingenious charity, to pluck off as many feathers from their own breast, as will prepare a soft cradle for their young?

Again. What Wisdom has pointed out to each kind a peculiar manner of building? Who has commanded the Swallow, to instance in one, to draw near to man, and make choice of his house for the building her nest, within his view, without fear of his knowing it, but seeming rather to invite him to a consideration of her labour? Nor does she build like other birds, with bits of sticks, and stubble, but employs cement and mortar: and that in so firm a manner, that it
requires

requires some pains to demolish her work. And yet in all this, it has no other instrument to make use of but a little beak.

Yet again. Who has made the birds comprehend that they must hatch their eggs by sitting upon them. That this necessity is indispensable: that the father and mother could not leave them at the same time; and that if one went abroad to seek for food, the other must wait till it returns? Who has told them the precise number of days, this painful diligence is to cost? Who has taught them to assist the young in coming out of the egg, by breaking the shell for them? Yea, and advertised them of the very moment, before which they never come?

Who has taught several of the birds that marvellous industry, of retaining food or water in their gullet, without swallowing either, and preserving them for their young, to whom this preparation serves instead of milk?

Is it for the birds, O Lord, who have no knowledge thereof, that thou hast joined together so many miracles? Is it for the men who give no attention to them? Is it for those who admire them, without thinking of Thee? Rather is it not thy design, by all these wonders to call us to Thyself? To make us sensible of thy wisdom, and fill us with confidence in thy bounty, who watchest so carefully over those inconsiderable creatures, two of which *are sold for a farthing.*

But pass we from the industry of birds, to hearken for a moment to their music: the first song of thanksgiving which was offered on earth, before man was formed. All their sounds are different, but all melodious, and all together compose a choir which we cannot imitate. One voice however more strong and melodious I distinguish above the rest. On enquiry I find it comes from a very small bird. This leads me to consider the rest of the singing birds. They likewise are all small: the great ones having a harsh and disagreeable voice. Such an amend is made to these weak, little creatures, for their defect of strength

Some

Some of these little birds are extremely beautiful, nor can any thing be more rich or variegated than their feathers. But it must be owned, that all ornament must give place to the finery of the Peacock; upon which God has plentifully bestowed all the riches which set off the rest, and lavished upon it with gold and azure, all the shades of every other colour. This bird seems sensible of its advantage, and looks as if it designed to display all its beauties to our eyes, when it stalks along, and expands that splendid circumference, which sets them all in open view.

But this pompous bird has, of all others that are kept tame, the most disagreeable cry, and is a proof, that there may be a shining outside, when there is little substance within.

In examining the feathers of the rest, I find one more circumstance very observable. That feathers of swans and other water fowl, are proof against the water. And accordingly they continue dry, though the creature swims or dives ever so long. And yet neither our eyes, nor all our art can discover, wherein they differ from others.

[*To be continued.*]



EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING;
with short REMARKS.

Of P O W E R.

[*Continued from page 478.*]

* Sect. 17. **H**OWEVER the name *Faculty*, which Men have given to this power called the *Will*, and whereby they have been led into a way of talking of the *Will* as acting, may, by an Appropriation that disguises its
true

true Sense, serve a little to palliate the Absurdity; yet the *Will* in truth, signifies nothing but a Power, or Ability, to prefer or chuse: and when the *Will*, under the name of a *Faculty*, is considered, as it is; barely as an Ability to do something, the Absurdity, in saying it is free, or not free, will easily discover itself. For if it be reasonable to suppose and talk of *Faculties*, as distinct Beings, that can act, (as we do, when we say the *Will* orders, and the *Will* is free,) 'tis fit that we should make a speaking *Faculty*, and a walking *Faculty*, and a dancing *Faculty*, by which those Actions are produced, which are but several Modes of Motion; as well as we make the *Will* and *Understanding* to be *Faculties*, by which the actions of Chusing and Perceiving are produced, which are but several Modes of Thinking: and we may as properly say, that 'tis the singing *Faculty* sings, and the dancing *Faculty* dances; as that the *Will* chuses, or that the *Understanding* conceives; or, as is usual, that the *Will* directs the *Understanding*, or the *Understanding* obeys, or obeys not the *Will*: it being altogether as proper and intelligible to say, that the Power of Speaking directs the Power of Singing, or the Power of Singing obeys or disobeys the Power of Speaking.

“ Sect. 18. This way of talking, nevertheless, has prevailed, and, as I guess, produced great confusion. For these being all different Powers in the Mind, or in the Man, to do several Actions, he exerts them as he thinks fit: but the Power to do one Action, is not operated on by the Power of doing another Action. For the Power of Thinking operates not on the Power of Chusing, nor the Power of Chusing on the Power of Thinking; no more than the Power of Dancing operates on the Power of Singing, or the Power of Singing on the Power of Dancing, as any one, who reflects on it, will easily perceive: and yet this is it, which we say, when we thus speak, that *the Will operates on the Understanding, or the Understanding on the Will.*

“ Sect. 19. I grant, that this or that actual Thought, may be the Occasion of Volition, or exercising the Power a Man has to chuse; or the actual Choice of the Mind, the Cause of actual thinking on this or that thing: as the actual singing of such a Tune, may be the Occasion of dancing such a Dance, and the actual dancing of such a Dance, the Occasion of singing such a Tune. But in all these, it is not one *Power* that operates on another: but it is the Mind that operates, and exerts these Powers; it is the Man that does the Action, it is the Agent that has Power, or is able to do. For *Powers* are Relations, not Agents: and that which has the Power, or not the Power to operate, is that alone, which is, or is not free, and not the Power itself: for Freedom, or not Freedom, can belong to nothing, but what has, or has not a Power to act.

“ Sect. 20. The attributing to *Faculties*, that which belonged not to them, has given Occasion to this way of talking: but the introducing into Discourses concerning the Mind, with the Name of *Faculties*, a Notion of their operating, has, I suppose, as little advanced our Knowledge in that part of ourselves, as the great use and mention of the like Invention of *Faculties*, in the Operations of the Body, has helped us in the Knowledge of Physic. Not that I deny there are *Faculties*, both in the Body and Mind: they both of them have their *Powers* of operating, else neither the one nor the other could operate. For nothing can operate, that is not able to operate; and that is not able to operate, that has no *Power* to operate. Nor do I deny, that those Words, and the like, are to have their place in the common Use of Languages, that have made them currant. It looks like too much Affectation wholly to lay them by: and philosophy itself, though it likes not a gaudy Dress, yet when it appears in public, must have so much Complacency, as to be clothed in the ordinary Fashion and Language of the Country, so far as it can consist with Truth and Perspicuity.

But

But the Fault has been, that Faculties have been spoken of, and represented, as so many distinct Agents. For it being asked, what it was that digested the Meat in our Stomachs? It was a ready and very satisfactory Answer, to say, That it was the *digestive Faculty*. What was it that made any thing come out of the Body? The *expulsive Faculty*. What moved? The *Motive Faculty*: and so in the Mind, the *intellectual Faculty*, or the Understanding, understood; and the *elective Faculty*, or the Will, willed or commanded: which is in short to say, That the Ability to digest, digested; and the Ability to move, moved; and the Ability to understand, understood. For *Faculty*, *Ability*, and *Power*, I think, are but different Names of the same things: which ways of speaking, when put into more intelligible Words, will, I think, amount to thus much: that digestion is performed by something that is able to digest; motion by something able to move; and Understanding by something able to understand. And in truth it would be very strange, if it should be otherwise; as strange as it would be for a Man to be free without being able to be free.

“Sect. 21. To return then to the Enquiry about Liberty, I think *the Question is not proper, whether the Will be free, but whether a Man be free*. Thus, I think,

1. That so far as any one can, by the Direction or Choice of his Mind, preferring the Existence of any Action, to the Non-existence of that Action, and *vice versa*, make it to exist, or not exist, so far he is *free*. For if I can, by a Thought, directing the Motion of my Finger, make it move, when it was at rest, or *vice versa*, 'tis evident, that in respect of that, I am free; and if I can, by a like Thought of my Mind, preferring one to the other, produce either Words, or Silence, I am at liberty to speak, or hold my peace; and *as far as this Power reaches, of acting, or not acting, by the Determination of his own Thought preferring either, so far is a Man free*. For how can we think any one freer, than

to have the Power to do what he will? And so far as any one can, by preferring any Action to its not being, or Rest to any Action, produce that Action or Rest, so far can he do what he will. For such a preferring of Action to its absence, is the willing of it; and we can scarce tell how to imagine any *Being* freer, than to be able to do what he *wills*. So that in respect of Action, within the reach of such a Power in him, a Man seems as free, as 'tis possible for Freedom to make him.

" Sect. 22. But the inquisitive Mind of Man, willing to shift off from himself, as far as he can, all Thoughts of Guilt, though it be by putting himself into a worse State, than that of fatal Necessity, is not content with this: freedom, unless it reaches farther than this, will not serve the turn: and it passes for a good Plea, that a Man is not free at all, if he be not as free to will, as he is to act, what he wills. Concerning a Man's Liberty, there yet therefore is raised this farther Question, *Whether a Man be free to will*; which, I think is what is meant, when it is disputed, *Whether the Will be free*. And as to that I imagine,

" Sect. 23. 2. That *Willing*, or *Volition* being an Action, and Freedom consisting in a Power of acting, or not acting, a Man in respect of willing, or the Act of Volition, when any Action in his Power is once proposed to his Thoughts, as presently to be done, cannot be free. The Reason whereof is very manifest: for it being unavoidable that the Action depending on his *Will*, should exist, or not exist; and its Existence, or not Existence, following perfectly the Determination, and Preference of his Will, he cannot avoid willing the Existence, or not Existence of that Action; it is absolutely necessary that he *will* the one, or the other, *i. e.* prefer the one to the other; since one of them must necessarily follow; and that which does follow, follows by the Choice and Determination of his Mind, that is, by his *Willing it*: for if he did not *will* it, it would not be. So that in respect of the Act
of

of *Willing*, a Man in such Case is not free: liberty consisting in a Power to act, or not to act, which, in regard of Volition, a Man upon such a Proposal, has not. For it is unavoidably necessary to prefer the doing, or forbearance, of an Action in a Man's Power; which is once so proposed to his Thoughts; a Man must necessarily *will* the one, or the other of them, upon which Preference, or Volition, the Action, or its forbearance, certainly follows, and is truly voluntary: but the Act of Volition, or preferring one of the two, being that which he cannot avoid, a Man, in respect of that Act of *Willing*, is under a Necessity, and so cannot be free; unless Necessity and Freedom can consist together, and a Man can be free and bound at once.

“ Sect. 24. This then is evident, That in all Proposals of present Action, a Man is not at liberty to *will*, or not to *will*, because he can *forbear willing*: liberty consisting in a Power to act, or forbear acting, and in that only. For a Man that sits still, is said yet to be at Liberty, because he can walk if he *wills* it. But if a Man sitting still has not a Power to remove himself he is not at Liberty; so likewise a Man falling down a Precipice, though in Motion, is not at Liberty, because he cannot stop that Motion, if he would. This being so, 'tis plain that a Man that is walking, to whom it is proposed to give off walking, is not at Liberty, whether he *will* determine himself to walk, or give off walking, or no: he must necessarily prefer one, or the other of them; walking or not walking; and so it is in regard of all other Actions in our Power so proposed, which are the far greater Number. For considering the vast Number of voluntary Actions that succeed one another every moment that we are awake, in the Course of our Lives, there are but few of them that are thought on or proposed to the *Will*, 'till the time they are to be done: and in all such Actions, as I have shewn, the Mind in respect of *willing*, has not a Power to act, or not to act, wherein consists Liberty: the Mind in that Case has not
a Power

a Power to forbear *willing*; it cannot avoid some Determination concerning them, let the Consideration be as short, the Thought as quick, as it will, it either leaves the Man in the State he was before thinking, or changes it: continues the Action, or puts an end to it. Whereby it is manifest, that it orders and directs one in preference to, or with neglect of the other; and thereby either the continuation or change becomes unavoidably voluntary.

[*To be continued.*]

*An Account of the PASSIONS, or NATURAL AFFECTIONS;
extracted from Dr. Watts.*

Of GRATITUDE and ANGER.

20. **I** Come now to the last set of Passions derived from Love and Hatred, and these are Anger and Gratitude. I confess Anger is usually named without any opposite: but I think Gratitude stands in a proper opposition to it. Both these have a reference to such Objects as are supposed to act with some Degree of Free-will; for we are not said to be angry with the stone that bruises us; nor can we properly be grateful to the ointment which heals us.

Anger is generally made up of Displeasency and some degree of Malevolence, or Desire that the Object of it should suffer some inconvenience: for if any person seeks to hinder us from obtaining the good we desire, if he seeks to dispossess us of the good we enjoy, or endeavours to bring upon us the evil we would avoid, we are displeas'd with him, and we would have some evil inflict'd upon him, and this is sometimes eminently call'd Passion. But Anger, does not always mean the wishing real mischief to the offending party; for
Parents

Parents are angry with their children, and wish them no other hurt but some present pain to cure their folly.

If Anger rise to a high Degree, it is Wrath, Fury, and Rage; if it continue so long as to be fixed in the heart, and refuse all Accommodation or Reconciliation, it is Rancour. If the object of our Anger be beneath us, it gains the name of Indignation. We are also fired with Indignation against flagrant impiety toward God, or vile oppression and cruelty toward Men.

Gratitude seems to stand in direct opposition to Anger; for it is made up of Complacence and Benevolence upon the occasion of good received from another. When a person has conferred any benefit upon us, and we have an inclination upon that account to confer some benefit upon him, we call this Gratitude.

[To be continued.]



A S E R M O N

[By Dr. CUDWORTH.]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[Continued from page 482.]

NOTHING is truly ours but what lives in our Spirits. Salvation itself cannot save us as long as it is only without us; no more than health can cure us, and make us sound, when it is not within us, but somewhere at a distance from us; no more than Arts and Sciences, whilst they lie only in books and papers without us, can make us learned. The Gospel, though it be a sovereign and medicinal thing in itself,

itself, yet the mere knowing and believing of the history of it will do us no good: we can receive no virtue from it, till it be inwardly digested in our souls; till it be made ours, and becomes a living thing in our hearts.

All that Christ did for us in the flesh, when he was here upon earth, will not save us from our sins unless Christ by his spirit dwell in us. It will not avail us that he was born of a Virgin unless the *power of the Most High* overshadow our hearts, and beget him there likewise. It will not profit us that he died upon the cross for us; unless we be *baptized into his death*, by the mortification of all our sins; unless *the old man of sin be crucified* in our hearts. Christ indeed hath made an expiation for our sins, and the blood of Christ is the only sovereign balsam to free us from the guilt of them; but yet besides the *sprinkling of the blood of Christ* upon us, we must be made partakers also of his Spirit. Christ came into the world, as well to redeem us from the power of our sins, as to free us from the guilt of them. *You know* (saith St. John) *that he was manifested to take away our sins: whosoever therefore abideth in him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen or known him.* Lo the end of Christ's coming into the world: Lo a design worthy of God manifested in the flesh.

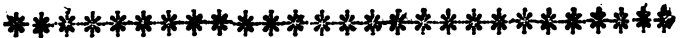
Christ did not take all those pains, to lay aside his robes of glory, and to undergo a reproachful life, and at last to be abandoned to a shameful death; he did not do all this merely to bring in a notion into the world, without the mending and reforming of the world: so that men should still be under the power of the Prince of Darkness: only they should not be thought so: they should still remain as full of all the filthy sores of sin and corruption as before; only, they should be *accounted whole*? Surely Christ did not undergo all this to so little purpose: he would not take all this pains for us, that he might be able at last to put into our hands nothing but a blank. *He was with child, he was in pain and travail, and hath he brought forth nothing but wind?* hath he been delivered

delivered *of the East-wind*? Is the great design that was so long carried on in the womb of eternity now proved abortive or else nothing but a mere windy birth? No surely; the end of the Gospel is *Life and Perfection*, 'tis a *Divine Nature*, 'tis a *Godlike* frame and disposition of Spirit, 'tis to make us partakers of the *Image of God*, in righteousness and true holiness, without which salvation itself were but a notion.

Holiness is the best thing that God himself can bestow upon us, either in this world or the world to come. True Evangelical holiness, that is, *Christ formed* in the hearts of believers is the very quintessence of the Gospel. But many of us are like those children, whose stomachs are so vitiated that they think Ashes, Coal, Mud-wall, or any such trash, to be more pleasant than the most wholesome food: such sickly appetites have we about spiritual things, that hanker after I know not what vain shews of happiness, whilst in the meantime we neglect that which is the only true food of our souls, that is able to nourish them up to *everlasting life*.

I mean by holiness, nothing else but God stamped and printed upon the soul. And we may please ourselves with what conceits we please; but so long as we are void of this, we do but dream of heaven and I know not what fond paradise, we do but blow up and down an airy bubble of our own fancies, which riseth out of the froth of our vain hearts; we do but court a painted heaven, and woo happiness in a picture, whilst, in the meantime a true and real hell will suck in our souls into it, and make us sensible of a solid woe, and substantial misery.

[*To be continued.*]



*A true Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did
and said at Malcon, in Burgundy.*

[Continued from page 485.]

TO return to what was in our house, the Spirit bespoke aloud great preparations of provision, as turkies, partridges, hares, and the like, for the coming of his Master. Then he sung many profane songs. He counterfeited the voice of jugglers and mountebanks, and especially that of huntsmen, crying aloud, *Ho levrier ! ho levrier !* as hunters use to shout when they start a hare.

He offered to tempt us to covetousness, (one of the ordinary temptations of the Devil.) Divers times he would peremptorily affirm that there were six thousand crowns hidden in the house, and that if any of us would follow him, he would shew us where the money was hid. But I can say, with a good conscience, I never searched for it, nor employed others about it, nor ever had any will to make benefit by it.

He would try us also by curiosity, saying, that if we had a mind to see him in the shape of a man, woman, lion, bear, dog, cat, &c. he would give us the sport ; which motion we much abhorred, saying, that we were so far from wishing to see him in any of these shapes, or any other, that we were very desirous, if it might be God's pleasure, never to hear him more, but we hoped that God would shortly deliver us from all his temptations.

In the end he began to be very angry, because I had told him, *Go, thou cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* Whereupon he replied, *Thou liest, I am not cursed, I hope yet for salvation by the death and passion*
of

of Jesus Christ. He told me, in great wrath, that he would do this and that to me; among other things he threatened, that when I should be in bed, he would pull me out of it by the feet. I answered, *I will lay me down and sleep, for the Lord maketh me to dwell in safety.* I told him also, *Thou hast no power over me, but what is given thee from above.* Whereupon he answered, *It is well for thee, it is well for thee.*

He was also very angry with one of the company who had called him a stinking he-goat, and said to him, "Thou wouldest appear a good man, but thou art but a hypocrite; thou goest often to *Pont-devile*, pretending to go to hear sermons; but when thou goest, thou takest thy box of bills and bonds along with thee, to exact thine arrears. Thou wouldest make no conscience to hang a man for twenty shillings." Then making a noise, as if he clapt his hands together, he said again to the same man, "Thou makest here a shew of a valiant man, having brought thy sword along with thee; but if thou be so bold, as to come hither without a light, it shall be seen which of us two is most valiant."

Speaking of those that profess the Reformed Religion within the Kingdom of France, he made this exclamation, "O poor Huguenots! you shall have much to suffer within a few years! O what mischief is intended against you!"

He said of my Wife, who was with child, and near her time, that she should have a daughter. Her situation made me fear that she would get some harm in child-bearing, by our infernal guest; and therefore I desired her to go out of the house. But she excused herself, courageously saying, that going away would be mistrusting the power and mercy of God: that since it pleased God to visit us, he might find us as well in another house, and that to resist the Devil, we must not flee from him.

The Demon said one night, before us all, that I should certainly die within three years. But I answered him, *None*

of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God.

The Demon, having used all these wiles against us, was forced to say that he could not prevail, because we called too much upon God. And every time the Devil saw we began to kneel, he left talking, many times telling us, "While you are at your Prayers, I will go and take a turn in the street." And whether he went forth or stayed, we had always wonderful silence: but no sooner were the Prayers ended, but he began again as usual, and solicited us to speak with him; and so continued provoking us, till the 25th of November, when he uttered these last words, *Ha, ha, je ne parleray plus, that is, Alas, alas, I shall speak no more.*

As his words were strange, so were his actions; for besides those already related, he did many more of the same kind, as frequently tossing about a great roll of cloth, of fifty ells, which a friend had left at my house. Once he snatched a brass candlestick out of the maid's hand, leaving the candle lighted, in her hand. He would very often take the maid's coats and hang them over the bed-posts. Sometimes he would hang at those posts a great starching plate, with cords tied with such a number of knots, that it was impossible to unloose them, and yet himself would untie them in a moment. Once I found my boots so entangled within a winding-blade, that they could not be taken off. And many times he hath so twisted radishes together, that the like could not be done, unless it had been studied with long patience.

One afternoon a friend of mine visited me; we went together to the chamber where the Demon was most resident. There we found the feather-bed, blankets, sheets, and bolster, laid upon the floor. I called the maid to make the bed, which she did in our presence; but presently, while we were
walking

walking in the same room, we saw the bed tumbled down on the floor as it was before.

In my study, I found several times, part of my books laid on the floor. As I was once sitting in my study, the Demon made a noise, as if it had been a great volley of shot in the room above. Sometimes he would be the groom of my stable, rubbing my horse, and plaiting the hair of his tail, and main; but he was an unruly groom; for once I found he had saddled my horse with the crupper before, and the pommel behind.

He was a good while in the house before we could perceive that he resorted to my bed-chamber. But one night after all were retired, myself and family being all in bed, and the doors and windows well shut, he came in and began to whistle softly and by intervals, as if he had been afraid to awake us: he knocked as if it had been with his finger upon a trunk near my bed, as he did many times since. He would throw our shoes about the room: those of the maid especially, who feeling him once taking one of her shoes laid hold presently upon the other, and said smiling, *This thou shalt not have*. Under the table in the same room he once imitated the noise of hempdressers, who beat the hemp, four together keeping the same equal measure,

[*To be continued.*]

A N A N E C D O T E,

Collected by the Rev. Mr. A— of Rochester.

AT about five years of age, a young gentleman of Edinburgh (one Mr. *Sheriff*,) lost his hearing, and soon after his speech: his Father brought him to London, in hopes of relief, but he found none. While he was there, one gave him a book wrote by Dr. *Wallis*, for the use of deaf and dumb

dumb persons. They returned to Scotland and brought the book with them, which one Mr. *Braidwood* perusing, judged the method proposed might be effectual, and offered to make the experiment on Mr. *Sheriff*. He continued with Mr. *Braidwood* eight or nine years, and can now both read and write, and talk though imperfectly, uttering his words very slowly, with a soft voice, and in one continued tone. He shewed early a genius for drawing, and now paints elegantly in miniature, which produces a handsome maintenance. He has also learned several books of Euclid, and is ready at accounts, in which he makes use of some short methods of his own invention.

Mr. *Sheriff's* Father generally converses with him by writing, or making the forms of the letters of the Alphabet, with his finger upon a dry table, or even in the air; which his son apprehends so readily, that even by a few letters he understands the word intended, and by a few words the whole sentence.

Mr. *Braidwood's* success with him encouraged him to undertake the teaching of others. And he has established an Academy at Edinburgh, for deaf and dumb persons. He has several pupils, who continue under his care, from three to six years, according to their age and capacity, and as their convenience serves.

REMARKS ON the Count de BUFFON'S *Natural History*.

[Continued from page 492.]

“SOME mountains in *Switzerland* exceed the highest of the *Pyrenees* 3200 yards. Many mountains in *Asia* are higher than any in *Europe*. *Atlas* in *Africa* is at least as high as those of *Asia*.” p. 231.

Nay,

Nay, Dr. *Shaw*, who measured it, informs us, that the height of it is only six hundred yards! Does this exceed the *Pyrenees*, or mountains in *Switzerland*? It is not half the height of *Snowden hill*.

"Mountains do not furnish springs, except at their bottom." p. 232. They do: often on their sides, sometimes at the very top: especially when a higher mountain is near.

"My theory rests on four facts, 1. That the earth, to a considerable depth, consists of parallel Strata, which were once soft." I think this is highly probable. 2. "That the sea did for many ages cover the whole earth." I think this is highly improbable; though it has doubtless covered many parts of it for some time. 3. "That the tides and other motions of the waters, have produced many inequalities in the bottom of the sea." This is unquestionable. 4. "That the figure and corresponding angles of the Mountains have risen from the same cause." p. 243. Probably this is true of some Mountains, not of all.

"The surface of rivers from bank to bank is not level. When a river swells suddenly, the middle of it is higher than the sides, sometimes two or three feet. But near the mouth, the middle is lower than the sides."

This is a curious observation.

"There are often Currents of Air, directly contrary to each other, one above the other. But this never lasts long; for it's general cause is, the resistance of some large cloud, which reflects the wind in a direction contrary to it's natural course, but is soon dissipated." p. 376. A just solution of that odd phenomenon.

"In *Cerem*, an Island near *Amboyne*, it is winter in the North part, while it is Summer in the South. And the interval between these two seasons, is not above three or four leagues." p. 388.

"In *Egypt* a South Wind prevails in summer, which is so hot as to stop respiration. It prevails still more terribly
along

along the Persian Gulf, suffocating all persons who fall within its vortex." p. 389. The same blows in summer along the Red Sea.

" Whirlpools are occasioned by contrary currents of water, and Whirlwinds by contrary currents of Air." p. 397.

" *Tufa* is an imperfect substance, between stone and earth, and deriving its origin from both, by the intervention of Rain-water.

" Of the changes of land into sea, and of sea into land, I believe these changes have been very frequent. p. 482.

The sum is, 1. " The whole of what is now dry land, was once covered by the sea : 2. The tides, and other movements of the sea, perpetually detach from the Coasts and from the bottom of the sea, shells and matter of every sort. And these are deposited in other places in the form of Sediments, and give rise to the horizontal Strata there. 3. Most of the inequalities on the surface of the globe have arisen from the motions of the waters of the sea; and most mountains were formed by the successive accumulation of these sediments : 4. The currents which followed the direction of these inequalities, afterward bestowed on them their present figure, that is, their corresponding angles : 5. Most of the matter detached from the coasts, or the bottom of the sea, were deposited in the form of a fine impalpable powder." (This I doubt) " Which entirely filled the cavities of shells." 6. The horizontal Strata, which have been formed by these accumulations, which were at first soft, hardened as they dried. And the perpendicular fissures arose from their drying. 7. The surface of the earth has been disfigured by many vicissitudes, rain, frost, rivers, winds, subterraneous fires, earthquakes, inundations, whereby the sea has alternately changed places with the dry land, especially in the first ages after the Creation.

Vol. II. The Count's Theory of the Earth is wild and whimsical enough, but it is innocent. I cannot say so much for his Theory of Generation, which I take to be utterly inconsistent,

inconsistent, both with reason and scripture. To prepare the way for it, he first endeavours to confound the distinction between animals and vegetables: between which, all men but himself, know there is an essential, unalterable difference: every animal having a degree of self-motion and sensation: neither of which any vegetable has. Then he substitutes for the plain word *Generation*, a quaint word of his own, *Reproduction*, in order to level man not only with the beasts that perish, but with nettles or onions.

P. 15. vol. 2. He lays the foundation of his wonderful Theory. "The Creator (I exceedingly doubt, whether he believes there is any such being) has put no fixed limits between animals and vegetables. 2. The production of an animal requires a smaller exertion of nature than the producing a vegetable, or rather no exertion at all." Marvellous indeed! 3. "Animation or life is a property belonging to all matter." And is not thought too!

"Every Animal or Vegetable contains in every part of it a germ or embryo of the same species, which may be expanded into a whole of the same kind with that of which it is a part." (p. 16.)

This is the nature of a Polypus, but who can shew that there is any other such animal in the world? I deny that a worm is such. It is not true, That "*every part of this contains a whole.*" Shew me, who can, any animal, but a Polypus, which has "a power of multiplying by *all its parts.*" Till then the foundation of this whole Theory totters. Till then we cannot believe, that "there exists in nature an infinity of *organic, living particles*, of the same substance with organized beings." (18.) A position that directly leads to Atheism. So does his denial of any Final Causes in the world: (p. 69.) this is Atheism barefaced. For if God did not create all things for determinate ends, he did not create them at all.

All writers upon generation suppose either spermatie worms, or eggs. But both of these systems he thinks impossible. His grand objection is, "How inconceivably minute must those Animacula have been, when in the loins of the first man!" This may confound our imagination, but is no argument at all, unless he could confute that well known demonstration of Dr. Keil. That "any given particle of matter may be so extended as to fill any given space (suppose a million times larger than that occupied by the Solar System) and yet the pores of it shall not exceed any given magnitude." Would not any man of sense who has read and considered this, see the weakness of Buffon's main argument?

But, says he, "the pre-existent germs in the first man are not inanimate embryo's, included within each other, but real animals." p. 137.

Yes, according to his Hypothesis, but not according to ours. As to difficulties in accounting for the manner of Generation, they will not weigh a straw with a man of reflection. For how are we obliged to account for it at all? Let it lie among the inscrutable secrets of our Creator.

All that I learn from his experiments is, to doubt whether the supposed Seminal Animalcula are alive at all: and indeed to doubt concerning the whole tribe of microscopic Animalcula whether there be any real life in them. I rather think that "these moving bodies are not real animals, as they exist in the seminal fluids of both sexes, and in the flesh of all animals, and in the seeds of all plants." p. 212.

"It is then apparent that all parts of animals, and of vegetables are composed of *living organic particles*." 214. Not at all. It is no more apparent, that they are *living*, than that they are *rational*.

At p. 330. The Count totally denies that children are marked, in consequence of their mother's longing. Is this affectation, or ignorance? But he aims at accounting for it. "The marks

marks of fruits are always yellow, red or black." No. My own mother longed for Mulberries. In consequence of this, my eldest brother had all his life a mulberry on his neck. And both the size and colour varied just like those of a real mulberry. Every spring it was small and white; it then grew larger, exactly as real mulberries do, being greenish, then red, then a deep purple, as large and of as deep a purple, as any mulberry on the tree.

"All animals but man are totally void of reason." p. 367. You may as well say, They are totally deprived of sight. Only put the plain word *understanding*, for the equivocal word *reason*; and can you say, They are all "totally void of understanding?" No man dares affirm it.

"Smiles and tears are peculiar to the human Species." 376. No: Stags and even Oxen, shed tears. An Ox will weep much, if separated from his Yoke-fellow.

"According to Simpson's tables, above a fourth part of Children die in the first year; more than a third, in two years; and at least one half, in the first three years."

"May we be enabled to write the History of the critical period, without exciting any ideas but what are strictly philosophical: with that philosophical apathy, which annihilates every loose desire." p. 401.

And after this grave declaration, he will enlarge upon virginity, impotence, castration, infibulation, (never heard of before in England) in such a manner as a modest Heathen or Mahometan would be ashamed of!

It was at first my design, to go through the whole of the Count's works; but I dare not spend my time so idly. Altho' the Edinburgh translator has shortened it much, it is still intolerably long and tedious. And the Authors's Fancy so vastly out-runs his Judgment, that he asserts a hundred palpable falsehoods. But what shocks a serious Reader most, is his Obscenity and his Atheism. The former glares, even where one would least expect it.—In describing, for instance,

W w w 2

a Horse

a Horse and a Mule! I wonder how he missed a similar piece of natural History, relating to that noble Animal a Sow. As to his Atheism, I was for some time in doubt, as he often names God, to grace his page. But I can doubt no longer. As he openly professes and defends Materialism, and every Materialist is an Atheist; I cannot set him down for any other. But were more proof wanting, that curious sentence, Vol. iii. p. 505, is plain enough. "In most beings, there are fewer useful or necessary parts, than those which are useless or redundant. But as we wish to refer every thing to a certain end, when parts have no apparent uses, we either suppose that their uses are concealed from us, or invent relations which have no existence." He that asserts this, must totally deny a wise Creator. Consequently he must either believe that Chance created the world, or that it existed from Eternity. In either case he denies the Being of a God. I cannot therefore but place the Count de Buffon as far beneath Voltaire, Rousseau and Hume, (all of whom acknowledge the Being of a God,) in Religion as in Understanding.



L E T T E R S,

L E T T E R CCLVI.

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

Bristol, March 20, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

FROM the ground of my heart, I thank God and you, for all your tender, fatherly care of my soul and body. I take it as an instance of the love of God to me: what could he do more for me than he has done? The Lord grant I may bring forth much fruit to his glory!

The things which formerly would have made me fly from him,
now

now make me cleave to him. At present, through the tender mercy of my God, I find my soul loose from all below; and the constant cry of my heart is, "Father, thy will be done." I often examine, Whether my Affections do not start a side, to any person or thing? But to this hour, (the Lord be praised!) I can say, to no Creature do I give the Love that belongs to Christ. As that was my besetting sin, I well understand the nature of it. I watch the least occasion, and were I to find any thing like it, I should give up all pretence of being saved from sin. For if there is a grain, there is a root. And then my abode could not be long here.

I can answer the Questions you put to me, as before the throne of God. By his power, I do know how to steer between extremes, of regarding you too little or too much. As a Minister of Christ, and my Father and Master, I do reverence and love you. Yet if God should say, Do not write or converse any more; if he should shew *you* it is not right; I am this moment ready to do his will: it is my meat and drink. If I was not thus free from every creature, I could not enjoy uninterrupted communion with God. I hope my will is brought into entire subjection to Christ. I find it a great thing to be his Free-man: to be entirely disengaged from all things here below. With man this is impossible: but with God all things are possible: seeing he has all power in heaven and earth. My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that I, and all his servants, may keep ourselves from idols. May we always remember, that while we are here below, we are in an enemy's country: that our adversary the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. If we keep this always in view, and look to the Lord for help, we shall, doubtless, be more than conquerors through him who hath loved us.

When I thought I should die, I longed to be gone. But when I found I should live, I was resigned. I had no power to chuse any thing; but I was often ashamed before God, for
his

his Goodness to me: most of the time I was much tempted, which shewed me the freeness of his mercy, and my own Unworthiness.

O how do I thirst for more Holiness! I believe we shall need all the Grace that God will give, if he send his Judgements upon the Land. How thankful am I, that I am free. O Eternity, Eternity! What is any thing worth, but a single and a pure heart: which may God give you and me, and all that seek him! This is the Prayer of,

Yours, &c.

S. R.

L E T T E R CCLVII.

[From the Rev. Mr. J. Chapman, to the Rev. Mr. W.]

Staplehurst Kent, July 14, 1763.

Rev. Sir,

I Have had it on my heart to write to you: it is my prayer to God, that he may bless and keep you.

I am a Minister of the Presbyterian denomination; but my Master has enabled me to love real christians of all denominations. I know I am passed from death unto life, because I love the brethren.

I have reason to bless God for my acquaintance with the Methodists; they have been great blessings to me and my dear wife. The Lord has inclined our hearts to receive the Preachers most freely and joyfully. These words, — who loved me, and gave himself for me, often comfort me. Particularly when I receive the Preachers: so also do these, “Verily verily I say unto you, he who receiveth *whomsoever* I send, receiveth *me*, and he that receiveth *me*, receiveth *him* that sent me.” Astonishing grace! They are the messengers of the Lord: I am sure the cause is the Lord’s.

I have a particular circumstance relating to the late Dr. Doddridge, (whose memory is very dear to me, and who told

told me himself that he highly esteemed you.) Having heard of a remarkable answer of prayer, relating to his being chose Pastor at *Northampton*, I wrote to a friend concerning it, and received the following answer. "The account you desire concerning the good woman near *Northampton* is this. Several years before Dr. *Doddridge's* Predecessor died, this woman represents herself as divinely admonished, that the present minister should leave them, and soon after die; but that God would send a young man, who had not begun to preach: that he should come while they were vacant, and would be known to her by preaching the first time from these words, *By whom shall Jacob arise? For he is small.* That by this young man God would revive his work amongst them. This was about 1716. In 1729 the minister left *Northampton*, and died the year after: which brought Mr. *Doddridge* to supply the vacancy. The very first time this woman heard him, he preached from those words."

To confirm this account, take the *Doctor's own words*, as I transcribed them from his private papers." "Just about the time my removal was talked of, I came to preach occasionally at *Northampton*, and had brought over sermons with me, but my mind was in an extraordinary manner impressed with these words, *By whom shall Jacob arise? For he is small.* Accordingly I preached from two or three hints before a great congregation, neglecting others, that I had wrote out at large. The other was, a worthy man, who lived near this woman, told me there was a very pious young woman in that neighbourhood, who told him she was confident I should come amongst them, and continued in a stedfast persuasion of it against all appearance of probability."

The above you may depend on is truth. May God strengthen you for the arduous undertaking; guide you in all things, and bless you more and more!

I am Rev. Sir,

Your very affectionate, Fellow-labourer,

J. CHAPMAN.
LETTER.

L E T T E R CCLVIII.

[From T. H—ll, Esquire; to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Hawkestone, October 24, 1768.

Rev. Sir.

SINCE you did me the honour to give me an invitation to write to you, I now embrace the opportunity of sending you a few lines. If you remember, Sir, I had the pleasure of seeing you at Mrs. Glynnes at Shrewsbury, early in the morning; having travelled part of the night before, expecting to have had the satisfaction of hearing you preach. But as your time was short, I was disappointed of that pleasure. Your Christian advice, to persevere in the ways of Godliness, gave me great encouragement; and I have found, by blessed experience, what the word of God says of true religion, that her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. Blessed be God, I have two brothers and two sisters who experience the truth of what I have been saying.

I have great reason to hope that much good has been done in and about this neighbourhood of late, by the preaching of the everlasting gospel. O may the Lord grant, that all real Christians who have felt the love and peace of God, shed abroad in their hearts, by the Holy Ghost given unto them, may be blessed instruments in the Lord's hands, of turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

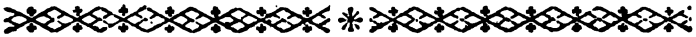
When I saw you at Shrewsbury, I asked you whether we could hope to see you in this neighbourhood? for many of our people would be glad to hear you at our Society-Room. If you think of coming to Shrewsbury next spring, I hope you will favour us with your good company, and take our Society in your way. If you will come amongst us I do assure you, Sir, you will meet with a most hearty reception. And if you can conveniently, let me know the time of your coming

coming, and I will take care to provide for your reception. I hope, Sir, you will not refuse us this favour. If you cannot come yourself, beg of your good Brother, if he comes into these parts with you, to come in your stead. I wish we could have the pleasure of seeing you both. But if we cannot, at least let us have the satisfaction of seeing one of you. Pardon Sir, the liberty I have taken, and when you favour me with a letter, please to let me know if we are to have the pleasure of seeing you. Meanwhile I remain sincerely,

Dear Sir,

Your humble Servant,

T. H—ll.



P O E T R Y.

THOUGHTS on PREDESTINATION and REPROBATION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART II.

PAGAN— said I— I must retract the word,
 For the poor Pagans were not so absurd;
 Their *Jupiter*, of gods and men the king,
 Whenever he ordain'd a hurtful thing,
 Did it because he was oblig'd to look,
 And act as *Fate* had bid him, in a book:
 For gods and goddesses were subject, then,
 To dire *necessity*, as well as men;
 Compell'd to crush a Hero, or a Town,
 As *Destiny* had set the matter down.

But in your scheme, tis *God* that orders ill,
 With sov'reign power, and with resistless will;
 He in whose blessed Name is understood
 The one eternal will to every good,

Is represented, though untied by fate,
 With a decree of damning, to create.
 Such as you term the *Vessels* of his *wrath*,
 To *shew his power*, according to your faith:
 Just as if God, like some tyrannic man,
 Would plague the world, to shew them that he can
 While others, (they for instance of your sect)
 Are *mercy's Vessels*, precious and elect;
 Who think, God help them! to secure their bliss,
 By such a partial, fond conceit as this.

Talk not to me of *Popery* and of *Rome*,
 Nor yet foretel its *Babylonish* doom;
 Nor canonize *reforming* saints of old,
 Because *they* held the doctrine that *you* hold;
 For if they did, although of *Saint-like* stem,
 In this plain point we must *reform* from them:
 While freed from *Rome* we are not tied I hope,
 To what is wrong in a *Geneva* Pope;
 Nor what is right, should surname supersede,
 Of *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Bellarmino*, or *Bede*.
Rome has been guilty of excess, 'tis true,
 And so have some of the reformers too;
 If in their zeal against the *Roman* seat,
 Plucking up tares, they pluck'd up also wheat;
 Must we to children, for what they have said,
 Give this *Predestination* stone for bread?
 Sir, it is worse, this your *Predestination*,
 Ten thousand times than *transubstantiation*:
 Hard is the point, that *Papists* have compil'd,
 With sense and reason to be reconcil'd;
 But yet it leaves to our conception, still,
 Goodness in God, and holiness of Will;
 A just, impartial Government of all;
 A saving love; a correspondent call

For

For ev'ry man, and, in the fittest hour,
 For him to hear, all offer'd grace and power;
 Which he may want, and have, if he will crave
 From him, who willeth nothing but to save.

To Mr. — On reading his Verses on the Charitable Man:

[By Miss Th—.]

FAIR Charity attunes thy lyre,
 A theme that aptly may inspire
 The gentle and humane:
 Her charms the muses oft have sung,
 And tributary honours hung
 Upon her golden fane.

But should we charity define
 Only in splendid alms to shine?
 Say, is a part the whole?
 True charity is heavenly love,
 An Ardor coming from above,
 That renovates the soul.

From hence as from their genuine source,
 The virtues run their even course:
 And hence in tender guise,
 Benevolence with generous glow,
 Hastens to soothe the widows woe,
 And wipe the orphans eyes.

Alms-giving is approv'd of God,
 Obtaining the divine applaud:
 But does the Poet mean
 It can a *real merit* claim?
 No! — Let the meritorious name
 Of Jesus intervene.

X x x

Let

Let it not take the Saviour's place :
He purchaséd heavén, and evéry grace,
 That makes us meet for heavén ;
He fills the breast with Charity,
 Then with a grace divinely free
 Rewards what he has givén.

The SHEPHERD and the KID.

FREED from stern winter's icy chain,
 The Zephyrs wanton o'er the plain,
 Attended by the flowery spring:
 The groves with thrilling concerts ring,
 Tender the grass, the sky serene,
 The whitening flocks spread o'er the green,
 Nature revives; the gladfome day
 Invites a wanton Kid to stray ;
 Around the distant meads and groves,
 Far from the flock, she thoughtless roves.

The Shepherd soon th' elopement knew,
 Starts forth the straggler to pursue:
 Fatiguéd at length the angry swain
 Brings back the fugitive again.
 Enragéd he throws her on the ground,
 With many a stripe, and many a wound ;
 'Till the sad victim of his ire
 Stretched at his feet he sees expire.
 He stops—his heart with anguish bleeds ;
 Repentance to his rage succeeds.
 Good Gods ! the frantic Shepherd cries,
 What have I done ?—poor Kid ! she dies.
 Ah ! wretch, too late thy loss deplore ;
 Remorse is vain ; thy Kid's no more.

Learn

Learn hence those transports to suppress,
 That spring from anger's dire excess :
 The rising gusts in time control,
 That raise a tempest in the soul ;
 Or soon you'll mourn your want of care,
 Stung with remorse and black despair.

 S H O R T H Y M N S.

James iii. 1. *From whence come wars and fightings among
 you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts?*

HORRIBLE lust of fame and power,
 How long shall it o'er kings prevail ;
 Who bid the sword their kind devour,
 Lay waste the earth, and people hell,
 And madly for themselves prepare
 The highest thrones of torment there !

Father, from every bosom chase
 The demon of ambitious pride ;
 In pity to our slaughterèd race,
 For whom thy only Son hath dièd,
 The Saviour-prince, the peace of man,
 Send him in all our hearts to reign.

The kingdom of his grace alone
 Can make our wars and fightings cease,
 Unite our jarring wills in one
 Perpetual bond of perfectness,
 As rivals of that host above,
 Where all his harmony and love.

An Extract

An Extract from the MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,
Held at LONDON, in AUGUST 1782.

Between the Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY, and Others.

Question 1. **W**HAT Preachers are admitted this Year?

Answer. J. Ray, J. Ingham, Tho. Tattershall, G. Brown, A. Blair, J. Livermore, W. Myles, H. Moore, T. Barber, S. Mitchell, H. Foster, Tho. Davis, R. Bridge.

Q. 2. Who remain on Trial?

A. A. Suter, J. Cole, J. Cricket, T. Ellis, T. Cooper, C. Atmore, R. Hopkins, P. Hardcastle, G. Dice, H. Moore, J. Jordan, C. Peacock, W. West, W. M'Cornock, J. Miller, J. Algar.

Q. 3. Who are admitted on Trial?

A. R. Scot, W. Hoskins, E. Rippon, J. Barber, J. Christie, Tho. Bartholomew, J. Glascock, S. Botts, Geo. Halder, J. Bogie, J. Ogylic, J. Carr, G. Armstrong, Tho. Wride, R. Empringham.

Q. 4. Who desist from Travelling?

A. J. Skinner, F. Wolf, J. Floyd, R. Hayward, S. Proctor and J. Walker.

Q. 5. What Preachers have died this Year?

A. *John Norris*, a Lover and a Witness of Christian Perfection, who died, as he lived, full of Faith and of the Holy Ghost: and *John Morgan*, a plain, rough man, who after various Trials, and a long, painful Illness, joyfully committed his soul, his Wife, and eight little Children, to his merciful and faithful Creator.

Q. 6. Are there any objections to any of our Preachers?

A. Let them be examined one by one.

Q. 7. How are the Preachers stationed this Year?

A. As follows:

1 London. J. Wesley, C. Wesley, T. Coke, J. Murlin,
T. Lee, J. Broadbent, J. Prickard, J. Atlay.

2 *Sussex.*

- 2 *Suffex.* J. Wood, W. Horner.
 3 *Kent.* Wm. Ashman, J. Glascock.
 4 *Colchester.* G. Gibbon, R. Hopkins.
 5 *Norwich.* James Hindmarsh, T. Cooper, J. Kighley,
 R. Scot.
 6 *Lynn.* R. Whatcoat, J. Ingham.
 7 *Bedford.* J. Harper, R. Empringham.
 8 *Northampton.* J. Pescod, J. Walker.
 9 *Oxfordshire.* R. Rodda, J. Cole.
 10 *Gloucester.* G. Story, John Brettel, J. Cosins.
 11 *Sarum.* J. Mason, Wm. Moore, Wm. Hoskins,
 N. Ward.
 12 *Bradford.* F. Wrigley, J. Pool, E. Rippon, J. Algar.
 13 *Bristol.* T. Ranken, C. Boone, T. Payne.
 14 *Taunton.* C. Watkins, W. Church, J. Furz, Sup.
 15 *Tiverton.* J. Moon, J. Acutt.
 16 *Cornwall East.* Wm. Green, T. Shaw, Geo. Wadsworth,
 A. Suter.
 17——— *West.* J. Taylor, J. Hall, W. Saunders, S. Day.
 18 *Glamorgan.* J. Wittam, H. Robins.
 19 *Pembroke.* T. Tennant, S. Hodgson, R. Seed, Sup.
 20 *Brecon.* J. Leech, J. Perfect.
 21 *Birmingham.* J. Easton, T. Hanby, S. Randal.
 22 *Macclesfield.* Ja. Rogers, C. Peacock, Wm. Myles, Wm.
 Simpson.
 23 *Manchester.* J. Allen, Jer. Brettel, Jon. Hern.
 24 *Chester.* J. Fenwick, J. Goodwin, J. Oliver.
 25 *Liverpool.* P. Greenwood, R. Costerdine, G. Button.
 26 *Leicestershire.* J. Bradford, T. Warwick, J. Robertshaw.
 27 *Nottingham.* Geo. Snowden, J. Pillmoor.
 28 *Derby.* J. Hampson, Junior, T. Longley.
 29 *Sheffield.* T. Taylor, Wm. Percival, J. Booth.
 30 *Grimby.* T. Carlill, J. Ray, S. Botts, T. Wride.
 31 *Gainborough.* T. Corbet, J. Barry, T. Bartholomew.
 32 *Epworth.* G. Shadford, B. Thomas, J. Beanland.

- 33 *Leeds.* A. Mather, R. Roberts, J. Shaw.
 34 *Birstal.* J. Valton, C. Hopper, T. Brisco.
 35 *Huddersfield.* J. Hampson, Senior, P. Hardcastle.
 36 *Bradforth.* S. Bradburn, T. Mitchell, J. Benson.
 37 *Kighley.* I. Brown, W. Hunter.
 38 *Coln.* T. Hanson, T. Johnson, D. Evans.
 39 *Whitehaven.* W. Boothby, J. Watson.
 40 *Isle of Man.* J. Robinson, J. Brown, T. Tattershall.
 41 *York.* J. Pawson, W. Thompson, T. Readshaw.
 42 *Hull.* J. Thompson, N. Manners, E. Jackson.
 43 *Scarborough.* W. Dufton, L. Harrison, C. Atmore.
 44 *Thirsk.* B. Rhodes, M. Moorhouse, W. Thom.
 45 *Yarm.* W. Collins, W. Eells, G. Halder.
 46 *Dales.* J. Peacock, R. Swan, T. Vasey.
 47 *Sunderland.* D. Wright, T. Dixon.
 48 *Newcastle.* D. M'Allum, A. M'Nab, Tho. Ellis, John
Pritchard.
 49 *Edinburgh.* J. Sanderson, S. Bardley, James Bogie.
 50 *Dundee.* P. Mill, J. Ogylvie.
 51 *Aberdeen.* A. Inglis, H. Moore, W. Warrener.
 52 *Dublin.* T. Rutherford, A. Blair.
 53 *Waterford.* N. Price, T. Davis.
 54 *Cork.* Z. Yewdal, R. Boardman.
 55 *Limerick.* R. Watkinson, R. Blake.
 56 *Castlebar.* J. Price, G. Mowat.
 57 *Athlone.* D. Jackson, G. Armstrong.
 58 *Sligo.* G. Brown, R. Armstrong.
 59 *Ballyconnell.* S. Mitchell, R. Davis, J. Christie.
 60 *Clones.* J. Watson, Senior, G. Dice, J. Mealy.
 61 *Inniskillen.* R. Naylor, W. West.
 62 *Charlemount.* T. Barber, J. Livermore, J. Carr.
 63 *Lisleen.* R. Lindsay, J. Miller, J. M'Cornock.
 64 *Londonderry.* H. Moore, J. Cricket.
 65 *Belfast.* H. Foster, R. Bridge.
 66 *Lisburn.* J. Crook, J. Jordan.



9. *Whom he called, those he justified.* This is the fourth step. It is generally allowed, that the word *justified* here is taken in a peculiar sense; that it means, he made them just or righteous. He executed his decree, *conforming them to the image of his Son*, or (as we usually speak) *sanctified them*.

10. It remains, *whom he justified, those he glorified.* This is the last step. Having made them *meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light*, he gives them *the kingdom which was prepared for them before the world began*. This is the order wherein, *according to the counsel of his will* [the plan he has laid down from eternity] he saves those whom he foreknew, the true believers in every place and generation.

11. The same great work of salvation by Faith, according to the foreknowledge and decree of God, may appear in a still clearer light, if we view it backward, from the end to the beginning. Suppose then you stood with the *great multitude which no man can number, out of every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people, who give praise unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever*: you would not find one, among all that were received into glory, who was not a witness of that great truth, *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord*: not one of all that innumerable company, who was not *sanctified*, before he was *glorified*. By holiness he was prepared for glory, according to the invariable will of the Lord, that the crown purchased by the blood of his Son, should be given to none but those who are renewed by his Spirit. He is become *the Author of eternal salvation only to them that obey him*: that obey him inwardly and outwardly; that are holy in heart, and holy in all manner of conversation.

12. And could you take a view of all those upon earth, who are now *sanctified*, you would find, not one of these had been sanctified, till after he was *called*. He was first called, not only with an outward call, by the word and the messengers of
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of God, but likewise with an inward call, by his Spirit applying his word, enabling him to believe in the only-begotten Son of God, and bearing testimony with his spirit, that he was a child of God. And it was by this very means they were all sanctified. It was by a sense of the love of God, shed abroad in his heart, that every one of them was enabled to love God. Loving God, he loved his neighbour as himself, and had power to walk in all his commandments blameless. This is a rule which admits of no exception. God *calls* a sinner his own, that is, justifies him, before he sanctifies. And by this very thing, the consciousness of his favour, he works in him that grateful, filial affection, from which spring every good temper, and word, and work.

13. And who are they that are thus *called* of God, but those whom he had before *predestinated*, or decreed to *conform to the image of his Son*? This decree (still speaking after the manner of men) precedes every man's calling. Every believer was predestinated, before he was called. For God calls none, but *according to the counsel of his will*, according to this *πρόθεσις*, or plan of acting, which he had laid down before the foundation of the world.

14. Once more. All that are called were predestinated, so all whom God has predestinated he *foreknew*. He knew, he saw them as believers, and as such predestinated them to salvation, according to his eternal decree, *He that believeth shall be saved*. Thus we see the whole process of the work of God, from the beginning to the end. Who are glorified? None but those who were first sanctified. Who are sanctified? None but those who were first justified. Who are justified? None but those who were first predestinated. Who are predestinated? None but those whom God foreknew as believers. Thus the purpose and word of God stand unshaken as the pillars of heaven, *He that believeth shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned*. And thus God is clear from the blood of all men; since whoever perishes, perishes by his own act and deed. *They will not come unto me*, says the

Saviour of men: and *there is no salvation in any other*. They *will not believe*; and there is no other way either to present or eternal salvation. Therefore their blood is upon their own head: and God is still *justified in his saying*, That he *willeth all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of his truth*.

15. The sum of all is this. The Almighty, all-wise God, sees and knows from everlasting to everlasting, all that is, that was, and that is to come, through one eternal now. With him nothing is either past or future, but all things equally present. He has therefore, if we speak according to the truth of things, no foreknowledge, no after-knowledge. This would be ill-consistent with the Apostle's words, *With him is no variableness or shadow of turning*: or with the account he gives of himself by the Prophet, *I the Lord change not*. Yet when he speaks to us, knowing whereof we are made, knowing the scantiness of our understanding, he lets himself down to our capacity, and speaks of himself after the manner of men. Thus in condescension to our weakness, he speaks of his own *purpose, counsel, plan, fore-knowledge*. Not that God has any need of *counsel, of purpose, or of planning* his work before-hand. Far be it from us, to impute these to the Most High; to measure him by ourselves! It is merely in compassion to us, that he speaks thus of himself, as *fore-knowing* the things in heaven or earth, and as *predestinating or fore-ordaining* them. But can we possibly imagine, that these expressions are to be taken literally? To one who was so gross in his conceptions, might he not say, *Thinkest thou that I am such a one as thyself?* Not so. *As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than thy ways*. I know, decree, work, in such a manner, as it is not possible for thee to conceive. But to give thee some faint, glimmering knowledge of my ways, I use the language of men, and suit myself to thy apprehensions, in this thy infant state of existence.

16. What is it then that we learn from this whole account? It is this and no more. 1. God knows all believers. 2. Wills that

that they should be saved from sin. 3. To that end justifies them. 4. Sanctifies: and 5. Takes them to glory.

O that men would praise the Lord for this his goodness! and that they would be content with this plain account of it, and not endeavour to wade into those mysteries, which are too deep for them to fathom!

Armagh, June 5, 1773.

S E R M O N XII.

On MARK ix. 48.

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

1. **E**VERY truth which is revealed in the Oracles of God, is undoubtedly of great importance. Yet it may be allowed, that some of those which are revealed therein, are of greater importance than others; as being more immediately conducive to the grand end of all, the eternal Salvation of men. And we may judge of their importance, even from this circumstance, that they are not mentioned once only in the sacred Writings, but are repeated over and over. A remarkable instance of this we have, with regard to the awful truth which is now before us. Our blessed Lord, who uses no superfluous words, who makes no *vain repetitions*, repeats it over and over in the same chapter, and as it were in the same breath. So verse 43, 44, *If thy hand offend thee, if a thing or person as useful as a hand, be an occasion of sin, and there is no other way to shun that sin, cut it off. It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell: into unquenchable fire, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.* So again, verse 45, 46, *If thy foot offend thee cut it off. It is better for thee to enter*
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halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell: into unquenchable fire, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. And yet again, ver. 47, 48, If thine eye, a person or thing as dear as thine eye offend thee, hinder thy running the race which is set before thee, pluck it out; it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

2. And let it not be thought, that the consideration of these terrible truths, is proper only for enormous sinners. How is this supposition consistent with what our Lord speaks to those who were then doubtless the holiest men upon earth? Luke xii. 1. 4, *When innumerable multitudes were gathered together, he said to his disciples, (the Apostles) first of all I say unto you, my friends, fear not them that can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do: but I say unto you, fear him, who after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell: yea, I say unto you, fear him! Yea, fear him under this very notion, of having power to cast into hell: that is, in effect, fear lest he should cast you into the place of torment. And this very fear, even in the children of God, is one excellent means of preserving them from it.*

3. It behoves therefore not only the outcasts of men, but even *you his friends*, you that fear and love God, deeply to consider what is revealed in the Oracles of God, concerning the future state of punishment. How widely distant is this from the most elaborate accounts which are given by the Heathen Authors? Their accounts are (in many particulars at least) childish, fanciful and self-inconsistent. So that it is no wonder, they did not believe themselves, but only related the tales of the vulgar. So *Virgil* strongly intimates, when after the laboured account he had given of the shades beneath, he sends him that had related it out of the Ivory gate, through which (as he tells us) only *dreams* pass: thereby giving us to know

know, that all the preceding account is no more than a dream. This he only insinuates; but his brother Poet, *Juvenal*, speaks out, flat and plain.

*Esse aliquos manes, & subterranea regna,
Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur.*

Even our children do not believe a word of the tales concerning another world.

4. Here on the contrary, all is worthy of God the Creator, the Governor of Mankind. All is awful and solemn; suitable to his wisdom and justice, by whom *Tophet* was ordained of old: although originally prepared, not for the children of men, but for the devil and his angels.

The Punishment of those who in spite of all the warnings of God, resolve to have their portion with the devil and his angels, will according to the antient, and not improper division, be either *Pæna damni*, what they lose, or *Pæna sensûs*, what they feel. After considering these separately, I shall touch on a few additional circumstances, and conclude with two or three Inferences.

I. 1. And first, let us consider the *Pæna damni*, the Punishment of loss. This commences in that very moment, wherein the soul is separated from the body: in that instant the soul loses all those pleasures, the enjoyment of which depends on the outward senses. The Smell, the Taste, the Touch delight no more: the Organs that ministered to them are spoiled, and the objects that used to gratify them, are removed far away. In the dreary regions of the dead, all these things are forgotten: or if remembered, are only remembered with pain, seeing they are gone for ever. All the pleasures of the imagination are at an end. There is no Grandeur in the infernal region; there

there is nothing Beautiful in those dark abodes: no light, but that of livid flames. And nothing New, but one unvaried Scene of horror upon horror. There is no Music but that of groans and shrieks, of weeping, wailing and gnawing of teeth; of curses and blasphemies against God, or cutting reproaches of one another. Nor is there any thing to gratify the sense of Honour: no; they are the heirs of shame and everlasting contempt.

2. Thus are they totally separated from all the *things* they were fond of in the present world. At the same instant will commence another class; that of all the *Persons* whom they loved. They are torn away from their nearest and dearest Relations, their Wives, Husbands, Parents, Children, and (what to some will be worse than all this) the friend which was as their own soul. All the pleasures they ever enjoyed in these is lost, gone, vanished away. For there is no friendship in Hell. Even the Poet who affirms (though I know not on what authority)

“ Devil with devil damnéd
Firm concord holds:”

Does not affirm that there is any Concord among the human fiends, that inhabit the great Abyss.

3. But they will then be sensible of a greater loss, than that of all they enjoyed on earth. They have lost their place in Abraham's bosom, in the Paradise of God. Hitherto indeed it hath not entered into their hearts to conceive, what holy souls enjoy in the garden of God, in the Society of Angels, and of the wisest and best men, that have lived from the beginning of the world: (not to mention, the immense increase of knowledge, which they will then undoubtedly receive.) But they will then fully understand the value of what they have vilely cast away.

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4. But as happy as the Souls in Paradise are, they are preparing for far greater happiness. For Paradise is only the Porch of Heaven; and it is there the spirits of Just men are made perfect. It is in Heaven only that there is the fulness of joy, the pleasures that are at God's right-hand for evermore. The loss of this, by those unhappy spirits, will be the completion of their misery. They will then know and feel, that God alone is the Centre of all created Spirits: and consequently that a Spirit made for God, can have no rest out of him. It seems that the Apostle had this in view, when he spoke of those, *who shall be punished with everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord.* Banishment from the presence of the Lord, is the very essence of destruction to a spirit that was made for God. And if that banishment lasts for ever, it is *everlasting destruction.*

Such is the loss sustained by those miserable creatures, on whom that awful sentence will be pronounced, *Depart from me, ye cursed!* What an unspeakable curse, if there were no other! But alas! This is far from being the whole: for to the Punishment of *Loss* will be added, the Punishment of *Sense.* What they lose, implies unspeakable misery, which yet is inferior to what they feel. This it is, which our Lord expresses in those emphatical words, *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*

[To be concluded in our next.]

Some Account of Mr. JOHN FURZ, aged 65.

[Continued from page 519.]

17. **T**HIS same Gentleman, in whose house I began to speak of the things of God, procured a licence for his house, that none might molest me. I likewise preached in my own house, to all that came and heard me. Their

number continually increased: many were convinced of their evil ways. And about fourteen converted to God, who met with me daily, to spend some time in prayer. We loved as brethren, being partakers together of the same grace of God. And we began to suffer reproach together, to shew us that *the servant is not above his Lord*. Mr. Conway, the Vicar, sent his footman to me with this message: "My Master bids me tell you, You have a soft place in your head." I said, "Be pleased to tell your Master, the sheep when diseased do not run after the Shepherd, but the Shepherd after the sheep. Your Master passes by my door almost every day. I wish he would call in, and search about my head: and find out what my disorder is, and prescribe a remedy." About two hours after, I saw him coming. I opened the door and waited for him. But when he saw me, he drew farther off, and shook his cane at me, and passed by. He went straight to the Earl of *Pembroke's* (the old Earl) and told him, "There is a young fellow in the town, who under a pretence of preaching, makes three riots every week, and disturbs all the inhabitants of the town, from one end to the other." The Earl said, "I will send for the young man and talk with him myself."

18. But instead of sending for me, he sent for the Mayor, with whom he used to converse frequently. He had heard me preach himself. Afterwards I learned, what passed between the Earl and him. "The old Priest has been here," said the Earl, but I know not what he would have. He was at first a dissenting Minister. But he came to me and said, His conscience constrained him to conform to the Church, and begged I would assist him to procure ordination. Then he begged me to give him a benefice which was vacant: I did so. He came again within the twelvemonth, complaining he could not live on it. I gave him a second of two hundred a year. Still he followed me with the same complaint, till I gave him a third: and now he comes to me with a complaint, about some young man that preaches. Pray, do you know
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the man? He said, "My Lord, perfectly well: he lives but three doors from me." His Lordship said, "I said at first, I would send for the man: but I have thought otherwise. Take Lord *Herbert* and your Son, who has taken his degrees at *Oxford*, and all the Aldermen with you: and you will judge whether it is the Preacher who makes the riot, or they that come to disturb him. Afterwards come all of you to dinner with me, and give me your cool judgment."

19. I knew nothing of their coming, till they came; but according to my day, so was my strength. The people seeing the Mayor coming from his own house, attended by Lord *Herbert* and the Aldermen, called one upon another, saying, "My Lord, and the Mayor, and Aldermen, are gone to pull down the Preaching-house." The rabble ran from all quarters, to lend a helping hand. I was praying, when they poured in upon us like a flood. They pushed down some that were on their knees, and trampled on them. Lord *Herbert* rose from his seat and said, "I desire you will let me hear quietly." But instead of regarding it, some of the mob gave him a very impertinent answer. The Mayor then rose up, and with a loud voice, commanded the King's peace. I then said, "My Lord, and Gentlemen, I and those that meet with me are Members of the established Church. We meet together every Sunday, before and after Divine Service, to make prayer and supplication, with and for one another. And I read a portion of Scripture and explain it as God enables me." I paused. His Lordship bowed his head, and I went on, "I will preach now, as well as I can in this confused noise." I then read, *I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached by me, was not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.* When I had ended, high and low went away, and I and my friends were left alone.

20. When the Mayor and his Brethren came to the Earl's (I was informed in the evening,) he asked, If they had

been at the preaching? The Mayor said, "Yes, my Lord." And what have you to say concerning the man that preaches? The Mayor replied, "My Lord, I have known him from a child: he has lived an exemplary life from the beginning." The Earl said, Now that we know the truth of the case, we know how to proceed. If I was Mayor of the town, the next time that young man preaches, I would go and read the Riot Act." The Mayor promised he would: and the next time I preached, he came with the Riot Act in his hand. The Mob gathering together, he bade them come near, and then read the Act. They quickly shrunk back: but one of them cursed the Mayor, and said, he was a Methodist too. He looked upon me and said, "*John*, you see, I have got a bad Character too." I said, "I wish it was true." He said, "So do I: it would be better for me." From this time we had peace.

21. This method not succeeding to his wish, the Vicar thought good to try another. He procured the Rev. Mr. *Harles*, to preach before his Lordship. And he did preach as extraordinary a Sermon, as ever was heard at *Wilton*. His text was, *Take heed brethren, lest there should be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God*; "that is, said he, from the Church. For there is sprung up among us a new Religion, called Methodism: it is like the plague. They that have it, infect whole families. Now in such a case, if one were to come and warn you, to shut your door, and keep out the man and his distemper, would not you be thankful? I am now come to do you this kind office. I will describe the persons in three particulars. In the first place, they look just like toads, that are crept out from under a faggot-pile. In the second place, they pretend to be led by the Spirit; and when they "are under his guidance" as they call it, they look like toads that are crept out of a dung-heap, and croak just like them. In the third place, they look just like toads, that are dragged from land's end to land's end
under

under a harrow." I was curious to observe, what notice his Lordship took of the Preacher, who stood bowing at his side, as he went out of Church. He passed by him without making the least motion, or taking any notice of him at all.

22. After he was got home, he sent a footman to tell the Preacher, "If you please, you may come and dine with his Lordship." When he came, and was sat down, the Earl asked his name? He answered, "My name is *Joseph Horler*." His Lordship then asked, "Mr. *Horler*, what have you been doing?" He answered, "Preaching, my Lord." "What have you been preaching?" "The Gospel, my Lord." "I deny that Mr. *Horler*; you have been preaching against the Government." He said, "I ask your Lordship's pardon: I do not know that I have." "Nay, said his Lordship, have not the King, Lords, and Commons, all agreed that every Englishman shall worship God according to his own conscience? And are there not licences granted for this very purpose? But pray who are those toads who creep out of the dung-heap? I hope they are not your neighbours! Let me hear of it, Sir, no more. I will hear no more of it. I will send a note immediately to the Vicar, to let me know, when I am in the country, any day that you are to preach. And I will be sure not to be at church that day."

23 Some time after, that honest man, *John Haim*, called upon me, and preached at my house. Here our acquaintance and mutual love began, which has continued to this day; he gave me an invitation to come to *Shaftsbury*. I often went, and found much life and love among the people. I was afterwards invited to *Wincaunton*; *Robert Brockway* informing me, that the Dissenting Minister was a pious man, and had promised me the use of his pulpit. And notice was given on the Market-day, that a Methodist was to preach there on Sunday. But when *Robert Brockway* reminded the Minister of his promise, he said, "My Congregation is not willing." I asked, "Is there any among you that has courage

rage to go through the town, and tell the people, there will be preaching on the Common? One answered, "I will for once." When we were there, a man brought me a table to stand on. Some of my friends from *Shaftsbury* were with me. After singing a hymn, and spending a little time in prayer, I gave out those words, *Seeing that all these things shall be dissolved; what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?* The people were as still as night, and gave good heed to what was spoken, till the Minister of *Brewham*, with an Attorney, and Mr. Ring, the Town-Clerk, came to the outside of the congregation. Some then cried out, "Make way, make way!" But the people stood closer and closer together, till I desired them to open to the right and left, and let the Gentlemen come forward. Mr. Ring then read the Riot Act. I said, "Sir, was there any appearance of a Riot here, till you came?" He looked me in the face, and said with the utmost vehemence, "*Thou Rascal!*" Then the blood spouted out in a stream from both his nostrils. He dropt to the earth, crying aloud, "They will say this is a judgment." (No wonder if they did.) All possible means were used to stop the bleeding; but in vain. From that time he was lunatic. He was carried to *Bath*, and died soon after. In about a fortnight (I was informed) the Minister of *Brewham* died also.

24. Some time after this, one of Mr. *Whitefield's* Preachers preached in the street at *Wincaunton*. While he was preaching, a Carrier came with a string of pack-horses. The fore-horse had a strap of Bells about his neck. The Carrier took them off, and put them about his own neck. He then ran in among the people, jumping and dancing with all his might. While he was thus employed, the horse he took the bells from, dropped down. They went to him, but he was stone dead. So God, in Judgment mixed with Mercy, took the horse, but spared the man!

25. Some

25. Some years before I was a travelling Preacher, I was invited to preach on *Salisbury Plain*, near the New Inn. It being on a Sunday, a very great company was gathered together, from the neighbouring villages on both sides the Plain. Here I was met by *John Haim*, with a few of our friends from *Shaftsbury*. As soon as I began to preach, a man came strait forward, and presented a gun at my face; swearing that he would blow my brains out, if I spake another word. However I continued speaking, and he continued swearing; sometimes putting the muzzle of the gun to my mouth, sometimes against my ear. While we were singing the last hymn, he got behind me, fired the gun and burnt off part of my hair. But he did not loose his labour, for he was so soundly beat, that he kept his bed for several weeks.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Extract from the JOURNAL of Mr. G— C—.

[*Continued from page 524.*]

FRIDAY, Oct. 19. Satan seemed to have more power given him: but although I shuddered before I went to bed, yet when I lay down, the Lord took me under his protection, so that all fear was now removed. When I felt the approaching of the Enemy, I lay still, and gave myself up to the Lord in Prayer and Praise. Several times he threw my under-jaw with such violence against the upper, as though he would have struck out all my teeth. He caused a wind to pass under me from head to foot; and sometimes raised me up, bed and all. At other times, I felt myself affected, just as if I was falling down a precipice. Once he lifted my head off the pillow. He pinched me several times, and violently prest my lips

lips together. But having no fear, I rose up in the bed, and said, "I am hereby more confirmed than ever in the truths of the Gospel." Being enraged at this, he went away, hissing like a serpent.

December 20. As I stood at noon for employment, a cart drove close to me down the hill. Another coming up, pulled against it and forced the wheel directly against my breast. I was so prest between the wheel and the wall, that I could in no wise get clear. At the instant the horses stopped, so that I received no hurt, but the loss of a little skin off my hand. All the time I felt peace, composure of mind, and full resignation to the will of God.

Sunday, March 10, 1734. The Gentleman sent for me, for whom I carried the Letter, which gave me so much pain, I positively refused; yet afterwards found some fear of losing my employment. By the grace of God I am kept from outward sin: yet it is astonishing how it should be, considering the strength of inbred sin, and the little communion I have with God. Only at sometimes he is pleased to visit me, and to refresh my weary soul.

Sunday, April 26. I was constrained to give myself up to God in a more solemn manner than ever I had done before. It seemed as though I was encompassed with the heavenly host, as witnesses to the engagement.

Sunday, Sept. 8. The fore part of the week, I was oppressed with the evil of my nature. I wondered how I was saved, feeling myself altogether incapable of resisting the evil. On Thursday night I was greatly comforted by the Spirit of faith and prayer. This day the Lord gave me much love, and a strong desire for the salvation of those that meet in my Class; to some of whom I was obliged to speak sharply.

October 10. My soul suffered greatly through evil desire, toward one that lodged in the house. At first I felt with it much of the love of God: yet as she had not even the form
of

of godliness, I could not think she was ever designed for my wife. So I totally rejected the thought. Yet yesterday the desire returned stronger than ever. But the Lord enabled me to conquer.

October 24. Surely God never undertook to save so vile a wretch as me! It is with the greatest difficulty I lift up my mind to him, and I cannot describe the pain I feel by impatience. He is merciful and restrained my spirit, or else this day I should have cursed him to his face. O that my heart were broken. O that I could leave my heart with him, who alone is able to bring a clean thing out of an unclean!

November 14. Some hours of consolation the Lord mercifully afforded me; but they are gone as a dream, and my soul only knows bitterness and pain. I know not that I desire any thing but Christ. Yet my thoughts are almost continually hurried away; and sometimes with so violent a force, as I am not able to resist. I have the witness of the Spirit that he is mine, and I am his. But at these times I find it hard to keep it.

Sunday, Dec. 29. On Monday I felt and deplored a deep sense of inbred sin. On Tuesday I was surprised into an unguarded word, little less than an oath. I was quickly sensible of it, and my spirit was weighed down with a sense of my wretchedness. Wednesday the Lord was very gracious, giving me true repentance for my last, and every other sin. I could now praise him for his late dealings with me, finding it needful to be thus acquainted with myself.

January 30, 1755. Still the Lord takes my part against the world; else its frowns or flatteries would prevail over me. I had not long been in bed last night, when something pulled one of my feet, and at the same time I heard a hoarse voice. Never did I feel such a weight on my body and spirit. This continued but a little time: but the assaults of the Enemy continued more than an hour. I heard that voice twice after, which made me tremble; but the Lord kept me from fear.

May 18. Although my spirit is sometimes greatly sunk under a sense of my evil nature, yet the Lord gives me a constant testimony, that I walk before him in the integrity of my heart. He also lets me see, that it is his work to discover the mystery of iniquity, that I may feel the necessity of being renewed in the spirit of my mind, and of bearing the image of the heavenly Adam, as I have so largely borne the image of the earthly.

May 24. Still I cannot wholly trust the Lord, and rest my soul on his word for sanctification. Sometimes I can; but when my evil nature appears again, unbelief again takes place.

June 14. For some days, I have at times felt my evil nature so violent, as to weaken both soul and body. I am also grievously tried with evil reasonings. Yet my soul frequently triumphs in Christ, and with joy pronounces the word salvation, feeling the power of it in my heart.

July 7. This day was observed as a day of Thanksgiving, chiefly for National Mercies; for giving us success in the War, and above all, for his spiritual Blessings bestowed on these Kingdoms. My heart greatly rejoiced in the Lord, and my spirit bowed before him, in humble acknowledgment of his love to me, and to all who receive the truth in the love thereof.

September 7. I am in general very sensible of the presence of God, and afraid to sin against him. I am much in prayer, and indeed cannot live without it: it is my only refuge, I am so tempted, that I should assuredly fall, were I not continually to make my request known to God. My heart is grieved for having so long served sin, which I want to be still more penitent for. Not that I feel any guilt: that is washed away. Yet, O, I am not holy!

January 11, 1756. My soul does greatly rejoice in the knowledge and love of God. I praise him for the continuance of his goodness, in saving me from the guilt and power

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of sin: also for my deadness to the world, and the means he hath taken to effect it, namely the reproach, scorn, and contempt which I have suffered, for adhering to Him and his people!

February 22. How graciously doth the Lord deal with his poor, sinful, helpless Creature! O that I may never more grieve his holy Spirit! His goodness to me is beyond expression! It is not possible to relate what I have this day felt: what close union with Christ, what free and entire resignation of myself to Him: what an awful sense of the presence of God, causing me to sink into nothing before him: what fear of doing my own will: and what a strong desire to give him my whole heart.

March 27. For some days I have been greatly tried by the remains of my corrupt nature: But the Lord has given me the spirit of supplication, and preserves me from sin.

Having other business, I now left off the business of a Porter. Ten years I have been in that employment. I came to it with a haughty spirit, and a stubborn will: but the Lord has made it a means of subduing both.

April 7. The night before last I was waked by the Enemy, striking me on the forehead. Presently a heat was poured over me, from my fingers to my toes, which threw me into a violent sweat. My breast also was so pressed that I could scarce breathe; but God gave me faith, and Satan fled.

May 23. Inexpressible was the pain I felt, while God shewed me the pride and self will rooted in my soul. I cannot describe the conflict between faith and unbelief: but faith at length prevailed. O that I could submit to be saved by grace! But I know not how, altogether to forego a dependence on my own endeavours, that I may be sanctified by faith alone.

Sunday, Sept. 10. Inexpressible has been the painful emptiness I have found for several days past. I try my heart and my ways by the word of God, with fervent prayer, and

find nothing of actual sin. But it is pride that tears me. When I have much love, I am lifted up above what I ought to be. And when I am made to possess my own iniquity, my spirit frets against God. Yet this day has been a sabbath of rest, in which I have enjoyed much love: but I know not how to keep it.

September 25. This has been a day of Fasting and Prayer, which we have kept for our Church and Nation. Fasting and Prayer are always great helps to my soul, but this day especially. Never in my life was my soul so subdued to God: he is my Lord, and I am his willing servant. How does my soul long to submit itself wholly to him! To be entirely subject to his will!

[*To be continued.*]



JOHN NELSON'S *Account of the Death of* JOSEPH LEE.

[*JOSEPH LEE was one of our first Society in Fetter-Lane, and received remission of sins one of the first in London. He worked in the same shop with Gascoign Graham and Matthew Errington, and was for several years a burning and shining light. But at Nottingham he turned Antinomian both in principle and practice. What followed, John Nelson informs us in the following Narrative.*]

THIS town is greatly alarmed by the death of Joseph Lee. I trust it will make the Backsliders tremble. I suppose he has been a professed Antinomian for some years. He sometimes attended our preaching; but it was only to laugh at us. He frequently went to the alehouse, both working days and Sundays, and told his merry stories among the drunken crews. On Monday the 7th of this month he was drinking with his companions, and telling them a merry
● story.

story, about eight o'clock at night. He seemed to be in as good health as ever he was in his life: and the people that were with him say, they never saw him so full of jokes before. But in the midst of a story, he stopped; laid his hand on his head; said, "I am not well," and never spoke more. However, they bled him; but to no purpose. He seemed to be in a violent agony within, and died in about two hours after he was taken ill. Do not these things cry aloud to us, Prepare to meet your God! I hope it will stir up all Backsliders, to remember from whence they are fallen, and cause them to repent and do their first works: lest, they drinking with the drunken, the Lord comes in an hour they look not for him, and cuts them off at a stroke, and they find their portion with hypocrites and unbelievers.

JOHN NELSON.

Nottingham, Nov. 14, 1768.



TWO REMARKABLE DEATHS.

WE have had many sudden deaths, of notorious sinners, in this neighbourhood lately, whose singular exit, in drunkenness, should be a warning to sinful survivors. One of these got drunk on a Sabbath-morning, and lay down on his bed, as usual, to sleep it away. His daughter, towards the evening, went to call him down to tea, when alas! the poor soul was gone into a world of spirits!

Another, a Gentleman's gardener, an uncommon blasphemer, dreamt a few nights since, two devils were come for him: a little one, and a great one. He seemed a match for the lesser; but while combating with the other, he awoke. The next day he met with his pot-companions again, and drank down this warning, and joked away his dream, saying he would cheat the devil to-morrow, by going to a feast. Some hours after,

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he went into the hot-house, where they found him with his face on the fire, his nose burnt off, his lips preserved; but his blasphemous tongue burnt out of his mouth: and the next day his body was carried to the grave to be a feast for the worms.

RICHARD WILLIAMS.

Gwennap, May 16, 1782.

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

Of F I S H E S.

THE Ocean is the great receptacle of Fishes. It has been thought by some, that all Fishes are naturally of the salt element, and that they have mounted up into fresh water, by some accidental migrations. A few still swim up rivers to deposit their spawn: but the great body of Fishes of which the size is enormous, and the shoals endless, keep to the sea, and would expire in fresh water. In that extensive and undiscovered abode, millions reside, whose manners are a secret to us, and whose very form is unknown. The curiosity of mankind, indeed, has drawn some from their depths, and his wants many more: with the figure of these at least he is acquainted; but for their pursuits, societies, antipathies, pleasures, times of gestation, and manner of bringing forth, these all are hidden in the turbulent element that protects them.

1. The Number of Fish to which we have given names, and of the figure, at least, of which we know something, are above four hundred. Thus to appearance the history of Fish is tolerably copious; but when we come to examine, it will be found the greatest part of these we know very little of.

2. As most animals that live upon land have a covering to keep off the injuries of the weather, so all that live in the
water

water are covered with a slimy, glutinous matter, that, like a sheath, defends their bodies from the surrounding fluid. This substance, secreted from the pores of the animal's body, serves not only to defend, but to assist the fish's easy progress through the water. Beneath this, in many kinds is found a strong covering of scales, that, like a coat of mail, defend it still more powerfully; and under that, before we come to the muscular parts of the body, an oily substance, which supplies the requisite warmth and vigour.

3. It is observable in all, that though their heads are much larger in proportion to their bodies, yet their Brain is considerably less than that of other animals. It consists of only two small ventricles, placed in the fore-part of the head.

4. Their Organs of Sense do not much differ from those of other animals. But in their Eyes this is peculiar, that they are quite spherical, and that the optic nerves, in coming from the brain, cross each other: whereas in other animals they incline a little to each other, but do not meet. A protuberant eye would have been inconvenient for Fishes, by hindering their motion in so dense a medium. And their continually brushing through the water, would have been apt to wear their eyes. Therefore their cornea is flat. But to make amends for this, and for the refraction of water, different from that of air, the wise Creator has made their chrySTALLINE spherical, which in other Animals is more flat. It was formerly believed, they did not *hear* at all. But from later experiments, there is reason to believe, that several species of them do hear, though but in a low degree. Over the two holes in their head which serve for *smelling*, a fine membrane is spread, by which means they can open and shut them at pleasure: a contrivance highly necessary for creatures that live in the water.

The sense of smelling, which in beasts is so exquisite, and among birds is not wholly unknown, seems given to fishes in a very moderate proportion. It is true, that all fishes have one

one or more nostrils, and even those that have not the holes perceptible without, yet have the proper formation of the bones for smelling within. But as air is the only medium we know, for the distribution of odours, it cannot be supposed that these animals residing in water, can be possessed of any power of being affected by them. If they have any perception of smells, it must be in the same manner as we distinguish by our taste: and it is probable, the olfactory membrane in fish serves them instead of a distinguishing palate: by this they judge of substances, that first tincturing the water with their vapours, are thus sent to the nostrils of the fish, and no doubt produce some kind of sensation. This most probably must be the use of that organ in those animals; as otherwise there would be the instruments of a sense provided for them, without any power in them of enjoyment.

Hearing in Fishes is found still more imperfect, if it be found at all. Certain it is, that anatomists have not been able to discover, except in the whale kind, the smallest traces of an organ of Hearing, either within or without the head. Indeed of what advantage would this sense be to animals that are incapable of making themselves heard? They have no voice to communicate with each other, and consequently have no need of an organ for hearing.

Seeing seems to be the sense which Fishes are possessed of in the greatest degree. And yet even this is obscure, if we compare it to that of other animals. The eye, in almost all Fish, is covered with the same transparent skin that covers the rest of the head: and which probably serves to defend it from the water, as they are without eye-lids. The globe of the eye is depressed before, and is furnished behind with a muscle, which serves to lengthen or flatten it, according to the necessities of the animal. The chrySTALLINE humour, which in beasts is flat, and of the shape of a button-mould, in fishes is as round as a pea; or sometimes oblong, like an egg.

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From all this it appears, that fishes are extremely near-sighted; and that, even in the water, they can see objects only at a very small distance.

Thus Nature seems to have fitted these animals with appetites and powers of an inferior kind: and formed them for a sort of passive existence, in the obscure and heavy element to which they are consigned, to preserve their own existence, and to continue it to their posterity, fill up the whole circle of their pursuits and enjoyments.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING;
with short REMARKS.

Of P O W E R.

[*Continued from page 534.*]

“ Sect. 25. **S**INCE then it is plain that in most cases a man is not at liberty, whether he will *Will*, or no; the next thing demanded is, *Whether a man be at liberty to will which of the two he pleases, Motion or Rest.* This question carries the absurdity of it so manifestly in itself, that one might thereby sufficiently be convinced, that Liberty concerns not the Will. For to ask, whether a man be at liberty to will either Motion, or Rest; Speaking, or Silence; which he pleases is, to ask, whether a man can *will*; what he *wills*; or be pleased with what he is pleased with. A question which I think needs no answer; and they who can make a question of it, must suppose one Will to determine the Acts of another, and another to determine that; and so on *in infinitum*.

“ Sect. 26. To avoid these and the like absurdities, nothing can be of greater use, than to establish in our minds determined *Ideas* of the things under consideration. If the *Ideas* of Liberty, and Volition, were well fixed in our Understandings, and carried along with us in our Minds, as they ought, through all the questions that are raised about them; I suppose, a great part of the difficulties, that perplex men's Thoughts, and entangle their Understandings, would be much easier resolved; and we should perceive where the confused signification of Terms, or where the nature of the thing caused the obscurity.

“ Sect. 27. First then, it is carefully to be remembered, That *Freedom consists in the Dependence of the Existence, or not Existence of any Action, upon our Volition of it, and not in the Dependence of any Action, or its contrary, on our preference.* A man standing on a cliff, is at liberty to leap twenty yards downwards into the sea, not because he has a power to do the contrary action, which is to leap twenty yards upwards, for that he cannot do: but he is therefore free, because he has a power to leap, or not to leap. But if a greater force than his, either holds him fast, or tumbles him down, he is no longer free in that case; because the doing, or forbearance of that particular action, is no longer in his power. He that is a close prisoner, in a room twenty foot square, being at the North-side of his chamber, is at liberty to walk twenty foot Southward, because he can walk or not walk it: but is not, at the same time, at liberty to do the contrary; *i. e.* to walk twenty foot Northward.

In this then consists Freedom, *viz.* in our being able to act, or not to act, according as we shall chuse, or *will.*

“ Sect. 28. Secondly, We must remember that *Volition, or Willing,* is an act of the mind directing its thought, to the production of any action, and thereby exerting its power to produce it. To avoid multiplying of words, I would crave leave here, under the word *Action,* to comprehend the
forbearance

forbearance too of any action proposed; *sitting still*, or *holding one's peace*, when *walking* or *speaking* are proposed, though mere forbearances, requiring as much the determination of the *Will*, and being often as weighty in their consequences as the contrary actions, may, on that consideration, well enough pass for actions too: but this I say, that I may not be mistaken, if for brevity's sake I speak thus.

“ Sect. 29. Thirdly, The *Will* is nothing but a Power in the Mind to direct the operative faculties of a Man to Motion or Rest, as far as they depend on such direction. To the Question, What is it determines the *Will*? The true and proper answer is, The Mind. For that which determines the general power of directing, to this or that particular direction, is nothing but the Agent itself exercising the power it has, that particular way. If this answer satisfies not, it is plain the meaning of the question, *What determines the Will?* is this; What moves the Mind, in every particular instance, to determine its general Power of directing, to this or that particular Motion or Rest? And to this I answer, the motive, for continuing in the same state or action, is only the present satisfaction in it; the motive to change, is always some view of pleasure or pain? Nothing else setting us upon the change of state, or upon any new action.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the PASSIONS, or NATURAL AFFECTIONS;
extracted from Dr. Watts.

Of the general Design and Use of the PASSIONS.

WHILE we inhabit this sensible world, and are united to flesh, the Passions were given us to assist the feeble influences of our Reason in the practice of duty.

Reason is too often called away from a due attention to a present necessary idea, by sensible objects: but Passion serves to fix the Attention. Reason is too slow, and too weak, to excite a sudden and vigorous activity in many cases; but Passion is sudden and strong for this purpose.

The general uses of the Passions may be comprehended in these five Remarks.

I. Since the Passions are certain Principles in human Nature, which include in them some commotions of flesh and blood, as well as some operations of the mind, we may reasonably suppose, that the design of our Creator in working them into our original constitution, was for the service both of our Minds and Bodies: though it must be confessed, in our fallen and degenerate state, they often prove our snares and our torments.

1. They were designed for the Service of the Body, because they awaken not only all the animal Powers, but the Thoughts of the Mind, to escape whatsoever is hurtful to the body, and to procure what is pleasant and useful for its support or safety.

While our Body is in such a feeble state, surrounded with dangers, and liable to so many troublesome accidents, God has not only furnished us with the Sensations of Pleasure and Pain, to give us speedy notice of what hurts or relieves the body, and with Appetites for the supply of our natural wants, but he has also given us the Passions of Joy and Sorrow, of Desire and Aversion, to assist in this work, that the body may be better provided with what is necessary to its health and life, and may be better guarded against the danger of wounds and bruises, distempers and death. Mere Reason would not awaken us to avoid danger so speedily as the passion of Fear, nor would it rouse us to self-defence with such sudden and vigorous efforts as Anger does.

2. The Passions may be of considerable service to the Mind, while it dwells in this embodied state: for though they

they do not inform us what is good for the soul, and what is evil; yet when Reason has judged what is evil and what is good, the Passions lend their vigorous assistance. They are as the wings of the soul to pursue our true happiness, and to escape misery: and it is of vast importance to have these wings directed aright. They keep the natural Spirits and the Thoughts strongly intent upon those objects which excite them, and awaken all the powers of nature, to act agreeably to them. If the object has any thing in it rare and wonderful, Admiration fixes the mind to consider it with strong attention. If it appear to be good, Love determines the mind to pursue it with vigour; if evil, Hatred excites us to use our utmost skill and force to avoid it; and this not only in things which relate to this bodily life, but in things spiritual and eternal.

II. The painful Passions have their use in human life as well as the pleasant ones. Indeed Passions fixt on wrong objects or in wrong degrees, may be properly called vicious; and these are of no use, but ought to be rooted out; as Malice, Envy, Revenge: these could never belong to man in a state of innocence. There are other Passions, such as Fear, Shame, Sorrow, and Anger, which are painful: and how far these might be found among innocent men I will not now enquire. Yet while we dwell in this fallen state, beset with so many evils, dangers, enemies, and temptations, these painful Affections will be found necessary to our welfare in this life, and to our preparation for a better.

While we live amongst numerous dangers, Fear is a necessary principle to keep us always upon our guard; while we abide in a world where there are so many of our fellow-creatures ready to oppress or injure us, the great Author of our beings saw it proper to mix Anger and Resentment with our constitution, that we might be awakened to defend ourselves against injury, and make oppressors fear to assault us. While we are ready to expose ourselves to many distresses by
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our own folly, God has ordained Sorrow to attend all these distresses, and Shame to attend some of them; partly that we might be awakened to renounce those follies, and partly that under every affliction we might be excited with more earnestness to seek to God and man for relief.

Sorrow may abate our Pride and Vanity, tame the wildness of our Spirits, bring us to think and reflect, soften the heart, and make it impressible, and ready to receive instruction.

And while we are in a state of probation for eternity, and heaven and hell are set before us, Fear is necessary as well as Hope, to keep us from sinful practices. While we have the seeds of sin dwelling in us, and are so often guilty of the commission of it, Sorrow, and Shame, are proper means towards our recovery of the divine favour, and renewed holiness: and it is reasonable that we should be angry with ourselves when we have yielded to sin, as well as with others who have tempted us to it; that so our trespasses may be made bitter and grievous to us, and to those who seduced us: and that thereby we may be better secured from the repetition of sin, and the influence of new temptations.

III. As Fear, and Anger, and Sorrow, and other troublesome Passions are designed to secure us from evil; so the more pleasing Affections, such as Hope, and Love, and Joy, may be usefully indulged; for they not only make us active and vigorous in the pursuit of what appears good, but render our life more comfortable, make the troubles of it more tolerable, they cheer our drooping spirits, and support nature from sinking. They have also a happy tendency to make many of the duties of civil Life and of Religion easy and delightful. So that both the pleasant and the painful Passions may be happily engaged in the interests of God and Religion.

IV. The Passions are designed not only to subserve our own welfare both of soul and body, but the great Author of Nature intended them also for the benefit of our fellow-creatures.

creatures. Man must not be considered merely as a single Creature fitted with powers to seek his own safety and happiness; but he is designed by his Maker for a sociable Creature, and must do good to his Fellows.

With this view there are some Affections wrought in the nature of man which plainly refer to the welfare of his neighbour. There is a natural principle of Benevolence in man; where it is not overpowered by vicious principles or habits, there is such a principle as Compassion to those that are miserable, or Sympathy with those that suffer: there are the natural Affections as of Husband, Wife, Father, Mother, Son, Daughter, Brother, and Sister. Now the very design of these Affections is to do good to our fellow-creatures: and most or all these social principles in mankind have their proper Desires and Aversions, Hopes and Fears, Joys and Sorrows, and Resentments attending them, as well as the Passions which seek only our own good.

And indeed as mankind are brought into the world they become social creatures from their very birth. They are born and grow up into numerous unions and relations, both natural, civil and religious, and have perpetual need of each others assistance, and naturally seek it. It was therefore wisely ordered by the God of Nature, that there should be principles in us of the affectionate kind, in order to make our mutual services easy and delightful, and to awaken us to the vigorous and unwearied practice of those duties towards our fellow-creatures, for which perhaps Reason and Conscience might have too feeble influence.

V. Though the Affections have much to do in the active parts of human Life, yet they have very little to do in matters of Judgment. Since it is the very nature of our Passions to fix all our natural powers with the strongest attention to the object of them; and particularly to those properties that raised them, they generally increase the first apprehension we had of the object, whether it be true or false. It is evident

dent that Fear, Anger, Hatred, Sorrow, all tend to impress our minds more powerfully with a sense of the evil contained in the object, and to represent it in its worst colours; and in the same manner, Hope, Love, Desire, and Joy, persuade us powerfully that the object of them is good, and add new excellencies to it. Even the passion of Admiration sometimes makes us think the object of it to be more considerable than it is: and all the Passions derived from Love or Hatred tend to represent the good or evil of the object to be greater than really it is; I mean chiefly in temporal things.

Hence it follows, that the Passions are not fit to be our Guides in determining Truth and Falsehood; they were not given us to search out the true nature of things, or to judge concerning their qualities, or the degree of them. For, in order to judge right, we must consider all the properties and circumstances of any object, and attend to all the reasonings that belong to it, both on one side and on the other; whereas every Passion confines our Thoughts to one side of the question. It is the nature of Passion to fix our minds to those properties and circumstances that first raised it. And indeed it suffers us not to attend with impartiality to any thing else. Passion generally tends to make us blind and deaf to all reasonings, but those which confirm itself.

Here we find how it comes to pass, that those who follow the dictates of their Passions, scarce ever judge right, or reason well; for they put themselves under the bias of these powerful commotions of Nature, which lean all to one side, and thereby fall into perpetual mistakes.

Upon the whole, the Passions are of admirable use in the life of a Man, and a Christian: for though they were not given to tell us what is good, and what is evil, yet when our Reason, upon a calm survey, has passed a just judgment concerning things, whether they are good or evil, the Passions animate us to pursue the good, and avoid the evil; and that with vastly greater speed and diligence than the

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mere calm and indolent dictates of Reason would ever do. By this means, when the Passions are once set right, they become exceeding serviceable to us, in things that relate to God and our neighbour, as well as to ourselves: it is on this account they are so useful in affairs of the utmost importance that concern this life, and the life to come.

[*To be continued.*]

A S E R M O N

[*By Dr. CUDWORTH.*]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[*Continued from page 537.*]

ARE there not many of us, that pretend much to Christ, that are plainly in our lives as proud, ambitious, vain-glorious as any others? Are not many of us as much under the power of unruly passions; as cruel, revengeful, malicious, censorious as others? That have our minds as deeply engaged in the world, and as much enslaved to Riches, Gain, Profit, those great admired deities of the sons of men, and their souls as much overwhelmed and sunk with the cares of this life? Do not many of us give ourselves to the pleasures of the Flesh, and though not without remorse of conscience, yet every now and then secretly soak ourselves in them? Are there not many of us that have as deep a share in Injustice and Oppression, *in vexing the fatherless and the widows*? I wish it may not prove some of our cases at the last day, to use such pleas as these unto Christ in our behalf: *Lord, I have prophesied in thy Name; I have preached many a zealous Sermon for thee; I have kept many a long Fast; have been very active for thy Cause in Church and State;*

nay, I never made any question but that my name was written in the Book of Life: when yet, alas! we shall receive no other return from Christ but this, *I know you not, depart from me ye workers of iniquity.* I am sure there are too many of us, that have long pretended to Christ, which make little or no progress in true Christianity, that is, Holiness of Life; that ever hang hovering in a Twy-light of Grace, and never seriously put ourselves forward into clear Day-light, but esteem the glimmering Crepusculum which we are in, and like that faint Twy-light better than broad, open Day: whereas, *The path of the just* (as the Wiseman speaks) *is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.* I am sure there are many of us that are perfect dwarfs, in our spiritual stature, like those *silly women* (that St. Paul speaks of) *laden with sins, and led away with divers lusts, that are ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth;* that are not one jot taller in Christianity than we were many years ago; but have still as sickly, crazy, and un-sound a temper of soul as we had long before.

Indeed we seem to do something: we are always moving and lifting at the stone of Corruption that lies upon our hearts, but yet we never stir it notwithstanding, or at least never roll it off from us. We are sometimes a little troubled with the guilt of our sins, and then we think we must thrust our lusts out of our hearts; but afterwards, we sprinkle ourselves over with, I know not what, *holy water*, and so are contented to let them still abide quietly within us. We do every day truly confess the same sins, and pray against them; and yet still commit them as much as ever, and lie as deeply under the power of them. We have the same water to pump out in every prayer, and still we let the same leak in upon us again. We make a great deal of noise, and raise a great deal of dust with our feet; but we do not move from off the ground on which we stood; we do not go forward at all: or if we do sometimes make a little progress, we quickly lose

lose again the ground which we had gained: as if Religion were nothing else but a dancing up and down upon the same piece of ground, and making several motions and friskings on it; and not a sober journeying and travelling onwards to some certain place. We do and undo. We weave sometimes a *web of Holiness*, but then we let our lusts come and undo and unravel all again. Like *Sisyphus* in the Fable, we roll up a mighty stone with much ado, sweating and tugging up the hill: and then we let it go and tumble down again to the bottom: and this is our constant work.

What is it that thus cheats and gulls us out of our Religion? that makes us thus constantly tread the same ring and circle of Duties, where we make no progress at all forwards, and the farther we go, are still never the nearer to our journey's end? What is it that thus starves our Religion, and makes it look like those *kine* in Pharaoh's dream, *ill-favoured and lean fleshed*, that it hath no colour in its face, no blood in its veins, no life nor heat at all in its members? What is it that thus be-dwarfs us in our Christianity? What low, sordid, unworthy Principles do we act by, that they hinder our growth, and make us stand at a stay, and keep us always at the very porch and entrance where we first began? It is a sleepy, sluggish conceit, That it is enough for us if we be but once in a *state of grace*; if we have but once stepped over the threshold, we need not take so great pains to travel any farther? Or is it another damping, choaking, stifling Opinion, That Christ hath done all for us already, *without us*, and nothing need more to be done *within us*? No matter how wicked we are in ourselves, for we have holiness *without us*; no matter how sickly and diseased our souls are within, for they have health without them. Why may we not as well be satisfied and contented to have happiness without us to all eternity, and so ourselves for ever continue miserable? *Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doth righteousness is righteous, but he that committeth sin is of the devil.*

Let us not only talk and dispute of Christ, but let us indeed *put on the Lord Jesus Christ*. Having those *great and precious promises*, which he hath given us, let us strive to be made *partakers of the divine Nature, escaping the corruption that is in the world through lust*, and being begotten again to a *lively hope of enjoying Christ hereafter, let us purify ourselves as he is pure*.

Let us express a sweet harmonious affection in these jarring times: that so if it be possible, we may tune the world into better music. Especially in matters of Religion, let us strive with all meekness to instruct and convince one another. Let us endeavour to promote the Gospel of peace: the Dove-like Gospel, with a Dove-like spirit. This was the way by which the Gospel was at first propagated in the world: *Christ did not cry, nor lift up his voice in the streets; a bruised reed he did not break, and the smoking flax he did not quench; and yet he brought forth judgment unto victory*. He whispered the Gospel to us from Mount Sion, in a still voice; and yet the sound thereof went out quickly throughout all the earth. The Gospel at first came down upon the world gently and softly like the dew upon Gideon's fleece; and yet it quickly soaked quite through it: and doubtless this is still the most effectual way to promote it farther. Sweetness or Ingenuoufness will more command men's minds, than Passion, Sourness and Severity: as the soft pillow sooner breaks the flint than the hardest marble, let us follow Truth in Love; and of the two indeed, be contented rather to miss in the conveying of a speculative Truth, than to part with Love. When we would convince men of any Error, by the strength of Truth, let us withal pour the sweet balm of Love upon their heads. Truth and Love are two the most powerful things in the world; and when they both go together, they cannot easily be withstood. The golden beams of Truth, and the silken cords of Love; twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence whether they will or no.

[To be concluded in our next.]

A true

*A true Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did
and said at Mascon, in Burgundy.*

[*Concluded from page 541.*]

HE made us hear for a long time, a harmony not unpleasant, of two little bells tied together, which he had taken from among some rusty irons in my house. When I heard them first, I knew by their sound that they were mine, and went to the place where I had laid them, but did not find them. Neither did the Demon use these bells in my house only, but he carried them about to many places. Upon a Lord's-Day morning, as I was going to officiate at *Urigny*, with some elders of my Church, we heard the sound of those bells very near. Mr. *Lullier*, one of our company affirmed unto me that he had heard them many times at his house. Many others have heard them very near, but could never see them. Neither did that Demon play his tricks only at my house, Mr. *Lullier* hath told me of many of his actions in his house and shop. As the taking and hiding his jewels, &c. and then putting them where they were before. While Mr. *Lullier* was telling me of this, he laid a gold ring, which he had then in his hand, upon the table, with the tool that he held it with; but presently he found them missing, and in vain sought them half an hour, wherefore he betook himself to other work; but then he and I saw both the ring and the tool fall upon the table again. One night that *Lullier* had not set up with us as he used to do, two that came from my house very late staid by *Lullier's* shop to give him an account of the Demon's actions and words that night. While they were talking, the Demon three times knockt very hard upon a shed of boards that was over the shop. The next night after, *Lullier* and *Repay* coming from my
house

house, met a woman alone at the corner of a street, in a country habit, spinning by moon shine. But when they came near to know who she was, she vanished from their sight.

His last actions in my house, and the most troublesome of all, was, he threw stones about the house continually, the ten or twelve last days from morning to evening, and in great quantities, some of them of two or three pounds weight.

On one of those days Mr. *Tornus* coming to my house, would know whether the Devil was there still, and whistled in several tones; and each time the Devil whistled to him again in the same tone. Then the Demon threw a stone at him which being fallen at his feet without any harm to him, he took it up and marked it with a coal, and threw it into the back side of the house, but the Demon threw it up to him again; that it was the same stone he knew by the mark: *Tornus* taking up that stone found it very hot, and said he believed it had been in hell since he handled it last.

All the time the Demon haunted my house, God permitted him not to do us any harm, neither in our persons nor in our goods. Those bells which he did so toss and carry about, he hanged on a nail over the chimney of the room where he was most conversant, the day that he left the house. He had not so much power given him as to tear one of my books, or to break one glass, or put out the candle, which we kept lighted all the night long. Wherefore I bow my knees, and will as long as I live, unto my gracious God to give him thanks for that great mercy.

The Bishop of *Mascon*, upon the common report of these passages, sent for Mr. *Tornus* to know the truth; and for more certainty sent his own secretary Mr. *Chamber*, to learn the particulars from my own mouth; to whom I related all without concealing and disguising any thing. These two gentlemen, *Tornus* and *Chamber* have told me since that the Bishop had heard that story with great admiration, and had some records of the same.

APPROBATION

APPROBATION of the AUTHOR by the Synod of *Burgundy*.

WE Pastors and Elders of the Reformed Churches of the Province of *Burgundy*, assembled in a Synod at *Buffy*, in the *Balliage* of *Chalons upon Stone*, certify to all, that Mr. *Perreaud*, Minister of the holy Gospel, hath exercised the charge of the holy Ministry in his Province, for the space of fifty years, first in his town of *Buffy*, where he was born, being descended of the most ancient family of the town, and since in the Church of *Mascon*, and afterwards in the Churches of the *Balliage* of *Gez*, where he is now, serving the Church of *Thoiry*: in all that time, and in all Churches doing the office of a good Pastor, and a faithful Servant of God, both in doctrine and life: of which he had an especial testimonial given him by the Church of *Mascon* in the last Synod of this Province held at *Pisustils*, in the year 1649, the said Church expressing much satisfaction of his godliness and singular charity.—To which we add, that although it hath pleased God to bring him into many, and some very extraordinary trials, especially while he served the Church of *Mascon*, yet the same God hath strengthened him with constant health of body and godly tranquility of mind, and hath endued him with virtue to bear and overcome all his afflictions. We therefore beseech the Lord daily to fill his servant with more and more strength in his old age, and that after he hath finished his course, he may depart in peace, and obtain the crown of glory reserved for those that persevere faithful unto the end.

Done at Buffy, Oct. 29, 1651.

Signed { FRANCIS REYNAUD, Moderator.
G. BRUYS, Adjunct.
H. MOLRET, Secretary.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS on the Character and Writings of Mr. PRIOR.

1. **A** Very ingenious Writer has lately given us a particular account of the Character and Works of Mr. *Prior*. But it was not likely to be a just one, as he formed it chiefly on the testimony of very suspicious Witnesses. I mean Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Spence*: I object both to one and the other. They depreciated him, to exalt themselves. They viewed him with no friendly eye; looking upon him (particularly Mr. *Pope*) as a rival: whom therefore they rejoiced to depress.

2. Mr. *Pope* gives it as his opinion, That "he was fit only to make verses." What can be more unjust? He was fit for transactions of the most difficult and delicate nature. Accordingly he was entrusted with them at *Paris*, and acquitted himself to the full satisfaction of his employers. He was really fit for every thing; for writing either in Verse or Prose; for Conversation, and for either public or private Business.

3. But Mr. *Spence* says, "His life was irregular, negligent and sensual. He descended to the meanest company. The woman with whom he cohabited was a despicable drab of the lowest species. One of his wenches, perhaps *Chloe*, stole his plate and ran away with it."

I do not believe one word of this: although I was often in his neighbourhood, I never heard a word of it before. It carries no face of probability. Would Bishop *Atterbury* have kept up an acquaintance with a man of such a character? Would that accomplished Nobleman, the then Earl of *Oxford*, have given him a place even in his friendship? I am well assured, my eldest Brother would have had no acquaintance with him, had he been such a wretch as Mr. *Spence* describes.

4. Others

4. Others say, "His Chloe was ideal." I know the contrary. I have heard my eldest Brother say, "Her name was Miss Taylor, that he knew her well: and that she once came to him (in Dean's Yard, Westminster) purposely to ask his advice. She told him, "Sir, I know not what to do. Mr. Prior makes large professions of his love: but he never offers me marriage." My Brother advised her to bring the matter to a point at once. She went directly to Mr. Prior, and asked him plainly, "Do you intend to marry me, or no?" He said many soft and pretty things: on which she said, "Sir, in refusing to answer, you *do* answer. I will see you no more." And she did see him no more to the day of his death. But afterwards she spent many hours, standing and weeping at his Tomb in Westminster Abbey.

5. As to his Writings, I cannot but think Mr. Prior had not only more learning, but a stronger natural understanding, than Mr. Pope. But this is the less observable, because Mr. Prior always wrote, *currente calamo*, having little time to correct any thing. Whereas Mr. Pope laboured every line, and polished it with the utmost exactness. Prior's praise is by no means "that of correctness." He has many unpolished, hasty, half formed lines, which he would not (or did not) take the pains to correct. I can therefore by no means subscribe to that sentence, "What he obtains above mediocrity, seems to be the effort of struggle and travail." Surely no. What he frequently obtains, as far above Pope's Messiah, as that is above Quarle's Emblems, seems to be the effort of a genius not inferior in strength to any beside Milton. But "his words are put by constraint into their places, where they do their duty, but do it sullenly." Nay I reply, most of his words are so natural and unconstrained, as even those of Waller: though they would certainly have done their duty better, had he taken more pains with them. "He extends his sense from one couplet to another; but without success." I think with great success. I will give the first instance that occurs to my memory,

Happiness, object of that waking dream,
 Which we call life mistaking; fugitive theme
 Of my pursuing verse; ideal shade,
 Notional good, by fancy only made,
 And by tradition nurs'd; falacious fire
 Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire:
 Cause of our care and error of our mind!
 O hadst thou ever been by heav'n design'd
 For Adam and his mortal race, the boon
 Entire had been reserved for Solomon. —

Were ever lines extended from couplet to couplet with more success than these? Is there any *constraint* here? What lines can flow more free? More easy? More natural?

6. But "his numbers commonly want Ease, Airiness, Lightness and Facility." I cannot possibly be of this opinion. Wherever this is proper, as in all his tales, and in *Alma*, his numbers have certainly the greatest airiness, lightness, and facility. Nay, "but even what is *smooth* is not *soft*." No? What think you of the *Lady's Looking-Glass* (to take one instance out of fifty.) Where will you shew me any *foster numbers* than these?

Celia and I the other day
 Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
 The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
 And on the bosom of the deep
 The waves lay only not asleep.
 The nymph did like the scene appear,
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
 Soft fell her words, as flew the air."

In truth, the general fault of *Prior's* poetry is this; it is not too much, but too little labour'd. *Pope* filed and polish'd every line: *Prior* set his words down as fast as he could write, and scarce polish'd any of them, with any accuracy, at least

least only here and there. And the reason is plain: *Pope* lived by his writings; *Prior* did not. And again: *Pope* was a man of much leisure: *Prior* a man of much business.

[To be concluded in our next.]



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCLIX.

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

Bristol, Sept. 26, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

IT is true, Sir, I do stand on slippery ground, and have done ever since I have been here. But the mighty power of God hath kept me, and will keep me. Nothing, but believing it is his will, could make me content to stay. But I have and will give my soul, body, and spirit, a sacrifice to God. I desire to live for no other end. O help me by your Prayers!

I am your affectionate Child,

L E T T E R CCLX.

[From Mr. Samuel Wells, Jun. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Evesham, May 23, 1764.

Reverend Sir,

MY Father desires me to send you a Copy of the following Letter. — "I read the Plain Account of the Methodists twice; the last time to Mrs. C. who was much pleased

pleased with it, and mourns the great declension amongst the Dissenters. My prejudice is entirely removed against Mr. W's Economy, and I hope Providence will point out my way, to be a Member of such a Society. I find a mind open to conviction, and a desire to live the remainder of my days more devoted to the Lord. My School wants reformation, and I can see no way for it, but by the assistance of one of Mr. W's Preaching-Schoolmasters: I would part with any worldly interest for such a Partner; and when Mr. W. is well informed of my present disposition, I think he will see a Call of Providence, to encourage some one to help me to settle a Society in this place. I am now reading the Serious Call. The grand Truth inculcated therein is nothing less than this, "Whether we eat or drink, &c." This is Christianity! Lord restore to me the joys of thy salvation! My business is so much increased, that I am under the necessity of an able Assistant; twenty-five Boarders, and fifty other Scholars, is more than work enough for one man, and will bring in more money than is sufficient for my own family; and I am convinced that the overplus ought not to be used according to *Fancy*, but as our *Lord* directs. And I find a resolution to use it so." —

God has done great things for Nurse S. She is past any fear that hath torment. She desires nothing but the Will of God. She has the full Assurance of Hope. She feels no sin. Her bodily weakness is great. But she is strong in Faith. Her heart is full of Love. What hath God wrought!

Last Monday was twelvemonth the Lord was pleased to reveal his pardoning love to my soul;—but alas, I forgot it! I found Anger, Desire, &c. return and overpower me. I neglected to watch and be sober, and soon fell from God—But I now feel God loves me, yet I am not satisfied. Indeed how can I, for I see my hidden parts are very wicked-
ness.

ness. My soul thirsteth for God, even for the living God.
I am ready to say,

“ No cross no suffering I decline,
Only let all my heart be thine.”

I find God begins to try me, and it is hard work. My self-will so opposes, that, to withstand it, is as hard as to move a mountain. I have need to cry for strength, and to make the best use I can of what is given. May God grant me the power I want. I believe God continues to bless your labours of love in the Gospel. I pray God your latter Fruits may exceed your former. May thy dear kingdom come! I blush for what I have written: forgive my folly. The Lord bless you!

I remain, with much respect,

Your humble Servant,

SAMUEL WELLS, Junior.

L E T T E R CCLXI.

[From Nathaniel Gilbert, Esq; to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Antigua, Sept. 18, 1764.

Rev. and dear Sir,

ON the 7th and 8th of May, I was brought to the brink of the grave, by a discharge of blood from my lungs. I was seized with it four times in those two days, and including what was taken from my arm, lost between forty and fifty ounces. You could hear the blood rattle in my throat, and the last time, the spitting continued so severe, after trying several different remedies, that I despaired of its being stopped, otherwise than by death. My breath began to grow short, and

and I did not expect to live a quarter of an hour. In this condition, my peace with God was not made. One would imagine that I should have found great distress; but on the contrary, the Lord was gracious to me; for though I had my wife standing by me frightened; one of my children crying before me, and several of my house-negroes running bawling into my room; yet I do not remember that I found any fear or distraction of mind, but rather a calm waiting on God, with a measure of trust and resignation. This in an unjustified person is very particular. I have been very ungrateful since for so great mercies, but I hope to taste his pardoning love: and that the day of liberty is not far off. At present, both my wife and myself go on heavily, and now that our friends have left us, we are like a pelican in the wilderness.

When my Brother left this Island, I determined to meet the people twice or thrice a week: but after meeting them a few times, I was hindered by sickness. Before I had entirely recovered, I went twice to St. John's, where I stayed several days each time, and endeavoured to get a house, and designed to continue meeting the Society three times a week. But I was not able to get such a house as I wanted. However, whilst I was in town I met them frequently, but was so extremely shut up that I could not speak above two or three times, and was obliged to read at the other Meetings. This, and my not succeeding in procuring a House, rendered it probable that I was not called to meet the Society. For this reason I should not have thought of meeting them if there had been any other person. But a recollection that our Lord sent out his Disciples, before they received the Holy Ghost, with a charge not to go in the way of the Gentiles; they being not qualified to preach to Heathens, I was doubtful whether, as there was a small congregation gathered by my Brother, I might not be called to speak to them. In this state I determined to go to town a third time and to stay there two days: and if I could not within that time fix upon a house,

a house, to give up all thoughts of it. I accordingly went, and had no better success than before. I also opened the Bible, with prayer, on those words, Eccles. iii. 1, *To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose, under the heaven.* The sense of this (considered with regard to the matter for which I opened) being ambiguous, I prayed the Lord that if he had directed me thereto, he would also direct me to some other Scripture which would enable me to understand this rightly: and then opened upon the same chap. ver. 6, *A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away.* This rendered it plain that my business at present was to seek grace for myself instead of preaching to others; that I was first to cast the beam out of my own eye. For these reasons I have declined meeting the Society for several weeks past, but they meet among themselves thrice a week; and as far as I can understand, they are going on much in the same manner, as when my Brother left them. Those who were in earnest, still continue to be so; but the happiest person in this Island is a Gentlewoman, who has been ill several years, of the black scurvy. She seems to be always as healthy and strong in spirit, as she is sick and weak in body; but she has had so many severe attacks lately, that she will not I imagine live long. She waits for her dissolution with patience, though her desire is to die if it were the will of God.

May the Lord still continue to strengthen you! And grant, that having turned many to righteousness, you may shine as the sun in his kingdom! I beg your prayers for myself and family, and am

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, humble Servant,

NATHANIEL GILBERT.

LETTER.

L E T T E R CCLXII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. A. F—.]

October 12, 1764.

My dear Sister,

THAT great Truth, "That we are saved by Faith," will never be *worn out*: and that sanctifying as well as justifying Faith, is the free gift of God. Now, with God one day is as a thousand years. It plainly follows, that the quantity of time is nothing to him: centuries, years, months, days, hours and moments are exactly the same. Consequently, he can as well sanctify in a day after we are justified, as a hundred years. There is no difference at all, unless we suppose Him to be such a one as ourselves. Accordingly we see in fact, that *some* of the most unquestionable witnesses of sanctifying grace, were sanctified within a *few days* after they were justified. I have seldom know so devoted a soul, as S—H—, at Macclesfield, who was sanctified within nine days after she was *convinced of sin*. She was then twelve years old, and I believe was never afterwards heard to speak an *improper word*, or known to do an *improper thing*. Her look struck an awe into all that saw her. She is now in Abraham's Bosom.

Although therefore it *usually* pleases God to interpose *some* time between Justification and Sanctification; yet (as is expressly observed in the *Farther Thoughts*) we must not fancy this to be an invariable Rule. All who think this, must think we are sanctified by works, or (which comes to the same) by sufferings. For otherwise what is *Time* necessary for? It must be either to do or to suffer. Whereas if nothing be required but simple Faith, a moment is as good as an *age*.

The truth is, We are continually forming *general Rules* from our own *particular Experience*. Thus S—R—, having

having gone about, and about, herself, which took up a considerable time, might very naturally suppose, all who are Sanctified must stay for it near as long a time as she did. Again, if God has so rooted and grounded her in love (which I neither affirm nor deny) that she *cannot* now fall from Him, she very naturally thinks, this is the case with *all* that are Sanctified. Formerly S. C. drew the same inference from her own Experience, and was as positive that she *could not fall* from that state, or sin, as S. R— can be now.

But “none can be sanctified without a deep knowledge of themselves, and of the devices of Satan.” They may, without the latter; which God will give them in due time. And the former, he can give in a moment: and frequently does, of which we have fresh instances almost every day.

In the “Thoughts on Perfection,” it is observed, that before any can be assured, they are saved from sin, they must not only feel no sin, but “have a direct Witness” of that Salvation. And this several have had as clear as S. R— has, who afterwards fell from that Salvation: although S. R—, to be consistent with her Scheme, must deny they ever had it; yea, and must affirm, that Witness was either from Nature or from the Devil. If it was really from God, is he well-pleased with this?

I know not how to reconcile speaking *sharply or roughly*, or even a seeming want of *meekeſs* with Perfection. And yet I am fearful of condemning whom God has not condemned. What I cannot understand I leave to Him.

How is it, that you make me write longer letters to you than I do almost to any one else? I know not how, I find a greater concern for your welfare. I want you to be exactly right. This occasions my not thinking much of any pains, that may give you help or satisfaction. The Lord touch your heart *now*, that all your Tempers, Thoughts, Words and Works may be Holiness unto our God!

I am yours, &c.

JOHN WESLEY.

L E T T E R CCLXIII,

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

Potto, Nov. 4, 1769,

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Find the greatest reason to adore my dear Redeemer, for his love towards me, who gives me the sweet experience of the increase of his life in my soul. I find the Lord always before me; yet by different operations of his Spirit. I see an infinite fulness in Jesus, and feel my heart drawn out with a strong desire for greater degrees of his love. I see myself the most unworthy, weak, and ignorant of all his creatures. My path is exceeding narrow, and my dangers daily great, yet the Lord is always sufficient, and I can trust him at all times. At other times I find my spirit lost in his fulness, and swallowed up in the ocean of his love. My soul lies in the dust before him, while I desire all his creatures to praise his Name. After such strong consolations I often find myself much assaulted with men and devils. In which moments I hear my Saviour whisper to me, "It is given to thee not only to believe, but to suffer for my sake." I then feel such a patient resignation of myself, and all things, into his hand, that I do not find a wish in my heart, but what I can sacrifice to him, which gives me constant happiness, and a power to rejoice in all things. I often find the greatest danger in my most prosperous moments, both for body and soul; at which times the Enemy is sure to whisper, Now take thy ease; but I look to Christ for strength, to despise, and fight, and conquer all my enemies. As to my conduct, I desire to shun every appearance of evil, both in word and work. I thank the Lord who so keeps me, that I know nothing by myself; yet by this I am not justified: for I look to be daily plunged into that fountain which is opened for sin and uncleanness; to be washed from all my pollution

I call

I cast myself entirely upon *him*, who saves me for his own Name's sake, and trust to be swallowed up in his fulness every moment, for I know no end thereof.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir, yours, &c.

E. M.



P O E T R Y.

THOUGHTS *on* PREDESTINATION *and* REPROBATION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART III.

WHEREAS, this *Reprobation* Doctrine, here,
 Not only Sense and Reason would cashier;
 But take, by its pretext of sovèrign sway,
 All goodness from the Deity away;
 Both heavèn and hell confounding with the cant,
 Virtue and Vice, the Sinner and the Saint;
 Leaving (by irresistible decree,
 And purpose absolute what man shall be,)
 Nothing in Sinners to detest so much
 As God's contrivance how to make them such.

That ever Christians blest with Revelation,
 Should think of his *decreeing* men's damnation!
 The God of Love! the Fountain of all good!
 Who made, says Paul, all Nations of one blood,
 To dwell on earth; appointed time and place,
 And for what end this *pre-ordaining* grace?
 That they might *seek*, and *feel*, and surely *find*,
 The life in God; which God for man designèd.

We are his offspring—for in that Decree,
 The *pagan* Poet and St. *Paul* agree :
We are his offspring—now, Sir, put the case
 Of some great man, and his descending race ;
 Conceive this common Parent of them all,
 As willing some to *stand*, and some to *fall* :
 Master, suppose of all their future lot,
 Decreeing some to happiness, some not ;
 In some to bring his kindness into view,
 To shew in others what his wrath can do ;
 To lead the chosen children by the hand,
 And leave the rest to fall—who *cannot stand*.

I might proceed, but that the smallest sketch
 Shows an absurd, and arbitrary wretch ;
 Treating his offspring so, as to forbid
 To think that ever *God Almighty* did ;
 To think that creatures, who are said to be
 His *offspring*, should be hurt by his decree ;
 Which had they always minded, Good alone,
 And not a spark of *Evil*, had been known :
 For his Decree, Appointment, Order, Will,
 Predestinating Goodness, Power, and Skill,
 Is, of itself, the unbeginning Good,
 The pouring forth of an un-ending flood :
 Of ever-flowing bliss, which only rolls,
 To fill his vessels, his created souls.

Happy Himself the true divine desire,
 The love that flames through that eternal fire ;
 Which generates in him the eternal light,
 Source of all blessing to created light,
 Longs with a holy earnestness to spread,
 The boundless glories of its Fountain-head ;
 To raise the possibilities of life,
 Which rest, in *him*, into a joyful strive ;

Into

Into a feeling sense of *him*, from whom
The various gifts of various blessings come.

E P I G R A M I.

[*By the same.*]

NOR Steel, nor Flint alone produces fire;
No spark arises till they both conspire:
Nor Faith alone, nor work without is right;
Salvation rises, when they both unite.

E P I G R A M II.

[*By the same.*]

ZEAL without Meekness, like a ship at sea,
To rising storms may soon become a prey;
And Meekness without Zeal is still the same,
When a dead calm stops every sailor's aim.

E P I G R A M III.

[*By the same.*]

A Heated Fancy, or Imagination,
May be mistaken for an Inspiration——
True; but is this Conclusion fair to make,
That Inspiration must be all mistake?
A pebble Stone is not a Diamond——true;
But must a Di'mond be a Pebble too?

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M IV.

[By the same.]

HE is a Sinner, you are pleas'd to say;
 Then love him for the sake of Christ, I pray,
 If on his gracious Words you place your trust,
 —“ I came to call the sinner; not the just,” —
 Second his Call; which if you will not do,
 You'll be the greater sinner of the two.

P R O C R A S T I N A T I O N.

[By the Rev. Mr. G.]

WRETCH that I am! what friendly power
 Shall fix my wavering soul,
 Teach me to seize the present hour,
 And custom's charms control?

Why thus persist, from day to day,
 To err, in Wisdom's spite?
 I see my path—why then delay
 What Reason tells, is right?

The *present* day the attempt is vain:
 We've *something* still to do:
 But when to-morrow comes, 'tis plain,
 That will be *present* too:

And

And then the same reluctant will,
 To' attend the ungrateful theme,
 Will thwart our resolutions still,
 And frustrate every scheme.

How soon, amidst these faint resolves,
 The spring of life is o'er !
 How quick each annual sun revolves,
 But——youth returns no more.

Manhood to youth, and soon old age
 To manhood's strength succeeds:
 O! then let each successive stage
 Be marked by virtuous deeds.

Whilst yet your strength of mind remains,
 Resist the rising storm :
 Break loose from passion's irksome chains,
 And every vice reform.

Dare to be wise ! begin to-day,
 Nor trust uncertain Fate :
 Your long-plannéd reformation may
 To-morrow come too late.

To-morrow, oh ! how oft you swore
 To change your course, my friend !
 Thus 'twill be always one day more,
 Ere you begin to mend.

“ When once I've finished *this* affair,
 My actions I'll review :
 And when I've brought *that* scheme to bear,
 Begin my life anew.”

The

The Idiot thus, who saw his way
 Across the Severn lie,
 Resolvéd upon its banks to stay,
 Till all the stream ran by:

But torrents with united force,
 Augment the copious river;
 Which proudly still pursues its course,
 And murmuring flows for ever.

On the Death of an EPICURE.

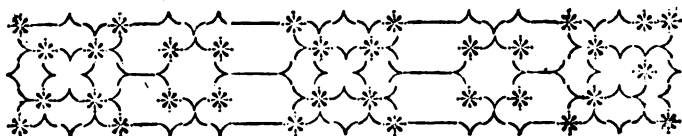
AT length my friends, the *feast* of life is o'er:
 I've ate sufficient—and I'll drink no more:
 My night is come: I've spent a jovial day;
 'Tis time to part: but oh!—What is to pay?

A S H O R T H Y M N.

James v. 15. *The prayer of faith shall save the sick.*

WHERE is that Faith, whose fervent prayér
 Body and soul at once can heal?
 The oil? The gifted Elders where?
 Father, if such thy gracious will,
 Thou canst reveal thine arm of power,
 Thy truth in every age the same,
 And with Almighty faith restore
 The wonders wrought by *Jesu's* Name!





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For DECEMBER 1782.



SERIOUS CONSIDERATIONS *concerning the Doctrines of*
ELECTION *and* REPROBATION: *extracted from Dr.*
Watts.

THAT there is a sufficiency of grace, provided for all mankind, through Jesus Christ, which they may accept or refuse, may be proved by the following considerations :

I. It is hard to vindicate the *Sincerity* of God, or his Son, in their universal offers of salvation, and their sending ministers with such invitations to accept of mercy, if there be no salvation provided for them.

His ministers indeed may be sincere in offering salvation to all, according to their general commission, *Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.* But how can God be sincere in sending them with this commission, to offer his grace to all, if he has not provided such grace for any but the Elect?

It is hard to suppose that the Great God, who is Truth itself, should call upon dying men to trust in a Saviour for eternal life, when this Saviour has not eternal life to give them. It is hard to conceive how the great Governor of the world can be sincere, in inviting sinners to cast themselves upon an empty word of invitation, if there be nothing to bear them up from the deeps of destruction. Can we think that the holy God would encourage his ministers to call men to rest the weight of their immortal concerns upon a gospel, which is nothing to them? When our blessed Redeemer charges the Jews with aggravated guilt, for refusing his grace, can we suppose, he had no grace for them? Or when he consigns them over to death, because (says he,) *Ye will not come unto me, that ye may have life*; that he has no eternal life for them?

To avoid these consequences, some roundly assert, There are *no calls of grace but to the Elect*. But this runs counter to many plain Scriptures, where pardon and salvation are proposed to all. And it is the design of the whole Scripture, to call sinners to repentance, by promises of mercy, and to enforce what Isaiah speaks, (chap. lxxv. 6, 7,) *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found: call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.*

II. It is hard to defend the *Sincerity* of the holy Spirit, in awakening those who are not elected, and in stirring them up to think of receiving the salvation of Christ upon gospel-terms, if there be no salvation for them on any terms. It is hard to suppose he should excite the consciences of such sinners to any repentings for sin, if there was no pardon provided for them. It is hard to suppose he should give them any excitations, to trust in the merit of a Saviour, if that merit has obtained no salvation for them.

III. It

III. It is equally difficult to vindicate the *Equity* of God, in condemning unbelievers for not accepting the offers of pardon, if no pardon was provided for them; and in punishing them for not resting on the merit of Christ, if there was no such merit for them to rest upon. Surely it will appear in that day, that the condemnation of sinners, was merely the fruit of their refusing to receive the grace of God provided for them; and not of any want of provision made for them, by him who calls them to receive it. The language of Christ, in his ministry is, *Come, for all things are now ready. This is the condemnation, that when light came into the world, men loved darkness rather than light.* They are expressly condemned, because *they would not come unto Christ, that they might have life.* And (as the Apostle John often represents) therefore *they die in their sins.* And surely the Lord Jesus would never be sent *in flaming fire to take vengeance on them that obey not the gospel,* if there was no provision made, whereby they might obey it!

It will render this consideration more forcible, when we observe, there is a severer condemnation to those who have heard of this gospel, and not embraced it. It shall be *less tolerable* for these, *than for Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of judgment.* And can we think that the righteous Judge will send forth words of grace and salvation, when there is no grace or salvation in those words, on purpose to make his creatures more miserable? It is very hard indeed to vindicate the sentence of their condemnation, for refusing pardon and salvation, if there was not any pardon or salvation provided for them!

IV. The word of God, by the general commands, promises, and threatenings given to all men, represents mankind as in the way to eternal rewards or punishments, according to their behaviour. Now it is very hard to suppose, all this should be no just representation, but a mere amusement: that all these proposals of mercy, should be an empty show, with re-

gard to all the millions of mankind, besides the few chosen to happiness. It is hard to suppose that they should be so fixed in a hopeless state, under the sin of the first man, as to be utterly irrecoverable from the ruins of it: yea, as unalterably lost, as the very devils are, whom God has not treated in this way of precept, promise, and threatening. God giveth to all men time and space for repentance, means of grace, offers of pardon, conditional promises of salvation, with a command to accept it? What can manifest the blessed God to be upon terms of mercy with them, if this does not?

V. This seems to be a fair and easy way, to answer those texts of Scripture, which represent God as *the Saviour of all men*, 1 Tim. iv. 10.—Which assert that *God commands all men, every where to repent*, Acts xvii. 30.—That *Christ tasted death for every man*, Heb. iii. 9.—That *he gave himself a ransom for all*, 1 Tim. ii. 6.—That *he died for all*, 2 Cor. v. 14.—That *he gave himself to be a propitiation for the sins of the whole world*, 1 John ii. 2.—That *the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world*, chap. iv. 14.—That *God so loved the world, that he sent his Son, not to condemn the world, but that through him the world might be saved: and that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life*. John iii. 16.

Mr. Calvin's words, on Matt. xxvi. 5. 8, are, *This is my blood of the New Testament, which was shed for many, for the remission of sins*. "Sub multorum nomine non partem mundi tantum designat, sed totum humanum genus. Under the name of *many*, he signifies not a part of the world only, but *all mankind*." And in many other parts of his writings, (particularly in his comment on Rom. v. 18. 1 John ii. 2. 2 Peter ii. 1.) he clearly expresses the same sentiment, viz. That *Christ died for all*.

I think it clear from these considerations, that there is a conditional salvation provided for all men, and through the merits of Christ offered to them in the gospel.

The

The doctrine of Absolute Reprobation, stands in such a direct contradiction to all our notions of kindness and love to others, in which the blessed God is set forth as our example, that we cannot tell how to receive it. Yet, if it were never so true, it would only be a doctrine which might require our *silent submission* to it, with awful reverence of the majesty of the great God. But it is by no means a doctrine in which we should rejoice, because it has so dreadful an aspect on far the greatest part of our fellow-creatures. Nor do I think the blessed God would require us, so far to divest ourselves of humanity, as to take a secret satisfaction in the absolute and eternal appointment of such numbers of our kindred flesh and blood, to everlasting perdition.

And since so many Scriptures assert, that Christ lived and died as a common Mediator of mankind, methinks this doctrine of the extensive goodness of God, should be more cheerfully received by us; as it is so agreeable to our charity to all men, and so necessary for vindicating the justice, goodness, and sincerity of God, in his transactions with mankind.

When therefore I hear men talk of the doctrine of Reprobation, with a special gust and relish, as a favourite doctrine, I cannot but suspect their good temper, and doubt, whether they love their neighbour as themselves.

I would also ask, What great advantages can be derived from Religion, by endeavouring to limit the extent of the death of Christ, and consequently to take away all hopes, endeavours, and prayers, from those who are supposed not to be elected? By this doctrine, many who are awakened, and are seeking Christ for salvation, may be terribly discouraged from receiving his offers of grace, when they are taught to doubt whether there be any grace provided for them. It may be a means to drive some to despair, when they hear that unless they are elected, they may seek salvation by Christ in vain.

Now

Now if many inconveniences may arise from thus limiting the virtue of the blood of Christ, and if no valuable advantage to Religion can be obtained by this opinion: what should make men so zealous to get the greatest part of the world utterly excluded from all hopes of salvation?

The great objection against what I have said, is this: "If there be only a salvation provided for them on condition that they believe, but no *inward sufficiency of grace* to change their hearts, and enable them to believe; the event will be the same, as if no salvation were provided: since they themselves cannot believe, being by nature *dead in sin*."

Sinners are not under such an impossibility of believing, as if they were *naturally dead*. For if they were, there would be no need or use of commands, promises, threatenings, and exhortations: these would all be impertinent and absurd. For they could have no more influence on sinners, than if we commanded or exhorted a dead body to rise or move. Since therefore the blessed God does use these means to call sinners to faith and repentance, it is certain, there is *power sufficient* given them, to hear and obey the call: and that they are not under any *necessity of continuing in sin*, and of being destroyed.

With regard to faith, our Saviour thus explains his own words. *No man can come unto me, except my Father draw him*. And in another place he charges the Jews, with this as their fault, *Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life*.

Let this then be maintained, that there is an *inward sufficiency of power* given to every one, to hearken to the calls of God, and receive salvation. And thus much is sufficient to maintain the sincerity of God, in his universal offers of salvation through Christ, and his many commands to all men every where to repent and believe the gospel: as well as to vindicate his equity at the great day, in condemning the impenitent and unbeliever. For since there was a *sufficiency of grace* provided for their recovery, their death lies at their own door, being wholly owing to their wilful, obstinate rejection of Christ and his salvation.

I have

I have only this to add. If serious christians are desirous to come as near each other as they can, may they not heartily embrace one another, notwithstanding some difference in their sentiments? Surely, the desire to do this, will take away a thousand cavils and contentions, and a thousand unchristian reproaches from the lips and pens of those who profess to worship the same God, to believe in the same Saviour, to hope for the operations of the same blessed Spirit; and who desire to ascribe their salvation to the same grace of God who is blessed for evermore! Amen.

S E R M O N XII.

On MARK ix. 48.

[Concluded from page 569.]

II. 1. **F**ROM the time That sentence was pronounced upon man, *Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return*, it was the custom of all nations, so far as we can learn, to commit dust to dust: it seemed natural to restore the bodies of the dead, to the general Mother Earth. But in process of time another method obtained, chiefly among the rich and great, of burning the bodies of their relations, and frequently in a grand magnificent manner. For which purpose they erected huge funeral piles, with immense labour and expence. By either of these methods the body of man was soon restored to its parent dust. Either the worm or the fire soon consumed the well-wrought frame; after which the worm itself quickly died, and the fire was entirely quenched. But there is likewise a worm that belongs to the future state; and that is a worm that never dieth. And there is a fire, hotter than that of the funeral pile: and it is a fire that will never be quenched.

2. The

2. The first thing intended by the worm that never dieth, seems to be a guilty Conscience, including Self-condemnation, Sorrow, Shame, Remorse, and a sense of the wrath of God. May not we have some conception of this, by what is sometimes felt even in the present world? Is it not of this chiefly that Solomon speaks, when he says, *The spirit of a man may bear his infirmities*, his infirmities or griefs of any other kind: *but a wounded spirit who can bear?* Who can bear the anguish of an awakened Conscience, penetrated with a sense of Guilt, and the arrows of the Almighty sticking in the soul and drinking up the spirit! How many of the stout-hearted have sunk under it, and chose strangling rather than life? And yet what are these wounds, what is all this anguish of a soul while in this present world, in comparison of those they must suffer when their souls are wholly awakened, to feel the wrath of an offended God! Add to these, all unholy passions, fear, horror, rage; evil desires, desires that can never be satisfied. Add all unholy tempers, envy, jealousy, malice, and revenge: all of which will incessantly gnaw the soul, as the vulture was supposed to do the liver of Tityus. To these if we add hatred of God and all his Creatures, all these united together may serve to give us some little, imperfect idea of the worm that never dieth.

3. We may observe a remarkable difference in the manner wherein our Lord speaks concerning the two parts of the future punishment. He says, *Where THEIR worm dieth not*, of the one; *where THE fire is not quenched*, of the other. This cannot be by chance. What then is the reason for this variation of the expression?

Does it not seem to be this? *The fire* will be the same, essentially the same, to all that are tormented therein: only perhaps more intense to some than others, according to their degree of guilt. But *their worm* will not, cannot be the same. It will be infinitely varied, according to the various kinds, as well as degrees of wickedness. This variety will
arise

arise partly from the just judgment of God, *rewarding every man according to his works*. For we cannot doubt but this rule will take place, no less in hell than in heaven. As in heaven, *every man will receive his own reward*, incommunicably his own, according to *his own labours*, incommunicably his, that is, the whole tenor of his tempers, thoughts, words and actions: so undoubtedly every man in fact will receive his own bad reward, according to his own bad labour. And this likewise will be incommunicably *his own*, even as his labour was. Variety of punishment will likewise arise from the very nature of the thing. As they that bring most holiness to heaven, will find most happiness there, so on the other hand it is not only true, that the more wickedness a man brings to hell, the more misery he will find there; but that this misery will be infinitely varied according to the various kinds of his wickedness. It was therefore proper to say *the fire*, in general; but *their worm* in particular.

4. But it has been questioned by some, "Whether there be any Fire in Hell? That is, any Material Fire." Nay, if there be any Fire, it is unquestionably material. For what is Immaterial Fire? The same as immaterial Water or Earth! Both the one and the other is absolute nonsense, a contradiction in terms. Either therefore we must affirm it to be material, or we deny its existence. But if we granted them there is no fire at all there, what would they gain thereby? Seeing this is allowed on all hands, that it is either fire or something worse. And consider this: does not our Lord speak *as if* it were real Fire? No one can deny, or doubt of this. Is it possible then to suppose, that the God of truth would speak in this manner, if it were not so? Does he design to fright his poor creatures? What, with scarecrows? With vain shadows of things that have no being? O let not any one think so! Impute not such folly to the most High!

5. But others aver, "It is not possible that Fire should burn always. For by the immutable law of nature, it con-

sumes whatever is thrown into it. And by the same law, as soon as it has consumed its fuel, it is itself consumed; it goes out."

It is most true, that in the present constitution of things, during the present Laws of Nature, the element of fire does dissolve and consume whatever is thrown into it. But here is the mistake: the present Laws of Nature are not immutable. When the heavens and the earth shall flee away, the present scene will be totally changed: and with the present constitution of things, the present laws of nature will cease. After this great change, nothing will be dissolved, nothing will be consumed any more. Therefore if it were true, that Fire consumes all things now, it would not follow that it would do the same, after the whole frame of nature has undergone that vast, universal change.

6. I say, "If it were true, that Fire consumes *all things* now." But indeed it is not true. Has it not pleased God, to give us already some proof of what will be hereafter? Is not the *Linum Aëstum*, the Incombustible Flax, known in most parts of Europe? If you take a towel or handkerchief made of this (one of which may now be seen in the British Museum,) you may throw it into the hottest fire, and when it is taken out again it will be observed, upon the nicest experiment, not to have lost one grain of its weight. Here therefore is a substance before our eyes, which even in the present constitution of things, (as if it were an emblem of things to come) may remain in fire without being consumed.

7. Many Writers have spoken of other bodily torments added to the being cast into the lake of fire. One of these, even pious Kempis, supposes that Misers, for instance, have melted gold poured down their throats: and he supposes many other particular torments, to be suited to men's particular sins. Nay, our great Poet himself supposes the inhabitants of hell to undergo variety of tortures: not to continue always in the lake of fire, but to be frequently, "by harpy-footed furies
hated"

haled" into regions of ice; and then back again through "extremes by change more fierce." But I find no word, no tittle of this, not the least hint of it in all the Bible. And surely this is too awful a subject, to admit of such play of imagination. Let us keep to the written word. It is torment enough, to dwell with everlasting burnings.

8. This is strongly illustrated by a fabulous story, taken from one of the Eastern Writers, concerning a Turkish King, who after he had been guilty of all manner of wickedness, once did a good thing: for, seeing a poor man falling into a pit, wherein he must have inevitably perished, and kicking him from it, saved his life. The story adds, that when, for his enormous wickedness, he was cast into hell, that foot wherewith he had saved the man's life, was permitted to lie out of the flames. But allowing this to be a real case, what a poor comfort would it be? What if both feet were permitted to lie out of the flames, yea and both hands, how little would it avail? Nay, if all the body were taken out, and placed where no fire touched it, and only one hand or one foot kept in a burning fiery furnace; would the man meantime be much at ease? Nay, quite the contrary. Is it not common to say to a child, "Put your finger into that candle: can you bear it even for one minute? How then will you bear hell-fire!" Surely it would be torment enough, to have the flesh burnt off from only one finger. What then will it be, to have the whole body plunged for ever, into a lake of fire burning with brimstone!

III. It remains now only to consider two or three circumstances attending the never-dying worm and the unquenchable fire.

1. And first consider the company wherewith every one is surrounded in that place of torment. It is not uncommon to hear even condemned criminals, in our public prisons say, "O! I wish I was hanged out of the way, rather than to be

plagued with these wretches that are round about me." But what are the abandoned wretches upon earth, compared to the inhabitants of hell? None of these are as yet perfectly wicked, emptied of every spark of good: certainly not till his life is at an end; probably not till the day of judgment. Nor can any of these exert without control their whole wickedness on their fellow-creatures. Sometimes they are restrained by good men: sometimes even by bad. So even the torturers in the Romish Inquisition, are restrained by those that employ them, when they suppose the sufferer cannot endure any more. They then order the executioners to forbear: because it is contrary to the rules of the house, that a man should die upon the rack. And very frequently, when there is no human help, they are restrained by God, who hath set them their bounds which they cannot pass, and saith, Hitherto shall ye come, and no farther. Yea, so mercifully hath God ordained, that the very extremity of pain, naturally causes a suspension of it. The sufferer faints away, and so (for a time at least) sinks into insensibility. But the inhabitants of hell are perfectly wicked, having no spark of goodness remaining. And they are restrained by none from exerting to the uttermost their total wickedness. Not by men; none will be restrained from evil by his companions in damnation. And not by God; for he hath forgotten them, hath delivered them over to the tormentors. And the devils need not fear, like their instruments upon earth, lest they should expire under the torture. They can die no more: they are strong to sustain, whatever the united Malice, Skill and Strength of Angels can inflict upon them. And their Angelic tormentors have time sufficient to vary their torments a thousand ways. How infinitely may they vary one single torment, Horrible Appearances? Whereby, there is no doubt, an evil spirit, if permitted, could terrify the stoutest man upon earth to death.

2. Consider,

2. Consider, Secondly, that all these torments of body and soul, are without any intermission. They have no respite from pain; but *the smoke of their torment, ascendeth up day and night.* Day and night! That is speaking according to the constitution of the present world; wherein God has wisely and graciously ordained, that day and night should succeed each other: so that in every four and twenty hours there comes a

“ Daily Sabbath made to rest
Toiling man and weary beast.”

Hence we seldom undergo much labour, or suffer much pain, before

“ Tiréd Nature’s kind restorer, balmy sleep”

steals upon us by insensible degrees, and brings an interval of ease. But although the damned have uninterrupted night, it brings no interruption of their pain. No sleep accompanies that darkness: whatever either antient or modern Poets, either *Homer* or *Milton* dream, there is no sleep, either in Hell or Heaven. And be their suffering ever so extreme, be their pain ever so intense, there is no possibility of their fainting away; no not for a moment.

Again. The inhabitants of earth are frequently diverted from attending to what is afflictive, by the cheerful light of the sun, the vicissitudes of the seasons, “The busy hum of men,” and a thousand objects that roll around them with endless variety. But the inhabitants of hell have nothing to divert them from their torments even for a moment,

“ Total Eclipse: no Sun, no Moon!”

no change of seasons or of companions. There is no business, but one uninterrupted scene of horror, to which they must be all attention. They have no interval of inattention or stupidity: they are all-eye, all-ear, all-sense. Every instant of their duration, it may be said of their whole frame, that they are

“ Tremblingly

“ Tremblingly alive all o'er,
And smart and agonize at every pore.”

3. And of this duration *there is no end!* What a thought is this? Nothing but Eternity is the term of their torment! And who can count the drops of rain, or the sands of the Sea, or the drops of Eternity? Every suffering is softened, if there is any hope, though distant of deliverance from it. But here

“ Hope never comes, that comes to all”

the inhabitants of the upper world! What, Sufferings never to end!

“ Never! Where sinks the soul at that dread found?
Into a gulph how dark, and how profound!”

Suppose millions of days, of years, of ages elapsed, still we are only on the threshold of Eternity! Neither the pain of body or of soul is any nearer at an end, than it was millions of ages ago. When they are once cast into τὸ πῦρ, τὸ ἀσβέστον (How emphatical!) *The fire, the unquenchable, all is concluded: Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched!*

Such is the account which the Judge of all gives of the Punishment which he has ordained for impenitent sinners. And what a counter-balance may the consideration of this be, to the violence of any temptation? In particular to the Fear of man, the very use to which it is applied by our Lord himself. *Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do: but fear Him who after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell, Luke xii. 4, 5.*

What a guard may these considerations be, against any temptation from Pleasure? Will you lose, for any of these poor, earthly pleasures, which perish in the using, (to say nothing of the present substantial pleasures of Religion,) the pleasures

pleasures of Paradise, such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into our hearts to conceive? Yea, the Pleasures of Heaven, the Society of Angels, and of the Spirits of just Men made perfect, the conversing face to face with God your Father, your Saviour, your Sanctifier, and the drinking of those rivers of pleasure that are at God's right-hand for evermore?

Are you tempted by Pain either of Body or Mind? O compare present things with future. What is the pain of Body which you do or may endure, to that of lying in a lake of fire burning with brimstone? What is any Pain of mind, any Fear, Anguish, Sorrow, compared to *the worm that never dieth? That never dieth!* This is the sting of all! As for our Pains on earth, blessed be God, they are not eternal, There are some intervals to relieve, and there is some period to finish them. When we ask a Friend that is sick, how he does, "I am in pain now, says he; but I hope to be easy soon." This is a sweet mitigation of the present uneasiness, But how dreadful would his case be if he should answer, "I am all over Pain, and I shall never be eased of it. I lie under exquisite torment of body, and horror of soul. And I shall feel it for ever." Such is the case of the damned sinners in hell. Suffer any pain then, rather than come into that place of torment.

I conclude with one more reflection, taken from Dr. Watts. "It demands our highest gratitude, that we who have long ago deserved this misery, are not yet plunged into it. While there are thousands who have been adjudged to this place of punishment, before they had continued so long in sin as many of us have done, what an instance is it of divine goodness, that we are not under this fiery vengeance? Have we not seen many sinners, on our right and our left, cut off in their sins? And what but the tender mercy of God, hath spared us week after week, month after month, and given us space for repentance? What shall we render unto the Lord, for all
his

his patience and long-suffering, even to this day? How often have we incurred the sentence of condemnation by our repeated rebellion against God? And yet we are still alive in his presence, and are hearing the words of hope and salvation. O let us look back and shudder at the thoughts of that dreadful precipice, on the edge of which we have so long wandered! Let us fly for refuge to the hope that is set before us, and give a thousand thanks to the divine mercy, that we are not plunged into this perdition."

Newport, Isle of Wight, Oct. 10, 1782.



Some Account of Mr. JOHN FURZ, aged 65.

[*Concluded from page 575.*]

THE occasion of my leaving *Wilton* was this. Hearing that Mr. *Hall*, after all the good he had done, had brought a huge reproach upon the Gospel, and was removed from *Sarum*; I went to Mr. *Marsh*, to know the truth of it. He said, "He is gone; but he has not carried away with him, what we have received." We hid ourselves awhile; the world rejoiced, and we sorrowed. When the storm was a little over, I went often to *Salisbury*, and conversed, and prayed with some of the poor people. After some time, I was desired to preach in Mr. *Hall's* Chapel. More and more came, till we had a good Congregation. Mr. *Marsh* then took part of the house adjoining to it, for me to live in, and to receive any of Mr. *Wesley's* Preachers that could find time to call. Here I continued about five years. But some of the people being afraid, lest I should follow Mr. *Hall's* example, I left the house, and left off preaching, till being afflicted both in soul and body, and knowing it was the hand of the Lord upon me, I made my mind known to Mr. *Wesley*, who

who advised me to go into the West of *Cornwall*. I did so: I took up my cross, left my Wife, and Children, and went without delay. I was very kindly received by the people: My labours were blest among them. My bodily strength returned. And great was the comfort that I felt in my soul.

Mr. *Wesley* sent me next into the York Circuit. I went in the simplicity of the Gospel, being only afraid, lest I should not be useful. But it pleased God to give me some fruit here also; which engaged me to go on, and made me willing to spend and be spent for the souls of men. Afterwards I spent two years in *Cheshire* and *Lancashire*, where was the most rapid work of God that I ever saw. At a Love-feast in *Manchester*, we had eighteen persons justified in an hour. And many experienced a higher work of God, being cleansed from all sin. After deeply hungering and thirsting for righteousness, they were satisfied with it. Some of them agonizing in prayer, fell to the ground, and cried out, "It is enough, Lord! My cup runs over! With-hold thy hand, or enlarge my heart." Our Leaders feeling the weightiness of his presence, and the exceeding greatness of his power, were filled with zeal for the glory of God, and the good of souls. They dispersed themselves on Sundays, went into the country villages, sung and prayed, and exhorted the people to turn to God. Many came from those villages to hear the word, and great good was done.

A poor woman that lived about ten miles from *Manchester*, hearing some say, "We have been there, and have found the Lord," told it to a neighbour, and said, "I wish I could go to *Manchester* and find the Lord." Her neighbour said, "Then why do not you go?" She said, "O dear Child, I have no shoes." Her neighbour said, "I will lend you mine." She said, "Then I will go." She came to *Manchester* on a Sunday; but knew not where to go. Seeing a Gentleman walking in the market-place, she went to him, and asked, "Where is it that people go to find the Lord?" He said,

“ Among the Methodists, as far as I know.” She asked, “ Where are they?” He answered, “ Come, and I will shew you.” He brought her to the passage that lead to the Preaching-house, and said, “ Go in there.” *Thomas Woolfinden* came to her, and asked, what she wanted? She said, “ Is this the place where people find the Lord?” He went and called *John Morris*, one of the Leaders, to whom she told all that had happened. He took her in and placed her near the middle of the room, and advised her to look at none but the Preacher. She took his advice, and about the middle of the sermon cried out, “ Glory be to God, I have found the Lord!” which she repeated over and over, being filled with joy unspeakable.

There was likewise a glorious work of God at *Liverpool*. Many were enabled to repent and believe the Gospel: and many believed that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed them from all unrighteousness. The same flame broke out at *Bolton*, at *Macclesfield*, at *Congleton*, and at *Borslem*. One instance of the goodness of God at *Congleton* deserves a particular notice. Two men were there, pot-companions, *David* and *Samuel*. *David* made it his business to stand in the street near the time of preaching, and swear at those that were going to it. About this time we had many remarkable Conversions. At this he seemed much perplexed: and asked his companion, “ What can this be? What the d—l is it that they do to the people to convert them? I have a good mind to go and see.” Accordingly both of them came. But after they had sat about a quarter of an hour, *David* started up and said, “ I will stay here no longer.” He attempted to run, but quickly dropped down. However he rose, and with some difficulty got home. He went straight to his chamber, and got to bed. He turned himself a few times; then leaped up, saying, “ I will lie here no longer.” He ran into the fields, and then wandered up and down all the night. In the morning he came home, went into his shop, and thought

thought he would go to work. He heated his iron in the forge, and lifted up his hammer over his head. But he imagined, the Devil was just behind him, ready to carry him away. He let fall his hammer, ran out of the shop, and went to the fields, where he wandered all day. In the evening a farmer passing by, said, "*David*, why are you not at your work! I have been three times at your shop to-day; but you were not to be found." *David* answered, "I think I shall work no more." The former asked, Why so? He said, "I am afraid I shall be converted." It quickly spread throughout the town, that *David* was going to be converted. But *David* protested he would not; he would go and get drunk directly. Accordingly he went into a public-house, and with all speed drank two quarts of Ale, with half a pint of Brandy. Three men sitting by, one of them said, "*David*, you will be converted for all this." *David* said, "I will convert thee," knocked him down, took him by the heels, and threw him out of the door. He did the same to the second and the third. Then he caught up the woman of the house, ran with her into the street, threw her into the kennel, saying, "Lie thou there." He went back to the house, tore down the door, broke it in pieces, and threw it into the street. Then he went home: but he was no sooner laid down in bed, than he thought, "Now I am sure the devil will have me." He leaped out of bed, took to the fields, and wandered about all the day. At last he went to his companion and told him, "Ever since I heard that old fellow preach, I can neither eat nor sleep." Then, said *Sam*, take it for a warning, or I will keep thy company no more; else the devil will have us both." *David* said, "Then what shall we do?" He answered, "Whatever thou dost, I will join the Society." *David* fell a weeping, and said, "If thou dost, so will I, if they will let me." As soon as their design was known, many came running to me, and desired, I would not receive either of them. I said, "If they come, I will act according to the

best judgment I have." A little before preaching they came. "Sir, said *Samuel*, we are a couple of desperate wicked fellows. But we want to be better. And we beg you, for Christ's sake, to receive us into your Society." I said, "Yes, for Christ's sake I will receive you." They looked one at the other, with tears flowing from their eyes, and said, "For Christ's sake receive us *now*, and let us come in at the Love-feast." I said, "I do receive you now, for Christ's sake." After preaching, one desired me to look at *David*. His body, was writhed many ways, and his cries and groans were such as struck terror into those that were near him. I kneeled down and prayed: while I was praying, *David* started up, and cried aloud, "Glory be to God! my sins are forgiven." At the same time *Samuel* said, "O precious Lamb of God! all in a gore of blood for *me!*" *David* then broke through the people, and caught *Sam* in his arms, saying "Come, let us sing the Virgin *Mary's* song. I could never sing it before; but now my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour!"

Is any thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all?

I married while I was at *Wilton*. When I was young, I was frequently at the Earl of *Pembroke's*. Here I came acquainted with one of the House-maids. We met frequently, and always parted with prayers. She seemed very religious; but when we were married, I soon found my mistake. She was fond of dress, and loved to walk about for pleasure on the Lord's-Day. She refused to kneel down when I prayed, saying, "I do not love such Presbyterian Prayers. I took a book in my hand; but prayed as I did before. Then she kneeled. One evening she was much affected, and rose early in the morning and searched the book to find the prayer. But she could not find it; and afterwards she would not kneel down, whether I had a book or not.

One

One Sunday morning, a little before Church-time, being about to go to the Sacrament, I came down the stairs, She stood silent at the stair-foot, and then stepped down, struck me in the face, and beat out one of my teeth. She stepped back, sat down in a chair, and wept aloud, saying, "Lord, I cannot help it, I am so tempted by the devil." I went to her, put my tooth into her lap, and went into my chamber again without speaking. It was a sorrowful day with her. The next morning she rose before me. When I came down, I found her weeping. She said, "Can you forgive me?" I made towards the door. "She said, "For God's sake, do not leave me." I said, "It is God against whom you have sinned." She wept aloud. I went out, and walked in the fields three hours, praying for her: and when I returned home, I found God had spoke peace to her soul. Nothing would satisfy her, but I must sit on her knees, and hear her praise God. I believe she never lost his love from that hour, but was daily growing in grace. When I set out as a travelling Preacher, leaving my Children to her care, she never once asked me; When I should come home? But in all her Letters said, "I find difficulties: but let not That distress you. I am content. Go strait forward in the work God has called you to."

When I was informed she was very ill, I rode seventy miles in one of the shortest days, to see her. I found two young women with her, who came to see her at the beginning of her illness, and never left her after. One of them asked, if they should let her know that I was come? I said, No; and went in softly to her. She looked at me, and said, "My dear husband, I am going to *Abraham*, to *Isaac* and *Jacob*. I am going to all the Prophets, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. I am going to my dear Jesus; and added,

"No

“ Not a doubt can arise,
To darken the skies,

Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.”

No, not for a moment! She then paused awhile and said,

“ Hark! hark how they shout
All heaven throughout!

Lord, let me come up!” And so departed. I found her clothes had been fold, to procure her necessaries in time of affliction. So that naked as she came into the world, naked did she return.

As to my mother, I was her youngest son, and she was the kindest of mothers. Yet it was not till I had preached a whole year that she would come to hear me. After she had heard, she was all prayer, and soon found peace; which she enjoyed without the least interruption, to her life's end. Living and dying, she was possessed of that quietness of spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. Her last dying words were, “ Lord Jesus! into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

Many years ago, when I was at *Hornby* in *Yorkshire*, I had a violent illness. None about me expected I should ever recover. When to all appearance I was near death, Mr. *Olivers* sent Mr. *Minethorp* to *Hornby* with a letter, to inform me, he would come and preach my Funeral Sermon, and rejoice over me. The good women that sat round my bed said, “ We never had a Preacher died here before. We shall have a great company of people to hear the Funeral Sermon.” I heard one of them say, “ Now he is going.” Mean time the cry of my heart was, “ Lord sanctify me now or never.” In that instant I felt the mighty power of his sanctifying Spirit. It came down into my soul as a refining fire, purifying and cleansing from all unrighteousness. And from that instant I began to recover. But O how slow of heart

heart have I been to believe, and how hard to understand the deep things of God! Before my conversion I thought, if I repented all my days, and was pardoned at last, it would be a great blessing. But when it pleased God to pardon me, I knew, "Now is the accepted time: now is the day of salvation." But I had the same conceptions of Sanctification, that I had before of Justification. I preached it as a slow, gradual work. And while I did so, I gained no ground: I was easily provoked, which made me fear lest after I had preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away. But now, glory be to God, I feel no anger, no pride, no self-will: old things are past away. All things are become new. Now I know, he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him!



An Extract from the JOURNAL of Mr. G— C—.

[Continued from page 580.]

DECEMBER 6. That I am a base, vile, ungrateful creature, I continually feel; yet I am saved both from the guilt and power of sin. And I have a clear testimony of my integrity and upright conduct with regard to her I have peculiarly loved. Since her husband died, I have not found one thought towards her contrary to purity. The morning he died, he sent for me with a heart full of joy and gratitude, to tell me what the Lord had done for him: soon after which he cheerfully resigned his soul into the hands of his Redeemer.

January 2, 1757. I am now entered into a new scene of temptations. I cried to the Lord with many tears. And he gave me a full purpose of heart, to be entirely devoted to him.

Jan. 19. I am greatly distressed, with regard to the widow of my friend. I love her, and believe she loves me. I desire a
closer

closer union with her, but have no liberty to proceed. This has been a day of such inward conflict, as I never felt before. I laid before the Lord all my sins, griefs and fears, and besought him with bitter tears, that I might be enabled to submit to his will, and might give place to no love but his. I was afterwards persuaded, that she would soon die, and expected every moment to hear she was dead or dying. My grief is not to be expressed. I seemed to be left without a friend, without any one to whom I could unbosom my soul. Mean time shame, fear and anguish seized my spirit, to feel my heart thus cleave to any creature. I cried, prayed and intreated the God of mercy, that I might love and delight in him only!

Jan. 20. O who knows but they that feel it, what this bondage is, and what this struggle for liberty! Liberty, not from the guilt of sin, but to love the Lord and him only: I know, guilt is gone: but I also know, that my heart does not always cleave to Jesus: the sense of which so affected me this day, that I was in tears all the day long.

February 3. The Lord gives me an evidence of his love, and much comfort in the means of grace. Yet have I a constant sense of my unlikeness to God, which makes me in a measure unhappy.

March 16. I was more than recompensed for all my past sufferings, being strongly affected with the love of God, and having a lively sense of my soul's union with the Father, Son, and Spirit.

April 10. I at times feel love to the creature; but not long: my soul seeks a better good. I live in no known sin; I cherish no idol. But O! the pride of my heart?

May 12. I was in company with some who feel nothing contrary to love, and who have constant communion with God. Hereby my hope was much strengthened of an entire deliverance from sin, that I might be truly holy, totally renewed in the image of my mind, by the powerful working of the Spirit of Jesus.

July

July 23. How mysterious is this? I know not that I give place to sin. I use every means of grace, and am much in prayer: yet am I distressed by reason of this sinful nature. I would love God, live to his glory, and altogether submit to his will. But I cannot: this evil heart will not let him reign. Yet I feel, I must be holy, or unhappy.

August 2. I am grievously afflicted with nervous weakness, which perhaps I partly brought upon myself. After I attained the knowledge of God, I used more abstinence than my nature would bear. Potatoes were my only food four days in the week, two of which I ate nothing till tea-time. On Sunday I ate nothing till dinner. In Lent I took no flesh, but on the Lord's-Day. Mean time I was accustomed to very hard labour, and allowed myself but six hours sleep, going to bed at ten, and rising at four, and for years seldom missing the morning-preaching. The good effects of this I found in my soul; but my body was much weakened.

Nov. 17. Is not this a token, that I shall overcome my evil heart at last, that I am seldom turned aside from prayer? I constantly open the secrets of my soul to the Lord, and am hereby strengthened to endure and to conquer. Indeed I find great help in the means, particularly my Band and Class; for which I cannot sufficiently bless God.

[To be continued.]

An Account of the Death of Mr. RICHARD BLACKWELL.

MR. *Richard Blackwell* went to the joy of his Lord yesterday morning about half an hour after ten. He was only confined one week to his room. On Sunday the 13th he preached at five in the evening, to a crowded audience, from the words of *David* to his son *Solomon*, "Arise and be doing, and the Lord be with you;" and indeed it was a farewell Sermon; and I trust it will be remembered by many for their

good. He was not able to meet the Society; but as he had complained of a Cold for some days, we thought little of it. On Monday we sent for Dr. *Etor Memis* to bleed him, who sent a civil excuse: then a Surgeon was called, who finding his pulse low, thought it improper to bleed him. On Tuesday Mr. *Blackwell* sent for him again, and was bled. On Wednesday he kept his bed, and complained much of pain all over his body; and was uneasy that the Physician, who then visited him twice a day, prescribed nothing but a simple diet-drink. At his desire I read over Mr. *Wesley's* Receipts, and he thought fit to continue the Apple-Water, which he had used from the beginning, which the Doctor also approved of. On Thursday he had great distress both in body and mind, occasioned by the buffetings of Satan. On Friday he was afraid he should lose the use of his Reason; and early on Saturday morning was seized with a delirium, which continued till three o'clock on Monday morning; during which time he never shut his eyes till a little before his death. At intervals he spoke of the glory and majesty of Jehovah, and of the things of God in general, with great complacency; and retained the lovely smile on his countenance to the last.

He is to be buried on Thursday next, in the Burial-place of *Principal Blackwell*, one of the Ministers of this town: where he will lie in the midst of many of our late Ministers. Lord enable us to lay to heart thy Will in this severe and unexpected chastisement!

W. SMITH.

Aberdeen, Dec. 22, 1767.



An Account of the Death of Mrs. DOYLE.

MRS. *Doyle* was delivered of a daughter the 28th of July, and continued, to appearance, as well as any woman could be, till the tenth of this month, when she was seized

seized with a bilious Cholic, which carried her off on Wednesday the twelfth. For some time before her delivery, she had an impression upon her mind that she should die soon. To a friend that was conversing with her a few days before, she said, "I have been asking for wisdom to act in my family, and he tells me the 'time of my departure is at hand.'" At the time of her travail she bore her pain with remarkable patience. To one that remarked it, she said, "I bless the Lord, I am not afraid of the strongest pain." When I went to see her, on the night she was delivered, she said, "My dear, I was so supported, and my soul was kept so joyous, that I could have sung in the midst of my pain." The day before she was taken for death, we conversed freely on christian experience. She said, "When the Lord first set my soul at liberty, I thought there was nothing to do: since then he has showed me, every grace is to be called forth to exercise. I long, said she, to be that Christian spoken of in the thirteenth of the Corinthians." Her pain was violent, but she bore it with great composure; frequently saying, "Lord, I know that in one moment thou canst remove it if it is for thy glory. But I ask neither ease nor pain, neither life nor death; thy Will be done, and thy Name be glorified." About an hour before her death I was by her bed-side, when she shewed marks of grief. She said, "*Molly*, the Lord cannot err in his dispensations; though they may be painful." Soon after this she sweetly fell asleep.

MARY JAMES.

Bristol, Aug. 20, 1767.

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

Of F I S H E S.

THE Air-Bladder in Fishes is described as a bag filled with air, sometimes composed of one, sometimes of two, and sometimes of three divisions, situated towards the back of the fish, and opening into the maw or the gullet. It is commonly supposed, by its swelling at the will of the animal, to increase the surface of the fish's body, and so to enable it to rise to the top of the water, and keep there at pleasure. On the contrary, when the fish wants to descend, it is supposed to empty this bladder of its air, and so sinks to the bottom.

But many fishes have an Air-bladder, that continually crawl at the bottom; such as the eel and the flounder: and many more are entirely without it, that swim in every depth; such as the anchovy and the fresh-water gudgeon. Indeed, the number of fishes that want this organ, is alone a sufficient proof that it is not necessary for the purposes of swimming; and the ventral fins, which in all fishes lie flat upon the water, are fully sufficient to keep them at all depths.

The Stomach is in general placed next the mouth, and though not sensibly hot, is endued with a surprising faculty of digestion. Its digestive power seems in some measure to increase with the quantity of food it is supplied with; a single pike having been known to devour a hundred roaches in three days. Its faculties also are as extraordinary, for it digests not only soft fish, but prawns, crabs and lobsters, shells and all. These the cod or the sturgeon will not only devour, but dissolve, though their shells are so much harder than the sides of the Stomach which contains them. This amazing faculty in the cold Stomach of fishes has justly excited the curiosity of philosophers; and has effectually over-

overtured the system of those who suppose the heat of the Stomach is alone a sufficient instrument for digestion. The truth seems to be, that there is a power of animal assimilation lodged in the stomach of all creatures, which we can neither describe nor define, converting the substances they swallow into a fluid, fitted for their own peculiar support. This is done neither by ticturation, nor by warmth, nor by motion, nor by a dissolving fluid; but by some principle yet unknown, which acts in a different manner from all kinds of artificial maceration.

Yet though fish are thus hungry, and for ever prowling, no animals can suffer the want of food for so long a time. The gold and silver fish which we keep in vases, seem never to want any nourishment at all; whether it be that they feed on the water-insects, too minute for our observation, or that water alone is a sufficient supply. Even the pike, the most voracious of fishes, will live in a pond where there is none but himself, and what is more extraordinary, will be often found to thrive there.

Air however is so necessary to all fish, that they can live but a few minutes without it: yet nothing is more difficult to be accounted for, than the manner in which they obtain this necessary supply. Those who have seen a fish in the water, must remember the motion of its lips and its gills, or at least of the bones on each side that cover them. This motion in the animal is without doubt, analogous to our breathing, but it is not air, but water, that the fish actually takes in and throws out through the gills at every motion.

The manner of its breathing seems to be this. The fish first takes a quantity of water by the mouth, which is driven to the gills, these close and keep the water so swallowed from returning by the mouth, while the bony covering of the gills prevents it from going through them, until the animal has drawn the proper quantity of air from the body of the water thus imprisoned; then the bony covers open and give it a free
passage :

passage: by which means also the gills again are opened, and admit a fresh quantity of water. Should the fish be prevented from the free play of its gills, or should the bony covers be kept from moving, by a string tied round them, the animal would soon fall into convulsions, and die in a few minutes.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING;
with short REMARKS.

Of P O W E R.

[*Continued from page 587.*]

P. 204. "WHAT is it determines our Will with regard to our Actions? Some Uneasiness a man is under." Not always: Pleasure determines it as often as Pain. But "*Desire is Uneasiness.*" It is not: we desire to enjoy Pleasure, as much as to avoid Pain. But Desire differs *toto genere*, both from one and the other. Therefore all that follows (about Pain alone determining the Will) is wrong from end to end.

P. 210. "If it be asked, What it is moves *Desire*? I answer, *Happiness and that alone.*" How flatly does that contradict all that went before? Where it is said, "*Uneasiness alone causes Desire?*"

"Sect. 47. The Mind having in most cases, as is evident in experience, a power to *suspend* the execution and satisfaction of any of its Desires, and so all, one after another, is at liberty to consider the objects of them; examine them on all sides, and weigh them with others. In this lies the liberty man has: and from the not using of it aright, comes all that variety of mistakes, errors, and faults which we run into, in the
conduct

conduct of our lives, and our endeavours after happiness; we precipitate the determination of our *Wills*, and engage too soon before due *examination*. To prevent this, we have a power to *suspend* the prosecution of this or that desire, as every one daily may make the experiment in himself. This seems to me the source of all liberty: in this seems to consist that which is (as I think improperly) called *Free-Will*. For during our *suspension* of any desire, before the *Will* be determined to action, and the action (which follows that determination) is done, we have opportunity to examine, view, and judge, of the good or evil of what we are going to do; and when upon due *examination*, we have judged, we have done our duty, all that we can, or ought to do, in pursuit of our happiness; and it is not a fault, but a perfection of our nature to desire, will, and act according to the last result of a fair *examination*.

“ Sect. 48. This is so far from being a restraint or diminution of *Freedom*, that it is the very improvement and benefit of it; it is not an abridgment, it is the end and use of our *Liberty*; and the farther we are removed from such a determination, the nearer we are to misery and slavery. A perfect indifferency in the mind, not determinable by its last judgment of the good or evil, that is thought to attend its choice, would be so far from being an advantage and excellency of any intellectual nature, that it would be as great an imperfection, as the want of indifferency to act, or not to act, till determined by the *Will*, would be an imperfection on the other side. A man is at liberty to lift up his hand to his head, or let it rest quiet: he is perfectly indifferent in either; and it would be an imperfection in him, if he wanted that power, if he were deprived of that indifferency. But it would be as great an imperfection, if he had the same indifferency, whether he would prefer the lifting up his hand, or its remaining in rest, when it would save his head or eyes from a blow he sees coming: *it is as much a perfection that Desire, or the power of preferring, should be determined by Good, as that the power of Acting*

Acting should be determined by the *Will*, and the certainer such determination is, the greater is the perfection. Nay, were we determined by any thing but the last result of our own minds, judging of the good or evil of any action, we were not free. The very end of our freedom being, that we might attain the good we chuse. And therefore every man is put under a necessity, by his constitution, as an intelligent being, to be determined in *willing* by his own thought and judgment, what is best for him to do: else he would be under the determination of some other than himself, which is want of liberty. And to deny, that a man's *Will*, in every determination, follows his own judgment, is to say, that a man *wills* and acts for an end that he would not have at the time that he *wills* and acts for it. For if he prefers it in his present thoughts before any other, it is plain he then thinks better of it, and would have it before any other, unless he can have, and not have it; *will* and *not will* it at the same time; a contradiction too manifest to be admitted!



*An Account of the PASSIONS, or NATURAL AFFECTIONS:
extracted from Dr. Watts.*

UNIVERSAL DIRECTIONS *about the* PASSIONS.

23. **I** Have only to add a few Directions, which relate to all the Passions. I shall divide these into two sorts: the first, Moral; the second, Religious.

The Moral are these: "1. Let the regulation of your Passions be the care of your younger years, and carry on the work through your whole life, without intermission. If you are so happy as to have begun this self-government in childhood, you will make the remaining work much more easy, and the following parts of life more peaceful and honourable.

Root

Root up the foul weeds of Pride, Malice and Envy, as soon as ever you find them springing: let them be nipt in their very bud, lest they fix their roots too deep in the heart to be removed.

Bend the useful Passions of Love, Desire, Joy, Fear, Anger, and Sorrow, like young trees, into a beautiful and regular form, and prune off all their luxuriant branches. Begin to bring them to obey the laws of Reason betimes. Keep a constant and an early watch against the wanderings, and the out-breakings of every affection. Let wisdom put a bridle on them before they are grown head-strong and unruly, that you may guide them usefully like a managed horse, through the various paths of human life, and that they may bear you on to duty and happiness.

And I would earnestly recommend it to Parents and Teachers, to insinuate the advantage of ruling the Passions to all the young people under their care. Let them be taught these lessons in the morning of life. Otherwise you may expect that a young Humourist will grow up to an intolerable Peevishness, and become a four old Wretch: a wrathful Child, untaught to bridle his rage, will grow to an incurable Fury. Spite and Envy, uncurbed between ten and twenty years of age, will be in danger of making a devil at fifty.

“ 2. Learn and practise the art of Self-denial, with regard to your Appetites, and you will gain an easier government of your Passions. Rule the Flesh well, in order to rule the Spirit. Passion has its chief seat in animal nature, and if the animal be brought under the yoke betimes, it will be more obedient to Reason, and less susceptible of irregular commotions. Temperance is one of the first of Virtues; but a pampered Appetite supplies new force, vigour and obstinacy to unruly Passions.

“ 3. Restrain your curiosity, and all solicitous inquiries into things which were better unknown. How many

plentiful springs of Fear, Sorrow, Anger and Hatred, have been found out by this laborious digging? Have a care of a curious search into such things as might have safely remained for ever secret, and the ignorance of them had prevented many foolish and hurtful passions. A fond solicitude to know all that our friends or our foes say of us, is often recompensed with disquietude and anguish of soul.

“ 4. Never let your Passions determine your esteem or opinion of things or persons: these always bias the judgment to their own side, and often lead it astray. Whatsoever Passion makes any representations of a thing, you must always make some grains of allowance: for if it happen to be right in the main, yet it generally colours every thing too high and strong.

It is therefore a matter of great importance to form and settle your judgment of things and persons which you have to do with, in the calmest and serenest hours of life. And let these judgments be reserved as Rules for your constant conduct, that whensoever Passion makes efforts to rise and reign, you may have some settled Truths and Rules ready at hand to govern it.

“ 5. Observe what are the Passions to which you are most liable, or to which you are most disposed by your age, or any other circumstance. Consider what Passions have the deepest root in your natural constitution, and watch against them: enquire which are those affections to which your temper is most inclined, or to which you are most exposed by your station and circumstances in the world, and set a special guard upon them.

“ 6. Watch against all those seasons and temptations, those dangerous hours, those occurrences, or that company, which in time past have been most provoking to any of your evil Passions.

“ 7. Have a care of indulging the dangerous Passions, such as Fear, Sorrow, Anger, lest by too frequent repetition,
by

by too intense a degree, or too long a continuance, they should grow into a settled habit and temper.

“ 8. Whenever you feel the more kindly sort of Passions, (those which flow from the love of God or your neighbour) working in you, encourage and promote them that they may fix in your heart more firmly the principles of goodness, and form your very nature and temper to Virtue and Religion.

“ 9. Sometimes one unruly Passion is suppressed by raising another which is more harmless or useful. So when a stupid Inactivity arises from excessive Sorrow, it may be corrected by awakening the Passion of Fear.

Or if any particular Passion prevail we may change the object of it, and thereby prevent its excess. If a timorous Christian avoid his duty, for fear of the reproach of the world, set the wrath of God and hell fire before him, that the *Fear of divine vengeance* may cure him of the *Fear of man*. This was the practice of our blessed Lord, Luke xii. 4, 5. *Fear not them who kill the body: but fear him who can cast into hell.*

[To be continued.]



: An ANSWER to a REPORT.

I Have lately heard to my no small surprise, that a person professing himself a Quaker, and supposed to be a man of some character, has confidently reported, That he has been at *Sunderland* himself, and enquired into the case of *Elizabeth Hobson*: that she was a woman of a very indifferent character: that the story she told was purely her own invention, and that *John Wesley* himself was now fully convinced that there was no truth in it.

From what motive a man should invent and publish all over *England* (for I have heard this in various places) a whole

And now my Beloved, my Text is MALT, which I cannot divide into Sentences, because it is none; nor into Words, because (upon the whole matter) it is but a Monosyllable: therefore I must, as necessity enforces me, divide it into Letters, which I find in my Text to be these four only, M, A, L, T.

M, my beloved, is Moral; A, is Allegorical; L, is Literal; and T, is Theological. The Moral is set forth, to teach you Drunkards good manners: therefore, M, my Masters; A, all of you; L, listen; T, to my Text. The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken, and another meant: now the thing spoken of is, MALT, but the thing meant is strong Beer, wherein you Drunkards make, M, Meat; A, Apparel; L, Liberty; T, Treasure. The Literal is according to the Letter; M, Much; A, Ale; L, Little; T, Thrift; Much Ale, Little Thrift. The Theological, is according to the effects which it works, which I find in my Text to be of two kinds, 1st. In this world. 2d. The world to come. In this world, the effects are, in some, M, Murder; in others, A, Adultery; in some, L, Looseness of Life; in others, T, Treason. 2d. In the world to come: in some, M, Misery; in others, A, Anguish; in some, L, Languishing; in others, T, Torment. Wherefore, my first Use shall be Exhortation. M, my Masters; A, all of you; L, Leave; T, Tipling: or else, 2d. By way of Commination, I say, M, my Masters; A, all of you; L, look for; T, Torment. So much for this time and Text. Only by way of Caution, take this: a Drunkard is, an Annoyance of Modesty; the Trouble of Civility; the Spoil of Wealth; the Destruction of Reason; the Brewer's Agent; the Ale-wive's Benefactor; the Beggar's Companion; the Constable's Trouble; his Wife's Woe; his Children's Sorrow; his Neighbour's Scoff; his own Shame: a walking Swill-tub; the Picture of a Beast; and a Monster of a Man.

Say well and do well, end both with a letter;

Say well is good, but do well is better.

A SERMON preached by an old Minister to three Highwaymen.

To the *Editor* of the *Arminian Magazine*.

Sir,

I Have had this Curiosity by me for near forty years: it is genuine. I hope it will be received well by your Readers, and I trust, prove a blessing to some of them.

Four Gentlemen and an old Minister riding along the road, met three Highwaymen, who dismounting, plundered them: the old Minister begged very hard to have a little money, as he was going to pay a Bill in *London*; so they, being generous fellows, gave him all his money back again, on condition of his preaching them a Sermon: so taking them off the highway, he said,

Gentlemen,

YOU are the most like the old Apostles of any men in the world, for they were wanderers upon the earth, and so are you: they had neither lands nor tenements that they could call their own; neither, as I presume, have you. They were despised of all, but those of their own profession, and so I believe are you: they were unalterably fixed in the principles they professed, and I dare swear so are you: they were often hurried into gaols and prisons; were persecuted by the people, and endured great hardships; all of which sufferings I presume have been undergone by you: their profession brought them all to untimely deaths; and if you continue in your course, so will yours bring you. But in this point, Beloved, you differ mightily; for the Apostles ascended from the tree into heaven, where I am afraid you will never come; but as their deaths were compensated with eternal glory, yours will be rewarded with eternal shame and misery, unless you mend your manners.

A SER.

I will shut up this with that of the Apostle, *Let us keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.* Let this soft and filken knot of Love, tie our hearts together:—though our heads and apprehensions cannot meet. Our Zeal, if it be heavenly, if it be true vestal fire kindled from above, will not delight to tarry here below, burning up the straw and stubble, and such combustible things, and sending up nothing but gross earthly fumes to heaven; but it will rise up, return back pure as it came down, and will be ever striving to carry up men's hearts to God along with it. It will be only occupied about the promoting of those things which are unquestionably good: and when it moves in the irascible way, it will quarrel with nothing but sin. Here let our Zeal busy and exercise itself, every one of us beginning first at our own hearts. Let us be more zealous than ever we have yet been in fighting against, and pulling down the *strong holds of sin and Satan* in our hearts. Here let us exercise all our courage, and resolution, and manhood, and magnanimity.

Let us trust in the Almighty arm of our God, and doubt not but he will as well deliver us from the power of sin in our hearts, as *preserve us from the wrath to come.* Let us go out against these uncircumcised Philistines, I mean our sins, not with shield or spear, not in any confidence of our own strength, but in the Name of the Lord of Hosts, and we shall prevail, we shall overcome them: *for greater is he that is in us than he that is in them. The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting Arms; he shall thrust out these enemies before us, and he shall say, Destroy them.*

There are some that dishearten us in this spiritual warfare, and would make us let our weapons fall out of our hands, by working in us a despair of victory. There are some evil Spies, that weaken the hands and hearts of the children of Israel, and bring an ill report upon that land that we are to conquer, telling of nothing but strange Giants, the *sons of Anak* there, that we shall never be able to overcome. *The Amalakites,*
(say

(say they) *dwell in the South ; the Hittites, Jebusites, Amorites, in the mountains ; and the Canaanites by the sea-coast : huge armies of tall invincible Lusts : we shall never be able to go against this people : we shall never be able to prevail against our Corruptions. Harken not unto them, but hear what Caleb and Joshuæ say, Let us go up at once, and possess it, for we are able to overcome them ; not by our own strength, but by the power of the Lord of Hosts. There are indeed sons of Anak there, there are mighty Giant-like Lusts that we are to grapple with ; nay, there are principalities and powers too that we are to oppose : but the great Michael, the Captain of the Lord's Host is with us ; he commands in chief for us, and we need not be dismayed. Understand therefore this day that the Lord thy God is he which goeth before thee as a consuming fire ; he shall destroy these enemies, and bring them down before thy face. If thou wilt be faithful unto him, and put thy trust in him, as the fire consumeth the stubble, and as the flame burneth up the chaff, so will he destroy thy lusts in thee : their root shall be rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as the dust.*

But lest there should yet haply remain any prejudice, against that which I have all this while heartily commended to you, true Holiness, and the *keeping of Christ's commandments*, as if it were a legal and a servile thing, that would subject us to a state of bondage : I must needs here add a word or two, either for the prevention or removal of it. I do not therefore mean by holiness, the mere performance of the outward duties of Religion, coldly acted over as a task ; nor our habitual prayings, hearings, fastings, multiplied one upon another (though these are all good, as subservient to a higher end :) but I mean an inward soul, and principle of divine life that spiriteth all these, that enliveneth and quickeneth the dead carcase of all outward performances whatsoever. I do not here urge the dead law of outward works, which indeed, if it be alone, subjects us to a state of

bondage ; but the inward law of the gospel, the *Law of the Spirit of life*, than which nothing can be more free and ingenuous : for it doth not act us by principles without us, but is an inward, self-moving principle, living in our hearts.

They that are actuated only by an *outward law*, are but like those little puppets that skip nimbly up and down, and seem to be full of quick and sprightly motion ; whereas they are all the while moved artificially by certain wires and strings from without.

But they that are acted by the new law of the Gospel, by the law of the Spirit, they have an inward principle in them, that from the centre of itself, puts forth itself freely and constantly into all obedience to the will of Christ. This new law of the gospel is a kind of musical Soul, informing the dead Organ of our hearts, that makes them of their own accord delight to act harmoniously, according to the rule of God's word.

The law that I speak of is a law of Love which is the most powerful law in the world, and yet it freeth us in a manner from all law without us, because it maketh us become a law to ourselves. The more it prevaieth in us, the more it eateth up and devoureth all other laws without us ; just as *Aaron's living Rod* did swallow up those Rods of the Magicians that were made only to counterfeit a little life.

Love is at once a freedom from all law, a state of purest liberty, and yet a law too, of the most constraining and indispensable necessity.

The Law of the Letter without us sets us in a condition of little liberty, by restraining us from many outward acts of sin ; but yet doth not disenthral us from the power of sin in our hearts.

But the *Law of the Spirit of Life, the Gospel Law of Love*, it puts us into a condition of most pure and perfect liberty : and whosoever really entertains this law, he hath *thrust out Hagar*

Hagar quite, he hath cast out the Bond-woman and her children: from henceforth Sarah the Free-woman shall live for ever with him, and she shall be to him a mother of many children: her seed shall be as the sand of the Sea-shore for number, and as the stars of heaven. Here is Evangelical-liberty, here is Gospel-freedom, when the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made us free from the law of sin and death: when we have a liberty from sin, and not a liberty to sin; for our dear Lord and Master hath told us, that *Whosoever committeth sin, is the servant of sin.*

He that lies under the power and vassalage of his base lusts, and yet talks of Gospel-freedom, is but like a poor condemned prisoner that in his sleep dreams of being set at liberty, and of walking up and down wheresoever he pleaseth, whilst his legs are all the while locked fast in fetters and irons. To please ourselves with a notion of Gospel-liberty, whilst we have not a Gospel-principle of holiness within us, to free us from the power of sin, is nothing else but to gild over our bonds and fetters, and to fancy ourselves to be in a golden cage. There is a straitness, slavery, and narrowness in sin; sin crowds and crumples up our souls, which if they were freely spread abroad, would be as wide and as large as the whole universe.

No man is truly free but he that hath his will enlarged to the extent of God's will, by loving whatsoever God loves, and nothing else. Such a one doth not fondly hug this and that particular created good thing, and envassal himself unto it: but he loveth every thing that is lovely, beginning at God, and descending down to all his creatures, according to the several degrees of perfection in them. He enjoys a boundless liberty, and a boundless sweetness, according to his boundless love. He enclaspeth the whole world in his out-stretched arms; his soul is as wide as the whole universe, as big as yesterday, to-day and for ever. Whosoever is once acquainted with this disposition of spirit, he never desires any

thing else, and he loves the life of God in himself dearer than his own life. To conclude, if we love Christ and *keep his commandments, his commandments will not be grievous unto us: his yoke will be easy, and his burthen light.* For it is most true of Evangelical Obedience, what the wise man speaketh of Wisdom, *Her ways are ways of pleasantness: and all her paths are peace: she is a tree of life to all that lay hold upon her: and happy are all they that retain her.*

THOUGHTS *on the Character and Writings of Mr. PRIOR.*

[*Concluded from page 603.*]

7. **B**UT to descend from generals to particulars. His tales are certainly the best told of any in the English tongue. And it matters not, whether they were ever told before or no. They never were in the English language. I instance only in two of them, "The Lady's Looking-glass, (mentioned before,) and the English Padlock. In both, the diction is pure, terse, easy and elegant in the highest degree. And the Moral both of one and the other, may be of excellent use: particularly that of the latter:

" Be to her virtues very kind:
 Be to her faults a little blind:
 Let all her ways be unconfined,
 And clap your Padlock—on her mind."

8. But "his amorous effusions have neither gallantry, nor tenderness. They are the dull exercises of one trying to be amorous by dint of study. When he tries to act the Lover, his thoughts are unaffecting and remote. In his amorous Pedantry he exhibits the College."

Surely . .

Surely never was any thing more distant from the truth! "Neither gallantry, nor tenderness! For gallantry, I know not well what it means. But never man wrote with more *tenderness*. Witness the preface to *Henry and Emma*, with the whole inimitable Poem: witness the story of *Abraham*. Are these "the dull exercises of one trying to be amorous by dint of study?" Are the thoughts in these "unaffected and remote?" Yea, "amorous Pedantry of a College?" O no! They are the genuine language of the heart. "Unaffected?" So far from it, that I know not what man of sensibility can read them without tears.

9. But it is said, "*Henry and Emma* is a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither esteem for the man, nor tenderness for the woman." Does it not? Then I know not with what eyes, or with what heart a man must read it! "dull and tedious!" See how Doctors differ! One who was no bad Poet himself, and no bad judge of Poetry, describing Love, says,

"Thé immortal glories of the nut-brown maid,
Emblazonéd lively on his shield appear:"

and always spoke of this very Poem as one of the finest in the English language.

10. However, "*Alma* never had a plan, nor any drift or design." The drift and design of it is tolerably plain. It is a strong satire on that self-conceited tribe of men, who pretend to philosophize upon every thing, natural or spiritual. It keenly exposes those who continually obtrude their own systems upon the world, and pretend to *account* for every thing. His design is, if possible to make these men less wise in their own conceit, by shewing them how plausibly a man may defend, the oddest system that can be conceived: and he intermixes many admirable reflexions, and closes with a very striking conclusion; which points out, where one would least expect it, that *all is vanity*.

11. The

11. The strangest sentence of all, is that which is past upon Solomon. "It wants the power of engaging attention. Tedioufness is the most fatal of all faults. The tedioufness of this Poem."—Did any one ever discern it before? I should as soon think of tedioufness, in the second or sixth *Æneid*! So far from it, that if I dip in any of the three books, I scarce know where to leave off. No! This Poem does not "want the power of engaging the attention of any that have a taste for Poetry: that have a taste for the strongest sense expressed in some of the finest Verses that ever appeared in the English tongue.

I cite but one passage for all. It stands in the first book.

Now when my mind has all the world surveyéd,
 And found that nothing by itself was made:
 When thought has raiséd itself by just degrees,
 From valleys crownéd with flowers and hills with trees—
 From all the living that four-footed rove
 Along the shore, the meadow or the grove;
 From all that can with fins or feathers fly
 Through the aérial or the watry sky;
 From the poor reptile with a reasoning soul,
 That miserable master of the whole:
 From this great object of the body's eye,
 This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
 Terribly large and wonderfully bright,
 With stars unnumberéd and unmeasuréd light:
 From essences unseen, celestial names,
 Enlightèning spirits and ministerial flames,
 Angels, dominions, potentates and thrones;
 All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
 Lift we our reason to that sovèrign cause,
 Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with laws:
 Who forth from nothing calléd this comely frame,
 His will and act, his word and work the same:

To

To whom a thousand years are but a day,
 Who bade the Light her genial beams display,
 And set the Moon, and taught the Sun his way :
 Who waking Time, his creature, from the source
 Primeval, ordered his predestinéd course :
 Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
 Holding obedient to his high command,
 The deep abyfs, the long-continuéd store,
 Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes pour }
 Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more. }
 This Alpha and Omega, first and last,
 Who like the potter in a mould has cast
 The world's great frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the eyes of sense or reason see.
 Yet, if he wills, may change or spoil the whole; }
 May take yon beauteous, mystic, starry roll, }
 And burn it, like an uselefs parchment scroll. }
 May from its basis in one moment pour
 This melted earth.
 Like liquid metal, and like burning ore :
 Who sole in power, at the beginning said,
 Let sea, and air, and earth, and heaven be made,
 And it was so: and when he shall ordain
 In other sort, as but to speak again,
 And they shall be no more: of this great theme,
 This glorious, hallowéd, everlasting Name,
 This God I would discourse.

12. Now what has Mr. *Pope* in all his eleven Volumes, which will bear any comparifon with this? As elegant a piece as he ever wrote was, "Verses to the memory of an unfortunate Lady." But was ever any thing more exquisitely injudicious? First, What a subject? An eulogium on a self-murderer! And the execution is as bad as the design: it is a commendation not only of the person, but the act!

" Is

“ Is it in heaven a crime to *love too well* ?”
 To bear too tender or too *firm* a heart ?
 To act a Lover’s, or a Roman’s part ?”

Yes, whatever men may think, it is a crime and no small one, with him that sitteth in heaven for any worm of earth to violate “ the canon he hath fixed against self-murder.” Nor did any one ever do this out of *firmness* of heart, but for want of *firmness*. “ A Roman’s part !” Nay, no Roman ever acted this part, but out of rank cowardice. This was the case of *Cato* in particular. He *did not dare* to receive a favour from *Cæsar*.

13. But go on :

“ Ambition first sprung from your high abodes,
 The glorious fault of angels and of god’s.”

Consummate nonsense! of *angels* and of *gods* ! What is the difference? Are not these angels and gods the very same? That is, in plain English, Devils! Are these subjects of Panegyric? Or fit to be recommended to our imitation? And if the fault they were guilty of were so *glorious*, what cruelty was it, to cast them into hell for it?

But what comfort does the Poet provide for the woman that was guilty of this glorious fault? Why, this,

Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
 And the green turf lie light upon thy breast.

Who would not go to hell, to have the green turf grow upon his grave! Nay, and primroses too! For the Poet assures her,

“ There the first roses of the spring shall blow !”

The conclusion of this celebrated Poem is not the least remarkable part of it.

“ Life’s idle business, at one gasp be o’er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more !”

Idle

Idle business indeed! If we had no better business than this, 'tis pity that ever we were born! But was this all the business of his life? Did God raise him from the dust of the earth, and breathe into him a living soul, for no other business, than to court a Mistress and to make Verses! O what a view is here given of an immortal spirit, that came forth from God and is going back to God!

14. Upon the whole. I cannot but think that the natural Understanding of Mr. *Prior*, was far stronger than that of Mr. *Pope*; that his Judgment was more correct, his Learning more extensive, his Knowledge of Religion and of the Scriptures far greater. And I conceive his Poetical Abilities were at least equal to those either of *Pope* or *Dryden*. But as Poetry was not his business, but merely the employment of his leisure hours, few of his pieces are so highly finished as most of Mr. *Pope's* are. But those which he has taken the pains to polish, (as the Ode to the memory of Col. Villiers, the Paraphrase on the Thirteenth of the Corinthians, and several parts of Solomon) do not yield to any thing that has been wrote either by *Pope*, or *Dryden*, or any English Poet, except *Milton*.



L E T T E R S,

L E T T E R CCLXIV.

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

Brissol, Sept. 28, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

AS to my conduct, I doubt not but there is room to mend. I shall know better, when you tell me the particulars. Surely I will use no disguise or reserve to you: I make a conscience of this to all.

VOL. V.

4 M

At

At present the way appears clear. The Lord give me the matter that will be profitable! All my fear is, that I shall not bring you nearer to God. Dear Sir, deal plainly with me. If my writing is of no profit, will you let me know?

Tried Faith is the best Faith! Since I have been here, what have I gone through by men and devils? Truly I am a spark in the ocean. And what am I likely to go through! But I am not careful concerning this. I stand now. It is enough!

I am your affectionate Child,

S. R.

L E T T E R CCLXV.

[From Mr. Chapman, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Staplehurst, Dec. 10, 1764.

Reverend Sir,

YOU shall be always most heartily welcome to the best part of my house, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose you are, and whom you serve.

Whatever Preachers you send, we shall joyfully receive, be their *Opinions* what they will. I would like those best, who are most like Christ. I very greatly approve of the Rules of the Society, and particularly what you mention towards the close, "All which we are taught of God to observe, even in his *written word*, the ONLY Rule, and the SUFFICIENT Rule, BOTH of our FAITH and PRACTICE." Most excellently said! May we always most closely keep to it. We are going a most important journey. When we deviate from the written Word, there is no sure footing; all is quagmire.

I very fervently love you, and I trust never to let a day pass without praying for you. I have been lately considering the case of the Lay-preachers; they are, I make no doubt, sent by our Lord as extraordinary Messengers. It appears to
me

me very clearly, that it is the design of our Lord that they should GO ABOUT calling poor sinners to repent and believe the Gospel; consequently they are NOT TO SETTLE any where. This is a very difficult office indeed; the Lord strengthen them for the arduous undertaking!

I am, yours, &c.

J. CHAPMAN.

L E T T E R CCLXVI.

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

Copenhagen, July 28, 1767.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Received your Favour in answer to my first Letter. I give you many thanks for your advice. Such Friends as you recommend are hard to be found. I can find enough to fit at table; but not to talk of the goodness and love of God.

I have sent you a Twenty Pound Note for the use of the Poor. Since I wrote you my last, I have lost my only Son, a boy between seven and eight years of age. He could talk Danish, German and Latin. As he had a turn for it, I intended to give him a liberal education. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. He was a very healthful boy, till God laid his hand upon him. He breakfasted with me in the morning, after which he went up into his chamber. Before noon he was taken ill, as he was writing these lines in German,

Mein Gott ich bitt, durch Christi blut
Machs nur mit meinem ende geet.

His mother put him to bed, and sent for an able Physician; but the next day he died. A little before his death, I bade him

4 M 2

pray

pray to our Saviour: on which he put his hands together, and went off like a lamb.

O Sir, pray for me! for I am very weak in Faith, and have a deceitful heart to encounter with. I am much afraid I shall sleep in a lukewarm state. Pray that the Lord may quicken my soul, and renew a right spirit within me; and that he may give me the Faith once delivered to the Saints.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir, yours, &c.

J. BURLEY.

L E T T E R CCLXVII.

[From Mr. John Smith, to Mrs. King.]

Dublin, Nov. 4, 1767.

My dear Sister,

WHEN I went into the North, and finding many people whose profession and practice did not agree, it made me cry out against all who sinned against light, and denounce the judgments of the law against them. At my first going round, the people seemed to be weary of me; but at my second coming they had time to consider: and God gave them to see the fault was in themselves, not in me. Then there was a great revival, and some were convinced and converted to God: some backsliders also were restored. On taking a view of the Societies among whom I labour, I find there have been above thirty new Members added since I left you. O pray that the Lord may give me Humility. That, and Christ, is all I want. Christ I know is present, but Humility is often far from me. Satan is ready to make me believe, the Lord loves me above others; but I know it is a temptation. I desire to hear how the work of God flourishes in your Society.

We

We held our Quarterly-meeting at *Tandragee*, where we were greatly favoured. There came many strangers from *Macket-hill*. After supper, I spoke strongly of their having disobeyed God all their life long, which brought tears from their eyes. On seeing their distress I went to prayer with them. One of them instantly cried out, "I have found the Lord!" The man and the woman of the house were both Believers. We continued in prayer all the night, and by morning four of them were converted: two young women also who were in another room, were convinced and converted in a short time. Many other instances I could give you of the power of God. O my Sister, remember me at the Throne of Grace; and I hope I shall bear you upon my mind as an epistle wrote in the blood of the Lamb.

I am yours, &c.

J. SMITH.

L E T T E R CCLXVIII.

[From Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

June 18, 1764.

Rev. Sir,

I Desire your opinion. I am not understood, for want of knowing how to explain myself. This causes some to say, my experience is not scriptural, because I have no complaints. But I know, I am approved of God every moment. I find my nature is changed; my heart is sprinkled from an evil conscience, and cleansed from all unrighteousness. God has washed me with pure water, and I find all I do or say is sanctified. But when I say, I am perfectly happy, lacking nothing, many are offended. They ask me if I want no more Faith: and I know not how to answer them. But I feel the atoning blood of Christ applied to me every moment.

This

This causes my joys to flow as a river, and makes me rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks. I find my soul in one continual flame. I have liberty of spirit: Christ has freed me from every entanglement below: Christ sits on my heart, and feeds my soul, and consumes all my enemies. I find nothing within, but a sweet serenity and harmony of love. My rest is in God: my heart is stayed, and my life is one continual looking up to him. The Spirit is quick and powerful, and testifies, that the work is finished. My evidence of it is as clear as the sun in the firmament. I see myself and my performances less than nothing; but God looks upon me in Christ. I find "My every act, word, thought, is love." My every breath ascends to the throne of grace, and returns pure to my heart. My soul is watered every moment: the Spirit ascendeth and descendeth, and ceaseth not. My heart is as wax before the fire, ready to be dissolved and be no more. The glorious weight of the power of God shakes this earthly tabernacle. Every sinew is as unstrung: every cord unloosed: my body stands as in a totter. A little more of the fire of God's love, and it will drive the spirit hence. I thirst for nothing but to see God. Yet my joys increase and abound, and are maintained every moment, I know not how; only it is by faith in the Son of God. He is ever with me; therefore nothing discomposes my mind: but should he withdraw, I should faint. For I have no strength: and I rely on nothing but the promises of God: who, I believe, *has saved my soul, and will save me for ever.*

I am, your affectionate Sister in Christ,

ELIZABETH JACKSON.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCLXIX.

[From Mr. Richard Blackwell, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Bandon, Nov. 20, 1764.

Rev. Sir,

KNOWING your love for souls, I send you these lines, to acquaint you of the prosperity of Zion in this part of the vineyard. When I came to this place, I found the Society in a very dead state. Mr. Taylor was almost determined to come here no more; for he seemed to despair of any good being done. This was somewhat discouraging: but God is faithful to his promise, "As is thy day, so shall thy strength be." My being sent to this place seemed to be a peculiar Providence, that the glory of God might appear, and that I might be satisfied of his will concerning me. The day after I came here, being Sunday, I preached abroad at the market-house, to a large, serious Congregation. God gave testimony to his word. One poor sinner, a soldier, was deeply convinced. He has since found the Lord. I should have continued to preach abroad, but my health would not permit. For in a few days I was confined to my bed, by a fever, and have been but poorly ever since. At present I am much better, praised be God. His work is going on in the midst of us. Many have been convinced. Eighteen have joined the Society: and many have found the Lord; but more backsliders have been healed. Most of the believers are truly alive to God, and see the great promise of Sanctification is not afar off.

Mr. Morgan comes to see me frequently. We are of one heart and one mind, and love each other with a pure heart fervently. I find him very profitable. I see my own ignorance more than ever, and find I have need of all the help I can get: so dear Sir, I hope you will let me be with Mr.

Morgan

Morgan as much as possible. I praise God, I feel my soul happy, and have no doubt of his great Salvation; but I have need to watch every moment, lest I enter into temptation. O may I be faithful unto death! I beg your advice, directions and prayers. May the Lord bless you with every blessing in Christ Jesus! So prays your unworthy Son in the Gospel,

R. BLACKWELL.



P O E T R Y.

THOUGHTS on PREDESTINATION and REPROBATION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART IV.

TO bless is his immutable decree,
 Such as could never have begun to be :
 Decree (if you will use the word decreed)
 Did from his *love* eternally proceed,
 To manifest the hidden powers, that reign
 Through outward Nature's universal scene :
 To raise up creatures from its vast abyss,
 Forméd to enjoy communicated bliss.

Who does not see that ill, of any kind,
 Could *never* come from an *all-perfect* mind ?
 That its perception never could begin,
 But from a creature's voluntary sin.
 Made in its Maker's image, and impress'd
 With a free power of being ever blest :
 From every evil, in itself so free,
 That none could rise but by its *own* decree ?

To

To certain truths, which you can scarce deny,
 You bring St. *Paul's* expressions in reply :
 Some few obscurer sayings prone to chuse,
 Where he was talking to the *Roman-Jews* ;
 You never heed the numerous texts, so plain,
 That will not suit with your decreeing strain :
Who willeth all men to be saved—is one,
 Too plain for comment to be made upon :
 So that if *some* be not the same as *all*,
 You must directly contradict St. *Paul*.

Paul's open, generous, and enlightenéd soul,
 Preachéd to Mankind a Saviour of the *Whole*,
 Not *part* of human race ; the blinded *Jew*
 Might boast himself in this conceited view :
 Boast of his Father *Abraham*, and vent
 The carnal claims of family descent :
 But the whole family of heavén and earth,
Paul knew if blest must have *another* birth :
Paul never tied salvation to a Sect,
 All who love God, with him are God's Elect.

All who love God—how certain is the key !
 Whate'er disputed passages convey ;
 In *Paul's* Epistles if some things are read,
Hard to be understood, as *Peter* said,
 Must this be urgéd to prove in men's condition,
 This *pre-election*, and their *preterition*,
 Or *pre-damnation* ? for that monstrous word,
 Of all absurd decree, the most absurd,
 Is into formal definition wrought,
 By your Divines—unstartled at the thought
 Of sovèrèign power, decreeing to become
 The Author of salvation but to *some* ;

To some, resembling others, they admit,
 Who are rejected—why? He *so thought fit*:
Hath not the potter power to make his clay
Just what he pleases?—Well. And tell me pray,
 What kind of potter must we think a man,
 Who does not make the best of it he can?
 Who, making some fine vessels of his clay,
 To shew his power, throws all *the rest* away,
 Which, in itself, was equally as fine?
 What an idea this of power divine!

Who can conceive the *infinitely Good*
 To shew less kindness than he really could!
 To pre-concert damnation, and confine
 Himself, his own beneficence divine?
 An *impotency* this, in evil hour,
 Ascribed to God's beatifying power,
 Though true in earthly monarchs it may be,
 That *majesty* and *love* can scarce agree;
 In his Almighty Will who rules above,
 The power is *grace*, the majesty is love;
 What best describes the giver of all bliss,
 Glorious in all his attributes is this,
 The sovereign Lord all creatures bow before,
 But they who *love* him most, the most adore.

 E P I G R A M V.

[*By the same.*]

PRAYER and thanksgiving is the vital breath
 That keeps the spirit of a man from death;
 For prayer attracts into the living soul
 The life, that fills the universal whole.

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M VI.

[*By the same.*]

TO own a God, who does not speak to men,
 Is first to own, and then disown again;
 Of all idolatry the total sum
 Is having gods, that are both deaf and dumb.

E P I G R A M VII.

[*By the same.*]

WHAT is more tender than a mother's love,
 To the sweet infant fondling in her arms?
 What need of arguments her heart to move
 To hear its cries, and help it out of harms?
 Now, if the tenderest mother were possess'd
 Of all the love, within her single breast,
 Of all the mothers since the world began,
 'Tis nothing to the love of God to man.

An ODE to the Rev. Mr. JOHN PINHORNE.

[*By Dr. Gibbons.*]

PINHORNE permit the Muse to' aspire
 To thee, and vent the impatient fire
 That in her bosom glows:
 Fain would she tune an equal lay,
 And to her honour'd Tutor pay
 The debt of thanks she owes.

Through *Plato's* walks, a flowery road,
 And *Latium's* fields, with pleasure strowed,
 She owns thy guiding hand :
 Thou too didst her young steps convey
 Through many a rough, and craggy way,
 In *Palestina's* land.

'Twas thy irradiating light
 Opened the *Theispain* vales to fight,
 And taught my feet to climb
 The mountains, where the Muse's choir
 Now tune their breath, now touch the lyre,
 To extasy sublime.

Of high *Parnassus'* top possést,
 See *Homer* towering o'er the rest !
 What a stupendous strain !
 In battle, gods and men contend,
 The heavens outrageous terrors rend,
 And slaughters drench the plain.

My ear imbibes the immense delight,
 While *Virgil's* past'ral lays recite
 The country's humble charms :
 Or when his Muse exalts her voice,
 And like the warlike Clarion's noise
 Sounds the loud charge to arms.

Horace shall with the choir be joinéd,
 When *Virtue* has his Verse refinéd,
 And purgéd his tainted page ;
 Pleaséd I'll attend his *Lyric* strain,
 Hear him indulge his laughing vein,
 And satyrize the Age.

Now

Now *Seneca* with *tragic* lays
 Demands my wonder and my praise ;
 What thunder arms his tongue !
 Now *Sophocles* lets loose his rage :
 With what a pomp he treads the stage,
 And how sublime his song !

See from the *Caledonian* shore,
 With blooming laurels covered o'er,
 Buchanan march along !
 Hail honour'd heir of David's lyre,
 Thou full-grown image of thy fire !
 All hail, thy matchless song.

But see the charming *Casimire* !
 Exulting in seraphic fire
 The Poet soars and sings :
 Divine *Urania* tuned his tongue,
 His harp divine *Urania* strung
 With her immortal strings.

See on what full, what rapid gales
 The *Polish* Swan triumphant sails !
 He spurns the globe behind,
 And mountains lessening to the eye,
 Through the unbounded fields on high,
 Expatriates unconfined.

Whether 'tis his divine delight
 To bear in his exalted flight
 Some Hero to the skies,
 Or to explore the seats above,
 His kindred climes of peace and love,
 His peerless pinions rise.

Methinks

Methinks unkindled by the name
 Of *Casimire*, a sudden flame
 Now shoots through all my soul,
 I feel, I feel the raptures rise,
 On starry plumes I cut the skies,
 And range from pole to pole.

Touching on *Zion's* sacred brow
 My wandering eyes I cast below,
 And our vain race survey:
 O! how they stretch their eager arms
 To' embrace imaginary charms
 And throw their souls away!

In grovelling cares and stormy strife
 They waste the golden hours of life,
 And murder every joy:
 What is a diadem, that's tost
 From hand to hand, now won, now lost,
 But a delusive toy?

From all terrestrial dregs refined,
 And sensual fogs, that choke the mind,
 Full of the inspiring God
 My soul shall her sublimest lay
 To her Creator, Father pay,
 And sound his praise abroad.

Ye Heroes, with your blood stained arms
 Avaunt! the Muse beholds no charms
 In the devouring sword:
 Avaunt! too, the romantic train
 Of gods the phantoms of the brain,
 By *Greece* and *Rome* adorèd.

The

The God Omnipotent, Supreme,
 Jesus, his co-eternal beam
 Shall consecrate my lays :
 In numbers by no lyric bounds control'd,
 In numbers most divinely strong and bold ;
 I'll sound through all the world,
 The immeasurable praise.

O n E T E R N I T Y.

[*By the same.*]

W H A T is Eternity? Can aught
 Point its duration to the Thought?
 Tell every beam the Sun emits,
 When in sublimest noon he fits ;
 Tell every light-winged thought that strays
 Within its ample round of rays?
 Tell all the leaves, and all the buds,
 That crown the gardens and the woods ;
 Tell all the spires of grass, the meads
 Produce, when Spring propitious leads
 The new-born Year ; tell all the drops
 The Night, upon their bended tops,
 Sheds in soft silence to display
 Their beauties with the rising Day ;
 Tell all the sands the Ocean leaves,
 Tell all its changes, all its waves :
 Or tell with more laborious pains
 The drops its mighty mass contains :
 Be this astonishing account,
 Augmented with the full amount
 Of all the drops the Clouds have shed,
 Where'er their watery fleeces spread,

Through

Through all Time's long-continuéd tour,
 From *Adam* to the present hour,
 Still short the sum; nor can it vie
 With the more numérous Years that lie
 Imbosoméd in *Eternity*.

Was there a Belt that could contain
 In its vast orb the Earth and Main;
 With figures was it clusteréd o'er,
 Without one cypher in the score;
 And could your labouring Thought assign
 The total of the crowdéd line:
 How scant thè amount? Thè attempt how vain
 To reach, Duration's endless chain?
 For when as many years are run,
 Unbounded Age is but begun.

Then hear, O Man! with Awe divine,
 For this *Eternity* is thine.

A S H O R T H Y M N.

1 Peter iii. 8. *Be pitiful.*

HOW shall I That love attain,
 Love inexplicably kind,
 Love which feels another's pain,
 Generous, pure, and unconfined,
 Love which bleeds for friend and foe,
 Grasps an universe of woe!

Father, manifest thy Son,
 Full of pitying grace for me:
 Then I put his bowels on,
 Sinners with his eyes I see,
 Sinners with his heart embrace,
 Glad to die for all the race.

END OF VOL. V.



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