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1786





1786



MR CHRISTOPHER WATKINS  
Aetatis 42.

T H E  
Arminian Magazine,

For the Y E A R 1786.

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

E X T R A C T S

A N D

ORIGINAL TREATISES

O N

Univerfal Redemption.



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V O L U M E IX.

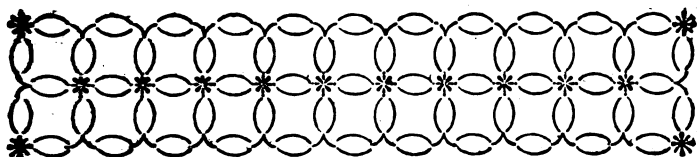
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T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For JANUARY 1786.



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

[Continued from Vol. viii. page 618.]

DISCOURSE II. *Concerning the Extent of Christ's Redemption.*

**T**O state the matter aright, I shall shew, 1. What limitations of our Lord's general Redemption I cannot admit of. 2. In what sense they who maintain that doctrine assert it. And,

1st. I reject that distinction as absurd, which saith, *Christ died sufficiently for all; but intentionally only for the Elect.* This being to delude men with vain words, and in effect to say, he died no more for those who will not actually be saved, than for the devils; seeing he died for them sufficiently. 2dly, It leaves all men, the Elect only excepted, under an impossibility

of salvation; that salvation being to be obtained only by them to whom it belongs. It therefore leaves all others under an impossibility of believing, repenting, and obeying the Gospel; which are the conditions of the New Covenant. 3dly, It follows hence that it cannot be the duty of any, besides the Elect, to believe in Christ, or to bless God for sending him into the world: for this no man can reasonably do, because Christ's blood was sufficient to procure his pardon; but because it was designed for that end. Remove this supposition, and to say Christ's death was sufficient for their salvation, is only to say, Christ could have procured it if he would; but he would not, and who can bless him upon that account? 4thly, Hence it is evident, all who are not elected cannot believe in a Saviour that died for them, but only in one whose death would have been sufficient to procure their pardon, had it been intended for that end, as it was not. And what comfort can this administer to *any*? Surely no more than it would yield to a condemned malefactor to know his prince could have pardoned him, but would not. Nor,

2dly, Can I approve of their doctrine who say, *Christ died so far for all as to procure salvation for them if they will believe and repent; but that he died moreover to procure for the Elect, Faith and Repentance.* For, first, there is no ground at all in Scripture for this distinction: for that faith, Christ died for the world; for all; for every man; but never that he died for one part of mankind more than another. 2dly, They who make this distinction, positively assert, none can repent and believe for whom Christ died not to procure Faith and Repentance: seeing then what he died not to procure, can never be obtained, if Christ died only to procure Faith and Repentance for the Elect, the rest can never have them. Wherefore to force these men to lay aside those disguises of their real sentiments, I demand, 3dly, when they say, Christ died for all, so far as to procure salvation for them, if they will believe and repent; whether he died to procure pardon and salvation:

ON

on a condition, which was possible for them to perform, or only upon a condition which was impossible, for want of grace sufficient? If the latter only, it is certain, he died not at all for them; for what is only done on an impossible supposition, is not done at all. It being the same thing not to die at all, for their benefit, as to do it only on a condition they cannot possibly perform. But if he died to procure salvation for them on a condition which they might perform, he died intentionally to procure salvation to them as well as to the Elect; and so all mankind may be saved. These are the explications of the extent of our Lord's death, which I reject. I add positively,

1. When I say, Christ died for all, I mean that he died equally for all. This will be evident if we consider, first, that he offered the same sacrifice, suffered one and the same death, shed the same blood for all for whom he died. This sacrifice must therefore be offered equally for all; because it is the same oblation, the same body crucified, and the same blood shed for all. And hence that scripture, which saith expressly, that Christ *died for all*, affords not the least intimation that he suffered more for one than another. Moreover, 2dly, it is certain, the sufferings of Christ, and his blood shed, cannot be distributed into parts, so that one should have one share of it, another a second, and another a third; but whosoever hath an interest in them, hath a title to the whole benefit procured by them, and he who hath no title to the whole, hath no share at all in the benefit of his sufferings. 3dly, His blood was shed to establish the New Covenant: now that is equally established to all who perform the conditions of it, Faith, Repentance and sincere Obedience, and belongs to none who never perform them.

2. When we say Christ died for all, we do not mean that he died for any *absolutely*, or without any conditions to be performed on their part, to interest them in the blessings of his passion; but only that he died for all *conditionally*, or so as that they



they should be made partakers of the blessings of his Passion on condition of their Faith, Repentance, and sincere Obedience to the Laws of the New Covenant. These are the means he hath appointed to render them partakers of that salvation which he hath purchased by his blood. And as he died for all conditionally, so it is certain that he died for none otherwise, i. e. he died not with intention to confer the blessings of his passion on any but true believers, and such as would obey the laws of his New Covenant; it being impossible in the nature of the thing, that he should die to save the unbeliever: to deny this is to say, he died to confer the blessings of his passion on the impenitent and disobedient. And therefore,

gdly, When we say Christ died for all, we do not mean that he purchased actual reconciliation, or life for all; this being in effect to say, that he has actually reconciled God to the impenitent and disobedient, which is impossible: he only hath put all men into a capacity of being reconciled to God, upon their turning to him. The death of Christ having rendered it consistent with the justice and wisdom of God, with the honour of his Majesty, and with the ends of his government, to pardon the penitent believer. Hence the Apostles were sent both to Jew and Gentile, *To preach Repentance towards God, and Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, that they may receive remission of sins, and an inheritance among those that are sanctified through Faith in him.* To illustrate this by a plain similitude: suppose a prince whose subjects had rebelled against him, should, through the intercession of his beloved son, promise pardon to as many of them as would ask pardon in his son's name, and promise to be obedient subjects for the future; would this procure an actual pardon to any of them, till they had performed these conditions? Or would it ever do it for them who wilfully refused to perform them? So here, Christ, by his death, obtained of his Father a New Covenant, in which he promises to pardon all upon their faith, repentance, and perseverance in well-doing; but he hath not, by his death, procured actual  
pardon

pardon or salvation for any, who have not performed these conditions; nor can they lay any just claim unto them by virtue of Christ's dying for them: and yet upon this gross mistake are founded many arguments produced by the Synod of Dort, against this general extent of our Lord's death.

Lastly, They who say, Christ, by offering up himself to the death, procured to the Elect, not only Remission, *but also Faith and Repentance*, seem to talk as men ignorant of the nature of Christ; of a Covenant; of the proper effect of Sacrifices; and also of the nature of Faith and Repentance.

1. As men ignorant of the nature of Christ. For what need had Christ to purchase the Faith and Repentance of his Elect of his Father, seeing he could not want power sufficient over the hearts of men to work Faith and Repentance in them; nor could he, who had the greatest love to them, want will to do it.

2. Of the nature of a Covenant, which is a mutual stipulation, requiring something to be done by one party, that he may receive something from another; and therefore to make Christ procure both the promise and the condition, by the same act and passion, is to turn the conditional Covenant into one that is absolute.

3. As persons ignorant of the nature of a Sacrifice of Atonement, whose proper effect is to remove punishment, by procuring forgiveness of the sin committed. It therefore ought to be observed, that no Sacrifice for Sin, as such, no not that of our Lord Jesus Christ, can sanctify a soul, or endow it with that divine nature, that inward purity, and all those other christian virtues which alone make us capable of the enjoyment of a holy God. A pardon will make a man free from condemnation; but it cannot make him of *a clean heart*: it will justify him from past sins, but cannot make him holy, and therefore cannot make him happy: and hence Sanctification is only to be ascribed to the blood of Christ by way of motive; but to the Spirit of Christ as the efficient cause: and all those Christian Virtues which are comprised in it are stiled, *The fruit of the Spirit*,

Lastly,

Lastly, This notion seems repugnant to the nature of Faith, which is an assent to a divine testimony; and of Repentance, which is a conversion of the will from sin to God. Now if Christ hath absolutely procured this Faith and Repentance for the Elect, they cannot be conditions to be performed on their part. And so again, the New Covenant, in respect of them, is not conditional, but absolute. Moreover, if God gives this supposed Faith and Repentance to the Elect, by an irresistible assistance, then others are not to be charged with guilt for not repenting and believing; because it is impossible that they should do so without that irresistible assistance which God will not vouchsafe them; and so they do not believe and repent, not because they will not do what they could do, but because they cannot do it were they never so willing. Since then upon this supposition it is impossible they should believe and repent, for whom Christ never purchased Faith and Repentance, it cannot be their crime that they did not what it was impossible for them to do.

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N XXXI.

ON EPHESIANS IV. 1—6.

*I beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; One Lord, one faith, one baptism; One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.*

1. **H**OW much do we almost continually hear about *The Church*? With many it is matter of daily conversation. And yet how few understand what they talk of? How few

Few know what the term means? A more ambiguous word than this, the *Church*, is scarce to be found in the *English* language. It is sometimes taken for a Building set apart for public worship: sometimes for a Congregation, or body of people, united together in the service of God. It is only in the latter sense that it is taken in the ensuing Discourse.

2. It may be taken indifferently for any number of people, how small or great so ever. As where two or three are met together in his name, there is Christ; so (to speak with St. Cyprian) "Where two or three believers are met together, there is a Church." Thus it is that St. Paul writing to Philemon mentions the church which is in his house: plainly signifying, that even a Christian Family may be termed a Church.

3. Several of those whom God had called out of the world, (so the original word properly signifies) uniting together in one Congregation, formed a larger Church: as the Church at Jerusalem; that is, all those in Jerusalem whom God had so called. But considering how swiftly these were multiplied, after the day of Pentecost, it cannot be supposed that they could continue to assemble in one place: especially as they had not then any large place, neither would they have been permitted to build one. In consequence they must have divided themselves even at Jerusalem, into several distinct Congregations. In like manner when St. Paul, several years after, wrote to the Church in Rome (directing his letter To all that are in Rome, called to be saints) it cannot be supposed that they had any one building capable of containing them all; but they were divided into several Congregations, assembling in several parts of the city.

4. The first time that the Apostle uses the word *Church*, is in his preface to the former Epistle to the Corinthians: Paul called to be an Apostle of Jesus Christ, unto the Church of God which is at Corinth: the meaning of which expression is fixt by the following words, To them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus: with all that are in every place (not Corinth only; so



it was a kind of Circular Letter) *call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both yours and ours.* In the inscription of his second letter to the *Corinthians*, he speaks still more explicitly: *Unto the Church of God which is at Corinth, with all the saints that are in all Achaia.* Here he plainly includes all the Churches, or Christian Congregations, which were in the whole Province.

5. He frequently uses the word in the plural number. So Gal. i. 2, *Paul an Apostle—unto the Churches of Galatia*, that is, the Christian Congregations dispersed throughout that country. In all these places (and abundantly more might be cited) the word Church or Churches means, not the Buildings where the Christians assembled (as it frequently does in the *English* tongue) but the people that used to assemble there, one or more Christian Congregations. But sometimes the word *Church* is taken in Scripture in a still more extensive meaning, as including all the Christian Congregations that are upon the face of the earth. And in this sense we understand it in our Liturgy when we say, “Let us pray for the whole state of Christ’s Church militant here on earth.” In this sense it is unquestionably taken by St. *Paul*, in his exhortation to the Elders of *Ephesus*, (Acts xx. 28.) *Take heed to the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. The Church* here undoubtedly means the Catholic or Universal Church; that is, all the Christians under heaven.

6. Who those are that are properly *the Church of God*, the Apostle shews at large, and that in the clearest and most decisive manner, in the passage above cited: wherein he likewise instructs all the members of the Church, how to *walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called.*

7. Let us consider first, Who are properly *the Church of God*? What is the true meaning of that term? *The Church at Ephesus*, as the Apostle himself explains it, means, *The saints*, the holy persons *that are in Ephesus*, and there assemble themselves together to worship God the Father and his Son,  
Jesus

Jesus Christ: whether they did this in one, or (as we may probably suppose) in several places. But it is the Church in general, the Catholic or Universal Church, which the Apostle here considers as *one body*: comprehending not only the Christians in the house of Philemon, or any one family; not only the Christians of one Congregation, of one city, of one province or nation; but all the persons upon the face of the earth, who answer the character here given: the several particulars contained therein, we may now more distinctly consider.

8. *There is one Spirit* who animates all these, all the living members of the Church of God. Some understand hereby the Holy Spirit himself, the Fountain of all spiritual Life. And it is certain, *If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.* Others understand it of those spiritual gifts and holy dispositions which are afterward mentioned.

9. *There is, in all those that have received this Spirit, one hope, a hope full of immortality.* They know, to die is not to be lost: their prospect extends beyond the grave. They can cheerfully say, *Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.*

10. *There is one Lord,* who has now dominion over them, who has set up his kingdom in their hearts, and reigns over all those that are partakers of this hope. To obey him, to run the way of his commandments, is their glory and joy. And while they are doing this with a willing mind, they, as it were, *sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus.*

11. *There is one Faith,* which is the free gift of God, and is the ground of their hope. This is not barely the faith of a Heathen: namely a belief that *there is a God,* and that he is gracious and just, and consequently *a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.* Neither is it barely the faith of a Devil: though this goes much farther than the former. For the Devil

believes, and cannot but believe, all that is written both in the Old and New Testament to be true. But it is the faith of *St. Thomas*, teaching him to say with holy boldness, *My Lord and my God*. It is the faith which enables every true Christian Believer to testify with *St. Paul*, *The life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.*

12. *There is one baptism*, which is the outward sign our one Lord has been pleased to appoint, of all that inward and spiritual grace, which he is continually bestowing upon his Church. It is likewise a precious means, whereby this faith, and hope are given to those that diligently seek him. Some indeed have been inclined to interpret this in a figurative sense, as if it referred to that baptism of the Holy Ghost, which the Apostles received at the day of Pentecost, and which in a lower degree is given to all believers. But it is a stated rule in interpreting Scripture, Never to depart from the plain, literal sense, unless it implies an absurdity. And beside, if we thus understood it, it would be a needless repetition, as being included in, *There is one spirit.*

13. *There is one God and Father of all*, that have the Spirit of adoption, which crieth in their hearts, *Abba, Father*: which witnesseth continually with their spirits, that they are the children of God: *who is above all*—the most High, the Creator, the Sustainer, the Governor of the whole universe. *And through all*—Pervading all space, filling heaven and earth:

#### Totum

*Mens agitans molem, & magno se corpore miscens.*

*And in you all*—in a peculiar manner living in you, that are one body, by one Spirit:

Making your souls his lovèd abode  
The temples of indwelling God.

14. Here

14. Here then is a clear unexceptionable answer to that question, What is the Church? The Catholic or Universal Church is, All the persons in the Universe, whom God hath so called out of the world, as to entitle them to the preceding Character; as to be *one body*, united by *one Spirit*, having *one faith, one hope, one baptism: one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all; and in them all.*

15. That part of this great body, of the Universal Church, which inhabits any one kingdom or nation, we may properly term a *National Church*, as the Church of *France*, the Church of *England*, the Church of *Scotland*. A smaller part of the Universal Church, are the Christians that inhabit one city or town, as the Church of *Ephesus*, and the rest of the seven Churches mentioned in the Revelation. Two or three Christian Believers united together are a Church in the narrowest sense of the word. Such was the Church in the house of *Philemon*, and that in the house of *Nymphas*, mentioned Col. iv. 15. A particular Church may therefore consist of any number of members, whether two or three, or two or three millions. But still, whether they be larger or smaller, the same idea is to be preserved. They are one body, and have one Spirit, one Lord, one hope, one faith, one baptism: one God and Father of all.

16. This account is exactly agreeable to the nineteenth Article of our Church, the Church of *England*: (only the Article includes a little more than the Apostle has expressed.)

#### “ Of the CHURCH.

“ The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered.”

It may be observed, that at the same time our Thirty-nine Articles were compiled and published, a *Latin* translation of them was published by the same authority. In this the words were “ *Cetus credentium*,” “ a congregation of Believers,” plainly shewing that by *faithful men*, the compilers meant,

men

men endued with *living faith*. This brings the Article to a still nearer agreement to the account given by the Apostle.

But it may be doubted, Whether the Article speaks of a particular Church, or of the Church Universal? The title, "Of the Church," seems to have reference to the Catholic Church. But the second clause of the Article mentions the particular Churches of *Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria and Rome*. Perhaps it was intended to take in both: so to define the Universal Church, as to keep in view the several particular Churches of which it is composed.

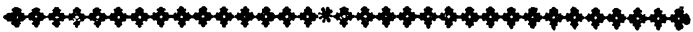
17. These things being considered, it is easy to answer that question, *What is the Church of England?* It is that part, those members of the universal Church, who are inhabitants of *England*. The Church of *England* is, that *body of men in England* in whom *there is one Spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith*, which have *one baptism*, and *one God and Father of all*. This and this alone is the Church of *England*, according to the doctrine of the Apostle.

18. But the definition of a Church, laid down in the Article, includes not only this, but much more, by that remarkable addition, "in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered:" according to this definition, those congregations in which the pure word of God (a strong expression!) is not preached, are no parts either of the Church of *England*, or the Church Catholic. As neither are those, in which the sacraments are not duly administered.

19. I will not undertake to defend the accuracy of this definition. I dare not exclude from the Church Catholic all those congregations in which any unscriptural Doctrines, which cannot be affirmed to be *the pure word of God*, are sometimes, yea frequently preached. Neither all those Congregations in which the sacraments are not *duly administered*. Certainly if these things are so, the Church of *Rome* is not so much as a part of the Catholic Church: seeing therein neither is *the pure word*

word of God preached, nor the sacraments *duly administered*. Whoever they are that have *one Spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one God and Father of all*, I can easily bear with their holding wrong opinions, yea and superstitious modes of worship. Nor would I on these accounts scruple, still to include them within the pale of the Catholic Church. Neither would I have any objection to receive them, if they desired it, as members of the Church of *England*.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



*Some Account of Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD.*

[Written by Himself.]

[*Continued from Vol. viii. page 624.*]

**A**UGUST, 1776, I was sent to *London-Derry*. In this Circuit we had an increase. When I went to visit *Colerain*, we had not one in Society; but after preaching in the streets a few evenings we joined together about sixty souls, got a room in the barracks, and continued to go there regularly from that time.

This year we lost a most valuable friend in *London-Derry*, viz. Mr. *John Smith*, who was a pattern to all that believed: who for years stemmed the tide, and swam against the stream of corrupt customs and sinful examples; and who now enjoys the crown prepared for him, and sees Him whom his soul loved.

Our Circuit was large and painful to travel; having to go to *Colerain* on the one hand, and to the dreary county of *Donegal* on the other; and round by *Lough-Dereg* to *Lisleen*: to which the Papists resort from all parts of *Ireland, England*, and sometimes from foreign countries, to expiate their sins, as they imagine.

In the depth of winter I was taken very ill at Mrs. *Johnson's*. Great was the love, and multiplied were the favours I received from her. For all the time I was ill at her house she was to me as an affectionate mother and a tender nurse. Her example increased my desires for holiness, and wrought in me a greater degree of zeal to promote the interest of our Saviour wherever I came.

In this visitation I found the truth of those words, "Blessed is the man whom God scourgeth, and teacheth out of his law." Scourging and teaching I observed generally go together. I found it was a means of improving my grace, and an evidence that I was not a bastard, but a son. I also found that it tended to wean me from the world, and to prepare me for a greater reward in my Father's kingdom.

July 1777, I returned to *England*, after spending four years in *Ireland*; and three out of the four in the North; during which time my Mother died, which left me more free to preach Christ, wherever the Lord pointed out my way. I came to *Dublin* and embarked for *Liverpool* in company with Mr. *John Hampson*, Mr. *Floyd*, and others. But the high winds which are frequent in St. George's Channel, and which are fatal to many vessels in the passage from *Ireland* to this kingdom, were near proving so to us. For we were driven on the coast of North-Wales in the night; but by the blessing of God, with some difficulty we landed at *Beaumaris* early in the morning; and about the third day we arrived safe at *Bristol*, which was the day before the Conference began.

During this meeting I experienced much self-abasement; being conscious of my unworthiness of the connexion I was in. Every one there appeared as a bright light compared to me. However I was appointed for *Bristol* that year. When I came to preach to such a great body of people my soul fainted within me. But the Lord strengthened me, and gave me to see that nothing of consequence could be achieved with a faint heart, nor great matters undertaken  
without

without resolution. Accordingly I applied myself to reading, meditation, and prayer; and found a blessing in so doing.

In August, 1778, being appointed for *Northampton* Circuit, I left the dear people of *Bristol* with reluctance, and came to *London*, the place from which I first set out to travel. With tears I surveyed the interval of time since I betook myself to the highways and hedges, and changed my quiet habitation for a public one, and the silent shades for troubled seas! Since then I have not been without such difficulties, as unavoidably attend us. And though I had not been wanting to count the cost, yet I have often been like the widowed dove when I thought upon the time, the place, and people among whom I drew the warmest breath after heaven. But surely the time will come, when we shall for ever enjoy the company of those most dear to us.

After a few days I set off for *Northampton*, where I soon found the preaching of the cross but coolly received by the inhabitants in general, where Christ is much talked of, but I fear is kept at too great a distance. There is much said of outward things, but little of the inward washing of regeneration, and universal obedience. Many speak great swelling words about imputed righteousness, promising to others liberty, while they themselves are the servants of sin. I was much distressed to see the Antinomian Ministers and doctrines carry the multitude after them, which made me cry, "How long O Lord God, holy and true, will it be ere thou wilt come, and maintain thy own cause!"

In the winter my horse fell ill, and I being poor (for a Methodist Preacher is likely so to be as long as he lives) and the people poor also, I travelled the winter and spring quarters on foot, about twelve hundred miles. Mean time whatsoever I parted with on earth was amply made up to me in Christ and his people. My love to them was so great that I could willingly have died to promote their welfare. Through this love



I could keep nothing as my own: but freely communicated what I had to others. And thus, through perseverance under the cross, I found the truth of those words, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more to the perfect day."

[To be concluded in our next.]

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*A Short Account of the Death of JOHN HENRY, of Killtycohel, in Ireland.*

ON the 17th instant, *John Henry* was attacked with the symptoms of a Pleurisy. I visited him on the 19th and 20th, and found him striving to say to God, Thy will be done.

On the 22d I visited him again, and found him in a dangerous state. On this I advised him to settle his temporal affairs. But he seemed confident he should not die. Here I was at a full stand.

In this frame of mind he continued till the night of the 23d, when the arrows of death sunk so deep into his mortal part, as to force him to yield to the evidence of his approaching dissolution. I was then sent for in all haste, and having settled his temporal affairs, endeavoured to strengthen him for his solemn change.

The rest of the night he spent in the agonies of death; now and then groaning out his soul in ardent, though short prayers to God. About eight the next morning, he fell into the most dreadful agony of soul I ever saw! His eyes glared with terror! His countenance looked wild and ghastly! while the sweat poured in streams down his hair and face! His anguish was so great that he frequently attempted to force himself out of bed, and his groans were sufficient to wound a heart of stone! Thus he struggled in the extremity of woe, for the  
space

space of five minutes. Then raising himself up as in frantic despair, he cried out, "I am damned! I am damned! I am damned after all!"

For two hours before this dreadful agony began, he spoke, when his strength would permit, of the blessed privileges of true believers, and of his own peace with God, and of his assurance of eternal happiness. But O! who can fathom the mystery of divine Providence, or tell why God permits such strange trials to befall his servants!

I ought to observe, that before, in, and after this dreadful conflict, he had the use of his reason as perfect as ever he had in all his life. But O, how vain, how impotent is reason in the hour of such darkness?

After awhile this dreadful conflict yielded to those healing promises, The Lord shall give thee the desire of thine heart upon thine enemy. The Lord will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, &c. &c. His countenance now changed from the wildest horror I ever saw, into the most evident signs of peace and joy; while, from the fulness of his heart, he joyfully proclaimed his deliverance from the hellish oppressor: often crying out, "Jesus! my God and my All!—Yes, Jesus will give me the desire of my heart upon my enemy!—O how far did the enemy exact upon me, and the son of wickedness afflict me!—He made me believe I should not die.—He came to me as an angel of light.—O how far did he deceive me!—He then brought six texts of scripture to prove that I was not a child of God, and that I had deceived myself.—But glory be to God! Jesus brought ten to prove him a liar.—O thou cruel enemy, Jesus will give me the desire of my heart upon thee! Now I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Jesus, thou art my God! my life! my light! my joy!" Thus he went on without bounds or measure, glorifying God for his deliverance, and expressing his astonishment at the delusions the devil had led him into; and at God's great goodness in saving him from the hand of the destroyer.

From this time he began to weaken every hour: and now knowing the hour of his departure drew nigh, he called his friends around him, and took an affectionate farewell of them all; giving a kind advice to each as he saw need. While he could speak his conversation was heavenly, and when his tongue began to falter, his eyes and countenance spoke the joys and pleasures of his soul. In the evening his speech failed, and death's dread work was visible in every part. About midnight he began to cease breathing, sometimes for near a minute together; and then would revive again, and so continued till five in the morning, when, with a deep sigh, he breathed out his last!

Sligo, March 30, 1785.

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*An Account of ANN GREEN.*

**I**N the year 1650, one *Ann Green*, a servant to Sir *Thomas Read*, of *Dunstrew*, in *Oxfordshire*, being with child by a servant in the family, by over-working herself, fell in labour at the end of the fourth month. But not knowing what was the after matter she repaired to the Necessary-house, where sometime, a child, not above a span long, fell from her unawares. Shortly after some stains appearing on the linen where she lay, and she having confessed herself guilty of the cause, a search was made, and the child found. On this, she was, three days after her delivery, carried to the Castle at *Oxford*, where an Affize being held by a special Commission, she was arraigned, tried, and condemned; and, according to her sentence, hanged in the Castle-yard, where she hung the usual time. But still stirring, she was pulled by the legs, struck on the breast, and in the end had several strokes given her on the stomach with the butt-end of a soldiers' musket. Being cut down, she was put into a coffin, and brought away

to be dissected; when, upon opening the coffin, (although the rope remained still unloosed, and tight about her neck) they perceived her breast to heave. On this, one to put her out of her pain, set his foot on her breast and belly: then a soldier struck her again with the butt-end of his musket. Notwithstanding all which, when Sir *William Petty*, Professor of Anatomy in the University, came to prepare the body for dissection, they perceived a rattling in her throat. Whereupon, desisting from their purpose, they opened a vein, laid her in a warm bed, and caused another to go to bed to her. In about fourteen hours she began to revive, and soon spoke plainly.

The Officers would have taken her again to have completed the execution; but through the mediation of the Doctors, who were present, the Governor of the town set a guard upon her to hinder all disturbance, till a pardon was procured for her.

Dr. *Petty* and other Doctors enquiring concerning her sense and apprehensions, during the time of her hanging, till she came to herself, she affirmed, That she neither remembered how her fetters were taken off; how she went out of prison; when she was turned off the ladder; nor any thing at the gallows: nor was she sensible of any pain she had felt. What is farther observable is, that she came to herself as one awaking out of sleep: not recovering her speech by degrees, but at once, and beginning to speak just where she left off at the gallows.

After being perfectly recovered, and having returned thanks to God and her Benefactors, for her deliverance, she retired to *Steeple Barton* in the same county, where she married; had three children; and lived in good repute for several years,



*The* REMAINS of JOHN NELSON.

AS the Name and Character of that plain, useful man, *John Nelson*, are held in such high and general esteem, the following fragments he has left behind him will be acceptable to those who knew him.

FRAGMENT FIRST: *concerning his Grand-Daughter.*

My Grand-daughter about sixteen years of age, rejoiced in the Lord about six weeks before she died. Her last words to her father and mother were, "Fret not; for I am going to Jesus, and to help the angels to praise God."

[*The Second in our next.*]



OF GOD'S IMMENSITY.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

THE absolutely infinite, necessary, self-existent Being must be omnipotent; not "because absolute necessity (as *Dr. Clarke* says) is always and every where the same:" which seems to be no proof; but because the indivisible, all-comprehensive mind must be at all times, entirely, and equally present (both by the totality of his absolute essence; and by the perfect exercise of his attributes) to all beings, whether material or spiritual. This is incomprehensible; but not impossible. We fancy it such, only because we imagine; that there is an infinite space distinct from God, which he fills by local diffusion; and then it would be absurd and contradictory to say, that he is as much in an atom, as in the whole of matter. For what is entirely and locally in a part, cannot be at the same time entirely and locally in the whole. When we think therefore of God's immensity, we must abstract from it all ideas  
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of extension and diffusion; as when we think of his eternity, we must drop all ideas of succession and time.

Some imagine they have clearer ideas of God's eternity, than of his immensity; of his unsuccessive duration, than of his unextensive existence: and that we may conceive how he knows and loves himself always by one permanent act, without succession; but that we can have no idea how he exists entirely every where, without extension. The reason is, because we have no adequate idea of God's essence, nor indeed of any substance whatsoever. So soon as we begin to imagine what *Spirit* is, we immediately extend and corporalize it. Immersed in sense and drunk with imagination, we cannot imagine that to be reality which is not extended; as children believe air to be an empty void or nothing, because they do not feel or see it: but when we rise above sense and bridle imagination, we soon discover that God must exist without diffusion of parts, as without succession of thoughts; and that there can be no physical relation between the properties of the eternal mind, power, wisdom, and will; and the properties of matter, divisibility, figuratively and mobility. We cannot say a span of power, an ell of wisdom, and a yard of will. It is true indeed that we express very often the attributes of spirit by these of body, a high mind, a profound judgment, a soft heart; but then we speak only in a metaphorical, figurative way, and not in a physical, literal one.

The schoolmen have miserably obscured the doctrine of Eternity, and Immensity, by their dull, insipid comparisons. They conceive God's immensity as a point, and his eternity as a moment. Pitiful jargon. So soon as we imagine the infinite mind under any form relative to infinite, whether it be a point or a moment; an infinite extension, or infinite succession, we corporalize God, or humanize him. To fancy that he is contracted into a point, or expanded through infinite space is degrading his nature. He exists every where and always without extension and without succession. This is all we should

should say; and if we have departed from this simplicity, it was rather to confute error, than explain truth. The simplest ideas and the simplest expressions are the best, when we speak of the simplest of all beings; and the removing of all imperfections by negative propositions is safer than attempts, by affirmative ones, to explain what is incomprehensible.

Hence as there is a great difference between infinite time, and the divine eternity; so there is a total difference between infinite space, and the divine immensity. Infinite space is an abstract idea of the manner according to which *bodies* exist by extension. Divine immensity is the manner by which *God* exists *without* extension. To say therefore that infinite space is the sensory, organ, or medium in which, and by which God sees all things, is an unintelligible and dangerous way of speaking. It is saying that the abstract idea of a finite mind, is an absolute attribute of the infinite mind.

Hence we must necessarily admit of two sorts of substances; one that exists without extension; and another with extension; one that is present to all beings entirely, indivisibly, and essentially, to the part, as to the whole. Another that exists only by succession and expansion; by parcels, additions, and multiplications. These two manners of existing are quite contrary, and incompatible attributes; and therefore must belong to quite different substances. For this reason, for the future, we shall call absolute infinite, *Mind, Intellect, or Spirit.*

Hence if it can be proved that God has a creating power; then it is plain that he may produce two sorts of substances quite different and distinct, one that exists *without* extension, and the other *with* extension: the one *immaterial*, and the other *material*. The one must be like himself, a simple, uncompounded, indivisible essence; the other a compound of many different substances, which though contiguous and similar yet may be divided and separated; yea the one may be annihilated,

annihilated, while the other exists. And this is the first distinction betwixt spirit and body.

Hence the idea of an extended, material substance, that is absolutely indivisible, unfigurable, and unmoveable, is a perfect contradiction. Matter may be undivided, but it is not indivisible. It may be without any one particular, determinate figure we can imagine, but it is not unfigurable. It may be unmoved, but it is not unmoveable; for by its nature of an extended substance that exists by diffusion of parts, these parts must be necessarily susceptible of figure, division, and motion by a superior force capable to form, divide, and move them.

Hence the first mystery of natural religion is that of the divine immensity, or unextensive existence: we see that it *must be*, but not *how it is*; this attribute is incomprehensible, but not impossible. It is inconceivable, but it is demonstrable. Now when we have demonstrated that a thing must be; we ought not to deny it purely and only, because we cannot conceive it adequately.



### *The Unsearchableness of GOD'S JUDGMENTS.*

*How unsearchable are his Judgments, and his Ways past finding out? Rom. xi. 33.*

THESE words are the close of a disputation, wherein St. Paul was engaged with the advocates of Judaism, concerning God's providence towards his ancient people, in rejecting the greatest part of them, upon their refusal to embrace the Christian doctrine; and in admitting the Gentile world to favour, upon its compliance with the overtures thereof, proposed in the gospel. In this proceeding those infidels could not discern God's hand, nor would allow such a dispensation worthy of him, advancing several exceptions



against it: God (said they) having espoused and consecrated us to himself; having to our Fathers, in regard to their piety, made so absolute promises of benediction on their posterity; how can it consist with his wisdom, with his justice, with his fidelity, with his constancy to abandon us? Doth not this dealing argue his former affections to have been misplaced; doth it not implead his ancient covenant; doth it not supplant his own designs, and unravel all that he for so many ages hath been doing? Upon such accounts did this dispensation appear very strange and scandalous to them: but *St. Paul*, being infallibly assured of its truth, undertakes to vindicate it from all misprisions, rendering a fair account of it, and assigning for it many satisfactory reasons drawn from the general equity of the case, from the nature of God, his attributes, and his relations to men; from the congruity of this proceeding to the tenor of God's providence, to his most ancient purposes, to the true intent of his promises, to his express declarations and predictions; to the state of things in the world, and the pressing needs of all mankind: such reasons (I say which I have not time explicitly to relate) doth the Apostle produce in favour of this great dispensation; which sufficed to clear it from all their objections; yet notwithstanding, after he had steered his discourse through all these rocks he thought it safe to cast anchor; winding up the contest in the modest intimation, that whatever he could say, might not perhaps exhaust the difficulty, that therefore in this and all such cases, for entire satisfaction, we should have recourse to the incomprehensible wisdom of God, who frequently in the course of his providence doth act upon grounds, and ordereth things in methods transcending our ability to discover or trace: to consider some causes and reasons of which incomprehensibility, and to ground thereon some practical advices will be the scope of my discourse. The reasons may be these:

1. As the dealings of wise men sometimes are founded upon maxims, and admit justifications not obvious, nor penetrable  
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by vulgar minds, so may God act according to rules of wisdom and justice; which it may be impossible by our faculties to apprehend.

As there are natural modes of being and operation (such as God's necessary subsistence, his production of things from nothing, his eternity without succession, his immensity without extension, his prescience without necessitation of events, his ever acting, but never changing, and the like) so there may be prudential and moral rules of proceeding far above our reach; so God himself tells us: *As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.* Some of them we may be incapable to know because of our finite nature; they being peculiar objects of divine wisdom, and not to be understood by any creature; for as God cannot impart the power of doing all things possible, so may he not communicate the faculty of knowing all things intelligible; that being indeed to ungod himself, or to deprive himself of his peerless supremacy in wisdom; hence he is stiled the only wise God; hence he chargeth the Angels with folly; hence the most illuminate Seraphims veil their faces before him.

Other such rules we may not be able to perceive from the meanness of our nature, or our low rank among creatures; for beneath omniscience there being innumerable forms of intelligence, in the lowest of these we sit, one remove from beasts; being endowed with capacities, suitable to that inferior station, and to those meaner employments, for which we were designed, and framed; whence our mind hath a pitch beyond which it cannot soar; and things clearly intelligible to more noble creatures, moving in a higher orb, may be dark and inexplicable to us: *As an angel of God, so is my Lord the King,* to discern good and bad, was an expression importing this difference, how those glorious creatures overtop us in intellectual capacities.

Also divers notions, not simply passing our capacity to know, we are not yet in condition to know, by reason of our circumstances here, in this dark corner of things, to which we are confined, and wherein we lie under many disadvantages of attaining knowledge: he that is shut up in a close place, and can only peep through chinks, who standeth in a valley, and hath his prospects intercepted, who is encompassed with fogs who hath but a dusky light to view things by, whose eyes are weak or foul, how can he see much or far; how can he discern things remote, minute or subtle, clearly and distinctly? Such is our case; our mind is pent up in the body, and looketh only through those clefts, by which objects strike our sense. Its intuition is limited within a very small compass; it resideth in an atmosphere of fancy, stuffed with exhalations from temper, appetite, passion, interest; its light is scant and faint (for sense and experience reach only some few gross matters of fact, light infused, and revelation imparted to us, proceed in measures fixt by God) our ratiocination consequently from such principles must be very short and defective; nor are our minds ever thoroughly sound or pure and defecate from prejudices; hence no wonder, that now we are wholly ignorant of divers great truths, or have but a glimmering notion of them, which we may, and hereafter shall come fully and clearly to understand: so that even Apostles, the secretaries of heaven, might say, *We know in part, and we prophesy in part; we now see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.*

In fine, those rules of equity or expedience, which we use in our transactions with one another (being derived from our original inclinations to like some good things, or from notions stamped on our soul, when God made us according to his image, from common experience, from any kind of rational collection, from the prescription of God's word) if they be applied to the dealings of God, will be found very incongruous, or deficient; the case being vastly altered from that infinite distance in nature and state between God and us; and

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from the immense differences which his relations towards us have from our relations to one another.

Wherefore in divers enquiries about Providence, to which our curiosity will stretch itself, it is impossible for us to be resolved, and launching into them we shall soon get out of our depth, so as to swim in dissatisfaction, or to sink into distrust: why God made the world at such an instant, no sooner or later; why he made it thus, not exempt from all disorder; why he framed Man (the prince of visible creatures) so fallible and frail, so prone to sin, so liable to misery; why so many things happen offensive to him: why his gifts are distributed with such inequality; such questions we are apt to propound and to debate; but the resolution of them our mind perhaps was not made to apprehend; however in this state we by no means can come at it: it at least being kept among those things, of which it is said, *secret things belong unto the Lord our God*, in distinction from others, about which it is added, *but those that are revealed belong unto us, and to our children for ever.*

In such cases the absolute will, the sovereign authority, the pure liberality of God supply the place of reasons sufficient, if not to satisfy the minds of men fondly curious, yet to stop the mouths of those, who are boldly peremptory; which are alledged, not with the intent to imply that God ever acteth unaccountably, or without highest reason; but that sometimes his methods of acting are not fit subjects of our conception or discussion; for otherwise God appealeth, to the verdict of our reason, when the case is such, that we can apprehend it, and the apprehension of it may conduce to good purposes.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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*Of LIBERTY or FREEDOM.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

**F**REEDOM is not an arbitrary gift of God, as *Bayle* says; but a necessary, inseparable adjunct of our intelligent, reasonable natures. Reason is, comparing, examining, judging: now from this power flows the power of willing, chusing and preferring one object to another, which is freedom. We love good in general, or happiness, necessarily; but all particular good, freely; because we may still think of another good far superior to any determinate one, and so find a reason of preferring the greater to the lesser.

Hence freedom does not consist in a power to determine ourselves without any reason at all. To chuse thus would be capricious fancy, and not a true perfection. We never act deliberately without some motive or reason; and this motive is always either real, or apparent good.

Hence freedom far less consists in a power to prefer what appears the worst to what appears the best: but in a power to suspend our choice till we have examined if what appears the best, be really so or not. The view of the best, or what appears to us such, always determines us necessarily in the actual moment of choice: but antecedently to this moment, we have still a real, intrinsic, inherent, immediate, unchained power of examining whether what appears to us best be really so or not, and of suspending our choice till we have thus examined.

Hence freedom is a purely admmissive faculty, and no ways productive of the objects that act upon us. We are very often entirely passive as to the impression of these objects; but always free to reflect upon and compare those impressions. We are not always free to feel; but we are always free to consent to what we feel. We are not always free to reject wholly the involuntary

involuntary sensations, strong imaginations, and violent impressions objects excite in us; but we are always free to adhere to them, to correspond with them; and to disavow them, or to indulge them; to expose ourselves to their action; to live within the sphere of their activity; to fortify in ourselves the desire, union, and love of them; or to shun the occasions that expose us to their influences.

Hence though original sin has very much impaired our natural liberty; and though inveterate habits of corruption diminish it more and more; yet it is not, and can never be totally destroyed during this mortal life. Though of ourselves we cannot vanquish our passions, resist violent temptations, do any supernatural good, or practise any divine virtue; yet we have always present and at hand a superior, foreign, adventitious, supernatural force, by which we can resist all the efforts of sense, passion and self-love; by degrees vanquish them, and become truly just. If we are faithful to God's universal, preventing, purely gratuitous favours, which are refused to none, which is at first difficult, will become less so, then easy; and in fine, natural to the new man that God creates in us, if we co-operate with his sanctifying operations.

Account of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was Governor of *Flushing*, and General of the Horse under his uncle the Earl of *Leicester*. His valour, which was esteemed his most shining quality, was not exceeded by any of the heroes of his age; but even this was equalled by his humanity. After he had received his death's wound at the battle of *Zutphen*, and was overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him. At the same time a poor soldier was carried along desparately wounded, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle, just as he was lifting it to his mouth; upon

upon which he instantly delivered it to him, with these words: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

This accomplished gentleman seems to have been the delight and admiration of the age of *Elizabeth*, rather for the variety, than the greatness of his genius. He that was the ornament of the University, was also the ornament of the Court; and appeared with equal advantage in a field of battle, or at a tournament; in a private conversation among his friends, or in a public character as an ambassador.

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*The following Account of an extraordinary Fish of the Eel-tribe, which the Author calls the Torporific Eel, is taken from Mr. Bancroft's ingenious Essay on the Natural History of Guinea, lately published.*

**T**HIS Fish is a native of fresh water, and is most commonly found in the river *Essequebo*, being usually about three feet in length, and twelve inches in circumference near the middle. It is covered with a smooth skin, of a blueish lead colour, very much like that of sheet lead which has been exposed to the weather, being entirely destitute of scales. When it is touched either by the naked hand, or a rod of iron, gold, silver, copper, &c. held in the hand, or by a stick of some particular kind of heavy American wood, it communicates a shock perfectly resembling that of electricity, which is commonly so violent, that but few are willing to suffer it a second time.

The *Torporific Eel*, caught by a hook, violently shocks the person holding the line.

The same Eel touched with an iron rod, held in the hand of a person, whose other hand is joined to that of another, &c. communicates a violent shock to ten or a dozen persons thus joining

joining hands, in a manner exactly similar to that of an electrical machine.

A person holding his finger in the water, at the distance of eight or ten feet from the fish, receives a violent shock, at the instant the fish is touched by another person.

This Eel, when enraged, upon elevating its head just above the surface of the water, if the hand of a person is less than five or six inches therefrom, it frequently communicates an unexpected shock without being touched.

No shock is perceived by holding the hand in the water near the fish, when it is neither displeased nor touched.

The shock is most violent when the fish is highly enraged.

From these particulars it is apparent, that the shock is produced by an emission of torporific, or, electric particles.

That their emission is voluntary, depending on the will of the animal, who emits them for his defence, either when touched or enraged.

That the existence of these particles depends on that of the Eel, and terminates with its life. And, that they are equally emitted from every part of the body.



*A Description of the famous Copper-Mine, belonging to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, at Ecton-Hill, in the County of Stafford.*

**E**CTON-HILL, that part of it, in which the Mine is situated, is of a conical figure: its perpendicular height, next the river Dove, which runs close by, is about seven hundred feet: its diameter, from the same, quite through, about half a mile; the upper strata, or mould, is about fifteen inches thick, and produces exceeding fine herbage for sheep and other cattle, who constantly graze on its top and sides; and where



the declivity will permit the plough, where very fine wheat, barley, and oats are produced in great plenty.

This Copper-Mine was discovered about thirty years ago by a Cornish Miner, who, in passing over the hill, accidentally picked up a bit of ore, annexed to some fine spar, which that metal usually adheres to.

To take a view of this stupendous Copper-Mine, you must enter at an adit at the base of the hill by the river Dove, and proceed about four hundred yards, almost in a direct line. At your entrance, for about sixty yards, it is four feet and a half high, walled up on each side with good stone masonry; but afterwards it varies in its height, and rises in some places to six feet. When you arrive at the centre, there is a spacious lodgement of timber, for landing and receiving the ore from below, which is drawn up by a man at a winch, (who generally works naked,) and is put into four wheel waggons that will hold about a ton and a half each. These waggons have cast brass wheels, and are run in grooves through the adit, by boys from twelve to fourteen years of age with great facility.

When on the lodgement, you behold a large hollow over your head, at least two hundred and fifty yards high, by the sides of which there is a passage to the summit, but dangerous to attempt, as the timber works seem in a decayed state.

Thus far into the mountain, with the aid of lights it is easy enough of access. The late Duke of Devonshire ventured to this platform, took a cursory view of the works, gave the miners ten guineas to drink, but returned immediately, not choosing to descend below. Indeed such a horrid gloom, such rattling of waggons, noise of workmen boring of rocks under your feet, such explosions in blasting, and such a dreadful gulph to descend, present a scene of terror, that few people who are not versed in mining, care to pass through.

From the platform the descent is about one hundred and sixty yards, through different lodgements, by ladders, lobs, and cross-pieces of timber let into the rock, to the place of action,  
where

where a new scene, ten thousand times more astonishing than that above presents itself; a place as horrible to view, as imagination can conceive. On the passage down, the constant blasting of the rocks, ten times louder than the loudest thunder, seems to roll and shake the whole body of the mountain. When at the bottom, strangers are obliged to take shelter in a niche cut in the rock, to avoid the effects of blasting the rocks, as the miners generally give a salute of half a dozen blasts, in quick succession, by way of welcome to those diabolical mansions.

At the bottom of this amazing work, the monstrous cavern or vacuum above, the glimmering light of candles, and nasty suffocating smell of sulphur and gunpowder, all conspire to increase your surprize, and heighten your apprehensions.

This singular Mine, in its position, situation, and inclination, is different from any yet discovered in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. The wonderful mass of copper ore with which the mountain is impregnated, runs not in regular veins or courses; but sinks perpendicular down, widening and swelling out at the bottom, in form of a bell.

Suppose yourself now upwards of two hundred fathoms deep in the bowels of a large mountain, in a great hollow of immense diameter; then suppose around you an impregnable wall of limestone rock, interspersed with small veins of copper ore, yellow, black, and some brown, intermixt with spar, marcasite, mundic, and other sulphurous compositions, of all colours; and at the same time figure to yourself the sooty complexions of the miners, their labour, and miserable way of living in those subterraneous regions, and you will then be apt to fancy yourself in another world. Yet these inhabitants, being trained up in darkness and slavery, are not perhaps less happy, or less contented, than those who possess the more flattering enjoyments

of light and liberty\*. Hence the wisdom of Providence is conspicuous, which as *Pope* says, has placed *happinefs no where to be had, or every where.*

\* It is supposed there are no less than 40,000 working miners daily under ground in the tin-mines in Cornwall; and perhaps as many, if not more, in other works of copper, lead and coal, in Great Britain. They reckon about 300,000 miners in Sweden, Germany, Hungary, Switzerland, Carinthia, Carniola, and other parts of Europe. And if we add the many thousands employed in the various mines in South America, Indians, Negroes, and white Criminals, who are doomed to eternal darkness below, over and above those employed above ground, we may modestly admit some millions of souls, whose bread depends on this laborious employment, and where many thousands live and die without ever seeing the light of the sun.



## OF INSPIRATION.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

AS created objects, whether material, or immaterial, may by a real, efficacious, and physical action, modify our souls, and produce in them different ideas, and sensations in a natural manner; so the infinite, uncreated object may act upon our souls in a supernatural manner, and produce in them ideas and sensations far more lively and penetrating than material objects. This is the source of inspiration, and divine grace; of supernatural light, and love; very far different from the reasonings and discoveries we make by the successive comparison of our ideas. God, who is far more intimately present to our souls than corporeal objects are; who can act upon them, invest them, and penetrate them, may open their intellectual faculties, shew



but his vomitings continuing obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition, he sent for us one morning: and waiting on him, with Mr. Shrine, his Apothecary, we found his senses clear, his mind calm, and his nurse and several servants about him. He told us, he had sent for us, to give us some account of an odd sensation, he had for some time observed in himself; which was, that composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased, and yet some how come to life again; we could hardly believe the fact, much less give any account of it; unless he should please to make the experiment before us. He continued to talk above a quarter of an hour about this surprising sensation, and insisted on our seeing the trial made. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart; and Mr. Shrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Shrine the least soil of breath on the mirror. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not discover the least symptom of life. Finding that he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had carried the experiment too far, and was actually dead. This continued about half an hour. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently, and speak softly: we were all astonished to the last degree, and after some further conversation with him, went away fully satisfied; but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it.

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An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

[By a late Author.]

D I A L O G U E I.

TWO gentlemen whom we will call *Callistus* and *Sophronius* were fellow-collegians at the Univerfity; where, though their difpofitions and characters were not very fimilar, they foon appeared fo agreeable to each other, that a fhort intimacy produced thofe cordial fentiments of friendship which young minds are eager to indulge.

It was no wonder that *Sophronius* was charmed with *Callistus*; for he feemed to have been formed by nature to engage all hearts: his perfon was beautiful, his carriage graceful, his manners gentle and obliging, his temper fprightly; which with a great deal of wit, rarely at variance with a great deal of good-nature, made his converfation much admired.

*Sophronius* had nothing about him ftriking; his perfon was agreeable, but not handsome, his manner plain and fimple, his underftanding folid, but not fhining, his temper eafy and cheerful, but not gay; in every thing he faid and did, he was fure to be approved, though feldom applauded. *Callistus* proved that with all his vivacity he wanted not judgment, by diftinguifhing *Sophronius* from all his acquaintance, amongft whom there was none who had fo juft a title to his efteem.

Four years were our young friends much the happier, and better, for their reciprocal affection; for the fprightlinefs of *Callistus* enlivened the ferious difpofition of *Sophronius*; whilft the gravity of the latter ferved to keep that fprightlinefs within proper bounds.

*Callistus*

*Callistus* was the heir of a family of high rank and fortune; and his father died about this time, contented with the hopes, his son's behaviour gave him, that he would make a proper use of the large estate he was going to leave him.

This melancholy event separated the two friends; but they comforted themselves with the prospect of meeting again at *London* in the winter, whither *Sophronius* was soon to repair, in order to prosecute his studies in a profession which his father's successful industry recommended to him.

*Callistus* has now six thousand pounds a year entirely at his own disposal; and *Sophronius* is settled in the Temple; from whence he is often hurried by *Callistus*, who could not enjoy those amusements to which his fortune, his youth, and the fashion of the times invited him, without a participation with his dear *Sophronius*.

Thus passed another year: by which time *Sophronius's* father also died. He now found himself possessed of five hundred pounds a year, and as his desires were moderate, and his inclination led him to other studies, he determined to decline the profession of the law, and enjoy the retirement of a country life, to which his genius strongly inclined him.

Once more our friends must part; but they parted not with the same severe regret as before: *Callistus* had now found out many ingenious arts to console himself for the loss of a single friend; and *Sophronius* could collect several considerations to induce him to bear the being torn from his society, with patience; notwithstanding which, he took a sad, and solemn leave of *Callistus*. Alas! it was a long, a last farewell to his *Callistus*, to that amiable *Callistus* whom he had loved at College. Riches, pleasures, admiration, flattery, fashion, and the contagion of that sort of society which his present situation had thrown him into, by degrees got the better of education, conviction, and that love of virtue, which had formerly warmed his heart; and he was now metamorphosed from the amiable, the worthy *Callistus* to—the *Man of Fashion*. Time sometimes  
threw

threw his friend in his way ; but he saw him not with that joy with which he used to meet him ; conscious that he no longer could demand his esteem, the sight of *Sophronius* seemed only to reproach him with what he *had* been, so that his pride soon taught him to avoid as much as possible that mortification.

Many years had now passed, during which *Sophronius* had had little or no communication with *Callistus*, when one day he was surpris'd with a letter, delivered by a servant, in his livery.

*The Letter was as follows :*

My dear Friend,

INDULGE me in the pleasure of calling you so, though I have no right to expect that you will answer to that appellation—And yet suffer me to act in this one instance as if I thought I had ; it is the last time I shall offend so much against modesty and you, as to demand a favour of you. Hasten to the relief of one who expects you with all the eagerness of a dying man, who has no other comfort left to hope.

Once more I will subscribe myself

Most affectionately your

CALLISTUS.

P. S. To shew you the confidence I have in your goodness, I have sent you a carriage to convey you to me.

*Sophronius* immediately prepared to depart. On his arrival, he found his friend pale and emaciated, with a countenance the picture of sorrow and despair : the sad sight revived all the tenderness of *Sophronius*, and he flew to his embrace with all the affection he had ever felt for him. They continued locked in each others arms, too much moved to speak, until *Sophronius* felt *Callistus* sinking from him ; he immediately conveyed him to the easy chair from whence he was just risen, and placed himself by him.



*Callistus* soon recovered his shattered spirits, when looking on his friend with anguish in his eyes, he dropped his head, and smote his breast—but presently looking up, spoke as follows :

*Callistus.* And are you come my dear friend?—What a wretch am I who cannot enjoy this pleasure without so many painful reflections !

*Sophonius.* Dear *Callistus*, use me as your friend ; do not give so much pain to one whose earnest wish is to give you pleasure.

*Callistus.* Well—believe me I am much rejoiced to see you look so well. And how does the amiable *Urania* and your children? How many have you? are they all healthy?

*Sophonius.* I thank you, dear Sir, we are all well ; we live in a good country, the beauty of which tempts us to use exercise, this carries us into the air, which, with our plain way of living, in general ensure to us a good state of health.—But my dear Sir, what is it that hath made this alteration in you?

*Callistus.* What comforts do you enjoy, which I can never taste ! Here am I left in the condition you see, to the care of servants who have no real concern for me ; or at best, to that of relations who are too much interested in my death to be cordial in their endeavours to preserve my life.

*Sophonius.* Well, dear *Callistus*, you shall no longer complain for want of a tender nurse ; if you will accept my best endeavours, be assured I will not leave you till I see you recovered.

*Callistus.* O good *Sophonius*, think not that I would detain you from *Urania* and your family—Alas, these friendly offices are now too late!—the dreadful sentence is past, and I expect every hour to suffer the execution—But—O ! with what horrors do I expect it!—Teach me, *Sophonius*, to think of death with patience ! teach me to expect it without such agony ! This is the service I intreat,—not from your friendship,

ship, for I have forfeited all right to that,—but from your goodness, your charity!

*Sophronius.* Good God! how you shock me! believe me, dear Sir, you may demand every thing from my friendship.—But why do you think with such despondence? What is this distemper—what is this subtle foe which you think can elude the skill of your Physicians, and the care of your friend! think better of us, Sir, think better of yourself!

*Callistus.* Alas! my physicians have already abandoned me, and all that my friend can do, is to flatter me, and even in that he will fail of success—O Sir, imagine what my condition must be, when even that powerful medicine fails!—My friends had flattered me out of my senses;—but my Physicians have now restored them.

*Sophronius.* (In a low voice, but overheard,) Alas! I fear not!

*Callistus.* What says my friend?—O that I could *hope* what I see you *fear*—it would be happiness to what I feel!—O no Sir,—it is my reason restored, my cool sounder judgment which tells me I must die—Die! ah no! must live—a miserable eternity!

*Sophronius.* Great God! what means my friend? confirm my suspicions, or account for this shocking change!—Who is it that dares pronounce that sentence? Who is it that can, but He, that great Being, who is all mercy and benevolence, who considers the imperfections of our nature, and can look on our failings with compassion.

[*To be continued.*]



*The Miraculous Cure of a Dutch Woman.*

THE Narrative, taken by a Dutch merchant is as follows.  
*Jesen Claes* for fourteen years had been lame of both her legs: one of them being dead and without feeling, so that she could not go, but creep upon the ground.

In the year 1676, about the 13th or 14th of October, between one and two o'clock in the morning, being in bed with her husband, she was three times pulled by the arm, with which she awoke, and cried, O Lord! what may this be? Hereupon she was answered, "Be not afraid, I am come in the name of God, to tell thee that thy malady shall depart, and it shall be given thee to walk again. But keep this to thyself for the present." Whereupon she cried aloud, O that I had a light, that I might know what this is! Then it was answered, "Light shall be given thee from God." On this a light came over all the room, when she saw a beautiful youth, with curled yellow hair, in white raiment, who went from the bed-head to the chimney with a light, which a little after vanished. Hereupon something diffused itself through her leg, to her great toe, where she found life rising up; and feeling it with her hand, cried, "Lord, give me my feeling, which I have not had for so many years!"

Yet she continued as before, that day and the next till evening. Then there came a noise in both her ears, when it was said, "Stand; thy walking is given thee again." On this she immediately stood up, and went to the door. Her husband meeting her; was exceedingly afraid, and drew back. In the mean while, she cried out, "My dear, I can walk again!" The man thinking it was a spirit, drew back, saying, "You are not my wife:" but his wife taking hold of him, said, "My dear, I am, God hath made me walk again." But her husband being amazed drew back, till at last she clasped her arms about his neck; and yet he doubted, and said to his daughter, "Is this your mother?" She answered, "Yes, father, this is my mother indeed, I have seen her walk before you came in."

This person dwells upon Prince's Island, in *Amsterdam*, and the relation is attested by many famous witnesses.



tures assigning other places for their sepulchres; unless it may be thought, perhaps, that *Hezekiah* was here interred, and that these were the sepulchres of the sons of *David*, mentioned 1 Chron. xxxii. 33. Whoever was buried here, this is certain, that the place itself discovers so great an expence both of labour and treasure, that we may well suppose it to have been the work of Kings. You approach it at the East-side, through an entrance cut out of the natural rock, which admits you into an open court of about forty paces square, cut down into the rock, with which it is encompassed instead of walls. On the South-side of the court is a portico, nine paces long and four broad, hewn likewise out of the natural rock. This has a kind of architrave running along its front, adorned with sculptures of fruits and flowers, still discernable, but by time much defaced. At the end of the portico on the left hand, you descend to the passage into the sepulchres. The door is now so obstructed with stones and rubbish, that it is a thing of some difficulty to creep through it. But within, you arrive in a large fair room, about seven or eight yards square, cut out of the natural rock. Its sides and ceiling are so exactly square and its angles so just, that no architect with levels and plummets could build a room more regular. And the whole is so firm and entire, that it may be called a chamber hollowed out of one piece of marble. From this room, you pass into (I think) six more, one within another, all of the same fabric with the first. Of these, the two innermost are deeper than the rest having a second descent of about six or seven steps into them.

In every one of these rooms except the first, were coffins of stone placed in niches in the sides of the chambers. They had been at first covered with handsome lids, and carved with garlands; but now most of them were broke to pieces by sacriligious hands. The sides and ceiling of the rooms were always dropping, with the moist damps condensing upon them. To remedy which nuisance, and to preserve these chambers of the dead polite and clean, there was in each room a small channel

channel cut in the floor, which served to drain the drops that fall constantly into it.

But the most surprising thing belonging to these subterraneous chambers was their doors; of which there is only one that remains hanging, being left as it were on purpose to puzzle the beholders. It consisted of a plank of stone of about six inches in thickness, and in its other dimensions equalling the size of an ordinary door, or somewhat less. It was carved in such a manner, as to resemble a piece of wainscot: the stone of which it was made was visibly of the same kind with the whole rock; and it turned upon two hinges in the nature of axels. These hinges were of the same entire piece of stone with the door; and were contained in two holes of the immoveable rock, one at the top, the other at the bottom.

From these sepulchres, we returned toward the city again, and just by *Herod's* gate were shewn a grotto full of filthy water and mire. This passes for the dungeon in which *Jeremiah* was kept by *Zedekiah*, till enlarged by the charity of *Ebed Melech*, Jer. xxxviii. At this place we concluded our visits for that evening.

[To be continued.]

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

Of H A I R.

**T**HE *Hairs* are all hollow. The root of each hair is fixt in a mucous globule, of an oval figure, which often adheres to it, when it is pulled up by the root. They are jointed like a reed or cane, and shoot out into small branches. They serve not only for a covering, but also for the excretion and expiration of an oily matter.

Every

Every hair does properly live, and receive nourishment like the other parts. The roots do not turn white or grey in age, any sooner than the extremes. But the whole of each hair changes colour at once. Or (to speak more properly) the hairs of another colour fall off, and white ones grow in their place.

But extreme Fear may turn the hair *grey*, or even *white* in a short space. So it was in that famous instance some years ago. A nobleman in *Germany* was condemned to die, and ordered for execution in the morning. During the night, in ten or twelve hours time, all his hair turned white as flax. The Emperor being informed of this, said, "He has suffered enough," and pardoned him.

Since that time there has been an instance of one of our own countrymen, who being shipwrecked, saved himself on a small rock, surrounded by the sea. A boat took him off after he had staid there four hours. But in that space his hair was turned quite white.

Perhaps a still stranger instance of this kind is related in the Duke of *Sully's* Memoirs. "Henry IV. told the Marquis *de la Force*; That the moment he was informed, Henry the III. had published an edict, (in July, 1585) ordering all the Hugonots either to go to mass, or to abandon the kingdom in six months; his mustaches turned suddenly white on that side of his face, which he supported with his hand."

Its life is of a peculiar kind, and approaches to the nature of vegetation. Hairs grow much as plants grow out of the earth, or as some plants grow upon others: from which they draw their nourishment, and yet each has its life distinct from the other. So Hair derives its food from some juices in the body, but not from the nutritious juices. Accordingly the Hair may live and grow, while the body is starved to death.

That Hair may grow, merely as an excrescence of the vegetable kind, appears from that memorable case recited by Mr. *Hook*, of a body which, having been buried forty-three years, was found in a manner wholly converted into Hair. The  
woman

woman was buried in a coffin of wood, and lay the **lowest** of three in the same grave. The others being removed and this coffin appearing, it was observed that much hair came through the clefts of it: on removing the lid, the whole appeared a very surprising sight. There was the whole figure of the corpse, exhibiting the eyes, mouth, ears, and every part. But from the very crown of the head, even to the sole of the foot, it was covered over with a very thick set hair, long and much curled. The people, amazed at this appearance, went to touch the corpse. But the shape fell away, as it was handled, leaving only a quantity of shapeless hair, but neither flesh nor bones, only a small part of the great toe of the right foot.

Each hair consists of several smaller ones, wrapt up in one common covering. They send out branches at the joints. The root lies pretty deep in the skin: and by this they imbibe their proper nourishment, from the adjacent humours. Their extremes also split into two or three branches, especially if they are very dry, or too long. So that what appears a single hair to the naked eye, to the microscope appears a brush. They are grey on the fore part of the head first, particularly about the temples: the back part affords them nourishment longer. From the same reason they fall from the crown of the head first. Their thickness depends on the size of the pores they issue from: if these are small, the hair is fine. If the pores be strait, the hairs are strait; if oblique or sinuous, the hairs are curled.

All hairs appear round. But the microscope discovers some of them to be square, others triangular; which diversity of figures arises merely from the diversity of the pores. Their length depends on the quantity of humours proper to feed them, and their colour on the quality. And hence the colour usually differs in the different stages of life.

The hair of a mouse is a transparent tube, with a pith of small fibres convolved, running in some hairs spirally, in some transversely, in others from top to bottom.



On the CHURCH: in a Letter to the Rev. ———.

Plymouth-Dock, Aug. 19, 1785.

Rev. Sir,

I Will tell you my thoughts with all simplicity, and wait for better information. If you agree with me, well: if not, we can (as Mr. *Whitefield* used to say) agree to disagree.

For these forty years I have been in doubt concerning that question: "What Obedience is due to *Heathenish* Priests and *Mitred* Infidels?"

I have from time to time proposed my doubts to the most pious and sensible Clergymen I knew. But they gave me no satisfaction: rather they seemed to be puzzled as well as me. Some obedience I always paid to the Bishops, in obedience to the Laws of the land. But I cannot see, that I am under any obligation to obey them farther than those laws require.

It is in obedience to those laws, that I have never exercised in *England*, the power which I believe God has given me. I firmly believe, I am a scriptural *Επισκοπος* as much as any man in *England* or in *Europe*. (For the *Uninterrupted Succession* I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove.) But this does in nowise interfere with my remaining in the Church of *England*: from which I have no more desire to separate than I had fifty years ago. I still attend all the Ordinances of the Church, at all opportunities. And I constantly and earnestly desire all that are connected with me so to do. When Mr. *Smyth* prest us to "separate from the Church," he meant, "Go to Church no more." And this was what I meant seven and twenty years ago, when I perswaded our Brethren "Not to separate from the Church." But here another question occurs, "What is the Church of *England*?" It is not "all the people of *England*." Papists and Dissenters are no part thereof. It is not all the people of *England* except

Papists

Papists and Dissenters. Then we should have a glorious Church indeed! No: according to our twentieth Article, a particular Church is “a Congregation of faithful people (*Cætus credentium*, the words in our Latin edition) among whom the word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered.” Here is a true logical definition, containing both the essence and the properties of a Church. What then, according to this definition, is the Church of *England*? Does it mean, “All the believers in *England* (except the Papists and Dissenters) who have the word of God and the sacraments duly administered among them?” I fear this does not come up to your idea of “The Church of *England*.” Well, what more do you include in that phrase? “Why, all the believers that adhere to the Doctrine and Discipline established by the Convocation under Queen *Elizabeth*.” Nay, that Discipline is well nigh vanished away, and the Doctrine both you and I adhere to.

All those reasons against a separation from the Church in this sense, I subscribe to still. What then are you frightened at? I no more separate from it now, than I did in the year 1758. I submit still, (though sometimes with a doubting conscience) to Mitred Infidels. I do indeed vary from them in some points of Doctrine, and in some points of Discipline, (by preaching abroad, for instance, by praying extempore, and by forming Societies.) But not a hair’s breadth further than I believe to be meet, right, and my bounden duty. I walk still by the same rule I have done for between forty and fifty years. I do nothing rashly. It is not likely I should. The high-day of my blood is over. If you will go hand in hand with me, do. But do not hinder me, if you will not help. Perhaps if you had kept close to me, I might have done better. However, with or without help I creep on. And as I have been hitherto, so I trust I shall always be,

Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

Thoughts on NERVOUS DISORDERS; particularly that which  
is usually termed LOWNESS of SPIRITS.

1. **W**HEN Physicians meet with disorders which they do not understand, they commonly term them *Nervous*: a word that conveys to us no determinate idea, but it is a good cover for learned ignorance. But these are often no natural disorder of the body, but the hand of God upon the soul, being a dull consciousness of the want of God, and the unsatisfactoriness of every thing here below. At other times it is conviction of sin, either in a higher or a lower degree. It is no wonder that those who are strangers to Religion, should not know what to make of this: and that consequently all their prescriptions should be useless, seeing they quite mistake the cause.

2. But undoubtedly there are Nervous Disorders, which are purely natural. Many of these are connected with other Diseases, whether Acute or Chronical. Many are the forerunners of various Distempers, and many the consequences of them. But there are those, which are not connected with others, being themselves a distinct, original Distemper. And this frequently arises to such a height, that it seems to be one species of madness. So one man imagines himself to be made of glass: another thinks he is too tall to go in at the door. This is often termed the *Spleen* or *Vapours*: often *Lowness of Spirits*: a phrase that having scarce any meaning, is so much the fitter to be given to this unintelligible Disorder. It seems to have taken its rise from hence. We sometimes say, A man is in *high spirits*. And the proper opposite to this is, *He is low-spirited*. Does not this imply, that a kind of faintness, weariness, and listlessness affects the whole body, so that he is disinclined to any motion, and hardly cares to move hand or foot? But the mind seems chiefly to be affected, having lost  
its

As relish of every thing, and being no longer capable of enjoying the things it once delighted in most. Nay, every thing round about, is not only flat and insipid, but dreary and uncomfortable. It is not strange if to one in this state, life itself is become a burden: yea so insupportable a burden, that many who have all this world can give, desperately rush into an unknown world, rather than bear it any longer.

3. But what are the Causes of this strange Disorder? One Cause is, the use of Spirituous Liquors. This is one of the horrid effects, which naturally follow the swallowing that fashionable poison. That liquid fire lays the foundation of numberless diseases, and of this in particular. It is amazing that the preparing or selling this poison, should be permitted, I will not say in any Christian Country, but in any civilized State. "O, it brings in a considerable sum of money to Government." True; but is it wise, to barter men's lives for money? Surely that gold is bought too dear, if it is the price of blood. Does not the strength of every country consist in the number of its inhabitants? If so, the lessening their number is a loss, which no money can compensate. So that it is inexcusable ill husbandry, to give the lives of useful men for any sum of money whatever.

4. But a more extensive cause of this disorder than the use of Drams, I apprehend is the use of Tea: particularly where it is taken either in large quantities, or strong, or without cream and sugar. "Nay, weak tea is far more hurtful." This is a senseless, shameless falsehood. I long drank hot sugar and water instead of Tea; and it did me no hurt at all. But three cups of strong Tea will now make my hand shake, so that I can hardly write. And let any try the experiment: if any tea make his hand shake, it will not be weak tea, but strong. This has exceedingly increased the number of Nervous Complaints, throughout the three kingdoms. And this furnishes us with a satisfactory answer to the common question, "Why are these Complaints so general now, which were scarce heard of  
two

two or three centuries ago? For this plain reason, Two or three centuries ago, no tea was drank in either *Britain*, or *Ireland*.

5. But allowing both tea and spirituous liquors to have contributed largely to the increase of Nervous Disorders, yet it may be doubted, whether one or both of them are the principal causes of them. The principal causes of them (particularly among those who do not work for their living) are, as Dr. *Cadogan* justly observes, Indolence, Intemperance and irregular Passions.

First, Indolence, the not using such a degree of Exercise as the constitution requires. To illustrate this. Our body is composed of Earth, Water, Air, and Fire; and the two latter are as necessary, as the two former. To supply these, that curious engine, the Lungs, continually take in the Air, to every particle of which a particle of Fire is attached, which being detached from it, is mingled with the blood. Now Exercise quickens the motion of the Lungs, and enables them to collect from the Air, a due quantity of Fire. The Nerves are the conductors of this ethereal Fire, vulgarly called the Animal Spirits. If this is duly diffused through the whole body, we are lively and vigorous. If it is not (which without Exercise it cannot be) we soon grow faint and languid. And if other disorders do not ensue, those termed Nervous surely will, with that whole train of symptoms which are usually comprised in what is termed *Lowness of Spirits*.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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*A short Account of the WORK of GOD in the County of Fermanagh, in Ireland: by Mr. S. M.*

**I**N November, 1783, while *James Sheerman*, Leader of a Class near *Aughalem* was telling his experience, *Thomas Berney* was cut to the heart. From this time he groaned earnestly

earnestly for Redemption, till being strongly tempted by another man he swore by his faith. This much increased his convictions, till on Friday the 26th, he went to the Quarterly Meeting. Here at the Love-feast he told his distress before them all, and earnestly begged their prayers. On Sunday the 28th, the Preacher, Mr. *Armstrong*, and several others, seeing his distress prayed for him one by one. God heard their prayers, and filled him with peace and joy unspeakable. But the very same day, he was convinced of the wickedness of his heart. He groaned more and more for deliverance from this, till January the 18th. Then God applied those words with mighty power, "*I will: be thou clean.*" And from that hour he has the clear witness in himself, that God has *cleansed him from all unrighteousness*.

At the same time a woman was vehemently crying to God for Purity of Heart. But e'er long, she cried aloud, "The Redeemer is come, and has cleansed me from all sin." Then the flame rose to a great height, so that few, if any; in the room were unaffected. While some groaned in anguish of spirit, others rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The careless were seized with a real concern for their souls, and many backsliders resolved to set out afresh.

A few days after, as *James Sheerman* was praying with, and speaking to his family, two of them were cut to the heart, and roared for the disquietude of their soul. But within a few hours, the Friend of sinners appeared, and burst their bonds in funder. At the same time his wife received a testimony from God, that she was saved from inbred sin. When the two children had told what God had done for their souls, another daughter, about eleven years old, was so affected that she cried aloud for pardon. She was soon answered to the joy of her heart. And as great as their distress was before, so great was the joy of all these, after they were accepted in the beloved.

On Wednesday, January 14, two relations of mine, who were first cousins to each other, in consequence of a warm dispute,

dispute, met to fight a duel. The challenger shot *Andrew Irwin* through one of his ribs, and the bullet lodged in his body. *Andrew* had been married about six weeks. Before he reached his father's house God began to work upon his soul. He declared he had far rather die himself than to have killed another, and cried incessantly to God for mercy. Many likewise called upon God in his behalf. In four or five days the answer came. All his sorrow was turned into joy. He wanted all that were about his bed, to assist him in praising God. But they understood nothing of this, though he did not fail, from time to time, to tell them, they would be lost for ever, unless the same change were wrought in their souls, which God had now wrought in his. He begged earnestly, that my brother, or some other serious person, would come to read and sing by him. But they would not suffer it. Only my brother came: but even him they would not suffer to say much to him: however the eighth or ninth day he died in perfect peace.

On January 18, the day the first young man was sanctified, a young woman received the same blessing, not many minutes after, and another a clear sense of pardon: as did also, in a glorious manner, a girl about ten years old. And that day many of the stout-hearted sinners awoke out of sleep. While these were crying out for want of Christ, others were rejoicing in his salvation. And indeed the voice of praise and thanksgiving did so prevail, that in awhile nothing else could be heard.

The same night *Thomas Berney* slept with a boy of eight years old, and when they were in bed, spake to him of the things of God. He began to weep bitterly, and continued to do so all night. In the morning he found peace with God. I have often talked with him since; and he had not lost any thing of the blessing which God had given him.

[To be continued.]

LETTERS.



## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCLXXXVI.

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

Bath, June 7, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

**I** Can say, the Lord's mercies are new unto me, not only every morning, but every moment. He is a friend that flicketh closer than a brother. O that I could praise him!

You ask, "What are the temptations you have been delivered from?" Awhile ago, it was strongly impress'd upon me, "That now I had no need of ordinances: in particular, not of Band or Clafs: that these were only the shadow, the outward form; and that I was to feed on Christ, who is the substance:" this was a close temptation. At the same time I was much afflicted in body; and had many trials with my relations after the flesh, and some with my spiritual friends. These I then thought were the only means to purify my soul, and make me fit for eternity.

Yet I was not suffered to keep from my Clafs or Band: but I was so bound up, that sometimes I could hardly speak a word. I then saw it was a temptation, and intreated the Lord to give me patience, till it was his will to deliver me.

As to the purifying of my soul, I mentioned to one whom I thought well able to instruct me, that I believed, this could only be done by sufferings. He told me, It was surely so: and soon after, wrote to me from Bristol, saying, "O my dear sister, how am I burdened? Mr. W. has totally denied! that we are to be sanctified by sufferings! He says, it is by Faith alone, and that it begins from the first moment we believe."

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Here the great mountain fell in a moment, yea, in the twinkling of an eye. I saw things in quite another light: I saw Faith was the hand that received every blessing from God. I saw it was Faith alone that must make me perfect and entire, lacking nothing: and that Sanctification did indeed begin the first moment I believed in Christ. And I saw, that though my second deliverance was as instantaneous as the first, yet it was as much by Faith, and could only be continued by the same means. Then I saw and felt, that Faith alone could make the things I was now passing through of use to my soul; and that they would do nothing for me any farther than they were received by Faith, with patience and resignation. O how was I stript and laid low, and the cry of my soul, was, "Lord, increase my faith!" Since then I trust in God; not in pain or affliction. I do simply depend on Jesus; ever looking for his appearing, and continually praying, that he will fit me for eternity.

Many more have been the temptations Satan has laid for my feet: especially one to which most young people lie open. But I feel, greater is He that is in me, than all that are against me. And he is faithful who has promised, that in every temptation he will make a way to escape. He makes me feel, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: when he has been tried, he shall receive the reward."

My present state is, lying at Jesu's feet, singing, "I nothing have; I nothing am." All my treasure is in Him; and therefore possessing him, I possess all things: while a hope full of immortality, makes every thing more abundantly sweet.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your most unworthy Servant,

MARY JONES.

LETTER

## LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

[From the same, to the same.]

Bath, August 6, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

**Y**OUR last affectionate Letter more than ever convinced me of your care and tender regard for me. May the Lord reward you seven-fold for all your labour of love toward me! And may he write gratitude on my heart, for all the blessings and mercies he daily confers upon me!

I was enabled to follow your advice, and to fly as from the face of a serpent. I could not have been, had I accepted the offer, in a better situation for doing good than I am now. Nor could I have had more advantages, for the improvement of my own soul. Indeed my present situation is attended with much danger and many trials. But He is faithful: as my day, so is my strength: so he has promised; and so I have found it. I had many reasonings, "It was a thing lawful in itself: it would take me out of many snares. Many more holy than me had entered into that state, and were not hurt by it. How do you know but it may be the will of God, and intended by him for your good?" But I was not suffered to listen to the voice of the charmer. I laid it before the Lord, and he soon convinced me, that it was a mere temptation. Then was I determined to quit his\* company at once, and give him up to God. I did so. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name!

The present cry of my soul is, "Lord, hide me!" And he does indeed hide me in his presence. Though in the midst of outward hurry and dissipation, I feel that solemn, retired solitude, that I could not find in the most unfrequented desert, were I destitute of his favour and presence.

O Sir, I want a heart full of gratitude to so good a God, and so kind a Benefactor. How do I daily groan under mountains

\* The company of him who had made his addresses to her.

of mercies, and an unthankful heart! O Lord, teach me to praise thee!

I feel a continual power to cast myself as a helpless sinner, at his feet. And he does not cast me out: the fountain is open, and Jesus is ready to save. When weary and faint, he is my life and strength: though foolish and poor, he is my riches and wisdom. Having him I possess all things. I desire nothing out of Him: nor would I for ten thousand worlds, accept of any thing without his permission: he is an unerring Counsellor. I "leave to his sovereign sway to chuse and to command," My desire is, to lie in his hands as clay, that he may do with me what seemeth him good. Let me glorify Him both in life and in death, and then all is well. I trust you will continue to remember at the throne of grace the weakest of all your followers,

MARY JONES,



P O E T R Y .

*The* M E S S I A H .

*A SACRED ECLOGUE, written in imitation of Virgil's Pollio.*

**Y**E nymphs of Solyma! begin the song,  
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
 The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,  
 Delight no more—O thou, my voice inspire,  
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times the bard begun,  
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son!  
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;

The

The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
 And on its top descend the mystic Dove.  
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!  
 The sick and weak, the healing Plant shall aid,  
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;  
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale.  
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!  
 O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!  
 See! nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring!  
 See! lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
 See! nodding forests on the mountains dance:  
 See! spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise;  
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies.  
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;  
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:  
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.  
 Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies!  
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise!  
 With heads declined ye cedars homage pay!  
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!  
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:  
 Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.  
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe:

No

No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear;  
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.  
 In adamantinè chains shall death be bound,  
 And hell's grim tyrant feel thè eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air:  
 Explores the lost, the wandèring sheep directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms!  
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
 The promiséd father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be coverèd o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end.

Then palaces shall rise: the joyful son  
 Shall finish what his short-lived fire begun;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
 And the same hand that sowèd, shall reap the field.  
 The swain in barren desarts with surprisè  
 Sees lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise,  
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear;  
 On risted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
 Waste sandy vallies once perplexèd with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;  
 To leafless shrubs the flowèring palms succeed,  
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

The

The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;  
 Pleas'd, the green lustres of the scales survey,  
 And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!  
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!  
 See! a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
 See! future sons and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
 See! barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
 See! thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
 See! heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;  
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,  
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himself shall shine  
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!  
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains,  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

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A D O R A T I O N.

**L**ET praise to Thee, all sov'reign Power, arise,  
 Who fix'd the mountains, and who form'd the skies!  
 Who o'er thy works extend'st a Father's care,  
 Whose kind protection all thy works declare.

From

From the glad climes, where morn, in radiance dress,  
Starts forth refulgent—to the furthest west,  
On Thee alone the Whole dependant lies,  
And thy rich boon all nature's want supplies.

Hail! Thou great Author of the extended Whole!  
Revolving seasons bless thee as they roll:  
The rising sun points out thy pathless way,  
And smiling moons thy midnight paths betray;  
The spangling stars in heaven's ethereal frame,  
Shine to thy praise, and sparkle into flame!

By Thee, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, rise;  
Thou givest the smiling, Thou the frowning skies:  
At thy command the softening showers distil,  
Till genial rays the teeming furrows fill;  
Thy fostering suns o'er all the globe extend,  
And, blest by Thee, the verdant spires ascend!

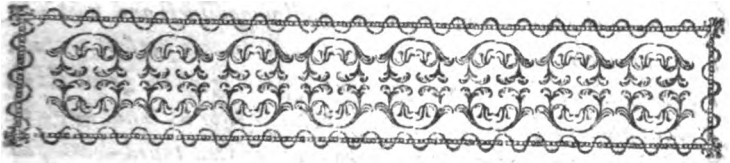
See next the product of returning spring:  
With joy the woods, with joy the vallies ring!  
Alternate each resound his praise aloud;  
And dumb creation shouts the incumbent God!

Thy parent bounty swells the golden ear,  
And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year:  
The fruitful year repairs the labourer's pain,  
The peasant's comfort, and the master's gain.

The winter hoard supplies the winnowing floor,  
The beast with fodder, and with bread the poor.  
Each from thy hand his destined boon receives,  
Feeds at thy board, and on thy bounty lives!

Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,  
And Nature's Whole proclaims her Maker's praise:  
Tells out his acts, and spreads his fame abroad—  
Creation's Fountain! and the creatures God!

E — P —



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For FEBRUARY 1786.



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

CHAP. I. *Concerning the Extent of Christ's Redemption,*

[Continued from page 8.]

I. **N**OW this assertion, thus explained, hath this great advantage above the contrary doctrine; that whereas there is not one word in the Scripture declaring that our Lord died only for a few, or for the Elect only, the Scriptures are very many, clear and express, which teach, that God would have all men to be saved, and that he is the Saviour of all men, being long-suffering towards them, because he is not willing any should perish, but that all should come unto repentance, and by re-  
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penitance to salvation : that *the saving grace of God hath appeared to all men, teaching them, that denying all ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present world, expecting the blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us. That he gave himself a ransom for all, and by the grace of God tasted death for every man* ; in all which words this doctrine is contained in express terms.

Moreover according to that limitation which some men put upon these words, viz. *God will have all men to be saved; Christ died for all; because Christ died for some of all ranks and nations* ; and God is willing *some of all kindreds and people should be saved* : it may more properly be said, 1st. That God would have all men to be damned ; because, according to their doctrine, he hath already passed an act of preterition, on the greatest part of men, which rendereth their damnation unavoidable. And, 2dly, That Christ died for none, since they for whom he died, according to their doctrine, are none comparatively to that greater number for whom they say he died not. At least it might be reasonably expected that it should have been somewhere said by way of caution, that Christ died not for all ; whereas the Holy Ghost neither in terms nor substance, hath ever used any expression of this import.

Obj. It is said indeed that Christ *gave his life a ransom for many* ; that *he shed his blood for many, for the remission of sins*. That *as by the disobedience of one man many were made sinners* ; so *by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous*. And that *Christ was once offered to take away the sins of many*.

Answ. But that there is no inconsistency betwixt dying for many and for all, is evident from this consideration, that even in the same chapter, the Apostle saith, that by the one sin of Adam many died, Rom. v. 15. And *all died*, ver. 12. *Many were made sinners*, ver. 19. And *all sinned*, ver. 12. *By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous*, δικαιωθήσονται, shall be justified, ver. 19. And that *by the righteousness of one, the free-*

*free-gift came upon all men to justification of life, ver. 18.* That in the same epistle, in which it is said, *Christ bore the sins of many*; it is expressly said, *he tasted death for every man.* That the same Scripture which saith, *Christ gave his life a ransom for many*; says also, that *he gave himself a ransom for all.* And lastly, that he who said, *this is my blood which is shed for many, for the remission of sins*; said also, for that very reason, *drink ye all of it*; for it was shed *for you for the remission of sins.* Since therefore all men certainly are many, though many are not necessarily all, since what is in some few places said of many, is not only in more, but in the same places said of all; it is certain that Christ cannot be said to die for many exclusively of all, but only that he died for many in a sense consistent with his dying for all men. And as the words of the prophet Daniel, *that many shall arise from the dead*, do not contradict the truth of those manifold assertions of the New Testament, *that all men shall arise*: and the words of the Apostle, *that in Adam many died, and many were made sinners*; do not thwart the words of the same Apostle, saying, in the same place, *that in Adam all men died, and were made sinners*: so neither can those words, *Christ died for many*, contradict the truth of those more numerous expressions, *that he died for all.*

Obj. 2. Christ is said to lay down his life *for his sheep*, John x. 15. *For his friends*, who do his commandments, John xv. 13, 14. *For his church*, Eph. ii. 26. But all are not his sheep, all are not of his church, all do not shew themselves his friends by their obedience; therefore he died not for all.

Answ. 1. In none of these places is it said that Christ died *only* for his sheep, for his friends, or for his church; and therefore none of them say any thing in contradiction to our assertion. I therefore thus retort the argument, he that died for his friends, and for his enemies, died for all; but Christ died for his friends, and for his enemies; *for when we were enemies Christ died for us*; ergo, he died for all. Again, he that died for the church of God, and for the unrighteous, that he might bring them to the church of God, died for all; but Christ died

for the church of God, and *for the unrighteous that he might bring them to the church; for the Just died for the unjust that he might bring us to God; ergo, he died for all.*

Ans. 2. Though it be certain that Christ died intentionally for all, i. e. designing the benefits of his passion for them, upon their performance of the conditions of the New Covenant; yet is it also true that he eventually died only for his sheep and friends, because they only perform the conditions of the New Covenant; and therefore to them only can this righteous Judge at last assign the blessings promised in that Covenant.

II. But to omit the viewing all these texts apart, it will be easy to discern in them many circumstances which plainly shew they cannot be interpreted in that restrained sense which others put upon them. For,

1. When St. Paul declares, *that as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, so by the righteousness of one, the free-gift came upon all men to justification*, it is apparent that the Apostle is comparing the condemnation which was procured by the sin of Adam, with the free-gift of justification procured by the second Adam, as to the extent of persons concerned in both; for *as by the one*, saith he, *many died, and many were made sinners*: so by the other, *many were made righteous, and grace abounded unto many; as by the one, condemnation came upon all; so by the other, justification of life was procured for all men*; and so God was in and through *Christ reconciling the world unto himself*. Now to assert that many in the first clause, respecting the fruit of Adam's sin, signifies truly many; and in the second, respecting the fruit of Christ's righteousness, but a few: that all men in the first clause is to be taken in the utmost latitude; but the same word in the latter clause of the same verse, doth only signify all the Elect, which are comparatively but a few, is neither agreeable to reason, nor to the scope of the Apostle; who before had said, *that all men had sinned, and fallen short of the glory of God: being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ*. And hence  
arise

aristeth a second observation, viz. that the Apostle is here comparing the effects of sin, as to condemnation, with the effect of the grace of God, as to our justification, saying, *that as by sin, the judgment came upon all men to condemnation; so by the righteousness of one, the grace of God came upon all men to justification of life; that as sin reigned unto death, so grace might reign by justification to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.* Now the grace of this comparison is wholly lost, if sin reigned over all men without exception to death and condemnation; but grace reigned only over a few to procure for them the means of justification to life.

III. 2. When the Apostle adds, *the love of Christ constrains us* (thus to persuade men to believe in Christ) *because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; the words, all were dead,* must certainly be taken in their greatest latitude; wherefore the words preceding, *if Christ died for all,* from which they are an inference, must also be taken in the same extent. To say here that Christ died for some only of all nations, is to exempt all others of those nations from living to Christ upon this account; that they of them who live might not live to themselves, is to suppose that some of the Elect might live not to Christ, but to themselves; which cannot truly be imagined of the Elect of God.

IV. 3. When the Apostle saith, 1 Tim. ii. 1, *I exhort therefore* (in pursuance of Christ's coming to save sinners, chap. i. 15.) *first, that supplications and prayers, and intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men* (particularly) *for Kings, and all that are in authority, &c.* he must exhort them not only to pray for some men, some Kings, and some in authority in all nations; for then we could not know how to observe this precept, because we could not know what men or Rulers we were to pray for, and what not. When then he adds, by way of reason, *for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God, who will have all men to be saved:* this reason why we are to pray for all men in general, and for all Rulers in particular, must either be a false and unconcluding reason, or must import thus much:

much: he would have all men, and all Rulers to be saved, whom he would have us pray for. Moreover that God would have all men to be saved the Apostle proves,

1. Because he is the *God of all*, the common Father and Creator of all men, ver. 4. Eph. iv. 6. Now he is the God of all men in particular, and so this argument must shew he would have all men in particular to be saved. And as the Apostle argues for God's readiness to justify the Gentiles by faith, as freely as the Jews, by asking, *Is he the God of the Jews only? Is he not also of the Gentiles?* and by answering that *there is*, as to this, *no difference betwixt them; the same God being rich unto all that call upon him; for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved:* so may we argue in this case by a like enquiry, *Is he the God of a small remnant of the Jews and Gentiles only? Is he not the Saviour of them all?* chap. iv. 10.

2. He would have all men to be saved, saith the Apostle; *for there is one Mediator betwixt God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all.* Now if the argument from one God was designed to prove he was the God of all men in particular, the argument from one Mediator must also prove Christ the Mediator of all men in particular; and consequently that he gave himself a ransom for all men in particular. Hence is he so emphatically stiled, *the man Christ Jesus*, to intimate to us, that having taken upon himself the nature common to us all, to fit him for this office, he must design it for the good of all who were partakers of that nature. For as he was a man, he surely was endued with the best of human affections, *universal charity*, which would excite him to promote the welfare of all. As he was a man, he was subject to the common law of humanity, which obliges us to endeavour the common benefit of men, and that good-will which he requires us to bear to all men indifferently good and bad, friends and enemies, he questionless did bear himself in the highest degree; and therefore doubtless in his sufferings for men which are acknowledged to be sufficient for all, he had regard to the good of all.

[To be continued.]

SERMON

## S E R M O N XXXI.

On EPHESIANS iv. 1—6.

[Concluded from page 15.]

II. 20. **W**E proceed now to the second point. What is it to *walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called?*

It should always be remembered, that the word *walk* in the language of the Apostle, is of a very extensive signification. It includes all our inward and outward motions, all our thoughts, and words, and actions. It takes in, not only every thing we do, but every thing we either speak or think. It is therefore no small thing, to walk in this sense of the word, *worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called*: to think, speak and act, in every instance in a manner worthy of our Christian Calling.

21. We are called to walk, first, *with all lowliness*: to have that mind in us, which was also in Christ Jesus, not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, to be little, and poor, and mean, and vile in our own eyes: to know ourselves as also we are known by Him to whom all hearts are open; to be deeply sensible of our own unworthiness, of the universal depravity of our nature, (in which dwelleth no good thing) prone to all evil, averse to all good, insomuch that we are not only sick, but dead in trespasses and sins, till God breathes upon the dry bones, and creates life by the fruit of his lips. And suppose this is done, suppose he has now quickened us, infusing life into our dead souls: yet how much of the carnal mind remains? How prone is our heart still to depart from the living God? What a tendency to sin remains in our heart, although we know our past sins are forgiven? And how much sin, in spite of all our endeavours, cleaves both to our words and actions?

actions? Who can be duly sensible, how much remains in him of his natural enmity to God? Or how far he is still alienated from God, by the ignorance that is in him?

22. Yea, suppose God has now thoroughly cleansed our heart, and scattered the last remains of sin: yet how can we be sensible enough of our own helplessness, our utter inability to all good, unless we are every hour, yea every moment endued with power from on high? Who is able to think one good thought, or to form one good desire, unless by that Almighty power which worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. We have need in this state of grace, to be thoroughly and continually penetrated with a sense of this. Otherwise we shall be in perpetual danger of robbing God of his honour, by glorying in something we have received as though we had not received it.

23. When our inmost soul is thoroughly tinctured therewith, it remains, that we be *clothed with humility*. The word used by St. Peter seems to imply, that we be covered with it as with a furtout: that we be all humility, both within and without, tincturing all we think, speak, and do. Let all our actions spring from this fountain: let all our words breathe this spirit, that all men may know we have been with Jesus, and have learned of him to be lowly in heart.

24. And being taught of him who was meek as well as lowly in heart, we shall then be enabled to *walk with all meekness*, being taught of him who teacheth as never man taught, to be meek, as well as lowly in heart. This implies not only a power over anger, but over all violent and turbulent passions. It implies the having all our passions in due proportion, none of them either too strong or too weak, but all duly balanced with each other, all subordinate to reason; and reason directed by the Spirit of God. Let this equanimity govern your whole souls: that your thoughts may all flow in an even stream, and the uniform tenor of your words and actions be suitable thereto. In this patience you will then *possess your souls*, which are not our own, while we are tost by unruly passions. And by this all  
men

men may know, that we are indeed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

25. Walk with all long-suffering. This is nearly related to meekness, but implies something more. It carries on the victory already gained over all your turbulent passions, notwithstanding all the powers of darkness, all the assaults of evil men or evil spirits. It is patiently triumphant over all opposition, and unmoved, though all the waves and storms thereof go over you. Though provoked ever so often, it is still the same, quiet and unshaken; never being overcome of evil, but overcoming evil with good.

26. The *forbearing one another in love* seems to mean, not only the not resenting any thing, and the not avenging yourselves: not only the not injuring, hurting, or grieving each other, either by word or deed: but also, the bearing one another's burdens; yea, and lessening them by every means in our power. It implies the sympathizing with them in their sorrows, afflictions, and infirmities: the bearing them up, when without our help they would be liable to sink under their burdens: the endeavouring to lift their sinking heads, and to strengthen their feeble knees.

27. Lastly. The true members of the church of Christ, endeavour, with all possible diligence, with all care and pains, with unwearied patience, (and all will be little enough) to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace: to preserve inviolate the same spirit of lowliness and meekness, of long-suffering, mutual forbearance and love: and all these cemented and knit together by that sacred tie, the peace of God filling the heart. Thus only can we be and continue living members of that Church which is the body of Christ.

28. Does it not clearly appear from this whole account, why in the ancient Creed, commonly called the Apostles, we term it the Universal or Catholic Church? *The Holy Catholic Church?* How many wonderful reasons have been found out, for giving it this appellation? One learned man informs us, "The Church



is called Holy, because Christ the head of it is holy." Another eminent author affirms, "It is so called, because all its ordinances are designed to promote Holiness." And yet another, "Because our Lord *intended*, that all the members of the Church should be holy." Nay, the shortest and the plainest reason that can be given, and the only true one is, The Church is called Holy, because it is Holy: because every member thereof is holy, though in different degrees, as he that called them is holy. How clear is this! If the Church, as to the very essence of it, is a Body of Believers, no man that is not a Christian Believer can be a member of it. If this whole Body be animated by one spirit, and endued with one faith, and one hope of their calling; then he who has not that spirit, and faith, and hope, is no member of this Body. It follows, that not only no common swearer, no sabbath-breaker, no drunkard, no whoremonger, no thief, no liar, none that lives in any outward sin: but none that is under the power of anger or pride, no lover of the world; in a word, none that is dead to God, can be a member of his Church.

29. Can any thing then be more absurd than for men to cry out, "The Church! The Church!" And to pretend to be very zealous for it, and violent defenders of it; while they themselves have neither part nor lot therein, nor indeed know, what the Church is? And yet the hand of God is in this very thing! Even in this his wonderful wisdom appears, directing their mistake to his own glory, and causing *the earth to help the woman*. Imagining that they are members of it themselves, the men of the world frequently defend the Church. Otherwise the wolves that surround the little flock on every side, would in a short time tear them in pieces. And for this very reason, it is not wise to provoke them more than is unavoidable. Even on this ground, let us if it be possible, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men. Especially as we know not how soon God may call them too out of the kingdom of Satan, into the kingdom of his dear Son.

30. In

30. In the mean time let all those who are real members of the Church, see that they walk holy and unblameable in all things. *Ye are the light of the world! Ye are a city set upon a hill, and cannot be hid. O let your light shine before men! Shew them your faith by your works. Let them see by the whole tenor of your conversation, that your hope is all laid up above! Let all your words and actions evidence the spirit whereby you are animated! Above all things, let your love abound. Let it extend to every child of man: let it overflow to every child of God. By this let all men know whose disciples ye are, because you love one another.*

BRISTOL, Sept. 28, 1785.



*Some Account of Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD.*

[Written by Himself.]

[Concluded from page 18.]

**A**UGUST, 1779, I went to *Lynn Circuit*, in *Norfolk*. This took in *Colchester*, the *Fens of Cambridge*, and all along the coast to *Wells*, *Walsingham*, and *Fakenham*: in which towns, and many of the villages, we gathered many into Societies, who were careless and wicked before. But in the towns along the sea-coast we met with much trouble, especially from the *Smugglers*. We applied to the *Justices*, who were more afraid of them than we were; and who told us, if we would preach on *Sundays* they would protect us; but not on other days!

I was much blessed with two faithful Colleagues, who counted not their lives dear, so they might win souls to Christ. Yet in *Lynn* we did but little good, which was principally owing to some imprudent professors, by whom, such as were feebly enquiring after truth, were hindered from going forward.

in the good way, and from pressing into the kingdom of Christ.

August, 1780, I was stationed at *Taunton*, in *Somersetshire*, and went thither in much heaviness of spirit. I had for my Fellow-Labourer, *James Skinner*, who travelled with me in *Norfolk* the year before, to the great edification of many; but his poor state of health would not admit of his continuing long in the work. Through much affliction he weathered out this year, and part of the next in *Nottingham*; and then returned home.

I found here but little of that warm and lively affection for the Gospel, which I had known in other parts. Here also I was seized with an ague of a long continuance, which exercised my spirits much. I sought for submission to the rod, but found not so much of it as I could wish. However, I found a measure of the love of God, which at last enabled me to break through all difficulties.

My dear Mrs. P—, and a few others, proved kind to me. May the God whom I serve in the Gospel of his Son, reward them! May the Angel of his presence give them victory in this life, and a crown of glory in the next!

We visited some new places, and endeavoured to break up fresh ground, but to little purpose. This is one of the most fruitful counties in England for good eating and drinking; but most unfruitful as to religion. However, there are a few resolutely bold to stop the tide and swim against the stream of evil examples. But among the few in Society, I knew but one that had attained the whole mind that was in Christ; namely, J— S—, of N—, who walks worthy of his profession, and is a light in a dark place. This year, with assistance from the Conference, we paid off a debt of near two hundred pounds, which was on *Taunton House*.

August, 1781, from *Leeds Conference* I came back again to *Taunton*, and had for my Fellow-Traveller, Mr. *Boone*. . . . But we both were very ill of the ague, which hindered our usefulness. I used the Cold Bath, and took Bark in abundance;

I walked

I walked and rode: I tried Electricity: but the most effectual remedy I could find was the Cobweb-pills.

August, 1782, I went to the *London Conference*, but was so ill I could not attend. From *London*, after taking a tour round *Norfolk*, and from thence to *Bristol*, I went to *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, in hopes the North country air would prove effectual for the recovery of my health. It did so till Spring, and then I had the ague about ten weeks more. Here I found an old experienced people who have stood many storms. During my illness, which was at *Alnwick*, I found many friends, who spared neither cost nor pains to make me comfortable. Here I could spend my days cheerfully among a loving, tender, and affectionate people; who received my testimony with thankfulness and love.

On the 21st of July, 1783, I was married to *Hannah Day*, of *East-Brent*, in the county of *Somerset*, for which I hope to bless God to all eternity.

August, 1783, I was appointed for North-Wilts: the first Circuit I ever laboured in. We soon had a fair prospect; particularly at *Allington*, *Castle-Cary*, *Bradford*, and *Brumham*, near the *Devizes*.

In *Allington* we joined about forty members this year; and our good friend Mr. *John Horner* built us a comfortable Preaching-house, in *Castle-Cary*: where but a few years ago they threw Mr. *Samuel Wells* into a pond for preaching. At *Bradford* the work of God broke out by degrees, and the Society increased, to which but few had been added for many years. At *Trowbridge*, God was at work on many hearts; but in a more silent and deep manner than is common at the first. O what a glorious gospel is this! And how much do I owe to a kind Providence who has called me, a sinner, to publish it! O what reason have I for thankfulness on this occasion! And how ought I to be humbled under a sense of his goodness to such a weak and ignorant creature. I find God increasing my desires after himself, and exciting in my heart a growing zeal  
for

for his cause. But truly a sense of the importance of my work is sometimes more than I am able to bear.

July, 1784, I went to the *Leeds* Conference; but it proved to me a very sorrowful one; such, as I trust I shall never see again. From this I came back to *Wilts* Circuit, where I am at present. The work which last year began, has broke out into a glorious flame: so that before the year is out I expect to see some hundreds in connection, and happy in the love of Jesus!

Having thus, Sir, given you a brief account of myself, and of the great goodness of God in bringing me to himself, and in sending me out into the highways and hedges to call sinners to repentance; and who hath thus far stood by me: I now praise his holy name, and pray that as he has hitherto blessed us, as a people, he may continue his loving-kindness towards us, and bless us more and more. I also pray, that as we believed in him, we may ever walk in him, and be able and willing to testify of him to the world; and never more return unto folly.

O, Sir! let us remember with gratitude and deep humility, what God has wrought among us from the beginning! When were we hungry, and he fed us not? Sick, and he came not to us? When we went out without purse or scrip, lacked we any thing really necessary? When were our calamities so great that we found no consolation in him? Can we not to this day say, hitherto he hath helped us! Can we not read the witness, the seal, the earnest of his spirit, and foretastes of joys to come written on our hearts! O that he may remain amongst us; and that it may be our constant desire to glorify him, which some have neglected to do! May the words of our Lord to his disciples be ever sounding in our ears, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, as I overcame and am sat down on my Father's throne!" O may we all be like the messenger returning to the Athenians in the day of battle, who just cried, "*We are conquerors!*" and then died,

*Colejor*

JOHN PRITCHARD.

d, Jan. 17, 1785.

*A Short*

*A short Account of the Death of Mr. HOWEL HARRIS.*

**L**AST night, July 21, near nine o'clock, Mr. *Howel Harris* of *Treveckah*, departed this life. He had laboured under great afflictions for some months; but was not long confined to his bed.

As his religion supported him in the various trials of life, so it enabled him to rejoice at the prospect of Eternity. His happy soul was kept above till he breathed out his last.

Some days before his death I called to see him, and found him greatly rejoicing in the consolations of Israel. When we parted, his last words to me were, "Give my love to dear Mr. *Wesley*, and tell him that I pray for his present and eternal happiness."

I hope his death will do that which his life could not, viz. prove to the world, that he lived and died an honest man. I believe his Will must prove to the satisfaction of all that love or fear God. He has ordered all his effects to be sold, and his debts to be paid; and *if* there is any thing over and above, it is to be distributed to those of his family who are the least able to help themselves: so far was Mr. *Harris* from laying up treasure on earth!

S. P.

Hay, July 22, 1773.

*A short Account of the Death of Mr. FIGOT.*

**L**AST Monday our dear friend Mr. *Pigot*, made a very happy change.

A little before his departure (having prayed with him) I asked, How he felt himself? He answered, "My flesh and heart  
faileth;

faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." I said, Are you, my dear friend, looking to Jesus by faith? He replied, "I am viewing him on the cross, dying in my stead." Then he added the following words (which were the last he was heard to speak)

" Jesus shews his mercy mine,  
And whispers, I am his!"

" My dear man, follow me, and we will praise God and the Lamb to all eternity. I am near my rest; and when I arrive there, Jesus will say, this is a brand which I have plucked out of the fire!"

He had a sense of pardon six weeks before; but was *greatly* tempted to *doubt* and *fear*. But he is now with the Lord. Hallelujah! Amen.

ROBERT SWINDALLS.

Cork, New-Year's Day, 1773.

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*An Account of THOMAS WRIGHT, of Sevenoaks: a Child of twelve Years of Age.*

**T**HOMAS WRIGHT was remarkably serious from a child. When he could begin to read, his chief delight was in good books. When he was about five years old, his parents heard the *Methôdists*; by which means they were awakened to a sense of their lost estate. Soon after they took their son *Thomas* to hear; which he did with very *great* attention. From that time he was very diligent in prayer. Some times his father and he would spend great part of the night in calling upon God. At such times the most earnest entreaties of his father; could not prevail upon him to go to bed at the usual hour. He would also collect the neighbour's children together; and pray with them in the barns, the gardens, and the fields.

There

There did not appear to be the least degree of pride or shame in him; for if necessity called him to it, he would pray in the family, with those who were present, and that with the greatest boldness, steadiness and simplicity. He likewise visited his grandfather and grandmother frequently, and prayed with them, in such an affecting manner as filled them with amazement, and often drew tears from their ancient eyes.

From his first hearing the preaching, he would not miss any opportunity, unless his father or mother desired him. He also attended the prayers of the Church at six o'clock in the morning, and delighted in being in the Church-yard late at night, as though he wished to enjoy the habitation of the dead.

While he was under the sound of the Gospel, at the Church or elsewhere, if he chanced to sit among rude boys or girls, however they might laugh or talk, he could not be induced even to turn his eyes toward them.

When his parents appeared to be distressed about matters of this life, he would point out to them the most striking passages of Scripture, and say, "These are for you." Or if he heard a text, or any part of a sermon, which particularly respected the trials they were exposed to, he would carry that part home to them.

As he did not love or practise sin himself, so neither would he suffer it in others; but would reprove any one, with the greatest solemnity, that sinned in his presence. When his parents conversed with any who came to their house, he would sit silent, and seemed to devour every word, as though he was watching for something profitable, or else to give a seasonable reproof. But if any one spoke to him on a religious subject, he would answer them with such striking expressions as struck an awe on all who heard him.

He also set such a watch before his mouth, that no one, even of his most intimate acquaintance, could charge him with a rash, angry, or unprofitable word. He had also a very tender conscience; for, if he did but look out at the window, and his



father turned his eye towards him, he would take it as a reproof for indulging a wandering heart, and would burst into tears immediately.

He likewise suffered much persecution for religion; especially from a wicked neighbour whose tongue was like a sharp spear; so that he was afraid either to hear or see him, as his language favoured so much of hell. But whatever he suffered, he patiently bore it all, and in all things kept a conscience void of offence.

In the twelfth year of his age, he was seized with the small-pox. The third day his fever was very violent; yet for the most part, he was sensible. And now it was that Satan appeared to be let loose upon him for a short season. The conflict lasted about twenty-four hours; during which time he cried out in the most lamentable manner, as one in the utmost distress. Sometimes he appeared as in an agony; at others, as though he was talking and arguing with the Enemy. Some times he called upon God and man for help. Thus he was beset with the powers of darkness, till, partly by the conflict, and partly by his bodily affliction, his strength was exhausted.

One day he fixed his eyes very steadily on one side of the room, as though he saw something very extraordinary: at last he said, "Take that wicked man, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness!" Then he cried out, with unspeakable rapture, "I am going to Jesus, to sing his praise for ever! for ever! for ever!"

From that time he grew much worse in body; but his mind was quite calm and peaceable. He bore his affliction with great patience: indeed nothing seemed to trouble him after his triumphant conquest. He was prevented from speaking so as to be understood, except a few times that he was heard to say, "O Jesus my rescue!" But he frequently lifted up his hands as if he was praying: and his eyes were lifted up to heaven, almost without intermission, from the time of his sore conflict, till he went to God; which he did without a sigh or groan.

Nov. 1, 1785

W. BOOTHBY,

*That*



perception, nor self-consciousness. From all this they conclude, that upon the extinction of animal life, they will have no sensation, perception, or intelligence; since these depend entirely upon organized matter.

1st. I answer in the first place, that this shews the soul and body are united; but not that they are one. We might as well say that the art, science, and intelligence of a musician lies entirely in the strings or pipes of his instruments; because his knowledge is more or less conspicuous, according as they are more or less tuned. The comparison is perfectly just, and therefore the contrary sophism can only dazzle superficial minds, that have no accuracy and acuteness to distinguish betwixt union, and unity; that mistake *appearances*, for *realities*; and take effects for causes.

2dly. We have already shewn, that the soul, by a suspension of the divine activity in, and upon it, may fall into a total insensibility and inaction, and that lapsed intelligences may for a time be void of all thought, sensation, and reflection: but this suspension of their powers, does not prove the annihilation of their essence. The superior faculties of degraded, diseased, fallen spirits may be so darkened, shut up, and obstructed, that they can have no communication, but with material objects; therefore when the corporeal organs are stopt, or deranged, as in a swoon, and after half strangling, they can have no sensations, nor reflections; but this does not argue, that if the union betwixt soul and body had been entirely dissolved, they would not have awakened into another state, wherein they would have been miserable, or happy; known God or themselves, and felt the just, natural, and necessary consequences of their virtues, or vices. This life is a kind of dream, sleep, or lethargy, wherein the most exalted minds are darkened, weakened, and sick, or at least, not restored to the true exercise of their intellectual functions. We ought not therefore to judge of the properties, powers, and perfections of the soul in a recovered, re-established, and healthful state, by the symptoms that befall it in a state of sickness, depravation, and malady.

*The*

The Unsearchableness of GOD'S JUDGMENTS.

[Continued from page 29.]

2. **A**S the standing rules of God's acting, so the occasional grounds thereof are commonly placed beyond the sphere of our apprehension.

God is obliged to prosecute his own decrees; working all things (as the Apostle saith) according to the counsel of his own will; which how can we anywise come to discover? Can we climb up above the heaven of heavens, and there unlock his closet, rifle his cabinet, and peruse the records of everlasting destiny, by which the world is governed? No; *Who knoweth his mind, or hath been his counsellor? Who (saith the prophet) hath stood in the counsel of the Lord; or hath perceived and heard his word?*

He doth *search the hearts, and try the reins of men; he doth weigh their spirits, and their works; he doth know their frame, he doth understand their thoughts as far off; he perceiveth their closest intentions, their deepest contrivances, their most retired behaviours; he consequently is acquainted with their true qualifications, capacities and merits; unto which he most justly and wisely doth accommodate his dealings with them; which therefore must often thwart the opinions and expectations of us, who are ignorant of those particulars, and can only view the exterior face or semblance of things: for (as Samuel said in the case of preferring David before his brethren) God seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart.*

God also hath a perfect foresight of contingent events; he seeth upon what pin each wheel moveth, and with what weight every scale will be turned; he discovereth all the connexions; all the entanglements of things, and what the result will be  
upon

upon the combination, or the clashing of numberless causes; in correspondence to which perceptions he doth order things consistently and conveniently; whereas we being stark blind, or very dim sighted in such respects (seeing nothing future, and but few things present) cannot apprehend what is fit and feasible; or why that is done, which appeareth done to us.

God observeth in what relations, and what degrees of comparison (as to their natures, their virtues, their consequences) all things stand each towards others; so poising them in the balances of right judgment, as exactly to distinguish their just weight; whereas we cannot tell what things to compare, we know not how to put them into the scale, we are unapt to make due allowances, we are unable to discern which side doth overweigh: in the immense variety of objects, our knowledge extends to few things eligible, nor among them can we pick out the best competitors for our choice: hence often must we be at a great loss in scanning the designs, or tracing the footsteps of Providence.

3. We are also incapable thoroughly to discern the ways of Providence from our moral defects, from our stupidity, from our sloth, our temerity, our impatience, our impurity of heart, our perverseness of will and affections: we have not the perspicacity to espy the subtle tracts, and secret reserves of divine wisdom; we have not the industry, with steady application of mind, to regard and meditate on God's works; we have not the temper and patience to wait upon God, until he discover himself in the accomplishment of his purposes; we have not that blessed purity of heart, which is requisite to the seeing God in his special dispensations; we have not that rectitude of will, and government of our passions, as not to be scandalized at what God doeth, if it thwarteth our humour; such defects are observable even in good men; who therefore have misapprehended, have disbelieved, have murmured at the proceedings of God; we might instance in *Job*, in *David*, in *Elias*, in *Jonah*, in the holy Apostles themselves; by whose speeches and deportmen

portment in some cases it may appear, how difficult it is for us, who have eyes of flesh (as Job speaketh) and hearts too, not quite freed of carnality, to see through, or fully to acquiesce in the dealings of God.

It is indeed a distemper incident to us, which we can hardly shun, or cure, that we are apt to measure the equity and expediency of things according to our opinions and passions; affecting consequently to impose on God our silly imaginations as rules of his proceedings, and to constitute him the executioner of our sorry passions; what we conceit fit to be done, that we take God bound to perform; when we feel ourselves stirred, then we presume God must be alike concerned: to our apprehensions, every slight inconveniency is a huge calamity, every scratch of fortune is a ghastly wound; God therefore, we think, should have prevented it, or must presently remove it; every pitiful bauble, every trivial accommodation is a matter of high consequence, which if God withhold, we are ready to clamour on him; and wail as children for want of a trifle. Are we soundly angry? Then *fire must come down from heaven*: then thunderbolts must fly about. Are we pleased? Then *showers of blessings must descend on the heads, floods of wealth run into the laps of our favourites*; otherwise we are not satisfied; and scarce can deem God awake, or mindful of his charge. We beyond measure hate or despise some persons, and to those God must not afford any favour, any mercy. We excessively admire and dote on others; and those God must not touch or cross; if he doth not proceed thus, he is in danger to forfeit his authority; he must hardly be allowed to govern the world, in case he will not square his administrations to our fond conceit, our forward humour: hence, no wonder that men often are stumbled about Providence; for God will not rule according to their fancy or pleasure; neither indeed could he do so, if he would, their judgments and their desires being finite, various, inconsistent and repugnant.

[*To be continued.*]

*An*



surface, or the least defect of polish, and actually distinguished in a set of Roman medals, the genuine from the false, though they had been counterfeited so as to deceive the eye of a connoisseur; but the Professor, who had no eye to trust to, could feel a roughness in those new-cast sufficient to distinguish them by. He could feel the least alteration in the atmosphere, and knew when a cloud passed over the Sun: he could tell when any thing was held near his face, or when he passed by a tree, if the air was calm.

He had a refined ear, a vast genius for music, and could distinguish to the fifth part of a note: by this sense he knew any person whom he had ever once conversed with. He could judge of the size of any room into which he was introduced; of the distance he was from the wall; and if ever he had walked over any pavement in courts, piazzas, &c. which reflected sound, and was afterwards conducted thither again, he could exactly tell whereabouts in the walk he was placed, merely by the note it sounded.

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An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

[By a late Author.]

D I A L O G U E I.

[Continued from page 43.]

*Callistus.* O Sir, you do nothing: is this all the comfort you can give me? You should have told me there was no Judge in heaven—no account to be given—no retribution to be made—nay, no hereafter?

*Sophonius.* No, *Callistus*, I know you better. I know your education and principles. I know your good sense too well to doubt of your belief of all these things: nor can I fear such des-



perate remedies are wanting. You are too severe upon yourself. That Judge to whom we must account for our failings, will consider our temptations. Your form, your fortune, and situation in life must have exposed you to many and great ones; and though we are undoubtedly capable of resisting them, (or else it would not be required) which of us, does not often yield to them? And must we then all perish everlastingly?

*Callistus.* Ah Sir! you judge of me by yourself, and whilst you intend to comfort, you join in condemning me. You talk of *failings*, to which the best of us are liable; but alas! you come not near my case:—crimes, sins, wickedness, and villany, are here the subjects you must treat of. You must forget that he whom you are to think of, was once worthy to be called the friend of *Sophronius*, or you will never be able to comprehend the misery of my case.

*Sophronius.* Dearest *Callistus*, do not exalt me thus, by debasing yourself. You forget the difference of the trials we have been exposed to. It pleased heaven to fix my easy station in the humble vale of life, secluded from those incitements to vice to which your lofty situation must expose you. To be content, was almost all my task; and it would have been the height of ingratitude and folly not to have been so, blest as I have been, in all the important circumstances of life.

*Callistus.* Happy situation! O blest retirement! where only peace of mind and calm contentment are to be found!—O happy friend! superlative bliss! the fruits of virtue! A quiet conscience; peace within; order and cheerfulness all around you! O happy, because worthy *Sophronius*! who have cherished those good inclinations with which heaven blessed you; who have diligently cultivated those seeds of virtue, which a good education implanted in your youthful mind; and who have been therefore blessed with health of body, peace of mind, the esteem, respect, admiration, and affection of all who are any way connected with you. Whilst I—

*Sophronius.*

*Sophonius.* Who has been more esteemed, and beloved than *Callistus*? Believe me, Sir, I never knew any one, of a rank so exposed to the envy of mankind, more happy in these respects.

*Callistus.* I have indeed met with much of those outward regards. But what are the applauses of the many, who are no judges of our merit! They found me honest in my dealings; not niggardly of the good things heaven has so largely blessed me with—shall I say blessed!—O yes—'tis I who have perverted them!—They found me not ill-humoured, or ill-bred, and were therefore ready enough to grant me worth, to which I have not the least pretensions. Sir, hear me out patiently, and then you will no longer wound me with your indulgences.

You may remember, that when first you knew me, in those happy days which we spent together at college! those days of innocence and joy of heart—let me interrupt myself a little to indulge the pleasing recollection! I was the darling of the college: every one admired, and courted me; *Sophonius* loved me; and I deserved his love.—And what am I now!—See here this wretch! worn out with sickness; overwhelmed with sorrow; loaded with guilt; surrounded with horrors; pushed forward every moment to the brink of destruction—I see it—I feel it—I shudder—I tremble—but I must go on—I cannot live; and oh!—how I dread to die!

*Sophonius.* O *Callistus*, do not torture me thus!

*Callistus.* Well—I will pursue the cruel task. In those happy days, I was—but why should I tell you what I was, who knew it well, for I was then sincere and artless; I was all that I appeared to be.

*Sophonius.* Then you were the most amiable of men: with the liveliest gaiety, free from levity. Your generosity ran not into extravagance; your humanity sunk not into weakness: in short, you were deservedly esteemed and admired by all; and yet preserved a modesty in your deportment, rarely met with, in such circumstances, at your age.

*Callistus.* Cruel, cruel *Sophronius!*—but I beg your pardon; you meant not to upbraid me. O how is it possible, that being what I then was, I should ever have become what I have since been!—It is astonishing!—You will not believe me!—O that I could recal that time!—that I could live over my days again!—O that I could live but one year more!—but one poor month! Great God! I shall be snatched away before I have told it! Now—now—I am going!—oh!—I am gone—without a hope —

*Sophronius,* Good heaven! his spirits fail him—he faints—*Callistus!*—oh—my friend! *Callistus!*

*Callistus.* Hae! who calls me? what's the matter?—where am I?—who are you, Sir?—*Sophronius?*—is it you? I have been ill I believe—be so good to give me some of that cordial—Thank you, good Sir—I am better.

*Sophronius.* Thank God!

*Callistus.* Now do not interrupt me till I have told my shocking tale; then hold me, save me, till you have given me some glimpse of hope. Hush! Where shall I begin? By what steps shall I lead you to the utmost horror? O fatal calamity, to lose one's parents at such an age! To be left without control, to be master of such a fortune, at two and twenty! I came from college, innocent. I came to this town without a bad inclination. From the calmness of a college-life, I found myself in a perpetual crowd and hurry; but it was a hurry of amusements, a crowd of admirers. I found myself flattered by the men, and caressed by the women. I grew pleased with their company. I found not that good sense and ingenuity, which I was used to in the society of my *Sophronius* at Oxford; but I found something which made me not regret the loss of it. I became more curious in my dress. I found a new pleasure at the theatre independent of the stage. I met fine eyes that seemed to look at me with pleasure. I found fine women more inclined to hearken to my wit than that of Shakespear; and though the instance proved their want of judgment, I was delighted with  
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the flattery. This fatal vanity was the source of all my misery! There was a time, you know, when I took pleasure in books; but now I soon found myself dissatisfied with them. Books would not flatter me, and I lost all taste for any other enjoyment. And oh! to what mean arts did my insatiable appetite for praise, force me to condescend! To satisfy it, I daily sacrificed my judgment, my humanity, and my conscience! I *must* be admired, and in order to it, I must be all that the fools of the gay world admire; and nothing which they do not applaud. To be religious, is to be despised.—I must therefore no longer be religious. Here, my dear parents, was the work of two and twenty years, at once demolished! Here, great God, were all the seeds of virtue stifled and trampled on by vanity!—not altogether stifled—for now they are revived, to torture me to madness!—not to be extravagant, was not to be fashionable: I was therefore extravagant.

But the perfection, the very essence of a man of pleasure, is gallantry. Do you know what I mean by gallantry, *Sophronius*?

*Sophronius*. O Sir, I have not lived so much out of the gay world, as not to have some idea of it—Go on, *Callistus*, if you have any more to tell, and keep me not on the rack.

*Callistus*. Alas, *Sophronius*, talk not of racks already—Why, Sir, this is only preparation. I am hardly yet initiated in vice; but if it shocks you, dear Sir, I must break off here.

*Sophronius*. O no, go on—it is a necessary lesson of humiliation!—who shall be confident, if *Callistus* is fallen?

*Callistus*. Why, Sir, all this I did in order to be praised; and I succeeded to my wish. I found myself more and more caressed by the men, and more and more admired by the women.

I began now to think of reaping some more substantial fruits of my power and fortune. For though vanity was at first the predominant passion, I soon felt new wishes. And from the success of my first adventures, with my observation on the behaviour of women in general, I began to conceive a very mean opinion of the sex: to believe that they were capable of giving a man of sense no higher gratifications than those I had experienced;

rienced; and to resolve to apply them to the only purposes I supposed they were made to answer. Success increased my boldness, and for a long time I pushed my fortune with equal facility and rapidity; till at last unlimited indulgence palled my appetite, and there seemed to want more wickedness to give a zest to my pleasures.—Do you know me, *Sophronius*? Do you still acknowledge me for your *Callistus*?

*Sophronius*. Indeed, Sir, I can hardly discover *Callistus* through this cloud of error; but I live in hopes to see you break through it, and recover your former lustre.

[*To be continued.*]

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*Thoughts on NERVOUS DISORDERS; particularly that which is usually termed LOWNESS of SPIRITS.*

[*Concluded from page 54.*]

6. **I**NTEMPERANCE is another principal cause of this: if not Intemperance in Drink, which is not quite so common, yet Intemperance in Meat: the taking more of it than Nature requires. Dr. *Cheyne* well observes, it is not generally the quality, but the quantity of what we eat which hurts us. What hurts the Nerves in particular is the eating too much Animal Food, especially at night: much more the eating at one meal, foods of several different kinds. If we consider, how few observe this, we shall not wonder that so many have Nervous Disorders: especially among those that have an opportunity of indulging themselves daily in variety, and who are hereby continually tempted to eat more than Nature requires.

7. But there is another sort of Intemperance of which, I think, Dr. *Cadogan* does not take the least notice. And yet it is the source of more Nervous Disorders than even Intemperance in Food: I mean, Intemperance in Sleep; the sleeping longer

longer than Nature requires. This alone will account for the weak Nerves of most of our Nobility and Gentry. Not that I would insist upon the old rule,

“ Sex horas quivis poscit, septemq; scholaris ;  
Octo viator habet ; nebulo quifq; novem.”

I would allow between six and seven hours at an average, to a healthy man : or an hour more, between seven and eight hours, to an unhealthy man. And I do not remember, that in threescore years, I have known either man or woman, who laid longer in bed than this (whether they slept or no) but in some years they complained of *Lowness of Spirits*.

The plain reason of which seems to be, while we sleep, all the springs of Nature are unbent. And if we sleep longer than is sufficient, they are relaxt more than is sufficient, and of course grow weaker and weaker. And if we lie longer in bed, though without sleep, the very posture relaxes the whole body : much more when we are covered up with clothes, which throw back on the body whatever perspires from it. By this means it is stewed in the moist vapour : it sucks in again, what Nature had cast out, and the flesh is as it were parboiled therein, and becomes more and more soft and flabby. And the Nerves suffer at least as much hereby as any other part of the habit. I cannot therefore but account this, the lying too long in bed, the grand cause of our Nervous Disorders.

8. And this alone sufficiently answers this question, “ Why are we more Nervous than our Forefathers ?” Because we lie longer in bed : they, rich and poor, slept about eight, when they heard the Curfew-bell, and rose at four ; the bell ringing all that hour, (as well as at eight) in every parish in England. We rise (if not obliged to work for our living) at ten, eleven, or twelve. Is it any wonder then, were there no other cause, that we complain of *Lowness of Spirits* ?

9. Yet

9. Yet something may be allowed to *Irregular Passions*. For as long as the soul and body are united, these undoubtedly affect the body; the Nerves in particular. Even violent Joy, though it raises the spirits for a time, does afterwards sink them greatly. And every one knows, what an influence Fear has upon our whole frame. Nay even *Hope deferred maketh the heart sick*; puts the mind all out of tune. The same effect have all foolish and hurtful Desires. They *pierce us through with many sorrows*. They occasion a deep depression of the spirits: so, above all, does Inordinate Affection: whereby so many, refusing to be comforted, sorrow even unto death.

10. But is there no cure for this fore evil? Is there no remedy for Lowness of Spirits? Undoubtedly there is, a most certain cure, if you are willing to pay the price of it. But this price, is not silver, or gold; nor any thing purchaseable thereby. If you would give all the substance of your house for it, it would be utterly despised. And all the medicines under the sun avail nothing in this distemper. The whole *Materia Medica* put together, will do you no lasting service: they do not strike at the root of the disease: but you must remove the cause, if you wish to remove the effect.

But this cannot be done by your own strength: it can only be done by the mighty power of God. If you are convinced of this, set about it trusting in him, and you will surely conquer.

First, Sacredly abstain from all *Spirituos Liquors*. Touch them not, on any pretence whatever. To others they may sometimes be of use; but to nervous persons they are deadly poison.

Secondly, If you drink any, drink but little Tea, and none at all without eating, or without sugar and cream. "But you like it without." No matter: prefer health before taste.

Thirdly, Every day of your life, take at least an hour's Exercise, between breakfast and dinner. (If you will, take another hour, before supper, or before you sleep.) If you can, take it in the open air; otherwise, in the house. If you cannot rise,

or

Or walk abroad, use within, a dumb bell, or a wooden horse. If you have not strength to do this for an hour at a time, do it at twice or thrice. Let nothing hinder you. Your life is at stake. Make every thing yield to this.

Fourthly, Take no more Food than Nature requires. Dine upon one thing (except Pudding or Pye.) Eat no flesh at supper; but something light and easy of digestion.

Fifthly, Sleep early and rise early, unless you are ill, never lie in bed much above seven hours. Then you will never lie awake. Your flesh will be firm, and your spirits lively.

Sixthly, Above all, "Give not to your Passions way;  
God gave them to thee under lock and key."

Beware of Anger! Beware of worldly Sorrow! Beware of the Fear that hath torment! Beware of foolish and hurtful Desires! Beware of Inordinate Affection! Remember the kind command, "My son, give me thy heart!" Then shall there be no more complaining of *Lowness of Spirits!* But the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep thy heart and mind in Christ Jesus!

*Melville-House, May 20, 1784.*

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*A short Account of the WORK of GOD in the County of Fermanagh, in Ireland; by Mr. S. M.*

[Continued from page 56.]

**W**EDNESDAY 21, while a few of the people were met at *James Shearman's*, and one was reading to them in the Bible, the power of the Lord descended. They went to prayer. And it was not long before two young women, who were before deeply sensible of their wants, were cleansed from all pollution of flesh and spirit.



On Friday, February 6, Mr. *Armstrong* came over to my father's. The next day he went to a place two miles off, where after preaching, he kept a Love-Feast. Here many rejoiced in God, many groaned for pardon, and one young man was set at liberty. When he told this, on Sunday 8, at the meeting of the Class, it seemed as if God opened the windows of heaven, and poured out blessings upon all that lifted up their hearts to him.

This morning Mr. *Armstrong* preached three miles off at the house of one *John Dunbar*, whose mother appeared to be near death, but earnestly seeking life eternal: as were he and his wife also. I preached here on February 22. There were many tears and groans in the congregation. The old woman confirmed all I had said, and was filled with joy and peace in believing. And a little after, it pleased God to remove her to Abraham's bosom.

Hence I went to my father's: where, as I was one night talking of the things of God, I perceived a young woman who lived there to be much affected. While we were at supper, I said, "How it would rejoice me, if *Peggy* was converted to God, or even convinced of sin!" As I spake, she quitted her supper, and roared aloud; and her convictions grew deeper and deeper. On Sunday 29th, at family prayer, a girl was convinced of sin and wept bitterly. On Saturday, March 6, Mr. *Jordan* came to my Brother *Robert's*, and preached; and while he met the Society, *Peggy* found a clear sense of the favour of God.

After we concluded, *John Dunbar* and his wife came, but were greatly troubled to find all was over. *Richard Dunbar* however began to apply the Scripture to his brother *John*. The Spirit of power applied the simple words to the heart both of *John* and his wife. They fell down on their knees and cried aloud for mercy. And *Richard* cried mightily to God for them, till *John* rose from his knees, and cried out, "O see me! See me! I am all new! I am all new!" His words were

were as fire to all present ; but his wife continued weeping till *Robert Mitchell* came in and went to prayer. Two girls meantime were sent for, who were before convinced of sin. As soon as they entered the door, the Spirit of God took fast hold of their hearts : so there was much weeping, praying, and agonizing for some hours. But *Mrs. Dunbar* was rejoicing with her husband. And who can describe the heaven of love which was there, while this happy pair saluted each other with tears of joy, saying, " Though we were too late for the preaching, we were not too late for the blessing. O that we had all our children here ! God would bless them all ! " But the two maidens continued still in violent agonies ! and one of them swooned away, and lay motionless for a considerable time. Meanwhile many continued in prayer, till the Lord delivered first one, and then the other, out of all her trouble. But who can describe the joy and love which filled the hearts of all present, particularly the new-born children.

Sunday, March 14, Though I was very ill, yet I spoke a little to the Class. As I was speaking to a deep mourner, the Lord shined upon her heart. I made it known to all that were in the room, which was full. The hearts of all that knew Christ, were filled full and running over ; and those that knew him not, wept aloud. The voice of joy and the voice of weeping were so loud, that those who prayed could not be heard for some time. At this happy season, in whatever house a few met, they went to prayer ; and none went away without a blessing. Some were either convinced of sin, or justified, or saved from all sin.

Saturday 20, while *Mr. Jordan* was preaching at *Robert Mitchell's*, it was a time of love to many. I travelled in birth for the mourners, and more particularly, for one little girl : but while I was praying for her, my prayer was suddenly turned into praise, and tears of joy. After the people were gone, I told *Mr. Jordan* I believed *Elizabeth Hall* was justified ; and the next morning she declared, God had spoke to her soul at that very time.

A lad was then admitted into the Class for the first time. As I was speaking to him, the tears dropt from his eyes. But while Mr. J. was speaking, it pleased God to seal a pardon upon his heart. He could not but tell what he felt to all that were in the room: and most of them rejoiced with joy unspeakable. A few days after, his elder brother found peace with God, and openly declared it to all in the room, to the unspeakable comfort of all; especially their old father, who had long lamented, that his foes were those of his own household.

On the 21st, I ventured to exhort a little, and another soul was set at liberty: the same evening about sunset, a few of the young converts met together in *Robert Mitchell's* out-house. First one prayed, then another. And while they prayed, God bowed the heavens and came down. The mountains of unbelief flowed down at his presence; so that several stood quite motionless. When it was dark, the elder Christians brought them into the dwelling-house and prayed with them. They had a night of great consolation: and one (if not more) was cleansed from all sin.

Monday 29. The young converts met in the same place: and the power of God laid hold on two boys (one about thirteen, the other scarce seven years of age) who were not only convinced, but converted to God before they parted. The elder Christians then took them into the house, as before, and continued in prayer, till a girl between ten and eleven, was filled with pure love: who has been ever since a pattern of all holiness.

Upon the whole, I never saw so found a work of grace, wrought so rapidly before, as this was in all its branches, from the beginning, to this very day. May the Lord carry it on in every heart, and make us all more than conquerors through him who hath loved us!

[*To be continued.*]



From this place you proceed in an intricate way amongst hills and vallies interchangeably; all of a very barren aspect at present, but discovering evident signs of the labour of the husbandman in ancient times. After some hours travel in this sort of road, you arrive at the mountainous desert into which our blessed Saviour was led by the Spirit, to be tempted by the Devil. A most miserable dry barren place it is, consisting of high rocky mountains, so torn and disordered, as if the earth had here suffered some great convulsion, in which its very bowels had been turned outward. On the left hand, looking down into a deep valley as we passed along, we saw some ruins of small cells and cottages; which they told us were formerly the habitations of hermits. And certainly there could not be found in the whole earth, a more comfortless and abandoned place for that purpose. From the top of these hills of desolation, we had however a delightful prospect of the mountains of *Arabia*, the *Dead Sea*, and the plain of *Jericho*; into which last place we descended, after about five hours march from *Jerusalem*. As soon as we entered the plain, we turned up on the left hand, to the foot of the mountain into which the Devil took our blessed Saviour, when he tempted him with that visionary scene of all the kingdoms and glories of the world. It is, as *St. Matthew* styles it, an exceeding high mountain, and in its ascent not only difficult, but dangerous. It has a small chapel at the top, and another about half way up, founded upon a prominent part of the rock: near this latter are several caves and holes in the side of the mountain, made use of anciently by hermits, and by some at this day, for places to keep their lent in; in imitation of that of our blessed Saviour. In most of these grotts we found certain Arabs quartered with fire-arms, who obstructed our ascent, demanding two hundred dollars for leave to go up the mountains. So we departed without farther trouble, not a little glad to have so good an excuse for not climbing so dangerous a precipice.

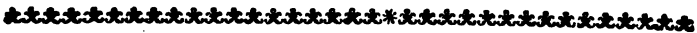
Turning down from hence into the plain, we passed by a ruined aqueduct, and a convent in the same condition: and,

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in about a mile's riding, came to the fountain of *Elisha*: so called, because miraculously purged from its brackishness by that prophet, at the request of the men of *Jericho*, 2 Kings ii. 19. Its waters are at present received in a basin, about nine or ten paces long, and five or six broad; and from thence issuing out in good plenty, divide themselves into several small streams, dispersing their refreshment to all the field between this and *Jericho*. Close by the fountain grows a large tree, spreading its boughs over the water, and here in the shade we took a collation with the father guardian, and about thirty or forty friars more, who went this journey with us.

Near this is *Jericho*, at present only a poor, nasty village of the Arabs. We were here carried to see a place where *Zaccheus's* house is said to have stood; which is only an old square stone building, on the South side of *Jericho*.

[To be continued]



*An Account of the Disturbances of Glenluce.*

GILBERT CAMPBELL's son was a student of philosophy in the College of Glasgow, after one *Alexander Agnew*, a bold and sturdy beggar, had threatened to hurt the family, because he had not got such an alms as he required.

*Gilbert Campbell* was often hindered in the exercise of his calling, and yet could not know by what means this was done. *Janet Campbell*, going one day to the well, to bring home some water, heard a whistling about her ears, which made her say, "I would fain hear thee speak as well as whistle." Hereupon he said, "I will cast thee, *Janet*, into the well."

About the middle of November, the fiend came on with throwing stones in at the doors and windows, and down the chimney; yet, by God's providence, there was no person in the family hurt. This necessitated *Gilbert Campbell* to reveal to the Minister of the parish, and others, that which hitherto he had suffered secretly. Notwithstanding this, his trouble was

enlarged.

enlarged; for not long after, he found oftentimes his warp and threads cut, as with a pair of scissars; and not only so, but their apparel was cut after the same manner. In the night-time something came and pulled their bed-clothes off them, leaving their bodies naked. Next, their chests and trunks were opened, and all things in them strewed here and there. Their working instruments were also carried away, and hid in holes, where they hardly could be found. Nay, whatever piece of cloth, or household-stuff, was in any part of the house, it was carried away, and so cut and abused, that the good man was necessitated to remove the rest to a neighbour's house; and he himself compelled to quit the exercise of his calling. Yet he resolved to remain in his house for a season; but some persons counselled him to send his children out of the family, to try whom the trouble did most follow: assuring him, it was not against the whole family; but against some one person in it. This advice he too willingly obeyed. Yet, for the space of four or five days, there were no remarkable assaults as before. The Minister hearing thereof, shewed him the evil of such a course; and assured him, that if he called not back his children, he might not expect his trouble would end in a right way. The children being brought home, no trouble followed, till one of his sons, called *Thomas*, came home. Then the devil, on the Lord's day following, set the house on fire; but by the help of some neighbours the fire was put out. The house was again set on fire on Tuesday, about nine o'clock in the morning; yet, by the speedy help of neighbours, it was saved again.

The weaver being thus vexed both day and night, went to the Minister, an honest and godly man, desiring him to let his son *Thomas* abide with him for a time, who consented; but withal assuring him, that he would find himself deceived. And so it came to pass; for notwithstanding this, they that remained in it were sore troubled, both day and night, so that they were forced to walk about till midnight, and sometimes all the night. During which time those in the family suffered many losses; as the  
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cutting of their clothes, throwing of peats, pulling down of turf from the roof and walls of the house, and the pricking of their flesh with pins.

Some Ministers having convened at the place for a solemn humiliation, persuaded *Gilbert Campbell*, to call back his son *Thomas*, whatever might follow. The boy returning home, affirmed, that he heard a voice speak to him, forbidding him to enter within the house, or in any other place; where his father's calling was exercised; yet he entered, but was sore abused, till he was forced to return to the Minister's house again.

Upon Monday the 12th of February, the rest of the family heard a voice, but could not tell from whence it came. The Minister went to the house on Tuesday, being accompanied by *James Bailie*, of *Carphin*; *Alexander Bailie*, of *Dunraged*; *Mr. Robert Hay*, and a gentlewoman called *Mrs. Douglas*. At their first coming in, the devil said, *Quum Literarum* is good Latin. On this they all went to prayer; which being ended, they heard a voice speaking out of the ground, from under a bed, in the proper country dialect, saying, would you know the witches of *Glenluce*? I will tell you them; and so related four or five persons names that went under a bad report. The weaver informed the company that one of them was dead long ago. The devil answered, It is true, she is dead long ago, but her spirit is living in the world. The Minister replied, though it was not convenient to speak to such a person, The Lord rebuke thee Satan, and put thee to silence; we are not to receive information from thee, what fame any person goes under; thou art seeking but to seduce this family, for Satan's kingdom is not divided against itself. After which, all went to prayer again; which being ended, the devil threatened the lad, who had come back that day with the Minister, That if he did not depart out of the house, he would set all on fire. The Minister said, The Lord will preserve the house and the lad too, seeing he is one of the family, and hath God's warrant to tarry in it. The fiend answered, He shall not get liberty to tarry; he was once

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put out already, and shall not abide here, though I should pursue him to the end of the world. The Minister replied, The Lord will stop thy malice against him. And then they all went to prayer again; which being ended, the devil said, Give me a spade and shovel, and depart from the house for seven days, and I will make a grave, and lie down in it, and shall trouble you no more. The good man answered, not so much as a straw shall be given thee, through God's assistance, even though that would do it. The Minister also added, God shall remove thee in due time. The spirit answered, I will not remove for you: I have my commission from Christ, to tarry and vex this family. The Minister answered, A permission thou hast indeed; but God will stop it in due time. The devil replied, I have a commission, which perhaps will last longer than your own. The Minister died in the year 1655, in December.

[To be continued.]



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

## REFLECTIONS on INSTINCT.

**T**HE Natural Instinct of all creatures, and the special provision made for some of the most helpless, do in a particular manner demonstrate the great Creator's care.

First, What an admirable principle is the natural affection of all creatures toward their young! By means of this, with what care do they nurse them up: thinking no pains too great to be taken for them, no danger too great to be ventured upon, for their guard and security! How will they caress them with their affectionate notes, put food into their mouths, suckle them, cherish and keep them warm, teach them to pick and eat, and gather food for themselves: and in a word, perform the whole  
part

part of so many nurfes, deputed by the fovereign Lord of the world, to help fuch young and shiftlefs creatures till they are able to shift for themfelves?

Other animals, insects in particular, whose offspring is too numerous for the parent's provision, are fo generated, as to need none of their care. For they arrive immediately at their perfect ftate, and fo are able to shift for themfelves. Yet thus far the parental inftinct, (equal to the moft rational fore-fight) extends, that they do not drop their eggs any where, but in commodious places, fuitable to their fpecies. And fome include in their nefts, fufficient and agreeable food, to ferve their young till they come to maturity.

And for the young themfelves. As the parent is not able to carry them about, to clothe them and dandle them, as man doth: how admirably is it contrived, that they can foon walk about, and begin to shift for themfelves! How naturally, do they hunt for their teat, fuck, pick and take in their proper food!

On the other hand, the young of man, (as their parent's reafon is fufficient to help, nurse, feed and clothe them) are born utterly helplefs, and are more abfolutely than any creature, caft upon their parent's care.

Secondly, What admirable provision is made for fome of the moft helplefs creatures, at a time when they muft otherwife utterly perifh! The winter is an improper feafon to afford food to insects and many other animals. When the fields, trees, and plants are naked, and the air is chilled with froft; what would become of fuch animals, whose tender bodies are impatient of cold, and who are nourifhed only by the produce of the fpring or fummer? To prevent their total deftruction, the Wife Preserver of the world has fo ordered, that in the firft place, thofe which are impatient of cold, fhould have fuch a peculiar ftructure of body, as during that feafon, not to fuffer any wafte, nor confequently need any recruit. Hence many forts of birds, and almoft all insects, pafs the whole winter without any food. And moft of them without any refpiration.

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It seems all motion of the animal juices is extinct. For though cut in pieces they do not awake, nor does any fluid ooze out at the wound. This sleep therefore is little less than death, and their waking, than a resurrection: when the returning sun revives them and their food together.

The next provision is for such creatures as can bear the cold, but would want food. This is provided against in some, by a long patience of hunger, in others by their wonderful instinct, in laying up food before hand, against the approaching winter. By some of these, their little treasuries are at the proper season well stocked with provisions. Yea, whole fields are here and there bespread with the fruits of the neighbouring trees laid carefully up in the earth, and covered safe by provident little animals.

And what a prodigious act is it of the Creator's indulgence to the poor, shiftless irrationals, that they are already furnished with such cloathing, as is proper to their place and business! With hair, with feathers, with shells, or with firm armature, all nicely accommodated, as well to the element wherein they live, as to their several occasions there. To beasts, hair is a commodious cloathing; which together with the apt texture of their skin, fits them in all weathers to lie on the ground, and to do their service to man. The thick and warm fleeces of others, are a good defence against the cold and wet, and also a soft bed: yea, and to many, a comfortable covering for their tender young.

All the animals near Hudson's Bay, are cloathed with a close, soft, warm fur. But what is still more surprising, and what draws all attentive minds to admire the wisdom and goodness of Providence, is, that the very dogs and cats which are brought thither from England, on the approach of winter change their appearance, and acquire a much longer, softer, and thicker coat of hair than they originally had.

And as hair is a commodious dress for beasts, so are feathers for birds. They are not only a good guard against wet and cold, but nicely placed every where on the body, to give them

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an easy passage through the air, and to waft them through that thin medium. How curious is their texture for lightness, and withal close and firm for strength! And where it is necessary they should be filled, what a light, medullary substance are they filled with? So that even the strongest parts, far from being a load to the body, rather help to make it light and buoyant. And how curiously are the vanes of the feathers wrought, with capillary filaments, neatly interwoven together, whereby they are sufficiently close and strong, both to guard the body against the injuries of the weather, and to empower the wings, like so many sails, to make strong impulses on the air in their flight.

No less curious is the cloathing of Reptiles. How well adapted are the rings of some, and the contortions of the skin of others, not only to fence the body sufficiently, but to enable them to creep, to perforate the earth, and to perform the offices of their state, better than any other covering?

Observe, for instance, the tegument of the Earth-worms, made in the compleatest manner, for making their passage through the earth, where ever their occasions lead them. Their body is made throughout of small rings, which have a curious apparatus of muscles, that enable them with great strength to dilate, extend, or contract their whole body. Each ring is likewise armed with stiff, sharp prickles, which they can open at pleasure, or shut close to their body. Lastly, under their skin there is a slimy juice, which they emit as occasion requires, to lubricate the body, and facilitate their passage into the earth. By all these means they are enabled, with ease and speed, to work themselves into the earth, which they could not do, were they covered with hair, feathers, scales, or such cloathing as any of the other creatures.

How wisely likewise are the inhabitants of the waters cloathed! The shells of some fishes, are a strong guard to their tender bodies, and consistent enough with their slow motion: while the scales and fins of others afford them an easy and swift passage through the waters.

GOD'S



GOD'S EYES are over all the EARTH.

**M**ANY years ago, as my eldest Brother was walking in the back street of *Hackney*, a Gentleman accosted him, and said, Sir, I am old, and I would willingly inform you of a remarkable scene of Providence, that it may be remembered when I am gone hence.—I was walking here sometime since (as I frequently do) early in a morning, when a chariot stopt at a little distance from me, and a young Lady stepping out ran by me with all her might. A Gentleman quickly followed her, caught her, and brought her back: when I just heard her say, What, my Dear, will you serve me so? Immediately that door over against us opened, and he thrust her in before him. I mused upon it all day and all night, and was very uneasy. In the morning a gardener which I employed coming in, I asked him, Do you know such a house in *Hackney*? He answered, Sir, I am going to trim the trees in the garden next to it: and I will make any enquiries which you desire, and bring you back the best account I can. The account he gave me the next morning was this. When I went to work, I saw over a low hedge, a gardener trimming the trees in the other garden, and I asked him, Pray who lives in that house? On his answering, A mad Doctor; I asked, Has he many patients? He said, I do not know, though I dine in the house: for he never suffers any to see them. I said, I will give you a pot of beer, if you can find the name of a young Lady that came in a day or two ago. He answered, I cannot promise; but I will do my best, when I go in to dinner. When I saw him again, he said, No patient in the house dares speak to any one: and I could get no pen, ink, and paper: but I got a pin and a card, on which a young woman has pricked her name: here it is. I took the card, and knew the name. The next day I went to her father, and asked, Sir, where is your daughter? He said, She



when one morning my Uncle took me out with him in the chariot, as he said, to see a friend: but instead of this, he brought me to *Bedlam*, where I have been confined ever since.

Your story is plausible, said Mr. C. but how shall I know it is the truth? Very easily, said she. The Gentleman that was to marry me, lives within a day's journey of *London*. Write to him: and tell him you have something to say concerning me, and would be glad to meet him at such a place in town. If he does not come, let all this pass for a mad woman's dream. Mr. C. wrote, and asked the Gentleman who came to the place appointed, Whether he knew such a person? He answered, Perfectly well. We were to have been married before now; but her Uncle sent me word, she was taken ill. Mr. C. then told him the whole story. He immediately sent to her Uncle: who was very ready to take her out and pay her fortune, to avoid farther trouble.

So the curiosity of one to see a strange place, and of another, to hear a strange tale, was a means of detecting a notorious scene of villany, and of setting an innocent sufferer at liberty!

J. W.



*An Account of Michael Vivian: sent to Dr. Fuller, from Alderman Atkins.*

A Friend of yours, certified me of your desire of being satisfied of the truth of that relation I made concerning the old Minister in the North. In my journey to Scotland, I stopt at *Alnwick*, in *Northumberland*, on the Sabbath day. Understanding that the Minister lived within three miles of the place, I rode thither to hear him preach. When I came there, I found him in the desk, where he read part of the common prayer, some of holy David's psalms, and two chapters, one out of the Old, and the other out of the New Testament, without the use of spectacles. The Bible out of which he read,

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was a very small print. He went afterwards into the pulpit, where he prayed and preached to us about an hour and a half. His text was, "Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." He made an excellent sermon, without the help of any notes.

After sermon, I went with him to his house, where I asked whether he had a new set of teeth come? Whether his eyesight ever failed him? And whether, in any measure, he found his strength renewed? He told me, he understood the news-book reported his hair to become a dark brown; but that was false: he took his cap off, and shewed it me. It is come again like a child's, but rather flaxen, than brown. As for his teeth, he had three come within these two years: while he bred them he was very ill. Forty years since he could not read the biggest print without spectacles, and now there is no print so small, but he can read it without them. As for his strength, he thinks himself as strong now as he hath been these twenty years. Not long since he walked to *Alnwick* to dinner, and back again; six north country miles. He is now one hundred and ten years of age: hearty, and very cheerful! He had five children after he was eighty years of age, four of them lusty lasses, now living with him, the other died lately; his wife is only about fifty years of age. He was born near *Aberdeen*.



## L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVIII.

[From Mr. S. Wells, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

High-Wycombe, Feb. 4, 1778-

Rev. and dear Sir,

**M**Y father tells me in his last letter, "My journey from Witney was a very pleasant one. I do not know that I had so much as a single thought which was not fixt on God.

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A most serious and solemn devotion of heart led me to think, I must throw aside my notes at *Stow*, and preach experimentally to the people.

I admitted several persons into the Society; most of whom appeared to be deeply convinced. I have preached ever since without notes. I am afraid to do otherwise. I have enjoyed a continued peace ever since I left you, and am following on to know more of God:"

If he writes to you, dear Sir, believe he will discover too high an opinion of me. I hope you will impute what he may say in my favour, to the prejudice of fatherly affection.

Sunday, January 10, we held a Love-Feast at *Cheffham*, at which, one received the gift of pure love. Friday 15. This morning I read a letter to Mrs. S. and H. when the power of God descended on Mrs. S. as though she would then be set at liberty from the carnal mind. After prayer, B. H. informed me, she now knew that God for Christ's sake had forgiven her.

January 17. God was in the midst of us at *Witney*; and among the several fresh instances of his goodness, M. P. of *Oxford*, declared that the blood of Christ had cleansed him from all sin. Thursday, January 20. T. B. of *Freeland*, experienced a sense of God's forgiving favour; and R. M. experienced the same blessing that night.

Friday 21, I preached at *Newnham*, a little regular built town between *Wallingford* and *Oxford*. Mr. Smith, whom I admitted into Society, received remission of sins; soon after I also joined twenty others. God grant they may all be zealous of good works!

Monday 25. At *Shalborne*, I was informed that two more received remission of sin, and another at *Eastbury*. Thursday 28, at *Slade-End*, S. S. told me that she received remission of sins when she heard me about a month ago. S. W. and her mother experienced the forgiving love of God, and H. W.

has

has for some months experienced the pure love of God. Thanks be to God for all his mercies!

I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your dutiful Son,

SAMUEL WELLS.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIX.

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

Rev. Sir,

**A**S the end of your labour in the vineyard is the conversion of souls, it will give you much pleasure to be informed that my sister Nancy is truly converted,

She says, she often envied the happiness of the people called Methodists; and that not finding it in herself, concluded it was for want of knowing God.

Mr. Eden's conversation was much blessed to her, as many things he said greatly affected her. But under your sermon on, "*Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation,*" her heart said, this belongs to *me*. When you said to me at supper, "*Press forward, lest your sister should get before you,*" the word came home to her heart. When she retired, she prayed earnestly that it might be so.

In the morning, a little after you took leave of her, she could praise God, as *her* God: soon after, she communicated it to her brother; and the next day joined the Society. The day following, coming over to see me, I was quite astonished; as she seemed fully to possess the faith which worketh by love. She now prayed, and sang the praises of God continually; and was so full of the love of God, that she could hardly contain herself. She seemed also to forget her food, while her sleep quite forsook her. She most earnestly desired to receive the

Lord's Supper, and had no fear of death; but feared it was wrong to be so happy, as she had felt so little sorrow for sin.

Two things she formerly thought would be her greatest cross to part with, if ever she became serious, she was tried with the next day; when behold! the mountain became a plain: for her right hand was cut off without much difficulty!

She said she would go to her worldly acquaintance, and tell them what God had done for her soul: and also tell them how she must live and act; and that if they would do so to, she would continue their acquaintance; but if not, she must break it off.

I know, Sir, you will bless God with me, because he has given you a child, and me a sister in the Lord. I now begin to hope that all our family will be brought to the knowledge of the truth. How delightful is the thought! I bless God that I can rejoice in Christ Jesus! and have no confidence in the flesh. Pray for me, Reverend Sir, and believe me to be your most affectionate and obliged Servant,

M. A—.

Feb. 20, 1773.



P O E T R Y.

*The* J U G G L E R.

**A** Juggler long through all the town,  
Has raised his fortune and renown;  
You'd think (so far his art transcends)  
The d-v-l at his finger-ends.

*Vice* heard his fame, she read his bill:  
Convincéd of his inferior skill,  
She sought his booth, and from the crowd  
Defyéd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so faméd for slight?  
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?

Dare

Dare he with me dispute the prize?  
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provokéd, the Juggler cried, 'tis done,  
In science I submit to none.  
Thus said, the cups and balls he playéd,  
By turns, this here, that there conveyéd:  
The cards obedient to his words,  
Are by a fillip turnéd to birds:  
His little boxes change the grain,  
Trick after trick deludes the train.  
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair;  
His fingers spread, and nothing there;  
Then bids it rain with showérs of gold,  
And now his iv'ry eggs are told,  
But when from thence the hen he draws,  
Amazéd spectators hum applause.

*Vice* now stept forth and took the place,  
With all the forms of his grimace.  
This magic looking-glass, she cries,  
(Here hand it round) 'twill charm your eyes:  
Each eager eye the 'sight desiréd,  
And evéry man himself admiréd.  
Next to a senator addressing,  
See this bank-note, observe the blessing,  
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass, 'tis gone,  
Upon his lips a padlock shone;  
A second puff the magic broke,  
The padlock vanishéd, and he spoke.  
Twelve bottles rangéd upon the board,  
All full with heady liquor storéd,  
By clean conveyance disappear,  
And now two bloody swords are there,  
A purse she to the thief exposéd,  
At once his ready fingers closéd.

He

He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,  
 He sees a halter in its stead.  
 She bids Ambition hold a wand,  
 He grasps a hatchet in his hand.  
 A box of charity she shews;  
 Blow here, and a church-warden blows;  
 'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,  
 And on the table smokes a treat.  
 She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,  
 And from all pockets fills her box.  
 She next a meagre rake address,  
 This picture see, her shape, her breast,  
 What youth, and what inviting eyes!  
 Hold her and have her. With surprise  
 His hand expos'd a box of pills;  
 And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills,  
 A counter in a miser's hand,  
 Grew twenty guineas at command;  
 She bids his heir the sum retain,  
 And 'tis a counter now again.  
 A guinea with her touch you see,  
 Take ev'ry shape but charity:  
 And not one thing you saw or drew,  
 But chang'd from what was first in view,  
 The Juggler now in grief of heart,  
 With this submission owns her art:  
 Can I such matchless slight withstand?  
 How practice hath improv'd your hand!  
 But now and then I cheat the throng,  
 You ev'ry day, and all day long.

## The V I S I O N.

[From the fourth Chapter of J O B.]

**T**WAS at the dark and silent hour of night,  
 When airy visions skim before the sight,  
 When men entrancèd in balmy sleep are laid,  
 And deeper slumbers ev'ry sense invade;  
 A voice, shrill sounding, piercèd my list'ning ear,  
 The solemn accent still methinks I hear.  
 And lo! arose before my wondering eyes,  
 A shapeless spectre of stupendous size;  
 Sullen, it me approachèd with awful grace,  
 And frowning dreadful starèd me in the face.  
 Deep sunk my heart, my hair erected stood,  
 And sweaty drops my shaking limbs bedewèd.  
 At length a voice the solemn silence broke,  
 And thus, in hollow tone, the phantom spoke.

What art thou, mortal man! thou breathing clod?  
 Thou daring rival of thy author, God?  
 Is then this heap of animated dust  
 Pure as his maker? as his maker, just?  
 What are the gifts to human nature givèn,  
 That man usurps the attributes of heavèn?  
 Thè angelic hosts, that on the Godhead wait,  
 And issue forth his ministers of fate;  
 Not of themselves perform his great command,  
 But own his guidance and o'er-ruling hand.  
 Shall then presumptuous man his actions sway,  
 This lordly tenant of a lump of clay?  
 Who from a sordid mass derives his birth,  
 And drops again into his mother earth;  
 Whose carcase mould'ring in the silent tomb,  
 Devouring reptiles mangle and consume.

Look

Look round the surface of this earthly ball;  
 See grandeur vanish, and even nations fall!  
 What millions die, the race of being run,  
 Between the rising and the setting sun!  
 See man each hour resign his fleeting breath,  
 And sink unheeded in the jaws of death!  
 Thus falls thy boasted wisdom, mortal man,  
 A cloud its substance, and its date a span!  
 Thy short perfection on thy life depends,  
 At death's great period all thy knowledge ends.

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*On* S L E E P.

**E**MBLEM of death! as is its couch, the grave,  
 Dooms contain the coward and the brave;  
 Where sleep reclined, the guilty and the pure,  
 Alike intomb'd—sequester'd and secure;  
 Reserv'd alike in that dread hour to wake,  
 Destin'd to stand—and each their destiny take.  
 Peace to the last—while judgment marks the first,  
 Ere yet arraign'd—accursing, and accurst.  
 Rais'd from their bed, to wrap in sleep no more,  
 Reviv'd they gaze, and horribly adore.  
 Oh, fatal sleep! that thus awak'd to woe,  
 No longer ease—no longer rest shall know!  
 E'en here a foretaste of that keener steel,  
 That living fools have mock'd, and dying fools must feel.

E. P.

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D E A T H,

*An* E P I G R A M.

**T**HAT you must die, not Truth itself more true;  
 Nor less is this, that unprepared are you  
 Who careless live, although to-morrow's sun  
 May fix your fate, as changeless as undone!







M<sup>r</sup>. JOSEPH COLE.  
Aetatis 36.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For M A R C H 1786.



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

CHAP. I. Concerning the Extent of Christ's Redemption.

[Continued from page 70.]

V. 4. **W**HEN the same Apostle saith, *The saving grace of God hath appeared to all men, teaching them, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live righteously, and soberly and godly in this present world,* he plainly strengthens this assertion; for it is observable, 1<sup>st</sup>. That the grace here mentioned, is *the grace of God*, even of that God who *spared not his Son, but freely gave him up for us all.* 2<sup>dly</sup>. That it is *freely*, *saving grace*, as being apt in its nature, and by the God of all grace designed for the salvation of them for whom it was vouchsafed, 3<sup>dly</sup>. This grace, saith the Apostle, hath appeared



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to all men; and if the Apostles did tender it to all without exception, they either tendered it to them to whom it did not belong; or else it did belong to all men. And since it only could belong to them by virtue of Christ's passion, it follows that the benefit of his passion must belong to all. 4thly. This grace appeared to all men to *teach them, denying all ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live righteously, soberly and godly in this present world*: and therefore to teach them that which will most certainly conduce to their salvation, since all who learn this lesson, will undoubtedly be saved by virtue of our Lord's salutary passion; since as it follows, they may *expect the blessed hope and glorious appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for them*. In a word, either all men are obliged, on the account of this grace of God, and the sufferings of Christ for them, to deny ungodliness, &c. and to live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present world; and then this grace, and these sufferings must be intended for their salvation: or it must be said, that there are some, yea the greatest part of Christians, who are not, on the account of this grace appearing to them, or of these sufferings, obliged to the performance of these duties.

5. When the same Apostle informs us that Christ was *made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, that He by the grace of God, might taste death for every man*: he clearly expresses the same assertion; for here is no restraint at all, nor any limitation of that comprehensive phrase, *he tasted death for every man*. But there is something which strengthens the general meaning of the phrase; for this is said to magnify the grace of God in sending his Son to die for man. Now sure the grace of God will be more magnified by this general extent of our Saviour's death, than by contracting the design of it to a few; for if the grace of God be great in sending his Son to die for a few chosen persons, it must be greater in sending him to die for us all. And this would be more sensibly perceived by all men, were it their own case: for were they in the number of rebels condemned by their Prince, who only should afford an act of

grace

grace to others, but leave them under condemnation; they would assuredly conceive his grace and favour would be greater, were it extended to them also, and would not think his grace more magnified for being so discriminating, as to exclude them from any share in it.

6. The Apostle Peter saith, *God is long-suffering to us-ward, not being willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.* Now *any* thus opposed to *all*, signifies, God is not willing that any one of the whole rank of men should perish. Moreover, when it is said, *God would have all men come to repentance*, it is certain that this will refers to all to whom the preaching of the gospel is vouchsafed; yea to all whom *in the times of ignorance God winked at.* For so the Scripture speaks, saying, *The times of ignorance God winked at; but, now he commandeth all men every where to repent.* When therefore it is said, he is not willing any one should perish, but come to repentance, he must be supposed at least to mean, he would have no man perish to whom the gospel is vouchsafed.

To say, "God would have none to perish, because he gives to all some general means of conversion, though they be not sufficient to that end without those special aids he will not give them," is to delude us with vain words.

For it is evident that he who wills not the means necessary to bring them to repentance, wills not that they should come to repentance; and that he who determines to withhold the means, which being withheld they must perish, wills they should perish.

"Nay, these general words are to be restrained to the Elect, and only signify, God would not that any of them should perish, because the Apostle in his first Epistle writes *to the elect.*"

I answer, first, That the Apostle by the Elect doth not here mean, men absolutely designed for eternal happiness, but only men professing Christianity; as will be evident from these considerations: 1st. That he calls upon them to *make their calling and election sure, that they may not fall from it; for,* saith he, *if ye do these things ye shall never fall:* plainly declaring that the

making their election sure depended on their *adding to their faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, and charity*; and so was only a conditional election upon their perseverance in a life of holiness, 2dly. He exhorts them to be *sober and vigilant, because their adversary the devil goes about seeking whom he may devour*: and to beware lest being led away by the error of the wicked they should fall from their own *steadfastness*. But it cannot be supposed of persons absolutely elected to salvation, that they should be devoured by Satan, or fall from their *steadfastness*. Yea, 3dly, He not only speaks of some of them who had *forsaken the right way, and turned with the dog to his vomit*; but also prophecies, that *those false teachers who brought in damnable doctrines, even denying the Lord who bought them, should make merchandise of some of them*, which they could never do of persons absolutely elected to salvation. 4thly, The Apostle affirmeth the same thing of the whole church of Babylon, saying, *The church which is at Babylon, elected together with you, saluteth you*. Now that all the members, either of the Eastern or the Western Babylon, were chosen out of the world to the profession of Christianity, he could not be ignorant; but that they all were absolutely elected to salvation, was more than he could know.

2. Though both this and the former Epistle were written to them who were *elected through sanctification to obedience*, and to them *who had obtained precious faith*, and so to them who were already come unto repentance: these words cannot respect the same persons, because they speak of persons to whom God *exercised long-suffering, that they might come to repentance*, and might not *perish* under their present want of it. But they are directed to the unconverted Jews, to whom St. Paul speaks thus, *Despise thou the riches of the goodness, patience, and long-suffering of God, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?* Rom. ii. 4. And to whom this Apostle speaketh, ver. 15, saying, *Count the long-suffering of our Lord salvation.*

*salvation.* Now sure, it is not reasonable to conceive that those Jews, who lay under a spirit of slumber, were absolutely chosen to salvation.

[*To be continued.*]

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S E R M O N XXXII.

On LUKE xii. 7.

*Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

1. **T**HE doctrine of Divine Providence, has been renewed by wise men in all ages. It was believed by many of the eminent Heathens, not only Philosophers, but Orators and Poets. Innumerable are the testimonies concerning it, which are scattered up and down in their writings: agreeable to that well known saying in *Cicero*, *Deorum moderamine cuncta geri*: That all things, all events in this world, are under the management of God. We might bring a cloud of witnesses to confirm this, were any so hardy as to deny it.

2. The same truth is acknowledged at this day in most parts of the world: yea, even in those nations which are so barbarous, as not to know the use of letters. So when *Paustoobee*, an *Indian* Chief, of the *Chicasaw* Nation in *North-America*, was asked, Why do you think the Beloved Ones (so they term God) takes care of you? He answered without any hesitation, I was in the battle with the *French*, and the bullet went on this side, and the bullet went on that side: and this man died, and that man died. But I am alive still: and by this I know that the Beloved Ones take care of me."

3. But although the ancient as well as modern Heathens had some conception of a Divine Providence, yet the conceptions which most of them entertained concerning it, were



were dark, confused, and imperfect: yea, the accounts which the most enlightened among them gave, were usually contradictory to each other. Add to this, that they were by no means assured of the truth of those very accounts. They hardly dared to affirm any thing, but spoke with the utmost caution and diffidence. Infomuch that what *Cicero* himself, the author of that noble declaration, ventures to affirm in cool blood, at the end of his long dispute upon the subject, amounts to no more than this lame and impotent conclusion, *Mihi verifimilior videbatur Cottæ oratio*; "What *Cotta* said (the person that argued in the defence of the Being and Providence of God) seemed to me more probable, than what his opponent had advanced to the contrary."

4. And it is no wonder. For only God himself, can give a clear, consistent, perfect account, (that is, as perfect as our weak understanding can receive, in this our infant state of existence; or at least, as is consistent with the designs of his government) of his manner of governing the world. And this he hath done in his written word: all the Oracles of God, all the Scriptures, both of the Old Testament and the New describe so many scenes of Divine Providence.—It is the beautiful remark of a fine Writer, "Those who object to the Old Testament in particular, that it is not a connected History of Nations, but only a congeries of broken, unconnected Events, do not observe the nature and design of these writings. They do not see, that Scripture is *The History of God*." Those who bear this upon their minds, will easily perceive, that the inspired writers never lose sight of it; but preserve one unbroken, connected chain, from the beginning to the end. All over that wonderful Book, as *Life and Immortality* (Immortal Life) is gradually brought to light, so is *Immanuel God with us*, and his kingdom ruling over all.

5. In the verses preceding the Text, our Lord has been arming his disciples against the fear of man. *Be not afraid* (says he, ver. 4.) *of them that can kill the body, and after have no*  
*more*

*more that they can do.* He guards them against this fear, first by reminding them of what was infinitely more terrible than any which man could inflict: *fear him, who after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell.* He guards them farther against it, by the consideration of an over-ruling Providence. *Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? And not one of them is forgotten before God.* Or, as the words are repeated by St. Matthew, with a very inconsiderable variation (ch. x. ver. 29.) *Not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father. But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

6. We must indeed observe, that this strong expression, though repeated by both the Evangelists, need not imply, (though if any one thinks it does, he may think so very innocently) that God does literally number all the hairs that are on the heads of all his creatures. But it is a proverbial expression, implying that nothing is so small or insignificant in the sight of men, as not to be an object of the care and Providence of God, before whom nothing is small that concerns the happiness of any of his creatures.

7. There is scarce any doctrine in the whole compass of Revelation, which is of deeper importance than this. And at the same time, there is scarce any that is so little regarded, and perhaps so little understood. Let us endeavour then, with the assistance of God, to examine it to the bottom, to see upon what foundation it stands, and what it properly implies.

8. The Eternal, Almighty, All-wise, All-gracious God, is the Creator of Heaven and Earth. He called out of nothing by his all-powerful word, the whole universe, all that is. *Thus the heavens and the earth were created, and all the hosts of them.* And after he had set all things else in array, the plants after their kinds, fish and fowl, beasts and reptiles after their kinds, *he created man after his own image.* And the Lord saw, that every distinct part of the universe was good. But when he saw every thing he had made, all in connexion with each other, *behold it was very good.*

9. And

9. And as this all-wise, all-gracious Being created all things, so he sustains all things. He is the preserver, as well as the Creator of every thing that exists. *He upholdeth all things by the word of his power*, that is, by his powerful word. Now it must be that he knows every thing he has made, and every thing he preserves from moment to moment. Otherwise he could not preserve it: he could not continue to it, the being which he has given it. And it is nothing strange that he who is omnipresent, who *filleth heaven and earth*, who is in every place, should see what is in every place, where he is intimately present. If the eye of man discerns things at a small distance, the eye of an Eagle, what is at a greater, the eye of an Angel, what is at a thousand times greater distance, (perhaps taking in the surface of the Earth at one view :) how shall not the eye of God see every thing, through the whole extent of Creation? Especially considering that nothing is distant from Him: in whom we all *live and move and have our being*.

10. It is true, our narrow Understandings but imperfectly comprehend this. But whether we comprehend it or no, we are certain that so it is. As certain as it is, that he created all things, and that he still sustains all that he has created: so certain it is, that he is present, at all times, in all places; that he is above, beneath; that he *besets us behind and before*, and as it were, *lays his hand upon us*. We allow, *such knowledge is too high and wonderful for us: we cannot attain unto it*. The manner of his presence no man can explain, nor probably any Angel in heaven. Perhaps what the ancient Philosopher speaks of the soul, in regard to its residence in the body, that it is *tota in toto, & tota in qualibet parte*, might in some sense be spoken of the Omnipresent Spirit, in regard to the Universe. That he is not only, "All in the whole, but All in every part." Be this as it may, it cannot be doubted but he sees every atom of his Creation: and that a thousand times more clearly, than we see the things that are close to us: even of these we see only the surface, while he sees the inmost essence of every thing.

11. Tho

11. The omnipresent God sees and knows all the properties of all the beings that he hath made. He knows all the connexions, dependencies and relations, and all the ways wherein one of them can affect another. In particular, he saw all the inanimate parts of the creation, whether in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath. He knows how the stars, comets or planets above, influence the inhabitants of the earth beneath: what influence the lower heavens, with their magazines of fire, hail, snow, and vapours, winds, and storms have on our planets. And what effects may be produced in the bowels of the earth by fire, air, or water: what exhalations may be raised therefrom, and what changes wrought thereby: what effects every mineral or vegetable may have upon the children of men: all these lie naked and open to the eye of the Creator and Preserver of the Universe.

12. He knows all the Animals in this lower world, whether Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles or Insects. He knows all the qualities and powers he hath given them, from the highest to the lowest. He knows every good Angel and every evil Angel in every part of his dominions: and looks from heaven upon the children of men over the whole face of the earth.

He knows all the hearts of the sons of men, and understands all their thoughts. He sees what any Angel, any Devil, any Man, either thinks, or speaks, or does: yea, and all they feel. He sees all their sufferings, with every circumstance of them.

13. And is the Creator and Preserver of the World, unconcerned for what he sees therein? Does he look upon these things either with a malignant or heedless eye? Is he an Epicurean god? Does he sit at ease in heaven, without regarding the poor inhabitants of earth? It cannot be. He hath made us; not we ourselves: and he cannot despise the work of his own hands. We are his children. And can a mother forget the children of her womb: yea, they may forget: yet will not God forget us. On the contrary, he hath expressly declared, that as *his eyes are over all the earth, so he is loving to every man, and*

*his mercy is over all his works.* Consequently he is concerned every moment, for what befalls every creature upon earth: and more especially for every thing that befalls any of the children of men. It is hard indeed to comprehend this: nay, it is hard to believe it; considering the complicated wickedness, and the complicated misery which we see on every side. But believe it we must, unless we will make God a liar, although it is sure, no man can comprehend it. It behoves us then, to humble ourselves before God, and to acknowledge our ignorance. Indeed how can we expect that a man should be able to comprehend the ways of God? Can a worm comprehend a worm? How much less can it be supposed, that a man can comprehend God?

“ For how can Finite measure Infinite?”

14. He is infinite in wisdom as well as in power: and all his wisdom is continually employed in managing all the affairs of his Creation for the good of all his creatures. For his wisdom and goodness go hand in hand: they are inseparably united, and continually act in concert with almighty power; for the real good of all his creatures. His power being equal to his wisdom and goodness, continually co-operates with them. And to him all things are possible. He doth whatsoever pleaseth him, in heaven and earth, and in the sea and all deep places. And we cannot doubt of his exerting all his power, as in sustaining, so in governing all that he has made.

15. Only he that can do all things else cannot deny himself: he cannot counteract himself, or oppose his own work. Were it not for this, he would destroy all sin, with its attendant pain in a moment. He would abolish wickedness out of his whole Creation, and suffer no trace of it to remain. But in so doing he would counteract himself, he would altogether overturn his own work, and undo all that he has been doing, since he created man upon the earth. For he created man in his own image: a spirit,  
like

like himself : a spirit endued with understanding, with will, or affections, and liberty : without which neither his understanding, nor his affections could have been of any use : neither would he have been capable either of vice or virtue. He could not be a moral agent, any more than a tree or a stone. If therefore God were thus to exert his power, there would certainly be no more vice : but it is equally certain, neither could there be any virtue in the world. Were human liberty taken away, men would be as incapable of virtue as stones. Therefore (with reverence be it spoken) the Almighty himself cannot do this thing. He cannot thus contradict himself, or undo what he has done. He cannot destroy, out of the soul of man, that image of himself wherein he made him. And without doing this, he cannot abolish sin and pain out of the world. But were it to be done, it would imply no wisdom at all ; but barely a stroke of Omnipotence, Whereas all the manifold wisdom of God (as well as all his power and goodness) is displayed in governing man as man : not as a stock or a stone, but as an intelligent and free Spirit, capable of chusing either good or evil. Herein appears the depth of the wisdom of God, in his adorable Providence ! In governing men, so as not to destroy either their understanding, will, or liberty. He commands all things both in heaven and earth, to assist man, in attaining the end of his being, in working out his own salvation : so far as it can be done, without compulsion, without over-ruling his liberty. An attentive enquirer may easily discern the whole frame of Divine Providence is so constituted, as to afford man every possible help, in order to his doing good and eschewing evil, which can be done without turning man into a machine : without making him incapable of virtue or vice, reward or punishment.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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*A Short Account of Mr. MATTHIAS JOYCE.*

[Written by Himself.]

I Was born in *Dublin*, February 17, 1754, of honest, industrious parents. My mother, who was a serious woman, was born in *London*, and professed being a member of the Church of England. But my father being a member of the Church of Rome, got me baptized in that Church; and instructed me himself, as far as he was capable, in the principles thereof.

When I was a little more than two years old, my sister going one night on an errand with me in her arms, let me fall into a deep window, where there was a great quantity of broken glass and other rubbish. Close to the bottom of the window ran a rapid stream which descended from the mountains of *Wicklow*, and emptied itself into the *Liffy*. The night being dark, and I not making the least noise, she thought I was carried down the stream and lost. However she brought a candle, and found me lying across a stick that was in the window; which prevented my falling into the stream.

When I was about eight years old, a horse kicked me so violently on my thigh that I fell to the ground, and yet I received no material harm. And about the same time, I fell from a high wall, but was not much hurt!

When ten or eleven years old, I was thrown from a horse on full gallop, but received no harm. When I was about thirteen, coming one day from a Review in the *Phœnix Park*, the road was thronged with horses and carriages. A man in a chaise called me from the other side of the road to speak to him. While I stood talking with him, a horse on full gallop darted against me with his shoulder, knocked me down in an instant, went over me, and left me sprawling on the ground; but

but through the interposition of Providence, I was only stunned a little.

About the same time I was thrown down by two horses in a carriage, and was very much hurt: while I was down one of the horses trod upon me; but the driver stopping in a moment, I had time to creep out of the way.

When I was about seven years old my mother struck me gently on my hand for some fault I had committed; on which I called upon God to d—n her. I was soon seized with conviction for this; nor did it entirely wear away for several years. While it lasted I was frequently so terrified, that I could not see how I could be saved; and, sometimes I concluded I was born on purpose to be damned. But as I had heard among the Papists that a child must be seven years old before sin can be charged upon him, I often calculated how old I was when I cursed my mother; and if I could bring my age under seven, then I felt some ease.

When I was about ten years old, one of my companions and I made an agreement to swear no more; and blessed be God, since that time swearing was not my besetting sin.

When I was about thirteen, I was taken from school, and my father and mother being mostly abroad, I was suffered to range wherever I pleased. Accordingly, I spent most of my time with those who neither feared God, nor regarded man.

In June, 1768, my father sent me to Mr. —, upon trial, to learn the art of Printing. Though by this means I was removed from my old companions, I still retained my love of sin, and if possible, ran into greater excesses of riot.

As I increased in years, my pride and passion increased also: an instance of which is as follows. One evening my master's son wanted me to do something for him, which I refused; upon which he went and told his father, who coming into the shop ordered me to do it directly. I told him plainly I would not. On this he seized an oak stick, and laid it on me until he broke it; but so great was my pride, that I verily believe, I would



would not have submitted had I been sure of falling dead at his feet!

As I was very strong for my size, I was made to do the drudgery about the shop, such as, carrying bundles of books to the inns, &c. My master's son, one time thinking to have some sport, by raising my spirit, called me, Porter! Porter! I could not bear this. My pride beginning to swell, I desired him to let me alone; but he would not. I then snatched a large pair of shears, and threw them at him; but though he was not more than two yards from me, Providence so guided them that instead of darting into his belly, they only went into his coat, and hung there.

In September, 1771, I resolved to run away from my master, and enter on board a man of war. About the beginning of December one of the men complained of me to my master for idleness, for which he gave me a gentle slap on the cheek. My pride than got the better of my judgment, and I determined he should strike me no more. Accordingly, that evening, I fled from the house, with a full resolution never to return. I wandered about the city for some days, waiting for a fellow-servant who was to go with me.

Having spent the last Sabbath in taking leave of my friends, I got drunk. Then I returned to the place of rendezvous, where my companion and I quarrelled; and because I could not get my revenge gratified, I drew out a knife to kill myself. But several persons being in the room, got about me, threw me on a bed, and wrested the knife out of my hand.

The next day, as we intended to set sail for *Liverpool*, my father and sister came to see me set off. My poor father wept bitterly, and said, "Now I am left alone. I have no one to be of any comfort to me now. I shall never see thee again." He was at this time above seventy years of age; but neither his age, infirmities, nor tears could prevail on me to stay. So I kissed him and bade him farewell.

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When I was on the great deep it was so exceeding pleasant, that I thought, if I had a fortune, I would even then go to sea. After a passage of two days we arrived safe at *Liverpool*. We had not been long there, before my comrade wanted me to return; but I said I would not. That night we stayed at *Liverpool*, and the next day crossed the Ferry and went forward to *Chester*. But it being exceeding dirty, travelling was very fatiguing; so that I had not gone many miles before I began to be very weary: then, with tears in my eyes, I reflected on my folly, and wished to be at my master's again.

After a disagreeable journey of four days we arrived at *Birmingham*. By this time our money was spent, which was doubtless a singular Providence; for if I had had money sufficient, I should have gone straight to *London*, and entered on board a man of war. At *Birmingham* I had a brother-in-law of the same business with myself, who soon got me into work; but my comrade could not get any; so he was obliged to sell his coat, to bear his charges to *London*. When we parted we both wept much; but I never saw or heard of him from that time to this.

About the latter end of February, 1772, there came a countryman of mine from *London*, to work where I was. I told him what I had done. He reproved me very sharply for it, saying, I could never shew my face in *Ireland*; for if I did, I must serve that time over again. What he said rested upon my mind, and made me resolve to return the first opportunity, and serve my lawful master.

Accordingly, one Monday morning, this man and I set off together for *Ireland*. He had five-pence, and I had three-pence. We made the best of our way to *Wolverhampton*, where we got a shilling from Mr. *Smart*, the Master Printer. From thence we pursued our journey to *Alberton*. It was quite dark before we got there. We had a crooked, dirty road, and could not tell where we were, nor see each other at a small distance; yet we urged our way till we entered the town. Here we got a lodging among a parcel of Gipsies, and after some conversation we went to bed, and in the morning pursued our journey.

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The hardships I endured in this journey far exceeded all I met with before. We were brought so low, that my companion went to a farm-house to beg; and, as he told me afterwards, sung a song for his dinner. But to beg I was ashamed; so I pursued my way, hungry and weary as I was, to *Chester*, and by this means lost my companion for two days.

[*To be continued.*]

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*A Short Account of the Death of Mrs. S. BUMSTED.*

**H**EARING that my dear wife was in Labour, I flew immediately to her assistance, and found her almost in the agonies of death; but perfectly sensible, and very happy.

When we judged her not able to pronounce one word distinctly, she broke out, to my great surprise and comfort,

“ I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.”

When she saw all about her in great affliction, she endeavoured to comfort us by repeating the following words,

“ Come on my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears  
To that celestial hill.”

When death seemed to appear something formidable, she cried,

“ No, not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Shall fright me from the shore.”

Again,

Again, she said,

“ Hark! they whisper! Angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away!”

Then the dear creature extending her dying arms, as if just going to fly away to her Saviour, said,

“ For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come!”

She then added, with unspeakable rapture,

“ O what are all my sufferings here,  
If Lord thou count me meet,  
With that enrapturéd host to appear,  
And worship at thy feet!”

I never before saw a dying creature so supported: and what I then felt, and do now feel on the occasion, is unutterable! My heart seems ready to burst with grief and joy at the same instant! Surely no one ever stood in more need of the prayers of christian friends than I do, who am now deprived of the comfort and assistance of a most worthy and engaging companion.

D. BUMSTED.

London, Oct. 4, 1773.



*A short Account of the Death of CATHARINE LIONS.*

CATHARINE LIONS was but a child when the Methodists came first to *Dundee*; but from the time she first heard them, she never left them. She seemed to have the fear of God from her infancy, and was always remarkable for a meek and quiet spirit.

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When I came to *Dundee* in 1769, she had many tastes of the love of God; but could not say, He was reconciled to her. I advised her, and another young woman, to meet in a trial band. They had not done so long, till they both could rejoice in the love of God.

After this she suffered a little by inordinate affection; but soon got the better of it, resolving, Jesus should be "The monarch of her simple heart." By taking care (in the night-time) of a young child last spring, she got a cold, which soon threw her into a consumption. But she never discovered any uneasiness, or impatience in all her sufferings; but was always sweet and serene. Several of her relations had used various methods formerly to make her leave the Society; but though she was the most easy to be entreated, of any I ever knew in Scotland, yet in her adherence to the people of God she was inflexible. "O, said she to one who was frequently with her when she was ill, what would my conscience say to me now, had I been advised to leave the Society!"

From the time she was seized with her last illness, she determined to love God with all her heart, and would not be easy without it. Accordingly she applied to Him with all her might, and soon had the petitions she asked of him. I came to *Dundee* to see her the night before she expired; and found her quite composed and full of joy.

On asking her, Do you find your heart now entirely set at liberty? "O yes, said she; it is quite loose from all below!" I said but little to her then; not being willing to fatigue her, and hoping to have another opportunity: but that evening, the Doctor said, he did not think she could out-live the night. This being told her, she said, "Then this will be the happy night." She said but little to her dear friend, Mrs. P. who happened to be then with her. But to another she said, "Satan and I have had a sore struggle this night; but I am more than conqueror." Towards morning she said, "Did you not say, this would be the happy night?" After this she lay quite  
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fill about six in the evening, when she departed this life without a sigh or groan; and went to him whom her soul loved, to behold his face in righteousness, and to worship before him for ever and ever!

DUNCAN WRIGHT.

*Dundee, Jan. 15, 1778.*



*A very particular Account of the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots: by an Eye-Witness.*

*To the Right Honourable Sir William Cecil, Knight; Lord Burghlye, and Lord High Treasurer of England.*

**I**T maye please your good Lordshipp to be advertized, that according as your honour gave me in commandment, I have here set downe in writtinge the true order and manner of the execution of *Mary* Queen of Scots, the eight of Febrewary, 1587, in the great hall in the castell of Fotheringay, together with relation of all such speeches spoken, actes, and circumstances preceddinge and concerninge the same from and after the delivery of the said Scottish Queene to *Thomas Andrews*, Esq; High-Sheriffe of her Majesties county of *Northampton*, unto the end of the said execution, as followeth.

It being certified to the said Queene the sixth of Febrewary, by the Right Honourable the Earle of Kent, the Earle of Shrewsburye, and also by Sir *Amyas Pawlett*, and Sir *Drewe Drewrey*, her governors, that she was to prepare herself to dye the eight of Febrewary next, she seemed not to be in any terror for ought that appeared, by any her outward gestures, or behaviour, other than marvylinge that she should dye; but rather with smyling cheere, and pleasant countynance dysgested and accepted the said admonytions, and preparations, as to her said unexpected execution, said that her death should be wellcome to her, feinge her Majestie was so resolved, and that her soule were too farre unworthy the fruition of the joye of heaven for

ever, whose bodye would not in this world be content to indewer the stroke of execution for a moment, and that spoken, she wept most bytterly and become sylent.

The said eight of Febrewary beinge come, and the tyme and place appointed for the execution as aforefaid; the said Queene of Scotts, being of stature tale, of body corpulent, round shoulered, her face fat and brod, duple chenned, and haffe eyed, her borrowed heare—her attyre on her head, was on this manner: she had a dressing of lawne edged with bone-lace, a pomander chaine, with an agnus die about her neck, a crucifixe in her hand, a payer of beads at her girdle, with a goulding crosse at the end of it, a baile of lawn fastened to her cawle with a bowed out wire and edged round about with a bone-lace, her gowne of black fatten prynted, with a trayne and long sleffes to the ground set with a range of buttons of jelt trimmed with pearle and short sleffes of black fatten, cut with a payer of sleeffes of purple velvet hole under them, her kirtle hole of figured fatten black, her petycote uper bodie unlaced in the back of crymson velvett, her shoes of Spanysh lether, with the rowgh side outward, a payer of green silke garters, her nether stockings wosted coloured water set clocked with sylver, and next he legg a payer of jarsey hose whit. This Queene thus appered in a kind of joye, without any desier of deserfinge of matters or time, departed her chamber, and very willingly bended her stepps towards the place of execution, beinge gently carryed and supported out of her chamber into an entry next the said great hall, by two of Sir *Amyas Pawlett's* cheefe gentlemen, Mr. *Andrewes*, the high sheriffe, goeing before her, in which entry the honorable Earle of Kent, and the Earle of Shrowsbury, coniytioners appointed by her Majestie for the sayd execution, together with her two governors of her person, Sir *Amyas Pawlet* and Sir *Drewe Drewrey*, and diveres knights and gentlemen of good accompt, did meet her where they found one of the sayd Queene's servants, named *Melvin*, kneeling on his knees to the said Queene his mistress, who wringing his hands, and

and shedding of teares, used then and there these words unto her.

Ah! Madam, unhappie me! What man on earth was ever before the messinger of such importunate sorrow and heavines as I shall be when I shall report that my good and gracious Queene and mistress is beheaded in England? This being said, teares prevented him of further speakinge, whereupon the said Queene powering out her dyeinge teares, answered thus: My good servant, cease to lament, for thou hast cause rayther to joie than to morne, for now shalt thou see *Mary Steward's* troubles receive ther longe expected end, and deternynation: for knowe, sayde she, good servant, that all this world is but vanytie, and subject still to more sorrowe than a whole ocean of teares can bewayle. But I pray thee, said she, report this from me, that I dye a true woman to my religion, and like a true woman to Scotland and France; but God forgive them, said she, that have long desired mine end, and thirsted for my blood, as the hart doth for the watter brookes. O God, said she, thou art the author of truth, and truth itself, thou knowest the inward chambers of my thoughts, and howe that I was never willing that England and Scotland should be united together. Well, said she, then, commend me to my sonne, and tell him that I have not done any thing prejudicial to the state and kingdom of Scotland, and so resolvinge herself again into teares, said, good *Melvin*, farewell, and with weepinge eyes, and her cheekes allso besprinkled with teares as they were she kissed him saying, once againe, *Melvin*, farewell, and pray for thy mistress and Queene: and then she turned herself to the lords, and towld them, that she had certaine requests to make unto them, one was for a some of money which was knowne to *Amyas Pawlett*, to be paid to one *Charles* her servante; next that her servantes might have and enjoye that which she had given in her last will and testament, and that they might be favourablye entreated and sent safely into their countreyes, and this to do, my very good lords, I doe conjur you. Answer was



was made by Sir *Amyas Powlett*, to this effect: I am not forgetful of the money your Grace doth speake of, and therefore your Grace shall not neede to rest in suspition of the not performing of your requests. Then she said, ther rested yet one request more which she would make unto the Lords, and that was this, that it would please them to permit her pore distressed servants to be present about her at her death, that ther eyes might behold, and ther hartes bear witness, how patiently their Queene and mistris, should endewer her execution, and thereby they might be able to make relation when they should come into their own counteryes, how that she dyed a true constant catholick to her religion. Then the Earle of Kent did answer thus unto her, Madam, that which you have desired cannot conveniently be granted, for if it should be, it were to be feared, least some of them, with speeches or other behaviour, would both be grefious to your Grace, and troublesome and unpleasinge unto us, and to our compeney, whereof we have had some experience, for if such an accesse myghte be allowed, they would not stick to put some superstitious trumperye in practise, and it were but dippinge there handkerchers in your Grace's blood, whereof it were unmete to give allowance. My Lords, said the Queene of Scotts, I will give my word for them, dead though it be, they shall deserve no blame in any the actions you have pamed, but alas! pore sawles, it would doe them good to bid ther mistris farwell, and I hope, said she, further to the Earle of Kent, your mistris, meaning the Queene's Majestie, being a maiden Queene will vouchsafte in regard of womanhode that I shall have some of my owne peple about me at my death. And now, said she, her Majestie hath not given any such comysson but that you might grant a request of far greater curtyse, then this, if I were a wooman of far meanner calling then the Queene of Scotts. And then perceavinge that she could not obtayne her request without some difficultie, for mere greif she burst out into teares, saying I am cossen to your Queene, and descended from the blood royall of *Henry the Seaventh*, and married Queene  
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the anoynted Queene of Scotland. After this, upon great consultation had between the two Earles and other in commission, it was permitted that she should have some of her servants about her, accordinge as she had before instantly entreated, and which all desired her to make choyce of her best beloved men and wymen : and them of her men were *Melvin*, her potticary and surgeon, and one ould man besides; and of her wymen she chose those two that did use to ly in her chamber. After this, the said Queene being supported by two of Sir *Amyas Pawtell's* gentlemen, as aforesaid, and *Melwyn* carried up her trayne, being accomppined with the Earle of Kent and Shrewsberry's gentlemen, and the shrieffe going before as aforesaid, passed out of the enterrye into the hall in the said castell of *Fotheringaye* before-mentioned, with an unappauled countenance without terror of the place, the persons, or preparations then and there made for her execution, stept upon the scaffold in the said hall, beinge two fote high, and seven fote brodd, with rayles round about, hanged and covered with black round about, with a lowe stoole, and a longe faire coushinge, and a block covered with black. Then having the stoole brought to her, she satt downe, and on the right hand of her stood the Earle of Kent and the Earle of Shrewsbury, and on her left hand, Mr. *Andrewes*, the sheriffe, and right opposyte behind her stood the two Executioners, and round about the rayles of the scaffould stood knights, gentilmen, and others. Then sylence being made, the Queene's Majestie's comyssion for the execution was openly redd by Mr. *Beale*, clarke of the councell, which done, the people with a loude voyce, said, God save the Queene : during the reading of which comyssion the said Queene was very sylente, lysteninge unto it with so carleless a regard, as if it had not concerned her death at all, nay rather with so merry and chereful a cuntinace as if it had been a pardon from her Majestie for her life; and withall used such a strangnes in her words and deeds as though she had knowne none of the assembly, nor beine any thing scene in the English langwage.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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tingencies of occasion (depending on like principles in adjacent free causes) move, singly or combinedly, in ways so implicate, to the production of so various events, that nothing hardly can fall out, which may not with some plausible colour be derived from some one of those sources, or from a complication of them: nothing can appear so uncouth or extravagant, which may not be fathered on some fetch of wit, or some hit of fancy, some capriciousness of humour, some transport of passion, some lucky advantage, or on divers of these conspiring; whence in accounting for the reason of such events, men deem they may leave out Providence, as superfluous; especially considering, that usually disorders and defects, only imputable to man's will, accompany and further such events.

For instance, what other cause would many think needful to assign for the conveyance of *Joseph* into Egypt, than the envy of his brethren; for *Shimei's* reviling *David*, than his base malignity; for *David's* numbering the people, than his wanton pride; for *Jeroboam's* revolt, than his unruly ambition; for *Job's* being robbed, than the thievish disposition of the Arabs; for his being diseased, than a redundance of bad humours; for our Lord's suffering, than the spiteful rage of the Jewish Rulers and people; together with the treacherous avarice of *Judas*, and the corrupt easiness of *Pilate*? Yet these events are all of them, ascribed to God's hand, and special ordination; but men could not see, or avow it in them: what need, will men ever say, in such cases to introduce God's aid, when human means suffice?

5. Indeed, as in nature, the influences of heaven, and of inferior causes, so commonly in the production of these events, divine and human agency are so knit and twisted one with the other, that it is not easy to discriminate them, so as to sever the bounds of common and special Providence; or to discern what God performeth by natural instruments, what by superior efficacy; when the balance turneth on our inclinations, when it is cast from a grain thrown in by divine interposition: the management of these affairs being a concert, wherein God's wisdom

beareth one part, man's free-will playeth another; occasion also strikes in, we not seeing the first, are prone to ascribe all the harmony to the last, which is most obvious.

6. The more apt we are to do thus, because the manner of divine efficacy is ever very soft and gentle: God disposeth things *fortiter & suaviter*, so as to perform what he designeth, but in the most sweet and easy way: his providence doth not hurry along, like an impetuous torrent, but glideth on as a smooth and still current, with an irresistible, but imperceptible force carrying things down therewith; without any clatter, by a nod of his head, by a whisper of his mouth, by a turn of his hand, he doth effect his purposes; winding up a close spring, he setteth the greatest wheels in motion, and thrusting in an insensible spoke, he stoppeth the greatest wheels in their career; injecting a thought, exciting a humour, presenting an occasion, insinuating a petty accident, he bringeth about the most notable events. He doth so fashion the hearts of men, so manage their hands, so guide their steps, that even they who are acted by him cannot feel the least touch upon them. *For the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of waters he turneth it wheresoever he will*; that is, by secret pipes, by obscure channels, God conveyeth the minds and wills of the greatest persons (the chief engines of his providence) unto such points of resolution as he pleaseth; so that they seem to flow thither of their own accord, without any exterior direction: hence his most effectual operations slip by us without making impression on our minds; so that the preacher, comparing the methods of Providence with the most occult proceedings in nature, might well say, *As thou knowest not the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child, so thou knowest not the works of God, who maketh all.*

[To be continued.]

Curious

*Curious Remarks on the different Degrees of Heat imbibed from the Sun's Rays, by Clothes of different Colours. From Dr. FRANKLIN's Experiments and Observations on Electricity, &c.*

**F**IRST, let me mention an experiment you may easily make yourself. Walk but a quarter of an hour in your garden when the sun shines, with a part of your dress white, and a part black; then apply your hand to them alternately, and you will find a very great difference in their warmth. The black will be quite hot to the touch, the white still cool.

Another. Try to fire paper with a burning glass. If it is white, you will not easily burn it; but if you bring the focus to a black spot, or upon letters, written or printed, the paper will immediately be on fire under the letters.

Thus Fullers and Dyers find black cloths, of equal thickness with white ones, and hung out equally wet, dry in the sun much sooner than the white, being more readily heated by the sun's rays. It is the same before a fire; the heat of which sooner penetrates black stockings than white ones, and is so apt sooner to burn a man's shins. Also beer much sooner warms in a black mug set before the fire, than in a white one, or in a bright silver tankard.

My experiment was this: I took a number of little square pieces of broad cloth from a Taylor's pattern-card of various colours. There were black, deep blue, lighter blue, green, purple, red, yellow, white, and other colours, or shades of colours. I laid them all out upon the snow in a bright sun-shiny morning. In a few hours (I cannot now be exact as to the time) the black being warmed most by the sun, was sunk so low, as to be below the stroke of the sun's rays; the dark blue almost as low, the lighter blue not quite so much as the dark, the other colours less as they were lighter; and the quite white

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remained on the surface of the snow, not having entered it at all.

What signifies philosophy that does not apply to some use? —May we not learn from hence, that black clothes are not so fit to wear in a hot sunny climate, or season, as white ones; because in such cloths the body is more heated by the sun when we walk abroad, and are at the same time heated by the exercise, which double heat is apt to bring on putrid, dangerous fevers? That soldiers and seamen who must march and labour in the sun, should in the East or West-Indies have an uniform of white? That summer-hats for men or women, should be white, as repelling the heat, which gives head-aches; and to some, the fatal stroke that the French call the *coup de soleil*? That the ladies summer-hats however, should be lined with black, as not reverberating on their faces those rays which are reflected upwards from the earth or water? That the putting a white cap of paper, or linen, within the crown of a black hat, as some do, will not keep out the heat, though it would, if placed without. That fruit-walls being blacked may receive so much heat from the sun in the day time, as to continue warm, in some degree, through the night, and thereby preserve the fruit from frosts, or forward its growth?—With sundry other particulars of less or greater importance that will occur, from time to time, to attentive minds.

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*That MATTER cannot THINK.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[Concluded from page 84.]

**M**R. LOCKE therefore pronounced too hastily, that we do not know enough of the intimate essence of things to decide whether God cannot communicate thought to certain portions

tions of matter. I answer, that though we do not know the intimate essence of things, yet we know sufficiently their attributes, to decide about and determine their differences. We know that matter is an extended substance, capable of figure, division and motion, and consequently that it is not one single individual substance; but a compound of innumerable substances, that are as really distinct, even though contiguous, as if they were separated at the greatest distance. Now it is absolutely impossible that a numberless multitude of different, independent, unintelligent atoms can make up one individual, indivisible and self-conscious being; or that one indivisible self-consciousness, can be made of innumerable, divisible, and independent self-conscious particles: and therefore it is as absurd to suppose that Omnipotence itself can unite those opposite qualities in the same substance, as to suppose that he can make a triangular circle, or a spherical cube. These ideas are contradictory, and incompatible. We are however very far from suspecting that *Locke* had any real design of establishing materialism; but his philosophy being very oft founded upon popular observations, and sensible experience, without ascending to first principles, his consequences are apt to be applied by bad men, by turns, to all sorts of systems, idealism, and materialism, spinosism and deism, religion and incredulity; so that sometimes he seems to pull down with one hand, what he builds up with another.

Thus the materialists, and all their disguised partisans, must either deny with Spinoza and the idealists, that matter is a real, finite, divisible, figurable, moveable substance; destroy thereby its essence, and reduce it to the idea of infinite space; or grant that thought, reason, and volition cannot be essential attributes of matter, nor effects of its modifications, nor qualities super-added to it by almighty power.



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*THOUGHTS on CREATION.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

**C**REATION is a representation of God by external Beings. God can create nothing but what he loves; God can love nothing but what resembles him in some degree: therefore Creation is a representation of God by external Beings.

When we ascend to the first cause, and consider his absolute essence, we will find that the only reason he had to fall out of himself, was to impart perfection and happiness by representing himself in external beings; that is, by substances distinct from his own. He can love nothing, and so wills nothing, but what resembles him in some degree; as nothing else can be perfect or happy. In contemplating his eternal perfections, whose simple and indivisible unity is not only equivalent, but also infinitely superior to all possible multiplicity, he saw them so beautiful and so excellent; he was so delighted in beholding his consubstantial image, that by the free impulsion of the Holy Ghost, his essential goodness, co-eternal love and lover, he was determined to produce a numberless multitude of living images and lively pictures; not by dividing his substance, and erecting the different parcels of it into separate substances; but by creating real beings distinct from himself, and representative of his all-beautiful essence. Thus the free communicative goodness of God, flowed from the love of his consubstantial image, and so all the creatures originally were representative of the divine perfections; otherwise God could not have loved them; nor consequently willed their existence. This will be clearer than any mathematical demonstration if we reflect upon the nature of infinite power and infinite goodness. They cannot act separately and independently; God cannot produce, without loving the effects of his power; he cannot love them, unless they

they resemble him; and from hence it follows demonstratively, that in the original Creation of all, Beings were representative of the divine perfection. I say the original Creation, because the present state of nature, in this small point of the universe we now inhabit, is quite different from the primitive state of things, when they came pure out of the hands of God.

Hence none but the Son, or the consubstantial image of the Father, "for whom, and by whom all things were made," can know the properties and beauties of nature, the perfect resemblances and innumerable relations betwixt finite and infinite; the pictures and the original; none but he can manifest and reveal them to finite intelligences. It is only by this light and an intercourse with him, that we can know the Creator and the creatures, the cause and its effects, the Sovereign Artificer and his numberless works.

Hence, in a state of pure and exalted nature, God could manifest his divine perfections to intellectual Beings, in two manners; either by admitting them to the immediate vision of his absolute essence, or by displaying to them his power, wisdom, and goodness in his created representatives. They may contemplate the original or the pictures; enter into commerce with the pure divinity, or into mutual society with each other.

Hence to know the intimate essence of things, we must know the precise degrees of perfection God intended to represent by them; and therefore it is that we cannot know these intimate essences, till "we see God as he is," and all things in him; till we be admitted to the beatific vision; behold the original represented, and the copies representing.

Hence, it was a very just and solid principle of Mr. *Locke*, that we have no clearer ideas of the intimate essence of matter, than we have of spirit. We know that there is an extended substance, whose essential properties are, figurability, divisibility, and mobility; we know that there must be in nature an intelligent substance, whose essential attributes are, a power of perceiving, reasoning and willing. We know that the one is capable of different figures,

figures, divisions, and motions: we know that the other is susceptible of different ideas, reflections and inclinations. We have as clear ideas of perception, reason and volition, as of figurability, divisibility, and mobility; of thoughts, judgments, and desires, as of figures, divisions, and motions; for we can compare, distinguish them, judge of their resemblances and differences, and affirm of the one what we deny of the others. As we do not know how the soul perceives, reasons, and wills, because we have no adequate ideas of the manner how objects act upon it, nor how it acts upon itself; so we do not know how bodies are figured, divided and moved; because we have no adequate ideas of the manner how the moving force acts upon them, nor how they act upon each other. We do not know the absolute, intimate essence of that something which is figurable, divisible and moveable; nor of that something which is capable of perception, reason and will. We know, however, that these two somethings must be different substances, because they have incompatible and contradictory attributes; and therefore *Locke* might, without so much hesitation as he shews, have pronounced that extension and intelligence could not be properties of the same substance.

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*A short Account of the WORK of GOD in the County of Fermanagh, in Ireland: by Mr. S. M.*

[Continued from page 100.]

**SUNDAY** 28, *John Dunbar* brought his eldest daughter, twelve or thirteen years old, to stay a few days at her uncle *Richard's*. He was persuaded, she would know the Lord before the end of the week: and he was not mistaken. The child set herself to seek him as if she believed she had but another week to live. Her cousins, who were already alive to God, were of great service to her. They prayed with her, wherever

wherever they were, six or seven times a day. On one day, which she set apart for fasting, she inadvertently put a grain of mustard in her mouth. This troubled her exceedingly, till she mentioned it to one, who exhorted her not to mind it, but to go steadily on her way, and she would soon find the salvation of God.

Saturday, April 3, while *John Miller* was preaching, the arm of the Lord was revealed. There was a noise, and behold a shaking! And bone came together to his bone. After preaching, this girl and several others were exceedingly distressed. One prayed, and another, and another, till God spoke peace to her soul. I have seen many sinners converted to God; but very few in so apparent a manner as her. She was distressed more and more till she fainted away, and lay as one dead: so that a person said to me, Do you think, she will ever come to herself again? She soon answered for herself, suddenly crying out, "Glory, glory be to God my Saviour!" All her trouble was gone, and she rejoiced in him with joy unspeakable.

Wednesday, April 7, I preached at *Robert Mitchell's*, and several were filled with joy unspeakable. On Easter-day, April 11, in the evening some were justified, and some believed they were cleansed from all sin. On Wednesday they met again, when a backslider was healed, and two others found peace with God. Saturday 17, Mr. *Jordan* preached at my brother *Robert's*, and three were converted to God. In the morning *Robert Hall* came to hear, as he had done for eleven years, though to little purpose. Before preaching he went into the house of his Niece, who said, "Uncle, will it not be a dreadful thing, if this little boy, your son (converted some time before) should say Amen to your destruction at the last day?" This struck him to the heart, so that when he went in to the preaching, he was all in tears. After Mr. *Jordan* had preached he met the Society. He would have exhorted them, but his voice could not be heard: such were the cries both of sorrow and joy, till six souls were set at liberty, of whom *Robert Hall* was one.

On Wednesday 23, coming to my father's, I found him seemingly at the point of death, but rejoicing in God: a report prevailed on Sunday, that he was dead, which brought many together to the house. I prayed that God would give me strength to preach to them, which he did beyond my expectation. Two were convinced of sin, which were both the same night converted to God in family-prayer.

Saturday, May 1, *Joseph Armstrong* preached at *Robert Mitchell's*, and the next evening I preached in the very house, wherein I first heard a Methodist preach, eleven years ago. A lad was there who came from a very barren place, who told his sister when he went home, that he thought verily, if she would go with him, as careless as she was, she would find a blessing. She went, and as he said, so it proved: for while many were wounded, God both wounded and healed her soul.

In my way to the Conference, I called at *Aughalun*, where there was a quarterly-meeting on Monday the 28th. That day some were truly converted; and among them, one who had wished us well from the beginning, but never found peace till now. There was now a great out-pouring of the Spirit, upon young men and maidens, old men and children. And the work was not only very rapid, but very deep. Many of those who had found the pure love of God, were so over-poured, that they lay motionless for some hours.

At the *Dublin* Conference, July 6, 1784, I was appointed a Supernumerary, because of my ill health. At my return I was asked to preach at *Bigwater*, about three miles from *Aughalun*. The young man of the house had long known the good way; but it was too narrow for him. The people were remarkably serious and well behaved: so I promised to preach again that day fortnight. I then found a much larger number, and was so happy in preaching, that I forgot all my pain. I came every fortnight for a considerable time after, and every time the congregation was larger than before, till a regular Society was formed.

[To be continued]

An'



*An Account of the Disturbances of Glenluce.*

[Continued from page 106.]

**A**FTER this, the Minister and the Gentlemen arose, and went to the place whence the voice seemed to come, to try if they could see or find any thing. After diligent search, nothing being found, the Gentlemen said, we think this voice speaks out of the children! The spirit answered, You lie; God shall judge you for your lying. The Minister then spake to them, saying, The Lord will rebuke this spirit in his own time, and cast him out. The devil said, It is written in Mark, chap. ix. that the disciples could not cast him out. The Minister replied, What the disciples could not do, the Lord did, and so shall he do to thee. The devil replied, It is written in Luke, that he departed, and left him for a season. The Minister said, The Lord, in the days of his humiliation, got the victory over Satan in the wilderness; and being now in glory, he shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly.

Then the Minister conjured him to tell whence he was. The fiend replied, That he was an evil spirit come from hell, to vex this house, and that Satan was his father. And presently there appeared a naked hand, and arm, from the elbow down, beating upon the floor, till the house shook: he also uttered a most fearful cry, saying, Come up, my father! come up! I will send my father among you; see there he is, behind your backs. The Minister said, I saw indeed a hand, and an arm, when the stroke was given. The devil said, It was my father's. O, said *Gilbert Campbell*, that I may see thee! Would you see me, said the spirit, put out the candle, and I shall come like fireballs. *Alexander Bailie*, said to the Minister, Let us see if there be any hand to be seen. The devil answered, No, let him come alone.

About this time the devil abused Mr. *Robert Hay* very ill with his tongue, calling him witch and warlock. A little after he cried, a witch! a witch! there is a witch sitting upon the baulk of the house.

These things being past, all went to prayer, during which he was silent. Prayer being ended, the devil said, If the prayers of the good man's son, at the college of *Glasgow*, did not prevail with God, my father and I, had done mischief here before now. To which *Alexander Bailie* replied, Well, well, I see you confess there is a God, and that prayer prevails with him; and therefore we must pray, and commit the event to him.

During this time several things were said by the spirit; as that he would have *Tom* a merchant, *Bob* a smith, *John* a minister, and *Hew* a lawyer; all which, in some measure, came to pass. As to *Janet*, the good man's daughter, he cried to her, *Janet Campbell*, wilt thou throw me thy belt? She said, What wouldst thou do with it? I would, said he, fasten my loose bones together with it. The good woman of the house having brought out some bread, he cried, *Grisel*, give me a piece, I have got nothing this day but a bit from *Margaret*. The Minister said, Beware of sacrificing to the devil. The girl was asked, If she gave him any? No, said she, but when I was eating my piece this morning, something came and snatched it out of my hand,

[To be continued.]

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

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

[Continued from page 103.]

TUESDAY, March 30. The next morning we set out very early for *Jordan*. We found the plain very barren as we passed along it, producing nothing but a kind of Saphire, and

and other such marine plants. I observed in many places of the road, where puddles of water had stood, a whiteness upon the surface of the ground; which, upon trial, I found to be a crust of salt caused by the water to rise out of the earth, in the same manner as it does every year in the Valley of Salt near *Aleppo*, after the winter's inundation. These saline efflorescencies I found at some leagues distance from the *Dead Sea*: which demonstrates, that the whole valley is plentifully impregnated with that mineral.

Within about a furlong of the river, there was an old ruined Church and Convent, dedicated to St. *John*, in memory of the baptizing of our blessed Lord. On the farther side of the Convent there runs along a small descent, which you may call the first and outermost bank of *Jordan*; as far as which the river does, or did anciently overflow, at some seasons of the year, viz. at the time of the harvest, *Josh. iii. 14*. But at present (whether it be because the river has, by its rapidity of current, worn its channel deeper than it was formerly, or whether its waters are diverted some other way) it seems to have forgot its ancient greatness: for we could discern no sign of such overflowings, when we were there; which was the 30th of March, being the proper time for these inundations. Nay so far was the river from overflowing, that it ran at least two yards below the brink of its channel.

After having descended the outermost bank, you go about a furlong upon a level strand, before you come to the immediate bank of the river. This second bank is so beset with bushes and trees, such as Tamarisk, Willows, Oleanders, &c. that you can see no water till you have made your way through them. In this thicket anciently (and the same is reported at this day) several sorts of wild beasts were wont to harbour. Who, being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river, gave occasion to that allusion, *Jeremiah xlix. 19.* and *l. 44.* *He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.*

No



No sooner were we arrived at the river, and dismounted, in order to satisfy that curiosity, which brought us thither, but we were alarmed by some troops of Arabs appearing on the other side, and firing at us; but at too great a distance to do any execution. This disturbance hindered the Friars from performing their service prescribed for this place; and seemed to put them in a terrible fear of their lives, beyond what appeared in the rest of the company: though considering the forbiddness of their present condition, and the extraordinary rewards, which they boast to be their due in the world to come, one would think, they of all men should have the least cause to discover so great a fear of death.

But this alarm was soon over, and every one returned to his former purpose: some stripped and bathed themselves in the river; others cut down boughs from the trees; every man was employed one way or other to take a memorial of this famous stream. The water was very turbid, and too rapid to be swam against. For its breadth, it might be about twenty yards over; and in depth it far exceeded any height. On the other side there seemed to be a much larger thicket than on that where we were: but we durst not swim over, for fear of the Arabs; there being three guns fired just over against us.

Having finished our design here, we were summoned by the Governor to return; who carried us back into the plain, and there sitting under his tent, made us pass before him, man by man, to the end he might take the more exact account of us, and lose nothing of his caphar. We seemed at this place to be near the *Dead Sea*, and some of us had a great desire to go and take a view of those prodigious waters. But this could not be attempted, without the licence of our Commander. We therefore sent to request his permission and a guard to attend us; both which he readily granted.

Coming within about half an hour of the sea, we found the ground uneven, and varied into hillocks, much resembling those places in *England* where there have been anciently lime-kilns.

kilns. Whether these might be the pits at which the kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* were overthrown by the four kings, Gen. xiv. 10, I will not determine.

Coming near the sea we passed through a kind of coppice, of bushes and reeds; in the midst of which our guide, who was an Arab, shewed us a fountain of fresh water, rising not above a furlong from the sea: fresh water he called it, but we found it brackish.

[*To be continued.*]

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

*REFLECTIONS on the Sagacity of BRUTES.*

**A**DMIRABLE is the sagacity of brute-animals, in the convenience and method of their habitations. Their architectonic skill herein, exceeds all the skill of man. With what inimitable art do some of these poor, untaught creatures, lay a parcel of rude ugly sticks or straws together! with what curiosity do they line them within, yea, wind and place every hair, feather, or lock of wool, to guard and keep warm the tender bodies, both of themselves and their young? And with what art do they thatch over and coat their nests without, to deceive the eye of the spectators, as well as to guard and fence them against the injuries of the weather?

Even Insects, those little, weak, tender creatures, what artists are they in building their habitations? How does the bee gather its comb from various flowers, the wasp from solid timber? With what accuracy do other insects perforate the earth, wood, yea, stone itself? Farther yet, with what care and neatness do most of them line their houses within, and seal them up and fence them without? How artificially do others fold up the leaves

leaves of trees; others glue light bodies together, and make floating houses, to transport themselves to and fro, as their various occasions require!

*On the Balance of the Creatures.*

Another instance of the wisdom of him that made and governs the world, we have in the balance of the creatures. The whole surface of the terraqueous globe, can afford room and support, to no more than a determinate number of all sorts of creatures. And if they should increase to double or treble the number, they must starve or devour one another. To keep the balance even, the great author of nature has determined the life of all creatures to such a length, and their increase to such a number, proportioned to their use in the world. The life indeed of some hurtful creatures is long; of the lion in particular. But then their increase is exceeding small; and by that means they do not overstock the world. On the other hand, where the increase is great, the lives of those creatures are generally short. And beside this, they are of great use to man, either for food, or on other occasions. This indeed should be particularly observed, as a signal instance of divine Providence, that useful creatures are produced in great plenty: others in smaller numbers. The prodigious increase of insects, both in and out of the waters may exemplify the former observation. For innumerable creatures feed upon them, and would perish, were it not for this supply. And the latter is confirmed by what many have remarked; that creatures of little use, or by their voraciousness, are pernicious, either seldom bring forth, or have but one or two at a birth.

*On their Destruction and Reparation.*

How remarkable is the destruction and reparation of the whole animal creation? The surface of the earth is the inexhaustible

haustible source whence both man and beast derive their subsistence. Whatever lives, lives on what vegetates, and vegetables, in their turn, live on whatever has lived or vegetated: it is impossible for any thing to live, without destroying something else. It is thus only that animals can subsist themselves, and propagate their species.

God in creating the first individual of each species, animal or vegetable, not only gave a form to the dust of the earth, but a principle of life, enclosing in each, a greater or smaller quantity of organical particles, indestructible and common to all organized beings. These pass from body to body, supporting the life, and ministering to the nutrition and growth of each. And when any body is reduced to ashes, these organical particles, on which death hath no power, survive and pass into other beings, bringing with them nourishment and life. Thus every production, every renovation, every increase by generation or nutrition, suppose a preceding destruction, a conversion of substance, an accession of these organical particles, which ever subsisting in an equal number, render nature always equally full of life.

The total quantity of life in the universe is therefore perpetually the same. And whatever death seems to destroy, it destroys no part of that primitive life, which is diffused through all organized beings. Instead of injuring nature, it only causes it to shine with the greater lustre. If death is permitted to cut down individuals, it is only, in order to make of the universe, by the re-production of beings, a theatre ever crowded; a spectacle ever new. But it is never permitted to destroy the most inconsiderable species.

That beings may succeed each other, it is necessary that there be a destruction among them. Yet like a provident mother, nature in the midst of her inexhaustible abundance, has prevented any waste, by the few species of carnivorous animals, and the few individuals of each species; multiplying at the same time both the species and individuals of those that feed on her-

bage. In vegetables she seems to be profuse, both with regard to the number and fertility of the species.

In the sea indeed all the species are carnivorous. But though they are perpetually preying upon, they never destroy each other, because their fruitfulness is equal to their depredations.

“ Thus through successive ages stands  
 Firm fixt thy providential care !  
 Pleased with the works of thine own hands  
 Thou dost the wastes of Time repair.”

[To be continued.]

MEMOIRS of Mr. HENRY HADDICK, *Captain of a Custom-House Shallop, at Rye, in Sussex, who was shot by some Smugglers on the 19th of August 1783.*

**I**N the early part of life, he had some serious impressions on his mind, when the Spirit of the Lord very sensibly strove with him. The death of the righteous and his final state became the object of his wishes. At that time he constantly attended on the Church-service, and frequently heard the Methodist preaching; which the Lord was pleased to make useful to him. But having no root in himself, no deep conviction of the evil of his heart, and the necessity of an interest in Christ, his serious reflections were of a short duration. And when sent to a Boarding-School, the follies of childhood prevailed upon him; his school-fellows assisted therein, and he soon lost all serious concern for his salvation. The evil propensities of his heart gained ground upon him daily; he thirsted after pleasure, and sought happiness in the amusements of this life. Yet, though he was surrounded with temptations to evil, and his serious thoughts were gone, the advice and example of his parents, by the restraining grace of God, kept him

him from gross immoralities. He still retained a peculiar sweetness of temper, and discovered a generous and humane disposition of mind.

In this state of soul he continued till 1782; at which time he had thoughts of paying his addresses to a young person of considerable fortune in that place, who was a member of our Society. In order to succeed, he attended preaching at the Methodist Chapel. This was his confessed motive in his first coming; but God who is rich in mercy, over-ruled it for a better end. He soon found that his heart was not right in the sight of God: that he was unconverted, and consequently not prepared for heaven. Conviction took place, sin became hateful, and he determined to give up his gay acquaintance, and to seek an interest in Christ. But being drawn by the cords of divine love, he was not much convinced of sin, till in Autumn, when at sea he awaked one night in great distress: the sins of his life were as fresh in his memory, as though they had been but just committed. The remembrance of them was grievous, and the burthen of them intolerable. Deeply conscious of guilt, and knowing himself condemned by the righteous law of God, the fears of death compassed him about, and the dread of eternal misery overwhelmed him. While in this distress, it was strongly impressed on his mind to rise and read the forty-third chapter of Isaiah, which he immediately did, and found a springing hope that the God of Jacob would extend mercy, and relieve his oppressed soul. And though he did not then find a sense of pardoning love, he diligently sought it as the pearl of great price. No opportunity for hearing, prayer, or Christian conversation was omitted, and every place seemed to him to be a place of prayer. While he was thus labouring after rest, and was truly weary of his state, as he was walking in the garden, He who suffered in the garden of *Gethsamane* appeared as with his vesture dipt in blood; and by the application of a portion of scripture released the captive soul. The peace

which passeth all understanding was then his blessed portion, and the love of God abundantly filled his heart. Before this deliverance, a natural modesty made him, in a considerable degree, reserved in speaking to his religious friends (except a very few) of the state of his mind, but now grace triumphed over nature, and constrained him to say with *David*, "Come hither unto me all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." Humble love gave him a simplicity of spirit in reproving sinners, and in persuading them to taste of redeeming goodness. A vehement thirst for the salvation of his fellow-mortals appeared in the whole of his deportment, and when he found any one inquisitive to know the way of salvation, it rejoiced his spirit more than the acquisition of earthly treasure. And more especially did he intensely desire that his dear relatives might enjoy the kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy, which he found in his own soul.

This joy and peace continued for several days without any considerable diminution. He was then (as I believe most are) tempted to think it was only the power of imagination, by which means, and also by reasoning with the tempter, he was brought into great distress. But he again sought help from God, and obtained comfort, being persuaded that whatever imagination may produce, it can never raise the soul to love and fear God: that this must certainly flow from the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and that it strongly evidences a work of grace in the heart. Afterwards, he in general walked in the fear of God and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost; and the whole of his outward behaviour strikingly displayed the power of that grace he was a happy partaker of.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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*Of the* INQUISITION.

THE pretence for introducing the Inquisition into *Spain*, by *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*, was an information given them of several Jews and Apostates, who on Maunday-Thursday at night, had assembled privately, and performed the Jewish Ceremonies with execrable blasphemies and reproaches against our Saviour. Six of them were ordered to be seized, and were kept in irons in the Dominican Convent of *St. Paul*, at *Seville*, for a long time, and barbarously tortured. Several more of them were proceeded against in the same manner, and some were burnt alive: and they that were pronounced less guilty, had their families rendered infamous, their estates confiscated, and great numbers were condemned to perpetual darkness and chains in a loathsome prison.

This new way of proceeding against the Dissenters from the established Church, at first raised a great clamour amongst the Bishops, out of whose hands the cause of religion was by this new tribunal absolutely wrested. They exclaimed against punishing the children for the crime of their parents; the conviction of any one upon the evidence of a private accuser, and their condemnation without being confronted with the informer, contrary to the ancient custom, when offences against religion were punished with death. But they were most exasperated at the Inquisitors, for taking away all liberty of free conversation, having their spies in every city, town, and village, by which the nation was reduced to the lowest slavery. However, severity was the favourite argument against all opposers; and the pleaders for moderation could obtain no alteration in the proceedings already established. So that Judges were chosen out of every province, to whose pleasure the fortunes, reputations, and lives of all persons were absolutely committed independent of the civil power.

The



The pleasure of the Court in this particular was no sooner intimated in the provinces of *Spain*, but their Majesties were addressed from all parts, to seek after and root out all Jews, and reputed Jews, with fire and faggot; least they should endanger the Church in those nations. These addresses or remonstrances produced the desired effect; a time of forty days was fixed for all open and secret Jews, to come and confess their faults under pain of death, if they should be afterwards convicted. On which edict seventeen thousand of both sexes appeared voluntarily, confessed, and were pardoned. Then the Inquisitors proceeded with the strictest enquiry after those that secreted their crimes; and in a few years, burnt upwards of two thousand; condemned others to perpetual imprisonment arrayed others with the Sanbenito; dug up the bones of others that were dead, and burnt them to ashes, confiscated their goods, and deprived their children of their honours and offices.

This persecution so terrified most of the Jews, that they began to seek refuge in other States, and left their lands, houses and effects to the King's disposal, who employed the prodigious riches he amassed upon this melancholy occasion, in the war against the Moors. And if we compute all the persons alive or dead, present or absent, who were condemned for contumacy, or reconciled to the Church, in the city and diocese of *Seville* only, they are said to amount to one hundred thousand.

[To be continued.]

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AN EXTRACT FROM THREE DIALOGUES.

[By a late Author.]

DIALOGUE I.

[Continued from page 94.]

*Callistus*. **O** Sir, charity might find out some mitigation of my faults; flattery might say that I was excusable, if not blameless: that with regard to my gaming, it was a genteel

a genteel amusement; that as to extravagance it would be pitiful in a man of my fortune to be less expensive; and then for my gallantries, that in the first of my amours I was rather the seduced than the seducer; and the following instances, ought by no means to be called seductions, but rather, mutual engagements.

Thus I could formerly flatter myself; but sickness will discover all sophistry of this kind. This has convinced me that all the time I spent in gaming was worse than lost;—that it directly tends to break the equal temper of our minds: the very essence of our pleasure in it, consisting in rousing and irritating those passions which it ought to be the business of our lives to subdue. That extravagance shewed the height of false taste; that instead of purchasing the exquisite joys of snatching the needy from the fangs of famine, I have dissipated my superfluous wealth in the gross and trivial enjoyments of luxury and sensuality.—O fool, fool!—Where are now the foundations of thy vanity? What hast thou now to give a colour to thy pride?—Is this the face which drew all eyes upon it? Are these the eyes that used to look so gaily around in search of admiration?—O pale, haggard countenance! ye hollow, heavy, dead eyes! ye white, trembling lips! thou fallow, livid skin, would ye had ever been so! And O poor strengthless, shapeless legs, upon which I have so often danced with triumphant conceit,—that ye had been twisted in the womb!—Wretch, wretch! what art thou now? Where are thy possessions, thy tenants, and dependants! Call them all around thee! Bid them defend thee against insulting death! Bid them stand betwixt thee and the throne of justice!—What shall I say? What shall I do!—I cannot then die again! O that I were nothing! That I had never been!—O *Sophronius*, how can I think of seeing my Almighty Judge! Cover me, ye mountains!—Crush me worlds!—*Sophronius*, save me!—There they are! Look how wild she looks!—See how she shakes her head; and points to her brother.—Ay, it was I, miserable wretch!—Sweet angel, look

look not so piteously on me!—O, killing, killing!—Hark! her mother raves, and howls in raging madness!—How furiously she stares!—See, she rushes towards me!—

*Sophronius.* Sir, what mean you? Whom do you speak to? What do you look at?

*Callistus.* Do not you see them? Look—he draws his sword!—Let him come!—Come, injured youth, plunge thy revengeful weapon deep into my heart! and—wouldst thou be merciful—kill my soul!—

*Sophronius.* Good God!—*Callistus!* why, dear *Callistus*, recollect yourself! What is the matter, Sir?

*Callistus.* Nothing—I beg your pardon—O come nearer me, dear Sir!—Who can bear this!—It consumes me—It destroys me:—I am sorry I sent for you, Sir.—I am very faint and weak—See here (*meaning his tears*) they will have their way—I cannot keep them back.—Do not despise me, good *Sophronius*.

*Sophronius.* You see I have no right:—Let us not be ashamed of being men!—Believe me, my friend,—my heart bleeds for you!—Good Sir, drink this. [Offering him a cordial.]

[*To be continued.*]



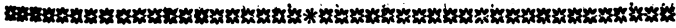
### *An Account of* JEFFERY HUDSON.

JEFFERY HUDSON was born in 1619, at *Latham*, in *Rutlandshire*. His father was a butcher, of a stout and corpulent frame. His mother was a good size. When pregnant she was not cumbersome, nor did she need a midwife to bring him into the world.

At eight years old, being not half a yard in height, he was taken by the Dukes of *Buckingham*. At a splendid feast given by the Duke, there was a cold pie, which being opened, little *Jeffery* started up in complete armour.

Soon

Soonafter, he was presented to Queen *Henrietta Maria*. It was a strange contrast to see him and the King's gigantic porter, *William Evans*. In a masque at court, *Evans* lugged out of one pocket a long loaf, and little *Jeffery*, instead of a piece of cheefe, out of the other. He died about the year 1680, being upwards of sixty years of age.



*An Account of* THOMAS TOPHAM.

**T**HOMAS TOPHAM, born in *London*, was five feet ten inches high. So great was his strength that he pulled against a horse, sitting upon the ground with his feet against two stumps; and although his legs were placed horizontally, instead of rising parallel to the traces of the horse, yet the horse was unable to move him.

By the strength of his fingers he rolled up a very strong and large pewter dish.

He lifted a table six feet long, with his teeth, which had half a hundred weight hanging at the end of it, and held it in a horizontal position for a considerable time.

He took an iron kitchen-poker, about a yard long, and three inches round, and holding it in his right hand, he struck upon his bare left arm, between the elbow and the wrist, till he bent the poker nearly to a right angle.

He took such another poker, and holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle against the back of his neck, brought both ends of it together before him: and what was yet more difficult, he pulled it almost strait again.

He lifted a rolling-stone of eight hundred weight with his hands only, standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a chain that was fastened to it.

## On the RESURRECTION.

**S**T. PAUL, in his defence before King *Agrippa*, said, Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead? Well might he ask that question; for certainly he that created the living, can raise the dead; he who gave life at first, can doubtless call us again from death: that we shall all be raised again from the grave, is as certain as that we shall all go to it.

The whole course of Nature demonstrates a resurrection; for every thing that dies in winter rises again in spring, nothing in nature is absolutely dead; corruption only changes the present form of things, but does not annihilate the existence of them: every thing which is corrupted by time, rises again in some new shape.

Since this is the constant course of universal nature, why should man, who possesses infinitely higher qualities than all other beings in this world, imagine he shall not revive again?

It is impossible for any man, who will seriously reflect upon the intellectual powers he possesses, to suppose he was created for no other purpose than a short existence in this world: a little reflection must convince him, he was made to enjoy a much superior station in another life; he will perceive how all creatures in this world rise in gradation, from the worm up to himself; and from the mental faculties he possesses, will conclude that he was created to rise much higher in another life. And what his reason tells him, is confirmed by the sacred scriptures.

Our blessed Saviour, who is the resurrection and the life of the world, says in St. John, chap. v, Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live.

Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.

LETTERS.



## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCXC.

[From Mrs. P. N. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Cheltenham, Feb. 21, 1773.

Rev. and dear Sir,

**F**OR two months past, though my sufferings have been extreme, my soul hath not only been kept in perfect peace, but I can even triumph in Christ, who hath counted me worthy to suffer for his sake.

Soon after I came from Bristol, I could not be satisfied with doing so little for God. This caused me to intreat him day and night to point out something more for me to do for his glory. Soon after, two persons whom I used to meet in Class, asked me to meet them again. Then a girl about twelve years old, desired me to instruct her in the things of God. Soon after, two more desired the Preacher to let them meet in my Class: these four were backsliders.

Ever since they met with me, the Lord has enabled me to use great plainness, with much love towards them, who appear very attentive.

I have also thirteen in the other Class, who all seem more established than ever.

I also prayed for a Select Band, and now a few of us meet constantly, and can bear testimony that we love the Lord our God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves.

About three weeks ago, God gave me such a spirit of prayer for the world in general, and for believers in particular, that I was forced to retire frequently, and pour out my soul with such fervency, as I had seldom ever used before.

Last evening a few of us met together to call upon God in behalf of ourselves and others, when he so poured his spirit on us, that we could hardly part.

This has been a blessed day to me. My union with the Triune God is beyond expression, and every thing, whether prosperous or adverse, seem to increase it. The souls of sinners were never so precious to me as at present; and therefore I can truly say, "No cross, no suffering I decline." I could go from house to house all day, to testify the love of God in sending his Son to die for the world; but I see it my duty to be diligent in business, as well as fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. In all I do I have a constant testimony that I am doing his pleasure.

I remain, dear Sir,  
Your affectionate and obliged Servant,

P. N.

L E T T E R CCCXCI.

[From Miss A. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Witney, Feb. 22, 1773.

Rev. and dear Sir,

**I** Praise my gracious God that he still supports and holds my soul in second life. I find his grace sufficient to bear me conqueror through every trial and temptation; yet at times my faith and patience, and indeed every grace, seem to be tried to the very utmost. O how good it is at such seasons to find God a place of refuge, wherunto we may run and be saved! I praise him for the consolation I find in and from him; and for the trust I have to see his face without a veil between! What I now feel my want of, is more establishment of soul: to be more deeply rooted and grounded in Christ.

I find it requires much inward vigour, and intense labour, to keep my heart free from the world, while much engaged therein.

But

But hitherto hath the Lord helped me. I find the truth of these words, "To him that believeth all things are possible."

I have still good news to relate respecting the work of God in this place. The faith of God's children appears to be increased; mourners also are comforted; and others begin to enquire the way to Zion with their faces thitherward.

Mr. S. Wells's father has paid us a visit, and God gave him to know assuredly that he had destroyed his inbred sin, which caused him to rejoice with joy unspeakable.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged Servant, and unworthy Friend,

A. B.



P O E T R Y.

*On the DEATH of an INFANT.*

*I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me, 2 Sam. xii. 23.*

**B**LOOMING innocence adieu!

Quickly ended is thy race!

Thee caught up to heaven we view,

Clasped in Jesu's soft embrace;

Far from sorrow, grief, and pain,

There for ever to remain.

Lovely innocent farewell!

All our pleasing hopes are o'er:

Forméd in person to excel,

Thee we call our own no more:

Death hath snatched thee from our arms,

Heaven shall give thee brighter charms.

Transient sojourner thou wast,

Born to travel to the sky;

Just the Saviour's cup to taste,

Just to suffer and to die,

Then



Then thy spirit took its flight,  
Soaring to the plains of light.

Ended is thy short-lived hour,  
Lodgéd within the mouldéring tomb—  
But the fair Elysian flower,  
Rises to perpetual bloom,  
Youth's engaging beauties now,  
Smile eternal on thy brow.

Angels bear thee on the wing,  
To thé ethereal bright abode ;  
Kindred cherubs shout and sing,  
Greet the new-born child of God,  
Hail thine entrance to the skies,  
Welcome thee to paradise.

Rankéd with the celestial bands,  
Glowing with seraphic fire,  
Waving there thy plausive hands,  
Warbling to thy golden lyre,  
In the Saviour's dazzling train,  
Join the never-ceasing strain.

Thou canst never suffer more,  
Thou in rapturous blifs dost live,  
Blifs, that never shall be o'er,  
Pleasure, we can ne'er conceive,  
Till we all triumphant rise,  
Meet thee in yon radiant skies.

O my happy infant-friend !  
Shall I thee again behold ?  
Jesus, now this warfare end,  
Come, and take me to thy fold ;  
Let me then, maturéd in love,  
Kifs my little friend above.

A PARA-

A PARAPHRASE *on the last Words of DAVID,*  
2 Sam. xxiii. 1—7.

**T**HUS hath the son of Jesse said,  
When Israel's God had raised his head  
To high imperial sway,  
Struck with his last poetic fire,  
He tuned his own harmonious lyre  
To this majestic lay.

Through inspiration from above,  
The trembling strings concordant move,  
While the sweet Psalmist sung:  
Be God's eternal name adoréd,  
Who gave his own prophetic word  
To my responsive tongue.

Thus hath the God of Israel spoke,  
And thus did Israel's sacred Rock  
To me his mind declare:  
He that assumes the regal rein,  
Must rule with justice over men,  
And make the Lord his fear.

Thus shall my co-eternal Son,  
Who sits collateral on the throne,  
And who in future days  
Will from the heaven of heavens descend,  
With justice rule, and wide extend  
The sceptre of his grace.

His light on barbarous lands shall rise,  
Dispel their mists, and on their eyes  
Pour sweet celestial day;  
As when thick glooms have wrapt the night  
The sun returns with radiance bright,  
And paints Creation gay.

As

As withering plants by gentle showers,  
 Ereft their heads, and fspread their flowers,  
 Enaméling all the ground,  
 So fhall my great Mefiah raife  
 The drooping heads of men, while praife  
 Shall ring through nature's round.

Shall not my houfe this honour boast ?  
 When fallen low and much reducéd,  
 Then from my loins fhall fpring,  
 Jefus, the great New-Covenant Head,  
 The banner of whose love displayéd,  
 In profpect now I fmg.

What though I muft refign my breath,  
 And yield my body to the earth,  
 Yet here I reft fecure ;  
 Nor fhall my fpirit be afraid,  
 Since God with me his covenant made,  
 Well orderéd, firm and fure.

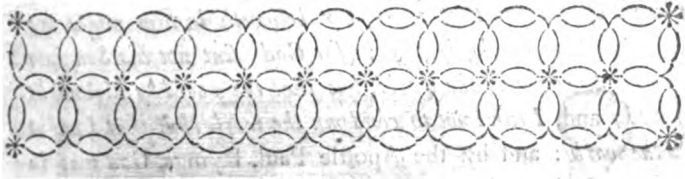
The meek, the humble and oppreff,  
 With his falvation fhall be bleft,  
 And raiféd to endlefs life ;  
 But Belial's fons, though thick befet  
 With prickly thorns, beneath his feet  
 Shall perifh in the ftrife.

The noxious briars infest the ground,  
 The man incaséd with iron round,  
 May with his mafsy blade  
 Cut down and burn the baneful plants ;  
 Thus wicked men, who fpurn the faints  
 Before his wrath fhall fade.





MR. JOSEPH ALGAR,  
Aged 27.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For A P R I L 1786.



An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S DISCOURSES on the  
FIVE POINTS,

[Continued from page 125.]

CHAP. II. *Concerning the Extent of Christ's Redemption.*

I. **A** Second general argument for this extent of our Lord's salutary passion, arises from those scriptures which represent him as the Saviour of the whole world: as when the Baptist styles him, *The Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world*, John i. 29. and iv. 14. when the Samaritans say, *We have heard and know that this is the Christ, the Saviour of the world*; when he himself saith, *He is the bread of God which came down from heaven, and giveth life to the world*; and that *this bread is his flesh which he will give for the life of the world*; when St. John saith, *We have seen and do testify, that God hath sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world*. If all these general expressions do not fully confirm this truth, it is done beyond

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exception

exception by those texts: *God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life; for God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world by him might be saved; and, I came not to condemn the world, but that I might save the world; and by the Apostle Paul, saying, God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing to them their sins: and lastly, by St. John, saying to believers, of this Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, that he is the propitiation, not only for our sins, but for the sins of the whole world.* Now in general observe,

That all these places, save one, are cited from the writings of St. John, and so the sense which the word world beareth in St. John's gospel and epistles must be esteemed the proper import of it. Now this term occurs almost a hundred times in St. John's writings; twice signifying the multitude, and frequently the habitable world, in which last sense it is certain that Christ died not for it; but mostly the men of the world: and then it signifies,

1. That world which *knew not Christ*, John i. 10. and would not know his servants, 1 John iii. 1.

2. That world which hated the Apostles, John xv. 18, 19. and would afflict them, John xvi. 33. xvii. 14. and good men, 1 John iii. 13.

3. That world of which the wicked Jews were a part, chap. viii. 23. 1 John iv. 5. of which Satan was the prince, chap. xii. 31. xiv. 40. xvi. 11. which was to be judged and convinced by the Holy Ghost, John xii. 31. xvi. 8. and of which Christ and his Apostles were no part, chap. viii. 23. xv. 19. xvii. 16. that world which *lies in wickedness*, 1 John v. 19. and which cannot receive the Spirit, chap. xiv. 17. And yet,

4. That world of which Christ was the Light, chap. iii. 19. ix. 5. xii. 46. and which he prayed might believe those Apostles he was sending to them, and might know him to be the Prophet and Messiah sent of God, chap. xvii. 21. 23.

Now

Now when the world is so constantly used in the ill sense, in all those other places where it signifies the men of the world, can it be reasonably thought, that in all these places it should signify the Elect; that is, men that are not of the world, but called out of it? That when elsewhere it signifies the servants of Satan, the enemies of Christ and his Church, the wicked of the world, and men incapable of receiving the Spirit, it should in all the places mentioned in this Argument signify the servants of Christ, the true lovers of Christ and his Church, and those in whom the Spirit dwells? Seeing then the whole world is divided into good and bad men, and it is on all hands granted, that Christ died for good men, and it is here so often said that he died also for that world which stands in opposition to them, is it not reasonable to conclude hence, that he died both for the evil and the good?

**Objection.** But doth not Christ say, *I pray not for the world, but for them whom thou hast given me out of the world*; and would he die for them, for whom he would not pray?

**Answer.** 1<sup>st</sup>. This Objection is contrary both to Reason and Scripture: to Reason; for can it rationally be imagined, that he who was perfect in charity, should be wanting in this highest act of charity? That the beloved Son of God should charge us to pray for our enemies, that we may be the *sons of our heavenly Father*, and he himself neglect to do it? Moreover, How often doth he say of the Jews, *Ye are of the world*, and of his Apostles chosen out of them, that they were chosen *out of the world*? And yet he saith to them, *How do I wish that thou hadst known in this thy day the things which belong to thy peace*? And hanging on the cross he said, *Father forgive them, they know not what they do!* Thus did he make *intercession for the transgressors*, Isaiah liii. 12. Now this prayer and intercession for them implies the possibility of their receiving forgiveness, and such a possibility doth presuppose in God a disposition



disposition to grant it, and consequently a satisfaction provided; such as God will accept, and such as will avail to their benefit, provided they do their parts towards the obtainment of it.

2dly, Our Lord says not this absolutely, but only in respect to that prayer he was then offering up for his Apostles, verse 12. in which he was asking those things which could agree to them alone, or those who were given him out of the world, viz. That they might be consecrated to their apostolic function by that spirit which the world could not receive, that their joy, from his presence with them, might be full; nor is there any thing in this whole prayer which is not proper to believers only, i. e. to persons called out of the world. And,

3dly, This very prayer for them, and other apostolic Preachers of the word, was made for the sake of the world, and with respect to their saving faith, i. e. that *the world might believe and know that the Father had sent him*; verse 23, so that Christ prayed for his Apostles for this very end, that the *world by their means might believe*, and believing might have life through his name: it is therefore plain, he made this very prayer, in which he saith, *I pray not for the world*, out of affection to the world, and with design that the preaching of the Apostles to them might be effectual for their salvation.

II. Another general consideration, shewing the absurdity of restraining this word to the Elect is this: that if the world in all these places, were to be restrained to some few people, it might with greater truth have been said, *That God so hated the world, that he sent not his Son to save the world, but to condemn it*; for if those he intended to save, be but a little remnant in comparison of those to whom he intended no such benefit, the reason for asserting that he was sent into the world to save it is very little, when compared to the reason to assert he was not sent into the world for such an end. If his coming into the world with light, and with a tender of salvation to them, is the condemnation of the unbelieving world, and God intended

intended absolutely to with-hold that grace which could alone enable the greatest part of the world to embrace that tender, it seems more reasonable to say, God sent not his Son into the world to save it, but that the world through him might be condemned. To proceed to a particular consideration of the places cited :

III. 1st. When our Saviour saith, *That as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life*: doth not the similitude plainly require, that as the brazen serpent was lifted up to preserve all the Jews stung with serpents from perishing, so was Christ lifted up to preserve all men, by looking up to him, from perishing by the sting of the old serpent? Especially when he goes on to say, by way of reason, *For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life: for God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.* For here let it be observed,

That of this world so beloved of God, some would not believe, and therefore would perish, is here supposed in our Saviour's words, which yet cannot be supposed of the elect; he therefore could not mean, that he was sent into the world that whosoever of his elect would believe in him should not perish. Moreover, the world which Christ was sent to save is, in the following words, divided into Believers and Unbelievers; for thus they run, *He (of this world) who believeth in him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already*, which must be false if you restrain this world to such elect as cannot perish, but will assuredly believe to life eternal.

2dly, That the condemnation which will be pronounced upon the Unbeliever will be on this account, *because he believed not in the name of the Son of God*, i. e. did not embrace him as a Saviour who died for him; whereas if God sent not his Son to

to die for him, if Christ was not designed as a Saviour to any that eventually believe not, they cannot be obliged to believe he was their Saviour, or died for them, unless they be obliged to believe a lie; nor can they be condemned, for not applying that death to them which never was intended for them.

3dly, These words, *God so loved the world*, &c. were certainly intended as a declaration of God's great love to the world. Now this interpretation of the world, magnifies the love of God incomparably more than that which restrains its meaning, to the elect of God; for they allow a very narrow sphere for this active, and diffusive principle of the love of God, in comparison of them who extend his kind intentions to all to whom the gospel is vouchsafed.

4thly, This also clearly follows from those words of Christ, *If any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not; for I came not to condemn the world, but to save the world*. Whence I argue thus, the world which Christ came to save, he came not to condemn as the *Antithesis* plainly shews: but the world, which he came not to condemn, is the unbelieving world; ergo, the world he came to save, is the same world.

IV. When the beloved disciple said, *If we sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world*: these words will not admit of the restrained sense which others put upon them; for when he saith, *He is the propitiation for our sins*, sure he intends this comfort to all to whom he speaks, and not only that Christ was the propitiation for the sins of some of them only; for this would have left them all under perplexities and doubts whether this advocate and this propitiation belonged to them. When therefore he adds, *he is the propitiation, not for the sins of all us only, but for the sins of the whole world*; he must extend the phrase to all men in the world. Again, when he saith, *He is the propitiation for our sins*, he doth not mean that he is so sufficiently

sufficiently only, but not intentionally; for what comfort would it afford them, that Christ's death was sufficient to procure the pardon of their sins, unless they also knew that God intended it for their propitiation? When therefore he proceeds to say, *and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world*, he must mean that he was the propitiation for the sins of the whole world, not only sufficiently, but in his gracious intention also. Moreover, were this all that was intended by this phrase, it is as true, and might as properly have been said of fallen angels, and the whole host of devils, that Christ is the propitiation for their sins, as for the sins of those who are not elected, seeing had God designed it for that end, Christ's death, by reason of its intrinsic value, might have been sufficient to procure atonement for the sins of fallen angels.

Nor is it less absurd to say, the import of these words is this, he is the propitiation for the sins of the elect of the whole world. For,

I have already shewed that in the Scripture, and more especially in the writings of St. John; the world, or the whole world, doth never signify the elect only, in opposition to the wicked of the world; but still the wicked of the world, in opposition to the faithful Christian.

V. Having fully evidenced that the world in these three places signifies not only the elect, but the whole world, we are sufficiently assured that the same word in the same Evangelist bears the same sense in all the other places mentioned.

Thus when the Baptist saith, *Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world*; doth he not speak this in allusion to the lambs daily offered up for the sins of the whole Jewish nation? and therefore intimates, that as they were offered up to expiate the sins of that whole nation, so was this Lamb of God offered to expiate the sins of the whole world.

When Christ saith, *He is that bread which came down from heaven to give life unto the world*; and then tells the unbelieving Jews, who were of the world, *My Father giveth you this bread*

bread from heaven; and that this was *the work God required of them, to believe in him*: is it not evident that these unbelievers, these men of the world, in opposition to the Elect, must also be the men whom he came down from heaven to give life unto? Or could he reasonably say to them for whose salvation he was never sent, *These things say I unto you that ye might be saved*, or complain thus of them to whom he never designed to give life, *Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life*? When he adds, verse 51, *This bread is my flesh which I will give for the life of the world*; and then saith to the same Jews, *If ye eat not my flesh*, i. e. believe not in me crucified, *you have no life in you*; must it not be their duty to believe in him that they might live? And could they do this if he died not for them?

VI. Moreover, when the Apostle saith, *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing to them their sins*; the import of these words is plainly this, he was offering through Christ a reconciliation to the world, and promising to them who would believe in him an absolution from their past offences. This he was doing not by himself immediately, but by the ministry of his Apostles: for so the words run: *He hath given us the ministry of reconciliation, viz. that God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not imputing to them their trespasses*. Now did they make a declaration to the impenitent, unbelieving world that God was actually reconciled to them, and had forgiven their iniquities? no; they exhorted them *to repent and be baptized, in the name of the Lord Jesus for the remission of sins; to repent and be converted that their sins might be blotted out*. In pursuance of this commission they intreated all to whom they preached to be reconciled to God; which being only to be done through faith in Christ, they must intreat them to believe in him that they might be justified. They prayed all men to be reconciled to God through Christ, because he had made Christ a sacrifice for their sins. Now, they say, who preached thus, and yet did not exceed  
their

their commission, must believe that God was ready to be reconciled to every man through Christ; and therefore that his sacrifice was offered to procure reconciliation for all mankind. As therefore Christ is *killed the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world*, and said to be *the propitiation for the sins of the whole world*, not by actually removing the guilt of all men, or rendering God actually reconciled to them, but by dying to procure these blessings for all that would believe in him; so God is said to be *in Christ, reconciling the world to himself, &c.* not because he actually did so; but because, by these Ambassadors, he offered reconciliation, and remission of sins, through faith in Christ, to all that would believe in him.

[To be continued.]

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## S E R M O N XXXII.

On LUKE xii. 7.

[Concluded from page 181.]

16. **M**EAN time it has been remarked by a pious Writer, That there is (as he expresses it) a threefold Circle of Divine Providence, over and above that which presides over the whole Universe. We do not now speak of that overruling hand, which governs the inanimate Creation; which sustains the Sun, Moon and Stars in their stations, and guides their motions: we do not refer to his care of the Animal Creation, every part of which we know is under his governance, who *giveth food unto the cattle and feedeth the young ravens that call upon him*: but we here speak of that superintending Providence, which regards the children of men. Each of these is easily distinguished from the others, by those

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who

who accurately observe the ways of God. The Outermost Circle includes the whole race of mankind, all the descendents of Adam, all the human creatures that are dispersed over the face of the earth. This comprises not only the Christian World, those that name the name of Christ, but the Mahometans also, who considerably out-number even the Nominal Christians: yea and the Heathens likewise, who very far out-number the Mahometans and Christians put together. *Is he the God of the Jews, says the Apostle, and not of the Gentiles also?* And so we may say, *Is he the God of the Christians, and not of the Mahometans and Heathens also?* Yea, doubtless of the Mahometans and Heathens also. His Love is not confined: *The Lord is loving unto every man, and his mercy is over all his works.* He careth for the very outcasts of men: it may truly be said,

Free as the air thy bounty streams  
O'er all thy works: thy mercies' beams  
Diffusive as thy sun's arise.

17. Yet it may be admitted, that he takes more immediate care of those that are comprised in the Second, the smaller Circle: which includes all that are called Christians, all that profess to believe in Christ. We may reasonably think that these in some degree honour him, at least more than the Heathens do: God does likewise in some measure honour them, and has a nearer concern for them. By many instances it appears, that the Prince of this world has not so full power over these as over the Heathens. The God whom they even profess to serve, does in some measure maintain his own cause. So that the spirits of darkness do not reign so uncontrolled over them, as they do over the Heathen world.

18. Within the Third, the innermost Circle, are contained only the Real Christians; those that worship God, not in form only, but in spirit and in truth. Herein are comprised all that  
love

love God, or at least, truly fear God and work righteousness. All in whom is the mind which was in Christ, and who walk as Christ also walked. The words of our Lord above recited peculiarly refer to these. It is to these in particular that he says, *Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered.* He sees their souls and their bodies: he takes particular notice of all their tempers, desires and thoughts: all their words and actions. He marks all their sufferings, inward and outward, and the source whence they arise: so that we may well say,

“ Thou know’st the pains thy servants feel,  
 Thou hear’st thy children’s cry:  
 And their best wishes to fulfil,  
 Thy grace is ever nigh.”

Nothing relative to these is too great, nothing too little for his attention. He has his eye continually, as upon every individual person that is a member of this his Family, so upon every circumstance that relates either to their souls or bodies; either to their inward or outward state, wherein either their present or eternal happiness is in any degree concerned.

19. But what say the wise men of the world to this? They answer with all readiness, “ Who doubts of this? We are not Atheists. We all acknowledge a Providence: that is, a General Providence; for indeed the Particular Providence of which some talk, we know not what to make of it. Surely the little affairs of men are far beneath the regard of the Great Creator and Governor of the Universe! Accordingly,

He sees with equal eyes, as Lord of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.”

Does he indeed? I cannot think it: because (whatever that fine Poet did, or his Patron, whom he so deeply despised, and yet grossly flattered) I believe the Bible; wherein the Creator and



Governor of the world himself tells me quite the contrary. That he has a tender regard for the brute Creatures I know: he does, in a measure, *take care for oxen*: He provideth food for the cattle, as well as herbs for the use of men. The lions roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God. He openeth his hand and filleth all things living with plentesfulness.

“ The various troops of sea and land  
 In sense of common want agree :  
 All wait on thy dispensing hand,  
 And have their daily alms from thee,  
 They gather what thy stores disperse,  
 Without their trouble to provide :  
 Thou openst thy hand : the universe,  
 The craving world is all supplied.”

Our heavenly Father feedeth the fowls of the air. But mark! Are not ye much better than they? Shall he not then much more feed you, who are pre-eminently so much odds? He does not in that sense look upon you and them “with equal eyes;” set you on a level with them, Least of all does he set you on a level with brutes, in respect of life and death. *Right precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.* Do you really think, the death of a sparrow is equally precious in his sight? He tells us indeed, that *not a sparrow falleth on the ground without our Father.* But he asks at the same time, *Are not ye of more value than many sparrows?*

20. But in support of a General, in contradiction to a Particular Providence, the same elegant Poet, lays it down as an unquestionable maxim,

“ The Universal Cause,  
 Acts not by partial, but by general Laws.”

Plainly meaning, that he never deviates from those General Laws, in favour of any particular person. This is a common Supposition.

**Supposition:** but which is altogether inconsistent with the whole tenor of scripture: for if God never deviates from these General Laws, then there never was a Miracle in the world: seeing every Miracle is a deviation from the General Laws of nature. Did the Almighty confine himself to these General Laws, when he divided the Red Sea? When he commanded the waters to stand on a heap, and make a way for his redeemed to pass over? Did he act by General Laws, when he caused the Sun to stand, for the space of a whole day? No, nor in any of the Miracles which are recorded, either in the Old or New Testament.

21. But it is on supposition that the Governor of the world, never deviates from those General Laws, that Mr. *Pope* adds those beautiful lines in full triumph, as having now clearly gained the point,

“ Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,  
 Forget to thunder and recal her fires?  
 On air or sea new motions be impress,  
 Oh blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy breast?  
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,  
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?  
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,  
 For *Chartres*' head reserve the hanging wall?”

We answer, If it please God to continue the Life of any of his Servants, he will suspend that or any other Law of Nature. The stone shall not fall; the fire shall not burn; the floods shall not flow. Or he will give his angels charge, and in their hands shall they bear him up, through and above all dangers.

22. Admitting then, that in the common course of nature, God does act by General Laws, He has never precluded himself from making exceptions to them, whensoever he pleases: either by suspending that law, in favour of those that love him, or by employing his mighty angels: by either of which

which means he can deliver out of all danger them that trust in him.

“What! You expect miracles then!” Certainly I do, if I believe the Bible. For the Bible teaches me, that God hears and answers Prayer. But every Answer to Prayer, is properly a Miracle. For if natural causes take their course, if things go on in their natural way, it is no Answer at all. Gravitation therefore shall cease, that is, cease to operate, whenever the Author of it pleases. Cannot the men of the world understand these things? That is no wonder: it was observed long ago, *An unwise man doth not consider this, and a fool doth not understand it.*

23. But I have not done with this same *General Providence* yet. By the grace of God, I will sift it to the bottom. And I hope to shew, it is such stark-flaring nonsense, as every man of sense ought to be utterly ashamed of.

You say, “You allow a *General Providence*, but deny a *Particular* one.” And what is a *General* (of whatever kind it be) that includes no *Particulars*? Is not every *General* necessarily made up of its several *Particulars*? Can you instance in any *General* that is not? Tell me any *Genus*, if you can, that contains no *Species*? What is it that constitutes a *Genus*, but so many *Species* added together? What, I pray, is a “*Whole* that contains no *Parts*?” Mere nonsense and contradiction! Every *Whole* must, in the nature of things, be made up of its several *Parts*, inasmuch that if there be no *Parts*, there can be no *Whole*.

24. As this is a point of the utmost importance, we may consider it a little farther. What do you mean by a *General Providence*, contradistinguished from a *Particular*? Do you mean a *Providence* which superintends only the larger parts of the *Universe*? Suppose the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*. Does it not regard the *Earth* too? You allow it does. But does it not likewise regard the *Inhabitants* of it? Else what doth the *Earth*, an inanimate lump of matter signify? Is not one *Spirit*,

one

one heir of immortality, of more value than all the earth? Yea, though you add these to the Sun, Moon and Stars? Nay, and the whole inanimate Creation? Might we not say, *These shall perish, but This remaineth: these all shall wax old as doth a garment: but this (it may be said in a lower sense, even of the creature) is the same, and his years shall not fail.*

25. Or do you mean, when you assert a General Providence, distinct from a Particular one, That God regards only some parts of the world, and does not regard others? What parts of it does he regard? Those without, or those within the Solar System? Or does he regard some parts of the earth, and not others? Which parts? Only those within the Temperate Zones? What parts then are under the care of his Providence? Where will you lay the line? Do you exclude from it those that live in the Torrid Zone? Or those that dwell within the Arctic Circles? Nay rather say, *The Lord is loving to every man, and his care is over all his works.*

26. Do you mean (for we would fain find out your meaning, if you have any meaning at all) That the Providence of God does indeed extend to all parts of the earth, with regard to great and singular events; such as the rise and fall of Empires: but that the little Concerns of this or that man are beneath the notice of the Almighty? Then you do not consider, that *great* and *little* are merely relative terms, which have place only with respect to men? With regard to the most High, Man and all the concerns of men, are nothing, less than nothing before him. And nothing is *small* in his sight, not in any degree affects the welfare of any that fear God and work righteousness. What becomes then of your General Providence, exclusive of a Particular? Let it be for ever rejected by all rational men, as absurd, self contradictory nonsense. We may then sum up the whole Scripturat Doctrine of Providence, in that fine saying of St. Austin, *Ita præsides singulis sicut universis, & universis sicut singulis!*

“ Father,

“ Father, how wide thy glories shine!  
 Lord of the Universe—and mine.  
 Thy goodness watches o’er the whole,  
 As all the world were but one soul :  
 Yet keeps my every sacred hair,  
 As I remain’d thy single care.”

27. We may learn from this short view of the Providence of God, first, to put our whole trust in Him, who hath never failed them that seek him. Our blessed Lord himself makes this very use of the great truth now before us. *Fear not therefore*; if you truly fear God, you need fear none beside. He will be a strong tower to all that trust in Him, from the face of your enemies. What is there either in heaven or in earth that can harm you, while you are under the care of the Creator and Governor of heaven and earth? Let all earth and all hell combine against you; yea, the whole animate and inanimate Creation: they cannot harm, while God is on your side: his favourable kindness covers you as a *shield!*

28. Nearly allied to this Confidence in God, is the Thankfulness we owe for his kind protection. Let those give thanks whom the Lord thus delivers from the hand of all their enemies. What an unspeakable blessing it is, to be the peculiar care of Him that has all power in heaven and earth! How can we sufficiently praise him, while we are under his wings, and his *faithfulness and truth are our shield and buckler?*

29. But mean time we should take the utmost care, to walk humbly and closely with our God. Walk humbly; for if you in anywise rob God of his honour, if you ascribe any thing to yourself, the things which should have been for your wealth, will *prove* to you *an occasion of falling*. And walk closely! See that you have a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man. It is so long as you do this, that you are the peculiar care of your Father which is in heaven. But let not the consciousness of his caring for you, make you careless, indolent

indolent or slothful: on the contrary, while you are penetrated with that deep truth, *The help that is done upon earth, He doth it himself*: be as earnest and diligent in the use of all the means, as if you were your own Protector.

Lastly, In what a melancholy condition are those, who do not believe there is any Providence: or, which comes to exactly the same point, not a Particular one! Whatever station they are in, as long as they are in the world, they are exposed to numberless dangers, which no human Wisdom can foresee, and no human power can resist. And there is no help! If they trust in men, they find them *deceitful upon the weights*. In many cases they cannot help: in others, they will not. But were they ever so willing, they will die: therefore vain is the help of man. And God is far above out of their sight: they expect no help from Him. These modern (as well as the ancient) Epicureans have learnt,

That the " Universal Cause,  
Acts not by partial, but by general Laws."

He only takes care of the great Globe itself; not of its puny inhabitants. He heeds not,

How those " vagrant Emmets crawl,  
At random on the air-suspended Ball."

How uncomfortable is the situation of that man who has no farther hope than this! But on the other hand, how unspeakably happy is the man, *that hath the Lord for his help, and whose hope is in the Lord his God!* who can say, *I have set the Lord always before me: because he is on my right hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

Bristol, March 3, 1786.

*A Short Account of Mr. MATTHIAS JOYCE.*

[Continued from page 136.]

WHEN I came within half a mile of *Chester*, I sat down to rest myself. While I sat, my joints stiffened, and I became more sensible of pain. My feet also swelled, and my thighs were raw with walking. Here I sat, a poor, forlorn wretch; without money, food, or any visible help. Nor did I know where to turn myself when I entered the city; but I had a hope it would be well with me when I got there. After some time, I strove to rise; but it was with the greatest difficulty I got first on one knee, then on the other. However, by degrees, with excessive pain I got on my feet, and crept on. Just as I came to the river *Dee*, I saw a man, with two pitchers of water, resting himself. I went to him, and asked him to let me drink. He said, if it was sack I should have it, and held the pitcher to my mouth. Having drank freely, he asked me how far I came? I told him. He asked me if I had got any lodgings? I said, no: neither have I any money to give for one. Then said he, the Lord succour you! for you are come into a bad place; but come along with me. Accordingly I went with him to his house, where he set before me, hanged beef, bread and potatoes; and made me eat until I could eat no more.

After dinner he went with me to look for work. On shewing me a Master Printer in the street, I went up to him and asked if he wanted a hand? He looked at me, and seeing me very young, (being then about eighteen) he said, You are runaway from your Master; and therefore if I had room for ten men I would not give you work. O Sir, said I, will you give me something?

something? for I am in very great distress. He answered, with a degree of sternness, I will not give you one farthing. As soon as he said this, I turned from him, and was afraid to try any where else. On saying to my friend, I will sell my waistcoat, he said, then come with me and I will shew you where you will get as much for it as in any part of the city. Accordingly he brought me to a woman whose name was *Reeley*, wife to Serjeant *Reeley*, belonging to the Yorkshire Militia, who sold clothes for people, and got threepence in the shilling for selling them. When she saw me, she pitied my case; and when I stripped off my coat and waistcoat she began to weep, and asked if I had nothing else to sell? I said no. Then she said, she would sell it for as much as she could, and not charge me any thing. She did so, and brought me three shillings for it. She also made me stay to supper, and washed my feet, and handkerchief. She likewise cleaned my shoes, and sent her daughter to get me a lodging; and insisted on my having a bed to myself, let it cost what it would, and said, she would pay for it herself. She also sent her daughter in the morning with my handkerchief and stockings, which she had washed, and gave me a loaf when I was going away, and charged me not to change my money until I got to *Liverpool*.

When I arrived a *Liverpool* there was a vessel to sail the next day. Accordingly I went on board, with only tenpence of my three shillings left, which was only the third part of what would pay for my passage. With this I ventured on board, without any provisions, trusting to the generosity of a sailor on whom I had spent some of my money, and who promised in lieu of that, to supply me with what food I wanted during the passage. Just as the vessel was about to sail, my companion, whom I had lost for two days, came on board; who having earned something, had just as much left, when joined to mine, as made up the price of one of us!

We set sail with a fair wind, while the sun shone bright upon us; but we had not been long at sea, when a dreadful



storm arose. The vessel was tossed about like a cork, and the sea dashed over it with dreadful violence: while the waves, beating against her sides, made a noise like the report of a cannon.

Most in the hold were much terrified, and a few were endeavouring to pray; while I, hardened wretch! was highly diverted. At last a great wave dashed, with such fury, against the sides of the ship, that I expected it would be beat in. The fear of death now laid hold upon me, and I thought it was time for me also to pray. I therefore crept on my knees into a dark corner, and uttered a few heartless petitions. At length, after twenty-five hours sail, we arrived safe in *Pool-beg*. What money I had, I gave to my companion, to make up the price of his passage, and sent him to my father to come and release me. The Captain kept me prisoner all night, and threatened to take me back; but my brother-in-law, came down the next morning early, paid for my passage, and brought me safe on shore.

I was a month in *Dublin* before my Master would take me back: during which time I lived with my father. One day I met one of my old companions in the street, whom I wanted to come and dine with us. My father was not satisfied at this, Being highly offended, I refused to eat or drink with him, and so left him. He soon followed me, and reprimanded me for my conduct. I resented it immediately, by giving him impertinent answers; upon which he grew very angry, and came forward to strike me. I stood up to oppose him: being fully determined to give blow for blow. I was at that time so inflamed with infernal fire, that I verily believe, I should have done all in my power to have knocked him down, if he had been permitted to come near me.

At last my Master consented to take me home, upon condition that two persons would be bound for me in twenty pounds each. The bail being given, he received me again without an angry word,

After

After this I went on tolerable well for about a fortnight, till one of my fellow apprentices gave me saucy language. As I could not bear it, I gave him a blow. He went immediately to my Master and complained, who sent up his son to know why I struck him? I sent him word, that he was impudent, and that I would not take an affront from any body. My Master then came up with a large whip, and beat me most severely.

Not long after this I took it into my head to run away a second time. Accordingly I went twice to look for a vessel; but the Captain of a Bristol vessel, that I thought to go with, refusing what I offered him for my passage, I gave up the thoughts of going abroad.

But though I was so far settled, I still went on in sin, and grew worse and worse every day. About this time I fell into the cursed practice of gaming, by means of a certain person, of some note, (now in eternity) who came to my Master's. I remember, my fellow apprentice and I had a great run of luck one night, when playing with my Master's son. The next night he was afraid to play, and so went to bed; but I went to his chamber, and would not let him rest until he (most unwillingly) got out of bed to encounter me again. That night he stripped me of every farthing. I asked him to lend me a little to enable me to try my fortune again; but he would not. On this I found as much of the spirit of the devil as ever I did in my life. If it had not been for preventing grace, I believe I should have murdered him!

To carry on this wretched employment, the afore-mentioned person contrived a ladder of ropes, to let himself and others out of a back window in the night, in order to go to the gaming table; and I was so deeply concerned in the scheme as to drive in the hook, and go out first to try it. But the Lord brought about a discovery of the matter, which put an entire stop to it: yet not until my Master's son lost about twenty eight guineas, which were stolen out of his father's drawers, by our instructor.

However

However I continued to be led captive by drunkenness, till I threw myself into a pleurisy. Then I thought I should have died, and was in some measure convinced, I was not fit to die. On this I resolved to reform my conduct, if I recovered; but of turning to God as yet I had no notion.

As soon as I was raised up, and was able to go abroad, I forgot my resolution, and as eagerly gave myself up to the service of sin as before; for the second or third night after my recovery, I staid out drinking till near twelve o'clock. My Master hearing of it, said to one of the men next morning, Why will you take that fellow out? He is but just recovered from a fit of sickness, into which he threw himself by drinking. I do not know what to do with him. Beating does him no good, and I am quite tired of it. I therefore give up all hope of his ever doing any good.—And well he might if there was no God; for it was beyond the power of man to turn the stream of my affections to that which is good. But God's thoughts were not like my Master's; there was hope in Israel still concerning even me! For notwithstanding my daring impiety, and repeated provocations, the Lord was waiting to be gracious.

[To be continued]

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*An Account of the DEATH of M. D.*

**I**N April 1784, hearing that *M. D.* was sick, I went to see her. The first thing I did, was to convince her of her fallen condition; which by the blessing of God, I soon did. As soon as she saw herself, she wept exceedingly! When she was alone, she poured out her soul before the Lord in fervent prayer. Once when she was in the house alone, and thought no one nigh, I heard her at a considerable distance, as in an agony, pleading with God for his pardoning love!

The

The Sunday before she died, I and several others went to see her; and finding her deeply wounded on account of sin, and much afraid of Death and Judgment! we endeavoured to point her to the wounds of Jesus, as her only refuge. We also sung and prayed by her for a considerable time. At last, while *W. J.* was at prayer, she felt his words come with power, and said, "O how do I love that young man!"

She now rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and cried, "O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory! How little hurt canst thou do me now!" We then left her for the present; but on Tuesday returned again, and found her quite happy. She said, "I envy not kings their crowns; nor would I exchange my present condition for any thing on earth." The day following she cried out, "Let me go! Let me go! See my Saviour! see my Saviour! see my Saviour!" and then expired.

N. L.

May 12, 1784.

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*An Authentic Account of Lord ———'s Death.*

SOME time since, I heard a surprising relation, which I had no reason to disbelieve. When I was on the spot, I hoped to procure a full account of all the circumstances. But I was disappointed: being not able to procure any at all: the matter was quite hushed up. I was glad, therefore to find that *Mr. Wills* had procured the information which I could not. I believe every tittle of his relation is true, which follows almost verbatim.

J. W.

"A Nobleman who had long pursued his abandoned courses, as he lay in bed one night, was awaked out of his sleep (as he himself described it) by a noise, not unlike the fluttering of a bird,

bird, about the curtains. On opening his eyes he saw the appearance of a woman, (supposed to be the mother of one he had seduced, who died at this time of a broken heart.) He was shocked, and cried out, "What do you want?" She answered, "I am come to warn you of your dissolution." He answered, "What! shall I not live two months?" She replied, "No: you will die within *three days*."

All the following day he was observed to be greatly agitated in his mind. In the afternoon he told the story to many of his friends, in the House of Lords. At breakfast on Saturday, which was the third day, he appeared very penfive. But he affected to carry it off, saying, to those who were with him, "Why do you look so grave? What, are you thinking about the Ghost? I am as well as ever I was in my life." He then (probably to get rid of those unwelcome thoughts) invited company to dinner. In the evening he said to his company, "A few hours more, and I shall *jockey the ghost*." At eleven o'clock he retired to his chamber. Sometime after, he began to undress himself. Mean while his servant was preparing for him a rhubarb draught, according to his custom. But having nothing to mix it with, he went out of the room for a spoon. By the time he came into it again, his Lordship was getting into bed. But before the man could give him the medicine, he reclined his head on the pillow, fell into convulsions and died. The cries of the servant alarmed the company: they flew to him; but all was over. Thus the event corresponded with the warning, which he had himself mentioned before to several persons. And his friends who were in the house at the time, related it afterwards. A Minister (says Mr. *Wills*) who first told it me, had the account from one of those Gentlemen: which was confirmed to me afterward by a religious person, related to Lord ———."

*A very*

*A very particular Account of the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots: by an Eye-Witness.*

[Concluded from page 143.]

**T**HEN the Deane of Petterborough standing before hir with great reverence uttered a solemne exortation.—While the Deane prayed, the Queene satt upon a stoole, haveing on hir neck an Agnus Dei, in one of hir hands a crucifixe, and att hir girdle a pair of beads, with a golden crosse at the end of them, with a Latten booke of prayers in the other hand. Thus furnyshed, without any regard to what the Deane said, she begane, with teares and a loud voyce, to pray in Latten. She also prayed in English for Christ's afflicted church, and for an end of hir troubles; for her sonne, and the Queene, that she might prosper and serve God aright. That spoken, she said, she hoped to be saved by the blood of Jesus Christ, at the foote of which [a crucifixe, she held in hir hand] she would shed hir blood. Then said the Earle of Kent, Madam, I beseech you settle Jesus Christ in your harte, as you did before, and leave the adoration of those popish trumperies to themselves; but seemynge not to regard his good counsell, she went forward in hir prayers, and in the conclusion thereof, desired God to avert his wrath from this land; and that he would give it grace and forgiveness of sinnes: then she said, she forgave hir enemyes with all her harte, and desired God to converte them to his truth. This done, she desired all saints to make intercession for hir, to Jesus Christ. Then she begane to kifs hir crucifixe, and to crosse herselfe, sayeing these words, Even as the armes of Jesus Christ were spread here upon the crosse, so receive me I beseech thee into the armes of mercye. Then the twoe executioners kneeled downe, and desired hir to forgive them: she answered, I forgive you with all my harte. Then they, with hir twoe gentlewomen, helping hir up, begane to disrobe hir, on which she laid hir crucifixe on hir

stoole, and one of hir executioners took off from hir neck, the Agnus Dei, which she held, saying, she would give it to one of hir women, and told the executioners they should have the worth of it in money; then she suffered them, to take off hir cheane of pomander beades, and all hir other apparell, and she begane to make hirself yddie, putting on a payer of sleeves, with hir owne hands, and that with such speed, as if she longed to have beine gone. During hir disrobinge, she never altered countenance, but smyling, said, she had never had such groomes before, nor ever did put off hir cloths before such a compeny; at length, she being unapparelled, of so much as was convenient, hir twoe women, looking upon hir, burst out into skrychinge, and when the skrychinge declined, they crossed themselves and prayed in Lattine; the Queene seeing them in such a lamentable plight, embraced them, and said, doe not crye for me, but rejoyce and pray for me, and so crossed them, and kissed them, and bade them praye for hir, and not to be foe mornefull; for, said she, this day, I trust, shall end your mistris troubles. Then with a smylinge-countenance she turned to hir men-servants, *Melvin*, and the rest, who were weeping aloud, and crossinge themselves, and prayeing in Lattine, the Queene bade them farwell, and prayed them to praye for hir to the last. That done, one of hir women, haveinge a Corpus-Christi cloth, laped it up three corner-wise, and put it over the Queen's face, and pinned it fast upon hir calle. Then hir twoe women mornefully departed, and the Queene kneelinge upon the cushione, withoute anye token of feare of death, she spake aloude in Lattine, *In te domine confido, ne confundar in aeternum*. Then gropinge for the blocke, she layd downe hir head, putting hir haire over the blocke, with both hir hands. Then she layd hirselfe upon the blocke quitlye, and strecheinge out hir hands and leggs, cried out, *In manus tuas domine*, threë or four tymes. At last, while one of the executioners held hir with one hand, the other with twoe strokes of an axe cut off hir head, at which tyme she made a finale groanc, and died.

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*The Unsearchableness of GOD'S JUDGMENTS.*

[Continued from page 146.]

7. **G**OD, in his progress towards the achievement of any design, is not wont to go in the most direct and compendious ways; but commonly windeth about, and taketh a large compass: unfolding several other co-incident purposes, some whereof may be no less considerable, than is that which we deem most necessary. But this course seemeth tedious to us, who have not the wit to perceive that complication of ends, nor the temper to wait for the completion of them. If God, when we seem to need, doth not instantly appear in our favour; if he doth not presently vindicate truth and light; if he doth not nip wicked designs in the bud; if for a while he suffereth the *Tabernacles of robbers to prosper*, and *iniquity to lift up its horns*; then he is in a slumber, quite unmindful and insensible of us; then he turneth aside his face, or doth behold what passeth as an unconcerned spectator; then he standeth aloof, unready to help us: then doth he hold off his hand, not meddling with our affairs. In such cases we are apt to cry out, *Estis ubi, o superi? How long, O Lord, wilt thou forget? How long wilt thou hide thy face? Lord, how long wilt thou look on? Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord? Why standest thou afar off? Why withdrawest thou thy hand? Pluck it out of thy bosom: return, O Lord, how long?* Such are our prayers, such our expostulations; so is our blind impatience prone to murmur; not considering how many good designs God is carrying on in a calm and steady pace, by well measured steps: all which in due season, when they are ripe for accomplishment, shall undoubtedly be effected. For the Lord (as St. Peter saith) is not slack concerning his promise, as some man count slackness, but is long-suffering toward all man; that is, he certainly will express his faithful benignity toward good men.

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yet



yet so as also to extend his merciful patience towards others; he so will tender the interests of some, as concurrently to procure the welfare of all, and accordingly will time his proceedings, allowing the leisure and opportunities requisite thereto: he can, although we cannot, wait to be gracious; for as in him there are no passions to precipitate action, so to him there are no sensible differences of time, *One day being with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.*

8. Again, God (as is the property of every wise agent) is wont to act variously, according to the state and circumstances of things, or to the dispositions and capacities of persons; so as to do the same thing for different ends, and different things for the same end; to apply one instrument to several uses, and by several instruments to work one purpose: so he afflicteth good men out of love, for the trial and improvement of their virtues: and bad men in displeasure, to illustrate his power and justice on them. He encourageth and blesteth the one: he punisheth and curseth the other with prosperity: he reclaimeth both from error and sin by either of these methods, as their temper and their circumstances require: whence it is very difficult for us ever, from the kind of accidents befalling men, to divine how far God is concerned in them, or to what particular scope they are aimed: so that well might the Preacher, upon a careful observation of such occurrences, establish this rule, *No man knoweth love, or hatred (that is, the special regard of God toward men) by all that is before them; because all things come alike to all, there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked.* Farther,

9. There are different ends which Providence in various orders and measures doth pursue, which we by reason of our dim sight and short prospect cannot decry. God, as the universal and perpetual Governor of the world, in his dispensation of things, respecteth not only the good of this or that person, of one nation, or one age; but often (in some degree waving that, or taking care for it in a less remarkable way) hath a provident



cold, of hunger and thirst, advertise us of our wants and dangers, without a long series of reasonings. This remark of *Malebranche* upon the design of sensations is just and beautiful.

We must however conclude from hence, that the painful or agreeable sensations we feel in bodies, is always a proper proof of their being noxious or useful to our corporeal machines. The soul is now in a diseased state, and material nature is quite disordered. Pleasure does not always accompany order, in this mixt state; where man is neither an angel, nor a devil; perfectly good, or absolutely bad.



*An Account of some EXPERIMENTS, by Mr. MILLER, of Cambridge, on the sowing of Wheat: by W. WATSON, M. D. F. R. S. Addressed to the Royal Society.*

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, Oct. 4, 1768.

Gentlemen,

HAVING been informed that in the botanic garden at Cambridge, there had been produced, by the ingenuity and care of Mr. *Charles Miller*, the gardener there, from one grain of wheat only, in little more than a year, a much more considerable quantity of grain, than was ever attempted, or conjectured to be possible; I have desired him to send me a particular account thereof, in order to its being communicated to you: and if the Council should think proper, that it may be recorded in the *Philosophical Transactions*, as I think it highly deserves. In my opinion a fact so extraordinary should not be forgotten: as it may possibly be applied, in no inconsiderable degree, to public utility: if it should not, the experiment itself, so successfully conducted, is a desirable thing to be known.

Mr. *Charles Miller* is a very ingenious person, and an excellent naturalist. He is son of our worthy brother, Mr.

*Philip*

*Philip Miller*, from whose knowledge of, and publications in Botany, Agriculture, and Gardening, the public has received very great information and advantage. In consequence of my desire, Mr. *Charles Miller* has informed me, that having made in the Autumn of 1765, and in the Spring of 1766, an experiment of the division and transplantation of wheat, by which near two thousand ears were produced from a single grain; and he having reason to think, from the success attending this experiment, that a much greater quantity might be produced, he determined to repeat the experiment next year.

Accordingly on the second of June, 1766, he sowed some grains of the common red wheat: and on the eighth of August, which was as soon as the plants were strong enough to admit of division, a single plant was taken up and was separated into eighteen parts. Each of these parts was planted again separately. These plants having pushed out several side-shoots by about the end of September, some of them, were then taken up and divided; and the rest of them between that time and the middle of October. This second division produced sixty-seven plants.

These plants remained through the winter; and another division of them, made between the middle of March and the twelfth of April, produced five hundred plants. They were then divided no further, but permitted to remain.

The plants were, in general, stronger than any of the wheat in the fields. Some of them produced upwards of a hundred ears from a single root. Many of the ears measured seven inches in length, and contained between sixty and seventy grains.

The whole number of ears, which by the process before mentioned were produced from one grain of wheat, was twenty-one thousand one hundred and nine, which yielded three pecks and three quarters of clear corn; the weight of which was forty-seven pounds, seven ounces; and from a calculation made by counting the number of grains in one ounce, the whole number of grains might be about five hundred and seventy-six thousand, eight hundred and forty.

By

By this account we find, that there was only one general division of the plants made in the spring. Had a second been made, the number of plants, Mr. *Miller* thinks, would have amounted at least to two thousand, instead of five hundred; and the produce have been much more enlarged. For he found by the experiment made the preceding year, in which the plants were divided twice in the spring, that they were not weakened by the second division. He mentions this to shew, that the experiment was not pushed to the utmost.



*The* REMAINS of JOHN NELSON.

FRAGMENT SECOND:\* *concerning* SARAH SCOOLS.

SARAH SCOOLS had been a steady follower of the Lord about twenty years. I visited her several times in her illness, and always found comfort to my own soul.

The morning she died, she said, to her son, "I have had a glorious night, and now I am ready to go to my dear Redeemer. In the fore-part of the night there was a cloud between him and my soul; but I cried, Lord hide not thy face from me, and immediately the cloud dispersed and the glory of God shone bright on my soul."

When Miss *B.* had prayed with her, she said, "The passage is clear: there is nothing between the Lord and my soul!" The last words she spoke to her son were, "Hold on in the way thou art in, and we shall meet again in glory." Having said this she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

JOHN NELSON.

[*The Third in our next.*]

\* This was intended for February; but was omitted by mistake.

*A Short*



Afterwards he told me, that at the time he thought his soul was wafted to heaven, and his very body lifted up from the earth. On Sunday 31, *Francis Johnson* found peace, and *Robert Cooke* the pure love of God.

Nov. 12, While *Gustavus Armstrong* was preaching, many were cut to the heart, particularly three young women. A few continued in prayer with them after the preaching, till the Lord answered the prayer, and filled them all with joy and peace in believing.

When they met as usual, on Sunday morning the 14th, *Robert Burnside* and *Jane Graham* found favour with God; as did *Margaret King* at the meeting of the Class, on Sunday the 21st.

In the beginning of February, 1785, I found a Papist who had the love of God in her heart. But few Protestants would believe it, because she did not renounce all the errors of Popery at a stroke.

Saturday, December 4, I came to *John Cooke's* house. The same night *James Beattie* dreamed that he saw me come in, and heard me give out my text from the Lamentations. I did so; and as soon as I named my text the power of God fell upon the people. In awhile there was scarce a dry eye to be seen. Afterwards some of the neighbours came in. While we were talking of the things of God, one roared out for mercy, and then another and another, till four or five were in a bitter agony. Three of us prayed by turns, till the Lord justified *John Beattie*, and his Cousin, *Ann Beattie*, and confirmed to the woman of the house that knowledge of God, which she had tasted of the day before. I cannot describe the joyous scene! Parents and children saluted each other, and congratulated each other with tears, welcoming one another into the possession of that goodly inheritance.

Friday 10, My Grandmother died, about ninety years old, in the full triumph of faith, crying out, "Help me, O help me to go to my Jesus!" and then breathed her last. On the

11th, I

21th, I preached, and the power of God convinced sinners in a wonderful manner. There was a cry, as of people weeping for their first born. And some of those who were alive to God sunk down, and for several hours lay quite speechless and motionless. The next afternoon I preached a funeral sermon. Soon after I began, the Lord filled the house with his presence, and many hearts with his love. I then set out with the funeral, but was constrained to turn back to preach, as had been appointed. At my beginning to speak, I was weary and in pain, having had no sleep the night before. But quickly the Lord so blessed both my own soul and those about me, that pain and weariness vanished away.

On the 23d, Brother *Barber*, *Hetherington* and I held a Watch-night. Brother *Hetherington* spoke first, and I followed, till the cries of the people rose to such a height, that I left off preaching, and we began to pray, one after another. We soon had a gracious shower, during which a young woman found peace with God.

Sunday 26, Mr. *Barber* and I held a Love-feast at my father's. And before we parted, *Francis Little*, *Edward Thompson*, *Mary Armstrong* and *Elizabeth Little*, knew all their sins were blotted out. Awhile after, *Elizabeth Little's* Uncle said, "When I came in here I was quite weighed down. But glory be to God, I am now full of his love, and as happy as I can wish." Yet *William Noble* went away in great heaviness, but the next day he was set at liberty.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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*An Account of the Disturbances of Glenluce.*

[Continued from page 156.]

THE evening being now far spent, it was thought fit that every one should go to his own home. The devil cried out fearfully, Let not the Minister go; I shall burn the house



if he goes. After the Minister had gone forth, *Gilbert Campbell* was very instant with him to tarry; whereupon he returned, all the rest going home. When he came into the house, the devil gave a great laugh, saying, You have now done what I bid you. No, answered the other, but in obedience to God have I returned, to bear this man company whom thou dost afflict. Then the Minister called upon God. And when prayer was ended, he desired the weaver, and all in the family, not to speak a word to the devil; but kneel down and pray to God. The devil then roared out mightily, What! will you not speak to me? But after that, no answer was made to him, and so for a long time nothing was heard.

While the Minister and gentlemen were standing at the door, ready to go home, the Minister's wife and the woman of the house were within; then said, Satan, *Grifsel*, put out the candle. She said to the Minister's wife, Shall I do it? No, said the other; for then you will obey the devil. Upon this he cried again, Put out the candle; but no obedience being given to him, he repeated so often these words, and exalting his voice, that it made them stop their ears: thinking the sound was just at their ears. At last the candle was put out. Now, says he, I will trouble you no more this night.

I must here insert what I heard from one of the Ministers of that presbytery, who, with the rest, were appointed to meet at the weaver's house for prayer, and other exercises of that kind. When the day came, five only met; but before they went in, they stood awhile in the croft, which lies round the house, consulting what to do. They resolved upon two things: First, there should be no words of conjuration used, as commanding him, in the name of God, to tell whence he was, or to depart from the family, for which they thought they had no call from God. Secondly, that when the devil spoke, none should answer him; but hold on in the duties they were called to. When all of them had prayed by turns, and three of them had spoken a word or two from the scripture, they prayed again, and then ended,

ended without any disturbance. When that brother who informed me had gone out, one *Hugh Nisbet*, one of the company, came running after him, desiring him to come back, for he had begun to whistle. No, said the other, I tarried as long as God called me.

After that, *Gilbert* had many sad nights; not two in one week free; and thus it continued till April. From April to July he had some respite; but afterwards he was molested with new assaults: even their victuals were so abused, that the family was in danger of starving.

In this sore affliction, *Gilbert Campbell* resolved to make his address to the synod of Presbyters, for advice and counsel what to do, which was appointed to convene in October 1655, namely, Whether to forsake the house or not? The synod, by their committee, appointed to meet at *Glenluce* in February 1656, thought fit that a solemn humiliation should be kept through all the bounds of the synod; to request God in behalf of that afflicted family; which being done, his trouble grew less till April, and from April to August he was altogether free. About this time the devil began with new assaults; and taking the meat which was in the house, sometimes hid it in holes, and under the beds, and among the bed-clothes; and at last carried it quite away, till nothing was left save bread and water. The woman one morning making pottage for the children's breakfast, had the tray, wherein the meal lay, snatched away from her; but in a short time the tray came flying at her, without doing her any harm. After this he exercised his malice against all in the family, by noises in the night, which continued all the month of August. After which time he grew yet worse, by roaring, casting of stones, by striking on their beds in the night-time. And upon the 18th of September, about midnight, he cried with a loud voice, I shall burn the house. About three or four nights after, he set one of the beds on fire; which was soon put out without any prejudice, except to the bed itself. After this the good man lived several years in the same house, and had a peaceable habitation.

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

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

[Continued from page 159.]

**T**HE *Dead Sea* is enclosed on the East and West with exceeding high mountains; on the North it is bounded with the plain of *Jericho*, on which side also it receives the waters of *Jordan*; on the South it is open, and extends beyond the reach of the eye. It is said to be twenty four leagues long, and six or seven broad.

On the shore of the Lake we found a black sort of pebbles, which being held in the flame of a candle soon burns, and yields a smook of an intolerable stench. It has this property, that it loses only of its weight, but not of its bulk by burning. The hills bordering upon the Lake, are said to abound with this sort of sulphureous stones. I saw pieces of it, at the Convent of *St. John* in the Wilderness, two foot square. They were carved in *Basso Relievo*, and polished to as great a lustre as black marble is capable of.

It is a common tradition, that birds, attempting to fly over this Sea, drop down dead into it; and that no fish, nor other sort of animal can endure these deadly waters. The former report I saw actually confuted, by several birds flying about and over the Sea, without any visible harm: the latter also I have some reason to suspect as false, having observed amongst the pebbles on the shore, two or three shells of fish resembling oyster-shells. These were cast up by the waves, at two hours distance from the mouth of *Jordan*: which I mention, lest it should be suspected that they might be brought into the Sea that way.

As

As for the Bitumen, for which the Sea has been so famous, it is gathered near the mountains on both sides in great plenty. I had several lumps of it brought me to *Jerusalem*. It exactly resembles pitch, and cannot readily be distinguished from it, but by the sulphureousness of its smell and taste.

The water of the Lake was very limpid, and salt to the highest degree; and not only salt, but also extreme bitter and nauseous. Being willing to make an experiment of its strength, I went into it, and found it bore up my body in swimming with an uncommon force. But as for that relation of some Authors, that men wading into it were buoyed up to the top, as soon as they go as deep as the navel; I found it, upon experiment, not true.

Being desirous to see the remains (if there were any) of those cities anciently situate in this place; and made so dreadful an example of the divine vengeance, I diligently surveyed the waters, as far as my eye could reach: but neither could I discern any heaps of ruins, nor any smook ascending above the surface of the water; as is usually described in the writings and maps of Geographers. Yet I must not omit what was confidently attested to me by the Father Guardian, and Procurator of *Jerusalem*; both men in years, and seemingly not destitute either of sense or probity: viz. that they had once actually seen one of these ruins; that it was so near the shore, and the waters so shallow, at that time, that they together with some French men went into it, and found there several pillars, and other fragments of buildings. The cause of our being deprived of this sight was, I suppose the height of the water.

As for the apples of *Sodom* so much talked of, I neither saw nor heard of any hereabouts: nor was there any tree to be seen near the Lake, from which one might expect such a kind of fruit; which induces me to believe that there may be a greater deceit in this fruit, than that which is usually reported of it; and that its very being, as well as its beauty is a fiction, only kept up, as my lord *Bacon* observes many other false notions are,

are, because it serves for a good allusion, and helps the Poets to a similitude.

Wednesday March 31. This morning we all decamped at half an hour after two, and returning the same way by which we came, arrived in about six hours near the walls of *Jerusalem*. Our company did not think fit to enter the city, resolving to go immediately for *Bethlehem*. In order to which, we turned down into the Valley of *Jehosaphat*; and so passing by the city, instantly took the road to the place intended.

From *Jerusalem* to *Bethlehem*, is but two hours travel. The country through which the road lies, is the valley of *Rephaim*; as may be gathered from *Jos. Ant. Lib. 4. Cap. 10*. A valley so famous for being the Theatre of *David's* victories over the *Philistines*, 2 Sam. v. 23. In the road you meet with these following remarkable places: First, a place said to be the house of *Simeon*, that venerable old prophet, who taking our blessed Saviour in his arms sung his *Nunc dimittis* in the Temple. Secondly, the famous Turpentine tree, in the shade of which the blessed Virgin is said to have reposed, when she was carrying Christ in her arms, to present him to the Lord at *Jerusalem*. Thirdly, a Convent dedicated to St. *Elias*, the impress of whose body, the Greek Monks residing here pretend to shew in a hard stone, which was wont to serve him for his bed. Near this Convent also is a well, where you are told it was, that the star appeared to the Eastern *Magi* to their exceeding joy. Fourthly, *Rachel's* tomb; this may probably be the true place of her interment, mentioned, Gen. xxxv. 19. But the present sepulchral monument can be none of that which *Jacob* erected; for it appears plainly to be a modern and Turkish structure. Near this monument is a little piece of ground, in which are picked up a little sort of small round stones, exactly resembling pease: concerning which they have a tradition here, that they were once truly what they now seem to be; but that the blessed Virgin petrified them by a miracle, in punishment to a surly rustic,

tuffic, who denied her the charity of a handful of them to relieve her hunger.

Being arrived at *Bethlehem*, we immediately made a circular visit to all the holy places belonging to it: as namely the place where it is said, our blessed Lord was born; the manger in which it is said he was laid; the chapel of St. *Joseph* his supposed father; that of the *Innocents*; those of St. *Jerom*, of St. *Paula* and *Eustochium*, and of *Eusebius* of *Cremona*; and lastly, the school of St. *Jerom*. All which places it shall suffice just to name.

[*To be continued.*]



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

[*Continued from page 162.*]

#### FARTHER REFLECTIONS.

**I** Add a few more reflections on the world in general. The same wise Being, who was pleased to make man, prepared for him also a habitation so advantageously placed, that the heavens and the rest of the universe might serve it both as an ornament and a covering. He constructed likewise the air which man was to breathe, and the fire which was to sustain his life. He prepared also metals, salts, and all terrestrial elements to renew and maintain, throughout all ages, whatever might be on any account necessary for the inhabitants of the earth.

The same Divine Ruler is manifest in all the objects that compose the universe. It is he that caused the dry land to appear above the surface of the ocean, that gauged the capacity of that amazing reservoir, and proportioned it to the fluid it contains. He collects the rising vapours, and causes them to distil in some gentle showers. At his command the sun darts his enlivening rays, and the winds scatter the noxious effluvia, which if they were collected together might destroy the human race.

He formed those hills and lofty mountains which receive and retain the water within their bowels, in order to distribute it with œconomy to the inhabitants of the plains, and to give it such an impulse, as might enable it to overcome the unevenness of the lands, and convey it to the remotest habitations.

He spread under the plains, beds of clay, or compact earths, there to stop the waters, which after a great rain, make their way through innumerable little passages. These sheets of water frequently remain in a level with the neighbouring rivers, and fill our wells with their redundancy, or as those subside, flow into them again.

He proportioned the variety of plants in each country, to the exigencies of the inhabitants, and adapted the variety of the soils, to the nature of those plants.

He endued numerous animals with mild dispositions, to make them the domestics of man : and taught the other animals to govern themselves, with an aversion to dependence, in order to continue their species without loading man with too many cares.

If we more nearly survey the animal and vegetable world, we find all animals and plants, have a certain and determined form, which is invariably the same. So that if a monster ever appear, it cannot propagate its kind, and introduce a new species into the universe. Great indeed is the variety of organized bodies. But their number is limited. Nor is it possible to add a new genus either of plants or animals, to those of which God has created the germina, and determined the form.

The same Almighty power has created a precise number of simple elements, essentially different from each other, and invariably the same. By these he varies the scene of the universe, and at the same time prevents its destruction, by the very immutability of the nature and number of these elements. So that the world is for ever changed, and yet eternally the same.

Yet if we would account for the origin of these elements, we are involved in endless uncertainty. We can only say, he who  
has

has appointed their different uses in all ages, has rendered those uses infallible, by the impossibility of either destroying or increasing them.

Herein we read the characters of his power, which is invariably obeyed; of his wisdom, which has abundantly provided for every thing; and of his tender kindness toward man, for whom he has provided services equally various and infallible. It is an additional proof of his continual care of his creatures, that though every thing be composed of simple elements, all placed within our reach, yet no power is able to destroy the least particle of them. Nothing but the same cause which was able to give them birth, can annihilate them, or change their nature. In truth, the design and will of the Creator, is the only physical cause of the general œconomy of the world: the only physical cause of every organized body, every germen that flourishes in it; the only physical cause of every minute, elementary particle, which enters into the composition of all.

[*To be continued.*]

MEMOIRS of Mr. HENRY HADDICK, *Captain of a Custom-House Shallop, at Rye, in Suffex; who was shot by some Smugglers on the 19th of August, 1783.*

[*Concluded from page 164.*]

LAST Spring, he complained to me of a propensity he had to a trifling spirit, though I believe no one perceived it but himself. Indeed from the first of his conversion to God, he appeared to be jealous of himself, lest he should grieve the Holy Spirit. This led him to watch and pray, and give all diligence that he might make his calling and election sure. His growth in grace was obvious to many; particularly to those who failed with him.

When I saw him in June last, he informed me that he had been exceedingly harassed with deistical thoughts. These he

D d a

laboured



laboured at first to overcome by argument; but though the authenticity of the Scriptures seemed certain to his judgment, the temptation was not removed. He then made use of fervent prayer, and soon found Satan bruised beneath his feet. Such a confidence did he enjoy, that the Scriptures are indeed the word of God, that he ventured his whole soul on the gracious promises. He had accustomed himself to read this precious word daily before this conflict; but afterwards it was more abundantly the delight and joy of his heart. It was sweeter to him than honey, or the honey-comb. So graciously did the Lord fulfil his promise, "All shall work together for good to them that love God."

When he first applied to the person above mentioned, he was refused; but when such a real change appeared, and there was not the least room to doubt the genuineness thereof, his offer was accepted. This was satisfactory to relatives on each side, and the way of providence seemed clear unto them. An union was agreed upon, and promised much mutual felicity. The time of its commencement drew near, and a house was furnishing to receive the happy pair. But it soon appeared that God's ways are not as ours, and that it is his prerogative to dispose.

Having been in harbour a few days, he went out on Monday evening the 12th of August. The next evening he was reading his Bible in his cabin, when some of the men on deck discovered a Shallop at a distance, which they supposed to be a smuggling vessel: the Captain being informed of it, ordered his men to make towards her, and to enquire what she was. Mean time they got their small arms ready, and then endeavoured to get along side of her. As soon as they came near, before the Captain had hailed her, the smugglers daringly fired their small arms. The Captain ordered his men not to fire, but they inadvertently did. Upon which the smugglers fired their great guns. The Captain with his men crouched down in order to escape the shot: while in that position, they fired a  
second

second round, a ball came through the upper part of his vessel, which went through his left thigh, his body, and his right arm. He was just heard to moan, and expired immediately. Thus fell that amiable youth; just turned eighteen years of age.



*Of the* INQUISITION.

[Continued from page 166.]

**I**N the year 1483, *Thomas Turcremata*, a Dominican Friar, and Prior of the Convent *de Sante Crux*, at *Segovia*, and Confessor to their Majesties, was appointed the first Inquisitor-General in the kingdom of *Spain*; and the next year sat President at the Assembly of divines which settled the method of proceeding against heretical pravity, and ordained those severe laws, which the Inquisitors use to this day. In 1485 the Inquisitors held eight acts of faith in the town of *Guadalup*, and delivered *Didacus Marchena*, a heretical monk, and fifty Jews, men and women, to be burnt: dug up forty-six bodies of heretics from their graves, and burnt their bones; and the effigies of twenty-five absent persons; and condemned sixteen to perpetual imprisonment; besides innumerable others sent to the galleys; and others sentenced to wear the Sanbenito, as a mark of perpetual penance and disgrace.

The Officers, or as they rather chuse to be stiled, the Ministers of the Inquisition, are as follows; viz. An Inquisitor-General, one whom the King proposes to the Pope for supreme Inquisitor of all his dominions, and whom the Pope confirms in his office. This supreme, invested with full power in all cases relating to heresy, appoints Vicars-general, or particular subordinate Inquisitors in every place where there is a tribunal of the Inquisition: who nevertheless cannot act unless approved by the King, to send visitors to the provinces of the Inquisition, to grant dispensations to penitents and their children, and deliberate concerning other weighty affairs.

In

In the royal city, the King appoints the supreme council of the Inquisition, over which the supreme Inquisitor of the kingdom presides. He hath joined with them five Counsellors, who have the title of Apostolic Inquisitors, who are chose by the Inquisitor-General, upon the King's nomination. One of these must always be a *Dominican*, according to the constitution of *Philip III.* dated December 16, 1618. Besides these, there is an Advocate-Fiscal, two Secretaries, and one of the King's: one Receiver, two Relaters, several Qualificators or Assessors, and Counsellors. There are also Officials deputed by the president, with the King's advice. The supreme authority is in this Council of the Inquisition.

The *Familiars* are of the same degree in this court, and no better than what we call a *bailiff's follower*; which though a vile office in all other criminal courts, is by the Pope's liberal grants or indulgences, and the royal privileges bestowed on this class of men, esteemed so honourable in the court of Inquisition, that there is not a Nobleman in *Spain* or *Portugal*, that is not in it. Their duty is to accompany the Inquisitors, and if need be, to defend them from the insults of heretics; and to follow and assist the Officials in apprehending criminals; and to execute any other service to which they are warranted by the Judges of the tribunal.

[To be continued.]

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An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

[By a late Author.]

DIALOGUE I.

[Continued from page 168.]

*Callistus.* THANK you.—You are exceeding good:—God will reward you:—You are too good:—You have not spurned me yet:—You called me friend just now; that

that is too much! I must not taste of joy.—Leave me, my dear friend. Return to *Urania* and your children.—Be happy.—Think no more of the wretch, *Callistus*.

*Sophronius*. Unkind *Callistus*, to bid me be happy, and make me thus miserable! Did you bid me leave you? O no, be assured I will not, whilst I see you thus.

*Callistus*. O humane *Sophronius*!—But I will not thank you.—I am better now. Come my dear friend, look up. We have no more time for tears.—If you can have patience, you have much more to hear.

*Sophronius*. O no!—Some other time.—Spare yourself and me.—You must have respite.—Another time I will hear it all.

*Callistus*. Ah, Sir, there is no choice of time for me! I beg of you to hear me out with patience.

Where did I leave off?—I think I was speaking of gallantry. Astonishing assurance! so to term the debauching innocent minds; the enticing and betraying them into guilt, and destroying the peace of families. I say, the qualifying these villainies with the specious term of *gallantries*, and speaking of them as indifferent amusements, is such a stretch of impudence and absurdity, as it is wonderful should be suffered: and yet this I did myself, and endured it in others. And, as if I had not yet sufficiently broke through all the rules of decency and virtue, nor sufficiently trampled on the rights and laws of society; as if I was not already plunged too deep in sin, I aspired to the noble title of Adulterer!

A Gentleman, with whom I intimately conversed, at whose house I was entertained. nay, whom I called my friend, had been some years married to a most amiable woman. He was a kind husband; she a virtuous and obliging wife. They were blest in each other; till I, like the malignant fiend, envious of their paradise, with base cunning, enticed the Eve to her ruin. Now curse me, *Sophronius*! Where can you now find the shadow of an excuse? This was no sudden start of passion! With half the time and pains it cost me to subdue this stubborn

born virtue, I might have conquered my own passions. I now became a perfect hypocrite! My person and conversation first caught her attention; but nothing could gain her esteem but worth. Alas! how little pretension had I then to it! and yet whilst I admired her goodness, I endeavoured to undermine it. I recollected all my former virtues, only to further my present wicked purpose. Whilst I conversed with her, I was so charmed with her goodness, that sometimes I could fancy I too was good. I loved her passionately, and I almost flattered myself, as well as her, that I loved her innocently. But oh! whilst I would most readily have sacrificed my own life for her safety, I was watching for an opportunity to sacrifice her peace, and perfection, to my own gratification. What strange contradictions! My eyes were again opened to the beauty of goodness. But in proportion as my esteem for the beauties of her mind increased, my passion for her personal charms grew more violent; so that as the one invited me to return to virtue, the other tempted me to persist in vice. I was all war within! I was most miserable! I was sometimes ready to destroy myself; but I could not quell my passion.—Ha! art thou flattering thyself still? I could not?—I would not.—I never resolutely attempted it. I was a vile slave to my sensual appetites. I felt the weight of my chains; they galled me, and I fretted under them; but I made no sincere efforts to break them. What a state!—O *Sophonius*, you know not what it is; the *miseries* of the good, are happiness to our *pleasures*! Hope sweetens their bitterest potions; faith enlightens their gloomiest prospects; whilst doubt perpetually distracts our minds; fear casts a damp upon all our joys; and remorse for ever gnaws our hearts. And what was my reward for all this toil of wickedness—these years of slavery to a tyrant passion! I had—But I will not vex your ears, nor have I life enough perhaps, to enter into a particular detail of the numberless schemes of villainy, the little base arts of cunning, and the thousand, thousand minute circumstances of watchful wickedness,

ness, by which I undermined the fondness of this faithful couple, tainted their imaginations with mutual doubts and displeasures, unhinged their principles, corrupted their hearts, and utterly destroyed the happiness of their lives—O how is it possible I can be saved! When I condemn myself—I detest and abhor myself—and take delight in torturing myself—Why do not you assist me! Have you lost all sense of injuries? Have you no regard to justice? Come, come, Sir, tear my heart! rack me, torture me!—I do not feel enough! My heart is hardened!—Whip me with iron rods! Scourge this cruel slave who delighted in mischief—who wrung the heart of innocence! O that I could weep!—I burst with bitter sorrow!—

*Sophonius.* Great God of heaven and earth, have pity on him! Look on his sufferings, merciful Creator!

*Callistus.* Amen—amen!—Ay, now they gush—Are they not blood, *Sophonius*?—Weep heart, as well as eyes!—O thou supreme, thou righteous—I dare not pray—O how should I lift up my eyes to him who knows my heart! Base, cruel, selfish heart!—burst—burst—

*Sophonius.* Weep on, poor *Callistus*! Thou must suffer! and heaven knows how much I suffer with thee! Pour out thy soul in penitential sorrow; but in the midst of thy deep distress, remember hope; for God, in the midst of justice, will remember mercy.

*Callistus.* O Sir, speak on of sorrow—bitterest sorrow,—distress, and unutterable anguish, but talk not of mercy, for alas! you will only flatter me; you know not yet half my guilt.

*Sophonius.* Good God, is there any thing worse?

*Callistus.* Ay, dear *Sophonius*, there is more, much more, and therefore worse! But as my strength and spirits are so much exhausted, I am not able to declare it now: when I am, I will snatch the first opportunity to go on.

[To be continued.]

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A FAIR REVENGE.

A Jeweller sold the wife of *Galianus* the Emperor, counterfeit glass gems for true ones. The Empress being told of the cheat, requested that he might have due punishment. The Emperor commanded the man to be dragged from his presence, and to be exposed to a lion. But whilst the impostor expected some terrible lion to be let out to devour him, the head of a man appeared from the den: and by the Emperor's order, proclaimed, "He has played the cheat; and now he is cheated himself."

\*\*\*\*\*

FINE COURAGE.

MALCOLME, King of the Scots, hearing of a conspiracy to murder him, dissembled the knowledge of it, till one day as he was hunting, he took the traitor apart from the company, and said, "Here is now a fit time and place to do that manfully, which you have intended to do treacherously. Draw your weapon then; for if you now kill me, you can incur no danger." With which speech the traitor was so daunted, that he fell down at the King's feet, confessed his fault, and humbly asked forgiveness; which being granted, he was ever after faithful to the King.

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VANITY in DEATH.

IN the year 1544, there was found in *Rome*, a coffin of marble, eight feet long, and in it a robe, embroidered, which yielded six and thirty pound weight of gold; besides forty rings, a cluster of emeralds; a little mouse made of another precious stone: and among the rest, two leg-bones of a corpse, known by the inscription on the tomb, to be the bones of the Empress *Mary*, daughter of *Silicon*, and wife of the Emperor *Honorius*.

LETTERS.



## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCXCII.

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

Dec. 6, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

**S**INCE I wrote last I have been led to adore that God who dealeth so bountifully with me. At present I feel peace and joy in believing; and believe, that he is engaged to bring me safe to glory.

My soul truly thirsteth for God. I long to bear all the image of the meek and lowly Jesus, and that all I am may be holiness to the Lord. But truly I am an unprofitable servant. Yet Christ is rich in mercy, and from him is my fruit continually found.

The few moments of retirement I can get are greatly blest to me. I am then enabled to lay all my wants and weaknesses before God, and to pour out my soul in tears of gratitude, for his manifold favours.

When I come to hear his word, on entering the house, a solemn awe strikes my soul; and a power is given me to attend to what is spoken without distraction. I view the Speaker as a servant of God, and hearken for the message which God sends by him to me. I sit, trying my own soul by the law and the testimony; and have no time to judge my neighbours.

I highly esteem my Teachers; not being so vain as to think I have no need of them. On the contrary, I feel great need of the least of them. I look upon them all, as true Servants of Christ: and my desire is, that I may be little and learn.

E e 2

I love



I love all that bear the image of Christ; let them be called by what name they will. I consider, they are children of the same Father, and are travelling to the same country. And that when we arrive there, we shall be employed in the same work, even praising God and the Lamb for ever. Yet I have abundant reason to praise God that my lot is cast where it is.

I am not exempt from temptations of various kinds; but hitherto the Lord hath helped me. Thus, Sir, I have written to you the feelings of my soul; and desire that you would approve or correct as you see needful: which will be received with much gratitude by,

Rev. Sir,

Your very unworthy, but much favoured,

MARY JONES.

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L E T T E R CCCXCIII.

[From Miss P. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

March 18, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

**I** Have lately felt all that my nature seemed capable of bearing. My external crosses have been chiefly occasioned by being connected with unreasonable persons, who wrest my words, and misconstrue my actions. Even my spiritual friends seldom blame me for my real faults; but rather for things I cannot possibly help, or for what I might reasonably expect would gain their good-will. Indeed some of my friends on the other hand, are so lavish in professions of esteem, that if I did not know a little of myself, I should fancy I was something very excellent. Thus exalted by some, and depressed by others, I find little consolation from human society. This, Sir, I confess has contracted my heart, and greatly hindered the spirit of brotherly love.

From

From what I have said, Sir, you see my state has been distressing. But yet I rejoice in the testimony of my conscience, that I please God. And though I desire to be all devoted to him, I see myself so unaccountably deficient, that I am unwilling to form any judgment of my real state. But this I know, the Lord has done much for me; and sometimes I feel an assurance that I am clean through his word. I hope one day to attain all that he has prepared for me. I feel true contrition on account of the little progress I have made: and see myself like a vessel on a tempestuous sea, exposed to the storms and dangers of a hazardous voyage.

There are some persons, if I was asked why they exist? I could only answer, *Lord thou knowest!* I am one of these; and am so deeply conscious of my uselessness, and seem so incapable of living to any good purpose, that I cannot help desiring to escape from the task of life, to which on all accounts I seem so unequal.

I hope to hear from you soon; and that you will favour with your advice and prayers, your obliged and ever affectionate Friend and Servant,

P. B.



P O E T R Y.

A LETTER to the Rev. Mr. ———, on the FAITH of  
A S S U R A N C E.

Rev. Sir,

I Make no doubt, in this we shall agree,  
That since the grace of God for all is free,  
That all who seek the precious gift shall find,  
The faith, which leaves no doubt or fear behind.

Thousands

Thousands of souls who fear the living God,  
 And wait obedient to his every nod,  
 Who would not for the world their Lord offend,  
 May still have doubts and fears on them attend.

But why is this? Sure not for want of love  
 In him whose bowels o'er his creatures move,  
 Who cannot take delight in human woe,  
 Nor please himself to see us mourning go.

Would Jesus blame our doubts, if 'twas his will,  
 That we, his followers should be doubting still?  
 "O thou of little faith, why dost thou doubt?  
 Have I not said, I'll cast no sinner out?  
 Behold my loving arms extended wide;  
 Behold the cross, on which thy Saviour died?  
 Behold for thee the fountain opened wide;  
 Behold my wounded feet, my hands and side!  
 Behold the rage of my malignant foes;  
 Behold my soul oppress'd with mighty woes!  
 Behold me bow my princely head and die!  
 Why dost thou doubt my love? Say, sinner, why?"

I doubt (replies the sinner) not thy love,  
 But this, that I have nought thy grace to move;  
 I doubt myself, and my deceitful heart;  
 I doubt I never shall perform my part!  
 "Your every work which lies on you to do,  
 Is to believe, and bring obedience due.  
 Then watch and pray: use every means of grace,  
 And humbly wait on me; and I will chase  
 Your proud insulting foes from off the field,  
 And you shall triumph by my power upheld."

Sure here's enough to silence doubt and fear,  
 Since Christ our mighty Head is always near  
 His people's side, and to the fight leads on,  
 Nor ever leaves them till their work is done.

Come,

Come, then, my friend, and let us both adore  
 The power and love of Christ; and never more  
 Conceive his favours partial to mankind;  
 But preach the grace which every soul may find.

With joy unspeakable do they rejoice  
 Who now believe, and hear their Shepherd's voice,  
 And follow him. On all the sons of God  
 The witness of the Spirit is bestowed.

No less than three bear record here on earth,  
 To ascertain the Man of heavenly birth;  
 That we may know what things are freely given  
 To us of God, to make us meet for heaven.

No longer then let gloomy doubt remain;  
 For sure these things were never wrote in vain:  
 This faith will peace afford; and nought but this  
 Can banish sorrow and create our bliss.

To a young LADY on her Birth-Day, being The First of  
 A P R I L.

LET others write for by-designs,  
 I seek some moral in my lines,  
 Which whosoever reads must bear,  
 Or great, or learned, or young, or fair:  
 Permit me then, with friendly lay,  
 To moralize your *April-Day*.

Checquer'd your native month appears,  
 With sunny gleams and cloudy tears;  
 'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,  
 Its frowns as transient as its smiles;  
 Nor pain, nor pleasure long will stay;  
 For life is but an *April-Day*.

Health will not always last in bloom,  
 But age and sickness surely come;

Are

Are friends beloved? Why Fate must seize  
 Or these from you, or you from these;  
 Forget not, earnest in your play;  
 For youth is but an *April-Day*.

When Piety and Fortune move  
 Your heart to try the bands of love,  
 As far as duty gives you power,  
 Guiltless enjoy the present hour:  
 Gather your rose-buds while you may,  
 For love is but an *April-Day*.

What clouds so'er without are seen,  
 O may they never reach within;  
 But Virtue's stronger fetters bind  
 The strongest tempest of the mind:  
 Calm may you shoot your setting ray,  
 And sunshine end your *April-Day*.

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The W E A T H E R - C O C K : *an Epigram.*

**H**AIL, versatile emblem of the human mind,  
 True to thyself, and model of mankind:  
 Thy only virtue is in them a vice;  
 This moment thus, the next quite otherwise.  
 Thine an effect of nature's potent laws,  
 As theirs self-interest, or self-love the cause.  
 Thy various motions point which way inclined,  
 The fixed or varied current of the wind:  
 Theirs only prove how fickle are their own,  
 How weakly grounded, and how little known.  
 First this, then that; then this, then that again;  
 Now all a-go, and now a midler strain.  
 Such is mankind, creation's restless heir,  
 Than windless certain; and more light than air?





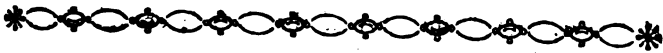
MR. W<sup>M</sup>. SANDERS  
Ætatis 31.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For M A Y 1786.



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

[Continued from page 185.]

CHAP. III. *Concerning the Extent of Christ's Redemption.*

A Third head of arguments to confirm the universality of Christ's Redemption, ariseth from those places which either expressly say, or by plain consequence assert, Christ died for them that perish; for hence the argument runs thus:

1. If Christ died for them that perish, and for them that do not perish, he died for all; but Christ died for them that perish, and for them that do not perish. Ergo, he died for all. That he died for them that do not perish, is confessed by all; and if he died for any that perish, there is the same reason to affirm he died for all that do so. Now that he died for such, the Scripture saith expressly, *And through thy knowledge shall my weak brother perish for whom Christ died,* 1 Cor. viii. 11.

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And



And it intimates as much in this injunction, *Destroy not him with thy meat, for whom Christ died*, Rom. xiv. 15. In both these places the Apostle exhorts those to whom he writes, not to scandalize their weak brethren, by an argument taken from the irreparable mischief they might do them, and the eternal ruin they might bring upon them. Now if the Apostle taught that none could perish for whom Christ died, they to whom these exhortations are directed must be supposed to know it; and then St. Paul must, in these places, exhort them to avoid the scandalizing of their brother, by saying that the effect might follow from what he before had told them was impossible. Now is it reasonable to believe that he solemnly admonished them not to destroy those souls for whom Christ died, who by his doctrine were obliged to believe that they for whom Christ died could never be destroyed?

**Anfw. 1.** Some answer that the offence consists in this, that though the person who thus perisheth cannot be one for whom Christ died, he may be one for whom they were in charity to believe he might die.

**Reply.** But this answer cuts off the whole strength of the Apostle's argument or motive to abstain from scandalizing a weak brother; since, if I know this never can be done, I know I am secure from ever running such a hazard; for if I really destroy him or give occasion to his ruin, I must be sure, on that account, Christ died not for him, and that he suffers nothing by my action, but that without it his ruin was inevitable; but if my judgment of charity concerning him was true, I know I cannot do what the Apostle here enjoins me to be careful to avoid. It is therefore certain from this doctrine, that they must either be assured this judgment of charity must be false, and then they could not be obliged to act by it, or that their brother could perish; and then they could not rationally be moved by this impossible supposition to abstain from scandalizing him.

**Anfw. 2.** Others answer, that they may be said to destroy or cause him to perish for whom Christ died, though his destruction doth

doth not follow ; because they do that which in its own nature tends to his destruction, and might have that effect, had not God determined to preserve all for whom Christ died, from perishing.

Reply. Should this be granted, the force of the Apostle's argument will still be taken off; for if I am infallibly assured, God will prevent this issue in all for whom Christ died, the fear that they should actually die can be no proper motive to abstain from the commission of that action which may scandalize them ; thus, though an arrow shot out of a bow might kill my father, yet if I am assured he standeth where my arrow cannot hit him, it would be folly to exhort me not to shoot, lest I should kill my father. If then I am as certainly assured that none for whom Christ died can perish, it must be as unreasonable to exhort me not to scandalize them, lest by that action they should perish. Moreover, the Apostle adds that by thus offending our weak brother, we sin against Christ, i. e. by causing them to perish whom he had purchased with his blood, and died to save. Deny this intent of Christ's death, and you can never shew how by offending them who never did or could belong to Christ, as members of his body mystical, we are injurious to Christ.

2. A like argument arises from the design of the Apostle, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, who, to deter the Jews from neglecting the great salvation offered to them by Christ, and from apostatizing from the faith they had received, saith, *That if they should sin wilfully after they had received the knowledge of the truth, there would remain no more sacrifice for their sin; seeing they would be guilty of trampling under foot the Son of God, and of counting the blood of the Covenant, by which they were sanctified, an unholy thing.* Now, in what tolerable sense can it be said, *That no farther sacrifice for sin remains to them for whom no sacrifice was ever offered?* and who were by God's own decree excluded from any interest in Christ's death before they came into the world? How were they *sanctified by the*

*blood of the Covenant*, from which they were excluded from the beginning of the world? Or how do they neglect this great *salvation* for whom it never was intended? To strengthen this argument, let it be considered,

1st. That it is evidently the same person who *tramples under foot the Son of God*, and doth *despise to the Holy Ghost*, who is here said to have been *sanctified by the blood of the Covenant*; for this paragraph lies betwixt the other two, and is connected to both by the copulative *Kai, and*, which shews that these three things belong to the same person; and this destroys the subterfuge of them who refer this passage to Christ sanctifying himself, or offering himself as a peculiar victim for us. Moreover, though Christ is said to sanctify himself, John xvii. 19, yet is he never said to be sanctified, and much less to be *sanctified by his own blood*; but only *ἀγιάζει τὸν λαόν, to sanctify the people by his own blood*, chap. xiii. 12.

2dly, Observe that to sanctify, and to be sanctified, in this Epistle, doth never signify to be purified from sin by inward holiness, but always to be purged from the guilt of sin by the oblation of a sacrifice, as appears from chap. ii. 11. And from this very chapter, where it is said ver. 10, that *we are ἡγιασμένοι, sanctified by the oblation of the body* (or as it is in other copies, by the blood) *of Christ*. 2dly, Because he is here said to have been *sanctified by the blood of the new Covenant* which was shed for the remission of sins, and in which God promises to be *merciful to our iniquities, and remember our sins no more*, chap. viii. 12. x. 17. In fine, this argument begins thus, *Having then boldness* (or liberty) *to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus*, ver. 19, *let us hold fast our profession without wavering; for if we apostatize from it, there remains no more sacrifice to expiate our sin*. It is therefore evident, that even those persons who by their apostasy from the faith became obnoxious to the severest punishment, had once, by virtue of their faith, obtained a remission of their sins; and lost it by making shipwreck of faith, and

and drawing back from that faith by which they once lived, to perdition, ver. 38, 39.

3. Moreover, St. Peter informs us of some false Teachers who should *bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them.* Now to these words the answers are so many, and so extravagant, that it is as easy to confute as to recite them. One faith, Christ indeed bought these persons, but that he only bought them to be slaves; and then for any thing I can see to the contrary, they might have reason to deny him. Another, That he died to rescue them from temporal, but not from eternal punishments: now where doth holy Scripture intimate that Christ died to rescue any one from temporal judgments whom he reserved to eternal; especially if they were such as by denying of him *did bring upon themselves swift destruction?* A third tells us that he died for them because he gave a price sufficient for them; as if the giving a price sufficient to redeem six captives, without the least intention of redeeming any more than two, were the redemption of the six. A fourth faith, That they denied the Lord whom they professed to have bought them. In fine, the plain intent of the Apostle is to aggravate the sin of these false Teachers, that he whom they denied had bought, or died for them. Now if he did this really out of good-will to them, and with intent to free them from misery to which they were obnoxious, the words are of great force to shew the horrible ingratitude of these false Teachers; but if he intended not to buy them, or to do any thing to free them from their misery, but excluded them from any interest in his death, and did that only which might occasion others, through mistake, to think he died for them; this manifestly tends to lessen, if not justify their denial of him who had before denied them any benefit from his redemption.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

## S E R M O N XXXIII.

On 1 COR. xii. 25.

*That there might be no Schism in the Body.*

1. **I**F there be any word in the English tongue as ambiguous and indeterminate in its meaning as the word *Church*, it is one that is nearly allied to it, namely, the word *Schism*. It has been the subject of innumerable disputes, for several hundred years: and almost innumerable books have been written concerning it, in every part of the Christian world. A very large share of these have been published in our country: particularly during the last century: and the beginning of the present. And persons of the strongest understanding, and the most consummate learning, have exhausted all their strength upon the question, both in conversation and writing. This has appeared to be more necessary than ever, since the grand separation of the Reformed from the Romish Church. This is a charge which the members of that Church never fail to bring against all that separate from her: and which consequently has employed the thoughts and pens of the most able disputants on both sides. And those of each side have generally, when they entered into the field, been secure of victory: supposing the strength of their arguments was so great, that it was impossible for reasonable men to resist them.

2. But it is observable that exceeding little good has been done by all these controversies. Very few of the warmest and ablest disputants, have been able to convince their opponents. After all that could be said, the Papists are Papists, and the Protestants are Protestants still. And the same success has attended those who have so vehemently disputed about Separation from the Church of *England*. Those who separated from

from her were eagerly charged with Schism: they as eagerly denied the charge. And scarce any were able to convince their opponents, either on one side or the other.

3. One great reason why this Controversy has been so unprofitable, why so few of either side have been convinced, is this: they seldom agreed as to the meaning of the word concerning which they disputed: and if they did not fix the meaning of this, if they did not define the term, before they began disputing about it, they might continue the dispute to their lives end without getting one step forward; without coming a jot nearer to each other than when they first set out.

4. Yet it must be a point of considerable importance, or St. *Paul* would not have spoken so seriously of it. It is therefore highly needful that we should consider,

First, the Nature, and

Secondly, the Evil of it.

I. 1. It is the more needful to do this, because among the numberless books that have been written upon the subject, both by Romanists and Protestants, it is difficult to find any that define it in a scriptural manner. The whole body of Roman Catholics define Schism, A Separation from the Church of *Rome*: and almost all our own writers define it, A Separation from the Church of *England*. Thus both the one and the other set out wrong, and stumble at the very threshold. This will easily appear to any that calmly consider the several texts wherein the word *Schism* occurs. From the whole tenor of which it is manifest, that it is not a separation *from* any Church (whether General or Particular, whether the Catholic, or any National Church) but a separation *in* a Church.

2. Let us begin with the first verse, wherein St. *Paul* makes use of the word. It is the tenth verse of the first chapter of his first epistle to the *Corinthians*. The words are, *I beseech you, brethren, by the name of the Lord Jesus, that ye*  
all

*all speak the same thing, and that there be no schisms,* (the original word is *σχίσματα*) *among you.* Can any thing be more plain, than that the *schisms* here spoken of, were not separations from, but divisions in the Church of *Corinth*? Accordingly it follows, *But that ye be perfectly united together, in the same mind, and in the same judgment.* You see here, that an union in mind and judgment was the direct opposite to the *Corinthian* Schism. This consequently was not a Separation from the Church or Christian Society at *Corinth*; but a Separation in the Church: a disunion in mind and judgment (perhaps also in affection) among those who notwithstanding this, continued outwardly united as before.

3. Of what nature this Schism at *Corinth* was, is still more clearly determined, (if any thing can be more clear) by the words that immediately follow. *Now this I say*—This is the schism of which I speak, you are divided into separate parties; some of you speaking in favour of one, some of another Preacher, *Every one of you saith,* ver. 12, *I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas (or Peter.)* Who then does not see, that the schism for which the Apostle here reproves the *Corinthians*, is neither more nor less, than the splitting into several parties, as they gave the preference to one or another Preacher? And this species of schism there will be occasion to guard against in every Religious Community.

4. The second place where the Apostle uses this word, is in the eighteenth verse of the eleventh chapter of this epistle. *When ye come together in the Church, the Christian Congregation, I hear that there are divisions* (the original word here also is *σχίσματα* *schisms*) *among you.* But what were these *schisms*? The Apostle immediately tells you (v. 20.) *When you come together, professing your design is to eat the Lord's Supper, every one taketh before another his own supper, as if it were a common meal.* What then was the *Schism*? It seems in doing this, they divided into little *parties*, which cherished anger and resentment one against another, even at that solemn season.

5. May

5. May it not be observed (to make a little digression here, for the sake of those who are troubled with needless scruples on this head) that the sin which the Apostle charges on the communicants at *Corinth* in this chapter, is usually quite misunderstood. It was precisely this and nothing else, *The taking one before another his own supper*: and in such a shocking manner, that while *one was hungry, another was drunken*. By doing this, he says, *ye eat and drink* (not damnation; a vile mistranslation of the word, but) *judgment, temporal judgment to yourselves*: which sometimes shortened their lives. *For this cause*—For sinning in this vile manner, *many are sick and weak among you*. Observe here two things: First, What was the sin of the *Corinthians*? Mark it well and remember it. It was *taking one before another his own supper*, so that while *one was hungry, another was drunken*. Secondly, What was the punishment? It was bodily weakness and sickness, which without repentance might end in death. But what is this to *ye*? You cannot commit *their* sin: therefore you cannot incur their punishment.

6. But to return. It deserves to be seriously remarked, that, in this chapter, the Apostle uses the word *Heresies* as exactly equivalent with the word *Schisms*. *I hear*, says he, ver. 18. *that there are schisms among you, and I partly believe it*: he then adds, ver. 19. *for there must be heresies* (another word for the same thing) *among you, that they which are approved among you, may be made manifest*. As if he had said, “The wisdom of God permits it so to be, for this end, for the clearer manifestation of those whose heart is right with him.” This word, therefore (*Heresy*) which has been so strangely distorted for many centuries, as if it meant Erroneous Opinions, Opinions contrary to the Faith delivered to the Saints, which has been made a pretence for destroying Cities, depopulating Countries and shedding seas of innocent blood: has not the least reference to opinions, whether right or wrong. It simply



means, wherever it occurs in scripture, *Divisions*, or *Parties* in a religious Community.

7. The third, and the only remaining place in this Epistle, wherein the Apostle uses this word, is the twenty-fifth verse of the twelfth chapter; where speaking of the Church (he seems to mean the Church Universal, the whole body of Christ) he observes, *God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honour to that part which lacked, that there might be no schism in the body*, ver. 24, 25. He immediately fixed the meaning of his own words, *But that the members might have the same care one for another: and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it*. We may easily observe, that the word *Schism* here means the want of this tender care for each other. It undoubtedly means an alienation of affection in any of them toward their brethren: a division of heart, and parties springing therefrom, though they were still outwardly united together: though they still continued members of the same external Society.

8. But there seems to be one considerable objection against the supposing *Heresy* and *Schism* to mean the same thing. It is said, St. Peter, in the second chapter of his second Epistle, takes the word *Heresies* in a quite different sense. His words are, ver. 1, *There shall be among you false teachers, who will bring in damnable (or destructive) heresies, denying the Lord that bought them*. It does by no means appear, that St. Peter here takes the word *Heresies* in any other sense than St. Paul does. Even in this passage it does not appear to have any reference to opinions good or bad. Rather it means, They will bring in, or occasion, *destructive parties* or *sects* (so it is rendered in the common French translation) who deny the Lord that bought them: such Sects now swarm throughout the Christian world.

9. I shall be thankful to any one who will point to me any other place in the inspired writings, where this word *Schism* is

is to be found. I remember only these three. And it is apparent to every impartial Reader, that it does not in any of these mean, a Separation from any Church or Body of Christians, whether with or without cause. So that the immense pains which have been taken both by Papists and Protestants, in writing whole volumes against Schism, as a Separation, whether from the Church of *Rome*, or from the Church of *England*, exerting all their strength, and bringing all their learning, have been employed to mighty little purpose. They have been fighting with shadows of their own raising: violently combating a sin, which had no existence, but in their own imagination, which is not once forbidden, no nor once mentioned either in the Old or New Testament.

10. "But is there no sin resembling what so many learned and pious writers have termed *Schism*? and against which all the members of Religious Communities have need to be carefully guarded?" I do not doubt but there is; and I cannot tell, whether this too, may not in a remote sense be called *Schism*. I mean, "A causeless Separation from a body of living Christians." There is no absurdity in taking the word in this sense (though it be not strictly scriptural.) And it is certain, all the members of Christian Communities should be carefully guarded against it. For how little a thing soever it may seem, and how innocent soever it may be accounted, *Schism*, even in this sense, is both evil in itself, and productive of evil consequences.

11. It is evil in itself. To separate ourselves from a body of living Christians, with whom we were before united, is a grievous breach of the law of Love. It is the nature of Love to unite us together: and the greater the Love, the stricter the Union. And while this continues in its strength, nothing can divide those whom love has united. It is only when our love grows cold, that we can think of separating from our brethren. And this is certainly the case with any, who willingly separate from their Christian Brethren. The pretences for Separation

may be innumerable; but want of Love is always the real cause: otherwise they would still hold the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. It is therefore contrary to all those commands of God, wherein brotherly Love is enjoined: to that of St. Paul, *Let brotherly love continue*: that of St. John, *My beloved children, love one another*: and especially to that of our blessed Master, *This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you*. Yea, by this, saith he, *shall men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another*.

12. And as such a Separation is evil in itself, being a grievous breach of brotherly love, so it brings forth evil fruit; it is naturally productive of the most mischievous consequences. It opens a door to all unkind tempers, both in ourselves and others. It leads directly to a whole train of evil-furmifings, to severe and uncharitable judging of each other. It gives occasion to offence, to anger, and resentment, perhaps in ourselves as well as in our Brethren, which, if not presently stopped, may issue in bitterness, malice and settled hatred; creating a present hell wherever they are found, as a prelude to hell eternal.

[To be concluded in our next.]



*A Short Account of Mr. MATTHIAS JOYCE.*

[Continued from page 198.]

**I**N the month of September, 1773, and in the nineteenth year of my age, Mr. Wesley came to Dublin, when curiosity prevailed on me to go and hear him one Sabbath-day morning. As soon as I saw him, my heart clave to him; his hoary hairs, and grave deportment, commanded my respect, and gained my affections. What endeared me still more to him was, seeing him stoop to kiss a little child that stood on the stairs. However, though this prepared me for receiving the word of life,

so great was my darkness, that I could not understand what he said; and therefore went away as ignorant as I came.

The next Preacher I took notice of was Mr. *Floyd*. But I thought the first sermon I heard him preach was mere nonsense. However, I heard him again, and thought this sermon the best I had ever heard. After this, I went every other Sabbath to the preaching; yet still I was led captive by the devil at his will: but though I repeatedly resisted the Holy Ghost, yet my long-suffering God did not cease striving with me. For instead of giving me up, as he might justly have done, he deepened his work in my heart, and gave me to see, that if I remained a companion of fools I must inevitably be destroyed. On this I resolved to quit them all; which resolution I was enabled to perform, and my fellow apprentice and I agreed to watch over each other, and to reprove each other when we saw occasion.

About this time a providential circumstance helped to confirm my resolution of quitting the Church of Rome. I was one day in the shop, while my Master's son was turning over some old pamphlets, that had lain by for years as useless papers. At last he picked up one which contained an account of the conversion of *Anthony Egan*, a popish Priest, in which he discovers a variety of tricks made use of by the Priests to deceive the people. Annexed to this were twelve queries taken from the word of God, and proposed to the Church of Rome. When he looked at the title-page, he judged it would do for me; so handing it to me he said, "*Matt*. I will give thee this; it may be it will convert thee." I thankfully received it, and gave it a careful reading. The effects of which were,

1. A clearer discovery of the Church of Rome.
2. An indignation against those abominable tricks made use of by the Priests.
3. A great contempt for a set of men, who, to support a bad cause, were constrained to make use of such shifts, instead of sound argument.
4. A resolution to have no farther connexion with them.

From

From this time, I was very constant in hearing the Methodists, and walked more circumspect than formerly. I was likewise more constant in private devotions, and had some small conviction of the necessity of a farther work. I also fled from my old companions wherever I met them, and felt an abhorrence to the works of darkness, and had a regard for the people of God.

Thus I went on, till April 1774, when one Sabbath-day evening as I was going to bed, I felt an unusual love (such as I cannot express) to the people called Methodists; and a strong desire to be one of the number; but I thought they would not admit me as I was an apprentice. However I said to my fellow apprentice, If I was out of my time I would join myself to that people. He being more acquainted with some of them said, they admitted apprentices. On hearing this, I was glad, and resolved, without delay, to cast in my lot among them.

Accordingly on Friday the 6th of May, 1774 (a day to be had in remembrance by me) I waited on Mr. *Jaco*, to receive a note of admittance. My fellow apprentice (namely, *Bennet Dugdale*) went with me, more out of curiosity, than any real desire to become a member. Mr. *Jaco* brought us into a private apartment, and lovingly talked over the matter with us, then gave us our notes, saying, "The Lord write your names in the Lamb's book of life!"

A few months after we joined the Society, all the men that were at my Master's, together with their wives, joined the Society: two of whom are gone into eternity, and I hope under the smiles of heaven: most of the rest I fear have not adorned their Christian vocation. May that divine spirit who subdued my stubborn heart, convince them more deeply of the necessity of giving all diligence to make their calling and election sure!

I was two months in the Society before I was thoroughly convinced of the depravity of my nature, and of the necessity of

of being born again. But one day as I was going up stairs to the Printing-Office, I fell on my knees to pray (as I used frequently to do) when the Lord God appeared in terrible majesty, and Mount Sinai seemed to be in a flame. His voice thundered from the dreadful mount, and spoke in terror to my inmost soul, which made me tremble exceedingly! The Holy-Ghost shewed me the spirituality of the law, in such a manner, that I saw and felt, my inward parts were very wickedness. For some time I was quite dumb, and wondered that I was so great a monster! O what heart can conceive the exquisite distress of my soul at this moment! I groaned, being burthened with a deep sense of the wrath of God! I saw myself just on the brink of hell! I thought I was undone for ever, and despaired of ever being saved! But what distressed me most of all was, my want of faith; for I thought I had not so much faith as the devil. In this condition I remained for some time before I was able to speak; at last I cried out in bitterness of soul, "O Lord, I went among this people to serve thee better; but I fear I am worse than ever." Now Satan laid close and horrible siege to my soul, in order to destroy the good work, which the Lord had begun. He injected the most dreadful blasphemies, even filling me with the most horrible and uncommon ideas of God; and urging me every moment, like Job's wife, to curse him! Often have I concluded (and could scarce persuade myself to the contrary) that I had yielded to the temptation, and had really cursed God in my heart. O my God! thou knowest the distress and anguish of my soul at this season: and what strong cries I put up to thee for deliverance. But for wise ends thou wouldst not grant my request until I had suffered awhile. Yet thou didst support me in a wonderful manner; in giving me victory over outward sin, in making my conscience more tender, and in enabling me to form a determination, that if I perished it should be in thy service.

These



About nine years ago (having now lost the use of her limbs) she was carried to a Love-Feast, at Mr. G—'s, at which time her soul was filled with the pure love of God. From that time she was never heard to complain that God dealt hardly by her; but rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, and in every thing gave thanks.

Being asked a little before her death, if she found any temptation? she said, "I am sometimes tempted to think that God deals hardly with me; but these temptations all vanish by looking unto Jesus!"

For some years, her knees being drawn up to her breast, she was forced to lie constantly on one side, till her bones came nearly through her skin. Accordingly, she was so contracted, that when dead, her whole length was not quite two feet. She had also (besides constant pain) been quite blind for some time; and experienced very great poverty. Yet in all this she was so supported, that she could praise the Lord continually.

Sometime before her death, she said, "I see the gate of heaven open to receive me; and hear the Lord say, Come up, my love, my dove, my undefiled! He assures me I shall enter in: seeing my robes are washed, and made white in the blood of the Lamb. I shall soon mount up as on the wings of an eagle, and be where pain and sickness, sorrow and weeping shall be no more!" Having said this, she fell asleep in Jesus, in the 50th year of her age.

April 5, 1785.

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*Some Account of the Death of Mr. JOHN TREGELLAS, of St. Agnes, in Cornwall.*

**W**HEN he was about fifteen years of age, he caught a violent cold by sleeping on the grass. This so affected his health, that it was thought he would not recover; but proper

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means being used, he was in a great measure restored. He had at that time little or no concern for his salvation. When he was about seventeen, he was deeply awakened to a sense of his lost condition, and never rested till he had a clear manifestation of pardon. From that time he was an exemplary follower of his Redeemer; striving to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man. He was but just entered upon his twenty-first year when he again caught a violent cold, which alarmed all who had any regard for him; yet he was not apprehensive of his danger; but used to say, "In a few days I shall be as well as ever." One of his friends answering, Suppose you should not, are you resigned? he replied, with great cheerfulness, "I think I cannot be unresigned to the will of God, be it whatever it may." When he was advised to take the advice of a Physician, he answered, "I have no desire to live, but for the sake of one person whom I love above all the world; yet if the Lord is pleased to remove me, I shall be enabled to resign All that is dear to me." When one asked him if death appeared terrible? he answered, "No; though I do not enjoy that lively exercise of faith which I desire. Nevertheless I can give myself into the hands of God, and trust him for all I want." As his weakness increased, his graces were more conspicuous; for his patience, meekness, and humility excited the admiration of all who saw him.

After he was confined to his bed, he gave up all hopes of recovering, and made a full surrender of every thing below the sun. His soul was now all life and vigour. He seemed on the borders of heaven, and longed to depart and be with Christ. Yet he would frequently check his ardent desire, and say, "I want more patience to wait the Lord's time." Instead of complaining, he used frequently to say, "I bless God that I am about to be taken home, without any thing grievous to be borne." He talked of death with the greatest pleasure, and

and wondered that his emaciated body should so long keep him a prisoner below.

At seeing his friends weep, he said, "Let us rejoice the little time we have to spend together: and though we shall be separated for a season, we shall soon meet to part no more!" When any asked how he did, he answered, "I am happy!" or, "I am just got home!" or, "I am weak in body; but comfortable in my mind! O how precious is Jesus! I did not know that so much of heaven could be experienced on this side the grave."

At one time, being almost strangled by a fit of coughing, and seeing his friends much affected, as soon as he could speak he said, "The will of God be done! That is best! Do not weep; for you never see me weep! I am not suffering much! I could suffer much more!" He then exhorted all who were with him to make sure of heaven.

To an acquaintance at a distance he sent the following message, "You must prepare to meet the Lord. If you do not alter your present course of life, you are undone for ever!"

He expressed a great satisfaction in seeing the children of God. "O, said he, how do I love those who love God, though I have not seen some of them before!" When his friends repeated any portions of God's word, he seemed to lay hold upon them, all by faith, and then would express the peace and comfort they brought to his soul. He used to repeat the text he had chose for his funeral with inexpressible pleasure, "The redeemed of the Lord shall return to Zion with singing," &c.

When one asked him, What if the Lord should make you an example of patience, and leave you longer for a pattern to those around you, could you be willing? he answered, "Yes: I think I am willing for the Lord to do with me as he pleases, so I may be kept from dishonouring him." He was always thankful for the least kind office that was done him, and expressed much concern lest he should weary his friends. When

one said, I have reason to bless God that I have seen such an example of piety, both living and dying, he answered, "I would not have my friends think too highly of me, nor speak too much about me when I am gone." After taking a cordial, he said, "I have not vinegar and gall given me, as my blessed Master had."

The day before he died, the breaking of a blood vessel almost suffocating him, he seemed as in an agony; but as soon as he could speak, he said, "I am suffering a great deal!" On being asked, Are you happy? He answered, "Yes." A friend coming to his bed-side asked how he was? He answered, "Happy! happy! *John*, said he, will you make my coffin?" He answered, Yes. "Well, said he, and will it not give you much pleasure to work upon it, now you know I am going safe to glory."

The evening before he died the Doctor was with him, to whom he said, "What do you think of me now?" The Doctor answered, You will not be many hours here. He then smiled, and invited the Doctor to stay and see him die. But though the Doctor went away, he told me after, that what he had seen and heard had confirmed him in one point wherein he had been wavering, viz. whether a person could in this life, be wholly delivered from the fear of death?

The night he died he advised some of his friends to go home, lest their sitting up should injure their health; saying, "It appears as if I should not die to-night, seeing one symptom has not taken place which the Doctor expected about ten o'clock." However, about one o'clock in the morning he turned over, as if going to sleep; and at four his spirit returned to God, April 28, 1784.

Gretton, April 2, 1785,

JOSEPH TAYLOR,

*I was*

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*I was exceedingly struck at reading the following Life; having long settled it in my mind, that the entertaining wrong notions concerning the Trinity, was inconsistent with real Piety. But I cannot argue against matter of fact. I dare not deny that Mr. Firmin was a pious man: although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous.*

*J. W.*

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*An Extract from the Life of Mr. THOMAS FIRMIN.*

**M**R. Thomas Firmin was born at *Ipswich*, in *Suffolk*, in June, 1632, being the son of *Henry Firmin*, and *Prudence* his wife, who were of the number of those who were then called *Puritans*.

When he was capable of it, they put him 'prentice in *London*, under a Master who was an *Arminian*, a hearer of Mr. *John Goodwin*. Our young man accompanying his Master to the elegant sermons of Mr. *Goodwin*, soon exchanged the harsh opinions of *Calvin*, in which he had been educated, for those of *Arminius*.

As to his demeanor in his apprenticeship; he was so nimble in his motions, in taking down, opening goods and the like, that some gave him the name of Spirit. And in making his bargain, his words and address were so pleasing, that after some time the customers rather chose to deal with *Thomas* than with his Master: and if a bargain stuck between a customer and his Master, he would decide the difference to the liking of both.

So soon as he was made free, he began to trade for himself, though his first stock was but about 100*l*. By the opinion he had raised of himself among the Merchants and others, and the love he had gained among a great number of acquaintance, he  
overcame

overcame the difficulties of so weak a beginning; so that in the year 1660, he married a citizen's daughter with 500l.

From his first setting up for himself, he would be acquainted with all persons that seemed to be worthy; Foreigners as well as English, more especially Ministers. He seldom dined without some such at his table; which, though somewhat chargeable, was of great use to him afterwards, both in relation to the poor and the public. For out of his large acquaintance he engaged the powerful interest of some, and the weighty purses of others, in some of his great designs of charity, or services to the public.

Mr. *Firmin's* diversion in this part of his life was Gardening, for which purpose he cultivated a piece of ground at *Hoxton*, where he raised flowers, and in time attained no small skill in the art of Gardening; in the culture of flowers, herbs, greens and fruit-trees of all sorts. I have often borne him company to his garden; but either going or coming back he used often to visit the poor and sick: he judged it his duty not only to relieve, but *visit* the poor and sick; because they are hereby encouraged and comforted, and we come to know what their real states are; and their condition being known, we are able to assist them by our own counsel, or our interest more effectually than by the alms we *do* or *can* bestow upon them.

By his first wife he had a son and a daughter; the former lived to man's estate, but died a bachelor about seven years before his father. The mother of these two children died while Mr. *Firmin* was occasionally at *Cambridge*: where he dreamt that he saw his wife breathing her last: whereupon early he took horse for *London*; but on the way thither he met the messenger who was sent to give him notice of her decease. Hitherto he had no more than a *competency*; yet he was even then a most kind brother, uncle and kinsman: as appears from the following copy of a paper written by one of his nearest relations, who had lived with him above thirty years.

“ He

“He had many relations of several degrees, who stood in need of his help; to whom he was a very kind brother, uncle and kinsman: besides the great pains he took to promote them, as it lay in his way or power. His loss by some of them, for whom he advanced money, and his disbursements for others of them, amounted to very considerable sums; a good part of which was not long after his beginning in the world; which was the greater prejudice to him because *then* his own circumstances required money to carry on his trade with ease and advantage. Be sure he had then more occasion for his money, than when he was arrived to a very considerable estate, which he did not till about seventeen years before his death. His estate *was then, three times greater than when he died*, though then considerable. He might easily have increased it as much as he diminished it, had he set his heart on riches; but those he never valued in comparison of doing good: and I have often heard him say, *I will not die worth more than five thousand pounds.*”

His beneficence to his kindred, proceeded not merely from natural affection; but from his *reverence to the Christian religion*. He would frequently say, that passage of *St. Paul to Timothy* is to be read as it stands in *the margin* of our Bibles, “He that provideth not for his own Kindred, is worse than an Infidel.” He now grew into intimacy with *Dr. Whichcote*, *Dr. Worthington*, and *Dr. Wilkins*. *Dr. Wilkins* was afterwards Bishop of *Chester*. *Mr. Tillotson*, afterwards made Doctor and Archbishop of *Canterbury*. And in their dignity, and to the very last, he had the same place in their esteem and friendship, that he had formerly had. While *Dr. Tillotson* preached the *Tuesdays’ Lecture* at *St. Lawrence*, so much frequented by all the Divines of the town, and by a great many persons of distinction: when the Doctor was obliged to be out of town, he generally left it to *Mr. Firmin* to provide Preachers for his Lectures, and *Mr. Firmin* never failed to supply his place with some very eminent Preacher;

Preacher; so that there never was any complaint on the account of Dr. *Tillotson's* absence. And this Mr. *Firmin* could easily do, for now there was hardly a Divine of note (whether in *London* or in the country, that frequented *London*) but Mr. *Firmin* was come acquainted with him. This helped him much to serve the interest of many hopeful young Preachers and Scholars; Candidates for Lectures, Schools, or Cures; for whom he would solicit with as much diligence as other men do for their sons, or near relations.

[*To be continued*]



The REMAINS of JOHN NELSON.

FRAGMENT THIRD: concerning S. H. of Hanging Heaton.

S. H. falling into a kind of trance, when she came to herself she told her husband she had been both in heaven and hell. When she was in the latter, she said she saw several there whom she had known on earth. As she came out, she said, she saw one she knew (whom she then named) tumbling in head and heels together. As soon as she came to herself, she sent her husband to see whether he was dead or not. When he enquired of the family, they had no thought of his death, seeing he was quite well when he went to bed. But on going to see, they found him dead, with his head and heels together, as she had seen him before.

On this she gave some account of what she had seen in heaven. Among others, she said she saw *Paul Greenwood*, who shone like a sun-beam, together with many more she knew on earth: moreover, she saw the place she was to go to. She then told them when she was to die, and accordingly died exactly at that time.

When

When these things were noised abroad, many hearts were filled with fear; and perhaps a few more stirred up to seek the Lord with greater earnestness.

N. B. This woman had known the Lord, and adorned the Gospel twelve years.

JOHN NELSON.

[*The Fourth in our next.*]



*The Unsearchableness of GOD'S JUDGMENTS.*

[*Continued from page 205.*]

10. **A** GAIN, God permitteth things bad in their own nature, with regard to their instrumental use and tendency; for often the worst things may be ordinarable to the best ends; things very bitter may work pleasant effects; upon the wildest flock divine husbandry can engraft excellent fruit: sin really, and suffering repeatedly, are the worst evils; yet even from them much glory to God, and great benefit to men may accrue. Even from the most wicked act that ever was committed, from the most lamentable event that ever happened, fruits admirably glorious, and immensely beneficial sprung; yet usually so blind are we as to be offended at such things, and from them to raise exceptions against Providence.

11. Also the expediency of things to be permitted or crossed, doth frequently consist, not in themselves singly taken, as particular acts or events; but in their reference to others, with which they may become subservient toward a common end: so that divers things, in themselves extremely bad, may, by combination or collision, engender good effects; and thence prove fit weapons or tools of Providence: as the most deadly poisons may be so mixed, that curbing one anothers force they may constitute a harmless mass, sometimes a wholesome medicine; but we-



they may be tempered, or how applied by a skilful hand, can hardly deem the toleration of them congruous to wisdom. Farther,

12. That Providence sometimes is obscure and intricate, may be attributed to the will of God, upon divers good accounts designing it to be such: *Verily, saith the Prophet, thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour.*

God commonly doth not intend to exert his hand notoriously; for that whereas every special interposition of his hand is in effect a miracle, (surmounting the natural power, or thwarting the ordinary course of inferior causes) it doth not become him to prostitute his miraculous power, or to exert it otherwise than upon singular occasions, and for most weighty causes. It is not conformable to the tenor of his administrations to convince men against their will, or by irresistible evidence to wring persuasion from stubborn and stupid minds; but to exercise the wisdom, and to prove the ingenuity of well-disposed persons; who upon competent intimations, shall be capable to spell out, and approve his proceedings.

13. He will not glare forth in discoveries so bright as to dazzle, and confound our weak sight; therefore he veileth his face with a cloud, and wrappeth his power in some obscurity: therefore *Clouds and darknes are round about him; he maketh darknes his secret place: his pavilion round about him is dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky.*

14. He meaneth thereby to exalt and improve our faith, being the less seen, that He may be the more believed: faith never rising higher, than when it doth soar to objects beyond our sight; when we can approve God's wisdom and justice in occurrences surmounting our conceit; when we can rely upon God's word and help, although the stream of his proceedings seemeth to cross our hopes.

15. It is fit also that God should act many times designedly in ways surpassing our apprehension, and apt to baffle or puzzle our reason, that he may appear God indeed, infinitely transcending

scending us in perfection of wisdom and justice; or that we, comprehending the reason of his actings, may not imagine our wisdom comparable, our justice commensurate to his; yea that we in those respects exceed him; for "That (as *Tertullian* discourseth) which may be seen, is less than the eyes that survey it: that which may be comprehended, is less than the hands that grasp it; that which may be valued, is less than the senses which rate it:" it is God's being inestimable that makes him worthily esteemed; his being incomprehensible, rendereth him adorable.

16. The obscurity of Providence doth indeed conciliate an awful reverence toward it; for darkness naturally raiseth a dread of invisible powers. We use to go on tremblingly, when we cannot see far about us; we regard none so much as those whose wisdom we find to over-reach ours, and whose intentions we cannot found: it was *Elihu's* observation, *With God is terrible majesty, the Almighty we cannot find him out; men do therefore fear him.*

17. It is also requisite that God should dispose many occurrences, crosses to our vulgar notions, and offensive to our carnal sense, that we may thence be prompted to think of God, driven to seek him, engaged to mark him interposing in our affairs. Men from disorderly and surprising accidents, preposterously conceive doubts about Providence, as if it managing things, nothing odd, or amiss would occur; whereas if no such events did start up, they might be proner to question it; they would at least come to forget or neglect it. For if human transactions passed on as do the motions of nature, in a smooth course, without any rub or disturbance, men commonly would no more think of God, than they do when they behold the sun rising, the rivers running, the sea flowing; they would not depend on his protection, or have recourse to him for succour. It is difficulty and distress seizing them, which compel men to implore God for relief, which dispose them to see his hand

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reaching

reaching it forth to them; according to that in the Psalmist, *When he slew them, then they sought him; they returned and enquired early after God; they remembered that God was their Rock, and the most high God their Redeemer.*

[*To be continued.*]

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*A Short Account of the WORK of GOD in the County of Fermanagh, in Ireland: by Mr. S. M.*

[*Concluded from page 211.*]

JANUARY 1, 1785, was the Quarterly Meeting at *Lisfern*, and a lively one it was. The next evening I preached; and a man which had been a hearer many years, found a sense of acceptance. On the 7th, there were two young women in the house of *Robert Graham*, who had a desire to cross a large river near *Aughalun*, to see some friends, who lived on the other side. Some of the family going out, saw a bright flame reaching across the river, just where the passage was. Notwithstanding this they went over. But attempting to return in the morning, the river which had been much swollen by rain in the night, swept them both away.

On the 7th, *Jane Buchanan* knew her interest in Christ, and soon after, rejoiced in his perfect love. Sunday 9, *Mary Smith*, was accepted in the Beloved, and on Sunday 30, *Jane Kelfo*, twelve years old. February 6, though the snow was deep, a large congregation got to *Patrick Johnson's*. One of them, *Elizabeth Hern*, had waded the river, and stood, wet as she was, all the time of the sermon. She wept bitterly, and was in a great agony, till the Lord conquered and filled her with his love. Sunday 13, at the meeting of the Society well nigh every one felt that God was there, and *Mary Tremble* knew her sins were forgiven. On the 24th, she and her sister, with a few more went to prayer at her father's, and continued weeping

weeping and crying to God, till their father came in, being afraid, they were going to kill one another: but seeing them on their knees, he fell down on his; and they went on, till the other sister was filled with peace. The elder of the two is about thirteen years old.

Thursday 24, three souls were set at liberty. The case of one of these was peculiar. A few weeks before, she had so violently opposed her husband's joining with this people, as even to strike him. He did not strike her again, but immediately advertised all he had to be sold by auction, on such a day. She was much frightened, asked his pardon, and solemnly promised, never more to oppose his going where he would. He said, "Nay, you must go with me and hear for yourself?" I told him, Make haste, or she will get before you. And so she did; being soon after justified, and in a short time enabled to love God with her whole heart.

Monday 28, I rode to the other side of the Circuit. When I began preaching, I had much pain in my breast and side. But all on a sudden my pain was gone, my tongue was loosed, and the spirit of the people bowed down before the word of God. Of three who were justified that day, two were, a mother and her daughter; and there were hardly five minutes distance between the one and the other.

For some time after, very few days past without one or more finding peace with God. Sunday, April 17, Mr. *Hetherington* and I, after preaching at *Kilmore*, held a Love-feast: at which it pleased God to display his saving power, in a wonderful manner. The next morning I found my mare almost killed by another: but I could say, "The will of the Lord be done!"

About this time *Jane Kelfo* talked closely to *William Cooke*, about eight years of age. As she was speaking, he began to cry in such a manner as roused the whole family. "O, said he, you would have let me go to hell, had not *Jenny Kelfo* warned me of my danger." They continued in prayer for him,  
 till

till he broke out into such praise as astonished them all. April 21, *Isabella Beatie*, about eight years old found peace; on the 22d, *Eleanor M'Laughlin*, aged eighty: and on the 23d, so did *Rebecca*, ten years old, sister to *Isabella*. On the 24th, I preached at *Joseph Forster's*. In the time of preaching many groans and cries were heard: so that many when I began to sing, could not join, but groaned and wept still. I then addressed the careless part of the congregation and asked, "Why will you reject the counsel of God against yourselves?" The tears then fell from most eyes: and when we prayed, all was weeping and lamentation. I then went to get a little fresh air, leaving some of our brethren to pray till my return. When I did return, many were convinced of sin, two backsliders were healed, and seven persons could magnify the Lord for a sense of his pardoning mercy.

June 13, we had a Love-feast at my father's. From the very beginning of which, many spoke freely of the dealings of God with their souls. Among these was a boy eight years old, and several other children, from eight to twelve years old, who spoke both with wisdom and power: at last we betook ourselves to prayer, and pardoning love suddenly took place in many hearts. Those who were not joined with us, now came forward to the doors, and began to weep, and some of them to cry aloud for mercy. Their cries were so vehement that the Preachers were obliged to separate themselves, and go from one place to another, to exhort and comfort the mourners: and were soon constrained to have prayer in four or five different parts of the house at once. Through much labour and tears many were brought to the birth, and then God gave strength to bring forth. By the lowest computation, between twenty-five and thirty children were born that day. Mean time very many were convinced of the impurity of their nature, who were in as great distress as those that sought for pardon. There were probably many more that escaped our notice, not being personally known to us. Such a display of divine power and love, we never saw before.

Saturday,

Saturday, 18. Brother *Barber* and I went to assist our Brother *Joseph Armstrong*, to hold a meeting near *Bellock*. While we were preaching in a field, the Spirit of the Lord fell upon the congregation in a glorious manner. So that even the children of God cried out and trembled: yea and some of them fell to the earth. Mean time there was a shaking among the dry bones. Many were convinced of their guilt, and many of the want of purity of heart: which two of them attained in the Love-feast that followed.

This is a brief and imperfect account of that great Work of God. May it increase till the day of the Lord!



*Some Account of M. JACKSON'S Witchcraft.*

THIS woman was arraigned and condemned at Newgate, for bewitching one *Mary Glover*, a merchant's daughter in Thames-street. Dr. *Bencroft* informed Judge *Anderson*, then Lord Chief Justice, that *M. Jackson* was wronged, and that the maid counterfeited: whereupon the Lord Chief Justice gave orders to Sir *John Crook*, then Recorder of London, to make trial of them, in his chamber at the Temple. The maid being sent for, came with her mother and divers of her neighbours; and about an hour after, the witch was brought in, disguised like a country market-woman, with a muffler hiding her face, an old hat, and a short cloke bespattered with mire. When she entered the chamber, the maid fell down backward upon the floor, with her eyes drawn into her head, her tongue toward her throat, her mouth drawn up to her ear, her body becoming stiff and senseless. Her lips being shut close, an audible voice came out of her nostrils, saying, "Hang her, hang her." Then the Recorder called for a candle, and a sheet of paper, and held the paper flaming to her hand, till it blistered. The blister breaking, water came out, which dropped down upon the floor; the maid lying still and senseless as a dead

dead body, with the voice coming out of her nostrils, saying, "Hang her, hang her." Then the Recorder called for a long pin, which he held in the flame of a candle till it was very hot, and thrust the head of it into her nostrils, to see if that would make her sneeze, wink, bend her brows, or stir her head; which she did not; but lay still, as if she had been quite dead. On this I told the Recorder, that I had often prayed with the maid, and that when I concluded with the Lord's prayer, as soon as I said, "But deliver us from evil," she was tossed up, and shaken as when a mastiff-dog takes a little cur into his mouth and shakes him. The Recorder then bade the witch say the Lord's prayer, which she did, till she came to these words, "but deliver us from evil," which she skipped over, and would by no means be brought to say them. I told the Recorder also, that when the maid was in her fits, if the witch did but lay her hand upon her, she was tossed, and thrown towards her. Thereupon the Recorder caused the maid to be taken up, and laid upon a bed, and clothes to be laid upon her head, that she might not see nor hear. Then he made signs to the women to stand round about the bed, and the witch to stand among them; and that every one should lay hands upon her softly; which they did, but the maid did not stir, till the witch laid her hand upon her: then all the clothes were thrown off, and the maid tossed towards her. Whereupon, the Recorder, looking upon the witch, said, "Lord have mercy upon thee, woman!" and sent her to Newgate. As soon as she was gone, the voice that came out of the maid's nostrils ceased, and she came to herself, and went home with her mother.

About three weeks after, the witch was condemned, the maid continued, every second day, in most strange and fearful torments. The Recorder hearing of it, blamed me, and all the Ministers of *London*; and told me, That we might all of us be ashamed, to see a child of God in the claws of the devil; without any hopes of deliverance, but by such means as God hath appointed, viz. fasting and prayer.

A few

A few days after, five other Ministers and I fet a day apart, to join in that holy exercise; wherein we continued from morning till night. Then, on a sudden, after a fearful conflict, which caused some to cry, with a confused noise, "Jesus save! Jesus help!" the maid started up out of a chair, and lifted me up with her, while I kneeled behind her, and held her in my arms: she also threw white froth out of her mouth, about the chamber; and, on a sudden, fell down into the chair, as one truly dead, with her head hanging down into the chair: her neck and arms being limber, which before were stiff. But life coming into her whole body, her eyes, which were drawn into her head, and her tongue, which was pulled into her throat, came into their right place. Then looking with a cheerful countenance, round about the chamber, with a loud voice said, "O he is come! he is come! the Comforter is come! I am delivered! I am delivered?" Her father hearing these words, wept for joy; and, with a faltering voice, said, "O these were her grandfather's words when he was at the stake, the fire cracking about him!" (It seems he died a martyr in Queen Mary's time.) Then she kneeled down, and praised God for her deliverance, till her voice grew weak. On this I spoke to her to forbear, and let one of us end the day with thanksgiving. This being done, I took her home to my own house, in Great St. Helen's, which then was my living.

This relation was published in the year 1642, by the Minister himself, whose name was *Lewis Hughes*, and is yet to be seen in print.

Query. Seeing this relation is attested by Mr. *Hughes*, then Rector of Great St. Helen's; seeing he has attested it as an affair in which five other Ministers, together with Dr. *Bencroft*, Lord Chief Justice *Anderfon*, and Sir *George Crook*, Recorder of *London*, were concerned; and seeing it was publicly tried at the Old Bailey, and the account published while the parties concerned were still living; is it not far more absurd to doubt the truth of it, than to believe it?





guided to was the well of *David* so passionately thirsted after, 2 Sam. xxiii. 15.

About two furlongs beyond this well, are to be seen some remains of an old aqueduct, which anciently conveyed the waters from *Solomon's* pools to *Jerusalem*. This is said to be the genuine work of *Solomon*; and may well be allowed to be in reality, what it is pretended for. It is carried all along upon the surface of the ground, and is composed of very large stones, set into each other with a fillet framed round about the cavity, to prevent leakage; and united to each other with so firm a cement, that they will sometimes sooner break (though a kind of coarse marble) than endure a separation. This train of stones was covered, for its greater security, with a case of smaller stones laid over it in a very strong mortar. The whole work seems to be endued with such absolute firmness, as if it had been designed for eternity. But the Turks have demonstrated in this instance, that nothing can be so well wrought, but they are able to destroy it. For of this strong aqueduct, which was carried formerly five or six leagues, with so vast expence and labour, you see now only here and there a fragment remaining.

Saturday, April 3. We went about mid-day to see the function of the *Holy Fire*. This is a ceremony kept up by the Greeks and Armenians, upon a persuasion, that every Easter eve a miraculous flame descends from heaven into the holy Sepulchre, and kindles all the lamps and candles there.

Coming to the Church of the holy Sepulchre, we found it crowded with a numerous mob, making a hideous clamour, better becoming Bacchanals than Christians. Getting with some struggle through this crowd, we went up into the gallery, whence we could discern all that passed.

They began by running round the holy Sepulchre with all their might, crying out as they went, *Huia*, which signifies *this is he*, or *this is it*; an expression by which they assert the verity of the Christian Religion.

K k 2

Toward

Toward the end of the procession, a pidgeon came fluttering into the Cupola over the Sepulchre; at sight of which, there was a greater shout and clamour than before. This bird, the Latins told us, was purposely let fly by the Greeks, to deceive the people into an opinion that it was a visible descent of the Holy Ghost.

The procession being over, the Suffragan of the Greek Patriarch (he being himself at *Constantinople*;) and the principal Armenian Bishop approached to the door of the Sepulchre, and cutting the string with which it was fastened, entered in, shutting the door after them; all the candles and lamps within having been before extinguished, in the presence of the Turks and other witnesses. The exclamations were doubled, as the miracle drew nearer; and the people pressed with such vehemence towards the door of the Sepulchre, that it was not in the power of the Turks, set to guard it, with the severest drubs, to keep them off. The cause of their pressing in this manner, is the great desire they have to light their candles at the holy flame, as soon as it is first brought out of the Sepulchre.

The two Miracle-Mongers had not been above a minute in the holy Sepulchre, when the glimmering of the holy Fire was seen through some chinks of the door; and certainly Bedlam itself never saw such an unruly transport, as was produced in the mob at this sight.

Immediately after, out came the two Priests with blazing torches in their hands, which they held up at the door of the Sepulchre, while the people thronged about with inexpressible ardour; every one striving to obtain a part of the first and purest flame.

So many hands being employed, you may be sure, it could not be long before innumerable tapers were lighted. The whole Church, galleries and every place seemed instantly to be in a flame; and with this illumination the ceremony ended,

It

It must be owned, that those two within the Sepulchre, performed their part with great dexterity: but the behaviour of the rabble without, very much discredited the miracle. The Latins take a great deal of pains to expose the ceremony, as a most shameful imposture; but the Greeks and Armenians pin their faith upon it, and make their pilgrimages chiefly upon this motive: and it is the deplorable unhappiness of their Priests, that have acted the cheat so long, they are forced now to stand to it for fear of endangering the apostasy of their people.

[*To be continued.*]



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

[*Continued from page 219.*]

#### FARTHER REFLECTIONS.

**W**E must not expect ever to have a clear and full conception of effects, natures, and causes. For where is the thing which we can fully conceive? We can no more comprehend either what body in general is, or any particular body, suppose a mass of clay, or a ball of lead, than what a spirit, or what God is.

If we turn our eyes to the minutest parts of animal life, we shall be lost in astonishment! And though every thing is alike easy to the Almighty, yet to us it is matter of the highest wonder, that in those specks of life we find a great number of members to be put in motion, more wheels and pulleys to be kept going, and a greater variety of machinery, more elegance and workmanship (so to speak) in the composition, more beauty and ornament in the finishing, than are seen in the enormous bulk of the crocodile, the elephant, or the whale. Yea, they seem to be the effects of an art, as much more exquisite as the

the movements of a watch are, to those of a coach or waggon.

Hence we learn, That an atom to God is as a world, and a world but as an atom; just as to him, one day is as a thousand years; and a thousand years but as one day. Every species likewise of these animalculæ may serve to correct our pride, and shew how inadequate our notions are, to the real nature of things. How extremely little can we possibly know, either of the largest or smallest part of the creation? We are furnished with organs capable of discerning, to a certain degree, of great or little only. All beyond is as far beyond the reach of our conception, as if it had never existed.

Proofs of a wise, a good and powerful being are indeed deducible from every thing around us; but the extremely great and the extremely small, seem to furnish us with those that are most convincing. And perhaps, if duly considered, the fabric of a world, and the fabric of a mite, may be found equally striking and conclusive.

Glasses discover unto us numberless kinds of living creatures, quite undiscernable to the naked eye. And how many thousand kinds may there be, gradually decreasing in size, which we cannot see by any help whatever? Yet to all these we must believe God has not only appointed the most wise means for preservation and propagation; but has adorned them with beauty equal at least to any thing our eyes have seen.

In short, the world around us is the mighty volume wherein God hath declared himself. Human languages and characters are different in different nations. And those of one nation are not understood by the rest. But the book of nature is written in an universal character, which every man may read in his own language. It consists not of words, but things, which picture out the Divine perfections. The firmament every where expanded, with all its starry host, declares the immensity and magnificence, the power and wisdom of its Creator. Thunder, lightning, storms, earthquakes and volcanos, shew the

the terror of his wrath. Seasonable rains, sun-shine and harvest, denote his bounty and goodness, and demonstrate how he opens his hand, and fills all living things with plenteousness. The constantly succeeding generations of plants and animals, imply the eternity of their first cause. Life subsisting in millions of different forms, shews the vast diffusion of this animating power, and death the infinite disproportion between him and every living thing.

Even the actions of animals are an eloquent and a pathetic language. Those that want the help of man have a thousand engaging ways, which like the voice of God speaking to his heart, command him to preserve and cherish them. In the mean time the motions or looks of those which might do him harm, strike him with terror, and warn him, either to fly from or arm himself against them. Thus it is, that every part of nature directs us to nature's God.

[*To be continued.*]



*Of the* I N Q U I S I T I O N .

[*Continued from page 222.*]

**T**HE next thing to be related, is the method of apprehending and imprisoning criminals.

The Inquisitors have a power to apprehend and imprison any person, a native of their province; or a foreigner under their jurisdiction, that has once been a Papist, and left their communion, upon the evidence of one witness only. So that when an information is lodged against any person, and it is the opinion of the Board, that the person accused is guilty, the Fiscal formally demands of the Inquisitors power to apprehend him; and the warrant is signed by the Inquisitors, and directed to the proper Officer.

But

But all criminals have not alike places of confinement. Yet, though some cells are lighter than others, they are all very horrible and nasty; though it is dignified with the amiable title of *Santa Casa*, i. e. the *Holy House*. The manner in which these cells are built is calculated to hold a great number of miserable creatures. The prison consists of several porticoes; each of which is divided into a number of small square cells ten feet high; all vaulted, and built over each other in two rows. The uppermost cells receive a weak glimmering of day, through narrow openings, guarded with iron grates above the reach of a tall man. Those below are not only quite dark, but narrower than the others. The walls are five feet thick. Each cell is fastened with two doors; the inner one thick, covered with iron; and in the lowest part of it there is an iron gate; in the upper part there is a small window, that shuts with two iron bolts through which the prisoner receives such necessaries as are thought proper to give him. The outer door is entire without any opening in it at all; and this is generally left open every morning from six to eleven, to air the prison.

When the prisoners are safely lodged in these cells, whether they are men or women, their heads are shaved on the first or second day of their confinement, without any regard to birth or quality. Those who are confined in the lower cells, generally sit in darkness, and are sometimes kept there for several years, without any one's being suffered to go to, or speak to them, except their keepers; and they only at certain hours, when they give them their provision. They are not allowed any books of devotion, but are shut up in darkness and solitude, that they may be broke by the horrors of so dreadful a confinement, and by the miseries of it forced to confess things, which oftentimes they have never done. And as to their provisions, they are to submit to the discretion of the Lords the Inquisitors, and of their harpies their Officers, who never fail of taking a tenth part of every thing that goes through their hands.

No

No one in the prison must so much as mutter, or make any noise. If any one bemoans himself, or prays to God with an audible voice, or sings a psalm or sacred hymn, the keepers, who continually watch in the porches, and can hear even the least sound, immediately come to him and admonish him that silence must be preserved in this house. If the prisoner does not obey, the keepers admonish him again. If after this the prisoner persists, the keeper severely beats him with a stick; not only to chastise him, but to deter others, who, because the cells are contiguous, and deep silence is kept, can very easily hear the outcries and sound of the blows.

In the mean time, various cruel means are used to extort confessions from those whom the Inquisitors have a desire to ruin; or to make evidences against others. And to convince us of their implacable hatred against Protestants, and that they have more mercy on a Turk or a Jew, than on a Christian that opposes the gospel to the doctrines of Popery: they except nobody accused of such heresy from the torture; though clergymen, monks, religious of all sorts, doctors, soldiers, officers, noblemen and their children, are exempt from it in all other causes and crimes.

[*To be continued.*]

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An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

[By a late Author.]

D I A L O G U E I.

[*Continued from page 225.*]

*Callistus.* AFTER all this tedious preparation, I found myself still unlikely to gain my purpose! She frankly confessed she loved me; but stopped my mouth with indignation, whenever I attempted to insinuate the completion



of my wishes. I began to fear that all my schemes would be frustrated; when one night that my injured friend was out of town, I persuaded her to go to the masquerade. There I exerted all my arts of pleasing; but, as I had long experienced the weakness of their power on this obstinate virtue, I prevailed on her at different times, to drink several glasses of Champagne, which operated to my wish. Her blood inflamed, her imagination heated, and her conscience lulled asleep, I conveyed her to a place commodious for my purpose, and there, like a base, cruel assassin, destroyed her virtue while it slumbered. But O with what terrors did it wake! All her guilt glared before her eyes! Her soul was overcome with confusion and terror! She sunk into a long swoon!—I knew not whether she would ever recover! Astonishment, compassion, fear, shame, remorse and horror, shook my whole frame!—My knees smote one against the other! A cold dew hung upon my forehead! and I would have given the whole world, to have recalled one hour.—At length she was restored—But to what? Shall I say to life! Alas! she has ever since been dying.—For some time, she seemed to be in a manner stupified. She looked up at me with a peaceful, unthinking countenance! She held out her beautiful hand to me, which mine trembled as it received! I stood in that state of fearful expectation which those feel, who know, by a certain stillness of all nature, that an earthquake must succeed. She looked round the room with an emotion of surprise, as not recollecting where she was! Then she turned to me again, with meek enquiring eyes!—I could not speak—My very soul was chilled! My tongue was frozen! I looked like a guilty robber!—She seemed to wonder at my silence; when sudden recollection lighted up her eyes with all the rage of all the passions!—Her brain seemed to boil with the heat of her imagination! Her heart beat with astonishing fury!—Now was the dreadful earthquake! Her bosom worked with convulsive heavings! I dreaded every moment her falling into more dangerous fits; for she could not  
weep:

weep: so that I trembled, lest the furious conflict finding no vent, should suddenly destroy her. I then threw myself at her feet, and with all the moving gestures, and softening expressions I could devise, endeavoured to melt her into tears. I succeeded at last, and then had reason to fear that she would have been stifled with the raging torrent! I believe it was an hour before she was in any degree composed; in all which time she never spoke three words, nor hardly looked on me. Her eyes were sometimes fixed upon the floor, and sometimes cast up to heaven, with a look of such unutterable anguish, as wrung my heart. At last the fountain of her tears dried up, and she sunk into a fixt thoughtfulness for some time. Then with an air of resolution and dignity, desired me to find her some method of conveyance home. I put her into a chair, and she left me to enjoy my triumph. But how did I enjoyed it! I was distracted! I feared from her manner, I had nothing further to expect; and yet my wishes were no less eager!—See how they were satisfied!—This was the assignation I received next day.

Sir,

“THINK not I am going to reproach you.—No; I am too deeply plunged in guilt myself, to upbraid another. My only end in this, is to conjure you, to be careful of my reputation; the loss of which only is wanting to complete my misery. I beseech you by these tears which blot the writing, let not any act or word escape you, that may give a suspicion of our fatal secret; when I solemnly declare, that I never will repeat it. The remainder of my wretched days must be devoted to sorrow and severe repentance: would to heaven you may be disposed to dedicate your own to the same purposes! O that we may meet, through the mercy of God, hereafter, in a better state, freed from that shame and confusion which must for ever accompany the sight of each other here! Spare me the mortification as much as possible, without making the sudden interruption of our acquaintance remarkable. Do not disturb

the sacred moments of a dying wretch; but, since you have utterly destroyed the happiness of my present state of existence, help me to escape perfect misery in the next, and pray for the desolate

LUCINDA."

[*To be continued.*]

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*Of the ACTION of GOD and the CREATURES.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

AS the creatures exist in the divine immensity, so they act by the divine efficacy. But as their receiving existence originally from God does not hinder them from having a being distinct from his; so their receiving originally power from God, does not hinder their having a real activity distinct from his. It is by God's continued efficacy that all beings become intelligent and intelligible; that bodies move bodies; that spirits act upon spirits; and that these two substances influence each other by an immediate communication as analogous in this that they represent the same original. It is in God that they live, move, and have their being. The creatures whether fallen or unfallen, are never entirely detached from their almighty cause. The only difference betwixt glorious and mortal bodies, beatified and depraved spirits, is, that God operates more in the one than in the other; manifests himself more to the former than to the latter: but he is equally present to all. He not only preserves and governs all things by his providence; but makes them act, yet in such a manner that second causes move and act by a force that is proper to them. As the creating is not a real emanation of the divine essence; so the omnipresent energy, that gives activity to second causes, is not the same with divine action. In both cases the essence and activity imparted to the creatures are quite distinct from the divine essence and action.

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It is true, we cannot conceive how this force produces its effect. We do not see how bodies move bodies; far less how spirits move spirits; and least of all, how these two substances act reciprocally upon each other. When one body acts upon another to transport it from place to place, all we see is a contact of surfaces; but the idea of contact does not infer transporting. We do not comprehend how the soul moves the hand; nor how the hand communicates force to a stone thrown; nor how this stone preserves this force after the hand has abandoned it; nor in fine, how this force passes from one body to another. Thus the communication of force by spirit to body is altogether incomprehensible. We understand far less yet, how bodies can act upon spirits. It cannot be by contact and junction of extended surfaces; since spirits have none. It is also certain that unintelligent matter alone cannot produce in spirits ideas and sensations; since the effect cannot be superior to the cause. That force in matter, and which makes it act, is not essential to it.

Moreover, that emanant activity by which spirits act upon matter, is not essential to them: they might have existed eternally, though they had no communication with matter. The force therefore by which spirits act upon matter, and matter upon spirits, is entirely an effect of that vital, spiritual, all-creating energy that reaches through the whole series of beings; that reaches from one end of the universe to the other. This universal energy is the original source of the activity we see in the creatures; though not the immediate cause of all their actions. It communicates to them activity, as well as existence. As they have a real existence distinct from God, so they have a real activity distinct from his. Their action is different from God's, as their substance is distinct from his. This universal force makes bodies act; but they are real agents. It renders spirits perceiving and intelligent; but they really perceive and reason. It makes matter perceptible; but matter is really perceived: otherwise the creation of bodies would have been useless and superfluous.

Aa



AN UNCOMMON MURDER.

A Ship named the *Earl of Sandwich*, failed from *London* in August, 1765, for *Santa Cruz*; where discharging their cargo, they failed to *Oratavo*, and took in a cargo of wine: a large quantity of Spanish dollars, some ingots of gold, some jewels, and gold-dust. With this cargo they failed for *London*, and had then on board *John Cockeran*, master; *Charles Pinchent*, mate; *James Pinchent*, mariner; *Benjamin Gallispy*, cabin-boy: Captain *Glass*, his wife and daughter, with a boy belonging to them, passengers: and moreover, *Peter M'Kinlie*, boatswain; *George Gidley*, cook; *Richard St. Quinten*, and *Andrew Zekerman*, mariners.

The four last entered into a combination to murder every body on board, and possess themselves of the treasure. Accordingly, on the 30th of November, these four villains being stationed on the night-watch, the master coming on the quarter-deck to see every thing safe, was seized by *M'Kinlie*, and by *Gidley* knocked on the head with an iron bar, and thrown overboard. The Captain's groans being heard by the two *Pinchents*, and Captain *Glass*, they came upon deck, and were immediately attacked; the *Pinchents* were knocked down and thrown overboard, and Captain *Glass* was killed with his own sword. The noise brought Mrs. *Glass* and her child upon deck, when beholding the scene, she implored their mercy; but *Zekerman*, and *M'Kinlie* tossed them both into the sea, as they were locked in each others arms.

Having thus dispatched all but the two boys, they altered their course, being then in the English Channel, and steered for the coast of *Ireland*; and on the 3d of December were about ten leagues from *Waterford*. Here they determined to hoist out a boat, and loading her with the treasure, to sink the ship together with the boys. This scheme they put into execution;

execution; one of the boys swam after the boat, came up with her, and laying his hand upon the gunwale, received a blow on the head from one of the ruffians, which obliged him to quit his hold, and he was drowned. Soon after the vessel having her ballast-port opened, filled with water and overfet, and they saw the other boy washed overboard.

They now thought themselves secure, as the dead could tell no tales; and none could search the bottom of the sea for evidence. On landing, they buried the bulk of their wealth in the sand, amounting to two hundred and fifty bags of dollars. The remainder, with the jewels and ingots of gold, they reserved for present use. But their prodigality made them remarkable wherever they went; and the ship which they had consigned to the bottom of the sea, floated on shore near *Waterford*. This occasioned much speculation, and suspicion pointed at the rogues who were living with great jollity at *Dublin*. Accordingly two gentlemen went from *Rofs* (where the ship floated on shore) to *Dublin*; told their suspicions to the Magistrates, and on the 9th of December *Quinten* and *Zekerman* were apprehended: and being examined apart, each of them confessed the murders. They confessed also, that since their arrival in *Dublin*, *Gidley* and *M'Kinlie* had sold dollars to a Goldsmith to the amount of three hundred pounds. By means of this Goldsmith, *M'Kinlie* was apprehended, and intelligence was got that *Gidley* had set out in a post-chaise on his way to *Cork*, in order to take ship for *England*. Two persons were dispatched from *Dublin* to *Rofs*, to direct a search to be made for the buried treasure: and these, on their return to *Dublin*, fell in with, and apprehended *Gidley*. Thus were the workers of these atrocious deeds all brought to justice, although they had taken every precaution to sink and destroy whatever could disclose their guilt.

BROTHERLY

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### BROTHERLY LOVE.

WHEN the Emperor *Augustus* had taken *Adiatoriges*, a Prince of *Cappadocia*, together with his wife and children, and had led them to *Rome* in triumph, he gave orders that the father and the elder of the brothers should be slain.

The Ministers of this execution came to the place of confinement, and enquiring which of the brethren was the eldest, there arose a vehement contention betwixt the two young Princes; each of them affirming himself to be the elder, that by his death he might preserve the life of the other. The mother at last, prevailed with her son *Dyentus*, that he would permit his younger brother to die in his stead. *Augustus* was at length certified of this, and not only lamented that act of his severity; but gave an honourable support to the mother and her surviving son.

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### CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

IN the reign of *Vespasian*, there was a rebellion in *Gaul*, the chief leader of which was *Julius Sabinus*. The *Gauls* being reduced, the Captain of them was sought after: but he had hid himself in a vault which was the monument of his grandfather, and caused a report to be spread of his death. He had a wife whose name was *Eponina*. She knew nothing of his safety; but bewailed his death with inconsolable tears: there were only two of his freed-men who were privy to it; who pitying their lady (who was determined to die, and in order thereunto had now obtained from all food for three days) declared her purpose to her husband, and besought him to save her that loved him so well: it was granted, and she was told that her *Sabinus* lived.

lived. She came to him in the tomb, where they lived undiscovered for the space of nine years. She conceived and brought forth children in that solitary mansion. At last the place of their abode coming to be known, they were taken and brought to *Rome*; where *Vespasian* commanded they should be slain. *Eponina* shewing her children, "Behold, O Cæsar," said she, "such as I have brought forth and bred up in a monument, that thou mightest have more suppliants for our lives." But *Vespasian* could not be moved, so they were both led to death: and *Eponina* joyfully died with her husband, who had been before buried with him for so many years together.

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#### A R E M A R K A B L E W I L L .

**E**UDAMIDAS, the *Corinthian*, had *Aretæus* and *Charixemus* for his friends. They were both rich; whereas he was exceeding poor. When he departed this life, he left a Will, wherein the following lines were written.

I give and bequeath to *Aretæus*, my mother, to be kept and fostered in her old age; as also my daughter to *Charixemus*, to be married with a dowry as great as he can afford. But if any thing fall out to either of these men, my Will is, that the other shall perform that which he should have done, had he lived.

This Testament being read, they who knew the poverty of *Eudamidas*, accounted it all as mere sport; but those to whom the bequests were left, came forthwith, ratifying what was commanded in the Will. *Charixemus* died within five days after. *Aretæus* taking upon him both charges, kept the mother of *Eudamidas*; and as soon as might be, disposed of his daughter in marriage: and of five talents which his estate amounted to, two of them he gave in dowry with his own daughter, and two more with the daughter of his friend, and had their nuptials solemnized on one and the same day.



## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCXCIV.

[From Mr. Samuel Wells, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Rev. Sir,

Newnham, March 19, 1773.

**I** Think it my duty again to inform you of the increase of the work of God among us.

Of the twenty-two I joined here, two months ago, ten have continued to meet; four now are joined, and six have been justified. Tuesday 23, S. C. of Shelborne told me she had received a sense of pardon at the Class meeting. Wednesday 24, H. R. of Eastbury informed me that she had received the blessing of pure love. Her mother believes that she enjoys the same: and M. B. is persuaded that God hath forgiven her sins.

Thursday 25, I preached at Slade-End, near Wallingford, from 1 Thess. v. 16—18. As soon as I had concluded, W. S. and W. C. informed me that they were fully persuaded, God had purified their hearts: and when I met the Class the Sunday following, both their wives declared that they had received the same blessing.

Saturday, Feb. 27, when Brother B. was at Wallingford last, God restored E. P. a poor backslider.

When I was here about a month ago, I observed a grave looking woman in the congregation. I was preaching from the story of our Lord's conversing with the woman who was a sinner. I was informed afterwards, she had been kept by a married man, whose wife broke her heart on that account. When Henry Robins preached here, she heard him, and was much affected. From that time she attended constantly, and a great change was visible in her. Yesterday she was at preaching again, and wept much under the word. Nevertheless she has not yet received remission of sins; however she has joined the Society, and seems much in earnest.

Tuesday, March 2. This morning after breakfasting at a friend's, the power of God was remarkably present, and one

N. R.

N. R. who lately joined the Society, received a sense of pardon. We preach at a lone house on a common; but have large congregations. Brother Furz left fifteen in Society there. We have now thirty-three, and eight of them justified since the last Conference but one.

Wednesday, 10, E. H. at Weedon, put into my hands the following account. "January 14, 1773, I hope I shall always remember that blessed morning when the Lord took possession of my heart. He so strengthened my faith that I could say with St. Stephen, I saw the heavens opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God, interceding for me. I heard my dear Redeemer say, Daughter be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace and sin no more. O what a happy morning was that to me, when Jesus filled my heart with love, my tongue with praise, and sent me home rejoicing!

O that the Lord may increase my faith more and more, and fill my heart with his love! May he deaden my affections to all things here below, so that I may count all things but dung and dross so I may win Christ! I bless my dear Redeemer for all the opportunities of learning I have enjoyed; but most of all for that of hearing the despised, but happy people called Methodists! May I be one indeed!"

I went to see Mary Bolton, who was lying on her death-bed. She was justified about twelvemonths ago. She appears to enjoy the full assurance of faith. Her hope is full of immortality. She at times praises God aloud on her bed, crying, Glory be to God! The neighbours who hear her, fancy her delirious. Her pain, sorrow and fear seem all over. She sometimes appears absent from the body, and is grieved when she is interrupted in her heavenly employment. She lay once for four hours in this way, till one awoke her, from her extatic delight.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your Son in the Gospel,

SAMUEL WELLS,

M m 2

LETTER

## L E T T E R    C C C X C V .

[From Miss A. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Witney, April 16, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

**W**ITH pleasure I snatch this opportunity of acquainting you with the Lord's dealings towards me. Through a multiplicity of engagements my soul has been preserved in peace. I find Jesus a place to hide me in, and can rejoice in the manifestation of his favour from day to day. Yet I have been much tried and tempted: the enemy would have me dissatisfied with my present situation; as many of my trials arise from the conduct of those who fear not God. But, hitherto Satan has not availed himself. I am satisfied with my heavenly Father's will.

Last week was our Quarterly-Meeting, which occasioned many friends to visit us; and glory be to God! it was a time of love. O God, how great is our privilege beyond many others! I see more than ever how our Love-feasts, Classes and Bands are adapted to increase our union with God and each other.

My soul is often ravished with delight, to find my desires all centre in him, who alone can satisfy them. He gives me a deep sense of the work he hath wrought in me, which confirms me in his ways. I find such an agreement between his word and my own experience as gives me great satisfaction, and causes me to wonder and adore. I find myself at some loss, how to express what I feel and know of God, and of his kingdom within me; but this I can say, I feel God is love, and I know also the truth of the Apostle's words, The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Glory be to him! I rejoice in hope of an entrance into his everlasting kingdom.

With regard to inordinate affections, the enemy often represents something pleasing to my mind, when in company with

with persons peculiarly devoted to God. Here Satan endeavours to serve himself, by unfitting me to converse with such as profitably as I might. For although my soul will not admit the temptation to delight in the pleasing idea; yet I sometimes find I am not so deeply engaged with God, nor so fully recollected when such are present. I want to get such an ascendancy over these weaknesses, that I may feel nothing but a perfect serenity of mind; at all times to converse with profit. This, Rev. Sir, I hope to be assisted in obtaining, by your advice and prayer; which will greatly oblige your Friend and Servant,

A. B.



## P O E T R Y.

*Written in MAY : after a seasonable Shower of Rain.*

**H**OW changèd the face of nature shows!  
 How gay the rural scene!  
 A fairer bloom the flowers disclose;  
 The meads a liveliér green.

While beauty clothes the fertile vale,  
 And blossoms on the spray,  
 And fragrance breathes in evéry gale,  
 How sweet the vernal day!

And hark! the featheréd warblers sing!  
 'Tis nature's cheerful voice;  
 Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
 And woods and fields rejoice.

How kind the influéce of the skies!  
 These showers with blessings fraught,  
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,  
 And fix the roving thought.

O let

O let my wond'ring heart confess,  
 With gratitude and love,  
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
 The garden, field, and grove.

That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,  
 Beyond expression kind,  
 Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store  
 To bless the craving mind.

That hand, in this hard heart of mine,  
 Can make each virtue live ;  
 And kindly showers of grace divine  
 Life, beauty, fragrance give.

O God of nature, God of grace !  
 Thy heavenly gifts impart ;  
 And bid sweet meditation trace  
 Spring blooming in my heart.

Inspir'd to praise I then shall join  
 Glad nature's cheerful song :  
 And love, and gratitude divine  
 Attune my joyful tongue.

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*Written at OERICULUM in ITALY.*

**D**EEP in a desert, solitary, wild,  
 Pathless of human foot, with brakes perplex ;  
 Among recumbent, moulder'd, here remains  
 Of once a city, populous, and proud !  
 Long I reclin'd, and with laborious hand  
 Figur'd in picture, of the solemn scene  
 The gloomy image ; studious to excel,  
 Of fame ambitious. When, at purple eve  
 Her shade extending o'er the nodding towers,  
 As long fatigue oppress'd the drows'd sense,  
 Up-rose before the eye, or awful flood,  
 To inward vision, in the mental sight,

The

The semblance of a Seer. His open brow  
 Calm wisdom smoothen'd; a veil of snowy white  
 Hung on his silver hairs; his form erect  
 A robe impurpled wrapt, in comely folds,  
 Amply declining; full to me he turn'd,  
 With out-raised arm, his aspect; eloquence  
 Spoke to the graceful act, and usher'd these  
 In numbers solemn—Painful is thy toil,  
 Obscure and tedious; knowest thou ought of life,  
 Its days and seasons? Canst thou thus extend  
 Thy term of youth? Or shall thy sum of years  
 Be with thy labours told? Vain man, even now  
 The step of time is at thy heels, and thee,  
 With these thy mimic works, a little hence,  
 Will tumble to the dust; for round, behold,  
 To age corrosive all submit their forms;  
 The *Parian* statue, and the brazen bust,  
 The dome superb, and column of huge size  
 Prone on the ground, beneath the wand'ring weed.  
 And shall the tender light and shade survive  
 In the depictur'd tablet? Of yon tomb  
 Deep sunk in earth, with mould'ring sculpture grac'd,  
 Observe the proud inscription, how it bears  
 But half a tale; or turn thy curious eye  
 To yonder obelisk, in ancient days  
 By earthquake fallen, an acre in extent,  
*Thebaic* stone, from waste even yet secure,  
 With hieroglyphic learn'd, in-wrought; but all  
 With vain intent, where nations pass away,  
 Where language dies. And now the veil of night  
 Sables the vault of heav'n; the busy now  
 Retire to rest; with these the bitter fruits  
 Of their mistaken labours: care and pain;  
 And weariness, and sickness, and decay;  
 Such as to-morrow shall their portion be;

To-morrow

To-morrow, and to-morrow : wretched man !  
 Were it not better in the arms of ease  
 To lie supine ? Or give the soul a loose,  
 And frolic join in song, and riant dance,  
 The sons of luxury ? O yet beware !  
 The sound avoid, as did in fable old  
*Laertes' son*, on *Sylla's* baleful coast :  
 The *Syren's* in cantations : there remains  
 Another path, nor all things folly deem ;  
 But with slow, humble step, fair Truth explore.  
 Learn what her laws ordain ; and first thyself  
 Essay to know ; how little truly thine,  
 Is thy corporéal ! How thou shalt survive,  
 (When that frail part dissolves to formless earth,)  
 Ages of endless time ! Still higher rise  
 To the supreme of things, how'er no eye  
 Thé immediate beam endures ; yet as the sun  
 In ocean's waves, so by reflection mild  
 Him in his works behold ; how beautiful all !  
 How perfect each in its peculiar state !  
 How therefore wise, how just, how gracious He !  
 As far as nature weak may imitate,  
 So be thou just and wise, and fill thy life  
 With deeds of goodness ; nor in trivial acts  
 Attemper'd to short pomp, the praise of men,  
 Vain-seeking ; but contented, humble, meek,  
 Humane, and cheerful, thou with pious care,  
 (In due regard to thy contingent state)  
 Weigh what may best be done, and what forbore :  
 Thus shalt thy name possess the boundless skies.  
 Of all good beings e'er known and lov'd ;  
 Thus shalt thou taste the bliss they seek on earth,  
 (Vainly they seek on earth) unspotted fame,  
 Untroubled joy, and frequent extasy,  
 Through blest eternity, in visions fair,  
 Beyond whate'er mortality conceives.







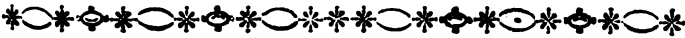
MR. JN<sup>o</sup>. PEACOCK  
Ætatis 53.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For J U N E 1786.



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

[Continued from page 237.]

CHAP. IV. *Concerning the Extent of Christ's Redemption.*

1. **A** Farther enforcement of this extent of the death of Christ, ariseth from the obligation, which is, and always was, upon all persons to whom the gospel is revealed, to believe in Christ. For if it be the duty, not only of some few, but of all to whom the gospel is revealed, to believe in Christ, i. e. to own him as their Saviour; it must be true that he came into the world to be the Saviour of all men, and to be the propitiation for the sins of the whole world. Now that it is the duty of all, to whom the gospel is revealed, thus to believe is evident: for thus Christ speaks to the unbelieving Jews, *This is the work (i. e. the will) of God, that you should*

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believe

*believe in him whom he hath sent; for if ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins: for he that believeth not is condemned already, because he believeth not in the son of man.* Now if it were the duty, even of them who perish, to own Christ as their Saviour, and to believe to the salvation of their souls, it follows either that it is (and in all generations, since our Saviour's coming, was) their duty to believe a lie, and to apply that to them which belonged not to them; or else that Christ's death might truly have been applied to, and therefore was most certainly intended for the salvation of those that perish.

2dly. To say it was the will, or the command of God, that any person should believe a lie, or that the Holy Ghost was sent to convince any man of sin, because he believed not what was false, is blasphemy. And yet this must be true, or else it must be God's command, that they of the Jews who believed not in Christ should believe in him, though few of them actually did so; and that all who saw the miraculous operations of the Holy Spirit in the Apostles, and believed not in Christ, were guilty of sin, because they believed not in him; and if so, Christ must have died for their salvation, and shed his blood for the remission of their sins.

3dly. To promise generally, and without exception, salvation to men upon believing, must be a promise made to most men upon an impossible condition; or else all they to whom the gospel is revealed may believe to salvation, and so Christ must have died for their salvation. To say, God promiseth salvation to most, only on terms which he himself knows are impossible, because they neither can do it without him, nor will he enable them to perform them, is in effect to say, "I promise, you never shall be saved." And is not that a strange promise from a God rich in goodness to the sons of men? Surely a promise upon condition, in the mouth of any good and honest man, is intended as a motive to him to perform the condition, that he may enjoy the good thing promised. Now where the condition annexed to the promise is impossible, as he who promises, indeed

indeed promises nothing, because it is nothing that I can obtain ; so he deludes and puts a cheat upon me, pretending kindness by making me the promise and intending none ; therefore, to represent God as promising salvation to the greatest part of mankind only upon an impossible condition, is to represent him as a deluder, and one that puts a cheat upon them, and acts so as no good, wise, or honest man, would act towards his fellow-man.

4thly. To say that men shall die in their sins, shall be excluded from eternal life, because they believe not to salvation ; i. e. because they do not apply Christ's merits to themselves, or believe he died for them, is either to assert, Christ died for every unbelieving Christian, or to assert, they shall hereafter be excluded from eternal life, and condemned to everlasting punishments for not believing what is false.

5thly. Were any Christian under such a condemnatory decree as that he could not believe, he would not be condemned because he believed not ; but he would not believe because he was condemned. To conclude, it is never said in Scripture that the Devils shall be condemned for not believing in Christ, of which no reason can be given but this, because He died not for them.

2. St. Peter saith, *To him gave all the Prophets witness, that, through his name, whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.* Is not this a testimony of a promise of remission of sins, unto every one to whom the gospel is preached on the condition of faith ? Is then this a promise made upon a condition possible to all to whom the gospel is revealed, or is it not ? If it be made on a condition possible to them all, then all to whom the gospel is revealed may receive remission of sins, through faith in Christ ; and so Christ must have died for them all. If only upon an impossible condition, then is it in the mouth of all God's Prophets, a pretence of kindness to the most he never intended they should have ; for then he would not have suspended it on an impossible condition. Yea then ;

is it a promise only in shew; but in reality none at all: for the *Civilians* tell us, with the highest reason, that an impossible condition is none at all. Moreover we learn from *St. Paul*, that this word of salvation was sent to the whole nation of the *Jews*; to all them who were children of those fathers to whom the promise of the *Messiah* was first made; that to all of them this remission of sins was proffered, and therefore he must die for the sins of that whole nation, of which those that obtained justification by him were only a small remnant, the rest continuing in their unbelief, and perishing, saith the *Apostle*, for their unbelief, ver. 41. Now could they perish for not believing that remission of sins which was preached to them through him, if he never died to procure it for them? Surely upon this supposition it must rather follow, that the *Apostles* in this declaration were false witnesses concerning him, and that they who perished for not believing this, must perish for not believing an untruth.

In the tenth chapter having told us that *Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes*, *St. Paul* adds this proof of that assertion, *For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth in him shall not be ashamed. For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all, is rich unto all that call upon him: for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.* Now is not this God the Lord of all men in particular? When therefore it is said, that *He is rich unto all that call upon him*, doth not this suppose that all who have the knowledge of him may call upon him, and that upon their doing so, they may be saved through *Christ*? and then must he not have died for their salvation? Moreover, the *Apostle* saith not, there is no difference in this matter betwixt the elect of *Jews* and *Gentiles*; but betwixt *Jew* and *Gentile* in general. Now limit this to a small remnant both of *Jews* and *Gentiles*, who only are in a capacity of being justified by faith in *Christ*, and calling upon him so as to be saved, whilst all the residue of *Jews* and *Gentiles* to whom the same remission

remission of sins is preached, are left incapable of this salvation, by that Jesus who never died for them; is there not as deplorable a distinction made betwixt them, as to their eternal interests, even by him who is the same Lord of all, as can be well imagined?

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XXXIIL.

On 1 COR. xii. 25.

[*Concluded from page 224.*]

13. **B**UT the ill consequences of even this species of Schism, do not terminate in the heart. Evil tempers cannot long remain within, before they are productive of outward fruit. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. As he whose heart is full of Love, openeth his 'mouth with wisdom, and in his lips there is the law of kindness; so he whose heart is full of prejudice, anger, suspicion, or any unkind temper, will surely open his mouth in a manner corresponding with the disposition of his mind. And hence will arise, if not lying and slandering (which yet will hardly be avoided) bitter words, talebearing, backbiting, and evil speaking of every kind.

14. From evil words, from talebearing, backbiting, and evil speaking, how many evil works will naturally flow? Anger, Jealousy, Envy, wrong tempers of every kind, do not vent themselves merely in words, but push men continually to all kind of ungodly and unrighteous actions. A plentiful harvest of all the works of darkness, may be expected to spring from this source: whereby in the end thousands of souls, and not a few of those who once walked in the light of God's countenance,

tenance, may be turned from the way of peace, and finally drowned in everlasting perdition.

15. Well then might our blessed Lord say, *Woe unto the world because of offences.* Yet it *must needs be, that offences will come*: yea, abundance of them will of necessity arise, when a breach of this sort is made, in any religious community; while they that leave it endeavour to justify themselves, by censuring those they separate from; and these, on the other hand, retort the charge, and strive to lay the blame on them. But how mightily does all this altercation grieve the Holy Spirit of God? How does it hinder his mild and gentle operation in the souls both of one and the other? Heresies and Schisms, (in the scriptural sense of those words) will sooner or later be the consequence: parties will be formed on one and the other side, whereby the love of many will wax cold. The hunger and thirst after righteousness, after either the favour or the full image of God, together with the longing desires, wherewith so many were filled, of promoting the work of God in the souls of their brethren, will grow languid, and as offences increase, will gradually die away. And as *the fruit of the Spirit withers away, the works of the flesh* will again prevail: to the utter destruction, first of the power, and then of the very form of Religion. These consequences are not imaginary, are not built on mere conjectures, but on plain matter of fact. This has been the case again and again, within these last thirty or forty years: these have been the fruits which we have seen over and over, to be consequent on such separation.

16. And what a grievous stumbling block must these things be, to those who are without? To those who are strangers to Religion? Who have neither the form nor the power of godliness? How will they triumph over these once eminent Christians! How boldly ask, "What are they better than us?" How will they harden their hearts more and more against the truth, and bless themselves in their wickedness? From which possibly the example of the Christians might have reclaimed them,

them, had they continued unblameable in their behaviour. Such is the complicated mischief which persons separating from a Christian Church or Society do, not only to themselves, but to that whole Society, and to the whole world in general.

17. But perhaps such persons will say, "We did not do this willingly: we were constrained to separate from that Society, because we could not continue therein with a clear conscience: we could not continue without sin. I was not allowed to continue therein, without breaking a commandment of God." If this was the case, you could not be blamed for separating from that Society. Suppose, for instance, you were a member of the Church of *Rome*, and you could not remain therein, without committing idolatry, without worshipping of idols, whether images or saints and angels, then it would be your bounden duty to leave that Community, totally to separate from it. Suppose you could not remain in the Church of *England*, without doing something which the word of God forbids, or omitting something which the word of God positively commands: if this were the case (but blessed be God, it is not) you ought to separate from the Church of *England*. I will make the case my own. I am now, and have been from my youth, a member and a Minister of the Church of *England*. And I have no desire nor design to separate from it, till my soul separates from my body. Yet if I was not permitted to remain therein, without omitting what God requires me to do, it would then become meet, and right, and my bounden duty to separate from it without delay. To be more particular. I know, God has committed to me, a dispensation of the Gospel. Yea, and my own salvation depends upon preaching it: *Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel*. If then I could not remain in the Church without omitting this, without desisting from preaching the Gospel, I should be under a necessity of separating from it, or losing my own soul. In like manner, if I could not continue united to any smaller Society, Church, or body of Christians, without committing sin, without lying and  
hypocryfy,



hypocrisy, without preaching to others doctrines which I did not myself believe, I should be under an absolute necessity of separating from that Society. And in all these cases the sin of Separation, with all the evils consequent upon it, would not lie upon me, but upon those who constrained me to make that Separation, by requiring of me such terms of communion, as I could not in conscience comply with. But setting aside this case, suppose the Church or Society to which I am now united does not require me to do any thing which the Scripture forbids, or to omit any thing which the Scripture enjoins, it is then my indispensable duty, to continue therein. And if I separate from it, without any such necessity, I am justly chargeable, (whether I foresaw them or no) with all the evils consequent upon that Separation.

18. I have spoke the more explicitly upon this head, because it is so little understood; because so many of those who profess much Religion, nay, and really enjoy a measure of it, have not the least conception of this matter, neither imagine such a Separation to be any sin at all. They leave a Christian Society with as much unconcern, as they go out of one room into another. They give occasion to all this complicated mischief; and wipe their mouth, and say they have done no evil! Whereas they are justly chargeable before God and man, both with an action that is evil in itself, and with all the evil consequences which may be expected to follow, to themselves, to their brethren, and to the world.

19. I intreat you therefore, my Brethren, all that fear God, and have a desire to please him, all that wish to have a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man; think not so slightly of this matter, but consider it calmly. Do not rashly tear asunder the sacred ties, which unite you to any Christian Society. This indeed is not of so much consequence to you who are only a *nominal* Christian. For you are not now vitally united to any of the members of Christ. Though you are called a Christian, you are not really a member of any  
Christian

Christian Church. But if you are a living member, if you live the life that is hid with Christ in God, then take care how you rend the body of Christ, by separating from your brethren. It is a thing evil in itself. It is a sore evil in its consequences. O have pity upon yourself! Have pity on your brethren! Have pity even upon the world of the ungodly! Do not lay more stumbling blocks in the way of these for whom Christ died.

20. But if you are afraid, and that not without reason, of *Schism*, improperly so called; how much more afraid will you be, if your conscience is tender, of *Schism* in the proper scriptural sense? O beware, I will not say of *forming*, but of *countenancing*, or *abetting* any *Parties* in a Christian Society! Never encourage, much less cause either by word or action, any *Division* therein. In the nature of things, *there must be Heresies* [Divisions] *among you*: but keep thyself pure. Leave off Contention before it be meddled with: shun the very beginning of strife. Meddle not with them that are given to dispute, with them that love contention. I never knew that remark to fail, "He that loves dispute, does not love God." Follow peace with all men, without which you cannot effectually follow holiness. Not only *seek peace*, but *ensue it*; if it seem to flee from you, pursue it nevertheless. *Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good.*

21. Happy is he that attains the character of a peace-maker in the Church of God. Why should not *you* labour after this? Be not content, not to stir up strife; but do all that in you lies, to prevent or quench the very first spark of it. Indeed it is far easier to prevent the flame from breaking out, than to quench it afterwards. However, be not afraid to attempt even this: the God of peace is on your side. He will give you acceptable words, and will send them to the heart of the hearers. *Noli diffidere: noli discedere*, says a pious man: *Fac quod in te est; & Deus aderit bonæ tuæ voluntati*, "Do not distrust Him that has all power: that has the hearts

of all men in his hand. Do what in thee lies, and God will be present, and bring thy good desires to good effect." Never be weary of well-doing: in due time thou shalt reap, if thou faint not.

*Newcastle-under-Lyne,*

March 30, 1786.



*A Short Account of Mr. MATTHIAS JOYCE.*

[Continued from page 248.]

**S**URELY I may as well forget my existence, as forget the misery and iron with which I was bound, and the variety of spiritual plagues that tormented me, during my abode in the land of my captivity. And as I have found, that telling my experience has been of use to some exercised in the same manner, I am not without hope that a particular, but brief relation of the same may be of use to many more.

And 1. I was almost continually tempted to doubt the being of a God. One argument the devil made use of to support his hellish doctrine was, That if there was a God, he would destroy me for my blasphemous thoughts. With this temptation I had many a fore struggle; for I saw it was every way calculated to stifle my conviction, and kill my good desires. I therefore resisted it with all my might, and cried vehemently to God against it. But Satan was resolved to dispute the point with me; for when I would retire in secret, he would pour in upon me like a flood, saying, Who art thou praying to? Surely there is no God to hear thee; or if there is, he cannot hear thee through the thick clouds. On this I would be thrown into confusion, and immediately stop; thinking I was praying in vain.

2. Another of his temptations, which distressed me exceedingly, was concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, whether there

was

Was ever such a person in the world? and if there was, whether *John* the Baptist and he did not make a league together to deceive the people? This suggestion wounded me to the quick. For so long as I was under the power of it, all hope of salvation was banished from me; because I saw there was no other way to be saved but by him. But that text often lifted up my hands: And lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him. And lo, a voice from heaven said, This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.

3. But then Satan attacked me most furiously from another quarter, saying, How canst thou tell whether the Bible is true or not? Thou knowest not but it is a cunningly devised fable to keep the world in awe. This temptation brought exquisite distress to my soul. But on the other hand, I was the more stirred up to cleave to the Bible, and examine it closely, that I might be able to silence the enemy. And therefore when he tempted me to doubt it, I would take it up and kiss it, then put it into my bosom and hug it, and say in a quick and positive manner, I will believe it! I will believe it!

I was helped a good deal by reading a passage in a certain book; the substance of which is as follows. "They were either good men or bad men that wrote the Bible. If they were good men, they would not tell lies to deceive mankind, by saying, they spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and by saying, thus saith the Lord, if it was only their own invention. If they were bad men, they could not understand the deep things contained in the Bible, nor would they preach such self-denying doctrine, lest their own evil deeds should be made manifest."

4. At other times it was suggested to me that I had no soul; and that when I died I should be like the beasts that perish. This temptation afflicted me much, and cost me many a hard struggle; for, being extremely ignorant, I understood little or nothing about philosophical enquiries; yet I still

made my request known unto God. At length I was led to consider the nature of my inward faculties; particularly my power of thinking. My thoughts I found were free and unconfined; that they could mount up to heaven, or dive into hell in an instant; that they could with equal swiftness fly round the world, and as quick as lightning arrive at the spot I was in. I remember that one day as I was walking with a friend, I was led to reason upon conscience when truly awakened; that it was neither visible nor substantial, like flesh and blood, and that therefore nothing material could wound or hurt it. That on this account it was different from the body, though dwelling in it. That the pain it felt was different from that of the body when wounded; it being nothing else than condemnation for sin before God. Whereas, the body being flesh and blood, felt no such pain, because the pain of conscience is spiritual.

5. I was also tempted to doubt whether there would be a day of judgment, a resurrection, or whether there were any angels or spirits?

6. I was tempted to doubt, whether the Methodists were the people of God or not; for I thought they caused more disturbance in the world than any other people; and therefore I was nearly concluding they were all false Prophets. Before the enemy was let loose upon me in the manner already mentioned, the Preachers were dear to me, and as to Mr. *Wesley*, I thought I would be glad to be his servant, to clean his shoes, or do the meanest office for so precious a man; but now I seemed to feel no love at all to the Preachers or him, and appeared to myself quite careless whether I was in their company or not. But the Lord did not suffer me to remain long under the power of this temptation; but banished it from me by the application of a text of scripture, Acts v. ver. 38, 39. And now I say unto you, refrain from these men and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God. Then I considered

sidered the Methodists as a people greatly persecuted by almost all persuasions, striving to extinguish the glorious light of the gospel which they were spreading far and near; but to no purpose. For instead of putting it out, their light shined brighter and brighter continually: and numbers were flocking to that light that their deeds might be made manifest. Then it was clear to me that this counsel and work was not of men, but of God. I therefore thought I had much reason to praise the Lord, for honouring me with a place among his people.

Now while I was wracked and torn by these horrid temptations, my convictions increased to such a degree, that I saw hell moved from beneath to meet me at my coming. And as all hope of mercy seemed to be cut off, and as I thought the God of love had given me up to be a prey to the devil, I said in my heart, O if I were even a devil I should not be so much tormented in hell! But though this horrid thought did not long abide with me, yet I so clearly saw, that I was a hell-deserving sinner, that I acknowledged with all my heart, God would be just if he banished me from the glory of his presence; yet I found I would rather die than live any longer to sin against him.

Time now was exceedingly precious to me: no moments were wilfully spent in mirth or trifling. I was in general as serious as death and as solemn as the grave. And embraced each opportunity to call upon the name of the Lord. I also prayed out aloud when alone at my work for a considerable time, and thought the time lost if any thing occurred to make me stop praying. Thus tossed about as I was on the billows of temptation, and exquisitely distressed by heart-piercing convictions; I wandered about in the fields, and sometimes got into vaults and other secret places, to pour out my complaints before God: and when I have been going into dark places, fearful apprehensions would arise in my mind, lest the devil was in some hole or corner, waiting to carry me away. But  
notwith-

notwithstanding this, I went forward, kneeled down and cried mightily to God, though my heart and my flesh trembled with fear.

At this time I sought after such books as explained the nature of faith. And when I met with one that treated on this subject, I searched it with as much eagerness, as a man, perishing through hunger, would grasp at a morsel of bread.

Sometimes in the midst of my perplexity, not knowing where to find relief, I have been almost determined to go to the Preacher, and ask him if he could tell me where or how I might find Jesus. But then I thought, as they are but men, it is not in their power to save my perishing soul. At other times I was almost persuaded to go and desire them to scratch my name out of their book; for I thought I was the greatest hypocrite that ever existed.

[*To be continued.*]



*An Extract from the Life of Mr. THOMAS FIRMIN.*

[*Continued from page 256.*]

**I**N the year 1664, he married a daughter of a Justice of Peace, in *Essex*, and had with her, besides all the qualifications of a good wife, a considerable portion. God was pleased to lend to them several children; but only one, *Giles Firmin*, lived to man's estate. He was like to be an eminent merchant; his father giving him the whole portion of his mother: but the young gentleman going into *Portugal*, to manage his own business, was called by his heavenly Father to eternal mercies.

In the year 1665, was the Plague, of which there died in *London* only, near one hundred thousand: most of the wealthier Citizens removed into the country: so did Mr. *Firmin*, but left a kinsman in his house, with orders to relieve some poor weekly,

weekly, and to give out stuff to employ them in making such commodities as they were wont. He foresaw that he should be hard put to it, to dispose of all the commodities which these poor people would work off, in so long time. But when he returned, a wealthy Chapman (who was greatly pleased with this adventurous Charity) bought a very large quantity of those goods; so that he then incurred no loss, by employing the poor.

The year after the sickness, came the fire by which the City of *London* sustained the damage of ten millions of pounds sterling. Mr. *Firmin* having lost his house in *Lombard-Street*, took a house and warehouse in *Leadenhall-Street*. But now his spirit and generous way of trading were so well known, that in a few years he rebuilt his house, and also the whole court (excepting two or three houses) in which he lived. And having now provided sufficiently for himself and family, he began to consider the poor.

His first service to them, or rather to God, in their persons, was the building a warehouse by the water-side, for the laying up corn and coals, to be sold to the poor, in dear times, at the rate they had been purchased, allowing only for loss (if any should happen) by damage of the goods while kept.

He went on with his trade in *Lombard-Street*, till the year 1676, at which time I estimated he was worth about nine thousand pounds. If we consider, that this estate was raised from a beginning of about one hundred pounds, in an ordinary way of trade; to what a mighty wealth would it have grown, in the hands of such a manager, in his remaining twenty or one and twenty years? Had not his liberality, and zeal of serving the Divine Majesty, turned his endeavours a contrary way; to support, and to raise others, while he lessened and impaired himself! For this year he erected his warehouse in *Little Britain*, for the employment of the poor in the Linen Manufactory. Let us hear what Archbishop *Tillotson* (then  
Dean



Dean *Tillotson*) says of the design of Mr. *Firmin*, in his funeral sermon on Mr. *Gouge*, Anno 1681.

“ He [Mr. *Gouge*] set the poor of *St. Sepulchre's* parish (where he was Minister) to work, at his own charge. He bought flax and hemp for them to spin, when spun he paid them for their work, and caused it to be wrought into cloth, which he sold as he could, himself bearing the whole loss. This was a well chosen way of charity; and in the good effect of it a much greater charity, than if he had given to those very persons so much as he made them earn for their work: because by this means he rescued them from two most dangerous temptations, idleness and poverty. This course so happily divided, and begun by Mr. *Gouge*; gave, it may be, the first hint to that useful and worthy citizen, Mr. *Thomas Firmin* of a much larger design; which has been managed by him, some years in this city, with that vigour and good success, that many hundreds of poor children, and others who lived idle before, unprofitable both to themselves and the public, now maintain themselves, and are also some advantage to the community. By the assistance of many charitable and well disposed persons, Mr. *Firmin* is enabled to bear the unavoidable loss and charge of so vast an undertaking; and by his own forward inclination to charity, and unwearied diligence and activity, has fitted him to sustain and to go through the incredible pain of it.”

It is this, that Mr. *Firmin* himself speaks of in a book of his, entitled, *Proposals for the employment of the Poor*, in these words: “ It is now about four years since I set up my Workhouse in *Little Britain*, for the employment of the poor, in the Linen manufactory; which hath afforded so great help and relief, to many hundreds of poor families; that I never did, and I fear I never shall do an action more to my own satisfaction, or to the good and benefit of the poor.” He employed in this manufactory, sometimes one thousand six hundred, sometimes one thousand seven hundred spinners, besides dressers of flax, weavers and others.

[To be continued.]

The



*The REMAINS of JOHN NELSON.*

FRAGMENT FOURTH: *concerning Mrs. CROWDER.*

**M**RS. Crowder had adorned the gospel about six years, and was a great pattern both of charity and piety. She laboured under a lingering illness, and was worn almost to a skeleton. The last time I visited her, she seemed like a bride adorned for the bridegroom. I found the Lord was very present with her. The last words she spoke were, "All is well! for I have neither doubt nor fear." Then with a smiling countenance, she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, while many cried out, Oh, let me die her death!

*[The Fifth in our next.]*



*The Unsearchableness of GOD'S JUDGMENTS.*

*[Concluded from page 260.]*

18. **I**T is needful that the present course of providence should not be transparently clear and satisfactory, that we may be well assured concerning a future account, and forced, in our thoughts, to recur thither for a resolution of all such emergent doubts and difficulties. For if all accounts were apparently stated and discharged here; if now light did always prevail, and iniquity were suppressed; if virtue were duly crowned, and vice deservedly scourged, who would hope or fear an after-reckoning.

This indeed is the grand cause why providence now doth appear so cloudy. Men consider not that our affairs have no compleat determination, or final issue here. Things now are doing and not done; in a progress and tendency toward somewhat beyond, not in a state of consistence and perfection. This

not being the place of deciding causes or dispensing rewards; but a state of probation, of work, of travel; of combat, of running for the prize; of sowing toward the harvest; a state of liberty to follow our own choice, and lay the ground of our doom; of falling into sin, and of rising thence by repentance; of God's exercising patience, and exhibiting mercy. Wherefore, as we cannot well judge of an artificial work by its first draughts, or of a poem by a few scenes, but must stay till all be finished or acted through; so we cannot here clearly discern the entire congruity of providential dispensations to the divine attributes; the catastrophe or utmost resolution of things is the general judgment, wherein the deep wisdom, the exact justice, the perfect goodness of God will be displayed to the full satisfaction or conviction of all men; when God's honour will be thoroughly vindicated; his despised patience and abused grace will be avenged; every case will be rightly tried, every work will be justly recompensed, all accounts will be set straight. In the mean time divers things must occur unaccountable to us, looking upon things as they now stand absolutely before us, without reference to that day: considering this may induce us to suspend our opinion about such matters, allowing God to go through with his work before we censure it, not being so quick and precipitate as to forestal his judgment; and surely would we but observe that reasonable advice of *St. Paul*, *Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come*, our chief doubts would be resolved, and our shrewdest exceptions against providence would be avoided.

These are the chief reasons of the point: divers practical applications may be made, which the time will but allow me to name.

1. It should render us modest and sober in our judgment about providential occurrences; not pretending thoroughly to know the reasons of God's proceedings, or to define the consequences of them. For it is plainly fond arrogance, or profane imposture

impotence to assume perfect skill in that which passeth our capacity to learn.

2. It should make us cautious of grounding judgment or censure upon present events about any cause, or any person; for it is notorious temerity to pass sentence upon grounds incapable of evidence.

3. It should repress wanton curiosity, which may transport us beyond our bounds, in speculation of these mysteries; so that we shall lose our labour and time, shall discompose our minds, shall plunge ourselves into vain errors, or anxious doubts.

4. It should keep us from confidence in our own wisdom; for how can we conceit highly of that, or much confide in it which we find so unable to penetrate the reason of most common and obvious appearances; so non-plust in its enquiries, so defeated in its expectations, so mistaken in its judgments of things?

5. It should preserve us from infidelity, and from despair, upon account of any cross accidents occurring here; for it is unreasonable to disbelieve a notion, otherwise well-grounded, because we cannot answer scruples or cavils drawn from matters inscrutable to us; it is foolish to despair of a good event, upon appearances, whereof we cannot apprehend the full reason, or final result.

6. It should prevent our taking offence, or being discontented, at any events rising up before us; for to be displeased at that, which a superior wisdom, unsearchable to us, doth order, is to be displeased at we know not what, or why, which is childish weakness; to fret and wail at that, which, for all we can see, proceedeth from good intention, and tendeth to a good issue.

7. It should guard us from security, or from presuming upon impunity for our miscarriages; for, seeing God doth not always clearly and fully discover his mind, it is vain from God's reservedness to conclude his unconcernedness; or because he is

now patient, that he never will be just in chastising our offences.

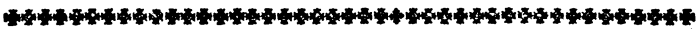
8. It should quicken our industry in observing and considering the works of providence; for since they are not easily discernible, and the discerning them in some measure is of great use, it is needful that we be very diligent in contemplation of them. The fainter our light is, the more intent we should be in looking; the knottier the subject, the more earnest should be our study of it.

9. It should oblige us to be circumspect and wary in our conversation; for the darker the way is, the more careful should be our walking therein, lest we err, lest we stumble, lest we strike on somewhat hurtful to us.

10. It should engage us constantly to seek God, and to depend on him for the protection and conduct of his grace; which is the only clew that can lead us safely through this intricate labyrinth of worldly contingencies.

11. In fine, it should cause us humbly to admire and adore that wisdom, which governeth the world in ways no less great and wonderful, than just and holy. *For great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty: just and true are thy ways, O thou king of saints.*

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.



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

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

[Continued from page 269.]

**S**UNDAY, April 4. This day being our Easter, we did not go abroad to visit any places, the time requiring an employment of another nature.

Monday,

Monday, April 5. This morning we went to see more of the curiosities which had been yet unvisited by us. The first place we came to was that which they call St. *Peter's* prison, from which he was delivered by the angel, Acts xii. It is close by the Church of the holy sepulchre, and still serves for its primitive use. About the space of a furlong from thence, we came to an old Church, held to have been built by *Helena*, in the place where stood the house of *Zebedee*. This is in the hands of the Greeks. Not far from hence we came to the place where, they say, stood anciently the iron gate, which opened to *Peter* of its own accord. A few steps farther, is the small Church built over the house of *Mark*, to which the Apostle directed his course, after his miraculous goal-delivery. The Syrians (who have this place in their custody) shew a Syriack manuscript of the New Testament in folio, pretended to be eight hundred and fifty two years old; and a little stone font used by the Apostles themselves in baptizing. About 150 paces farther in the same street, is that which they call the house of St. *Thomas*. Not many paces farther, is another street crossing the former, which leads you on the right hand to the place, where they say our Lord appeared, after his resurrection, to the three *Marys*, Matt. xxviii. 9. The same street carries you on the left hand to the Armenian Convent. The Armenians have here a very large and delightful space of ground; their Convent and gardens taking up all that part of *Mount Sion* which is within the walls of the city. Their Church is built over the place where, they say, St. *James* the brother of *John* was beheaded, Acts xii. 2. In a small chapel on the North-side of the Church, is shewn the very place of his decollation. In this Church are two altars set out with extraordinary splendor, being decked with rich mitres, embroidered Copes, Crosses, both silver and gold, Crowns, Chalices, and other Church utensils without number. In the middle of the Church is a pulpit made of tortoise-shell, and mother of pearl, with a beautiful canopy, or cupola over it, of the same fabric. The tortoise shell and mother of pearl are

so exquisitely mingled and inlaid in each other, that the work far exceeds the materials.

Leaving this Convent, we went a little farther to another small Church, which was likewise in the hands of the Armenians. This is supposed to be founded in the place where *Annas's* house stood. Within the Church, not far from the door, is shewn a hole in the wall, denoting the place where one of the officers of the high Priest smote our blessed Saviour, John xviii. 22.

From the house of *Annas* we were conducted out of *Sion* gate, which is near adjoining to that which they call the house of *Caiaphas*, where is another small Chapel belonging also to the Armenians. Here, under the altar, they tell us is deposited that very stone, which was laid to secure the door of our Saviour's sepulchre, Matt. xxvii. 60. It was a long time kept in the Church of the sepulchre; but the Armenians, not many years since, stole it from thence by a stratagem, and conveyed it to this place. The stone is two yards and a quarter long, high one yard, and broad as much. It is plaistered all over, except in five or six little places, where it is left bare to receive the immediate kisses and other devotions of pilgrims. Here is likewise shewn a little cell, said to have been our Lord's prison, till the morning when he was carried from hence before *Pilate*; and also the place where *Peter* was frighted into a denial of his Master.

A little farther, without the gate, is the Church of the *Cenaculum*, where they say Christ instituted his last supper. About as much lower in the middle of the hill, they shew you the grot, in which *Peter* wept so bitterly for his inconstancy to his Lord.

We extended our circuit no farther at this time; but entered the city again at *Sion* gate. Turning down as soon as we had entered, on the right hand, and going about two furlongs close by the city wall, we were had into a garden, lying at the foot of *Mount Moriah* on the South-side. Here

we were shewn several large vaults, annexed to the mountain on this side, and running at least fifty yards under ground. They were built in two aisles, arched at top with huge firm stone, and sustained with tall pillars consisting each of one single stone, and two yards in diameter. This might possibly be some under-ground work made to enlarge the area of the temple: for *Josephus* seems to describe some such work as this, erected over the valley on this side of the temple. *Antiq. Jud. Lib. 15. Cap. ult.*

From these vaults, we returned toward the Convent. In our way, we passed through the Turkish *Bazars*, and took a view of the *Beautiful Gate* of the temple. But we could but just view it in passing, it not being safe to stay here long, by reason of the superstition of the Turks.

Tuesday, April 6. The next morning we took another progress about the city. We made our exit at *Bethlehem Gate*, and turning down on the left hand under the castle of the *Pisans*, came in about a furlong and a half to that which they call *Bathsheba's Pool*. It lies at the bottom of *Mount Sion*, and is supposed to be the same in which *Bathsheba* was washing herself, when *David* spied her from the terrace of his palace. But others refer this accident to another lesser Pool in a garden, just within *Bethlehem Gate*; and perhaps both opinions are equally in the right.

A little below this Pool, begins the Valley of *Hinnom*; on the West-side of which is the place called anciently the *Potters Field*, and afterwards the *Field of Blood*, from its being purchased with the pieces of silver which were the price of the blood of Christ: but at present, from that veneration which it has obtained amongst Christians, it is called *Campo Sancto*. It is a small plat of ground, not above thirty yards long, and about half as much broad. One moiety of it is taken up by a square fabric twelve yards high, built for a chanel house. The corpses are let down into it from the top, there being five holes left open for that purpose. Looking down  
through



through these holes we could see many bodies under several degrees of decay; from which it may be conjectured, that this grave does not make that quick dispatch with the corpses committed to it, which is commonly reported. The Armenians have the command of this burying place, for which they pay the Turks a rent of one zequin a day. The earth is of a chalky substance hereabouts.

A little below the *Campo Sancto*, is shewn an intricate cave or sepulchre, consisting of several rooms one within another, in which the Apostles are said to have hid themselves, when they forsook their Master, and fled. The entrance of the cave discovers signs of its having been adorned with painting in ancient times.

[To be continued.]

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

[Continued from page 271.]

### Of P L A N T S.

1. **BY** Plants we mean organized bodies, destitute of sense and motion, fixed in the earth, and drawing their nourishment from it by their roots. Touching these, we may consider, first, the structure of their parts, and then their nutrition and generation.

2. The parts of which they are composed are either liquid or solid. The liquid are usually divided into juices and tears. The juice is to the plant, what blood is to an animal, and is various in the various kinds of plants. Tears are liquors which are emitted from them, whether they sweat out of them naturally; or are drawn out of them, either by art, or by the heat of the sun. Some of these remain liquid; others grow by degrees into a firm consistence.

3. Plants

3. Plants consist of three *diffimilar*, *solid* parts; the root, the trunk, and the branches. In each of these we may observe three *similar* parts, the bark, the wood, and the pith.

4. To begin with the trunk. Here we may first observe the bark; whose surface consists of little bladders, which surround the trunk like a ring. These, which are commonly filled with some kind of juice, being removed, there occur various ranks of woody fibres, curiously wrought in a kind of net-work, one row above another. The intervals also between those fibres, are all filled with little vessels. The use of the bark seems to be, not only like skin, to cover the wood and pith, but also to concoct the nutritive juice, and forward the growth of the plant. And as to the nutrition of the plant, it is probable the juice ascends from the root, through the fibres, and is sustained by the unevenness therein, till it is lodged in the vessels. In these the new juice being mixed, with that they contained before, is fermented and rarefied to such a degree, as is needful for its nourishment.

It has been a common opinion, that trees only live by the ascent of the sap in the bark, or between the bark and the wood. But this evidently appears to be a vulgar error, from the instance of a large, old elm, in Magdalen College-grove at *Oxford*, which was quite disbarked all round, at most places two feet, at some four feet from the ground. Notwithstanding this, it grew and flourished many years, as well as any tree in the grove. What is more, it was likewise without all pith, being hollow within as a drum. Add to this, that the plane and cork-trees, divest themselves every year of all their old bark (as snakes do their skins) and acquire a new one. Now during the change from one to the other, it is clear they are not nourished by the bark. Therefore there must be other vessels, besides those of the bark, capable of conveying the sap. It is probable, the bark may ordinarily do this; but that when the ordinary conveyance fails, some of the woody parts (which were all sap-vessels once) resume their ancient

office: so far, at least, as to keep the tree alive, though not to increase its bulk. Perhaps this is the use of the sap vessels in the wood, different from that of those in the bark. These are designed for the continuation of a tree; those in the bark for its augmentation.

It seems the bark in fruit trees is principally designed for the augmentation of the tree itself, while the finer vessels of the woody part, strain and prepare the juices for the fruit. A gentleman near *Cork*, observing that his peach-tree grew exceedingly, but bore no fruit, cut off the bark almost quite round, for the breadth of two fingers. The next year the tree hardly grew at all, but bore abundance of fruit.

Again. As animals are furnished with a *Panniculus Adiposus*, usually replete with fat, which invests and covers all the fleshy parts, and screens them from external cold; so plants are encompassed with a bark, replete with fatty juices, by means whereof even the winter cold is kept off, and hindered from freezing the juices in the vessels. And those sort of trees, whose bark abounds with oil, remain green all the year round.

5. In the wood likewise there are observed concave fibres, woven as it were of various vesicles, and stretching all the length of the wood, as do the fibres of the bark. These have intervals between them, in which are transverse vesicles, reaching to the very pith. There are other fibres, which run obliquely, and are far larger, but not so numerous as the former. In some trees there are several rows of tubes, which emit a thick milky liquor.

6. The pith is in the middle of the wood. It consists of various rows of hollow globules, covered with a fine membrane. In some trees it contains a peculiar juice, which sometimes hardens, or grows black. In tender roots the pith (which is frequently hexagonal) is not exactly in the middle: but is nearer the bark on the south-side, than on the north-side of the plant. It is a constant observation, that the pith lessens as the tree

tree grows. Some have imagined it to be the heart of the plant: but this cannot be. For some trees will flourish and bear fruit, after the pith is taken out. Besides this, there is in some trees a *Blea*, a white and tender substance, between the bark and the wood.

7. The root has nearly the same vessels as the trunk. Through it the juice passes that nourishes the plant. The roots of some plants are full of hollow threads, which transmit nourishment to the upper parts. This in other plants insinuates itself through the pores that are in the bark of the root. The branches of a plant agree with the trunk, in all the essential parts of its structure.

If no moisture come to the roots of trees they cannot grow; but if it comes only to the points of the root, though all the rest remain dry, they grow well. For the root shoots out yearly a sharp pointed tender part, somewhat like the sharp bud on the end of a sprig, by which it not only enlarges itself in breadth, as the branches do above, but also receives its nourishment. And that tender part moves toward the soft and moist earth. So that to loosen the earth at the points of the roots, much helps the growth of all plants.

[*To be continued.*]



### *Of the* INQUISITION.

[*Continued from page 273.*]

THE place of torture in the *Spanish* Inquisition is generally an under-ground and very dark room, to which one enters through several doors. There is a tribunal erected in it, in which the Inquisitor, Inspector, and Secretary sit. When the candles are lighted, and the person to be tortured brought in, the executioner makes an astonishing and dreadful appearance, covered all over with a black linen garment down to his feet;

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and

and tied close to his body. His head and face are all tied with a long black cowl, only two little holes being left in it for him to see through. All this is intended to strike the miserable wretch with great terror in mind and body, when he sees himself going to be tortured by the hands of one who thus looks like the very devil.

While the torture is preparing, some of the gravest persons present take the prisoner apart, and endeavour to persuade him to confess things he is accused of, or the things he is called upon to witness, with promise of pardon: though it is very certain that no pardon can be expected; nor is it ever granted to one that has relapsed, i. e. who has once been found guilty, after he had confessed, and abjured, and received the mercy of this Court.

As to the manner of torturing; 1. They strip their prisoners without any regard to sex. It is true they give young women a pair of linen-drawers; but they first strip them publicly stark-naked. 2. They torture them either with cords, or on the rack, or by some other cruel invention, as may be collected from the punishments different prisoners have undergone at divers times and places: and which will be better described by a few historical accounts; and therefore, I shall begin with the usage of the innocent, noble Lady *Joan Bohorquia*, wife of the eminent *Francis Varquius*, Lord of *Higuera*. Her sister, *Mary Bohorquia*, a young Lady of great piety, who was afterwards burnt for her profession of the Protestant faith, having upon the torture declared she had several times conversed with her sister *Joan* concerning the doctrine for which she now suffered; the Inquisition took her up, being then about six months gone with child. She on this account was not so straitly confined, nor so cruelly dealt with, in regard of the infant she carried in her. But eight days after her delivery, they took the child from her, and on the fifteenth, shut her close up, and made her undergo the fate of the other prisoners, and began to manage her cause with their usual arts and rigour. In so dreadful a calamity she

She had only this comfort, that a certain pious young woman, who was afterwards burnt for her religion by the Inquisitors, was allowed her for her companion. This young creature was, on a certain day, carried out to her torture, and returned from it so shaken, and all her limbs so miserably disjointed, that when she lay upon her bed of rushes it rather increased her misery than gave her rest; so that she could not turn herself without the most excessive pain. In this condition *Bohorquia* endeavoured to comfort her mind with great tenderness. The girl had scarce begun to recover from her torture, when *Bohorquia* was carried out and tortured with such diabolical cruelty upon the rack, that the rope pierced and cut into the very bones of her arms, thighs, and legs; and in this manner she was brought back to prison, ready to expire, the blood running out of her mouth in great plenty. Undoubtedly they had burst her bowels, insomuch that the eighth day after she died. And when after all they could not procure sufficient evidence to condemn her, though sought after by all their inquisitorial arts, yet as the accused person was born in that place, where they were obliged to give some account of the affair to the people, in the first act of triumph appointed after her death, they commanded her sentence to be pronounced in these words: Because this Lady died in prison and was found to be innocent, upon inspecting and diligently examining her cause; therefore the holy tribunal pronounces her free from any farther process; doth restore her both as to her innocence and reputation; and commands all her effects, which had been confiscated, to be restored to those to whom they of right belonged, &c. And thus after they had murdered her by savage cruelty they pronounced her innocent.

When a criminal upon the torture confesses and asketh pardon of the Church, he is condemned as guilty of heresy by his own confession, but treated as a penitent. But let him be ever so innocent, and persist in his innocence, he is condemned and delivered up to the secular arm to be punished.

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When any person is unhappily fallen under the censure of this Court; let him be ever so eminent in his profession, beloved of his acquaintance, and amiable in the eyes of the world, he, in that moment, is as a man not only dead, but forgotten; his friends are so far from attempting any thing in his favour, that they dare not be known to pity him, lest they should be rendered suspected of favouring or abetting heretics; which would certainly bring them into the same condemnation, instead of relieving their friend.

[*To be continued.*]

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An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

[By a late Author.]

D I A L O G U E I.

[*Continued from page 276.*]

*Callistus.*

**T**HIS was my reward! here was the transient heaven, to the attainment of which I had so long dedicated all my powers, changed in a moment to a perfect hell! Vexation, rage, and remorse, rent my soul! I imprecated vengeance on myself! Sometimes I cursed the world, and even poor *Lucinda*.—Then, at the thought of her affliction, wept like a beaten child. O glorious state! what comfort have the wicked? What had I to sooth my anguish! Life was a cruel torment to me, and I dared not die! The grave could promise *me* no refuge from pain! I had no hope!—I have none now! Now I *must* die!—Down, down, thou cursed heart, and do not choke me!—I flattered myself I could fly from despair. I resolved to change the scene, and go abroad. I went to *Lucinda* to take my leave. I was told she was ill, and confined to her bed.—Alas! she has never been well since, her constitution, as well as her spirit, is broken: her husband suspects not the cause

cause of all her miseries; but is miserable himself by sympathy with her: for after my fatal design had disclosed itself, she soon re-traced my wiles, penetrated the whole scheme of my villainy, and recovered her husband's affection, by her redoubled tenderness. Since my return from abroad, I have heard that they live entirely in the country, where she employs all her time in acts of piety and charity; and though her health continually decays, has, in a great measure, recovered her cheerfulness of temper. O that I had acted like her! Perhaps, instead of suffering thus, I thus, too might now have smiled in peace!

*Sophronius.* O my friend, it is never too late! The gates of mercy are ever open to receive the penitent. Our gracious God desires not the death of a sinner: but whenever he shall turn from his wickedness, has promised, for the sake of our blessed Redeemer, to save his soul alive.

*Callistus.* Hold, hold, *Sophronius*, you torture me to madness! What have I to do with that Redeemer? He is no Saviour to me! Will he mediate for me, who have disfavoured him, ridiculed, and reviled him?

*Sophronius.* Alas! Alas!

*Callistus.* Ay, Sir, alas, indeed! Now your sheet anchor's gone—O horror! There they are again! They beckon me away!—O no, not yet!—I will not, cannot come!—I have not told it yet! O spare me yet a day! An hour! Save me! Save me! Mercy! Mercy!—Save me, great God!—So!—*Sophronius*? are you there? O I am glad to see you! Give me your hand!—O coward guilt!

*Sophronius.* Great God—what is it, Sir? This is the second time you have amazed me thus!

*Callistus.* It is so—I am sorry for it—but there is no end of the torments of a mind like mine!—O for a day, an hour of peace and ease!—Never, never more must I taste them for a moment.

*Sophronius.*



*Sophronius.* O gracious Being, essence of goodness! vouchsafe to cast an eye of pity on thy disconsolate creatures!—O do not disdain his broken spirit!

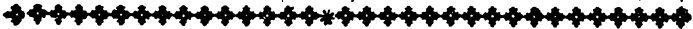
*Callistus.* Let me join!—I cannot speak!—Hear him!—Hear thy faithful servant!—See me humbled to the dust!—Pity!—Spare me!—Save me!—Have mercy on a miserable wretch!—*Can* it be consistent with thy justice!—it cannot be!—O *Sophronius*, it *cannot* be!—After all these warnings,—I persisted in my course of wickedness. I fled from misery; but I fled not from sin. Fool that I was, I wanted to avoid the effect, yet attempted not to remove the cause. I changed my climate; but my mind was still the same. In vain did the undistinguishing sun shine upon me with more unclouded brightness; all was still black, and gloomy within. In vain did I mix in the liveliest companies of the sprightliest nation! I forced a smile upon my face, whilst, in the bitterness of my soul, I cursed myself.—And what, think you, was the desperate remedy I at last applied to for relief? I listened with eagerness to all who opposed and ridiculed religion. I embraced the hardy man, who denied there was a God—Yes, I *hoped* to be convinced that there was no governor of the universe; that there was no future tribunal;—that there was no hereafter.—Yes, *Sophronius*, I would have persuaded myself, that this vile world was *all*; and rather than become good, I chose to become *nothing*!—I lulled my conscience into a delusive stupidity; but sickness has awakened it; more powerful disease has broke the enchantment of scepticism, and dispelled the clouds it had raised around me! O *Sophronius*, those prospects which to you are so glorious, to me are gloomy and horrible!—Why were not my eyes opened before I completed my ruin! before I entered upon that dreadful scene, which will make you fly me!—Yes, you will leave me, *Sophronius*, you will abandon me to my dreadful fate; shun me as a hideous fiend; before I have concluded this last part of my shocking narration.

*Sophronius,*

*Sophonius.* Indeed I will not. What shall I be severe against you, who are so severe upon yourself! But, my dearest friend, let me beseech you to have pity on yourself; you must have respite; you shall not thus exhaust your spirits; this is the only thing in which I will oppose you. I will hear no more at present.

*Callistus.* Alas, my friend, I forgot that you have had no refreshment since your journey. Forgive my inattention.—Come, I will try to shift the scene; with your help I will leave this sad apartment.—My kind comforter, you are my only support!

[*To be continued.*]



MARRATON and YARATILDA.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses: and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend, a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato's* followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chymical. Many *Aristotelians* have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his dissertation upon the

load-stone; observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst a heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the *substantial form*, that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the soul of the load-stone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or as we call it here, to the other world; and that, upon his return, he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the Interpreters of the Indian kings, to enquire of them, what traditions they have among them of this matter; which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows.

The visionary, whose name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long space under a hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or path-way that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hands; but to his infinite surprise, grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner

sooner got rid of this impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quick-set hedge to the ghosts it enclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions on flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood: when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further, when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it enclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about a hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of a hare, which ran away before them with unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince *Nicharagua*, who died about half a year before, and by reason of his great virtues was at that time lamented over all the western parts of *America*.

[*To be continued.*]

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*An interesting Story of Lady HARRIET ACKLAND, Sister to the present Earl of Ilchester, who went to America with her Husband, Colonel John Dyke Ackland, Son of Sir Thomas Ackland. Written by General Burgoyne.*

BESIDES the continuation of general fatigue, this day was remarkable for a circumstance of private distress too affecting to be omitted. The circumstance to which I allude, is Lady *Harriet Ackland's* passage through the enemy's army, to attend her wounded husband, then their prisoner.

The progress of this Lady with the army could hardly be thought abruptly or superfluously introduced, were it only for the purpose of authenticating a wonderful story.—It would exhibit, if well delineated, an interesting picture of the spirit, the enterprize, and the distress of romance; realized and regulated upon the chaste and sober principles of rational love and connubial duty.

Lady *Harriet Ackland* had accompanied her husband to *Canada* in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign she had traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of season, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend him, in a poor hut at *Chamblée*, upon his sick bed.

In the opening of the campaign of 1777, she was restrained from offering herself to a share of the fatigue and hazard expected before *Ticonderoga*, by the positive injunctions of her husband. The day after the conquest of that place, he was badly wounded, and she crossed the *Lake Champlain* to join him.

As soon as he recovered, Lady *Harriet* proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign, and at *Fort Edward*, or at the next camp, she acquired a two-wheel tumbril, which had been constructed by the artificers of the artillery, something similar

similar to the carriage used for the mail upon the great roads of *England*. Major *Ackland* commanded the British grenadiers, which were attached to General *Frazer's* corps; and consequently were always the most advanced post of the army. Their situations were often so alert, that no person slept out of his cloaths. In one of these situations a tent, in which the Major and Lady *Harriet* were asleep, suddenly took fire. An orderly serjeant of grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of. It proved to be the Major. It happened that in the same instant she had, unknowing what she did, and perhaps not perfectly awake, providentially made her escape, by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent. The first object she saw, upon the recovery of her senses, was the Major on the other side, and in the same instant again in the fire, in the search of her. The serjeant again saved him, but not without the Major being very severely burned in his face and different parts of the body. Every thing they had with them in the tent was consumed.

This accident happened a little time before the army passed the *Hudson's River*. It neither altered the resolution, nor the cheerfulness of Lady *Harriet*; and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps. The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more distressful, as of longer suspense. On the march of the 29th, the grenadiers being liable to action at every step, she had been directed by the Major to follow the route of the artillery and baggage, which was not exposed. At the time the action began, she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded. Thus was the lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musketry, for four hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband at the head of the grenadiers,

grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions, the Baroness of *Reidefel*, and the wives of two British Officers, Major *Harnage* and Lieutenant *Reynall*; but, in the event, their presence served but little for comfort. Major *Harnage* was soon brought to the Surgeons, very badly wounded; and a little time after came intelligence that Lieutenant *Reynall* was shot dead. Imagination will want no helps to figure the state of the whole groupe.

[*To be continued.*]

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FRENCH LIBERTY: *or an Account of the Prison of BICETRE in France.*

Some years ago, a book fell into my hands, which I had never heard of before; "A Series of Letters, by *Oliver Mac Allester, Esq;*" a Gentleman who resided several years at *Paris*: and who gives an account, p. 169, and seq. which one would wish every Englishman to be acquainted with.

J. WESLEY.

**M**ONSIEUR *Buhot*, a person much employed by the French Ministry, with whom he had a great deal of intercourse, one day sent me the following Note: "I pray you, Sir, to come to my house, as soon as you have dined, about the affair I mentioned to you, and also in the note I left for you at your lodgings. As you will be absent some days, it will be necessary to take a couple of shirts and a night-cap. I am most sincerely, Sir, your Servant,

BUHOT."

Saturday, November 18, 1758.

Dinner being over, I ordered some shirts, night-caps, &c. to be put up in a trunk, and carried to *Buhot's*; to which place I soon after followed: and whilst we were drinking coffee, which had been prepared against I came, he ordered his foot-

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man to go for a coach. I asked him where we were going? He told me not far, and that it would be only a tour of pleasure. The coach being come, we set off. He had given private orders to the coachman where to go, who drove out at one side of the suburbs, where I had never been before; and which seemed to me not to be so much frequented as any of the other roads.

After driving about two small miles, we stopped at a most large, noble building, which looked to me, like an old, stately palace (as I afterwards learnt it had been :) the buildings in front, which seemed to run in a kind of semicircle, were very grand, clean, and handsome.

The court before the building was large and spacious; so that several coaches might stand or drive round, without incumbering each other. There was before the court, which was separated from the road, or rather avenue, a long range of iron pallisades and iron gates, such as are generally before the most superb country-houses of the first Noblemen.

Casting my eyes about, as soon as the coach stopt, and not seeing any person in the great court, but every thing with an appearance of retirement, I concluded it to be a convent, or the palace of some Archbishop, or other person of distinguished rank in the Church. Getting out of the coach, the porter came directly to us. *Buhot*, to whom he was well known, ordered him to take in the little trunk, and then desired me to leave my sword with him, till our return; which the more confirmed me in my first idea, of its being a kind of religious house. Walking across this large court, I observed a piazza under part of the buildings, and a large pair of handsome iron gates, like the former, which opened into another spacious court.

Asking *Buhot*, what place that was where the last mentioned iron gate stood? he told me there were disorderly people, who boarded in a house within those gates; that there were many Gentlemen of fortune there; and that people might live there genteely



genteely at what price they pleased; and, continues he, you may go in there, and talk with one of them on an affair, which I shall mention to you. If you should stay a few days, so much the better; for it will be the making of your fortune. You are the only man in *France* to whom the business would be confided, and it is for the King himself you are entrusted.

We were at this time arrived to the foot of the great stairs, which faced the great court, and the piazzas; and as he was conducting me up these stairs to an apartment, Take this paper, said he, and put it in your pocket; it will tell you what to say to the person you are to speak to. You must not tell your name, but say it is the same you will hear me mention.

We then entered into a large apartment, and a Gentleman immediately came to us, whose name I afterwards found to be *Honette*, and that he and *Buhot* were intimate friends. No sooner were the usual compliments passed, than *Buhot* presented him a paper; and as soon as he had cast his eye over it, he said, to *Buhot*, casting at the same time an oblique look on me, this, Sir, I suppose, is the Gentleman, whose name is *Philip Grandville*, mentioned in this paper. To which *Buhot* replied in the affirmative, whilst I remained silent. Mr. *Honette*, who keeps his equipage, rung his bell, at which a lusty man came in, to whom *Honette* said, Take this Gentleman with you and shew him the place. I went, not suspecting but I should return in a little time, to *Buhot*, whom I left with *Honette* in his apartment.

[To be continued.]

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An Extract from a Circumstantial NARRATIVE of the loss  
of the HALSEWELL.

THE Halsewell East-Indiaman, of 758 tons burthen, commanded by *Richard Pierce*, Esq; having been taken up by the Directors of the East-India Company to make her third voyage, on the 16th day of November, 1785, fell down to *Gravesend*, where she completed her lading; and taking  
passengers

passengers on board, she sailed through the Downs on Sunday the 1st of January, 1786, and the next morning being a-breaft of *Dunnofe* it fell a calm.

The ship was one of the finest in the service, and supposed to be in the most perfect condition for her voyage; the Commander was of distinguished ability; his Officers were men of unquestioned knowledge in their profession; the crew were the best seamen that could be collected, and as numerous as the establishment admits; to whom were added a considerable body of soldiers, destined to recruit the forces of the Company in Asia.

The passengers were, Miss *Eliza Pierce*, Miss *Mary Anne Pierce*, daughters of the Commander:—Miss *Amy Paul*, Miss *Mary Paul*, daughters of Mr. *Paul*, of *Devonshire*, and relations to Capt. *Pierce*.—Miss *Elizabeth Blackburne*, daughter of Capt. *Blackburne*, of the same service.—Miss *Mary Haggard*, sister to an Officer on the *Madras* establishment, and Miss *Anne Mansfell*, a native of *Madras*, returning from receiving her education in *England*.—*John George Schutz*, Esq; returning to *Asia*, where he had long resided, to collect a part of his fortune which he had left there.

Monday the 2d of January, at three in the afternoon, a breeze sprung up from the South, when they ran in shore to land the pilot, but very thick weather coming on in the evening, and the wind baffling, at nine in the evening they were obliged to anchor in eighteen fathom water, the snow falling thick, and freezing as it fell.

Tuesday the 3d, at four in the morning, a strong gale came on from East-North-East, and the ship driving, they were obliged to cut their cables, and run off to sea. At noon, they spoke with a brig bound to *Dublin*, and having put their pilot on board her, bore down Channel immediately. At eight in the evening, the wind freshening and coming to the Southward,

they reefed such fails as were judged necessary. At ten at night it blew a violent gale of wind at South, and they were obliged to carry á prefs of fail to keep the ship off shore, in doing which they shipped a large quantity of water on the gun-deck.

On sounding the well, and finding the ship had sprung a leak, and had five feet water in her hold. All the pumps were fet to work.

Wednesday the 4th, at two in the morning, they endeavoured to wear the ship, but without success, and judging it necessary to cut away the mizen mast, it was immediately done. Soon after the ship having seven feet water in her hold, and gaining fast on the pumps, it was thought expedient to cut away the main mast, the ship appearing to be in immediate danger of foundering. In the fall of the mast, *Jonathan Moreton*, cockswain, and four men, either fell, or were drawn by the wreck, over-board and drowned; by eight in the morning the wreck was cleared, and the ship got before the wind, in which position she was kept about two hours, in which time the pumps cleared the ship of two feet of water in the hold: at this time the ship's head was brought to the Eastward with the fore-fail only.

At ten in the morning the wind abated considerably, and the ship labouring extremely, rolled the fore-top-mast over on the larboard side; in the fall the wreck went through the fore-fail, and tore it to pieces. At eleven in the forenoon, the wind came to the Westward, and the weather clearing up, the Berry-head was distinguishable, bearing North and by East, distant four or five leagues; they now immediately bent another fore-fail, erected a jury main-mast, and set a top-gallant-fail for a main-fail, under which fail they bore up for *Portsmouth*, and employed the remainder of the day in getting up a jury mizen-mast.

[*To be continued*]

A LETTER



that is visible ; and living a life hid with Christ in God, till they know no one after the flesh ; but feel an inward, secret union, and spiritual fellowship, with all who know and love Him.

Pray much then that the spirit and temper of our dear Lord may be more regarded. Where his spirit prevails, there is meekness and love, humility and tenderness for all that belong to Him. Indeed we cannot glorify God, but while we walk in his Spirit ; nor can we see, or hear, or feel spiritually, but in his Spirit : and where his Spirit is, there is liberty.

I hope that all among you forget the things behind : (I am sure that disputing, evil-surmising, and bigotry, are things which are, or ought to be left behind) and press forward to those that are before. May you all seek for a faith which overcomes the world, and lives upon Christ ! If Satan is every moment tempting, and if we continually stand in need of fresh supplies, then we should every moment see that the eye of our faith be looking up to its author and finisher, till we are all changed from glory to glory.

I am your affectionate Brother,

H. HARRIS.

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*Of the APPARITION of Sir GEORGE VILLIERS.*

SOME few days before the Duke of *Buckingham* went to *Portsmouth*, where he was stabbed by *Felton*, the ghost of his father, *Sir George Villiers*, appeared to one *Parker*, a religious and sober man, who had been a servant to *Sir George*; but was now a servant to the Duke his son. He appeared to him in his morning gown, and charged him to tell his son, that he should decline that employment he was going upon, or else he would certainly be murdered. *Parker* promised the apparition to do it. The Duke making preparation for his expedition,

expedition, the apparition appeared again to *Parker*, taxing him very severely for his breach of promise, and required him to acquaint his son of the danger he was in. On this, *Parker* the next day told the Duke, that his father's ghost had appeared twice to him, and had commanded him, without any further delay, to give him that warning. The Duke slighted it, and told him, That he was an old doating fool. That night the apparition came to *Parker* a third time, saying, *Parker*, thou hast done well in warning my son of his danger; but though he will not believe thee, go to him once more however, and tell him from me by such a token, (naming a private token) which nobody knows but only he and I, that if he will not decline this voyage, such a knife as this (pulling a long knife from under his gown) will be his death. This message also *Parker* delivered next day to the Duke; who, when he heard the private token, believed he had it from his father's ghost. Yet said, his honour was now at stake, and he could not go back, come life, come death. This passage *Parker*, after the Duke's murder, communicated to his fellow-servant, *Henry Celey*, who told it to a Divine, from whose mouth this account was taken. *Henry Celey*, lived at *North-Curry*, three miles from the place. The Divine aforesaid, was an intimate acquaintance of *Henry Celey's*, and assures me, he was a person of known truth and integrity.



## RARE FIDELITY.

WHEN the *Portuguese* came first into the East Indies, the king of *Cochin* made a league of amity with them, Soon after the king of *Calecut* drew his forces together, and sent to the king of *Cochin* to deliver up those few *Portuguese*. But he replied, That he would lose all, rather than falsify his faith. When any of his subjects persuaded him to yield them up, he said, He esteemed them worse enemies than the king.



merit had so eminently raised above his birth: she loved him, and gave him full access to her, so far as to suffer him to laugh and sport in her chamber on evenings.

It happened on a winter's night, *Eginardus*, had somewhat too long continued his visit: in the mean time a snow had fallen which troubled them both; fearing he would be betrayed by his feet: at length love made her do an act, very unusual for the daughter of one of the greatest men upon earth; she took the Gentleman upon her shoulders, and carried him all the length of the court to his chamber. It fell out that *Charlemaign* watched at his study this night, and hearing a noise, opened the window, and perceived this, at which he could not tell whether he were best be angry, or to laugh.

The next day in a great assembly of Lords, and in the presence of his daughter and *Eginardus*, he asked, what punishment that servant was worthy of, who made use of a King's daughter as of a mule, and caused himself to be carried on her shoulders in the midst of winter, through snow and all the sharpness of the seasons. Every one gave his opinion, and condemned that insolent man to death. The Princess and Secretary changed colour, thinking nothing remained for them but to be staved alive. But the Emperor looking on his Secretary, with a smooth brow, said, *Eginardus*, hadst thou loved the Princess my daughter, thou oughtest to have come to her father, the disposer of her liberty: thou art worthy of death; but I give thee two lives at the present: take thy fair portress in marriage; fear God, and love one another.



## MURDER DISCOVERED.

IN the year 1689, there lived in *Paris*, a woman of fashion, called *Lady Mazel*. Her house was large, and four stories high. In a small room partitioned off from the hall, slept the *Valet de chambre*, whose name was *Le Brun*. In the floor up  
 one



one pair of stairs was the Lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house. The key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door, and laid on a chair, by the servant who was left with the Lady, who pulling the door after her, it shut with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. On the second floor slept the *Abbe Poulard*. On the 27th of November, being Sunday, *Le Brun*, the Valet, attended his Lady to Church, then went to another himself, and after supping with a friend, went home cheerful, as he had been all the afternoon.

Lady *Mazel* supped with the *Abbe Poulard* as usual; and about eleven o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids; and before they left her, *Le Brun* came to the door to receive his orders for the next day: after which one of the maids laid the key of the chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out, and *Le Brun* following them, shut the door after him. In the morning he went to market. He then went home and transacted his customary business. At eight o'clock he expressed great surprise that his Lady did not get up, as she usually rose at seven. He went to his wife's lodging, which was in the neighbourhood, and told her he was uneasy that his Lady's bell had not rung. He then went home again, and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their Lady; and when one said, he feared she had been seized with an apoplexy, *Le Brun* said, It must be something worse: my mind misgives me; for I found the street door open last night after all the family was in bed but myself.

A smith being brought, the door was broke open, and *Le Brun* entering first, ran to the bed, and after calling several times, he drew back the curtains, and said, O my Lady is murdered! He then ran into the wardrobe, and took up the strong box, which being heavy, he said, She has not been robbed; how is this?

A Surgeon then examined the body, which was covered with no less than fifty wounds. They found in the bed, which  
was

was full of blood, a scrap of a cravat, of coarse lace, and a napkin made into a night-cap, which was bloody, and had the family mark on it; and from the wounds on the Lady's hands it appeared she had struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself.

The key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door; but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of a robbery, as a large sum of money and all the Lady's jewels were found in the strong box.

*Le Brun* being examined, said, that after he left the maids on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen; he laid his hat and the key of the street door on the table, and sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and going to lock the street door, he found it open; that he locked it, and took the key with him to his chamber.

On trying the bloody night-cap on *Le Brun's* head, it was found to fit him exactly, whereupon he was committed to prison. On his trial, it seemed as if the Lady was murdered by some person who was let in by *Le Brun*, for that purpose. None of the locks were forced, and his own story of finding the street door open, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt: and that he had an accomplice was inferred, because part of the cravat found in the bed was discovered not to be like his; but the maids deposed they had washed such a cravat for one *Berry*, who had been a footman to the Lady, and was turned away about four months before for robbing her.

*Le Brun* in his behalf had nothing to oppose to those strong circumstances, but an uniform good character, which he had maintained during twenty-nine years he had served his Lady; and that he was generally esteemed a good husband, a good father, and a good servant. It was therefore resolved to put him to the torture, which was done with such severity on

February 23, 1690, that he died the week after of the hurts he received, declaring his innocence with his dying breath.

About a month after, notice was sent from the Provost of *Sens*, that a dealer in horses had lately set up there, by the name of *John Garlet*; but his true name was found to be *Berry*, and that he had been a footman in *Paris*. In consequence of this he was taken up. On searching him, a gold watch was found on him, which proved to be *Lady Mazel's*. Being brought to *Paris*, a person swore to seeing him go out of *Lady Mazel's* the night she was killed; and a barber swore to shaving him next morning. On observing his hands very much scratched, *Berry* said, he had been killing a cat.

On these circumstances he was condemned to be put to the torture. On being tortured, he confessed, he and *Le Brun* had undertaken to rob and murder *Lady Mazel*; but when he was brought to the place of execution, confessed that he came to *Paris* on the Wednesday before the murder was committed, and on the Friday evening he went into the house unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay till Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread he had in his pockets; that about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the Lady was gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and the door being open, got under the bed, where he continued till the afternoon, when *Lady Mazel* went to Church; that knowing she would not come back soon, he got from under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin which lay in a chair, and then sat down by the fire, till he heard her coach drive into the court-yard, when he again got under the bed, and remained there.

That *Lady Mazel* having been in bed about an hour, he got from under it, and demanded her money: that she began to cry out and attempted to ring, upon which he stabbed her: and that she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs till she was dead.

That

That he then took the key of the wardrobe-cupboard from the bed's head, opened this cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it, and took out all the gold he could find; that he then locked the cupboard and replaced the key at the bed's head, took his hat from under the bed, and left the napkin in it; took the key of the chamber out of the chair and let himself out, and finding the street door only on the single lock, he opened it, went out and left it open.

Thus was the veil removed from this deed of darkness, and all the circumstances which condemned *Le Brun*, were accounted for consistently with his innocence. From the whole story, the reader will perceive how fallible human reason is. And the humane will agree, that in such cases, even improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned who may possibly be innocent.



## L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCXCVI.

[From Miss. H. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Wycombe, May 4, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

I find much reason to praise God who loads me with his benefits. I find that prosperity and adversity are much the same to me: my soul being not overmuch grieved at the one; nor lifted up by the other. Death of late seems at a great distance; but in this my will is so swallowed up in the will of God, that I cannot chuse either life or death.

The week after Easter I was informed that a man in this town, whose name is Charles Dean, was thought to be near death; and as he was a very wicked man, I thought I would go and see him. Accordingly I went and spoke freely to him concerning

concerning the state of his soul. I had not said much before I observed the tears fall from his eyes. He told me, he believed he had the hardest heart of any man alive. I was very glad to hear this, and told him it was a blessing that he felt it to be so. On asking him if I should go to prayer, he did not seem willing; but I told him I should not be long, and so prayed and went away. Going again the Monday following, and finding him putting off repentance, in hopes of being better in health, I endeavoured to shew him Satan's device in this; and persuaded him to seek the Lord *now*. Accordingly he began from that time to seek in good earnest. The next night I went to see him again, and found that God had given him a broken heart. I then went to prayer with him, and left him for the present. The next morning I found he was not satisfied with what he had received, but wanted an entire change of heart. On Wednesday morning 28, his wife found peace to her soul, and is now very happy in the Lord. Seeing her sister stand by, I told her, we must not leave her behind. On this she began to weep. I then encouraged her to believe. She cried out, Lord, I believe, help my unbelief!

The next day Dean sending for me, I went, and found him in the pangs of the new-birth. Indeed he seized my hand in an agony of distress. I went to prayer, and he prayed with me for sometime. I then stopped, and let him pray by himself. When he gave over I began again, and in less than half an hour his soul was set at liberty. When I went home, he sent for a man from his work to tell him what God had done for his soul. Thus he continued all that, and the two following days, exhorting all to repent and seek that change of heart which God had given him. He also sent for the Curate to give him the sacrament; but the Curate thought he was not sensible: for he told him what a blessed change he had found. The Curate said, it was a good thing; but yet would not give him the sacrament until he was more composed. I then persuaded my brother to go to see him. I believe it had a  
quite

quite contrary effect on his mind; for he wept much when he was with him: and ever since, when he has talked about him, the tears stand in his eyes. Last night his joy was somewhat abated; but his peace was still the same: and he said, if it was the will of God, he would rather depart and be with Christ; but yet was quite resigned to God's will. As to his wife and sister, they grow happier and happier daily. Glory be to God for this great work!

H. B.

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L E T T E R CCCXCVII.

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

May 12, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

I Feel That faith and love which overcometh the world, and that peace which passeth all understanding. I find that Jesus has the ruling power in my breast, and that he has subdued all things under him, and governs every passion. The flame of divine love, in general consumes all before it. I am also passive in the hand of God, and willing to be disposed of as seemeth him good. I find such zeal for his cause, and such love to souls, as makes me love, pity, weep and pray for them. In short, I find a heaven upon earth! And yet I find I come short in all things; and therefore am sunk into nothing before Him, who has thought fit to call such a worm as me, to be a partaker of the heavenly inheritance!

As you seem desirous Sir, to have a more particular account of the Lord's dealings with me from the beginning, I shall give you a short sketch of the same.

In May, 1770, the Lord shewed me that I was a sinner by nature and practice; and that if I did not repent, I should perish for ever. I then attended the preaching constantly,  
and

and in a short time joined the Society. From that time, till the 28th of June, my convictions increased. Being then in the deepest distress, I retired, full of shame and confusion. I thought to pray; but could not. I then ran to a book, called, *The Golden Key* that opens hidden treasure; and found a chapter suitable to my state. Presently after, I found the burden of sin fall off, and was enabled to cry out with Thomas, My Lord and my God! But I had not the abiding witness of his Spirit, till three weeks after, when the Lord shined on my soul and left me without a doubt. In a very little time he shewed me that I was prone to backslide from him, and that the remains of sin and unbelief was the cause thereof. But how to get rid of them I knew not. On this I asked Mr. S. who told me, it was the gift of God. Then thought I, if this is the case, I will give God no rest until he gives it to me.

One morning, about the latter end of September, I went to the Lord, and pleaded the death and sufferings of his Son, and also my right to the blessings purchased by him. I had not been long before him, till my soul was transported as if it was going to leave the body. On this I cried out, Lord, what art thou about to do with me! Just then the following words came with power to my mind, Behold, now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation! Then was my soul set at full liberty, and disengaged from every needless care and inordinate desire. At the same time I found it quite easy to do all that my heavenly Father required of me: and I had no doubt of my being sealed to the day of eternal redemption. In this confidence and full liberty of heart I still continue to this day. But as I am still weak and ignorant, I stand in need of every assistance; and therefore, dear Sir, I must beg (with your advice) an interest in your prayers; which will be gratefully acknowledged by

Your Friend and Servant,

C. M.

POETRY,

## P O E T R Y.

*A THOUGHT on LIFE and DEATH.*

**T**HE Cares of mortal life how vain!  
 How empty every joy!  
 While grief, and weariness, and pain  
 The fainting mind employ.

But O that nobler life on high,  
 To which my hopes aspire!  
 Does it not prompt the frequent sigh,  
 And wake the warm desire?

When now and then a heavenly ray  
 Attracts my upward view,  
 Almost I hail the approach of day  
 And bid this world adieu.

Those happy realms of joy and peace,  
 Fain would my heart explore,  
 Where grief and pain for ever cease,  
 And I shall sin no more.

No darkness there shall cloud my eyes,  
 No languor seize my frame;  
 But ever active vigor rise  
 To feed the vital flame.

But ah! a dreary vale between,  
 Extends its awful gloom;  
 Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,  
 The horrors of the tomb.

O for the eye of faith divine!  
 To pierce beyond the grave;  
 To see that Friend and call him mine,  
 Whose arm is strong to save!

That



That Friend who left his throne above,  
 Who met the tyrant's dart ;  
 And (O amazing power of love!)  
 Received it in his heart.

Here fix my soul—for life is here ;  
 Light breaks amid the gloom :  
 Trust in the Saviour's love ; nor fear  
 The horrors of the tomb.

T O S I L V I A.

[By Miss Steele.]

COME, Friendship, with thy sweetly-pleasing power,  
 Teach me to calm my dear-lov'd Silvia's breast :  
 Shed thy kind influence o'er the gloomy hour,  
 And soothe her every anxious care to rest.

Tell her, that Providence, immensely kind,  
 Through all events its guardian care extends ;  
 Nor can a real grief oppress her mind,  
 But even That grief unerring wisdom sends.

Oft, when imaginary woes oppress,  
 A dark cloud rises, and we shrink with fear ;  
 Perhaps that very cloud is meant to bless,  
 And shed rich comforts on the coming year.

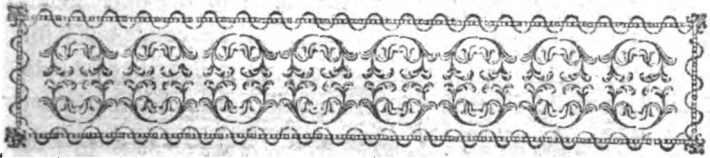
The ways of Providence, how kind ! how wise !  
 From seeming ills what real good is born !  
 Nor can the heart its blessings learn to prize,  
 That, gay and thoughtless, never knew to mourn.

O may my Silvia raise her wishes high !  
 With warm devotion may her bosom glow !  
 Pant for unmingled bliss beyond the sky,  
 And thankful own the gifts enjoy'd below.





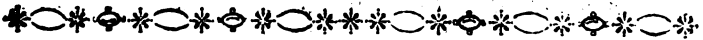
MR. JOSEPH PESCOD Aged 35.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For J U L Y 1786.



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

[Continued from page 293.]

CHAP. V. *An Answer to Arguments from Scripture, against*  
*Universal Redemption.*

**T**H E arguments against Universal Redemption rightly stated, founded upon Scripture, are scarce any; not one place being offered against those many texts which in express terms assert it: saying either expressly, or by plain and immediate consequence, that Christ died not for all. Those texts which have the fairest show of an argument have been both fully answered and retorted; and for the rest, even a short answer is more than they deserve.

*Obj. 1.* They for whom Christ died may say, *Who shall condemn us?* Rom. viii: 34; but all men cannot say this; ergo, Christ died not for all.

*Answer 1st.* Is it not evident that this argument supposeth that Christ died for none who shall hereafter be condemned?

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And must it not hence follow, that none of the unbelieving Jews, among whom Christ preached, shall be condemned for not believing in him? since They can never be obliged to do so for whom he never died, and so will never be the better for believing in him? Now is not this contrary to the whole tenor of the gospel? especially to the gospel of St. *John*, wherein Christ tells them, that *God having sent his Son into the world, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life?* He adds, *He that believeth not the Son is condemned already, because he believeth not in the only begotten Son of God.* Will it not hence follow, that none of the unbelieving world, to whom the Apostles preached, shall be condemned for not believing in him? For seeing they preached remission of sins to be obtained through his name; how can They justly be condemned for not believing in him to this end, for whom he never died? And why then did our Lord say to his disciples, when he sent them through the world to preach the gospel to every creature, *He that believeth not shall be damned?* or that his Spirit should convince the world of sin, because they believed not in him?

Answer 2. There is no such proposition in the scripture as this, *All for whom Christ died may say, Who shall condemn them?* but only that the persons there spoken of might say this. Now they were *the sons of God*, ver. 14, who had received the spirit of adoption, ver. 15, 16, were heirs of God, joint heirs of Christ, ver. 17, who had received the first fruits of the spirit, ver. 23, who actually loved God, ver. 28, and were justified by him, ver. 33. These Elect of God, saith the Apostle, may say, *Who shall condemn us?* [to lie still under the power of death, by virtue of that law which threateneth death to the sinner] *it is Christ that died* [to redeem us from death, and from the condemnation of the law] so that *there is no condemnation to them who are* (thus) *in Christ Jesus, i. e. who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit*, ver. 1, 2. In a word, all for whom Christ died may say so upon that faith and  
repentance

repentance which interests them in Christ Jesus; but none for whom Christ died, not the Elect themselves can say so, till they have believed and repented.

Obj. 2. From the thirty-second verse of the same chapter they argue thus, To all those for whom God delivered up his Son, He, *together with him, will freely give all things*; but there are many thousands in the world to whom God will not give all things; ergo, for none of these did God deliver up his Son.

Answer 1. Here it is observable again, that the major proposition is a direct assertion that *Christ died only for those who shall be saved*, or the Elect only, because to them alone he will give all things; and so it is liable to all the absurdities mentioned in answer to the first objection, and also to these following, viz.

That God could not equitably require all men every where to repent, or send his Apostles to call the Jews in general to repent and be baptized, in the name of Jesus for the remission of sins, or that their sins might be blotted out, or to preach to all the Gentiles, repentance and remission of sins through his name; for what good could this repentance do them? What remission of sins could it procure for all those for whom Christ died not? Yea, hence it follows, that no impenitent person can justly be condemned for dying in his impenitent estate; for on this supposition he may fairly plead, that Christ not dying for him, his repentance, had he been never so careful to perform it, must have been in vain, since it could not procure the remission of his sins. If here you say, it is an impossible supposition, that any one for whom Christ died not should repent, you only strengthen this his plea, enabling him to say, he is condemned and perisheth for want of that repentance, which from his birth to his dying day it was impossible for him to perform.

Hence it must follow, that God could not equitably require of them for whom Christ died not, obedience to the

Jaws of Christ, since that obedience, could they never be so willing, or so industrious to perform it, could not avail for the remission of their sins; it being only an interest in the blood of Christ, which cleanseth even the righteous from all sin: they therefore cannot be condemned for *loving darkness more than light*, i. e. than Christ the true light, seeing he never could be truly offered to them who never died for them. Nor can That rationally be said to be despised by any, or post-poned to any other thing, which never was proposed to them as their option, and which it never was in their power to chuse, or to embrace. They therefore cannot reasonably be damned for *not receiving the truth in the love of it, that they might be saved*, who never had a Saviour dying for them; and therefore never were in a capacity of receiving the truth, so as that they might be saved by it.

Answer 2. There is no such proposition in scripture as this, *To all those for whom God delivered up his Son, he will give all things*. The scripture cited respects only *us*, i. e. those who are the adopted *sons of God*, who have the Spirit dwelling in them, and who truly love God: to such God will give all things, i. e. all the blessings of the New Covenant, because they have performed the conditions of that Covenant.

Obj. 3. They who by the death of Christ are reconciled to God, *shall be saved by his life*, Rom. v. 9. If therefore all men are reconciled to God by the death of Christ, all must be saved by his life; but all will not be saved by him. Ergo.

Answer 1. This objection supposes, that *Christ died to reconcile no man to God who shall not be saved*; whence it must follow, that no man can be condemned at the last day for neglecting the great salvation purchased for him: Christ having neither purchased for, or offered to them any salvation, unless he offered to them that salvation which he never died to purchase for them. 2dly, Hence it must follow, that all who are not saved never had any Saviour or Redeemer; since he who died not for them could be no Saviour or Redeemer to them, and so

fo they never were in a capacity to fin againſt a Saviour; nor can their fins be aggravated by this conſideration, that they are committed againſt redeeming love: both which are palpable abſurdities.

Answer 2. The concluſion of this argument, *All that are reconciled to Chriſt ſhall be ſaved*, may be true. But it is not true that all for whom Chriſt died are reconciled to God; but only that Chriſt died for them when finners, unjuſt, ungodly, that he might bring them to God, and encourage them to believe in him that they might be juſtified. Hence the Apoſtle ſpeaks firſt of Chriſt's dying *for the ungodly*, when they were yet without ſtrength, and for finners, not yet juſtified; and then adds, That if God were ſo kind as to ſend his Son to die for us in this ſtate, much more *being juſtified* (by faith, ver. 1.) *in his blood, we ſhall be ſaved by him from the wrath of God; for if being before at enmity with God, we have been reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more ſhall we be ſaved by his life.* By the death of his Son, i. e. by that faith in it by which we have peace with God, and ſo have acceſs by faith in him to the favour of God. And this expoſition is certain from this conſideration, that God never juſtifies any but through faith in Chriſt; nor is he ever reconciled to any whom he did not juſtify. It is therefore certain that he never ſent his Son to purchaſe actual reconciliation for any but conditionally, if they believed. *He that believeth not in him, is condemned already, becauſe he believeth not in the Son of God.* It is therefore certain he died for the unbeliever, and yet he is not actually reconciled to God or juſtified; becauſe it is only by faith that we are juſtified.

Obj. 4. Thoſe for whom Chriſt died he loved with the greateſt love, this being a teſtimony of the greateſt love; but thus he loved not all, for he applies not the ſalutary effects of his death to all; ergo he died not for all.

Answer 1. Here again it is ſuppoſed, that Chriſt died for none who ſhall not actually enjoy the ſalutary fruits of his death,



death, i. e. who shall not actually be saved : whence it must follow, that only the Elect are, or can be guilty of sinning against the love of God in Christ Jesus.

Answer 2. It is not asserted in the holy scripture, *that those for whom Christ died, he loved with the greatest love*; Christ only saith, that one man shews no greater love than this to another, than that of laying down his life for him; and this he never doth but for his friend : but this he neither did, nor could say of the love of the Father, in sending his Son to die for mankind, nor of himself in dying for them; for *God commended his love to us in that when we were sinners Christ died for us*; he died for the ungodly, the just for the unjust. This text is therefore nothing to the purpose.

Answer 3. That God the Father, in sending of his Son into the world, that the world through faith in him might be saved, shewed the greatest love of benevolence to all mankind, as Christ expressly teacheth, John iii. 16, 17, and the Apostle in these words, *Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us first, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins*, and so did Christ in dying for us all when dead; so that all unbelievers, all wicked and impenitent persons continue in their sins against the riches of God's love and mercy to them in Christ Jesus. But then God's love of beneficence, and the salutary effects of Christ's death; or God's love of friendship to us, depends on our repentance, our faith in Christ, and our obedience to his laws; we being then *his friends when we do that which he commands us*; and so they only can be the proper objects of this love of friendship, or enjoy the blessings of the New Covenant, which Christ hath purchased by his death, who perform the conditions of that Covenant. It is therefore granted, that Christ shewed the greatest love of benevolence to all for whom he died; but then it is added, that he shews his love of friendship and beneficence only to those that bear a true reciprocal affection

to him: for as grace will be to all those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity; so if any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, he will be Anathema Maranatha.

[To be continued.]



*A Short Account of Mr. MATTHIAS JOYCE.*

[Continued from page 302.]

**B**UT though I was thus led by the burning mountain which could not be touched, and through blackness and darkness and tempest, and often heard the sound of the trumpet, and the noise of words, in a spiritual sense; yet I still remained a determined enemy to all the works of the devil. I may say, through the grace of God, I kept from every appearance of evil, as far as I knew; and if, through ignorance, I committed any thing that my conscience afterwards reproved me for, I did not rest until I confessed my fault, though I have been often laughed at for my scruples.

The following is an instance of my openness of heart, and tenderness of conscience at this time.—I had now a great aversion to newspapers, though before that I was exceedingly fond of them. But one day as I entered the Printing-Office, the men called me to them. When I went, I saw they were reading a newspaper. On this they said, You need not fear to read it; so I looked at it, and saw a spiritual play-bill (if I may so call it) concerning the day of judgment, that was stuck up at *Richmond*, on the King's birth-day. When I read it, I liked it exceedingly; and as I had not much to do, I printed a few of them, in order to give away, without asking my Master's leave, not thinking there was any harm in so doing. But one night, at preaching, as I was giving one of them to a friend, he

he asked me if I had told my Master? I said, No. As soon as he asked me the question, my conscience smote me, and I was filled with shame and sorrow. I returned home, determined to tell my Master, let me suffer what I would.

All this while I had no relish for the pleasures of this world. My whole desire was to be alone, that I might, without interruption, pour out my complaints. The sighs and groans of my troubled soul were sometimes heard by others, who, though joined in the same Society, often asked me, why I did so? and some of them could not help wondering at me. But, alas! they little understood my conflicts, and perhaps it was not necessary they should: as the Father of mercies leads some in a more peaceable and quiet manner than others; though it is certain the spirit must be wounded, before it can be healed.

After I had been about nine months in this condition, the Lord in great compassion to my poor, afflicted soul, threw the life of Mr. *John Janeway* into my hands. This little book was made a most reviving cordial to me, and proved like the wine and oil poured into the wounds of the man that fell among thieves.

The part which was blest to my soul was a letter sent by Mr. *Janeway* to an acquaintance of his who was exercised nearly in the same manner I was: for the sake of those who may be tempted, and yet may not have Mr. *Janeway's* life, I beg leave to subjoin an extract from it.

Dear Friend,

“ YOU say that you are troubled with blasphemous thoughts; so then they are your trouble, and neither sent for, nor welcome, and so are not assented to in your mind. (Tempted soul, is this the case with thee?) What then shall we say of them? If they were your own production, your heart would be delighted with its own issue.

“ Sure

“ Sure then they are the injections of that wicked one, who is the accuser of the brethren, and the disturber of the peace of the people of God. Doth Satan use to employ his weapons, but against those that he is in fear of losing? He is not wont to assault his surest friends in this manner. Those that he has fast in his own possession, he leads on as softly as he can, fearing such disturbances would make them look about them. But those that have in some measure escaped his snare, he follows with all the discouragements he can.”

As soon as I read this, the cloud vanished away, and I saw that those terrible blasphemies, and atheistical thoughts, under which I groaned so long, were the suggestions of the prince of darkness, and that I had no part or lot in the matter. When Satan found he was discovered, he fled, and my soul enjoyed a comfortable hope of seeing the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

The fears I had of sinking into hell, were now in a great measure removed, and I could draw nigh to God with some degree of confidence.

For about a year after this, I rejoiced in hope of experiencing the forgiveness of my sins; and of having the witness of his Spirit that I was a child of God. For though I could frequently rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and found the burthen of guilt removed; yet I would not dare to say I was justified, though at times I was ready to think I was.

I remember one day, while my mind was strongly persuaded to believe I was forgiven, I went to the Preacher in order to be certain of the matter. I told him my experience. He liked what I told him very well; but gave me no satisfactory answer. I said, well Sir, I believe the best way of coming to the knowledge of it is, to be much in prayer. He said, It is: so I left him as doubtful of my state as ever.

Sometime after, when I went to renew my ticket, Mr. *McNab* asked me if I knew my sins were forgiven? I said, No, Sir. He asked me, Why cannot you believe? I said, I feel so

much corruption stirring within me, that I am afraid. Then he said, I was putting Sanctification before Justification; or in other words, I was seeking to be made holy, before my sins were forgiven; but that this heart-purifying work began as soon as we were justified. I then thought I would begin to believe from that moment. Accordingly I could soon say, with some degree of confidence, Thou art my God. But my mind was more confirmed in this from a sermon Mr. *M<sup>r</sup> Nab* preached not long after, from these words, Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. I thought he preached this discourse on my account; for I was much tempted to cast my little confidence away. However, though I was encouraged for that time, yet because I did not feel that constant joy I expected, I let go my confidence, and walked in darkness as before.

About this time there came a man from the country, an old professor, who was very fond of encouraging those who were of a doubtful mind. The first time he saw me at preaching he took a liking to me, and in a little while we became very intimate. Our constant conversation was about religion; by which means he got some knowledge of my experience, and would, upon every occasion, be encouraging me to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Often would he say, Dare you deny that Christ is yours? when I was often at a stand, what answer to give him: being afraid to say, Yes or No, lest I should tell a lie. At length, as he and I walked along one time, he said, I believe you do not doubt that God is able to save you; but you do not believe he is willing. As soon as he uttered these words, the power of God rested upon me in a remarkable manner; all my doubts and fears vanished, and I was filled with faith and love. I could now no longer contain; but immediately cried out, O yes! I believe he is willing to save me: and I see so much love in his heart towards me, that I should be the most ungrateful wretch in the world, if I doubted of his love any longer.

Now

Now my heart rejoiced in the salvation of God; being inwardly persuaded, that Jesus loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*; and that my sins were all forgiven for his name's sake. I could now say, O taste and see how gracious the Lord is! Hearken all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul: he hath brought me up out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay; he hath turned my complaints into songs of thanksgiving; he hath not only forgiven all my sins, but healed all my diseases: therefore doth my soul magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour.

[*To be continued.*]

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*An Account of the Death of Mr. CHRISTOPHER PEACOCK: by Mrs. ROGERS.*

**M**R. Peacock (humanly speaking; but *I* believe a higher power ordained the whole) laid the foundation of his illness, by two journeys to *Ballbriggen*, in very severe weather, where his word was made a blessing to many. It was remarkable, that the last Sabbath-day he ever preached in *Dublin*, it was with peculiar liberty and unction from those solemn words, *He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him: but he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul, Ezek. xxxiii. 5.*

The first Tuesday in February he found himself very poorly, and consulted Dr. F——, who ever after constantly attended him; and the week following two other Physicians were called in. But medicine had no effect; for his disorder increased every day. On asking him how he was? he said, “My soul is kept in peace, and staid upon God. I have no anxiety respecting life or death; no fear of any kind. But we have need to be ready for such an hour; for if eternal happiness depended on it, I can do nothing towards obtaining it *now.*”

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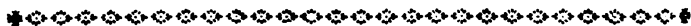
On Thursday, Feb. 9, I had three comfortable hours with him alone. My tongue was (as if for his sake) loosened in a manner I cannot now describe; and while I repeated many precious promises to him, he expressed himself greatly comforted.

Mr. *Rogers*, at different times, asked him, Do you feel Christ precious? He answered, "Yes." Have you any fear of Death? "No." Are you assured all will be well if you are taken away? He replied, "O yes!"

The Monday before he died, Mr. *Rogers* asked him, Are you not this day peculiarly comfortable in your soul? (for his countenance declared it) He said, "I am; but I am so ill, I cannot speak much." Are you as happy as when you were in health? "I am happier." Is Christ precious? He answered, "He is very precious:" and so he continued to answer, till he went to God.

I never knew a person more universally beloved and lamented than he is in *Dublin*. Almost the whole Society attended his funeral, and many who never heard the Methodists before, were so affected at that time, that they now come to hear. The House was so crowded when Mr. *Rogers* preached his funeral sermon, that about five hundred were obliged to go away for want of room.

March 2, 1786.



*An Extract from the Life of Mr. THOMAS FIRMIN.*

[Continued from page 304.]

**B**ECAUSE he found that his poor must work sixteen hours in the day to earn sixpence, and thought that their necessities and labour were not sufficiently supplied, or recompensed by those earnings; therefore he was wont to distribute Charity among them as he saw need; especially at Christmas and in hard weather: without which Charity some of them must

must have perished for want, when either they or their children fell ill.

He used also to lay in vast quantities of coals, which he gave out by a peck at a time. Whoever of the spinners brought in two pounds of yarn, might take away with them a peck of coals; besides those that were given to such as were antient, had many children, or any sick in their families. But because they soiled themselves by carrying away coals in their aprons or skirts, to obviate that inconvenience, he gave them canvas bags.

Cleanliness contributing much to health, he distributed among them shifting, made of the stronger sort of cloth, that had been spun by themselves, and the same among their children. Much of this shifting he begged for them; for he found among his acquaintance and friends divers charitable persons, who would rather buy the cloth that had been wrought by the poor, than purchase it at a cheaper rate of the merchants.

By the assistance and order of his friends he gave to men, women, and children, sometimes three thousand shirts and shifts in two years. But still further to help his poor, he would invite persons of ability to come to his Workhouse, on those days the spinners brought in their yarn; that seeing their poverty and diligence, he might the more easily persuade them to give or subscribe something for their relief. Some were willing to work, but knew not the art of spinning, or were not able to purchase wheels and reels. He often took up poor children as they were begging in the streets, whom he caused to be taught at his own charge, and procured them reels and wheels which he never deducted out of their work.

In his Book of Proposals he takes notice, that "In above 4000l. laid out the last year, including house-rent, servants wages, loss by learners, with the interest of the money, there was not above 200l. lost. One chief reason of which was the kindness of several persons; who took large quantities of goods at the price they cost me to spin and weave; and in particular,



particular, the East-India and Guinea Companies gave me encouragement, to make their *Allebas* cloths, and coarse Canvas for pepper bags; which before they bought from foreign countries."

He published that Book of Proposals to engage others, to set the poor on work, at a public charge; or at least to assist him, and two or three friends, in what he had now carried on for above five years, at the loss of above one thousand pounds. But finding that the Lord Mayor, and Aldermen were not persuaded by what he had offered in his book, and by discoursing with them, and other wealthy citizens; he began to lessen the spinning trade: for I find that in the year 1682, the whole disbursement was only 2337l. 3s. and yet the loss thereby that year was 214l.

Anno. 1690, the design was taken up by the Patentees of the Linen-Manufacture, who made the poor, and others whom they employed, work cheaper; yet that was not sufficient to encourage them to continue the Manufacture. The Patentees agreed to give Mr. *Firmin* 1000l. a year, to oversee and govern their Manufacture: but seeing their Undertaking had not answered their or his expectation, he never received the promised salary. When he drew some prizes in one of the lotteries, to the value of 180l. he reserved to himself only the money he had adventured. The money gained, he gave partly to some relations, and partly to the poor. But the poor spinners being thus deserted, Mr. *Firmin* returned to them again; and managed the trade as he was wont: but that their small wages might be comfortable to them, he was more charitable in his distributions, than in any former years; and he begged of almost all persons of rank, with whom he had any acquaintance. He would also carry his cloth to those, with whom he had scarce any acquaintance; telling them it was *the poor's cloth, which in conscience they ought to buy at the price it could be afforded*. If the buyers were very wealthy, they must also give some of the cloth they had bought for thuring. Without these ways it had been impossible for  
him

him to have employed such a multitude of people, who could not stay a minute for their money. This continued to be his chief business and care, to the day of his death: saving that about two years since, when the calling in the clipped money occasioned such a scarcity of current coin, that it was hard with many rich to get money enough to go to market; he was forced to dismiss some of his spinners for mere want of money to pay them. I heard his partner and kinsman, Mr. *James* tell him, he had taken about 700*l.* out of their cash already for the spinners: and that he should take out no more as yet. Not that Mr. *James* was not always an encourager and promoter of the Work-house Charity; for he never took any interest money for his share in the stock: but their whole common trade going through the hands of Mr. *James*, and being managed by him, he was more sensible than Mr. *Firmin*, that more ready money could not be spared, without great disadvantage to their trade. Flax and tow being goods very combustible, Mr. *Firmin* was always a little uneasy, lest by some accident the Work-house, being in the keeping only of servants, should take fire: and I remember the boys in one of their licentious times of throwing squibs, threw one into the Work-house cellar, where the tow and flax were stowed; but Providence did not permit it should do any hurt. At his death, he told Dr. *L*——, he did not regret his dying; only he could have been willing (had God so pleased) to have continued two months longer, to put his Work-house and spinners into another method. That method is now settled by Mr. *James*, and the poor spinners are employed as formerly.

[*To be continued.*]

*The*

The REMAINS of JOHN NELSON.

FRAGMENT FIFTH: concerning J. B. of Kirkheaton.

**J.** B. was awakened about thirty-one years ago, and soon received a sense of the love of God; but marrying, the cares of the world so beset him that he walked in heaviness for some time.

When Mr. *Wesley* came first to *Birstal*, the Lord again revealed himself to him; and in such a manner that he never lost his presence after for a single week. From that time he adorned the Gospel in the whole of his behaviour, though, for ten years he laboured under a very fore disorder. In the midst of his suffering he mightily praised God, and exhorted the Class, which he had met for 28 years, to keep in the way they were then in. He said, "God will give you strength for your day, as he hath enabled me to fight the good fight of faith. Through Him I am more than conqueror! and there is a crown of glory prepared for me. I have no doubt or fear; for perfect love casteth out fear. Tell *J. Nelson* to preach over my corpse." So saying, he resigned his soul to Jesus, and left a good favor behind him.

[The Sixth in our next.]

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

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

[Continued from page 312.]

**TUESDAY**, April 6. A little farther the Valley of *Hinnom* terminates; that of *Jehosaphat* running through the mouth of it. Along the bottom of the latter Valley runs the Brook *Cedron*;

*Cedron*; a Brook in winter time, but without the least drop of water in it all the time we were at *Jerusalem*.

In the Valley of *Jehosaphat*, the first thing you are carried to is the Well of *Nehemiah*; so called because reputed to be the same place from which that Restorer of *Israel* recovered the fire of the altar, after the Babylonish captivity, 2 Macc. i. 19. A little higher in the Valley, on the left hand, you come to a tree, supposed to mark out the place where the Evangelical Prophet was fawn asunder. About one hundred paces higher, on the same side, is the Pool of *Siloam*. It was anciently dignified with a Church built over it: but when we were there, a Tanner made no scruple to dress his hides in it. Going about a furlong farther on the same side, you come to the Fountain of the Blessed Virgin, so called, because she was wont (as is reported) to resort thither for water; but at what time, and upon what occasions, it is not yet agreed. Over against this Fountain, on the other side of the Valley, is a village called *Siloe*, in which *Solomon* is said to have kept his strange wives; and above the village is a hill called the *Mountain of Offence*, because there *Solomon* built the high places mentioned 1 Kings xi. 7. his wives having perverted his wife heart, to follow their idolatrous abominations in his declining years. On the same side, and not far distant from *Siloe*, they shew another *Aceldama*, or *Field of Blood*; so called, because there it was that *Judas*, by the just judgment of God, met with his compounded death, Matt. xxvii. 5. Acts i. 18, 19. A little farther on the same side of the Valley, they shewed us several Jewish monuments. Amongst the rest there are two noble antiquities, which they call the sepulchre of *Zachary*, and the pillar of *Abshalom*. Close by the latter is the sepulchre of *Jehosaphat*, from which the whole Valley takes its name.

Upon the edge of the hill, on the opposite side of the Valley, there runs along in a direct line, the wall of the city. Near the corner of which, there is a short end of a pillar jetting out

of the wall. A little farther Northward is the Gate of the Temple. It is at present walled up, because the Turks here have a prophesy, that their destruction shall enter at that Gate; the completion of which prediction they endeavoured by this means to prevent.

Having finished our visit to this place, we went up the hill towards the city. In the side of the ascent, we were shewn a broad stone on which they say St. *Stephen* suffered martyrdom. From hence we went immediately to St. *Stephen's Gate*: so called from its vicinity to this place of the protomartyr's suffering; and so returned to our lodging.

Wednesday, April 7. The next morning we set out again, in order to see the sanctuaries, and other visible places upon *Mount Olivet*. We went out at St. *Stephen's Gate*, and crossing the Valley of *Jehosaphat*, began immediately to ascend the mountains. Being got about two thirds of the way up, we came to certain grottos cut with intricate windings and caverns under ground: these are called the sepulchres of the Prophets. A little higher up, are twelve arched vaults under ground, standing side by side; these were built in memory of the twelve Apostles, who are said to have compiled their Creed in this place. Sixty paces higher, you come to the place where they say, Christ uttered his prophesy concerning the final destruction of *Jerusalem*, Matt. xxiv. 2. And a little on the right hand of this, is the place where, they say, he dictated a second time the paternoster to his disciples, Luke xi. 1, 2. Somewhat higher is the cave of St. *Pelagia*: and as much more above that, a pillar signifying the place where an angel gave the Blessed Virgin three days warning of her death. At the top of the hill, you come to the place of our blessed Lord's ascension. Here was anciently a large Church, built in honour of that glorious triumph: but all that now remains of it is only an octogonal cupola, about eight yards in diameter, standing, as they say, over the very place, where were set the last footsteps of the Son of God here on earth. Within  
the

the cupola there is seen, in a hard stone, as they tell you, the print of one of his feet. Here was also that of the other foot sometime since; but it has been removed from hence by the Turks into the great mosque upon *Mount Moriah*. This Chapel of the ascension the Turks have the custody of, and use it for a Mosque. There are many other holy places about *Jerusalem*, which the Turks pretend to have a veneration for, equally with the Christians; and under that pretence they take them into their own hands. But whether they do this out of real devotion, or for lucre's sake, and to the end that they may exact money from the Christians for admission into them, I will not determine.

About two furlongs from this place Northward, is the highest part of *Mount Olivet*; and upon that was anciently erected a high tower, in memory of that apparition of the two angels to the Apostles, after our blessed Lord's ascension, *Acts* i. 10, 11, from which the tower itself had the name given it of *Viri Galilaei*! This ancient monument remained till about two years since, when it was demolished by a Turk, who had bought the field in which it stood: but nevertheless you have still, from the natural height of the place, a large prospect of *Jerusalem*, and the adjacent country, and of the *Dead Sea*, &c.

From this place, we descended the mount again by another road. At about the midway down, they shew you the place where Christ beheld the city, and wept over it, *Luke* xix. 41.

About twenty yards lower they shew you *Gethsemane*; an even plat of ground, not above fifty-seven yards square, lying between the foot of *Mount Olivet* and the brook *Cedron*. It is well planted with Olive trees, and those of so old a growth, that they are believed to be the same that stood here in our Saviour's time. In virtue of which persuasion, the Olives, and Olive stones, and oil which they produce, became an excellent commodity in *Spain*. But that these trees cannot be so ancient as is pretended, is evident from what *Josephus* testifies, *Lib.* 7. *Bell. Jud. Cap.* 15. viz. that *Titus* in his siege of *Jerusalem*, cut down all the trees within about one hundred furlongs of it.

At the upper corner of the garden is a flat naked ledge of rock, reputed to be the place on which the Apostles, *Peter*, *James*, and *John*, fell asleep during the agony of our Lord, And a few paces from hence is a grotto, said to be the place, in which Christ underwent that bitter part of his passion.

About eight paces from the place where the Apostles slept, is a small shred of ground twelve yards long, and one broad, supposed to be the very path on which the traitor *Judas* walked up to Christ, saying, *Hail Master, and kissed him*. This narrow path is separated by a wall out of the midst of the garden, as a *Terra damnata*; a work the more remarkable, as being done by the Turks, who, as well as Christians, detest the very ground on which was acted such an infamous treachery.

[*To be continued.*]

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

*Of P L A N T S.*

[*Continued from page 315.*]

8. **O**N the smallest part of the branches grow the leaves; of these we may observe, 1. The fibres of the leaf stand not on the stalk in an even line, but always in an *angular* or *circular* posture; and their vascular fibres or threads, are three, five, or seven. The reason of this position is, for the more erect growth, and for the greater strength of the leaf; as also for the security of its sap. 2. The accurate position of these fibres, which often take in the eighth part of a circle, as in mallows, is in some plants a tenth; but in most a twelfth. 3. The art in *folding* up the leaves before the eruption, is incomparable both for elegance and security. They take up the least room their form will bear, and are so conveniently couched, as to be capable of receiving protection from other parts, and of giving it to each other,

Leaves

Leaves consist of fibres continued from the trunk of the tree. They are cloathed with an extremely thin pellicle which is covered with the finest down. Their skin or coat is only that of the branches extended, as gold is by beating. In the bud they are folded up almost in the manner of a fan, sometimes in two, sometimes in several plaits. But if they are too thick to plait commodiously in two, and to be ranged against each other, or if they are too small a number, or their fibres too delicate; instead of being plaited, they are rolled up, and form either a single roll, or two rolls, which begin at each extremity of the leaf, and meet in the middle. There are also some plants, as fern in particular, which form three rolls.

The chief use of leaves seems to be, 1. To catch the dew and rain, and so convey more nourishment to the plant, than the root alone could do. 2. To take in rain; (of which more hereafter:) and 3. To minister to a kind of insensible perspiration, by which redundancies may be thrown off.

9. The nutrition of plants seems to be performed thus. As the earth abounds with particles of every sort, those which suit each plant, being dissolved by moisture and agitated by heat, enter the root through its threads or pores, ascend through the woody fibres, and being in the vesicles of the plant mixed with its native juice, and subtilized by fermentation, insinuate themselves into all parts of it. Part of this nourishes the plant and forms the fruit; the residue transpires. But as all particles are not equally fit to enter the pores of every plant, neither can all be fermented into a juice proper to nourish it: the reason is plain, why every plant will not flourish in every soil.

It is remarkable, that trees of very different kinds, draw their whole sustenance from the moisture they find in the same piece of ground, and from the ambient air and dews. Hence we may infer, that the very contexture of their bodies from the first seed, are the natural limbecs, where the common water and air, are digested into so many different leaves and fruits,

We see also, that a handful of moss, sometimes above a span long, grows out of a small oyster-shell, without any earth, as do  
trees



trees out of bare rocks. Hence we easily learn, that the seeds first, and then the roots, stems, and leaves of trees, are the strainers which secrete and generate their peculiar saps and juices. These are at first little else than pure air and water, till they are con- creted in peculiar salts, by more curious strainers, and more subtle boilers than art ever devised.

10. The ancients generally supposed the earth to produce vegetables; many of the moderns ascribe it to water alone. But it is a doubt whether the experiment ever was made with the nicety that is requisite. And it proves nothing, unless that water be quite pure from any terrestrial mixture. For if it be not, the plant may owe its whole growth to that terrestrial matter.

Who can find any water, newly taken out of the spring, which does not exhibit, even to the naked eye, great numbers of small terrestrial particles, dispersed through every part of it? These are of two general kinds. Some are of a mineral nature, others of a vegetable. Of the latter some are fit to nourish one plant, or one part of it, and some another. All water is much charged with vegetable matter, which is fine, light, and easily moveable. Spring water contains more of it than river water, river water more than rain water.

[To be continued.]



### *Of the* INQUISITION.

[Continued from page 318.]

**I**F any one is so fortunate as to escape, by shewing tokens of repentance; and by confession avoids the dismal consequence of being delivered up to the secular arm; he is not permitted to go scot-free: he is sure of such punishment as the heinousness of his crime will authorise the Inquisitors to inflict upon him.

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This abjuration, which also includes a promise of submission to all penances the Inquisition shall think proper to lay upon them, is followed by various sorts of punishments. Some are confined during life in a dark, dismal prison, and allowed nothing better than bread and water; debarred from the intercourse or correspondence of every one, and treated with all sorts of cruelty. Others are stripped of all their fortune, and committed slaves to the galleys for life, or a term of years; and then banished, under pain of death should they again visit their native soil; or whipped, &c. And the common punishment of all heretics, is the confiscation of all their effects. Which confiscation is made with such rigour that the Inquisition orders the Exchequer to seize on all effects entrusted to, or negotiated by the prisoner, as well as those which are his own property.

When a criminal has constancy enough to resist all the Inquisitorial arts, and is determined to die rather than accuse himself of what has been unjustly laid to his charge; or is obstinate and persevering in Judaism, &c. he is guilty of death. But if he has never been under the like condemnation, nor undergone any of the penitential punishments by order of the Inquisition, the *holy Office* values itself much upon shewing mercy to the condemned person, if he can be wrought upon even after sentence has passed, to confess. This was the particular case of that rich merchant, *Lewis Pezoa*, native of *Genoa*, who, with his whole family had been accused of secret Judaism, by some of his enemies, and who with his wife, two sons, and one daughter, and some other relations that lived with him, were all thrown into the prison of the Inquisition. He denied the crime, and well refuted it, and demanded that the witnesses might be discovered to him, that he might convict them of falsehood: but he could obtain nothing, and was condemned to be delivered over to the arm of the secular court; which sentence was made known to him fifteen days before it was pronounced. The Duke of *Cardaval*, an intimate friend of the Duke *d'Aveira*, Inquisitor-general, had made strict enquiry

enquiry how this affair was like to turn? and understanding that unless he confessed before his going out of prison, he could not escape the fire, because he had been legally convicted; the Duke continued to intreat the Inquisitor-general till he had obtained a promise, that if *Pezoa* would confess, even after sentence was pronounced, and his procession in the *Act of Faith*, he should not die, though it was contrary to the laws and customs of an *Act of Faith*. Upon that solemn day, therefore, he went with some of his own friends, and some that were *Pezoa's*, to prevail with him, if possible, to confess. He came out in the procession, wearing the infamous *Samarre*, and on his head the *Caroch*, or infamous *Mitre*; his friends, with many tears, besought him, in the name of the Duke *de Cardaval*, and by all that was dear to him, that he would preserve his life; and intimated, that if he would confess and repent, the said Duke had obtained his life; and would give him more than he had lost, but in vain: *Pezoa* continually protesting himself innocent.

When the procession was ended, and the *Act of Faith* almost finished, the sentences of those condemned to certain penances having been read; and the sentences of those who were to be delivered over to the secular court being begun to be read, his friends repeated their intreaties, by which at last they overcame his constancy; so that desiring an audience, and rising up that he might be heard, he said, *Come then, let us go and confess the crimes I am falsely accused of, and thereby gratify the desire of my friends.* And having confessed his crime, he was remanded to prison. Two years after he was sent to *Eoora*, and in the *Act of Faith* walked in the procession, wearing the *Samarre*, on which was painted the fire inverted; and after five years more that he was detained in the prison of the Inquisition, he was condemned to the galleys for five more.

[*To be continued.*]

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 An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

[Continued from page 321.]

## D I A L O G U E II.

[This conversation past on the day after the former.—SOPHRONIUS is entering the chamber of CALLISTUS,—the first time he had seen him that day.]

*Callistus.* **I**S it *Sophronius*? It is my excellent friend. May every day shine on you as bright as this! May cœlestial glories reward your goodness!

*Sophronius.* How does my dear *Callistus*? How do you find yourself to-day? I think I may pronounce you better than when first I saw you.

*Callistus.* I live, *Sophronius*! I see the sun again! I see my *Sophronius* once again! I grasp his honest hand! I view his benevolent countenance! I hear his comfortable voice!—Once more I taste of pleasure!

*Sophronius.* And like a faithful friend, immediately communicate a large share to me. Believe me, dearest Sir, I hardly ever knew a greater pleasure than to hear you speak thus cheerfully.

*Callistus.* You ever make your own happiness: it grows out of your goodness. Your kindness has done more for me than the skill of my physicians. You have prolonged my life a day at least; you have given a recruit of spirits to my languid blood; you have spoken comfort to my trembling soul.

*Sophronius.* Happy am I to have been made the instrument of any good to my *Callistus*.

*Callistus.* *The Instrument!* Think you that I dare look higher than yourself for blessings? O no, *Sophronius*, I cannot hope for favour from any being superior to yourself. But you

forget your own dignity whilst you smile on me.—Well, I beg your pardon: I see I pain your modest heart. But come, if you wish me to prolong this interval of ease, preserve me from myself. You have breakfasted I hope.

*Sophronius.* Yes, Sir; I knew you would be displeas'd if I stay'd for you.

*Callistus.* That's right.—But think not, though I am so bad a sleeper, that I have been in bed all this time; no, I have been doing business this morning: I have been making a Will; but I leave you nothing, *Sophronius*: you want nothing; you are contented. But, my friend, I asked you some questions yesterday, which I do not remember you answered. Tell me, my dear friend, how many children you have, and whether they and the amiable *Urania* enjoy good health. Tell me the story of your loves. Give me the history of your life, since I ceased to be *Callistus*: keep me with you, and save me from myself, as long as you can.

*Sophronius.* I hop'd I had reconcil'd you to yourself.

*Callistus.* O no! never, never can that be! You have done more than I thought possible; you have soften'd my despair, you have let in a ray of light upon my utter darkness.

But I am impatient to know how you have pursued happiness and found it.

*Sophronius.* Alas, my friend, the story of my life will give you little entertainment. I have nothing extraordinary to relate. My way was plain before me, and I never had vivacity enough to start aside from it. I set out in life without forming any great expectations of happiness; all my observations taught me that the best I might hope for, was peace.

When I left the College, for the Inns of Court, I forsook a way of life that was agreeable enough to me, for one, in favour of which, I was far from being prejudic'd; but it was my father's desire, and I resolv'd to comply. You, my friend, took care that I should not surfeit myself, at first, with my new studies, by insisting on my partaking with you, of the  
diversions

diversions of the town; but I began to be cloyed with them, when it pleased heaven to put a sudden stop to my pleasures, by taking my worthy father from a life of toil, to (I doubt not) a state of perfect repose and happiness. I own it was some consolation, to think that I might now excuse myself from engaging in the same fatigues and cares from which he was just released. I therefore resolved to pursue my own plan: for, upon looking into my affairs, I found that from my estates, and money, I should have a clear income of five hundred pounds a year; and this I was convinced was as much as I should want for all my schemes. I communicated my resolution to my friend, who would have persuaded me to enter into the fashionable taste of happiness; but I was not more weary than afraid of the life I had led some time. I therefore determined to quit the town, which I found I could do without much pain, though I could not remain in it without danger. My only mortification was, the parting with my agreeable friend. I took my leave of him with severe regret, and hastened to a place which at first appeared a melancholy scene; but I had studied my part before-hand, and soon grew familiar to it.

I immediately indulged myself in one of my favourite amusements, and set about the improvement of my garden, and grounds: which I have found a never-failing entertainment for above these twelve years; and may now boast that my habitation, though not fine, is very agreeable. I flatter myself that my friend will come and see my improvements as soon as he is able to move; for though he has far more noble places, he will find at none of them such faithful, assiduous, and affectionate servants, who will exert all their powers to recover his health, and promote his ease and pleasure.

[*To be continued.*]

## MARRATON and YARATILDA.

[Concluded from page 323.]

HE\* had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it for sometime to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not stood long by the fisherman, when

\* *Marraton*.

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he saw the shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him; floods of tears ran down her cheeks; her hands, her looks, her voice called him over to her, and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire; and astonishment that rose in the Indian at the sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach *Yaratilda* flew into his arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with her own hands, with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his god, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of his children to him who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others, which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

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her; but was told she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General *Gates*, recommending her to his protection.

Mr. *Brudenell*, the Chaplain to the Artillery (the same gentleman who had officiated so signally at General *Frazer's* funeral) readily undertook to accompany her, and with one female servant, and the Major's valet-de-chambre (who had a ball which he had received in the late action then in his shoulder) she rowed down the river to meet the enemy. But her distresses were not yet to end. The night was advanced before the boat reached the enemy's out-posts, and the sentinel would not let it pass, nor even come on shore. In vain Mr. *Brudenell* offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard was apprehensive of treachery, and therefore threatened to fire into the boat if it stirred before day-light. Her anxiety and suffering were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice, at the close of this adventure, to say, that she was received and accommodated by General *Gates*, with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved.

Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship, and danger, recollect, that the subject of them was a woman of the most tender and delicate frame; of the gentlest manners; habituated to all the soft elegancies, and refined enjoyments that attend high birth and fortune; and far advanced in a state in which the tender cares, always due to the sex, become indispensably necessary. Her mind alone was formed for such trials.

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FRENCH LIBERTY: *or an Account of the Prison of BICETRE in France.*

[Continued from page 328.]

PASSING along the piazzas at the iron gates, the man took out of his pocket two large keys, unlocked the gates, and as soon as we were entered, immediately locked them. I then observed grenadiers, as sentinels under arms, with bayonets screwed at the top of their firelocks. I saw at some little distance, many soldiers before their guard-room, and several men who looked as if half starved. Those were all in the uniform of the house, which is a coarse brown jacket, large brown breeches half-leg down like trowsers, coarse stockings of the same colour, a high cap, sugar-loaf form, of the same coarse cloth, and wooden shoes.

I was instantly struck, though I had only a cursory view, as I passed along after my guide, who led me in at a large door of another building; and going up spacious stone stairs, like church stairs, where I observed long galleries, I thought I should have dropped down dead, with a most overcoming extraordinary smell; such as I had never perceived in all my life before, notwithstanding the house-stairs, and galleries appeared perfectly clean.

Being on the first floor, my guide conducted me through his kitchen; near which he had a little room and a bed-chamber decently furnished. He begged I would sit down; which I did while he went in and out. I asked, pray Sir, what place is this? "The prison of *Bicetre*, Sir," said he. At which I was not a little shocked. What is your office? continued I. He replied, "I am Captain of the prison." You have a good many prisoners then I presume, said I. "Yes, Sir, in all about six thousand. We generally have from five to six thousand of both sexes in this prison, said he, and eighty men and Officers constantly under arms, besides the servants and officers of the house

house to take care of them; and neither officer nor soldier, nor any person whatsoever can go out without my permission, after they have once entered within the gates."

You may judge from this, how my heart began to flutter, from an imagination that I was kidnapped. I was now impatient to look at the paper given me by *Buhot*; but desirous to have farther discourse with the noble Captain, I asked him, who those people were that I had seen dressed in so particular a manner? He told me they were a few of the prisoners, who behaved well, and were employed in doing some trifling offices in the house. And as to their being dressed in the same manner, he said, if the best man in *France* was sent a prisoner here, we strip him of his clothes, money, linen and even shoe-buckles (which are returned to him when discharged) to put on him the habit of the house: he is not permitted to have the use of a knife, or of any thing made of metal, not so much as a needle or a pin. I asked him the reason: he told me the dress was to discover them in case they should make their escape; and that their being deprived of every thing composed of metal, was to prevent their making away with themselves. I asked him how they did to cut their victuals? With wooden knives, said he; and shewed me some of them made of hard wood: but they seldom have occasion for any, being in nowise encumbered with meat, unless the unhappy rich; and what they have of that commodity is so well boiled or roasted, as to fall to pieces of itself, when brought to table. I told him I supposed I should be going in a short time. He said, Not so soon Sir; you cannot go without an order. You are to be here for some time; but not to be used like other prisoners: besides, there is a person, I believe, to be brought to you in a day or two. I then found I stood committed prisoner, by the paper which *Buhot* gave Mr. *Honnette*, under the name of *Philip Grandville*, and that this must be productive of something extraordinary.

Night approaching, the Captain of these thousands desired to know if I would have any thing ordered for supper: telling me that whatever I pleased to order for dinner or supper, would be procured for me. I thanked him, and told him, I should eat no supper. In truth my appetite was fled; but my fears and apprehensions remained: which so alarmed me that I did not know whether the event might not cost me my life, or my liberty for ever. When I enquired where I was to lie, he told me in a very good room on the uppermost floor, which had been lately occupied by a Marquis; a person of great distinction, who had been there a long while, and had but a short time before obtained his liberty. Going to the room, I found a candle and a good fire burning; a table, two chairs, and a bed. An elderly man, an under officer of the house, came in and put on a pair of sheets. On their going away, the Captain locked me up with as much care as if I had been a prisoner for some heinous crime.

Being now alone, I instantly took out the paper, which *Buhot* had desired me to put in my pocket; this paper is all of his own hand-writing, though dictated by the prime Minister.

#### INSTRUCTIONS for Mr. *Mac Allester*.

“The person to be observed, speaks often of the Jesuits, and particularly of Father *Flewilau*, who, he says, has done him many good offices: it will be necessary ingenuously to know where he lives, and in what convent he is.

“In acting with circumspection, as the case shall require, it will be proper to have the greatest attention not to forget the names, countries, and places of abode, of the persons with whom he shall say he has any connection.”

On reading over the above, I was at a loss what to think of the business; when recollecting all that had passed from the first of April, I concluded, that the business I was now to enter upon was a branch of *Damien's* affairs, who had stabbed the King.

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Being now at the mercy of the Ministers, and shut up in one of the most dreadful prisons in all the world; where remorse, humanity, or pity, have never shewn their faces, nor justice or liberty been obtained, but through interest or money; where no person, friend, or acquaintance, knew I was decoyed: where no letter is received; and from whence no letter is permitted to go, but through the hands of an officer of the house who first peruses it: I began to be apprehensive, that when the secret should be communicated to the Ministers, which I supposed was to pass by my hands, it might then fall out, that to prevent its transpiring, I might myself be kept in prison, by those very Ministers who sent me there for the remainder of my life, the more effectually to secure the concealment.

[*To be continued.*]

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*An Extract from a Circumstantial NARRATIVE of the loss of the HALSEWELL.*

[*Continued from page 330.*]

**T**HURSDAY the 5th, at two in the morning, the wind came to the Southward, blew fresh, and the weather was very thick: at noon, Portland was seen bearing North and by East, distant two or three leagues. At eight at night it blew a strong gale at South, and at this time the Portland lights were seen bearing North-West, distant four or five leagues. Then they wore the ship, and got her head to the Westward; but finding they lost ground on that tack, they wore her again, and kept stretching on to the Eastward, in hopes to have weathered Peverel-point, in which case they intended to have anchored in Studland-bay. At eleven at night it cleared, and they saw St. Alban's-head a mile and half to the leeward of them, upon which they took in sail immediately, and let go the small bower-anchor, which brought up the ship at a whole cable, and she

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rode for about an hour, but then drove. They now let go the sheet-anchor and wore a whole cable, and the ship rode for about two hours longer, when she drove again.

About two in the morning of Friday the 6th, the ship still driving, and approaching very fast to the shore, the same officer again went where the Captain was, and another conversation took place: Captain *Pierce* expressing extreme anxiety for the preservation of his beloved daughters, and earnestly asking the officer if he could devise any means of saving them; and on his answering with great concern that he feared it would be impossible, but that their only chance would be to wait for the morning, the Captain lifted up his hands in silent ejaculation.

At this dreadful moment the ship struck with such violence as to dash the heads of those who were standing against the deck above them, and the fatal blow was accompanied by a shriek of horror, which burst at one instant from every quarter of the ship.

The seamen, many of whom had been remarkably inattentive and remiss in their duty during great part of the storm, and had actually skulked in their hammocks, roused by the destructive blow to a sense of their danger, now poured upon the deck, to which no endeavours of their officers could keep them whilst their assistance might have been useful, and in frantic exclamations demanded of heaven and their fellow-sufferers, that succour, which their timely efforts might have succeeded in procuring; but it was now too late, the ship continuing to beat on the rocks, soon bulged, and fell with her broadside towards the shore.

Mr. *Meriton*, whom we have already mentioned, at this crisis of horror, offered to these unhappy beings the best advice which could possibly be given them. He recommended their coming all to that side of the ship which lay lowest on the rocks, and singly to take the opportunities which might then offer of escaping to the shore. And having thus provided to the utmost of his power, for the safety of the desponding crew,

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he returned to the round-house, where by this time all the passengers, and most of the officers were assembled: the latter employed in offering consolation to the ladies, and with unparalleled magnanimity, suffering their compassion for the amiable companions of their misfortunes, to get the better of the sense of their own danger. At this moment, what must be the feelings of a father!—of such a father as Captain *Pierce*!

In this charitable work of offering comfort to the sufferers, Mr. *Meriton*, now joined by assurances of his opinion, that the ship would hold together till the morning, when they would all be safe, and Captain *Pierce* observing one of the young gentlemen loud in his expressions of terror, and hearing him frequently exclaim that the ship was going to pieces, he cheerfully bid him hold his peace.

It will now be necessary to describe the situation of the place, as without such a description it will be difficult to convey a proper idea of the deplorable scene.

The ship struck on the rocks at or near Seacombe, on the Island of Purbeck, between Peverel-Point, and St. Alban's-head, at a part of the shore where the cliff is of vast height, and rises almost perpendicular.

But at this spot the cliff is excavated at the foot, and presents a cavern of ten or twelve yards in depth, and of breadth equal to the length of a large ship; the sides of the cavern so nearly upright as to be extremely difficult of access, the roof formed of the stupendous cliff, and the bottom of it strewed with sharp and uneven rocks.

It was at the mouth of this cavern that the wreck lay stretched almost from side to side of it, and offering her broadside to the horrid chasm.

But at the time the ship struck it was too dark to discover the extent of their danger, and the extreme terror of their situation; even Mr. *Meriton* conceived a hope that she might keep together till day-light, and endeavoured to cheer his drooping friends, with this comfortable expectation.



In addition to the company already in the round-house, they had admitted three black women, and two soldiers' wives, with the husband of one of them, so that the numbers there were now increased to near fifty: Captain *Pierce* sitting on a chair, with a daughter on each side of him, each of whom he alternately pressed to his bosom; the rest of the melancholy assembly were seated on the deck, which was strewed with musical instruments, and the wreck of furniture, trunks, boxes and packages.

And here also Mr. *Meriton*, having previously cut several wax candles into pieces, and stuck them up in various parts of the round-house, and lighted up all the glass-lanterns he could find, took his seat, intending to wait the happy dawn, that might present to him the means of effecting his own escape, and afford him an opportunity of giving assistance to the partners of his danger; but observing that the poor ladies appeared exhausted, he fetched a basket of oranges, and prevailed on some of them to refresh themselves by sucking a little of the juice. At this time they were all tolerably composed, except Miss *Mansel*, who was in fits on the floor deck of the round-house.

But on his return to the company, he perceived a considerable alteration in the appearance of the ship; the sides were visibly giving way, the deck seemed to be lifting, and he discovered other strong symptoms that she could not hold together much longer. He therefore attempted to go forward to look out, but immediately saw that the ship was separated in the middle, and that the fore part had changed its position, and lay rather farther out towards the sea; and in this emergency, when the next moment might be charged with his fate, he determined to seize the present, and to follow the example of the crew, and the soldiers, who were now quitting the ship in numbers, and making their way to a shore, of which they knew not yet the horrors.

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Among other measures adopted to favour their escape, the ensign-staff had been unshipped, and attempted to be laid from the ship's side to some of the rocks; but it snapped to pieces before it reached them; however by the light of a lanthorn, which a seaman handed through the sky-light of the round-house to the deck, Mr. *Meriton* discovered a spar, which appeared to be laid from the ship's side to the rocks, and on this spar he determined to attempt his escape.

He accordingly laid himself down on it, and thrust himself forward. But he soon found that the spar had no communication with the rock. He reached the end of it, and then slipped off, receiving a very violent bruise in his fall, and before he could recover his legs, he was washed off by the surge; in which he supported himself by swimming, till the returning wave dashed him against the back part of the cavern, where he laid hold of a small projecting piece of the rock; but was so benumbed, that he was on the point of quitting it, when a seaman who had already gained a footing, extended his hand, and assisted him till he could secure himself on a little of the rock, from which he clambered still higher, till he was out of the reach of the surf.

[*To be continued.*]



### W A L K I N G *in* S L E E P.

**R**EADING in the Arminian Magazine, an account of a Gentleman who used to walk in his sleep, it brought to my remembrance the following facts; which I thought might be of service to such as are troubled with that disorder, by which some have run the risk of their lives.

The eldest son of one of my uncles, who used to walk in his sleep, was cured by a tub full of water being set in the Nursery when he went to bed. My uncle was told that it was likely he might

might walk into it; and that if it waked him, he would never do it again. The tub of water was accordingly fet in the room, and he getting up as usual, walked into it, and by so doing waked himself; but never attempted to rise in his sleep after.

When I was a child I walked in my sleep, and my mother was advised to awake me suddenly, and endeavour to frighten me. But others told her this was dangerous; for some children had been thrown into fits by that means, and some irrecoverably lost their senses. She therefore tried the tub of water, which so effectually succeeded, that from the first night it was fet, I never walked again in my sleep.

How long the water was continued in my room I do not know; being only about seven years old. From the account the servants gave, my mother did not believe I was asleep. She therefore ordered them to call her some night as soon as I began to move; but, when she came, she said, the sight was so affecting, she never desired to see it more: for my eyes were open; but looked like those of a corpse! and my face was so deadly pale, and covered with a cold sweat, with something so inexpressibly distressing in my countenance, that I appeared like a one rising from the tomb. She said, she spoke to me, and I answered as rationally as if I had been awake: and that I distinguished when she asked a question; but in the morning she said, I knew nothing of what had happened.

Whether it would answer upon persons who have had a long habit of walking in their sleep, I know not; but I am sure (however it be accounted for) it cured us two.

*Leeds, Oct. 31, 1785.*

D. D.

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*The Apparition of EDWARD AVON, to his Son-in-law,  
THOMAS GODDARD.*

**T**HOMAS GODDARD, of *Marlborough*, in the county of *Wilts*, on the ninth of November, 1674, going to *Ogburn*, at a stile near the highway, met the apparition of his father-

father-in-law, *Edward Avon*, who died in May last, having on, to appearance, the same clothes he usually wore when living. When he came near, the apparition said, Are you afraid? To which *Goddard* answered, I am, thinking on one who is dead whom you are like. To which the apparition replied, I am he you were thinking of. I am *Edward Avon* your father-in-law: come near to me; I will do you no harm. *Goddard* answered, I trust in God that you will do me no harm. Then the apparition said, How does *William* and *Mary*? meaning his son *William Avon*, and *Mary* his daughter. Then the apparition held out his hand, and in it, twenty or thirty shillings in silver, and spake with a loud voice, Take this money, and send it to *Sarah*; for I shut up my bowels of compassion against her in my lifetime. But *Goddard* answered; In the name of Jesus, I refuse all such money. Then the apparition said, I perceive you are afraid: I will meet you an other time.

The next night about seven o'clock, the apparition opened *Goddard's* window, and looked him in the face, but said nothing. The night following, as *Goddard* went into his yard with a candle in his hand, it appeared to him again; but he being afraid, ran into his house, and saw it no more then.

Thursday the 12th, as he came from *Chilton*, the apparition met him again in the same habit; and standing about eight feet before him in the way, spake to him with a loud voice, *Thomas*, bid *William Avon* take the sword that he had of me, and carry it into the wood, as we go to *Alton*; for with that sword I did wrong thirty years ago. It further said; Tell *Margaret* (meaning his own wife) I desire her to deliver up the money which I gave to *Sarah Taylor*, the child; but if she will not, tell her, I will see her very suddenly; and see that this be done within a twelve-month and a day after my decease. Accordingly, *Goddard* saith, that he paid the twenty shillings to *Edward Lawrence* of this town, who, being now present, remembers he lent *Avon* that money about twenty years ago, which none knew but himself and his wife, and *Avon* and his wife; and was never paid it again, before now.

*Goddard* says further, that this very day, by *Mr. Major's* order, he, with his brother-in-law, *William Avon*, went with the sword, and laid it down in the copse, near the place the apparition had appointed: *Goddard* looking back, saw the same apparition, who said to him, *Thomas*, take up the sword and follow me: so he took it up and followed the apparition into the copse. Then *Goddard* laying down the sword upon the ground, the apparition said, I have a commission not to touch you; and then it took up the sword, and pointed the end of it into the ground, and said, In this place lies buried, the body of him whom I murdered in the year 1635, who is now rotten and turned to dust. Whereupon *Goddard* said, Why did you commit this murder? He said, I took money from the man, who contended with me, and therefore murdered him. Then *Goddard* asked, Who was confederate with you? He said, None. Then said *Goddard*, What would you have me to do? The apparition said, Let the world know that I murdered a man, and buried him in this place, in the year 1635.

Then the apparition vanished; whereupon *Goddard*, and his brother-in-law, *Avon*, went away together.

*Avon* told *Goddard* that he heard *his* voice, and understood what he said; and also heard the voice of another distinct from his, but could not understand any thing he said; nor see any one: who being now present affirms the same. And as to *Goddard*, he not only positively asserts it, but saith, he will make affidavit of the whole whenever required.

But what signifies affidavits! Were a thousand men, of the greatest veracity and candour, to make affidavits of things of this nature, and were they to do it with their dying breath: such is the infidelity of this generation, that they would not be believed. If ever there was such a thing as the appearance of Angels or Spirits (which many good Christians of this age think doubtful, every thing of this kind, they are sure, is now at an end! Is it not then very remarkable that such should pretend to believe the Bible!

*An*

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*An Account of a vast number of Trees found under ground in Lancashire; and a Human Body, preserved in a surprising manner, in the same place: in a letter from a Gentleman on the spot.*

**W**E have in many parts of this county large boggy places, where the sportsmen often get wet, by the giving way of the turf; and as often break their shins against the stumps of trees. Whenever it has happened that the surface of the ground in these places has been removed, there have been found pieces of the trunks or branches of trees. This has occasioned great speculation, as there never grew any wood in these places in the memory of man; and even the oldest records we have, mention these places as barren moors.

Whatever used to be our surprize, on occasionally discovering a piece of a tree now and then; it is now greatly increased on our discovering a whole subterranean forest. The river which runs through my parish being over-filled with the late land-floods, has greatly overflowed its banks, and has carried away with it the turf that covered more than eight acres of this moor. On the sinking of the river into its old channel, all the gentlemen of the country gathered together, to see the moor, thus stripped of its covering. It is a soft and spongy, black mould, very wet and unsafe to walk upon; but there lie all over it the bodies and branches of trees, some of them fifty, some sixty, some eighty feet long, many of them as thick as our largest elms, and all lie flat upon the ground as thick as they can lie, one by another. They are compleat, having their branches regularly growing from them; but are all as black as the finest ebony, and very hard. If these trees had been overthrown by the deluge, their roots would have remained on them, whereas they are all cut off at the end; and on examination, the very

marks of the axe yet remain. On searching farther, we find that though the trees lie flat along, there is near the large end of every one, a stump standing upright; these stumps are what the trees have originally grown upon, and there are on them also marks of the axe, corresponding to those in the body of the tree; though the trees themselves all lie flat along, these stumps all stand upright, and are in their natural posture, their roots descend perpendicularly to a great depth, and are at length rooted in a firm loam or clay, which makes the solid bottom of the bog or moor. It is evident from this, that they grew in the place; the only difficulty is to account for the time and manner of the felling of them, and why any people should be at the expence of cutting them down, and afterwards make no use of them? The answer seems to be this;

The Romans, when they made war upon this island, and conquered the inhabitants, could never keep the garrisons in safety, for fear of the excursions of the inhabitants from their retreats. These retreats were certain moory forests: their new masters on this, came to a resolution of destroying their retreats, as the only way of reducing the people to their obedience: this we have many authentic accounts of; and to this we owe our bog-wood. Whole legions were employed to cut down these forests, and as they had no use for their wood, they left the trees lying as they fell. These, though at first left on the surface, in process of time, made their way through the turf, and the moory earth growing up about them, they became buried as we see.

The accidents much later than the deluge have supplied us with subterranean forests. It may appear strange to some, that the trees should not have decayed in so long a series of time as has passed since this island fell into the hands of the Romans; but we have lately discovered here so remarkable an instance of the preserving quality of the moisture of this earth, in regard to a substance much softer than wood, that we cannot wonder at its preserving that.

A few

A few days after the first admiration of this new discovered forest, some people tracing the body of a very large tree, which runs under the turf that was left whole, had the curiosity to dig about it to some distance; in this attempt they were surpris'd with the sight of part of a human body. The place was farther cleared of the turf, and the whole body was found. It is now perfect in every part, and the skin is as brown and tough as if tanned in the common way by a tanner. We are not to suppose that this body is as old as the time of the forest. It is doubtless the body of some unfortunate person, who crossing the moor, and not knowing the ground, fell in through the turf. But as no person now living remembers any thing of any person being missed, it is probable that the body must have lain there eighty or a hundred years at least. The method of embalming and preserving bodies in *Egypt* is greatly inferior to this. The body was not only plump and full; but the clothes were in great part preserved, till the people carried them away by piece-meal, as remembrances of so remarkable an event.



*An Account of a Method of preparing a spirituous Liquor, of the nature of Arrack, from the Juices of some American Trees: by a Gentleman of New-England.*

HAVING been some years in the service of the East-India Company, before I settled in this country, and having something inquisitive in my temper, I was naturally led to inform myself of the products thereof. Among the rest, I was curious in enquiring after the manner of making Arrack, which I found very plentiful there. It is the general opinion, that this spirit is made of rice; and so I had always believed, till I informed myself better.—The finest *Goa-Arrack* is made of the juice of the Cocoa-tree, in the following manner: the  
operator



operator furnishes himself with a parcel of earthen vessels, with large bellies, and short, but wide necks. These he ties about his waist, neck and legs; and thus loaded he climbs up into a Cocoa-tree. As soon as he has got among the branches, he cuts off a knot, and immediately ties one of the vessels to the wound, that the liquor may run into it. As soon as he has fixed that, he cuts another knot, to make a wound for another vessel; and so on till he has hung up all his store of vessels. Then he descends, and prepares a large and clean wooden vessel to receive the juice. The bottles are commonly hung up in the evening, because the tree bleeds most freely in the night; and the next morning the man climbs up again, and takes them off when nearly filled with the sap.

These are all emptied into vessels before prepared, and make a thin liquor, which soon begins to ferment of itself, and rises with a head to the top of the vessel. When the fermentation is over, the head goes off; and the liquor tastes weak and tartish. It is then thrown into a large Still, and worked off; so long as the runnings taste any thing spirituous. The liquor thus distilled from the juice is of the nature of our low wines, and is so poor that it would soon turn sower. To prevent this, they immediately distill it again, and make it Proof-Spirit. In this condition it is sent over to us; and though it seems as strong as our malt-spirit, by the head it bears, it is really but one third or fourth part of the strength: for when rectified into spirit of wine, these spirits are found to contain one half of that spirit; but the best *Goa-Arrack* contains only one sixth, or one eighth part.

Enquiring whether the Cocoa-tree was the only sort, of whose juice they made Arrack, I found that they made it of the juices of several others; but that the Cocoa-juice was mostly used, because it was most plentiful, and most easily obtained.

On coming to reside in this part of the world, I found that there was a tree which they call the Sugar-Maple, which they usually tap in spring, and let out its juice by boring a hole in  
the

the trunk. They brew this into a sort of drink, and sometimes boil it up into sugar; but nobody, till my time, ever thought of making any other use of it. It immediately occurred to me, that it might be used in the same manner as the Indians use their Cocoa-juice. On tasting it, I found it much the same, and immediately went to work on some of it. It fermented readily, after standing twenty-four hours; and after the whole fermentation was over, I distilled and rectified it; and have made a fine spirit of it, which every body here says is very good Arrack. I am more used to Arrack than they are; and I must confess that I do not think it exactly the same with the Arrack of Goa and Batavia; but it is exactly the same with that of many other parts of the East-Indies, and I think full as pleasant as any.



*A Description of the Mines of Salt at Wiliska, in Poland.*

**W**ILISKA is a small town not far from Cracow. The Mine now wrought there, has been worked ever since the year 1251, when it was accidentally discovered in digging for a well. There are eight openings into this Mine; six in the fields and two in the town itself; which are the most used for letting down the workmen, and taking up the salt: the others being mostly used for the letting in air, wood, and other necessaries. The openings are five square, and about four feet wide; they are lined throughout with timber, and at the top of each, there is a large wheel, with a rope as thick as a man's arm, by which things are let down and drawn up by a horse.

When a stranger has the curiosity to see these Works, he must descend by one of these holes. He is first to put on a miner's coat over his clothes, and then being led to the mouth of one of these holes, by a miner who serves as a guide, the miner fastens a smaller rope to the large one, and ties it about himself, so that he sits in it; and then taking the stranger in his lap, he gives

gives the signal to be let down. As there are usually several who go down together, the custom is, when the first is let down about three yards, the wheel stops, and another miner fastening another rope to the great one, ties himself and takes in another person in his lap, and being let down three yards farther, the wheel stops again for another pair; and so on till the whole company are seated. Then the wheel is again worked, and the whole string of adventurers are let down together. It is no uncommon thing for forty people to go down in this manner together. When the wheel is finally set a going, it never stops till they are all down, but the descent is very slow and gradual; and it is a very uncomfortable time, while they all recollect that their lives depend on the goodness of the rope, and are carried down a narrow and dark well, to the depth of six hundred feet perpendicular. As soon as the first miner touches the ground at the bottom, he slips out of the rope, and sets his companion down on his legs, and the rope continues descending till all the rest do the same.

The place where they are set down is perfectly dark; but the miners strike fire, and light up a small lamp, by means of which, each taking the stranger he has the care of by the arm, they lead them through a number of strange meanders; all descending lower and lower till they come to certain adits, by which they descend an immense depth lower still, and this through perfectly dark passages. The damps, cold, and darkness of these places, and the horror of being so many hundred yards underground, generally make strangers repent their expedition, before they get thus far; but when at the bottom, they are well rewarded for the pains, by a sight that could never have been expected after so much horror.

At the bottom of the last ladder the stranger is received in a small dark cavern, walled up perfectly close on all sides. The guide, who had a long time before pretended the utmost terror on every apprehension of his lamp going out, as declaring they must perish in the mazes of the Mine if it did, when arrived in this

this dreary chamber, puts out his light as if by accident; and after a long time fumbling about, catches the stranger by the hand and drags him through a strait passage into the body of the Mine. The amazing structure and lustre of this place, is scarce to be imagined. It is an immense plain containing a whole people, a kind of subterraneous republic, with their houses, carriages, and public roads. This is wholly hollowed out of one vast bed of salt, which is all a hard rock, as bright and glittering as crystal; and the whole space before him is formed of lofty arched vaults, supported by columns of the same salt, and roofed and floored with the same, so that the columns, and indeed the whole fabric, seem composed of the purest crystal. They have many lights continually burning for the general use, and the blaze of these reflected from every part of the Mine, gives a more glittering prospect than any thing above ground.

Were this the whole beauty of the place, it were a miracle; but this is but a small part of it: the salt, though every where as clear and bright as crystal, is in some places coloured with all the colours of the precious stones, as yellow, purple, red, green and blue. There are multitudes of whole columns of all these kinds; and they perfectly look like masses of rubies, emeralds, amethysts and sapphires, darting a radiance that the eye can hardly bear, and giving many people occasion to compare it to the supposed magnificence of heaven.

Beside the variety of forms of these vaults, tables, arches and columns, which are of the workmen's making, as they dig out the salt; for the keeping up the roof there are a vast variety of others of grotesque figures formed by nature, and these are generally of the purest and brightest salt of all. The roofs of the arches are in many places full of salt, hanging down in the form of icicles, which are as long and thick as a man's arm, and of the colour and brightness of all the gems; and the walls are covered with various congelations of the same kind, and the very floors, where not too much trod, are covered with globules of the same beautiful materials.

In various parts of this spacious plain stand the huts of the miners and their families, some single, and others in clusters, making a sort of villages. They have very little communication with the world above ground; and many hundreds of persons are born and live all their lives there. Along the midst of the plain lies the great road to the mouth of the Mine; along this there are always a great number of carriages passing loaded with the masses of salt, cut out of the farther part of the Mine, and carrying them to the place where the rope belonging to the wheel receives them.

The drivers of these carriages are all merry and singing, and the salt looks like a load of gems. The horses kept here are a very great number, and when once let down they never see the day-light again; but most of the men take frequent occasions of going up and breathing the village air. The instruments principally used by the miners, are pickaxes, hammers, and chissels: with these they dig out the salt in form of huge cylinders, each of many hundred weight. As soon as got above ground, they are broke into smaller pieces, and sent to the mills, where they are ground to powder. The finest sort of the salt is frequently cut into toys, and often passes for real crystal: this hard kind makes a great part of the floor of the Mine; and what is most surprising, there runs constantly over this, and through a large part of the Mine, a spring of fresh water, sufficient to supply the inhabitants and their horses, so that they need not have any from above ground. The horses usually grow blind after they have been some little time in the Mine; but they do as well for service afterwards as before.

After admiring the wonders of this amazing place, it is no very comfortable remembrance to the stranger that he is to go back again through the same dismal way he came; and indeed the journey is not much better than the prospect; the only means of getting up is by the rope and wheel, and little more ceremony being used in it than the drawing up of a piece of salt.

RARE

## RARE FIDELITY.

**F**LECTIUS, a Nobleman, was made Governor of the city and castle of *Conimbra*, in *Portugal*, by king *Sanctius*. Anno. 1243, Pope *Innocent* translated the government of the kingdom to *Alphonfus*, the brother of *Sanctius*. Hereupon followed a war. The minds of most men were alienated from their natural Prince, but *Flectius* was still constant, enduring the siege and arms of *Alphonfus* and the whole nation: nor could he any way be swayed till he heard that *Sanctius* was dead at *Toledo*. *Flectius* heard, but believed not: he therefore begged leave of *Alphonfus* that he might go to *Toledo*, and satisfy himself, which was granted: and he there found that the king was indeed dead and buried. He opened the sepulchre, and with sighs and tears delivered the keys of *Conimbra* into the king's hands, with these words: "As long, O king, as I thought thee living, I endured all extremities: I fed upon skins and leather; I quieted or repressed the minds of the citizens that were inclining to sedition; and whatsoever could be expected from a faithful man, that I persisted in. One only thing remains, that having delivered the keys of the city, into thine own hands, I may return freed of my oath, and tell the citizens their king is dead: God send thee well in another, and better kingdom." This said, he departed, acknowledged *Alphonfus* for his lawful Prince, and was ever faithful to him.

## DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

**T**HERE was great friendship between Cardinal *Pole* and a *Venetian* gentleman, *Aloftio Priuli*, which continued twenty-six years without interruption. Cardinal *Pole* falling sick, and being told by his Physicians he could not live, made

his Will, and left *Priuli* heir to all he had. But the *Venetian* made no use of one penny of it for himself; but gave it all among the kindred of *Pole*: and was wont to say, "While my friend lived, we strove who should do the greatest benefits; but by dying the Cardinal has got the start of me in kindness, in enabling me to do so much good to his relations in England."



## L E T T E R S.

### L E T T E R CCCXCVIII.

[From Mr. Joseph Marshall, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Birr, June 23, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

AS there is nothing that yields more satisfaction to a Minister of Christ, than to hear and see that the work of God prospers, I sit down to give you some account of my present state

I can truly say, I feel a power to love God, in a manner I never did before. I have also power over my own will in all things; and can at all times say, Not my will, but thine be done. My soul is constantly happy in God. I can every hour, and in the midst of my business, go to God and say, Thou art mine, and I am thine! oh the happiness of living thus to God! I feel the world beneath my feet, and my soul disdains on earth to dwell. I have not a desire to live, but only to glorify that God who has called me out of darkness into his marvellous light. Marvellous indeed, that I who was a few years ago one of the vilest of sinners, should now enjoy such a deliverance! The communion I feel with God makes me sit at his feet, crying, Why, oh why me! the most unworthy.

For some time, worldly business was a burden to me; but he whom my soul loveth has removed that also. He shewed

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me that I had no other way to support a large family, but by industry; therefore he made me willing to labour, and keeps me in perfect peace, while thus employed.

May you, dear Sir, feel a double portion of his spirit! and may your latter days be greater than your beginning!

I am, Rev. Sir, your most unworthy Servant,

J. M.

L E T T E R CCCXCIX.

[A Letter from the Rev. Devereux Jarratt, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Virginia, June 29, 1773.

Rev. and dear Brother,

**T**HOUGH we have no personal acquaintance, yet from what knowledge I have of you from common fame, and especially from your useful writings, I am induced to address you upon an affair of the last importance.

Virginia (the land of my nativity) has long groaned through a want of faithful Ministers of the gospel. Many souls are perishing for lack of knowledge: many crying for the bread of life, and no man is found to break it to them.

We have ninety-five parishes in the Colony, and all, except one, I believe are supplied with Clergymen. But, alas!—you well understand the rest. I know of but one Clergyman of the Church of England who appears to have the power and spirit of vital religion; for all seek their own, and not the things that are Christ's!. Is not our situation then truly deplorable? And does it not call loudly upon the friends of Zion, on your side the Atlantic, to assist us?

Many people here heartily join with me in returning our most grateful acknowledgments for the concern you have shewn for us, in sending so many Preachers to the American Colonies. Two have preached for some time in Virginia; Mr. Pilmoor  
and



and Mr. Williams. I have never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Pilmoor; but by all I can learn, he is a gracious soul, and a good Preacher. With Mr. Williams, I have had many delightful interviews. He is just now returned to my house, from a long excursion through the back counties. I hope he will be able to write you joyful tidings of his success.

But after all, what can two or three Preachers do in such an extended country as this? Cannot you do something more for us? Cannot you send us a Minister of the Church of England, to be stationed in that one vacant parish, I mentioned above? In all probability he would be of great service. Many souls there are praying that it may be so; and some of the principal Gentlemen, who have the power of choosing the Minister, are so far enlightened, that they are determined to choose no man that does not preach up our Articles, in power and spirit.

This was the particular thing I had in view, in writing to you. And it is not only my own inclination; but at their earnest desire, that I solicit you.

I wish you could see how matters are among us. This would serve instead of a thousand arguments, to induce you to exert yourself in this affair.

The parish I am speaking of is about forty miles from me. The people are anxious to hear the truth. The parishes around it afford a wide field of itineration; for I would have no Minister of Jesus, as matters now stand, confined to the limits of one parish.

Mr. A. M'Roberts, the Gentleman referred to above, is an Israelite indeed! He is a warm, zealous, striking Preacher of a crucified Jesus. He is constantly making excursions towards Maryland and Pennsylvania, in the North and North-East: whilst I make a tour of the parishes lying to the South and South-East. Now if we had one to take his station forty miles to the West, we should be able to go through the country. I flatter myself it will be so. I shall wait with expectation, till I am favoured with an answer from you. I trust it will be such an answer, as will rejoice my heart and the hearts of thousands.

My

My dear friend and brother, I leave these things to your consideration: not doubting but, if in your power, you will help us.

I am, with much affection,

Your sincere Friend and Brother in Jesus Christ,

DEVEREUX JARRATT.



P O E T R Y .

*On the Last J U D G M E N T .*

**B**UT now the mantling flames in concourse join,  
 And, deep descending, seize the burning mine;  
 Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,  
 'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.  
 When, lo! a cloud just opening on the view,  
 Illumed with dazzling light the ethereal blue!  
 On its broad breast a mighty angel came,  
 His eyes were lightning, and his robes a flame,  
 O'er all his form the circling glories run,  
 And his face lightened as the blazing sun;  
 His limbs with heaven's aerial vesture glow,  
 And o'er his head was hung the sweeping bow.  
 As shines the brightening steel's resurgent gleam,  
 When the smooth blade reflects the sparkling beam,  
 Its light with quickened glance the eye surveys,  
 Green, gold, and vermil, trembling as it plays;  
 So flaméd his wings, along the ethereal road,  
 And earth's long shores resounded as he trod.  
 Sublime he toweréd! keen terror armed his eyes,  
 And graspéd his reddening bolt that rends the skies;  
 One foot stood firmly on the extended plain,  
 Secure, and one repelléd the bounding main;  
 He shook his arm—the lightning's burst away,  
 Through heaven's dark concave gleaméd the paly ray,  
 Roaréd the loud bolt tremendous through the gloom,  
 And peals on peals prepare the impending doom.

Then

Then to his lips a mighty trumpet applied  
 (The flames were ceased, the muttering thunders died)  
 While all the revolving firmaments rebound,  
 He raised his voice, and laboured in the sound:  
 These dreadful words he spoke:

“ Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night!  
 And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light;  
 Ye planets drop from these dissolving skies,  
 Rend, all ye tombs, and all ye dead arise!  
 Ye winds, be still! ye tempests, rave no more!  
 And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore!  
 Earth, be dissolved, with all these worlds on high!  
 And time be lost in vast eternity.  
 Now, by creation's dread, tremendous Sire,  
 Who sweeps these stars, as atoms, in his ire;  
 By heaven's omnipotent, unconquered King;  
 By Him who rides the rapid whirlwinds wing;  
 Who reigns supreme in his august abode,  
 Forms, or confounds, with one commanding nod;  
 Who wraps in blackning clouds his awful brow,  
 Whose glance, like lightning, looks all nature through:  
 By him I swear! (he paused, and bowed his head,  
 Then raised aloft his flaming hand, and said:)  
 Attend, ye saints, who, in seraphic lays,  
 Exalt his name, but tremble while ye praise;  
 Ye hosts that bow to your Almighty Lord,  
 Hear, all his works, the irrevocable word!  
 Thy reign, O man! and, earth! thy days are o'er!  
 I swear by HIM, that time shall be no more.”  
 He spake: all nature groaned a loud reply,  
 Then took the sun, and tore him from the sky.

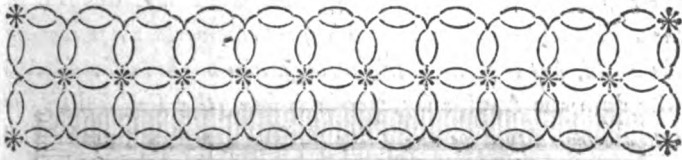
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As Mr. WESLEY'S SERMON is not come to hand, we have been obliged to work off this Number without the former part of it. If the Reader will excuse this, we hope to give the whole of it in our next.





MR. THO. LONGLEY  
Aetatis 40.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For A U G U S T 1786.



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

[Continued from page 351.]

CHAP. VI. *Arguments from Reason for Universal Redemption.*

**T**HE arguments from Reason which confirm this doctrine are these:

I. 1st. If God intended not the death of Christ for the saving of any but the Elect, then he never intended the salvation of any to whom the gospel is revealed, but the Elect; and then he never designed any salvation for the greatest part of men to whom the gospel was or is revealed on any condition whatsoever. For since *there is no other name under heaven given by which we can be saved*, salvation could not be intended for them on any condition whatsoever, to whom the benefit of Christ's death was not intended. Now were this so, how comes that gospel, which first brought to light this reprobating doctrine, to be stiled, *The time when the goodness and love of God our Sa-*

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*viour appeared to mankind! Why doth Christ say, God so loved the world that he sent his beloved Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved? And why doth the Apostle say, herein is love, that God sent his Son into the world that we might live through him? Why is he stiled a God rich in mercy, and plenteous in goodness to the sons of men, who is so sparing of his mercies to the greatest part of mankind, that seeing them in misery and want, equal with his Elect, and as worthy of it as they were, he should shut his bowels of compassion up against them, and from eternity exclude them from his mercy? Why is it said, that his tender mercies are over all his works, if they are so restrained from his most noble creatures? Doth God take care for oxen, saith the Apostle? Yea, saith this doctrine, much better than for man: he making plentiful provisions for the preservation of their life; but none at all for the spiritual and eternal life of the far greatest part of mankind; having left them under a necessity of being miserable for ever! Their heavenly Father feeds the fowls of heaven, saith our Lord, and are not you much better than they? and so more sure of your provisions from this loving Father? True, saith this doctrine, as to the provisions for this mortal body which we have in common with the brutes that perish; but most of us are so neglected by him who bears the name of Father, that he hath peremptorily excluded these immortal beings from a capacity of obtaining that food which nourisheth to eternal life! Again, Why is he represented as one who waiteth to be gracious, and stretcheth out his hand all the day long to a rebellious people, when from eternity he hath excluded so great a number from his grace, and left them inevitably to suffer what his counsel had determined before that they should suffer? God, saith the Apostle, loved us first before we loved him. God, saith this doctrine, hated the generality of us first, before we hated him! and did prevent us, not with his blessings, but with subjection to an eternal curse. How could the Apostle truly say to the impenitent Jew, despisest thou the riches of his goodness, patience*

*patience and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? Why, saith the Jew, dost not thou tell us, God hardeneth whom he will, and that we are of that number! That he hath given us up to a spiritual slumber, and so never intended any benefit to us, never provided any salvation for us by the death of his Son! What therefore meanest thou by the riches of his goodness to men lying under his decree of preterition? or how can his patience be designed to lead them to repentance who were appointed for wrath, and not for salvation from all eternity? We may indeed be treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath; but it is inevitable wrath which we had never any power to avoid: God having no intention to give us any interest in that Jesus, who alone delivers from the wrath to come. Talk then no more of the revelation of the righteous judgment of God; for we appeal to the reason of mankind whether it be a righteous thing to condemn men to eternal misery for that which it was never in their power to avoid.*

In fine, Why doth God say that *he delighteth in mercy, and in the exercise of loving kindness?* since it is his good pleasure to leave us under an absolute incapacity of his mercy, and loving kindness? Why doth he say, *he would have cleansed us, and we would not be cleansed,* when he never intended us any interest in that blood of Christ which alone cleanseth from all sin? Why doth he say and swear, *he hath no pleasure in the death of him that dies,* but taketh pleasure in this, that they *turn and live;* when his mere arbitrary pleasure hath left them under a necessity that they should die and not live? And why doth he put this unanswerable question into their mouths, *If our transgression and our sins be upon us,* and no Saviour was by God intended to redeem us, *how shall we then live?* Why, lastly, doth he say, *O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help;* for if this respects their temporal condition, there is no thought more dishonourable to the Father of Spirits, than that he should be helpful to men in temporals; but when he sees their souls



sinking into eternal misery intends them no help, and puts them under no possibility of escaping it: or that his Providence should be still employed in making provisions for the bodies even of the wicked and unthankful; but that when, by the same power, and the same sufferings of his Son, he could have made the same provision for the souls of others as he is supposed to have done for his Elect, he should by a mere arbitrary act of preterition inevitably exclude them from it, and leave them under a necessity of being the everlasting objects of his wrath.

[To be continued.]



S E R M O N XXXIII.

On JAMES iv. 4.

*Ye Adulterers and Adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of this world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore desireth to be a friend of the world is an enemy of God.*

1. **T**HERE is a passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the *Romans*, which has been often supposed to be of the same import with this. *Be not conformed to this world*, ch. xii. v. 2. But it has little or no relation to it; it speaks of quite another thing. Indeed the supposed resemblance arises merely from the use of the word *world* in both places. This naturally leads us to think, that St. Paul means by *conformity to the world*, the same which St. James means by *friendship with the world*: whereas they are entirely different things, as the words are quite different in the original: (for St. Paul's word is *αἰών*; St. James's is, *κόσμος*.) However the words of St. Paul, contain an important direction to the children of God. As if he had said, *Be not conformed to either the wisdom, or the spirit, or the fashions of the age*: of either the unconverted Jews, or the Heathens, among

among whom ye live. You are called to shew, by the whole tenor of your life and conversation, that you are *renewed in the spirit of your mind, after the image of him that created you*, and that your rule is, not the example or will of man, but *the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God*.

2. But it is not strange, that St. James's caution against *Friendship with the world* should be so little understood, even among Christians. For I have not been able to learn that any Author, ancient or modern, has wrote upon the subject: no, not (so far as I have observed) for sixteen or seventeen hundred years. Even that excellent writer Mr. *Law*, who has treated so well many other subjects, has not in all his practical treatises, wrote one chapter upon it. No, nor said one word, that I remember, or given one caution against it. I never heard one Sermon preached upon it, either before the University or elsewhere. I never was in any company, where the conversation turned explicitly upon it, even for one hour.

3. Yet are there very few subjects of so deep importance; few that so nearly concern the very essence of Religion, the life of God in the soul, the continuance and increase, or the decay, yea extinction of it. From the want of instruction in this respect, the most melancholy consequences have followed. These indeed have not affected those who were still dead in trespasses and sins; but they have fallen heavy upon many of those, who were truly alive to God. They have affected many of those called *Methodists* in particular, perhaps more than any other people. For want of understanding this advice of the Apostle, (I hope, rather than from any contempt of it) many among them are sick, spiritually sick, and many sleep, who were once thoroughly awakened. And it is well if they awake any more till their souls are required of them. It has appeared difficult to me, to account for what I have frequently observed: many who were once greatly alive to God, whose conversation was in heaven, who had their affections on things above, not on things of the earth: though they walked in all the ordinances of God,  
though

though they still abounded in good works, and abstained from all known sin, yea, and from the appearance of evil; yet they gradually and insensibly decayed, (like *Jonah's* gourd, when the worm ate the root of it) inasmuch, that they are less alive to God now, than they were ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. But it is easily accounted for, if we observe, that as they increased in goods, they increased in *friendship with the world*: which indeed must always be the case, unless the mighty power of God interpose. But in the same proportion as they increased in this, the life of God in their soul decreased.

4. Is it strange that it should decrease, if those words are really found in the Oracles of God? *Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not, that the friendship of the world is enmity with God!* What is the meaning of these words? Let us seriously consider. And may God open the eyes of our understanding, that in spite of all the mist wherewith the wisdom of the world would cover us, we may discern, what is the good and acceptable will of God.

5. Let us first consider, What is it which the Apostle here means by *the world*. He does not here refer to this outward frame of things, termed in Scripture, Heaven and Earth; but to the inhabitants of the Earth, the children of men: or at least the greater part of them. But what part? This is fully determined both by our Lord himself, and by his beloved disciple. First, by our Lord himself. His words are, *If the world hateth you, ye know that it hated me, before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you. And all these things will they do unto you, because they know not him that sent me,* John xv. 18, and seq. You see here *the world* is placed on one side, and *those who are not of the world* on the other. They whom God has *chosen out of the world*, namely, by *sanctification of the spirit and belief of the truth*, are set in direct opposition to those, whom he hath not so chosen.

chosen. Yet again, Those who know not him that sent me, saith our Lord, who know not God, they are *the world*.

6. Equally express are the words of the beloved disciple. *Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you: we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren,* 1 John iii. 13. As if he had said, You must not expect any should love you, but those that have *passed from death unto life*. It follows, Those that are not passed from death unto life, that are not alive to God, are *the world*. The same we may learn from those words in the fifth chapter, ver. 19. *We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the wicked one.* Here *the world* plainly means, those that are not of God, and who consequently *lie in the wicked one*.

7. Those on the contrary *are of God*, who love God, or at least *fear him, and keep his commandments*. This is the lowest character of those that *are of God*, who are not properly sons, but servants: who *depart from evil*, and study to do good, and walk in all his ordinances, because they have the fear of God in their heart, and a sincere desire to please him. Fix in your heart this plain meaning of the terms, *the world*, those who do not thus fear God. Let no man deceive you with vain words: it means neither more nor less than this.

8. But, understanding the term in this sense, what kind of friendship may we have with *the world*? We may, we ought to love them as ourselves, (for they also are included in the word *Neighbour*) to bear them real good-will; to desire their happiness as sincerely as we desire the happiness of our own souls: yea, we are in a sense to honour them: (seeing we are directed by the Apostle to *honour all men*) as the creatures of God, nay, as immortal spirits, who are capable of knowing, of loving, and of enjoying him to all eternity. We are to honour them, as redeemed by his blood, who *tasted death for every man*. We are to bear them tender compassion, when we see them forsaking their own mercies, wandering from the path of life, and hastening to everlasting destruction. We are never wil-

lingly

lingly to grieve their spirits, or give them any pain: but, on the contrary, to give them all the pleasure we innocently can; seeing we are to *please all men for their good*. We are never to aggravate their faults; but willingly to allow all the good that is in them.

9. We may, and ought to speak to them on all occasions, in the most kind and obliging manner we can. We ought to speak no evil of them when they are absent, unless it be absolutely necessary; unless it be the only means we know, of preventing their doing hurt: otherwise we are to speak of them with all the respect we can, without transgressing the bounds of truth. We are to behave to them when present with all courtesy, shewing them all the regard we can, without countenancing them in sin. We ought to do them all the good that is in our power, all they are willing to receive from us: following herein the example of the universal Friend, our Father which is in heaven: who till they will condescend to receive greater blessings, gives them such as they are willing to accept: *causing his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sending his rain on the just and on the unjust*.

10. But what kind of Friendship is it which we may not have with the world? May we not converse with ungodly men at all? Ought we wholly to avoid their company? By no means: the contrary of this has been allowed already. If we were not to converse with them at all, *we must needs go out of the world*. Then we could not shew them those offices of kindness, which have been already mentioned. We may doubtless converse with them, first, on Business, in the various purposes of this life, according to that station therein, wherein the Providence of God has placed us: secondly, When Courtesy requests it: only we must take great care, not to carry it too far: thirdly, When we have a reasonable hope of doing them good. But here too we have an especial need of caution, and of much prayer: otherwise we may easily burn ourselves, in striving to pluck other brands out of the burning.

11. We

11. We may easily hurt our own souls, by sliding into a close attachment, to any of them that know not God. This is the *Friendship* which is *enmity with God*: we cannot be too jealous over ourselves, lest we fall into this deadly snare; lest we contract, or ever we are aware, a love of *complacency* or *delight* in them. Then only do we tread upon sure ground, when we can say with the Psalmist, *All my delight is in the saints that are upon earth, and in such as excel in virtue.* We should have no *needleless conversation* with them. It is our duty and our wisdom, to be no oftener, and no longer with them, than is strictly necessary. And during the whole time, we have need to remember and follow the example of him that said, *I kept my mouth as it were with a bridle, while the ungodly was in my sight.* We should enter into no sort of connexion with them farther than is absolutely necessary. When *Jehosophat* forgot this, and formed a connexion with *Ahab*, what was the consequence? He first lost his substance: *the ships* they sent out were broken at *Ezion-geber*. And when he was not content with this warning, as well as that of the prophet *Micaiah*, but would go up with him to *Ramoth-gilead*, he was on the point of losing his life.

12. Above all, we should tremble at the very thought of entering into a marriage-covenant, the closest of all others, with any person who does not love, or at least, fear God. This is the most horrid folly, the most deplorable madness, that a child of God can possibly plunge into: as it implies every sort of connexion with the ungodly, which a Christian is bound in conscience to avoid. No wonder then it is so flatly forbidden of God: that the prohibition is so absolute and peremptory: *Be not unequally yoked with an unbeliever.* Nothing can be more express. Especially if we understand by the word *Unbeliever*, one that is so far from being a Believer in the gospel sense, from being able to say, *The life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved*

*me and gave himself for me; that he has not even the faith of a servant: he does not fear God and work righteousness.*

13. But for what reasons is the Friendship of the world so absolutely prohibited? Why are we so strictly required to abstain from it! For two general reasons: first, because it is a Sin in itself: secondly, because it is attended with most dreadful Consequences.

First, It is a Sin in itself: and indeed a sin of no common die. According to the oracles of God, *Friendship with the world* is no less than spiritual adultery. All who are guilty of it are addressed by the Holy Ghost in those terms, *Ye adulterers and adulteresses*. It is plainly violating of our Marriage-Contract with God: by loving the creature more than the Creator. In flat contradiction to that kind command, *My son, give me thy heart*.

14. It is a sin of the most heinous nature, as not only implying ignorance of God, and forgetfulness of him, or inattention to him, but positive *enmity against God*. It is openly, palpably such. *Know ye not*, says the Apostle, can ye possibly be ignorant of this so plain, so undeniable a truth, *that the friendship of the world is enmity against God?* Nay, and how terrible is the inference which he draws from hence? *Therefore whosoever will be a friend of the world* (the words properly rendered are, *Whosoever desireth to be a friend of the world,*) of the men who know not God, whether he attain it or no, *is, ipso facto, constituted an enemy of God*. This very desire, whether successful or not, gives him a right to that appellation.

15. And as it is a sin, a very heinous sin in itself, so it is attended with the most dreadful consequences. It frequently entangles men again in the commission of those sins, from which *they were clean escaped*. It generally makes them *partakers of other men's sins*, even those which they do not commit themselves. It gradually abates their abhorrence and dread of sin in general, and thereby prepares them for falling an easy prey to any strong temptation. It lays them open to all those

sins

sins of Omission, whereof their worldly acquaintance are guilty. It insensibly lessens their exactness in Private Prayer, in Family Duty, in Fasting, in attending Public Service, and partaking of the Lord's Supper. The indifference of those that are near them, with respect to all these, will gradually influence them: even if they say not one word, (which is hardly to be supposed) to recommend their own practice, yet their example speaks, and is many times of more force than any other language. By this example they are unavoidably betrayed, and almost continually, into unprofitable, yea and uncharitable conversation, till they no longer *set a watch before their mouth, and keep the door of their lips*, till they can join in backbiting, talebearing and evilspeaking, without any check of conscience, having so frequently grieved the Holy Spirit of God, that he no longer reproves them for it: insomuch that their discourse is not now, as formerly, *seasoned with salt, and meet to minister grace to the hearers*.

16. But these are not all the deadly consequences that result from familiar intercourse with unholy men. It not only hinders them from ordering their conversation aright, but directly tends to corrupt the heart. It tends to create or increase in us, all that pride and self-sufficiency, all that fretfulness to resent: yea every irregular passion and wrong disposition which are indulged by their companions. It gently leads them into habitual self-indulgence, and unwillingness to deny themselves; into unreadiness to bear or take up any cross; into a softness and delicacy; into evil shame, and the fear of man that brings numberless snares. It draws them back into the love of the world, into foolish and hurtful desires, into the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eyes, and the pride of life, till they are swallowed up in them. So that in the end, the last state of these men is far worse than the first.

17. If the children of God will connect themselves with the men of the world, though the latter should not endeavour to make them like themselves, (which is a supposition by no means



to be made) yea, though they should neither design nor desire it; yet they will actually do it, whether they design it, and whether they endeavour it, or no. I know not how to account for it, but it is a real fact, that their very spirit is infectious. While you are near them, you are apt to catch their spirit, whether they will or no. Many Physicians have observed, that not only the Plague, and putrid or malignant Fevers, but almost every disease men are liable to, are more or less infectious. And undoubtedly so are all spiritual diseases: only with great variety, The infection is not so swiftly communicated by some as it is by others. In either case, the person already diseased, does not desire or design to infect another. The man who has the plague, does not desire or intend to communicate his distemper to you. But you are not therefore safe: so keep at a distance, or you will surely be infected. Does not experience shew, that the case is the same with the diseases of the mind? suppose the proud, the vain, the passionate, the wanton, do not desire or design to infect *you* with their own distempers; yet it is best to keep at a distance from them: you are not safe if you come too near them. You will perceive (it is well if it be not too late) that their very breath is infectious. It has been lately discovered, That there is an Atmosphere surrounding every human body; which naturally affects every one that comes within the limits of it. Is there not something analogous to this, with regard to a human spirit? If you continue long within their atmosphere (so to speak) you can hardly escape the being infected. The contagion spreads from soul to soul, as well as from body to body, even though the persons diseased do not intend or declare it. But can this reasonably be supposed? Is it not a notorious truth, that men of the world, (exceeding few excepted,) eagerly desire to make their companions like themselves? Yea, and use every means, with their utmost skill and industry, to accomplish their desire. Therefore fly for your life! Do not play with the fire, but escape before the flames kindle upon you.

18. But

18. But how many are the pleas for *Friendship with the world*? And how strong are the temptations to it? Such of these as are the most dangerous, and at the same time most common, we will consider.

To begin with one that is the most dangerous of all others, and at the same time by no means uncommon. "I grant, says one, the person I am about to marry, is not a religious person. She does not make any pretensions to it. She has little thought about it. But she is a beautiful creature. She is extremely agreeable, and I think will make me a lovely companion."

This is a snare indeed! Perhaps one of the greatest that human nature is liable to. This is such a temptation as no power of man is able to overcome. Nothing less than the mighty power of God, can make a way for you to escape from it. And this can work a compleat deliverance: his grace is sufficient for you. But not unless you are a worker together with him: not unless you deny yourself and take up your cross. And what you do, you must do at once! Nothing can be done by degrees. Whatever you do in this important case, must be done at one stroke. If it be done at all, you must at once cut off the right hand, and cast it from you! Here is no time for conferring with flesh and blood. At once, Conquer or Perish!

19. Let us turn the tables. Suppose a woman that loves God, is address'd by an agreeable man, genteel, lively, entertaining, suitable to her in all other respects, though not religious: what should she do in such a case? What she *should* do, if she believes the Bible, is sufficiently clear. But what *can* she do? Is not this

"A test for human frailty too severe?"

Who is able to stand in such a trial? Who can resist such a temptation! None but one that holds fast the shield of Faith, and earnestly cries to the strong for strength. None but one that gives herself to watching and prayer, and continues therein with all perseverance. If she does this, she will be a happy witness

witness in the midst of an unbelieving world, that as *all things are possible with God*, so *all things are possible to her that believeth*.

20. But either a man or woman may ask, "What if the person who seeks my acquaintance, be a person of a strong natural understanding, cultivated by various learning? May not I gain much useful Knowledge by a familiar intercourse with him? May I not learn many things from him, and much improve my own Understanding?" Undoubtedly you may improve your own understanding, and you may gain much knowledge. But still, if he has not at least the fear of God, your loss will be far greater than your gain. For you can hardly avoid decreasing in Holiness as much as you increase in knowledge. And if you lose one degree of inward or outward Holiness, all the knowledge you gain will be no equivalent.

21. "But his fine and strong understanding improved by education, is not his chief recommendation. He has more valuable qualifications than these: he is remarkably good humoured: he is of a compassionate, humane spirit, and has much generosity in his temper." On these very accounts, if he does not fear God, he is infinitely more dangerous. If you converse intimately with a person of this character, you will surely drink into his spirit. It is hardly possible for you to avoid stopping just where he stops. I have found nothing so difficult in all my life, as to converse with men of this kind (*good sort of men* as they are commonly called) without being hurt by them. O beware of them! converse with them just as much as business requires, and no more! Otherwise (though you do not feel any present harm yet) by slow and imperceptible degrees, they will attach you again to earthly things, and damp the life of God in your soul.

22. It may be, the persons who are desirous of your acquaintance, though they are not experienced in Religion, yet understand it well, so that you frequently reap advantage from their conversation. If this be really the case, (as I have known  
a few

a few instances of the kind) it seems, you may converse with them: only very sparingly and very cautiously. Otherwise you will lose more of your spiritual life, than all the knowledge you gain is worth.

23. "But the persons in question are useful to me, in carrying on my temporal business. Nay, on many occasions, they are necessary to me, so that I could not well carry it on without them." Instances of this kind frequently occur. And this is doubtless a sufficient reason for having some intercourse, perhaps frequently, with men that do not fear God. But even this is by no means a reason for your contracting an intimate acquaintance with them. And you here need to take the utmost care, "lest even by that converse with them which is necessary, while your fortune in the world increases, the grace of God should decrease in your soul."

24. There may be one more plausible reason given for some intimacy with an unholy man. You may say, "I have been helpful to him. I have assisted him when he was in trouble. And he remembers it with gratitude. He esteems and loves me, though he does not love God. Ought I not then to love him? Ought I not to return love for love? Do not even heathens and publicans so?" I answer, you should certainly return love for love; but it does not follow, that you should have any intimacy with him. That would be at the peril of your soul. Let your love give itself vent in constant and fervent prayer: wrestle with God for him. But let your love for him not carry you so far, as to weaken, if not destroy your own soul.

25. "But must I not be intimate with my Relations? And that, whether they fear God or not? Has not his Providence recommended these to me?" Undoubtedly it has: but there are Relations, nearer or more distant. The nearest Relations are Husbands and Wives. As these have taken each other for better for worse, they must make the best of each other; seeing as God has joined them together, none can put them  
 asunder:

afunder: unless in case of adultery; or when the life of one or the other is in imminent danger. Parents are almost as nearly connected with their Children. You cannot part with them while they are young: it being your duty, to *train them up* with all care, *in the way wherein they should go.* How frequently you should converse with them when they are grown up, is to be determined by Christian prudence. This also will determine, how long it is expedient for Children, if it be at their own choice, to remain with their Parents. In general, if they do not fear God, you should leave them as soon as is convenient. But wherever you are, take care (if it be in your power) that they do not want the necessaries or conveniences of life. As for all other relations, even Brothers or Sisters, if they are of the world, you are under no obligation to be intimate with them: you may be civil and friendly at a distance.

: 26. But allowing that *the Friendship of the world is enmity against God*, and consequently that it is the most excellent way, indeed the only way to heaven, to avoid all intimacy with worldly men; yet who has resolution to walk therein? Whoever of those that love or fear God? For these only are concerned in the present question. A few I have known who even in this respect were lights in a benighted land: who did not and would not either contract or continue any acquaintance, with persons of the most refined and improved understanding, and the most engaging tempers, merely because they were of the world, because they were not alive to God. Yea, though they were capable of improving them in knowledge, or of assisting them in business. Nay, though they admired and esteemed them for that very religion, which they did not themselves experience: a case one would hardly think possible, but of which there are many instances at this day. Familiar intercourse even with these, they steadily and resolutely refrain from, for conscience sake.

27. Go thou and do likewise, whosoever thou art, that art a child of God by faith. Whatever it cost, flee spiritual adultery. Have no friendship with the world. However tempted thereto by profit or pleasure, contract no intimacy with worldly-minded men. And if thou hast contracted any such already, break it off without delay. Yea, if thy ungodly friend be dear to thee as a right eye, or useful as a right hand, yet confer not with flesh and blood, but pluck out the right eye, cut off the right hand, and cast them from thee! It is not an indifferent thing. Thy life is at stake: eternal life, or eternal death. And is it not better to go into life, having one eye or one hand, than having both, to be cast into hell-fire? When thou knewest no better, the times of ignorance God winked at. But now thine eyes are opened, now the light is come; walk in the light. Touch not pitch, lest thou be defiled. At all events, *keep thyself pure!*

28. But whatever others do, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, hear this, all ye that are called Methodists. However importuned or tempted thereto, have no friendship with the world. Look round, and see the melancholy effects it has produced among your brethren! How many of the mighty are fallen! How many have fallen by this very thing? They would take no warning: they *would* converse, and that intimately with earthly-minded men, till "they measured back their steps to earth again!" O *come out from among them!* from all unholly men, however harmless they may appear; *and be ye separate*: at least so far as to have no intimacy with them. *As your fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ*; so let it be with those, and those only, who at least seek the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. So *shall ye be*, in a peculiar sense, *my sons and my daughters, saith the Lord Almighty!*

Wakefield, May 1, 1786.

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*A Short Account of Mr. MATTHIAS JOYCE.*

[Continued from page 355.]

FOR some time I walked in the light of God's countenance, and my mountain seemed to be very strong; but Satan assaulted me again with redoubled fury, suggesting his old temptation, That there was no God. One morning in particular, while I was at preaching, the enemy came in upon me with this temptation like a flood, so that I was well nigh overwhelmed in the mighty waters. I was so deeply exercised during the time of preaching, that I knew nothing about the sermon after it was over. My friend who was an instrument of good to me, waited after sermon to speak to me; and when he saw me, he asked how it was with my soul? I being distressed in mind, answered him short, saying, "I am tempted," and so left him. However, that day the Lord appeared to my help, and delivered me. I think this was the last great conflict I had with the enemy on this head. It may not be amiss to remark here, that after this conflict, I experienced such a manifestation of the presence of God, that I almost thought my nature wholly sanctified.

Soon after the enemy thrust sore at me from another quarter; telling me that I was deceiving myself, and that the enjoyments I experienced, were the effects of a heated imagination. This temptation put me to a great stand for awhile, and almost prevailed upon me to give up my shield. But I thought I would weigh the matter well before I let it go: so I reasoned in the following manner. "The enjoyments I now experience make me cleave close to God: 1. By praising him for his goodness. 2. By delighting more and more in his ways. 3. By earnestly longing to drink deeper and deeper into the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus. 4. By praying that every  
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thing in me, contrary to his will, may be utterly destroyed. These are some of the blessed effects of the enjoyments I feel. Now if the father of lies can prove that these flow from a heated imagination, I will give up the point; but not till then. But I am persuaded he cannot; as it does not appear that enthusiasm has these effects." Thus being delivered from these two temptations I went on my way with some degree of comfort, and had a well grounded hope full of immortality.

When I was enabled to turn my face towards Zion, I endeavoured to give all diligence to escape the wrath to come. To this end I not only denied myself of all ungodliness, and worldly lusts, but, in some instances, even of that which was lawful. It was common with me to fast twenty-four hours at a time; and once, from Thursday night until Saturday morning. Add to this, my eagerness to redeem my time, so that I could hardly bear the thoughts of going to bed. I have stood reading and writing, in the winter season, sometimes till two o'clock in the morning, till the calves of my legs were quite numbed with cold: and scarce ever did I go to bed, until so conquered by sleep that the book dropped out of my hand. But though I was last in bed, I was generally the first up; so that I seldom got more than four hours sleep. Five o'clock in the morning seldom caught me upon my pillow: for as I went to bed with reluctance, I staid in it as short a time as I could. And whatever time I was up before preaching, I employed either on my knees, or in the Bible, or in some other good book: add to these, hard labour in my business, deep thinking, much reading, fierce temptations, and a wounded spirit! All these together bore heavy upon my constitution, and so impaired my health, that I was filled with wind, and contracted a bad digestion to such a degree, that the food I took, merely to support nature, lay like lead on my stomach. At last I became burthenfome to myself and was distressed above measure.



But Satan, who always watches his opportunity to deceive the simple, took advantage of this, and suggested that I was a glutton, or I would not be so oppressed with my food. As I believed him, (though I took care to eat moderately; and sometimes would not eat at all) I frequently concluded that my belly would destroy my soul. On this account I have often stretched myself upon the floor, and twisted and twined in pain, crying to the Lord for deliverance. One thing I remarked, that the Sabbath-day was the day of forest trial to me: so that I have denied myself of all food the most part of that day, endeavouring if possible, to worship God in spirit and in truth.

For near two years, I was oppressed in this manner. And though I had frequent manifestations of the goodness of God, and could at times rejoice exceedingly in his salvation; yet it was, in many respects a dark and cloudy day.

Mean time I was much stirred up to seek after that holiness without which no man can see the Lord; and I might say, with *Jane Cooper*, "That I seemed to enjoy all I wanted, while I pressed after that which I had not attained." Such sweet consolation, and glorious liberty with God in prayer did I experience, while I sought this blessing, that it was the very delight of my soul to be found prostrate before him. But this holy fervor of spirit, and earnest longing for the full image of God, was in some measure cooled, partly by yielding to the risings of corrupt nature, and partly by the reasonings of an old professor.

The first time he opposed me was either the first or second time after I met in the Select Society. This glorious meeting, which was always attended with the presence and power of God, and was made as marrow and fatness to my soul, he represented as a most dangerous and destructive meeting; that it would puff me up with pride. Having a high opinion of his judgment, I was almost determined never to go near it more. But in the evening I opened my mind to Brother *Gibson*, who urged

urged me to meet again, otherwise I believe I should have wholly declined it.

Some time after, the Lord stirred me up again to seek this unspeakable blessing; when it was my delight to be found in the company of those who I believed had attained, or at least, were eagerly pressing after it. I generally left them with my soul on full stretch for God. Yet, when returning from the company of these servants of God, with my heart panting after him, some temptation would surely be in the way. By this means I have been often stripped of my happiness, yea, and pulled back when I seemed near obtaining the prize. This has often distressed me exceedingly and cost me many a tear.

One who had entered into this rest, lent me *Mr. Fletcher's Treatise on Christian Perfection*, which was made a great blessing to me, both in convincing my judgment, and quickening my soul more abundantly. The part which was chiefly blessed to me, was his Address to imperfect believers, who believed the doctrine of Christian Perfection attainable. One night when my little family was gone to bed, I took up this book to read, and as I read I met with the following words. "If thou wilt absolutely come to mount Zion in a triumphal chariot, or make thy entrance into the new Jerusalem upon a prancing horse, thou art likely never to come there. Leave then all thy lordly misconceptions behind; and humbly follow thy King who makes his entry into the typical Jerusalem meek and lowly, riding upon an ass, yea, upon a colt, the foal of an ass."

And as I was at this time sensible of my pride and self-will, I said in my heart, O this is the way I want him to come in his meek and lowly mind. I immediately laid down the book, and went to prayer. I pleaded with God, and put him in remembrance, as he commanded me, in a manner I never did before. O Lord, said I, thy design in creating me was that I might glorify thy name and enjoy thee for ever! Let

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me therefore, I beseech thee, answer the end of my being. O let me live to thy glory! Thou seest, Lord, that I cannot glorify thy name as I ought, unless thou makest an end of sin, and writest thy law of love on my heart. Lord, hast thou not promised to take away the heart of stone, and to give me a heart of flesh? Hast thou not promised to pour clean water upon me, and to cleanse me from all my filthiness, and from all my idols? Hast thou not promised to circumcise my heart, that I may love thee with all my heart and soul? O Lord, was it not for this very end thy only Son was manifested in the flesh, even to destroy the works of the devil? to deliver me from all my inward enemies, that I may serve thee without fear, in holiness and righteousness all my days? Therefore, O Lord, make this the day of salvation! Now, now, O Lord, let the work be done! Amen.

While I thus poured out my heart before him, I seemed to enter into the holy of holies, by faith in the blood of the Lamb. My heart expanded to receive my heavenly bridegroom, when he came, as it were, riding into my soul, in his chariot of love, with all his sanctifying graces. I could do nothing now but bless and magnify the name of the Lord for this wonderful manifestation. My only language was, Glory! Glory! Glory be to God!

[*To be continued.*]



*An Account of Mrs. ELIZABETH MURLIN, late Wife of Mr. JOHN MURLIN: written by Himself.*

**M**RS. Elizabeth Murlin (born in the month of May, 1710) was the second daughter of Mr. *John Walker*, a reputable tradesman in *London*. When very young she had some concern about her salvation; but when she was about eleven years of age she saw more clearly the sinfulness of her nature, and her absolute need of a Saviour.

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About this time she received much benefit by conversing with a pious young woman; and also by hearing one Mr. *Lawrence*, a Dissenting Minister. But he being a Predestinarian, she so far received his doctrine, as to think she was one of those reprobates who could not be saved. On this account, she has often told me, none but God could tell what sore conflicts she passed through.

As her mother enjoyed but a poor state of health, and as her eldest sister was rather thoughtless; the care of the family fell chiefly on her when she was very young: which, doubtless, was one means of initiating her into that habit of care and œconomy which she possessed through her whole life.

When she was a little turned of twenty, Mr. *John Berrisford*, one of the Cashiers of the Bank of England, paid his addresses to her; but though she had no inclination to change her state at that time, through her father's persuasion she was prevailed on to marry him. But though he proved a very kind husband, and behaved well in every respect, yet she could not be happy, seeing she wanted a clear sense of the favour of God.

When Mr. *Wesley* and Mr. *Whitefield* came first to London, she heard them frequently, and found their preaching much blessed to her: and under a sermon which Mr. *Whitefield* preached in a Church, the Lord was pleased to take away the burden from her mind, which had long caused her to bow down her head like a bull-rush. She now found peace of mind, joy in the Holy Ghost, and a hope which is full of immortality!

But it was not long before she met with a great trial. For, as this way was every where spoken against, her husband desired her to hear those strange men no more. And that she might not, he allowed her to go any where else: and went so far as to take her a seat in a Dissenting Meeting, accompanied her there himself; and did all in his power to oblige her

her in other respects. But all this could not satisfy her; for though she found it a great cross to disoblige him, she could not bear to be deprived of that preaching which was made so great a blessing to her.

After some time Mr. *Berrisford* died; when she was at full liberty to hear the word. This was made so great a blessing to her, that she bought up every opportunity of hearing it. She also joined the Society, and found much pleasure and profit in assembling with the people of God.

The first time I saw her was at a friend's house; when it was strongly impressed on my mind that she was to be my wife. A few days after our first interview, a friend asked me to go and see a person who was not very well. When I came, I found it was Mrs. *Berrisford*. Soon after this we began a more intimate acquaintance: and as we continually set the Lord before our eyes, and prayed for his direction in all things, we seldom met without a blessing.

After we had been acquainted for about two years, we were married in *London*, on Feb. 11, 1762, and from that day we determined to assist each other in saving our souls, according to the utmost of our power.

About two months after we were married, we went to *Bedford*, and after spending a month there, we returned to *London*, where we staid but a short time. Our next remove was to *Norwich*. This was a very proper place to initiate my wife into her new office; for the Society was very poor, and the house they had provided for us had little in it but bare walls! One of the first things she therefore did, was to buy a bed which cost her ten pounds, together with several other necessary articles; all of which she left behind her, for the use of the Society, when we went away. She also provided all necessary provisions for our own little family, and also for all the Preachers who came to *Norwich* while we were there: this she did in consideration of the poverty of the people, whose place it was to have provided these things for us,  
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had they been able; but as they were not, she determined that while we staid there, the Gospel should not be chargeable to them.

While we were in *Norwich* we had much persecution, which must be very trying to a person brought up so tenderly as she was; but she bore it all with unwearied patience, and christian fortitude.

Since that time, she has travelled with me through a great part of the kingdom: and I bless God, she has been so far from bringing a reproach on the Gospel at any time, that she has rather been an ornament to her profession, and a pattern of good works in every place.

As for diligence in the means of grace, I scarce ever saw her equal. She attended the public preaching, winter and summer, late and early, to the very last. And when I, in consideration of her age, and many bodily infirmities, have sometimes desired her not to rise in the depth of winter, at five o'clock in the morning, her answer often was, "Shall the poor people get up, and come through all weathers, to hear the word; and shall I, who am in the house, neglect to hear it! if I did, my conscience would condemn me."

She was also diligent in private prayer. Her custom was, when she came from the morning preaching, to spend the time from six o'clock till eight, chiefly on her knees. She also spent a great part of an hour (and sometimes a whole hour) between dinner and tea, in the same exercise.

Moreover, she read some part of the word of God daily, meditated thereon, and was careful to regulate the whole of her conduct according to its precepts. And as she knew, that in all ages they who feared the Lord spake often one to the other, she was careful to assemble with her Christian-friends, when they came together to exhort one another, and provoke one another to love and to good works. Add to this, that she embraced every opportunity of attending the church and sacrament.

As to her experience, though she did not rejoice in God as many of his people do, yet she had many a comfortable moment. But her great care to please him, and her unaffected, and deep concern when she thought him dishonoured, are a sufficient proof that she loved him. And as to his people, she loved them all without exception; yet her chief delight was in those who excelled in virtue. Her conscience also was very tender, and she paid a strict regard to Justice and Truth.

When she was not engaged in acts of devotion, her hands were employed in the necessary affairs of this life. She was diligent and frugal; some thought, even to an extreme. Hence many who had not an opportunity of a thorough acquaintance with her, apprehended she was quite too near. And I confess, if we compare her care and frugality to the extravagance of some professors, she might be thought so. But, to my certain knowledge, from a close acquaintance with her for the term of twenty-four years, I can declare that she was not straitened in her own bowels, when the cause of God, or the necessities of the poor called upon her. I have known her often, not only to give three or four guineas at a time, to single persons; but also to give ten, fifteen, yea, and twenty pounds at different times to charitable uses; in all to the amount of not less than several hundred pounds. Add to this, that she almost continually maintained herself where we went; bore all our travelling charges; and, in a great measure, enabled me to preach the Gospel freely for more than twenty years.

The last two years of her life she had a very poor state of health: being greatly afflicted with a rheumatic-gout in several parts of her body. One Sabbath-day in December, 1784, as she was going to a church in *Manchester*, she fell, and hurt her arm very much. However, though it was with great difficulty she got up, she would not return home; but went forward as well as she could. While she was in the church, (the cold affecting her greatly) her pain became so violent that she could hardly

hardly get home. After that she grew weaker and weaker continually, all the time we staid in *Manchester*. Notwithstanding, in 1785, she came with me to the *London* Conference; but was so feeble, that all the way I was obliged to lift her in and out of the chaise. While we were in *London* she settled some temporal affairs; and after the Conference was over, she took her last farewell of her friends, and went with me to *Bristol*. All that autumn, and the beginning of winter, her health declined daily; but yet she went on in all acts of private and public devotion as she had formerly done; thus waiting till her change should come.

In January, 1786, after preaching one evening at seven o'clock, I went into a room with the Leaders and Stewards to settle the temporal concerns of the Society. At the same time she went into her room as usual, to pour out her soul to God. While she was on her knees she was seized with a violent pain in her breast, which continued all that night and the next day. Three medical gentlemen gave her all the assistance in their power; but to no effect: nothing she took could reach her case. Apprehending that we were soon to part, we conversed freely about heavenly things. On my desiring her to tell me freely, how she found it between God and her soul, she said, "My pain of body is exceeding great; but my confidence is in God, my Saviour." And all that day she spoke of her dissolution, with great freedom and cheerfulness. In the same manner she said, "I will not put you to the trouble of taking me to *London* to be buried, as we formerly intended; but I desire to be buried at *Temple* church."

Notwithstanding she was so very ill, she sat up all day. About nine o'clock at night she was got into bed, and continued in exceeding great pain about two hours; which she bore with great patience and resignation. About half after eleven we perceived she was dying, which, till then, we did not expect, would be so soon. On which we called in Mr. Brad-

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burn;



burn; and while he was commending her soul to God, she breathed her last, and took her flight to the regions of immortality, on the 18th of January, 1786, and in the 75th year of her age.

JOHN MURLIN.

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*An Account of the Behaviour of Three Malefactors, who were executed at Reading, in Berkshire, on the 25th of March last.*

ABOUT nine o'clock in the morning, Mr C. Mr. J. and Mr. L. visited *John Steptoe*, *Richard Hemmings*, and *William Crips*, who were to be executed that day.

Mr. L. had visited *Steptoe* twice before; who as soon as he saw him, came up and shook him by the hand, with a very cheerful countenance. He had very lately known the pardoning love of God, and was quite resigned, and happy in the Lord. He had been in the prison some months before his condemnation; during which period he read the Bible three times over, and could repeat *St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews*.

For some time before the assizes, he frequently got the prisoners together on an evening, and prayed with them extempore.

*Hemmings* said, he had reason to be thankful that he was brought to that place; for till that time, he had been living without God in the world. He said, it was a great mercy, the Lord had not cut him off in his sins; and was truly thankful he was now convinced of his want of a Saviour.

*Crips* appeared to be ignorant of the way of salvation by Christ. Mr. C. asked him whether he was not afraid to die? He said, no; but could give no sufficient reason for it. Mr. C. and Mr. J. then spoke to him in a close manner; and though he did not seem to be hardened, yet he was not truly concerned about his soul. Mr. C. gave a short exhortation,  
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fung a hymn, and (at the request of *Steptoe*) the fifty-first psalm, and then went to prayer twice.

After dinner, Mr *C.* Mr. *J.* and Mr. *L.* revisited the prisoners. *Crips* seemed then to be much affected, and said, he was convinced of his lost state. A hymn being sung, the Goaler, his wife and daughter, and several other persons joined. Singing being over, *Steptoe* was desired to go to prayer, which he did with great earnestness: while most who were present were deeply affected; and some, who before had but little concern about religion, wept much.

When prayer was ended, Mr. *C.* spoke to *Hemmings*, and found him happy in the Lord. He said (among other things) "I shall soon be in the arms of Jesus for ever!" Afterwards they all went into the Chapel, and received the sacrament. When they returned, *Steptoe* said, "I have been feeding on Christ by faith, who is the Living Bread. *Steptoe* then desired Mr. *L.* to give out the Sinner's Lamentation, which they all continued singing, with great fervor, till the Under-Sheriff sent for them.

The Executioner coming into the cell, *Steptoe* immediately went up to him, and with a cheerful countenance, shook him by the hand, as though he was his friend. While the coffins were carrying out, *Steptoe*, was standing a little way from the cell-door, and the sun shining, he looked up, and said, "The Sun of Nature shines very bright!" and added, "This is the last Sun I shall see shining below; but I shall soon see the Sun of Righteousness, and be with him for ever!"

As soon as the prisoners got into the cart, they began to sing, and continued to do so, at times, till they came to the fatal tree.

After the Clergyman had done talking and praying with them, *Steptoe* stood up, and in a firm, collected, and most affecting manner, gave an exhortation to the people for near five and twenty minutes. Among other things, he said, "It was sin which brought me to this, (pointing to the tree;) and I

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am going to suffer justly ; but although I am condemned by the law of man, yet as I am interested in the Lord Jesus Christ, I shall not be condemned at the bar of God. O think not, my dear fellow-sinners, because we are brought to this shameful end, that we are sinners above all men. I tell you, nay ; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Do not think that because some of you may now be living in pleasure, pomp, or splendor, that it will avail you any thing when you come to die ; for you will be condemned at the bar of God, unless you forsake your sins, and flee to the Lord Jesus Christ. And as I have found an interest in Him, I do assure you my fellow-sinners, my present situation (though you may think otherwise) is preferable to yours, who are yet in your sins. Therefore flee from the wrath to come, and seek religion with all your might ; for there is nothing but true religion which can make you happy either in life or death." He likewise spoke of his belief of the resurrection, in very strong terms, and added,

" Oh my drooping friends below,  
Did you half this glory know ;  
Daily would you stretch the wing,  
Thus to fly and thus to sing."

He then prayed very fervently, for seven or eight minutes, and was much at liberty.

After he had done, *Hemmings* spoke to the people, and warned them to forsake drinking, loose women, and other bad company ; and to attend the house of God, where they might hear those things which would do them good.

When the Clergyman left the cart, they all called out for Mr. C. who immediately came to them. *Hemmings* said, I never was so happy in all my life ; for the Lord comforts me.—*Steptoe* said, My mind is quite comfortable and composed, and I am still happy.—*Crips* also declared, he

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was happy. Mr. C. then gave out two verses of that hymn, "Jesu Lover of my soul," and was just going to prayer, when the Under-Sheriff sent an order for him to quit the cart immediately: on which, some of the spectators spoke aloud, and said, the conduct of the Under-Sheriff was shameful; and a Mr. *Davis*, a Minister of *Reading*, said to the prisoners, "Remember, the Sheriff cannot separate your souls from Christ."

Mr. C. then took leave of the prisoners, by exhorting them to look to Jesus; and they all continued fervent in prayer to the last.

*Crips's* last words were, "O God, have mercy on me! Jesus thou Son of David, have pity on me! Jesus thou Friend of Sinners, have mercy on me!"

*Steptoe's* last words were, "Into thy hands I commend my soul, O God, for thou hast redeemed it."

*Hemmings* also was launched into eternity, calling upon the Lord.—*Steptoe* had a cheerful and heavenly countenance, even to the moment the cap was drawn over his face.—*Hemmings* and *Crips* were also firm and collected to the last.



*An Extract from the Life of Mr. THOMAS FIRMIN.*

[Continued from page 359.]

Concerning this Workhouse and the spinners, Mr. *Firmin* would often say, that "To pay the spinners, to relieve them (with money begged for them) with coats and shirting, is to me as great a pleasure, as magnificent buildings, pleasant walks, well cultivated orchards and gardens, the jollity of music and wine, or the charms of love or study, are to others." It was his settled resolution not to be rich: he told me a little before his death, that were he now worth forty thousand pounds, he would die but very little richer than he then was. I am inclined to think, he would have died much poorer.

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For such a sum would have engaged him in such vast designs for the poor; that (probably) he would have gone beyond the expence he intended at first for them. I have heard his Physician blame him, that he did not allow himself competent time for his dinner, but hastened to *Garraway's* Coffee-House, about his affairs. But those affairs were seldom, if ever, his own: he was to solicit for the poor, in the business of some friend who wanted his interest: or he was to go on some design relating to the public good. In these matters his friends, that were not quick in their dispatches, had reason oftentimes to complain of him, as not giving them sufficient time, to dispatch business with him: for he was nimble above most men, in apprehension, in speech, judgment, resolution and action.

He laboured with a particular zeal and activity, in redeeming poor debtors out of prison; not only as it was a charity to the persons, but out of regard to their starving families. He would say, The release of one man out of prison is a relief bestowed on his whole family. I have sure grounds to believe that it was himself of whom he spake, in his *Book of Proposals*, (page 83) "I know one man, who, in a few years, last past, with the charity of some worthy persons, has delivered some hundreds of poor people out of prison; who lay there either for goalers fees only, or for very small debts. I have reason to believe, that many more have been delivered by others; and yet one shall find the prisons very full of prisoners at this time."

As he discharged great numbers of prisoners, he took care for the better and easier subsistence of others, while in prison: for he would examine the prisoners, concerning their usage by their keepers; and sometimes prosecuted goalers, before the Judges, for extorting unlawful fees, and other exorbitant practices. I remember, one of the goalers prosecuted by Mr. *Firmin*, got a rope and hanged himself before the matter was determined: a strong presumption that he was conscious

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of great faultiness; and a demonstrative proof of the great need of such prosecutions.

He continued all these endeavours for the relief of poor debtors, even to his last breath: but being grieved, that he could do nothing for debtors, laid up for great sums; on behalf of such he always vigorously promoted Acts of Grace by Parliament, whereby insolvent debtors were discharged. And though he never was a Member of Parliament, he had a mighty interest in both Houses; and was the cause that many bills were quashed, and others passed: insomuch that once, when a particular Act of Grace had an ill use made of it, he was upbraided with it by some of the creditors; and told that it was his Act. Mr. *Firmin* was not insensible that sometimes people came into prisons, or otherwise became poor, more by their own negligence, idleness, riot, and pride, than by misadventure; yet he would not join with those who say hereupon, "We hate the poor; and that such well deserve the straits and miseries, they bring on themselves." To these he was wont to answer, "It would be a miserable world indeed if the Divine Providence should act by that rule: if God should shew us no favour, grant us no help in those straits and calamities, which are the effects of our sins. If the universal Lord seeks to reclaim us by bestowing favours, dare we argue against the example set by him? against a method, without which, no man living may ask any thing of God?"

[*To be continued.*]

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*The REMAINS of JOHN NELSON.*

FRAGMENT SIXTH: concerning S. CHASTER of Dawgreen.

S. CHASTER had for ten years so adorned the gospel, that it became a proverb in *Dewsbury*, That few could live like *S. Chaster*. I visited her in her illness, and found great satisfaction. She said she had never lost her first love. When the Lord called her, she was full of good works, and seemed like a shock of corn fully ripe.

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

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

[Continued from page 364.]

**T**HURSDAY, April 8, we went to see the palace of Pilate: I mean the place where they say it stood, for now an ordinary Turkish house possesses its room. It borders upon the area of the temple on the North-side. From the terrace of this house you have a fair prospect of all the place where the temple stood; indeed the only good prospect, that is allowed you of it: for there is no going within the borders of it, without forfeiting your life, or, which is worse, your Religion. A fitter place for an august building could not be found in the whole world than this area. It lies upon the top of Mount Moriah over against Mount Olivet, the Valley of Jehoshaphat lying between both mountains. It is, as far as I could compute by walking round it without, five hundred and seventy of my paces in length, and three hundred and seventy in breadth; and one may still discern marks of the great labour that it cost, to cut away the hard rock, and to level such a spacious area upon so strong a mountain. In the middle of the area stands at present a Mosque of an octagonal figure, supposed to be built upon the same ground, where anciently stood the *Sanctum Sanctorum*. It is neither eminent for its largeness, nor its structure; and yet it makes a very stately figure, by the sole advantage of its situation.

Monday, April 12, and Tuesday, April 13, we had a bad account, from all hands, of the country's being more and more embroiled by the Arabs: which made us somewhat unresolv'd  
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what way and method to take for our return. But during our suspense it was told us, that the Mofolem, a Governor, was likewise upon his return to his master, the *Bassa* of *Tripoli*: upon which intelligence we resolved, if possible, to join ourselves to his company.

Wednesday, April 14, we went with a small present in our hands to wait upon the Mofolem, in order to enquire the time of his departure, and acquaint him with our desire to go under his protection. He assured us of his setting out the next morning; so we immediately took our leaves in order to prepare ourselves for accompanying him.

I was willing, before our departure, to measure the circuit of the city: so taking one of the Friars with me, I went out in the afternoon, in order to pace the walls round. We went out at *Bethlehem* gate, and proceeding on the right hand, came about to the same gate again. I found the whole city 4630 paces in circumference.

The reduction of my paces to yards, is, by casting away a tenth part; ten of my paces making nine yards: by which reckoning, the 4630 paces amount to 4167 yards, which make just two miles and a half.

Thursday, April 15, we set out together with the Mofolem, and proceeding in the same road by which we came, lodged the first night at *Kane Leban*. But the Mofolem left us here, and continued his stage as far as *Naplofa*; so we saw him no more. The country people were now every where at plough in the fields, in order to sow cotton. It was observable that in ploughing, they used Goads of an extraordinary size. Upon measuring of several, I found them about eight foot long, and at the bigger end six inches in circumference. They were armed at the lesser end with a sharp prickle for driving the oxen, and at the other end with a small spade, or paddle of iron, strong and massy, for cleansing the plough from the clay that encumbers it in working. May we not from hence conjecture, that it was with such a Goad as one of these, that



*Shamgar* made that prodigious slaughter related of him, Judges iii. 31? I am confident that whoever should see one of these instruments, would judge it to be a weapon not less fit, perhaps fitter than a sword for such an execution. Goads of this sort I saw always used hereabouts, and the reason is, because the same person both drives the oxen, and also holds and manages the plough; which makes it necessary to use such a Goad as is above described, to avoid the encumbrance of two instruments.

Saturday, April 17. The next morning we continued on in the same road that we travelled when outward bound, till we came to *Caphar Arab*. At this place we left our former way, and instead of turning off on the left hand to go for *Acra*, we kept our course straight forwards, resolving to cross directly athwart the plain of *Esdraelon*, and to visit *Nazareth*.

Proceeding in this course from *Caphar Arab*, we came to *Jeneen*. This is a large, old town, on the skirts of *Esdraelon*: it has in it an old Castle, and two Mosques, and is the chief residence of the *Emir Chibly*. Here we were accosted with a command from the *Emir* not to advance any farther, till he should come in person, to receive of us his Caphars. This was very unwelcome news to us, who had met with a trial of his civility before. But however we had no remedy, and therefore thought it best to comply as contentedly as we could. Having been kept thus in suspense from two in the morning till sun-set, we then received an order from the Prince to pay the Caphar to an Officer, whom he sent to receive it, and dismiss us.

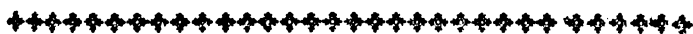
Having received this licence, we made all the haste we could to get clear of these Arabs; but notwithstanding all our diligence, it was near midnight before we could finish. After which we departed, and entering immediately into the plain of *Esdraelon*, we travelled over it all night, and in seven hours reached its other side. Here we had a very steep and rocky ascent; but however in half an hour we mastered it, and arrived at *Nazareth*.

Sunday,

Sunday, April 18. *Nazareth* is at present only an inconsiderable Village, situate in a kind of round concave valley, on the top of a high hill: we were entertained at the Convent built over the place of the Annunciation. At this place are, as it were, immured seven or eight Latin Fathers, who live a life truly mortified, being perpetually in fear of the Arabs, who are absolute lords of the country.

We went in the afternoon to visit the Sanctuary of this place. The Church of *Nazareth* stands in a Cave, supposed to be the place, where the Blessed Virgin received that joyful message of the Angel, *Hail thou that art highly favoured, &c.* Luke i. 28. It resembles the figure of a cross. That part of it that stands for the tree of the cross is fourteen paces long, and six over; and runs directly into the grot; having no other arch over it at top, but that of the natural rock.

[To be continued.]



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

Of P L A N T S.

[Continued from page 366.]

**W**ATER is only a vehicle to the terrestrial matter, which forms vegetables. Where this is wanting, the plant does not increase, though ever so much water ascend into it. This is only the agent which conveys that matter to them, and distributes it to their several parts for their nourishment. It is fitted for this office, by the figure of its parts, which are exactly spherical; therefore easily susceptible of motion, and consequently capable of conveying other matter that is not so voluble. Beside, the constituent  
particles

particles of water are absolutely solid, and do not yield to the greatest external force: therefore their intervals are always alike. By this quality, water is disposed to receive matter into it: by the former, to bear it along with it.

It is farther qualified to be a vehicle of this matter, by the fineness of its particles. We scarce know a fluid in nature, except fire, whose constituent parts are so exceeding small. They pass pores which air itself cannot pass. This enables them to enter the finest vessels of plants, and to introduce the terrestrial matter to all parts of them; each of which, by means of peculiar organs, assumes the particles suitable to its own nature, letting the rest pass on through the common ducts.

As to the motion of the nutritive juice, some think it ascends by the wood, and descends by the bark. But it is not easy to shew, by what particular tubes it either ascends or descends. Neither after all our researches does it appear, what is the principle of this motion? Whether there be any such thing as an attractive force in the plant itself: or whether it be performed on the mere principles of mechanism, by the expansion of the air contained in the juice, which moves and propels the particles of it into every part of the plant.

However, that the Sap in plants does circulate is made probable by an easy experiment. On a branch of a plain jessamine, whose stem spreads into two or three branches, inoculate in Autumn, a bud of the yellow striped jessamine. When the trees shoots next summer, some of the leaves will be striped with yellow, even on the branches not inoculated. And by degrees, the whole tree will be striped, yea, the very wood of the young branches.

It is probable the circulation is performed thus. The wood of plants consists of fine, capillary tubes, which run parallel with each other from the root, and may be looked upon as arteries. On the outside of these, between the wood and the inner bark, are larger tubes, which may do the office of veins. Now the root having imbibed juice from the earth, this is put  
into

into motion by the heat. Hereby it is rarefied and caused to ascend in the form of a steam or vapour; till meeting the mouths of the arterial vessels, it passes through them to the top, and to the extreme parts of the tree with a force answerable to the heat whereby it is moved. When it arrives there, meeting with the cold of the external air, it condenses into a liquor, and in that form returns by its own weight, to the root of the venal vessels.

That the Sap does circulate, appears farther from hence, that the graft will either corrupt or heal the stock. Nay, it changes the very way of the growing of the root, which it could not do, but by sending down its sap thither. Crab-stocks grafted with fruit, which the soil does not like, will canker, not only in the graft, but the stock also. But graft them again with fruit it does like, and it will quickly heal. Farther: graft twenty young pear-stocks with one sort of pear, and twenty with another. The roots of one sort will grow all alike, and so will those of the other. Yet ever-greens grafted on trees which drop their leaves, as the ever-green oak of Virginia upon the common English oak, hold their leaves all the winter. Does not this shew, that the juices circulate in winter, as well as summer, even in the plants which drop their leaves? Otherwise those grafted on them must soon die.

It seems that the Sap does not rise by the pith: because some large trees are without that part, and yet continue to put forth branches. Indeed no pith is found in those branches of a tree, which exceed two or three years growth. And the pith which is in a branch of this year, is distributed into those boughs which are formed the next season.

Many believe, the tree does not receive its nourishment by the bark; because trees that have lost that part, continue to grow. But they suppose a tree has but one bark; whereas every branch has four distinct coverings. The two outermost of these may be taken from a tree without much damage. But if the two others be taken off, it will infallibly kill the tree.

Some

Some affirm, that the Sap neither rises nor falls in the woody part of the tree, because when a branch is cut, they cannot discern any Sap issue out of it. Certainly they cannot; because those tubes are not large enough, to receive any thing more gross than vapour. The root receives chiefly in Autumn its proper juices, which the warmth in spring raises into a vapour, that gradually ascends through those fine tubes, and by that means causes vegetation.

[To be continued.]

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Of the I N Q U I S I T I O N .

[Continued from page 368.]

**B**UT this mercy, how cruel soever, is never to be expected by a relapsed penitent. Such a one hath nothing more to do than to prepare for death: yet though this is the invariable practice of the Inquisition, the Inquisitors-general add to such sentences, by which a relapsed heretic, or any other, is delivered to the secular arm, *Nevertheless, we effectually beseech the said secular arm, that he will moderate his sentence concerning you, so as to prevent the effusion of blood, and the danger of death.* The only favour the relapsed penitent can hope for, is the privilege of being strangled before the fire is lighted; whereas the obstinate and impenitent are burnt alive.

The impenitent criminal is immediately loaded with chains, and so closely confined that none but the most trusty officers of the prison can see him. The Inquisitors try all methods to draw him to confession; and when they find nothing available to shake his constancy, they do not deliver him up to the secular arm immediately, but try how far they may be able to overcome his resolution, by keeping him half a year, a whole year, and sometimes longer, loaded with heavy chains, in the misery and distress of a hard, close and nauseous prison. In the

the mean time he is often reminded of the death that he is sentenced unto. If they find all these hardships are not able to bring him to their will, he is removed into a better prison; used more gently, and promised mercy upon this token of repentance. And if this does not succeed, his wife and children, relations and dearest friends are invited and directed to visit him, and use their best endeavours to break his resolution and constancy. But if they cannot persuade him to repent and abjure, he is pronounced an obstinate heretic, and delivered over to the secular court.

If the person under the prosecution of the Inquisition is falsely accused of heresy, &c. or denies the fact laid to his charge, though he be found in heresy, &c. by evidences, he is declared a *negative* heretic, and is kept close confined in irons and a loathsome prison with continual threatenings of the danger, he, by his denial incurs, of being burnt alive. And if the witnesses persist, and the accused person also persists in the *negative*, having been kept in prison a competent time, viz. a year, he is at last by the sentence of the Bishop and the Inquisitor, cast out of the ecclesiastical court as obstinate and impenitent, and delivered over to the secular arm. So that should it happen that he is accused by false witnesses, the miserable wretch, though falsely condemned, is delivered to be burnt alive; nor is it lawful for him, without the commission of mortal sin, as the *Roman* Doctors think, to save his life by falsely confessing a crime he hath not committed. And therefore, though it may seem very hard to such a *negative*, to die when he is innocent, and may possibly believe it lawful for him to confess the crimes objected to him to save his life, this is not to be suffered by any means; and it is the duty of the Divines and Confessors, who comfort such a *negative*, and attend him to his punishment, to persuade him to discover the truth; but to caution him by all means not to acknowledge a crime he hath not committed, to avoid temporal

death; and to remind him that if he patiently endures this injury, he will be crowned as a martyr.

If the accused person has the good fortune to escape the officers before they find opportunity to apprehend him, they call him a *fugitive heretic*; and after citation fixed upon some public place for his appearance within such a term of time; if he does not appear, they proceed against him as an obstinate heretic, hear witnesses, and if he be found guilty upon evidence, which is always certain, he is condemned, and delivered up to the secular arm.

[To be continued.]

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An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

[Continued from page 371.]

## D I A L O G U E II.

*Callistus.* A Thousand thanks for that kind thought: but it is impossible, my friend! do not flatter yourself; for as to me, I can no longer be imposed upon by delusive hope. No, good Sir, you have a little revived my spirits by your unparalleled kindness; but you cannot renew my vital powers: they are spent, worn out and gone! You cannot restore my peace of mind; and therefore I should be a burthen to myself, and you. But I must die, *Sophonius*, perhaps to-day; and God, of his boundless goodness, hear your earnest prayers and mine for mercy!

*Sophonius.* Amen! *Callistus.* But do not let me interrupt you—go on, dear Sir, and never mention my wretched name again.

*Sophonius.* There were two families in the same parish that were agreeable neighbours to me; the first was that of a gentleman of a large estate who had a wife and four children, the eldest

eldest and the youngest of which were daughters: the sons are worthy, sensible men; but the second has much the most genius and vivacity.

But my nearest and best neighbour was the minister of the parish, whose wife was a relation to my other neighbour, the patron of the living: she died before my father; so that the family, when I came to live in the country, consisted of the clergyman and his only child, a daughter, then about twenty years of age. As her father lost his other children before they were ripe for his instructions, it was his chief pleasure, to replenish her heart with virtuous principles; and to improve her mind in every branch of useful knowledge. You must have known him, or at least have heard that he was a man of extensive learning; but you could not know all his excellence: none but his daughter and myself could know it thoroughly. He was a true Christian; modest, humble, and humane. *Urania* inherited all his perfections: think what an assemblage of internal excellencies; refined and finished by female delicacy, and adorned with the elegant dress of a most amiable person!

Think how delightfully my time was spent in conversing with two such companions; for *Urania*, though diffident among strangers, is easy, free, and cheerful with those of whom she has conceived a good opinion; and when there are none but such in company, she bears a shining part in conversation. But with her great superiority of understanding, and knowledge, to most persons of both sexes, she is far from being assuming or ostentatious.—Could I remain long indifferent to such perfection?—I spent much of my time in this delightful society.

As I could find no reason to resist my passion, it grew upon me daily; but I had resolution enough not to make any declaration of it, unless by my eyes, which it was impossible to restrain from speaking.—I was not without competitors for her favour. I had reason to believe that the eldest of my young neighbours sighed in secret for her; but as he was a man of



honour, and knew that he could never gain his family's consent to marry a person so much inferior to him, he never betrayed his passion but by sighs; and perhaps even those were unperceived by all but his rivals. His behaviour upon this occasion greatly raised my esteem for him. I am persuaded it was in pursuance of a resolution to get the better of a passion which it was not proper to indulge, that he solicited his father's consent to go abroad. But his younger brother was not so scrupulous. He came down about a month before his brother left us, to spend his vacation in the country; and no sooner was the only rival he apprehended, gone, than he assumed the character of her lover. *Urania* was distressed. Neither her inclination, nor her honour would permit her to hearken to his addresses. She knew that her father was indebted to *his* for all he was worth; that his father would be outrageously offended at hers, if he should be thought to encourage such an affair.—Nay, she knew not whether the young gentleman's designs were honourable; he had never hinted at any proposals that might characterize them for such.—She knew the impetuosity of her lover's temper, and feared some disagreeable consequences from it. The perplexity of her mind soon manifested itself. She grew melancholy. I perceived it, and watched the effects, till I thought I had discovered the cause: I pressed her to reveal it; but she eluded my endeavours for a long time: at length, after he had teased her exceedingly, and even offered to proceed to impertinent freedoms, she yielded to my persuasions, and with tears in her eyes, and blushes on her cheeks, gave me sufficiently to understand the cause of her distress. This instantly determined me: I told her that if she could condescend to free herself from the importunities of one man, by listening to the sincerest vows of another, I had an expedient to propose;—and immediately taking her trembling hand, I led her to her father's study; and there, without preface, avowed my passion; and in words expressive of the greatest esteem for both, besought their favour. The good man stood



another, to knock at all those doors, throughout the prisons within which the most wretched of mankind are enclosed, successively crying in a hideous tone of voice, *All is well*: which together with my other apprehensions, banished from my eyes every symptom of repose: for no sooner had this dreadful crying and knocking finished at one end of the prison, and the several long galleries, than it began at the other, and so continued all night.

Impatient, when day-light appeared, for the Captain's opening the door; he, with the horrid noise of keys, bolts, and bars, entered the room, asking me if I slept well? I asked him, if any body slept well within those dreadful walls? He replied, As well as in a ship where they were rocked as in a cradle. He then asked what I would order for dinner? and having given directions about it, I asked him where was the person that was to be brought to me? He said, he did not know: which augmented my surprise.

He was not long gone when a person knocked at my door. On his coming in, I perceived he was an officer, being dressed in his uniform. He asked me, if I had a night-gown with me? I told him, I had not; for that I knew not where I was coming, nor upon what business. He smiled, and begged I would accept of one from him, to make use of whilst I staid. Immediately after his departure the night-gown was sent to me.

I then went to walk in a room about a hundred yards long, proportionably broad, somewhat like a great gallery, with bedsteads and matrasses for about two hundred and fifty, or three hundred persons; the bedsteads being turned up on each side against the walls, those who lay there being gone to prepare for mass. The windows were open, those in the front looking into the court, and those on the opposite side into the gardens; which rendered the room agreeable enough for such a dismal place as it was.

Taking

Taking a view from one of the windows of this room into the inside court, I observed two large buildings, one of which was directly opposite to me, and the other at the angle of an high wall, towards the left hand, which enclosed the building from a private road leading to *Paris*; the back part of which house having no windows, made part of this wall. Meeting the man who had brought the sheets for my bed, I took him to the window, to inform me what buildings they were; he told me, the large, white building, which was directly facing, was another strong prison, belonging to the house called *Galbanon*, more dreadful than the *Bastille*; because few that were sent there were ever set at liberty: they were generally executed privately, or suffered to languish out their lives miserably: that the rooms were so contrived, that only a small place for a little bedstead, a little table and one chair, could be contained therein; and about four or five feet of space for the prisoner to stand or walk to the window for air which was strongly secured with iron bars: that there were dungeons one or two and twenty feet under ground, where some miserable objects were kept chained to the ground; and that one man, who had survived several years, in one of those dungeons, was grown over entirely with white hair, resembling an old monster: that his features could not be distinguished but by putting back his white hairs: that when the other prisoners of the upper part of these prisons were to be shaved to prevent the virmin from preying upon them, they were led out from those little rooms, and brought into a passage by way of gallery; where placed on a chair, a party of grenadiers or soldiers, with their arms loaded, and screwed bayonets pointed towards them, almost surrounded the chair, whilst shaving by the man, whose office it is to perform that operation.

Struck with horror, I said, I hoped there were not many there at that time. Alas! Sir, says he, it is very full at present. I replied, For God's sake, what sort of persons are they, who languish under such misfortunes, and for what crimes are they

sent

sent there? There are, says he, Marquisses, Counts, Jesuits and other Clergymen, some Lawyers and many Gentlemen, some brought from the Provinces, some from their houses, and families, who know not where they are: and yet they are maintained at their expence, and the pensions for their maintenance regularly paid by the management of the Ministers; and most of them with irons on their legs or wrists. There are many, continued he, suffering there, for abusing the Marchioness *de Pompadour*, or for Writings against her or the Ministers, or other State Affairs, perhaps of little consequence: concluding, it would be better for a man to be out of the world than to be in such a prison, where neither friend, relation or acquaintance, can have admission to come to see or speak to a prisoner, without a special order from the Ministry; adding, that men were here confined by their wives, who had interest with the Ministers or money to procure it, and so *vice versa*. I dismissed my intelligencer at this time, afflicted with the horrors of what I had seen and heard; saying to myself, Oh! happy *England!* happy, happy *England!* happy its Monarch! happy its people! where justice, blended with clemency and mercy abound; where humanity is every where found amongst the brotherhood, and whose gentle salutary laws may well make Tyrants and despotic Ministers ashamed, and raise, with a conscious blush of guilt *Great Britain's* admiration.

About eight o'clock the next evening, sitting by the fire, I suddenly heard a noise of people coming to the door, who instantly entered. I was somewhat surpris'd at seeing a man, about six feet high, dressed in the formidable habit of the house, enter the room first and advance a little towards me: but instantly seeing the *Captaine a la force* at his back, and another man after him, my fears diminished. There was a door in my room with strong bolts and locks, which opened into another large chamber. Whilst the other was opening the door, the tall man, with a good but resolute countenance  
broke

broke out, "I value not, nor do I fear your racks and torments! I despise them all!" He was then drove into the room like a dog where there was no fire-place, and without any light, locked up to find his bed, which was a bad matrafs on a wretched old bedstead, with a coarse old coverlid, and the other retired without saying a word more to him or me. About half an hour after, this man, who I thought was sinking under pain, dread, and oppression, began to sing *Latin* anthems with a loud clear voice; and the next morning, about six o'clock he began and continued the same practice, crying out at each verse, *Eli! Eli! Eli!*"—Afterwards Mr. *Mac Allester* had many conversations with him, and daily wrote them down and sent them to the Prime Minister.

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*An Extract from a Circumstantial NARRATIVE of the loss  
of the HALSEWELL.*

[Continued from page 383.]

MR. ROGERS, the third Mate, remained with the Captain, the unfortunate ladies, and their companions, near twenty minutes after Mr. *Meriton* had quitted the ship: soon after the latter left the round-house, the Captain asked what was become of him? Mr. *Rogers* replied that he was gone on the deck, to see what could be done.—After this a heavy sea breaking over the ship, the ladies exclaimed, "Oh poor *Meriton!* he is drowned! Had he staid with us he would have been safe," and they all, and particularly Miss *Mary Pierce*, expressed great concern at the apprehension of his loss.

At this time the sea was breaking in at the fore part of the ship, and reached as far as the main-mast; and Captain *Pierce*, giving Mr. *Rogers* a nod, they took a lamp, and went together into the stern gallery, and after viewing the rocks for sometime, Captain *Pierce* asked Mr. *Rogers*, if he thought

there was any possibility of saving the girls? to which he replied, he feared there was not; for they could only discover the black face of the perpendicular rock, but not the cavern which afforded shelter to those who escaped. They then returned to the round-house, and Mr. *Rogers* hung up the lamp, and Captain *Pierce*, with his great coat on, sat down between his two daughters, and struggled to suppress the tear which then burst into his eye.

The sea continuing to break in very fast, Mr. *M'Manus*, a Midshipman, and Mr. *Schutz*, a passenger, asked Mr. *Rogers* what they could do to escape, who replied "follow me." They all then went into the stern gallery, and from thence by the upper quarter gallery upon the poop. Whilst they were there a heavy sea fell on board; the round-house gave way, and he heard the ladies shriek, at intervals, as if the water had reached them, the noise of the sea at other times drowning their voices.

Mr. *Brimer* had followed Mr. *Rogers* to the poop, where they had remained together about five minutes, when on the coming on of the last mentioned sea, they jointly seized a hencoop, and the same wave which he apprehended proved fatal to some of those who remained below, happily carried him and his companion to the rock.

On this rock were twenty-seven men, but it was low water, and as they were convinced that upon the flowing of the tide, they must all be washed off, many of them attempted to get to the back or sides of the cavern, out of the reach of the returning sea. In this attempt scarce more than six, besides himself, and Mr. *Brimer* succeeded; of the remainder some shared the fate which they had apprehended, and the others perished in their efforts to get into the cavern.

Mr. *Rogers* and Mr. *Brimer* however reached the cavern, and scrambled up the rock, on narrow shelves on which they fixed themselves. Mr. *Rogers* got so near to his friend Mr. *Meriton* as to exchange congratulations with him; but he was prevented

prevented from joining him by at least twenty men who were between them : none of whom could move without immediate peril of his life.—At the time Mr. *Rogers* reached this station of possible safety, his strength was so nearly exhausted, that had the struggle continued a few minutes longer he must have been inevitably lost.

They now found that a very considerable number of the crew, seamen, soldiers, and petty officers, were in the same situation with themselves, though many who had reached the rocks below had perished, in attempting to ascend. What that situation was they were still to learn ; at present they had escaped immediate death, but they were yet to encounter cold, nakedness, wind, rain, and the perpetual beating of the spray of the sea, for a difficult, and doubtful chance of escape.

They could yet discern some part of the ship, and solaced themselves, in their dreary stations, with the hope of its remaining entire till day-break ; for, in the midst of their own misfortunes, the sufferings of the females affected them with the most acute anguish, and every sea that broke, brought with it terror, for the fate of those amiable, and helpless beings.

But, alas ! their apprehensions were too soon realized. In a very few minutes after Mr. *Rogers* had gained the rock, an universal shriek, announced the dreadful catastrophe : in a few moments all was hushed, except the warring winds, and beating waves ; the wreck was buried in the remorseless deep, and not an atom of her was ever after discoverable.

Thus perished the *Halsewell* ; never was a watery grave filled with such precious remains. Great God, how inscrutable are thy judgments !

What an aggravation of woe was this tremendous blow, to the yet trembling, and scarcely half saved wretches, who were hanging about the sides of the horrid cavern ? They were themselves still in the most imminent danger ; but their dearest friends, the pleasing companions of their voyage, had now bid



them an everlasting farewell. They felt for themselves; but they wept for wives, parents, fathers, brothers, sisters,—All—All cut off from their dearest hopes.

Many of those who had gained the precarious stations which we have described, worn out with fatigue, weakened by bruises, battered by the tempest, and benumbed with the cold, quitted their holdfasts, and tumbling headlong either on the rocks below, or in the surf, perished beneath the feet of their wretched associates, and by their dying groans, awakened terrible apprehensions in the survivors, of their own approaching fate.

At length, after the bitterest three hours which misery ever lengthened into ages, the day broke on them; but instead of bringing with it the relief with which they had flattered themselves, it served to discover all the horrors of their situation. They now found that had the country been alarmed by the guns of distress which they had continued to fire for many hours before the ship struck, but which from the violence of the storm were unheard, they could neither be observed by the people from above, as they were completely ingulphed in the cavern, and over-hung by the cliff, nor did any part of the wreck remain to point out their probable place of refuge; below, no boat could live to search them out, and had it been possible to have acquainted those who would wish to assist them, with their exact situation, no ropes could be conveyed into the cavity, to facilitate their escape.

The only prospect which offered, was to creep along the side of the cavern, to its outward extremity, and on a ledge scarcely as broad as a man's hand, to turn the corner, and endeavour to clamber up the almost perpendicular precipice, whose summit was near two hundred feet from the base.

And in this desperate effort did some succeed, whilst others, trembling with terror, and their strength exhausted by fatigue, lost their precarious footing, and perished in the attempt.

[*To be continued.*]

On the Appearance of SAMUEL unto SAUL, at Endor.  
1 Sam. xxviii.

[Extracted from a late Writer.]

THE Sacred History informs us, that *Saul* applied to a woman at *Endor*, who he believed had a familiar spirit; that by her he might come at *Samuel's* ghost. For though God had deserted him, yet he was weak enough to imagine, that *Samuel* might be prevailed on to listen to him, and return to him a kind answer. *He said unto her, I pray thee divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me up whom I shall name unto thee.* Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? *And he said, bring me up Samuel.*

Some have thought that the ghost of *Samuel* did not appear; but that this cunning woman imposed on *Saul's* credulity, making him believe she saw an apparition, when she really saw none; at the same time contriving that a voice should be heard speaking unto *Saul* in such a manner, and in such words as are related in that chapter.

But this opinion is highly improbable. For if the woman had the sole conducting of that affair, intending only to impose upon *Saul*, she would have contrived to make the pretended *Samuel's* answer as agreeable, and pleasing to the King as possible, and that for her own sake especially: for fear of offending *Saul*, and to save her own life, as well as to procure the larger gratuity. The whole turn of *Samuel's* speech is too rough and ungrateful, too grave and solemn, too full of truth and reality, to have been owing only to her contrivance.

For what was here spoken as from *Samuel* was really prophetic and fulfilled a few days after. Here were things foretold, which neither the woman, nor even her familiar spirit could certainly have foreseen. None but God himself could have

have revealed the secret. And how unlikely is it that God should make use of this witch as a prophetess; and should give her the honour of revealing his counsels? at the same time concurring with her in the imposition put upon *Saul*; making him believe that *Samuel* appeared and talked with him, when no *Samuel* was there?

For these reasons we may believe there was most certainly an Apparition in the case, and that it was not a demon in *Samuel's* shape, but the ghost of *Samuel* himself. The story is told in such a way, as one would expect to find upon supposition, it really was *Samuel*. It is said, that the woman saw *Samuel*, that she cried out, &c. and that *Saul* perceived it was *Samuel*. In the sequel of the narrative it is added, *Samuel* said unto *Saul*, &c. and again *then said Samuel*, &c. So that it is as plainly declared that *Samuel* appeared and talked with *Saul*, as it is that *Moses* and *Elias* appeared and talked with our Saviour.

Therefore if we consider the letter of the Text (1 Sam. xxviii. 15, 16) and the most obvious and natural construction of it (which we should not depart from without the greatest necessity) we shall be obliged to confess that the Apparition was really *Samuel* and no other.

[To be concluded in our next.]



### The Death of RICHARD the First.

A VISCOUNT having found a great treasure in the dominions of *Richard*, fled to a town in *France*. *Richard* pursued him; and going about the walls, to find out the fittest places to assault it, one *Peter Basile* shot at him with a poisoned arrow, and therewith gave him a wound, which brought him to his end, in four days. Finding himself past hope of recovery, he caused the party that had wounded him to be brought before him: who being asked what moved him to do this? answered,

answered, That King *Richard* had killed his father, and two of his brothers, with his own hand ; and therefore he would do it, if it were to do again. Upon this answer, every one thought the King would have adjudged him to some terrible punishments ; when contrary to their expectations, he not only freely forgave him, but gave special charge, that he should be set at liberty, commanding besides to give him a hundred shillings to bear him home.



I M P A R T I A L J U S T I C E .

THE Chronicle of *Alexandria* relates, That a widow made her complaint to King *Theodrick*, that a suit of her's was drawn out for the space of three years, which might have been dispatched in a few days. The King asked who were her Judges? On her naming them, they were sent for, and commanded to give all possible expedition to this woman's cause. In two days they determined it in her favour. *Theodrick* called them again ; who supposing it had been to applaud them, hastened thither full of joy. Being come, the King asked them, How it came to pass that they had performed that in two days, which had not been done in three years? They answered, The recommendation of your Majesty made us finish it. The King replied, When I put you into office, did I not consign all proceedings to you ; and particularly those of the widows? Having said this, he ordered their heads to be struck off!



R I G H T E O U S J U D G M E N T .

A POOR woman having lost a little dog, and understanding it to be in the possession of the Lady of Sir *Thomas More*, she went to Sir *Thomas*, as he was sitting in the hall, and told him that his Lady with-held her dog from her. Sir *Thomas* ordered his Lady to be sent for, and the dog to be brought with her ; which he taking in his hands, caused his Lady to stand at one

one end of the hall, and the poor woman at the other, and said, "I sit here to do every one justice." He then ordered each of them to call the dog, which, when they did, the dog forsook the Lady, and went to the poor woman. When Sir *Thomas* saw this, he desired his Lady to be contented; for the dog was none of hers.



P A T I E N C E of R E P R O O F.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR sitting in judgment, *Macænas* was present; and perceiving that he was about to condemn several persons, endeavoured to get up to him; but being hindered by the crowd, he wrote in a Schedule, Surge, carne-fax; "Rise, hang-man;" and threw the note into *Cæsar's* lap. *Cæsar* immediately arose, and came down without condemning any person to death: and so far was he from taking this reprehension ill, that he was much troubled he had given such cause for it.



I N T R E P I D I T Y and O B E D I E N C E.

ONE of the servants of Prince *Henry* (son to *Henry* the Fourth) was arraigned at the King's-Bench for felony. The Prince being informed of it, came hastily to the bar, where his servant stood, and commanded him to be set at liberty; but the Chief Justice, (who at that time was *William Gascoign*) exhorted the Prince to behave according to the laws of the kingdom. The Prince enflamed at this, endeavoured to take away the prisoner. On this the Judge commanded the Prince, upon his allegiance, to leave the prisoner, and to depart the place. The Prince in a fury, coming up to the place of Judgment, the people thought he would have slain the Judge. But the Judge sitting still, with an undaunted countenance, said, "Sir, remember yourself. I am here in the place of the King,

King, your Sovereign Lord and Father, to whom you owe double allegiance : and therefore in his name I charge you to desist from your unlawful enterprize. And for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of the King's Bench, whereunto I commit you, until the pleasure of the King be known. The Prince, amazed at these words, laid aside his sword, and doing reverence to the Court, went to the King's Bench as he was commanded. When the King heard of it, he blessed God who had given him a Judge, that feared not to administer justice ; and also a son, who could patiently suffer and shew his obedience thereunto.



REPROOF *well given, and taken.*

PHILIP, King of *Macedon*, having taken a considerable number of prisoners, went to see them sold. As he sat in his chair, his clothes were turned up higher than was decent ; when one of the prisoners cried out unto him, My Lord, suffer me not to be sold ; for I am a friend of yours, and was so to your father. Pray, said *Philip*, whence grew this great friendship betwixt us ? Sir, said the prisoner, I would gladly give you an account of it in your ear. *Philip* commanding him to be brought unto him, he whispered in his ear, Sir, I pray you let down your mantle a little before ; for you discover that which it is proper to hide. Hereupon *Philip* spake aloud to his Officers, " Let this man go ; for in truth he is one of our good friends, though I knew it not before, or else had forgotten it." Accordingly the man was set at liberty in that hour. How forcible are right words, in the ears of a wise man ! For though the occasion may be small, a word fitly spoken is often productive of great good.

## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCC.

[From Miss B. C. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Knowle, Oct. 13, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

**I** Find it is no small thing, steadily to pursue the One Thing Needful: to have our eye constantly fixt on him who is Invisible. Neither can it be, unless the mind is deeply attentive thereto.

I have reason to magnify the Lord who hath turned the whole bent of my mind to himself, the true centre of all good. He does, indeed, actuate all my powers. I feel a deep consciousness of my own poverty and helplessness. Oh, what a pleasing sensation is this! Jesus is my All in all! Even while I feel I am the vilest of the vile; a mere complex of nothingness and vanity.

The importance of your last Sermon dwells much on my mind. Let him that most assuredly standeth, take heed lest he fall! I know it is a momentary salvation. By adverting to this I have a testimony that I please God. Glory be to him! he is a refuge from the storm, and a shadow from the heat. While I rest the whole weight of my soul on him, I am saved from fear of evil. In general my mind is deeply led into eternity. But more so, for some days past. In taking a view of those that are eternally separated from God, I seem to hear their bitter wailings, till my soul is in an agony! What end this may answer, I cannot now see; but hope I shall make a right use of it.

Agreeable to your desire, I have met the young women twice, with much fear and trembling: and the Lord, who gives strength to them who have no might, was powerfully present.

The

The first time dear S. C. came, she expected a blessing, and would not rise from her knees till the Lord spoke peace to her soul: and glory be to him, he hath turned her captivity into songs of deliverance! Last Sunday P. G. was set at liberty; but she was first shook as over the mouth of hell. I never saw any one in deeper distress. Monday evening another person was brought into the liberty of the sons of God. Tuesday evening we had a most solemn time at the Band: dear K. N. came like one that had lost all hope. I attempted to pray for her, but my mouth was stopped. So sacred was the place, no one could utter a word. The silent language of our hearts was, Speak Lord, for thy servants hear! Before we parted, she found peace beyond all our expectations. She now waits for the witness of the Spirit, that she is his. O that her example may stir up those who are old and careless! that they too, may be in earnest for salvation. I have many fears lest I should not be faithful to my little charge, which in another sense is not little. Let me beg an interest in your prayers, which will be deemed a great favour, by your Friend and Daughter,

B. C.

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 LETTER CCCCI.

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

Worcester, Nov. 28, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

**A**T present I am in a poor state of health; but I hope I am quite willing to suffer my heavenly Father's will.

I find nothing so desirable as to live to God, and feel my soul approved of by him. I praise him that he helps me to make some little progress in the divine life. I find my fellowship with the Father and the Son increases, and I long to drink deeper and deeper still into his fulness.

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I cannot express how great my desires are, for the full enjoyment of God! But why I do not attain what I so greatly desire, I cannot tell. But this I know, I want to glorify God with my body and my spirit which are his: I want to eat and drink, and do all I do to his glory: I want to love and serve him here as angels do above. That the happy hour may soon arrive, I beg an interest in your prayers, which will greatly oblige your unworthy Friend and Servant,

M. S.



## P O E T R Y.

COMMUNION *with* GOD *in* Affliction.

[By Mr. John Murlin.]

**I**N mercy, gracious Lord, thou dost chastise  
 Thy froward children, when they go astray;  
 O Father, let me never more despise  
 Thy rod, nor wander from the narrow way!  
 If in the furnace for a season triéd,  
 Shew forth in me thy love's almighty power:  
 Or with thy servant in the flames abide!  
 And give me patience in the trying hour.  
 When thoroughly purgéd, let me as gold refinéd  
 Come forth, and shine before the fallen race:  
 A chosen vessel for thyself designéd,  
 To teach the world the lessons of thy grace.  
 O draw my heart from earth, to things above,  
 And let my soul be ever fixt on thee:  
 Give me the blessing of thy perfect love;  
 O let me here thy great salvation see!  
 Whate'er offends thine eyes I now resign,  
 And cheerfully with all my idols part:  
 O let my will for evermore incline  
 To love and serve thee with an upright heart!

All

All worldly pomp and grandeur I despise,  
 And look on earthly kings with pity down:  
 My great ambition is in death to rise;  
 And wear above an everlasting crown.  
 O may I ever join the spotless band,  
 Who saved by grace, through tribulation came;  
 And round thy throne with saints and angels stand,  
 To sing the praise of thy exalted name!

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To SILVIA, *pensive.*

TELL me, *Silvia*, why the sigh,  
 Heaves your bosom? why the tear  
 Steals unbidden from your eye?  
 Tell me what you wish or fear?  
 Providence profusely kind,  
 Wherefoe'er you turn your eyes,  
 Bids you, with a grateful mind,  
 View a thousand blessings rise.  
 Round you affluence spreads her stores,  
 Young health sparkles in your eye,  
 Tendérest, kindest friends are yours,  
 Tell me, *Silvia*, why you sigh?  
 'Tis, perhaps, some friendly voice  
 Softly whispers to your mind,  
 "Make not these alone your choice  
 Heaven has blessings more refinéd.  
 "Thankful own what you enjoy;  
 But a changing world like this,  
 Where a thousand fears annoy,  
 Cannot give you perfect bliss.  
 "Perfect bliss resides above,  
 Far above yon azure sky;  
 Bliss that merits all your love,  
 Merits every anxious sigh."

What like this, has earth to give?  
 O my *Silvia*, in your breast  
 Let the admonition live,  
 Nor on earth desire to rest.

When your bosom breathes a sigh,  
 Or your eye emits a tear,  
 Let your wishes rise on high,  
 Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

### A WHIMSICAL EPITAPH.

**T**O be jocular in death is preposterous; nor is it less so to inscribe low jests on the Monuments of the dead. We insert the following as a remarkable instance of this sort of buffoonery, found, in a country Church-yard, on the Tombstone of one *Katharine Gray*, who in her life-time had been a dealer in earthen-ware.

To understand this ridiculous piece, you are to follow the letters, till they make up a word: not regarding whether they be great or small; nor how they are divided, or pointed.

Bene  
 AT. HT. HIS: ST.  
 Oneli ESKA  
 THARI NEG Rayc  
 Hang'd  
 F. R  
 O! mab. U. Sy li Fet  
 olif. Ele  
 s S. c L  
 Ayb. Ye. AR  
 Than  
 Dcl—Ays  
 Hego  
 Therp. Elfa.  
 N. D  
 No. ws. He Stur  
 N'DT. oca Rt.  
 HhP ericl. Fy,  
 Ew E—E. Pin  
 Gfr. I. EN  
 DS L.  
 etm. EA. D

VIP  
 Seab AT cyo  
 URG  
 RIE. Fan  
 D D  
 Ryy O! U—Rey  
 Esf, OR WH  
 ATA  
 Vai—Ls affo  
 O! Dost Eais. W.  
 Hok No WSB  
 Ut Ina Runo  
 Fy Ears  
 In So—Metall  
 Pit—C  
 Hero R broa  
 D P  
 Ans He I  
 N H  
 Ers Hopma  
 Y B  
 E AG—AIN.

The

## The E X P L A N A T I O N .

**B**ENEATH this stone lies *Katharine Gray*,  
 Chang'd from a busy life, to lifeless clay:  
 By earth and clay she got her pelf;  
 And now she's turn'd to earth herself.  
 Ye weeping friends, let me advise,  
 Abate your grief, and dry your eyes.  
 For what avails a flood of tears;  
 Who knows but in a run of years,  
 In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,  
 She in her shop may be again.

If she loved, and served God in her day and generation, she is eternally happy before the Throne: if not, she will be a companion for Devils and damned Spirits for ever and ever!

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*An unexpected REWARD.*

**U**NKNOWING and unknown to Fame,  
 An honest clown, *Dorus* his name,  
 With fraudulent line, and baited hook,  
 Near the sea-shore his station took,  
 In hopes the cravings to supply  
 Of a large, helpless family.  
 But Fortune, who her favour sheds,  
 Seldom upon deserving heads,  
 On *Dorus* glanced with scornful spite;  
 No prize, not even a single bite.  
 Tirèd with ill-luck, he now despairs,  
 And for a hungry home prepares:  
 When, to his joy, and great surprize,  
 He feels a fish of monstrous size:  
 (So flatters smiling hope)—when lo  
 Fortune again appears his foe;

He

He drags on shore, with cautious pull  
 A fish? Ah no! a human skull;  
 A ghastly and forbidding treat,  
 Improper food for him to eat.  
 What can he do? shall he again  
 Commit his captive to the main?  
 But here humanity prevails,  
 And piety his heart assails:

"Who knows, cries *Dorus*, with a sigh,  
 (A heart-sprung tear in either eye)  
 But this might once a portion be  
 Of some poor spouse, or sire like me;  
 On whose endeavours a large brood  
 Of little ones might hang for food;  
 Shipwrecked, perhaps in sight of land!  
 Or murdered by some villain's hand!  
 My duty, and my feelings too,  
 Strongly evince what I should do;  
 The kindness which to him I show,  
 Perhaps to others I may owe."

So said, away, the skull he bears,  
 And in the woods a grave prepares:  
 He digs; his heart dilates with pleasure  
 To find a heaven-sent golden treasure:  
 A treasure to his utmost wishes,  
 Superior to ten thousand fishes;  
 With which he joyous, marches home,  
 The skull bequeathing in its room.

Those hearts that with humanity distend,  
 In Providence are sure to meet a friend;  
 And the same love we to our brethren show,  
 Our heavenly Father will on us bestow.



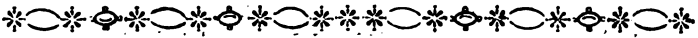




T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1786.



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

CHAP. VI. *Arguments from Reason for Universal Redemption.*

[Continued from page 404.]

II. **H**ENCE, 2dly, it must follow that Christ never died with an intention to save those whom he doth not actually save. Why then doth he say, *That he came down from heaven to give life unto the world?* that his Father sent his Son into the world that the world through him might have life? that he will give his flesh for the life of the world? and that *I am the bread of life; if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever?* Verily, verily, he that believeth in me hath everlasting life, plainly encourageth all to do so. Why doth he say to them *who would not come unto (i. e. believe in) him, that they might have life, these things I say unto you, that ye might be saved?* Yea why doth he enquire, *How oft would I have gathered*

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*you as a hen doth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?* and so pathetically with that they, from whose eyes those things were hid, *had known in their day, the things belonging to their peace?* You may as well hope to reconcile light and darkness, as these words of Christ, with his intention to die only for those who should actually be saved.

III. 3dly, Hence it must follow, that none of those to whom God never intended salvation by Christ, or who shall not be actually saved by him, are bound to believe in him; for had not this Saviour come into the world, they could not have been obliged to believe in him. Moreover, if he died not for them, they cannot believe in his death: if there be no salvation for them in Christ, they cannot believe he is their Saviour. Should they believe, must not their faith be in vain, seeing it cannot alter the intentions of God in delivering his Son up to the death, or of Christ in dying for the elect only? and why then do the Ministers of the gospel promise salvation to all men provided they believe, when no salvation is provided for all? and so none can be tendered by them to all on any condition whatsoever: since God himself never intended salvation should be obtainable by all, and therefore never could give them commission to tender it to all on any condition whatsoever. And, lastly, why doth he promise salvation to all if they believe, by saying, *He that believeth shall be saved? Who-soever believeth in him shall have everlasting life?* and then enquire thus, *If I say the truth why do you not believe me?* seeing he died not with an intention to purchase salvation to any, whom he would not actually save.

4thly, Hence it clearly follows that no man can be condemned hereafter for final unbelief, seeing he transgresseth no law of God by it. For surely God commandeth no man to believe in Christ for salvation, for whom he never intended salvation by Christ; since therefore where there is no transgression there can be no condemnation. Why doth Christ threaten to the Jews, *that if they did not believe he was the Christ,*

*Christ*, the Saviour of the world, *they should die in their sins?* Why doth he declare them who believed not in him *inexcusable, and without all cloak for their sins?* and why doth the Apostle say, *how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?* Since it can be no salvation at all to them for whom it never was intended: and it must be all one to them to neglect and use the greatest diligence about it. In a word, either it was possible for them who die in their unbelief to believe and repent to salvation, or it was not. If it were possible, then either Christ must have died for them, or it must be possible for them to be saved without a Saviour. If it was not, they either must not be obliged at all to believe and repent, or they must be obliged to do what it was impossible for them to do. Yea, seeing this impossibility ariseth only from God's denial of that grace to them which he vouchsafes to his Elect, it follows that God must both will they should repent and believe, because he commands and obliges them so to do, and yet will they should neither repent nor believe, because he wills the denial of that grace without which it is impossible they should do so.

IV. 5thly, Hence it must follow that God hath not vouchsafed sufficient means of salvation to all to whom the gospel is revealed. For seeing there is no pardon, no deliverance from the wrath to come to be obtained but through faith in him; they who have no interest in his death, can have no means of obtaining pardon and salvation.

But if men have not sufficient means to be saved, then have they only means given them to increase their condemnation, yea such means which they cannot use but to their greater and more heavy punishment, since *he who knows his Master's will, as all to whom the gospel is revealed may do, and doth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes;* and so it had been better for them not to have known the way of life, or to have had no covenant of grace tendered to them. For if they be not able by the grace which God is willing to vouchsafe them, to repent

and believe the gospel, they must lie under a necessity of being damned for *not receiving the truth in the love of it*: and under a necessity of perishing; for *if we repent not we must all perish*. And this impenitency and unbelief must be more criminal for being committed under the gospel dispensation; so that the revelation of the gospel must be the forest judgment to them, seeing it must increase their damnation without a possibility in them to procure pardon and salvation, or obtain any blessings by it. Whereas it is certain, that this *Father of Spirits* cannot be so unnatural to his own offspring, as to design their greater misery by his most gracious dispensations; since as our Saviour argues, *If earthly parents being evil, will not be so unnatural to their children, much less will our heavenly Father be so to his*: and that this Lover of souls, who hath declared his ways cannot be unequal to them, because *all souls* are his, can design nothing, on purpose to increase their condemnation, and inevitable ruin.

If all men under the gospel have not means sufficient to repent and believe, vouchsafed by God, then must he still withhold something from them without which they cannot repent and believe to salvation, viz. special grace, so called because it is peculiarly granted to the Elect; an irresistible impulse, with which the conversion of the sinner, Faith and Repentance will certainly be produced, and without which they neither will nor can be wrought in u. Now if the want of all, or any of these things be the reason why so many, who live under the gospel dispensation, do not believe and repent to salvation; and upon this account it is that they continue in their unbelief, because they want this special grace, these absurdities will follow.

1st. That God condemns those to destruction for that which is no sin; for sure it is no sin in the creature not to do that which can alone be done by the Almighty power of God, he never would afford to them; for then it must be the sin of man not to be God: if therefore God should punish men for

not doing that which therefore is not in their power to do, because it requires a divine energy which he will not exert on their behalf, he must punish them for not being equal in power with God himself.

2dly, Then must every unbelieving person have a just excuse, and a sufficient plea why he should not be punished. Unbelief else might cry to God as did the Officers of the Jews to Pharaoh, *Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants? There is no straw given to us, and thou sayest to us make bricks; no special grace afforded us, and thou sayest to us do that, which can no more be done without it than men can make bricks without straw. Thy servants are beaten, but the fault is in him who denies us straw, and yet requires bricks; yea who requires that Faith, and that Repentance which he never would afford us means sufficient to perform.*

[To be continued.]

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S E R M O N XXXIV.

On MATT. XXV. 36.

*I was sick, and ye visited me.*

1. **I**T is generally supposed that *the Means of grace, and the Ordinances of God* are equivalent terms. We usually mean by that expression, those that are usually termed, *Works of Piety*, namely, hearing and reading the Scripture, receiving the Lord's Supper, public and private prayer, and fasting. And it is certain, these are the ordinary channels which convey the grace of God to the souls of men. But are they the only Means of Grace? Are there no other means than these, whereby God is pleased, frequently, yea ordinarily, to convey his grace to them that either love or fear him? Surely there  
are

are Works of Mercy, as well as Works of Piety, which are real means of Grace. They are more especially such to those that perform them with a single eye. And those that neglect them, do not receive the grace which otherwise they might. Yea, and they lose, by a continued neglect, the grace which they had received. Is it not hence, that many who were once strong in faith, are now weak and feeble minded? And yet they are not sensible whence that weakness comes, as they neglect none of the ordinances of God. But they might see whence it comes, were they seriously to consider St. Paul's account of all true believers, *We are his workmanship, created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before prepared, that we might walk therein*, Eph. ii. 10.

2. The walking herein is essentially necessary, as, to the continuance of that faith whereby we are already saved by grace, so to the attainment of everlasting salvation. Of this we cannot doubt, if we seriously consider, that these are the very words of the great Judge himself, *Come, ye blessed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me*, Matt. xxv. 34, &c. *Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.* If this does not convince you, that the continuance in works of mercy, is necessary to salvation, consider, what the Judge of all says to those on the left hand. *Depart ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry and ye gave me no meat: thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick and in prison, and ye visited me not. Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these, neither have ye done it unto me.* You see were it for this alone, they must depart from God into everlasting punishment.

;. Is

3. Is it not strange, that this important truth should be so little understood, or at least should so little influence the practice even of them that fear God? Suppose this representation be true, suppose the Judge of all the earth speaks right, those and those only that feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, relieve the stranger, visit those that are sick and in prison, according to their power and opportunity, shall inherit the everlasting kingdom. And those that do not, shall depart into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

4. I purpose at present to confine my Discourse to one article of these, *visiting the sick*: a plain duty, which all that are in health may practise, in a higher or lower degree: and which nevertheless is almost universally neglected, even by those that profess to love God. And touching this I would enquire, First, What is implied in visiting the sick? Secondly, How is it to be performed, and Thirdly, By whom?

I. First, I would enquire, what is the nature of this Duty? What is implied in *visiting the sick*?

1. By the sick I do not mean only those that keep their bed, or that are sick in the strictest sense. Rather I would include, all such as are in a state of affliction, whether of mind or body: and that, whether they are good or bad, whether they fear God or not.

“But is there any need of visiting them in person? May we not relieve them at a distance? Does it not answer the same purpose, if we send them help, as if we carry it ourselves?” Many are so circumstanced, that they cannot attend the sick in person; and where this is the real case, it is undoubtedly sufficient for them to send help, being the only expedient they can use. But this is not properly *visiting the sick*; it is another thing. The word which we render *visit*, in its literal acceptation means to *look upon*. And this, you well know, cannot be done, unless you are present with them. To send them

them assistance is therefore entirely a different thing from visiting them. The former then ought to be done, but the latter not left undone.

“ But I send a Physician to those that are sick: and he can do them more good than I can.” He can in one respect: he can do them more good, with regard to their bodily health. But he cannot do them more good with regard to their souls, which are of infinitely greater importance. And if he could, this would not excuse *you*: his going, would not fulfil *your* duty. Neither would it do the same good to *you*, unless you saw them with your own eyes. If you do not, you lose a means of grace: you lose an excellent means of increasing your thankfulness to God, who saves you from this pain and sickness, and continues your health and strength; as well as of increasing your sympathy with the afflicted, your benevolence, and all social affections.

3. One great reason why the rich in general have so little sympathy for the poor, is because they so seldom visit them. Hence it is, that, according to the common observation, one part of the world does not know what the other suffers. Many of them do not know, because they do not care to know: they keep out of the way of knowing it: and then plead their voluntary ignorance, as an excuse for their hardness of heart. “ Indeed, Sir, (said a person of large substance) I am a very compassionate man. But to tell you the truth, I do not know any body in the world that is in want.” How did this come to pass? Why, he took good care to keep out of their way. And if he fell upon any of them unawares, *he passed over on the other side.*

4. How contrary to this is both the spirit and behaviour of even people of the highest rank in a neighbouring nation! In *Paris*, Ladies of the first quality, yea Princesses of the blood, of the Royal Family, constantly visit the sick, particularly the patients in the Grand Hospital. And they not only take care to relieve their wants, (if they need any thing more than is provided

provided for them) but attend on their sick-beds, dress their sores, and perform the meanest offices for them. Here is a pattern for the English, poor or rich, mean or honourable! For many years we have abundantly copied after the follies of the French. Let us for once copy after their wisdom and virtue, worthy the imitation of the whole Christian world. Let not the Gentlewomen, or even the Countesses in *England* be ashamed to imitate those Princesses of the blood! Here is a fashion that does honour to human Nature. It began in *France*; but God forbid it should end there!

5. And if your delicacy will not permit you to imitate those truly honourable Ladies; by abasing yourselves in the manner which they do, by performing the lowest offices for the sick; you may however, without humbling yourselves so far, supply them with whatever they want. And you may administer help of a more excellent kind, by supplying their spiritual wants: instructing them (if they need such instruction) in the first principles of Religion; endeavouring to shew them the dangerous state they are in, under the wrath and curse of God through sin, and point them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. Beside this general instruction, you might have abundant opportunities, of comforting those that are in pain of body or distress of mind: you might find opportunities of strengthening the feeble-minded, quickening those that are faint and weary: and of building up those that have believed, and encouraging them to *go on to perfection*. But these things you must do in your own person: you see, they cannot be done by proxy. Or suppose you could give the same relief to the sick by another, you could not reap the same advantage to yourself. You could not gain that increase in lowliness, in patience, in tenderness of spirit, in sympathy with the afflicted, which you might have gained, if you had assisted them in person. Neither would you receive the same recompense in the resurrection of the just, when



*every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labour.*

II. 1. I proceed to enquire, in the second place, How are we to visit them? In what manner may this labour of love be most effectually performed? How may we do this, most to the glory of God, and the benefit of our neighbour? But before ever you enter upon the work, you should be deeply convinced, that you are by no means sufficient for it: you have neither sufficient grace, nor sufficient understanding, to perform it in the most excellent manner. And this will convince you of the necessity of applying to the strong for strength, and of flying to the Father of lights, the giver of every good gift, for wisdom: ever remembering, *There is a spirit in man that giveth wisdom, and the inspiration of the Holy One that giveth understanding.* Whenever therefore you are about to enter upon the work, seek his help by earnest prayer. Cry to him for the whole spirit of humility, lest if pride steal into your heart, if you ascribe any thing to yourself, while you strive to save others, you destroy your own soul. Before and through the work, from the beginning to the end, let your heart wait upon him for a continual supply of meekness and gentleness, of patience and long-suffering, that you may never be angry or discouraged, at whatever treatment, rough or smooth, kind or unkind, you may meet with. Be not moved with the deep ignorance of some, the dulness, the amazing stupidity of others: marvel not at their peevishness or stubbornness, at their non-improvement after all the pains that you have taken. Yea, at some of them turning back to perdition, and being worse than they were before. Still your record is with the Lord, and your reward with the Most High.

2. As to the particular method of treating the sick. You need not tie yourself down to any; but may continually vary your manner of proceeding, as various circumstances may require. But it may not be amiss, usually to begin with  
 enquiring

enquiring into their outward condition. You may ask, Whether they have the necessaries of life? Whether they have sufficient food and raiment? If the weather be cold, Whether they have fewel? Whether they have needful attendance? Whether they have proper advice, with regard to their bodily disorder; especially if it be of a dangerous kind? In several of these respects you may be able to give them some assistance yourself: and you may move those that are more able than you, to supply your lack of service. You might properly say in your own case, "To beg I am ashamed:" but never be ashamed to beg for the poor; yea, in this case, be an importunate beggar: do not easily take a denial. Use all the address, all the understanding, all the influence you have: at the same time trusting in him that has the hearts of all men in his hands.

3. You will then easily discern, whether there is any good office, which you can do for them with your own hands. Indeed most of the things which are needful to be done, those about them can do better than you. But in some you may have more skill, or more experience than them. And if you have, let not delicacy or honour stand in your way. Remember his word, *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.* And think nothing too mean to do for him! Rejoice to be abased for his sake!

[To be concluded in our next.



*A Short Account of Mr. MATTHIAS JOYCE.*

[Continued from page 422.]

**W**HAT tongue can tell, or heart conceive the heaven that was opened in my heart at that moment! It might well be called joy unspeakable and full of glory! After offering up my tribute of praise to him who visited me in

so extraordinary a manner, I went to bed full of love, of heaven, of God.

In the year 1780, my wife lay-in, and about that time my business was so slack, that I was several weeks out of work; by which means we were brought very low. In this extremity a kind friend asked me, how much would set me up? I mentioned a certain sum, which he offered to lend me without bond or interest, until I was able to pay him: urging, at the same time, the necessity of my entering into business, as I had a growing family. Such a generous offer surprised me; but I could not consent to accept of it until I had consulted my wife. Accordingly, that night I spoke to her; but she did not seem forward to embrace it. However, thinking it might be a call of Providence, I at length consented.

I then set about collecting the materials necessary for my business; and after a good deal of trouble completed my design. Having procured materials, the next thing was to look for work. To this end, I entered into the Company of Bookfellers, printed large posting-bills, and hand bills in the most elegant manner; and had them posted about the city, sent to the Bookfellers, and dispersed in the Coffee-houses, but all to little purpose; for in the course of about eight months I did not earn as much as would support myself: and had it not been for what little my wife earned, I believe we must have starved. For not making a proper estimate when my friend spoke to me, I was obliged to enter deeper into the affair than I expected; which exposed me to temptation, when I saw myself as it were deprived of the means of discharging the debts I had contracted. At times indeed, I could cast my whole care upon the Lord; but then the thought, "How shall I get out of debt?" would again perplex me.

At last, seeing it was in vain to continue in that line, I came to a resolution to sell all, and pay every body as far as it went. Accordingly I did sell all; but most of what I had, greatly under the price I gave for them. I then discharged  
some

some debts I had contracted with those who either could not or would not bear with me; and with the remainder I made my friend an unworthy return for his kindness, as it fell short upwards of twenty pounds of what he had lent me. However, he accepted of it, without troubling me for the rest. But notwithstanding he patiently bore with me, I was not satisfied. And therefore, that I might be the better able to pay the whole I determined to go to *London*.

Accordingly with a heavy heart, I sailed for *Holy-head* in company with brother *James Martin*, and brother *Pilmoor*. We travelled together to *Chester*, from whence they went to *Leeds*, and I to *London*. In this journey I endured much hardship; being obliged to ride almost from *Holyhead* to *London*, on the coach-box.

In about three days after my arrival I got into work, where I continued for about a fortnight; but work being slack, my employer wanted to lower my wages. I believe I should have taken what he offered, only some men in the house had a guinea per week, and I thought it might hurt them if I did. On this, I made known my situation to Mr. *Boardman*, who advised me to return home, as soon as possible. However, that I might be clear, I enquired at several Printing-offices in *London* for work, but could not get any; then I determined to go to *Ireland* with Mr. *Boardman*. Only there seemed to be an objection, namely my want of money. But that he removed by bearing my expences. While I was in *London*, Mr. *Wesley* arrived from the *Leeds* Conference; but I had not courage to speak to him, all the time he stayed in town.

In my return to *Dublin*, I was near finishing my course. For going through *Wales* I was suddenly pitched off the coach-box. But providentially having hold of the iron, I wheeled, and my foot rested upon the spring. I went off head foremost; and though the whole weight of my body was on my left arm, I was so supported by an invisible power, that it seemed no weight at all. I have since almost shuddered at my dangerous situation,

situation, when sleeping on the top of the coach. Surely it was nothing less than the divine hand that prevented me from falling and waking in eternity.

When we came to *Pool-beg*, Mr. *Boardman* went on shore, and left the care of the luggage to me. But before he went, he employed an open boat instead of the wherry, which was near colling me my life, and him the loss of his goods. From thence we sailed peaceably enough till we got between the walls of the river *Liffy*, when a wherry in full sail darted through the river the contrary way, and when she got pretty near us, the man at the helm tacked about and ran her head against the side of our little boat: where her bowsprit came across my back, and pressed me down with great violence, while our boat was near overfet; but the Lord brought me through this also, without receiving any hurt.

The sixth of February, 1782, one of the Members of the House of Commons for the city being dead, and two or three Candidates offering themselves, my two fellow apprentices and I being free of the city, were requested, by our master, to attend the Corporation at the Music-hall. We all accordingly met there with the three Candidates, in the Grove-room, so called, from its being painted like a grove. This was over the Ball-room, and supposed to be twenty feet high or more. Alderman *H*—arose and spoke first; then Mr. *T*—*H*—made a speech. Then the third Candidate, Counsellor *P*—*n*, beginning with a feeble voice, the place was all silence, when lo! in a moment, the beam broke close by the wall, and the floor sunk, and about three hundred persons went down in an instant. I had just time to perceive them sinking through the cloud of dust which ascended, before I fell myself: but as God would have 'it, no one fell upon me. My fall was upon the pit of my stomach, which nearly knocked out my breath. For sometime we were so encompassed with darkness, that we could not rightly tell where we were; but the most horrid cries were uttered by  
those

those whose limbs were broken, that could well be conceived. As we lay, not knowing which way to flee, some cried out, lie still and we shall be all safe. I thought they perceived the roof giving way; and as I was on the top of the rest, I gave myself up for lost; expecting every moment to be dashed in pieces. I lay as close as I could, patiently waiting my doom; but finding the roof did not fall as I expected, I raised my head, looked about, and discovered an open window just at hand. I then arose; but Sir *E—— N——*, who was under me, cried out to me to take the boards off his legs, which he said were broke. This I did as well as I could, and lent him a hand to help him up. I then looked down and saw my suffering fellow-mortals like drowning men, stretching forth their arms, and grasping at the first thing that presented itself: one of them caught me by the hand, and nearly pulled me down; but I disengaged myself, and made to the window, where I had to help a man through, who had his foot broke, and a desperate hole made in his forehead, so that the interior part of his skull might be seen. After him I went out myself, and by the mercy of God escaped without a broken bone, or the loss of a drop of blood.

When I got out I seemed like one returning from the dead, or coming from the field of battle. My face was covered with paleness, and it seemed as if I had bathed part of my garments in the blood of the slain. I went over to Mr. *Dugdale's*; but he not being come home, I thought he was buried in the ruins. So I went back to look for him, and turned over some of the rubbish; but could not find him; in the mean time he was carried home in a chair, with some of his ribs broke, and otherwise greatly hurt, so that his life hung in doubt for some time. While ranging about, I espied my other fellow-apprentice not able to move, being greatly hurt in the thigh, and having one of his skirts tore off by something that caught him in the fall. Several others sat in the utmost agony with their legs and thighs broken; and otherwise  
shockingly

shockingly mangled. Very few escaped unhurt more or less. Nine or ten, at least, died of the wounds and bruises they received, and others live disabled, to perpetuate the memory of this dreadful event. When I got home I was bled, and fainted away. My wife thought I was going to expire: but I soon came to myself; and in a few days was enabled to go to my work as usual.

[*To be continued.*]

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*An Account of AMBROSE GWINETT, (well known to the Public, as the lame Beggar-man, who for many years swept the way, between the Mews Gate and Spring-Gardens, Charing-Cross,) who in 1710 was condemned at Maidstone, for a supposed murder, executed and hung in chains; but came to life again, and lived many years.*

[Written by Himself.]

I Was born of reputable parents in the city of *Canterbury*, where my father, living at the sign of the Blue Anchor, dealt in slops. He had but two children, a daughter and myself, and having given me a good education, at the age of sixteen he bound me apprentice to Mr. *George Roberts*, an Attorney in our town, with whom I stayed four years and three quarters.

My sister being grown up, had now been married something more than a twelvemonth to one *Sawyer*, a seafaring man, who having got considerable prizes, my father also giving him two hundred pounds with my sister, quitted his profession and set up a public-house within three miles of the place of his nativity, which was *Deal*.

I had frequent invitations to go and pass a short time with them; and in the Autumn of the year 1709, having obtained my Master's consent, I left the city of *Canterbury* on foot, the 17th day of September.

Through

Through some unavoidable delays on the road, the evening was considerably advanced before I reached *Deal*; and so tired was I, that, had my life depended on it, I could not have got as far as my sister's that night. At this time there were many of her Majesty's ships lying in the harbour; for the English were then at war with the French and Spaniards: besides which, I found this was the day for holding the yearly fair, so that the town was filled to that degree, that a bed was not to be got for love or money. I went seeking a lodging from house to house, to no purpose, till being quite spent, I returned to the public-house where I had first made enquiry, desiring leave to sit by their kitchen fire, and rest myself till morning.

The publican and his wife happened to be acquainted with my brother and sister, and finding by my discourse, that I was a relation of theirs, and going to visit them, the landlady presently said she would endeavour to get a bed; and going out of the kitchen she quickly after called me into a back parlour. Here I saw sitting by the fire a middle aged man in a night-gown and cap, who was reckoning money at a table. Uncle, said the woman, as soon as I entered, this is a brother of our friend Mrs. *Sawyer*; he cannot get a bed any where, and is tired after a long journey. You are the only one that lies in this house alone: will you give him part of yours? To this the man answered, that she knew he had been out of order; that he was blooded that day, and consequently a bedfellow could not be very agreeable; however, said he, rather than the young man shall sit up, he is welcome to sleep with me. After this we sat awhile together, when having put his money in a canvas bag, into the pocket of his night-gown, he took the candle and I followed him up to bed.

How long I slept, I cannot exactly determine; but I conjecture it was about three o'clock in the morning when I awoke with a violent cholic. My bedfellow who was awake,



observing that I was very uneasy, asked me what was the matter? I inform him, and begged he would direct me to the necessary. He told me, when I was down stairs, I must turn on my right hand, and go strait into the garden, at the end of which it was, just over the sea; but added, as you may possibly find some difficulty in opening the door, the string being broke which pulls up the latch, I will give you a penknife which you may open it with through a chink in the boards. So saying, he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, which lay on the bed, and gave me a middling sized penknife.

I hurried on a few of my clothes, and went down stairs. On unclasping the penknife to open the door of the necessary a piece of money which stuck between the blade and the groove in the handle fell into my hand. I did not examine what it was, nor indeed could I well see, there being but a very faint moon light, so I put them together carelessly in my pocket.

I apprehend I staid in the garden pretty near a quarter of an hour. When I returned to the chamber, I was surpris'd to find my bedfellow gone. I called severall times, but receiving no answer, I went to bed, and again fell asleep.

About six o'clock I arose, nobody yet being up in the house. The gentleman was not yet returned to bed, or, if he was, had again left it. I dressed myself with what haste I could, being impatient to see my sister, and the reckoning being paid over night, I let myself out at the street-door.

Having got to my sister's, she and her husband received me. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when standing at the door, my brother-in-law being by my side, we saw three horsemen galloping towards us. As soon as they came up to the house, they stopped and one of them lighting, suddenly seized me by the collar, crying, You are the Queen's prisoner. I desired to know my crime. He said, I should know that as soon as I came to Deal, where I must immediately go with  
them

them. One of them, then told my brother that the night before, I had committed a murder and robbery.

Presently a warrant was produced, and I was carried back to *Deal*, attended by the three men; my brother with another friend accompanying us, who knew not what to say, nor how to comfort me.

Being arrived in town I was immediately hurried to the house where I had slept. We were met at the door by a crowd of people, every one crying, Which is he! Which is he! As soon as I entered, I was accosted by the publican's wife in tears, O cursed wretch! What hast thou done! Thou hast murdered and robbed my poor, dear uncle, and all through me who put thee to lie with him. But where hast thou hid his money? and what hast thou done with his body? Thou shalt be hanged on a gallows as high as a may-pole. My brother begging her to be pacified, I was taken into a private room. They then asked me, where I had put the money? and how I had disposed of the body? I asked them what money? and whose body they meant? They then said I had killed the person I had lain with the preceding night, for the sake of a large sum of money I had seen with him. I fell down upon my knees, calling God to witness, I knew nothing of what they accused me. Then somebody cried, Carry him up stairs, and I was brought into the chamber where I had slept. Here the man of the house went to the bed, and turning down the clothes, showed the sheets, pillow and bolster dyed in blood. He asked me did I know any thing of that? I declared to God I did not. A person in the room said, young man, something very odd must have past here last night; for lying in the next chamber, I heard groanings, and going up and down stairs more than once or twice. I then told them the circumstance of my illness, and that I had been up and down myself, with all that passed between my bedfellow and me. Somebody proposed to search me; several began to turn my pockets inside out, and from my waistcoat tumbled the pen-

knife and the piece of money already mentioned, which I had entirely forgot. Upon seeing these the woman immediately screamed out, O God! there's my uncle's penknife! Then taking up the money, and calling the people about her, Here said she, is what puts the villain's guilt beyond a doubt. I can swear to this *William* and *Mary's* guinea; my uncle has long had it by way of pocket-piece, and engraved the first letters of his name upon it. She then began to cry afresh, while I could do nothing but continue to call Heaven to witness that I was as innocent as the child unborn. The Constable who had heard me mention the having gone down into the garden, told the people I must have thrown the body down the necessary, and going thither, Here, said he, after having cut the throat, he has let the body down into the sea. This every body immediately assented to. Then, said the master of the house, it is in vain to look for the body any further; for there was a spring tide last night which has carried it off.

The consequence of these proceedings was, an immediate examination before a Justice of the peace; after which I suffered a long and rigorous imprisonment in the county town of *Maidstone*. For sometime, my father, my master and my relations were inclined to think me innocent, because I declared I was so, as well I might, and in compliance with my earnest request, an advertisement was published in the London Gazette, representing my deplorable circumstances, and offering a reward to any person who could give tidings of Mr. *Richard Collings*, (the man I was supposed to have murdered) either alive or dead. No information, however, of any kind coming to hand, at the assizes I was brought to trial, and circumstances appearing strong against me, I received sentence to be carried in a cart on the Wednesday fortnight following to the town of *Deal*, and there to be hanged before the Inn keeper's door where I had committed the murder; and then to be hung in chains within a stone's throw of my brother's house.

[To be continued.]

Some

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*Some Account of the Life and Death of THOMAS RAMSEY;  
executed at Wexford, November 20, 1784.*

THOMAS RAMSEY was a native of *Ireland*, and an inhabitant of *Tullow*, in the county of *Carlow*. He was born of parents in affluent circumstances, and was an heir to a considerable property; but being indulged (by his mother) in his tender years, he soon contracted an ungovernable temper; which as he grew up, broke out into various excesses, such as gaming, drinking, and swearing, &c. and he was such a proficient in the last, that he frequently sat up in bed, striving to invent new oaths. He also enlisted in the Train of Artillery, and served for a time, till his mother bought him off. In one of his riots, he fought a duel with one *J. H.* whom he shot in his breast with a ball that could never be extracted; so that he is still lingering out a life of pain. For this he was obliged to flee, in order to escape those who sought to bring him to a public trial. He resided in *England* for the space of nine months, before he durst return to *Ireland*. Still continuing his loose way of living, till he both spent his own property, and all he could get from his mother. Yet all was too little to support him, in his abandoned course with his debauched companions.

He was acquainted with a young man, an Attorney, who had likewise spent a considerable fortune. They first agreed to rob, rather than starve, work, or give up their loose way of living; and accordingly they went out several nights, in different parts of *Dublin*, but without success. At length they met a foreigner, a fit object for their purpose, whom the Attorney knocked down, and robbed of his purse, which he gave to *Ramsley*. They then bought a brace of pistols, and soon got acquainted with some others of the same cast. From this time *Ramsley* went through a variety of scenes, and had some

some very narrow escapes. I shall only mention one particular. As he and *Thomas Haycock* (who was condemned with him) and some others, were going to rob some Gentlemen in *Dublin*, one of them drew a sword from his cane, with which he made a push at *Ramsfy*, and cut his neckcloth through, without doing him any harm. The guards coming to their assistance, he sprang into the midst of them, and so got off unnoticed. But being soon after taken for the robbery of one *Mr. Harrington*, as they were on their way to the prison, they only laughed at it; and *H.* said, if they were hanged for this, it would only save them a severe fit of sickness another time; so that it signified very little, as every body must die sometime.

The first of my acquaintance with them was after they were condemned. In my first visit I saw very little appearance of consciousness of their offence before God; yet they acknowledged their error respecting man. I saw them again the next day, and then God appeared to speak to their hearts, as they both wept bitterly. They had then eight days unexpired of the term allotted them; and they requested me to come every day; but as I was to go on my Circuit, that was impracticable. Then they earnestly importuned me to come again, in order to attend their execution; but another reprieve coming down for a fortnight longer, I could not judge how it would fare with them; but afterwards heard, an order came for the execution of *Haycock*, and a farther reprieve for *Ramsfy*.

I was informed by those who attended *Haycock*, that he behaved with decency, resignation and great fortitude at his death, saying, "I do not mind death, for that I find a persuasion in myself that I shall be happy; that it is better for me to leave this troublesome world than to stay in it; so that I look on my own case as good as *Ramsfy's*."

*Ramsfy* now expected a full pardon, and so became more careless than before; for as he was related to some rich families who had a powerful interest at Court, and as his life

also

also was in many capital cases, he knew they would do all in their power for his releasement and preservation. He also discovered a very ingenious mind in the many exertions he made to procure friends for obtaining his liberty, and made several discoveries of others, but all proved ineffectual. At length orders came for his execution on the 20th of November. *William Gerd*, and one of our society, who had attended the prison, from their first confinement, now began to visit him oftner. He always discovered a desire for his company and prayers; but the expectation of a pardon so ran in his mind, that the thoughts of futurity made very little impresson on him: and in case no pardon came, to effect his escape, he had by some means procured a proper instrument to cut his bolts off. The Papists also perplexed him, striving to bring him over to have a Priest, make his confession, and so receive absolution. In this they gained considerably on his mind, so that he wavered greatly, not knowing which way to turn for the best. In this his great extremity, though he had no confidence in the Priests, yet his wish was by them to get out of prison. I came again to *Wexford*, and visited him the 12th of November, and twice more before I left town. He appeared overwhelmed in sorrow, and told me he found a great longing to be fitted for heaven, and to leave this wicked world. He again requested that I would attend him to the gallows, and desired me to pray for him wherever I went, which we did in all the societies. In some places while we prayed for him, many were affected. At *Burmount*, about the time he found peace, I had such a remarkable answer of prayer, that I told the people, I fully believed God had pardoned him. I returned the 19th in order to sit up with him the last night. When I came into the prison, as soon as he saw me through the bars he rejoiced. I then heard he found peace on Wednesday the 17th about nine at night. On Monday and Tuesday, he was much depressed in spirit, his sins came fresh into his mind, death looked him in the face

an enemy ready to devour him. On Wednesday, his burthen becoming intolerable, he fainted under it: but while Mr. B. went for some wine to revive him, one gave out and sung,

“ O thou that hear’st when sinners cry,” &c.

As they were singing the fifth and sixth verses,

“ My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just,  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save a soul condemn’d to die, &c.”

the Lord spoke peace to his soul. He then broke out, and said, “ Now I am satisfied to die, and go to my Saviour.” They then kneeled down and returned God thanks for his pardoning mercy. He told Mr. B. the same on his return, and also gave up his instrument to him. From this time he rejoiced in the knowledge of salvation. I found it good to be here this night, though locked up in a prison, in which I took occasion to talk with him closely.

He asked if I believed he should know us in glory? when I told him I did believe so, he praised God for it, and said, he believed that would heighten his felicity in heaven. He also desired, that all might fear, love, and obey God; that if all knew the trouble of a robber’s mind during the time, they would never begin: that he forgave, loved, and could willingly do any thing for the welfare of his most inveterate enemies. With regard to his fear of death, and desire of life, he said, he did not fear to die, nor desire to live, but as God pleased; that he longed to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. I told him of some who had recovered after hanging, and (to try him) asked if he wished any experiments to be made? He said, by no means; for that he was now prepared to die, perhaps better than ever he should be again hereafter. By these, and such like declarations, I had not a doubt left of the reality of his conversion. I read some of the remarkable passages in

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the Revelations respecting death, judgment, and eternity; but these all seemed fresh matter of rejoicing to him.

In the morning one of his relations came to see him, and wept much. He said, "Do not weep for me. I am not afraid to die; for I am sure I shall be happy: but strive to meet me in heaven." When his cap was brought him, he said, this is my wedding dress; in this cap I shall be married to Christ. As the time passed away in the night, I pulled out my watch, and told him as the hours went on. He often wished they were all gone; that he longed to go to Jesus. When the Officers delayed till past the time he expected to go, he wondered why they did not come for him. I found need of all the fortitude I had, for I trembled at his approaching fate; but it never appeared to move him. Surely he proved this promise of God to be true, *My grace is sufficient for thee*. He also rejoiced much in the promise given to the penitent thief on the cross: this he claimed as his own, and said, "This shall be fulfilled in me this day." When the goaler came to call for him, he went forth in as high spirits as if he was going to a feast. As he went, he read a little in the Bible, and then pulled out a hymn-book, and gave out,

"Lamb of God for sinners slain," &c.

and sung with great fervour. He then said, "I am the happiest man living; being so near my end. It is the most glorious day I have ever seen! I bless God that I was born to see such a day. I do not care what they do with my body: for I shall be happy." He then gave out,

"Vain delusive world adieu," &c.

At the gallows he said, "I deserve to die; and am quite willing." Then we sung,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below,



Praise him above ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

After this, he opened his shirt neck, put the rope about it, stepped upon the cart, and pinned down his cap very deliberately; then prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner! God be merciful to me a sinner!" Then commending his soul into the hands of his faithful Creator, he sunk back into the rope, and so resigned his life in peace.

This awful scene drew tears from many eyes, and several appeared much amazed at so uncommon a sight; a man singing, and rejoicing in God as he was going to be hanged.

T. TATTERSHALL.



*An Extract from the Life of Mr. THOMAS FIRMIN.*

[Continued from page 433.]

**T**HERE is no place whatsoever, but of necessity must have divers poor, more especially *London*: where every house having one or more servants, who are obliged to spend their whole wages in clothes, when they marry, every little mishap in the world reduces them to beggary; their small, or rather no beginnings are crushed by every accident. Mr. *Firmin* had so full a sense of this that (in some years of his life) he begged about five hundred pounds a year; which he distributed to the poor, at their houses, or at his own, by the sums of half a crown, five shillings, ten shillings, or fifteen shillings, as he saw (or was well informed of) the necessities of the persons. The way he took, for the better distributing this charity was; he would enquire of the persons most noted for honesty and charity in the several parishes, who were the most necessitous and most deserving poor in that neighbourhood. He  
went

went then to their houses, that he might judge for them by their meagre looks, number of children, poor furniture and other circumstances, in what proportion it might be fit to assist them. He always took their names and numbers into a book; and sent a copy of so much of his book to the persons who entrusted him with the charity, as answered to the money trusted to him by every such person: that if he was so minded he might make enquiry, by himself, or any other, concerning the truth of the account given in. But Mr. *Firmin's* fidelity grew to be so well known, that after a few years, divers of his contributors would not receive his accounts. I know a certain person, whose hand was with Mr. *Firmin* in all his charities; I should not exceed, I believe, if I said, that in twenty-one years time he hath given by Mr. *Firmin's* hands, or by his recommendation, five or six thousand pounds: this person hath himself told me, that Mr. *Firmin* was wont to bring him the accounts of his disbursements till he was even weary of them, and (because he was so well assured of him) desired him not to bring any more. Sometimes the sums brought, or sent into Mr. *Firmin* for the poor, were such, as enabled him to spare some part to some whom he knew were charitably disposed like himself: in that case he would send small sums, such as forty shillings, or three pounds, sometimes more to those of his acquaintances, which sums they were to divide, among the poor of their vicinage; whose names and case those friends were to return to him. He hath sent to me, and divers others that I know of, many such sums, in Christmas time, in hard weather, and times of scarcity.

In these distributions Mr. *Firmin* sometimes considered others, besides the mere poor; particularly the poorer sort of Ministers: I doubt not he hath made use of many hands besides mine: but by me he hath sent divers times forty shillings or two guineas, to Ministers that were good men, but their income small. I have known him send at one time ten pounds

to a Clergyman in debt, or oppress'd with many children. He asked me once, concerning Mr. *P.* what sort of a man he was? I answered, His mind was much above his purse; he was charitable and learned; a father among young scholars, who were promising men; but his living was not above eighty or ninety pounds a year. Mr. *Firmin* said, I have done considerable for that man: I answered, "Your liberality was never better placed." Afterwards I met with the widow of Mr. *P.* in *London*. I asked her, Whether there had not been some acquaintance between her husband and Mr. *Firmin*. She said, the acquaintance had not been much; but the friendship great. She said her husband was acquainted with many persons of quality, and had experienced their liberality through the whole course of his life; but that Mr. *Firmin* had been his greatest friend, even to his death. When her husband died, his estate would not pay his debts; she was advised hereupon, to procure a composition with the creditors; that all of them might receive part of their debt. She consulted Mr. *Firmin* by letter upon this; he approved the advice, and was one of the first that subscribed the composition: but, with all, sent her a letter, wherein he remitted his whole debt; and desired to see her when his affairs was cleared. When she came to him, he said, He had missed his aim, in what he designed to procure for her, but he would do something himself: shortly after, he sent her a good Norwich stuff, that very well clothed her and her four children.

Mr. *Firmin* having set his heart so much on charity, could not but esteem and love Mr. *Gouge*, a man of the same spirit, whom, while he was in *London*, he got to board with him. It is not to be doubted, that it was the intimate friendship of these two persons that gave occasion to that passage in Dr. *Tillotson's* funeral sermon on Mr. *Gouge*, p. 82. "Mr. *Gouge* was of a disposition ready to embrace and oblige all men; allowing others to differ from him in opinion, that were very dear to him. Provided, men did but fear God, and work  
righteousness,

*righteousness*, he loved them heartily, how distant soever from him in judgment; in which he is worthy to be propounded as an example to men of all persuasions." And till the example is followed, the world will never have peace.

In the year 1680 and 1681, came over the French Protestants; new work for Mr. *Firmin's* charity and zeal: for of all the objects of charity, he thought those the most deserving, who were undone for conscience towards God; whether such conscience be a well-informed conscience or not. Therefore now he had to beg, not only for the spinners, the poor of the out-parishes of *London*, the redemption of debtors, from prison, for coals, for shirting; but for a vast number of refugees, whose wants required not only a great, but an immediate succour. The first, and one of the most difficult cares for them, was, how to provide lodgings for such multitudes, in a city where lodgings are as costly as diet? But Mr. *Firmin* bethought him of the Pest-House, then empty of patients: the motion was approved of by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and some hundreds of these strangers were accommodated in that spacious and convenient place. As for relief in money, they made their first application to the French Church: therefore I find in Mr. *Firmin's* books, Delivered to the Deacons of the French Church, fifty pounds. To *T. S.* ten pounds. To an old man at *Ipswich*, twenty pounds. This was immediately upon their coming over. In 1681 and 1682, I find the sum of 2363l. 10s. 1d. issued forth for the use of the French through his hands: and in 1683, For the French Children at *Ware*, 443l. 18s. 9d. For their Meeting-house at *Rye*, twenty pounds.

In the year 1682, he set up a linen manufactory for the French at *Ipswich*, to which himself gave one hundred pounds. There have been four briefs granted to the French. One by King Charles in 1681; a second by King James in 1686; another by King James in 1687; the fourth by King William in 1693. Besides which, King William gave to them 1000l.

per

per month for thirty-nine months. It was Mr. *Firmin* that was chiefly concerned in the distribution of all this money; especially of the thirty-nine thousand pounds, which was committed to two Bishops, two Knights, and a Gentleman; but almost the whole distribution was left to Mr. *Firmin*, sometimes with, but most commonly without their inspection.

[*To be continued.*]

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*The REMAINS of JOHN NELSON.*

FRAGMENT SEVENTH: *concerning H. Booth of Cleck-heaten.*

**H.** BOOTH was converted one and thirty years ago, and retained a sense of the goodness of God a great part of that time, though she had many trials in her family. The two first years her husband strove to provoke her; but coming to hear Mr. *C. Wesley* he was convinced that she was right, and he was wrong. He then sought the Lord and found him. Since then he has been a Class-leader twenty-seven years: all which time he has also had the gosp l preached in his house. His wife was quite happy in her last illness, and finished her course with joy. Thus is the Lord giving both living and dying witnesses of his grace, that the saints may be encouraged to go on, and that sinners may be without excuse.

Dec. 24, 1772.

JOHN NELSON.

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

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

[*Continued from page 437.*]

**M**ONDAY, April 19, This day we destined for visiting Mount Tabor, standing by itself in the plain of *Esdraclon*, about two or three furlongs within the plain.

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After a very laborious ascent, which took up near an hour, we reached the highest part of the mountain. It has a plain area at top, most fertile and delicious, of an oval figure, extended about one furlong in breadth, and two in length. This area is enclosed with trees on all parts, except toward the South. It was anciently environed with walls, and trenches, and other fortifications, of which it exhibits many remains at this day.

In this area there are, in several places, cisterns of good water: but those which are most devoutly visited are, three contiguous grottos made to represent the three tabernacles which St. Peter proposed to erect, in the astonishment that possessed him at the glory of the transfiguration. *Lord, says he, it is good for us to be here; let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, &c.*

I cannot forbear to mention in this place, an observation which is very obvious to all that visit the Holy Land; viz. that almost all passages and histories related in the gospel, are represented, by them that undertake to shew where every thing was done, as having been done most of them in grottos; and that, even in such cases where the condition and circumstances of the actions themselves seem to require places of another nature.

Thus, if you would see the place where St. Anne was delivered of the blessed Virgin, you are carried to a grotto: if the place of Annunciation, it is also a grotto: if the place where the blessed Virgin saluted Elizabeth: if that of the Baptist's, or that of our blessed Saviour's nativity: if that of the agony, or that of St. Peter's repentance, or that where the Apostles made the Creed, or this of the Transfiguration, all these places are also grottos. And in a word, wherever you go, you find almost every thing is represented as done underground. Certainly grottos were anciently held in great esteem; or else they could never have been assigned, in spite of all probability, for the places in which were done so many various actions.

actions. Perhaps it was the hermits way of living in grottos, from the fifth or sixth century downward, that has brought them ever since to be in so great reputation.

From the top of *Tabor* you have a prospect, which well rewards the labour of ascending it. It is impossible for man's eyes to behold a higher gratification of this nature. On the North-west you discern at a distance the Mediterranean; and all round you have the spacious and beautiful plains of *Esdraelon* and *Galilee*, which present you with the view of so many places memorable for the resort and miracles of the Son of God.

At the bottom of *Tabor* Westward stands *Daberah*, a small village supposed by some to take its name from *Deborah*, that famous Judge and Deliverer of Israel. Near this valley is the fountain of *Kydon*.

Not many leagues distant Eastward you see *Mount Hermon*; at the foot of which is seated *Nain*, famous for our Lord's raising the widow's son there, Luke vii. 14. and *Endor*, the place where dwelt the Witch consulted by *Saul*. Turning a little Southward you have in view the high mountains of *Gilboa* fatal to *Saul* and his sons.

Due East you discover the sea of *Tiberias*, distant about one day's journey; and close by that sea they shew a steep mountain, down which the swine ran and perished in the waters, Matt. viii. 32.

A few points towards the North, appears that which they call the *Mount of Beatitudes*; a small rising, from which our blessed Saviour delivered his sermon in the fifth, sixth, and seventh, chapters of St. *Matthew*. Not far from this little hill is the city *Saphet*, supposed to be the ancient *Bethulia*. It stands upon a very eminent and conspicuous mountain, and is seen far and near. May we not suppose that Christ alludes to this city in those words of his sermon, Matt. v. 14, *A city set on a hill cannot be hid?* A conjecture which seems the more probable, because our Lord, in several places, affects to illustrate his

his discourse by comparisons, taken from objects that were then present before the eyes of his auditors. As when he bids them *behold the fowls of the air*, chap. vi. 16. and *the lilies of the field*, *ibid.* ver. 28.

From *Mount Tabor* you have likewise the sight of a place which they will tell you was *Dothaim*, where *Joseph* was sold by his brethren; and of the field where our blessed Saviour fed the multitude with a few loaves and fewer fishes. But whether it was the place where he divided the five loaves and two fishes amongst the five thousand, *Matt.* xiv. 16, &c. or the seven loaves amongst the four thousand, *Matt.* xv. 32, I left them to agree among themselves.

Having received great satisfaction in the sight of this mountain, we returned to the convent the same way that we came. After dinner we made another small excursion in order to see that which they call the *Mountain of the Precipitation*; that is, the brow of the hill from which the *Nazarites* would have thrown down our blessed Saviour, being incensed at his sermon preached to them, *Luke* iv. This precipice is at least half a league distant from *Nazareth* Southward. In going to it you cross, first over the vale in which *Nazareth* stands; and then, going down two or three furlongs in a narrow cleft between the rocks, you there clamber up a short, but difficult way on the right hand; at the top of which you find a great stone standing on the brink of a precipice, which is said to be the very place where our Lord was destined to be thrown down by his enraged neighbours, had he not made a miraculous escape out of their hands. There are in the stone several little holes, resembling the prints of fingers thrust into it. These, if the Friars say truth, are the impresses of Christ's fingers, made in the hard stone, while he resisted the violence that was offered to him. At this place are seen two or three cisterns for saving water, and a few ruins; which is all that now remains of a religious building founded here by the Empress *Helena*.

[To be continued.]



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

Of P L A N T S.

[Continued from page 440.]

SOME have objected to our Lord's speaking of corn increasing a hundred fold, that this is impossible. So far from it, that a grain of barley has been known to produce two hundred and forty-nine stalks, containing above eighteen thousand grains.

A still more curious experiment was made with turnip-feed, at *Sutton-Coldfield*, in *Warwickshire*. In less than three days after it was sown, the turnips were above ground. In three weeks the roots were as big as walnuts: in less than five weeks, as large as apples. August 12th, one of them weighed two pounds fourteen ounces. At the same time was weighed an ounce of the seed, which had been sown, and it was found to contain fourteen thousand six hundred single grains. This being multiplied by forty-six (the ounces that the turnip weighed) produces six hundred and seventy-one thousand six hundred, viz. the number of single grains required to equal the weight of the turnip. Hence it follows, that (supposing the increase was uniform) the grain when it was sown, weighing but  $\frac{1}{14600}$ th part of an ounce, increased in the following proportions:

In six weeks	—	—	671600	} Times its own weight.
A week	—	—	111933	
A day	—	—	15990	
An hour	—	—	660	
A minute	—	—	11	

In June 1766, Mr. *Miller*, sowed some grains of common red wheat. On August 8, a plant was taken up and divided into eighteen parts. Each of these was placed separately.  
These

These plants having shot out several side shoots, by the middle of September, they were taken up and divided again. This second division produced sixty-seven plants. These remained through the winter. Another division of them made in the spring, produced five hundred plants. They were then divided no farther.

The whole number of ears, which by the process were produced from one grain, was 21109. And from a calculation made, by counting the whole number of grains in one ounce, might be about 576840.

Some plants are male and some female. Mr. *Miller* separated the male plants of Spinach from the female. The seed swelled as usual, but did not grow when he sowed it. Yet it might have been impregnated another way, as appeared from another experiment. He set twelve tulips about six yards from any other, and as soon as they flowered, carefully took out the stamina. Two days after he saw bees working on other tulips, and coming out loaded with the dust. They flew into the first tulips, and left therein dust enough to impregnate them, which accordingly bore good seed. Thus we see the farina may be carried by insects, and lodged on flowers, which it is fit to impregnate.

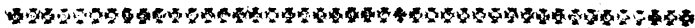
Afterwards he bought and sowed some favoy seed, and planted out the plants, but was surpris'd at the production. For he had some red cabbage, some white, some favoys with red ribs, and some a mixture of all together in one plant. The gardener assured him, he had carefully saved the seed. Being asked, where he had set the plants for seed, he shewed him, and said, he planted first a dozen of white cabbages, next a dozen of favoys, and then a dozen of red cabbages. Is it not plain that here the effluvia of one sort, impregnated the other? For did each grain of the farina impregnate only its own kind, this mongrel sort could never be produced.

An instance of the same kind has been observed with regard to Indian-corn. This is of several colours, as white,

red and yellow. If each of these be planted by themselves, they produce their own colour. But if you plant the blue corn in one row, and the white or yellow in the next, they will interchange colours: some of the ears in the blue corn-rows, are white or yellow, and some in the white or yellow rows, are blue. That this is caused by the effluvia of one impregnating the other, is manifest from hence. Place a close, high fence, between the corn of different colours, and there is no change of colour in any of them.

The Holly is described by all naturalists, as bearing hermaphrodite flowers. But by late observations it has appeared, that some trees bear male, some female flowers. Yet there is a vast variety. In Chelsea-garden, some Hollies bear female, some hermaphrodite flowers. But some trees bear only male flowers; some only female, some only hermaphrodite. Others bear both male and female, both male and hermaphrodite, or female and hermaphrodite. And others bear male, female, and hermaphrodite, all at the same time.

[To be continued.]



### Of the INQUISITION.

[Concluded from page 442.]

THE day on which the *Act of Faith* is to be solemnized, at sun-rising, the great bell of the Cathedral tolls, to give notice to all persons to gather together to this miserable sight. The most reputable and principal men of the city meet at the house of the Inquisition, and offer their service to walk by the side of every criminal, to be, as it were, their sureties in the procession; which post is esteemed to be honourable. Matters being thus prepared, the Inquisitor places himself near the gate of the *holy office*, attended by a proper Notary; where  
beginning

beginning with those whose offences are least, he reads over the names of all the criminals, who as he calls them, march out in order bare-footed; and at the same time the Notary reads the name of each criminal's surety. The *Dominican Friars* carrying the banner of the Inquisition lead the way. When all those whose crimes are too slight to be punished with death are passed, then comes the crucifix, which is followed by those that are led out to the punishment of death. And the crucifix thus placed in the midst of the criminals, has its face turned to those that walk before, to denote, as they say, the mercy of the holy office to those who are saved from the death they deserve, and its back to the others, to denote that they have no grace or mercy to expect. They also carry out the images or pictures of those that are fugitives, and the bones of such as are dug out of their graves, shut up in a black coffin, upon which devils and flames are painted, to be burnt to ashes. The other attendants are Priests, religious Officers, &c. who on such occasions, exert their zeal against these miserable objects of compassion. And they all march through the principal streets for public view, to the scaffold or church where the sermon concerning the faith is to be preached. When the sermon is over, two Readers, one after another, mount the same pulpit, and with a loud voice, read the sentences of all the criminals, the crimes said to be proved against them, and the punishments to which they have been condemned; he whose sentence is thus reading standing all the time before a crucifix fixed on a table in the middle of the front of the scaffold; and holding an extinguished taper in his hand. They that are sentenced to death being told that the Inquisition can shew no favour, one of their Officers gives each of them a blow on the breast to signify that the holy office has done with them; and the Officer of secular justice comes up and claims them immediately.

The prisoners are no sooner in the hands of the King's Officers, than they are loaded with chains. They conduct them

them first to goal; and about two hours after to the Lord Chief Justice; who without knowing or enquiring any thing of their particular crimes, or of the evidence that has been brought against them, asks them one by one, "In what religion they intend to die?" If they answer that they will die in the communion of the Church of *Rome*, he orders them to be carried immediately to the place of execution, and there to be first strangled, and afterwards burnt to ashes. But if they say, They will die in the Protestant faith, or in any other communion than that of *Rome*, they are ordered by him, to be carried forthwith to the place of execution, and there to be burnt alive.

At the place of execution, there are as many stakes erected as there are prisoners to be burnt, with a quantity of dry furs about each of them. The stakes of the *professed*, as the Inquisitors call them, are about twelve feet high, with a small board for the prisoner to sit on, within half a yard of the top. They pay the compliment to the *negative* and *relapsed* first; and after they are strangled and burnt, the *professed* are conducted up a ladder between two Jesuits, as high as the seat, where turning about to the spectators, the Jesuits having spent about a quarter of an hour, in exhorting them to reconcile themselves to the Church of *Rome*, leave them and give place to the executioner, who ascends, turns the *professed* off the ladder upon the seat, chains their bodies close to the stake, and then withdraws for the Jesuits to come and renew their exhortations, who if they find them inflexible take their leave, telling them, That they leave them to the devil, who is standing at their elbows to receive their souls, and to carry them with him into the flames of hell-fire, so soon as they are out of their bodies. This horrid declaration is followed immediately with a great shout; and as soon as the Jesuits are clear of the ladder and the combustibles, the deceived populace cry out with the greatest eagerness, "Let the dogs beards be made! Let the dogs beards be made!" which is done by thrusting

thrusting flaming furzes against their faces ; which inhumanity is commonly continued till their faces are burnt to a coal ; and is always accompanied with such loud acclamations of joy, as are not to be heard upon any other occasion. The *professed* being thus *trimmed*, as they call it ; or barbarously tormented to please the mob ; fire is set to the furze at the bottom of the stake : but the criminal is seated so high, that the flame seldom reaches higher than the seat ; and should there happen to be a little wind it seldom reacheth so high as their knees : so that though if there be a calm, they are commonly dead in half an hour, yet if the wind is brisk it is frequently known that they do not expire in less than two hours : which may not be so properly called *burning*, as *roasting* these deplorable wretches to death. A most shocking spectacle ! and yet as long as the sufferers are able to speak, crying out, *Misericordia por amor de Deos*, i. e. Mercy for the love of God. This spectacle, than which there cannot be a more deplorable one out of hell, is beheld by people of both sexes, and of all ages, with such transports of joy and satisfaction, as are not on any other occasion to be met with among that people. And that the reader may not think that this inhuman joy is the effect of a natural cruelty, and not the diabolical effects of their religion, which to support itself divests them of all the sentiments of humanity and compassion, and hardens them against all the sufferings of their fellow-creatures : I, who resided many years at *Lisbon*, can assure you, that all public malefactors, are no where more tenderly lamented at the place of execution than here, by this very people ; and even when there appears nothing inhuman in the manner of their deaths.

Whatever I have advanced of this cruel tribunal in regard to the *Autò de Fé* at *Lisbon*, it is upon my own knowledge ; having been present at several : and as for the other particulars, I am obliged to the account published by Mr. *Limborch*, of whose veracity, we have the testimony of Dr. *Geddes* ; and the following letter of the Right Rev. Dr. *Wilcox*, Lord Bishop  
of

of *Rochester*, then Chaplain to the English Factory, at *Lisbon*, sent to Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, Bishop of *Salisbury*, dated January 15, 1706, N. S. and has since been published by his Lordship's allowance and approbation; which abundantly confirms the foregoing Narrative.

My Lord,

IN obedience to your Lordship's commands, of the 10th ult. I have here sent all that was printed concerning the last *Autò de Fé*. I saw the whole process, which is agreeable to what is published by *Limborch*, and others upon that subject. Of the five persons condemned, there were but four burnt: *Antonio Javanes*, by an unusual reprieve, being saved after the procession. *Heytor Dias*, and *Maria Pineyra*, were burnt alive, and the other two first strangled. The execution was very cruel. The woman was alive in the flames half an hour, and the man above an hour. The present King and his brothers were seated at a window so near, as to be addressed for a considerable time in very moving terms by the man as he was burning. But though the favour he begged was only a few more faggots; yet he was not able to obtain it. The wind being a little fresh, the man's hinder parts were perfectly wasted; and as he turned himself, his ribs opened before he left speaking, the fire being recruited as it wasted, to keep him just in the same degree of heat. But all his intreaties could not procure him a larger allowance of wood to shorten his misery, and to dispatch him.



An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from page 445.]

*Callistus*. **H**APPY *Sophronius*! Happy *Urania*! Happiness like yours is the natural consequence of virtue; and misery, misery like mine, the inevitable attendant upon vice.

*Sophronius*.

*Sophonius.* I have not doné yet.

*Callistus.* Go on then, excellent *Sophonius*.

*Sophonius.* Dearest *Callistus*, do not fend me to look into myself with shame! Call me happy, and you remind me to be more grateful; but call me not good: Alas! it makes me recollect how many offences I have to be forgiven.

*Callistus.* O, *Sophonius*, if you are not good, then what am I? How can you be so inconsistent! but lately you flattered me with heaven; and now you shut me out from all hopes of it.

*Sophonius.* Sir, if we had only our own merits to plead, we might both be deemed equally distant from it: but I trust in the same satisfaction and redemption for us both.

*Callistus.* I cannot express the sense I have of your goodness;—and so relieve me from the vain attempt by the continuation of your story.

*Sophonius.* I was scarce got home to reflect upon the business of that happy morning, when I was interrupted in my delightful meditations, by a visit from my rival: he accosted me with great civility, but with an air of importance; he told me he was come on a solemn embassy, and he hoped, and could not doubt, he should be a very welcome messenger. He came, he said, from his father, with the approbation of all the family, with proposals which would do honour to both parties: that my known worth made an alliance with me thought honourable. And what, he was sure, I should think the greatest honour, was, that the lady was already prepared to favour my addresses. I answered, that I was equally surpris'd, honoured, and afflicted by this proposal: but not to keep him in suspense, I would at once inform him, it was impossible for me to accept the great honour which was offered me, because my affections and my vows were previously engaged.—Engaged, Sir! cried he with surprise—Yes, Sir, replied I, engaged to *Urania*. To whom, Sir! Engaged to whom did



you say!—To the most amiable *Urania*, Sir!—To *Urania*! Sure—Sure, Sir, I do not hear you right!—This very morning have I received her father's and her sanction to my love.—It is false, cried he, rage sparkling in his eyes.—I pitied the poor youth. I was too happy to be angry, and composedly bid him go and ask them, and then I did not doubt he would beg my pardon.—You are not married, Sir?—No, Sir!—Nor ever shall be to her! He then rushed out of the house with the fury of a madman. He took my advice in part, for in a quarter of an hour after, I had a message from *Urania*, to desire me to come to her immediately. I found her in tears: she told me, with a trembling voice, of the rude visit he had made her: the furious boy (he was then but twenty years old) demanded abruptly whether she was engaged.—She frankly told him she was, and to whom.—He stamped, and swore vehemently we should both repent our treachery to him. He concluded, that if she did indeed love *Sophonius*, she should be cautious how she acted; for he vowed, if she proceeded one step further in this plot upon his peace, he would revenge himself on her.

Now I was angry. His brutal treatment of *Urania* had roused the lion in me; if at that instant he had been within my reach, I fear I should have had no command of myself. *Urania* saw the agitation I was in. She was still more frightened; and upon my making a motion to go, she fell down in a swoon. What a day was this! What strange transitions! What violent emotions! O, *Callistus*, what a world is this to set our hearts upon, when every rash fool, where we are surrounded with thousands, can put a sudden stop to our happiness;—can in a moment change it into perfect misery!

[To be continued.]

As



their infancy, and attended to their progress, I have thought their principles the most unequivocal, and their influence the most extensive, that can be employed in the cause of general reformation.

The due observance of the Sabbath is the first point inculcated by these institutions; and the mind is formed, in its earliest apprehension, thus to feel the just value of this great security of its future conduct; for among the chief causes which the unhappy victims to the laws of their country alledge for their ruin, the breach of the Sabbath must ever be accounted the first step in guilt, as it takes place before they are capable of the crimes of more mature age.

The habit of subordination to their instructors, is by no means a circumstance of trivial moment, as it qualifies them for the future relations of the community; and cleanliness, which is required in all, contributes to their health, and impresses them with a sense of decency. These essential articles must meet with universal approbation, even from those few, who yet object to the instruction of the lower ranks of life; but this opinion is now reduced to so narrow a ground, as scarcely to merit our attention; and, I will add, that *instruction* forms a considerable part of these excellent institutions.

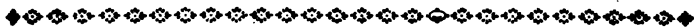
Nor will the benefit be solely confined to the children, who partake of these benevolent aids. It will importantly affect the manners of the families, and of the neighbourhood to which they belong.

In the larger towns, the obligation of these establishments is more strongly marked, and the capital of this county\* has given a most laudable example, by the early adoption of them; but I am persuaded, that there are few parishes, where there will not be found children to be benefited by these institutions, whose parents cannot be prevailed on, perhaps can scarcely be expected, at least in a political view, to spare them for instruction on the days of labour.

\* Nottingham.

In manufacturing establishments, they who profit by the labour of these poor children, will, we trust, universally recompense them with this humane return. Most benevolent examples have already been given; and I am confident, that all the proprietors of such manufactories will, on reflection, consider it as a most solemn and responsible duty, since the children they employ on the days of labour are thereby deprived of the advantage of every other improvement.

This object, my Rev. Brethren, I own to you, is nearest my heart in my present communication with you. It is a measure so unequivocal in the principles, so universal in its extent, so providentially pointed out to correct the degeneracy of the present age, and to prevent its evils from descending to future times, that you cannot employ your influence in more humanity to individuals, and more patriotism to your country, than by giving it every assistance and protection in your power.



*An Extract from a Circumstantial NARRATIVE of the loss  
of the HALSEWELL.*

[Continued from page 452.]

THE first men who gained the summit of the cliff, were the Cook, and *James Thompson*, a Quarter-master. By great exertions they made their way to the land, and the moment they reached it, hastened to the nearest house, and made known the situation of their fellow-sufferers.

The house at which they first arrived was *Eastington*, the present habitation of Mr. *Garland*, Steward to the Proprietors of the Purbeck Quarries, who immediately got together the workmen under his direction, and with the most zealous humanity, exerted every effort for the preservation of the surviving crew; ropes were procured with all possible dispatch,  
and

and every precaution taken that assistance should be speedily and effectually given; and we are happy in this opportunity of bearing testimony to the kind, benevolent, and spirited behaviour of this Gentleman, whose conduct on the melancholy occasion, entitles him to universal respect.

Mr. *Meriton* made the attempt, and almost reached the edge of the precipice; a soldier who preceded him, had his feet on a small projecting stone, and on the same stone Mr. *Meriton* had fastened his hands to help his progress. At this critical moment the quarry-men arrived, and seeing a man so nearly within their reach, they dropped a rope to him, of which he immediately laid hold, and in a vigorous effort to avail himself of this advantage, he loosened the stone on which he stood, which giving way, Mr. *Meriton* must have been precipitated to the bottom, but that a rope was providentially lowered to him at the instant, which he seized as he was in the act of falling, and was safely drawn to the summit.

Mr. *Brimmer* had only been married nine days before the ship sailed, to a daughter of Captain *Norman*, of the Royal Navy, in which service Mr. *Brimmer* was a Lieutenant, but was now on a voyage to visit an uncle at *Madras*. He came on shore, as we have already observed, with Mr. *Rogers*, and like him got up the side of the cavern, where he remained till the morning, when he crawled out, and a rope being thrown to him, he was either so benumbed with the cold as to fasten it about him improperly, or so agitated, as to neglect making it fast at all: but from which ever cause it arose, at the moment of his supposed preservation, he fell from his stand, and was dashed to pieces, in the presence of those who could only lament his deplorable fate.

As the day advanced, more assistance was obtained; and the survivors crawled to the extremities of the cavern, and presented themselves to their preservers above, who stood prepared to help them to the summit.

The

The method of affording this help was singular, and does honour to the humanity and intrepidity of the quarry-men. The distance from the top of the rock to the cavern, was at least one hundred feet, with a projection of the rock of about eight feet. This formed a declivity to the edge; the remainder of it was perpendicular. On the very brink of the precipice stood two daring fellows, a rope being tied round them, and fastened above to a strong iron bar, fixed in the ground; behind them in like manner two more, and two more. A strong rope also properly secured, passed between them, by which they might hold and support themselves from falling; they then let down another rope, with a noose ready fixed, below the cavern; and the wind blowing hard, it was in some instances forced under the projecting rock sufficiently for the sufferers to reach it without crawling to the extremity. In either case, whoever laid hold of it, put the noose round his waist, and after escaping from one element, committed himself full swing to another, in which he dangled till he was drawn up with great care and caution.

But in this attempt many shared the fate of Mr. *Brimer*; and unable through cold, weakness, perturbation of mind, or the incommodiousness of the stations they occupied, to avail themselves of the succour which was offered them, were at last precipitated from the stupendous cliff, and either dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath, or falling into the surge, perished in the waves.

Among these sufferers, the case of a drummer was attended with circumstances of peculiar distress. Being either washed off the rock by the seas, or falling into the surf from above, he was carried by the returning waves, beyond the breakers, within which his utmost efforts could never again bring him, but he was drawn further out to sea, and as he swam remarkably well, continued to struggle with the waves, in sight of his pitying companions, till his strength was exhausted, and he sunk, to rise no more.

[*To be continued.*]

*On*

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*On the Appearance of SAMUEL unto SAUL, at Endor.*  
1 Sam. xxviii.

[*Concluded from page 454.*]

IT is objected that the history speaks of bringing up *Samuel* as it were out of the ground; whereas if it had been *Samuel*, he should rather have come down from heaven. But this objection is no more against the supposition of its being *Samuel's* ghost, than against the supposing it to be any other spirit. For we have reason to believe, that even evil spirits have not their dwelling under ground, but in the air rather, and the Devil therefore is stiled in the New Testament, *The Prince of the power of the air*. But the true reason why *Samuel* is represented as being brought up is, because his body was under ground, to which his soul was still conceived to bear a relation; and it was upon this chiefly, that the popular prevailing notion of all separate souls being in the heart of the earth was founded: which popular notion as it prevailed among the Jews, and is often alluded to in the language of scripture, adapting itself to vulgar capacities, it is no wonder that the relation of this Apparition of *Samuel* should be accommodated thereto: so that nothing can be concluded in this case merely from the manner in which *Samuel* is said to come.

It is further objected, that the Apparition complains to *Saul* of being disquieted and disturbed by him. And it is thought not likely that the rest of God's saints should be liable to be disturbed by enchantments, or any power of witches or devils. Very true, neither the forcerers nor all the powers of hell could have given any disturbance to his peaceful ghost; but God Almighty with whom the spirits of just men made perfect dwell, might please to send *Samuel* upon that occasion to deliver the message from him: and as *Saul's* presumption and rashness

was the occasion of the whole thing, he deserved a reproof for what he had done : and what can one better call it, than disquieting, and disturbing the repose of *Samuel*, and bringing him out from his rest, which *Saul* is said to have done, because he occasioned the doing it? Nevertheless *Samuel*, to be sure thought it no trouble to come upon God's errand; though it was proper to rebuke *Saul* for his part in it, and to speak of that affair after a natural way, and in conformity to common apprehension.

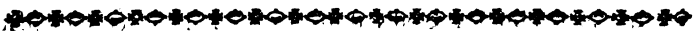
Again it is objected, that it is hard to give a reason why God, who had refused to answer *Saul* either by dreams, or by Urim, or by Prophets, should at length vouchsafe to answer him in such a way as this, by the mediation of a wicked sorcerer. If the fact be true, it is not necessary for us to assign the reason for God's dispensations: it is certain that God did interpose and conduct the affair, otherwise there could not have been so plain and so true a prediction of things to come. However we may suppose that God might answer him in this way, not only to expose and punish *Saul* for his desperate folly and rashness; (for he fell down into a swoon, and could no longer bear up against the bitter agonies of his mind) but likewise to shew his prevailing power, over enchantments and charmers, that when vain men attempt to go to hell for counsel, he will meet them and baffle them even there.

It is still farther objected that the predictions of the Apparition under the name of *Samuel* were not true, and therefore could not be *Samuel's*. This objection is not just: for the things foretold were exactly verified: only they came not to pass till four or five days after, whereas the prediction seems to limit the time to the next day; for it says, *To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me*. But it is acknowledged by the best critics, that the word which we render in English, to-morrow, may as well be rendered, very shortly, which it really signifies in this place.



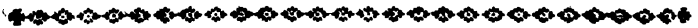
But is it not said, To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me? Was Saul, so wicked a man, to go after death to the same blessed place with righteous Samuel? The narrative determines nothing at all of the state of either after death. All that is meant by the words, *Thou shalt be with me*, is, thou shalt die, thou shalt be as I am, that is, dead, and in the regions of separate spirits; and so it proved.

Upon the whole we may safely conclude, that it was Samuel himself who appeared and prophesied; not called up by that wretched woman, or her demons, but sent thither by God to rebuke Saul's madness, in a most affecting and mortifying way; and to deter all others from ever applying to witches or demons for assistance, when refused comfort from God.



*Remarkable Clemency of JULIUS CÆSAR.*

**D**OMITIUS, an old enemy of *Cæsar's* held *Corfinium* against him and thirty Cohorts: there were also with him very many Senators, Knights of *Rome*. *Cæsar* besieged the town. *Domitius* despairing of mercy, commanded a Physician to bring him a cup of poison. The Physician gave him, instead of poison, a soporiferous potion. The town being surrendered, *Cæsar* called the honourable persons to his camp; spoke civilly to them, and sent them away in safety. When *Domitius* heard of this, he repented of the poison he supposed he had taken; but being freed of that fear by his Physician, he went out unto *Cæsar*, who gave him his life, liberty and estate.



W I S E A D V I C E .

**A** Governor of a province in *China*, shut his gates, and refused to admit any further visit; pretending that he was sick. A Mandarin, a friend of his, obtained leave to speak with him. Being admitted, he said, I see no signs of sickness

sickness; but if your Lordship will tell me the true cause, I will servè you to the utmost of my power. Know then, replied the Governor, the King's Seal is stolen out of the Cabinet. If therefore I could give audience, I have not where withal to seal dispatches. If I discover my negligence in the loss of the Seal, I shall lose both my government and my life. The Mandarin asked, If he had not an enemy in the city? He answered, Yes: a chief Officer a long time has borne me a grudge. Away then, said the Mandarin, let all your goods of worth be removed into the inner part of the palace. Then set fire to the empty part, and call out for help to quench it, to which this Officer must of necessity repair. As soon as you see him, consign to him the Cabinet. If it be he who hath caused the Seal to be stolen, he will put it in its place again: if it be not he, you must lay the fault on him for having so ill kept it. The Governor followed his counsel; and the morning after, the Officer brought him the Seal in the Cabinet.



### A HAPPY THOUGHT.

**R**ODOLPH the Emperor, being at *Norimberg*, a merchant implored his justice upon an Inn keeper, who had cheated him of two hundred marks, which he had deposited in his hands. The Emperor asked what evidence he had? who replied, No other besides myself. The Emperor enquiring what manner of bag it was? the merchant described it. The chief men of the city coming to wait upon the Emperor, amongst them was this fraudulent host. The Emperor in a jesting way, said to him, You have a handsome hat, let us change. The other was proud of the honour, and readily presented the hat. The Emperor then stepped aside, and sent an inhabitant of the city, to the wife of the Inn-keeper, with orders to say, Your husband desires you would send him such a bag of money, by this token,

that this is his hat. The woman delivered the money without scruple. The messenger returned with it to the Emperor, who calling the merchant, shewed him the bag, and asked if he knew it: the merchant owned it with joy. The Emperor then called in the host, and said, This man accuses you of perfidiousness: what say you? The other said his accuser lied, or was mad; for he had never any business with him. The Emperor then produced the bag; at the sight of which the host was confounded, and confessed the whole. The merchant received the money, and the Emperor fined the host a good round sum.

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COVETOUSNESS *well Rewarded.*

A Countryman presented *Lewis* the Eleventh with a turnip of an unusual bigness. The King delighted with the simplicity of the man, commanded him a thousand crowns; and the turnip (wrapped up in silk) to be reserved amongst his treasures. A covetous Courtier observing this, in hopes of a greater sum brought a very handsome horse, and made a present of him to the King, who cheerfully accepted the gift; and gave orders that the turnip should be brought him: telling him, It cost me a thousand crowns.

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A REMARKABLE BIRTH.

GORGIAS of *Epirus*, slipped from the womb at his mother's funeral. By his crying he caused them to stand who carried the bier: when he was taken out alive to the astonishment of all who were present. Thus, in one and the same moment, a dead woman was delivered, and her child carried to the grave before he was born.

REMARKABLE

## R E M A R K A B L E H U M I L I T Y.

WHEN *Libuffa*, Princess of *Bohemia*, had first ennobled, and then married *Primaflaus*, who before was a plain husband-man; in remembrance of his first condition, he brought with him a pair of wooden shoes. Being asked the cause, he answered, I brought them that they may be set up for a monument in the Castle of *Vifegrade*, and shewed to my successors; that all may know, The first Prince of *Bohemia* was called from the cart to this high dignity: and that I myself, who am brought to wear a crown, may remember I have nothing whereof to be proud.



## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCCII.

[From Miss A. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Witney, June 16, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

OF late God has been shewing me a narrower path, and my soul rejoices in hope of walking therein! I see the greater my conformity to Jesus is, the deeper and more solid will be my peace. I find the way of self-denial, and of taking up my cross, makes way for the operations of the blessed Spirit. I find also that by abstaining from unnecessary words, and endeavouring to keep faith always in exercise, my soul sinks deeper into its centre, and feels more vigorous and healthful.

Yesterday (in private prayer) my soul entered into a deeper acquaintance with God. I felt my heart more strongly attached to him, and of consequence, more abstracted from every created good. I see great beauty in entire devotion to God; and

and tremble at the thought of doing my own will in any respect. Dear Sir, pray for me that I may be saved from this, and believe that I remain

Yours affectionately,

A. B.

L E T T E R CCCCIII.

[From Miss M. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley,

Bath, Aug. 23, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

**O**F late I have had no very remarkable seasons, either of suffering, or consolation. Perhaps the Lord may see it needful to keep me in a quiet state, that I may be the more capable of going through my increasing employment. But I am afraid of indulging this too much, lest I sink into unscriptural quietism.

I have lately read a new translation of Lady Guion's Life,\* and fear it has a tendency to betray the upright in heart into a state of comparative Darkness, and unresisted Unbelief, under the mask of pure Faith, Passiveness, and Resignation; till they are at last content to live under the hidings of his face. What they say on the blessedness of a pure Intention, Self-denial, and habitual attention to the presence of God, I have often found animating. Their discourses on prayer are not so clear to me. Need a continued state of mental prayer, exclude that which is vocal, and social? When the soul is not inclined to the latter, and is blessed in the former, may it safely rest? or ought it to do violence to itself, that it may pray always with all prayer?

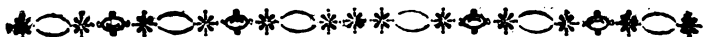
I remain, Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate Servant,

M. B.

\* That published by the Quakers.

POETRY.



## P O E T R Y.

To S I L V I A.

[By Miss Steele.]

**M**Y lovely Silvia, while in blooming youth  
 Your mental powers are active all and gay,  
 Attend the voice (the voice of Love and Truth)  
 That courts your notice in the moral lay.  
 Those active powers the Lord of nature gave,  
 To Reason's rule by Choice alone confin'd:  
 For Reason's empire never knew a slave;  
 Her sway is gentle, and her laws are kind.  
 Her subjects take their orders from her eye,  
 While she to each their various task assigns;  
 And now o'er Nature's ample field they fly,  
 A field far richer than Peruvian-mines.  
 Here with unwearied diligence they rove,  
 Collecting treasures to enrich the mind;  
 And many a plant (through nature's fragrant grove)  
 Of virtues rare, and fadeless bloom, they find.  
 And now with treasures fraught returning home,  
 Before their Queen display the sacred spoil:  
 And while arranged in order round her dome,  
 Her approbation crowns the pleasing toil.  
 When chill'd by Time's cold hand, those sprightly powers  
 Inclined to rest, no longer chuse to roam,  
 Those mental stores shall cheer the wintry hours,  
 And flowers unfading breathe their sweets at home.  
 Extracting food amid the vernal bloom,  
 So flies the industrious bee around the vase,  
 With native skill she forms the waxen-comb,  
 To keep for wintry-days the rich regale.

*Desiring*

*Desiring a Cheerful RESIGNATION to the DIVINE WILL*

[By the same.]

WHY breathes my anxious heart the frequent sigh?  
 Why from my eye-balls drops the ready tear?  
 Is it to mark how present blessings fly?  
 Is it that griefs to come awake my fear?

O may I still with thankful heart enjoy  
 The various gifts indulgent heaven bestows!  
 Nor let ungrateful diffidence destroy  
 The present good, with fears of future woes.

Nor let me curious ask if dark or fair  
 My future hours; but in the hand divine,  
 With full assurance, leave my every care;  
 Be humble hope and resignation mine.

Celestial guests! your smile can cheer the heart,  
 When melancholy spreads her deepening gloom:  
 O come! your animating power impart,  
 And bid sweet flowers amid the desert bloom.

Yes, here and there, amid the dreary wild  
 A spot of verdure cheers the languid eye:  
 And now and then a sun-beam, warm and mild,  
 Sheds its kind influence from a clement sky.

My God, my guide, be thou for ever near!  
 Support my steps, point out my devious way;  
 Preserve my heart from every anxious fear;  
 Gild each dark scene with thy enlivening ray.

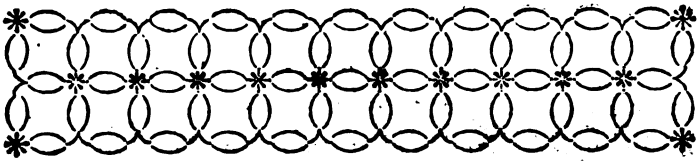
Be earth's quick changing scenes, or dark, or fair,  
 On thy kind arm, O bid my soul recline:  
 Be heaven-born hope (kind antidote of care)  
 And humble, cheerful resignation mine.







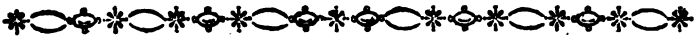
M<sup>r</sup> WILL<sup>m</sup> DUF<sup>n</sup>TON.  
Ætatis 36.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1786.



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

CHAP. VI. *Arguments from Reason for Universal Redemption.*

[Continued from page 469.]

V. **W**E find our Saviour marvelling at the unbelief of his own people. Now could he who knew they could not believe, wonder that they did not? Again, When he heard the answer of the Centurion, *He marvelled, saying, Verily I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel*; but if this faith is the effect of an Almighty power, what reason could he have to marvel, that it was found where that Almighty power was exerted? or that it was not found where the same power was with-held? To clear this by some few instances from scripture.

1st. St. *Matthæw* informs us that Christ upbraided the cities in which most of his mighty works were done, because they

repented not; saying, *Woe unto you Chorazin and Bethsaida, and to thee Capernaum, who shult be brought down to hell; it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah, and for Tyre and Sidon, in the day of judgment than for you; for if these mighty works had been done in them, they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes, and have remained to this day.* Why should our Lord denounce these woes upon them, for want of that repentance which he knew it was impossible for them to perform?

2dly. *The men of Nineveh, saith Christ, shall rise up in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of Jonas, and behold a greater than Jonas is here.* Now if the men of *Nineveh* repented only by virtue of that assistance, which God would not vouchsafe to the Jews; if notwithstanding all Christ's exhortations to repentance, it was impossible they should repent for want of like assistance; why should they be condemned for want of that repentance, which *Nineveh* only performed by the assistance they could not have?

3dly. Our Lord upbraids the scribes and pharisees for not repenting, and entering into the kingdom of God as the very publicans and harlots had done before their eyes; saying, *Verily I say unto you, The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you: for John came to you (to instruct you) in the way of righteousness, and ye believed him not; but the publicans and harlots believed him, and ye, when ye had seen (them do) it, repented not afterwards that ye might believe in him.* Now is it matter of reproach to any persons that they do not that which another doth, unless it be supposed that they have, or at least might have had, the like abilities to do it? This passage therefore shews, 1st. That the scribes and pharisees might, and ought to have been moved to repentance by the admonitions of the Baptist, and the example of the publicans; for why else doth Christ here upbraid them that they afterwards repented not? It shews, 2dly, That an irresistible power cannot be

be necessary to produce this repentance; for if the publicans and harlots were forced to repent, what wonder is it that they went in before the scribes and pharisees, who having no such impulse, were left under an impossibility of repenting? Why is it represented as their crime, that they repented not at the preaching of *John*, or did not follow the example of the publicans? since the event shews that no such irresistible motive to repentance was contained either in the preaching of the Baptist, or the example of the publicans.

4thly. In the parable of persons invited to the wedding supper, we find that he who came, not having on a wedding garment, was speechless, as being self-condemned, for having nothing to say against the sentence to be passed upon him. He condemned himself, saith *Chrysostom*. But why should he be speechless, if he could have pleaded with truth and a good conscience, that he never had or could have means to procure such a garment, and therefore ought not to be cast out into outer darkness, for that which he could never help?

5thly. In the parable of the talents, he who improved not his single talent is declared to be a *slothful* and a *wicked servant*, and that because he did not that which he ought to have done. Now there can be no obligation to impossibilities, no iniquity in not doing what he could not do, and no punishment due on that account; this being to punish him because he did not an impossibility; and Christ by saying to all who had received talents, *Occupy, or trade till I come*, demonstrates that he conceived they all had power so to do.

VI. 6thly. That which doth render this doctrine most worthy to be rejected, is, that it reflects upon our merciful High Priest, who is in scripture often said to be *the Saviour of the world*.

For 1st, It declares that he hath from eternity hated the greatest part of mankind, so as to leave them under, nay, condemn them to, a state of everlasting and inevitable misery.

For if he himself saith, *Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated*, only because he laid *the mountains and heritage of Esau waste*, is there not greater reason to say, he hated all those souls whom he hath utterly excluded from any interest in the great salvation? If he is said to *hate his brother in his heart*, who suffers him to go on in his sin without reproof? must not he hate those souls much more, who, by his decree of preterition concerning them, hath laid them under a sad necessity of sinning, so as to be obnoxious to still greater misery? Our Lord makes it the particular case of *Judas*, that *it had been better for him if he had not been born*; whereas this doctrine makes it the case of all, save only the Elect. Now can we imagine, that That God who will require the blood of souls from every watchman who doth not warn the sinner to turn from his iniquity, should himself leave them inevitably to perish in it? So that what he threatens to him only, *who being often reprov'd hardeneth his heart*, should be the case of almost all men before they came into the world, viz. *to be destroyed without remedy*.

2dly, It represents That God who is continually declared in scripture to be a God *rich in goodness, plenteous in mercy, and of great pity* towards all his creatures, as having no bowels of compassion, no drop of mercy for the generality of his most noble creatures; but rather an unmoveable resolution, before they had a being, to shut up his bowels of compassion against them. And is not this to represent our God and Saviour more uncompassionate to the souls of men, than were that Priest and Levite to their brother's body, who seeing him ready to perish, passed by unconcerned another way? When this great Lord saith to his servant, to whom he had forgiven the great debt, *Oughtest not thou to have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity upon thee?* would not this doctrine teach him to answer, Lord, I have dealt with him as thou dealest with the greatest part of mankind, on whom thou wilt never have the least compassion? And when the

Apostle

Apostle enquires, *If any man see his brother in need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?* would not this doctrine teach him to reply, even as it dwells in God himself towards the generality of mankind?

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XXXIV.

On MATT. XXV. 36.

[*Concluded from page 475.*]

4. **T**HESE little labours of love will pave your way to things of greater importance. Having shewn that you have a regard for their bodies you may proceed to enquire concerning their souls. And here you have a large field before you: you have scope for exercising all the talents which God has given you. May you not begin with asking, Have you ever considered, that God governs the world? that his Providence is over all? and over *you* in particular? Does any thing then befall you without his knowledge? or without his designing it for your good? He knows all you suffer: he knows all your pains: he sees all your wants. He sees, not only your affliction in general, but every particular circumstance of it. Is he not looking down from heaven, and disposing all these things for your profit? You may then enquire, whether he is acquainted with the General Principles of Religion? And afterwards lovingly and gently examine, Whether his life has been agreeable thereto? Whether he has been an outward, barefaced sinner, or has had a form of Religion? See next whether he knows any thing of the power? Of worshipping God *in spirit and in truth*. If he does not, endeavour to explain to him, *Without holiness no man shall*

*shall see the Lord: and Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.* When he begins to understand the nature of holiness, and the necessity of the New Birth, then you may press upon him *repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.*

5. When you find any of them begin to fear God, it will be proper to give them one after another, some plain tracts, as the Instructions for Christians, Awake thou that sleepest, and the Nature and Design of Christianity. At the next visit you may enquire, What they have read? what they remember? and what they understand? And then will be the time to enforce what they understand, and if possible, impress it on their hearts. Be sure to conclude every meeting with Prayer. If you cannot yet pray without a form, you may use some of those composed by Mr. *Spinckes*, or any other pious writer. But the sooner you break through this backwardness, the better. Ask of God, and He will soon open your mouth.

6. Together with the more important lessons, which you endeavour to teach all the poor whom you visit, it would be a deed of charity to teach them two things more, which they are generally little acquainted with: Industry and Cleanliness. It was said by a pious man, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Indeed the want of it is a scandal to all Religion; causing the way of truth to be evil spoken of. And without Industry we are neither fit for this world, nor for the world to come. With regard to both, *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*

III. 1. The third point to be considered is, By whom is this duty to be performed? The answer is ready, By all that desire to *inherit the kingdom* of their Father, which was prepared for them from the foundation of the world. For thus saith the Lord, *Come ye blessed—inherit the kingdom—For I was sick and ye visited me.* And to those on the left hand, *Depart ye cursed—for I was sick and ye visited me not.* Does not this plainly imply, that as all who do this, are *blessed and shall inherit*

*inherit the kingdom*: so all who do it not, are *curst*, and shall *depart into everlasting fire*.

2. All therefore who desire to escape everlasting fire, and to inherit the everlasting kingdom, are equally concerned, according to their power, to practise this important duty. It is equally incumbent on young and old, rich and poor, men and women, according to their ability. None are so young, if they desire to save their own souls, as to be excused from assisting their neighbours. None are so poor (unless they want the necessaries of life) but they are called to do something more or less, at whatever time they can spare, for the relief and comfort of their afflicted fellow-sufferers.

3. But those *who are rich in this world*, who have more than the conveniences of life, are peculiarly called of God to this blessed work, and pointed out to it by his gracious Providence. As you are not under a necessity of working for your bread, you have your time at your own disposal. You may therefore allot some part of it every day for this labour of love. If it be practicable, it is far best to have a fixed hour, (for "any time, we say, is no time,") and not to employ that time in any other business, without urgent necessity. You have likewise a peculiar advantage over many, by your station in life. Being superior in rank to them, you have the more influence on that very account. Your inferiors of course look up to you with a kind of reverence. And the condescension which you shew in visiting them, gives them a prejudice in your favour, which inclines them to hear you with attention, and willingly receive what you say. Improve this prejudice to the uttermost for the benefit of their souls, as well as their bodies. While you are as eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, see that you still keep a higher end in view, even the saving of souls from death, and that you labour to make all you say and do, subservient to that great end.

4. "But



4. "But have *the poor* themselves any part or lot in this matter? Are they any way concerned in visiting the sick?" What can they give to others, who have hardly the conveniences, or perhaps necessaries of life for themselves? If they have not, yet they need not be wholly excluded from the blessing which attends the practice of this duty. Even those may remember that excellent rule, "Let our conveniences give way to our neighbour's necessities: and our necessities give way to our neighbour's extremities." And few are so poor, as not to be able sometimes to give *two mites*: but if they are not, if they have no money to give, may they not give what is of more value? Yea, of more value than thousands of gold and silver? If you speak *in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth*, may not the words you speak be health to the foul, and marrow to the bones? Can you give them nothing? Nay, in administering to them the grace of God, you give them more than all this world is worth! Go on! Go on! Thou poor disciple of a poor Master! Do as He did in the days of his flesh! Whenever thou hast an opportunity, go about doing good and healing all that are oppressed of the devil: encouraging them to shake off his chains, and fly immediately to Him

"Who sets the prisoners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from their necks."

Above all, give them your prayers. Pray with them: pray for them! And who knows but you may save their souls alive?

5. You that are *old*, whose feet are ready to stumble upon the dark mountains, may not you do a little more good, before you go hence and are no more seen! O remember

"'Tis time to live, if you grow old:  
Of little life the best to make,  
And manage wisely the last stake!"

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As you have lived many years, it may be hoped you have attained such knowledge as may be of use to others. You have certainly more knowledge of men, which is commonly learnt by dear-bought experience. With what strength you have left, employ the few moments you have to spare, in ministering to those who are weaker than yourselves. Your grey hairs will not fail to give you authority, and add weight to what you speak. You may frequently urge, to increase their attention,

“ Believe me, youth : for I am read in cares,  
And groan beneath the weight of more than threescore years.”

You have frequently been a sufferer yourself : perhaps you are so still. So much the more give them all the assistance you can, both with regard to their souls and bodies, before they and you go to the place, whence you will not return.

6. On the other hand, you that are *young* have several advantages, that are almost peculiar to yourselves. You have generally a flow of spirits, and a liveliness of temper, which, by the grace of God, make you willing to undertake, and capable of performing many good works, at which others would be discouraged. And you have your health and strength of body whereby you are eminently qualified, to assist the sick and those that have no strength. You are able to take up and carry the crosses, which may be expected to lie in the way. Employ then your whole vigour of body and mind, in ministering to your afflicted brethren. And bless God that you have them to employ, in so honourable a service : like those heavenly *servants of his that do his pleasure*, by continually ministering to the heirs of salvation.

7. “ But may not *women*, as well as men bear a part in this honourable service ? ” Undoubtedly they may : nay, they ought : it is meet, right and their bounden duty. Herein there is no difference : *there is neither male nor female in Christ*

*Jesus.* Indeed it has long passed for a maxim with many, that "Women are only to be seen; not heard." And accordingly many of them are brought up in such a manner, as if they were only designed for agreeable play-things! But is this doing honour to the sex? Or is it a real kindness to them? No; it is the deepest unkindness: it is horrid cruelty: it is mere Turkish barbarity. And I know not how any woman of sense and spirit can submit to it. Let all you that have it in your power assert the right, which the God of Nature has given you. Yield not to that vile bondage any longer. You, as well as men, are rational creatures. You, like them, were made in the image of God: you are equally candidates for immortality. You too are called of God, as you have time, to do good unto all men. Be not disobedient to the heavenly calling. Whenever you have opportunity, do all the good you can, particularly to your poor sick neighbour. And every one of you likewise shall receive your own reward, according to your own labour.

8. It is well known, that in the Primitive Church, there were women particularly appointed for this work. Indeed there was one or more such in every Christian Congregation under heaven. They were then termed *Deaconesses*, that is, *Servants*: Servants of the Church and of its great Master. Such was *Phebe*, (mentioned by *St. Paul*, Rom. xvi. 1.) a *Deaconess of the Church at Cenchrea*. It is true, most of these were women in years, and well experienced in the work of God. But were the young wholly excluded from that service? No: neither need they be, provided they know in whom they have believed, and shew that they are holy of heart, by being holy in all manner of conversation. Such a Deaconess, if she answered her picture, was *Mr. Law's Miranda*. Would any one object to her visiting and relieving the sick and poor, because she was a woman? Nay, and a young one too? Do any of you that are young desire to tread in her steps? Have you a pleasing form? An agreeable address? So much the better,

better, if you are wholly devoted to God. He will use these, if your eye be single, to make your words strike the deeper. And while you minister to others, how many blessings may redound into your own bosom? Hereby your natural levity may be destroyed, your fondness for trifles cured, your wrong tempers corrected, your evil habits weakened, until they are rooted out. And you will be prepared to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, in every future scene of life. Only be very wary, if you visit or converse with those of the other sex, lest your affections be entangled, on one side or the other, and so you find a curse instead of a blessing.

9. Seeing then this is a duty to which we are all called, rich and poor, young and old, male and female; (and it would be well if parents would train up their children herein, as well as in saying their prayers and going to Church :) let the time past suffice that almost all of us have neglected it, as by general consent. O what need has every one of us to say, "Lord, forgive me my sins of omission!" Well, in the name of God let us now from this day set about it with General Consent. And I pray, let it never go out of your mind, that this is a duty which you cannot perform by proxy: unless in one only case; unless you are disabled by your own pain or weakness. In that only case, it suffices to send the relief which you would otherwise give. Begin, my dear brethren, begin now: else the impression which you now feel will wear off; and possibly, it may never return! What then will be the consequence? Instead of hearing that word, *Come ye blessed—For I was sick and ye visited me*: you must hear that awful sentence, *Depart ye cursed!—For I was sick and ye visited me not!*

Aberdeen, May 23, 1786,

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*A Short Account of Mr. MATTHIAS JOYCE.*

[Continued from page 480.]

THIS same year it was impressed on my mind, that I ought to give myself up to the blessed work of calling sinners to repentance. But then a damp came upon me, when I considered my unfaithfulness to his grace. Hence I was ready to conclude it could never be, that such a vile creature should be chosen to labour in the vineyard of the Lord. But blessed be his adorable name! I can say, Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ. At first, some objection was made to me, on account of my family. But about Christmas, 1783, I received a Letter from Mr. Wesley, the substance of which is as follows :

Dear Brother,

NOT only Mr. Smyth, but several others gave a satisfactory account of you at the Conference. Mr. Watkinson writes me word, that as Robert Blake has left him, he is in great want of help. I have no objections, if your wife is willing, for you to go upon trial to Limerick.

JOHN WESLEY.

Accordingly I began immediately to prepare for my departure. My *Dublin*-friends assisted me very much; and on Saturday, Jan. 11, 1783, I took leave of my wife and child, my dear acquaintance, and native place, and with an aching heart set out.

I stopped at *Naas* to refresh myself and my horse: and having a room to myself, with an aching heart I opened the Bible on these words, *Go ye forth of Babylon; flee from the Chaldeans,*

*Chaldeans, with the voice of singing; declare ye, tell this, utter it even to the ends of the earth; saying, The Lord hath redeemed his servant Jacob,* Isaiah xlvi. 20. I reached *Munster* that night; but being much fatigued, I lay down with a heart burthened with inexpressible grief. But the next morning I arose quite composed; and as it was the sabbath-day I rode to *Portarlinton*, and preached twice.

On Monday I left *Portarlinton*, and set off for my Circuit. On the way I was much tried with the severity of the weather, and deeply exercised about my Call to preach. But I found a willingness to endure hardships, if the Lord would be pleased to make me an instrument of good.

My great Preserver conducted me in safety through hail, rain and wind, until I got to *Cashel*, the first place in my Circuit. I entered the city in peace, and rode safely along, until I came to the street where I was to lodge. Then my horse suddenly fell. I was thrown over his neck upon my head, and dashed violently against the stones. Here I lay for a little time, stretched upon my back. When I arose, I found no great hurt, though some who saw me fall, wondered I was not killed. One of the drunkards of the town, very civilly conducted me to my lodging: but the people of the house looked astonished at me, and did not seem well inclined to receive me; because, seeing me so dirty and in such company, they thought I had been drinking: but my guide strongly assured them I had fallen from my horse, which helped to gain me a more friendly reception. I thought Satan was angry with me; but the God of my life over-ruled his malice.

During the short time I travelled this Circuit, I had severe trials within and without; but the Lord comforted me in all my tribulations. My wife was sick about five weeks, and was so forsaken by her acquaintances, that she might have nearly adopted the words of the Psalmist, *I am counted with them that go down to the pit, free among the dead.* The letters I received from her in this dark and cloudy day, were like the tidings

tidings brought to *Job*, one weightier than another. Yet I was enabled to lay the matter before the Lord, and found unspeakable liberty. No outward trials whatever were sufficient to shake my confidence. I was strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. O thou God of love! thou alone canst tell the happiness I enjoyed in thee, while wading through the deep waters.

One morning in particular while I was speaking from, *Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life*, I was so filled with joy, that it was as if I had got upon the wings of an eagle, and was soaring to endless day.

But that which distressed me most was, my not having so many seals of my ministry as I expected. One day, while my mind was thus exercised, having the Bible in my hands, I opened upon these words, *Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and found an alarm in my holy mountain*, Joel ii. 10. I replied immediately, Lord, put the trumpet to my mouth, and I will blow it. That night I found a peculiar degree of liberty and courage in delivering my message to the people. However, nothing would satisfy me, but hearing the people roar under the sermon from a sense of their misery; and on the other hand, shouting for joy, through a sense of pardoning love. And as I laboured with all my might, and endeavoured to walk close with God through the day, I expected that it would be the case; and because it was not, (except in one or two instances) I was almost ready to conclude I was not sent of God.

But though I did not often perceive those marks, which I laid down as proofs of my Call to the ministry, yet I am now well assured I was doing the will of God, from the comfortable testimonies of the people at Class-meetings, and Love-feasts. And I think it would be well for every young Preacher especially, to meet the Classes whenever he can. Nothing  
has

has a greater tendency to lift up the hands that hang down, than to hear those who have sat under us, relating the good they have received thereby. Another remark I would make is, that we are not to look upon all our labours as lost, because the seed we sow does not spring up immediately, or at least, is not made known to us at the time. God makes this known, only so far as it is necessary, to enable us to go on in our work with humble boldness.

[*To be continued.*]



*An Account of* AMBROSE GWINETT.

[Written by Himself.]

[*Continued from page 484.*]

THE Monday was now arrived before the fatal day, when an end was to be put to my miseries. I was called down into the court of the prison; but I own I was not a little shocked, when I found it was to be taken measure of for my irons, in which I was to be hung after execution. A fellow-prisoner appeared before me in the same woeful plight, (he had robbed the mail) and the smith was measuring him when I came down; while the gaoler, with as much calmness as if he had been ordering a pair of stays for his daughter, was giving directions in what manner the irons should be made, so as to support the man who was remarkably heavy and corpulent.

Between this and the day of execution, I spent my time alone in prayer and meditation.

At length Wednesday morning came, and about three o'clock I was put in a cart; but sure such a day of wind, rain and thunder, never blew out of the heavens. When we arrived  
at



at *Deal*, it became so violent, that the Sheriff and his Officers could scarce sit on their horses: for my own part, I was insensible of every object about me. But I heard the Sheriff whisper to the Executioner, to make what dispatch he could, who without the least emotion, tucked me up like a log of wood, as if unconscious of what he was doing.

I can give no account of what I felt when hanging, only remember, after being turned off, something appeared about me like a blaze of fire; nor do I know how long I hung: no doubt the violence of the weather favoured me greatly in that circumstance.

What I am now going to relate, I learned from my brother, which was, That having hung half an hour, the Sheriff's Officers all went off, and I was cut down by the Executioner; but when he came to put the irons upon me, it was found that those prepared for the other man, which were too large for me, had been sent instead of mine: this they remedied by stuffing rags between my body and the hoops, after which I was taken to the place appointed, and hung on a gibbet ready prepared.

The cloth over my face being slightly tied, was soon detached by the wind, and probably its blowing on my face expedited my recovery; certain it is, that in this situation I came to myself,

The gibbet being placed at one corner of a field, where my sister's cows were, a lad came to drive them home for evening-milking. The creatures which were feeding almost under me, brought him near the gibbet. In the very moment he looked up, he saw me open my eyes, and move my under jaw. He immediately ran home to inform the people at his master's. At first they hardly believed his story; but at length, my brother and others came out, and by the time they got to the field, I was so much alive, that my groans were very audible.

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In their confusion, the first thing they thought of was a ladder. One of my brother's men getting up, put his hand to my stomach, and felt my heart beating strongly. But it was found impossible to detach me from the gibbet, without cutting it down. Accordingly a saw was got for that purpose; and in less than half an hour, having freed me from my irons, they got me bled and put into a warm bed.

It is amazing that though above eight persons were entrusted with this transaction, and I remained three days in the place after it happened, not one betrayed the secret. Early next morning it was known that the gibbet was cut down, and it occurred to every body that it was done by my relations, to draw a veil over their shame, by burying the body; but when my brother was summoned before the Mayor, and denied knowing any thing of the matter, little more stir was made about it; because he was respected by all the neighbouring gentlemen, and especially, because I persisted in being innocent of the fact for which I suffered.

[*To be continued.*]



*An Extract from the Life of Mr. THOMAS FIRMIN.*

[*Continued from page 494.*]

MR. FIRMIN had a principal hand in the special collections, that are still made every winter (about Christmas time, in Churches) for the poor in and about *London*. He was the man that solicited the King's Letter, for making those collections. He took care of printing and distributing the King's and Bishop of *London's* Letters to the several Rectors and Ministers of Churches in *London*, to be by them read in their respective Churches. He waited on the Lords of the Treasury for the King's part of that charity: and when the money, as well of

the King's as of the parishes, was collected, and paid into the Chamber of *London*, to be divided among the poor of the several parishes, by the Bishop or Mayor of *London*; no man could so well proportion the dividends as Mr. *Firmin*. This was well known to their Lordships, who therefore seldom made any alteration in his distributions. In these matters, all the Churchwardens made their applications to Mr. *Firmin*, and when the dividend was settled, received their warrants from him: for which purpose the Bishop of *London* would many times entrust him with blanks, and the Lord Mayor was always ready to give him his hand. The whole of the charity was so constantly, and so many years managed by Mr. *Firmin*, that he dying some days before Christmas, the King's Letter for the collection was not given till the 12th of January; and when the collection was brought in from the several parishes, they were at a loss for the distribution.

As there has been occasion to mention the Bishop of *London*, (Dr. *Henry Compton*) I ought not to omit that Mr. *Firmin* could never speak of this Bishop, without a particular respect and deference: he admired the candor, moderation, wisdom and dexterity, accompanied and tempered by caution and vigour; which (said he often) are so eminent in his Lordship, and so constantly apparent upon all occasions, that I wish it were as easy to be like him, as it is impossible not to esteem him.

During the last twenty-three or twenty-four years of his life he was one of the Governors of Christ's-Hospital in *London*. It is known to every body almost in *London*, that Mr. *Firmin* procured a great number, and very considerable donations to this hospital, but I cannot specify many particulars, because he did not keep exact accounts of them; but these that have come to my knowledge are remarkable: one of which, give me leave to mention. The Honourable Sir *Robert Clayton*, having had it in his thoughts to make a provision for a Mathematical Master in that hospital, Mr. *F.* became the happy proposer, and (by his interest in the then Lord Treasurer  
*Clifford*,

*Clifford*, and *Sir Robert Howard*) the successful procurer of the establishment of a Mathematical school in that hospital, for the constant breeding of the number of forty boys, skilled in the Latin Tongue, to a perfect knowledge in the Art of Navigation.

In the year 1675, he built two houses for the beadles, or other officers of the hospital, at his own charge. These cares did not so wholly employ this active man, but that he was also a great and good Common-wealth man. He was always mindful of those who suffered for conscience, or for asserting the rights and liberties of the nation : and he printed a great many sheets, and some books, of that tendency ; great numbers of which he himself dispersed when King *James* commanded the reading his declaration in the Churches ; a great number of well-wrote pamphlets were printed and dispersed, to convince people of the bad design of that specious declaration.

But he was not more a friend to the liberties of the nation, and to the present establishment, than he was an enemy to licentiousness. He was from the first a member of the Society for the Reformation of Manners ; he contributed to it by his advice, assistance, solicitations as much as his leisure (from the cares and endeavours before mentioned) would permit him : but his purse was always with them. He had such a zeal against needless swearing, whereby the religion of an oath grows vile and contemptible, and false swearing becomes almost as common as idle and unnecessary swearing, to the indelible scandal of the Christian name, and the great danger of particular persons : I say his zeal against common swearing was so great, that in coffee-houses or other places, where he over-heard such swearing, he would immediately challenge the forfeiture (appointed by law) for the use of the poor : so that in companies, where he was frequent, an oath was seldom heard.

[*To be continued.*]

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*A more particular\* Account of the Life and Death of Mr.*  
CHRISTOPHER PEACOCK.

[By Mr. James Rogers.]

**M**R. CHRISTOPHER PEACOCK was born at *Swaledale*, in the North-Riding of *Yorkshire*, in the year 1753.

When a child he was frequently convinced of sin, and wished for some one to shew him how he might be saved from it.

About the year 1773, the Methodist Preachers began to call sinners to repentance, at a small distance from his father's house; but he hearing many reports concerning this *new sect* (as strange as groundless) his mind was so deeply prejudiced that he would not hear them.

In the year following, Mr. *D. W.* and I were stationed in the *Thirsk* Circuit, of which *Swaledale* was a part: it pleased God that year to succeed his word: it ran, and was glorified in the awakening, and conversion of numbers in those parts, which caused a great stir in the neighbourhood where he lived; and several of his old companions (being also turned from the error of their ways, and filled with zeal for God, and the salvation of souls) frequently solicited him to hear preaching. It was sometime before they could prevail; but during the Christmas-holidays, he and some others formed a resolution to go and hear (for once) what these men had to say. It was my turn to preach; and being the first day of the new year, I preached on the 13th of Luke, *Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well; if not, then after that, thou shalt cut it down.*

\* A short Account of his Death was inserted in the July Number, page 355.

The word was accompanied with power. He felt that he was the spared sinner; and was affected in an uncommon manner. From that hour he broke off from all his ungodly companions, and soon joined the Society. His convictions were now such that he could not rest, till the Lord manifested his pardoning love to his soul; which he did in a few weeks. As his sorrow for sin had been great, the change he now experienced was the more conspicuous, both to himself and others. *Being justified freely, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.* The constant language of his heart was truly expressed in the following lines,

Oh! the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight,  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possessèd,  
I was perfectly blessèd,  
As if fillèd with the fulness of God.

His attachment to the means of grace was now such, that with some others (converted about the same time) he would travel many miles, in the depth of winter, and in the darkest nights; over dreary mountains, and through lonely dales, to hear the word, because he could have it no oftner than once a fortnight near home. I have frequently heard him speak with singular pleasure of those times; saying, how happy he was when returning from such and such places at midnight, singing hymns most of the way home.

Too many have I seen, who after their first love, suffered the holy flame to decrease, if not die away. But it was far otherwise with him. He drew not back; but daily advanced in grace: continuing to believe, and press forward to the full, and final salvation of his soul.

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As it was soon manifest that he possessed tolerable abilities, his acquaintance began to solicit him to act in a more public way; but he had so mean an opinion of himself, that he was not easily prevailed upon. He was followed, however, from time to time, with secret impressions that he was called to the work; and with strong fears, lest in refusing, he should be found to fight against God. His love for souls being as a fire in his bones, constrained him to make a trial. This he did first at a little village in the neighbourhood, where the Lord opened his mouth to the edification of many, as well as to the encouragement of his own soul. He was then prevailed on to make a second trial. Soon after he had invitations to different places round about. This was about two years after I had left the Circuit.

On my way from *Edinburgh* to *Cornwall*, I called at a place about twelve miles from his father's house: and being informed of his usefulness, I sent him word to meet me there. He came; and before we parted, I was fully persuaded he was called of God to preach the gospel. I received many pleasing accounts of him afterwards; and especially of his great usefulness as a local Preacher.

At the *Leeds* Conference, in the year 1781, I proposed him as a proper candidate for a travelling Preacher. Accordingly Mr. *W.* appointed him for *Scarborough*-Circuit; where he laboured with success, and gained a good report of all the people.

The next year he laboured with me on the *Macclesfield*-Circuit. Here I was an eye witness of his indefatigable labours, and of the great good done by the blessing of God thereon. I was also an eye witness of his fortitude, meekness and patience under various trials we this year laboured under, occasioned by oppositions we met with from several quarters, on account of doing what we thought was most for the glory of God.

[*To be continued.*]

*Some*

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*Some Thoughts on an Expression of St. PAUL, in the first  
Epistle to the Thessalonians, chap. v. ver. 23.*

1. **T**HE words, as literally translated as the English tongue will bear, run thus: *May the whole of you, the spirit, and the soul, and the body be preserved blameless.*

What does St. Paul here mean, by dividing man into three parts, *the spirit, and the soul, and the body?*

This creates what has been thought an insurmountable difficulty, by those who argue thus:

“ How is it possible to contradistinguish the Soul, both from the Spirit and from the Body? For it must be either material or immaterial, matter or not matter: there is no medium. But if it be matter, does it not coincide with *the Body?* If it be not matter, does it not coincide with *the Spirit?* ”

But perhaps a way may be found of untying this knot, of unravelling this difficulty, by simply declaring the (at least probable) meaning of these three terms.

May not *the Spirit* mean (so it has been understood by the Christians in all ages) the highest principle in man, the immortal Spirit made in the image of God, endued (as all Spirits are, so far as we can conceive) with Self-motion, Understanding, Will and Liberty?

Is not *the Body*, that portion of organized matter, which every man receives in the womb, with which he is born into the world, and which he carries with him to the grave? At present it is connected with flesh and body. But these are not the Body. They are only the temporary clothing of the Body, which it wholly puts off in the grave.

*The Soul* seems to be the immediate clothing of the Spirit, the vehicle with which it is connected from its first existence, and which is never separated from it, either in life or in death. Probably it consists of Ethereal or Electric Fire, the purest of  
all



all matter. It does not seem to be affected by the death of the Body, but envelops the separate, as it does the embodied Spirit: neither will it undergo any essential change, when it is *clothed upon* with the immortal Body at the Resurrection.

May not the Apostle have an eye to this, in those remarkable words (2 Cor. v. 4. *We that are in this tabernacle* (this corruptible flesh and blood) *do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed* (divested of all covering, which belongs only to the Father of Spirits) *but clothed upon* with the glorious resurrection-Body, covering both our Soul and Spirit. This will *swallow up*, totally destroy *το σωμα* that which was mortal, namely, the flesh and blood, which alone was liable to death.

If we understood the words of the Apostle in this sense, all the difficulty vanishes away. We allow, there can be no medium, between material and immaterial. But still there is room for a wide and essential difference, between the soul and the body: the latter implying that original portion of matter, which is now clothed with flesh and blood; the former, that vehicle of ethereal fire, which immediately covers the immortal Spirit.

Congleton, March 31, 1786.

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

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

[Continued from page 497.]

**T**UESDAY, April 20. The next morning we took our leave of *Nazareth*, and directed our course for *Acra*; in order to which, going at first Northward, we crossed the hills that encompassed the vale of *Nazareth* on that side. After which

which we turned to the Westward; and passed in view of *Cana of Galilee*; the place signalized with the beginning of Christ's miracles, John ii. 11. In an hour and a half more we came to *Sepharia*; a place revered for being the reputed habitation of *Joachim* and *Anna*, the parents of the blessed Virgin. It had once the name of *Diocesaria*, and was a place in good repute: but at present it is reduced to a poor village, shewing only here and there a few ruins, to testify its ancient better condition. On the Westside of the town stands good part of a large Church, built on the same place where, they say, stood the house of *Joachim* and *Anna*; it is fifty paces long, and in breadth proportionable.

At *Sepharia* begins the delicious plain of *Zabulon*. We were an hour and a half in crossing it; and, in an hour and a half more, passed by a desolate village on the right hand, by name *Satyra*. In half an hour more we entered the plains of *Acra*, and in one hour and a half more arrived at that place. Our stage this day was somewhat less than seven hours: it lay about West and by North, and through a country very delightful, and fertile beyond imagination.

Wednesday, April 21. At *Acra* we were very courteously treated by the French Consul and Merchant, as we had been when outward-bound. Having staid only one night, we took our leaves; and returning by the same way of the coast that I have described before, came the first night to our old lodgings at *Solomon's Cisterns*, and the second to *Sidon*.

Thursday, April 22. Three hours distant from *Sidon*, we were carried by the French Consul to see a place, which we had passed by unregarded in our journey outward; though it very well deserves a traveller's observation.

At about the distance of a mile from the sea, there runs along a high rocky mountain; in the side of which are hewn a multitude of grotts, all very little differing from each other. They have entrances of about two feet square. On the inside you find, in most, or all of them, a room of about four  
 VOL. IX. 3 W yards

yards square; on the one side of which is the door, on the other three, are as many little cells, elevated about two feet above the floor. There are of these subterraneous caverns (as I was informed by those who had counted them) two hundred in number. They go by the name of the grotts of ——. The great doubt concerning them is, whether they were made for the dead or the living. That which makes me doubt of this is, because though all the ancient sepulchres in this country very much resemble these grottos; yet they have something peculiar in them, which entices one to believe they might be designed for the reception of the living: for several of the cells within were of a figure not fit for having corpses deposited in them; being some a yard square, some more, and some less; and seeming to be made for family uses. Over the door of every cell, there was a channel cut to convey the water away, that it might not annoy the rooms within. And because the cells were cut above each other, some higher, some lower in the side of the rock, here were convenient stairs cut for the easier communication between the upper and nether regions. At the bottom of the rock were also several old cisterns for storing up water. From all which arguments it may, with probability at least, be concluded, that these places were contrived for the use of the living, and not of the dead. But what sort of people they may be that inhabited this subterraneous city, or how long ago they lived, I am not able to resolve. True it is, *Strabo* describes the habitations of the *Troglodytæ* to have been somewhat of this kind.

Friday, April 23. We continued this day at *Sidon*, being treated by our friends of the French nation with great generosity.

Saturday, April 24. This morning we took our leaves of the worthy French Consul, and the rest of our other friends of that nation, in order to go for *Damascus*.

*Damascus* lies near due East from *Sidon*: it is usually esteemed three days journey distant, the road lying over the mountain *Libanus* and *Anti-Libanus*.

Having

Having gone about half an hour through the olive-yards of *Sidon*, we came to the foot of *Mount Libanus*. In two hours and a half more we came to a small village called *Caphar Milki*. Thus far our ascent was easy; but now it began to grow more steep and difficult: in which having laboured one hour and one third more, we then came to a fresh fountain called *Ambus Lee*; where we encamped for this night.

[*To be continued.*]



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

Of P L A N T S.

[*Continued from page 500.*]

THAT the leaves of certain plants at night assume a disposition different from that of the day, is well known. This has been usually termed, their *Sleep*. But to what is this owing? Not to the variation of heat or cold, moisture or dryness. For however these are varied, the same thing happens with equal regularity. It is light alone that occasions this change, which by the smallness of its particles, is capable of entering bodies, and by its activity, of producing great changes in them. It changes the position of the leaves of plants, by a motion it excites among the fibres. The natural position of the lobes in these leaves is drooping. This is their posture of repose. But vegetation is imperfectly performed, while they remain in it. It is light which alters that position, by its quick vibrations.

In the evening, August 7, (in order to make a full experiment) Dr. *Hill* placed a plant of *Abrus*, in a room where it had moderate day-light, without the sun shining upon it. The lobes of the leaves were then fallen perpendicularly from the

middle rib, and closed together by their under sides. Thus they continued all night. Half an hour after day-break, they began to separate, and a quarter of an hour after sun-rise, were perfectly expanded. Long before sun-set they began to droop again, and toward evening were closed as at first.

Next day the plant was set, where there was less light. The lobes were raised in the morning, but not so much. And they drooped earlier at evening.

The third day it was set in a south window, open to the full sun. Early in the morning the leaves had attained their horizontal situation: by nine o'clock they were raised above it, and continued so till evening. Then they fell to the horizontal situation, and thence gradually to the usual state of rest.

The fourth day the plant stood in the same place, but the sun did not appear. The lobes early attained their horizontal situation, but did not rise beyond it, and in the evening closed as usual.

These experiments prove, that the whole change is occasioned by light only. To put this beyond dispute, in the evening of the sixth day, the plant was set in a book-case, on which the morning sun shone, the doors standing open. The next day was bright. The lobes which had closed in the evening, began to open early in the morning, and by nine o'clock, they were raised in the usual manner. I then shut the doors of the book-case: on opening them an hour after, the lobes were all closed as at midnight. On opening the doors, they opened again, and in twenty minutes they were fully expanded. This has since been many times repeated, and always with the same success. We can therefore, by admitting or excluding the light, make the plant put on all its changes. Hence we are certain, that what is called the Sleep of Plants, is caused by the absence of light alone; and that their various intermediate states are owing to its different degrees.

It has been supposed that the daily motions of the Sensitive Plant, were likewise owing to light and darkness; because it expands itself in the morning, and closes again in the evening. From the main branches of this plant spring several smaller ones, and from these others still less, which support the leaves ranged on each side, in pairs over-against one another. Several other plants are of the same form, and all these close their leaves in the evening, and open them in the morning, which therefore is not peculiar to the Sensitive Plant. But this closes them at any time of the day if touched, and soon after opens them again. You can scarce touch the leaf of a vigorous Sensitive Plant so lightly, as not to make it close. The large rib which runs along its middle, is as a hinge on which the two halves of the leaf move, when they turn upon being touched, till they stand erect, and by that means meet one another. The slightest touch gives this motion to one leaf; if a little harder, it gives the same motion to the leaf opposite. If the touch be still rougher, the whole arrangement of leaves on the same rib close in the same manner. If it be stronger still, the rib itself moves upward toward the branch on which it grows. And if the touch be yet more rough, the very branches shrink up toward the main stem. The motion which has the greatest effect of all others upon it, is the shaking one. Winds and heavy rain also cause this plant to close its leaves; but not gentle showers: the contraction being caused by the agitation of the wind, and the strokes given by the large drops.

The natural shutting and opening of its leaves at night and morning, are not so fixed, as not to be variable by many circumstances. In August a Sensitive Plant was carried in a pot into a dark cave. The shaking in the carriage shut up its leaves, so that they did not open for four and twenty hours. And when they did open, they closed no more for three days and nights. Being then brought again into the open air, they recovered their natural motions, shutting at night and  
opening

opening in the morning, as variously as ever. While in the cave, it was as much affected by the touch, as in the open air.

By this and many experiments it appears, that it is not the light that opens these plants, nor the darkness which shuts them. Neither is it owing to the increase of heat or cold. Indeed, great heat will affect them a little, but not in any considerable degree. Concerning the real cause, we may form many conjectures: but nothing certain can be known.

Nearly related to the Sleep of Plants, is that which *Linnaeus* called the Awakening of Flowers. The flowers of most plants, after they are once opened, continue so night and day, until they drop off or die away. Others, which shut in the night-time, open in the morning sooner or later, according to their situation in the sun or shade, or as they are influenced by the manifest changes of the atmosphere. There are another class of flowers, which make the subject of these observations, which observe a more uniform law in this particular.

These open and shut constantly at certain hours, exclusive of any manifest changes in the atmosphere; and this with so little variation in point of time, as to render the phenomenon worth observation. *Linnaeus'* observation extends to near fifty species which are subject to this law. We will enumerate some of these, and mention the time when the flowers open and shut. The little blue *Convolvulus*, or Bindweed, opens its flowers between five and six in the morning, and shuts them in the afternoon. The flowers of the Day-Lilly open about five in the morning, and shut at seven or eight in the evening. The lesser Water-Plantain, during its flowering-time, only opens its flowers each day about noon. The flowers of the Proliferous Pink, expand about eight in the morning, and close again about one in the afternoon. Purple Spurrey, expands between nine and ten in the morning, and closes between two and three in the afternoon. This little plant is common among the corn in sandy soils, and flowers in June. Common Purslain, opens its flowers about nine or ten in the morning, and closes

closes them again in about an hour's time. The white Water-Lilly grows in rivers, ponds and ditches, and the flowers lie upon the surface of the water. At their time of expansion, which is about seven in the morning, the stalk is erected, and the flower more elevated above the surface. In this situation it continues till about four in the afternoon, when the flower sinks to the surface of the water, and closes again. Yellow Goats Beard, or Go-to-bed-at-noon (the latter of these names was given to this plant long since, on account of this remarkable property) opens its flowers in general about three or four o'clock, and closes them again about nine or ten in the morning. These flowers will perform their vigilæ, if set in a phial of water, within doors, for several mornings successively. Sometimes they are quite closed, from their utmost state of expansion, in less than a quarter of an hour.

[To be continued.]

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Copy of a LETTER, from CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS or COLON, to the King of SPAIN.

Jamaica, 1503.

Sir,

**D**IEGO MENDES, and the papers I send by him, will shew your Highness what rich mines of gold, I have discovered in *Vargua*; and how I intended to have left my brother at *River Belin*, if the judgments of heaven, and the greatest misfortune in the world had not prevented it. However it is sufficient that your Highness and successor will have the glory and advantage of all; and that the full discovery and settlement is reserved for happier persons than unfortunate *C. Columbus*. If God be so merciful to me, as to bring *Mendes* to *Spain*, I doubt not but he will make your Highness, and my great Mistress understand, that there will not only be a castle and a law, but a discovery of a world of subjects, lands,

and



and wealths, greater than man's unbounded fancy could ever comprehend, or avarice itself covet. But neither he, this paper, nor the tongue of mortal man can express the anguish and afflictions of my mind and body, nor the misery and dangers of my son, brothers and friends. For here, already we have been ten months lodged on the open decks of our ships, that are on shore and lashed together. Those of my men that were well have mutinied under the *Porras* of *Swilla*. My friends that were faithful are mostly sick and dying; we have destroyed the Indian's provisions, so that they abandon us; all therefore are like to perish by hunger, and these miseries are accompanied with so many aggravating circumstances, that renders me the most wretched object of misfortune, this world shall ever see. As if this displeasure of heaven, seconded the envy of *Spain*, and would punish as criminal, those undertakings and discoveries that former ages would have acknowledged as destinies and meritorious. Good heavens, and you holy saints, who dwell in them, let the King *Don Fernando*, and my illustrious Mistress *Donna Isabella* know, that I am the most miserable man living, and that my zeal for their service and interest hath brought me to it; for it is impossible to live and have afflictions equal to mine.

I see, and with horror apprehend my own, and for my sake, those unfortunate and deserving people's destruction. Alas! pity and justice have returned to their sources above; and it is a crime to have seen or promised too much. As my misery makes my life a burthen to myself; so I fear the empty titles of a perpetual Vice Roy and Admiral, renders me obnoxious to the Spanish nation. It is visible enough, how all methods are made use of, to cut the thread which is breaking. For I am in my old age, with unsupportable pains of the gout; and am now languishing and expiring with that and other infirmities, among savages; where I have neither medicines or provisions for the body, or Priest or sacrament for the soul. My men mutinying, my brother, my son, and those that are faithful,  
sick,

sick, starving and dying. The Indians have abandoned us, and his Grace of *St. Domingo Islands*, has sent rather to see if I am dead, than to succour us; or carry me home; for his boat neither brought us a letter, or spoke to us, nor would they receive any from us.

So I conclude, your Highness' Officers intended my life's voyage should end. O blessed Mother of God! that compassionates the most miserable and oppressed, why did not *Sevilla Boundilla* kill me, when he robbed me and my brother of our dearly purchased gold, and sent for us to *Spain* in chains, without hearing, trial, crime, or the shadow of one? Those chains are all the treasures I have, and they shall be buried with me, if I chance to have a coffin or a grave.—O blessed Virgin! O bands! O cruelty to force us to be thus dying ten or twelve months, and to perish by malice as great as our misfortunes! O let it not bring further infamy on the *Castilian* name! nor let ages to come know there were wretches so vile in this, that thought to recommend themselves to *Don Fernando*, by destroying the unfortunate, and miserable *Christopher Columbus*; not for his crimes, but for his pretensions to discovering and given to *Spai* a new world.

It was you, O heavens, that inspired and conducted me to it; do you therefore weep for me, and shew pity! Let the earth, and every soul in it that loves justice or mercy, weep for me: and let nine hundred and fifty glorified saints of God, that know my innocency, and see my sufferings, have mercy. If this present age is too envious or obstinate to weep for me, sure those that are to be born will do it; when they are told, *Christopher Colon*, with his own fortune, the hazard of his own son's and brother's lives; with little or no expence to the *Crown of Spain*; in twenty years, and four voyages, rendered greater services than ever mortal man did, to Prince or kingdom, yet after all was made to perish, without being charged with the least crime. Poor and miserable, all but the

chains being taken from him ; so that he which gave to *Spain* another world had neither in that nor it, a cottage for himself, or wretched family ; but should heaven still persecute me, and seem displeas'd with what I have done, as if the discovery of this world, may be fatal to the old, and as a punishment bring my life, in this miserable place, to its fatal period, yet do you good angels, you that succour the oppress'd and innocent, bring this Letter to my great Mistress. She knows how much I have done, and will believe what I have suffer'd, for her glory and service ; and will do so justly and piously, as not to let the son and brothers of him, that has brought to *Spain*, immense riches, and added to it, vast and unknown kingdoms, and empires, want bread, or live on alms. She, if she lives, will consider, cruelty, and ingratitude will provoke heaven, and the wealth I have discovered will stir up all mankind to revenge and rapine ; so that the nation may chance to suffer hereafter, for that envious, malicious, and ungrateful people.

Signed by

CHRISTOPHER COLON, or COLUMBUS.

Nov. 2, 1530.

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An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from page 506.]

*Sophonius.* I Now forgot every thing but my love's distress.  
Pity and sorrow possess'd me wholly.

Life returned to my *Urania's* eyes, and blushes to her cheeks. She seem'd to strain her eyes open to look up in my face. A new sort of pleasure warm'd my heart. I consider'd myself,

myself, and my *Urania* seemed to consider me, in the glorious character of her protector. She raised up her head, and looked at me again with eyes enlivened by ineffable delight!—Will you leave me? said she, with eyes that looked as if she knew I would not—No, my *Urania*, never in distress!

She signified her fears to me. I told her she need not be under any concern; my mind was serene again;—that the delight I experienced made me consider my rival's disappointment with compassion: that I meditated a plan to soothe his madness, and if she would give me leave, I would go and put my thoughts in execution. *Urania* said she knew she might trust my prudence; and God forbid she should ever obstruct the benevolent purposes of my heart.

I went home, and immediately wrote as follows to my impetuous foe.

Sir,

When you see my hand, and recollect some words which fell from you when you left my house, perhaps you will expect an address different from what you will find here. But, Sir, when I consider the occasion of your passion, I cannot think a rash expression a sufficient cause for pursuing your life, or for hazarding my own. There was a time, when if I had unfortunately met you, I fear I should have yielded to my own passion; but now I should be ashamed not to be able to pardon an infirmity in you, for which, in myself, I had already implored the forgiveness of heaven. Put yourself in my place for a moment, and me in yours, and see what you would think of me, if I were to pretend to arrest you in the innocent pursuit of happiness. I have already placed myself in your situation, and feel that you deserve compassion. But, be bold, *Sebastian*; exert your fortitude; exert your reason; and, instead of pity, deserve admiration. Subdue a passion which can never be gratified. Disturb not the peace of a

virtuous woman whom you profess to love. Destroy not your own peace, by harbouring designs, which must be as fruitless as they are injurious. You are young, time will do much for you: you are amiable, and your virtues must one day meet with their reward. Be just, be generous, and you will be happy; happier at least than you could possibly be by any other means. If you have the nobleness of mind, the candor you see I suppose you to have, you will justify me in calling myself still

Your faithful Friend,

and humble Servant.

I knew *Sebastian* had good sense; and therefore was persuaded that if he could be brought to think coolly, he would think rightly: you will find by his answer that I was not mistaken.

Sir,

When I received your letter, I did indeed expect to find the contents very different; for I was conscious of having spoken words in passion, which I doubt not were injurious. You will find that I mean still to be your rival, Sir, your rival in virtue; would to God you were not mine in love! You exhort me to magnanimity. I have endeavoured to avail myself of your advice; and the first instance was in determining not to write you an answer till this morning, that I might have time to compose my thoughts, in order to judge fairly of the contents of your letter. I perceive that I have been greatly in the wrong, and ought to acknowledge it: the next instance is, that I now freely desire your pardon; and will trust to your generosity, to intercede with *Urania* for her forgiveness. Time may do much, you say. I will try what time can do.—Absence too, I will try.—I will return immediately to College, and, if I can, will study there. Religion is my proper study. I want all its assistance to enable me to bear

bear my own lot, and to think, without rancour, of yours. *Sophronius*, farewell! You will be happy in spite of me; for you deserve to be so.

I hope to see you no more, till I can with sincerity subscribe myself

Your Friend,

SEBASTIAN.

[*To be continued.*]



*The last* LETTER of MARY Queen of Scots, to Queen ELIZABETH.

MARY being informed of the Parliament's confirming the sentence of her death, wrote the following moving Letter to *Elizabeth*.

Madam,

I give thanks to God with all my heart, who by the sentence of death, hath been pleased to put an end to the tedious pilgrimage of my life. I desire not that it may be prolonged; having had too long a time to try the bitterness of it. I beseech your Majesty, since I am to expect no favour from some zealous Ministers of State, who hold the first place in your Councils, I may receive from you only, and from no other, these following favours. In the first place, I desire, that since it is allowed me to hope for a burial in *England*, I may be decently interred, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, of which I am a member, and in which faith all your predecessors and mine lived and died; and when my enemies are satisfied with the shedding of my blood, that my servants may be allowed to carry my bones into *France*, to be there interred, with the bones of the Queen my most honoured mother. Secondly, I beseech your Majesty, in the apprehension which I have of the tyranny of those to whose power you abandon

abandon me, that I may not suffer in any private place, but in the view of my servants and other people; who may give a testimony of my faith, and of my obedience to the true Church, and defend this period of my life, against the false reports which my adversaries may contrive against me. In the third place, I require, that my servants who have attended on me with great fidelity, during so many afflictions, may have leave to return where they please, and enjoy those small legacies, which in my last will, my poverty hath bequeathed to them. I conjure you, Madam, by the blood of Jesus Christ, by the nearness of our consanguinity, by the memory of Henry the Seventh our common father, and by the title of a Queen, which I carry to my grave, not to deny these reasonable requests; but by one word from under your hand, to grant me an assurance of them, and I shall die as I lived,

Your most affectionate Sister, . . .

MARY R.

*Elizabeth* was as much moved with this, as you could expect a deliberate murderer to be, and one lost to all sentiments of Justice, Mercy and Truth.

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*An Extract from a Circumstantial NARRATIVE of the loss of the HALSEWELL.*

[Concluded from page 511.]

IT was not till late in the day that the survivors were all conveyed to safety. One indeed, *William Trenton* a soldier, remained on his perilous stand till the morning of Saturday the 7th of January, exposed to the united horrors of the extremest personal danger, and the most acute disquietude of mind: nor is it easy to conceive how his strength and spirits could have supported him for such a number of hours.

Though

Though the remains of the wreck were no longer discoverable, yet the surface of the sea was covered with the fragments as far almost as the eye could reach. And even so late as ten o'clock on Friday morning, a sheep, part of the live stock of the officers, was observed buffeting the angry waves.

The surviving officers, seamen, and soldiers, being now assembled at the house of their benevolent friend, Mr. *Garland*, they were mustered, and found to amount to seventy-four, out of rather more than two hundred and forty. Of those who lost their lives, upwards of seventy are supposed to have reached the rocks, but to have been washed off, or to perish in falling from the cliffs, and fifty or more to have sunk with the Captain and the Ladies in the round-house, when the ship went to pieces.

All those who reached the summit survived, except two or three, who are supposed to have expired in drawing up, and a black, who died in a few hours after he was brought to the house, though many of them were so miserably bruised that their lives were doubtful.

On Saturday morning Mr. *Meriton* and Mr. *Rogers*, having been liberally assisted by Mr. *Garland* with the means of making the journey, set off for *London*, to carry the melancholy tidings to the Directors of the India-House; and having taken the precaution to acquaint the Magistrates of the towns through which they passed, that a number of shipwrecked men would be soon on the road to this metropolis, (lest the tedious and disagreeable wayfare of these unfortunate beings should be rendered more miserable by unjust suspicions) they arrived at the India-House on Sunday the 8th instant at noon, where the sad tale was no sooner told, than the Directors ordered handsome gratifications to the quarry-men and others, who assisted in saving the survivors, and provided immediate support for those who out-lived this lamentable event. To Mr. *Garland*, the Directors have also made such acknowledgements of thanks, as his benevolent conduct merited.

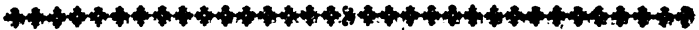
It



It would be unjust to suppress a circumstance, which reflects great honour on the Master of the Crown-Inn, at *Blandford, Dorsetshire*. When the distressed seamen arrived in that town, he sent for them all to his house, and having given them the refreshment of a comfortable dinner, he presented each man with half a crown to help him on his journey. An example of liberality, which we trust will have its effect.

The afflicted on the present occasion, remember that this event, however melancholy, was the dispensation of that Being who "rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm;" and that all his purposes, however unaccountable in the weak perceptions of human wisdom, are unquestionably wise, gracious, and ultimately merciful.

But should not this be a warning to those persons, who having no necessity, nor any providential call to quit their native country, will roam to the ends of the earth purely to accumulate riches? Should it not be a warning especially to those parents, who expose their daughters, to the fatigues and dangers of the sea: for what? To get husbands! Such husbands as having generally nothing to recommend them but large bags of ill-gotten money. It is a miracle of mercy that so few of these, instead of making their fortunes, do not make their bed in the mighty waters!



### ON GOODNESS OF HEART.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

WHOEVER has made accurate observations on men and manners, will easily perceive that the praise of goodness of heart is usually accompanied with an oblique insinuation of intellectual imbecility. I believe him to be a well-meaning man, says the malignant panegyrist; and if there is any fault in him, it will be found rather in his head, than

than in his heart. Nothing could be better contrived by a crafty and envious world, to render this amiable quality contemptible, than to represent it as the effect, or as the companion of folly.

It is indeed true, that innocence and integrity are usually accompanied with simplicity: not however with that sort of simplicity which is sometimes synonymous with folly; but with an amiable openness of manners, which had rather lose its objects, than obtain them by deceit; which leads the tongue boldly to speak what the heart honestly conceives. If we weigh the satisfactions of an open and upright conduct, of a clear conscience, and of that liberty which we enjoy by thinking, speaking, and acting without mean and servile restraints, it will, I believe, be found that this simplicity is true wisdom, and that the cunning of the worldly wise is real and egregious impudence.

Goodness of heart, whether it be natural or acquired goodness, is indeed, in every respect the highest wisdom. It is the only quality that can rescue human nature from the disgrace and misery of its wretched weaknesses, and its powerful tendencies to evil. It raises the poor worm that otherwise crawls on a dunghil, and stings and bites his wretched companions, to an exalted place in the scale of being, and causes him to assimilate with the divine nature.

I shall exhibit to my youthful readers, whose hearts are yet susceptible of whatever bias they chuse to give them, two characters: in one of which appears goodness of heart; and in the other, worldly wisdom, or cunning, or the art of pleasing for the sake of profit. If any one should hesitate in chusing whether of the two shall be his model, he need not hesitate at beginning a reformation of himself; for he may depend upon it that his own heart stands greatly in need of amendment.

*Serpons* (for such let us suppose to be his name) has persuaded himself that he sees farther into things than the rest

of his species. He considers Religion as Priest-craft, Morality as the invention of politicians, and taste and literature as the amusements of fools. His philosophy, and all his better pursuits and ideas, are circumscribed within limits extremely narrow. Pleasure and interest are his chief good, his only objects of serious pursuit; and in the attainment of these he is not scrupulously delicate. There is indeed no virtue or good quality, the appearance of which he does not assume; because, while mankind are weak enough to judge and esteem men according to moral and religious prejudices, a plausible appearance is essentially necessary to success in life. External decency is his highest aim. Sincerity or sound principles would but retard his purposes. Compassion he never felt, and is equally a stranger to love and friendship: though he is always professing them to persons of fortune and distinction; whom he idolizes with religious adoration. And this is the only sentiment which he feels bordering upon Religion.

[To be concluded in our next.]



#### UNCOMMON GRATITUDE.

THERE was in *Florence*, a Merchant whose name was *Francis Frescobald*, who through success, was grown very rich. While he was at *Florence*, a young man asked an alms of him. *Frescobald* in spight of his tatters, reading in his countenance some significations of virtue, was moved with pity, and demanded his country and name. I am, said he, of *England*: my name is *Thomas Cromwell*. I came into *Italy* with the camp of Frenchmen that were overthrown at *Gatylion*. *Frescobald* took him into his house; and at his departure gave him a horse, new apparel, and sixteen ducats of gold. *Cromwell* rendering him hearty thanks, returned into his own country, where, in process of time, King Henry the Eighth, raised him

to the dignity of being Lord High Chancellor of *England*. In the mean time *Frescobald*, by great losses, was become poor : but remembering that some English Merchants owed him fifteen thousand ducats, he came to *London* to seek after them. Travelling about his business, he accidentally met with the Lord Chancellor as he was riding to Court. As soon as the Lord Chancellor saw him, he thought he looked like the Merchant in *Florence*, of whose liberality he had tasted. Immediately he alighted, embraced him, and with a broken voice demanded if he were not *Francis Frescobald*, the Florentine ? Yes, Sir, said he, and your humble servant. My servant, said *Cromwell*, no ; as you have not been my servant in times past, so will I not now account you other than my great and especial friend. I am sorry you would not let me know of your arrival. Had I known it, I should certainly have paid part of that debt which I owe you. But thanks be to God that I have yet time ! Forget not to dine with me this day at my house. *Frescobald* wondered who this Lord could be ; but at last remembered him to be the person he had relieved at *Florence*. He therefore repaired to his house. *Cromwell* came soon after, and was no sooner dismounted, but he again embraced him with so friendly a countenance, that the Lord Admiral, and the other Noblemen then present marvelled. He turned back, and holding *Frescobald* by the hand, said, Do you not wonder, my Lords, that I seem so glad of this man ? This is he, by whose means I have attained this my present degree : and thereupon recounted to them all that had passed. Then holding him still by the hand, he led him to the chamber where he dined, and seated him next himself. When the Lords departed, he would know what occasion had brought him to *London* ? *Frescobald* in few words opened his cause ; to which *Cromwell* replied, It is fit I should repay some portion of that debt wherein I stand bound to you. Then taking him by the hand, he led him into a chamber, and commanded all to depart. He locked the door, and then opened

a coffer, first took out sixteen ducats, and delivering them to *Frescobald* said, my friend, here is your money you lent me at my departure from *Florence*: here are the other ten you bestowed on my apparel, with ten more you disbursed for the horse I rode upon. But considering you are a Merchant, it seemeth not honest to return your money without some consideration for the long detaining of it. Take you these four bags; in every one of which is four hundred ducats, to receive and enjoy from the hand of your assured friend. *Frescobald* would have refused them: but the other forced them upon him. This done, he caused him to give him a list of all his debtors, and the sums they owed: which he delivered to one of his servants, with orders to search out the men, if within the Realm, and straitly to charge them to make payment within fifteen days. The servant so well performed the command of his master, that in a very short time the whole sum was paid in. During all this time *Frescobald* lodged in the Lord Chancellor's house, who gave him the entertainment he deserved, and oftentimes moved him to reside in *England*: offering him the loan of sixty thousand ducats for the space of four years, if he would continue at *London*; but he desired to return to his own country, which he did with the great favour of Lord *Cromwell*, and arrived there safe.



*King ALFRED's Dying Words to his Son.*

**M**Y dear son, sit thee down beside me, and I will deliver thee true instruction. I feel that my hour is coming: my countenance is wan. My days are almost done. I shall go to another world, and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee, strive to be a Father and a Lord to thy people. Be thou a father to the children, and a friend to the widow. Comfort thou the poor. Shelter the weak, and with  
all

all thy might, right that which is wrong. Govern thyself by law : then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all things shall be thy reward. Call upon him to advise thee in all thy need, and he shall help thee in all thou undertakest.



## A B O L D A D V E N T U R E .

A Dutch seaman being condemned to death, his punishment was changed; and he was ordered to be left at the island of *St. Helen's*. This unhappy man representing to himself the horror of that solitude, fell upon a resolution to attempt the strangest action that ever was heard of. There had that day been interred in the island, an Officer of the ship. The sailor took up the body out of the coffin; and having made a kind of oar of the upper board, ventured himself to sea in it. It happened to be so great a calm, that the ship lay immoveable within a league and a half of the island. When his companions saw so strange a float upon the water, they were not a little startled at the resolution of the man, who durst hazard himself upon that element on three boards, slightly nailed together; though he had no reason to hope to be received by those who had so lately sentenced him to death. Accordingly it was put to the question whether he should be received or not. Some would have the sentence put in execution; but at last mercy prevailed, and he was taken on board, and came afterwards to *Holland*, where he lived in the town of *Horn*, and related to many how miraculously God had delivered him.



## E X C E L L E N T C O U R A G E .

HENRY, Earl of *Alfatia*, being in great favour with *Edward* the Third, was envied by the Courtiers; who one day (in the absence of the King) counselled the Queen, that

that forasmuch as the Earl was preferred before all the English Nobility, she would make trial whether he was so nobly born as he gave out, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him; saying, that the lion would not touch *Henry*, if he was truly noble. They got leave of the Queen to make this trial. He was used to rise before day, and to walk in the lower court of the castle, to take the fresh air. The lion was let loose in the night; and the Earl having a night-gown cast over his shirt, with his girdle and sword, came down stairs into the court where he met with the lion, bristling his hair, and roaring. He not in the least astonished, said, Stand you dog. At these words the lion couched at his feet, to the great amazement of the Courtiers, who looked out of their boles to behold the issue. The Earl laid hold of the lion, shut him within his cage, left his night-cap upon the lion's back, and came forth without so much as looking behind him. Now, said the Earl (calling to them that looked out at the windows) let him amongst you all that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night-cap.



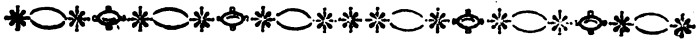
TREACHERY PUNISHED.

WHEN the Emperor *Aurelian* marched against *Thyana*, and found the gates of the city shut against him, he swore he would make such a slaughter, that he would not leave a dog alive in the whole city. The soldiers enticed with the hope of spoil, did all they were able to take it; which one *Heracleon* perceiving, and fearing to perish with the rest, betrayed the city into their hands. *Aurelian* having taken it, caused all the dogs in the city to be slain, but gave to all the citizens a free pardon, except only *Heracleon*, whom he caused to be slain, saying, He would never prove faithful to him, that had been the betrayer of his own country.

*A Wonderful*

A Wonderful INSTANCE of ART.

**I**N the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth, Mark Scaliot, a Blacksmith, made a lock, consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel and brass; all which, together with a pipe-key to it, weighed but one grain of gold. He made also a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, whereunto having fastened the lock and key before mentioned, he put the chain about a flea's neck, which drew them all with ease; all these together, lock and key, chain and flea, being weighed, the weight of them was but one grain and a half.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCIV.

[From Mr. F. Gilbert, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Antigua, August 25, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

**O**N a Fast-day kept here last September, on account of the hurricane which happened the month before, my Brother began preaching in St. *John's*, the capital of this place, and continued so to do on Sundays and Thursdays, till my arrival, when we took it by turns. And so great was our success, that at present, almost the whole island seems to be stirred up to seek the Lord!

There is constant preaching also at my Brother's, where we have very large congregations. We have in Society at St. *John's*, twenty Whites, and about forty Blacks and Mulattos. Several of the Whites, Mulattos and Negroes enjoy a sense of pardon, and adorn the gospel much. The Whites are really patterns worthy of imitation. Many more are awakened who are not united to us. In that number is an Officer's  
Lady,



Lady, and the Doctor's wife. These attend constantly. Others suffer great persecutions from their Husbands, Parents, Masters, and Mistresses. I expect in a short time the Society will be abundantly increased; several having made application to be taken into it.

In several parts of the country, where we have not been able to preach, there is a great stirring among the people, who wish to have the preaching among them. Ere now I should have preached at *Falmouth*, about nine miles from *St. John's*, but my disorder increasing, I was obliged to lessen my labours; and am now under the necessity of desisting altogether for a few weeks. My Brother some days ago appointed a Fast to be kept for me in the Society. For two or three days after, my disorder was more violent than it had been for some time before: however since then it has greatly abated.

Here is work enough for three Preachers: as almost the whole island seems ripe for the gospel; yet I cannot desire you to send them yet, seeing the people are not at present able to bear the expences. For the fire, the hurricane, and the severe draughts that have been here for several years, have, I suppose, ruined two-thirds of the inhabitants.

I find great help from my dear wife. She is very useful and willing to spend and be spent in so good a cause; but she too is very indifferent in her health. She joins in best respects to you, with,

Rev. Sir, your affectionate Son in the Gospel,

F. GILBERT.

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L E T T E R CCCC.V.

[From Miss P. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

August 28, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

**I** Bless the Lord, who still keeps my feet in the way of peace, and daily finds me out occasions of doing and suffering his will. I have lately felt the hopes of glory, a great means of

of encouragement to endure the cross and despise the shame. And though I have never felt a keener sense of the miseries of life, yet I am willing to wait my appointed time till my change come. But I am so slow of heart to learn the lessons of his grace, that I fear I shall fall short. I seem lately to have contracted a habit of indevotion. I feel myself at times incapable of continuing instant in prayer; though at others I find sweet moments of recollection.

I need particular instruction with regard to those little ones you left to meet with me. I usually go to them with a self-abasing sense of my own insufficiency for any good word or work, and leave them, grieved at my inability to do them good. I should take it as a particular favour if you would give me any advice, or direct me to any book, that will teach me how to assist them in knowing themselves and Jesus. The besetting sins of the younger ones are self-will, disobedience, lying, and settled inattention to the things of God: and the elder ones are endangered by the pleasures of life, and the desire of other things, which stifle their good desires.

Madam Guion would set them to "praise prayer," which indeed if any human art could effect, it would be a noble achievement; but it seems to me, beginning at the wrong end. Madam Guion's religion seems to me very fanciful. I can form no idea of a spiritual person sitting for hours in meditation with her eyes shut; especially when others want her advice and assistance. Had it been my case, I should have concluded it to be either owing to my stupidity, or else to the wiles of the devil. O let me rather be ever able to say,

" Far above these earthly things,  
While yet my hands are here employ'd,  
Sees my soul the King of kings,  
And freely talks with God."

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your obliged Servant,

P. B.

POETRY.



## P O E T R Y.

ELEGY *written in a COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.*

[By Mr. Gray.]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmèring landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as wandering near her secret bowèr,  
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldèring heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude Forefather's of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense—breathing morn,  
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Of

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure :  
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour ;  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,

Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flattery sooth the dull, cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol ;  
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribéd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confinéd ;  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
 Along the cool, sequesteréd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture dockéd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletteréd muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply :  
 And many a holy text around the strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resignéd ?  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :  
 Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of thè unhonouréd dead  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 “ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,  
 Now drooping, woeful man, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazéd with care, or crosséd in hopeless love.

One morn I misèd him on the customéd hill,  
 Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree ;  
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

The next with dirges-due, in sad array,  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne ;  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 Gravéd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

*The E P I T A P H.*

**H**ERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;  
 Fair science frownéd not on his humble birth,  
 And melancholy markéd him for her own,

Large

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
 He gave to misery all he had, a tear;  
 He gained from heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

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*The H E R M I T: by Dr. Beattie.*

**A**T the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:  
 'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 A Hermit his song of the night thus began;  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a Sage, while he felt as a Man.

“ Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,  
 Why thus lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain!  
 For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.  
 Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy lay,  
 Mourn, sweetest Complainer, Man calls thee to mourn:  
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away—  
 Full quickly they pass,—but they never return.

“ Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
 The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:  
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again.—  
 But Man's faded glory no change shall renew;  
 Ah fool, to exult in a glory so vain!

“ 'Tis

" 'Tis night, and the lanſcape is lovely no more ;  
 I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you :  
 For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,  
 Perfumèd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.  
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ?  
 Kind Nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave.—  
 But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn ;  
 O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave ! "

" Twas thus, by the glare of falſe Science betrayèd,  
 That leads, to bewikder ; and dazzles, to blind ;  
 My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to ſhade  
 Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind."

" O pity, great Father of light, then I cryèd,  
 Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee !  
 Lo, humbled in duſt, I relinquish my pride ;  
 From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt free."

" And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away,  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn ;  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and aſtray,  
 The bright and the balmy eſſulgence of morn.  
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph deſcending,  
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of Death ſmiles and roſes are blending,  
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

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C O M P A S S I O N.

**P**ITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,  
 Oh ! give relief, and heaven will bleſs your ſtore.  
 Theſe tatterèd clothes my poverty beſpeak,  
 Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthenèd years ;  
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
 Has been a channel to a flood of tears.

Yon



Yon house erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;  
 For plenty there a residence has found,  
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.  
 Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !  
 Here as I craved a morsel of their bread,  
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,  
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.  
 Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome ;  
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb ;  
 For I am poor and miserably old.  
 Should I reveal the sources of my grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
 And tears of pity would not be repress'd.  
 Heaven sends misfortunes ; why should we repine :  
 'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see ;  
 And your condition may be soon like mine,  
 The child of sorrow and of misery.  
 A little farm was my paternal lot,  
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn ;  
 But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot,  
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.  
 My daughter, once the comfort of my age,  
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,  
 And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.  
 My tender wife, sweet smother of my care,  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
 Fell, lingring fell, a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.  
 Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh ! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1786.



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

CHAP. VI. *Arguments from Reason for Universal Redemption.*

[Continued from page 525.]

**I**F it be said, God doth this \* to declare his sovereignty, or prerogative over his creatures, in shewing and denying mercy to whom he pleaseth :

I answer, God never exerciseth any sovereignty, or prerogative over his creatures, which is repugnant to his love and compassion to the souls which he hath made ; and therefore never so as to leave the greatest part of them obnoxious to eternal ruin, when he hath a remedy provided sufficient to prevent it, if he did not arbitrarily exclude them from it.

3dly, This opinion renders the God of truth and of sincerity, so full of insincerity and hypocrisy, that he who conceives God

\* Refuse means of salvation to the Reprobates.

to address himself to his creatures without distinction, as in the Scripture he continually doth, and yet hath left them destitute of a capacity of mercy, may doubt of his sincerity and truth in all the declarations contained in his word. For

1st. It represents that God who declares expressly, *That he would have all men to be saved, all men to come to repentance,* and swears that the conversion of a sinner from his iniquity would be highly pleasing to him, and that *he would not that any one should perish,* that he delighteth not in, would not the death of him that dies; as denying to send his Son to die for their salvation, or to vouchsafe them means sufficient to repent and turn to him: and so rendering it impossible they should repent, or avoid perishing in their iniquity.

2dly. It represents him who declaring, *He would have purged them who would not be purged, he would have gathered them who would not be gathered,* and enquiring what could he have done more to enable them to bring forth good grapes, who only brought forth sour grapes; as denying them any interest in the blood of cleansing, or any sufficient means to enable them to bring forth good grapes.

3dly. It introduceth that God, who, according to the whole tenor of Scripture, calls upon men without exception to repent and be converted, that their sins may be blotted out, and they may not die in them, sending all his prophets to reduce his people from their sinful courses, *because he had compassion on them,* enquiring of them, *Why will you die? will you not be made clean? when shall it once be? yea, waiting that he might be gracious, and stretching out his hand all the day long to a rebellious people,* and exercising the riches of his goodness, patience and long-suffering, *to bring them to repentance;* as denying most of them any possibility of being made clean, of turning to him, or repenting, or escaping death.

4thly. It represents him who saith with the greatest passion, *Oh that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end! Oh that my people had hearkened to me, and Israel had walked in*

*my ways! Oh that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! Oh that thou hadst known in this thy day the things which belong to thy peace;* after all these seeming bowels of compassion, refusing to have the least compassion for them, and decreeing to leave them without a Saviour, without means of being spiritually wise, truly obedient, or having any saving knowledge of the things belonging to their peace.

But it is objected, that after all our quarrelling we seem both at last to say the same thing; the one that Christ will save none but the Elect; the other that he will only save those who perform the conditions of the New Covenant. Now this seems not to represent him a greater lover of souls, or more concerned for their welfare than the other doctrine. I answer,

1st. Is it the same thing to say salvation was by God intended even for them that perish, so that they could not have missed of it, but by contempt of God's rich grace vouchsafed to prevent their ruin, and by being deaf to all those powerful motives to repent and live which the gospel offers; and to say that no salvation ever was by God designed for them, nor any grace afforded which could make it possible for them not to perish?

2dly. Is it of the same import to say the greatest part of the world cannot be saved, because that God, of whom cometh salvation, designed no salvation for them, and the Saviour of men died not for them; and so if they are damned for unbelief, they must be damned for what they neither could do, nor were by any law of God obliged to do; and to say they cannot be saved because they would not come to that Jesus who died for them that they might have life: they would not obey the commands of that God, who, out of love to them, sent his Son into the world, that the world by him might be saved? No, not when he condescended to beseech them to be reconciled to him, and gave them all the necessary means of salvation, and all the excitements that could be offered to reasonable creatures?

3dly. Is it all one to say men are not saved because they want sufficient means on God's part to render their salvation possible; and to say, they are not saved, because when they have salvation freely tendered them, they stubbornly refuse, and wickedly neglect this great salvation? Is it all one to represent the God of truth as full of guile, dissimulation and hypocrisy; and to represent him truly declaring, *He would have all men to be saved*, and sincerely promising salvation to them upon terms which can only be refused by men who wilfully despise, and wickedly neglect that salvation which they might obtain? If not, then though the persons eventually saved will be the same, the doctrine which is clogged with all these absurdities, can never be the same with that which is entirely free from them.

Obj. 2. But God is no debtor to any man; he was at perfect freedom whether he would shew mercy to any, or make provision for the salvation of the smallest number, and so he could not be termed unmerciful, had he made no provision for the salvation of any, much less in not making provision for the salvation of all. I answer,

God is no debtor to the sinner, though he is so to God; yet he is most certainly obliged by the perfection of his own nature to act suitably to his attributes: his justice therefore binds him not to command, on the severest penalties, what he knows his servants were by him made and sent into the world unable to perform; or to forbid, on pain of his eternal wrath, what they were never able to avoid; and his sincerity and truth oblige him to enjoin them to do that which he knows they cannot do; God's grace they say is free, and he is not obliged to give it. I answer, this is true, if he doth not require that which cannot be performed without it; but to exact what I can never do without it under the most dreadful penalties, and yet deny that grace, is to act like *Egyptian Task-masters*.

I answer, Secondly, God is so much a debtor to his own wisdom, justice and goodness, that he never could make any  
man

man to be inevitably miserable, or under a worse state than non-existence, and he never made a man to serve him without ability, or a sufficient motive so to do. Now the inferences which follow from this doctrine, are two.

12. 1st. That God hath passed no absolute decree of reprobation upon the greatest part of mankind; he hath not absolutely decreed to exclude the greatest part of them from saving mercy; and by an immediate consequence it follows, that there is no absolute decree of Election of a certain number of particular persons to salvation: for, as *Tertullian* truly saith, *there can be no Election of some, without the Preterition of the rest.*

2dly. That he hath not made it necessary to the salvation of all men to do those things which they, without his special grace, cannot do, and yet peremptorily determined not to vouchsafe that grace to many of them; this being in effect an absolute decree of Reprobation, or that which leaves these men under an absolute exclusion from salvation, and so under a sad necessity of the wrath to come. After he hath declared to all his readiness to pardon, his delight in shewing mercy, and that the riches of his goodness and long-suffering is designed to lead them to repentance; after his frequent declarations that *He would have gathered them who would not be gathered*, he would have purged them who were not purged; after his express declaration, That *He sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved*: I say after all these things, to dream of any absolute decree of God excluding most of them he thus addresses himself to, from a possibility of repenting that they might be saved, or doubt his willingness to afford them grace sufficient to perform this duty, is to cast a horrible reproach upon the truth and sincerity of God, and in effect to say he only tenders salvation to the most upon impossible conditions, and only doth delude them with vain hopes.

13. I should

13. I should now proceed to the confirmation of this doctrine from the suffrage of all antiquity; but this is sufficiently done by *Vossius*, in his *Hystoria Pelagiana*, where he asserts and proves,

1st. That the doctrine of the ancient Church was this, that God would have all men to be converted and saved.

2dly. That this was the judgment of the ancient Church, that Christ had provided for the fault of all men by an universal remedy, viz. by paying a price of infinite value, lest any one should perish through the defect of it.

3dly. This is more copiously done by Mr. *Dally*, by producing the testimonies of the Ancients from the first to the twelfth century, and concluding thus, *Certainly I find not one man who, during the eight first ages of Christianity, ever said expressly that Christ died only for the Elect.*

[To be continued.]



## S E R M O N XXXV.

On PSALM XC. 2.

*From Everlasting to Everlasting thou art GOD.*

1. **I** Would fain speak of that awful subject Eternity. But how can we grasp it in our thought? It is so vast, that the narrow mind of man, is utterly unable to comprehend it. But does it not bear some affinity to another incomprehensible thing, Immensity? May not Space, though an unsubstantial thing be compared with another unsubstantial thing, Duration? But what is Immensity? It is boundless Space. And what is Eternity? It is boundless Duration.

2. Eternity has generally been considered, as divisible into two parts: which have been termed, Eternity *a parte post*,  
and

and Eternity *a parte ante*: that is, in plain English, that Eternity which is past, and that Eternity which is to come. And does there not seem to be an intimation of this distinction in the Text? *Thou art God from everlasting.* Here is an expression of that Eternity which is past—to *everlasting*. Here is an expression of that Eternity which is to come. Perhaps indeed some may think it is not strictly proper, to say, There is an Eternity that is past. But the meaning is easily understood: we mean thereby, Duration which had no beginning: as by Eternity to come we mean that Duration which will have no end.

3. It is God alone who (to use the exalted language of Scripture) *inhabiteth Eternity* in both these senses. The great Creator alone, (not any of his creatures) is *from everlasting to everlasting*: it is Duration alone, as it had no beginning, so it cannot have any end. On this consideration it is, that one speaks thus, in addressing *Immanuel, God with us,*

“ Hail God the Son, with glory crownéd,  
E'er time began to be;  
Thronéd with thy Sire through half the round  
Of wide Eternity !”

And again,

“ Hail God the Son, with glory crownéd,  
When time shall cease to be :  
Thronéd with the Father through the round  
Of whole Eternity !”

4. “ E'er time began to be.”—But what is *Time*? It is not easy to say, as frequently as we have had the word in our mouth. We know not what it properly is: we cannot well tell how to define it. But is it not in some sense a fragment of Eternity, broken off at both ends? That portion of duration, which commenced when the world began, which will continue



as long as this world endures, and then expire for ever? That portion of it, which is at present measured by the revolution of the sun and planets, lying (so to speak) between two Eternities, that which is past, and that which is to come. But as soon as the heavens and the earth flee away from the face of Him that sitteth on the great white throne, time will be no more, but sink for ever into the ocean of Eternity.

5. But by what means can a mortal man, the creature of a day, form any idea of Eternity? What can we find within the compass of nature, to illustrate it by? With what comparison shall we compare it? What is there that bears any resemblance to it? Does there not seem to be some sort of analogy, between boundless Duration and boundless Space? The great Creator, the Infinite Spirit, inhabits both the one and the other. This is one of his peculiar prerogatives: *Do not I fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord?* Yea, not only the utmost Regions of Creation, but all the expanse of boundless Space! Mean time how many of the children of men may say,

“ Lo, on a narrow neck of land, .  
 ’Midst two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Secure, insensible!  
 A point of time, a moment’s space,  
 Removes me to that heavenly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell?”

6. But leaving one of these unbounded seas to the Father of Eternity, to whom alone Duration without beginning belongs, let us turn our thoughts on Duration without end. This is not an incommunicable attribute of the great Creator; but he has been graciously pleased to make innumerable multitudes of his creatures partakers of it. He has imparted this not only to angels, and archangels, and all the companies of heaven, who are not intended to die, but to glorify him and live in his presence for ever: but also to the inhabitants of the earth,  
 who

who dwell in houses of clay. Their bodies indeed are *crushed before the moth*, but their souls will never die. God made them, as an ancient Writer speaks, to be *pictures of his own eternity*. Indeed all Spirits, we have reason to believe, are clothed with immortality: having no inward principle of corruption, and being liable to no external violence.

7. Perhaps we may go a step farther still. Is not Matter itself, as well as Spirit, in one sense eternal? Not indeed *a parte ante*, as some senseless Philosophers, both ancient and modern, have dreamed. Not that any thing had existed from Eternity; seeing if so, it must be God. Yea, it must be the One God; for it is impossible there should be two Gods, or two Eternals. But although nothing beside the great God, can have existed from everlasting, none else can be eternal, *a parte ante*, yet there is no absurdity in supposing that all creatures are eternal *a parte post*. All matter indeed is continually changing, and that into ten thousand forms. But that it is changeable does in nowise imply, that it is perishable. The substance may remain in one and the same, though under innumerable different forms. It is very possible any portion of Matter may be resolved into the Atoms of which it was originally composed. But what reason have we to believe, that one of these Atoms ever was or ever will be annihilated? It never can, unless by the uncontrollable power of its Almighty Creator. And is it probable that ever he will exert this power, in unmaking any of the things that he hath made? In this also, God is *not a son of man that he should repent*. Indeed every creature under heaven, does and must continually change its form: which we can now easily account for: as it clearly appears from late discoveries that ethereal fire enters into the composition of every part of the creation. Now this is essentially *edax rerum*. It is the universal menstruum, the discohere of all things under the sun. By the force of this, even the strongest, the firmest bodies are dissolved. It appears from the experiments repeatedly made by the great Lord Bacon, that even Diamonds,

by a high degree of heat, may be turned into dust. And that in a still higher degree (strange as it may seem) they will totally flame away. Yea, by this *the heavens themselves will be dissolved; the elements shall melt with fervent heat.* But they will be only dissolved; not destroyed: they will melt; but they will not perish. Though they lose their present form, yet not a particle of them will ever lose its existence: but every atom of them will remain under one form or other to all eternity.

8. But still we would enquire, What is this Eternity? How shall we pour any light upon this abstruse subject? It cannot be the object of our understanding. And with what comparison shall we compare it? How infinitely does it transcend all these? What are any temporal things laid in the balance with those that are eternal? What is the duration of the long-lived Oak, of the ancient Castle, of *Trojan's Pillar*, of *Pompey's Amphitheatre*? What is the antiquity of the *Tuscan Urns*, though probably older than the foundation of *Rome*; yea of the *Pyramids of Egypt*, suppose they have remained upwards of three thousand years; when laid in the balance with Eternity? It vanishes into nothing. Nay, what is the duration of *the everlasting hills*, figuratively so called, which have remained ever since the General Deluge, if not from the foundation of the world, in comparison of Eternity? No more than an insignificant cypher. Go farther yet. Consider the duration, from the creation of the first-born sons of God, of *Michael* the Archangel in particular, to the hour when he shall be commissioned to sound his trumpet, and to utter his mighty voice through the vault of heaven, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" Is it not a moment, a point, a nothing, in comparison of unfathomable Eternity? Add to this a thousand, a million of years, add a million, a million of million of ages, before the mountains were brought forth, or the earth and the round world were made: what is all this, in comparison of that Eternity which is past? Is it not less, infinitely

infinitely less, than a single drop of water to the whole Ocean? Yea, immeasurably less, than a day, an hour, a moment, to a million of ages. Go back a thousand millions still. Yet you are no nearer the beginning of Eternity.

9. Are we able to form a more adequate conception of Eternity to come? In order to this, let us compare it with the several degrees of duration, which we are acquainted with. An Ephemeron Fly lives six hours, from six in the evening to twelve. This is a short life compared to that of a man, which continues threescore or fourscore years. And this itself is short, if it be compared to the nine hundred and sixty-nine years of *Methuselah*. Yet what are these years, yea all that have succeeded each other from the time that the heavens and the earth were erected, to the time when the heavens shall pass away, and the earth with the works of it shall be burnt up, if we compare it to the length of that duration, which never shall have an end!

10. In order to illustrate this, a late Author has repeated that striking thought of *St. Cyprian*. Suppose there were a ball of sand, as large as the globe of earth: suppose a grain of this sand were to be annihilated, reduced to nothing, in a thousand years: yet that whole space of time wherein this ball would be annihilating, at the rate of one grain in a thousand years, would bear infinitely less proportion to Eternity, Duration without end, than a single grain of sand would bear, to all that mass.

11. To infix this important point the more deeply in your mind, consider another comparison. Suppose the Ocean to be so enlarged, as to include all the space between the Earth and the Starry Heavens. Suppose a drop of this water to be annihilated, once in a thousand years: yet that whole space of time, where this Ocean would be annihilating, at the rate of one drop in a thousand years, would be infinitely less in proportion to Eternity, than one drop of water to that whole Ocean.

Look then at those Immortal Spirits, whether they are in this, or the other world. When they shall have lived thousands of thousands of years, yea millions of millions of ages, their duration will be but just begun: they will be only upon the threshold of Eternity.

12. But besides this division of Eternity into that which is past and that which is to come, there is another division of Eternity, which is of unspeakable importance. That which is to come, as it relates to Immortal Spirits, is either a happy or a miserable Eternity.

13. See the Spirits of the righteous, that are already praising God in a happy Eternity. We are ready to say, How short will it appear, to those who drink of the rivers of pleasure at God's right-hand? We are ready to cry out,

“ A day without night  
They dwell in his sight,  
And Eternity seems as a day!”

But this is only speaking after the manner of men. For the measures of long and short, are only applicable to Time, which admits of bounds, and not to unbounded Duration. This rolls on (according to our low conceptions) with unutterable, inconceivable swiftness: if one would not rather say, it does not roll, or move at all, but is one, still immovable Ocean. For the inhabitants of heaven *cease not day or night, but continually cry, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord, the God, the Almighty: who was, and who is, and who is to come!* And when millions of millions of ages are elapsed, their Eternity is but just begun.

[To be continued.]



*A short Account of Mr. MATTHIAS JOYCE.*

[Continued from page 535.]

**I**N April I attended the Conference; and from thence was sent to labour with Mr. R. Armstrong and Mr. J. Kerr, on the *Balliconnel-Circuit*. I may say, we loved as brethren, and kept

kept the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. The party spirit which reigned throughout that Circuit the year before, was almost entirely removed. And some good was done to saints and sinners: we had therefore reason to bless God who did not suffer us to labour in vain!

The second day I travelled in this Circuit, I was most dreadfully wet. It rained upon me for four hours, to such a degree that the covers of the books in my pockets were stripping off with the wet. When I got to my quarters, I thought I should have met with sympathizing friends; but they seemed not to think much about me. (I suppose it was permitted for a trial of my patience, as I found this family exceeding friendly ever after.) I dried myself as well as I could, and got some cold milk to refresh me after my toil. But I went to bed, slept most comfortably, and rose next morning without the least cold. After breakfast I rode to my destined place; when I went in, I could not see the face of a Methodist, which discouraged me much. After dinner, the day was very gloomy, which helped to depress my spirits more. I entered into a train of reasoning, till I came to a resolution to quit the work, and return home. Accordingly I sent immediately to the field for my horse, clapped on my saddle-bags, mounted him and rode off determined never to travel more.

But I had a conviction I was doing wrong; and feared as I was flying from the work, I should fall and break my neck. But so odious was the cross, that I had neither inclination nor power to resist. When I had got about five miles, I met a member of the Society I was flying from. The woman, though she never saw me before, without asking whether I was a Preacher or not, stopped me and said, What is the reason you are turning your back on *E*—? I looked earnestly at her, and said, How do you know me? On which she pointed to a young man, who told her I was the person he directed to *C*—n the night before. She then said, as if she knew my heart, I suppose you do not mean to travel this Circuit any more?

I said,

I said, I do not mean to travel at all any more: I cannot stand it; and therefore I am going home. Then I rode away from her; but my heart was ready to break with grief.

As I pursued my journey, I rode into *Inniskillen* to get a bait for my horse: but it being fair-day, and the town greatly crowded, I being a stranger did not know where to apply for it. While I was looking about, a stranger (one of the Society of *Tonnelummin*) came up to me and said, Sir, do you want any thing? I said, I want a feed of oats for my horse. By and bye another came up to me and smiled; but I knew him not: however I soon found he was a Methodist. This simple circumstance, I believe was the appointment of Providence, as it helped to prevent my going home as I intended. After getting the oats, I rode on to Mr. H. D's, the general Steward, thinking to spend that night and the Sabbath-day there, and on Monday to set off for *Dublin*. Mr. D. reasoned the case very much with me, to keep me on the Circuit; but I could not then be brought fully to consent. However the young men of *Tonnelummin* persuaded me to go thither, where I preached twice that evening. At last I was prevailed on to stay until Dr. C. came into the Circuit.

During this interval I had many deep exercises of mind. I could hardly look upon myself to be a Preacher, and I thought it absolutely impossible, that I should submit to travel. I was altogether unwilling to continue, and would have been glad of any pretence to return home: I almost wished for a rupture, or a broken leg; or any thing that might appear a lawful excuse for it; for I was afraid to go home without one. While I was thus exercised, I received a Letter from my wife, encouraging me to persevere in the work of God; part of which is as follows.

Dublin, May 14, 1789.

My Dear,

The receiving of your letter gave me joy; but on reading it my heart did truly feel for you. Yet on consideration, I think

it

It is a good sign that the Devil does so much strive to hinder you. He fears you will lay your shoulders to the Lord's work, and his power will be shaken; and on this account you may expect all the opposition that the prince of darkness can make.

Are you afraid of the Devil, who is himself held in chains by your Master? Is not God on your side? Then fear not. This temptation is for the trial of your faith. The Lord will make your cup to overflow after it, and bless you in his own way.

I remain your affectionate Wife,

ALICE JOYCE.

I now wrote a letter for Dr. C. acquainting him with my objections against travelling. When I came to *Killeshandra*, I gave him the letter. He took much pains to remove my objections. At last I submitted for that time; but soon after the temptation returned with greater violence.

Accordingly I wrote to the Doctor a second time, requesting permission to quit travelling; when getting another letter which encouraged me to go on, I found a willingness to sacrifice my all for the sake of the gospel. My mind being once more set at liberty, I preached the next morning with remarkable power: and I believe not many of the congregation went away unblessed. From that hour, through mercy, I was enabled to devote myself fully to the work of God, and to endure hardness with cheerfulness. And though I had lived twenty-eight years and upwards in *Dublin*, I never, during my stay in the *North*, murmured at the hardest labour, or the coarsest food I met with.

My wife also endured some hardship upon this Circuit; yet she could not wish the cross removed. But what she wanted in temporals the Lord made up in spirituals. It was on this Circuit he graciously restored her to the light of his countenance, filling her with peace and joy in believing.

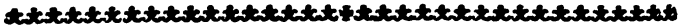
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Here also the Lord favoured her with the affection of the people: several of whom were grieved at her departure.

Upon the whole: I have reason to be thankful for my appointment to the *North*, and trust I shall never lose my affection for my dear friends in those parts, or a grateful remembrance which I retain for the many little tokens of love they shewed me for Christ's sake.

[*To be continued.*]



*An Account of AMBROSE GWINETT.*

[Written by Himself.]

[Continued from page 537.]

**B**EING thus delivered from an ignominious death, the next difficulty was, how to dispose of my life now I had regained it? To stay in *England* was impossible, without exposing myself to the terrors of the law. In this dilemma a fortunate circumstance occurred. There had lain at my brother's house, some of the principal Officers of a privateer that was preparing for a cruize, and just then ready to sail. The Captain took me on board with him; and proper necessaries being provided for me, my sister giving me ten guineas in my pocket, recommended me to the protection of God and the worthy Commander, who received me in the light of his Clerk, and a sort of Under-assistant to his Purser.

Having been six months out upon a cruize, and having had but indifferent success, being on the coast of *Florida*, then in the hands of the *Spaniards*, we fell in with a Squadron of their men of war; and being consequently taken without striking a stroke, we were all brought prisoners into the harbour of *St. Helen's*. I was now really tired of my life, and should have

been

glad to have ended it in the dungeon, where, with forty others of my countrymen, the enemy had put me; but after three years confinement, we were let out, in order to be put on board transports, to be conveyed to *Pennsylvania*, and from thence to *England*. This was a disagreeable sentence to me, taking it for granted that a return home would be a return to the gallows. Being therefore, a tolerable master of the Spanish language, I solicited to be left behind; which favour I obtained, by means of the Master of the prison: who not only took me into his house, as soon as my countrymen were gone; but, in a short time, procured me a small salary from the Governor, for being his deputy.

Indeed, at this particular time the office was by no means agreeable. The coast had been long infested with pirates, the most desperate gang of villains that can be imagined; and scarce a month passed, but one or other of their vessels fell into the Governor's hands, when the crew as constantly was put under my care. Once I very narrowly escaped being knocked on the head by one of the ruffians, and having the keys taken from me: another time I was shot at. It is true, in both cases the persons suffered for their attempt, and in the last, I thought a little too cruelly; for the person that let off the carbine, was not only put to the torture to confess his accomplices, but afterwards broke on the wheel where he was left to expire, the most shocking spectacle I ever beheld.

I had been in my office about three months, when a ship arrived from *Port-Royal*, another Spanish settlement on the Coast, and nine English prisoners on board. As they were coming from the port, to the Governor's house, I thought something struck me in the face of one of them, that I had been before acquainted with. I could not then stop them; but in about an hour after, they were brought to the prison, till the Governor signified his further pleasure.

As soon as the poor creatures found I was an Englishman, they were extremely happy. I now had an opportunity of

taking notice of the man whose face I thought I knew, when I was more confirmed that I was not mistaken. At last it came to my mind, that this was the man for whose supposed murder I suffered so much in *England*.

The next morning I told them, if any of them had a mind to go about the town I would procure them permission, and go with them. This man said he would go. The three other prisoners that went along with us, walked a little before. I then looked him in the face, and said, Sir, Were you ever at *Deal*? At that instant, putting his hand on my shoulder, tears came into his eyes. Sir, said I, if you are the man I take you for, you here see one of the most unfortunate of mankind. Pray, is your name *Richard Collins*? He said, Yes. I replied, then I was hanged and gibbeted on your account in *England*.

After our mutual surprize, he made me give him a circumstantial account of every thing that happened to me, from the time we parted. When I came to the circumstance of my being hanged, and afterwards hung in chains, I could hardly prevail on him to believe my relation, till backed by the most solemn asseverations, pronounced in the most serious manner. When I had done, Well, said he, young man, (for I was then but in my 25th year; he might be about three and forty) if you have sustained misfortunes on my account, do not imagine (though I cannot lay them at your door) that I have been without my sufferings. God knows my heart, I am' exceedingly sorry for the injustice which has been done you; but the ways of Providence are unsearchable. He then informed me by what accident all my troubles had been brought about.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

*An Extract from the Life of Mr. THOMAS FIRMIN.*

[Continued from page 539.]

**A**T the time of the persecution in *Ireland*, by King *James*, numbers of the Nobility, Clergy, Gentry, and others, of all qualities, and sexes, fled over to *England*. A brief was granted them, of which Mr. *Firmin* was one of the Commissioners; but besides that, the Ministers, Church-wardens, and Collectors of every parish in *England*, were to give account by letter to Mr. *Firmin* of what they had collected, and paid to the Arch-deacons. Therefore, on many post-days, several hundred letters came to his hand, for a long time; and many of the collected sums were sent to him, and by him paid into the Chamber of *London*: the money given by the King and Queen was wholly solicited and received by him. The number and necessities of these Refugees required a second brief; the sum total (paid to the two briefs) that went through Mr. *Firmin's* hands, was fifty-six thousand, five hundred and sixty-six pounds, seven shillings and sixpence. The distribution of the money, gathered on these briefs, was made by a number of the Commissioners; but Mr. *Firmin* was the most constant man at their meetings. Sometimes he attended the distribution from morning to night, without intermission for food. But besides the sums paid into the Chamber, and distributed as aforesaid, he solicited, and gave many private sums to particular persons, whose quality made them ashamed to take part of the common stock, or whose necessities required more than could be allowed out of it. When by the mercy of God, and the magnanimity of the King, *Ireland* was so reduced, that the Protestants might return to their houses, employs, and estates, Mr. *Firmin* doubled his diligence in furnishing them for their journey; because thereby he not only saved them, but eased the nation, especially the better, that is, the charitable part of it.

For this purpose he obtained great sums : *Sir Thomas Cook* (to whom I think it a debt to name him) gave 1500l. to this service.

The following is a letter from the most Reverend, the Archbishop of *Tuam* ; and seven other Bishops of *Ireland* to Mr. *Firmin*.

Sir,

“ Being occasionally met together at *Dublin*, on a public account, and often discoursing of the great relief which the Protestants of this kingdom found amongst their brethren in *England*, in the time of our late troubles ; we cannot treat that subject without a frequent mention of your name, who so cheerfully devoted yourself to that ministry. We consider, with all thankfulness, how much the public charity was improved by your industry ; and we are witnesses of your indefatigable pains and faithfulness in the distribution, by which many thousands were preserved from perishing. We know also that some who refused to take out of the common stock, as being desirous to cut off occasions of murmurs, were however, by your mediation, comfortably supplied by private benevolences. We doubt not but you and they have the earnest of your reward, in the peace of your minds ; which we pray God to fill with comforts, and illuminate with his truths ; making his grace to abound in them, who have abounded in their charities to others. And we intreat, that you and all such as you know to have their parts in this service, would believe that we shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of it ; as some testimony whereof, we desire you, for yourself in particular to receive this acknowledgement of your kindness to our brethren, and therein to

Your much obliged and most humble Servants,

J. Tuam.

E. Cork and Ross

W. Clonfort

N. Waterford

Bar. Farnleigh

R. Clogher

S. Elpin

W. Raploe.

Is

In April 1683, Mr. *Firmin* entered upon the care of *St. Thomas' Hospital*, in *Southwark*: a foundation intended for the relief of all sorts of persons, whether lame, sick, or wounded. Sir *Robert Clayton* (now Father of the City of *London*) being upon the decease of Sir *John Laurence* chosen President of this Hospital, thought fit to accept of that province. But upon view of it, he took notice that it was greatly gone to ruin: the ground about the lodgings in a long tract of time was raised so high, that the patients lay as it were in a cellar, close and noisome, without the benefit of the air: and the roof and walls were so out of repair, that the poor patients oftentimes could not be dry in their beds. He saw therefore that the greater part of it must be rebuilt, as it could not be repaired; and that the rebuilding could not be delayed without great danger and damage to the place, whereof some part prevented the workmen pulling it down, by falling of itself: therefore, knowing well his friend Mr. *Firmin's* activity and good address, in works of that nature, he caused him to be chosen one of the Governors of that Hospital. He was chosen in April, and finding that the revenues of the Hospital would go but a little way in the rebuilding or repairing of it, and could not be well spared from the supply of the wounded and sick, in July he got three round boxes; one of them, for subscriptions of 100l, the second for subscriptions of 50l, the third for 20 or 25l subscriptions. The President was pleased to subscribe 300l, and the other Governors were liberal, so were divers merchants and other rich traders: hence the whole subscription was not much short of four thousand pounds. A prospect of the charge being taken, and some money (near 4000l.) towards it procured; materials must also be provided, and workmen agreed with. As Mr. *Firmin* was constant in the Committee appointed for that matter, the Master-Builders made their most frequent application to him, when he was careful to oversee their proceedings. Several of the wards for the patients are now finished, besides a spacious hall,

supported

supported by pillars which make a very handsome piazza: It troubled the Governors very much, that they were obliged to rebuild the Church of that parish; which would cost some thousands of pounds, that could not be taken out of the revenue of the Hospital, without great prejudice to the house and patients. It happened that the Parliament were then about settling a tax for finishing *St. Paul's Church in London*; so the Governors of *St. Thomas' Hospital* petitioned the House of Commons to have some share in that tax towards the rebuilding their Church: but because many other parishes prayed the like assistance, at the same time, the House upon a debate in a Grand Committee. resolved that only *St. Paul's* and *Westminster-Abbey* should have any such provision allowed to them. Mr. *Firmin* hereupon came home, very heavy; but he, and another of the Governors, put into writing that very night some reasons why *St. Thomas' Church* might better claim some favour of the honourable House than other ordinary Churches. They used such diligence as to get their paper printed against the next morning: Mr. *Firmin* and his associates gave copies of it to the Members as they entered into the House, telling them, they must not expect to have any sick or wounded seaman cured if they did not grant something to the rebuilding of that Church: the effect was, that the House took the matter again into consideration, and allowed 3000*l.* to the Hospital for the use desired; on which our Friend came home with more pleasure and satisfaction, than if an estate of that value had fallen to himself.

Among other charities, he was not unmindful of those that suffered by fire; but would immediately apply himself for their present relief. Afterwards he assisted them in soliciting their briefs; when obtained, in managing them to the best advantage. He often lent money to honest persons to answer sudden emergencies. But he lost so much this way, that he was  
forced

forced at last resolutely to forbear lending: instead of which he many times gave some part of what they desired to borrow. He also put many boys to apprenticeships, and contributed towards setting them up, if they had served their apprenticeships faithfully. He has told me that the Clergy of *London*, and other dignified persons in the Church, often assisted him in this kind of charity. He said, he had put many boys out with the money of some of the richer Clergy: who considered this (he thought) as a sort of charity that extended to the person's whole life, and might be the ground of many charities in time to come. When there was a great scarcity of current coin, all the money in *England* being either clipped, or debased by mixture of coarse metals; he lessened his expence by laying down his coach, that he might be the more able to continue his former charities, at a time when they were more needful than ever.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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*A more particular Account of the Life and Death of Mr.*  
CHRISTOPHER PEACOCK.

[*Continued from page 542.*]

**I**N 1783, he was sent to the Yarm-Circuit. Here it pleased God, more than ever, to crown his labours with success. He was greatly beloved by all the people; and the principal persons in the Circuit wrote to Mr. W. to have him continued there another year. It might have been granted, but Dr. C. returning just then from Ireland, mentioned Cork as being much in want of a faithful, steady Assistant. I was myself appointed for Dublin, and being sensible of his real worth, the more readily proposed him for that station: rejoicing at the thought of having such a Companion. He was judged by the  
Conference



Conference a proper person to fill that place; and accordingly appointed.

In three weeks, August 31, 1784, we arriv'd safe at Dublin. It had pleas'd God the preceding year, greatly to bless the Cork-Circuit, while under the care of those faithful Servants of Jesus, Mr. H. M. and Mr. A. B. And it contributed greatly to the furtherance of the work, that they were followed by those who enforced the same plan, both of doctrine and discipline. He laboured among that worthy people indefatigably, till last Conference; nor were his labours in vain: near one hundred being added to their number, and many truly converted.

As to his manner of life, how grave and spiritual, while in this city,\* ye are witnesses! Many of you have cause to bless God you ever saw his face. Numbers, to my knowledge, have returned public thanks to the Lord for a sense of pardoning love, and others for sanctifying grace under his preaching and prayers. Nor was he in anywise puffed up by this; it tended rather to humble him. Hundreds of you can testify this! Witness his own declaration at the two last Love-feasts he attended, especially our Covenant-night, when he shunn'd not to tell you his whole heart: particularly, the time and manner of his conversion, twelve years from that very day. He continued to speak till (as you know) tears prevented his proceeding farther. And can you ever forget his prayers and cries to God for you all, on that solemn occasion?

Many of you remember the last Sabbath he ever preach'd in this city; with what solemnity he declar'd the whole counsel of God, from these words, *He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning, his blood shall be upon him: but he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul.* Ye are witnesses how, on that occasion, he deliver'd his own soul.

After Sermon he spok'e freely of his present happiness, and past experience; especially of the blessings he received when

\* This Account was written in Dublin.

labouring in the Macclesfield-Circuit; where he obtained a clear sense of the pure love of God.

With respect to his general Character. 1. As a Friend, he was truly affectionate, sincere, and constant, and would spare no pains to serve any one he believed worthy.

2. As a Christian: he might be justly said to have learned of his Lord and Master, *To be meek and lowly in heart*. He was strictly modest. A man of few words; yet in general, cheerful. Always affable and sweet in his temper, patient and long-suffering toward all men. He lived daily in the spirit of prayer, and longed for nothing so much as still greater conformity to the will of his God. He took singular pleasure in singing the praises of the Lord, especially when he met with words applicable to the feelings of his own heart.

As he believed Religion to be an active, as well as an inward principle, when absent from his closet, he was commonly going about doing good; visiting and sympathizing with the *fatherless and widows in their afflictions*, as well as labouring to *keep himself unspotted from the world*.

3. As a Member of the Methodist Society, he cordially approved of our whole Plan of discipline, and laboured from the day he cast in his lot with us, to keep every Rule as laid down by the Conference; this he did, *not for wrath, but for conscience sake*; particularly that of abiding by the Established Church. And so desirous was he for all our people to continue herein, that (partly from inclination, and partly through fear of influencing others by his example) he could hardly be persuaded to enter the doors of a Dissenting Meeting-house. Some may be ready to impute this to narrowness of spirit, want of charity, and what not: but his friends know it was otherwise, that he loved all *who loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity*, whether Dissenters or others: nevertheless, from motives of real Christian prudence, he believed it his duty thus to act.

4. As a Preacher of the Gospel, he was sound and scriptural in his principles and doctrines. His every sermon was calculated to discover

“ The native wretchedness of Adam’s race,  
The all-sufficiency of Jesu’s love !”

Enforcing constantly, repentance toward God, justification by faith, and entire sanctification, or holiness both of heart and life, as absolutely necessary, previous to the stroke of death.

As the Servant of Christ and his Church, he was indefatigable in his labours, and ever ready to fulfil the meanest offices of his station. Nothing lay so near his heart as the cause of God, and the good of souls. No difficulties could hinder him from endeavouring to promote the interests thereof. Witness his two last journies into the country, which were chiefly by his own choice. For being informed of numbers of poor careless sinners, perishing for lack of knowledge, and a door being now opened to receive God’s Messengers, he resolved to visit them ; but the weather proving uncommonly tempestuous and wet, laid the foundation of the disorder of which he died.

His word being remarkably blessed to the people the first visit, a pressing invitation was sent for him to go a second time. A slow nervous fever was even then upon him, yet would he not utter the least complaint ; so that his real indisposition was hid from us, and he went again in the name of his Lord and Master, whose gracious power assisted him to go through his labour. He was, however, still unwilling to complain, but spoke to the Physician in private, (whom he afterwards chose to attend him) hoping to get relief, so as to be able to continue his labour of love. But God, who seeth not as man seeth, had otherwise determined. For though the Doctor faithfully attended ; and every medicine judged necessary

cessary, was prepared and taken; but in spite of all, the disease gradually prevailed. When real danger appeared, two other Physicians were called, who also faithfully attended early and late; and interested themselves in his life, as if he had been a near relation of their own. But when Death has got his commission to strike, vain is the help of man!

His nerves being much affected, his animal spirits consequently depressed, with a weight of affliction, rendered it difficult for him to converse at all during his illness. What he did say, was chiefly on the state of his own soul. From the first day he took his room, he never expressed the least shadow of doubt or fear, but, on the contrary, professed confidence in the Lord.

About thirty hours before he died, I found peculiar satisfaction in speaking to him about his approaching dissolution: he then testified of the preciousness of Christ, with a perfect deliverance from the fear of death; and a full assurance that all would be well.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Some Account of the Conversion and Death of Miss BARHAM,  
late of Bedford.

**I**N 1781 her mother died; soon after which she said, it seemed to her as if she should soon follow her. In the spring of 1782, she was seized with appearances of an approaching consumption, which, in the course of four years reduced her to a mere skeleton, which proved the means of her conversion.

March 18, 1781, she wrote as follows, "It was in this year (after I had received the holy communion for the first time)

time) I received Jesus into my heart, as my Saviour, and gave myself entirely to him. Since that blessed event took place, I neither have nor can doubt for one moment of the reality of that precious truth, *My Beloved is mine and I am his*. At present our Lord is impressing on my mind the necessity of deep humility. He teaches me, that I can only be so far united to him, as I partake of that spirit of humility, which was so evidently displayed in his whole suffering life in this world: that it is in that, I must imitate him; that it is by this means I can truly learn to comprehend his sufferings; and that the reason why I am yet so deficient in this point, is because my greatness can in no wise understand his littleness.

Aug. 8, 1781. " Having been for some time in a very barren state of heart, and the time for the holy communion drawing near, in my great perplexity whether I should go or not, the following prayer was the language of my heart.

" O my Saviour, look down in thy tender mercy and pity on me! I have destroyed myself; but in thee is my help found! O may thy will be done in me! I am still thine, though I have proved an adulteress to thee, look at my affliction and pain, and forgive me all my sins, O my God! I dare not approach thy table with an unwashed heart! I dare not go unto the marriage-supper without a wedding-garment, clothe me then that I be not found naked! My gracious Saviour, if thou wilt permit me to taste of thy supper, I will go as the prodigal, unworthy of the smallest crumb. I depend entirely upon thee, and I commit my whole self, body, soul, and spirit unto thee. Amen.

Sept. 4, 1781. " After much prayer, I ventured to taste of his supper, which was to me a divine repast. But before two days were elapsed, my Beloved had again withdrawn himself. From that time to this, I have been like one alone; nothing affording me any joy, because my Love was gone. When I could pray, I poured out my groanings before him, for my spirit longed to be entirely devoted to him; but I seemed to be

be very far from this mark. I thought he had left me, because I had grieved him; but did not know the depth of mercy he intended by it. O what precious love has he at length shewn me! I now know whereabouts I am: and what is the first thing I must learn before I can go any further: even to be as a worm before him; having my own spirit subdued and brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ. O may I be found faithful to his Spirit, not turning a deaf ear to any of his reproofs; but may every occurrence within and without, tend to make me as nothing before my all-wise Potter.

March 10, 1782. "As every visit of my dearest Lord, is an important season to my heart, I cannot pass by unnoticed many precious interviews which my soul has enjoyed since I wrote last. The work begun, has been carried on, and I hope taken deeper root. I feel an eager desire to die with Jesus; that is, to have the old man in me crucified by the power of his death. When I shall be able to say with a divine certainty that this event has taken place in me, my Saviour only knows; but one thing he has assured me of, viz. that it shall be when he sees best.

For many days past, my soul has been in great heaviness, because the Enemy has such power over me, and I feel no spirit nor strength to resist him: but Jesus, my almighty Conqueror does not fail to step in when all my weak efforts have proved of no avail. My prayer is, that this work of humiliation may be carried forwards every day. O Jesus, do with me what thou wilt! only let me be as thou wouldst have me. I wish for nothing but what thou sees best. I want to come continually to thy light, that every work of darkness may be made manifest, and my soul may be brought into the full liberty of thy children.

Nov. 7, 1784. "I have been alternately better and worse; and am still far from being recovered, so that it often seems dubious how it will end. Be this as it may, I am perfectly satisfied. During this illness, I have had innumerable oppor-  
tunities

tunities of seeing how deeply hidden self-will lies in the heart. I have endeavoured to rid myself of it; but this has answered no other end, than to leave me hopeless of ever attaining my wishes. I have also been made to believe that the application of the blood of Jesus to the heart, could effectually remove whatever was contrary to the divine nature. It is my great grief, that I have so seldom made the experiment. Human reason is a powerful bar to the simplicity of faith; and if possible, would hinder my entering into this great reality of becoming a little child. Nothing but a close attention to the holy Spirit's teachings, and a deaf ear to the voice of every stranger, can possibly effect a change so great.

I have been for some months past, in a particular near connection with my dear Lord. Growing worse in my health, I thought this illness might finish my course: and though I never dreaded my departure, but felt a confidence in my Saviour, believing that if he took me, he could soon finish his work; yet upon examining my heart strictly, I found so many things contrary to the spirit of Jesus, as often made me weep in secret before him. But this did not lessen my confidence; it only made me very jealous over myself, lest I should rest satisfied short of this pearl of great price. O how busy was the Enemy at this period, when he saw that my spirit could not live out of Jesus. Grievously harassed have I often been, till, with Mary, I could sit at the feet of Jesus, and hear His words only. O blessed stillness of heart, when the voice of the Beloved is alone attended to, and every enemy keeps silence before him! What the holy Spirit seems to be most active in at present is, to lead me, or rather prepare me to understand the great mystery of the cross and passion of Jesus. My heart says, Amen to it a thousand times; for I long fully to experience the greatness of my redemption, that I may be able to love my Redeemer, with a more pure affection. I am each day made sensible of my great unlikeness to my best Friend, whom however I try to imitate; but in the midst of  
all

all discouragements my heart cleaves to him, and can find no happiness out of him. If he pleases to take me by means of this illness, most gladly will I obey his will, and bid an everlasting adieu to all below; but if I am still to be a sojourner in this vale of tears, my only wish is, that his blessed will may be fully accomplished in me.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



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

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

[*Continued from page 547.*]

**SUNDAY**, April 25. The next day we continued ascending for three good hours, and then arrived at the highest ridge of the Mountain,\* where the snow lay close by the road. We began immediately to descend again on the other side; and in two hours came to a small village called *Mesgharah*, where there gushes out, at once, from the side of the mountain, a plentiful stream, which falling down into a valley below, makes a fine brook, and after a current of about two leagues, loses itself in a River called *Letane*.

Monday, April 26. The next morning we continued our oblique course over the valley *Bocat*. In an hour we passed close by a small village called *Jib Jeneen*, and in three quarters of an hour more, came to the foot of the mountain *Anti-Libanus*. Here we had an easy ascent, and in half an hour passed by, on our right-hand, a village called *Uzzi*. In three quarters of an hour more we arrived at *Ayta*, a village of Christians of the Greek communion. At this last place the road began to grow

\* Mount Libanus.

very



very rocky and troublesome; in which having travelled an hour, we arrived at a small rivulet called *Ayn Yentloë*. Here we entered into a narrow cleft between two rocky mountains, passing through which we arrived in four hours at *Demafs*, gently descending all the way. At *Demafs* a small Caphar is demanded; which being dispatched, we put forward again, but had not gone above an hour and a half, when it grew dark, and we were forced to stop at a very inhospitable place, but the best we could find; affording no grass for our horses, nor any water, but just enough to breed frogs, by which we were serenaded all night.

Tuesday, April 27. Early the next morning we deserted this uncomfortable lodging, and in about an hour arrived at the river *Barrady*; our road still descending. This is the river that waters *Damascus*, and enriches it with all its plenty and pleasure. It is not so much as twenty yards over; but comes pouring down from the mountains with great rapidity, and with so vast a body of water, that it abundantly supplies all the thirsty gardens, and the city of *Damascus*.

We crossed *Barrady* at a new bridge over it, called *Dummar*. On the other side, our road ascended, and in half an hour brought us to the brink of a high precipice, at the bottom of which the river runs; the mountain being here cleft asunder to give it admission into the plain below.

You have, from the precipice, the most perfect prospect of *Damascus*. And certainly no place in the world can promise the beholder, at a distance, greater voluptuousness. It is situate in an even plain of so great extent, that you can but just discern the mountains that compass it on the farther side. It stands on the West-side of the plain, at not above two miles distance from the place where the river *Barrady* breaks out from between the mountains; its gardens extending almost to the very place.

The city itself is of a long straight figure; its ends pointing near North-East and South-West. It is very slender in the middle,

middle, but swells bigger at each end, especially at that to the North-East. In its length, as far as I could guess by my eye, it may extend near two miles. It is thick set with mosques and steeples, the usual ornaments of the Turkish cities; and is encompassed with gardens, extending no less, according to common estimation, than thirty miles round; which makes it look like a noble city in a vast wood. The gardens are thick set with fruit trees of all kinds, kept fresh and verdant by the waters of *Barrady*. You discover in them many turrets, and steeples, and summer-houses, frequently peeping out from amongst the green boughs, which may be conceived to add no small advantage to the prospect. On the North-side of this vast wood are the most beautiful summer-houses and gardens.

The greatest part of this pleasantness and fertility proceeds, as I said, from the waters of *Barrady*, which supply both the gardens and city in great abundance. This river, as soon as it issues out from between the cleft of the mountain before-mentioned, into the plain, is immediately divided into three streams, of which the middlemost and biggest runs directly to *Damascus*, through a large open field, called the *Azer Damascenus*, and is distributed to all the cisterns and fountains of the city. The other two (which I take to be the work of Art) are drawn round, one to the right-hand, and the other to the left, on the borders of the gardens, into which they are let as they pass, by little currents, and so dispersed all over the vast wood: insomuch that there is not a garden, but has a fine quick stream running through it; which serves not only for watering the place, but is also improved into fountains and other water-works, very delightful, though not contrived with that variety of exquisite Art which is used in Christendom.

*Barrady* being thus described, is almost wholly drunk up by the city and gardens. What small part of it escapes is united, as I was informed, in one channel again, on the South-East-side of the city; and after about three or four hours course, finally loses itself in a bog, without ever arriving at the sea.

The Greeks, and from them the Romans, call this river, *Chrysoorrhoeas*. But as for *Abana* and *Pharpar*, rivers of *Damascus*, mentioned, 2 Kings v. 12, I could find no memory, so much as of the names remaining. They must doubtless have been only two branches of the river *Barrady*; and one of them was probably the same stream that now runs through the *Ager Damascusus*, directly to the city, which seems by its serpentine way to be a natural channel: the other I know not well where to find; but it is no wonder, seeing they may, and do turn and alter the courses of this river, according to their own convenience and pleasure.

We continued a good while upon the precipice, to take a view of the city; and indeed it is a hard matter to leave a station which presents so charming a landscape. It exhibits the paradise below as a most fair and delectable place, and yet will hardly suffer you to stir away to go to it: thus at once inviting you to the city, by the pleasure which it seems to promise, and detaining you from it by the beauty of the prospect.

Coming down the hill into the plain, we were there met by a Janizary from the Convent, sent to conduct us into the city. He did not think fit to carry us in at the West-gate, (which was nearest at hand) and so all across the city, to the Latin Convent where we were to lodge; for fear the *Damascens*, who are a very bigotted and insolent race, should be offended at so great a number of Franks as we were: to avoid which danger, he led us round about the gardens before we arrived at the gate. The garden walls are of a very singular structure. They are built of great pieces of earth, made in the fashion of brick, and hardened in the sun. In their dimensions they are two-yards long each, and somewhat more than one broad, and half a yard thick. Two rows of these placed edge-ways, one upon another, make a cheap, expeditious, and, in this dry country, a durable wall.

In passing between the gardens, we also observed their method of scouring the channels. They put a great bough of a tree in the water, and fastened it to a yoke of oxen: upon the bough there sits a good weighty fellow, to press it down to the bottom, and to drive the oxen: in this equipage the bough is dragged all along the channel, and serves at once both to cleanse the bottom, and also to mud and fatten the water for the greater benefit of the gardens.

Entering at the East-gate, we went immediately to the Convent, and were very courteously received by the Guardian, Father *Raphael*, a *Majorkine* by birth; and a person who though he has dedicated himself to the contemplative life, is yet not unfit for any affairs of the active.

[To be continued.]

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

Of P L A N T S.

[Continued from page 551.]

FROM what has been said it appears, that there is a considerable agreement between plants and animals, as well with regard to their nutrition, as to the structure of their parts. Some extend this farther, and think there is something in plants answerable to respiration in animals. They suppose the spiral fibres to be in the place of lungs, and to serve this very purpose; that in each of these there is a spiral lamina, which is extended or contracted, as it is impelled this way or that, by the elastic air it includes: that these fibres ascending straight through the trunk, are dispersed through all the branches, and thence into the leaves, where they are woven together in a kind of net-work. By this means the more subtle parts of

the air are strained through those spiral fibres, to keep the juices of the plant fluid, and perhaps to supply them with nitre or æther, to assist their fermentation.

The air enters vegetables various ways, by the trunk, leaves, roots and branches. For the reception as well as expulsion of it, the pores are very large in some plants. So one sort of walking canes seem full of large pin-holes, resembling the pores of the skin in the ends of our fingers. In the leaves of the pine, if viewed through a glass, they make an elegant show, standing as it were, in rank and file, throughout the length of the leaves.

Air-vessels are found in the leaves of all plants, and in many are visible to the naked eye. For on breaking the chief fibres of the leaf, the likeness of a fine woolly substance, or rather of curious, small cobwebs may be seen to hang at both the broken ends. Now these are the fibres of the air-vessels, loosed from their spiral position and drawn out in length.

The pores in the leaves of plants are almost innumerable. Mr. *Leeuwenhoek* found above a hundred and seventy two thousand, on one side of a leaf of Box. The leaves of Rue are as full of holes as a Honey-comb. Those of St. John's Wort likewise appear full of pin-holes to the naked eye. But the places where those holes seem to be, are really covered with a thin and white membrane. Through a microscope the backside of the herb Mercury, looks as if rough with silver; and all the ribs are full of white, round transparent balls, fastened by slender stalks, like so many grapes. A Sage-leaf appears like a rug or shag, full of tufts of silver thrumbs, and embellished with round crystal beads, fastened by tender foot-stalks. The prickles of a Nettle are formed for acting just as the sting of animals. Every one of them is hollow, and terminates in a fine point, with an opening near its end. At the bottom of each prickle lies a pellucid bag, containing a clear liquor, which upon the least touching the prickle, is ejected by  
the

the little out-let, and if it enters the skin, causes pain and inflammation by the pungency of its salts.

The leaves of plants are of great consequence to their life. At these, the air passes in, and goes through the whole plant, and out again at the roots. If the leaves have no air, the plant will die, as is easily proved by the air-pump: whereas if the leaves be left on the outside of the receiver (parted by a hole cemented with wax) while these have air, the plant will thrive and grow, though its roots and stalks are kept in vacuo. The leaves likewise chiefly perform the necessary work, (but who can explain the manner!) of altering the water received at the roots, into the nature of the juices of the plant. And hence it is, that the life of plants depends so immediately upon their leaves. The husbandman often suffers, for want of this knowledge. A crop of Saint-foin is valuable; and its roots being perennial, will yield an increase for many years. But it is often destroyed at first, by suffering it to be fed upon by sheep. For if they eat up all the leaves, the root cannot be supplied with air, and so the whole perishes. Leaves being so necessary to all perennial plants, a reverfionary stock of them is provided. The leaves of these plants are always formed in Autumn, though not unfolded till the following Spring. They then open and increase in proportion to the motion of the sap, and the quantity of nourishment the plant receives. These leaves also, though not yet appearing out of the bud, may suffice for the extremely small motion, which the sap of those perennial plants, that drop their leaves, has in winter.

But besides these Autumnal leaves, there is another set formed in Spring and expanding till Midsummer. These are of infinite service to many sort of trees, particularly to the mulberry, as they save its life, when the first set of leaves have been all eaten up by the silk-worms.

The analogy between the parts of plants and those of animals may now more fully appear. The parts of plants are,

1. The

1. The root, composed of absorbent vessels, analogous to the lacteals in animals: indeed performing the office of all those parts of the abdomen, that minister to nutrition: 2. The wood, composed of the capillary tubes running parallel from the roots, although the apertures of them are commonly too minute to be seen. Through these, which are analogous to arteries, the sap ascends from the root to the top: 3. Those larger vessels, which are analogous to veins. Through these it descends from the top to the root. 4. The bark, which communicates with the pith by little strings, passing between the arteries. 5. The pith, consisting of transparent globules, like the bubbles that compose froth.

The sap enters the plant in the form of pure water, and the nearer the root, the more it retains of that nature. The farther it goes, the more it partakes of the nature of the Plant. In the trunk and branches it remains acid. In the buds it is more concocted. It is farther prepared in the leaves (as blood in the lungs) which being exposed to the alternate action of heat by day, and cold by night, are alternately dilated and contracted.

Is not then the motion of the Sap in plants (like that of the blood in animals) produced chiefly by the action of the air? All plants have the two orders of vessels, 1. Those which convey the nutritious juices. 2. Air-vessels, hollow tubes, within which all the other vessels are contained. Now the least heat rarefies the air in these air-vessels, thereby dilating them, and so causing a perpetual spring, which promotes the circulation of the juices. For by the expansion of the air-vessels, the sap vessels are pressed, and the sap continually propelled. By the same propulsion it is comminuted more and more, and so fitted to enter finer and finer vessels: while the thicker part is deposited in the lateral cells of the bark, to defend the plant from cold, and other injuries.

Thus is every plant acted on by heat in the day-time, especially in summer; the sap protruded, then evacuated, and

then exhausted. In the night the air-vessels being contracted by the cold, the sap-vessels are relaxed, and disposed to receive fresh food, for the next day's digestion. And thus plants do, as it were, eat and drink during the night-season.

[*To be continued.*]

*A Letter from HOWEL HARRIS, to JOHN CENNICK.*

Brinkworth, October 7, 1741.

Dear Brother,

WHAT have we to do, but, to such as never believed, to shew them the absolute necessity of Faith? and to such as have it, the necessity of keeping it in continual exercise. While we are looking to Christ, we become more like him, and consequently bear more fruit to his glory. I find that while the eye of my soul is fixed on him, I am not led away by the desire of the eye, the desire of the flesh, or the pride of life; but all things move regularly within.

To have the law of God so written on my conscience, as to check me for my first wandering, to have the Spirit ever present, to put me in mind of my own helplessness, and having my shield on, so as to be able to repel Satan's darts; then that mind, spirit, temper, love and meekness that was in Christ, and the fruit thereof in my life, is a sweet smelling savour to the Lord.

O how sweet is this living in the sight of Jesus! Pray for me that I may know it more and more; that I may never rest till I am made quite passive and resigned under the Saviour's hand: receiving all from him, and laying out all for him. Being dead to self, and living to him, seeking and admiring him, lying at his feet, having Unbelief and Satan bruised under my feet: Christ reigning King in Sion, continually shewing me his love, righteousness and power; having circum-

cised



cified my heart, and removed the stone out of my flesh, giving me a tender, loving sympathizing heart, setting the Spirit within me, keeping me in the dust, bringing his words to my remembrance, comforting me, leading me, enlightening me, strengthening me, assisting me; being now continually at a well of water in me springing up into everlasting life; keeping under, and mortifying every stirring of the body of sin, by applying the sin-killing, as well as the sin-forgiving blood: triumphing over all his enemies as Captain of our salvation, making whole the sick; as Physician, taking away the scales from our eyes, enabling us to understand as a Prophet: this glorifying of Christ in all his offices, names and relations; and preaching all the promises, and insisting on it that our sanctification is as much the will of God as our justification; and that he commands us to be holy as well as to believe, and that Christ died to destroy the works of the devil, and to bruise him and cast him out, as well as to make our peace with God; to redeem us from the power and dominion of our original, as well as our actual sins: this, I say, is such a doctrine as will stir up all the powers of hell indeed against us. When you declare that all idols must be taken away, and that there is no allowance to spend our time or our money, on the desire of the eye, the desire of the flesh, or the pride of life; and that we must not follow our own will in any thing, no not so much as to dress according to the world, nor to speak idle words sometimes! nor to be now and then in a passion, nor to lay up treasure on earth against old age; but must trust Christ with soul and body, working with our hands that we may have (not to hoard up to help us when weak; but) to give to those that need it; seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, relying on that promise, All these things shall be added unto you: and that we must not only have the love of God once, but must abide in his love, and if we do not live a life of fruitfulness, a life hid with Christ in God,

God,

God, we are only fruitless branches, and must expect to be cut off; if we are content with tastes of Christ, without living on him and to him: when, I say, we shall have power to declare that Christ must have all, we shall have many cry out, This is a hard saying, who can bear it!

I am, dear Brother,

Yours in the Lord,

HOWEL HARRIS.

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An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from page 557.]

*Callistus.* **P**OOOR *Sebastian!* I really pity the unhappy youth! *Sophronius.* Perhaps this was the most fortunate incident in his life. As he was in danger from his extreme vivacity, this disappointment gave a check to it. Affliction is often our best friend, whose awful lessons are never so necessary as in youth: we are apt to set out in life, ardent in the pursuit of happiness, and sanguine in the hopes of attaining it; but we generally go upon a wrong scent; we seek for it among diversions and sensual pleasures, where it is not to be found; happy they who are called off by affliction, and thrown into the right course.

*Sebastian* set out the next day for the University. The cheerful society of the place, and the natural propensity of youthful minds to joy, soon enabled him to recover his peace. I did not see him again, till above a year afterwards, when he came and asked our pardon for the uneasiness he had given us. He is now our worthy Rector, is himself married, and his and his wife's agreeable conversation has once more

renewed my pleasure in visiting the rectory. Soon after his departure, *Urania* became indeed *my Urania*, and as far as the circumstances of this imperfect state will permit, we have succeeded in our mutual endeavours to promote each other's happiness. Among other blessings, we have had six children; but the last was taken away from us: that, and the death of my father-in-law, are the only afflictions heaven has sent us since our marriage. We lost him almost four years ago; and a grievous loss it was!

*Callistus*. I fear you have done, Sir. Be so good then to reach me that paper. This is my will: I have left your children a thousand pounds apiece, and you a mark of my perfect confidence in your goodness, by naming you sole executor.—Not a word, I beseech you—it is perfectly needless—I know your heart.

But before I begin the remainder of my story, I will tell you what passed in my mind after you left me last night.

You found me in despair. I durst not think of repentance, which supposes a possibility of forgiveness. I could not think of praying. I spent my time in recollecting my sins, for which I pronounced sentence against my own soul. Ghosts and fiends seemed to stalk about my chamber, and terrified me almost to madness! The little sleep I had was disturbed with horrid dreams; but, in the night before I sent for you, I dreamed that I was on the brink of a frightful precipice, pushed forward by an irresistible power; when, in the instant that I was going to plunge, I felt myself snatched back some paces! I turned to look for my deliverer, when I beheld my *Sophronius*. The vast surprise awaked me! I found myself in a cold sweat, and my heart beating with the utmost violence. It was long before I could recollect, with some degree of calmness, this striking dream. Happily did it strike me; for, without such an impulse, I should hardly have hoped for the comfort you have brought me. When I rose, I wrote the letter you received, and dispatched a carriage to fetch you

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When you came, your presence brought me back to life. O how you have softened my obdurate heart! I have wept; I have prayed; I have looked up to heaven, and seen a Creator happy in communicating happiness to his creatures: a Judge of boundless mercy, and a Redeemer of unspeakable goodness, who would not that any should perish everlastingly. I have conceived a hope, that even I, wretched straggler as I have been, may yet be received again into the fold.

After your kind conversation last night, I went to bed with a mind more composed than I had felt for some months: as soon as I was left alone, I prayed in an agony of penitential sorrow. O what a dreadful thing it is to repent of such sins as mine! My eyes and face were scalded with floods of tears! My corporal powers, unable long to sustain the agitation of my mind, plunged me into a deep sleep for some hours: I waked calm, and wonderfully refreshed; and had only time to sigh out my acknowledgments for the blessing, when I dropped asleep again; but not in such deep oblivion. I waked again to the sad thoughts of dying; but not with the same hopeless horror. I addressed myself with confidence, to the throne of mercy; but not without deep humiliation, and streams of repentant sorrow. I arose with more composure than I had felt for some months. I resolved immediately to perform the last business I had to do on earth; and to leave some testimony of my acknowledgments to you, Sir; for all your goodness to me. I then recollected the sad task I had to finish, which plunged me into new terrors, from which your presence again relieved me.

*Sophronius.* Dearest *Callistus*, what obliges you to pursue this task which you seem so much to dread? and so indeed do I, for I fear it will hurt you. If it must be done, stay till you are stronger, and then you shall do what you please.

[To be continued.]

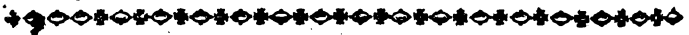


The heart, which has been the receptacle of every vice, and every meanness, is always the seat of uneasy sensation. The stupid insensibility with respect to the finer feelings, which usually characterizes that sort of shrewd men, who are celebrated in the world as men who know things so well, may indeed guard them from pungent affliction, but it is itself a curse most devoutly to be deprecated.

*Simplicius* was the son of parents remarkable for the piety and regularity of their lives. He received a liberal education in its most comprehensive form, and found every moral instruction, which he derived from books and from his preceptor, confirmed by example at home. All his delicate sensibilities were gradually nursed to a state of perfection by the innocence and temperance of his life; by the piety and virtue of his family, in which such respect was paid to him while a boy, that not a word that could convey a loose or improper idea was ever uttered in his presence. He married early, and obeyed the dictates of his heart in selecting a most amiable woman, of beauty, sense, and temper; but of little or no fortune. The shrewd and wise men of the world, laughed and pitied him. *Simplicius*, however, had never any reason to repent. His children are his chief delight; but he loves his friends with sincere and unalterable affection; and there is no species of distress which he does not pity, and relieve to the best of his power. The amiableness of his manners, and the regularity of his conduct, gave him the advantage of character, the want of which can seldom be supplied by any worldly policy. With this powerful recommendation he has made his way to eminence, and enjoys his success with the truest relish. It is indeed unimbittered by any reflections of sinister modes of securing it. He always proceeded in the strait road of common sense and common honesty. He knew of no obliquities: for indeed he formed the art of life very plain and easy, and by no means such as required the precepts of a *Machiavel*. His heart and understanding are both excellent, and co-operating with

with each other have conducted him to happiness through the flowery paths of innocence. His heart has been a perpetual spring of agreeable sensations to himself and to all who are so fortunate as to be allied to him by kindred, by acquaintance, or in the course of his negotiations. A good conscience will cause the evening of life to close in the sweetest serenity, as the day has been distinguished by unclouded sunshine.

Whatever the short-sighted votaries of avarice and ambition may assert, there is no doubt but that real goodness of heart is the noblest ornament of human nature, and the least fallible source of permanent satisfaction. I have often therefore lamented, that in the course of what is called a liberal education, very little attention has been paid at our best schools to the culture of the heart. While good seeds have been sown in the understanding, the heart has been suffered to over-run with weeds and briars. In truth, learning and abilities, without goodness of heart, constitute that kind of wisdom which is foolishness in the sight of Reason and of God. Without goodness of heart, man, however accomplished, is so far from being but a little lower than the angels, that he is scarcely above the accursed spirits, and by no means equal to many of the brutes, who often exhibit most amiable instances of a good heart in the virtues of gratitude, sincere affection, and fidelity.



*A proper RETURN for an INJURY.*

**W**HEN the great *Conde* commanded the *Spanish* army, and laid siege to one of the *French* towns in *Flanders*, a soldier being ill-treated by a General Officer, for some disrespectful words he had let fall, answered very coolly, That he should soon make him repent of it. Fifteen days after, the same General ordered the Colonel of the Trenches to find a bold and intrepid fellow to execute an important enterprise, for which he promised a reward of a hundred pistoles. The soldier  
we

we are speaking of, offered his service, and with thirty of his comrades, discharged a very hazardous commission, with incredible courage and good fortune. Upon his return, the General Officer highly commended him, and gave him the hundred pistoles which he had promised. The soldier immediately distributed them amongst his comrades, saying, He did not serve for pay, and demanded only, that if his late action seemed to deserve any recompense, they would make him an Officer. And now, Sir, said he to the General, who did not know him, I am the soldier whom you abused so much fifteen days ago, and I then told you I would make you repent of it. The General, in great admiration, and melting into tears, threw his arms around his neck, and begged his pardon, and gave him a Commission that very day.



### *Affection for INANIMATE OBJECTS.*

A Beautiful tree grew in an open space, opposite to the parlour windows of *Euphronius'* house, in *Manchester*. It was an object which his family often contemplated with pleasure. The verdant foliage, with which it was covered, gave an early indication of Spring; its spreading branches furnished an agreeable shade, and tempered the heat of the noontide sun; and the falling leaves, in Autumn, marked the varying seasons, and warned them of the approach of Winter. One luckless morning, the axe was laid to its root; and it fell a lamented victim to the rage for building, which depopulates the country, and multiplies misery, diseases and death, by the enlargement of great towns.

You now feel, said *Euphronius* to *Alexis*, on this occasion, the force of that good-natured remark of Mr. *Addison*, in one of the *Spectators*, that he should not care to have an old stump pulled up which he had remembered ever since he was a child.



a child. . The affections of a generous heart are extended, by the early association of ideas, to almost every surrounding object. Hence the delight which we receive from revisiting those scenes, in which we passed our youth; the school where our first friendships were formed: or the academic groves in which fair Science unveiled herself to our enraptured view.

*Suetonius* relates, that the Emperor *Vespasian* went every year, to pass the summer in a small country house, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment: and that *Titus*, his successor, was carried thither in his last illness, to die in the place where his father had begun and ended his days. The Emperor *Pertinax*, says *Capitolinus*, during the time of his abode in *Liguria*, lodged in his father's house; and raising a great number of magnificent buildings around it, he left the cottage in the midst, a striking monument of his delicacy of sentiment, and greatness of soul.

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#### SCEPTICISM condemned.

**S**OPHRON asserted that he could hear the slightest scratch of a pin, at the distance of ten yards. It is impossible, said *Alexis*; and immediately appealed to *Euphronius*, who was walking with them. Though I do not believe, replied *Euphronius*, that *Sephron's* ears are more acute than yours, yet I disapprove of your hasty decision concerning the impossibility of what you so little understand. You are ignorant of the nature of sound, and of the various means by which it may be increased or quickened in its progress; and modesty should lead you, in such a case, to suspend your judgment, till you have made the proper and necessary inquiries. An opportunity now presents itself, which will afford *Sophron* the satisfaction he desires. Place your ear at one end of this long rafter of deal timber, and I will scratch the other end with a pin. *Alexis* obeyed,



C. Bland, R. Gamble, J. Smith, A. Kilham, W. Fish, J. Ramshaw, W. Hunter, jun. W. Blagborne, H. Robbins.—*Ireland*, J. Dinnen, T. Verner.—*America*, M. Whitaker, H. Bingham, S. Johnson, T. Williamson, J. Hartley, H. Hull, W. Steens, J. Mafton, E. Cooper, L. Rofs, R. Sparks, J. Brush, R. Ayres, G. Thompson, J. Paup, J. M'Claskey, R. Cann, S. Dicken, S. Pyle.

Q. 3. Who are *admitted* on Trial?

A. J. Gore, J. Reynolds, R. Phillips, W. Bramwell, J. Byrom, J. Townsend, G. Baldwin, T. Lessey, T. Jones, J. Evans, W. Stephens, T. Roberts, W. Heath, T. Smith, W. Thoresby, J. Robotham, J. Williams, G. Highfield, J. Barret, J. Tregortha, J. Atkins, J. Beaumont, T. Gill, J. Edmondson, D. Kay, R. Thorfeby, A. Moseley, J. De Queataville, M. Griffiths.—*Ireland*, S. Bates, T. Owens, D. Gordon, F. Frazier, T. Seward, J. Harper, J. Gillis, S. Moorhead, J. Grace, W. Cowen.—*America*, S. Smith, J. Mason, R. J. Miller, M. Moore, C. Hardy, D. Asbury, C. Maxey, J. Steward, H. Vanover, T. Burns, M. Tracy, E. Lumsdon, N. Spain, J. Lurton, W. Hudson, J. Jarrell, W. Hervey, B. Ogdon, J. Simons, M. Hurley, J. Merrick, S. Talbot, L. Matthews, M. Lard.

Q. 4. Who *deff* from Travelling?

A. P. Hardcastle, W. Adamson, J. Ingham, W. Church, M. Moorhouse.—*Ireland*, G. Dice, T. Halliday.—*America*, J. Hinton, E. Dromgoole, W. Glendenning, W. Ringold.

Q. 5. Who has *died* this year?

A. J. Fletcher, a pattern of holiness; scarce to be paralleled in a century; and C. Peacock, young in years, but old in grace; a pattern of all holiness, full of faith and love, and zeal for God.

Q. 6. Are there any Objections to any of our Preachers?

They were examined one by one.

Q. How are the Preachers stationed this Year?

A. As

## A. As follows:

J. Broadbent travels with Mr. Wesley.

- 1 *London.* J. Wesley, C. Wesley, J. Creighton, S. Bradburn, B. Rhodes, Jer. Brettel: T. Rankin, J. Atlay, and G. Whitfield, Supernumeraries.
- 2 *Suffex.* W. Boothby, J. Reynolds, J. Byron.
- 3 *Kent.* G. Shadford, T. Wride, W. Bramwell, J. Goie.
- 4 *Colchester.* J. Algar, C. Bland.
- 5 *Norwich.* J. Robinson, R. Empringham, T. Shaw, A. Moseley, R. Gamble.
- 6 *Lynn.* W. Palmer, J. Muckarsy, J. Gualtier.
- 7 *Bedford.* B. Thomas, W. Horner.
- 8 *Northampton.* J. Pescod, M. Griffiths.
- 9 *Oxfordshire.* J. Harper, S. Edwards, J. Robothom.
- 10 *Glocestershire.* J. Hall, R. Hopkins, W. Stephens.
- 11 *Sarum.* W. Ashman, W. Butterfield, C. Kyte.
- 12 *Bradford.* J. Mason, S. Day, W. Hoskins, J. King.
- 13 *Bristol.* J. Valton, C. Watkins, J. Pritchard, T. Tennant.
- 14 *Taunton.* G. Wadsworth, J. Pool.
- 15 *Tiverton.* J. Jerom, P. Walker.
- 16 *Plymouth.* W. Myles, C. Bond, T. Crowther.
- 17 *St. Austle.* J. Moon, J. Cricket, J. Townsend.
- 18 *Redruth.* F. Wrigley, J. Cousins, J. Sutcliffe.
- 19 *St. Ives.* G. Button, R. Cornish, T. Lesley.
- 20 *Pembroke.* J. Cole, J. Tregorthia, J. Evans.
- 21 *Glamorgan.* W. Holmes, G. Baldwin.
- 22 *Brecon.* W. Saunders, T. Jones.
- 23 *Birmingham.* A. Blair, J. Murlin, D. Wright: J. Brettel, Supernumerary.
- 24 *Borstem.* T. Warrick, T. Corbet.
- 25 *Macclesfield.* G. Story, W. Thoresby.
- 26 *Manchester.* W. Thomson, W. Eels, T. Smith.
- 27 *Stockport.* R. Roberts, D. Kay.

- 28 *Chester.* R. Rodda, T. Brisco, J. Beaumont.  
 29 *Liverpool.* C. Boon, C. Hopper, J. Williams  
 30 *Bolton.* J. Robertshaw, T. Lee.  
 31 *Coln.* E. Jackson, S. Bardfley, J. Ridel.  
 32 *Leicester.* J. Easton, R. Hayward, T. Gill.  
 33 *Nottingham.* J. Hern, J. Bogie, W. Heath.  
 34 *Derby.* T. Carlill, R. Scot.  
 35 *Sheffield.* A. Mather, G. Gibbon, T. Tatterhall.  
 36 *Grimsbj.* L. Harrison, J. Ray.  
 37 *Horncastle.* T. Longley, J. Barret, R. Thoresby.  
 38 *Gainsborough.* W. Dufton, G. Mowat, T. Ellis, A. Kilham.  
 39 *Epworth.* J. Watson, J. Fenwick, J. Edmondson.  
 40 *Leeds.* T. Taylor, J. Shaw, G. Snowden.  
 41 *Birstal.* J. Goodwin, J. Wittam.  
 42 *Dewsbury.* P. Greenwood, J. Parkin.  
 43 *Huddersfield.* J. Booth, J. Crosby.  
 44 *Hallifax.* J. Allen, A. Suter.  
 45 *Bradfortk.* W. Collins, S. Hodgson: T. Johnson, Su-  
 pernumerary.  
 46 *Kighley.* J. Bradford, J. Beanland.  
 47 *Whitehaven.* J. Peacock, J. Christie.  
 48 *Isle of Man.* J. Crook, J. Ogylvie, J. Crowther, J. Ram-  
 shaw.  
 49 *York.* T. Rutherford, S. Botts, G. Highfield.  
 50 *Pocklington.* R. Swan, G. Holder.  
 51 *Hull.* J. Benson, J. Barber.  
 52 *Scarborough.* P. Mill, R. Costerdine, W. Fish.  
 53 *Whitby.* I. Brown, T. Dixon.  
 54 *Thirsk.* W. Simpson, W. Hunter, junr. H. Robbins.  
 55 *Yarm.* J. Thompson, T. Broadbent.  
 56 *The Dales.* J. Thom, J. Atkins, J. Smith.  
 57 *Sunderland.* J. Wood, W. Thom.  
 58 *Newcastle.* A. Inglis, J. Saunderson, W. Percival.  
 59 *Berwick.* W. Hunter, senr. Z. Udall, M. Lum.  
 60 *Edinburgh.* J. Pawson, C. Atmore.  
 61 *Ayr.* D. M'Allum.

- 62 *Dundee.* T. Handby, R. Johnson, W. Blagborne.  
 63 *Aberdeen.* J. Taylor, R. Watkinson.  
 64 *Inverness.* J. Kighley, T. Bartholomew, E. Burbeck.  
 65 *Jersey.* R. C. Brackenbury, A. Clark.  
 66 *Guernsey.* J. De Queataville.  
 67 *Dublin.* J. Rogers, H. Moore.  
 68 *Waterford.* G. Brown, D. Gordon.  
 69 *Cork.* J. Brown, M. Joyce, J. Dinnen.  
 70 *Limerick.* D. Jackson, T. Seaward.  
 71 *Castlebar.* N. Price, W. M'Cornock.  
 72 *Athlone.* L. Kane, J. Miller : J. Mealy, Supernumerary.  
 73 *Longford.* T. Davis, J. M'Donald : J. Bredin, Invalid.  
 74 *Sligo.* J. Jordan, F. Frazier.  
 75 *Ballyconnel.* J. Armstrong, J. Rennick, T. Owens.  
 76 *Clones.* W. Green, T. Hetherington, J. Harper.  
 77 *Iniskillen.* S. Mitchell, T. Verner, J. Gillis.  
 78 *Ballyshannon.* T. Barbor, R. Condy.  
 79 *Omagh.* J. Price, S. Moorhead.  
 80 *Charlemount.* H. Moor, G. Armstrong.  
 81 *Newry.* J. Kerr, R. Bridge.  
 82 *Londonderry.* J. Leech, T. Roberts.  
 83 *Coleraine.* W. Griffiths, W. West, W. Cowen.  
 84 *Belfast.* R. Armstrong, J. Howe, J. Grace.  
 85 *Lisburn.* R. Lindsay, S. Bates, B. Pearse.



## L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCVI.

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

Arbroth, Aug. 30, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

WHEN I went to Perth, about the latter end of May last, I found the work of God very low. This stirred me up to beg of God, both for liberty in speaking, and for

for the spirit of prayer. Accordingly, after preaching to a large multitude in the open air, one Sabbath-day, I proposed giving an Exhortation in our Preaching-house, to all who desired to hear. As many came as almost filled the house. While I was speaking, many wept, and seriousness appeared on every countenance. While I was praying, the whole (except about three or four persons) burst out into strong cries. Our own people said, they never felt, nor saw any thing like it in Perth before. A dragoon was then deeply awakened, who a few days after found comfort. From that time more came to the preaching while I staid, and heard with great attention. Others were also stirred up, and cast in their lot among us. I visited them again last week, and found them more than ever athirst for the word. I had a letter last night from the dragoon above-mentioned, in which he tells me his comrade was awakened the last time I was there, and is now desirous to flee from the wrath to come. In short, there is at present a stir among the people of Perth in general.

I am, Rev. Sir, yours affectionately,

T. RUTHERFORD.

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L E T T E R CCCCVII.

[From Miss P. N. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Cheltenham, Sept. 18, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

**G**LORY be to God, I enjoy uninterrupted communion with him! He gives me an unbounded desire to do his *whole will, at all times*. I experience times of suffering to be preparatory to greater blessings. I always find after a storm, sweet refreshing showers of grace enlivening all the powers of my soul.

Of late the Lord has been shewing me the happy consequence of having all my thoughts, words and works brought into full conformity to him. O that I may be more and more exemplary in patience, purity and good works!

Our

Our small Society in this place, is more than ever united together in the bonds of love. Dear Mr. Wells goes on well, without a shadow of a doubt. His humility and simplicity quite astonish me!—I am often tempted about speaking to you who are so much my superior in grace; but how can I forbear while I find such need of instruction! I should have thought it a great privilege to have enjoyed your company and conversation at Bristol; but many things have conspired to prevent it. As your stay there at present is almost finished, I hope to have an opportunity shortly of receiving a blessing by means of your conversation. May your valuable life be prolonged for the advantage of many! and among others, for the sake of

Your obliged and affectionate Servant, P. N.



P O E T R Y.

*The P R O G R E S S of L I F E.*

**A**LL the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts;  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms;  
 And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation,  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
 With fair round belly, and with good capon lined;  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,

Full



Full of wise Saws,\* and modern instances,  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,  
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice  
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes,  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

---

*The Praise of V I R T U E.*

**W**OULD you the bloom of youth should last?  
 'Tis Virtue that must bind it fast;  
 An easy carriage, wholly free  
 From sour reserve, or levity;  
 Good-nature, and an open heart,  
 And looks unskill'd in any art;  
 Humility, enough to own  
 The frailties which a friend makes known,  
 And decent pride, enough to know  
 The worth that Virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,  
 Though youth and beauty fade away;  
 And Time, which all things else removes,  
 Still heightens Virtue and improves.

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*On CHRIST being bound to the Marble Pillar.*

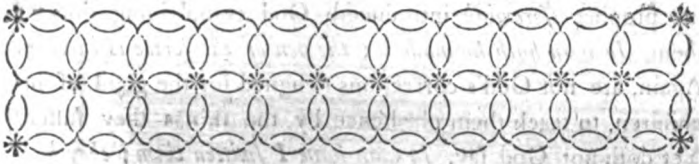
**M**ARBLE the pillar; marble He that's bound;  
 Marble the Officers that guard Him round;  
 Marble by nature That; by patience He;  
 The Last by unrelenting cruelty.  
 Reader, dissolve in tears; or at this view  
 Wonder will turn Thee into Marble too.

\* Proverbs or grave sayings.





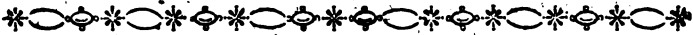
MR. JASPAR ROBINSON  
Aetatis 58.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For DECEMBER 1786.



An EXTRACT from Dr. WHITBY'S DISCOURSES on the  
FIVE POINTS,

[Continued from page 582.]

CHAP. VII. *Arguments from Reason for Universal Redemption.*

**I** Proceed lastly to consider the Objections made from Reason against this doctrine.

I. Obj. 1. It is not reasonable to believe that Christ should die in vain with respect to any; whereas if he had died for all, he must have died in vain with respect to the greatest part of mankind.

I answer: It is evident that all those acts of grace, whose effect depends upon the will of man, or which are offered to him upon conditions which he may perform or not, are, through man's wickedness, too oft offered in vain. For instance: How do *Moses* and the *Psalmist* magnify the Divine goodness in giving his word and ordinances to *Israel*? and yet

the prophet *Jeremiah* introduceth God complaining thus of them, *In vain hath he made it; the pen of the scribe is in vain.* Again, are not God's corrections designed for the good of his children, to teach them obedience by the things they suffer? Yet doth not God say, *In vain have I smitten them; they have refused to receive correction?* Was not the publication of the gospel to the Gentiles the greatest blessing that ever God vouchsafed to them? and yet doth not the Apostle say to the Galatians, *I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain?* Does he not write to the Thessalonians thus, *I sent to know your state, lest the Tempter should have tempted you, and our labour be in vain?* Does he not exhort the Philippians, *to hold fast the word of life, that he might rejoice that he had not run in vain, nor laboured in vain?* What a mercy was it that the grace of God which brings salvation had appeared to all men? and yet doth not the Apostle beseech the Corinthians, *not to receive this grace of God in vain?* And when the evangelical Prophet foretels of Christ's being sent to the stubborn Jews, doth he not introduce him thus complaining, *I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength in vain?* To say indeed Christ died to no purpose, is a great absurdity; but to say he died in vain, eventually for them who will not repent and believe in him, is none at all.

Obj. 2. But if Christ died for all men, and all are not saved, the wisdom of God must be imperfect.

Ans. If so, every prince that cannot make his subjects as good as he intends they should be, every parent that cannot make his children so, every good master that cannot prevail with his servants to be so, must be deficient in wisdom, which is ridiculous to affirm; seeing to make a person who hath a free will, to be what any wise man doth intend he should be, depends not wholly on his wisdom, but on the inclination of him with whom he hath to do.

2dly, If a God perfect in wisdom can intend nothing but what he actually performs, it follows, that he intended not,  
by

by his prohibition of sin, that any person should avoid it, who doth not actually do so; or by his exhortations to repentance, holiness, and obedience, that any person should repent, be holy, or obedient who is not actually so.

Obj. 3. If Christ died for all, and all are not saved, then is not God omnipotent; since he could not apply to them that benefit which he was willing should be procured for them.

Ans. 1st. When it is said in scripture, God could not do this or that, this doth not signify a want of power in him to do it; but a perverseness in others obstructing his kind intentions towards them. As when God enquires, *What could I have done more for my vineyard which I have not done? As Christ could do no mighty works in his own country because of their unbelief; so the benefit which is procured for all who believe cannot be applied to men obstinately rejecting Christ.*

Ans. 2dly. According to this way of arguing it follows, that if all men do not actually enjoy what God is willing they should have, he cannot be omnipotent. Why then doth he say, *We would have healed Babylon, and she would not be healed? I would have purged Jerusalem, but she would not be purged? Why doth Christ say unto the same Jerusalem, How oft would I have gathered thy children as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?*

Obj. 4. No man wittingly pays a price of redemption for a captive which he certainly knows will never be the better for it; Christ therefore paid no price of redemption for any man who will never be better for it.

Ans. 1st. This Objection depends entirely on this foundation, *that God and Christ never did, or could do that to any persons which they knew they would never be the better for; which that it is false, all his dispensations from the beginning of the world testify. For*

Did he not send his Spirit to strive with the old world? Did he not allow them the space of a hundred and twenty

years to repent in, though he knew they would not be the better for it?

Did he not send to the Jews his Prophets *rising up early and sending them*? Did he not use the greatest diligence to make his vineyard bring forth good grapes, when it brought forth four grapes? Did he not use means to purge them when they would not be purged?

Again, Doth not God reveal his gospel, offer his grace, and send his Ambassadors to call them to Faith and Repentance, whom he knew would never be the better for these things? Did not Christ come to his own, who received him not? Did he not speak to them that they might be saved, who would not come to him that they might have life? Did he not say to them, who would not be gathered, *How oft would I have gathered you?* &c. And did he not know what would be the issue of his coming, his speaking to, and his endeavours to do them good?

[*To be continued.*]

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S E R M O N XXXVI.

On PSALM XC. 2.

[*Concluded from page 588.*]

14: **O**N the other hand, in what a condition are those immortal Spirits, which have made choice of a miserable Eternity? I say, made choice: for it is impossible this should be the lot of any Creature, but by his own act and deed. The day is coming, when every soul will be constrained to acknowledge, in the sight of men and angels,

“ No dire decree of thine did seal,  
Or fix thè unalterable doom;  
Consign my unborn soul to hell,  
Or damn me from my mother's womb.”

In

In what condition, will such a spirit be, after the sentence is executed, *Depart ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?* Suppose him to be just now plunged into the lake of fire, burning with brimstone, where they have no rest day or night, but the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever. For ever and ever! Why, if we were only to be chained down one day, yea one hour, in a lake of fire: how amazingly long would one day, or one hour appear? I know not if it would not seem as a thousand years. But, astonishing thought! After thousands of thousands, he has but just tasted of his bitter cup! After millions, it will be no nearer the end, than it was the moment it began.

15. What then is he, how foolish, how mad, in how unutterable a degree of distraction, who seeming to have the understanding of a man, deliberately prefers temporal things to eternal? Who (allowing that absurd, impossible supposition, That Wickedness is Happiness: a supposition utterly contrary to all Reason, as well as to matter of fact) prefers the happiness of a year, say a thousand years, to the happiness of Eternity? In comparison of which, a thousand ages are infinitely less than a year, a day, a moment? Especially when we take this into the consideration (which indeed should never be forgotten) That the refusing of a happy Eternity implies, the chusing of a miserable Eternity. For there is not, cannot be any medium, between everlasting joy and everlasting pain. It is a vain thought, which some have entertained, that Death will put an end to the soul as well as the body. It will put an end to neither the one nor the other; it will only alter the manner of their existence. But when the body returns to the dust as it was, the spirit will return to God that gave it. Therefore at the moment of death, it must be unspeakably happy or unspeakably miserable, And that misery will never end.

“ Never! When sinks the soul at the dread sound!  
Into a gulf how dark, and how profound!”

How



How often would he who had made the wretched choice, wish for the death both of his soul and body. It is not impossible, he might pray in some such manner as *Dr. Young* supposes,

“ When I have writhed ten thousand years in fire,  
Ten thousand, thousand, let me then expire !”

16. Yet this unspeakable folly, this unutterable madness, of preferring present things to eternal, is the disease of every man, born into the world, while in his natural state. For such is the constitution of our nature, that as the eye sees only such a portion of space at once, so the mind sees only such a portion of time at once. And as all the space that lies beyond this, is invisible to the eye, so all the time which lies beyond that compass, is invisible to the mind. So that we do not perceive, either the space or the time, which is at a distance from us. The eye sees distinctly the space that is near it, with the objects which it contains. In like manner, the mind sees distinctly those objects which are within such a distance of time. The eye does not see the beauties of *China*. They are at too great a distance. There is too great a space between us and them ; therefore we are not affected by them. They are as nothing to us : it is just the same to us, as if they had no being. For the same reason the mind does not see either the beauties or the terrors of Eternity. We are not at all affected by them, because they are so distant from us. On this account it is, that they appear to us as nothing : just as if they had no existence. Mean time we are wholly taken up with things present, whether in Time or Space ; and things appear less and less as they are more and more distant from us, either in one respect or the other. And so it must be ; such is the constitution of our nature, till nature is changed by almighty grace. But this is no manner of excuse for those who continue in their natural blindness to futurity : because a remedy for it is provided, which is found by all that seek it. Yea, it is freely given to all that sincerely ask it.

17. This

17. This remedy is Faith. I do not mean, that which is the faith of a Heathen, who believes that there is a God, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him; but that which is defined by the Apostle, *An evidence, or conviction of things not seen*: a divine evidence and conviction of the invisible and eternal world. This alone opens the eyes of the understanding, to see God and the things of God. This, as it were, takes away, or renders transparent, the impenetrable veil,

“ Which hangs ’twixt mortal and immortal being.”

When

“ Faith lends its realizing light,  
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly :  
The Invisible appears in sight,  
And God is seen by mortal eye.”

Accordingly, a believer (in the scriptural sense) lives in eternity, and walks in eternity. His prospect is enlarged. His view is not any longer bounded by present things: no, nor by an earthly hemisphere, though it were as *Milton* speaks, “ Tenfold the length of this Terrene.” Faith places the unseen, the eternal world continually before his face. Consequently he *looks not at the things that are seen*:

“ Wealth, honour, pleasure, or what else,  
This short-enduring world can give.”

These are not his aim, the object of his pursuit, his desire or happiness: *but at the things that are not seen*; at the favour, the image and the glory of God: as well knowing, that *the things which are seen are temporal*, a vapour, a shadow, a dream that vanishes away; whereas *the things that are not seen are eternal*, real, solid, unchangeable.

18. What then can be a fitter employment for a wise man, than to meditate upon these things? Frequently to expand his thoughts,

thoughts, "beyond the bounds of this diurnal sphere," and to expatiate above even the starry heavens, in the fields of Eternity? What a means might it be, to confirm his contempt of the poor, little things of earth? When a man of huge possessions was boasting to his friend of the largeness of his estate, *Socrates* desired him to bring a map of the earth, and to point out *Attica* therein. When this was done (although not very easily, as it was a small Country) he next desired *Alcibiades* to point out his own Estate therein. When he could not do this, it was easy to observe how trifling the possessions were, in which he had so prided himself, in comparison of the whole Earth? How applicable is this to the present case. Does any one value himself on his earthly possessions? Alas, what is the whole Globe of Earth, to the Infinity of Space? A mere speck of creation. And what is the Life of man, yea the duration of the Earth itself, but a speck of time, if it be compared to the length of Eternity? Think of this! Let it sink into your thought, till you have some conception, however imperfect, of

That "boundless, fathomless abyss,  
Without a bottom or a shore."

19. But if naked Eternity, so to speak, be so vast, so astonishing an object, as even to overwhelm your thought, how does it still enlarge the idea to behold it clothed with either Happiness or Misery! Eternal bliss or pain! Everlasting happiness, or everlasting misery? One would think it would swallow up every other thought, in every reasonable creature. Allow me only this, "Thou art on the brink of either a happy or miserable Eternity:" thy Creator bids thee now stretch out thy hand, either to the one or the other: and one would imagine, no rational Creature, could think on any thing else. One would suppose, that this single point, would engross his whole attention. Certainly it ought so to do: certainly if these things are so, there can be but one thing needful. O let you and I at least, whatever others do, chuse that better part which shall never be taken away from us!

20. Before

20. Before I close this subject, permit me to touch upon two remarkable passages, in the Psalms (one in the 8th, the other in the 144th, which bear a nearer relation to it. The former is, *When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained: what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?* Here man is considered as a cypher, a point, compared to Immensity. The latter is, *Lord, what is man, that thou hast such respect unto him? Man is like a thing of naught; his time passeth away like a shadow!* In the new translation, the words are stronger still. *What is man that thou takest knowledge of him! Or the son of man, that thou makest account of him?* Here the Psalmist seems to consider the life of man as a moment, a nothing, compared to Eternity. Is not the purport of the former, How can He that filleth heaven and earth, take knowledge of such an atom as man? How is it that he is not utterly lost in the Immensity of God's works? Is not the purport of the latter, How can He that inhabiteth eternity, stoop to regard the creature of a day? One whose life passeth away like a shadow? Is not this a thought which has struck many serious minds, as well as it did David's, and created a kind of fear, lest they should be forgotten before Him, who grasps all Space and all Eternity? But does this fear arise from a kind of supposition, that God is such an one as ourselves? If we consider boundless Space or boundless Duration, we shrink into nothing before it. But God is not a man. A day, and million of ages are the same with Him. Therefore there is the same disproportion, between Him and any finite being, as between Him and the creature of a day. Therefore whenever that thought recurs, whenever you are tempted to fear, lest you should be forgotten before the immense, the eternal God, remember that nothing is little or great, that no Duration is long or short before Him. Remember that God *ita profidet singulis sicut universis, & universis sicut singulis.* That he presides over every individual, as over the

universe; the universe, as over each individual. So that you may boldly say,

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

*Epworth, June 28, 1786.*



*A Short Account of Mr. MATTHIAS JOYCE.*

[Concluded from page 592.]

**I**N July, 1784, I was appointed Assistant in the *Athlone* Circuit; an office I saw myself very unfit for. But I cast my care upon the Lord, and obtained help of him, so as to get through with satisfaction to some and profit to myself.

This year the Lord was pleased to give me favour in the sight of the people, and to bless me with success in my labours. He enlarged the borders of Zion, and made me willing to spend and be spent for him.

In January, 1785, I went to *Dublin*, intending to stay about two nights; but I was seized with sickness which detained me longer than I intended. I believe this was the appointment of an all-gracious Providence, as I experienced such a measure of divine love as was beyond what I could ask or think.

After being in my Circuit a considerable time, the letters I received from *Dublin*, respecting the work, were so delightful, that I was desirous of seeing my native place once more. On my arrival, I found many much alive to God; by means of those men of God, *J. R.* and *A. B.* and that mother in  
 Israel,

Israel, Sister R. I soon caught a measure of their spirit, and was stirred up to seek for purity of heart; and was not without hope of getting a draught of that water of life before I left *Dublin*.

The ninth of January, I was deeply wounded in my spirit, on account of indwelling sin. I saw it was like a flood ready to overwhelm me. I groaned to be delivered; and abhorred myself on account of it. That night I went and sat with S. R. and S. B. and we talked about Christian Perfection till Mr. R. came into the room; it being late, he said to me, you must pray for us. Being distressed, I said, I want some one to pray for me. We kneeled down, and S. R. wrestled with God in my behalf. Yet I went home much oppressed, which was visible to all. One asked me, if any thing was the matter? I was unwilling to tell; but on their pressing me, I told them, my carnal mind was the cause. After family prayer, I entered my chamber, and stood awhile leaning against the wall. The language of my heart was, Lord! I am nothing. Lord! I am nothing! After which I went to prayer, and in a moment found power to obey that command, "My son give me thy heart."

I then arose from my knees and went to bed in peace, praising the Lord for all his goodness. Notwithstanding this change, I was afraid to speak in a positive manner what the Lord had done for me. I walked in the light, with my heart full of love to God. After my departure from thence I wrote to S. R. as follows,

Athlone, Jan. 31, 1785.

First. In my former state, though often deeply distressed on account of my depravity, yet I could not freely part with *all*; so that when I prayed against this or that evil, which beset me most, it was with fear, and a secret unwillingness to part with that I prayed against. In my present state I do not pray that I may give up this or that evil, for I have cheerfully given up

all. Yet I feel a necessity of constantly looking unto Jesus; that I may not be ensnared again.

Secondly. In my former state, unprofitable thoughts sometimes carried me away. But now, I feel both inclination and power to reject them immediately.

Thirdly. Though I frequently was enabled to delight myself in the Lord, yet there were certain times that I seemed to be forgetful of him, so far as to lose the happiness arising from communion with him. But now I feel that promise made good, "He will keep them in perfect peace, whose minds are staid on him."

Fourthly. In my former state, I loved christian conversation; yet I was often ensnared by trifling conversation. But now christian conversation is my constant aim, unless so far as I am obliged to speak about other necessary things.

Fifthly. In my former state, though I was sensible of my unworthiness, yet I had not so clear a discovery of my short comings in every particular, and of course could not see the necessity of keeping close to the fountain of my Redeemer's blood,

Lastly. In my former state, I was often harassed with doubts and fears whether I should be admitted to behold the face of God in glory. In my present, I feel no doubt at any time, of my being for ever with him.

This is the change my God has wrought in me, of which I am as sensible as that I exist. Yet I find, I am in an enemy's country, and feel myself attacked by various temptations: but by looking to the Captain of my salvation I am "more than conqueror."

I cannot but admire the great goodness of God in thus manifesting himself to me at this very time. As I had a variety of trials to encounter, which must have made my hands hang down, had he not prepared me for them by a double portion of his grace. By this I was enabled to add to my faith courage; no hardship could make me afraid. I counted not my life dear

dear unto myself, so I might finish my course with joy. When riding in the midst of my pain which was often beyond expression, I have been constrained to cry, "O the honour of being an Ambassador for Christ!" So many precious smiles of his face have rested upon me, while travelling round my Circuit, that every cross was light, every rough way smooth, and every crooked place straight.

O Lord, grant that I may not be found among the slumbering watchmen, or lazy, careless shepherds, when thou shalt appear to reward thy faithful labourers; and to require, at the slumbering watchman's hand, the blood of those who have perished through their unfaithfulness!

Athlone, Oct. 14, 1785.

MATTHIAS JOYCE.

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*An Account of AMBROSE GWINETT.*

[Written by Himself.]

[Concluded from page 594.]

WHEN you left me in bed, said he, having waked with an oppression I could not account for, I found myself exceedingly sick and weak, I groaned and sighed; and thought myself going to die, when, accidentally putting my hand to my left arm, in which I had been bled the morning before, I found the bandage having slipped, the orifice was opened, and a great flux of blood ensued. This immediately accounted for the condition I found myself in. I thought however, I would not disturb the family, which had gone to bed very late. I therefore mustered all my strength and got up, with my night-gown loose about me, in order to go to the man who had bled me, to have my arm tied up again. When I got into the street, a band of men, armed with cutlasses and hangers, came and seized



feized me, and hurried me to the beach. I begged and prayed, but they soon silenced my cries, by clapping a gag in my mouth. At first, I took them for a press gang, though I soon found they were a gang belonging to a privateer, aboard which they immediately hurried me. But before I got thither, loss of blood occasioned me to faint away. The Surgeon of the ship, I suppose, tied up my arm; for when my senses returned, I found myself in a hammoc, and somebody feeling my pulse. The vessel being then under way, I asked where I was? They said I was safe enough. I immediately called for my night gown, which was brought me; but of a considerable sum of money that was in the pocket, I could get no account. I complained to the Captain of the robbery his men had committed; but he laughed, and said I should soon have prize-money enough: so I was obliged to submit, and for three months was forced to work before the mast. At last we met the same fate that you did: and by adventures parallel to your own, you see me here, on my return to our native country; and if you will accompany me, I shall think myself happy.

There was nothing now to prevent my returning to *England*; and the ship being to sail in ten days, Mr. *Collins* and I determined to embark in it. When I told my Master my resolution, he did not dissuade me from it; because it gave him the opportunity of getting the office I held for a kinsman of his, to whom that very day I delivered up my trust. And here Providence was no less remarkable to me than in other particulars of my life; for that night the pirates seized on the young man, while locking up the wards, took the keys from him, and left him for dead: and before the alarm could be given, five of them made their escape, by means of piratical boats that kept hovering about the coast.

On the 18th of November, 1712, I sent my trunk on board the *Nuestra Senora, Michael Deronza*, Master. About seven o'clock that evening, being in company with Signor *Gaspar*, my Master, a lad came up, and said, the boat had been waiting for me; and that

that Mr. *Collins* was on board. I ran into the house to take leave of the family. I then made what haste I could to the quay, but found the boat had put off, and left word I should overtake them at a little bay. I ran along the shore, and imagined I had a sight of the boat, and hallooed as loud as I could; they answered, and put about to take me in: but we had scarce got fifty yards from land, when, on looking for Mr. *Collins*, I missed him; and then I found that instead of getting on board my own boat, which I could see a considerable way a-head, I had got into a boat belonging to the pirates. I attempted to leap overboard, but was prevented by one of the crew, who gave me a stroke on the head, which laid me senseless.

With these pirates I continued some years, till they, upon a dispute, threw me overboard. I was saved by a boat belonging to a Spanish ship. After various misfortunes, our ship was taken by an Algerine Rover; the greatest part of the crew was killed, and the rest taken prisoners, among which I was one, having lost one of my legs in the action.

After this, I passed a long and painful slavery in *Algiers*, till with other English captives, I was released by agreement between the Dey of *Algiers*, and his Britannick Majesty. In the year 1730, I returned to *England*. The first thing I did was to enquire after my relations, but all those nearest to me were dead; and I found Mr. *Collins* had never returned home, who I suppose died in his passage. By all these hardships I was so enfeebled, that I could not work; and therefore I was forced to get my living by begging.

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*An Extract from the Life of Mr. THOMAS FIRMIN.*

[Concluded from page 599.]

WE have now taken a short view of a person of middling extraction and slender beginnings, who raised himself to the honour of a very great number of illustrious friendships, and

and to an affluence of worldly wealth: to which when he had attained by industry, and integrity, he went about doing good. A person, who in respect of his charity may deservedly be called the father of the poor; in respect of the *Irish* and *French* Refugees, the Almoner of *England*. The Divine hand qualified him to do much good; himself sought out the objects and occasions for it, and delighted in the doing. He did it with so much diligence and application, that he might even have said with our Saviour, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his works," i. e. the work that he hath commanded, John iv. 34.

He had very much weakened his (otherwise) strong and firm constitution, by his manifold charitable employments, sometimes liable to Jaundices, often afflicted with Cholics, and scarce ever without a Cough. He would often return home so tired and depressed in his spirits, that his pulse was scarce to be felt. He would then take a little rest in his chair, and start up out of it, and appear very vigorous in company, especially were any good was to be done. The more immediate cause of his death was a Fever, beginning with a chillness and shivering, and then a heat ensued. He was at the same time afflicted both in his lungs with a great shortness of breath, not having strength to expectorate; and also with such terrible pains in his bowels, that for many hours nothing could be made to pass him. He had for many years been troubled with a large Rupture: all which, made his sickness very short. As he had wished in his life-time that he might not lie above two days on his last sick-bed, God granted to him his desire; for he lay not so long by eight hours. He died, December 20th, about two o'clock in the morning, Anno. 1697.

During his illness, he was visited by his most dear friend the Bishop of *Glocester*. What passed between them his Lordship hath given me under his own hand as follows. "Mr. *Firma* told me he was now going: and I trust, said he, God will not condemn me to worse company than I have loved, and used,

used, in the present life. I replied, that he had been an extraordinary example of charity. The poor had a wonderful blessing in you. I doubt not but these works will follow you; if you have no expectation from the merits of them; but rely on the infinite goodness of God, and the merits of our Saviour, He answered, I do so: and I say in the words of my Saviour, When I have done all, I am but an unprofitable servant. He was in such an agony of body for want of breath, that I did not think fit to speak more to him, but only give him assurance of my earnest prayers for him, while he remained in this world. Then I took a solemn and affectionate farewell of him, and he of me."

It is usual to conclude lives with a character of the persons, both as to their bodies and minds: therefore I must further add Mr. F. was of a low stature, but well proportioned. His complexion was fair and bright; his eye and countenance lively; his aspect manly, and promising somewhat extraordinary. You would readily take him for a man of good sense, worth and dignity. Walking or sitting, he appeared more comely than when standing still; for his mien and action gave a gracefulness to his person.

The endowments, inclinations and qualities of his mind, may be best judged of by the account of his life. It appears he was quick of apprehension and dispatch; and yet almost indefatigably industrious: properties that very rarely meet in the same man. He was, besides, inquisitive and ingenious: that is, he had a thirst of knowing much; and his fine and mercurial wit enabled him to acquire a large knowledge, with little labour; but he was utterly against subtilities in religion. He could not dissemble; on the contrary, you might easily perceive his love or anger; his liking or dislike. I have thought him in both these respects, too open; but both are the effects of sincerity, and arguments of an honest mind. He never affected the respect of others, whether above or below him; with which I was the better satisfied, because it follows, that

his charities proceeded, not from any desire of honour, or glory among men; but from the love of God and his afflicted brother. He was facetious enough, but without affecting it; for he valued judgment, rather than wit. He was neither presuming nor over-bold, nor yet timorous; a little prone to anger, but never excessive in it. His manner of conversing was agreeable; so that seldom any broke friendship with him. Being well assured in himself of his own integrity, he would even unconcernedly hear that this or that man spoke ill of him.

He had frequently signified his desire to be buried in Christ-Church Hospital; the care of which had been so much upon his heart while living: in compliance with which desire, his relatives have interred him in the Cloysters there; and placed in the wall adjoining a marble to his memory with this inscription, viz.

“ Under that Stone, near this place, lieth the body of *Thomas Firmin*, late Citizen of *London*, a Governor of this and St. Thomas's Hospital; who by the grace of God, was created in Christ Jesus unto good works, wherein he was indefatigably industrious, and successfully provoked many others thereto; becoming also their Almoner, visiting and relieving the poor at their houses; and in prisons, whence also he redeemed many. He set many hundreds of them to work, to the expending of great stocks: he built, repaired, and added conveniencies to Hospitals, weekly overseeing the Orphans. The Refugees from *France*, and *Ireland*, have partaken largely the effects of his charity, pains, and earnest solicitations for them. He was wonderfully zealous in every good work, beyond the example of any in our age. Thus shewed he his faith by his works, and cannot reasonably be reproached for that which brought forth such plenty of good fruits.

“ He died December 20th, 1697, and in the sixty-sixth year of his age.”

*& more*



grace: it is the only favour I ask or desire. Nor am I capable of a better wish for you, or myself, than that we may through every vicissitude of life, acquit ourselves as well as our brother did.

*The following Account of him, I received from Mr. Merryweather, of Yarm, in Yorkshire.*

“ Dear Brother,

“ I was much affected by your account of good Christopher Peacock’s death. From what knowledge I had of him, I can say, he was a very modest, chaste, well-behaved, self-denying, pious, devoted, and laborious man; whose heart appeared to be always in heaven. He was universally beloved by all serious people, and that most justly; for I am persuaded no flaw was found in his character. I am the more free to say thus much of him, because he lodged at my house the whole year he was at Yarm. In a word, he was all that in a Christian is amiable and good.—May we follow him as he followed Christ!”

*Extracts from two of his own Letters.*

[To his Brother.]

“ Dear Brother,

Hull, July 2, 1782.

“ I have the pleasure to inform you, I am very happy in the love of God; resigned to his will, and determined to spend and be spent in preaching the gospel. It is my great delight to call sinners to repentance. While I see them weep, I join the angels in rejoicing over them. And when a soul is born again, I no more remember the difficulties attending an itinerant life, for the joy arising from another brand being plucked out of the fire. I can also say with the Apostle, *I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth.*

[To the same.]

Dublin, Dec. 8, 1785.

“ Dear Brother,

“ I am glad to hear of your health, but more so, to hear of the happiness of your soul, and that you endeavour to do





desire to be with him for ever; especially as my declining health shewed, that event could be at no great distance. Indeed this seemed to be the only thing wanting to complete my happiness. As I was daily sensible of faults and wants, and felt myself defective in love to the suffering Saviour, my desire increased of experiencing full redemption in his blood. At these times it was impressed on my mind that I had a fiery trial to pass through, in which every disposition, contrary to divine love, must be consumed. I was not dismayed at this, but thought I could go through the valley of the shadow of death and fear no evil, if he would stand by me and manage the process. I felt an eager desire to have full deliverance from every thing that could hinder me from attaining to his rest, and longed for a clearer manifestation of the dying love of Jesus. At last the Lord granted me the desires of my heart. When feeling myself the most unworthy, and least expecting a visit from him, he was pleased to reveal himself to me. O how thankful was my inmost soul for this revelation!

My wish now is, that I may be kept in an humble state of mind, and never be suffered to rise higher than the cross. I am far from thinking the work is finished; O no! as long as I remain in this world there will be still something to do; but let me feel what I will, I know that there is a remedy for every evil in him: and I am divinely assured, that whenever he pleases to take me home he will receive my spirit to himself."

———To conclude,

On the 16th of Feb. 1786, it was thought she was on the point of departure, but on reviving she said, "I thought I had been going, and felt quite tranquil and serene." The next morning she said to her sister, "As my being saved, appears to me as great a miracle of mercy as possible, I cannot open my mouth against any one: they are all better than I am." Thus she said with tears running down her cheeks.

March 6. She said, "No one can guess how greatly I feel the need of patience! I am now more desirous that our  
Saviour

Saviour may grant me That, than remove my sufferings. If his sufferings were but always rightly impressed on the heart, I think we might be carried above our own. In submission and patience the work will be soonest perfected."

A little before her death she wrote to her father as follows, "My heart is kept in a patient waiting for Him. The chief concern I feel is, lest I should retard the accomplishment of his work, through unbelief, by not suffering him to break me to pieces. My cry often is, that he would shew me what he has to say against me, and sit as a refiner to purge away all my dross. Ah, I am a poor worm! how glad should I be (as my late dying mother expressed it) to creep through and be saved, at any rate!"

On the 29th, she said, "It costs more to die than you can possibly be aware of! It is one thing to talk of it; another to experience it."

April 4, she said, "Dying requires perfect resignation. I am obliged to give up the very desire I had about departing."

The night preceding her departure, she frequently cried out, "My sweet Jesus, come and take me!"—Accordingly, on the Tenth of April, she fell asleep in Jesus, in the twenty-sixth year of her age.

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

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

[Continued from page 611.]

**W**EDNESDAY, April 28. This morning we walked out to take a view of the city.\* The streets here are narrow, and the houses are all built, on the outside, of sun-burnt

\* *Damascus,*

brick,

brick, or Flemish wall, daubed over in a coarse manner. From this way of building, they have this inconvenience, that upon any violent rain, the whole city becomes as it were a quagmire.

It may be wondered what should induce the people to build in this base manner, when they have, in the adjacent mountains, such plenty of stone. Perhaps those who first planted here, finding so delicious a situation, were in haste to come to the enjoyment of it; and therefore nimbly set up those temporary habitations, which primitive example their successors have followed ever since.

But however, in these mud walls you find the gates and doors adorned with marble portals, carved and inlaid with great beauty and variety.

In the inside, the houses discover a very different face. Here you find generally a large square court, beautified with variety of fragrant trees, and marble fountains, and compassed round with splendid apartments and duans. The duans are floored and adorned on the sides, with variety of marble mixt in Mosaic knots and mazes. The cieling and traves are after the Turkish manner, richly painted and gilded. They have generally artificial fountains springing up before them in marble basons; and, as for carpets and cushions, these are furnished out to the height of luxury.

In the next place we went to see the church of *St. John Baptist*, now converted into a mosque, and held too sacred for Christians to enter, or almost to look into. However, we had three short views of it, looking in at three several gates. Its gates are vastly large, and covered with brass, stamp'd all over with Arab characters. On the North-side of the church is a spacious court, which I could not conjecture to be less than one hundred and fifty yards long, and eighty or a hundred broad. The court is paved all over, and enclosed on the South-side by the church; on the other three sides by a double cloister, supported by two rows of granite pillars of the Corinthian Order, exceeding lofty and beautiful.

On

On the South-side, the Church joins to the Bazars, and there we had an opportunity just to peep into it. It is within, spacious and lofty, built with three aisles, between which are rows of polished pillars of a surprising beauty.

Thursday, April 29. This morning we went to see the yearly pomp of the Hadgees setting out on their pilgrimage to *Mecca*.

In this famous cavalcade there came first forty-six Dellees, that is, religious madmen, carrying each a silk streamer, mixt either with red and green, or with yellow and green. After these came three troops of Segmen, an order of soldiers amongst the Turks; and next to them, some troops of Spahees, another order of soldiery. These were followed by eight companies of Mugrubines on foot: these were fellows of a very formidable aspect. In the midst of the Mugrubines, there passed six small pieces of Ordnance. In the next place came on foot the soldiers of the castle of *Damascus*, fantastically armed with coats of mail, gauntlets, and other pieces of old armour. These were followed by two troops of Janizaries, and their Aga, all mounted. Next were brought the Bassa's two horse tails, ushered by his Aga of the Court; and next after the tails followed six led horses, all of excellent shape, and nobly furnished. Over the saddle there was a girt upon each led horse, and a large silver target gilded with gold.

After these horses came the Mahmal. This is a large pavilion of black silk, pitched upon the back of a very great camel, and spreading its curtains all round about the beast down to the ground. The pavilion is adorned at top with a gold ball, and with gold fringes round about. The camel that carries it wants not also his ornaments of large ropes of beads, fish-shells, fox-tails, and other such fantastical finery hanged upon his head, neck, and legs. All this is designed for the state of the Alcoran, which is placed with great reverence under this pavilion, where it rides in state both to and from *Mecca*. The Alcoran is accompanied with a rich new carpet, which the Grand Signior sends every year for the covering of Mahomet's



inch of the place where it was cut, as it had before. And at whatever height it is cut off, the effect will be the same. Hence it appears, that the whole trunk, from the ground to the rise of the branches, is full of embryo-branches, each of which will actually spring forth, if the head be lopped off just over it. Now if these had sprung out they would have born an equal number of seeds, with those that did. These seeds therefore are already contained in them: and if so, the tree really contains 1,584,000,000 seeds, wherewith to multiply itself as many times. But what shall we say, if each seed contains another tree, containing the same number of seeds? and if we can never come, either at a seed which does not contain trees, or a tree which does not contain seed?

Timber-trees of any kind, might certainly be planted to more advantage than they generally are. There is a forest two miles from *St. Loe* in *Normandy*, planted chiefly with oaks, many of which are but of a moderate height, though of a large circumference. But near its entrance from *St. Loe* there is a plantation, about twenty-five years old, wherein none of the oaks are under seventy, and some a hundred feet high. They are set so close, that they almost seem to touch one another, and are no more than four or five inches in diameter. This timber is of great use, both for making charcoal, and many other purposes. And the owners may reap four crops of them in a hundred years.

This forest belongs to the king of *France*, who ordered the plantation to be made by way of trial. And his ministers have caused several of the trees, a hundred feet high, to be transplanted, to leave standing proofs of the wonderful effects of the experiment.

As to sowing, the perfection of agriculture consists in setting plants at due distances, and giving a sufficient depth to the roots, that they may spread and receive due nourishment. Yet this is little regarded, but all sorts of grain are sown by handfuls cast at random. By this means four parts in five of the

seed is utterly lost. To remedy this, a *Spanish* gentleman contrived an engine (described in the *Philosophical Transactions*, under the name of the *Spanish Simbrador*) which being fastened to the plow, the whole business of plowing, sowing, and harrowing, is performed at once; and the grain is spread at equal distances, and equally deep in the furrow. An experiment being made, land which usually produced five-fold, by this means produced sixty-fold. One stalk is all that springs immediately from one grain: but on the sides of this, near, if not within the ground, issue several lateral stalks. And some of these send forth roots, whence one or several other stalks spring, if they are early formed, the soil good, and the weather favourable. By this means one grain of wheat planted in a garden has produced ninety, yea, a hundred ears. If then each ear, taking one with another, contain fifty grains, a single grain may produce five thousand. Nay, a gentleman in *Yorkshire*, who made the experiment in his garden some years ago, counted upwards of eight thousand grains, which sprung from a single one.

[*To be continued.*]

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*Strange OCCURRENCES at Newry in Ireland.*

1. **F** RANCES and *Elizabeth Dixon* are two sisters (one about forty, the other thirty years of age) who have lived together in a little house of their own, ever since their mother died, and have always maintained a fair character, both for Honesty and Piety. Seven weeks before Easter, 1779, they began to be disturbed in various ways; and the disturbances have continued day and night, to the present time, June 17, 1785. One time a little dog appeared, running to and fro in the house. At another time, a little old man's head appeared. Their own dog was often extremely frightened, and leaped as high as the table.

After

After being thus tormented four weeks, he lay down, swelled exceedingly, and died.

2. Their cat appeared to be equally frightened; often cried and struggled violently with some invisible agent, by whom she was thrown many times on *Fanny Dixon's* arms, or in her face, which she scratched terribly.

3. Many stones were thrown at them continually: one of which struck *Fanny* on the side of her head; almost took away her senses, and made a wound which was not easily healed.

4. Many times their yarn was cut, and also their clothes. Frequently their wheels were broke to pieces, and parts of them taken away, so that they could not go on with their work: in which likewise they were continually interrupted, by the throwing of every thing about the house day and night. And so much fire was thrown about, they were in constant fear of having the house set on fire. Yea, one day, when there was no fire near her, *Fanny's* apron was set on fire, as she had it on; and a great part of it consumed, before she could get it off. Frequently an invisible hand took hold of her clothes all round, and pulled and held her down.

5. Every day they heard the sound as of persons walking to and fro in the house. Likewise an unaccountable breathing, puffing and snorting close to their faces. Often they heard the mewling as of many cats at the door: and many times the sound of pistols going off just by them, five or six at a time.

6. Almost every night they heard as it were the loud ticking of a watch close to their ears, which continued without any intermission till the morning, so that they could get no rest. At the same time little creeping things, like Clocks seemed to be running over them, both upon and under the bed-clothes. And these often nipped them, so as to make them very sore. Almost every night, things as large as lap-dogs seemed to leap down upon them, from the tester of the bed. By these exercises they have not only lost their strength and health,



health, being pale and thin as skeletons, but are likewise reduced to great want; being incapable of earning their living. Yet no murmuring word falls from their mouths. They still say, Let the Lord do as seemeth him good.



*Of the ORIGIN of our IDEAS.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

**M**R. LOCKE remarked that all our ideas arise from these two sources, viz. sensation, or the action of objects upon us; or from reflection, or the action of the mind upon itself. The soul is entirely passive with regard to its simple ideas, as matter is altogether passive with regard to its figures, modes, and motions. We cannot produce these simple ideas in ourselves, unless the objects act upon us: but we may by our own immanent, innate activity, form complex ideas by reflection upon the different objects already perceived.

It is however an egregious mistake to confine the actions of objects upon us to those of material agents. The infinite, intelligent cause, as well as finite spirits, may act immediately upon the soul, and modify it in a manner far superior to corporeal agents. It is absolutely false therefore to maintain that all our ideas come originally from the perceptions produced in us by material objects; and that in our present state we can have no ideas of God, but what arise at first from corporeal sensation. Though we should shut our eyes, stop our ears, and draw a veil upon the whole of material nature; though we did not reflect upon the evident marks of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, visible in the creation: though we were stripped of body; though there were no other finite substances, whether material or immaterial, existent but ourselves; yet the simple sensation of our own existence, insufficiency,

sufficiency, and finitude would be enough to produce in us the idea of a self-existent cause, and demonstrate to us the existence of its object. Though there were no matter existent, yet we might have the ideas of power, wisdom, and goodness; of self-existence, eternity, immensity, infinity, and all the divine attributes.

The Malebranchian doctrine concerning the source of our ideas is yet more dangerous and sophistical. The French Philosopher reasons thus. Our ideas must either be, 1. images detached from the objects; or 2. created by God in the soul from the beginning; or 3. originally contained in the mind as archetypes of all things; or 4. produced in the soul by its own innate activity; or 5. formed in the mind by God's immediate action: or 6. perceived in God as representative of all things. He endeavours to prove that the soul can have its ideas by none of the first five ways; and therefore he concludes that the sixth is the only true one. This enumeration is not only obscure, but imperfect. There may be yet another way by which the soul may have some of its ideas; and that is, 7. by the impression which finite objects, whether material, or immaterial, make upon us. The first three ways are absurd, the sixth is fantastical; the fourth, fifth, and seventh ways are the true sources of all our ideas, simple or complex; natural or supernatural. We have already demonstrated, that spiritual or material agents may, by an emanant communicated activity, really modify the soul; and these modifications are what we call our simple ideas. These we may compare, and combine, compound, and divide, in numberless ways by our own innate and immanent activity; and this produces our complex ideas. The action of the first cause in a supernatural manner by inspiration; the action of second causes in a natural manner by sensation; and the action of the mind upon itself by reflection, are the three sources of our ideas.

*A Short*



meeting but one or another finds peace with God, or has his backslidings healed, or else is renewed in love. Brother *M.* has had five of his children converted since Christmas, who are now happy, and appear to be very steady. Many have been wrought on in a very wonderful manner. Some have even roared out for the disquietness of their souls; but these have frequently been set at liberty in a short time.

Indeed we have sometimes had more noise than I liked; but I durst not pluck up the tares, for fear of destroying some of the wheat. I have therefore thought it best to leave the whole to God: thinking it much better to have a little false fire mixed with much true, than to have none at all.

We have some about ten, eleven, or twelve years of age, who are truly happy, speak very clearly of their experience, and are as solid as persons of fifty years of age.

At *Afhton* the Lord has converted *Mr. G.* *Mrs. G.* and her sister. *Mr. G.* was wrought on in a very strange way. He was first affected under prayer, and grew worse and worse, till he roared like a bear, and rolled up and down the floor for two days and two nights! He was in such agonies, that hardly any durst stay with him. However when they ventured into the room, and began to pray, he grew more calm: and soon after his captivity was turned into joy. He is now very comfortable.

*Miss H.* *Mrs. G.*'s sister, and sister to *Mrs. B.* at the *New Mills*, was brought in nearly the same way. They are all now happy, and I hope will be ornaments to Religion.

We have a good work at *Oldham* also. Many there have found peace with God. Most of this work is among those who have been in the Society for sometime; though some others have been both awakened and converted.

Feb. 13, 1783.

J. A.

VOL. IX.

6 M

Am

## An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

## D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from page 619.]

*Callistus.* ALAS, my friend, why will you still flatter yourself and me? It is strange that I cannot persuade you to believe it impossible for me ever to be well again! No, *Sophronius*, I have absolutely no more hopes in this life; and oh! I still fear that when you have heard me out, you will destroy the hope you would revive in me of another: however, it is a penance I have imposed upon myself, and I cannot rest till I have done it.

*Sophronius.* Well, Sir, if it must be so, I beseech you keep me no longer in suspense.

*Callistus.* Where did I leave off yesterday?

*Sophronius.* I left you, Sir, abroad.

*Callistus.* O, yes, you left me surrounded with infidels and atheists. But I believe I did not mention to you another friend I called to my assistance. You know, *Sophronius*, that for some years of my youth, I never was guilty of excess in drinking; and I may do myself the justice to say, that I never was tempted to this vice by the allurements of pleasure; but, alas! I was driven to it at last by the fear of pain.

On this my temporal punishments soon began; my appetite insensibly decayed; pains seized my stomach and bowels; my nerves relaxed; my strength forsook me: I used more poison as an antidote; my spirits exhaled, and my flesh melted with the consuming fire. I went to the Spaw, but the waters could not cure my soul; these were my most racking pains; these were to be assuaged, whatever became of my wretched body: however, in spite of my intemperance, the salutary streams gave me some relief; but I was advised to return to our own Bath.

I had

I had been there a month, when one day as I was walking from the rooms, I was stopped by a crowd; in the midst of which I perceived an elderly gentlewoman, in whose face the trickling tears were the least indication of her distress. By her side walked an ill-looking fellow: behind, was a young woman, whose face I could not see, the upper part of it being concealed by her hat, and the lower by her white handkerchief, which being frequently applied to her eyes, shewed that she was a person interested in the melancholy scene. I enquired what it meant, and was told it was only an old woman arrested. I had not yet entirely lost my humanity. I was shocked. I stepped up to the man who guarded them,—asked him what the debt was, and found it was such a trifle as I could instantly discharge. Whilst this affair was adjusting, the old lady ceased from weeping, and seemed to observe what passed with wild wonder; but when I had dismissed the officer, dispersed the crowd, and offered my service to wait on them to their lodging; a fresh burst of tears prevented any answer but a low curtsy.

Now, first, I had a sight of the face of the young woman, who, whilst she curtsied with modest gratitude, lifted up the sweetest eyes that ever melted hearts. When we came to the door, I addressed myself to the elder lady, and begged to know in what manner I could be of any service to her; she answered, that she was ashamed of her inability to express the deep sense she had of the great service I had already done her. I replied, that what I had done was a trifle not to be mentioned; but if she would point out the method, it would be a great pleasure to me to merit her favourable opinion; and so I entered her room, which indeed was very small, and poorly furnished. When we were seated, the good lady began to pour forth a profusion of acknowledgments; in which the daughter signified her concurrence, by bowing at the close of every sentence, but without speaking a word. I endeavoured to interrupt a discourse which gave me great uneasiness, by telling the old lady that I believed I had seen her at the baths, and

feared she attended them through a sad necessity, begging to know the nature of her illness. My complaints were many, said she, but the chief was an inveterate rheumatism, which often attacked my head and stomach, and left me no hope of ease but from the use of these baths; but this is a remedy too expensive for persons in my circumstances; and therefore I suffered myself to be reduced to the last extremity, before I had recourse to it: and you have seen, Sir, the sad consequence of my rash attempt. I wish I had stayed at home, and patiently expected the only effectual relief for all my sufferings, which surely could not have been deferred much longer. I cannot look back, without horror, at the dismal condition into which I was going to be plunged, and in which my poor dear child must have been involved, had not you snatched us out of the very jaws of ruin. I begged she would endeavour to forget what was past, and look forward with more hope; and said, I should think it a duty to do all in my power to assist her; that I could not help fearing she had wanted the advice of a physician. She said, indeed she could by no means afford to employ one.—I desired she would give me leave to send her mine. She thanked me, but said it was not necessary, as she was already greatly recovered; and believed her apothecary well understood her case. I enquired who he was, and soon after, I went to him to learn what I could concerning these ladies. He told me he knew nothing of their story; but the elder lady—— (whose name I will call *Eugenia*——) appeared to be a woman of sense and worth: that she had suffered a great deal in her health; and he feared her mind, as well as body, had its share of uneasiness; for they seemed to be in very low circumstances:— that the daughter was a sweet modest young creature, a most dutiful and affectionate child, and a most tender nurse: that she had often borrowed books of him to read to her mother in her confinement; she had been helpless for above a fortnight; in which time they had seen nobody but himself and their landlady, who now and then  
looked





worth) after a due acknowledgment of the Royal favour, requested the Deanery of *Derry*. How! replied the King, in a transport of surprise, ask the Deanery, when you must know the Bishopric of that very place is also vacant! True, my liege, replied *Wallis*, I do know it; but could not in honesty ask so great a benefice, being conscious there are many other gentlemen who have suffered more than myself, and deserve better at your Majesty's hands. I therefore presume to repeat my former request. It is needless to add his request was granted. They parted: the Dean highly satisfied with his visit, and the King astonished at so notable an instance of disinterestedness. How laudable an example this! And how worthy of imitation!



*A Providential Escape of the PROTESTANTS in IRELAND,  
from Queen MARY'S Persecution.*

QUEEN *Mary*, after murdering many Protestants in *England*, signed a Commission for the Persecution of them in *Ireland*, and appointed *Dr. Cole* to be one of the Commissioners; sending the Commission by the Doctor himself.

In the way the Doctor lodged one night at *Chester*, where, being visited by the Mayor, he acquainted him with the contents of his message; and taking a leathern-box out of his cloak-bag, said, Here is a Commission that shall lash the Heretics of *Ireland*.

The good woman of the house, being well affected to the Protestants, and having a brother in *Dublin* who was one, was greatly disturbed at the Doctor's words. Therefore waiting an opportunity, while the Mayor took leave, and the Doctor went with him to the door, she opened the box, took the Commission out, and instead thereof put in a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost.

The

The Doctor suspecting nothing, put the box into his cloak-bag again, and next day set sail for *Dublin*. When he arrived there, the Lord Deputy *Fitzwalter* sent for him to appear before him, and the Privy Council. The Doctor being come, made a very long speech, relating to the subject of his Commission; and then delivered his box, with its contents. But when the Deputy opened it, to the great surprize of all present, and to the Doctor's confusion, nothing appeared but a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs faced uppermost.

The Doctor assured the Deputy, that he had a Commission; but knew not how it was gone. Then said the Lord Deputy, Let us have another Commission, and we will shuffle the cards in the mean time.

The Doctor hastened back to *England* in great confusion, and obtained another Commission; but being detained on this side the water, for want of a fair wind, was prevented from putting it into execution, by news of the Queen's death.

This account is attested in Sir *James Ware's* Manuscripts; who also mentions, that Queen *Elizabeth* being informed of the truth, sent for the woman (named *Elizabeth Matterhead*) and gave her a pension of forty pounds, during life.

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*An Extract from the WILL of Mr. RICHARD BAXTER.*

**I** RICHARD BAXTER, of *London*, Clerk, an unworthy Servant of Jesus Christ, drawing to the end of this transitory life, having, through God's great mercy, the free use of my understanding, do make this my last Will and Testament. My spirit I commit with trust and hope of the heavenly felicity, into the hands of Jesus, my glorified Redeemer, and Intercessor; and, by his Mediation, into the hands of God, my reconciled Father, the Infinite, Eternal Spirit, Light, Life, and Love; most Great and Wise, and Good, the God of Nature, Grace, and Glory; of whom, and through whom,  
and

and to whom are all things, my absolute Owner, Ruler, and Benefactor: whose I am, and whom (though imperfectly) I serve, seek, and trust, to whom be glory for ever, Amen.

To him I render most humble thanks, that he hath filled up my life with abundance of mercy, pardoned my sins by the merits of Christ; and vouchsafed, by his Spirit, to renew and seal me as his own, and to moderate and bless to me my long-sufferings in the flesh, and at last to sweeten them by his own interest and comforting approbation, who taketh the cause of love and concord as his own.

\*\*\*\*\*

*A Copy of the WILL of the Rev. Dr. SAMUEL ANNESLY; who departed this Life, Dec. 31, 1696; in the 77th Year of his Age.*

**I**N the Name of God, Amen! I Doctor *Samuel Annesly*, of the Liberty of *Norton-Falgate*, in the county of *Middlesex*, an unworthy Minister of Jesus Christ, being through mercy in health of body and mind, do make this my last Will and Testament, concerning my earthly pittance.

For my soul, I dare humbly say, it is, through grace, devoted unto God (otherwise than by legacy) when it may live here no longer. I do believe that my body, after its sleeping awhile in Jesus, shall be reunited to my soul, that they may both be for ever with the Lord.

Of what I shall leave behind me, I make this short disposal. My just debts being paid, I give to each of my children, one shilling, and all the rest to be equally divided between my son *Benjamin Annesly*, my daughter *Judith Annesly*, and my daughter *Ann Annesly*, whom I make my Executors of this my last Will and Testament; revoking all former, and confirming this with my hand and seal this 29th of March, 1693.

SAMUEL ANNESLY.

A MOTTO.

A M O T T O.

ON the dial of St. Neot's, in *Huntingdonshire* is the following motto; *Lux Umbra Dei*, Light is the Shadow of God: alluding, perhaps to those two beautiful passages of Scripture which represent the Divinity as *dwelling in Light*, and covering himself with Light; as with a garment. On the other side of the same dial are these words, Ζωή, Ἄγνις, Σοφία. Life; a Vapour, a Shadow.

It is observable, *Plato*, speaking of God says, Truth is his Body, and Light is his Shadow.



AN EXTRACT FROM THE  
MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held at BRISTOL, JULY 23, &c. 1786.

*Between the Rev. Messrs. WESLEY, and Others.*

[Concluded from page 629.]

A M E R I C A.

*Superintendents.* Tho. Coke, Francis Asbury.

		<i>Elders.</i>
86 <i>Georgia.</i>	T. Humphreys, J. Major.	} J. Foster
87 <i>Broad River.</i>	S. Johnson.	
88 <i>Charleston.</i>	J. Smith.	H. Willis.
89 <i>Santee.</i>	R. Swift.	} B. Allen.
90 <i>Pee Dee.</i>	J. Maston, H. Hull.	
91 <i>Salisbury.</i>	T. Williamson, H. Bing-	} R. Ellis.
	ham.	
92 <i>Yeadkin.</i>	R. J. Miller, J. Mason.	
93 <i>Holstein.</i>	M. Whitaker, M. Moor.	} J. O'Kelley.
94 <i>Guildford.</i>	J. Baldwin.	
95 <i>Halifax.</i>	E. Morris, C. Hardy.	
96 <i>Mecklenburg.</i>	J. Easter, H. Jones.	

		<i>Elders.</i>
97	<i>New-Hope.</i>	W. Partridge.
98	<i>Tar-River.</i>	T. Anderson, M. Tracey.
99	<i>Roan-Oak.</i>	T. Bowen, W. Steens.
100	<i>Caswell.</i>	S. Smith.
101	<i>Bertie.</i>	T. Jackson, J. Freeman.
102	<i>Camden and Banks.</i>	J. Robertson, J. Steward.
103	<i>Portsmouth.</i>	T. Burns.
104	<i>Brunswick.</i>	P. Cox, J. Gibbons, H. Meritt.
105	<i>Suffex.</i>	S. Pyle, L. Matthews.
106	<i>Amelia.</i>	E. Ellis, D. Asbury.
107	<i>Williamsbury.</i>	L. Rofs.
108	<i>Orange.</i>	W. Dameron, E. Lumsdon.
109	<i>Bedford.</i>	W. Canaan, H. Vanover, N. Spain.
110	<i>Hanover.</i>	A. Hudson.
111	<i>Alleghany.</i>	G. Thompson, A. Edwards, M. Eard.
112	<i>Redstone.</i>	J. Smith, R. Ayres, S. Dickens.
113	<i>Westmoreland.</i>	L. Green, J. Paup.
114	<i>Fairfax.</i>	R. Owens, J. Fidler.
115	<i>Berkeley.</i>	W. Waters, W. Hervey.
116	<i>Kent.</i>	J. Lee, S. Talbot.
117	<i>Talbot.</i>	J. White, W. Lee.
118	<i>Dover.</i>	I. Ellis, I. Moore.
119	<i>Caroline.</i>	W. Jessop, M. Hurley, J. Jarrell.
120	<i>Dorset.</i>	S. Dudley, J. Everitt.
121	<i>Somerfet.</i>	J. Riffin, J. Merrick.
122	<i>Annamessex.</i>	W. Thomas.
123	<i>Northampton.</i>	T. Curtis.
124	<i>Philadelphia.</i>	H. Ogburn, P. Moriarty,
125	<i>Little York.</i>	M. Greentree.
126	<i>Juniata.</i>	
127	<i>Trenton.</i>	R. Sparks, R. Can.
128	<i>West Jersey.</i>	J. Brush, J. Simmons, J. Lurton.
129	<i>East Jersey.</i>	J. M'Clasky, E. Cooper.
130	<i>Newark.</i>	R. Cloud.
131	<i>New-York.</i>	J. Dickens.
132	<i>Long-Island.</i>	T. Ware.
133	<i>Baltimore.</i>	

*Elders.*

133	<i>Baltimore.</i>	W. Hickson, A. Cloud.	}	W. Gill.
134	<i>Frederick.</i>	M. Ellis, J. Cromwell.		I. Pigman.
135	<i>Calvert.</i>	J. Forrest.		
136	<i>Kentucky.</i>	B. Ogdon.		J. Haw.
137	<i>Newbern.</i>		}	
138	<i>New-River.</i>	J. Harley, C. Maxcy.		L. R. Cole.
139	<i>Wilmington.</i>			
140	<i>Antigua.</i>		}	J. Baxter.
				W. Warrenner.
141	<i>Nova Scotia.</i>	W. Black, J. Mann.	}	F. Garretson.
				J. Cromwell.
				J. Clark.
142	<i>Newfoundland.</i>	J. M'Geary.	}	W. Hammet.

*Q.* What Houses are to be built this Year?

*A.* One at Gloucester, Froome, Trowbridge, St. Austle, Probus, Wolverhampton, Alnwick, Glasgow, Kinfae, Castlebar, Aughrim, Cloughagady, Ballynamallard, Killydart, Armagh, Dungannon, and Portaferry.

*Q.* When and where is the next Conference to be held?

*A.* At Manchester, on the last Tuesday in July. And all succeeding Conferences are to be held in the following Order, viz.—1st. in London; 2dly, in Leeds; 3dly, in Bristol; 4thly, in Manchester.

*Of SEPARATION from the CHURCH.*

1. **E**VER since I returned from *America*, it has been warmly affirmed, "You separate from the Church." I would consider, How far, and in what sense this Assertion is true.

2. Whether you mean by that Term, the Building so called, or the Congregation, it is plain I do not separate from either: for wherever I am, I go to the Church, and join with the Congregation.

3. Yet it is true that I have in some respects varied, though not from the Doctrines, yet from the Discipline of the Church

of *England*; although not willingly, but by Constraint. For instance: above forty years ago I began *Preaching in the Fields*; and that for two reasons—First, I was not suffered to preach in the Churches: Secondly, No parish Church in *London* or *Westminster* could contain the Congregation.

4. About the same time several persons who were desirous to save their souls, prayed me to meet them apart from the great Congregation. These little Companies (*Societies* they were called) gradually spread through the three kingdoms. And in many places they built Houses in which they met, and wherein I and my *Brethren* preached. For a few young men, one after another, desired to serve me, as *Sons in the Gospel*.

5. Some time after, Mr. *Deleznor*, a Clergyman, desired me to officiate at his *Chapel*, in *Wapping*. There I read prayers, and preached, and administered the Lord's Supper, to a part of the Society. The rest communicated either at *St. Paul's*, or at their several parish Churches. Mean time, I endeavoured to watch over all their souls, as one that *was to give an account*; and to assign to each of my Fellow-labourers the part wherein I judged he might be most useful.

6. When these were multiplied, I gave them an invitation to meet me together in my house at *London*: that we might consider, in what manner we could most effectually *save our own souls*, and *them that heard us*. This we called, a *Conference* (meaning thereby, *the Persons*, not *the Conversation* they had.) At first I desired all the Preachers to meet me; but afterwards only a select number.

7. Some years after, we were strongly importuned by our Brethren in *America*, to Go over and help them. Several Preachers willingly offered themselves for the service; and several went from time to time. God blessed their labours in an uncommon manner. Many sinners were converted to God: and many Societies formed, under the same *Rules* as were observed in *England*: insomuch, that at present the

*American*

*American* Societies contain more than eighteen thousand members.

8. But since the late revolution in *North America*, these have been in great distress. The Clergy having no sustenance, either from *England*, or from the *American* States, have been obliged almost universally to leave the country, and seek their food elsewhere. Hence those who had been members of the Church, had none either to administer the Lord's Supper, or to baptize their children. They applied to *England* over and over: but it was to no purpose. Judging this to be a case of real necessity, I took a step, which for peace and quietness, I had refrained from taking for many years: I exercised that power, which I am fully persuaded the Great Shepherd and Bishop of the Church has given me. I appointed three of our Labourers to go and help them, by, not only preaching the Word of God, but likewise by administering the Lord's Supper and baptizing their children, throughout that vast tract of land, a thousand miles long, and some hundreds broad.

9. These are the Steps, which, not of Choice but Necessity, I have slowly and deliberately taken. If any one is pleased to call this *separating from the Church*, he may. But the law of *England* does not call it so; nor can any one properly be said so to do, unless out of Conscience he refuses to join in the Service, and partake of the Sacraments administered therein.

CAMELFORD,

August 30, 1785.

JOHN WESLEY.

After Dr. *Coke's* return from *America*, many of our Friends begged I would consider the case of *Scotland*, where we had been labouring so many years, and had seen so little fruit of our labours. Multitudes indeed have set out well, but they were soon turned out of the way: chiefly by their Ministers either disputing against the Truth, or refusing to admit them to the Lord's Supper, yea or to baptize their children, unless they  
would



would promise to have no fellowship with the Methodists. Many who did so, soon lost all they had gained, and became more the children of hell than before. To prevent this, I at length consented to take the same step with regard to *Scotland*, which I had done with regard to *America*. But this is not a Separation from the Church at all. Not from the Church of *Scotland*, for we were never connected therewith, any further than we are now: nor from the Church of *England*; for this is not concerned in the steps which are taken in *Scotland*. Whatever then is done either in *America* or *Scotland*, is no Separation from the Church of *England*. I have no thought of this: I have many Objections against it. It is a totally different case. "But for all this, is it not possible there may be such a Separation after you are dead?" Undoubtedly it is. But what I said at our first Conference above forty years ago, I say still, "I dare not omit doing what good I can while I live, for fear of evils that may follow when I am dead."

Bristol, July 22, 1786.

Perhaps there is one part of what I wrote some time since which requires a little further explanation. In what cases do we allow of Service in Church hours? I answer,

1. When the Minister is a notoriously wicked Man.
2. When he preaches Arian, or any equally pernicious Doctrine.
3. When there are not Churches in the town sufficient to contain half the people: and
4. When there is no Church at all within two or three miles. And we advise every one who preaches in the Church-hours to read the Psalms and Lessons with part of the Church Prayers: because we apprehend this will endear the Church Service to our Brethren, who probably would be prejudiced against it, if they heard none but extempory Prayer.

LETTERS.

## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCCVIII.

[From the Rev. John Pawson, to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Rev. Sir,

**W**HEN I was in Yorkshire last, I found my brother had been dangerously ill for a long time. But though he was attended by Mr. F. and a Physician from Leeds, and was got a good deal better; he was still very feeble. While I was there, on catching a fresh cold, his disorder returned; and was attended with so violent a pain in his left side, that it was with the utmost difficulty he drew his breath: and was thought to be in great danger of a Consumption. On this, I advised him to apply the Brimstone-Plaster to his side. He did so on going to bed, and was much better the next morning. This encouraged him to keep it on; and in four or five days (changing it once a day) his pain was entirely gone. Since then his health in general is amazingly restored.

As I never saw any thing have so extraordinary an effect, in so short a time, I thought it my duty to give you this information; as you may have frequent occasion to recommend this most excellent Medicine to others.

That the Lord may be ever present with and bless you, is, Rev., and dear Sir, the unfeigned desire, and fervent prayer of your Son and Servant,

Jan. 20, 1786.

J. PAWSON.

## L E T T E R CCCCIX.

[From Miss A. L. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Rev. Sir,

Shrewsbury, July 10, 1786.

**I**AM often at a loss to form a judgment of my state: to know assuredly whether my soul grows in grace, and increases in the knowledge and love of God, or not. It does not

not appear to me that I either make much progress, or suffer much decay. Yet I believe it is an adopted opinion, that there is no standing still; that if we do not gain, we lose ground. It is true, I always rejoice in a full assurance of the love of God: but O for more love to him!

I clearly see, my privilege is to walk before God in the beauty of holiness: having every thought brought into subjection to the will of God. I am sensible of my want of this; but I sometimes think, was I to feel the remains of sin a burden grievous and intolerable, I should never cease to struggle till I was released.

When I was with you at Birmingham, I was much stirred up: my soul being filled with an earnest desire for full salvation. I sometimes think, was my lot cast amongst lively Christians, I should find it a blessing.

I therefore cannot but regret the want of a *lively* Society in this town. One cause of this want, in my opinion is, the not having a good Class-Leader: there is not any one who seems qualified for such a task. I have often wished that one of the Preachers was stationed here, instead of Chester; and would take upon him that important employment.

My Sister joins in love to you. I hope you will favour us with an interest in your prayers, and believe me, dear Sir, to remain your Friend and Servant,

A. L.

L E T T E R CCCCX.

[From the Rev. Francis Asbury, to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Halifax, (North-Carolina) March 20, 1784.

Rev. Sir,

**M**Y last letter was from Edenton, in answer to one I had the pleasure of receiving from you. From that place I came to Bertie-Circuit, which lies between Chowan, and  
Roan-

Roan-Oak-Rivers. There is not now such a prospect of Religion as we saw in the beginning; but yet I trust there are some who continue faithful, while a few more are added to the Societies.

My next remove was to Brunswick, the oldest and best Circuit in Virginia. Many faithful people joined us at our first coming here; having been convinced by the powerful preaching of our worthy friend Mr. Jarratt. I found the labours of those two men of God, James Kelly, and Joseph Cromwell, had been blest to the awakening and conversion of souls.

I next came to Mecklenburgh; but the deep snow, and severe frosts prevented the people from attending. However, I was enabled to pursue my journey, and under the necessity of so doing; as my appointments were all made out long before. From thence I came to Halifax; a Circuit newly formed. It lies between Dan and Stanton Rivers; which together form the great River Roan-Oak. Here some have been brought to God; a few Presbyterians and Baptists, lifted out of the Calvinian and Antinomian quicksands.

From thence I came to Caswell, in North-Carolina. Here are a few souls who love God: and as it is in part a new-formed Circuit, there may be much good done. From Caswell I came to the Guildford-Circuit, which lies up, and on both sides the Dan-River. Here we had some revival of Religion, and an ingathering of souls. The land is good, and may come to something great in time. But the present Preachers suffer much; being often obliged to dwell in dirty cabins, to sleep in poor beds, and for retirement, to go into woods! but we must suffer *with*, if we labour *for* the poor. One thing may be said in their favour, they have very few negroes, and they put their children early to work. I would have gone to the Yadkin, but was prevented by an inflammation in my foot. However in about a fortnight I was able to travel again.

I have formed a plan for the next year (if the Lord spare me) to stretch along to Salisbury, Pee-Dee, Santee, Charles-Town in South, and Wilmington in North Carolina. We expect the South will give up largely. I came to a place called New-Hope, which I found to be a place of very small hope. From thence I went to Tar-River, and spent eight days there very comfortably. The congregations were large. Some have found the Lord; and others are groaning for redemption. I am now in Roan-Oak-Circuit. The people here are much in the spirit of moving to the new lands in Georgia. There are a few faithful souls among them, but nothing great.

Dear Sir, we are greatly in need of help. A Minister, and such Preachers as you can fully recommend, will be very acceptable: without your recommendation we shall receive none. But nothing is so pleasing to me, Sir, as the thought of seeing you here: which is the ardent desire of thousands more in America.

As to myself, I can say, The Lord gives, and wonderfully preserves my natural, and spiritual health. My soul is daily fed: and I find abundant sweetness in God. Sometimes I am ready to say, he hath purified my heart; but then again I feel and fear. Upon the whole I hope I am more spiritual than ever I have been in time past. I see the necessity of preaching a full and present salvation from all sin. Whenever I do this, I feel myself, and so do also my hearers. I find it is good to use frequent fervent prayer; without which a man cannot continue qualified to preach the Gospel. You know, Sir, it is not easy to rule: nor am I pleased with it. I bear it as my cross; yet it seems that a necessity is laid upon me. O pray for me that I may be filled with light and power; with zeal and prudence; and above all, with humility and a single eye. In so doing you will greatly oblige

Your dutiful Son in the Gospel,

FRANCIS ASBURY.

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCCXI.

[From Mrs. M. H—, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

October 2, 1773.

Rev. Sir,

**I** FIND Jesus unspeakably precious to my soul, and that I am a wonderful monument of his tender mercy. He keeps me looking unto him in all my troubles.

The Devil is very busy to distress me; but the Lord makes me more than conqueror, and causes all things to work together for my good. In the world I have tribulation; but, in Christ I have peace.

If it is his will to make me perfect through sufferings, his will be done: for I know that he will lay no more upon me, than he will enable me to bear.

At present, I am happier in God than ever I was in my life. He not only gives me the witness of the Spirit; but the fruit also. I want words to declare his goodness to my soul. Surely his love is better, much better than life itself: therefore I thirst and pant for more of his love.

I am thankful that his Providence brought me under your ministry. I have heard many; but none have built me up in love and holiness as you and your Fellow-labourers have done: I therefore bless God that I am joined to such a Society.

I also thank him that he enables me to endure hardness as a good soldier; and that in my troubles I can stand still and see his salvation. For though I am despised and rejected of my acquaintance, who in my trouble hide their faces from me; my help cometh of God, who preserveth those who are true of heart. The Lord is my Shepherd; therefore I shall lack no manner of thing that is good. I know I am poor, and weak, and foolish; but

“ I see the Lord my Keeper stand  
 Omnipotently near;  
 Lo! he holds me by my hand,  
 And banishes my fear.  
 Shadows with his wings my head;  
 Guards from all impending harms;  
 Round me, and beneath are spread  
 The Everlasting Arms!”

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate, though unworthy  
 Sister in Christ,

M. H.



P O E T R Y.

STANZAS *from the French of* MALHERBE.

**A**T length, my soul! thy fruitless hopes give o'er,  
 Believe, believe the treacherous world no more.  
 Shallow, yet swift, the stream of fortune flows,  
 While some rude wind will always discompose;  
 As children birds, so men their bliss pursue,  
 Still out of reach, though ever in their view.

In vain for all that empty greatness brings,  
 We lose our lives amidst the courts of kings,  
 And suffer scorn, and bend the supple knee;  
 The monarch dies—one moment's turn destroys  
 Long future prospects, and short present joys:  
 Oh unperforming, false mortality!

All is but dust, when once their breath is fled;  
 The fierce, the pompous majesty lies dead!

The

The world no longer trembles at this power!  
 Evén in those tombs, where their proud names survive,  
 Where still in breathing brass they seem to live,  
 That very dust the impartial worms devour.

The lofty styles of happy, glorious, great,  
 The lords of fortune, arbiters of Fate,  
 And gods of war, lie lost within the grave!  
 Their mighty minions then come tumbling down;  
 They lose their flatterers, as they lose their crown:  
 Forgotten of every friend, and every slave!

---

*On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and  
 of his Sister MARY: erected by their Father, Lord DIGBY,  
 in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire.*

GO! fair example of untainted youth,  
 Of modést wisdom, and pacific truth:  
 Composéd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,  
 Good without noise, without pretensions great!  
 Just to thy word, in every thought sincere,  
 Who knew no wish, but what the world might hear;  
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,  
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind.  
 Go live! for heaven's eternal year is thine,  
 Go! and exalt thy moral to divine!

And thou blest Maid! attendant on his doom,  
 Pensive hast followed to the silent tomb;  
 Steeréd the same course, to the same quiet shore,  
 Not parted long, and now to part no more!  
 Go then! where only bliss sincere is known,  
 Go! where to love and to enjoy are one.

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,  
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:  
 These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,  
 'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

*Wishing*



*Wishing for real P L E A S U R E.*

**H**OW long, forgetful of thy heavenly birth,  
 Wilt thou, my soul, so fondly cleave to earth?  
 How long, low-hov'ring o'er these seats of pain,  
 Wilt thou expect felicity in vain?  
 The joys of time could never be design'd  
 A portion worthy of the immortal mind.  
 What is it then detains these wretched eyes,  
 Detains my heart whene'er it seeks to rise,  
 And holds back half my wishes from the skies?

When soothing fancy paints, with mimic art,  
 Her pictured joys, to catch my cheated heart,  
 So fair, so bright the vari'd colours glow,  
 They more than half disguise the blended woe;  
 But soon the momentary forms decay,  
 Steal from my gaze, and vanish quite away.  
 Convinced the flattering scenes are empty air,  
 Beneath my thought, unworthy of my care,  
 Can I pronounce the gay delusions fair?

Earth's fairest pleasures, which allure my sight,  
 Are but the fleeting shadows of delight!  
 Shall airy phantoms then my powers employ,  
 Powers design'd to grasp substantial joy?  
 Shall vanity enslave this free-born mind,  
 And chains of sense my nobler passions bind?  
 Alas! in vain I strive, in vain I sigh,  
 In vain my fetter'd thoughts attempt to fly,  
 And weakly fluttering mean the distant sky!

O thou whose eye surveys my inmost heart,  
 Thy grace, thy all-prevailing grace impart;  
 Dissolve these chains which keep my soul from thee,  
 And bid this wretched, struggling heart be free!

O come

O come thou bright, thou everlasting fair,  
 Thou only worthy object of my care!  
 Thy dazzling beauties to my view display,  
 And earth shall vanish at the blissful ray,  
 Like night's dark shades before the rising day.

*The* BLIND MAN'S PETITION.

*Jesus thou Son of David have mercy on me!* Luke xviii. 38, &c.

**G**REAT Saviour, born of *David's* race,  
 O look! with pity look this way!  
 A helpless wretch implores thy grace,  
 Implores thy mercy's healing ray!

Jesus, thou Lord of life divine,  
 To whom the sons of woe complain:  
 Is not unbounded mercy thine?  
 And can I ask, and ask in vain?

Did ever supplicating sigh  
 In vain to thee its grief impart?  
 Or mournful object meet thine eye,  
 That did not move thy melting heart?

Around thee crowd a plaintive throng,  
 I hear their importuning cries;  
 And now from every thankful tongue  
 I hear the glad Hosannahs rise.

O look, with pity look on me,  
 Wrapt in the mournful shades of night!  
 My hope depends alone on thee;  
 Speak Lord, thy word shall give me light

'Tis mercy, mercy I implore!  
 Speak, Lord; thy humble suppliant raise!  
 Then shall my heart thy grace adore;  
 Then shall my tongue resound thy praise.

A RE-

*A REFLECTION on the Close of the YEAR: occasioned by  
hearing the Bells at Midnight.*

**Y**E creatures of a day! can you rejoice  
That all-important Time so swiftly flies?  
And scorn Reflection's monitory voice,  
That calls, that warns, that woos you to be wise?

For ever ye departed months, adieu!  
What heart that knows your value can be gay?  
Who loath, yet by Reflection forc'd to view,  
How unimprov'd the hours are fled away!

Yet oft her warning voice (before they pass)  
Cried, "Seize the precious minutes! Make them thine!  
Ah! how wilt thou account for so much waste  
Of treasure, lent for purposes divine?"

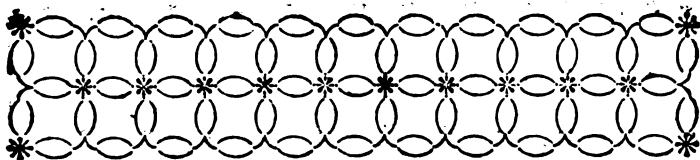
Thy voice, Reflection, now resolv'd I hear,  
To thee the solemn midnight hour I give:  
And ask, while musing on the finish'd year,  
How have I spent my time—and why I live?

How I have spent my time? Reflection say;  
She answers, "Wasted many a precious Hour,  
And thrown, in careless indolence away  
The Days which claim'd for God each active power."

Why do I live? "Past errors to deplore,  
And humbly at thy Saviour's cross to bow,  
To ask his aid, and all his grace implore,  
To dedicate to him the present Now."

Then, O my Lord, to thy atoning blood,  
For pardon, peace, and power I meekly fly:  
Forgive my follies past; then O my God,  
Instruct me how to live—and how to die!

**E N D** of **V O L. IX.**



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