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MR. W. MYLES

Aetatis 30.

T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For the Y E A R 1787.

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

E X T R A C T S

A N D

ORIGINAL TREATISES

O N

Universal Redemption.



V O L U M E X.

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T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For JANUARY 1787.



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

[Continued from Vol. ix. page 636.]

Of sufficient and effectual, common and special Grace.

C H A P. I.

FOR the right stating of this Question it will be requisite to shew,

- I. What is the scripture import of the word Grace.
- II. What is the manner of its operation upon the soul to dispose it to what is spiritually good.
- III. What renders it efficacious in some, and not in others, to produce Faith, Repentance and Conversion of the soul to God; and what is the account the scripture, and our blessed Saviour, give of this matter.

A s

I. To

L. To begin with the first particular. Grace, in the scripture, when it is styled *the grace of God*, imports his favour, and kind affection to us.

1st. The gospel preached to Jew and Gentile, is styled, *the grace of God which brings salvation; the word of his grace which is able to build us up, and to give us an inheritance among them that are sanctified.* This also must be the import of the word when it is said, *That the law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ:* when the Apostles exhort their converts to *continue in the grace of God:* when they say, *God confirmed the word of his grace by signs and wonders:* when the gospel is styled *the word of grace, and the gospel of grace.* And this is probably the import of the word in many other places cited by Dr. Hammond, in his note on Heb. xiii. 9, where, saith he, they that believed *through grace*, Acts xviii. 27, are they that believed *through the preaching of the gospel:* and in this sense the grace of God is absolute: there being nothing either in Jew or Gentile which hath made them worthy of this revelation, nor any condition required on their part that it might be preached to them.

2dly. This grace which appeared to all men, was, in its design, and influence (where it was not obstructed by men's infidelity) *saving grace.* The calling of men by the preaching of it, is sometimes said to be the calling of them *by grace;* and when they embrace that call, the *saving them by grace:* as when it is said, *By grace ye are saved: not of works.* For seeing this is spoken to men yet alive, and so obliged to *work out their salvation with fear and trembling;* it cannot mean that they were finally saved; but only that they were called to a state of salvation, enjoyed the means, and were put in the way of salvation by grace. Hence the Apostle saith, *He hath saved us,* that is, *called us with a holy calling; not according to our works, but the grace given us in Christ Jesus.* And to be saved by grace; is to be saved by the mercy and favour of God to us, according to these words of the same Apostle,
When

When the kindness and love of God our Saviour to man appeared; not by works of righteousness which we have done (before faith) but by his mercy he saved us. And this grace is again absolute; it being purely of the mercy, and free grace of God that any nation is, by the preaching of the gospel to them, called to the knowledge of salvation by Christ.

3dly. When men thus called embrace the gospel, and believe in Christ, and so obtain the pardon of their sins, this also is said to be done by grace; we being justified *by the grace of God, through the redemption that is in Jesus, and obtain the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace.* And though this grace be not absolute, but conditional, we being justified *by faith*; yet since that *faith* is not of ourselves, but *is the gift of God*, and it is of mere grace that this act of faith, which deserves nothing, is *imputed to us for righteousness*; it is certain that we are *justified by the grace of God.*

4thly. The gift of the Spirit, is in the scripture stiled the grace of God, especially his extraordinary gifts. As when St. Paul saith, *Having gifts differing, according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophesy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith, &c.* To the Corinthians he speaks thus, *I thank my God for the grace which is given to you; so that ye come behind the other Churches in no gift.* And again, *Not by fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God we have had our conversation in the world; and more especially towards you.* To the Ephesians thus, *To every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ.* And St. Peter speaketh thus, *As every one hath received the gift, so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.* On which account they who fell off from the faith, after they had tasted of these gifts, and were made *partakers of the Holy Ghost*, are said to have *despised the spirit of grace.*

II. But besides this calling of men to the profession of the Christian-faith, and this vouchsafement of the gospel to them as a rule of life; it seems necessary to assert that God vouch-

saies

saves some inward operations or assistance to incline them to what is good, and work conversion in them.

For were it otherwise, 1st, Why is this spirit stiled a quickening, or *life giving spirit*? Why is he said to *strive with man*? Why are wicked men said to *resist the Holy Ghost*? And why are they who are converted said to *be born of the spirit*, and to be enabled *through the spirit, to mortify the deeds of the body*? For how can he be said to strive with men, or they to resist his motions, if he makes no impressions on our spirits? How can he quicken, or work in us the new birth, or enable us to mortify the deeds of the body, without some vital energy, some renewing operations, or powerful assistance to subdue those motions of the flesh which lust against the spirit?

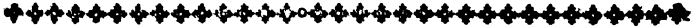
2dly. Why else is it expressly said, *God works in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure*? For sure he cannot properly be said, *εισελευ και ποιεω εν υμιν, to act and work within us*, who worketh nothing in us? How doth the word itself, when heard or read, work on us, but by making impressions on our minds? And shall that be denied to God himself, which we allow to his word? Or shall he not be believed when he saith, *he worketh in us both to will and to do*?

3dly. Doth it not seem unreasonable to deny that influence to God and his good Spirit, to incline men to goodness, which generally is, and must, according to the scripture, be allowed to the evil spirit, tempting men to wickedness? Now though this evil spirit cannot lay us under a necessity of doing wickedly, yet is he represented in the scripture as the great tempter to sin; which he can only be by raising some ideas in our brain which excite, dispose and move us, as our own thoughts, or inward sentiments, at other times are wont to do, to what is evil. He also is stiled, *that spirit, which, εισελθων, works inwardly in the children of disobedience*: which words seem plainly to import some inward energy of Satan to excite them to this disobedience. Seeing then, *stronger is he*

he that is in us, than he that is in the world, i. e. that good spirit who dwells in pious men, is more powerful in them than Satan is in wicked men, we must allow this good spirit, in ~~inspiration~~, to work inwardly in the children of disobedience, as Satan is allowed to work in his own children. Moreover the evil spirit is represented as a lying spirit in the mouth of Ahab's prophets: he moved David to number the people: he entered into Judas: he filled the heart of Ananias to lie to the Holy Ghost: all which things cannot be accounted for without allowing him some power to work upon the minds of those persons, so as to raise within them some such ideas as would excite and stir them up to the performance of those actions. When therefore, in like manner, God is said, to put a new spirit, and to put his spirit within us, to create in us a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us, to put his fear, and law in our hearts; to circumcise, and convert the heart: if he, by his spirit, raiseth no good motions or ideas in us, which may dispose us to his fear, and by attention to them may convert and cleanse our hearts; if he vouchsafes to us no inward illuminations, by attending to which we may discern the wondrous things of his law: what can these words or metaphors import? Seeing the heart is purified by an inward change which renders it averse from sin, and sets the affections, desires and inclinations of the soul against it: seeing the deeds of the flesh are only mortified by such a renovation of the mind as makes us to discern the pernicious effects and dreadful consequences of living still according to our fleshly appetites: and so begets a dread and hatred of them, a resolution to forsake them, a vehement desire to be freed from them, a sincere endeavour to resist the motions of the flesh, and a care that we do not for the future yield obedience to it in the lustings of it. If there be no renovation wrought in us by the assistance and co-operation of the spirit, how can we possibly conceive that God should put in us a new spirit? create

in us a clean heart? renew in us a right spirit? circumcise and convert the heart? or put his fear into it; if his good spirit works nothing on our mind and affections, and consequently, upon our will, to make this change within us?

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XXXVII.

On 1 CORINTHIANS X. 13,

There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man. And God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able: but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

1. **I**N the foregoing part of the chapter the Apostle has been reciting on the one hand, the unparalleled mercies of God to the Israelites; and on the other, the unparalleled ingratitude of that disobedient and gainsaying people. And all these things, as the Apostle observes, *were written for our ensample*: that we might take warning from them, so as to avoid their grievous sins, and escape their terrible punishment. He then adds that solemn and important caution, *Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.*

2. But if we observe these words attentively, will there not appear a considerable difficulty in them, *Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall?* If a man only *thinks he stands*, he is in no danger of falling. It is not possible that any one should fall, if he *only thinks he stands*. The same difficulty occurs, according to our translation in those well-known words of our Lord, (the importance of which we may easily learn, from their being repeated in the gospel no less than eight times) *To him that hath shall be given; but from him*

him that hath not shall be taken away even what he seemeth to have. That which he seemeth to have! Nay, if he only seems to have it, it is impossible it should be taken away. None can take away from another what he only seems to have. What a man only seems to have, he cannot possibly lose. This difficulty may at first appear impossible to be surmounted. It is really so; it cannot be surmounted, if the common translation be allowed. But if we observe the proper meaning of the original word, the difficulty vanishes away. It may be allowed that the word *δοξί* does (sometimes, at least in some Authors) mean no more than *to seem*. But I much doubt whether it ever bears that meaning, in any part of the inspired Writings. By a careful consideration of every text in the New Testament, wherein this word occurs, I am fully convinced, that it nowhere lessens, but every where strengthens the sense of the word to which it is annexed. Accordingly *ὁ δοξί ἵχθυσ*, does not mean, *what he seemeth to have*; but on the contrary, *what he assuredly hath*. And so *ὁ δοξίω ἰσάνας*, not *he that seemeth to stand*, or *he that thinketh he standeth*. But *he that assuredly standeth*; he who standeth so fast, that he does not appear to be in any danger of falling: he that saith, like David, *I shall never be moved: thou, Lord hast made my hill so strong*. Yet at that very time, thus saith the Lord, *Be not high-minded, but fear. Else shalt thou be cut off*: else shalt thou also be moved from thy steadfastness. The strength which thou assuredly hast, shall be taken away. As firmly as thou didst really stand, thou wilt fall into sin, if not into hell.

3. But lest any should be discouraged by the consideration of those who once ran well, and were afterwards overcome by temptation; lest the fearful of heart should be utterly cast down, supposing it impossible for them to stand, the Apostle subjoins to that serious exhortation, these comfortable words, *There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be*

tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make away to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

I. 1. Let us begin with the observation which ushers in this comfortable promise, *There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man.* Our translators seem to have been sensible that this expression, *common to man*, does by no means reach the force of the original word. Hence they substitute another word in the margin, *moderate*. But this seems to be less significant than the other, and farther from the meaning of it. Indeed it is not easy to find any single word in the English tongue, which answers the word ἀρδευπιτος. I believe the sense of it can only be expressed by some such circumlocution as this: "Such as is suited to the nature and circumstances of man: such as every man may reasonably expect, if he considers the nature of his body and his soul, and his situation in the present world." If we duly consider these, we shall not be surpris'd at any temptation that hath befallen us: seeing it is no other than such a creature, in such a situation, has all reason to expect.

2. Consider first, the nature of that body with which your soul is connected. How many are the evils, which it is every day, every hour liable to? Weakness, sickness and disorders of a thousand kinds, are its natural attendants. Consider the inconceivably minute fibres, threads abundantly finer than hair, (called from thence capillary vessels) whereof every part of it is composed; consider the innumerable multitude of equally fine pipes and strainers, all filled with circulating juices! And will not the breach of a few of these fibres, or the obstruction of a few of these tubes, particularly in the brain, or heart, or lungs, destroy our ease, health, strength, if not life itself? Now if we observe that all pain implies temptation, how numberless must the temptations be, which will beset every man, more or less, sooner or later, while he dwells in this corruptible body?

3. Consider,

3. Consider, Secondly, the present state of the soul, as long as it inhabits the house of clay. I do not mean in its unregenerate state, while it lies in darkness and the shadow of death; under the dominion of the prince of darkness, without hope, and without God in the world. No: look upon men who are raised above that deplorable state. See those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious. Yet still how weak is their understanding? How limited its extent? How confused, how inaccurate are our apprehensions, of even the things that are round about us? How liable are the wisest of men to mistake? To form false judgments? To take falsehood for truth, and truth for falsehood? Evil for good, and good for evil? What starts, what wanderings of imaginations are we continually subject to? In how many instances does the corruptible body press down the soul? And how many are the temptations which we have to expect, even from these innocent infirmities?

4. Consider, Thirdly, what is the present situation of even those that fear God. They dwell on the ruins of a disordered world, among men, that know not God, that care not for him, and whose heart is fully set in them to do evil. How many are constrained to cry out, *Wo is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech: to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar, among the enemies of God and man!* How immensely out-numbered are those that would do well, by them that neither fear God nor regard man. And how striking is *Cowley's* observation! If a man that was armed cap-a-pie, was closed in by a thousand naked *Indians*, their number would give them such advantage over him, that it would be scarce possible for him to escape. What hope would there be for a naked, unarmed man to escape, who was surrounded by a thousand armed men! Now this is the case of every good man. He is not armed either with force or fraud, and is turned out naked as he is, among thousands that are armed with the whole armour of Satan, and provided with all the weapons which the prince of this world can supply out of the armoury of hell.

If then he is not destroyed, yet how must a good man be tempted in the midst of this evil world?

5. But is it only from wicked men that temptations arise to them that fear God? It is very natural to imagine this: and almost every one thinks so. Hence how many of us have said in our hearts, "O! if my lot were but cast among good men, among those that loved or even feared God, I should be free from all these temptations." Perhaps you would: probably you would not find the same sort of temptations, which you have now to encounter. But you would surely meet with temptations of some other kind, which you would find equally hard to bear. For even good men in general, though sin has not dominion over them, yet are not freed from the remains of it. They have still the remains of an evil heart, ever prone to *depart from the living God*. They have the seeds of pride, of anger, of foolish desire; indeed of every unholy temper. And any of these, if they do not continually watch and pray, may, and naturally will spring up, and trouble not themselves only, but all that are round about them. We must not therefore depend upon finding no temptation, from those that fear, yea, in a measure, love God. Much less must we be surprised, if some of those who once loved God in sincerity, should lay greater temptations in our way, than many of those that never knew him.

6. "But can we expect to find any temptation from those that are *perfected in love*? This is an important question, and deserves a particular consideration. I answer, first, You may find every kind of temptation, from those who *suppose* they are perfected, when indeed they are not: and so you may, secondly, from those who once really were so, but are now moved from their steadfastness. And if you are not aware of this, if you think they are still what they were once, the temptation will be harder to bear. Nay, thirdly, even those who *stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free*, who are now really perfect in love, may still be an occasion

caſion of temptation to *you*. For they are ſtill encompaſt with infirmities. They may be dull of apprehenſion: they may have a natural heedleſſneſs, or a treacherous memory: they may have too lively an imagination: and any of theſe may cauſe little improprieties, either in ſpeech or behaviour, which though not ſinful in themſelves, may try all the grace you have. Eſpecially if you impute to perverſeneſs of will (as it is very natural to do) what is really owing to defect of memory, or weakneſs of underſtanding: if theſe appear to you to be voluntary miſtakes, which are really involuntary. So proper was the answer which a Saint of God (now in *Abraham's* boſom) gave me ſome years ago, when I ſaid, *Jenny*, ſurely now your Miſtreſs and you, can neither of you be a trial to the other, as God has ſaved you both from ſin: "O Sir, ſaid ſhe, if we are ſaved from ſin, we ſtill have infirmities enough to try all the grace that God has given us."

7. But beſides evil men, do not evil ſpirits alſo continually ſurround us on every ſide? Do not Satan and his angels continually go about, ſeeking whom they may devour? Who is out of the reach of their malice and ſubtlety? Not the wiſeſt or beſt of the children of men. *The ſervant is not above his Maſter*. If then they tempted Him, will they not tempt us alſo? Yea, it may be, ſhould God ſee good to permit, more or leſs to the end of our lives. *No temptation therefore hath taken us*, which we had not reaſon to expect, either from our body or ſoul, either from evil ſpirits or evil men, yea, or even from good men, till our Spirits return to God that give them.

[*To be continued.*]

A Short

*A Short Account of the Life and Death of Mr. CHRISTOPHER
MIDDLETON.*

[Written by his Brother.]

You see the man ; you see his hold of Heav'n ;
Heav'n waits not the last moment, owns her friends
On this side Death ; and points them out to Men,
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign power,
To Vice confusion, and to Virtue peace.

YOUNG.

I Make no pretensions to literary qualifications ; neither is it a desire of becoming an Author that induces me to publish the following account ; but believing that the exemplary life, and happy death of my dear Brother will be of service to the people he was connected with, I think it my duty to declare what I know concerning him.

He was born at *Afenby*, near *Thirsk*, in Yorkshire, 1757, of poor, but honest parents : who gave their children as good an education as their circumstances would allow ; for which we have much reason to be thankful.

When my Brother was about seventeen years of age, I had a concern for my soul : and going to see my father, I intreated my Brother to go with me to hear the Methodists. On his refusal, I talked with him about the value of our souls, and the necessity of using all possible means for securing our salvation. Though he slighted me and my counsel for a year and a half ; when he saw religion did not render me unmindful of the common duties of life, he grew friendly. About a year after, he told me that, to his knowledge, he had not committed a sin for the last five or six years, without being reproved in his own conscience for it : notwithstanding which he withstood the workings of the Spirit, intending thereby to stifle his convictions.

About

About this time he came to *Scarborough*; and not finding work here went to *Whitby*, where he staid the following Summer. There he often heard the gospel, and was frequently convinced of the evil of his doings; yet endeavoured to turn a deaf ear both to the threatenings and promises of God.

The following Winter he returned to my father's again, where he continued to follow the desires of the flesh; and as he could not serve two masters, he cast off all restraint, and would not have Jesus to reign over him.

Towards the latter part of Summer, 1779, the Lord opened his eyes more fully, and shewed him the exceeding sinfulness of sin: when the following Scriptures were deeply impressed on his mind, If ye die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come:—except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven, &c. On this he began to pray more earnestly than he had ever done before; and often put that question to himself, Who can endure everlasting burning? Who can dwell with devouring fire? He now saw that every thing from which he had formerly sought happiness, was nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. When I visited him that winter, I know not that I ever saw a penitent so exactly like *Hezekiah*, as he was; for he mourned like a dove; and sleeping and waking, Mercy! Mercy! Mercy! was all his cry. Now he forsook all his old companions in sin at once, and his Bible became his chief counsellor; together with a little book his landlady put into his box, when he left *Whitby*, called, “A choice Drop of Honey from the Rock, Christ.” I stopped with him at my father's near a week, and spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, as well as I could.

About a fortnight after I left him, he wrote to me the following Account:

“ Dear Brother,

“ One night going to bed in great distress I began to cry for mercy. When I fell asleep, I dreamed that I heard a voice say,

say, Believe in Christ. I also thought that I saw a face, exceedingly bright, look through the window. On this I awoke, and found the load of guilt entirely gone, and the sting of death taken away. In crying for mercy in my sleep, the agony of my soul was so great, that when I awoke I was in a bath of sweat."

A little after, I received the following account from him. "When I come to reflect on the love of God to my soul, I am lost in wonder and amazement! What a change hath he wrought in a little time! How was I gratifying my fleshly appetites, and wandering on the dark mountains of sin and folly? Pursuing them with all the heat and vigour of youth, till the Lord shone into my soul, and discovered the cheat!"

He now found his soul at liberty, and was zealous in reproving and exhorting others, both rich and poor, as occasion offered: exceedingly longing for the salvation of all, especially his parents and brethren.

June 7, 1781, he wrote as follows: "I have lately been led to feel my need of being delivered from inbred sin, and of possessing all the mind that was in Christ Jesus. I see nothing unclean can dwell in heaven. I feel it is only sin that causes unhappiness. I find tempers in me contrary to the will of God, which cause many a struggle. One night I went into a private place, intending not to come out of it till the Lord had cleansed my soul. As soon as I got there, those words were impressed on my mind, Dost thou now believe?— I replied, Not now! O the wretchedness of my heart! Yet I can at times rejoice in the Lord and bless his name for trials. He is making me more and more acquainted with my own heart. This morning my peace is as a river. The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want as long as I continue in his fold. O that we may never stray from him! I desire

to be passive in his hands, and always humble before him. I thank him for sending his Servants among us. We have no need of perishing for lack of knowledge. O Brother, what need have we to mind that exhortation, Be not conformed to this world! Go thou rather, and preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound: exhorting them to come out from among the wicked (as far as business permits) and not to touch the unclean thing."

From this time till his returning to *Whitby* (in the beginning of 1783) I have only by me two letters: the substance of which is as follows.

" Dear Brother,

" If I was to tell you the many trials I am exercised with, perhaps you would not believe me. I sometimes think the devil rejoices over my unfaithfulness. Sometimes I reason about several parts of Scripture, which I cannot understand; sometimes about going from this place; at others, about changing my state in life. Sometimes I think I must either do this or go back into *Egypt*. Last week I was led by the devil, and my carnal heart, into a temptation that might have ruined me; but the good Lord prevented me from entering into it. O what matter of thankfulness is this! I see I want the heart of a little child. My carnal heart is my greatest enemy. O that I could be careful for nothing!"

In the other letter he says, " I find much favour from the men of the world, which often makes me examine myself; because there is a woe pronounced against the man whom all speak well of. Dear Brother, I find great need of humility; that is, of being little in my own eyes. For what is worldly honour, pleasure, profit, or any other creature-good, to the love of God in Christ Jesus! I have lately fed on substantial food. There has been an intercourse opened between God and my soul; and I feel a desire to cleave to him with full purpose

pray for himself, and to expect the pardon of all his sins : telling him that when he was justified, he would find peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. I then left him earnestly crying for mercy. When I visited him again, though he seemed better in body, yet he continued to cry out for the salvation of his soul.

Nov. 18, 1785, his disorder increasing, he sent for me again. When I came, he took me by the hand, and said, "God is Love! O help me to praise Him!"

After prayer he rejoiced exceedingly, and said, "Christ has done great things for me! I have given up wife and friends! I am crucified to the world, and the fear of death is quite gone."

He then sent for his friends and neighbours, and charged them to forsake their sins, and turn to God: adding, "If you do, He will have mercy on you." To one whom he knew to be a Sabbath-breaker, he said, "You have often grieved me by breaking the Sabbath of the Lord: I charge you to quit your sins, and to cry to God for mercy; or else where I am going you will never come." In short, he preached Christ to all who came near him, and exhorted them speedily to turn from all their sins.

Thus he continued for two days. When I returned, on finding he was still happy in God, we sung the following hymn:

O the infinite cares,
 Temptations and snares,
 His hand hath conducted me through;
 O the blessing bestowéd,
 By a bountiful God!
 And the mercies eternally new.

A friend coming into the room, he spoke to him in a very comfortable manner: and then said, "Blessed be God, who sends his children from different places to see me!"

C 2

Another

Another coming to see him, who spoke very comfortably, he asked him, "What think you of Christ!" On my saying,

"My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'Tis heaven below,"

he answered, "O Jesus, did every creature enjoy as much happiness as I do at the present, it would be a happy world indeed: it would be just such a world as it ought to be! O what a pity is it that every creature does not love Jesus!"

On my saying, Look to God for an entire change of heart, he answered, "I will," and immediately added, "O Jesus, as thou hast in great mercy justified me freely, I beseech thee sanctify me wholly!"

The next night he sent for me again. When I came, he said, "O John, stay with me this night! I shall soon go home!" But said I, do you think you are ready? he answered, "Jesus can soon make me ready." He then desired his brother's wife to read him a rejoicing hymn.

Presently after Satan made his last effort against him. For, all on a sudden he cried out aloud, "I am undone! undone! I have lost my way! The Lord is departed from me! O, it was all lies I was telling! God has shewed me that I am a great sinner! I see my sins before me, as a mighty army ready to devour me! O, my God, I am undone, undone!" I then said, Fear not! It is the enemy who wants to destroy your confidence, and to remove you from the Rock of your salvation. But stronger is he that is for you, than all that are against you! He answered, "I hope so;" but yet continued in great distress. On my mentioning those words, If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, he answered, "God is faithful and just! He is come! Help me up! Blessed be God! He is come!" Then giving a stamp with his foot; he said, "Satan! I stamp thee under my feet! O my dear friends and neighbours

neighbours, praise, praise the Lord with me ! For he is come in mercy to my soul ! The terror is gone ! The sting of Death is gone ! O death, where is thy sting ! O grave where is thy victory ! Blessed be Jesus who hath given me the victory ! O I feel his love in my heart,

“ Praise God from whom all blessings flow ! ”

The exceeding great joy he felt in his soul, gave vigour to his body also. For, before this deliverance, he could scarce bear to be turned in the bed : but now he could sit up himself, without any help ; yea, we all thought he could walk over the room !

A boy seeing this mighty change, ran home to his mother, and said, Mother get up ; for my uncle will soon be well ! I never saw such a change before ! I think he can walk over the room ! On hearing this, she came, and was astonished at what she saw and heard.

His wife coming into the room, praised the Lord for what he had done for him ! She then said, My dear husband, I am willing to part with you ; for you are God's, and not mine. I freely give you up to him. Farewel, my dear husband ! O that my last end may be like yours ! To which he answered, “ O that it may ! ”

While we were singing,

“ Our mourning is all at an end,
When raised by the life-giving word,”

he just said, “ I am happy ! ” and then he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, Nov. 27, 1785.

A short

looking upward, she began to relate what she had seen. Her husband enquiring more particularly, what it was? after a short pause, she said, "I was taken up by my Guide, to the top of a high mountain." Her husband asking who her guide was? she answered, "My Jesus." Being asked how she came to part with him? she answered, "He would not stay with me any longer. But before he went away, he put a harp to my ear; on which I heard such music as I never heard before!"

When a Christian friend asked her how she did? she answered, "I am ill in body; but well in my soul!" She then cried out,

" Hallelujah they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great, everlasting I AM!
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

She then added, "My Jesus! O my Jesus!"

" When I ascend to yonder cloud,
With all that dazling throng,
Then shall I sing more sweet and loud;
And Christ shall be my song!"

On Thursday morning, she spoke but little; being much inclined to slumber. On Friday evening, when Mr. B. came to see her, she kissed his hand, as a mark of her sincere love to him, and the people of God. After she had related her trials and temptations, it pleased God so to bless what Mr. B. said to her, as to chase all her doubts and fears away. On this she cried out with great earnestness of soul, "O what glory hath Jesus prepared for me! Jesus! Oh my Jesus!"

She

She then said, "I have also seen the place of torments! O the thousands who are howling and yelling there! and I deserve to be there also!" Then expressing much gratitude to Christ for delivering her from that place, she added, "When we are about yonder throne, we shall be freed from all the arrows of death!" Then she lifted up her dying voice and sung,

" Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath :
With the Prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death."

She then said, "I have been taken into a very green meadow, the most beautiful I ever saw. Thousands of thousands were there walking in white, with crowns on their heads! One of whom beckoned to me to come to him."

Some time after, she called her children; spoke to them one by one, and prayed that the Lord would give them grace to love, and fear, and serve him. When Mr. P. came to see her, she cried out, "O the thorns and pincers that tore his hair!" (meaning Christ's.) Then bursting into tears, she said, "All this he bore for me! all this he bore for me!" Then, on a sudden, she was so filled with joy, that she laughed, and sighed! and sighed, and laughed again! Being asked the reason, she said, "To think of the throne I am to sit in! I scarce deserve to sit at the feet of the meanest saints; and yet I am to sit on That Throne!"

When any came to see her in costly dress; she spake of the evil of Pride, warned them of the dreadful consequences, and intreated all that came to see her, to come to Christ for life and salvation. When a carnal acquaintance came to see her, who asked how she did? She said, "Very ill in body; but happy in my soul." She then exhorted her to seek redemption

in

in the blood of Christ. On the other answering, I hope I shall, she replied, "The hope of the hypocrite shall perish, when God taketh away the soul." Then turning from her she said, "Farewel, for ever and ever."

Some time after, when five or six friends were present, she shewed such gratitude to Christ, as amazed them all.

A person, who is a Player, sending her a shilling, her husband said, My Dear, God can open the mouth of the Raven, as well as the Dove, to feed thee. On hearing this she said, "Ask him to step in: who knows but the Lord may give me a word to speak for his glory." Her husband answered, he will not come to such a poor place as this. "O then, said she, Go and ask his sister." When she came, she exhorted her to seek the Lord Jesus; adding, "It is not a small thing to die without an interest in Him!" She spoke with such earnestness on this occasion, that when she had done she fainted away.

When she came to herself she lifted up her eyes to heaven! and threw her arms wide open; then clasped them together, as if she had grasped some body. Being asked what she meant by that? she said, "My Jesus! Oh, my Jesus!"

For three weeks before she died, her youngest child (two years old) and her husband lay very near her heart. But at length she freely gave them up into the hands of God.

July 15th, She would have none to sit up with her: saying, "Jesus Christ shall be my Nurse." On the sixteenth (at night) she said, "Nurse, take that candle away." Her husband asking, My Dear, do you think we have a candle? "Yes, said she; for I see a shining light all around!" The next night, about twelve o'clock, she fell asleep, in the arms of Jesus, without a single groan.

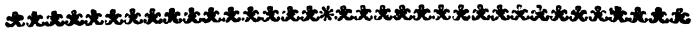
A Short Account of the Death of a daring Sinner : by Mr. J. F. of Leeds.

Leeds, May 4, 1786.

SOMETIME ago, a farmer had been drinking for several days and nights together. Rising early, the next morning after his return home, his wife fearing he was going to the Alehouse again, said, My dear where are you going? He answered, "I am going to hell, if the Devil can find room for me!" So saying he immediately went out with his cart, which was waiting for him in the yard. He had not gone far before he fell down: on which the wheel went over him, and killed him on the spot!

[How dreadful is [it, that Beings who are to spend Eternity, either in the joys of heaven, or the flames of hell, should thus provoke the Lord to jealousy! should thus dare him to the very face!

But, "I am going to hell, said he, if the devil can find room for me!" Undoubtedly there will be room enough, for every daring sinner, who shall die without repentance. For, as *wide* is the gate, and *broad* is the way that leadeth to destruction, and *many* there be that go in thereat; so Tophet is prepared of old, *deep* and *large*: and the pile thereof is fire and *much* wood, and the breath of the Lord, as a stream of brimstone doth kindle it!]



A Short Account of a Yorkshireman, who dug a pit for his Wife, and fell into it himself: by Mr. J. F. of Leeds.

Leeds, May 5, 1786.

A Few weeks ago, a man in this neighbourhood, who was weary of his wife, after buying a piece of beef, and rubbing it well over with Arsenic, ordered her to roast it for dinner.

While

While it was roasting, the woman was taken so ill, that though he pressed her much, she could not eat a morsel of it: and he making some excuse for not eating of it himself, it was put by for the next day.

But the next day he brought home some fish, and ordered his wife to dress them for his dinner. This being done, he sat down and ate heartily. But before he had done, he was taken very ill. On asking his wife what she had fried the fish with? she said, With the dripping of the beef I roasted yesterday. On hearing this he cried out, "Then I am a dead man!" Then throwing down his knife and fork, he confessed what he had done, and died in about two hours!

[Who that reads this Account can help admiring, on the one hand, The providence of God, in preserving the life of this injured woman? and, on the other, His justice, in causing the very evil to fall on the head of this hard-hearted sinner, which he so cruelly intended should fall on his wife!]

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 Vol. IX. page 658.]

SUNDAY, May 2. We went, as many of us as were disposed, to *Sydonaiia*, a Greek Convent about four hours distant from *Damascus*, to the Northward, or North by East: the road, excepting only two steep ascents, is very good. In this stage we passed by two Villages, the first called *Tall*, the second *Meneen*. At a good distance on the right hand is a very high hill, reported to be the same on which *Cain* and *Abel* offered their sacrifices; and where also the former slew his brother, setting the first example of blood-shed to the world.

Sydonaiia is situated at the farther side of a large Vale on the top of a Rock. The Rock is cut with steps all up, without which it would be inaccessible. It is fenced all round at the top with a strong wall, which encloses the Convent. It is a place of very mean structure, and contains nothing in it extraordinary, but only the wine made here, which is indeed most excellent. This place was first founded and endowed by the Emperor *Justinian*. It is at present possessed by twenty Greek Monks, and forty Nuns, who seem to live promiscuously together, without any order or separation.

Here are upon this Rock, and within a little compass round about it, no less than sixteen Churches or Oratories, dedicated to several names. Many of these Churches I actually visited; but found them so ruined and desolate, that I had not courage to go to all.

Monday, May 3. This morning (being returned to *Damascus*) we went to see the street called *Straight*, Acts ix. 11. It is about half a mile in length, running from East to West through the city. It being narrow, and the houses jetting out in several places on both sides, you cannot have a clear prospect of its length and straightness. In this street is shewn the house of *Judas*, with whom *St. Paul* lodged; and in the same house is an old tomb, said to be *Annias'*; but how he should come to be buried here, they could not tell us, nor could we guess; his own house being shewn us in another place. However the Turks have a reverence for this tomb, and maintain a lamp always burning over it.

In the afternoon, we took our leave of *Damascus*, and shaped our course for *Tripoli*; designing in the way to see *Balbeck*, and the cedars of *Libanus*. In order to this, we returned the same way by which we came; and crossing the river *Barrady* again at the bridge of *Dummar*; came to a Village of the same name a little farther, and there lodged this night. We travelled this afternoon three hours.

Tuesday.

Tuesday, May 4. This morning we left our old road, and took another more Northerly. In an hour and a half we came to a small Village called *Sinie*; just by which is an ancient structure on the top of a high hill, supposed to be the tomb of *Abel*, and to have given the adjacent country in old times the name of *Abilene*. The fratricide also is said by some to have been committed in this place. The tomb is thirty yards long; and yet it is here believed to have been but just proportioned to the stature of him who was buried in it. Here we entered into a narrow Gut, between two steep rocky Mountains, the river *Barrady* running at the bottom. On the other side of the river were several tall pillars, which excited our curiosity to go and take a nearer view of them. We found them part of the front of some ancient and very magnificent edifice, but of what kind we could not conjecture.

[*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 Vol. IX. page 660.*]

BLUE-FLOWERED *Gentianella* requires wet weather to be sown in. As soon as any rain touches the seed-vessels, they burst open and throw the seed on every side. *Cardamines* burst their pods, and dart out their seed on a light touch of the hand: nay, the *Cardamine-Impatiens* does so, even by the approach of the hand. Other seeds by their agreeable taste or smell, invite birds to feed upon them, who drop them again, fertilized by passing through their body. So *Mistletoe* is usually sown.

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The berries of Mistletoe have within their viscid pulp, a kernel covered with a thin, whitish skin. One placed these berries within the bark of oak, ash, beech, pear, and apple-trees, by making several cuts in the sides of the trees; but the whole berries would not stay in any of them. And when he broke them, the seed always slipt out to the edge of the cut, and there stuck to the bark by its viscous covering. He stuck one seed to the bark without any cutting at all, which succeeded best, and yielded two plants. The viscous matter drying away, drew the seeds close to the bark, and on these, with two more on an apple-tree, and one on a pear-tree, there began in spring to shoot out at the end of the seed next the eye of the berry, a small deep-green shoot, like a little clasper of a vine. At first it rose upward, then turning again, swelled out somewhat bigger round the end: yet leaving the tip quite flat, forming as it were a foot to stand upon. This foot in June came to the bark, and fixed itself thereon. Being thus fastened at both ends, it formed a little arch, whose diameter was as long as the seed. Thus it remained till March following. Then the other end let go its hold, and raising itself upward became the head of the plant, while the end which sprung out first, became the root. 'Tis not uncommon for the seeds of ever-greens to be two years before they spring out of the ground. But this was surprising, the change of the ends, first one shooting out, and then the other. Yet we find nature is uniform, and even in this strange plant, acts as in other vegetables, first carrying the sap to form the root, then turning the course of it back again, to send out the upper parts of the plant. The strangest circumstance is, that the rooting end should first shoot out into the air, and then turn down to find a place to fix on. This it is, which has kept the world so long in ignorance about the growing of this seed. For by requiring a new, smooth part of the bark whereon to fix the rooting part, it has frustrated all attempts of sowing it as we do other seeds.

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In Strawberries and Raspberries the hairs which grow on the ripe fruit, are so many tubes leading to the several seeds. And therefore we may observe, that in the first opening of the flower, the whole inward area is like a little wood of these hairs: and when they have received and conveyed their globules, the seeds swell and rise in a fleshy pulp.

The manner wherein Mosses in general seed, is exceeding little understood. But in one species at least, it may be clearly explained, from a number of observations. The head of this Moss appears to the naked eye, smooth and of a pale brown colour. The top of this is bounded by an orange-coloured ring, which is a Calix, containing sixteen pyramidal stamina, loaded with a white Farina. These bend towards each other, and when the head is nearly ripe, almost meet in a point at their tops. Immediately under the arch formed by these stamina, is placed a slender, hollow pistil, through which the Farina makes its way, and is dispersed among the seeds in the head. The external membrane of the head, is a continuation of the outward covering of the stalk. A section of the head shews, that this membrane includes a seed vessel so large as to fill it every way. This is filled with perfect and beautiful seeds. They are round and transparent when unripe, but afterwards they are opaque, and of a beautiful green. The number of seeds in one of these heads, is not less than 13,800.

The Seed vessels of Mahogany-trees are of a curious form. They consist of a large cone, which splitting into five parts, discloses its winged seeds. None would think, that such tall and large trees, could grow on solid rocks. They are four feet and upwards in diameter. The manner of their growth is as follows. The seeds fly along the surface of the ground, and some falling into the chinks of the rocks, strike root, then creep out upon the surface, and seek another chink. In this they swell to such a size and strength, that the rock splits and
makes

makes way for the root to sink deeper. And with this little nourishment the tree in a few years grows to that stupendous size.

The progress of Germination was accurately observed by Malpighi in the seed of a Gourd. The day after it was committed to the ground, he found the outer coat a little swelled: and in its tip a small cleft appeared, through which the sperm was seen. The second day the outward coat was much softer, the inner torn and corrupted, the Germ somewhat longer and more swelled and the beginning of the root appeared. The third day the root had made itself a passage through the coat, near the former cleft. The Germ and seed-leaves also were now grown much bigger. On the sixth, more of the seed-leaves had broken through, and were found thicker and harder. The root had shot out many fibres, and the stem grown out a finger's length. About the twenty-first day the plant seemed complete, from which time the seed-leaves began to droop, till they died away.

[To be continued.]

An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE II.

[Continued from Vol. IX. page 669.]

Sophronius. MY own *Callistus!* let me embrace my dearest friend! I have him all—all my *Callistus!* my generous, humane.—

Callistus. (*Interrupting*) O, do not praise me, *Sophronius!* I am condemning myself; this gleam of light will only add more horror to the utter darkness.

I cultivated my new-made friendship by daily visits; and when we began to be a little more familiar, I enquired into the particulars

particulars of *Eugenia's* past life. She told me she was the daughter of a country Gentleman, contrary to whose inclinations she was married very early in life to an Officer in the army, who had no other income than his pay. Though a mutual passion was the foundation of their union, their happiness had been of a very short duration. He proved an unprincipled rake; wasted all her fortune and treated his unhappy wife, first with neglect, and afterwards with cruelty. His excesses introduced painful distempers, which brought him to an untimely end; and *Eugenia* was left a widow with a son and daughter, and no provision but her pension.—Her son was happily provided for in the Navy, and was at that time stationed abroad; the daughter, who could not be prevailed on to leave her mother alone, in a very ill state of health, lived with her in an obscure village, and helped to support her by her needle. Poor *Eugenia's* bodily sufferings increasing to an intolerable degree, forced her to seek relief in this place, where she was soon reduced to the distress in which I found her: a distress which had impressed her mind with peculiar horror.—“The idea of being cast into a goal, said she, after all my past sufferings, with my present infirmities, had overpowered my patience!—You would not have seen me weep, had I not heard my poor child's sobs:—my heart was abandoned to sullen despair.—Alas, dear maid! thy hapless mother's life is a burden, instead of a support to thy youth! Would I could lay it down, and relieve myself and you!—But let me not be impatient! let me not be unthankful to that pitying power who sent you to my rescue!—No—I am content to live, to express my gratitude to my generous benefactor; to renew my daily ardent prayers!”—Here she stopped:—clasped her hands, and closed her eyes, for a few moments, whilst the tears trickled down her cheeks. I could not restrain mine.

Sophonius. I know the tenderness of your heart, dear Sir, and what it must have felt on such an occasion.

Callistus. Cruel, cruel, heart! which could melt at the story of her past woes, and then plunge her into new depths of misery; compared to which, her former sufferings were trifles.—O what can expiate my guilt! O that I could live longer! that I could now suffer more, ten thousand times!—if all would do!—

Sophonius. All that we can do, will do, added to our Saviour's satisfactory sufferings; the will, when it is (as here) sincere, will be accepted, though the power be denied.

Callistus. O God, thou knowest it is!—O that what is done could be undone! that I could call them back to life! that I might surrender up to them all my possessions, all myself, to be punished and tormented at their discretion: alas! their power of hurting me, could not be equal to the injuries I did them!

Sophonius. Dear *Callistus*, do not torture yourself and me, by this cruel suspense. If it must be, defer no longer to disclose the dreadful scene.

Callistus. Bear with me, my friend!—I will, if I can, go on. But how can I go on, without stopping sometimes to give vent to my full heart, which else would burst?

Think that I have been acquainted with the distressed Ladies about a fortnight; think that the daughter is somewhat familiarized to the sight of me; for having never conversed, since she was twelve years old, with a man of any figure, she seemed at first to be awed by my appearance. She speaks:—she mixes a little in the conversation.—Think—O no, you cannot imagine the astonishing charms both of mind and body which she displays in speaking. Her dark blue eyes, which before were all softness, sweetness, and modesty, now sparkle with intelligence and sensibility, and her whole delicate person assumes an animated air.—Alas! I am speaking of her, as if she still existed!—ay, so she does in heaven; but I must never more be blest with a sight of her!—Such simplicity;—such innocence;—such genuine purity of heart, I never before found

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in woman.—With regard to others, she was faultless; her credulity, her unsuspecting confidence, which proved so fatal to herself, were the natural consequences of her own integrity, and her ignorance of the world. Too soon I loved her.— Villain, thou liest! thou never lovedst her? Why then I never loved *Sophonius*; I never loved my father, or my mother: for all that I had ever felt of love for these—all, all together made not the sum of what I felt for her!—And didst thou love her then? and didst thou not deceive her? didst thou not destroy her?—O how cruelly destroy her! strange! strange!—

[*To be continued.*]

A Miraculous CURE.

ABOUT thirty years since, there was at *Benthuysen*, a village in the neighbourhood of *Rotterdam*, a young woman, who had for a long time been afflicted with a Palsy, that confined her to her bed; and rendered her totally incapable of either walking or moving. But being visited by Mr. *Segard*, the Minister of the parish, she told him, she should certainly be cured of her malady. Mr. *Segard* (yet living; being at present Greek Professor, and one of the Ministers of *Utrecht*) earnestly advised her not to give way to this belief; fearing it was a mere delusion. But she could not take his advice; but on the contrary was more established in this belief than before.

Mr. *Segard* asked her, every time he saw her, if she persisted in her persuasion? and the answer was always in the affirmative: adding, that the time of her recovery was near.

Mr. *Segard* was much astonished at this; and feared that if this persuasion proved a delusion, it would give occasion of derision to the enemies of true religion. Hence he more

eagerly endeavoured to put it out of her mind; but to no purpose. At length, she fixed the very day: affirming, she would be recovered the next Wednesday. When Mr. *Segard*, and others, told her, that this fixing the day, increased their fears, she answered, "I will fix even the hour of the day on which it shall happen. The clock will not have struck twelve on Wednesday, before I shall rise out of bed, and walk!"

Mr. *Segard*, and several others, came on Wednesday morning; being still utterly incredulous. When the clock began striking twelve she was as usual; but before it had done, she rose and was perfectly well!

N. B. A case of the like nature happened at *Amsterdam*, to a woman called *Dina van den Berg*. who perfectly recovered, and went to *North-America*, where she is still living.

[Thus we see that Christ is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and that all things are *still* possible to him that believes.]



An Extraordinary CURE.

BISHOP HALL, speaking of the good offices which angels do to God's Servants, says, Of this kind was that marvellous Cure, which was wrought upon a poor Cripple, at St. *Maderns'*, in *Cornwall*: whercof, besides the attestation of many hundreds of the neighbours, I took a strict examination in my last visitation,

This man, for sixteen years together, was obliged to walk upon his hands, by reason the sinews of his legs were so contracted,

Upon an admonition in his dream, to wash in a certain well, he was suddenly so restored to his limbs, that I saw him able to walk and get his own maintenance. The name of this cripple was *John Trebble*.

[And were "many hundreds of the neighbours," together with *Bishop Hall*, deceived in so notorious a matter of fact!

A Remarkable DREAM.

WHILST I lived at *Prague*, saith an *English* Gentleman, one morning the Sun-beams glancing on my face, as I lay in my bed, I dreamed that a shadow passing by told me that my father was dead. On awaking all in a sweat, I rose and wrote the day and hour, and all the circumstances thereof, in a paper-book; which book, with many other things, I put into a barrel, and sent it from *Prague* to *Stade*, thence to be conveyed to *England*. Being at *Nurenburg*, a Merchant well acquainted with me and my relations, arrived there; who told me that my father died some months past. When I returned into *England*, four years after, I would not open the barrel I sent from *Prague*; nor look into the paper-book in which I had written this dream, till I had called my sisters, and some other friends, to be witnesses; where myself and they were astonished to see my written dream answer the very day of my father's death.

An Account of curious INSECTS: by a Gentleman in Kent.

THERE are insects abroad, says he, much of the shape and size of a Wasp. They are to be seen in great quantities where the land is light and sandy. They fly with great velocity, five or six inches from the ground, and catch small flies on which they feed. As there are always many small holes in the ground which they frequent, I suppose they lodge and breed there. At the death of any of them, there is a small plant that springs up from its head. It has the appearance of a small sprig of Samphire; but it is of an Ash-colour. The Negroes who know the proper time, dig them up and bring them to town,

town, where they are sold as curiosities. And you may frequently see them in all the different stages of their vegetation, from the first bud on the back-part of their head, till the plant comes to perfection. It is then about two inches long.

It is remarkable, that the Ants do not devour them, as they do the bodies of every other insect: but Nature which seems to have some other purposes to serve with them, guards them from those little ravenous animals: their bodies being always found perfectly sound, with the plant adhering to them.

[How manifold, and how marvellous are thy works, O God!]

LOVE of LEARNING, in a great Man.

ALPHONSUS, King of *Naples*, used to say, He had rather suffer the loss of his kingdom, than the least part of his learning. He set up Universities, and erected Libraries, up and down in his kingdoms: and a choice book was to him the most acceptable present of all others. On his ensigns he caused to be drawn an open book, importing that knowledge drawn from thence became Princes. When he heard the King of *Spain* should say, That learning was below Princes, he said, It was the voice of an ox, and not of a man. He translated the Epistles of *Seneca* into *Spanish*, and was so conversant in the sacred writings, that he said he had read over the Old and New Testament, with their glosses, fourteen times. All this he did being stricken in years; for he was fifty, before he intermeddled with studies: his improvement therein having been neglected in his younger time. And yet we may say of this Prince, a greater, both in Virtue and Fortune, Europe hath not seen.

[Where a thirst for divine wisdom is added (or rather prefixt) to that of human, that character is great indeed.]

An Account of a poor CLERGYMAN.

UPON the ruin of the Royal Family, and the death of the King, Lord *Orrery* retired to *Marston*; his seat in *England*, which his father had bought of Sir *John Hippisley*, and which was formerly part of *Edmond Earl of Cornwall's* estate.

I have heard him repeat a remarkable incident that happened during his residence there.

The parish church of *Marston* is very near to the Mansion-house, and Lord *Orrery* never failed to go thither on a Sunday. But one Sunday, having sat there some time, and being disappointed of the then qualified Minister, his Lordship was preparing to return home, when his servants told him, a person in the church offered to preach. His Lordship, though he looked upon the proposal only as a piece of enthusiasm, gave permission; and was never more surprised, nor delighted than with the sermon, which was filled with learning, sense, and piety. His Lordship would not suffer the Preacher to escape unknown; but invited him to dinner; and enquiring of him his name, life and fortune, received this answer: My Lord, my name is *Ashbury*; I am a Clergyman of the Church of *England*, and a loyal subject to the King. I have lived three years in a poor cottage, under your warren-wall, within a few paces of your Lordship's house. My son lives with me, and we read and dig by turns. I have a little money, and some few books, and I submit cheerfully to the will of Providence.

This worthy and learned man (for such Lord *Orrery* always called him) died at *Marston* some years after; but not till his Lordship had obtained an allowance of 30*l.* per ann for him, without any obligation of taking the covenant.—

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As a memorial of the above transaction, the poor cottage in which Mr. *Abbey* lived, with a little garden adjoining to it, is still kept up in its old form, by the present Earl of *Cork* and *Orrery*; being taken into his gardens, and the two rooms of which it consists. viz. a kitchen and a chamber are furnished.

[How often does merit lie buried in deepest obscurity? And how worthy of praise is the conduct of those great men, who, on discovering it, like Lord *Orrery* drag it out to light. Undoubtedly, a single instance of this nature, or of administering, in any other way, to the necessities of the indigent, will afford more real satisfaction, in an hour of reflection, than all the instances of gay amusement, will be able to do, in the course of a long life]

On the shortness of LIFE, and uncertainty of RICHES.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

IF you should see a man who was to cross from *Dover* to *Calais*, run about very busy, and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before in making provisions for his voyage, would you commend him, as a cautious and discreet person? or laugh at him, as a timorous and impertinent coxcomb?

A man who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder thereof with all conveniencies, and even superfluities, is, to angels, and wise men, no less ridiculous: he does as little consider the shortness of his passage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas! so narrow a streight betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de vie*, as well as that, the *Pas de Calais*. We are all *ἑφ' ἡμέραι*, (as *Pindar* calls us) creatures of a day; and therefore

our Saviour bounds our desires to that little space: as if it were very probable that every day should be our last, we are taught to demand even our bread for no longer a time.

The sun ought not to set upon our covetousness, any more than upon our anger; but as in the esteem of God Almighty, a thousand years are as one day; so in direct opposition, one day, to the covetous, may be as a thousand years. So far he shoots beyond his butt, one would think he was of the opinion of the Millenaries, and hoped for so long a reign upon earth.

The Patriarchs before the flood, who enjoyed almost such a life, made, we are sure, less stores for the maintaining of it. They who lived nine hundred years scarcely provided for a few days. We who live but a few days, provide for, at least, nine hundred years. What a strange alteration is this of human life and manners? and yet we see an imitation of it in every man's particular experience. For we begin not the cares of life; till life is half spent; and then we still increase them as that decreases! what is there among the actions of beasts so illogical and repugnant to reason? When they do any thing which seems to proceed from reason, we disdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a natural instinct. And are not we fools too by the same kind of instinct? If we could but learn to number our days (as we are taught to pray that we might) we should much better adjust our other accounts. But whilst we never consider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares be without end too! From a short life then cut off all hopes that grow too long. They must be pruned away like suckers that rob the mother plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit.

Seneca gives an example of an acquaintance of his, named *Senecio*, who from a very mean beginning, by great industry in turning about money, through all ways of gain, had attained to
 extraordinary

extraordinary riches ; but died on a sudden after having supped merrily, in the full course of his good fortune, when she had a high tide, and stiff gale, and all her sails on ; upon which occasion he cries, out of *Virgil*,

Go Melibæus, now

Go graft thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant,

Behold thy fruit !

For this *Senecio* I have no compassion, because he was taken as we say, in ipso facto, still labouring in the work of Avarice. But the poor, rich man in *St. Luke* (whose case was not like this) I could pity, if the Scripture would permit me. For he seems to be satisfied at last ; he confesses he had enough for many years : he bids his soul take its ease ; and yet for all that, God says to him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, and then the things thou hast laid up, whom shall they belong to ? Where shall we find the causes of this bitter reproach, and terrible judgment ? We may find I think, two, and God perhaps saw more. First, he did not intend true rest to his soul ; but only to change the employments of it from avarice to luxury, his design is to eat and to drink, and be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he thought of resting. The fulness of his old barns had not sufficed him. He would stay till he was forced to build new ones ; and God meted out to him in the same measure ; since he would have more riches than his life could contain, God destroyed his life and gave the fruits of it to another. Thus God sometimes takes away the man from his riches, and no less frequently the riches from the man ; what hope can there be of such a marriage, where both parties are so fickle and uncertain ? By what bonds can such a couple be kept long together ?

L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXII.

[From Anthony Benezet, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Philadelphia, the 23d, fifth month, [May] 1774.

Respected Friend,

HAVING a good opportunity, by means of the bearer, my friend and old pupil, William Dilwyn, a valuable, religiously minded person, who is going a voyage to your country; I make use of it, affectionately to salute thee. The Tract thou hast lately published entitled, *Thoughts on Slavery*, afforded me much satisfaction. I was the more especially glad to see it, as the circumstances of the times made it necessary that something on that most weighty subject, not large, but striking and pathetic, should now be published. Wherefore I immediately agreed with the Printer to have it republished here.

The several settlements which are now begun, and will doubtless, vastly increase shortly, on that tract of land which extends some thousands of miles from the mouth of the river Mississippi, to the Northward of the Lake of Canada, instead of being, as I trust the Almighty may intend, a refuge, and affording a comfortable subsistence to thousands, and hundreds of thousands of distressed people, will be occupied, as is much the case of our Southern Provinces, by tyrants and slaves. For in all those places where slavery prevails, a poor industrious white man, cannot procure to himself and family a living, as his labour is rated (except he be some extraordinary workman) no higher than that of a Slave; so that he must, by credit or otherwise, become a Slave-keeper, with all its corrupt effects to himself and family, or lead a poor miserable life, or abandon the country.

I observe

I observe that in thy late publication *on Slavery*, in thy mention of the several Negro-Nations who occupy that part of Guinea, situated on, and between the two great rivers of Senegal and Gambia, thou givest a character of the whole nation of Fulys, who are numerous, which from the account given by Moor, &c. is only applicable to a part of that nation, who then resided amongst the Mandigos; having been driven out of their own country. This may be amended in case of a further publication; as it might give an advantage, to the advocate for the trade, to lessen the strength of what is strictly true.

A certain Author, who calls himself an African-Merchant, in a *Treatise upon the Trade from Great Britain to Africa*, has endeavoured, though without real ground, to make me appear inconsistent in the account I give of those and other Negro-nations, in my *Historical Account of Guinea*. Indeed the whole of that Author's work is more calculated to shew the iniquity, and dishonesty of the African Traders, even to one another, than to give any grounded answer to what has been written against the Slave-Trade.

Thou wilt probably have heard of the death of my dear friend, Nathaniel Gilbert, of Antigua. The account he gave me in his last letter, wrote two or three months past, was such as afforded me comfort, for the sake of poor Negroes on that Island. I rejoiced that Providence had raised them such a friend, and by his means such an opportunity of comfort in their affliction. But he is gone! It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. The same hand who raised and removed him, can, and in the proper time, will raise more. What he wrote at different times was as follows.

"I can give you but a poor account of the progress of religion amongst us. We have a small religious Society here, consisting of about twenty whites, exclusive of my family, and of sixty-four Negroes and Mulattoes. The word seems to make more impression on some Mulattoes and Negroes, than

than it does on the white people. There is particularly a Mulatto-woman whom I look upon to be a person endued with great grace.) I have sometimes on Sundays, I believe, no less than eight hundred Negroes, who come to hear the word. They choose to bring their victuals with them, and spend the whole day here.

“I have for several years thought that the Lord had a controversy with the West-Indies, on account of the treatment of our Slaves. Whilst I was a member of the Assembly, I have several times expressed my disapprobation of that act of our Island, which subjects the Negroes to death, for running away from their Masters; but without success. And very little, I conceive, is to be expected in favour of Negroes from a legislature who will not repeal so wicked a law as to the punishment of those who murder Negroes: which is only a fine, and imprisonment till the fine is paid; though every General, who comes to this Government has a particular instruction from the King to use his utmost endeavours to get that Act repealed: so that the crime might remain as it is at common Law, by which every murderer is liable to loss of life.”

I understand the Laws of Virginia, and North and South-Carolina are much to the same purpose as those in the Islands; tending rather to promote a murderous disposition in the Master towards their poor Slaves: quite abhorrent of that universal brotherhood so strongly enjoined by the Gospel. These worse than Savage-Laws, the Slave-holders apprehend necessary for their safety, and to keep their Slaves in awe. Now can any thing more plainly shew the abhorrence of the practice of Slave-keeping, with every thing that is good and sacred, than the pretended necessity of such detestable Laws? Laws, at which the darkest age would have repunged!

As a farther instance of the inhumanity with which the poor Negroes are treated, even in those Provinces, where they have a less proportion of Slaves, and have not the same plea for

for keeping them in awe; I will here add the substance of two advertisements, published in the public Prints of the province of Virginia and North-Carolina, viz. From the Williamsburg Gazette: "Run away in Prince George, on the 10th instant, a lusty Negro, named Bob, &c. &c. (describing him) The said fellow is outlawed, and I will give ten pounds reward for his head severed from his body, and forty shillings if brought alive."

The other advertisement from one of the North-Carolina News Papers is to the following effect. "Run away last November from the subscriber, Eent River, a Negro-fellow, named Zeb, aged 36 years. As he is outlawed, I will pay twenty pounds Pch out of what the Act of Assembly allows in such cases, to any person who shall produce his head severed from his body, and five pounds Pch, if brought home alive."

JOHN MOSELY.

I would now leave off writing, particularly in so irregular a manner, and indeed time calls for it, the bearer being upon his departure; but I cannot be easy to do it, without here transcribing, a paragraph of a letter I have just written to your country, viz. "That as dreadful as the slavery now carried on in our Colonies, is to the miserable subject thereof, yet greater, far greater, is its baneful influence on their possessors and their unhappy offspring; these being, thereby, from their childhood nurtured in such scenes and practice, as naturally beget in them habits of idleness, pride, cruelty, and lasciviousness; with a train of other evils, which bear sway; and as age comes on, predominate to the introduction of a much worse kind of barbarism, than that which our Northern Ancestors were under, before they became acquainted with Christianity. With the poor Negroes the evil of their sufferings will end with this life, and the merciful Father of the family of mankind, will look on their deep affliction, and in his boundless mercy, requite them good for their sufferings; and may favour them
with

with that greatest of blessings, *humble and contrite hearts*. But with respect to their lordly oppressor, the horrible abuse of their fellow-creatures, will extend its baneful influence even in the regions of eternity. For such is the depravity and hardness of heart and mind produced by it, that for many, very many of the subjects of it, it may be feared, Christ will have died in vain."

In the best love I am capable of, and with sincere wishes for thy welfare and prosperity in every thing that is truly good,

I remain thy affectionate Friend,

ANTHONY BENEZET.

L E T T E R CCCCXIII.

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

Otley, May 23, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

THE Character you recommend is truly amiable: may God help me to follow Miranda up the steep of excellence!

On the Sunday morning you left us at Birstal, several of us joined in beseeching God to make us all his own. While I was praying that the enemies I had seen that day, might be seen no more for ever, the Lord applied such promises to my soul, as encouraged me much. Yet I hardly durst lay hold on them, unbelief striving so hard to prevent my entering into rest: but the Lord continued so to bless me, that at last, I could not doubt: all I feared was, losing what I had received: which made me backward in speaking of it. I thought, I would wait and see how it would be with me by and bye.

On my return to Otley, my soul was still kept near to God; but the Enemy kept whispering, "It will not be always so; a few days hence thy inbred foes will again return; thou wilt be brought from the sweet rest thou now enjoyest, to thy former

former state." When these thoughts were suggested, I flew to Jesus by prayer, who heard and helped me. But still I did not speak of the great things God had done for me, for fear I should not keep the blessing. But all the week I lived as in the suburbs of heaven: Jesus was all in all to me! At last, not being able to eat my morsel alone any longer, on Sunday I told my Band what God had done for my soul. After this, I was tempted I had done wrong; but on crying to Jesus, Satan was put beneath my feet: and every time I have since declared the goodness of God, in this respect, he has sweetly shined on me.

At present I feel I am nothing in myself; but Jesus feeds me with his love from day to-day. On this account I find him very precious indeed; and to love him more and more is all I want on earth.

Private prayer has been very sweet to me of late. I find such a holy boldness, in telling Jesus my wants, as tongue cannot express. And though my wants are many, my chief request is, to be filled with all the fulness of God.

O Sir, how great is the blessedness of living by faith! May I prove it more and more, till faith is sweetly lost in sight! O what a field of fresh delights do I see before me! I am lost in wonder! They are all for me! Jesus, and all he has, is mine! O blessed portion! I have a goodly heritage indeed! May I prize it, and walk worthy of it all my days!

I hope, dear Sir, you will reprove and advise me as occasion shall require. In doing which you will greatly oblige

Your unworthy Friend in the Gospel, E. R.

L E T T E R CCCCIV.

[From the same, to the same.]

Rev. Sir,

Otley, Oct. 18, 1774.

I AM not worthy of the favour with which you indulge me; but this increases my obligation. O that God may reward you for your labour of love toward a poor insignificant worm!

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G

My

My dear mother has been very ill for sometime, but is now (thank God) much better. Attending her, and the family, has taken up the greatest part of my time; but the Lord doth all things well. I was enabled to praise him; for his dispensations are faithfulness and love. The Lord is a kind and indulgent Father to me. O that I may be passive in his hands! ever crying, Not my will, but thine be done! For let what will come, the soul that cleaves to Jesus, and rests in the will of God, shall experience perfect peace.

To your important queries, I answer, I am in some measure, always sensible of his presence; though at times, I have a much deeper consciousness *that God is here*, than at others; and though my lips are not always employed in calling on the Lord, yet I feel the desire of my soul continually towards him, and my heart cries unto him, without a voice, "Do with me what thou wilt:" so that in this sense, I pray without ceasing. And in every thing I can give thanks; because I know whatever my Lord permits, will work together for my present and eternal good. Indeed I feel it does so; for even temptations and trials seem to fix me firmer on the everlasting Rock. I am well assured, my Lord gives only what is needful. At times, he hath lately told me, What I do now, thou knowest not; but thou shalt know hereafter; and so I find it. May Patience then have its perfect work!

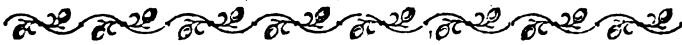
As to your last quere, I feel a continued sense of my great unworthiness, and the imperfection of all my words, thoughts, and actions; but Christ bears the iniquity of my most holy things, and through Him, the Father, well-pleased, beholds a helpless worm! If at any time I am in doubt of any thing I have said or done (which has been the case sometimes) instead of reasoning with the Enemy, I fly, as for my life, to Jesus; who, without upbraiding, tells me, He is all my own! O that I may be enabled, perfectly to love, and worthily to magnify this adorable Saviour!

He

He hath lately afflicted me with a violent Tooth-ach. But he gave me strength equal to my day; for though it was a very painful dispensation, yet it was truly profitable. At present, the violence of my pain is removed; but I have still a Cold, and a Pain in my face. When this light affliction hath answered the end for which it is sent, it will be removed. I have often solemnly dedicated my body, soul and spirit to the Lord, and therefore as I am not mine own, he has an undoubted right to do with me what seemeth him good.

I suppose, by this time you have entered your Winter quarters. May every one that hears you, be prevailed on to follow the bleeding Lamb! May your unwearied labours be crowned with abundant success! May the face of the Almighty continually shine on you! and may your soul be continually penetrated with his loving presence! So prays, dear Sir, your affectionate Friend,

E. R.



P O E T R Y.

To Mr. ADDISON.

SEE the wild waste of all devouring years!
 How *Rome* her own sad sepulchre appears!
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread,
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
 Imperial wonders, rais'd on nations spoil'd,
 Where mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr toil'd:
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopl'd woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods;
 Fanes which admiring gods with pride survey;
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they.*

G 2

Some

Some felt the silent stroke of mouldèring age,
 Some, hostile fury, some religious rage ;
 Barbarian blindness, christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire ;
 Perhaps, by its own ruins savèd from flame ;
 Some buried marble half preserves a name ;
 That name, the learned, with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to *Titus*, old *Vespasian's* due.

Ambition sighèd ! She found it vain to trust
 The faithless column, and the crumbling bust ;
 Huge moles, whose shadow stretchèd from shore to shore,
 Their ruins ruinèd, and their place no more !
 Convincèd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin :
 A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
 Beneath her palm here sad *Judea* weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate *Nile* or *Rhine*,
 A small *Euphrates* through the piece is rollèd,
 And little eagles wave their wings in gold,

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Through climes and ages bears each form and name :
 In one short view subjected to our eye,
 Gods, Empèrors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lie,
 With sharpenèd sight pale antiquaries pore,
 Thé inscription value, but the rust adore ;
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
 To gain *Pescennius* one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a *Cecrops* in extatic dreams ;
 Poor *Vadius*, long with learned spleen devourèd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield is scourèd ;

And

And *Curio*, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an *Otho*; and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touched by thy hand, *Rome's* faded glories shine;
Her gods, and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage,
These pleased the Fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

O when shall *Britain*, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of *Greek* and *Roman* fame,
In living medals see her wars enrolled,
And vanquished Realms supply recording gold!
Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;
There Warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How *Plato's*, *Bacon's*, *Newton's* looks agree;
Or in fair series laurelléd bards be shown,
A *Virgil* there, and here an *Addison*.

Then shall thy *Craggs* (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another *Pollio* shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"States-Man, yet Friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend,
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the Muse he loved."

EPISTLE

EPISTLE to JAMES CRAGGS, *Esq*; *Secretary of State.*

A Soul as full of worth as void of pride,
 Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
 Which not to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
 And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows:
 A face untaught to feign! a judging eye,
 That darts severe upon a rising lie,
 And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.

All this thou wert, and being this before,
 Know, kings and fortunes cannot make thee more.
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
 Be candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed—a Minister, but still a man;
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Ashamed of any friend, not even of me.
 The Patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue;
 If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

The HAPPINESS of God's CHILDREN.

And I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty, 2 Cor. vi. 18.

EXTENSIVE promise! O what hopes divine,
 What rich delight, the gracious words impart!
 My Father! when my faith can call thee mine,
 A ray of heaven illuminates my heart.

Lord, if thy word confirms my heavenly birth,
 And bids me say, "My Father," then I live;
 Not all the tenderest, dearest names on earth,
 Can half the pleasure, half the transport give.

The

The Lord Almighty deigns (amazing thought !)
 To call us children (once the heirs of woe :)
 Sweet words of consolation, richly fraught
 With all the blessings mercy can bestow.

His eye, attentive marks his children's way,
 He guides them safe, though dangers lurk unseen :
 Though sorrow's gloomy clouds o'ershade the day,
 Secure on his almighty arm they lean.

His ear, indulgent to their feeble prayer,
 Receives each rising wish, each plaintive sigh ;
 His kind, compassionate, paternal care
 Knows all their wants, and will those wants supply.

When foes unnumber'd rise, and fear alarms,
 His constant love immediate succour lends ;
 Encircled in their father's guardian arms,
 Foes rise in vain—Omnipotence defends.

All, all they want on earth his hand provides !
 But what their future portion ? Angels tell.
 (For mortal language fails) where he resides,
 What blooming joys, what boundless rapture dwell !

O could those distant seats of joy impart,
 A moment of their blifs ! how would it raise,
 How would it animate this languid heart,
 In these dark regions to begin his praise !

Yet from his word a bright, enlivening ray
 Shines on my heart, while all my powers adore ;
 Jesus, whose wondrous love marked out the way,
 Jesus, the heavenly Friend, is gone before.

Fair

Fair mansions in his Father's blest abode,
 That heavenly Friend prepares, and joys unknown :
 By him presented to their Father-God,
 His children bow before the eternal throne.

In his prevailing, his accepted Name,
 Father, my soul adores beneath thy feet ;
 Let his full merits plead my humble claim,
 And raise my hope to joy divinely sweet.

A N O D E.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me :
 The one thing I ask of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent, and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square ;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent
 I'll justly, and gratefully prize,
 Whilst sweet Meditation and cheerful Content,
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.

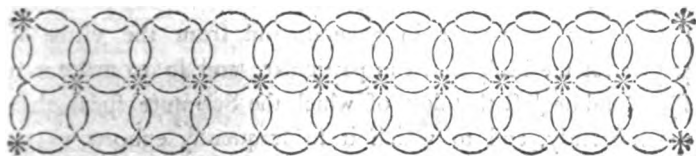
In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Unenvied I challenge my part ;
 For every fair object my eyes can survey,
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly through infinite trouble and strife
 The many their labours employ !
 Since all that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.



MR. HENRY FOSTER.

Ætatis 40.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For FEBRUARY 1787.



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

Of sufficient and effectual, common and special Grace.

C H A P. I.

[Continued from page 8.]

TO say that these operations of the Holy Spirit were peculiar to the first ages of the Church, and therefore are now ceased, is in effect to make the dispensation of the gospel cease: the difference betwixt that and the law, being by the Apostle placed in this, that the one is *the ministrations of the letter only*, the other also *of the spirit*. And if it were so only whilst the extraordinary dispensations of the spirit lasted, then from the time that they have ceased, the gospel doth not in this differ from the law, or deserve to be preferred before it upon that account.

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H

4thly, The

4thly, The denial of this assistance seems to take off from the energy of prayer in general, and from the virtue of prayer for the Holy Spirit in particular, and so to make men slight and neglect that duty of which the Scripture speaketh so magnificently, and to which it so frequently exhorts us; at least, it seems not well consistent with the tenor of these inspired prayers, or these prescriptions for it recorded in the holy Scripture. For who can reconcile it with these expressions, in which holy men of God so often beg he would *incline their hearts unto him*? since this he cannot do without some operation on their hearts: or that *he would draw them* that they might run after him; that *he would open their eyes, and give them understanding to discern his law*; that *he would lead them in the right way, in the way everlasting*? For if God, by his Spirit, hath no influence upon the heart and soul, how doth he incline or draw it? If none upon the understanding, how doth he enlighten or instruct it? If this be done only by the words read, preached and pondered in the heart, we may as well apply ourselves to that work, without, as with prayer.

Moreover, according to this doctrine, it seems both fruitless and absurd to pray for the assistance of the Holy Spirit, or to expect we should enjoy it: and so that passage of St. Luke, *Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you; for if evil parents give good gifts to their children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him*, must be of no use to us. For, what do these words bid us pray for but the Holy Spirit? and what assistance can he afford us if he doth not operate at all upon us?

To say, this promise is to be confined to the first ages of the Church, seems not agreeable to Reason; for why then doth it run in words so general, *πᾶσι γὰρ, for every one that asks receives*. Moreover, those spiritual and ordinary effects, for which the Holy Spirit was then given, are as needful and good for Christians now as when our Saviour spoke these words.

words. For as the Holy Spirit was then needful to strengthen the servants of Christ *in the inward man to do his will*, and to preserve them from the subtilties of Satan, and the temptations of the wicked world; so is there the same need of his assistance now for all these gracious ends: and therefore the same reason to expect him still for all these purposes. The conditions also of this promise may be performed by us, as well as by them: we may now be sincerely desirous to obey the holy will of God, and with true fervency and importunity may beg the Holy Spirit to this end. And if we may acceptably perform those duties to which this promise is annexed, why may we not as confidently expect the blessing promised? For the encouragement here given to expect the assistance of the Holy Spirit is this, that we *ask him of our heavenly Father*. Now this most comfortable relation God bears to all his children, of what age soever; and therefore there is now, and ever will be, the same benignity in God, the same good-will and readiness in him to give his Holy Spirit to his children, for all needful purposes, as in all former ages: if therefore in like manner we do ask, we must have equal reason to expect we shall receive him. To proceed then,

2dly, I am to explain, what is the manner of the operation of God's Grace and Holy Spirit on the soul.

III. 1st, I assert, that the manner in which God's Grace and Holy Spirit act upon the minds and hearts of men, for the production of the fruits of the good Spirit, and the preparatory dispositions of the soul towards them, may be conceived to be such as is suitable to the reason and faculties of men, the understanding and the will. Now it is certain that what naturally makes the understanding to perceive, is evidence proposed, and apprehended, considered or adverted to; for nothing else can be requisite to make us come to the knowledge of the truth, and understand *what the will of the Lord is*, and so be wise to salvation. Hence the Apostle

H 2

prays

prays that his *Philippians* might abound more and more in knowledge and in all wisdom, *ἐν παντι αἰσθησει*, in all perception, that they might approve the things that are excellent, and saith to the *Romans*, be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, *ὡς τὸ δοκιμαζειν* that you may discern and approve what is according to the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. Again, what makes the will chuse, is something approved by the understanding, and consequently appearing to the soul as good, and whatsoever it refuseth, is something represented by the understanding, and so appearing to the will as evil, whence all that God requires of us is, and can be only this, to refuse the evil and to chuse the good. Wherefore to say that evidence proposed, apprehended and considered, is not sufficient to make the understanding to approve, or that the greatest good proposed, the greatest evil threatened when equally believed and reflected on, is not sufficient to engage the will to chuse the good and refuse the evil; is in effect to say, that which alone doth move the will to chuse or to refuse, is not sufficient to engage it so to do: that which alone is requisite to make me understand and approve, is not sufficient to do so; which being contradictory to itself, must of necessity be false.

Be it then so, that we have naturally an aversion to the truths proposed to us in the gospel, that only can make us indisposed to attend to them, but cannot hinder our conviction when we do apprehend them and attend to them; whence for removal of it the Apostle only prays, *that the eyes of our understanding may be enlightened that we may know them*; adding, that where the light of the knowledge of the glory of God was revealed, if, after this, *their gospel was hid from any, it was only so, because the god of this world had blinded their eyes*, or the conceptions of their minds, *that the light of the gospel might not shine into them*. Be it that there is in us also a renitency to the good we are to chuse, that only can indispose us to believe it is, and to approve it as our chiefest good,

good. Be it that we are prone to the evil that we should decline, that only can render it the more difficult for us to believe it is the worst of evils; but yet what we do really believe to be our chiefest good, will still be chosen, and what we apprehend to be the worst of evils, will, whilst we do continue under that conviction, be refused by us; it therefore can be only requisite, in order to these ends, that the good Spirit should so illuminate our understandings, that we attending to, and considering what lies before us, should apprehend, and be convinced of our duty; and that the blessings of the gospel should be so propounded to us, as that we may discern them to be our chiefest good, and the miseries it threateneth, so as we may be convinced they are the worst of evils, that we may chuse the one, and refuse the other. Now to consider, in order to approbation and conviction, to chuse, in order to our good, and to refuse, that we may avoid misery, must be the actions, not of God, but man, though the light that doth convince, and the motives which engage him thus to chuse, and to refuse, are certainly from God.

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XXXVII.

On 1 CORINTHIANS X. 13.

[*Concluded from page 13.*]

II. 1. **M**EANTIME what a comfort is it to know, with the utmost certainty, that *God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able.* He knoweth what our ability is, and cannot be mistaken. *He knoweth precisely whereof we are made: He remembereth that we are but dust.* And he will suffer no temptation to befall us, but such

such as is proportioned to our strength. Not only his Justice requires this, which could not punish us for not resisting any temptation, if it was so disproportioned to our strength, that it was impossible for us to resist it. Not only his Mercy; that tender mercy, which is over us, as well as over all his works: but above all his Faithfulness; seeing all his words are faithful and true; and the whole tenor of his promises altogether agrees with that declaration, *As thy day, so thy strength shall be.*

2. In that execrable slaughter-house, the *Romish* Inquisition, (most unfortunately called "The House of Mercy!") it is the custom of those holy butchers, while they are tearing a man's sinews upon the rack, to have the Physician of the house standing by. His business is, from time to time, to observe the eyes, the pulse, and other circumstances of the sufferer, and to give notice, when the torture has continued so long as it can, without putting an end to his life: that it may be preserved long enough for him to undergo the residue of their tortures. But notwithstanding all the Physician's care, he is sometimes mistaken: and Death puts a period to the patient's sufferings, before his tormentors are aware. We may observe something like this in our own case. In whatever sufferings or temptations we are, our great Physician never departs from us. He is about our bed, and about our path. He observes every symptom of our distress, that it may not rise above our strength. And he cannot be mistaken concerning us. He knows the souls and bodies which he has given us. He sees exactly how much we can endure, with our present degree of strength. And if this is not sufficient he can increase it, to whatever degree it pleases him. Nothing therefore is more certain, than that in consequence of his Wisdom, as well as his Justice, Mercy and Faithfulness, He never will, He never can suffer us to be tempted above that we are able: above the strength which he either hath given already, or will give as soon as we need it.

III. 1. *He*

III. 1. *He will with the temptation also* (this is the third point we are to consider) *make a way to escape that they may be able to bear it.*

The word *εξεσται* which we render *a way to escape*, is extremely significant. The meaning of it is nearly expressed by the English word *out-let*; but more exact by the old word *out-gate*, still frequently used by the Scottish Writers. It literally means *a way out*. And this God will either find or make: which He that hath all wisdom, as well as all power in heaven and earth, can never be at a loss how to do.

2. Either he *makes a way to escape* out of the temptation, by removing the occasion of it, or *in the temptation*: that is, the occasion remaining as it was, it is a temptation no longer. First, He makes a way to escape out of the temptation, by removing the occasion of it. The histories of mankind, of the Church in particular, afford us numberless instances of this. And many have occurred in our own memory, and within the little circle of our acquaintance. One of many I think it worth while to relate, as a memorable instance of the faithfulness of God, in making a way to escape out of temptation. *Elizabeth Chadsey*, then living in *London* (whose daughter is living at this day, and is no dishonour to her parent) was advised to administer to her husband, who was supposed to leave much substance behind him. But when a full enquiry into his circumstances was made, it appeared that this supposition was utterly destitute of foundation: and that he not only left nothing at all behind him, but also was very considerably in debt. It was not long after his burial, that a person came to her house, and said, "*Mrs. Chadsey*, you are much indebted to your landlord, and he has sent me to demand the rent that is due to him." She answered, "Sir, I have not so much money in the world: indeed I have none at all!" "But, said he, have you nothing that will fetch money?" She replied, "Sir, you see all that I have. I have nothing in the house, but these six little children."

children." "Then, said he, I must execute my writ and carry you to Newgate. But it is a hard case. I will leave you here till to-morrow, and will go and try, if I cannot persuade your landlord to give you time?" He returned the next morning and said, "I have done all I can. I have used all the arguments I could think of, but your landlord is not to be moved. He vows, if I do not carry you to prison without delay, I shall go thither myself." She answered, "You have done *your* part. The will of the Lord be done!" He said, "I will venture to make one trial more, and will come again in the morning." He came in the morning, and said, "Mrs. *Chadsey*, God has undertaken your cause! None can give you any trouble now: for your landlord died last night. But he has left no Will: and no one knows, who is heir to the estate."

3. Thus God is able to deliver out of temptation, by removing the occasion of them. But are there not temptations, the occasions of which cannot be taken away! Is it not a striking instance of this kind, which we have in a late publication? "I was walking (says the Writer of the Letter) over *Dover Cliffs*, in a calm, pleasant evening, with a person whom I tenderly loved, and to whom I was to be married in a few days. While we were engaged in earnest conversation, her foot slipped, she fell down, and I saw her dashed in pieces on the beach. I lifted up my hands, and cried out, "This evil admits of no remedy. I must now go mourning all my days! My wound is incurable. It is impossible I should ever find such another woman! One so every way fitted for me." I added in an agony, "This is such an affliction, as even God himself cannot redress!" And just as I uttered the words I awoke: for it was a dream!" Just so can God remove any possible temptation! Making it like a dream when one awaketh!

4. Thus is God able to deliver out of temptation, by taking away the very ground of it. And he is equally able to deliver

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in the temptation, which perhaps is the greatest deliverance of all. I mean, suffering the occasion to remain as it was; he will take away the bitterness of it: so that it shall not be a temptation at all: but only an occasion of thanksgiving. How many proofs of this have the children of God, even in their daily experience? How frequently are they encompassed with trouble? Or visited with pain or sickness? And when they cry unto the Lord, at some times He takes away the cup from them: he removes the trouble, or sickness, or pain: and it is as though it never had been; at other times, he does not make any outward change: outward trouble, or pain, or sickness continue; but the consolations of the Holy One so increase, as to over-balance them all. And they can boldly declare

“ Labour is rest, and pain is sweet
When thou my God art near.”

5. An eminent instance of this kind of deliverance is that which occurs in the life of that excellent man, the Marquis *de Renty*. When he was in a violent fit of the Rheumatism, a friend asked him, “ Sir, are you in much pain?” He answered, “ My pains are extreme: but through the mercy of God, I give myself up, not to Them, but to Him.” It was in the same spirit that my own father answered, though exhausted with a severe illness, (an ulcer in the bowels, which had given him little rest day or night, for upwards of seven months.) When I asked, “ Sir, are you in pain now?” He answered, with a strong and loud voice, “ God does indeed chasten me with pain; yea, all my bones with strong pain. But I thank him for all; I bless him for all; I love him for all.”

6. We may observe one more instance of a somewhat similar kind, in the life of the Marquis *de Renty*. When his wife, whom he very tenderly loved, was exceeding ill, and supposed to be near death, a friend took the liberty to enquire, how he

felt himself on the occasion? He replied, "I cannot but say, that this trial affects me in the most tender part. I am exquisitely sensible of my loss. I feel more than it is possible to express. And yet I am so satisfied, that the will of God is done, and not the will of a vile sinner, that were it not for fear of giving offence to others, I could dance and sing!" Thus the merciful, the just, the faithful God, will in one way or other, *in every temptation make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it.*

7. This whole passage is fruitful of instruction. Some of the lessons which we may learn from it are,

First, *Let him that most assuredly standeth, take heed lest he fall into murmuring:* lest he say in his heart, "Surely no one's case is like mine: no one was ever tried like *me.*" Yea, ten thousand. *There has no temptation taken you,* but such as is common to man: such as you might reasonably expect, if you consider *what you are,* a sinner born to die, a sinful inhabitant of a mortal body, liable to numberless inward and outward sufferings: and *where you are,* in a shattered, disordered world, surrounded by evil men and evil spirits: consider this, and you will not repine at the common lot, the general condition of humanity.

8. Secondly, *Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall,* lest he tempt God, by thinking or saying, "This is insupportable: this is too hard: I can never get through it; my burden is heavier than I can bear." Not so: unless something is too hard for God. He will not suffer you to be *tempted above that ye are able.* He proportions the burden to your strength. If you want more strength, ask and it shall be given you.

9. Thirdly, *Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall,* lest he tempt God by *unbelief,* by distrusting his faithfulness. Hath he said, In every temptation he will make a way to escape? And shall he not do it? Yea, verily. And

Far,

Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 Where fully he the work hath wrought,
 That caused thy needless fear.

10. Let us then receive every trial with calm resignation, and with humble confidence, that He who hath all Power, all Wisdom, all Mercy and all Faithfulness, will first support us in every temptation, and then deliver us out of all: so that in the end, all things shall work together for good, and we shall happily experience, that all these things were for our profit, that we *might be partakers of his holiness*.

London, October 7, 1786.



*A short Account of the Life and Death of Mr. CHRISTOPHER
 MIDDLETON.*

[Continued from page 18.]

SOON after he came to *Whitby*, I discovered an alteration in his spirit. I cannot give a regular account of his Experience here; but I know his heart longed for *all* that is contained in that precious promise; "From all your idols, and from all your filthiness will I cleanse you."

Being obliged this Spring, to leave off working, on account of an *Ague*, he writes as follows:

"My dear Brother and Sister,

"I take this opportunity of informing you that I am obliged to leave off working. But, blessed be God! it was never better with me than now! I have not the least doubt but the Lord will keep me to the day of Jesus Christ. Last Sunday se'ennight, when Mr. *Collins* had done preaching, and was

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concluding with prayer, this promise, "I will be thou clean," was powerfully applied to my soul. Since that time, in my forest afflictions, I have not found the least murmuring. On Tuesday night I was attacked by an Ague-fit; but while my body was burning with the fever, my soul was so on fire for God, that I could not but preach to all who were near me. At present, I find a determination, whether in health or sickness, to be wholly the Lord's."

As he now more fully possessed the mind which was in Jesus, he began to be more in earnest in doing good to the souls and bodies of men. He began by visiting the sick, and then by calling sinners to repentance both in public and private. But his zeal carried him beyond his strength. For now, his unremitted labours broke his constitution very fast. It is thought by some, that he laid the foundation of his disorder by preaching; but I cannot think that, for he had frequent bleedings before, and had been often poorly; but it is likely his speaking so often increased his complaint.

As this scripture was continually impressed on his mind, 'Thou God seekest me, he enjoyed the blessedness of the man that feareth always. Hence no chit-chat, no jesting, or foolish talking proceeded out of his mouth. Nor could he endure it in others; for if he could not put a stop to it where he was, rather than have any fellowship with the workers of darkness, he would leave the place.

As a Leader, he tenderly loved the people under his care. He encouraged the weak and wavering; but careless professors, whether rich or poor, he reprov'd sharply, that they might be found in the faith. His zeal and piety gained the hearts of the people, amongst whom he laboured; and I believe many of them will remember the profit they received from him to their latest moments. And that he might be better able to serve God himself, and to instruct others, he was diligent in searching the scriptures. He was also constant

constant at the table of the Lord, and at all meetings of the Society.

As to his creed, he believed that God had no pleasure in the death of a sinner: that Jesus gave himself a ransom for all: that we are justified by faith; and that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.

The following extracts from his own letters will best illustrate his Experience in the latter part of his life.

About August 1783, he writes thus: "It was never better with me than now. I live more in heaven than ever I did: and the world is under my feet." About a month after, he wrote thus: "Last Sunday I went to a little village near the Bay, (the second time I spoke in public) the house was filled with people, and my soul was filled with God. My thirst for his glory does much increase. Do remember me in your near approaches to God. I feel my thirst for creature happiness entirely quenched; and the language of my heart is, Lord, leave me here, or carry me to any place, only let me be doing and suffering thy will! I think my thirst for souls is not so eager as I could wish, notwithstanding that, I rest in God. I never go into my closet, but I pray for you; and the Lord wonderfully blesses me. I hope my sister and *Betty*, (if not in possession of it) are seeking that love which casteth out all fear that hath torment. O what a jewel is this! It is worth selling all to purchase. I believe *William Ripley* is likely soon to change earth for heaven: the good Lord give him a bright setting sun!"

In other letters he says, "What a comfortable state, when we are made free from sin. I enjoy an uninterrupted peace from day to day, and feel myself an utter stranger to all below."

"There is nothing like *Mary's* place. My soul at present is happy at the feet of Jesus."

"I have had continual struggles with temptations before I began to preach. The other night I visited a sick woman
who

who cried out for mercy; her sorrow was turned into joy; this was the Lord's doings. I am encouraged to travel on, and hope I shall never grow weary in well doing."

"My soul exults in God! What bright views of endless felicity? Glory be to my dear Redeemer! My Master is going to reap the reward of his labour. O what a Preacher of holiness! What hold of God! O how happy! how satisfied! Tell my sister, there is nothing like purity of heart. Venture on the Lord with the little strength you have; strive to believe in Christ! Lay hold, and He whom you seek will suddenly come to his temple! I hope *Betty's* motto is holiness to the Lord. O *Betty* deny yourself, take up the cross, and follow the bleeding Lamb whithersoever he goeth! The Lord will help you; my dear, cleave to him with full purpose of heart."

[*To be continued.*]

A short Account of the Death of Mr. THOMAS LEE: in a Letter to the Rev. J. Wesley: written by Mrs. Lee.

Rev. Sir,

MY dear husband's last illness began with a pain in his foot, which soon went up into his leg. When he mentioned it, we thought it was the Rheumatism, and applied many things to warm it. By these means it seemingly got better. After sometime it ascended into his thigh, and became very exquisite. On the morning before he died, the violence of the pain abated a little. But in the afternoon it grew worse again: yet we had no apprehension of his death.

The evening before he died, he expressed great resignation to the will of the Lord: though, as he said, the pains drank up his spirits. He said, "I am the Lord's; and I feel that I am united to him: and I know I shall be with him for ever!"

He preached twice the Sunday before he died; although he went to the Preaching-house on crutches, and sat all the time,

time, he preached. His first text, that day, was, "All flesh is as grass, and the glory thereof is as the flower of the grass: the grass withereth, the flower thereof fadeth away. But the word of the Lord endureth for ever; and this is the word, which by the gospel is preached unto you." His last text was, "Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear the Lord," &c. In this sermon, he said, "Perhaps this will be my last sermon:" and truly the power of the Lord was solemnly felt by most present. And, as if he saw his end was near, he gave out a funeral hymn. And when he came to those words,

" By faith we already behold,
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear,"

he seemed to be quite transported at the thought of meeting Jesus.

The night in which he died, I went to bed as usual. But before I slept, the pain flew up to his heart. On this I arose, and called in *George Eskrick*. We raised him up, and put something in his mouth, which came out again. He was so sensible, as to take my handkerchief to wipe it up. We laid him down again. He sobbed several times, looked up once, and smiled; closed his eyes, and gently fell asleep.

A few months before, he told me he had never such a view of God's love towards him, as he had that morning in prayer. The following words were then made a great blessing to him: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee: I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine." From that time, I believe he never had a shadow of doubt on his mind, concerning his eternal welfare.

I am, Rev. Sir, yours affectionately,

MARY LEE.

Bolton, Sept. 9, 1786.

An

An Account of Mr. S I L A S T O L D.

[Written by Himself.]

I Was born at the Lime-kilns, near the Hot-wells, in the city of *Bristol*, on the 3d day of April, 1711. My parents were very creditable people. My grandfather *Told*, who was an eminent Physician in *London*, was possessed of a very plentiful estate. My grandmother also enjoyed a very considerable fortune at *Torrington*, in the West of *England*, worth about 600l. per annum; but having a great dislike to *London*, and her husband's business fixing him there, their posterity experienced fatal consequences therefrom; as he took to him a housekeeper, who, as I was informed by my mother, when she found a fair opportunity, gave him what proved his end, and secured all his writings, and the title-deeds of the estate, together with all the ready money, plate, jewels, &c. the family being absent from *London*! And although she could not hold the estate, yet, for a great number of years, and even to this day, several people have lived rent free, for want of proper title-deeds to empower the heir to receive the same.

When I came to *London* I was frequently advised to make a claim to the estate; but for want of money to go to law, together with the loss of the writings, I declined it. And as to my grandmother *Told's* estate, in the West, this never came within my knowledge.

My father, who was a Physician at *Bristol*, and in great esteem throughout that city; but being a great schemer, it proved his ruin. One instance of this was, his building a wet dock at the Lime-kilns, where he laid out thirty-three hundred pounds, and lost every penny by one *Evans*, for whom my father undertook the business, who failed, and
went

went off. This laid my father under the necessity of going out Doctor of a Guinea-man, in the course of which voyage he died.

My brother *Joseph*, with myself, were sent to nurse at *Kingswood*, near *Bristol*, where we were taken care of by the most tender-hearted woman I ever met with. At this place we continued till I arrived at the age of eight years; my friends, at *Bristol*, then made interest for me to be admitted into the hospital of *Edward Colson, Esq;* on *St. Augustin's Back*, near the Quay of *Bristol*; a school, I dare venture to say, that cannot be surpassed by any throughout Great-Britain for piety and Christian discipline, having a Minister to attend twice a week regularly, for the instruction of one hundred boys in their duty towards God and man.

I now proceed to give an account of my life from my infancy, as far as it may be brought to my remembrance, which is from three years of age. For a considerable length of time, my sister *Dulcybellà* and I often wandered into the woods and fields, fixing ourselves under the hedges, conversing about God and happiness; so that at times I have been transported in such a measure with heavenly bliss, that whether in the body or out of the body, I could not tell; this happiness attended me for a few years.

Once, when we were very young, we wandered out into *Kingswood*, and lost ourselves in the woods, and were in the utmost consternation; but quickly the kind providence of God permitted a large dog to come behind us, although no house was within a mile; yet the dog drove us clear out of the wood into our knowledge. What was remarkable, the dog never barked at us! And when in our knowledge, we looked around us to behold the dog, he was not to be seen. Being heedless, we wandered again into the wood, and were a second time bewildered, and in greater perplexity than before; when on a sudden, looking around us, we beheld the same dog making toward us, till he came directly up to us;

we being much terrified ran from him, till we got a second time into our knowledge; I then turned about to look for the dog, but saw no more of him, although we were upon an open common.

In the year 1725, I was bound an apprentice to Capt. *Moses Lilly*, in the ship *Prince of Wales*, and sailed from *Bristol*, first for *Cork*, and then for *Jamaica* in the month of July.

The first reception I met with on board, when the ship lay in *King-road* was this: the chief mate called for the cabin-boy; but he not being on board, he sent me to the cook to get him a plate of victuals, which I really imagined was meant for myself, and accordingly got a plate full, carried it down into the cabin, and having a keen appetite, made a very comfortable dinner. When the chief mate had done his business, he sent for me, in order to bring his victuals. I told him, I understood it was for myself, and that I had eaten it up; upon which he knocked me down, and began cursing and damning me at a horrible rate. This language I was never acquainted with, therefore I thought I should have broke my heart: and having no friend, to whom I could apply, I suffered much, even for the whole term of eleven years.

The first of these sufferings was sea-sickness, which held me till our arrival at *Jamaica*. After lying at *Kingston* many months (not having any freight for *England*) the ship made a voyage down to the Bay of *Campeachy*, in the *Spanish West-Indies*, at which place she lay at anchor about twelve miles from the land; where her bottom beating the ground at every swell of the sea, she was exceedingly damaged. When we had compleated our cargo we sailed back for *Jamaica*, very short of all sorts of provision, expecting to have a short passage; but, to our mortification, it was a passage of fourteen weeks. After being out three weeks, we were put to short allowance, both of bread and water; one biscuit and two-thirds of a pint of water per day. This was what I never before experienced, and therefore it was the more grievous,
and

and had it not been for a heavy shower of rain, off the island of *Cuba*, we must have perished for want. Here we stopped up all the scuppers, and saved about six casks of water, by the use of the swabs which we dried the decks with, and which we rung into the casks; and although the water was very bitter, yet, providentially, our lives were preserved thereby; for, we were reduced to half a pint of water a day, and that full of mud and maggots: yet we were three days before we arrived at *Blue-Fields*, the west end of *Jamaica*, without a single pint of water on board.

When we came to an anchor in *Blue-Fields-Bay* we hoisted out the long-boat, stowed her full of casks, and dispatched her for fresh water, when one of our men fell flat upon his belly, and drank so immoderately, that a few hours after he came on board he expired; and the next morning we sewed him up in a hammoc and threw him overboard, when a large shark descended after him, and, we supposed, swallowed the whole body.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the Death of Mr. HADDEN, Innkeeper, in Bath: in a Letter to the Rev. J. Wesley, by Miss M. B.

WITH joy I embrace the earliest opportunity of letting you know, that our dear brother *Hadden*, is at last, gone to paradise.

For some time before his death, he was endued with an uncommon degree of deadness to the world, freedom from anxiety, respecting his family, and resignation under continual pain and weakness.

In his long illness, he sought Jesus in good earnest, and deeply mourned his want of a clear sense of pardon. At last, the Lord gave it him some time before his death. He then said,

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“ I firmly

“ I firmly believe, Jesus died for *me*: I could not say this a little while ago; but it now seems that I have faith enough, to go up into the clouds to meet my Saviour.”

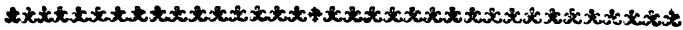
The next day, on his saying, “ I have been in violent pain,” I asked, How did you find your soul then? He answered, “ All love! all glory!” On my asking him, Have you *now* any doubt concerning the forgiveness of your sins? he said, “ No: none at all.” On Saturday the third instant he told the Nurse that the angels would come for him at night, and so it proved.

After lying very still about an hour and half, and, to all appearance, was just expiring, he raised himself up in his bed, and cried out, “ My blessed Lord! Oh! blessed Jesus! There he is! There are the angels! Cannot you see them! There is another come! Hallelujah! hallelujah! Oh what happiness is this! I have been upon Mount Sion! What a mercy is it, that I have my senses so perfect; that I may not say any thing to offend God! For nothing unholy can enter heaven. Hallelujah! Sing! sing! Hallelujah! Oh! how happy am I! What! a publican! a publican happy! a publican going to heaven! it ought, it ought to be put in the Newspaper! Poor Mr. *Brookman* (another Innkeeper of his acquaintance) what will he do when he comes to die? Tell him, tell him, bring it round to him some way or other; Lord Jesus! open his eyes before it is too late!” Then looking round on us he said, “ God bless you all! keep close to God and his people.” To me he said, “ I see the Devil up against the ceiling.” On my saying, He has no power over *you*; he answered, with an air of triumphant disdain, “ Power! no! Fly Satan! Get thee hence! Hallelujah! hallelujah!” Thus he continued till he fell into a doze. After lying some time he clapped his hands together, looked up with a smiling countenance, and fell asleep in Jesus!

Bath, April 13, 1773.

M. B.

A Short



A short Account of the Death of Mrs. MOORE, of Baltimore, in Virginia: by Mr. GEORGE SHADFORD, in a Letter to a Friend.

LAST night I preached a funeral Sermon, on the death of Mrs. Moore, who gave up her soul into the hands of Christ, the Sunday before.

She was awakened about a year ago; and soon after justified freely through the redemption that is in Jesus. After that, she was at times exercised with many doubts and fears; and had various trials common to the people of God. All this while her bodily health was decaying, for she was in a deep consumption.

About a fortnight before her death, the Lord saved her from all doubt and fear, and filled her soul with his pure love. From thenceforward she was like a living flame; and so filled with God, that every word she spoke was peculiarly weighty, being so clothed with divine power, that she often drew tears from my eyes, and those who were about her.

She often put me in mind of the Martyrs, rejoicing, and clapping their hands in the flames; for the God of the Hebrews was evidently with her in her fiery trials! What else could enable her to triumph over all the decays of nature, and in the agonies of death! How often did I hear her say, "I long to be dissolved and to be with Christ!" Her happy soul like a bird in a snare, fluttered to be gone!

A little before she expired, she said to her sister, "I am just now going! Draw near, and I will tell you what praise, what music I hear!"—She then stopped a little! At last she said, "I cannot stay! Farewel! Farewel! Farewel!" And instantly expired, without either sigh or groan. May I also die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like unto her's!

Nov. 25, 1774.

G. S.
A Letter

A Letter from a person who was an eye-witness of the Death of the Rev. M. ROCHETTE, and the three Noblemen who were executed with him at Thoulouse, the 19th of February 1762, for professing the Protestant Religion.

THE day before yesterday the prisoners were tried by the two chambers of the parliament of *Thoulouse*. All the four behaved with invincible constancy, attended with a cheerfulness and serenity, that was adapted to excite the highest admiration. As soon as they heard their sentence read, they beheld each other stedfastly, and said, " Let us then die, since things are so! and let us pray to God to accept the sacrifice that we are now to make of our lives to Him and to the Truth." Upon which Mr. *Rochette* prayed aloud in a most moving manner. They then embraced two of their companions, who were condemned to the galleys, and congratulated tenderly another of them who had been set at liberty. Monsieur *Billot*, one of the Secretaries, who was present at this first scene, never speaks of it without shedding tears. The martyrs were next committed to the care of the four principal Curates, to attempt their conversion. But the exhortations of these ecclesiastics produced as little effect as those of the Abbe *Coutezac*, who had been in prison every day for three months, and had been empowered by the magistrates to offer them their lives and their liberty, on condition of their embracing the Romish religion.

Being delivered, from the importunity of these priests, they employed those precious moments in prayer and praises to the God who enabled them to behold death without terror, and encouraged each other to persevere unto the end. So calm was the state of their minds, that they did not shed a single tear. But this was not the case with the spectators.

While

While these good men thanked the sentinels and keepers of the prison for the kind treatment they had received from them, and asked their pardon if they had given them any offence, the latter burst into tears. The minister perceiving one of the soldiers weeping more bitterly than the rest, addressed himself to him thus: "My good friend, are you not willing to die for your king? why then do you pity me, who am going to death for the cause of God?"

The priests returned to their importunities about one o'clock in the afternoon, and were intreated to retire; but to no purpose. One of them said, "It is from a concern about your salvation that we come here;" upon which the youngest of the three brothers replied: "If you were at *Geneva*, at the point of death in consequence of a mortal disease (for there no body is put to death on account of religion) would you chuse to be teased and importuned in your last moments by four or five Protestant Ministers under pretence of zeal? Do therefore as you would be done by."

About two o'clock they were led out of prison, placed in a waggon, with the four Curates, and conducted to the gate of the Cathedral. Here the minister was desired to step out of the waggon, and to ask pardon, on his knees, of God, the King, and the law, in that he had persevered in performing the functions of his ministry in opposition to the Royal edicts. This he twice refused to do. He was told that this was no more than a formality; to which he answered, That he neither would acknowledge nor submit to any formality that was contrary to the dictates of his conscience. At length, however, being obliged, by force, to leave the waggon, he fell upon his knees, and expressed himself thus: "I humbly ask of Almighty God the pardon of all my sins, in the full persuasion of obtaining the remission of them through the blood of Christ. With respect to the King, I have no pardon to ask of him, having never offended him. I always honoured him as the Lord's anointed; I always loved him as the father

of

of my country; I have always been to him a good and faithful subject, and of this my judges themselves have appeared to be fully convinced. I always recommended to my flock patience, obedience and submission, and my sermons have always been confined to the two great objects contained in these words of holy writ, *Fear God and honour the King*. If I have acted in opposition to the laws, that prohibited our religious assemblies, I did this in obedience to the laws of Him, who is the King of kings. With respect to public justice, I have nothing to say but this, that I never offended it, and I most earnestly pray that God will vouchsafe to pardon my judges." No such acknowledgement was required of the three noblemen who suffered with him, as by the laws of *France* it is never demanded of such as are beheaded. They were, however, conducted with Monsieur *Rochette* to the place of execution. The ordinary place of execution was not chosen, but one much less spacious, that this glorious instance might have the fewer spectators. All the streets which led to it were lined with soldiers, on account of the pretended apprehension of a rescue. But this they could only fear from the Roman Catholics; for the small number of Protestant families that live in this city, filled with consternation at this unrighteous sentence, had shut themselves up in their houses, where they were wholly employed in sending up their prayers and lamentations to heaven. In the streets, which led to the place of execution, the windows were hired at very high prices: wherever they passed, they were accompanied with the tears and lamentations of the spectators. One would have thought, by the expressions of sorrow that appeared every where, that *Thoulouze* was, all of a sudden, become a Protestant city. The Curate of *Faur* could not bear this affecting spectacle. Yielding to the power of sympathy (and perhaps of conscience) he fainted away, and one of his Vicars was sent for to supply his place. The circumstance that was most affecting, was the inexpressible serenity

serenity that appeared in the countenance of the young Clergyman as he went on to death. His graceful mien, the resignation and fortitude that reigned in his expressions, his blooming youth, every thing, in short, in his conduct, character, and appearance, interested all ranks of people in his favour. He might have saved his life by an untruth, but refused to hold it at so dear a rate; for as being a Minister was his only crime, and as there were no complaints made against him, no advertisements describing his person, nor any witnesses to prove his character, he had only to deny his being a Minister, and his life was saved; but he chose rather to lose his life than deny his profession. He was the first of the four that was executed; and in the face of death he exhorted his companions to perseverance, and sung those sublime verses of the 118th Psalm, *This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will be glad, &c.* When the executioner, among others, conjured him to die a Roman Catholic, the Minister answered him in this gentle manner: judge, friend, which of the two is the best religion, that which persecutes, or that which is persecuted. He added, that his grandfather, and one of his uncles, had died for the pure religion of the gospel, and that he would be the third martyr of his family. Two of the three gentlemen, that suffered with him, beheld him tied to the gibbet with an amazing intrepidity; but the third covered his eyes with his hand. The Commissaries of the Parliament, and the Deputies of the other Courts of Justice, discovered by their pensive looks and downcast eyes, how deeply they were affected. The three brothers embraced each other tenderly, and recommended mutually their departing souls to the Father of Spirits. Their heads were struck off at three blows. When the scene was finished, the spectators returned to their respective homes, in a solemn silence, reflecting on the fate of innocence and virtue, and scarcely able to persuade themselves, that the world could present such a spectacle of magnanimity, as they had been just beholding.

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 29.]

WEDNESDAY, May 5. This morning we passed by the fountain of *Barrady*, and came in an hour and two thirds to a Village called *Surgawich*. At this place, we left the narrow Valley, in which we had travelled ever since the morning before, and ascended the Mountain on the left hand. Having spent in crossing it two hours, we arrived a second time in the Valley of *Bocat*; here steering Northerly directly up the Valley, we arrived in three hours at *Balbeck*.

At *Balbeck* we pitched at a place less than half a mile distant from the town, Eastward, near a plentiful and delicious Fountain, which grows immediately into a Brook; and running down to *Balbeck*, adds no small pleasure and convenience to the place.

In the afternoon we walked out to see the City. But we thought fit, before we entered, to get Licence of the Governor, and to proceed with all caution. Being taught this necessary care by the example of some worthy *English* Gentlemen of our Factory; who visiting this place in the year 1689, in their return from *Jerusalem*, and suspecting no mischief, were basely intrigued by the people here, and forced to redeem their lives at a great sum of money.

Balbeck is supposed to be the ancient *Heliopolis*, or City of the Sun; for that the word imports. Its present, *Arab*, which is perhaps its most ancient name, inclines to the same importance,

importance. For *Baal*, though it imports all idols in general, of whatsoever sex or condition; yet it is very often appropriated to the Sun, the Sovereign Idol of this country.

The City enjoys a most delightful and commodious situation, on the East side of the Valley of *Bocat*. It is of a square figure, compassed with a tolerable good wall, in which are Towers all round at equal distances. It extends, as far as I could guess by the eye, about two furlongs on a side. Its houses within are all of the meanest structure, such as are usually seen in Turkish Villages.

At the South West side of the City is a noble Ruin, being the only curiosity for which this place is wont to be visited. It was anciently a Heathen Temple; together with some edifices belonging to it, all truly magnificent: but in latter times these ancient structures have been patched and pieced up with several other buildings, converting the whole into a Castle, under which name it goes at this day. These adjectitious buildings are of no mean architecture, but yet easily distinguishable from what is more ancient.

Coming near these ruins, the first thing you meet with is a round pile of building, all of marble. It is encircled with columns of the Corinthian Order, very beautiful, which support a cornice that runs all round the structure of no ordinary state and beauty. This part of it that remains, is at present in a very tottering condition, but yet the Greeks use it for a Church: and it were well if the danger of its falling, which perpetually threatens, would excite those people to use a little more fervour in their prayers, than they generally do; the Greeks being seemingly the most undevout and negligent at their divine service, of any sort of people in the christian world.

From this ruin you come to a large firm pile of building, which though very lofty, and composed of huge square stones, yet, I take to be part of the adjectitious work; for one sees in the inside some fragments of images in the walls and stones,

with Roman letters upon them, set the wrong way. In one stone we found graven *D I V I S.* and in another line, *M O S C.* Through this pile you pass in a stately arched walk or portico, one hundred and fifty paces long, which leads you to the Temple.

The Temple is an oblong square, in breadth thirty two yards, and in length sixty-four, of which eighteen were taken up by the *Προα* or Anti-Temple; which is now tumbled down, the pillars being broke that sustained it. The body of the Temple, which now stands, is encompassed with a noble portico, supported by pillars of the Corinthian Order, measuring six foot three inches in diameter, and about forty-five foot in height, consisting all of three stones a piece. The distance of the pillars from each other, and from the wall of the Temple, is nine feet. Of these pillars there are fourteen on each side of the Temple, and eight at the end, counting the corner pillars in both numbers.

On the capitals of the pillars there runs all round a stately architrave, and cornice rarely carved. The portico is covered with large stones hollowed arch-wise, extending between the columns and the wall of the Temple. In the centre of each stone is carved the figure of some one or other of the Heathen gods, or goddesses, or heroes. I remember amongst the rest a *Ganymede*, and the Eagle flying away with him, so lively done, that it excellently represented the sense of that verse in *Martial*,

Illasum timidis unguibus hasti onus.

The gate of the Temple is one and twenty feet wide; but how high, could not be measured, it being in part filled up with rubbish. It is molded and beautified all round with exquisite sculpture. On the nethermost side of the portal is carved a Fame, hovering over the head as you enter, and extending its wings two-thirds of the breadth of the gate; and on each side
of

of the Eagle is described a Fame likewise upon the wing. The Eagle carries in its pounces a *Caduceus*, and in his beak the strings or ribbons coming from the ends of two *Festoons*; whose other ends are held and supported on each side by the two Fames. The whole seemed to be a piece of admirable sculpture.

The measure of the Temple within, is forty yards in length, and twenty in breadth. In its walls all round are two rows of pilasters, one above the other; and between the pilasters are niches, which seem to have been designed for the reception of Idols. Of these pilasters there are eight in a row, on each side; and of the niches, nine.

About eight yards distance from the upper end of the Temple, stands part of two fine chancelled pillars; which seem to have made a partition in that place, and to have supported a canopy over the throne of the chief Idol, whose station appears to have been in a large niche, at this end. On that part of the partition which remains, are to be seen Carvings in Relievo representing Neptune, Tritons, Fishes, Sea-Gods, Arion and his Dolphin, and other Marine Figures. The covering of the whole fabric is totally broken down, but yet this I must say of the whole, as it now stands, that it strikes the mind with an air of greatness beyond any thing that I ever saw before, and is an eminent proof of the magnificence of the ancient Architecture.

About fifty yards distant from the Temple, is a row of Corinthian pillars, very great and lofty; with a most stately architrave and cornice at top. This speaks itself to have been part of some very august pile, but what one now sees of it, is but just enough to give a regret that there should be no more of it remaining.

Here is another curiosity of this place, which a man had need be well assured of his credit before he ventures to relate, lest he should be thought to strain the privilege of a traveller too far. That which I mean is a large piece of the old wall,

or

which is a production of the pith of the plant, strengthened by fibres of the wood intermixed. This is a case for the kernels, filtrates the juice of the pulp, and conveys it to them.

Fruit serve not only for the food of animals, but to guard and nourish the seed inclosed; to filtrate the coarser part of the nutritious juice, and transmit only the purest for the support and growth of the plantule.

In every sort of Grain, wheat, barley, or any other, there are three particulars observable, 1. The outer coat, which contains all the rest. This in the same species of grain, is of a very different thickness in different years, as also in different soils. 2. The Germ or Bud. This is always hid in the grain, and is the plant in miniature. And 3. The Meal, which is inclosed in the skin, that surrounds the Germ, and gives it nourishment, when first put into the earth, before it is capable of drawing it from the earth itself.

The whole structure of the plant which produces these grains is equally admirable. The chaffy Husk is well adapted to defend the grain, as long as that is necessary, and then to let it fall. The Stalk, hollow and round, is at once light and strong, capable of sustaining the ear, without absorbing too much of the juices destined for its nourishment. And the Beards are a defence against the Birds, that would otherwise destroy the grain before it ripened. The covering of the grain is formed of fibres, which meet in a line and form a kind of furrow. This is the place at which the seed, when moistened, is to burst open. Were not this means prepared for the germ's coming out, the toughness of the outer coat, would have kept in both the meal and the germ, till they had rotted together.

Nor is this the only use of this place of opening. The grain is designed not only for seed, but for food also. Men have art enough to erect machines, for reducing it to powder. But the birds eat it as it is, and it would pass them whole without doing them any good, were it not, that when it is moistened, it bursts open at the furrow and yields them nourishment,

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The meal is composed of an infinite number of round, white, transparent bodies. These inclose the young plant, and by their figure being easily put in motion, as soon as affected by the heat and moisture of the earth, they insinuate into the vessels of the plant, and give it increase, till it is in a condition to feed on the juices of the earth. The same process of nature is observable, when grains of corn grow out of time, on being thrown carelessly together, in a moist place.

Plants do likewise perspire. To find the quantity imbibed and perspired by plants, Dr. Hale took a pot with a large sunflower planted in it, and by various experiments found, the greatest perspiration in a very warm day, to be one pound fourteen ounces; the middle perspiration one pound four ounces. It perspired three ounces in a warm night, when there was no dew. If small dew fell, it perspired nothing, if a large dew it gained two or three ounces.

The weight of the flower was three pounds: the weight of a well-sized man is one hundred and sixty. The flower perspires twenty-two ounces in twenty-four hours: the man about twenty-five; (besides six ounces, which are carried off by respiration from the lungs.)

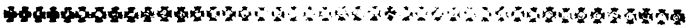
A middling man eats and drinks in twenty-four hours, about four pounds ten ounces. The plant imbibed and perspired in the same time twenty-two ounces. But taken bulk for bulk, the plant imbibes seventeen times more food than the man. For deducting five ounces for fæces, there will remain but four pounds, five ounces, which enter the veins, and pass off in twenty-four hours. And since taken bulk for bulk, the plant imbibes so much more food than the man, it was necessary by giving it an extensive surface, to provide for a plentiful perspiration, since it has no other way of discharging superfluities as a man has. It was necessary likewise that the plant should imbibe a larger quantity of fresh fluid than the man, because the fluid filtrated through its roots does not contain so many nutritive particles, as the chyle which enters our veins.

But

But there is a latitude of perspiration both in men and plants. In this flower it varied from sixteen to eighteen ounces during twelve hours a day, as it was watered less or more: in a healthy man it varies from a pound and a half to three pounds.

Ever-greens perspire far less than other plants. In proportion, they need less nourishment: hereby they are better able to bear the winter: like insects, which as they perspire, live the whole winter without food.

[*To be continued.*]



An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE II.

[*Continued from page 35.*]

Callistus. I Had been at *Bath* two months, and had received great benefit from the waters; but perhaps more from my new acquaintance. Pleasures to which I had long been a stranger, soothed my softening heart: I had some degree of satisfaction in myself; for as yet I had formed no hellish plot against the excellent *Melinda*. I had the resolution to leave off one of my bad habits, and I felt the energy of some of my old virtuous affections: I had done, I was daily doing, good to worth in distress: generosity disdained not to linger in my heart: I felt again that I believed a God; my soul overflowed with gratitude to him for the restoration of my health; and I even seriously purposed to act, for the future, more agreeably to his divine will. I fancy the uniformly good are not conscious of the sweet effects of virtue, even on the body:

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man.

Sweetly flows the blood which is not agitated by violent passions; sweet, serene, and cheerful are the spirits which are not harassed by remorse: and, O, how is the whole composition cheered and animated, by the sensations which attend the consciousness of doing good!

I found that the ladies had been at *Bath* six weeks; and *Eugenia* being surprisngly recovered, I asked them one day when they proposed leaving the place. *Eugenia* said they had been desirous of quitting it some time; but that, to say the truth, they imagined I should remove very soon, and they chose to wait till I was gone. I did not well know how to interpret this, and begged an explanation of it. She seemed loth to say any more; but, as I insisted upon knowing the truth, she told me at last, that when I was gone, they could get away quietly in their own method; but they feared if they had mentioned going before me, that I should, from my unwearied goodness, engage myself in some new trouble upon their account. I smiled, and told them I was glad I had discovered their plot, but intended not to let them escape so easily; that I had no thoughts of leaving *Bath* till they did, and hoped so to contrive it, as not to give either side the pain of parting: there is a good deal of vanity in that speech (said I;) do not you think so, Madam? If I had not known you so long, Sir, (replied she) I should have thought there had been a reproach couched under that question, which I am sure we do not deserve, nor, if we did, could you have meant. I caught the dear *Melinda's* eyes repeating after her mother—Indeed, Sir, I do not deserve to be reproached with ingratitude!—Then, ladies, I have a method to propose to you of overpaying at once all the debts which your delicate imaginations have so exaggerated.—O, Sir, (cried the good lady) I could return to the sad place from which your beneficence delivered me, if, by so doing, I could prove my earnest desire, of making all the return that is possible, for the obligations you have heaped upon us.—Well, Madam, then the request
I have

I have to make to you, is to return with me to a place, which it shall be my business to render as agreeable to you as possible, and that in your own way; your habitation shall be more suited to your humility than to my good will; it shall be entirely your own; nor will I presume to intrude one moment without your leave.—Good God, Sir, do you call this a way to pay debts? the very thought overpowers me: no, Sir, I will go back to my cottage, and there, if my disorders return, I will wait with what patience I can, till this

Too, too solid mass shall melt.

And with my last breath I will pray for blessings to be showered on your head.—Now, Madam, returned I, you have mentioned the first thing which moves me to persist in my request, that you will be in, or near *London*, that you may be within reach of proper assistance, if you should have any return of ill health. I have another strong reason which regards myself; I do not receive so much satisfaction in the conversation of any of my friends, as in that of my new ones; then how can I bear the thoughts of losing it? Alas, Sir, (replied *Eugenia*) I fear it is time we should lose the pleasure of yours; for though it is impossible for me to think ill of a man whose words and actions whose whole behaviour so loudly proclaim his honour and goodness; I have not lived so long as not to apprehend that the honours you have already done us, will be taken notice of in a manner injurious both to us and you. I answered, that indeed I feared her reflections on the world were but too just; but that she seemed to have little reason to pay any regard to it; and I would take upon me to defend her from any ill effects of its malice; and would even be cautious of exciting envy, the chief source of ill-will; from this consideration partly it was, that I proposed *London*, if it would agree with her,—and I was inclined to think that in the winter it might be better than the colder, damper air of the country—

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as there I might have the honour of seeing them sometimes, without its being taken notice of.—*Melinda* bowed, looked up, and sighed, (I doubt not from the swellings of her grateful heart) and *Eugenia* replied, that they were beyond expression obliged to me for all that I had done, to promote their happiness; but it was not necessary they should be so happy; and as providence had not given them the means of being so, she could not think of receiving them from any other hands. Dear Madam (returned I) consider what you say.—To providence only you are obliged for all the good you have ever received, or can receive; but is it for us to prescribe the means it shall take to convey to us its blessings? I was sent to succour you in your greatest distress; and he who before had given me the means, then gave me the will to do it; and was I ordered to stop there? so far from it, that I look upon myself as your appointed guardian, and think myself bound to be careful of your interest.—O heavens! all this must appear against me at the great day, when I must give an account of my stewardship! What account can I give! O shame! O horrible confusion! what an account I must give! What shame—what confusion must that be, when even now—to you—my partial friend—I had rather die than expose my cruel treachery—Hold heart, and do not burst, till I have performed my penance!—

[To be continued.]



An Extract from a DISCOURSE concerning the Mercy of God, in preserving us from evil Angels: written by Lord Chief Justice Hale, at Cambridge, March 26, 1661, upon occasion of a Trial of certain Witches.

1. **T**HAT there are evil Angels, is without all question: the Old Testament assures us of it, as appears from the temptation of our first parents; the history of *Abimelech* and

and the men of *Shechem*; the history of *Saul* and the Witch of *Endor*; the history of *Micaiah* and the false Prophets; and the history of *Job*. The New Testament more explicitly and abundantly clears it, by the history of the temptation of our Lord; the Demoniacs cured by our Lord and his Apostles; the going out of the evil Spirit, and his return with seven other Spirits; the vision of the fall of Satan from heaven like lightning by our Saviour; the several assertions of it in the gospel and Apostolical Epistles; the Prince of the power of the air; the Spirit ruling in the children of disobedience; the kingdom of Satan; Principalities and Powers in high places, and more frequently yet in the Apocalyps: it is also confirmed to us by daily experience of the power and energy of these evil spirits in Witches, and by them.

2. That these evil spirits have a great measure of power, and malice, appears in the same Scriptures and by experience. The greatest strength and energy of any corporeal creature, is in the vigour and power of those natural spirits that are within them. Certainly therefore those separate spirits that are not encumbered with matter, have a greater strength and energy, which is evident in those Demoniacs in the gospel, who could not be holden by the strength of men, when possessed with this powerful and malignant influence.

3. And yet their malice to the children of men is more extensive than their power: it began with the first man in innocence, and it hath improved ever since. The evidence both of his power and malice, is seen in that display of it towards *Job*; which contented not itself with any bounds; his goods, his children, his name, his body, the very peace of his soul were not enough; insomuch, that had there not been a guard upon his life, his malice had also seized that: and which is yet more, his malice against the soul of man is insatiable, as appears in the tempting of our Lord, to presumption, despair, and apostasy from God: and this he did not only out of a personal malice against him; but as in his

first

first temptation of the first *Adam*, his malice was not only ~~at~~ him, but at the whole kind: so in his tempting of our Lord, he aimed not only personally at him, but in him at all mankind. For though possibly he might be ignorant of the union of the divine nature to our Lord; yet doubtless he suspected that much of the good of mankind was deposited in that treasury, which if he could have shattered and broken, he had exquisitely satisfied the extent of his malice against mankind.

[*To be continued.*]



An Account of some DISTURBANCES, in the County of Down.

1. **E**LIZABETH and *Margaret Mathers*, with *Ifabella Mitchell*, sister in-law to *Margaret Mathers*, are three elderly women of unblemished character, and exemplary behaviour. They have lived together for many years at *Drumarran*, near *Guilford*, in the County of *Down*. In the year 1780, about a week before Christmas, *Margaret Mitchell* going to spin as usual, missed the whirl of her wheel, which she sought for every where; but it was not to be found: till as she was sitting about eight days after, it was laid upon her lap. The next evening, *Molly Steward* (a girl about ten years old that was with them) laying down her spool, it was whipped away; but half an hour after, it lay at her side broken. The night after, when she had just done spinning, her wheel-hack was broken: and so were several of their hacks, within a few days after. The same night when they went out of the room to family-prayer, they left the candle burning in the chimney. When they returned, they found it was taken out of the candlestick, and put into another at some distance.

2. After *Ifabella Mitchell* was gone to bed, with her pocket as usual at her head, it was snatched away and thrown at the bed's feet. Her sister took it up and gave it to her. Quickly
it

his way into another pit, at no great distance. Accordingly they followed him by the traces of his working; and on Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, he heard them, and implored their speedy assistance. When they came to him he was laid upon his belly, and raising his head. But his eyes were so swollen, that they were frightful to behold. One of the men tied a handkerchief round his head, lest the light should be too powerful for him. Soon after *Sal volatile* was held to his nostrils, he complained of the handkerchief, and desired to have it removed. When this was done, his eyes were sunk in the sockets, and he was unable to distinguish the candle, though held directly before him. Nor did he ever afterwards perceive the least glimmering of light. On asking for something to drink, he was supplied with water-gruel, of which he took a table spoonful, every ten or fifteen minutes.

When he was first discovered, his hands and feet were extremely cold, and he had no pulse. But after he had tasted the gruel, the pulsation of the artery became sensible, and grew stronger when they had rubbed him, and covered him with blankets. He now complained of pain in his head and limbs, and said, his back felt as if it had been broken. Two men lay by his sides, to communicate warmth to him; he put his hands into their bosoms; expressed his sense of its being comfortable, and then slept. In this situation he remained several hours, till they had completed a road for his conveyance out of the pit. Whilst they were carrying him out he had a motion to make water and to go to stool, but had not sufficient power to accomplish either. At one o'clock on Sunday morning he was brought to his own house; put into a warm bed, and fed with chicken broth. But notwithstanding his pulse increased in vigour, about five o'clock he warned them of his approaching end, and soon expired without a struggle. Though *Travis* had been asthmatic for many years, his respiration was remarked

to

as the liver, spleen, &c. are the same in both. *Johannes Baptista* hath his eyes for the most part shut: his breath small, so that holding a feather at his mouth it scarce moves. His mouth is usually open, his head larger than that of *Lazarus*, his hair hanging down, while his face is in an upright posture. Both have beards; that of *Baptista* is neglected, but that of *Lazarus* very neat. *Lazarus* is of a just stature, a decent body, courteous deportment, and gallantly attired. He covers the body of his brother with a cloak; nor could you think a monster lay within at your first discourse with him. He seemed always of a constant mind, unless that now and then he was solicitous as to his end, for he feared the death of his brother; as presaging that when that came to pass, he should also expire with the stink and putrefaction of his body: and thereupon he took greater care of his brother than himself.

Thanks be to God that we are, not *frightfully*, though wonderfully made!

Mr. VALTON'S Account of a Revival of the Work of GOD.

Burton, Feb. 1, 1783.

THURSDAY, January 2. This evening I held a Watch-night at *Batley*. Under the Sermon a child, about twelve years old, cried out much, and soon found peace with God. Another fell down under the exhortation, and another was cut to the heart. These continued crying in great distress till near midnight, when the Comforter came, and brought peace into their souls. I did not think that human nature could have continued such a constant cry for so long a time.

On Saturday the 18th, we had a most excellent Watch-night at *Childs Hill*, about a mile from *Hanging-Heton*: it lasted near five hours. Four persons were most earnestly crying out for mercy for several hours. Two or three of them were convulsed

convulsed for some time, and shook like the Aspen-leaf. Another dropt down upon the floor, and several others felt a wounded spirit. At last three of them were filled with peace.

Tuesday 21st. Last night we had a wonderful time at *Hanging-Heton*. We continued in prayer, for two or three hours after I had done preaching, amidst the groans and cries of several. We told the Lord we would not go away without their deliverance; and God granted our request: when they praised and glorified their great Deliverer. This was a precious night indeed!

Thursday 23d, I preached and held a Watch-night at *Deasbury-Bank*. As I was giving out the hymn, I felt the power of God descend, and told the people we should have a wonderful time. Presently, cries, groans, and other signals of distress, manifested the spirit of bondage. It seemed to be a Pentecost indeed, and strangers might reasonably have conjectured that three persons were full of new wine. It was a most wonderful time, and several were set at liberty. The Lord did with his great, and sore, and strong sword [of the Spirit] punish *Leviathan*: holy and reverend is his name!

Monday 27. This night I preached and held a Watch-night at *Anthony Williamson's*, at *Lee-fair*. We had a large congregation, and a most awful time. Cries, tears and groans, &c. were uttered forth for some hours, when two children, and a young man found peace. It is amazing to think what one child went through! It would have pierced a stone to have heard her cries and prayers.

Saturday Feb. 1, I preached again at *Childs-hill*. Soon after preaching, the power of God fell upon the people, and Satan made a dreadful resistance. One woman was like the man among the tombs: four people were employed in holding her for some hours: her shrieks were dreadful! But, blessed be God! we had three set at liberty before twelve o'clock.

N o

Yesterday

Yesterday; Feb. 3, I called at a place near *Childskill*, to see a publican's wife who was ill in bed. Several came into the room while I was there. When I was at prayer, dreadful convulsions seized her, and her arms became cold and contracted. Soon after another woman was seized, and then a third, and several cried out bitterly. However before I left them, God heard our prayer and two found peace. The landlady cried out, "I am cured both in body and soul." It was a wonderful time.

J. VALTON.

THOUGHTS *upon* METHODISM.

1. **I** AM not afraid, that the people called Methodists, should ever cease to exist either in *Europe* or *America*. But I am afraid, lest they should only exist as a dead Sect, having the form of Religion without the power. And this undoubtedly will be the case, unless they hold fast both the Doctrine, Spirit and Discipline with which they first set out.

2. What was their fundamental Doctrine? That the Bible is the whole and sole rule both of Christian Faith and Practice. Hence they learned, 1. That Religion is an inward Principle: that it is no other than the mind that was in Christ: or in other words, the renewal of the soul after the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness: 2. That this can never be wrought in us, but by the power of the Holy Ghost: 3. That we receive this and every other blessing, merely for the sake of Christ; and, 4. That whosoever hath the mind that was in Christ, the same is our brother, and sister, and mother.

3. In the year 1729, four young Students in *Oxford*, agreed to spend their evenings together. They were all zealous members of the Church of England, and had no peculiar opinions, but were distinguished only by their constant attendance

tendance on the Church and Sacrament. In 1735, they were increased to fifteen: when the chief of them embarked for *America*, intending to preach to the heathen *Indians*. Methodism then seemed to die away: but it revived again in the year 1738. Especially after Mr. *Wesley* (not being allowed to preach in the Churches) began to preach in the fields. One and another then coming to enquire, What they must do to be saved? He desired them to meet him all together, which they did, and increased continually in number. In November, a large building, the Foundry, being offered him, he began preaching therein, morning and evening; at five in the morning, and seven in the evening, that the people's labour might not be hindered.

4. From the beginning the men and women sat apart, as they always did in the Primitive Church. And none were suffered to call any place their own, but the first comers sat down first. They had no pews; and all the benches for rich and poor, were of the same construction. Mr. *Wesley* began the Service with a short Prayer; then sung a Hymn and preached, (usually about half an hour) then sang a few verses of another hymn, and concluded with Prayer. His constant Doctrine was, Salvation by Faith, preceded by Repentance, and followed by Holiness.

5. But when a large number of people was joined, the great difficulty was, to keep them together. For they were continually scattering hither and thither, and we knew no way to help it. But God provided for this also, when we thought not of it. A year or two after, Mr. *Wesley* met the chief of the Society in *Bristol*, and enquired, "How shall we pay the debt upon the Preaching-house?" Captain *Foy* stood up and said, "Let every one in the Society give a penny a week and it will easily be done." "But many of them, said one, have not a penny to give." "True, said the Captain: then put ten or twelve of them to me. Let each of these give what they can weekly, and I will supply what is wanting." Many others
made

made the same offer. So Mr. *Wesley* divided the Societies among them: assigning a *Class* of about twelve persons, to each of these who were termed *Leaders*.

6. Not long after one of these informed Mr. *Wesley* that calling on such an one in his house, he found him quarrelling with his wife. Another was found in drink. It immediately struck into Mr. *Wesley's* mind, This is the very thing we wanted. The *Leaders* are the persons, who may not only receive the contributions, but also watch over the souls of their brethren. The Society in *London* being informed of this, willingly followed the example of that in *Bristol*. As did every Society from that time, whether in *Europe* or *America*. By this means it was easily found, if any grew weary or faint, and help was speedily administered. And if any walked disorderly, they were quickly discovered, and either amended or dismissed.

[*To be continued.*]



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXV.

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

Otley, July 19, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

HOW infinite is the Saviour's love! I am often lost in wonder! What has he suffered for me! and yet how little *do* I love Him! How little am I *capable* of loving Him! O that my heart may be enlarged, and filled with God!

Glory be to his dear name, I feel that as the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the Sons. I dare appeal to Him, "Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest I love Thee with my whole heart."

But

But yet I stand by faith, and while I am looking unto Jesus, nothing can harm me. My short comings, and many weaknesses you are not unacquainted with; but blessed be God for that blood which cleanseth from all sin!

I had a blessed time while at Miss *Bosanquet's*, and had intended staying longer, but on Sunday was fetched away: my mother being put poorly. I have abundant cause to be thankful for this dispensation. Some time since it would have tried me much; but love makes all things easy. I feel Jesus enables me to sit calm on tumult's wheels. Since I came home, I have at times been in the fire; but this cannot harm, while God is near. It cannot hurt the soul that cleaves to Jesus.

May the Lord abundantly bless you, dear Sir! I often feel thankfulness that though distance may hinder me from either seeing or hearing you, no length of time or space can separate those whom the love of Jesus makes in spirit one; nor can any distance hinder me from earnestly beseeching the Lord to be ever with you. May the arm of the Lord be revealed at Madeley, and wherever you go! May the sound of your Master's feet be heard behind you! May your soul rest in God! and may every purchased, and promised blessing be yours for ever! So prays,

Rev. Sir, your unworthy Daughter,

E. RITCHIE.

L E T T E R CCCCXVI.

[From Mr. G. Clark, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

London, July 29, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

LESS than thirty years ago I was an entire stranger to heart Religion; but by hearing you preach, and by receiving the Truth in love, an entire change took place. But having
aforetime

aforetime put no restraint upon my passions, I found it hard work to keep a conscience void of offence. The conflict was so great, that it was almost like resisting unto blood. But as I believed the doctrine of entire Sanctification, I prayed, and lived in hope: and the Lord who saw my desire granted my request. For on the 30th of May, 1762, my soul was set at liberty. This work was full as evident, in its nature and effects, as that of Justification. But the power then communicated to my soul was more abundant. For now my peace and love, were without those interruptions I formerly met with, and I went on without any in the members. From that time I have gone on believing and obeying the truth, and at present I have no doubt of the accomplishment of all which the Lord hath promised.

But, Sir, do you waver concerning these things? (it is intimated that you do, because you said, we have rested too much on the work of Justification, and Sanctification.) I believe you do not. But I ask the question, because this doctrine seems to be exploded here. The work of holiness is not exploded. No, blessed be God, it never was more insisted on than at present. But here is none that speak of a present deliverance from inbred sin, nor do I know that it has been once pressed on the people since you left London.

I spoke of this deliverance at the meeting of the Leaders, but the Assistant said he did not well understand it. I spoke of it also one Monday morning; but the Preacher said it was not good so to be harping on one string. I know not, Sir, how it may be in other places; but I think the string is cut here that it will not soon be spliced again by the Preachers we now have. But if this doctrine is given up, or indeed the mode of expressing it, what have we more than our neighbours? or what can we enjoy more than an honest Calvinist. They look for a deliverance at death, and it will not come sooner to us, if we do not look for it. You have often said, "Give up this doctrine, and you will easily slip into formality." Perhaps
we

we see a little of that now. For field-preaching is almost out of use: scarce any one is willing to take up the cross. Love also waxes cold. Some of our poor have been abridged: those who had two shillings and sixpence per week, are reduced to two shillings; those who had two shillings, to one; and those who had one, to nought!

The Lord give you wisdom and courage, that all things debated in the ensuing Conference may be to his glory, the establishment of your souls in unanimity and love, and the furtherance of the work of God in these kingdoms.

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

G. CLARK.

L E T T E R CCCCXVII.

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

London, Aug. 4, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

I Take the liberty of laying before you some of the reasonings of my mind which you seem to be the best able to answer.

Last Winter the sweet counsel my wife and I took together was the means of reviving my poor drooping soul. The more life we had, the more was our earnest desire that I should again be devoted to God in his Church.

As your answer to our letter encouraged that desire, I cast myself upon the Lord's assistance, and preached at the Foundry. God in his infinite mercy was pleased to own his poor creature, and give such a blessing to my own soul, and the souls of several others, as I think fully shewed he was well pleased with the return of his poor prodigal. Being encouraged by this, I preached the week following at Brentford, and it seems

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that

that I am about as much hurt by preaching once, as I should be in walking two or three miles: both the one and the other gives me a slow fever, for which I take the Wormwood drafts.

Blessed be God, I am more and more convinced, it is my duty to make the *most* of the short remainder of life. My cry is only, Lord what wouldst thou have me to do! But where shall we draw the line between Faith and Enthusiasm? My wife thinks I ought to give up all that I may be a Preacher; and that, as God has called me to it, I ought to believe he will give me strength. She thinks God has so many times shewn her in prayer, that this is his will, that she is quite willing to run all risks; knowing that our heavenly Father is both able and willing to supply all our needs: and she says, the Lord has so often assured her that he will in this way take care of her, that I shall grieve his Spirit if I do not give up all: and she has an odd, and continued impresson that he will make us both useful, and deliver us from this present, perhaps *penal* useflessness. Is this Faith or Enthusiasm? That which inclines me to the former is, that I know how close she walks with God; and how many hours in a day she spends in private prayer: and that this is always the result of her nearest accessses to the throne of grace. That the Lord may bless you with the choicest of his blessings, is, Rev. Sir, the prayer of your unworthy Son and Servant in the Gospel of Christ,

J. DOWNES.

N. B. A little after this he dropt down dead in the pulpit, just when he had concluded his Sermon in West-Street Chapel, London!

Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh, shall find so doing—shall find doing the will of God.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

A REAL CHARACTER.

AND has the solitary shade confess,
 How much he longéd for an eternal rest ?
 The pomp of death, the opening grave appears,
 Weakness and pain, amid his blooming years :
 The pale consumption, with the fever's rage,
 Alternate strove to push him off the stage :
 Mature in grace, though immature in days,
 His pallid lamp sent forth a struggling blaze ;
 Each painful vigil prophesied he must
 Ere long repose upon a bed of dust.

At length—the lingering writ of case appearéd,
 The mortal mandate, which he calmly heard :
 “ One hour determines thy afflicted days,
 That hour improve, in patience, love and praise.”
 His fluttering soul, the mighty comfort heard,
 And all-collected for his change preparéd.

Now strong convulsions rend the tottèring clay,
 And snatch the reasoning faculty away ;
 His lips yet vibrate, in the throes of death,
 And clammy damps arrest his lessèning breath :
 The silver cord a weakèning slackness takes,
 The golden bowl in shivering atoms breaks ;
 Nor e'er again the broken wheel shall ply,
 For now, alas ! the human cistern's dry ;
 Each glassy orb is fixéd in gloom and death,—
 The struggle ends, with—that expiring breath !

Behold his meagre corpse,—but also see
 His better part absorbéd in Deity !
 And though all spent, and motionless the clay,
 His more essential form shall ne'er decay ;

But like the unfading rose of Eden bloom ;
Nor pain emaciate, nor decay consume.

Still would I gaze to see the amazing sight,
Which rushes forward in a flood of light,
Through dazzling files he gains the blest abode,
And—prostrate falls before the throne of God !
“ Rise happy spirit, the Redeemer faith,
Let love supply the place of hope and faith,
Yon golden harp, already tuned, shall raise
The grateful accents of thy Saviour’s praise !”
He heard,—he gazed,—he joined the tuneful choir,
And sung redemption on his golden lyre.
The heavenly arches echoed to the sound,
He gazed—and sung,—and sung—and gazed around ;
Myriads of rapturéd spirits caught the flame,
While all heavén rung with Jesu’s saving name !

Until mortality that fight can bear,
My soul fall prostrate in unweariéd prayér ;
Let each desire, and evéry action prove
A patient hope,—a faith that works by love :
And, if divinely conscions of thy want,
Of what this world can neither take nor grant ;
That blood-bought conscioufness, still dare to keep,
And watch, and pray, and persevere and weep ;
Indulge the sweet distress, the healing pain,
And view this profferéd world with calm disdain.

When strong temptations shake thy inmost frame,
Look from thyself,—and call upon his name ;
That name so dear, to evéry soul oppress,
Which heals the sick, and lulls the weak to rest !

“ O let me die his death,” fond nature faith,
—First live his life of secret prayér and faith.
“ His life !”—say some, “ a desert life he led,
A monkish, solitary life indeed ;

Nor

Nor company, nor conversation sought,
 He was a living sepulchre of thought :
 But that I knew his grace, another cried,
 I'd almost say, his loneliness was pride."

But not the solitary life alone
 Engrossed his time—he was the dutéous son ;
 Journies of filial love made him repair
 To see the parent of his tender care ;
 Explore her thoughts, explain her asking eye,
 Help her to live—and shew her how to die.

Like youthful *Samuel*, see, his non-age show
 His early call, his gifts and graces too ;
 Like that prophetic child, he could not tell
 His Saviour called him, to call souls from hell :
 The second call his soul with trembling heard,
 Received the tidings—but the office feared :
 " Lord, send by whom thou wilt, but not by me,
 My inexperienced age, is known to thee :
 My weakness,—ignorance,—and youth declare
 I'm all unfitness such a weight to bear."

Thus reason seeméd to speak, but spoke in vain,
 Unerring providence had laid the plan ;
 Forcéd out the stripling, 'midst his numerous fears,
 O'er-awéd his doubts ;—his doubts the message hears :
 " Go quickly ; stand amidst the various crowd,
 Let love and pity raise thy voice aloud,
 Assure mankind their Saviour waits to save
 The chief of sinners, from the infernal grave.

Shew the poor formal painted Pharisee,
 That thieves and harlots are as good as he ;
 Assure the man, who says his prayérs, he may
 Say them a thousand times, and yet not pray :

Assure:

Affure him also, he may give his store
 To feed and clothe the melancholy poor,
 Yea, all his riches, all he has, yet be
 Still destitute of gospel charity.

Tell him, he may the sacrament partake,
 And yet in vain the sacred symbol break ;
 Unless in that commemorative feast,
 He earnest seeks from sin to be released.
 Tell such as feel their guilt and helplessness,
 I came their weary wandering souls to bless ;
 And he who knows himself already lost,
 By true repentance stript of every boast ;
 Let such with faith's strong evidence believe,
 I lovéd his soul, and diéd that he might live."

Commissionéd thus, the youth was carried forth,
 With sweet reluctance, and a modest worth ;
 The listēning crowd for life attentive hear,
 The grosser sinner drops a balmy tear ;
 The once self-righteous seek to be forgivén,
 The self-condemnéd presume to ask for heavén ;
 The rich, awhile forget their birth and state,
 The poor find out the secret to be great.

Hear the pale preacher, with an awful grace,
 Declare God's mercy to the fallen race ;
 Hear him with strength of argument proceed
 To scan that short, but comprehensive creed,
 The fall and rise of once thrice happy man ;
 How grace and wisdom forméd the amazing plan ;
 How God's eternal Son became a child ;
 How truth and mercy, love and justice smiléd.

But when that highest point of love, became
 The wondrous topic of his tragic theme,

See

See him pursue his suffering Master's fate,
 Hear him expatiate on the bloody sweat,
 The bitter cup, the agonizing prayers,
 The extorted cry, the energy of tears,
 The scourges,—pillar,—cross,—and pondrous nails,
 The pomp of death,—here all description fails!
 The last deep groan,—the heavens in mourning clad,
 The general earthquake,—and the starting dead,
 The sacred veil, miraculously tore,
 The dreary tomb,—the rising Conqueror!

Upon these topics as the preacher dwelt,
 The attentive audience rapturously felt;
 They felt,—admir'd,—and owned the doctrine true;
 For heav'n rush'd in upon their weeping view:
 Just as the kindly drops of genial rain,
 Which cheer the herbage on the sickly plain,
 Or as the balmy dew upon the rose,
 Which though the leaves in soft meanders flows;
 So thrilling tears, spontaneous found their way,
 And they who came to gaze,—began to pray!

Thus in the glorious cause the youth went on;
 But his meridian,—was his setting sun:
 For pain and languor, quite his frame unstrung,
 Yet still the gospel dwelt upon his tongue.
 Oft interrupted,—yet he still essay'd
 Till, all exhausted,—spun unto a thread,
 His work then done, he quietly retir'd
 And in his Master's arms with joy expired!

An EPITAPH on an INFANT.

TO the dark and silent tomb,
 Soon I hasted from the womb;
 Scarce the dawn of life began,
 Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew ;
 I no gay delights could view ;
 Joyless sojourner was I,
 Only born to weep, and die.

Happy Infant! early blest!
 Rest, in peaceful slumber rest ;
 Early rescued from the cares
 Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
 Smiling as they seem, and gay ;
 All our gaiety is vain,
 All our laughter is but pain.

Are then all your pleasures vain ?
 Is there none exempt from pain ?
 Is there no delight or joy ;
 But your fondest hopes will cloy ?

Short and sickly are they all :
 Hardly tasted, ere they fall ;
 Lasting only, and divine,
 Is an innocence like thine.

Sickly pleasures all adieu !
 Pleasures which I never knew :
 I'll enjoy my early rest,
 Of my innocence possess ;
 Happy, happy! from the womb
 That I hasted to the tomb.

On the Death of ALEXANDER the Great.

IS then that Hero number'd with the dead !
 That mighty Chief whom all the world ~~loved~~ ^{prayed} !
 Great Ammon's son! the Invincible! O why!
 Why did he ever condescend to die !



THO: M: GEARY A.M.

Ætatis 27



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For MARCH 1787.



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

Of sufficient and effectual, common and special Grace.

C H A P. I.

[Continued from page 61.]

IV. **T**HE blessings and miseries of another world are things invisible, and are discerned only by faith; they being spiritual motives, which only work upon us as they are present to our minds, by actual consideration, which naturally we are not inclined to do: seeing they are not always present with us, when the temptations of the devil, the world, and the flesh, by sensual objects, are thus present with us: It is therefore necessary, that at all times when they are not thus present with us, the holy Spirit should, either by representing to us from the

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Scriptures

Scriptures those divine truths with which our understandings have not been sufficiently enlightened, or else by reviving and inculcating on our spirits those motives to assist us to do our duty. I therefore conceive that operation of the Spirit to consist,

1st. In representing the truths which the Scriptures contain, more clearly to our understandings, that we may have a stronger conviction of them; *The eyes of our understanding being thus enlightened, to know what is the hope of our calling, and the glorious riches of the inheritance of the saints,* and this is styled, the Illumination of the Mind.

2dly. In bringing these truths to our remembrance, to enable us to resist temptations, and to encourage us to do our duty; and upon supposition, that God acts with us suitably to the nature of our faculties, on our understandings, by representing the light to it, and on our wills, by motives to chuse the good and refuse the evil; it can be only requisite to our conversion, that the good Spirit should assist us by that illumination, which is sufficient to produce in us this conviction, and should present these motives to our memories; which being present, will move our wills and affections to prosecute the ends for which they are designed.

V. I know there be many who require an irresistible motion of the holy Spirit, in which we are wholly passive, to the conversion of a sinner, which assertion shall be afterwards considered. At present, I only shall endeavour to state this matter.

1st. Then, I say, it must be granted, that in raising ideas in my brain, by the holy Spirit, I am wholly passive. And,

2dly. That these operations must be irresistible in their production, because they are produced without our knowledge, and without our will.

But

But then I add, as far as they are so, they cannot be imputed to us; it cannot be praise-worthy in us, or rewardable, that we have such ideas; but only that when they are thus raised, we attend to them, comply with them, and improve them to the ends for which they were designed.

To make this evident by an example. It is generally granted, that Satan can so work upon the brain, as to raise impure and vile ideas. But then it is as generally held, that the thoughts they immediately produce, will never be imputed to us, nor will God be displeas'd with us for them, if we do not consent to them; but manfully resist them, and that because the raising these ideas is the devil's action, and not our own; and we are purely passive in them, or shew some liking of them. And they are also irresistible, it being in the power of no man to prevent their being raised in his brain, till he perceives them raised there. And therefore for the same reasons those ideas which are objectively good, being thus raised in us, cannot be imputed to us for reward, nor can God be pleas'd with us for them, till we co-operate with them; because the raising of them is properly God's, not our own action. But then God having planted in us a principle of reason, we can attend to them when they are raised, and so improve them to the illumination of our understandings: he also having given us a will to chuse the good, and to refuse the evil, we may consent to the good suggestions and pursue the good motions thus raised in us; for to what other ends can they be raised in us? As therefore our attending to the suggestions of the evil spirit is culpable, so our attendance to these motions of the holy Spirit being things in which we are free; these things must be praise-worthy in the sight of God.

I also add, That these ideas being thus raised in us by God alone, and even the power of attending to them being entirely derived from him, these effects are properly to be ascribed to God, and the praise of them must be due to him alone.

Moreover, 1st, as these ideas raised in us are powerful inducements to the performance of our duty, they may be called exciting Grace.

2^{dly}, As they tend to restrain us from sin, and to baffle those temptations which the world, Satan, and our own evil hearts suggest unto us, they are as fitly styled, restraining Grace.

3^{dly}, As they are often raised up in us before we think of them, they are properly, preventing Grace.

4^{thly}, As they help us in the consideration of, and in our endeavours and inclinations to perform our duty, they may be styled assisting Grace.

And 5^{thly}, As they continue to do this, even after the first turn of the heart from sin to God, they may be called subsequent Grace.

6^{thly}, The distinction of Grace into sufficient and efficacious, is not a distinction of Grace into different kinds; but only a distinction of the same Grace, according to its accidentally different effects; all efficacious Grace being sufficient, and all sufficient grace being such as would be efficacious, did not the indisposition of the patient hinder it. And,

Lastly, the distinction of Grace into common and special, may be understood two ways, viz. that Grace which is afforded without any condition on our part, as the vouchsafement of the knowledge of the Gospel, and the calling men by it to the Faith, may be called common Grace, because it is common to all who live under the sound of the Gospel; but that Grace which is suspended upon a condition, as the receiving the assistance of the holy Spirit upon our asking, our receiving more upon the due improvement of the talents, the remission of sins upon our Faith and Repentance, may be styled special Grace, because it only is vouchsafed to them who perform the condition.

[To be continued.]

SERMON

S E R M O N XXXVIII.

On 1 PETER iii. 3, 4.

Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of—wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel.

But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

i. **S**T. Paul exhorts all those who desire to be transformed by the renewal of their minds, and to prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God, Not to be conformed to this world. Indeed this exhortation relates more directly to the wisdom of the world, which in all its branches is foolishness with God; and to the spirit of the world, which is totally opposite to his good, and acceptable, and perfect will. But it likewise has a reference, even to the manners and customs of the world which naturally flow from its wisdom and spirit, and are exactly suitable thereto. And it was not beneath the wisdom of God, to give us punctual directions in this respect also.

2. Some of these, particularly that in the text, descend even to the apparel of Christians. And both this text and the parallel one of St. Paul, are as express as possible. St. Paul's words are, [1 Tim. ii. 9, 10.] *I will that women adorn themselves in modest apparel; not—with gold, or pearls, or costly array: but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.*

3. But is it not strange, say some, that the all-wise Spirit of God should condescend to take notice of such trifles as these? To take notice of such insignificant trifles? Things of so little moment? Or rather of none at all? For what does it signify, provided we
take

take care of the Soul, what the Body is covered with? Whether in silk or sackcloth? What harm can there be, in the wearing of gold, or silver, or precious stones? Or any other of those beautiful things, with which God has so amply provided us! May we not apply to this, what St. Paul has observed on another occasion, That *every creature of God is good, and nothing to be rejected?*

4. It is certain that many who sincerely fear God, have cordially embraced this opinion. And their practice is suitable thereto: they make no scruple of conformity to the world, by putting on, as often as occasion offers, either gold, or pearls, or costly apparel. And indeed they are not well pleased with those who think it their duty to reject them: the using of which they apprehend to be one branch of Christian liberty. Yea some have gone considerably farther: even so far, as to make it a point, to bring those who had refrained from them for some time, to make use of them again: assuring them, that it was mere superstition to think there was any harm in them. Nay farther still, a very respectable person, has said in express terms, "I do not desire, that any who *dress plain*, should be in our Society." It is therefore certainly worth our while, to consider this matter thoroughly: seriously to enquire, Whether there is any harm in the putting on of gold, or jewels, or costly apparel?

5. But before we enter on the subject, let it be observed, That slovenliness is no part of Religion: that neither this, nor any text of Scripture condemns neatness of apparel: certainly this is a Duty, not a sin: "Cleanliness is indeed next to Godliness." Agreeably to this, good Mr. *Herbert* advises every one that fears God,

"Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation,
Upon thy person, clothes and habitation."

And surely every one should attend to this, if he would not have the good that is in him evil spoken of.

6. Another

6. Another mistake with regard to apparel, has been common in the religious world. It has been supposed by some, that there ought to be no difference at all in the apparel of Christians. But neither these texts, nor any other in the Book of God, teach any such thing, or direct that the dress of the Master or Mistress, should be nothing different from that of their servants. There may undoubtedly be a moderate difference of apparel, between persons of different stations. And where the eye is single, this will easily be adjusted by the rules of Christian Prudence.

7. Yea, it may be doubted, whether any part of Scripture forbids (at least I know not any) those in any nation that are invested with Supreme Authority, to be arrayed in gold and costly apparel; or to adorn their immediate attendants, or Magistrates, or Officers with the same. It is not improbable, that our blessed Lord intended to give countenance to this custom, when he said, without the least mark of censure, or disapprobation, *Behold, those that wear gorgeous [splendid] apparel, are in king's courts,* Luke vii. 25.

8. What is then the meaning of these Scriptures? What is it which they forbid? They manifestly forbid ordinary Christians, those in the lower or middle ranks of life, to be adorned with gold, or pearls, or costly apparel. But why? What harm is there herein? This deserves our serious consideration. But it is highly expedient, or rather absolutely necessary for all who would consider it to any purpose, as far as is possible to divest themselves of all prejudice, and to stand open to conviction: is it not necessary likewise in the highest degree, that they should earnestly beseech the Father of lights, that "by his holy inspiration they may think the things that are right, and by his merciful guidance perform the same?" Then they will not say, no not in their hearts, (as I fear too many have done) what the famous Jew said to the Christian, *Non persuadebis, etiamsi persuaseris,* "Thou shalt not persuade me, though thou hast persuaded me."

9. The

9. The question is, What harm does it do, to adorn ourselves with gold, or pearls, or costly array? Suppose you can afford it? That is, suppose it does not hurt or impoverish your family? The first harm it does is, It ingenders *Pride*, and where it is already, increases it. Whoever narrowly observes what passes in his own heart, will easily discern this. Nothing is more natural than to think ourselves better, because we are dressed in better clothes. And it is scarce possible for a man to wear costly apparel, without, in some measure, valuing himself upon it. One of the old Heathens was so well apprised of this, that when he had a spite to a poor man, and had a mind to turn his head, he made him a present of a suit of fine clothes.

*Eutrapelus, cuicumq; nocere volebat,
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.*

He could not then but imagine himself to be as much better, as he was finer than his neighbour. And how many thousands, not only Lords and Gentleman in *England*, but honest Tradesmen, argue the same way? Inferring the superior value of their persons from the value of their clothes?

9. "But may not one man be as proud though clad in sackcloth, as another is, though clad in cloth of gold?" As this argument meets us at every turn, and is supposed to be unanswerable, it will be worth while to answer it once for all, and to shew the utter emptiness of it. "May not then one clad in sackcloth, you ask, be as proud, as he that is clad in cloth of gold?" I answer, Certainly he may: I suppose, no one doubts of it. And what inference can you draw from this? Take a parallel case. One man that drinks a cup of wholesome wine may be as sick as another that drinks poison. But does this prove that the poison has no more tendency to hurt a man than the wine? Or does it excuse any man for taking, what has a natural tendency to make him sick? Now to apply, Experience shews that fine clothes have a natural tendency,

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to make a man sick of pride. Plain clothes have not. Although it is true, you may be sick of pride in these also, yet they have no natural tendency, either to cause or increase this sickness. Therefore let all that desire to be clothed with Humility, abstain from that poison.

10. Secondly, The wearing gay or costly apparel naturally tends to breed and to increase *Vanity*. By *Vanity* I here mean the Love and Desire of being admired and praised. Every one of you that is fond of Dress, has a witness of this in your own bosom. Whether you will confess it before man or no, you are convinced of this before God. You know in your hearts, it is with a view to be admired that you thus adorn yourselves: and that you would not be at the pains, were none to see you, but God and his holy Angels. Now the more you indulge this foolish desire, the more it grows upon you. You have vanity enough by nature; but by thus indulging it, you increase it a hundred-fold. O stop! Aim at pleasing God alone, and all these Ornaments will drop off.

11. Thirdly, The wearing of gay and costly Apparel, naturally tends to beget *Anger*, and every turbulent and uneasy Passion. And it is on this very account, that the Apostle places this *Outward Adorning* in direct opposition to the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. How remarkably does he add, *Which is in the sight of God of great price:*

Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

None can easily conceive, unless himself were to make the sad experiment, the contrariety there is between that *Outward Adorning*, and this *inward quietness of spirit*. You never can thoroughly enjoy this, while you are fond of the other. It is only while you sit loose to that *outward adorning*, that you

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can in *patience possess your soul*. Then only when you have cast off your fondness for dress, will the peace of God reign in your hearts.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A short Account of the Life and Death of Mr. CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON.

[*Continued from page 70.*]

PRESENTLY after he wrote as follows: "My dear relations, last Sunday my brother and I travelled about twenty miles. I preached twice. When I came home I spoke again. In so doing I grew very warm, and after that got cold. I have been poorly since, but am better at present. My mind also has been in the fire of temptation; but now I feel the spirit of the Lord giving me liberty. O how much hath the Lord had to do with me! and how little do I know of myself or him! I sometimes think to leave off speaking, and come to your house, hoping that a little rest may restore my weak body. But O time is short! How many are there who are perishing for lack of knowledge? and how few lay it to heart? O let us, more than ever, pray for Zion's peace! I have not had a doubt of entering the promised land these twenty years."

Soon after he wrote as follows. "Dear brother and sister, I am now convinced what my disorder is: the symptoms of a Consumption increase; and I believe I shall soon altogether leave off working. I wish to be at my brother's house, that I may get a little help in my conflicts, if they come in my way. At present, my soul exults in redeeming love, and I hope, while I live, to rejoice with joy unspeakable. My dear brother, do, pray from me."

As

consumption. I have preached a little in this Circuit; but do not intend it any more as yet. I cast myself on the mercy of God: my life is in his hands. I shall never forget the goodness of God to us both, in not suffering us to go together before this: then would you have been more immediately a partner of my sufferings; but the Lord is good in all his ways. I hope you and I shall yield ourselves up unto him, that we may find he worketh all his good pleasure in us. I think, if I am called to work any more for God, in a public way, it is at Whitby: but in this I am not clear. I am advised by the Preachers to give myself up wholly to the work of calling sinners to the Lamb of God. At present I find much resignation, and hope that the Lord will give me all the direction I want. Alas! What need of so much care? What is my life? I hope, my dear Polly, while you have strength you will be eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. I know you are careful in watching the motions of providence in your present state. Live to God. Then, however heaven may dispose of you, or suffer you to be exercised, your life shall be spent in praises. Look, my Dear, unto the sinner's Friend! Keep in memory his cross and passion; and, through faith, you shall every moment feel he died for you.

“ In this Circuit the kingdom of Satan shakes. O that the mighty power of God would throw it down! I hope my dear friends at Whitby are striving who can sink deepest into all the depths of humble love, and rise highest into all the life of God.

“ I hope you have a little Church in your own house; and that your mother and sisters have faith in the promises. Dear sisters, believe till you feel the thoughts of your hearts cleansed: believe and heaven is yours. O blessed port! May we all land safe there! I remain the same as ever, C. M.”

After he returned to *Whitby* he wrote as follows.

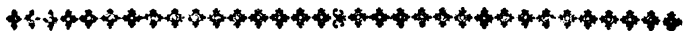
“ Lately I spoke to our people; my heart being warm, I forgot my body, and cut myself up. Yet my dear Lord wonderfully
derfully

derfully strengthens me for a little more public and private labour. The Sabbath before last, I went twelve miles; spoke thrice: my labours were sweet, and I hope not in vain. Last Sunday I was in the country, and spoke to a large company. O what multitudes yet perish for lack of knowledge, and how few shew them any pity! Thanks be to God, he proportions my strength to my work. I feel my heart big with desire that all may have an interest in the Redeemer. My body oft wants rest, yet I find peace of mind; and the Lord is my portion."

To a letter I sent him, pressing him to leave all, and give himself to the life he was advised to, he returned the following answer.

"My dear Brother, I did not think to have heard from you, in the manner I have: but I believe my interest lies near you; therefore I will not chide: I can receive it thankfully. God knows I can abandon all fleshly desires for the Redeemer's glory; and if called by God to-morrow to spend and be spent, I hope I shall leave all, and follow my bleeding Lord. My soul of late, has had a strong hold of God, and has felt his supporting arm. I am glad to hear the Lord is working with you. May he continue to ride on gloriously!"

[*To be continued.*]



An Account of Mr. S I L A S T O L D.

[*Continued from page 71.*]

AS we were riding at anchor in *Kingston* harbour, the capital of *Jamaica*, waiting for a freight to *England*, a very great noise was heard in the atmosphere, similar to that of splitting wood. Our chief mate was of opinion, that we should be visited by a hurricane, which accordingly began about eight o'clock the same night, and held, without intermission, till six o'clock

o'clock the following evening. There were in the harbour of *Kingston* seventy-six sail of ships, many of which were very large; but all riding with three anchors a-head: and notwithstanding ours was a new ship, with three new cables and anchors, yet about four o'clock in the morning, we parted all three cables at once, and turning broadside to the wind, overset, and sunk as far as the ground would permit. In that condition we were driven, with our gunnel to the bottom, down to the extremity of the harbour, which is about twelve miles. Though we were the first ship that drove from her anchors, yet all our masts stood; but this was not the situation of any vessel beside: for the whole fleet lost all their masts, yards and bowsprits, and not one vessel, large or small, but was driven, with astonishing rapidity, high on the land. The same hurricane drove a large snow, of 220 tons, above half a mile into the country, which broke and tore the coconut trees up by the roots; likewise a very heavy brigantine was cast upon the wharfs in the town, and a large sloop, of about 100 tons, lay with her keel across the brig's deck. In short, that part of the town nearest the water-side was sufficiently barricaded with the wrecks of vessels; and as there were no tides of ebb and flood, consequently there was no possibility of getting them off: nor were there any, save one fine stately ship, which rode out the tempest: so that seventy-five sail of ships of war and merchantmen were destroyed in the tremendous overthrow.

One remarkable instance I would take notice of, viz. the ship *Nicholson*, Capt. *Smiler*, of *London*, quite a new and beautiful vessel, sunk at her anchors, and all on board perished, except the Captain's son and four more, who were saved by getting into a small boat that carried no more than one hoghead of sugar at a time.

All the ships at *Port-Royal* shared the same fate with those at *Kingston*, except the *Winchelsea* man of war, and *Kirkington*, of *Bristol*, Capt. *Pills*; both of which cut away their masts, and
were

were upon the brink of foundering even at the close of the hurricane, which was on Saturday evening about six o'clock. Here I would briefly observe, how suddenly the storm ceased. It varied from east to west, and was for a few hours calm; after which it chopped round to its former point, and blowing with a vehemence, impossible to be expressed, lasted near an hour, and was succeeded by a second calm. Two or three days after the reducement of these parts of the island, viz. Kingston and Port-Royal, and likewise of the dreadful consequences of the storm upon the fleet of ships; the drowned seamen were drove upon the shore for miles down the harbour, and were left to be devoured by the crows and other wild fowl.

Immediately after the hurricane, followed a pestilential sickness, which swept away thousands of the natives: every morning I observed between thirty and forty corpses carried past my window; and, being very near death myself, I every day expected the messenger of my dissolution. From this illness I contracted an ague, which continued eleven months, so that I was wasted to a mere shadow; nor had I one person under heaven to take care of me, except a negro, who brought me every day a dose of jesuits-bark to the warehouse, where I was laid in a hammoc. At length my master gave me up, and I wandered up and down the town, parched with the insufferable blaze of the sun, till I was resolved to lie me down and die, as I had neither money nor friend. Accordingly I fixed upon a dunghil on the east end of the town of Kingston, and was fully resigned to death, nor had I the slightest expectations of relief. Nevertheless, the kind providence of God raised me up a friend in an entire stranger. A London Captain coming by, came up to me, and, in a very compassionate manner, asked me if I had any friend? He likewise asked me to whom I belonged. I answered, to Captain *Moses Lilly*. This Captain, cursing him for a barbarous villain, told me he would compel him to take proper care of me. In about a quarter of an hour my master arrived (whom I had not
seen

seen before for six weeks) and took me to a public-house, and there ordered me to be taken care of. However, he soon quitted the island, leaving me behind; at the same time ordering me, if I recovered, to take my passage for England, in the Montserrat, Capt. *David Jones*, who was a very tender-hearted man. Capt. *Jones* sent his son on shore, in order to receive me on board. When I came along-side, the Captain, standing on the ship's gunnel, addressed me to the following effect: "Come, poor child into the cabin, and you shall want nothing the ship affords" But being still very ill with my ague, I could neither eat nor drink.

Captain *Jones* then sent for the boatswain, and asked him, if he knew of any remedy for an intermitting fever? He told the Captain, he could produce a remedy, that if I lived fifty years longer I should not be subject to it any more. This was in the year 1727, which is now forty-eight years ago: and I do not remember to have experienced one fit of it since; and, although I had then been afflicted with it eleven months, he cured me in less than five hours. Here I began immediately to recover my strength, and became more lively and active than ever.

Upon our sailing for *Bristol*, Capt. *Jones*, in order to please the ship's company, steered his course to make the island of *Bermudas*. Upon our arrival there, we scudded along shore from one end of the island to the other; nor did I perceive either hill or mountain upon the whole island, it being a fine level, grassy plain. After we lost sight of this island we made the best of our passage for *England*; but in the prosecution thereof something rather supernatural happened.—In the space of five weeks, after our departure from *Bermudas*, the Captain ordered the man to keep a sharp look out at the fore-top-mast-head, as by our journal, and the calculation of the log-book, we expected to be no great distance from Cape Clear, the west end of *Ireland*. Accordingly, one morning about seven o'clock, the sentinel at the mast-head threw out the signal for land,

land, about two points on the weather-bow; but as at that time the ship was running with the wind on the starboard-beam, the Captain deemed it most adviseable to brace all sharp up; and lie as near the wind as we possibly could. The land soon became conspicuous to the naked eye from the deck, and we altered our course as the land edged round, but would not attempt to make any nearer approach towards it, than a full league. I frequently had my eye fixed upon the land, as had also the Captain and all the ship's company, while we were at work clearing the decks, bending the cables, and making ourselves ready in all respects to adapt the ship for anchorage: I do not remember ever to have seen any place apparently more fertile, or better cultivated. The fields seeming to be covered with verdure, and very beautiful; and as the surf of the sea almost convinced us that it was playing on the shore; we were beyond all doubt for the space of ten hours. Our Captain therefore gave the man who first discovered it, ten gallons of rum, and twenty pounds of sugar; but about six o'clock in the evening, as we were washing the decks, and the sun was shining clear from the westward, in less than a minute we lost all sight of land, and nothing but the horizon, interspersed with a few pale clouds, was perceptible from the deck. This filled the ship's company with the utmost astonishment: nor did we make the coast of *Ireland* for several days after. Our Captain and ship's company concluded that it was *Old Brazille*, which navigators affirm to have been destroyed by an earthquake between five and six hundred years ago. At length we arrived at *Bristol*, and I was with my master, Capt. *Moses Lilly*, a few weeks, when he consigned me over to *Timothy Tucker*, Commander of the *Royal George*, bound for *Guinea* and the *West-Indies*; a greater villain, I firmly believe, never existed.

The first demonstration of it was: the enforcement of a white woman out of her native country, and selling her to the Black Prince of *Bonny*, on the *African* coast. Another

exemplification of his horrid conduct was, particularly one Sunday morning. As I went down to the gun-room, in order to procure necessary provisions for the ship's company, the Captain happened to find me at the bread cask, and declared that I was taking from thence considerably more than would be used; therefore, he immediately went to the cabin, and brought out with him his large horse-whip, and exercised it about my body in so unmerciful a manner, that, not only the clothes on my back were cut to pieces, but every sailor on board declared they could see my bones. Yet this act of barbarism did not give him sufficient satisfaction; for he threw me all along the deck, and jumped many times upon the pit of my stomach; and had not the people laid hold of my legs, and thrown me under the windlass (after the manner they threw dead cats or dogs) he would have ended his cruelty in murder. Repeated instances of this behaviour were committed by him to the principal part of his seamen in the course of the voyage.

[To be continued,]



An Account of Mrs. VAUGHAN: written by her Son.

MY dear mother was first awakened by hearing the General Baptists, and was a member of Mr. *Brittain's* Congregation for many years. She then walked in all the ordinances blameless, and was a great pattern of keeping the Sabbath-day holy, and of family-prayer. In the last of these I shall never forget her strong cries and tears for her four children, with which she was left a widow.

I have often heard her say, "There is a way better than this I am now in, though I know it not. Lord, shew me the right way, and lead me in it!" At this time she had no thought of being a Methodist.

When

When I was convinced of sin, and had received a sense of pardon, she said, "This is the right way," and never rested till the Lord spoke peace and salvation to her soul.

As she sat at work one day, she was taken ill of a violent fever. In the beginning of her illness she was in an extraordinary manner filled with joy in the Holy Ghost. Those who came to see her (being many) saw with wonder the mighty power of God. She clapped her hands, and said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth! and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet with these eyes I shall see God! Glory! glory! I once was as vile as *Mary Magdalen*, *Manassch*, yea, the very devil himself! though I did not live in any outward sin. But now I am made white in the blood of the Lamb! I shall praise him on Mount Sion, with all the redeemed for ever and ever! for ever and ever! Yes, my anchor is cast! cast on a rock, where I shall ever rest. Oh, when will *Gideon's* pitcher break! and let the lamp appear!" This she often repeated; and to the last, never expressed the least doubt or fear.

Two days before she died, she exhorted me to cleave to God: and told me, I should drink of the cup of affliction in this world; but added,

"Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he will keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand,
With Christ on Sion's hill."

From this time, she had not a shadow of a doubt. Nor do I remember she once complained, although her affliction was very great!

The night before she died, she sang,

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

When she was speechless she several times endeavoured to sing. Though she had experienced deep convictions, and great temptations, when she was first awakened, she was now very composed, and free from all uneasiness. Satan seemed to have no power over her. She was indeed lost and swallowed up in God, her all in all!

About seven o'clock on Friday morning, she cried out, "My Lord, and my God!" and gave up her spirit into the arms of Jesus, on October 1, 1772, and in the fifty-fifth year of her age.

E. VAUGHAN.

North-Green, Jan. 12, 1787.

An Account of the Life and Death of THOMAS THOMPSON, late of Barrow in the county of Lincoln: who died Nov. 29, 1785.

THOMAS THOMPSON was born in the year of our Lord, 1715. When he was about thirty-six years of age, the Lord gave him a great concern for his soul; but as there was no preaching at *Barrow*, he frequently travelled on the Sabbath-day from thence to *Grimby* to hear the gospel (about eighteen miles) and back again. By this means he soon saw the danger his soul was in, and became very diligent in using all the means of grace: having a full determination not to rest till he had found peace with God.

In a short time he was enabled to say, "Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." From that time, instead of resting contented, as if all the work was finished, he gave diligence in working out his salvation with fear and trembling.

About seven years before his death, it pleased God to lay his hand upon him in a particular manner. One of his legs mortifying,

mortifying, after two years it was cut off. This he bore with such patience and courage as was astonishing to all who saw him. Before the operation began, he went to prayer, and intreated God to strengthen him; and when it was over, he said, "If I was certain it was the will of God, I could bear, not only to have the other leg, but my arms also cut off!" But this operation, instead of ending his affliction (as was expected) proved only the beginning of farther sorrows. For, from that time to the day of his death, he scarcely knew what health meant, any otherwise than by the loss of it. Yet in all this he never was heard to murmur, or complain; being persuaded that all things work together for good to them that love God. For the last four years he was literally, Lazarus-like, full of sores; but in the furnace the Lord purified him.

Just before it pleased the Lord to set his soul at full liberty, he was strangely tempted to hang himself, which temptation was so strong, that he was almost ready to despair; yet still he continued crying to God to save him. At last the Lord spoke to his soul, saying, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt! Immediately he felt a mighty change, and from that time was always happy and resigned: continually saying, Lord, not my will, but thine be done!

Some months before he died he was so far reduced in his circumstances, that he was obliged to accept of relief from the parish: and notwithstanding this, he was still so distressed as frequently to want a morsel of bread. But in this also he glorified God, and longed for nothing so much as a fuller enjoyment of him.

About six months after this, his sores all healed of themselves; but his inward pain was so great that many times he had no sleep for whole nights together: yet (as those who lay in the same room declare) he was always either praying, or else praising God.

As he drew nearer his end, his soul seemed more entirely swallowed up in God. To one who attended him in his last sickness

sickness he said, " Pray always, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks; for this is the will of God concerning us."

I visited him twice after I came into the Circuit, and always found him rejoicing in the love of God, and in joyful hopes of everlasting glory, longing for his dissolution. His last words were, " Jesus is all, and in all to me! He is altogether lovely! The fairest among ten thousand! Altogether lovely." May all who are left behind be followers of him, who thus through faith and patience inherits the promises!

R. SCOTT,

Derby, Jan. 8, 1787.



A Short Account of ANN NICHOLS, of Wigan, in Lancashire.

[Written by a Friend.]

ANN NICHOLS was a spotless pattern of Christian Perfection. From the time she experienced this blessing, she never lost a sense of it for a moment. The case was the same in her Justification. She walked under a true sense of her acceptance every moment till she was sanctified. A clearer witness of the doctrines taught by the Methodists I never knew: the same is generally believed by our friends who knew her. Her life was chaste and spotless, constantly displaying the length, and breadth, the depth and height of the love of Jesus. When she was on her death-bed, she clasped her arms round her Nurse's neck, and said, with all the strength she had, " The work of my salvation is finished! I can neither doubt nor fear; for Jesus is now with me!" She departed this life, Dec. 15, 1786, and in the 31st year of her age.

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The Experience of RACHEL BRUFF, of Talbot-County, Maryland.

[Written by Herself.]

IN the month of February, 1768, I was brought under deep distress of soul, being made sensible of my undone estate by nature: and was constrained to implore the aid of the blessed Spirit; knowing that I could do nothing of myself. Not having the advantage of hearing the gospel preached in its purity, the Lord pointed me to his blessed word, in which I read, and meditated day and night; and found that it was by grace I was to be saved. I betook myself to constant prayer, which I considered as a great weapon against the enemy of my soul. I saw that Jesus was my Advocate with the Father, and that I could have access to God in no other name. My heavenly Father shewed me that his dear Son tasted death for every man. From the time I was brought to see the need of a change, I was sweetly drawn by the cords of love, having the precious promises opened to me.

One night under deep distress, after addressing the throne of grace, I fell into a kind of sleep, or rather doze. I seemed to be in a small house, waiting on a woman that was dangerously ill. A person appeared in the other part of the house as if he came out of the wall. His countenance was very comely: his dress plain and grave, and he had a towel tied round his waist as white as snow. I looked earnestly at him, and knew him to be the Son of God: on which a sacred awe rested on my mind. O how awful the place seemed to be, because of the presence of the Lord! He then came straight to me; untied the towel, and gave it me with these words, "Do as I have done," and then vanished in a moment. When I awoke, I was more determined than ever, to devote the remainder of my days to the service of God. I grew weary of the world, and all its vanities:

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I could find no happiness in any thing beneath the sun; but prayer was my constant delight.

It was now strongly impressed on my mind, to withdraw from the world, and spend the remainder of my days in retirement, where I had an opportunity of employing much of my time in reading, prayer, and self-examination.

One evening I was much drawn out in prayer, and received a blessed visit from my Lord; and Master! My soul seemed to be filled with the love of God. Another night I walked out to praise the Lord. The night was beautiful and clear; the stars seemed as so many seraphs, shining forth their Maker's praise, and I saw a beauty in the whole creation. The very air seemed to breathe sweetness, and my soul glowed with love divine! As I was looking up to heaven, praising my great Creator, I felt that my sins were forgiven. At this my soul was wonderfully transported. I shall never forget the time and place where I received this great manifestation.

Shortly after I had found the pearl of great price, I covenanted with my dear Lord as follows: I choose God the Father, to be my God and father for ever. I choose God the Son, to be the Rock of my salvation, and Advocate with the Father. I choose God the Holy Ghost, to be my sanctifier, and preserver. Lord grant that I may never break this solemn covenant!

After this, I met with many trials, from various quarters; but, blessed be God! he stood my friend, and led me on from month to month, and from year to year!

In the year of our Lord, 1776, there were great troubles in this country, occasioned by the unhappy war. My friends persuaded me to leave my quiet habitation. I did so to my sorrow, and went and lived in a family where great care was taken for the bread that perisheth; but very little for that which endureth to eternal life. The blessed Lord permitted many enemies to rise up against me here. I lost my peace; but glory be to God! I kept my confidence. I continued here but one year, when God made a way for my return to my former habitation.

tation. I then covenanted with Him to double my diligence, and found my soul as much drawn out as ever, and had as great a degree of sweetness in his service as ever.

In the year 1778, the people called Methodists had been preaching in different parts of the country, sometime before I went to hear them. They were much spoken against. It being much pressed on my mind, in the month of February, I went to hear Mr. *Shadford*. I liked his doctrine exceeding well; but I had no mind to join the Society, till it was made known to me that they were the Servants of God, sent to shew us the way of salvation. However, I went from time to time to hear, and grew more and more happy every day. After some time, I again covenanted with God in the following manner: Lord, as I have chosen Thee to be my God and Guide, I now choose thy People to be my people. I then joined the Society, for which I have much reason to praise God ever since.

[*To be continued.*]

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 89.*]

TUESDAY, May 6. Early this morning we departed from *Balbeck*, directing our course straight across the valley. As we passed by the walls of the city, we observed many stones inscribed with Roman letters and names; but all confused, and some placed upside down: which demonstrates that the materials of the walls were the ruins of the ancient city.

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In one place we found these letters, R M I P T I T V E P R, in others these, V A R I—, in another, N E R I S, in others, L V C I L— and S E V E R I and C E L N A E and F I R M I; all which serve only to denote the resort which the Romans had to this place in ancient times.

In one hour we passed by a village called *Ye-ad*; and in an hour more went to see an old monumental pillar, a little on the right hand of the road. It was nineteen yards high, and five feet in diameter, of the Corinthian Order. It had a table for an inscription on its North-side; but the letters are now perfectly erased. In one hour more we reached the other side of the valley, at the foot of the Mount *Anti-Libanus*.

We immediately ascended the mountain, and in two hours came to a large cavity between the hills, at the bottom of which was a lake called by its old Greek name, *Limone*. It is about three furlongs over, and derives its waters from the melting of the snow. By this lake our guides would have had us staid all night; assuring us that if we went higher up in the mountains, we should be forced to lie amongst the snow: but we ventured that, preferring a cold lodging before an unwholesome one. Having ascended one hour, we arrived at the snow; and proceeding amongst it for one hour and a half more, we then chose out as warm a place as we could find in so high a region; and there we lodged this night upon the very top of mount *Libanus*. Our whole stage this day was seven hours and a half.

Libanus is in this part free from rocks, and only rises and falls with small, easy, unevennesses, for several hours riding; but is perfectly barren and desolate. The ground, where not concealed by the snow, appeared to be covered with a sort of white slates thin and smooth. The chief benefit it serves for, is, that by its exceeding height, it proves a conservatory for abundance of snow, which, thawing in the heat of summer, affords supplies of water to the rivers and fountains in the valleys below. We saw, in the snow, prints of the feet of several

several wild beasts, which are the sole proprietors of these upper parts of the mountains.

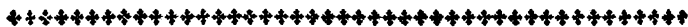
Friday, May 7. The next morning we went four hours almost perpetually upon deep snow; which, being frozen, bore us and our horses: and then descending for about one hour, came to a fountain called, from the name of an adjacent Village, *Ayn il Hadede*. By this time we were got into a milder and better region.

Here was the place, where we were to strike out of the way, in order to go to *Canobine* and the *Ceuars*. And some of us went upon this design, whilst the rest chose rather to go directly for *Tripoli*, to which we had not now above four hours. We took with us a guide, who pretended to be well acquainted with the way to *Canobine*; but he proved an ignorant director: and after he had led us about for several hours in intricate and untrodden mazes amongst the mountains, finding him perfectly at a loss, we were forced to forsake our intended visit for the present, and to steer directly for *Tripoli*; where we arrived late at night, and were again entertained by our worthy friends, Mr. Consul *Hastings* and Mr. *Fisher*, with their wonted friendship and generosity.

Saturday, May 8. In the afternoon Mr. Consul *Hastings* carried us to see the Castle of *Tripoli*. It is pleasantly situated on a hill, commanding the City; but has neither arms, nor ammunition in it, and serves rather for a prison than a garrison. There was shut up in it at this time a poor Christian prisoner, called *Sheck Eunice*, a Maronite. He was one that had formerly renounced his Faith, and lived for many years in the Mahometan Religion: but in his declining age, he both retracted his apostasy, and died to atone for it; for he was impaled by order of the Bassa two days after we left *Tripoli*. This punishment of impaling is commonly executed amongst the Turks for crimes of the highest degree; and is certainly one of the greatest indignities and barbarities that can be offered to human nature. The execution is done in this manner.

They take a post of about the bigness of a man's leg, and eight or nine feet long, and make it very sharp at one end. This they lay upon the back of the criminal, and force him to carry it to the place of execution: imitating herein the old Roman custom, of compelling malefactors to bear their cross. Being arrived at the fatal place, they thrust in the stake at the fundament of the person, who is the miserable subject of this doom; and then taking him by the legs draw on his body upon it, till the point of the stake appears at his shoulders. After this they erect the stake, and fasten it in a hole dug in the ground. The criminal sitting in this posture upon it, remains not only still alive, but also drinks, smokes, and talks, as one perfectly sensible; and thus some have continued for twenty-four hours. But generally, after the tortured wretch has* remained in this deplorable and ignominious posture an hour or two, one of the standers-by is permitted to give him a gracious stab to the heart; so putting an end to his inexpressible misery.

[*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 89.*]

IN order to try whether any sap rose in winter, he* made various experiments: from all which it appeared, it does rise then also, but in small quantities. And hence we see why an ever-green grafted on an oak will remain verdant, when the oak-leaves drop. Perspiring less, it needs less nourishment than the oak, and so is sufficiently fed by the sap that rises even in winter.

* *Dr. Hais.*

In summer, when hot sun-shine follows a shower, the vines in the middle of a hop-ground, are often all scorched up, almost from one end of a large ground to the other: at the same time the vapours ascend plentifully. The scorching of the vines seems to be caused by these scorching vapours, which ascend most in the middle of the ground, the air there being more dense, and consequently hotter than on the out-sides.

The white clouds likewise which appear in summer-time, occasion a vehement heat, by reflecting many of the solar rays, which otherwise would not touch the earth. And if the sun be on one side, and the clouds on the other, they are perfect burning-glasses.

Sometimes there is a kind of hollow clouds, full of hail or snow. During the continuance of these the heat is extreme, since by such condensation they reflect more strongly. By these likewise those blasts may be produced, as well as by the reflection of dense vapours.

The sun-flower being tender, if the sun rises clear, faces to the east. The sun continuing to shine, at noon it faces to the south, and at six in the evening to the west. The cause is, that side of the stem which is next the sun, perspires the most, and thereby shrinks.

“What degree of heat will plants bear?” The common temperate point in the Thermometer is eighteen degrees. The external heat of a human body, will raise it to fifty-four degrees. Very hot sun-shine will raise it to eighty-eight. Plants endure a considerably greater heat than this, near the line, for some hours a day. But the hanging of the leaves of many of them shews, they could not long subsist under it.

The winter heat is from the freezing point to ten degrees; the vernal and autumnal from ten to twenty. The May and June heat is from seventeen to thirty, in which the generality of plants flourish best. The heat of July is, in the shade, about thirty-eight degrees; in the sun-shine, at noon about fifty.

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The heat of a hot-bed, when too hot for plants, is eighty-five or more : and near this is the heat of the blood in high fevers. The dew heat of a hot-bed is fifty-six degrees ; and the same heat hatches eggs.

A continual steam is ascending during the summer : the sunbeams giving the moisture of the earth, at two feet depth, a brisk, undulating motion, which rarefied by heat, ascends in the form of vapours. And the vigour of warm and confined vapour (such as is that which is two or three feet deep in the earth) must be great, and penetrate the roots with some vigour ; as we may reasonably suppose, from the vast force of confined vapour in the engine for raising water by fire.

Though vegetables have not, like animals, an engine which by its alternate dilatations and contractions, drives their juices through them, yet has nature contrived other means, powerfully to raise the sap and keep it in motion. And their roots are covered with a very fine thick strainer, that nothing may enter but what can be readily carried off by perspiration.

That there is a lateral communication of the sap-vessels in plants, as of the blood-vessels in animals, plainly appears from the experiment of inarching trees. For when three wall-trees thus incorporated, the root of the middlemost may be dug up, and the tree will grow still, as receiving nourishment from the trees with which it is connected. And hence elders, willows, vines and most shrubs, will grow with their tops downward in the earth. For the same reason, if you frequently, in an evening, wash the bodies of new-planted trees, they will grow quicker and better than any others of the same plantation.

[To be continued.]

An

An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from page 92.]


Callistus. AFTER much persuasion, I prevailed at last upon them to go to town for a month only, and try whether it would be agreeable to them or not. It was concluded that I should set out before them. In this interval I had time to consider coolly what I had done, and what I had to do. I had conceived the most violent passion for the sweet, innocent *Melinda*; and the question was in what manner it was to be gratified. She was by nature of a soft, tender disposition, formed for love. I had engaged her gratitude, and I did not doubt inspiring her with an equal passion:—but what then?—I knew her rooted piety too well, not to be certain that there were only three possible ways of gaining the possession of her,—the legal,—forcible,—or fraudulent. My pride and vanity started at the thoughts of the first; the second I never in my life could think of; and the last my honour blushed at: not to mention the struggles of my conscience.—Now might I too have had my *Urania*; but those haughty idols to whom I sacrificed all my first principles of religion, frowned, and I dared not disobey them. My generosity, my honour, my past kindnesses, and my love, pleaded on behalf of the innocent victim.—Now, I was again racked with contending passions.—Had it not been for my vanity, I should at once have reconciled my honour with my love, and married the amiable *Melinda*.—What if I only seem to marry her? That, if it can be rightly managed, will satisfy her as well: she shall live still with her mother; and then the constraints we must submit to, in order to save appearances, will preserve all the ardour of an
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amour. I shall love her for ever, without any fatal consequences. Here I fixed:—the expedient served to deceive myself; and now all my thoughts were turned upon the execution.

Think that the ladies are now settled in their new habitation; a small house in the skirts of the town, with one maid-servant and a boy, the utmost I could prevail on them to accept. They live as much, if not more retired, than they did in the country. I am their only companion, and therefore I exert all my powers to be as pleasing as possible. I spend several hours there almost every day. I supply them with books, and often read to them myself. But, to facilitate my grand scheme, I soon introduced a new acquaintance. *Melinda*, was extremely delighted with music. From hence I took my hint. I had a young man in my service who had been a chorister at *Oxford*; he had sprightly parts, an agreeable voice, and some skill upon the harpsichord.—Poor wretch! where art thou now? Would I recal thee, not only to thy native country, but to thy native innocence! But it is I that must answer for thy sins! O *Sophronius*, my good friend, would you could meet with him, and reclaim him! He has sense, and therefore may reform; and I believe had no bad nature, till my example led him astray. After the sad event I am soon to relate, I could not bear the sight of him, and therefore sent him with a friend abroad, with a promise never to forget him, when he wanted my assistance. I have remembered him in my will, that poverty might not tempt him to more wickedness. You will see him upon this account; and would to God your goodness may have the effect, which I doubt not it will aim at, for my sake, as well as his.—

[*To be continued.*]

of



*An Extract from a DISCOURSE concerning the Mercy of God,
in preserving us from evil Angels.*

[Continued from page 94.]

4. **T**HIS evil one has much advantage over man, 1. By his great experience and subtilty. 2. By his invisibility and swiftness, whereby he can secretly and powerfully insinuate and mingle himself with the subject he means to mischief. He knows the avenues into man; and he knows how most subtilly and unsuspectedly to seize upon them. In reference to the body of man, he knows its humours, its temper, its distemper, and hath the advantage of the higher ground. He can watch his advantage, and undiscovered, derive into him a malignant air, or a venomous infusion. His experience in natural causes, his acquaintance with the natural constitutions, and his opportunities to disturb, or invenom it; his speed and imperceptible motion in insinuation of himself, and his experiments upon the body render it, upon a bare natural account, much subject to his power.

5. And no less advantage hath he upon the soul: first in respect of itself, and its own spiritual nature, whereby in all probability he can secretly and immediately insinuate himself and persuade, excite, deceive, and abuse, as a subtil man can deal with another of more simplicity. For it seems as reasonable that one spirit may communicate with another in a kind proper to their nature, as one man may communicate to another, in a kind suitable with his nature. 2. And principally in respect of the manner of the operation of the soul of man in communion with the body, whereby it hath a kind of dependance upon the constitution of the body, and by a disorder in that, becomes subject to a disorder in its actions.

Upon this account he can disturb the blood into cholera or lust, abuse the fancy with false representations, or corrupt the organ of the sense; enrage and discompose the humours of the body, mingle ingredients with them, that shall impede or corrupt the actions of the soul. And as thus he can corrupt within, so he can by observation of the prevalence of any lust or passion, and of the just and true season, when it is at the height, fit it with a temptation that shall draw it out to action. When *Achan's* covetous humour is high, he can unvail the wedge of gold, and the Babylonish garment. When *David's* security and idleness, and possibly high and delicate fare, hath raised up the lust of his flesh, he can present him with a *Bathsheba*. Thus partly by his own wisdom, experience, malicious vigilancy, invisibility, strength and power; partly by our own weakness and infirmity; partly by the correspondence he hath with our tempers and dispositions, he is able to take advantage of us, either by internal corrupting, or by external alluring or inciting us to what is hurtful.

6. Since therefore he wants neither power, nor opportunity, nor malice, to hurt us, it remains, that the obstruction of that power doth not arise from himself; for his malice is unfatiable. It is his business every day to go about seeking whom he may devour: and unquestionably his malice would carry him to the execution of the utmost of his power, either to destroy mankind, or at least to make them slaves to his kingdom. *Alexander*, the most ambitious prince in the world, could not be so fond of bringing the world under his subjection, as this prince of darkness is. Those that he cannot make his vassals, he would soon exterminate out of the bounds of his empire. And on the other side, the obstruction is not from ourselves. We are too weak to deal with him; he was too hard for *Adam* in his innocence, and therefore must needs be too hard for us in our corrupted estate.

7. It remains therefore, that the power and malice of this great enemy is checked, and limited by a higher power; he that

that hath shut up the sea in bars and doors, and said, *Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves stay*, hath likewise limited this proud, malicious, and powerful adversary, and chained up this unruly and ravenous wolf, so that he cannot go one link beyond his bounds.

[*To be continued.*]



An Account of some DISTURBANCES, in the County of Down.

[*Continued from page 95.*]

4. **O**NE of their neighbours sitting by, said, It is an impudent devil, to dare to meddle with the Bible. Immediately a knife was aimed at her face, and came with the point foremost. But being intercepted by the head of her cloke, it did no harm. The same day several parts of their goods (which were not many) were either broke or taken away. And in general, whatever they had occasion to use, was just then taken away. But the greatest part of the things taken away, were brought again in a little while.

5. From this time they were troubled more and more. Every thing was thrown about the house, trenchers, noggins, fireshovels, poker, tongs, pot-hooks and candlesticks. Many strangers, as well as neighbours came in: and most of them were struck on the head, breast, arms or other parts, either with trenchers, noggins, potatoes or stones. Yet none were considerably hurt.

6. *Fanny Brennan*, a young woman that lived at the next door, came in some days after, and sitting down by the fire said, Well, I never got any stroke yet. Presently the rock of the wheel that stood over against her, flew by her head and struck violently against the wall. Very well, said she; but it has not hit me. She had hardly spoke, when the bearer of the rock,

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came

came swiftly across the room, and hit her a smart blow upon the forehead. She got up in great haste, and cried out, I will stay here no longer. *Margaret Mathers* said, See the impudence of the devil! The words were scarce out of her mouth, when a noggin of water was thrown in her face, and the noggin thrown into the fire!

7. A few nights after, *Sarah Wood*, our next door neighbour came in, and said to our girl, I hear your wheel is spoiled: but I will soon set it right. While she was endeavouring so to do, the fore-standard vanished away. She sat down in surprise: presently it dropped from the top of the house, and hit her on the collar-bone, with a considerable noise. She caught *Betty Mather* in her arms, and said, O that I was out of the house. But I dare not go by myself. Who will go with me? *Betty* said, I will; and walked across the room. As she walked, a stone struck her on the back, and as she opened the door, another stone struck violently against it.

8. Some days after, *John Lindsay* coming to see us in a stormy night, we desired him to lodge with us. When he went to bed, he put one of his stockings in the other, as his manner was. But in the morning, one of them was wanting, nor could it be found any where. But eight days after, it fell down from the top of the house. As he was then going away, he laid his stick out of his hand, and immediately it was gone. Neither could we find this any where: but a few days after we saw it standing behind the door.

9. Once and again the blankets were pulled off us, when we were in bed. In the morning they were found, rammed in, behind the coupler of the house. One night a sheet was taken away: which we found two days after, folded up and laid in a box. While our girl was combing her head, her neck-handkerchief was carried away. Eight days after, it was brought again and laid down, stuck full of crooked pins without heads.

[To be continued.]

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An Account of a COLLIER, who was confined, for more than seven days, without sustenance, in a Coal-pit near Manchester.

[Concluded from page 97.]

AS the foregoing account is defective in some interesting particulars, I have applied to Mr. *Lees* for further information; and shall lay before the Society the substance of the answers, which he has returned to my several queries.

1. I enquired, what food *Travis* had taken, during the space of twenty-four hours, before he went into the coal-pit; and have been informed, that, on Friday morning, he eat a mess of water-pottage and milk to his breakfast; had roast-beef and potatoes to his dinner; broth and pudding to his supper; and on the Saturday morning, just before his descent into the coal-mine, a cup of broth and a piece of bread and cheese.

2. It is not known whether he had any evacuations in the coal-pit, as no marks of them having been discovered.

3. There is no doubt that he could see, at the time when he was found, as he gave assurances of it to the men, notwithstanding the tumefaction and protrusion of his eyes.

4. The compass of the cavity which he had dug, and where he was laid upon his belly, at the time when the men reached him, was three yards in length and two in width. The stratum of coal is about two feet thick. There was a communication between the place where he was confined, and another pit. But as the passage was eighty yards long, and in no part more than eight or ten inches wide, the mouth of the pit also, into which he had descended, being stopped, and the body of earth, through which he had dug, thrown behind him, no circulation of air could possibly take place. And the truth of this conclusion is evinced by the state of the air, in the other pit, to which this passage led. For it was there so
foul

foul as to extinguish the candles, which the workmen carried down, in order to come at *Travis*, by the way which they denominate, the air-gate.*

5. The temperature of the air varies much in coal-pits, even of the same depth. No thermometrical observations were made on the present occasion; but the sensations of *Travis* seem to have indicated coldness; and his extremities never recovered their natural warmth. Moisture always abounds in these mines.

6. The weakness of *Travis* prevented him from giving any account of his sufferings, either from hunger or thirst. But it was observed that he was eager to drink, at the time when he was found.

7. It is certain that *Travis* had no provisions with him in the coal-mine, and that there was not any supply of water, except near the mouth of the pit; a place he must immediately have quitted, and to which he deprived himself of the power of returning, by throwing the earth behind him, in his progress. We may therefore presume, that he passed the whole seven days of his confinement, without either meat or drink.

I have talked with the Captain of a ship, who was one of six, that endured it in its extremity, and who was the only person that had not lost his senses, when they received accidental relief. He assured me his pains, at first, were so great, as to be often tempted to eat a part of one of the men who died, and which the rest of his crew, actually for some time lived upon: he said that during the continuance of this paroxysm, he found his pains insupportable, and was desirous, at one time, of anticipating that death, which he thought

* The ventilation of this subterranean passage might perhaps, have been expedited, and the mephitic almost instantly corrected, by carrying down into it buckets of water and slaking in them a sufficient quantity of fresh burnt lime. The hot steam generated by this operation, it may be presumed, would have diffused itself quickly through the whole cavity; the gas would have united with the aqueous vapour; been precipitated with it; and a current of atmospheric air would have rushed in to supply its place.

inevitable :

inevitable: but his pains he said, gradually decreased, after the sixth day, (for they had water in the ship, which kept them alive so long) and then he was in a state rather of languor, than desire; nor did he much wish for food, except when he saw others eating; and that for awhile revived his appetite, though with diminished importunity. The latter part of the time, when his health was almost destroyed, a thousand strange images rose up in his mind; and every one of his senses began to bring him wrong information. The most fragrant perfumes appeared to him to have a fetid smell; and every thing he looked at took a greenish hue, and sometimes a yellow. When he was presented with food by the ship's company, that took him and his men up, four of whom died shortly after, he could not help looking upon it with loathing instead of desire; and it was not, till after four days, that his stomach was brought to its natural tone; when the violence of his appetite returned with a sort of a canine eagerness.



THOUGHTS *on the Misery of* MAN.

[Extracted from a late Writer]

THERE is nothing more capable of letting us into the knowledge of human misery, than an enquiry after the real cause of that perpetual hurry and confusion, in which we pass our lives.

The soul is sent into the body, to be the sojourner of a few days. She knows that this is but a step, till she may embark for eternity; and that a small space is allowed her to prepare for the voyage. The main part of this space is ravished from her by the necessities of nature; and but a slender pittance is left to her own disposal: and yet this moment which remains,
does

does so strangely oppress and perplex her, that she only studies how to lose it. She feels an intolerable burden, in being obliged to live with herself, and think of herself; and therefore, her principal care is to forget herself, and to let this short and precious moment pass away without reflection, by amusing herself with things which prevent her notice of its speed.

This is the ground of all the tumultuary business, of all the trifling diversions amongst men; in which our general aim is to make the time pass off our hands without feeling it, or rather without feeling ourselves; and, by getting rid of this small portion of life, to avoid that inward disgust and bitterness, which we should not fail to meet with, if we found leisure to descend into our own breasts. For it is undeniably certain, that the soul of man is here incapable of rest and satisfaction. And this obliges her to expand herself every way, and to seek how she may lose the thoughts of her own proper being in a settled application to things about her. Her very happiness consists in this forgetfulness: and to make her exquisitely miserable, nothing more is required, but the engaging of her to look into herself, and dwell at home.

We charge persons from their very infancy with the care of their own fortunes and honours, and no less of their estates and dignities belonging to their kindred and friends. We burthen them with the study of languages, of exercises, and of arts. We enter them in business, and persuade them, that they can never be truly blessed, unless by their industry and caution they in some measure secure the interest and glory of themselves, their families, and their dependents; and that unavoidable unhappiness is entailed upon the failure of any one particular of this kind. Thus we teach them to wear out their strength, and to rob themselves of their rest. A strange method (you will say) of making them happy! What could be done with more effect towards the insuring them in misery? Would you know what? why, only to release them from these cares, and to take off their burdens. For then their eyes and thoughts
must

must be turned inward, and that is the only hardship which they esteem insupportable. Hence, if they gain any relaxation from their labours, we find them eager to throw it away upon some sport or diversion, which takes up their whole activity, and pleasantly robs them of themselves.

It is for this reason, that when I have set myself to consider the various agitations of human life, the toil and danger to which we expose ourselves in the court, in the camp, and in the pursuit of ambition, which give birth to so much passion and contention, to so many desperate and fatal adventures; I have often said that the universal cause of men's misfortunes, was their not being able to live quietly in a chamber. A person who has enough for the uses of this world, did he know the art of dwelling with himself, would never quit that repose and security for a voyage or a siege: nor would take so much pains to hazard his life, had he no other aim, than barely to live.

But, upon stricter examination I found, that this aversion to home, this roving and restless disposition, proceeded from a cause, no less powerful than universal; from the native unhappiness of our frail and mortal state, which is incapable of all comfort, if we have nothing to divert our thoughts, and to call us out of ourselves.

I speak of those alone who survey their own nature, without the views of faith and religion. It is indeed one of the miracles of christianity, that by reconciling man to God, it restores him to his own good opinion; that it makes him able to bear the sight of himself; and in some cases, renders solitude and silence more agreeable, than all the intercourse and action of mankind.

[*To be continued.*]

*On allegorical WRITINGS in general, and especially the
PARABLES of our LORD.*

PUBLIC Teachers have employed two ways of communicating knowledge to mankind, the plain or direct, and the figurative or allegorical. Our Saviour sometimes uses the one, sometimes the other. He began his ministry with his sermon on the mount, the greatest part of which is delivered in the direct manner. But on other occasions, he generally recommended truth, or enforced duty, in the allegorical method of parables.

In the early ages of the world, the art of reasoning was little known or practised. In these primitive times, men were instructed chiefly by signs and hieroglyphics; and before their minds were conversant in matters of subtilty and speculation, all instruction abounded with parables and taste, similitude and comparisons. The most ancient, as well as excellent in kind are to be found in Scripture. The parables of *Jotham*, to the men of *Shechem*, those of *Nathan* to *David*, and the *Widow of Tekoah*, the *Thistle and Cedar in Lebanon* by *Jehoash*, are sufficient proofs of their antiquity. Let us take a view of the nature and advantages of this method of instruction; the excellency of our Lord's parables, and the means of understanding them, together with the method of ranging them under proper heads.

1. A parable may be founded on a true, or a probable story, or on one wholly fictitious. The most ancient, recorded in Scripture, are of the latter part; but the parables of our Saviour are of the former. Some distinguish the figurative kind of composition into three different species, the Parable, the Allegory, and the Apologue. The parable, though it be a mere fiction, must yet be such a one as is probable, or at least may possibly be true. An allegory is a discourse by which a
different

different sense is conveyed from what is literally expressed in the words. The apologue or fable relates things and events impossible in their nature; the conversation of trees, animals, &c. but nevertheless convey excellent, moral instruction.

2. The word parable is often used in Scripture in a general sense, and applied to short sayings or aphorisms full of sentiment, and expressed in a figurative and proverbial manner. But a parable strictly, so called, is a continual comparison, or extended similitude, in which objects of a moral or spiritual nature are represented by images or examples drawn from things sensible, and from the occurrences of life.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS upon METHODISM.

[*Concluded from page 102.*]

7. **F**OR those who knew in whom they had believed, there was another help provided. Five or six, either married or single men, met together at such an hour as was convenient, according to the direction of St. *James*, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, and ye shall be healed." And five or six of the married or single women met together for the same purpose. Innumerable blessings have attended this institution, especially in those who were *going on to perfection*. When any seemed to have attained this, they were allowed to meet with a select number, who appeared, so far as man could judge, to be partakers of the same *great salvation*.

8. From this short sketch of Methodism (so called) any man of understanding may easily discern, that it is only plain, scriptural Religion, guarded by a few prudential regulations. The essence of it is holiness of heart and life: the circumstantial

all point to this. And as long as they are joined together in the people called *Methodists*, no weapon formed against them shall prosper. But if even the circumstantial parts are despised, the essential will soon be lost. And if ever the essential parts should evaporate, what remains will be dung and dross.

9. It nearly concerns us to understand how the case stands with us at present. I fear, wherever Riches have increased (exceeding few are the exceptions) the essence of Religion, the mind that was in Christ, has decreased in the same proportion. Therefore do I not see how it is possible, in the nature of things, for any revival of true Religion to continue long. For Religion must necessarily produce both Industry and Frugality. And these cannot but produce Riches. But as Riches increase, so will Pride, Anger, and Love of the world in all its branches.

10. How then is it possible that Methodism, that is, the Religion of the heart, though it flourishes now as a green bay-tree, should continue in this state? For the Methodists in every place grow diligent and frugal: consequently they increase in goods. Hence they proportionably increase in pride, in anger, in the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eyes, and the pride of life. So, although the form of Religion remains, the spirit is swiftly vanishing away.

11. Is there no way to prevent this? This continual declension of pure Religion? We ought not to forbid people to be diligent and frugal: we *must* exhort all Christians, to gain all they can, and to save all they can: that is, in effect, to grow rich! What way then (I ask again) can we take that our money may not sink us to the nethermost hell? There is one way, and there is no other under heaven. If those who *gain all they can*, and *save all they can*, will likewise *give all they can*, then the more they gain, the more they will grow in grace, and the more treasure they will lay up in heaven.

London, Aug. 4, 1786.

The

The following Account of BOTANY-BAY, is extracted from
Captain COOK's Voyage.

AS soon as the wooders and waterers came on board to dinner, ten or twelve of the natives came down to the place, and looked with great attention and curiosity at the casks, but did not touch them, they took away, however, the canoes which lay near the landing-place, and again disappeared. In the afternoon, when our people were again ashore, sixteen or eighteen Indians, all armed, came boldly within about a hundred yards of them, and then stopped; two of them advanced somewhat nearer; and Mr. *Hicks*, who commanded the party on shore, with another, advanced to meet them, holding out presents to them as he approached, and expressing kindness and amity by every sign he could think of, but all without effect; for before he could get up with them they retired, and it would have answered no purpose to pursue. In the evening I went with Mr. *Banks* and Dr. *Solander* to a sandy cove on the north-side of the bay, where, in three or four hauls with the seine, we took above three hundred weight of fish, which was equally divided among the ship's company.

Our people went ashore as usual, and with them Mr. *Banks* and Dr. *Solander*, who, in search of plants, repaired to the woods. Our men, who were employed in cutting grass, being the farthest removed from the main body of the people, a company of fourteen or fifteen Indians advanced towards them, having sticks in their hands, which according to the report of the Serjeant of the marines, shone like a musquet. The grass-cutters, upon seeing them approach, drew together and repaired to the main body. The Indians, being encouraged by this appearance of a flight, pursued them; they stopped, however, when they were within about a furlong of them, and
 after

after shouting several times went back into the woods. In the evening they came again in the same manner, stopped at the same distance, shouted, and retired. I followed them myself, alone and unarmed, for a considerable way along the shore, but I could not prevail upon them to stop.

Early the next morning the body of *Forby Sutherland*, one of our seamen, who died the evening before, was buried near the watering place, and from this incident I called the south point of this bay, *Sutherland Point*. This day we resolved to make an excursion into the country. *Mr. Banks*, *Dr. Solander*, myself, and seven others, properly accoutred for the expedition, set out, and repaired first to the huts near the watering place, whither some of the natives continued every day to resort; and though the little presents which we had left there before had not yet been taken away, we left others of somewhat more value, consisting of cloth, looking-glasses, combs, and beads, and then went up into the country. We found the soil to be either swamp or light sand, and the face of the country finely diversified by wood and lawn. The trees are tall, stait, and without underwood, standing at such a distance from each other, that the whole country, at least where the swamps do not render it incapable of cultivation, might be cultivated without cutting down one of them: between the trees the ground is covered with grass, of which there is great abundance, growing in tufts about as big as can be well grasped in the hand, which stand very close to each other. We saw many houses of the inhabitants, and places where they had slept upon the grass without any shelter; but we saw only one of the people, who the moment he discovered us ran away. At all these places we left presents, hoping that at length they might produce confidence and good-will. We had a transient and imperfect view of a quadruped about as big as a rabbit: *Mr. Banks's* greyhound, which was with us, got sight, and would probably have caught it, but the moment he set off he lamed himself against a stump which lay concealed

crealed in the long grafs. We afterwards faw the dung of an animal which fed upon grafs, and which we judged could not be lefs than a deer; and the footsteps of another, which was clawed like a dog, and feemed to be about as big as a wolf: we alfo tracked a fmall animal, whole foot refembles that of a polcat or weazel. The trees over our heads abounded with birds of various kinds, among which were many of exquisite beauty, particularly lauriquets and cockatoos, which flew in flocks of feveral fcores together. We found fome wood which had been felled by the natives with a blunt inftrument, and fome that had been barked; the trees were not of many fpecies; among others there was a large one which yielded a gum not unlike the *fanguis draconi*; and in fome of them fteps had been cut, at about three feet diftance from each other, for the convenience of climbing them.

[*To be continued.*]



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXVIII.

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

Finftock, Aug. 5, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

WITH pleasure, I once more attempt to communicate to you the loving kindnefs of the Lord toward me. I adore him, for his great condefcenfion in teaching me how to advance in conformity to his will. I am convinced this is my one great bufinefs, while fojourning here below, and it is the prize which my foul hath in view, and which it followeth hard after. I am endeavouring to learn how to walk in a narrower path

path than in time past, by attending more constantly to the divine presence in my soul: "My sheep hear my voice," saith Jesus. In order to this end, the mind must be kept in silence, and divested of every other pursuit but that of knowing, doing and suffering his holy will. When this is effected, with what pleasure and alacrity doth it press forward to the complete fruition of God? anticipating that moment, when it shall drop this tenement of clay, and behold Him face to face, without a veil between!

I hope to have an account of seeing you soon, which will be thankfully received by your obliged Servant,

A. BOLTON.

L E T T E R CCCCXIX.

[From Mr. Henry Brooke, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Dublin, Aug. 6, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

I Received with true gratitude your very kind letter. It was indeed a dear, and precious token of your remembrance; and should have been answered immediately, but that I, waited in hopes my dear Uncle * would have been able to answer for himself.

His health is greatly impaired, and he is but in a declining state. A kind of vertigo, or megrim, continues not only to enfeeble his limbs; but to interrupt his study and writing. However, I trust, as his outward man decays, his inward man is renewed daily.

He is deeply sensible of your very kind offer, and most cordially embrace it. He has desired me to express the warmth of his gratitude in the strongest terms, and says, he most cheerfully yields the volumes you mention to your superior judgment, to prune, erase, and alter as you please.

* Author of Henry Earl of Morland.

He only wishes they could have had your eye before they appeared in public. But it is not yet too late. A second edition will appear with great advantage when they have undergone so kind a revival. But he is apprehensive your time is so precious, that it may be too great an intrusion upon it, unless made a work of leisure and opportunity. Yet as you have proffered it, he will not give up the privilege; but hope leisure may be found for so friendly and generous a work.

Blessed be God, our united family continues to live in peace, harmony and love! We have four divisions of it, in one house, and some small branches besides; and yet no jarring, no discord, no discontent or jealousy!

We have heard lately from my brother in the Indies. He is restored to health, and has made his fortune; and only waits for an opportunity to retire, and leave his command with honour. He wished not for a Nabob's fortune: and though in the high road to station and wealth, yet he abandons all to live in retirement, and the endearments of friendship.

As to myself, I am indeed as much united to the Methodists as ever, and meet with my brethren as regularly as most. But I cannot attend the preaching so frequently as formerly. Yet my brethren are not offended: they know how to make allowance for me.

I bless God I feel the happiness of living by faith! My heart enjoys much of that peace which passeth all understanding; and notwithstanding all my wretchedness and vileness, I experience a sense of the love of God daily.

May the blessings of the former and latter rain be yours! the rule of Satan fall continually before you! and the kingdom of Christ be exalted by your means!

I am, Rev. Sir, your most affectionate Friend and Brother,

H. BROOKE.

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W

LETTER.

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

[From Mr. John Prickard, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Rev. Sir,

Brecon, Aug. 8, 1774.

I Have taken this opportunity of writing to you concerning my being a travelling Preacher. When I wrote to you last, Mr. C. and others had prevailed on me to decline it. But by the advice of Mr. B. I have reconsidered the matter very seriously.

And, first, I see plainly that preaching constantly in one place would not be so profitable either to the people or myself. Secondly, as my health is impaired, I believe that riding will be of service to me. Above all, I find a desire to be wholly given up to the blessed work of calling sinners to repentance: compared to which, gaining the whole world is not worthy a thought.

If therefore you think it best that I should travel, I am at your disposal. I thank God my mind is perfectly resigned at present to his will, whatever it may be. May God direct you in this and all things, which is the unfeigned desire, Rev. Sir, of your Son in the Gospel,

J. PRICKARD.



P O E T R Y.

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T I.

WITH swift descent the flaming sun
 To other worlds had just begun
 To dart his peerless light;
 The western clouds, enfringed with gold,
 Spontaneous all their pomp unfold,
 And ushered in the night.

Powdered

Powderéd with stars, the vaulted blue,
 The full-orbéd moon, revealéd to view,
 Who took her silent tour;
 Not even a breath encurléd the stream,
 The whole expanse was all serene;
 'Twas nature's balmy hour.

The gliding Shannon, by my side,
 Translucent rolléd its sweeping pride,
 And in meanders playéd;
 When instantaneously there stood,
 Upon the margin of the flood,
 A form in light arrayéd.

With silent tread, and heavenly state,
 She seeméd above the vulgar great;
 My soul was eye and ear!
 No female arts abused her form,
 Her looks and robes combinéd to scorn
 Corinna's dress and leer.

“Mortal, she said, I'm Liberty,
 Which all pursue, yet millions flee,
 So strange a bubble man!
 The court, and camp, and senate rise,
 Yea, slaves and monarchs, fools and wife,
 To grasp me with their span.

“To most I'm nominally their's,
 But only so;—for, 'midst the cares
 Which crowd man's little life,
 Few, very few, my nature see,
 Yet all cry out for Liberty!
 And loose me in the strife.

“With anger firéd, or envy pinéd,
 While foul intemperance clouds the mind,

Enervating the powers:
 Can slaves, like these, of freedom boast?
 To reason, truth, and virtue lost,
 In bondage all their hours!

“ The numerous crowd all point at me,
 While Chatham, Wilkes and Liberty,
 Besiege the royal ear:
 Affairs of councils, nations, states,
 Aloud anxiety creates
 Through all the clamorous sphere.

“ But, ah! how little do the crowd
 (With all this patriot fire endowed)
 Suspect a war within:
 A war, 'gainst wisdom, goodness, truth,
 The hoary fire, the rising youth,
 Are both in league with sin.

“ Sin! dreadful Conqueror, ties the chain,
 Man, foolish man! doth not complain,
 But talks of liberty!
 Though pride, self-will, and base desire,
 Point out the slave, and then conspire
 To tell him he is free!

“ 'Tis Sin that holds the poisonous bowl,
 Enchants the mind, deforms the soul,
 And pours the deadly draught.
 Lull'd with the opiate's dozing steam,
 He raves by turns, by turns doth dream,
 Exposed to every shaft.

“ See the Assyrian Monarch stand,
 'Midst captive kings on either hand,

And

And nations at his feet;
 Is not this Babylon * (he said)
 My kingdom's house, the world's great head,
 Where power and grandeur meet?

"I raised this fabric by my might,
 The whole of this stupendous fight
 Is for my Majesty:
 This grand magnificent extent,
 Entirely for my honour meant
 To' indulge my liberty.

"While yet he spake,—an awful sound
 From heaven, did all his pride confound,
 Amid his waking dream:
 The king's transformed into a beast,
 The grass becomes his brutal feast,
 And man is not his name!

"Behold, another libertine,
 See hell and lust in one combine
 To form a Nero's soul:
 Who dared but hesitate that he
 Was not the son of Liberty,
 Must die without controul.

"Indeed; with unrestrained desire,
 He rose through each gradation higher,
 That appetite could feel:
 No wish flew off unsatisfied,
 The world with every nod complied,
 Nor dared one bliss conceal.

"But this indulgence only fired
 The imperial monster, and inspired

* Daniel iv. 30.

Schemes big with cruelty :
 Designs unparalleléd he showéd,
 'Gainst nature's laws, and nature's God,
 And calléd it Liberty !

“ This royal brute begins the scene,
 The Christians bleed in evéry vein,
 And carnage stains the land :
Nero and hell, are at a loss
 To pain the martyrs of the cross,
 With evéry dire command.

“ Racks, fires and gibbets are too small ;
 Wild beasts, as supplements, they call,
 And all the Roman state
 Is delugéd with the Christian's gore ;
 The milder Lyons stamp and roar
 For *Nero's* human meat.

“ His calm preceptor next must die ;
 Nor dare propound the question, “ Why ? ”
 Enough, the fiat's past !
 And aged *Seneca* must feel
 Thé insinuating lancet's steel :
 He faints and breathes his last !

“ But see !——Or must I turn my eye
 From his infernal cruelty,
 His horrid matricide !
 Various manœuvres were employéd ;
 His mother's life must be destroyéd,
 And Satan be out-viéd !

“ At length the mortal stab is givén,
 Her soul, to either hell or heavén
 Wings its eternal way !
 Her son, now petrifiéd with guilt,
 Enfanguinéd, with the blood he spilt,
 Reviews his parent's clay.

“ Thus

“ Thus, evéry hint, that hell could give
 The devil's representative
 With Liberty pursuéd :
 Not one unchecked desire could find,
 But, with undeviated mind
 The pois'nous blifs renewéd.”

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A CONTEMPLATION, ON NIGHT.

[By Mr. Gay.]

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
 Still nature's various face informs my sense
 Of an all-wise, all-powerful providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
 And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
 Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
 And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year ;
 The blooming flowers with opening beauty flow,
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show ;
 The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
 But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns ;
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost,
 No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies :
 Yet still, even now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of the Almighty hand ;
 Millions of stars in heavén's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere :

The

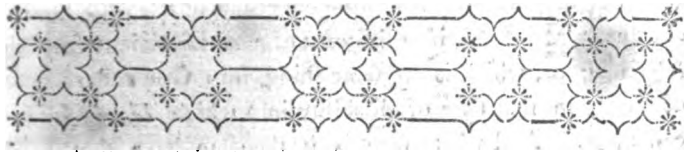
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circles makes;
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
 But this we know, that heaven's eternal King
 Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds the all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands arising day he lends;
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light.
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes
 With us again the rosy morning wakes:
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from the Almighty, streams of glory flow.
 O! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy.
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
 While God for ever lives, and shines the same.





T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For A P R I L, 1787.



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

[Continued from page 116.]

C H A P. II. *Arguments against irresistible Grace.*

I Begin with some general considerations. I. 1. That which is sufficient to cause any man to distrust, if not entirely to reject this Doctrine, is this, That the defenders of it are forced, by the evidence of truth, to grant what is inconsistent with their Doctrine, and to assert an universal grace, which to all, excepting the Elect, is really no grace.

1st, They grant that preventing grace, as it is given irresistibly, so likewise is it given universally to men, and that this initial grace being once granted, is never taken away by God

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from

from any man, unless he first, of his own accord, rejects it. And yet they resolve the non-conversion of all, who are not effectually converted, into the want of means sufficient for their salvation; or, which is the same thing, into God's dereliction of them, in that state of disability into which *Adam's* fall had cast them. And what grace is it then, to have that initial grace which they cannot but reject? and which can never work faith and repentance in them, for want of that farther and effectual grace which God will not vouchsafe to them? or that they have a talent put into their hands which they cannot but abuse, to their greater condemnation, for want of farther talents which he is resolved to with-hold from them?

2dly, They grant, that there are certain inward workings, wrought by the word and spirit of God, preceding conversion and regeneration, in the hearts of persons not yet justified, which God ceaseth not to promote and carry on towards conversion, till he be forsaken of them by their voluntary negligence: and yet that he intends to restrain his saving grace to his Elect, and to afford means sufficient for salvation to them only. Why then are these inward workings wrought in them by the word and the spirit, from whom God intendeth to restrain his saving grace, without which they cannot but neglect his former grace? Or how can he properly be said to carry on this work towards the conversion of those, whom he hath decreed to leave in an utter disability of being converted?

3dly, That God doth seriously, and in earnest, invite and call all those to faith, repentance, and conversion, in whom, by his word and spirit, he works a knowledge of the divine will, a sense of sin, a dread of punishment; and yet that all these men, excepting the Elect, are not converted, for want of means sufficient for their conversion; and because God never intended salvation to any but the Elect, having past a decree of preterition on the rest of mankind, whom therefore he hath left under a necessity of perishing; who then can conceive how his word or spirit should work in any others a hope of pardon?

pardon? Or how can God be serious in calling them to faith and repentance, and yet serious in his decree to deny them that grace without which they neither can believe or repent? To call them seriously to faith and repentance, being to call them to salvation by faith, and to repent that they may not perish, and to pass antecedently a decree of preterition on them, is seriously to will they should inevitably perish. To think to save all this by saying, God is serious in inviting these men to believe that they may be saved, and to repent that they may not perish, because he would save them if they would believe; he would preserve them from perishing if they would repent, is vain. For if faith be the gift of God, if he gives repentance to life, and hath restrained both these gifts to his Elect, and hath left all the rest of mankind under a necessity of perishing for want of an ability to believe and repent, then must not all these invitations to believe that they might be saved, and repent that they might not perish, be only an invitation to escape perishing, and to obtain salvation upon a condition which his decree hath rendered impossible for them to perform? And can he then be serious who only invites them to use things on a condition which he himself hath decreed to leave them under an utter inability to perform? These are such evident absurdities, and contradictory propositions, that nothing but a strong evidence of that which manifestly destroys their doctrine, would force them to admit them. To proceed now to the Arguments which confute this doctrine.

And, 1st, This is evident from those expressions of the Holy Scripture, which intimate that God had done what was sufficient, and all that reasonably could be expected from him, in order to the reformation of those persons who were not reformed. *For what could have been done more? What was there more to do, for my vineyard which I have not done in it? Wherefore then, when I looked [or expected] that it should have brought forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?* For

doth not this enquiry make it evident, that the means which God had used to make this vineyard bring forth good grapes, were both intended for that end, and were sufficient, though not effectual, through her perverseness, to produce in her those fruits which he expected from her? If an unfrustrable operation were necessary to that end, must he not in vain have used all other means to produce it, whilst that was not vouchsafed? Admit this supposition, and it demonstrably follows that this vineyard had not grace sufficient to answer her Lord's expectations. And if so, must he not unreasonably complain that she brought forth wild grapes? And more unreasonably expect good grapes, and chide his vineyard for want of them, and most unreasonably punish her for not doing that which he would not give her grace sufficient to perform?

[*To be continued.*]

S E R M O N XXXVIII.

On 1 PETER iii. 3, 4.

[*Concluded from page 122.*]

13. **F**OURTHLY, Gay and costly apparel directly tends to create and inflame Lust. I was in doubt whether to name this brutal appetite. Or, in order to spare delicate ears, to express it by some gentle circumlocution. (Like the Dean, who some years ago, told his audience at *White-Hall*, "If you do not repent, you will go to a place, which I have too much manners to name before this good company.") But I think it best to speak out: since the more the word shocks your ears, the more it may arm your heart. The fact is plain and undeniable: it has this effect both on the wearer and the beholder. To the former, our elegant Poet, *Cowley*, addresses those fine lines

"The

“ The adorning thee with so much art
 Is but a barbarous skill:
 'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,
 Too apt before to kill.”

That is, (to express the matter in plain terms, without any colouring) “ You poison the beholder, with far more of this base appetite, than otherwise he would feel.” Did you not *know*, this would be the natural consequence of your elegant adorning? To push the question home, did you not *desire*, did you not *design* it should? And yet all the time, how did you

“ Set to public view
 A specious face of innocence and virtue.”

Meanwhile you do not yourself escape the snare which you spread for others. The dart recoils, and you are infected with the same poison with which you infected them. You kindle a flame which at the same time consumes both yourself and your admirers. And it is well, if it does not plunge both you and them into the flames of hell.

14. Fifthly, The wearing costly array is directly opposite to the being *adorned with good works*. Nothing can be more evident than this: for the more you lay out on your own apparel, the less you have left to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to lodge the strangers, to relieve those that are sick and in prison, and to lessen the numberless afflictions to which we are exposed in this vale of tears. And here is no room for the evasion used before, “ I may be as *humble* in cloth of gold, as in sackcloth.” If you could be as *humble*, when you chuse costly, as when you chuse plain apparel, (which I flatly deny) yet you could not be as *beneficent*, as plenteous in good works. Every shilling which you save from your own apparel, you may expend in clothing the naked: and in relieving the various necessities of the poor, whom ye *have always with you*. Therefore every shilling
 which

which you needlessly spend on your apparel, is in effect stolen from God and the poor. And how many precious opportunities of doing good have you defrauded yourself of? How often have you disabled yourself from doing good, by purchasing what you did not want? For what end did you buy these ornaments? To please God? No; but to please your own fancy, or to gain the admiration and applause of those that were no wiser than yourself. How much good might you have done with that money? And what an irreparable loss have you sustained by not doing it? if it be true that the day is at hand, when *every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labour!*

15. I pray consider this well. Perhaps you have not seen it in this light before. When you are laying out that money in costly apparel, which you could have otherwise spared for the poor, you thereby deprive them of what God, the Proprietor of all, had lodged in your hands for their use. If so, what you put upon yourself, you are, in effect, tearing from the back of the naked; as the costly and delicate food which you eat, you are snatching from the mouth of the hungry. For mercy, for pity, for Christ's sake, for the honour of his gospel, stay your hand. Do not throw this money away. Do not lay out on Nothing, yea worse than Nothing, what may clothe your poor, naked, shivering fellow creature!

16. Many years ago, when I was at *Oxford*, in a cold winter's day a young maid (one of those we kept at school) called upon me. I said, You seem half starved. Have you nothing to cover you but that thin linen gown? She said, "Sir, this is all I have?" I put my hand in my pocket; but found I had scarce any money left, having just paid away what I had. It immediately struck me, Will not thy Master say, "Well done, good and faithful Steward! Thou hast adorned thy walls with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold!" O Justice! O Mercy! Are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid! See thy expensive apparel

apparel in the same light: thy Gown, Hat, Head-dress! Every thing about thee which cost more than Christian Duty required thee to lay out, is the blood of the poor! O be wise for the time to come! Be more merciful! More faithful to God and man! More abundantly adorned (like men and women professing godliness) *with good works*.

17. It is true, great allowance is to be made for those who have never been warned of these things, and perhaps do not know, that there is a word in the Bible, which forbids costly apparel. But what is *That to You*? You have been warned over and over; yea, in the plainest manner possible. And what have you profited thereby? Do not you still dress just like other people of the same fortune? Is not your Dress, as gay, as expensive as theirs, who never had any such warning? As expensive as it would have been, if you had never heard a word said about it? O how will you answer this, when you and I stand together at the judgment seat of Christ! Nay, have not many of you grown finer as fast as you have grown richer? As you increased in substance, have you not increased in Dress? Witness the profusion of ribbands, gauze, or linen about your heads! What have you profited then by bearing the reproach of Christ? By being called Methodists? Are you not as fashionably dressed as others of your rank that are no Methodists? Do you ask, "But may we not as well buy fashionable things as unfashionable?" I answer, Not if they give you a bold, immodest look (as those huge hats, bonnets, head-dresses do.) And not if they cost more. "But I can afford it:" O lay aside for ever that idle, nonsensical word! No Christian can afford to waste any part of the substance which God has intrusted him with. How long are you to stay here! May not you to-morrow, perhaps to-night, be summoned to arise and go hence, in order to give an account of this and all your talents to the Judge of quick and dead?

18. How then can it be, that after so many warnings, you persist in the same folly? Is it not hence? There are still among

among you, some that neither profit themselves by all they hear, nor are willing that others should: and these, if any of you are almost persuaded to dress as Christians, reason, and rally, and laugh you out of it. O ye pretty triflers, I intreat you not to do the devil's work any longer! Whatever ye do yourselves, do not harden the hearts of others. And you that are of a better mind, avoid these tempters with all possible care. And if you come where any of them are, either beg them to be silent on the head, or quit the room.

19. Sixthly, The putting on of costly apparel is directly opposite to what the Apostle terms *the hidden man of the heart*, that is, to the whole *image of God*, wherein we were created, and which is stampt anew upon the heart of every Christian believer: opposite to *the mind which was in Christ Jesus*, and the whole nature of inward Holiness. All the time you are studying this *outward adorning*, the whole inward work of the Spirit stands still: or rather goes back, though by very gentle, and almost imperceptible degrees. Instead of growing more heavenly-minded, you are more and more earthly-minded. If you once had fellowship with the Father and the Son, it now gradually declines: and you insensibly sink deeper and deeper into the spirit of the world; into foolish and hurtful desires, and groveling appetites. All these evils, and a thousand more, spring from that one root, indulging yourself in costly apparel.

20. Why then does not every one that either loves or fears God, flee from it as from the face of a serpent? Why are you still so conformable to the irrational, sinful customs of a frantic world? Why do you still despise the express commandment of God, uttered in the plainest terms? You see the light: why do not you follow the light of your own mind? Your Conscience tells you the truth: why do you not obey the dictates of your own Conscience?

21. You answer, "Why Universal Custom is against me; and I know not how to stem the mighty torrent?" Not only
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the profane, but the religious world, run violently the other way. Look into, I do not say, the Theatres, but the Churches, nay, and the Meetings of every denomination; (except a few old fashioned *Quakers*, or the people called *Moravians*) look into the congregations, in *London* or elsewhere, of those that are stiled *Gospel Ministers*: look into *Northampton Chapel*, yea, into the *Tabernacle*, or the *Chapel in Tottenham Court-Road*: nay, look into the *Chapel in West-Street*, or that in the *City-Road*: look at the very people that sit under the pulpit, or by the side of it: and are not *those that can afford it* (I can hardly refrain from doing them the honour of naming their names) as richly, as fashionably adorned, as those of the same rank in other places?

22. This is a melancholy truth. I am ashamed of it: but I know not how to help it. I call Heaven and Earth to witness this day, that it is not my fault. The trumpet has not given an uncertain sound, for near fifty years last past. O God! thou knowest I have borne a clear and a faithful testimony. In print, in preaching, in meeting the Society, I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God. I am therefore clear of the blood of those that will not hear. It lies upon their own head.

23. I warn you once more, in the name, and in the presence of God, that the number of those that rebel against God, is no excuse for their rebellion. He hath expressly told us, *Thou shalt not follow the multitude to do evil*. It was said of a great, good man, he

“ Fearing not, had heaven decreed it, to have stood
Adverse against a world, and singly good.”

Who of you desire to share in that glorious character? To stand adverse against a world? If millions condemn you, it will be enough, that you are acquitted by God and your own conscience.

24. "Nay, I think, say some, I could bear the contempt or reproach of all the world beside. I regard none but my own Relations, those especially that are of my own household. My Father, my Mother, my Brothers and Sisters (and perhaps one that is nearer than them all) are teasing me continually." This is a trial indeed, such as very few can judge of, but those that bear it. "*I have not strength to bear it.*" No, not of your own: certainly you have not. But *there is strength laid up for you on one that is mighty!* His Grace is sufficient for you: and He now sees your case, and is just ready to give it you. Meantime remember his awful declaration, touching them that regard man more than God, *He that loveth father or mother, brother or sister, husband or wife, more than me, is not worthy of me.*

25. But are there not some among you that did once renounce this conformity to the world, and dress in every point neat and plain, suitable to your profession? Why then did you not persevere therein? Why did you turn back from the good way? Did you contract an acquaintance, perhaps a friendship, with some that were still fond of dress? It is no wonder then that you was sooner or later moved,

"To measure back your steps to earth again."

No less was to be expected, than that one sin would lead you on to another. It was one sin, to contract a friendship with any that knew not God: for *know ye not, that friendship with the world is enmity with God?* And this led you back into another, into that conformity to the world, from which ye had clean escaped. But what are you to do now? Why, if you are wise, escape for your life: no delay: look not behind you! Without loss of time, renounce the cause and the effect together. Now, to-day, before the heart is hardened by the deceitfulness of sin, cut off at one stroke that sinful friendship with the ungodly, and that sinful conformity to the world!

Determine

Determine this day! Do not delay till to-morrow, lest you delay for ever. For God's sake, for your own soul's sake, fix your resolution now!

26. I conjure you all who have any regard for *me*, shew me before I go hence, that I have not laboured, even in this respect in vain, for near half a century. Let me see, before I die, a Methodist congregation, full as plain drest as a Quaker congregation. Only be more consistent with yourselves. Let your drest be *cheap* as well as plain. Otherwise you do but trifle with God and me, and your own souls. I pray, let there be no costly silks among you, how grave soever they may be. Let there be no *Quaker-linen*, proverbially so called, for their exquisite fineness: no Brussels lace, no Elephantine Hats or Bonnets, those scandals of Female Modesty. Be all of a piece, drest from head to foot, as persons *professing godliness*: professing to do every thing small and great, with the single view of pleasing God.

27. Let not any of you, who are rich in this world endeavour to excuse yourselves from this, by talking nonsense. It is stark, staring nonsense to say, "O I can *afford* this or that." If you have any regard to Common Sense, let that silly word never more come out of your mouth. No man living can *afford* to waste any part of what God has committed to his trust. None can *afford* to throw any part of that food and raiment into the sea, which was lodged with him, on purpose to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. And it is far worse than simple waste, to spend any part of it in gay or costly apparel. For this is no less, than to turn wholesome food into deadly poison. It is giving so much money, to poison both yourself and others, as far as your example spreads, with pride, vanity, anger, lust, love of the world, and a thousand *foolish and hurtful desires*, which tend to *pierce them through with many sorrows*. And is there no harm in all this? O God arise, and maintain thy own cause!

Let not men or devils any longer put out our eyes, and lead us blindfold into the pit of destruction.

28. I beseech you, every man that is here present before God, every woman, young or old, married or single, yea, every child that knows good from evil, take this to yourself. Each of you, for one, take the Apostle's advice: at least, hinder not others from taking it. I beseech you, O ye Parents, do not hinder your children from following their own convictions: even though you might think they would *look prettier*, if they were adorned with such gewgaws as other children wear. I beseech you, O ye Husbands, do not hinder your Wives: you, O ye Wives, do not hinder your Husbands, either by word or deed, from acting just as they are persuaded in their own minds. Above all, I conjure you, ye half Methodists, you that trim between us and the world, you that frequently, perhaps constantly hear our preaching, but are in no farther connexion with us: yea, and all you that were once in full connexion with us, but are not so now: whatever ye do yourselves, do not say one word to hinder others, from recovering and practising the advice which has been now given! Yet a little while and we shall not need these poor coverings: for this corruptible body, shall put on incorruption. Yet a few days hence, and this mortal body shall put on immortality. In the meantime, let this be our only care, to *put off the old man*, our old nature, *which is corrupt*, which is altogether evil: and to *put on the new man*, *which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness*. In particular, *put on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies, kindness, gentleness, long-suffering*. Yea, to sum up all in one word, *put on Christ*, that when He shall appear, ye may appear with him in glory.

North-Green, Dec. 30, 1786,

A short

we shall, I am confident, taste together of the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Feb. 6. "This morning, said he, I have been thinking about home, and examining my state. I find myself buried with Christ, and risen again with him! And I find my confidence grows stronger and stronger."

Feb. 7. He said, "O what a precious pearl is Religion! I have been at prayer; the throne of grace is accessible. O it is sweet! O precious Christ! Nothing but Christ! What a precious portion is Religion! My soul is filled with God!" Being overwhelmed, he broke out into a flood of tears, and said, "I am much afflicted; but I am content with the cup he hath allotted me. I know he is mine: I find no doubt!"

Feb. 10. His song was this day, "Precious Christ! O he is precious to me!" He was very happy in the night, and after a little rest, he said to one that sat up with him, "I have been thanking and praising the Lord for my affliction."

Feb. 11. He said, "My soul is a garden, enclosed to all but God."

Feb. 14. Being asked if he was easy, he said, "Tolerable, but very happy. I have felt the virtue of Christ's death afresh."

Feb. 15. Seeing us affected, he said, "Be not concerned for me. All will be well. I shall be happy." I said, we have no doubt of that; yet we cannot help being affected when we see you so afflicted. "Well, well, said he, it is a loving God that lays it on! O sweet rest! Sweet resignation! Pain is ease indeed! Nothing but Christ all the way through! Glory be to God! Glory be to God! I always abhorred trifling. O it is good to be zealous in a good cause! I used to have a little untempered zeal; but lately Religion has been pure and sweet; but most-so now. I have had many a precious visit from the Lord, praised be his name! Well, probably I shall see my master soon, and many other dear friends who are gone to heaven!"

Feb. 16.

Feb. 16. This was a day of sharp affliction, yet in comparing his sufferings to what his sins deserved, he sung eight or ten times, "Glory be to God! Precious Christ!" &c.

Feb. 17. He was much inwardly convulsed, but at different times he was very sensible, and cried out, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!" At night I said, you have had two hard struggles to-day. He answered, "Well, the Lord helped me!"

Feb. 18. He was happy. Mr. *Collins* coming to see him, when he was at prayer, he seemed wrapt up in the sweet embraces of his Beloved. He wept, and then sung, "Glory be to God! I have had a sight of the third heaven! Heaven is sure! Heaven is sure!"

Feb. 19. He appeared so lightsome, that I conceived hopes of his recovery. Two friends from *Whitby* coming to see him, he said, "I am happy! I rest in the will of God! I am free from desires, excepting this, to be dissolved and to be with Christ!"

[To be concluded in our next.]



An Account of Mr. S I L A S T O L D.

[Continued from page 130.]

ONE day I accompanied King *Arigo* on shore for the benefit of my health (as the Captain had almost put an end to my life) and continued there for the space of six weeks, and slept with the King's son, Prince *Arigo*, during the same. One morning I was suddenly seized with a racking pain in my head. I acquainted the Queen, in Moorish, with the cause of my indisposition; she informed his black Majesty therewith, who ordered me some "doctor," as they term it. On this about half a dozen of his ladies took me into a back yard,
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and stripping me quite naked, even to my skin, sat me on a joint-stool, and gave me some yabba (or water) with a cloth to dry myself. I could not conceive what they purposed to do with me, as the elder lady invented divers stratagems to get me into a studious frame of mind. When they perceived me quite fixed, looking at my feet, and apprehending they were about to wash them with the hot water, suddenly the female president, snatched the cloth from out of the water, and threw it directly in my face, which startled me to such a degree, that it effectually removed the pain in an instant. Here I penetrated their maxims in performing the cure. However, in about an hour's time my pain revisited my head with greater violence than before; and I informed the Queen that *Ishe was Obagona*, or my head was very bad. She then told his Majesty that my disorder was returned, who straightway collected his grandymen together, and they carried me to the summit of a certain hill (the acclivity whereof must be impossible for strangers to surmount) on the right-hand side of which was situated the King's palaver-house, or place erected for their heathenish worship. They took with them a dog, and about one hundred roots, called yams. When I entered the house, I was struck with uncommon amazement at the sight of forty or fifty mens heads hanged round this palaver-house. Here I was inexpressibly terrified, as I had received a very pious and Christian education; so that their diabolical and gross proceedings created great horror upon my soul. At length they commenced the usual sacrifice to their gods; during which, one of the senior characters, who signalized himself by a scimeter at his side, drew it, took the dog before-mentioned, laid it on the floor, and at one blow cut off its head. He then pulled the tongue out of its mouth, fastened it between its teeth, and instantly came and touched my forehead, cheeks, chin, and every joint, with the dog's tongue.

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The King finding these means to be ineffectual; proceeded further, and directed some of his people to sprinkle the dust with a quantity of palm wine, and to lead me through a trackless desert down to the ship, conceiving the wine (as there was no water to be had) might create a path to the sea-shore. After this, Prince *Arigo*, hailed the ship, which lay at a small distance from land, and desired them to send the boat on shore. Accordingly it was done, and when I came on board, *Tucker*, with a grim countenance, and horrid expressions, asked me what ailed me? I replied, that I had a strong fever on me. Then, said he, I will soon cure you; so he went and brought his horse-whip, and although I was extremely sick, he whipt me unmercifully! Yet, however, his medicine did not perform the cure, but heightened my fever, so that I was nearly brought to the gates of death; yet God raised me up again. Upon our arrival at *St. Thomas*, the European woman, which *Tucker* brought out from *England*, dying in a shocking manner, was sewed up in a hammoc, and thrown overboard with a bag of ballast at her feet.

I cannot but give one more instance of the barbarity of this Captain, (as a more bloody and inhuman action surely never was perpetrated by an *Englishman*.) One of our black slaves, through a violent sickness was worne to a mere skeleton; and as he could not eat his allowance, the savage (*Tucker*) invented a scheme to compel him to eat, and laid to his charge that he was sulky. However, he could not eat. Upon this the Captain called for his cabin-boy, *Robin*, to bring him his horse-whip. He did so, and *Tucker* began lashing the poor, sick man till, I firmly believe, from his neck to his ancles, there was nothing to be seen but blood and wounds. The poor creature made no kind of resistance, nor spoke one word. This highly incensed our blood-thirsty devil; so that he went still farther, and told him in Negroish, he would *trickeravoo* him. The poor slave answered, "*Adomma*," which signifies, "So be it." By this time the Captain's dinner was ready under the awning of the quarter-deck; he left the man in

shocking agonies, bleeding and groaning on the fore-castle; came to his dinner like a hog, and eat without fear or shame. After he had dined, he called for *John Lad*, and ordered him to get two ammunition pistols well loaded with ball; then called for *Robin*, the cabin-boy, to bring them forward, which when done, he left his table, and ordered *John Lad* to follow him, which he accordingly did with one pistol in each hand. They both went forward on the main-deck; the poor object sat with his back against the larboard-gunnel of the ship. Then *Tucker*, with a virulent grin, pointing one of the pistols to him, told him it would kill him. The man replied as before, "*Adomma.*" Upon this the Captain applied the mouth of the pistol to the middle of his forehead, and fired. The man instantly clapped his hands to his head, one behind, and the other before, and stared the Captain in the face, the blood gushing from his forehead, yet he did not fall. *Tucker* then turning to *John Lad*, with a blasphemous oath said, "This will not kill him;" and immediately clapped another to his ear, and fired that also; nor did he drop, even then! At last the Captain ordered *John Lad* to fire another through his heart, which being done, he then dropped down dead. All the men slaves, in consequence of this uncommon murder, rose upon the ship's company, with full purpose to slay us all; but we nimbly betaking ourselves to the cannons, pointed them through a bulk-head that parted the main and quarter-deck; which, when they perceived, the greater part of them ran down between decks, and the remainder jumped overboard, and were all drowned, save one or two which, with the assistance of the boat, we rescued from the violence of the sea. At length we arrived at *Barbadoes*, when Captain *Tucker's* notorious conduct was repressed in some measure. Yet, on his leaving that island, he renewed his former cruelties; but did not exercise them on me with that degree of severity as before.

[To be continued.]

.A short

*A short Account of ANN WRIGHT: written by Mr. A B.
of Birmingham.*

ABOUT five years ago *A. W.* lived with one Mrs. *Sarah Parks*, who having lately found peace with God, strongly recommended Religion to her. She not relishing this, withdrew from the company of Mrs. *W.* and went so far as to take another lodging. But as she, and Mrs. *P.* wrought together in the same house, Mrs. *P.* frequently spoke to her about the state of her soul; and feeling a particular concern for her, continued to intreat God, until he was pleased to convince her of sin. Upon this she desired to return and lodge with Mrs. *P.* as formerly; which she readily consented to. About four months after, the Lord, having more deeply convinced her of her lost state, heard her cry, and spoke peace to her troubled soul. She then joined the Society, and continued to walk humbly with God, and unproveable before men. But at times she was much tempted to cast away her confidence; being naturally very diffident, and often much afflicted in body.

Mrs. *P.* having received the pure love of God, spoke to *A. W.* concerning the necessity of it; but although she did not contradict, she did not see her want of it, until October last: when God discovered to her her inbred sin. On this she groaned, being greatly burthened, for some days.

One Sunday evening, as she, and Mrs. *P.* were returning from the preaching, she believed that God would set her soul a liberty. When they reached home, Mrs. *P.* found much freedom in prayer for her; and while they were at prayer, *A. W.* felt a strong desire to give her whole heart to God. In a moment she thought she heard Christ say to her, Wash and be clean; on which she found her soul perfectly lightened of its load, and thoroughly cleansed.

Some weeks after, falling into a deep consumption, she was tempted to fear her sickness would be lingering, and that she would become burdensome to others. But as she made her request known to God, he inclined the hearts of those who wrought with her, to make little collections for her among themselves on their pay-nights.

In the former part of her illness she had a manifestation of the adorable Trinity; and such a distinct view of the personality of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as quite filled and ravished her soul. She did not attempt to describe it; but said, it was such as she could not possibly have had any conception of before: nor did she till then conceive, how God could capacitate any soul for such views of himself while in the body. This greatly strengthened her faith, and supported her through her illness.

About a fortnight before she died, she had an extraordinary vision. For some time she was as if out of the body, and assembled with Angels and Saints, all singing praises to God: when she found both freedom and ability to join with them, such as she had never before experienced. In the midst of this company she saw the Lord Jesus; but after some time, he being removed from them, she was grieved: and not perceiving him there, she cried aloud, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" When she came to herself, she feared she was in some measure departed from God; and therefore gave all diligence to return to him.

I conversed with her a little the day before she died, and found her full of a glorious hope of being with God for ever. Mrs. P. asked her twice or thrice, while in the agonies of death, if she had any-conflict? She always answered, "No." Being asked if she was happy? She answered, "Perfectly so." A friend reading to her the passage in the Pilgrim's Progress, concerning Christian and Faithful crossing the river, she fixed her eyes on heaven, and expired without a sigh, on April the 27th, 1786.

A. B.

A Short

*A Short Account of the Death of Mrs. PECK, of Ensham:
written by Mr. WILLIAM SHEPHERD.*

MR. Peck was delivered on Wednesday last of two fine boys who are likely to live. She remained tolerable well till Friday morning, when she complained of a pain in her bowels. Dr. Wall, of Oxford, was sent for, who used every means in his power to save her. But it seems God had otherwise determined; for a scarlet fever came on furiously, attended with a putrid sore throat. Her milk likewise was kept back, which so affected her head, that it took away her senses, and threw her into a violent agony, which continued, with very little intermission, till twelve o'clock last night, when God took her to himself!

She was able only to speak once, (after she was seized with the fever) when looking up to Mr. Peck, she said, "I am now going home!" Her pain then coming on more violently she spoke no more: but the smiles on her countenance, and the other motions she made, perfectly satisfied all who were with her, that her mind was quite happy in God. They all said, they never found the power of God so sensibly present as while they was commending her soul to him, just before she expired.

I have known her several years, and I cannot say I ever saw such a pattern of hospitality. Her house and heart were open to receive all who were travelling in the way to Sion.

But she had a peculiar regard for all the Messengers of God, particularly Mr. Wesley; and thought no expence or labour great, if she could but make them comfortable in themselves, and help them forward in their Master's work.

By her sudden and happy death, I seem to be more crucified to this vain and uncertain world; and more determined to give myself

myself up to the service of God; and thereby to lay a good foundation against the time to come, that (through infinite mercy) I may lay hold on eternal life.

Oxford, Dec. 18, 1786.

W. S.



Mr. PRIEST'S *Account of an old Woman.*

Cork, Feb. 16, 1778.

RIDING over a mountain, called *Sleeveord*, in the county of *Tipperary*, my mare losing a shoe, I stopt at a Smith's shop, to have one put on. The smith taking me into the house, I observed an old, withered woman sitting in the chimney-corner. On finding my heart grow warm, I drew near to her and said, As you seem, by the course of nature, to be on the confines of eternity, have you any assurance where you are going? She said, "Blessed be God I have!" On asking her if her assurance was well grounded? she said, "I hope it is." On asking her what the ground of her assurance was? she said, "I have the love of God shed abroad in my heart, and the light of his countenance shining on my soul." I then asked, *how* and *when* she came by that experience? She said, "When I was about eighteen years old, God convinced me that I was a sinner. On seeing this, I was in great distress for some time. But one day, as I was going for water, across a field, the Lord arrested me by the way: on which I laid down my pail, and fell on my knees; and while I was at prayer, he manifested his pardoning love to my soul, shed abroad his love in my heart, and gave me an assurance of his favour. I am now eighty-one, or eighty-two years old, and from that time till the present, I have not been one day without a sense of the love of God
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in my heart, and the light of his countenance shining upon me." I then asked her how she came to know she was a sinner? she answered, "By reading good books."

I have often visited her since, and always found her uniform and consistent in her accounts. Having never met with any one before who experienced these things, she said, she thought herself alone in the world, and seemed rather surprised at the accounts I gave of my own, and others experience.

Thus, we see, God has his secret ones, even where the gospel is not preached. Therefore let us rejoice in hope of meeting many in glory who were unknown, not only to us, but even to his whole Church on earth.



The Experience of RACHEL BRUFF, of Talbot-County, Maryland

[Continued from page 137.]

ABOUT this time the Lord began to pour out his Spirit upon my neighbours; many of whom were brought to experience the goodness of God. Shortly after this, the Preachers began more fully to insist on Christian Perfection. At first I did not so fully understand them; but after making a more diligent search into the Oracles of God, I found the doctrine clearly set forth therein, and was determined to seek the blessing with my whole heart. I had not done this long, before I found myself sweetly drawn out, and sometimes was almost ready to conclude the work was done. In November I went to a Love-feast. I thought I never before saw such a loving people. At this meeting the work was much deepened in my soul. But still, as I had not that witness which others spoke of, I was determined not to rest without it.

From the time I was convinced of the necessity of this blessing, there was a struggle in my soul. I was sensible the
promise

promise was to be received by faith, and the language of my heart was, Lord, help me! About this time the enemy of my soul broke in upon me, and wanted to rob me of my confidence. But I was determined to wrestle with God, untill he set my soul at liberty. This struggle continued for eight days. All this while I groaned in secret; and intreated God to destroy the last remains of sin.

One day I bowed myself at the Redeemer's feet, and determined not to let him go without the blessing. And glory be to his Name! in a moment my burden was gone. My soul was now so enraptured with a sense of his love, that I was constrained to praise his name aloud. From that time he has been constantly with me, and has borne me up above all my sins, temptations and sufferings.

In May, 1781, I was laid under the afflicting hand of God. I could scarce call it an affliction, as my soul was so exceedingly happy. For though my body grew weak, my faith was strengthened every day. I could look into the world of spirits, and view a God reconciled in Jesus Christ. On this I longed to be dissolved, and be with Him whom my soul loved.

On Whitsunday, I went to bed weak in body, but happy in mind. In my sleep, I dreamed that I heard a band of Angels singing around me in a most delightful manner. On this I awoke with my heart full of love, and quite transported. O if a blind world did but feel what I then did, how would they also love and adore the God of their salvation! How would they run in the ways of Wisdom, and partake of the felicities of thy chosen! Lord open their blind eyes, and shew them their undone condition by nature. Then shew them the blood which bought their peace, and help them to wash therein, that they may be cleansed from all their filthiness, both of flesh and spirit, and perfect holiness in thy fear, O God!

[To be continued.]

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 140.]

SUNDAY, May 9. Despairing of any other opportunity, I made another attempt this day to go to the *Cedars* of *Lebanon* and *Canobine*. Having gone for three hours across the plain of *Tripoli*, I arrived at the foot of *Libanus*; and from thence continually ascending, not without great fatigue, came in four hours and a half to a small village called *Eden*, and in two hours and a half more to the *Cedars*.

These noble trees grow amongst the snow near the highest part of *Lebanon*; and are remarkable, as well for their own age and largeness, as for those frequent allusions made to them in the Word of God. Here are some of them very old, and of a prodigious bulk: and others younger of a smaller size. Of the former I could reckon up only sixteen; and the latter are very numerous. I measured one of the largest, and found it twelve yards six inches in girth, and yet found; and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At about five or six yards from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree.

After about half an hour spent in surveying this place, the clouds began to thicken, and fly along upon the ground; which so obscured the road, that my guide was very much at a loss to find our way back again. We rambled about for seven hours thus bewildered, which gave me no small fear of being forced to spend one night more at *Libanus*. But at last, after a long exercise of pains and patience, we arrived at the way that goes down to *Canobine*; where I arrived by the time it was dark, and found a kind reception.

Canobine is a Convent of the Maronites, and the seat of the Patriarch, who is at present *F. Stephanus Edenensis*, a person of great learning and humanity. It is a very mean structure, but its situation is admirably adapted for retirement and devotion: for there is a very deep rupture in the side of *Libanus*, running at least seven hours travel directly up into the mountain. It is on both sides exceeding steep and high, clothed with fragrant greens from top to bottom, and every where refreshed with fountains, falling down from the rocks in pleasant cascades; the ingenious work of nature. These streams, all uniting at the bottom, make a full and rapid torrent, whose agreeable murmuring is heard all over the place, and adds no small pleasure to it. *Canobine* is seated on the North-side of this chasm, on the steep of the mountain, at about the midway between the top and the bottom. It stands at the mouth of a great Cave, having a few small rooms fronting outward, that enjoy the light of the sun; the rest are all under ground. It had for its Founder the Emperor *Theodosius* the Great, and though it has been several times rebuilt, yet the Patriarch assured me, the Church was of the Primitive foundation. But whoever built it, it is a mean fabric, and no great credit to its Founder. It stands in the grot, but, fronting outwards, receives a little light from that side. In the same side there were also hanged in the wall two small bells, to call the Monks to their devotions: a privilege allowed no where else in this country; nor would they be suffered here, but that the Turks are far enough off from the hearing of them.

The valley of *Canobine* was anciently (as it well deserves) very much resorted to for religious retirement. You see here still Hermitages, Cells, Monasteries, almost without number. There is not any little part of rock, that jets out upon the side of the mountain, but you generally see some little structure upon it, for the reception of Monks and Hermits; though few or none of them are now inhabited.

[*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 142.]

I Cannot better conclude this chapter, than by tracing the analogy between the propagation of animals and that of vegetables. The roes of fishes, the eggs of insects, birds, and all other animals nearly resemble each other. They are compact bodies of such forms as best suit their natures. They all have integuments nobly contrived for their preservation, with firm coverings to secure them from outward injuries. Those to be kept in the body have coverings also; but soft and membranous. Every kind contains its peculiar substance, differing from that of every other kind. And all these characters belong also to seeds of every kind. They have their coverings, more or less compact, according to their necessities. Their forms are convenient. The substances they contain are specifically from each other: and their offspring proceeds from them in the same manner, as animals proceed from their eggs.

But beside the substances peculiar to each seed, there is a peculiar organization treasured up in each, which is the rudiment of the future plant, capable of being propagated into such a plant as it sprung from, and no other. So in every one of the nut-kind, there is a visible organization, peculiar to each species. And if such an organization appear in every seed, which is large enough to be viewed clearly, we cannot reasonably doubt of their existence, even in those which are so small as to escape our sight. There are multitudes of seeds, which produce large plants, and yet appear only like dust, and a vast

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number,

number, which we cannot see, but by the microscope. And yet these doubtless have all their peculiar forms, and their organizations as well as the larger.

But from what are these organizations produced? How does every plant or animal, bring forth a fresh one after its kind? A little of this we may understand, if we trace a tree and an animal through every stage from the egg to their utmost growth.

See a young tree pushing on its leaves and flowers, till it has extruded an entire set of boughs and branches. One part regularly opens after another from the first shoot, till it comes to perfection. Then, and not before, it produces seeds, containing the rudiments of other trees like itself. The fibres of its general organization grow into little knots; some to form leaves, some the calix, some the petals, some the pistil and utricule, some again the little seeds, each growing from its own pedicle. For the male parts, other fibres are formed into stamina, and from these terminate into apices: and again, from these others terminate into the minute grains, commonly called the Farina fœcundans; each grain growing on its own pedicle, just as the leaves or fruits of trees.

See an animal, exactly in the same manner, unfolding itself by degrees, till all its parts are explicated entirely, and it is compleat in every organ. Then, and not before, each female is capable of producing eggs, each being a continuation of the general organization, and growing upon its own pedicle. Each male likewise, when at its state of perfection, is capable of producing from itself the fœcundating matter necessary for the propagation of the species.

Let us again view a full grown tree or plant, putting forth its parts for fructification. Observe the apices on the stamina, loaden with the globules of the farina fœcundans, the pulp of each globule containing an exalted fluid, and conveying it to one of the papillæ of the pistil. The utricule is now filled with green, soft seeds, ready to be impregnated by the globule, and containing

containing a fluid, which afterward becomes a hard covering to each. And within this the little organization gradually increase.

As then a refined fluid from the feminal matter of the male, impregnates the organization in the egg of a female animal, mingles with the subtle fluids contained therein, and promotes its growth and progress; so the refined part of the pulpy fluid contained in the globule, impregnates the organization in the seed of a plant, mixes with its juices, and gradually promotes its growth into a perfect plant. And doubtless both the impregnating effluvia of animals and vegetables, and the innate juices of the organization, have qualities peculiar to themselves. Hence the offspring of a black and a white parent, is of a colour between both. And thus if the farina of one sort of flower impregnate the egg of another, the colour of the flower produced thereby is variegated proportionably.

The juices imbibed by a plant, being composed of innumerable various substances, after every part has attracted its kindred particles, the superfluous ones are carried off by perspiration: chiefly by the leaves, which are the emunctories, that throw off those juices who have no kindred particles in the plant. Accordingly when the warm sun begins to rarefy the fluids, which during the winter were condensed and inactive, the new leaves then begin to put forth, from their several organizations. When winter comes, as no more fluids ascend in trees, so there is no perspiration. Consequently most of them need leaves no longer, which therefore fall off. Nor are they succeeded by others, till the vegetable begins to receive fresh nourishment, and has occasion therefore for excretory vessels to carry off superfluities. Just so the superfluous juices in animals are continually carried off by perspiration: an obstruction of which is equally pernicious to animals and vegetables.

But is there any thing in the vegetable kingdom analogous to that strange animal the Polypus, which multiplies by being cut in pieces? There is. View, for instance, a young willow. This is an organized body, capable of growing, till it comes to
its

its perfect growth by means of the vegetative principle. The Polypus is an organized body, capable of being extended till it comes to its perfect growth, and of feeding and loco-motion, by its animating principle. The Willow as it grows, is gradually sending off new branches, which are its fætufes, proceeding from the organizations lodged in every part. The Polypus in like manner gradually sends off new fætufes; from organizations placed in every part of it. If the Willow be cut in pieces and planted, each piece will be explicated into a tree, and then send forth new fætufes, like its parent. And if the Polypus be cut in pieces, each piece will be explicated into a Polypus, and then extrude new fætufes: so that cutting it in pieces, is but anticipating the propagation of those organizations in the pieces, which would, if let alone for awhile, themselves issue from the sides of the parent.

If we observe the extreme tenderness of this animal, liable to be wounded, nay torn in pieces, by any hard body, which is carried down the streams, or moved in the ponds, wherein they dwell: we see the providential reason, for this contrivance to propagate them: as perhaps no other animal is of so tender a texture, and so easily destroyed, having neither sagacity to avoid danger, nor strength to bear the least violence.

Other trees have been propagated by a still more surprising way. One having caused some ashen pipes, that had brought water to his fountain twelve years to be taken up, they were left in the yard, where they rotted almost entirely. But in their room there shot up a young forest of ashes, which are now about four feet high. There is no ash-tree within a great distance of the yard. Where then were the seeds from which they sprung?

[*To be continued.*]

An

An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

D I A L O G U E II.

[Continued from page 144.]

Callistus. I Must remind you, that I was not an useleſs member of our muſical club at Oxford; and when I was abroad, to amuſe my melancholy, I practiſed under ſome of the beſt maſters. One day, I ſaid, if they would give me leave to introduce a worthy young Clergyman of my acquaintance, who played and ſung very agreeably, I could accompany him on the violin. They gratefully accepted the propoſal. Thus was the young man I mentioned, clothed in robes little ſuiting his character, and gave great ſatisfaction to the unſuſpecting ladies, not only by his voice and performance, but by his modeſt converſation and behaviour.

More than two months were now elapſed, and I no longer doubted that my ſweet *Melinda's* heart was my own, when *Eugenia* began to mention her return into the country. I told her ſhe gave me great pain, by returning to this melancholy ſubject; but as I feared ſhe was ſerious, ſhe obliged me abruptly to make one propoſal more for preventing our ſeparation, which had indeed been long in my thoughts, but which, for the reaſons ſhe would preſently perceive, I ſhould not have dared to mention, if the dread of parting did not oblige me to hazard every thing to prevent it: that I was now going to put it in their power to make me (even in their own opinions) very much their debtor; but that I bluſhed to propoſe the means, as I muſt at the ſame time propoſe terms, which perhaps, after all, might be harder for me to ſubmit to, than themſelves. I pauſed a little, but the attention of my audience was too deeply engaged to ſuffer them to interrupt me. *Eugenia's* eyes were fixed upon me, and in them I read ſuſpenſe, ſurpriſe, and hope,
mixed

mixed with fear. *Melinda's* eyes were fixed upon the ground, but the deep blush that overspread her face, indicated a consciousness that she was particularly interested in the event.—I proceeded—I am of a wealthy, powerful family, which is by no means exempt from pride, the usual attendant upon power and riches. Upon my father's death, I inherited a very ample fortune; but my relations have set their hearts upon seeing that fortune still greatly aggrandised. I doubt not but some of them mean to contribute largely to this their own scheme, but it is upon terms I can never submit to. They have more than once already almost irreconcilably quarrelled with me for rejecting grand alliances of their proposing; but I could not resolve to sacrifice my inclinations to my ambition: and I never had seen the lady with whom I thought I could be happy in marriage, till Providence blessed me with the acquaintance of the most amiable *Melinda*.—I bowed, and paused again; whilst the sweet creature half lifted up her trembling eyes, and gently inclined her head: the mother still was silent.—Though I could not (continued I) sacrifice all my peace and happiness to the pride of my family, I could, I think, give up some external circumstances, which are in truth not essentially necessary, rather than shock their vanity, and forfeit all their good will and friendship; and could I flatter myself that you, dearest Madam (addressing myself to *Melinda*) could think my hand and heart, without my state and grandeur, an offer not unworthy of your excellence; and that you, Madam (to *Eugenia*) could consent to give me your amiable daughter upon such conditions, I would proceed.——I paused for a reply, but received none for some moments. The lovely innocent trembled all over; her heart beat violently, and a crimson blush overspread her face and bosom: *Eugenia* blushed too; but at length, with glistening eyes, pardon me, Sir, said she, that my confusion and gratitude have kept me so long silent. I cannot now express half the meaning of my heart: your manner leaves me no room to doubt of your
 seriousness.

seriousness; but I imagine you have not duly considered what you have been saying; and therefore beg that before another word is added, you will retire, and do yourself that justice; and then I doubt not but you will see that you have mentioned a thing which would be vastly too great an honour for you to offer, or for us to receive. I replied, that I had long before maturely considered it, and should long ago have made the same proposals, but that I was deterred by the shame of offering terms so unworthy the beautiful *Melinda*.

But not to lengthen a scene, the event of which only is of importance, suffice it to say that the issue was perfectly agreeable to my wishes. When I found that I had *Eugenia's* consent, I addressed myself to the blushing, trembling *Melinda*, and taking her cold hand in both mine—but the most important question of all, (said I) is still to be determined.—What says the sweet *Melinda*? can she love her *Callistus*?—does she love him?—if she does, I hope she will not be ashamed to own it—If she cannot—There I stopped; and the gentle maid, overcome with confusion, gratitude, and tenderness, let her head drop upon my shoulder. I clasped her in my arms, and pressed her close to my throbbing heart: in this posture we continued silent for some moments, till upon her making an effort to disengage herself,—I said, There is a kind consenting in your eyes and manner; but, if it is so, as I would interpret it, shall I not have the joy of hearing it from your own lips? With looks alternately lifted up, and dejected, she answered—Indeed, Sir, I know not how to call what I feel for you, or how to distinguish gratitude from love. I have ever felt for my dear mother the fondest affection, the just return of her tenderness; and my soul is deeply penetrated with a sense of heaven's unmerited goodness; but such warm and lively gratitude as your unexpected kindnesses to my poor distressed mother and myself excited, I never before experienced: need I say, that my most earnest wish is to be able to make some return to your goodness? And need I be ashamed to own that

the thought of contributing to your happiness is most pleasing to me?—Dear, delightful simplicity! sweet unaffected modesty!—how happy I might have been! how happy I was! A whole year I was happy!—O misery!—it is gone!—The most perfect purity! the most engaging gentleness!—all softness, sweetness, tenderness!—we could have loved one another for ever!—Insufferable torment! had I been innocent like her, we might have met again—Distracting thought! O what a parting! never to meet again!—What a scene! Hell can be no worse!—O Idiot! Villain! O selfish miser! She gave thee all she could! Had she been mistress of a throne, it had been thine; but thy hard-hearted pride denied her a name!—For which That Name is blotted out in heaven!—

[*To be continued.*]

*An Extract from a DISCOURSE concerning the Mercy of God,
 in preserving us from evil Angels.*

[*Concluded from page 147.*]

8. **T**HE bounds of the power of this Adversary, may be reduced into these four: 1. The law of their subjection. 2. Providential dispensation. 3. Ministerial resistance. 4. Natural impediments.

I. The first restraint is the law of their subjection. For though those impure spirits are like rebels against their Lord, yet they are under his dominion; though they hate to obey him, they dare not disobey him: though they have not the love of the law of their being, yet they are under the coercion and fear of that law. Just as there are among men many vile people that dare not act their villainy for fear of punishment; so doubtless, those evil Angels are under a fear of offending, and do smart for it. Government is the ordinance of God, as well in the invisible as the visible world: and this seems plain

plain by that petition of the evil Spirits, that they might not be sent to the place of torment, before their final judgment. There are certain torments for their extravagancies, inflicted by an invisible œconomy. And upon this account partly it was, that Satan, though he had naturally power to have afflicted *Job*, durst not attempt it without permission from God.

II. Providential dispensation. This is the same over men and devils. It naturally lies in the power of one man to kill or hurt another; yet the same superintendency of divine Providence, without which a sparrow falls not to the ground, prevents one man from doing all the mischief to another that naturally lies in his power; and the same prevention and providential interposition, hinders the activity of the evil one from doing all that mischief he naturally can among the children of men. And this was that fence that God had made about *Job*, and all he had; and till that was removed, the attempts of Satan were all in vain.

III. Ministerial impediments. These are of two kinds.

1. Such impediments as concern the soul only. The Son of God came into the world to destroy the works of the devil; and there is a perpetual contest between these two, for the dominion over the children of men. On the one side, the devil and his angels fight by temptations, and allurements, and insinuations, to win over the children of men to the kingdom of darkness. On the other side, *Michael* and his angels, the Angel of the Covenant, and the secret and powerful agencies of his grace and assistance, take all opportunities to reduce men to the obedience of God, to their duty to him, confirms them in it, discovers the tempter, and upholds the spirits of men against him.

2. Such as concern the inward and outward man also, the ministrations of good angels, who are as diligent to counterwork the evil angels in their mischiefs, as they can be to afflict them. When the devil was striving to gain the body of *Moses* to make an idol of him, *Michael* resisted him. The evil angels

are full of power and malice against the children of men; and on the other side, the good Angels are no whit inferior to them in power, and are loving to the children of men, and many times when we know it not, prevents us from many mischiefs that these regiments of hell would inflict upon our bodies and souls. And doubtless, as we see in the visible administration of the world, or of any one kingdom thereof, there is a continual diligence on one side by feidious men, to break the peace of a kingdom or city, which is with much diligence and vigilancy, prevented by wise and good men; so there is no less care and vigilancy, and counter-working by the good Angels, against the mischievous designs of these evil spirits.

IV. Natural impediments to the working of that evil Spirit.

1. In reference to the soul and inward man. God hath fortified the will of man with liberty. Though evil Angels may solicit, persuade and tempt, yet almighty God hath placed this bar in their way, viz. The freedom of their will, that all the devils in hell cannot take from him. It is an impregnable fort, that can only be taken by yielding. And this is partly the reason of that text, *Resist the devil and he will fly from you.*

2. In reference to the body. He cannot ordinarily exercise any violence upon the outward man, but by the mediation of things corporeal, and most ordinarily by the mediation of mankind. He cannot kill a man but by the sword of a man-slayer; or rob or plunder, but by a *Caldean* or *Sabean*. And all this God hath most wisely ordered in this manner, that though the impure Spirit itself be out of the reach of human justice; yet the instrument without which he cannot ordinarily work, is within the reach of human government: where God hath reduced him, viz. in his instruments, without which he cannot act under the power of human laws and government. I say, ordinarily he cannot act any external mischief upon man, but by such means and instruments as are under coercion of human laws. I say, ordinarily, for when this *Ira divinae satellis*

satelles is commissioned from the God of heaven, he may act immediately from himself, according to the tenor or extent of his commission.

N. B. This Piece was never finished.

An Account of some DISTURBANCES, in the County of Down.

[Concluded from page 148.]

10. **W**HEN we had made up some yarn to carry to the market, it was not to be found. After some time we found one hank of it, thrust into a pitcher of water; another into a vessel of sowings. While *Isabel Mitchell* sat reeling yarn, she got several blows on the head and cheek, one time with a pewter plate, another with little stones, or with small clods of dirt or clay. Once several sharp stones were thrown down the chimney, which cut the yarn, as if it had been cut with a knife.

11. Frequently when they were washing or preparing to wash their clothes, either the clothes or the soap was taken away. And it was in vain to seek them, till after some time they were brought again. Frequently the potatoes they had boiled and were going to eat, were snatched off the dish or plate: and after a little time thrown at them, so as to strike them on the face or breast.

While *Margaret Mather* was making a poultice, to apply to *Mr. Blake's* fore throat, several lumps of dirt and clay were thrown into it, so that it was quite spoiled. And for five weeks, almost every moveable in the house, was continually thrown up and down.

12. An account of these things coming to the ears of a neighbouring gentleman, *Sir R. I—*, he determined to search the matter to the bottom, and find out the imposture. With
this

this view, he went to the house himself, with two or three other gentlemen: he searched every hole and corner of the house; but could discover nothing: at length he saw several large potatoes roll along the top of the house, and fell just before him, while the potatoes that were in a basket, rose up and flew all about the house. Mean time a large stone came out of the wall, flew with great force across the room, and rebounding from the opposite door, fell down just at his foot. He took up this, with several of the potatoes, and carried them to his own house.

13. When he came home he related what he had seen, to his lady and her company. So he did afterwards to several others. But they were not ready to believe him. A fortnight after, he desired several of them to go and see with their own eyes. A little party of them agreed so to do, and went to the house together. While they were in the house, they saw many stones rattling upon the dresser. And many potatoes were thrown by unseen hands from every corner of the house: insomuch that some of the company were not a little frightened, and made haste out of it. And every one was fully satisfied, that there was no fraud or contrivance in the matter. Indeed no reasonable man could suppose there was: as there was so great a number of witnesses who could not be deceived themselves, and could have no possible motive to deceive others.

The common report was, That all these disturbances were owing to a man in the town. And what gave some weight to this report was, That after a Magistrate had examined him, and threatened to take another course with him if the house was disturbed any more, it was disturbed no more, but all things remained in perfect quietness.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS on the Misery of MAN.

[Extracted from a late Writer]

[Continued from page 153.]

NOR is it by fixing man in his own person, that it produceth these wonderful effects; it is by carrying him to God, and by supporting him under the sense of his miseries, with the hopes of an assured and compleat deliverance in a better life. But for those who do not act above the principles of mere nature, it is impossible they should, without falling into an incurable chagrin and discontent, undergo the lingering torment of leisure. Man who loves nothing but his own person, hates nothing so much as to be confined to his own conversation. He seeks nothing but himself, and yet flies and avoids nothing more than himself; because when he is obliged to look within, he does not see himself such as he could wish; discovering only a hidden store of inevitable miseries, and a mighty void of all real and solid good, which is beyond his ability to replenish.

Let a man chuse his own condition; let him embellish it with all the goods, and all the satisfactions, he can possess or desire; yet, in the midst of all this glory and pride he is without business, and without diversion, and has time to contemplate his fortunes, his spirits must unavoidably sink beneath the languishing felicity. He will of necessity torment himself with the prospect of what is to come; and he that boasteth to have brought home all the ingredients of happiness, must again be sent abroad, or condemned to domestic misery.

Is majesty itself so truly great, and sufficient, as to support those whom it adorns and encircles, under the bare thought of their own grandeur? Is it necessary that this thought should

should be here likewise diverted, as in the common herd of men? A vulgar person will be happy if he may ease himself of his secret troubles, by applying all his care to excel in the perfection of dancing. But dare we say this of a King? Or, will he be more charmed with so vain and petty amusements, than with the contemplation of his royal dignity and estate? What nobler, what more sublime object than himself, to engage and to satisfy his spirit? Might it not seem an envious lessening of his content, to interrupt his princely thought, with the care of measuring his steps by an air of music, or exactly ordering a ball, instead of leaving him to survey the glories of his throne, and to rejoice in the excellence of his power? Let us presume to make the experiment: let us suppose a Prince in solitude, without any entertainment of sense, any engagement of mind, any relief of conversation; and we shall find that a Prince with his eyes upon himself, is a man full of miseries, and who feels as quick and piercing a resentment as the lowest among his slaves. And therefore, it has been a standing maxim, to banish these intruding and importunate reflections from Court, and to keep about the royal person those who shall constantly purvey for the amusement of their master, by laying a train of divertisements to succeed after business, and watching his hours of leisure, to pour in immediately a fresh supply of mirth and sport, that no vacancy may be left in life; that is, the Court abounds with men, who have a wonderful activity in taking care that his Majesty shall not be alone, well-knowing that solitude is but another name for misery, that the supreme pitch of worldly greatness is too nice and weak, to bear the examination of thought.

The principal thing which supports men under great employments, otherwise so full of toil and trouble, is, that by this means they are called off from the penance of self-reflection.

For

For pray consider, what is it else to be Superintendant, a Chancellor, a Prime-President, but to have a number of persons flocking about them from all sides, who shall secure them, every hour in the day, from giving audience to their own mind? If they chance to fall into disgrace, and to be banished to their country seat, though they want neither fortune nor revenue, yet they seldom fail to commence unhappy; because they are no longer entertained with such a variety of new faces, and a succession of new business, as may make any thing, rather than themselves, the subject of their meditation.

[*To be continued.*]

*On allegorical WRITINGS in general, and especially the
PARABLES of our LORD.*

[*Continued from page 155.*]

THE advantages of this method of instruction are manifest.

1. By comparisons taken from objects well known and familiar to the mind, moral and divine things are more easily comprehended; and make a more shining and lasting impression on the mind. Besides, it has a tendency to enlarge our faculties, so that we may be said rather to instruct ourselves, than to receive instruction from others.

2. It seizes us by surprise, without giving the blame to our prejudices and passions. Our blessed Saviour knew that the Jews were not in a proper disposition to hear of the nature and success of the gospel. He, therefore, spake first to them of these things in parables; and gradually revealed them in plainer language as they were able to bear. But not only the prejudices of the Jews; but, likewise, the weakness and infirmities of the disciples themselves made it necessary for him to speak of his spiritual kingdom, and the success of the gospel, in parabolical language.

The accommodating of instruction to the different capacities and dispositions of men, has been always looked upon as a mark of true wisdom in every public Teacher. "It is real humanity and kindness, says a noble Writer, to hide strong truths from tender eyes; and to do this by a pleasing amusement, is easier and kinder, than a harsh denial, or remarkable reserve." The sages of antiquity always proceeded in this manner; while they explained the sublimer points of doctrine, only to their advanced scholars. With singular propriety, therefore, did our blessed Saviour use this method of instruction to represent spiritual things, by easy similitudes to his infant church.

3. But this mode of instruction is not only adapted to the lowest capacities; but is also of great use to communicate offensive truths in the least disagreeable manner: particularly, the seasonable admonition and reproof to the perverse and refractory, with better effect, than by open rebuke or undisguised contradiction. Open and direct censure is in many cases improper, rather hurtful than beneficial; few are able to bear it, therefore, wise men, in all ages, have had recourse to parable with success.

4. Another manifest advantage of figurative and parabolical instruction is, that it is more easily remembered, and makes a deeper impression on the mind.

[*To be continued.*]

The following Account of BOTANY-BAY, is extracted from Captain COOK's Voyage.

[*Continued from page 159.*]

FROM this excursion we returned between three and four o'clock, and having dined on board, we went on ashore again at the watering-place, where a party of men were filling of casks. Mr. Gore, the Second Lieutenant, had been sent out in
the

the morning with a boat, to dredge for oysters at the head of the bay; when he had performed this service he went ashore, and having taken a Midshipman with him, and sent the boat away, set out to join the waterers by land. In his way he fell in with a body of two and twenty Indians, who followed him, and were often not more than twenty yards distant. When Mr. Gore perceived them so near, he stopped, and faced about, upon which they stopped also; and when he went on again continued their pursuit: they did not, however, attack him, though they were all armed with lances, and he and the Midshipman got in safe to the watering-place. The Indians, who had slackened their pursuit when they came in sight of the main body of our people, halted at about the distance of a quarter of a mile, where they stood still. Mr. Monkhousé, and two or three of the waterers, took it in their heads to march up to them: but seeing the Indians keep their ground till they came pretty near them, they were seized with a sudden fear, very common to the rash and fool-hardy, and made a hasty retreat. This step, which insured the danger that it was taken to avoid, encouraged the *Indians*, and four of them running forward discharged their lances at the fugitives with such force, that, flying no less than forty yards, they went beyond them. As the *Indians* did not pursue, our people recovering their spirits, stopped to collect the lances, when they came up to the place where they lay: upon which the *Indians*, in their turn, began to retire. Just at this time I came up, with Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander, and Tupaia; and being desirous to convince the *Indians* that we were neither afraid of them, nor intended them any mischief, we advanced towards them, making signs, of expostulation and entreaty, but they could not be persuaded to wait till we could come up. Mr. Gore told us, that he had seen one of them up the bay, who had invited him by signs to come on shore, which he certainly with great prudence declined.

The morning of the next day was so rainy that we were all glad to stay on board. In the afternoon, however, it cleared up, and we made another excursion along the sea-coast to the southward. We went ashore, and Mr. *Banks* and Dr. *Solander* gathered many plants; but besides these we saw nothing worthy of notice. At our first entering the woods, we met with three of the natives, who instantly ran away; more of them were seen by some of the people, but they all disappeared with great precipitation, as soon as they found that they were discovered. By the boldness of these people at our first landing, and the terror that seized them at the sight of us afterwards, it appears that they were sufficiently intimidated by our fire arms; not that we had any reason to think the people much hurt by the small shot which we were obliged to fire at them, when they attacked us at our coming out of the boat; but they had probably seen the effects of them, from their lurking places, upon the birds that we had shot. *Tupia*, who was now become a good marksman, frequently strayed from us to shoot parrots, and he told us, that while he was thus employed, he had once met nine *Indians*, who, as soon as they perceived he saw them, ran from him in great confusion and terror.

The next day twelve canoes, in each of which was a single *Indian*, came towards the watering place, and were within half a mile of it a considerable time. They were employed in striking fish, upon which, like others that we had seen before, they were so intent that they seemed to regard nothing else. It happened, however, that a party of our people were out a shooting near the place, and one of the men, whose curiosity might at length perhaps be roused by the report of the fowling pieces, was observed by Mr. *Banks* to haul up his canoe upon the beach, and go towards the shooting party; in something more than a quarter of an hour he returned, launched his canoe, and went off in her to his companions. This incident makes it probable, that the natives acquired a knowledge of the destructive power of our fire arms, when we know nothing of the matter; for
this

this man was not seen by any of the party whose operations he had reconnoitred.

While Mr. *Banks* was gathering plants near the watering place, I went with Dr. *Solander* and Mr. *Monkhouse* to the head of the bay, that I might examine that part of the country, and make farther attempts to form some connection with the natives. In our way we met with eleven or twelve small canoes, with each a man in it, probably the same that were afterwards a breast of the shore, who all made into shallow water upon our approach. We met other *Indians* on shore the first time we landed, who instantly took to their canoes, and paddled away. We went up the country to some distance, and found the face of it nearly the same, with that which has been described already, but the soil was much richer; for instead of sand, I found a deep, black mould, which I thought very fit for the production of grain of any kind. In the woods we found a tree which bore fruit, that in colour and shape resembled a cherry; the juice had an agreeable tartness, though but little flavour. We found also interspersed some of the finest meadows in the world; some places, however, were rocky, but these were comparatively few: the stone is sandy, and might be used with advantage for building. When we returned to the boat, we saw some smoke upon another part of the coast, and went thither in hopes of meeting with the people; but at our approach these also ran away. We found six small canoes, and six fires very near the beach, with some muscles roasting upon them, and a few oysters lying near; by this we judged that there had been one man in each canoe, who having picked up some shell-fish had come a-shore to eat it, and made his separate fire for that purpose. We tasted of their cheer, and left them in return some strings of beads, and other things which we thought would please them. At the foot of a tree in this place we found a small well of fresh water, supplied by a spring, and the day being now far spent we returned to the ship. In the evening Mr. *Banks* made a little excursion

excursion with his gun, and found such a number of quails, resembling those in *England*, that he might have shot as many as he pleased; but his object was variety, and not number.

[*To be continued.*]



O n V I R T U E.

[Extracted from Hawkeſworth's *Almorán and Hamet.*]

THOU muſt do, ſaid *Omar*, that which is right. Let not thy foot be drawn away by any allurements, nor driven by any terror, from the path of Virtue. While thou art there, thou art in ſafety. And though the world ſhould unite againſt thee, by the united world thou canſt not be hurt.

But what friendly power, ſaid *Hamet*, ſhall guard even the path of Virtue from Grief, and Pain? from the ſilent ſhafts of diſappointed Love? or the ſounding ſcourge of outrageous Jealouſy? Theſe, ſurely, have overtaken the foot of Perſeverance; and by theſe, though I ſhould perſevere, may my feet be overtaken.

What thou ſayeſt, replied *Omar*, is true: and it is alſo true, that the tempeſt that roots up the foreſt, is driven over the mountain with unabated rage; but from the mountain what can it take more than the vegetable duſt, which the hand of Nature has ſcattered upon the moſs that covers it? As the duſt is to the mountain, ſo is all that the ſtorms of life can take from Virtue, to the ſum of good which the Omnipotent hath appointed for its reward. If heaven ſhould vaniſh like a vapour, and this firm orb of earth crumble into duſt, the virtuous mind would ſtand unmoved amidſt the ruins of nature; for He who has appointed the heavens and the earth to fail, has ſaid to Virtue, fear not; for thou canſt neither periſh, nor be wretched. Call up thy ſtrength, therefore, to the fight in which thou art ſure of conqueſt. Do thou only That which is right, and leave the event to Heaven.

LETTERS.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXXI.

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

Alnwick, Oct. 21, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

LITTLE did I imagine, when I wrote to you last, that heaven was about to try me with an affliction, by far the most severe I ever felt, viz. the loss of my dear father. Indeed I am fully persuaded that our loss herein is his unspeakable gain; yet nature must feel the shock, and may be safely indulged with a silent tear.

About a fortnight ago he sailed from Sunderland, for Lynn. On the second night after his departure, he had the misfortune to be run down by another ship: and so great was the shock, that in about two minutes the vessel sunk! All the crew, except my father, took to the boat and were saved. But while he went down for his box (which he brought up and threw overboard) those in the boat let go their hold of the ship: and having neither oar, nor any thing else wherewith to move the boat, were unable to render him any assistance, though he was very near. The crew of the ship that ran them down were so inhuman as to proceed without taking the least notice of the people in the boat; however, they were discovered, and taken up about four hours afterwards by another ship.

Several friends at Sunderland perceived something very remarkable in my father's deportment before he sailed, which they could not help looking upon as a presage of his approaching dissolution. It was very providential, for the sake of my dear mother, that I happened to be at Alnwick when the fatal news arrived; otherwise I fear it would have gone still worse with her.

This

This sudden and unexpected stroke will detain me some little time at Alnwick, till I can get things settled, which, from the great kindness shewn by all our friends upon the occasion, I have the greatest hopes of doing to our satisfaction.

I am fully persuaded, Sir, that you who have been hitherto as a father, and a husband, will not cease to be so to the widow and the fatherless. That God may continue to bless you with the choicest of his blessings, and make your latter days yet more abundantly glorious, is the constant prayer of, Rev. and dear Sir, your much obliged and obedient Servant,

THOMAS TAYLOR.

L E T T E R CCCCXXII.

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

Ramsbury-Park, Oct. 30, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

THAT part of my experience which puzzled me was, the withdrawing of the extatic joy with which I used to be favoured; and which caused me to ride upon the high places of the earth, and to glory in the Holy One of Israel. I was often led to enquire, why am I thus? and to ask, whether I had not lost ground? Yet my intimacy with God did not decrease. I felt the truth of the Apostle's words, He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him. Indeed, I was so one with him, that I could commune with him as a man doth with his friend:

“ To Him I open'd all my secret store,
Of joy, and grief, and whisper'd ev'ry care.”

I saw myself meaner than ever. The trodden clod appeared far less contemptible; yet, I felt no condemnation: the Lord did not lay folly to my charge.

My

My spirit is now abased before him; but I am enabled to refrain from reasoning. The caution you gave me respecting it, was a word fitly spoken. I thereby discovered the snare, and was preserved from it, and am waiting in patient, but earnest expectation, of an increase of that love which passeth knowledge.

My wants drive me continually to God, who doth in nowise cast me out; but rather listens to my cry, and permits me, not only to supplicate his throne, but to adore and praise him.

For some months I have past through a series of trials, which variously afflicted my mind, and gave me to see the worth of that grace that sustained me; but now I am suffered to take breath, and to wait upon God with a quiet mind.

If dear Mr. Wesley has any time for retirement this winter, we shall be exceeding glad if he will please to come to Ramsbury-Park, where we shall think it an honour to furnish him, as the Shunamite did the Prophet Elisha, with a bed, a stool, and a candlestick. In the mean time I am, dear Sir, in hopes of your friendly admonitions, your unworthy Friend and Servant,

S. N.

L E T T E R CCCCXXIII.

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

Finstock, Nov. 22, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

THROUGH the tender mercy of God, I can yet praise Him; being conscious that He is my Father and Friend. His hand supports me in every time of trial, and I can praise him for all his afflictive dispensations. I find the various exercises of my faith and patience, respecting some particular providences, have proved a means of establishing me more in the truth. My mind is divested of every care, but that of pleasing God. My soul rejoices at the thought of being all given up to him, and of being wholly at his disposal.

VOL. X.

D d

I esteem

I esteem it a peculiar favour to be kept from reasoning. If I am at any time conscious that I have spoken unnecessary words, or been touched with levity, I am enabled immediately to fly to the blood of sprinkling: not suffering the defilement to remain, or my soul to be dejected. And although in such circumstances, I have painful sensations, and am ashamed that I do not, to the utmost of my power, live every moment to God, yet he graciously condescends to visit me with the tokens of his love, and encourages me to hope, and endeavour to grow wiser and better.

We are comforted respecting the work of the Lord here. Our little Society appear diligent in seeking the salvation of their souls, and several more have lately testified that they have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I return you most sincere thanks for your care of my soul. I also bless God for the favour of your acquaintance, and remain, Rev. Sir, your affectionate Friend and Servant,

A. B.

L E T T E R CCCCXXIV.

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

Bath, Nov. 24, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

THE Lord is my portion, saith my soul, and I rejoice to find him, "God all-sufficient." He graciously accepts the worthless return I make of the sacrifice of myself to him.

What is it to give myself to his people, according to his will? How may I safely become a servant to the Servants of my Lord? How please all for their good to edification? and so become all things to all, as not to hurt my own soul? This I have long sought; but it seems I cannot attain unto it. The people complain of my reserve, and some think it lessens my little usefulness; the thought of which is very afflictive to me.

A few

A few days ago Mr. H. reproved me in a very friendly manner, which made me weigh my conduct in the balance of the sanctuary. The result is, I doubt whether I do not live too much to myself: whether I am not reproved by 1 Cor. x. 33. Even as I please all men, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many that they may be saved.

Retirement is the soil in which my soul prospers. There I endeavour to remember the way by which the Lord has led me in the wilderness, and to raise my Ebenezer of thanksgiving and praise. In company, my spirit seems removed from its place of rest; for which reason I go out less than ever. I do not know but love of solitude grows upon me, perhaps more than it ought. I have not strength to follow that advice,

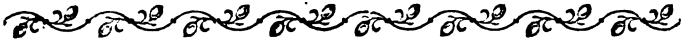
“ Present with God by recollection seem,
Yet present, by your cheerfulness, with men.”

While in, and after returning from company, I am often oppressed: I dare not say with a guilty conscience; but with an anxious scrupulosity, fearing I have neither done, nor got the good I ought.

Is salvation from this self-occupation included in the promise? Luke i. 74. Till I fully experience it, may I venture, for the sake of others, to be unbent, diffusive, and communicative; without endangering the prosperity of my own soul, or exposing myself to the torturing reflection, “ Mine own vineyard I have not kept?”

He that is mighty hath already done great things for me; but I want to be more fully saved, that I may ever abide in him, and that my fruit may remain. I make no apology for the liberty I have taken; being persuaded you will willingly assist, Rev. Sir, your unworthy Servant,

M. B.



P O E T R Y,

L I B E R T Y.

P A R T II.

[*Concluded from page 167.*]

“ **E**NOUGH. The Tyrant * ran his race;
 His soul is gone to its own place,
 Beyond thy world of strife.
 But, son of *Adam*, let thy mind
 Unbiaſſed view all human kind,
 And take a tour through life.

In ev'ry empire, town and ſtreet,
 See pride, and ſelf, and envy meet,
 In ominous array!
 Except a few, but thinly ſown,
 Who dare their God and Saviour own,
 While millions fall a prey.

Go to the regal domes and ſee
 Are they the fount of Liberty?
 Doth meannefs dirt theſe ſhrines?
 Evén at Verfailles was there a peer
 Who ſold his conſcience ev'ry year,
 To drudge on baſe deſigns?

Attend the lower claſs of life,
 There, parents, children, huſband, wife,
 Deſert each ſocial tie:
 Domeſtic broils, and curſes ſhow,
 The liſping babes proficient too
 In helliſh liberty.

* Nero.

Shall

Shall I exempt the hallowèd fane?
 Do none the awful task prophane?
 Are all the priesthood free
 From filthy lucre, pomp and show?
 Do their examples, doctrines flow
 From christian liberty?

O what a contrast to behold
 A modern preacher, and his fold,
 In pleasure's downy road!
 And then, to view an earnest *Paul*,
 Despising grandeur, riches—All,
 To gain mankind to God!

But there are some exceptions here,
 Who thè apostolic character
 Adorn with humble zeal;
 Whose lives are comments on the creed,
 Whose words, from heterodoxy freed,
 Declare the truths they feel.

Child of the dust, if thou wouldst be
 A candidate for liberty,
 Attend my words with care:
 Consider well thy natural state;
 Could God, all purity, create
 Mankind just as they are?

Not so,—for human nature shewèd
 A transcript of the triune God,
 In its primæval state:
 Then genuine liberty became
 A holy purifying flame,
 And man stood forth complete,

But soon the portraiture divine
 Was clouded,—did no longer shine

Through

Through thy ancestor's frame :
 Thy general parents disobey'd
 That sacred will which Angels sway'd,
 And misery was their name !

One easy positive command
 Determin'd them to fall or stand ;
 Death edg'd the penalty :
 When lo ! the angel-fiend appear'd,
 Whose sophistry our *Eve* ensnar'd
 In devilish Liberty.

Creation's fairest work comply'd ;
 That moment, morally she dy'd
 To peace and innocence !
 As yet, the sire of human race,
 Untainted held his sacred place,
 Nor dar'd the dire offence.

Not long !——His other self began
 To practise on the faultless man,
 And lur'd him into sin !
 The fatal present soon she gave,
 As she his temptress, he her slave
 Drank all the poison in !

Thus, Death in all its pomp took place,
 And Sin, its cause, enthral'd thy race :
 Nay, Nature's vast machine
 Groan'd to its centre, and confess'd,
 In heaving pangs of strong un-rest,
 The lamentable scene !

As streams, through all their mazy course
 Are poison'd, from their pois'nous source,
 So all of human-kind,
 Proceeding from the fœdèral head,
 Like him, emphatically dead,
 In chains of guilt confin'd.

But

But see! the great Deliverer see!
 Inshrinéd in thy humanity,
 See heav'n's eternal Son!
 Divested of his Godhead's rays,
 While angels with amazement gaze
 At God and man in One.

He lays his robes of state aside,
 And pours contempt on moral pride—
 (O hear his infant cries!)
 And God with God, was man with man,
 To finish the redeeming plan,
 He weeps, and bleeds, and dies!

He dies for all the ruinéd race;
 But only those receive his grace,
 Who feel their hapless state;
 Who, conscious of their guilt and sin,
 With humble penitence begin
 The stroke to deprecate.

To such, the Almighty sufferer cries,
 Who on my merit now relies,
 Shall feel the sprinkled blood:
 Who dare despair themselves to save
 From falling lower than the grave,
 Shall find a pardoning God.

Shall feel, from faith's strong evidence,
 An instantanéous change commence
 Through all the human powers;
 Shall see the Christian jubilee,
 The evangelic Liberty,
 Which man again restores.

She

She pauséd.—But still with awe I gazéd,
 As towards the vault of heavén she raiséd
 Her form divinely fair.
 And must I then return, said I,
 To hear the voice of clamour cry,
 And drop the human tear !

*An ARGUMENT in favour of the IMMORTALITY of the
 SOUL, taken from its activity in Sleep.*

WHEN downy-sleep its soft dominion spreads,
 What though my soul *santastic* measures treads
 O'er fairy fields, or climbs the craggy steep,
 Or headlong sweeps along the foaming deep,
 Or scales the cliff, or dances on the breeze,
 Or quivering tumbles from the waving trees,
 Or plays with goblins on the midnight plain,
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ;
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her birth,
 Of subtler essence than the trodden earth :
 Unfetteréd, by her gross companion's fall,
 She lives, ærial, towering over all.

Thus Night and Sleep the immortal soul proclaim,
 And speak aloud her great Creator's name :
 Who husbands all events to make us wise ;
 Since evén our Dreams evince, a soul that never dies !

A PARAPHRASE on the following Latin Couplet on Sleep.

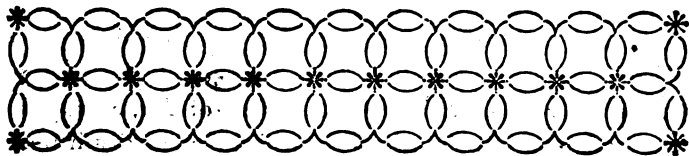
*Sex horas quivis poscit, septemque scholaris ;
 Octo viator habet ; nebulo quisque novem.*

SIX hours for sleep the human frame requires ;
 Hard students may to seven incline ;
 To eight the men whom toil or travelling tires ;—
 But lazy knaves will all have nine.



MR. ZACH^H UDALL

Ætatis 35.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For M A Y 1787.



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

C H A P. II. *Arguments against irresistible Grace.*

[Continued from page 172.]

ARGUMENT 2. Of this * we shall be more convinced if we consider with what pathetic expressions God desires the reformation of his people.

Thus when the Jews said to *Moses*, *Speak thou to us all that the Lord shall speak to thee, and we will hear it and do it*, God answers, *They have well said all that they have spoken. O that there were such a heart in them that they would fear me and keep all my commandments always!* Can it be imagined that he himself, who so passionately desires they might have

* The absurdity of the above doctrine.

this heart, should himself with-hold what was absolutely requisite that they might have it? Could he approve their willingness to hear and do his commandments, and yet deny them grace sufficient to perform them? *Who will give that there may be in them such a heart*, is, saith the Bishop of Ely, an expression of the most earnest desire; but withal signifies that if what "He had done for them would not move them to fear and obey him, it was not possible to persuade them to it. Not but he could miraculously work upon them (by an irresistible operation) saith *Maimonides*, and change their hearts if he pleased, as he miraculously changed the nature of other things; but if this were God's will to deal with them after this fashion, there would have been no need to send a Prophet to them, or to publish laws full of precepts and promises, rewards and punishments, by which God wrought upon their hearts; and not by his absolute omnipotence." Again, can it enter into the heart of any man to conceive this, God was not so desirous of their reformation and obedience as to do all that was requisite on his part to procure it, and so to give them means sufficient for the performance of their duty, when after all his unsuccessful labours that it might be so, he breaks forth into such ardent wishes, *O that my people had hearkened to me, and Israel had walked in my ways!* Even that *Israel* whom, for rejecting me, I have now given up to her own heart's lusts. *Oh that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments*, saith God to that obstinate people, whose neck was an iron sinew, and their brow brass. Now can these expressions come from one who had from all eternity decreed their reprobation, and consequently, the denial of means sufficient to enable them to do what he thus wishes they had done? Can there be any doubt of the sincerity or ardency of Christ's desire for the welfare and salvation of the Jews, when his eyes first wept over Jerusalem, and when his mouth uttered these words, *Happy hadst thou been hadst thou known in this thy day the things belonging to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes?* They are so now, therefore

therefore they were not always so. For Christ here taketh it for granted that the people of *Jerusalem*, in this day of their visitation, might have *known the things belonging to their peace*; since otherwise, I know not how our Saviour's tears could be looked on as tears of charity and true compassion. And either his assertion that they might have been happy would have been contrary to truth, or his trouble, that they had not known the things belonging to their peace, must have been a trouble contrary to the decree of his Father; both which are palpably absurd.

Arg. 3. If conversion be wrought only by the irresistible operation of God, and man is purely passive in it, Vain are,

1st. All the commands and exhortations, directed to wicked men *to turn from their evil ways; to put away the evil of their doings; to cease to do evil, and to learn to do well; to wash and make themselves clean; to circumcise their hearts, and be no more stiff-necked; to circumcise themselves to the Lord, and take away the fore-skins of their hearts; to wash their hearts from wickedness that they may be saved; to put off the old man, and put on the new; to lay aside all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and to receive with meekness the ingrafted word.* For to suppose that God commands the duty, under the penalty of everlasting wrath, which he knows we never can do, without that aid which he neither doth, nor will vouchsafe to the greatest part of those to whom these precepts are directed; is to require them in vain to do these things, and in effect to declare they are to look upon themselves as inevitably damned, and that even for not doing that which it is no more in their power to do, than to create a world.

2dly. According to this hypothesis, vain also are all the threats denounced in the Scripture against those who go on in their evil ways, and who persist in their impenitency and unbelief, as that of the Psalmist, *The Lord is angry with the wicked; if he turn not he will whet his sword. He hath prepared for him the instruments of death.* And that of the

E. e. p

Prophet

Prophet in God's name, *I will destroy my people, since they return not from their ways.* And those of Christ himself, *If ye repent not ye shall all likewise perish. If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins.* For either those threats are proper to move the Elect to faith, repentance, and obedience, and then, 1st. they move them so to do, and then an unfrustrable action cannot be necessary to their conversion. Or, 2dly, They are proper to move those who are not elected; but this they cannot be, because then they must be moved to believe, repent, and turn from the evil of their ways, by the hopes of avoiding this death threatened; whereas seeing it is the same thing to have God's decree of preterition past upon them, and to be left inevitably to perish, they must, by virtue of it, be left without hopes that they may not perish. True it is, that these decrees are secret; but this alters not the case, seeing upon supposition of such eternal decrees, they must know either that they cannot die in their sins because they are elected; or that they cannot avoid it, because they are not elected.

Vain, 3dly, upon this supposition, are the promises of pardon, and salvation made to them who do consider and turn from their evil ways. Who repent of their iniquity, as, *Wash ye, make ye clean, put away the evil of your doings; then though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon. Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions, so iniquity shall not be your ruin. For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God, wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye.* For no promises can be means proper to make a dead man live, or to prevail upon a man to act who must be purely passive. God is doubtless serious in all his dealings with the sons of men. When therefore these men say, God promises pardon seriously,

seriously, even to those who are not elected, because he doth it upon condition that they believe, repent and be converted, and will, if they perform them, give pardon and salvation to them; this is as if I should say, God threateneth damnation to his Elect seriously, and in good earnest, because he threateneth it to all, and therefore to them also, if they do not turn to him; or if they persevere not to the end. Whereas, if notwithstanding he hath from eternity prepared for them that grace which will unfrustrably produce faith, and conversion in them, and stands engaged by promise to make them persevere unto the end; no man can rationally conceive he threateneth damnation to them seriously; because then he must only do it on a condition which he himself, by his decree, hath rendered impossible. In like manner, if God doth only promise this pardon and salvation to the Non-elect, on a condition which his own act hath rendered impossible for them to perform, this being in effect no promise at all; how can a God of truth and sincerity be said to promise to them pardon and salvation seriously and in good earnest, who are, by his own act of preterition, infallibly excluded from it?

[To be continued.]



The following Discourse was written above five and fifty years ago, for the use of my Pupils at Oxford. I have added very little, but retrenched much; as I then used more words than I do now. But I thank God, I have not yet seen cause to alter my sentiments, in any point which is therein delivered.

J. W.

S E R M O N XXXIX.

On LUKE xxii. 19.

Do this in remembrance of me.

IT is no wonder that men who have no fear of God, should never think of doing this. But it is strange that it should be neglected by any that do fear God, and desire to save their souls,

fouls: and yet nothing is more common. One reason why many neglect it is, they are so much afraid of *eating and drinking unworthily*, that they never think how much greater the danger is, when they do not eat or drink it at all. That I may do what I can to bring these well-meaning men to a more just way of thinking, I shall,

First, shew that it is the duty of every Christian to receive the Lord's Supper as often as he can; and Secondly, answer some Objections.

I. I am to shew, that it is the duty of every Christian to receive the Lord's Supper as often as he can.

1. The first reason why it is the duty of every Christian to do, is because it is a plain command of Christ. That this is his command, appears from the words of the text, *Do this in remembrance of me*: by which, as the Apostles were obliged to bless, break and give the bread to all that joined with them in those holy things, so were all Christians obliged to receive those signs of Christ's body and blood. Here therefore the bread and wine are commanded to be received, in remembrance of his death, to the end of the world. Observe too, that this command was given by our Lord, when he was just laying down his life for our sakes. They are therefore as it were, his dying words, to all his followers.

2. A second reason why every Christian should do this, as often as he can, is because the benefits of doing it are so great, to all that do it in obedience to Him: namely the forgiveness of our past sins, the present strengthening and refreshing of our souls. In this world we are never free from temptations. Whatever way of life we are in, whatever our condition be, whether we are sick or well, in trouble or at ease, the enemies of our souls are watching to lead us into sin. And too often they prevail over us. Now when we are convinced of having sinned against God, what surer way have we of procuring pardon from Him, than the *shewing forth the Lord's*

Lord's death? and beseeching him, for the sake of his Son's sufferings, to blot out all our sins?

3. The grace of God given herein, confirms to us the pardon of our sins, by enabling us to leave them. As our bodies are strengthened by bread and wine, so are our souls by these tokens of the body and blood of Christ. This is the food of our souls: this gives strength to perform our duty, and leads us on to perfection. If therefore we have any regard for the plain command of Christ, if we desire the pardon of our sins, if we wish for strength to believe, to love and obey God, then we should neglect no opportunity of receiving the Lord's Supper. Then we must never turn our backs on the Feast which our Lord has prepared for us. We must neglect no occasion which the good Providence of God affords us for this purpose. This is the true rule; so often are we to receive, as God gives us opportunity. Who even therefore does not receive, but goes from the holy Table, when all things are prepared, either does not understand his duty or does not care for the dying command of his Saviour, the forgiveness of his sins, the strengthening of his soul, and the refreshing it with the hope of glory.

4. Let every one therefore who has either any desire to please God, or any love of his own soul, obey God and consult the good of his own soul, by communicating every time he can: like the first Christians with whom the Christian Sacrifice was a constant part of the Lord's-day's service. And for several centuries they received it almost every day. Four times a week always, and every Saint's day beside. Accordingly those that joined in the prayers of the Faithful, never failed to partake of the blessed Sacrament. What opinion they had of any who turned his back upon it, we may learn from that ancient Canon, "If any believer join in the prayers of the faithful, and go away without receiving the Lord's Supper, let him be excommunicated, as bringing confusion into the Church of God."

5. In

5. In order to understand the nature of the Lord's Supper, it would be useful carefully to read over those passages in the Gospel, and in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which speak of the institution of it. Hence we learn that the design of this Sacrament is the continual remembrance of the death of Christ, by eating bread and drinking wine, which are the outward signs of the inward grace, the body and blood of Christ.

6. It is highly expedient for those who purpose to receive this, whenever their time will permit, to prepare themselves for this solemn ordinance, by self-examination and prayer. But this is not absolutely necessary. And when we have not time for it, we should see that we have the habitual preparation which is absolutely necessary, and can never be dispensed with on any account, or any occasion whatever. This is, first a full *purpose* of heart, to keep all the commandments of God. And secondly, A sincere *desire*, to receive all his promises.

II. I am in the second place, to answer the common Objections against constantly receiving the Lord's Supper.

1. I say, *Constantly* receiving. For as to the phrase of *Frequent* communion it is absurd to the last degree. If it means any thing less than constant, it means more than can be proved to be the duty of any man. For if we are not obliged to communicate *constantly*, by what argument can it be proved, that we are obliged to communicate *frequently*? Yea, more than once a year, or once in seven years? or once before we die? Every argument brought for this, either proves that we ought to do it *constantly*, or proves nothing at all. Therefore that indeterminate, unmeaning way of speaking, ought to be laid aside by all men of understanding.

2. In order to prove that it is our duty to communicate constantly, we may observe that the Holy Communion is to be considered either, 1. As a Command of God, or 2. As a Mercy to man.

First, As a Command of God. God, our Mediator and Governor, from whom we have received our life and all things,
on

on whose will it depends, whether we shall be perfectly happy or perfectly miserable from this moment to eternity, declares to us, that all who obey his commands, shall be eternally happy; all who do not, shall be eternally miserable. Now one of these commands is, "*Do this in remembrance of me.*" I ask then, Why do you not do this, when you can do it if you will? When you have an opportunity before you, why do not you obey the command of God?

3. Perhaps you will say, "God does not command me to do this *as often as I can*:" that is, the words "as often as you can," are not added in this particular place. What then? Are we not to obey every command of God, as often as we can? Are not all the promises of God made to those, and those only, who *give all diligence*; that is, to those, who do all they can, to obey his commandments? Our power is the one rule of our duty. Whatever we can do, that we ought. With respect either to this or any other command, he that, when he may obey it if he will, does not, will have no place in the kingdom of heaven.

4. And this great truth, that we are obliged to keep every command as far as we can, is clearly proved from the absurdity of the contrary opinion: for were we to allow that we are not obliged to obey every commandment of God as often as we can, we have no argument left to prove that any man is bound to obey any command at any time. For instance. Should I ask a man, Why he did not obey one of the plainest commands of God? Why, for instance, he does not help his parents? He might answer, "I will not do it now; but I will at another time." When that time comes, put him in mind of God's command again: and he will say, "I will obey it sometime or other." Nor is it possible even to prove, that he ought to do it now, unless by proving that he ought to do it as often as he can: and therefore he ought to do it now, because he can if he will.

5. Consider the Lord's Supper, Secondly, as a mercy from God to man. As God, whose mercy is over all his works, and particularly over the children of men, knew there was but one way for man to be happy like himself, namely, by being like him in holiness: as he knew we could do nothing toward this of ourselves, he has given us certain means of obtaining his help. One of these is the Lord's Supper, which of his infinite mercy he hath given for this very end, that through this means we may be assisted to attain those blessings which he hath prepared for us; that we may obtain holiness on earth and everlasting glory in heaven.

I ask then, Why do you not accept of his mercy as often as ever you can? God now offers you his blessing: why do you refuse it? You have now an opportunity of receiving his mercy: why do you not receive it? You are weak: why do not you seize upon every opportunity of increasing your strength? In a word, considering this as a command of God, he that does not communicate as often as he can, has no piety: considering it as a mercy, he that does not communicate as often as he can, has no wisdom.

6. These two considerations will yield a full answer to all the common objections, which have been made against constant communion: indeed to all that ever were or can be made. In truth nothing can be objected against it, but upon supposition, that this particular time, either the communion would be no mercy, or I am not commanded to receive it. Nay, should we grant it would be no mercy, that is not enough: for still the other reason would hold: whether it does you any good or none, you are to obey the command of God.

7. However let us see the particular excuses, which men commonly make for not obeying it. The most common is, "I am *unworthy*; and he that eateth and drinketh *unworthily*, eateth and drinketh *damnation to himself*. Therefore I dare not communicate, lest I should eat and drink my own damnation."

The

The case is this. God offers you one of the greatest mercies on this side heaven, and commands you to accept it. Why do not you accept this mercy, in obedience to his command? You say, "I am unworthy to receive it." And what then? You are unworthy to receive any mercy from God. But is that a reason for refusing all mercy? God offers you a pardon for all your sins. You are unworthy of it, 'tis sure, and he knows it: but since he is pleased to offer it nevertheless, will not you accept of it? He offers to deliver your soul from death. You are unworthy to live. But will you therefore refuse life? He offers to endue your soul with new strength: because you are unworthy of it, will you deny to take it? What can God himself do for us farther, if we refuse his mercy, even because we are unworthy of it?

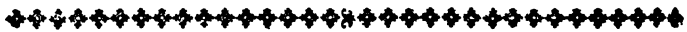
8. But suppose this were no mercy to us (to suppose, which is indeed giving God the lie; saying, That is not good for man, which he purposely ordered for his good :) still I ask, Why do not you obey God's command? He says, "Do this." Why do you not? You answer, "I am unworthy to do it." What! Unworthy to obey God? Unworthy to do what God bids you do? Unworthy to obey God's command? What do you mean by this? That those who are unworthy to obey God, ought not to obey him? Who told you so? If he were even *an angel from heaven, let him be accursed*. If you think God himself has told you so by *St. Paul*, let us hear his words. They are these, *He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself*.

Why, this is quite another thing. Here is not a word said of *being unworthy to eat and drink*. Indeed he does speak of *eating and drinking unworthily*: but that is quite a different thing: so he has told us himself. In this very chapter we are told, that by eating and drinking unworthily is meant, Taking the Holy Sacrament in such a rude and disorderly way, that *one was hungry, and another drunken*. But what is that to you? Is there any danger of *your* doing so? Of your eating and

drinking *thus unworthily*? However unworthy you are to communicate, there is no fear of your communicating thus. Therefore whatever the punishment is of doing it thus unworthily, it does not concern *you*. You have no more reason from this text to disobey God, than if there was no such text in the Bible. If you speak of "eating and drinking unworthily" in the sense St. Paul uses the words, You may as well say, "I dare not communicate *for fear the Church should fall*, as for fear I should eat and drink unworthily."

9. If then you fear bringing *damnation* on yourself by this, you fear where no fear is. Fear it not, for eating and drinking unworthily; for that in St. Paul's sense, ye cannot do. But I will tell you for what you shall fear damnation: for not eating and drinking at all. For not obeying your Maker and Redeemer: for disobeying his plain command: for thus setting at nought both his mercy and authority. Fear ye this: for hear what his Apostle saith, *Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all*, James ii. 10.

[To be continued.]



A short Account of the Life and Death of Mr. CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON.

[Concluded from page 183.]

FEBRUARY 20, he had a sore fever on him all night. When I spoke to him, he said, "My hope is full! O glorious hope!" Towards night my wife heard him say, eight or ten times over, "Glory be to God! Precious Christ! Sweet Jesus!" When she went near him, he said, "O I am happy! I have felt the sweetness of his love:" and then sang praises to his Redeemer as before.

Feb. 24. One asking how he did? he said, "I am incapable of thinking much, such is my disorder; but I know that the
Lord

Lord is with me, and will be with me to the end. When I have ease, then my soul truly exults in God." This night, about eight o'clock, he had a sweet visit from God, and began talking with him: which I overheard as I was writing behind the curtain. First he took a view of what the Lord had done for him on this side the grave, and sang praises on that account. Then he spoke of what he hoped for in heaven; viz. how he should mingle his notes of praise with the blood-washed throng, &c. Having now a sweet foretaste of heaven, he said, "Lord Jesus, it is enough! It is enough! Come Lord Jesus! Come Lord Jesus! Thy will be done! It is sweet! It is sweet!"

He then began to pray for us, that we might be kept from the spirit of the world, and that a blessing might rest upon all we put our hands to. He also prayed that the Lord would bless those who attended him in his illness: but more especially his parents, their children, and their children's children; that God would terrify them by dreams or visions of the night, or use any other means so that not one of them might perish. He then prayed for the Preachers of the Gospel, that the Lord would fill them with his Spirit. Then for the whole world, that he would hasten his kingdom; and lastly, that till that glorious time, he would take care of all his Churches in different places, by setting over them nursing fathers and nursing mothers, and faithful overseers. Thus he continued in prayer and intercession for a considerable time, and concluded by crying out, with all the strength he had, "Come Lord Jesus! Come quickly! But thy will be done!"

When we were about taking leave of him for this night (not knowing we had overheard him) he said, "O I have been happy to-night! What a precious visit! I do not say it is the best I ever had; for I have had many precious ones from him. But O what joy! Get this great salvation! It is a precious pearl! Get his image! Get his image! and then you will be happy! Live near to God! Breathe in heaven! Watch and pray. They stand or fall together. Be earnest. I was as much convinced
of

of my want of full salvation as of the pardon of my sins." After speaking thus, till his strength was almost exhausted, he said, "My body is weak; but the Lord is strong."

Feb. 25. In sore affliction his soul had rest in God. His language was, "I feel no murmuring! Christ is my all."

Feb. 26. To one who came to see him he said, "I feel no complaining; no wish; no will but God's."

March 6. He had little ease of body, but sweet rest in his soul. To one who came to see him he said, "O precious Christ! He is precious! I lie in his arms!" On my asking if he had ever thought of a text for his funeral sermon? he said, "I might have thought of one; for his word has been very sweet to me ever since I knew him. But what am I? Dust, dust, dust! When I drop, let all drop with me."

March 7. He said to me, "Watch and pray continually, and wisdom and power will descend into your soul." To another he said, "Watch and pray. Get full salvation. Get full salvation, and it will sweeten all the bitters of life!"

March 8. "O, said he, I am happy! Help me to praise the Lord! You know the Apostle says, He is able to do exceeding abundant above all we can ask or think. Indeed he does! he does! O what a glorious place is heaven! There is an eternal weight of Glory! No pain, no suffering I decline. God is love! God is love! Glory be to God! Glory be to God! Not a cloud does arise to darken the skies," &c.

March 11, He said, "I have had a sweet visit from him. I know he will never leave me; no, the righteous shall have hope in their death." I heard him at prayer, praising the Lord; and attempting to sing, "O what a glorious company when saints and angels meet!" When I went to him, he said, "O I am happy! happy! happy! No doubts! no doubts!"

March 14. To-day he said, "I can trust in the Lord; he is the strength of my heart: and I will believe, he will be my portion for ever. Glory be to him!" About noon, one coming from *Whitby* to see him, he sung, "Glory be to God!
Glory

Glory be to God! I have a clear prospect. Satan is not permitted to buffet me! God is love! God is love! O keep union with Jesus. Croud in all the good you can! I want you near the Saviour." After he had enquired concerning some friends, he said, "They lie near my heart. I can trust God for them all." He then added, "My departure is at hand! I know it is. Lift up your hearts to heaven. Help me to praise him! I have a full assurance of hope; a full assurance of a bright mansion. Glory be to God! If all the world my Jesus knew, all the world would love him too." He also said to some others who came to see him, "Well, I am labouring on; get ready; get full salvation! full salvation! a heart thoroughly purified; then there will be no doubts. O labour is rest, pain is ease: nothing is too hard for love! Love can support under the greatest sufferings. You see my sun is setting at noon, and even without a cloud!"

March 15. Whatever he spoke now, was through stiffening lips and cold sweats. In the morning he said, "I lie in his arms:" and in answer one who spoke of his sufferings, he said, "Afflictions is nought! It is nought. He gives sufficient strength. I am waiting his summons." Seeing one troubled, he said, "It is the will of God I should die. I am going to heaven. We shall meet above!" Then, with a ravished heart, and eyes lifted up, he said, "Welcome messenger! Welcome messenger!" and sung, "Glory be to God in the highest!"

March 16, He was not able to speak; but seemed sweetly at rest. A few hours before he died, the Lord strengthening him again, he said, "I am Happy! Happy! Happy! God is love! Boundless! Boundless love! O Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" About ten o'clock I said, My dear, do you believe you are going to Jesus? "He falteringly said, Yes! Yes!" and about a quarter past eleven, he died without a struggle, a groan, or a sigh!

An

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[Continued from page 186.]

IN the course of eight weeks we arrived at *Bristol*. My original master (*Moses Lily*) received all my wages; and fitted me out very scantily for another voyage.—Having no friend or relation in *London*, I was drawn in to sail again with my former Master, Capt. *Tucker*; but he treated me with less rigour than in the voyage before.

I have two circumstances to remark in this voyage. The first was, When we were slaved, and ready to sail for *Bonny*, we dropped down, and came to anchor a little without the Bar. About twelve o'clock at night an universal shriek was heard among the slaves between decks. Being asked what ailed them, they, with wild confusion said, that *Egbo*, or the devil was among them. The next morning, when we came to open the hatches to admit the air into their loathsome dens, and for the purpose of discharging their tubs, to our great surprize, we found a number of them lying dead. Upon hoisting up about eighty of them, we saved thirty-nine, and the rest, having irrecoverably lost their breath in the suffocation, the Captain directed us to cast them overboard, which was instantly done.

A second circumstance, which happened on board our ship, and which I think myself obliged to relate, was the Captain's cruelty to the ship's Cook. This poor man had nothing but green wood to make his furnace boil, on which account it was impossible to get the food ready in time. For this the Captain horse-whipped him, and stabbed him in the face (which he had frequently done before.) On this, the man declared he would throw himself into the sea, as his life was a burden to him. For some time we dissuaded him from it; but at last, one morning, about eight o'clock, he leaped overboard without our knowledge.

ledge. When we informed the Captain of it, he answered, with some degree of pleasure, that he saw a hat swimming astern, which he supposed was the blood of a b—h's.

After this I was shipped on board the *Scipio*, Capt. *Roach*, who was a good master, and very kind to all his ship's company. But having purchased a black girl for his own use, she proved the cause of his death. For one evening, as we lay at anchor in *New Callabar*, one *Tom Ancora* came on board, who talked very good *English*. Capt. *Roach* having made a tub of punch on the quarter-deck, had the fidler and the ship's company dancing with him, but left me with *Tom Ancora* to purchase the slaves. When this was done, *Tom* desired me to give him a dram, which I did. He then desired me to let the bottle stand. I told him I must first obtain the Captain's leave. I then went to the Captain, who gave me leave. *Tom*, at this indulgence, filled a tumbler with brandy, and clasping the black girl in his arms (as their custom is) they put both their mouths to the glass, and jointly drank thereout; but unfortunately for Capt. *Roach*, he came into the cabin, and detected them in that attitude, which so provoked him, that he ran the end of his cane into *Tom's* mouth, broke the tumbler, and knocked out all his front teeth. The Captain then ran to his state-room for one of his pistols; but *Tom*, apprehensive of his danger, jumped overboard. It being dark, and the tide of ebb flowing strong, *Tom's* canoe dropped astern, took him up, and carried him on shore. Our Captain was resolved to go on shore to close the breach that was made; but the ship's company all earnestly strove to convince him of the imprudence of going to *Tom Ancora's* house; yet, if he was bent upon going, they intreated him not to eat or drink any thing. However, he dressed himself in a suit of scarlet plush, put his sword on, and went to *Tom's* house; but he being too subtle for the Captain, carried it fair and easy, and seemed to be very friendly, but took care to give the Captain a strong dose of poison, which in three days operated so effectually upon him, that the fingers of both

his hands were drawn into the palms, and all his toes were drawn under his feet.

Next morning, one *Dick Ebrew* and his son came on board, and desired to learn what he had eat, while at *Tom Ancora's* house; saying, if he would simply tell them, it was not impossible for them to expel the poison, and save his life. These two men I have often admired for their meek and loving spirit, far beyond thousands who call themselves Christians. However, all their reasonings, to convince him that he was poisoned, proved ineffectual. At length the benevolent father and his son left the Captain, much grieved that they had not the opportunity of preserving his life; he being a man greatly esteemed among the natives.

When the ship was sailing over the Bar, *Adam*, a negro had planned the cutting off the ship's company. The other slaves joined, and on a sudden rose and seized the Cook, and threw him into the furnace of boiling rice. They then attacked the Boatswain; took from him his knife, stabbed him, and threw him over-board. The Cooper, hearing the disturbance, came up out of the hold, upon which *Adam* also seized him; but he said to him, "*Adam*, Will not you save me?" "Do not you know I often give you water?" *Adam* then said to him, "Get out of the way." The Cooper got over the quarter-deck bulk-head to the arms chest, took up a loaded pistol, and shot *Adam* through the head; the other slaves, seeing their Champion dead, ran all down between decks, and were well secured. But as the Captain lay dangerously ill, and only five men were able to work the ship, we, with the greatest toil, reached the *West-Indies* in three weeks.—Upon the ship's arrival there, the owner made the Cooper a present of sixty pounds. While we lay at *Callabar*, the Captain sent me on shore armed, with two men. I had a cutlass by my side, and in my hands two loaded pistols. When I arrived at the top of the hill, I heard an uncommon shrieking of women, and as I drew near, saw a native, in a fine silk net, so curiously made to fit him, that nothing but his

his hands and face appeared. This man is looked upon as both a god and a devil, and all stand in the utmost profound awe of him, from the highest to the lowest.

I stood still to see the sequel, and observed that in his hand he had a green bough, wherewith he was whipping the women, as they went naked, and chasing them out of one house into another; and as they were exceedingly terrified, they fled from him as we would flee from hell flames. However, when he had satisfied himself by lashing the poor women, he came towards me, with full purpose to let me also feel the weight of his bough; upon which I instantly drew my hanger, with a resolution to cut off his head. He then ran away, and I saw him no more. Afterwards I was visited by some of the chief men in the town, saying, "*Bacareau*, you fear no *Egbo*?" I replied, "Not I, and that if he had offered to strike me, I would have cut his head off." At which answer they could not help laughing heartily, and then retired.

[*To be continued.*]

The Experience of RACHEL BRUFF, of Talbot-County, Maryland.

[*Concluded from page 192.*]

IN the month of August, 1789, being greatly distressed on account of my friends, and neighbours, I was drawn out in prayer in an uncommon manner. Soon after this, there was a glorious revival of Religion among them, and many were brought to a sense of the dying love of Jesus. One night in September, I went to bed deeply humbled. I had scarce closed my weeping eyes, when the 15th verse of the 57th chapter of Isaiah was brought to my mind: Thus saith the High and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity. I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite, and humble spirit, to revive the

spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones. When I awoke, my soul was greatly refreshed. Since then, I have been constantly happy.

At present, whether I go out, or come in, lie die down, or rise up, Jesus is precious to me.

On August 2, 1783, I saw, by faith, my blessed Redeemer, praying for me, till he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground. O what an agony was my soul in! My heart was so melted, that I mourned, and wept at his feet most bitterly!

Jan. 1784. I praise God that I am spared to see another year! My soul was happy every day the last year; but I trust I shall be more so the present, and abundantly more devoted to God.

Feb. 12. I awoke this morning, at the dawning of the day, and blessed my gracious God for his parental care of me. My soul is happy, at present, and it is my meat and drink to do his will.

March 2. Glory be to God, he is still with me! I have many comforts without, and much peace, and joy within.

March 5. This evening Jesus is precious to my soul. I seem as if I lived in heaven. O the sweet name of Jesus! how it charms my soul! He is my Beloved, and he is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem!

March 21. My dear Jesus so showers his blessings upon me, that I find his yoke easy, and his burden light.

March 30. In the evening (a delightful season for prayer) I was much drawn out to God for the prosperity of Zion. Whilst I was viewing the sun, moon, and stars, as the work of God's fingers, my soul was drawn up to him in heavenly raptures. O my blessed, and glorious Saviour, who hast purchased so many comforts for me: how shall I praise thee worthily!

April 2. While I was under the word, my dear Lord visited my soul. O how precious are his ordinances to my poor soul!

The

The feet of his Servants are indeed beautiful on the mountains. While I see their footsteps, and hear their voice, my faith and love grow stronger and stronger.

April 4. The eve of Good-Friday (a time to be remembered by all the lovers of Jesus) as I was meditating on my weeping, wounded Saviour, I thought, ere long I shall see him all glorious, shining in his Father's kingdom, amidst ten thousand saints and angels! Then all tears will be wiped away from his people's eyes, and they will view him without a veil between.

On Easter-day, going to see the sick, it was made a great blessing to me. When I returned home, my soul was overwhelmed with a sense of the love of Jesus. Glory be to God that my lot was ever cast in a gospel-land, and that the joyful sound ever reached my ears! Jesus is precious to my soul indeed! At present, I rejoice that he is no longer a man of sorrow, in this vale of tears; but rather seated at his Father's right-hand in glory everlasting, making intercession for the heirs of salvation.

Now hallow'd flames, help to adorn that head,
Which once the blushing thorns environed;
While crimson drops of precious blood hung down,
Like rubies to enrich his humble crown.

Blessed be God, he is my Shepherd, and feeds my soul day by day with the bread of life! There is a precious treasure in my heart, that is dearer to me than all the world. Jesus is every thing I want, by day and by night.

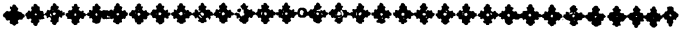
Some may think it strange when they read these lines; but glory be to God, these things are faithful and true. I speak in humility. My happy soul seems sometimes to be taking its flight to the mansions of eternal glory. My little cottage is a paradise. Angel-bands pitch their tents around it. O that I could invite all the world to come to Jesus, and taste how good he is! He is the Rose of Sharon, and the Lilly of the Valley.

He

He is the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.
 O for the tongue of an Archangel to set forth his praise! O
 Jesus—Words fail—Time is too short to publish all I feel!
 But I am waiting to be released from time, and all its impediments.
 Was this the moment of my release, how would I rejoice! How would I

Clap my glad wings, and tower away,
 To mingle with the blaze of day!

R. B.



A Short Account of Miss SARAH BUTLER.

THE subject of the following observations being but little known, it was not her desire that any thing should be said concerning her. But in an age when early piety is too seldom seen, whenever there is any appearance thereof, it should not be wholly overlooked, since God does not light a candle to put it under a bushel.

Sarah Butler was born in the year 1769; and though for the first eight years of her life nothing remarkable occurred; yet she passed that period in great simplicity: seldom giving her parents any uneasiness by her undutifulness.

Her religious concern began at the time *Mr. Broadbent* instructed the children weekly: which she has since often mentioned with great delight.

Early in the last spring, as her disorder increased, her sense of sin increased also; which made her very earnest with God in seeking a sense of his favour: and it was not long before he answered her in the joy of her heart.

From the time she first knew the forgiving love of God, she retained such a growing confidence in Him, that no suggestion of Satan could shake it for any long continuance. Hence, if at any time she perceived her mother troubled, she would remind her that God had promised to provide for those that
 love

love and serve him: hence also arose her patience under the most violent pains which she often endured.

For the last few months of her life, she enjoyed close communion with God, and could approach him with a great degree of holy boldness, on all occasions.

The fear of death, for some time before her departure, was so entirely taken away, that the nearer she saw it approach, the stronger was her confidence in God.

The evening before her departure she spoke of the love of Christ in a manner very affecting.—“O, said she, if I was an impenitent sinner now, what would become of me! what should I do! But I am washed in the blood of Jesus, and shall soon be with him! O what a precious Saviour he is! No tongue can tell how I love him for what he has done and suffered for me! He was spit upon and crowned with thorns! He was nailed to the cross, and at last was crucified, that I might be saved! And glory be to his name, I am saved! I know that my Redeemer liveth! Come Lord Jesus! Come quickly! Make no delay! O what love I feel! And what a heaven do I behold ready to receive me! O how I long to be gone, and leave this body, this world and all that is in it behind!”——After this she lay still awhile, and then (May 10, 1786) fell asleep in Jesus, having just entered the seventeenth year of her age.



*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 194.]

MONDAY, May 10. After dinner I took my leave of the Patriarch, and returned to *Trippli*. I steered my course down by a narrow oblique path, cut in the side of the rupture, and

and found it three hours before I got clear of the mountain, and three more afterwards before I came to *Tripoli*.

Tuesday, May 11. This day we took our leaves of our worthy *Tripoli* friends, in order to return for *Aleppo*. We had some debate with ourselves, whether we should take the same way by which we came, when outward-bound, or a new one by *Emiffa*, *Hempfe* and *Hamal*. But we had notice of some disturbances upon this latter road; so we contented ourselves to return by the same way we came: for having had enough by this time both of the pleasure, and fatigue of travelling, we were willing to put an end to both, the nearest and speediest way. All that occurred to us new in these days travel, was, a particular way used by the country people in gathering their corn; it being now harvest time. They plucked it up by handfuls from the roots; leaving the most fruitful fields as naked as if nothing had ever grown on them. This was their practice in all places of the East that I have seen: and the reason is, that they may lose none of their straw, which is generally very short, and necessary for the sustenance of their cattle; no hay being here made. I mention this, because it seems to give light to that expression of the Psalmist, Psalm cxxix. 6, *Which withereth before it be plucked up*; where there seems to be a manifest allusion to this custom. Our new Translation renders this place otherwise: but in so doing it differs from most, or all other copies; and here we may truly say, *the old is the better*. There is indeed mention of a mower in the next verse; but then it is such a mower as *fills not his hand*; which confirms, rather than weakens, the preceding interpretation.

Returning therefore by our former stages, without any notable alteration or occurrence, we came in eight days to the *Honey-Kane*: at which place we found many of our *Aleppine* friends, who having heard of our drawing homeward were come to meet us, and welcome us home. Having dined together,

together, and congratulated each other upon our happy re-union, we went onward the same evening to *Aleppo*.

Thus, by God's infinite mercy and protection, we were restored all in safety to our respective habitations. And here, before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of one thing more, which I should earnestly recommend to the devout and grateful remembrance of every person engaged in this pilgrimage: viz. that amongst so great a company as we were, amidst such a multiplicity of dangers and casualties, such a variety of food, airs and lodgings, (very often none of the best) there was no one of us that came to any ill accident throughout our whole travels; and only one that fell sick by the consequences of the journey, after our return: which I esteem the less diminution to so singular a mercy, in regard that amongst so many of my dear friends and fellow travellers, it fell to my own share to be the sufferer.

Δόξα Θεῷ.

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

OF P L A N T S.

[Continued from page 198:]

MR. *Bonet*, of *Geneva*, was inclined to try whether plants would grow, when planted in moss instead of earth. So he filled several garden-pots with moss, and compressed it more or less, as he judged the several plants might require, a closer or a looser soil.

He then sowed therein wheat, barley, oats, and peas. And he found first, That all the grains thus sown, came to maturity later than those of the same sorts, which had been sown in mould. 2. That the stems from the seeds sown in moss, were

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generally

generally taller than those sown in earth. 3. That there came more blades from the grains sown in moss, than from those sown in the ground. 4. The grains sown in moss produced more plentifully than the others. 5. The grains gathered from the corn which grew in the moss, having been sown again partly in moss, and partly in earth, succeeded well in both.

He also planted in moss, pinks, daisies, tulips, junquils, and several other sorts of flowers. And all these succeeded full as well, as those of the same sort which he planted in mould. He also placed in moss, cuttings and layers of vines, all which grew up into vines. And these in awhile were larger than those which came from cutting and layers planted at the same time in the ground.

Mr. *Kraft* sowed oats and hemp-seed in rich earth, in sand thoroughly dried, in shreds of paper, in pieces of woollen cloth, in chopped hay. He afterwards watered them daily, and they grew near as well in one substance as another.

The husbandry of figs, as it is still practised in many parts, is one of the greatest curiosities in nature. There are two sorts of fig-trees, the wild, and the garden fig-tree. The wild bear three kinds of fruit, Fornites, Cratitires, and Orni: and all these are necessary to ripen the garden-fig. The Fornites appear in August, and hold to November without ripening. Herein breed small worms, which turn to a kind of gnats, no where to be seen but about these trees. In November these gnats make a puncture in the Cratitires, which do not appear till towards the end of September, and the Fornites gradually fall off, after the gnats have left them. The Cratitires remain on the tree till May, and enclose the eggs deposited in them. In May the Orni appear, which after they grow to a certain size, are pricked by the gnat issuing from the Cratitires.

None of these are good to eat, but only to ripen the fruit of the garden fig-tree in the following manner. In June and July, the peasants take the Orni, when their gnats are just ready to break out, and carry them to the garden fig-tree. If they

they do not mind the time exactly, the Orni drop and the garden-fruit not ripening, for want of its proper puncture, will likewise fall soon after. Therefore they carefully inspect the Orni every morning, and transfer such of them as are proper. By this means the garden-figs become ripe, in about six weeks after they have received the puncture of the insect. When they have dried them in the sun, they put them into ovens, to destroy the gnats laid in them, from whence otherwise worms would be produced, which would consume the fruit.

What an expence of time and pains is here! Who can but admire the patience of the Greeks, busied above two months in carrying these prickers from one tree to another! But how do these contribute to the ripening of the garden-figs? Perhaps by causing the nutritious juice to extravasate, whose vessels they tear asunder, in depositing their eggs. Perhaps too they leave with their eggs some kind of liquor, proper to ferment with the milk of the fig, and make it tender. Figs in *Paris* ripen sooner, for having their buds pricked with a straw dipped in oil.

[*To be continued.*]

AN EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

D I A L O G U E II.

[*Continued from page 202.*]

Callistus. SOPHRONIUS! I had forgot that you was by me. I was absorbed in my wretched self.—O, kind Sir, I must wound your honest heart! Give me your hand—I am almost at my journey's end!—Nay, now you cannot speak—Do not try, for I must go on.

Eleven

Eleven months were elapsed since our marriage—Marriage, did I say? O that we had indeed been married! Would all the world had been witnesses of the solemnity, that the cursed thought might never have risen in my mind!—

Melinda was now in a state which might have been a source of new delights; but I observed her spirits were dejected; when one day she took my hand, and kissed it,—Shall I not (said she) my dear *Callistus*, die your acknowledged wife? Shall I not have the comfort of leaving a good name behind me? nay, your honourable name to grace my memory? If I am to live, I could be content to live for ever as I have done since the happy day that united us. Your love, my *Callistus*, is all that is necessary to my happiness, except my good name: let me live in private still, but let me live in credit: my condition must soon be known, and then what will the world say? If I am not *Callistus's* wife, then what am I? O, my love, my lord, my husband, as I have lived with innocence, let me not die with infamy! If I am now to die, your friends will soon be reconciled to you; but if I am to *live*, what have you to fear—or what have you more to wish?—Well, you know best; but it seems strange to me!—Were I a Queen—O that my *Callistus* had as humble a mind as his *Melinda*!—But you will own me.—Yes, ever, (answered I) as my dearest, sweetest love; and I will love you for ever with the same tender passion. But will you not own me for your wife? You *are* my love, my mistress, and my wife: heaven heard our mutual vows, and has recorded them.—Heaven bless the lips that uttered, and the heart that dictated those charming words!—and will you say the same in public? Will you tell the world that poor *Melinda* is your wife!—What cruel fiend drove me on to my ruin! I answered—Alas, my love, such is the folly of the world, that they would not be satisfied with so sacred a union as ours; the least omission in form, is of more consequence in their absurd opinion, than the want of mutual affection, and all other essential circumstances of a real union.

—What

—What means my *Callistus*? What omission do you talk of? cried the astonished innocent.—Now is the time (thought I) to settle every thing upon its proper footing. The occasion happily presents itself. But three words more, and all is over. It is too late to think of parting now. I will settle upon her a fortune beyond her utmost wishes; and when she reflects how happy she has been, how fond I am, and that nothing is wanting but an empty name, she will easily be reconciled to her condition; and therefore I thus answered her:—senseless villain as I was!—You must know then, my love, that I feared from the prejudices of education, that you would not have been contented to be happy but in the way of the world; that well as you loved me, you would not have chosen to quit the common road to follow me, the common way was impracticable to me; must I then stop short in the pursuit of happiness, to which I likewise meant to conduct my *Melinda*! It would have been egregious folly to have done so! I therefore sought for a bye-way to that mansion of felicity with which we both seem to be contented. I clothed my own Valet-de-chambre in the formal garb, and he, as well as the best of them, repeated to us the old, dull story, little suited to the ardent tenderness of a love like mine: and have we not been exquisitely happy? are we not? Full of my cursed self, and wholly intent upon my execrable scheme, I observed not the signs which I suppose must have foreboded the fate that followed. Whilst I spoke the last words, both being standing, she fell back so suddenly and violently, that I could not catch her, before that lovely form was dashed against the ground. I found her motionless, and, as it seemed to me, breathless! I cried aloud for help for her, and vengeance on myself!—Her mother, first alarmed, found us both on the floor; her daughter, to all appearance, dead, and me on my knees, by her side, sometimes kissing her pale face,—with horror sure in my own!—Sometimes beating my own head and breast in distracting agonies! I know not exactly what I said or did in those dreadful moments, but believe

believe I accused myself in terms of shocking desperation, to the wretched mother, as the murderer of her daughter; and in broken sentences, disclosed the whole villainous proceeding. This I rather suppose from what followed, than exactly know; for—O heavens! what a condition was I in! Words cannot paint, nor thought conceive the agonizing horrors, the heart-rending passions of sorrow, pity, remorse, and despair that I endured, when after a long swoon, she revived only to fall into violent convulsions, which having almost disjointed every limb, and distorted every feature—killed her, *Sophronius!*—O horrid, horrid ideas!—dreadful!—shocking!—distracting thoughts!—I cannot bear it! I shall run mad!—*Sophronius*, speak to me—

O no—you will not speak to me, you will not look on me, I knew you would not—Wretch, wretch, miserable wretch! even *Sophronius* has abandoned thee!

[*To be continued.*]



Dr. PORDAGE'S Defence, concerning Apparitions: extracted from Lord Chief Justice HALE'S Collections of Matters of Fact.

DR. *John Pordage*, Rector of *Bradfield*, being charged, before certain Commissioners, in 1654, with declaring that certain Apparitions were seen in his house; made the following defence. I acknowledge, said he, that four years since, there were many strange and wonderful Apparitions in my house. But, what can these in justice amount to, though attested by oath and confessed particularly by myself, when brought before those who profess themselves Christians, and are acquainted with the history of the Holy Scriptures? Pray, was not *Job* a pious, sincere, and eminently righteous man? Yet, how was he scared with dreams, and terrified with visions.

Job

Job vii. 14. Did not *Zachariah* the Prophet, chap. iii. see Satan standing at the right hand of *Joshua* to resist him? Did not *John* (Rev. xii.) in a vision behold a great red dragon that made war with *Michael* and the holy Angels? And was not Christ himself tempted of the devil, by voice and vision? *Matt.* iv. 6. 8. Now, *the Servant is not greater than his Lord*, and therefore exempted from the like attempts of the devil. I beseech you consider, whether this earth be not the place where the devil walks up and down, seeking whom he may devour? How then can *Bradfield*, or any other place, be exempted from his appearing when God permits? And may not all this be for the manifesting of his glory, goodness and power? And who can tell whose family may be next exposed by God's permission, to be tried and proved by the representation of Satan? And I desire you seriously to consider how any such Apparitions raised by the devil, and permitted by God for his own glory, argue me either scandalous, or insufficient. Surely it rather argues that he hath blessed me with a strong faith, in that he hath permitted such great trials, and made me instrumental to overcome them by prayer and fasting. If it can be proved that any evil spirits were raised up by any compact of mine, explicit, or implicit; or that they were subdued by any other means than by God's blessing upon our fasting and prayer, I shall judge myself worthy of punishment. But otherwise, it is hard to be prosecuted for the malice of the devil toward me, inflicting what I was passive in, and could not help; especially by those who profess the Christian Religion, and know that the God of heaven ruleth over all, permitting whatsoever comes to pass.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS *on the Misery of* MAN.

[Extracted from a late Writer]

[Continued from page 209.]

WHENCE comes it to pass that men are transported to such a degree with gaming, hunting, or other diversions? Not because there is any real and intrinsic good to be obtained by these pursuits! Not because they imagine that true happiness is to be found in the money which they win at play, or in the beast which they run down in the chace: for should you present them before-hand with both these, to save their trouble, they would be unanimous in rejecting the proposal. It is not the gentle and easy part which they are fond of, such as may give them leisure and space for thought; but it is the heat and hurry, which divert them from the mortification of thinking.

On this account it is, that men are so much in love with the noise and tumult of the world; that a prison is a seat of horror, and that few persons can bear the punishment of being confined to themselves.

We have seen the utmost that human invention can do, in projecting for human happiness. Those who content themselves barely by demonstrating the vanity and littleness of common diversions, are indeed acquainted with one part of our miseries; for a considerable part of it is to be thus capable of taking pleasure in things so base and insignificant. But they apprehend not the principle which renders these miseries even necessary to us, so long as we remain uncured of that inward and natural infirmity; not being able to bear the sight of our own condition. The hare which men buy in the market, cannot screen them from this view; but the field and the chace
afford

afford an approved relief. And therefore when we reproach them with their low and ignoble aim, and observe to them how little satisfaction there is in that which they follow with so much ardour, did they answer upon mature judgment, they would acknowledge the equity of our censure, and would ingenuously declare, that they proposed nothing in these pursuits but the bare violence of the motion, such as might keep them strangers to the secrets of their soul; and therefore they made choice of objects, which, how worthless soever in reality, yet were able to engross the activity of all their powers. And the reason why they do not answer in this manner, is the want of acquaintance with their own bosom. A gentleman believes, with all sincerity, that there is somewhat great and noble in hunting, and will be sure to tell you, that it is a royal sport. You may hear the like defence and encomium of any other exercise or employment, which men affect or pursue; they imagine that there must needs be somewhat real and solid in the objects themselves. They are persuaded, that could they but gain such a point, that they should then repose themselves with content and pleasure; and are under an insensibility of the insatiable nature of this desire. They believe themselves to be heartily engaged in the attainment of rest, while they are indeed employed in nothing else but the search of continual and successive drudgery.

Men have a secret instinct promoting them to seek employment or recreation; which proceeds from no other cause but the sense of their inward pain, and never-ceasing torment. They have another secret instinct, a relique of their primitive nature, which assures them, that the sum of their happiness consists in ease and repose. And upon these two opposite instincts, they form one confused design, lurking in the recesses of their soul, which engages them to prosecute the latter by the intervention of the former, and constantly to persuade themselves, that the satisfaction they have hitherto wanted, will infallibly attend them, if by surmounting certain difficulties,

which they now look in the face, they may open a safe passage to peace and tranquility.

Thus our life runs out. We seek rest by encountering such particular impediments, which if we are able to remove, the consequence is, that the rest which we have obtained, becomes itself a grievance. For we are ruminating every moment, either on the miseries we feel, or on those we fear. And even when we seem on all sides to be placed under shelter, the affections, which are so naturally rooted in us, fail not to regret their lost dominion, and to diffuse their melancholy poison through the soul.

And therefore when *Cineas* so gravely admonished *Pyrrhus*, (who proposed to enjoy himself with his friends, after he should have conquered a good part of the world) that he would do much better to anticipate his own happiness, by taking immediate possession of this ease and quiet, without pursuing it through so much fatigue: the counsel he gave, was indeed full of difficulty, and scarce more rational than the project of that young ambitious prince. Both the one and the other opinion supposed that which is false; that a man can rest satisfied with himself, and his present possessions, without filling up the void space in his heart, with imaginary expectations. *Pyrrhus* must inevitably have been unhappy, either without or with the conquest of the world; and perhaps that soft and peaceful life which his minister advised him to embrace, was less capable of giving him satisfaction, than the heat and tumult of so many expeditions, and so many battles, which he was then forming and fighting in his mind.

[To be continued.]

On

On allegorical WRITINGS in general, and especially the
PARABLES of our LORD.

[Continued from page 210.]

THE distinguishing excellencies of our Saviour's parables, when compared with the most celebrated writings of antiquity, are

1. A dignity of sentiment and simplicity of expression, perfectly becoming the purity and excellence of that religion, which he came to establish. How visionary, ridiculous and childish is the heathen mythology, founded on the invention of the Poets!

2. The parables of Jesus far excel the allegories of the ancients in clearness and perspicuity, which made them remarkably fit for the instruction of the ignorant, and the prejudiced, for whom they were originally intended: while the writers of antiquity are involved in a mystic darkness, on purpose to perplex and deceive mankind.

3. The moral instructions conveyed in the parables of the gospel, are most important, natural, and essential to our duty, and best interests. They do not tend merely to amuse the imagination, but to enlighten the understanding and purify the heart.

Lastly, Though for the most part occasional, and wisely adapted to the characters and circumstances of the persons to whom they were originally directed, yet they contain the most wholesome instructions and admonitions for all ages of the world, and for every future period of the Church: accommodated to the comprehension of the vulgar, and capable of instructing and delighting the most learned and judicious.

If we would rightly understand the parables of our Lord, we must guard against those phrases which figurative language

has give occasion to. The whole of the sacred Scriptures, the whole of *Homer*, has been turned into Allegory. The very miracles of the Gospel, though recorded with all the simplicity of historical truth, have met with the same treatment, from the friends and enemies of religion, to the great discredit of its evidence and perversion of its main design. The best key to any thing mysterious seems rather a solid judgment than a lively imagination; to this we must add, in interpreting the parables of the gospel, a deep insight into human nature, and the operations of the human passions; an accurate knowledge of morals and of history, especially that of the Jewish people; also some acquaintance with the ancient customs and manners, to which they so frequently allude: always keeping an eye upon the prophetic, the spiritual and eternal meaning, but above all, "An honest and good heart," with humble and earnest prayer.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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 The following Account of BOTANY-BAY, is extracted from
 Captain COOK's Voyage.

[Continued from page 214.]

THE next morning, as the wind would not permit me to sail, I sent out several parties into the country, to try again whether some intercourse could not be established with the natives. A Midshipman, who belonged to one of these parties, having straggled a long way from his companions, met with a very old man and woman, and some little children; they were sitting under a tree by the water side, and neither party saw the other till they were close together. The Indians shewed signs of fear, but did not attempt to run away. The man happened to have nothing to give them but a parrot that he had shot; this he offered, but they refused to accept it, withdrawing

withdrawing themselves from his hand either through fear or aversion. His stay with them was but short, for he saw several canoes near the beach fishing, and being alone, he feared they might come ashore and attack him, he said, that these people were very dark coloured, but not black; that the man and woman appeared to be very old, being both greyheaded; that the hair of the man's head was bushy, and his beard long and rough; that the woman's hair was cropped short, and both of them were stark naked. Mr. *Monkhouse*, the Surgeon, and one of the men, who were with another party near the watering place, also straying from their companions, as they were coming out of a thicket observed six Indians standing together, at the distance of about fifty yards. One of them pronounced a word very loud, which was supposed to be a signal, for a lance was immediately thrown at him out of the wood, which very narrowly missed him. When the Indians saw that the weapon had not taken effect, they ran away with the greatest precipitation; but on turning about towards the place whence the lance had been thrown, he saw a young Indian, whom he judged to be about nineteen or twenty years old, come down from a tree, and he also ran away with such speed as made it hopeless to follow him. Mr. *Monkhouse* was of opinion that he had been watched by these Indians in his passage through the thicket, and that the youth had been stationed in the tree, to discharge the lance at him upon a signal as he should come by; but however this might be, there could be no doubt but that he was the person who threw the lance.

In the afternoon, I went myself with a party over to the shore; and while some of our people were hauling the boats, we made an excursion a few miles into the country, proceeding afterwards in the direction of the coast. We found a place without wood, and somewhat resembling our moors in England; the surface of the ground however, was covered with a thin brush of plants, about as high as the knees: the plants near the coast are low, but others rise behind them, increasing

increasing by a gradual ascent to a considerable distance, with marshes and morasses between. When we returned to the boat, we found that our people had caught with the seine a great number of small fish, which are well known in the *West-Indies*, and which our sailors call leather jackets, because their skin is remarkably thick. I had sent the second Lieutenant out in a yawl striking, and when we got back to the ship, we found that he also had been very successful. He had observed that the large sting-rays, of which there is a great plenty in the bay, followed the flowing tide into very shallow water; he therefore took the opportunity of flood, and struck several in not more than two or three feet water: one of them weighed no less than two hundred and forty pounds after his entrails were taken out.

[To be concluded in our next.]

An Extract from God's Revenge against Adultery and Murder.

To the R E A D E R.

MR. Reynold's book, entitled, "God's Revenge against Adultery and Murder," has passed through several impressions, and contains many very remarkable instances of Divine Justice. But one cannot help wishing, that he had given us the real names of all the offenders, instead of altering them, to save the honour of the families: and that he had been less verbose. The former defect is now incurable: the latter I have attempted to remedy, by retrenching generally half, sometimes two-thirds, or even three-fourths of the narrative.

Feb. 3, 1787.

J. W.

God's

God's Revenge against Murder and Adultery.

M. De Grand-Mont, a worthy French gentleman, nobly descended, and of a good estate, had his seat near Auxone, a strong and ancient town, on the borders of Burgundy, and Franche-Comté. His lady was the only daughter of a very honourable gentleman of Dole, a noble city in Franche-Comté. Long did this happy pair enjoy all the pleasure which earth could afford: for, as on one side, their possessions were daily augmenting; so, on the other, they were blessed with three hopeful sons, named Grand-Pre, Villeneuve, and Masseron, with two fair daughters, Hautefelia and Cressie.

Grand-Pre, being martially disposed, prevailed on his father to let him serve in the wars, under Maurice of Nassau, afterwards Prince of Orange. Villeneuve, delighting in books, was sent to Pont-au-Mousson, in order to compleat his studies; and Masseron was begged for a page by a Marshal of France. Hautefelia only remained at home; her parents having presented Cressie, to a great Burgundian lady.

But within a year, Villeneuve, bathing in a river, was drowned; Masseron was killed in a duel, at Fontainbleau; Hautefelia died of a fever: on which their parents; recalled home their remaining two children, to be comforts to their old age.

First came Cressie, whom we must hence forwards stile Mademoiselle Hautefelia, as now bearing the title of her late elder sister, according to the custom of France. Soon afterwards arrived Grand-Pre from Holland, where, he left many honourable testimonies of his valour.

His father, apprehensive lest his martial disposition might induce him to seek wars abroad, as there was then none at home, proffers him the choice of many rich and beautiful damsels; but Grand-Pre is deaf to all such propositions. To
remedy

remedy this, the old gentleman resolves on quitting the country, in order to fix his residence at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, hoping that there, his son might cast his eyes on some whose charms would be capable of captivating his affection. The event answered his expectation.

One Sunday morning in Lent, as Grand Pre was at the Royal Chapel, just opposite to his seat he spies a young lady, exceeding rich in apparel, yet infinitely more so in her beauteous person. At the very sight of her, our gallant, not accustomed to such objects, could not restrain his heart from panting in his bosom.

After service, beckoning his page, and shewing her to him, he orders him to make enquiry of her name and habitation. The page soon returns and acquaints him, that the lady is Mademoiselle Mermanda, daughter of M. de Cressonville, first president of the parliament of Dijon.

Next morning, taking with him two gentlemen his intimates, he repairs to Cressonville's house, where, the President himself being abroad, while his friends entertain the mother, (he under colour of other conference) courts the daughter, whom he now likes and loves better than before; as he finds the excellencies of her mind answerable to those of her person.

Grand-Pre, acquaints first his own father, and then her's with the situation of his affections.

Cressonville is far from disapproving the proposal; but has also a son, and Grand-Mont a daughter, both as yet unprovided for, he is desirous that this may be a double match. This soon takes effect, and the marriages between Monsieur Grand-Pre, and Mademoiselle Mermanda; Monsieur Mallcray, and Mademoiselle Hautefelia, were solemnized at Dijon.

But Hautefelia is not satisfied with her situation, though all the world thought she had little occasion of dissatisfaction. She envies Mermanda's, as not brooking to yield her the upper hand, knowing she was by birth her inferior. She prefers a scarlet cloak to a black one; and contemns her loving husband, purely

purely because he has not nobility as well as wealth and merit; so this couple agree but indifferently.

On the contrary, no married pair ever passed the first year more delightfully than Grand-Pre and his lovely Mermanda; infomuch that their deportment towards each other met the applause of all, Hautefelia alone accepted. Her sister-in-law's reputation and prosperity are daggers in her heart, and she seriously begins to study means how she may eclipse her glory. She recollects, that Baron Betanford, whose seat lay not far from Auxone, was intimate with her brother Grand-Pre, as also, that this Baron had lately done her two discourtesies; one, in buying a jewel, for which she had offered money; the other, in retaining a little dog of her's, picked up by his page. So, breathing nothing but revenge, she hopes to give two strokes with one stone, and to wreck her vengeance at once both on the Baron and Mermanda.

In order thereto, she dispatches a servant to Grand-Pre, at their father's seat near Auxone, with a letter, wherein she desires him to ride over to her, she having a secret to reveal of such importance, that she will not trust it upon paper, and withal to frame some excuse to her husband, for his sudden coming.

Grand-Pre rode to Dijon, where he is welcomed by his brother-in-law and sister. Supper ended, they all three walked in the garden, and had some general discourse; when being conducted to his chamber, Malleray, wishing him good repose, departs, and Hautefelia informs him, "That she knows of a certainty, that Baron Betanford is much too familiar with his wife, Mermanda, which she could not but disclose to him, because his honour is hers." Such is his amazement, that he stands awhile like one stupified. The next moment he becomes like one raving mad: he storms, stamps, throws himself now on the bed, then on the floor, and had not Hautefelia prevented it, he would have fallen on his sword. But now, more through policy than charity, she uses many persuasions, and

brings him somewhat to his senses: so they conclude to keep the affair inviolably secret; withal Grand-Pre vows to be severely revenged on the adulterers.

In the morning, earlier than his accustomed hour, he rises; takes leave, and rides home.

Mermanda runs to meet him, finds him sad, enquires the cause: intreats him, that if any mischance has befallen him, she may participate; and as she was wont to do, proffers to kiss him. But he puts her from him; whereat she is amazed, as not being used to such treatment. After supper, he takes a few turns in the court-yard, and then sends a page to call his lady. Fluctuating between hope and despair, she comes immediately. He asks her, if she will walk him? She answers, "His will shall ever be her's and that she is ready to wait on him, wheresoever he pleases." He conducts her to a solitary grove, and there, with fury in his countenance, and thunder on his tongue, charges her with disloyalty with Baron Betanford.

Poor Mermanda, pierced to the heart sinks down into a swoon, from which her husband has much ado to recover her. Being come to herself, she, with many sighs and tears, invokes heaven and earth to witness, solemnly protesting, that she is wholly innocent; and that in particular, Baron Betanford had never made the least attempt upon her, or even opened his mouth to make any such dishonourable motion.

Grand-Pre, weighing her words, behaviour, and bitter agony, gives credit to all she said. He begs her to pardon him, vows he will love her more than ever, and bury the very memory of all this in perpetual oblivion.

But yet Mermanda foresees, that if the Baron should visit her husband as usual, that gentleman's presence must needs revive his jealousy. She therefore writes to Baron Betanford a request, to refrain his visits.

[To be continued.]

An Extract from JOHNSON'S Prince of Abyssinia.

WHEN we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him, by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will not suffer us to be finally punished for obedience. When in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed us, we withdraw from the protection of superior wisdom, and take all the consequences on ourselves. Man cannot so far see the connection of causes, and events, as that he may venture, to do wrong, in order to do right. When we pursue our end by lawful means, we may always console our miscarriage, by the hope of future recompense. When we consult only our own policy, and attempt to find a nearer way to good, by overleaping the settled boundaries of right, and wrong, we cannot be happy even by success; because we cannot escape the consciousness of our fault; but if we miscarry, the disappointment is irremediably embittered. How comfortless is the sorrow of him, who at once feels the pangs of guilt, and the vexation of calamity which guilt has brought upon him!



I N G R A T I T U D E .

[Extracted from a late Author.]

ARTABANES was distinguished with peculiar favour by a wife, powerful, and good Prince. A magnificent palace, surrounded with a delightful garden, was provided for his residence. He partook of all the luxuries of his Sovereign's table; was invested with extensive authority, and admitted to the honour of a free intercourse with his gracious master. But *Artabanes* was insensible of the advantages which he enjoyed. His heart glowed not with gratitude and respect; he avoided the society of his benefactor, and abused his bounty.

K k 2

I detest

I detest such a character, said *Alexis*, with generous indignation! It is your own picture, which I have drawn, replied *Euphronius*. The great Potentate of heaven and earth has placed you in a world which displays the highest beauty, order, and magnificence; and which abounds with every means of convenience, enjoyment, and happiness. He has furnished you with such powers of body and mind, as give you dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field: and he has invited you to hold communion with himself, and to exalt your own nature, by the love and imitation of his divine perfections. Yet have your eyes wandered with brutal gaze, over the fair creation, unconscious of the mighty hand from which it sprung. You have rioted in the profusion of nature, without one secret emotion of gratitude to the sovereign Disposer of all good: and you have slighted the glorious converse, and forgotten the presence of that Omnipotent Being, who fills all space, and exists through all eternity.

Reader, Art not Thou the man!



The Fall and Lamentation of ORIGEN.

IN the reign of the Emperor *Dacius*, *Origen* endured great torments for the sake of Christ and the Gospel, and was frequently threatened even with death itself.

One day, hearing that some christians were forcibly carried to an idol temple, to sacrifice, he ran thither to dissuade them from it. When his adversaries saw him, they let go the others, and laid hold on him; putting him to his choice, whether he would offer incense to the idol, or have his body defiled with a woman? As he choose the former, they put incense into his hands; and whilst he demurred, they took his hands and caused him to throw it into the fire, and then cried out,

Origen

Origen hath sacrificed! *Origen* hath sacrificed! When this was known to the Church, he was excommunicated; and being filled with shame and sorrow, he left *Alexandria*, and came to *Jerusalem*, where he was constrained by importunity to preach to them. He took his Bible, opened it, and the first place he cast his eye upon was this Scripture: *Unto the wicked, God saith, why dost thou preach my law, and take my covenant into thy mouth?* P^sal. l. 16. When he had read these words he sat down and burst out into abundance of tears; the whole congregation weeping with him also, so that he was not able to say any more unto them. After this he wandered up and down in great grief and torment of conscience, and wrote the following lamentation.

“In the bitterness of grief, I go about to speak unto them, who shall hereafter read this confused writing. But how can I speak, when my tongue is tied up, and my lips dare not once move? My throat also is dried up, and all my senses are polluted with iniquity.

“O ye saints and blessed of God, with waterish eyes and wet cheeks, soaked in sorrow and pain, I beseech you to fall down before the seat of almighty God, for me a miserable sinner, who by reason of my sins, dare not crave ought at the hands of God! Wo is me, my mother, that ever thou broughtest me forth! A righteous man, to be conversant in unrighteousness! An heir of the kingdom of God, to be an inheritor of the kingdom of Satan. A Minister, to be found wallowing in impiety! A man beautified with honour and dignity, to be in the end blemished with shame and ignominy! A lofty turrent, yet suddenly thrown to the ground! A burning light, yet forthwith darkened! A fruitful tree, yet quickly withered! A running fountain, yet by and bye dried up! Wo is me, that ever I was decked with gifts and graces; and now pitifully deprived of all! But who will minister moisture to my head? And who will give streams of tears unto my eyes, that I may bewail myself in this my sorrowful plight!

Alas!

Alas! O my ministry, how shall I lament thee? O all ye my friends tender my case, and pity my person, that am so dangerously wounded! Pity me, O ye my friends, for that I have now trodden under foot the seal and cognisance of my profession; and joined in league with the devil! Pity me, O ye my friends, for that I am rejected and cast away from before the face of God almighty. There is no sorrow comparable to my sorrow. There is no affliction that exceeds my affliction. No bitterness that passeth my bitterness! No lamentation more lamentable than mine: neither is there any sin greater than mine; and there is no salve for me. Where is that good Shepherd of souls? Where is he that went down from *Jerusalem* to *Jericho*, which salved and cured him that was wounded by thieves? Seek me out, O Lord, that am fallen from the higher *Jerusalem*; who have broken the vow which I made in baptism. Alas that ever I was a Doctor; and now occupy not the room of a Disciple. Thou knowest, O Lord, that I fell against my will; whereas I went about to enlighten others, I darkened myself. When I endeavoured to bring others from death to life, I brought myself from life to death. When I minded to present others before God, I presented myself before the devil. When I desired to be found a friend and favourer of godliness, I was found a foe, and a furtherer of iniquity. When I set myself against the assemblies of the wicked, and reprov'd their doings, there found I shame, and the most pestilent wound of the devil. Some promised me that they would be baptised; but after I passed from them, the devil transformed himself into an angel of light, and said unto me, When thou art up in the morning, go and bring them unto God. But the devil going before me, prepared the way, and I skipping out of my bed at the dawn of day, could not finish my wonted devotion, neither accomplish my usual prayers; desiring that all men might be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. I gat me to those wicked men, and required them to perform the promise made the night before. But I knew not
their

their subtilty, till we came to the place of baptism. O blinded heart, how didst thou not remember! O foolish mind, how didst thou not bethink thyself. But it was the devil that lulled thee asleep, and in the end, slew thy wretched soul. O Satan, what hast thou done unto me! How hast thou wounded me! I bewailed sometimes the fall of *Sampson*; but now have fallen worse myself. *Sampson* had his hair cut off; but the crown of glory is fallen from my head. *Sampson* lost the eyes of his body; but my spiritual eyes are put out. It was the wiliness of a woman that brought confusion upon him; but it was my tongue that brought me into this sinful condition.

“Alas! my church liveth; yet I am a widower. My sons are alive; yet I am barren. Every creature rejoiceth; and I alone am desolate and sorrowful. Bewail me, O ye blessed people of God, who am banished from God. Bewail me, who am shut out of the wedding chamber of Christ. Bewail me who am abhorred of the angels, and severed from the saints. Who knoweth whether the Lord will have mercy on me, and pity my fall? Whether he will be moved with my desolation? Whether he will have respect to my humiliation, and incline his tender compassions towards me? I will prostrate myself before the threshold and porch of his church, that I may entreat all people, both small and great, saying unto them, trample and tread me under foot, who am the unfavoury salt; tread upon me, who have no taste nor favour of God; tread upon me who am fit for nothing.

“Now let the elders mourn, for that the staff whereon they leaned is fallen.

“Now let the young men mourn, for that their school-master is fallen.

“Now let the virgins mourn, for that the advancer of virginity is defiled.

“Now let the ministers mourn, for that their patron and defender is shamefully fallen.

“Wo

“Wo is me, that I fell so foully ! Wo is me that I fell most dangerously, and cannot rise again ! Assist me, O holy Spirit, and give me grace to repent : let the fountain of tears be opened, and gush out into streams, to see, if peradventure I may have grace thoroughly to repent, and to wipe out of the book of my conscience, the accusations printed therein against me. But thou, O Lord, think not upon my polluted lips, neither weigh thou the tongue that hath uttered lewd things ; but accept of my repentance, and have mercy upon me, and raise me up out of the mire of corruption ; for the puddle thereof hath even choaked me. Wo is me that was sometimes a pearl glittering in the golden garland of glory ; but now am thrown into the dust, and trodden in the mire of contempt. Wo is me, that the salt of God now lieth on the dunghil.

“ Now I will address myself unto God. Why hast thou lifted me up, and cast me down ? I had not committed this impiety, unless thou hadst withdrawn thine hand from me. But why, O Lord, hast thou shut my mouth by the holy Prophet *David* ? Have I been the first that sinned, or am I the first that fell ? Why hast thou forsaken me, being desolate, and banished me from amongst thy saints, and astonished me, when I should preach thy law ? *David* himself, who hath shut up my mouth sinned too bad in thy sight ; yet upon repentance, thou receivedst him to mercy. *Peter*, that was a pillar, after his fall, wipes it away with briny tears, not continuing long in the puddle of infidelity.

“ Now, I humbly beseech thee, O Lord, call me back, for that I have trodden a most perilous and destructive way ; grant me that good Guide and Instructor, the Holy Ghost, that I become not the habitation of devils ; but that I may tread under foot the devils that trode upon me, and overcoming all his slights, may be again restored to the joys of thy salvation.

“ Now, all ye who behold my wound, tremble for fear, and take heed that ye slumber not, nor fall into the like crime ; but rather let us assemble together, and rend our hearts. I
mourn,

mourn; and am sorry at the heart, O ye my friends, that ever I fell.

“ Let the angels lament over me, because of this my dangerous fall.

“ Let the assemblies of saints lament over me, for that I am severed from their blessed societies.

“ Let the holy church lament over me, for that I am wofully declined.

“ Let all the people lament over me, for that I have my death's wound.

“ Bewail me, that am in like case with the reprobate *Jews*; for this which was said unto them, why dost thou preach my law, &c. now foundeth alike in my ears. What shall I do, that am thus beset with manifest mischiefs. Alas! O death, why dost thou linger? O Satan, what mischief hast thou brought unto me? How hast thou pierced my breast with thy poisonous dart? Thinkest thou, that my ruin will avail any thing at all? Thinkest thou to procure to thyself any ease or rest, whilst I am grievously tormented? Who is able to signify unto thee, whether my sins be wiped and done away? whether I shall not again be coupled with, and made a companion to the saints? O Lord, I fall before thy mercy-seat; have mercy upon me, who mourns thus out of measure, because I have greatly offended! Rid my soul, Lord, from the roaring lion. The assembly of the saints doth make intercession for me, who am an unprofitable servant. Shew mercy, O Lord, to thy wandering sheep, who are subject to the rending teeth of the ravenous wolf! Save me, O Lord out of his mouth! Let my sack-cloth be rent asunder, and gird me with joy and gladness. Let me be again received into the joy of my God. Let me be thought worthy of his kingdom, through the earnest petitions of the church, which sorroweth over me, and humbleth herself to Jesus Christ, in my behalf. To whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all glory and honour, for ever and ever.” Amen.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXXV.

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

Ramsbury-Park, Nov. 29, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

YOUR letter put me upon the closest self-examination; fearing I might imperceptibly have lost ground. I compared my present experience with the past; at those times especially, when I was most abundantly filled with divine consolations. By this means I found that formerly I did not enjoy an uninterrupted sense of the presence of God; but had frequent cause to complain that my Beloved had withdrawn himself. Whereas now, I do not lose him for a moment; but my soul abideth in him as the branch abideth in the vine.

Perhaps the decrease of joy which I formerly felt, was owing to severe exercises of mind; for within these two years, my heart has been pierced through with many sorrows, under which my body could sometimes hardly bear up. And since I wrote last, I have felt much from a variety of causes; but in the deepest distress, those words seemed to be given me for a support, "These are they of whom the world was not worthy," by which I conceived a little of the hardships which the saints of old endured; who were, nevertheless, precious in the sight of God.

My soul is in continual pursuit of more of the divine image. I sigh for entire conformity to Jesus. And though I cannot yet say, "My daily exercises are my delight; it is not my meat and drink to suffer;" yet, God has hitherto enabled me to possess my soul in patience, when seemingly I have been tried to the uttermost. Pray for me, dear Sir, and thereby you will greatly oblige your unworthy Servant in the Gospel,

S. N.

LETTER.

L E T T E R CCCCXXVI.

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

Ramsbury-Park, Dec. 18, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

YOU seem surpris'd that I should be acquainted with sorrow in the vale of private life; especially while blest with affectionate friends, and all things needful for life and godliness. But, O Sir! I have not been secluded from unreasonable, and wicked persons, whose minds were set upon mischief, and whose tongues were sharper than a two-edged sword.

One in particular was a false-hearted professor, who had long been my companion and friend; who under the profession of friendship and religion, found means, not only to disturb our domestic quiet; but deeply to wound my character. This and a variety of odd circumstances that attend it, proved to me a very great affliction, and weighed down my spirits exceedingly.

My mind has been peculiarly susceptible of sorrow, from a child; but since I knew the Lord, I have thought, I could never suffer much from any circumstance whatever, if I had a constant sense of the presence of God. But now I know the contrary; and have proved, that though grace saves from sin, it does not always from pain and sorrow. But blessed be God, he hath now suffered these things to pass from me, and I enjoy outward, as well as inward peace: for which I feel much gratitude.

Since I wrote last, I have gained more simplicity of mind. The consequence of which is, I have a more intimate acquaintance with God, and a more extensive view of practical holiness. I now lay myself before the Lord, begging him to work all my works in me, and to divest me of every thing whereby he is not glorified. I would not think, nor speak, nor act, but to his glory; but I fear I come far short of this, though I desire it much more than thousands of gold and silver.

L 1 2

I was

I was stirred up to greater diligence while Mr. W. was preaching on Thursday night, on "Occupy till I come." I seemed to see myself on the verge of the grave; and the thought of the many opportunities of reproof and exhorting others which I have lost, pierced me to the heart: indeed I know nothing in which I have been so shamefully deficient. God grant it may be so no more! That it may not, I hope, dear Sir, you will favour me with your prayers, and thereby greatly oblige your Friend and Servant,

S. N.

L E T T E R CCCCXXVII.

[From Mr. Charles Perronet, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Canterbury, Dec. 29, 1774.

Rev. Sir,

I cannot make you any suitable returns, for your repeated offers of making the Foundry my place of abode, at a time I can only be a burden to you and my friends. Sometimes the thought of spending a month or two with you gives me pleasure; but when it will be I cannot tell: for since you were here, I have had such pains of body, that I could not sit up by day, nor scarce lie in bed at night. The will of the Lord be done! I am a sinner, worthy of correction; unholy, and need purification. From what I have suffered I have sometimes hoped that God was taking vengeance of my sins, and destroying them all. At such times I could find nothing contrary to his will in me, unless it was, too great a desire for still living a suffering life: or that I might not die before I had done and suffered more for his glory; for indeed I had much rather serve his cause on earth a little longer, than even go to heaven before I had *fully* glorified him on earth.

What you say is true. We have one who stands up for us before the throne of God. He is *my* Peace; and through Him God is reconciled to me. But O, when shall I bear his image, and have all the mind that was in Christ Jesus! He certainly is my Sanctification, as well as my Saviour from the wrath of God.

This

This is glorious Gospel; the Truth and Counsel of God which you were sent forth to preach: that you might set forth Christ as the full and compleat Saviour of all who *believe* and *abide* in Him.

To his mercy I commend you; beseeching him to preserve you all your days, and bring you safe to heaven!

Till then, Rev. and dear Sir, I remain your Brother in tribulation,

C. P.



P O E T R Y.

H Y M N to H U M A N I T Y.

[By Dr. Langhorne.]

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
 Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
 If now the pity-streaming tear
 Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
 Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
 A tender, but a cheerful guest;
 Nor always in a gloomy cell
 Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
 For sorrow, long indulg'd and slow,
 Is to humanity a foe;
 And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
 Wears sensibility away.
 Then comes, sweet Nymph, instead of thee,
 The gloomy fiend Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
 Though passions hold eternal war!
 Nor ever let me cease to know
 The pulse that throbs at joy or woe;

Not

Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
 When sorrow fills a brother's eye ;
 Nor may the tear that frequent flows
 From private, or from social woes,
 E'er make this pleasing sense depart ;
 Ye Cares, O harden not my heart !

If the fair star of fortune smile,
 Let not its flattering power beguile ;
 Nor, borne along the favouring tide,
 My full sails swell with bloating pride.
 Let me from wealth but hope content,
 Remembering still it was but lent ;
 To modest merit spread my store,
 Unbar my hospitable door ;
 Nor feed with pomp, an idle train, .
 While want unpitied pines in vain.

If heavén, in evéry purpose wise,
 The enviéd lot of wealth denies ;
 If dooméd to drag life's painful load
 Through poverty's uneven road,
 And, for the morsels of the day,
 Destinéd to toil as well as pray ;
 To thee, humanity, still true,
 I'll wish the good I cannot do,
 And give the wretch that passes by
 A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted or deprest,
 Be ever mine the feeling breast.
 From me remove the stagnant mind
 Of languid indolence declinéd ;
 The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
 And through the sun's whole circle sleeps ;
 Dull peace, that dwells in folly's eye,
 And self-attending vanity,

Alike

Alike the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye surveyed
Sion in future ashes laid!
Or, raised to heavén, imploréd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sighéd, and forgot its power to save!

It comes: it fills my labouring breast;
I feel my beating heart oppress.
I hear that lonely widow wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heavén she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer;
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

Life, filléd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throè?
Sure 'tis no romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

A FATHER

THE SONG OF THE SAILOR, WHO WAS IN THE Wrecking-Chain.

I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain;
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain.

I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain.

I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain.

I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain.

I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain,
 I was in the wretched chain.

A FATHER to his SON: sent with his Nursing-Chair.

A CCEPT, dear *Jem*, this humble chair,
 As earnest of thy father's care ;
 Who toils to see his boy suppliéd
 With whatfoe'er he wants beside.

May each disease the learned name,
 That shakes the little infant's frame,
 Far from this chair, my dear one, fly,
 Far as the centre from the sky ;
 Far as from peace the haughty breast,
 Far as the troubled sea from rest ;
 Far as from indolence the bee,
 Far as my heart from slighting thee !

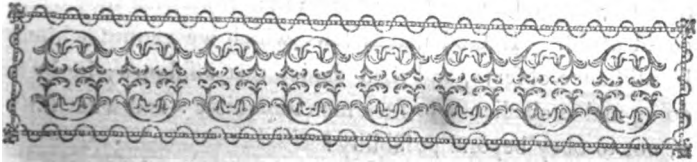
May nothing vex thy little mind !
 May to thy wish thy nurse be kind,
 Fondly thy infant wants supply,
 And watch thee with a mother's eye.

No hours of anguish mayest thou see !
 May health and joy play round thy knee,
 And cheerful smiles for ever grace
 The manly beauties of thy face ;
 Till time has ripened thee to man,
 And wasted is thy father's span.

Then to my age mayest thou repay
 The cares I shewed thy opening day !
 May thy strong arm support thy fire
 When feebly tottering round the fire :
 Then place him in his wicker chair,
 And guard him as he slumbers there,
 Till nature no more life supplies,
 And weeping thou shalt close his eyes !



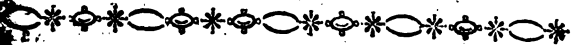
M^r. W^m. SIMPSON:
Ætatis 30.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

for JUNE 1787.



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

II. *Arguments against irresistible Grace.*

[Continued from page 229.]

SENT 4. If men are purely passive in the whole of their conversion, and so are utterly void of all believing, living to God, or performing any acceptable service, is it righteous to consign them to eternal misery that which God sees them unable to do when he commands upon them? Is not this to require much to be given, and then to punish eternally the not doing which is so unreasonably required; yea, is not this an absolute decree to damn them for nothing? it being in the necessary consequence the same thing to

M m

damn

damn them for nothing, and to damn them for not doing what they never could do, or for not abstaining from what they never could avoid. If God makes laws which we cannot without his assistance observe, and then denies that assistance; he by so doing makes obedience to such men impossible: and what sin is it, not to obey beyond possibility?

Arg. 5. If man be purely passive in the whole work of his conversion, and it can only be wrought in him by an irresistible act of God, then can nothing be required as a prerequisite to conversion; for either that prerequisite is something to be done on our part in order to God's irresistible act, or it is not; if nothing is to be done on our part in order to the work, no preparation can be requisite in order to it; if any thing is to be done on our part, we are not purely passive in the whole work of our regeneration, since he that must prepare himself for his conversion, must act in order to it. Now as all God's exhortations to men to consider and turn unto the Lord demonstrate, that this consideration is a prerequisite to conversion, so the parable of the seed sown shows negatively, that the word becomes unfruitful, either because men do not at all *attend to it*, or because they are diverted from that attention by the intervening *cares and pleasures of the world*, which break off that attention, or are affrighted from it by the fears of suffering; and affirmatively, that it becometh fruitful by being *received into a good and honest heart*. And sure the devil must be a fool, according to this doctrine, when he comes to *take away the word out of mens hearts, lest they should believe and be saved*, if that word could have no influence upon them to salvation, when it was not attended with an unfrustrable assistance; and where it was so, all his attempts to hinder the believing of it to salvation, must be vain.

Arg. 6. Were such an irresistible power necessary to the conversion of a sinner, no man could be converted sooner than he is, because before this irresistible action came upon him he could not be converted, and when it came upon him he could

not

not chuse but be converted; and therefore no man could reasonably be blamed that he lived so long in his unconverted state: and then God must unreasonably make these enquiries, *How long refuse ye to keep my commandments? How long will this people provoke me? How long will it be e'er they believe me? How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scorers delight in scorning, and the fools hate knowledge? O Jerusalem, wash thyself from wickedness that thou mayest be saved? How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?* seeing none of these changes could be wrought within them, till he was pleased to afford the irresistible impulse. And then it would not be praise-worthy in them, or any other person, that they were then converted, it being not in their power to be otherwise.

Moreover Christ says to the Jews, *Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life.* Now if they could not have the will, their condemnation would not be just; if indeed it had once been possible for them to be willing to come, or supposing their will good, it had been possible for them to come without being irresistibly made to come, the fault might have been imputed to themselves; but if it were impossible for them to be willing, how should they come?

Arg. 7. Lastly, Our opinion tendeth much more to the glory of God, than doth the contrary opinion; for seeing God is chiefly glorified by the acknowledgement and discovery of his excellencies, and more particularly of those attributes which do inform us of our duty, and are proposed for our imitation; that doctrine which tends most to the acknowledgement of those attributes, must most directly tend to the advancement of God's glory. Now,

1st. The wisdom of God is most glorified by that opinion which supposeth he acts with man in all his precepts, exhortations, invitations, promises and threats suitably to those faculties that he hath given us, and doth not attempt by them, "to engage us to impossibilities. For is it not a foul imputation upon the Divine wisdom to suppose that he uses and appointeth

means for the recovery of mankind, which he knows cannot in the least degree be serviceable to that end?" But such is the consequence of that opinion which makes it impossible for the sinner to be converted, as for the dead to be raised by any of those arguments, or motives delivered by him in the Scripture to engage us to repent and turn unto him. For according to this hypothesis, he might as well send Ministers to preach to stones, and persuade them to be converted into men; for his omnipotency can, upon their preaching, produce this change in those stones, and according to this opinion, the conversion of a sinner cannot be effected without a like act of the divine omnipotency.

2dly. Whereas according to our doctrine, the truth and faithfulness of God, and the sincerity of his dealings with men is unquestionable; according to the other doctrine, God seems to promise pardon and salvation to all men sincerely: and yet in truth intends it only to some few persons whom he designeth to convert by an irresistible power, leaving the salvation of the rest impossible, because he never designed to afford them this unfrustrable operation: enquiring why those men would die? why they would not be made clean? whom he knew could not avoid that death, or obtain that purgation without that divine impulse which he would not afford them.

3dly. Whereas the justice of God shines evidently from our doctrine, which asserts that God doth only punish men for wilful sins, which it was in their power to avoid; it never can be glorified by that doctrine which supposes that he punisheth men with extreme and most lasting torments, for not accepting those offers of grace which it was not possible for them to comply with, or embrace, without that farther grace which he purposed absolutely to deny them.

4thly. Is it not for God's glory, that the praise of what good we do should be ascribed to his grace, and the shame of our evil doings should rest upon ourselves, as our own conscience shews it doth by the remorse which follows the commission of
 sin?

fin? but what reason can there be for this, unless we suppose it possible for the wicked to have been converted, or to have ceased to do evil? If you ascribe conversion and obedience to a cause that transcends all the power of man to perform, his evil actions may be his misfortunes; but how they should be his faults, it is not easy to conceive.

The Fathers generally teach that God doth only persuade, and by his Spirit assist those that are willing to be good; but leaves them still under the power to neglect and resist his persuasions, not laying them under a necessity to be good, because that would destroy the virtue and reward of being so. God, saith *Irenæus*, redeems his from the apostate Spirit, *not by force but by persuasion*. He sent his Son into the world, saith *Justin Martyr*, *persuading, not compelling men to be good*. The wisdom of God, saith *Cyril of Alexandria*, *thought fit to convert men rather by persuasion, than by necessity, that he might preserve the liberty of man's will; for because, saith he, the Maker of all things will have man to have power over his own self, and be governed by his own will, in what he doth, it seemed good to our Saviour, that man should be withdrawn from what is bad, and drawn to what is better rather by persuasion than by a necessity laid upon him; for if having invincible power he had commanded all men to believe, faith would not have been the fruit of a full persuasion; but rather of necessary and unavoidable commands*. And again, *Man*, saith he, *is carried both to good and evil by free motions; for if God by using a divine energy and virtue (i. e. an unfrustrable operation) should turn the mind of every man to good works, his goodness would not be the fruit of counsel, but rather of necessity*.

[To be continued.]

SERMON.

S E R M O N XXXIX.

On LUKE xxii. 19.

[*Concluded from page 236.*]

10. **WE** see then how weak the objection is, "I dare not receive,* because I am unworthy." Nor is it any stronger, though the reason why you think yourself unworthy is, that you have lately fallen into sin. It is true, our Church forbids those "who have done any grievous crime," to receive without repentance. But all that follows from this is, That we should repent before we come; not that we should neglect to come at all.

To say therefore, that "a man may turn his back upon the Altar, because he has lately fallen into sin; that he may impose this penance upon himself," is talking without any warrant from Scripture. For where does the Bible teach, to atone for breaking one Commandment of God, by breaking another? What advice is this, "Commit a new act of disobedience, and God will more easily forgive the past!"

11. Others there are, who to excuse their disobedience, plead, that they are unworthy in another sense: that they "cannot live up to it; they cannot pretend to lead so holy a life, as constantly communicating would oblige them to do." Put this into plain words. I ask, Why do not you accept the mercy which God commands you to accept? You answer, "Because I cannot live up to the profession I must make when I receive it." Then it is plain you ought never to receive it at all. For it is no more lawful to promise once what you know you cannot perform, than to promise it a thousand times. You know too, that it is one and the same promise, whether

* The Lord's Supper.

you make it every year or every day. You promise to do just as much, whether you promise ever so often or ever so seldom.

If therefore you cannot live up to the profession they make, who communicate once a week, neither can you come up to the profession you make, who communicate once a year. But cannot you indeed? Then it had been good for you that you had never been born. For all that you profess at the Lord's table, you must both profess and keep, or you cannot be saved. For you profess nothing there but this, That you will diligently keep his commandments. And cannot you keep up to this profession? Then you cannot enter into life.

12. Think then what you say, before you say, "You cannot live up to what is required of constant Communicants." This is no more than is required of any communicants, yea of every one that has a soul to be saved. So that to say "You cannot live up to this," is neither better nor worse than renouncing Christianity. It is in effect renouncing your Baptism, wherein you solemnly promised, to keep all his commandments. You now fly from that profession. You wilfully break one of his commandments, and to excuse yourself say, You cannot keep his commandments! Then you cannot expect to receive the promises, which are made only to those that keep them.

13. What has been said on this pretence against constant Communion, is applicable to those who say the same thing in other words, "We dare not do it, because it requires so perfect an obedience afterwards, as we cannot promise to perform. Nay, it requires neither more nor less perfect obedience, than you promised in your Baptism. You then undertook to keep the Commandments of God, by his help; and you promise no more when you communicate.

But observe upon the whole, this is not so properly an objection against constantly Communicating, as against communicating at all. For if we are not to receive the Lord's
Supper

Supper till we are worthy of it, it is certain, we ought never to receive it.

14. A second Objection which is often made against constant Communion, is the having so much business, as will not allow time for such a preparation as is necessary thereto. I answer, All the preparation that is absolutely necessary, is contained in those words, "Repent you truly of your sins past: have faith in Christ our Saviour." (And observe, that word is not here taken in its highest sense!) Amend your lives, and be in charity with all men: so shall ye be meet partakers of these holy mysteries. All who are thus prepared, may draw near without fear, and receive the Sacrament to their comfort. Now what business can hinder you from being thus prepared? From repenting of your past sins? From believing that Christ died to save sinners? From amending your lives, and being in charity with all men? No business can hinder you from this, unless it be such as hinders you from being in a state of salvation. If you resolve and design to follow Christ, you are fit to approach the Lord's table. If you do not design this, you are only fit for the table and company of devils.

15. No business therefore can hinder any man from having that preparation which alone is necessary, unless it be such as unprepares him for heaven, as puts him out of a state of salvation. Indeed every prudent man will, when he has time; examine himself, before he receives the Lord's-Supper. Whether he repents him truly of his former sins, whether he believes the promises of God, whether he fully designs to walk in his ways, and be in charity with all men? In this, and in private prayer he will doubtless spend all the time he conveniently can? But what is this to *You* who have not time? What excuse is this, for not obeying God? He commands you to come, and prepare yourself by prayer, if you have time; if you have not, however come. Make not reverence to God's command, a pretence for breaking it. Do not rebel against
him

him, for fear of offending him. Whatever you do, or leave undone besides, be sure to do what God bids you do. Examining yourself, and using private prayer, especially before the Lord's-Supper, is good. But behold! *To obey is better than self-examination, and to hearken, than the prayer of an Angel.*

16. A third objection against constant Communion is, That it abates our reverence for the Sacrament. Suppose it did? What then! Will you thence conclude, that you are not to receive it constantly? This does not follow. God commands you, "Do this." You may do it now, but will not: and to excuse yourself say, "If I do it so often, it will abate the reverence with which I do it now." Suppose it did: has God ever told you, That when the obeying his command abates your reverence to it, then you may disobey it? If he has, you are guiltless; if not, what you say is just nothing to the purpose. The law is clear. Either shew that the lawgiver makes this exception, or you are guilty before him.

17. Reverence for the Sacrament may be of two sorts: either such as is owing purely to the newness of the thing, such as men naturally have for any thing they are not used to: or such as is owing to our faith, or to the love or fear of God. Now the former of these is not properly a religious reverence, but purely natural. And this sort of reverence for the Lord's-Supper, the constantly receiving of it must lessen. But it will not lessen the true religious reverence, but rather confirm and increase it.

18. A fourth objection is, "I have communicated constantly so long: but I have not found the benefit I expected." This has been the case with many well-meaning persons, and therefore deserves to be particularly considered. And consider this first. Whatever God commands us to do, we are to do, because he commands, whether we feel any benefit thereby or no. Now God commands, *Do this in remembrance of me.* This therefore we are to do, because he commands: whether

we find present benefit thereby or not. But undoubtedly we shall find benefit sooner or later, though perhaps insensibly. We shall be insensibly strengthened, made more fit for the service of God, and more constant in it. At least we are kept from falling back, and preserved from many sins and temptations: and surely this should be enough to make us receive this food as often as we can: though we do not presently feel the happy effects of it, as some have done, and we ourselves may, when God sees best.

19. But suppose a man has often been at the Sacrament, and yet received no benefit. Was it not his own fault? Either he was not rightly prepared, willing to obey all the commands, and to receive all the promises of God: or he did not receive it aright, trusting in God. Only see that you are duly prepared for it, and the oftener you come to the Lord's table, the greater benefit you will find there.

20. A fifth objection which some have made against constant Communion is, That "the Church enjoins it only three times a year." The words of the Church are; "Note that every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year." To this I answer, first, What if the Church had not enjoined it at all, is it not enough, that God enjoins it? We obey the Church only for God's sake. And shall we not obey God himself? If then you receive three times a year, because the Church commands it, receive every time you can, because God commands it. Else your doing the one will be so far from excusing you for not doing the other, that your own practice will prove you silly and sin, and leave you without excuse.

But, secondly, We cannot conclude from these words, that the Church excuses him who receives only thrice a year. The plain sense of them is, That he who does not receive thrice at least, shall be cast out of the Church: but they do by no means excuse him, who communicates no oftener. This never was the judgment of our Church: on the contrary, she takes all possible

possible care, that the Sacrament be duly administered, wherever the Common-Prayer is read, every Sunday and holiday in the year.

The Church gives a particular direction with regard to those that are in holy Orders. "In all Cathedral and Collegiate Churches and Colleges, where there are many Priests and Deacons, they shall all receive the Communion with the Priest, every Sunday at the least."

21. It has been shewn, first, That if we consider the Lord's-Supper as a command of Christ, no man can have any pretence to Christian Piety, who does not receive it, (not once a month, but) as often as he can: Secondly, That if we consider the Institution of it, as a mercy to ourselves, no man who does not receive it as often as he can, has any pretence to Christian-Prudence: Thirdly, that none of the Objections usually made, can be any excuse for that man, who does not at every opportunity obey this command and accept this mercy.

22. It has been particularly shewn, first, That unworthiness is no excuse: because though in one sense we are all unworthy, yet none of us need be afraid, of being unworthy in *St. Paul's* sense; of *eating and drinking unworthily*: Secondly, That the not having time enough for preparation, can be no excuse: since the only preparation which is absolutely necessary, is that which no business can hinder. Nor indeed any thing on earth, unless so far as it hinders our being in a state of salvation: Thirdly, That its abating our reverence is no excuse: since He who gave the command, "Do this," no where adds, "Unless it abates your reverence: Fourthly, That our not profiting by it is no excuse, since it is our own fault, in neglecting that necessary preparation, which is in our own power. Lastly, That the judgment of our own Church is quite in favour of Communion. If those who have hitherto neglected it on any of these pretences, will lay these things to heart, they will, by the grace of God come to a better mind, and never more forsake their own mercies.

Oxon, Feb. 19, 1732.

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An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[Continued from page 243.]

I Now return to continue my account of Capt. *Roach*, and the further particulars of our voyage from thence to *Jamaica*. My reader may observe, that I left the description of our proceedings at *Old Callabar*, on our Captain's losing the use of his limbs. At length the poison so wrought upon him that he was unable to help himself. The whole burthen then fell upon me; nor would he suffer any other to approach him. We went on, till we anchored under *St. Thomas's* fort, on a *Portuguese* island, lying about three hundred miles to the westward of the coast of *Africa*, where Capt. *Roach* directed me to sell the surplus of the cargo. I went accordingly on shore with the remaining part of the cargo. The Governor's principal Clerk bartered with me for gold-dust, broken and damaged jewels, rings, &c. which amounted to the sum of £630. He put it into a very curiously-made bag, the better to enable me to keep it secure. I took it in my right-hand, and as I was walking down to the beach, swinging it backwards and forwards, a little black boy came behind me, snatched the bag out of my hand, and fled out of sight before I could well look round me. I was in the utmost consternation; but in a few minutes, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I perceived the Clerk, from whom I had received the gold, hastening down with the bag in his hand, who had met the boy flying up the town with it. He then gave me it, and said, "Sir, be more careful of your property for the future, especially when you are in a strange country." I was inconceivably thankful, and own this *Portuguese* was actuated with stronger principles of honour (even to a stranger) than thousands of my countrymen would have been to a native of their own country.

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By this time our Captain grew worse ; and one day with his stool came several large clots of blood. When I informed him thereof, he lifted up his eyes and hands, repeating these words, " Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." He charged the Surgeon to open him when dead. He soon after made his exit, and upon his body's dissection, the Surgeon pointed out to us the cause of his voiding such quantities of blood, which was in consequence of the veins across his stomach being cut by the poison into five hundred pieces. He was then committed to the great deep ; and I firmly believe had all his sufferings here.

Our chief-mate, *James Seabons*, on the death of Capt. *Roach*, undertook the command of the ship, and after a short passage of a few days she arrived at *Jamaica*. When the ship sailed from *Jamaica*, we directed a steady course between that and *Hispaniola*, and the east end of *Cuba*. About three o'clock in the afternoon, having a fair wind, by which the ship was scudding, eleven or twelve miles an hour, we suddenly discovered a very large sloop close in shore, under *Cape Nichola*. Our Captain, being a young mariner, took her to be a *New-York* sloop, bound for *Jamaica*. We instantly hauled up our courses and lay too ; but, as she swiftly bore down upon us, our Captain shortly found his mistake, as she proved to be a *Spanish* guarda la costa. The enemy's vessel was exceedingly large, and full of guns and men : our Captain was then very assiduous, and exerted himself to the utmost, in the means of saving the ship ; but the men would neither fight nor fly ; so that he was constrained to surrender the ship, cargo and men, to the disposal of the enemy.

When we were boarded, the *Spanish* sailors began to plunder us, stripping and taking all away, from the Captain down to the cabin-boy ; nor did they spare the clothes on our back, but instead of them clothed us with filthy, ragged frocks and drawers. They killed all our poultry, and set us to picking them ; put
on

on the ship's large kettle, and boiled both fowls and ducks. They likewise took away all our compasses, save two that had been spoiled with the rain on the coast of *Africa*. In short, they took away every useful article, and left us totally destitute of Carpenter's, Cooper's, and Boatswain's tools. They then informed us, that, at eight o'clock the next morning, every one of us, without distinction, should be hanged, and that without ceremony. They presented to us the place and the scaffold erected for that purpose, which was on the platform under *Cape Nichola*; but the Providence of God interposed, by making me the instrument of our deliverance therefrom. The circumstance was this. I frequently kept the ship's accounts in the Captain's absence, and was ordered to do so when he was removed on board the *Spanish* pirate. I then secured his gold watch, and deposited the same amongst the coals in the fore-peak, and brought our ship to an anchor close under the enemy's stern, where we remained all night.

When the enemy's under Captain had discontinued his plundering, their principal, or Spanish Commander, repaired on board the capture, and brought our Master with him in order to spend the evening together; and in the course of their conversation, the Spanish Captain asked Captain *Seaborn* if he had a watch on board? He replied, "Sir, I had a gold watch on board, and a silver one, but I am afraid they are lost in the plunder." However, the Captain wisely asked me if I knew whether it was stolen, or whether I had taken care of it myself; if I had, he said it would be the means of saving our lives. I told him I had hid it in the fore-peak among the coals. I was then directed to go and bring it; but one of the Spanish common seamen, knowing for what I was sent thither, followed me down, and when I had pocketed the watch, took up a billet of wood, struck me a blow on my left ear, which stunned me, and then took the watch out of my pocket. Notwithstanding my insensibility I could take particular notice of the fellow.

fellow. In about twenty minutes I came to myself, went and informed our Captain of what had happened, who asked me if I knew the man again? I told him, he was leaning with his left-arm on the ship's gunnel: he then informed the Spanish Captain, who went with me to the man, and demanded the watch. The fellow went on his knees, and surrendered it, and was with all his plundering companions, by the command of their Captain, dismissed from our ship, and sent on board their own. After their Captain had discoursed with ours about forty minutes, he returned on board his own ship likewise.

We still remained in a state of anxiety in respect to our destiny; but at eight o'clock the next morning the Spanish Captain hailing our ship, desired us to weigh anchor, and direct our course for *England*. The joy which this produced in the hearts of every one, was beyond what I am able to describe. When this extasy subsided, we weighed anchor with great pleasure, made sail with a favourable breeze, and in two hours, left the land seven leagues astern. But greater misfortunes were to come. The third day after our escape, precisely at ten o'clock at night, the sentinel called out to the man at the wheel, and begged him instantly to put the helm hard at lee, as there were fifty sail of ships at no great distance. We were at that time scudding with the wind quarterly (all our steering-sails set) at the rate of twelve or thirteen miles an hour. The ship quickly answered her helm, but having such a crowd of sail upon her, and the mariners not being sufficiently active to haul them down at so short a notice, we found that, instead of shipping, we were surrounded with dreadful breakers on a reef of rocks, and so very steep, that when the ship's stern turned round, any person could have jumped upon them. Having so exceeding swift a way through the water, she drew a little off from the rocks; yet, by reason of her missing stays, she fell off again, and the first blow she struck, a projected part of a rock went through her bottom, and in a few minutes the

the whole ship was full of water. By the deep-sea line we found that her stern lay in eighty fathoms, and had she not been held fast by this rock, every one on board must inevitably have perished.

[*To be continued.*]



An Account of Mrs. SPENCER, who died January 16, 1787.

[Written by her late Husband.]

THE Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away my dear Wife. Yes, she that never gave me an angry word, nor so much as the shadow of an angry look, is now numbered among the dead! My loss is so truly great, that I am sure none but God can repair it. But I submit. Father, thy will be done!

Under her great affliction she set such an example of patience and resignation, as is seldom seen. And as she lived, so she died, full of Faith and of the Holy Ghost.

A little before her departure, she said, "I hear such delightful music, as is beyond the power of any mortal to describe!" and then in a rapture cried out, "See! God is so good, as to send his angels to take care of me! See! see! O the great goodness of God to me!" After this she lay still awhile, and then fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

As to her Character, it may be truly said, she was one of the excellent of the earth. She took great delight in private prayer, and often retired to pour out her soul before God. Her reverence for his word was such, that she seldom read it but on her knees. She frequently rose at midnight to praise God, be the weather cold or hot. She took great delight in visiting the sick, and the distressed, and in relieving them according to her ability: but she took care to go no where, at

any time, without a probability either of getting or doing good.

I cannot recollect that she ever missed any public ordinances, be the weather ever so severe.

And as to evil-speaking, I never heard her once utter a disrespectful word of any one; and when others did, she reprov'd them in good earnest, and at the same time with the utmost meekness: saying, "Are you doing to that person what you would he should do unto you? Have you forgot what the Holy Ghost says by St. *James*, *Brethren speak not evil one of another.*"

Thus she lived, and died, holy in all manner of conversation, as he who had called her is holy.

JOHN SPENCER.

Thorne, Feb. 7, 1787.

*An Extract of the EXPERIENCE and happy DEATH of
Mrs. SARAH BULGIN.*

WHEN she was very young, *Janeway's Tokens for Children*, made such impressions on her mind, that she often got by herself, and wept over it. One day, she informed me, that going into her father's warehouse, she found among some old papers, a book of prayers, which was of great service to her in stirring her up to call upon God: which she seldom missed doing five or six times every day. Another great help she found from the private conversation of the Preachers, particularly from Mr. *Rankin*.

When she was about thirteen years of age, she met in Class with Mrs. *Ewer*: and one Sunday afternoon while her Leader was at prayer, she roared aloud for the disquietude of her soul, and continued on her knees for the space of three hours. Not many months after, she was set at liberty at a

Prayer-meeting, and was constrained in the midst of the people to declare what the Lord had done for her soul.

Soon after, she was much stirred up to wrestle with God for full Sanctification; but found a check from one who said, she thought a person receiving that blessing so soon after Justification was very liable to fall.

For many years she went on her way very comfortable at times; and though, during her long illnesses, she was often cast down, yet as long as she was able to attend the means of grace, no weather, or any other small hinderance could prevent her.

Some time before the last Conference she was much distressed in mind, through the fear of death. But Mr. C. W. visiting her frequently, his conversation was much blessed to her. She also received great comfort from the following hymn, which he made on purpose for her :

Jesus, in whose name I trust,
Nearest those who need thee most ;
See, thy helpless creature see,
Touched with my infirmity.

While I sensibly decline,
Unassured that thou art mine,
Pained in life, of death afraid,
Let me feel thy present aid.

Calmly with submission mourn,
For the Comforter's return ;
For the reconciling kiss,
Seal of my eternal bliss.

When his coming from above,
Re-assures me of thy love,
Stamps thy image on my heart,
Ready am I to depart.

Or if so my Lord ordain,
 Still I in the flesh remain,
 Neither life, nor death request ;
 Sure whate'er thou wilt is best.

Till thy welcome will is done,
 Hang I on my Lord alone ;
 Happy thine in life to be,
 Happier still to die in thee !

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of Mr. SAMUEL TAPPER.

MR. *Samuel Tapper* was born in 1635, and was the second son of *Mr. Oliver Tapper* of *Exeter* ; a person of very exemplary piety, whose holy life and conversation was a means of awakening and converting his son. His father sent him to *Oxford*, when he was only fifteen years old. He was of *Exeter College*, where he had *Mr. Bradford* for his Tutor. In the year 1654, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and continued about two years afterwards at the University ; intending to tarry there till he should take his Master's degree. But proving consumptively inclined, his Physician advised him to hasten into his native air. At *Exeter* he soon recovered ; and being persuaded to lay aside all thoughts of returning to *Oxford*, he preached some Sermons in the place of his nativity, with good acceptance. After awhile Providence opened a way for his settling as an Assistant to *Mr. Saunders*, at *Houlsworthy* : and he was ordained in that Church, Aug. 5, 1657. When he had continued there awhile he was presented by *Cromwell* to the Vicarage of *St. Meron*, and continued in it till the Restoration ; and was well respected by his parishioners, and also by his predecessor, *Mr. Banbrigg*, to whom he allowed half the income, and a house upon the glebe to live in. When *Mr.*

O o 2

Tapper

Tapper left the Vicarage, Mr. *Banbrigg* was restored. After this he resided with *Richard Erisey*, of *Erisey*, Esq; and from thence he removed to *Exeter*, where he lived with his friends, till the liberty granted by King *James*. He was no enemy to Episcopacy; but he would say, he was not prepared to assent to a book which he could not possibly see, before his assent was required: his great learning, with his moderation, modesty and candour, procured him the friendship of the Clergy of *Exeter*. Bishop *Ward* had so great a value for him that he offered him his interest to get him preferment if he would but conform, which he modestly refused. He often dined with the Bishop, and that when the times ran high against the Non-conformists, once and again did that learned Prelate lay his hands on Mr. *Tapper's* head, and blessed him; and then, with a smile, would say to him, Mr. *Tapper*, where is the harm of a Bishop's laying on his hands? Mr. *Ackland*, Treasurer of the Cathedral, had such a respect for him, that he importuned the Bishop to grant him a Licence to preach in his Chapel. This the Bishop could not do: but he promised to connive at him.

About the year 1687, he had an invitation to *Limpston*. The people built him a Chapel there; and his practical, warm preaching, and holy conversation gained him universal esteem. His congregation increased, and he was blessed with happy success in the conversion of many souls. He was also generally respected by the neighbouring gentry, who had any moderation. But all this could not secure him from the fury of High-Church bigots. For his Chapel was broken up in the year 1682, late on a Saturday night, and the windows very much broken. On the Lord's-day, the good old Prophet prayed earnestly for his enemies, that God would forgive their sin and turn their hearts. There was one also that disguised himself, and put on a cloak and band; and in that habit went to a woman of ill fame who lived at *Dawlish*, giving out that he was Mr. *Tapper* of *Limpston*, and offered her money that he might debauch her. The woman reported that Mr. *Tapper* had done this! But he
appearing

appearing before two Justices of the Peace, when she saw him, she declared upon oath that he was not the man.

In the latter part of his life, bodily infirmities lay heavy upon him, and he grew somewhat melancholy. The last year of his life his intellects were much impaired, and yet he could not, without difficulty, be withheld from his laborious work of praying and preaching. A third fit of an apoplexy put an end to his life and labours, March 3, 1708, in the seventy-third year of his age, when he had been in the ministry above fifty years.

His natural parts were quick and brisk, and he was a very hard Student, and so arrived at a considerable stock of learning. He perfectly understood the French and Welch, and had a great exactness in the Latin. Latin poetry was his diverting amusement during his undesired silence. But his beloved language was the Greek, in which he was so ready, that he read the Poets and Philosophers in their originals as familiarly as if he had been reading English, and he had the whole Greek Testament by heart: but he made all his knowledge subservient to Divinity, and was a very good practical Preacher, and an excellent Textuary.

As to his piety, he was a humble, zealous, devout Christian, and an example of godly simplicity and purity. There was observable in him a blessed harmony, between excellent, practical Sermons, and a serious, holy, prudent conversation. He was a steady example of close walking with God in secret. And it was his observation, drawn from long experience, that where devotion is dropped in the closet, it seldom keeps possession long in the family, or in the heart or life. He discovered a truly generous spirit, and none was more charitable than he to friends and enemies. Out of a good estate he hardly allowed himself what was convenient. To religious poor, poor Ministers, poor scholars, neighbouring families, and common objects, he gave away nine parts in ten of his income. He could not keep money by him when he knew of proper objects

objects on whom to bestow it. Whoever was in distress he accounted his brother, and fit to be relieved. He was ready to do good to all, though he had a particular regard to such as were of the household of faith. And it was a fixed rule with him, Rather to relieve nine by mistake, than to send away one empty who was really in want. He would say, "Charity may be mistaken; but will not go unrewarded." Thus lived and died Mr. *Tapper*, who is now entered into the joy of his Lord.



*An Account of a JOURNEY from Aleppo to the River Euphrates,
the City of Beer, and to Mesopotamia.*

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

WE set out from *Aleppo*, April 17, 1699, and steering East North East, somewhat less, we came in three hours and a half to *Surhafs*.

Tuesday, April 18, We came in three hours and a half to *Bezay*, passing by *Bab*; where is a good aqueduct **Dyn il Daab*, to which you descend by about thirty steps; and *Iediff* a pleasant village. - Our course thus far was East and by North. In the afternoon we advanced three hours further, course North East, to an old ruined place, formerly of some consideration, called *Acamy*: It is situated in the wilderness on a hill encompassed by a valley. It was large, and had the footsteps of symmetry, good walls and buildings.

* The District of *Daab*.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, April 19, We went East and by North, and in four hours arrived at *Bambych*. This place has no remnants of its ancient greatness but its walls, which may be traced all round, and cannot be less than three miles in compass. Several fragments of them remain on the East-side, especially at the East-gate; and another piece of eighty yards long, with towers of large square stone extremely well built. On the North-side I found a stone with the busts of a man and a woman, large as the life; and under, two eagles carved on it. Not far from it, on the side of a large well, was fixed a stone with three figures carved on it, in Basso Relievo. They were two Sirens, which twining their fishy tails together, made a seat, on which was placed sitting a naked woman, her Arms and the Sirens on each side mutually entwined.

On the West-side is a deep pit of about one hundred yards diameter. It was low, and had no water in it, and seemed to have had great buildings all round it; with the pillars and ruins of which, it is now in part filled up; but not so much, but that there was still water in it. Here are a multitude of subterraneous aqueducts brought to this city; the people attested no fewer than fifty. You can ride no where about the city, without seeing them. We pitched by one, about a quarter of a mile East of the city, which yields a fine stream; and emptying itself into a valley, waters it, and makes it extremely fruitful. Here perhaps, were the pastures of the beasts designed for sacrifices. Here are now only a few poor inhabitants, though anciently all the North-side was well inhabited by *Saracens*; as may be seen by the remains of a noble Mosque and a Bagnio a little without the walls. We were here visited by a company of *Begdelies*, who were encamped some hours further towards *Euphrates*, having about one thousand horse there.

[To be continued.]

Ar



An Account of the Turks, in a Letter from the Rev. Mr. MAUNDRELL, to the Rev. Mr. OSBORN.

YOU desire an account of the *Turks*, and of our way of living amongst them. As to the former, it would fill a volume to write my whole thoughts about them. I shall only tell you at present, that I think they are very far from agreeing with that character which is given of them in christendom; especially for their exact justice, veracity, and other moral virtues; upon account of which, I have sometimes heard them mentioned with very extravagant commendations; as though they far exceeded christian nations. But I must profess myself of another opinion: for the Christian religion, how much soever we live below the true spirit and excellency of it, must still be allowed to discover so much power upon the mind of its professors, as to raise them far above the level of a *Turkish* virtue. It is a maxim that I have often heard from our Merchants, that a *Turk* will always cheat when he can find an opportunity. Friendship, generosity, and wit (in the *English* notion) and delightful converse, and all the qualities of a refined and ingenuous spirit, are perfect strangers to their minds; though in traffic and worldly negotiations, they are acute enough: and are able to carry the accounts of a large commerce in their heads, without the help of books, by a natural arithmetic, improved by custom and necessity. Their religion is framed to keep up great outward gravity and solemnity, without begetting the least good tincture of wisdom or virtue in the mind. You shall have them at their hours of prayer (which are four a day always) addressing themselves to their devotions with the most solemn and critical washings, always in the most public places, where most people are passing; with most lowly and most regular prostrations, and a hollow tone; which are amongst them the great excellencies of prayer.

I have

I have seen them in an affected charity, give money to bird-catchers (who make a trade of it) to restore the poor captives to their natural liberty; and at the same time hold their own slaves in the heaviest bondage. And at other times they will buy flesh to relieve indigent dogs and cats; and yet curse you with famine and pestilence, and all the most hideous execrations; in which way these Eastern nations have certainly the most exquisite Rhetoric of any people upon earth. They know hardly any pleasure but that of the sixth sense. And yet with all this, they are incredibly conceited of their own Religion; and contemptuous of that of others: which I take to be the great artifice of the devil, in order to keep them his own. They are a perfect, visible comment upon our blessed Lord's description of the *Jewish* pharisees. In a word, lust, arrogance, covetousness, and the most exquisite hypocrisy compleat their character. The only thing that ever I could observe to commend in them is, the outward decency of their carriage, the profound respect they pay to Religion and to every thing relating to it, and their great temperance and frugality. The dearness of any thing is no motive in *Turkey*, though it be in *England*, to bring it into fashion.

As for our living amongst them, it is with all possible quiet and safety: and that is all we desire; their conversation being not in the least entertaining. Our delights are among ourselves: and here being more than forty of us, we never want a most friendly and pleasant conversation. Our way of life resembles, in some measure, the Academical. We live in separate squares, shut up every night after the manner of Colleges. We begin the day constantly, as you do, with prayers; and have our set times for business, meals and recreations. In the winter we hunt in the most delightful campaign twice a week; and in the summer go as often to divert ourselves under our tents, with bowling, and other exercises. In short,

it is my real opinion, that there is not a Society out of *England*, that for all good and desirable qualities, may be compared to this.



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

[Continued from page 251.]

Of some Particular P L A N T S.

1. **I**T remains to give a short account of some remarkable productions of the vegetable kind.

The grass of the submarine meadows is not a span long, and is of a green approaching to a yellow. The Tortoises seem to live wholly on this; but they bite much more of it than they swallow. Hence the sea is covered with this grass, wherever they feed at the bottom. About once in half an hour they come up, fetch one breath like a sigh, and sink again. They breathe somewhat oftner, when on shore; if you hurt them, the tears will trickle from their eyes. They will live out of water twenty days and be fat, if they have twice a day half a pint of salt-water.

A submarine sensitive plant has been observed on the Irish Coast. It consists of a long, slender tube about as thick as the barrel of a goose quill, growing about six or eight inches out of the crevices of the rocks, especially in such hollows as the salt-water remains in, after the tide ebbs away. In the middle of the tube springs up a slender stalk. The top of which is a reddish, round vesicle. If you point a finger to this, as soon as you are near touching it, the stalk withdraws to the very bottom of the tube, and the tube itself bends and becomes flaccid. The plant has no branches, nor can the root be separated from the rock.

rock without breaking it. On the Cornish shores, there grows a kind of sensitive fucus. Bring this so near the fire as just to warm, and its edges shrink up. In this state, move a finger toward them, and they shrink from it, but if the finger is removed, recover their former situation. Placed on a warm hand, it moves perpetually to and from the hand, like an animal struggling for life. It seems this odd effect is owing to the structure of these plants. They are so extremely thin that they yield to the perspiration of the hand; the effluvia, being of force sufficient to repel the leaves when they are near.

The vines of Hops wind about the poles with the sun, those of Kidney-beans against the sun, and that so obstinately, that although the one or the other be over-night wound the opposite way, yet in the morning it will be found to be got back again to its natural bent.

The herb of *Paraguay*, as it is called, is the leaf of a tree, of the size of a middling apple-tree. It is sent to *Peru* and *Spain*, in great quantities, well dried and almost reduced to powder, being used by the miners and many others, as we use wine, and the Turks Opium, to raise the spirits. Indeed the Spaniards believe it to be a preservation from, and remedy for all their disorders. It is opening and diuretic, and what is surprising, produces very different effects at different times. It purges some, and nourishes others: it gives sleep to the restless and spirits to the drowsy. Those who are accustomed to the use of this herb, can scarce ever leave it off, or even take it moderately, though when used to excess, it brings on most of those disorders that attend the too free use of strong liquors. They prepare it nearly as we do tea; but seldom use any sugar with it. Sometimes they take it by way of vomit: then they drink it lukewarm.

[*To be continued.*]



AN EXTRACT FROM THREE DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE II.

[Continued from page 254.]

Sophronius. SIR—Sir—hear me speak——

Callistus. Hold, *Sophronius!* do not you curse me! Execrable wretch though I am, do not you doom me to destruction! I loved you, Sir—whilst I was myself, I loved you as myself! even now I love you—O *Sophronius, Sophronius,* dearly do I love you!——

Sophronius. Stop, stop, Sir—on my knees, I beg you stop—and do not break my heart!

Callistus. I am very foolish, I believe.—Rise, dearest friend, or pull me down to you.—I am quite a child in weakness and folly—*Sophronius*—I am very faint—my friend—if you would have me live—give me something quick—

Sophronius. Hore, my dear Sir—signify to me by a sign when you are better, but do not speak.—

Callistus. I am better.—O Sir, you would not wonder at these weaknesses, if you knew what passed within!——

Sophronius. Thank God you are better!

Callistus. O *Sophronius,* pray that my soul may live, if it be possible; but lose not a thought on this wretched body; which soon, very soon, must return to its native earth. But, O my soul! what will become of thee!

Sophronius. Dear Sir, recollect the comfortable assurances you entertained last night.

Callistus. And is it so, *Sophronius?* Come then, I have more horrors still in store, more sufferings still—grant me but strength to bear!

Sophronius. But, my dearest friend——

Callistus.

Callistus, No, *Sophronius*, deprive me not of a moment's pain. Come, poor *Eugenia*, do thou assist to torture me! This is the only, dreadful service thou owest me: but, perhaps thou canst now forgive the unutterable wrongs I did thee, and pity the wretch who once could pity thee: how I pitied thee! even when madness brought thee a horrible relief; surely I have been distracted too, but, oh! only so much as to add to my horrors! to present thy dreadful image to my trembling soul; in one pale hand, thy son, and in the other, thy sweet—O that is too much to feel and live! I must be taken off that rack!—Yes, *Sophronius*, the poor *Eugenia*, whom I released from common calamities, I plunged into such exquisite distress, as her nature could not bear; her reason, when it could no longer serve her, kindly forsook her—she died raving mad, in a private hospital to which I had conveyed her.—O that all the world could hear me! O that every heedless youth could feel for an instant, in the midst of his pleasures, what I feel now!—Surely, surely, he could sin no more!—

But I must hasten to a conclusion. My sand sinks apace, and I think I shall not live beyond this glass.

There, *Sophronius*, read that, and then throw it into the fire.

Sophronius. (reading) "Sir, If you have any thing of the gentleman, or the man left, come and give me the only satisfaction that I can receive for the enormous wrongs you have done me: meet me on this day se'nnight at *Calais*; and I will either begin your punishment, or you shall add my death to your damnation. My poor mother, my sweet sister, summon you to judgment. Your conscience will inform you whom you have made the most wretched of mankind."

"P. S. My duty confines me at present near the place I have named, which I suppose may be a convenient one to which ever of us survives."

Callistus. O *Sophronius*, such cowards can guilt make us, that my very soul trembled as I read it. But I could not conceive it for some time how the poor young man became acquainted

acquainted with his misery, till I recollected that two days after the divine *Melinda* quitted the society of a fiend, for that of angels, I was informed that their foot-boy had absented himself suddenly, and that he had not been heard of since: which in my distracted condition I had never before reflected on; but now it appeared that the wretched *Eugenia* had sent him to summon her son to revenge his sister and herself.

I knew not what to do. I dreaded the thought of adding to my load of guilt, but more I dreaded death; and I doubted not but if I refused to meet him, he would pursue me through the world: nor was the fear of shame, amidst so many greater terrors, wanting to increase my tortures. Sometimes I determined to go and present my naked bosom to his revengeful sword, but, oh! the dread of what was to come after, soon frightened me back to life: life was become a state of unutterable torment, and yet I durst not die.

I set out with a heart torn with innumerable conflicts; but resolved, if possible, to avoid being guilty of the death of an innocent, much injured, and most unhappy gentleman. Alas! was it to make him any satisfaction for the outrageous wrongs, the base treachery, the inhuman cruelty I had been guilty of to his excellent sister, for the dishonour of his family, and the exquisite sorrows, the irreparable losses I had brought upon him, to give him a chance of depriving me of life at the equal hazard of his own? Had he seized me unarmed, and stabbed me in a thousand places; had he tortured me with the most ingenious studied cruelty, the punishment could not have been equal to my crimes, the vengeance had been wholly inadequate to his wrongs.

O *Sophronius*, how was my soul shocked, when my eyes met my *Melinda's* face, only the features strengthened into manly beauty! O lovely youth, how much rather would I have given thee my heart, my estate, nay, my *life*, than have made the least attempt upon thine; but the dread of appearing, loaded as I was
with

with guilt before the Almighty, All-seeing Judge, was too horribly strong for every other consideration.

The moment I made myself known to him, his eyes lightened with rage, and he bid me name a time and place convenient for our meeting. I was going to express something of what I felt; but he stopped me short, by telling me he would hold no converse with me, but what was necessary for our purpose.

O great God, what did I feel when I returned to my room! It is in vain to endeavour to explain to you the complication of miseries and horrors! What a night I passed! Not one instant did I close my eyes, till the dreadful morn arose:—O *Sophrenius*, think what it was; and all the consequence of my own folly, vanity, and villainy!—

[To be continued.]

Dr. PORDAGE'S Account of several Apparitions made one night to him in his bedchamber: extracted from Lord Chief Justice HALE'S Collections of Matters of Fact.

I Judge that God calls me to make a free and open discovery of those wonderful Apparitions which were seen in my family about four years since. And if all that read this, can but receive and judge of it by that rule and principle from which I write, they will be so far from judging me, that they cannot but bless God for his mercy to me; and the more admire his wonderful works and the greatness of his power.

In August, 1649, there appeared in my bedchamber, about the middle of the night, a spirit in the shape of Everard, with his wearing apparel, band, cuffs, hat, &c. who after drawing the curtain, walked once through the chamber very easily, and disappeared.

That

That night there was another appearance of one in the form of a giant, with a great sword in his hand without a scabbard, which he flourished against me; having the figurative similitude of a green tree lying by him.

After this had continued for the space of half an hour, it vanished; and there succeeded a third appearance, which was very terrible; being in the shape of a great dragon, which seemed to take up most part of a large room, appearing with great teeth and open jaws, whence he often ejected fire against me, which came with such a magical influence, that it almost struck the breath out of my body, making me fall to the ground.

These three dreadful Apparitions were very terrible to nature, and might have hurt me much, had I not been supported in an extraordinary manner: the last of which continued till the day began to dawn, and then disappeared.

THOUGHTS on the Misery of MAN.

[Concluded from page 262.]

MAN, therefore, must be confessed to be so unfortunate; that without any external cause of trouble he would ever regret and bemoan the very condition of his own nature, and yet to be at the same time so fantastical, that while he is full of a thousand inward and essential subjects of grief, the least outward trifle is sufficient to divert him. Insomuch, that upon impartial consideration, his case seems more to be lamented in that he is capable of receiving pleasure from things so low and frivolous, than in that he is so immoderately afflicted with his own real miseries, and his diversion appears infinitely less reasonable than his disquiet.

Whence

Whence is it, think ye, that this gentleman, who has lately buried his only son, and who is every morning so full of lamentation, and at present seems to have quite forgotten his part? Do not be surpris'd. The business is, that our friend is wholly taken up with looking what way the Stag will turn, which his dogs have been in chase of some hours. Such an accident is enough to put a man beside his chagrin, though groaning under the heaviest calamity of life. As long as you can engage him in some diversion, so long you make him happy; but it is with a false and imaginary happiness, not arising from the possession of any real and solid good, but from a levity of spirit, by which he loses the memory of his substantial woes, amidst the entertainment of mean and ridiculous objects, unworthy of his love. It is the joy of a man in a fever, or a phrenzy, resulting not from the regular motion, but from the distemper and discomposure of his mind. It is a mere sport of folly and delusion. Nor is there any thing more surpris'ing in human life, than to observe the insignificancy of those things which divert and please us.

It is true, by thus keeping our mind always employed, they shield it from the consideration of real evils; but then they make it utterly cheat itself, by doating on fantastic objects of delight.

What do you take to be the aim and motive of those youths, whom you see engaged at tennis with such force of body and application of mind? Why, the pleasure of boasting to-morrow, that they won so many sets of such a notable gamester. This is the real spring of so much action and toil: and it is but the very same which dispose others to drudge and sweat in their closets, for the sake of informing the learned world, that they have resolv'd a question in Algebra, hitherto reputed inexplicable. Many thousands more expose themselves to the greatest of dangers, for the glory of taking a town; in my judgment, no less ridiculously. To conclude; there are not wanting those who kill themselves purely with reading and observing

all this application of others; not that they may grow wiser by it, but that they may have the credit of apprehending its vanity. And these last are the most exquisitely foolish, because they are so, willingly and wittingly; whereas it is reasonable to suppose of the rest, that were they alike sensible of their folly, they would want no admonition to desert it.

A man, that by gaming every day for some little stake, passeth away his life without uneasiness or melancholy, would yet be rendered unhappy, should you give him every morning the sum which he could possibly win all day, upon condition to forbear. It will be said, perhaps, that it is the amusement of the play which he seeks, and not the gain. Yet if he plays for nothing, his gaiety is over, and the spleen recovers full possession. Bare amusement therefore is not what he proposeth; a languishing amusement without heat or passion, would but dispirit and fatigue him; he must be allowed to raise and chaff himself, by proposing a happiness in the gaining of that which he would despise, if given him not to venture, and by creating a fictitious object, which shall excite and employ his desire, his anger, his hope, and his fear.

So that these diversions of men, which are found to constitute their happiness, are not only mean and vile, but they are false and deceitful: that is, we are in love with mere airy shapes and phantoms, such as must be incapable of possessing the heart of man, had he not lost the taste and perception of real good, and were he not filled with baseness, and levity, and pride, together with an infinite number of other vices, such as can no way relieve us under our present miseries, but by creating others, which are still more dangerous in being more substantial. For these are the things which chiefly bar us from our own thoughts, and which teach us to give new wings to time, and yet remain insensible of its flight. Without these, we should indeed be under a continual weariness and perplexity, yet such as might prompt us to seek out a better method for
us

its cure. Whereas these, which we call diversions, do but amuse and beguile us; and, in conclusion, lead us down blindfold into our grave.

Mankind having no infallible remedy against ignorance, misery, and death, imagine that some respite, some shelter, may at last be found, by agreeing to banish them from their meditation. This is the only comfort they have been able to invent under their numerous calamities. But a miserable comfort it proves, because it does not tend to the removal of these evils, but only to the concealment of them for a short season; and because, in thus concealing them, it hinders us from applying such proper means as should remove them. Thus, by a strange revolution in the nature of man, that grief and inward disquiet, which he dreads as the greatest of sensible evils, is in one respect his greatest good, because it might contribute, more than all things besides, to the putting him in a successful method of recovery. On the other hand, his recreation, which he seems to prize as his sovereign good, is indeed the greatest evil, because it is of all things the most effectual in making him negligent under his distemper. And both the one and the other are admirable proofs, as of man's misery and corruption, so of his greatness and dignity. For the reason why he grows sick and weary of every object, and engages in such a multitude of pursuits, is, because he still retains the idea of his lost happiness; which not finding within himself, he seeks it through the whole circle of external things; but always seeks without success, because it is indeed to be found not in ourselves, nor in the creatures, but in God alone.

On allegorical WRITINGS in general, and especially the
PARABLES of our LORD.

[Concluded from page 264.]

THEIR being classed in a proper manner may sometimes tend to throw much light upon some of them; and this may be done by ranging them according to the nature of the subjects, or points of instruction they are intended to illustrate.

1. Such as relate to the nature and progress of the gospel dispensation, together with the opposition it should meet with from the malice of Satan, and the folly and perverseness of mankind. Under this head the parable of the Sower, the Tares, with many other of the lesser parables may naturally be ranged.

2. Such as have for their object the rejection of the Jews, and calling of the Gentiles, may form the next class; events that had evident connection with the subject of the former. As to the murmuring Labourers, the cruel and unjust Husbandmen, the barren Fig-tree, and Marriage-feast.

3. Such as are directly intended to convey moral and religious instruction, for regulating our tempers and conduct, which are by far the greater part of our Saviour's parables. These may again be subdivided into two branches, such as are designed to illustrate some important truth, or to inculcate some indispensable duty of religion. Under the first class are the good Samaritan, the generous Master and unforgiving Servant, the unjust Steward. Again, such as are of larger extent, and deliver some general lessons of wisdom and piety without being confined to one particular view; as the ten Virgins, the Talents, the prodigal Son, the lost Sheep, and lost piece of Silver enjoined with it, the unjust Judge and importunate Widow, the Pharisee and Publican.—All these may be properly ranged under the second branch.

The



The following Account of BOTANY-BAY, is extracted from
Captain COOK's Voyage.

[Concluded from page 266.]

THE next morning, as the wind continued northerly I sent out the yawl again, and the people struck one* still larger; for when his entrails were taken out, he weighed about three hundred and thirty-six pounds.

The great quantity of plants which Mr. *Banks* and Dr. *Solander* collected in this place induced me to give it the name of *Botany-Bay*. It is situated in the latitude of 34 S. longitude 208 57 W. It is capacious, safe, and convenient, and may be known by the land on the sea coast, which is nearly level, and of a moderate height; in general higher than it is farther in land, with steep rocky cliffs next the sea, which have the appearance of a long island lying close under the shore. The harbour lies about the middle of this land, and in approaching it from the southward, is discovered before the ship comes a-breast of it; but from the northward it is not discovered so soon: the entrance is a little more than a quarter of a mile broad, and lies in W. N. W. To sail into it, the southern shore should be kept on board, till the ship is within a small bare island, which lies close under the north shore; within this island the deepest water on that side is seven fathoms shallowing to five a good way up. At a considerable distance from the south shore there is a shoal, reaching from the inner south point quite to the head of the harbour; but over towards the north and north-west shore, there is a channel of twelve or fourteen feet at low water, for three or four leagues, up to a place where there is three or four fathoms, but here I found very little fresh water. We anchored near the south shore, about a mile within the entrance, for the convenience of

* A Fish called, *Leather-Jacket*.

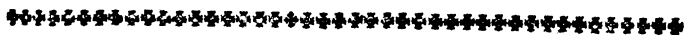
sailing

sailing with a southerly wind, and because I thought it the best situation for watering; but I afterwards found a very fine stream on the north shore, in the first sandy cove within the island, before which a ship might lie almost land-locked, and procure wood as well as water in great abundance. Wood indeed is every where plenty; but I saw only two kinds which may be considered as timber. These trees are as large, or larger than the English oak, and one of them has not a very different appearance: this is the same that yields the reddish gum like *sanguis draconis*, and the wood is heavy, hard, and dark-coloured, like *lignum vitæ*; the other grows tall and straight, something like the pine; and the wood of this, which has some resemblance to the live oak of *America*, is also hard and heavy. There are very few shrubs, and several kinds of the palm; mangroves also grow in great plenty near the head of the bay. The country in general is level, low, and woody, as far as we could see. The woods, as I have before observed, abound with birds of exquisite beauty, particularly of the parrot kind; we found also crows here, exactly the same with those in *England*. About the head of the harbour, where there are large flats of sand and mud, there is great plenty of water fowl, most of which were altogether unknown to us; one of the most remarkable was black and white, much larger than a swan, and in shape somewhat resembling a pelican. On these banks of sand and mud there are great quantities of oysters, muscles, cockles, and other shell-fish, which seem to be the principal subsistence of the inhabitants, who go into shoal water with their little canoes, and pick them out with their hands. We did not observe that they eat any of them raw, nor do they always go on shore to dress them, for they have frequently fires in their canoes for that purpose. They do not however subsist wholly upon this food, for they catch a variety of other fish, some of which they strike with gigs, and some they take with hook and line. All the inhabitants that we saw were stark naked; they did not appear to be numerous, nor

to

to live in societies ; but like other animals were scattered about along the coast, and in the woods. Of their manner of life, however, we could know but little, as we were never able to form the least connection with them. After the first contest at our landing, they would never come near enough to parley ; nor did they touch a single article of all that we had left at their huts, and the places they frequented, on purpose for them to take away.

During my stay in this harbour, I caused the *English* colours to be displayed on shore every day ; and the ship's name, and the date of the year, to be inscribed upon one of the trees near the watering place.



God's Revenge against Murder and Adultery.

[Continued from page 270.]

THE Baron, on receipt of her letter, answers her respectfully that he had before proposed to visit Paris, and on this occasion would hasten his journey.

Mermanda receives his letter joyfully ; but her's to the Baron produces effects contrary to her hopes : for Grand-Pre hearing of Betanford's sudden departure for Paris, suspects a plot between him and his wife, and so is confirmed in his former opinion of her disloyalty. Mermanda endeavours to conceal her grief as much as possible ; but her wan cheeks and discontented looks, the outward heralds of her inward afflictions, visibly speak her sentiments.

Grand-Mont and his wife, though they see this alteration in their beloved daughter-in-law, yet they are utterly ignorant of the difference between their son Grand-Pre and her. But Hautefelia having her spies in every corner of their house, is punctually informed of all these passages, whereat she exceedingly rejoices.

All

All this while Grand-Pre's breast is boiling with implacable rage, he pretends business at Chalons, and so taking a choice horse, one page, and two lackies, he quits home, passing by indirect ways, first to Troy, and thence to Brie-Count-Robert, (a day's journey from Paris) where, he writes a challenge, and delivers it to his page, ordering him, at day-break, to post away for Paris, to the crown of France, in St. Honore street, to deliver that letter to Baron Betanford, and return the same night with the Baron's answer.

The page executes his master's orders, and Betanford, on opening Grand-Pre's billet, finds these words :

“ You need no witness but yourself to inform you in how high a nature you have wronged me : herein your false glory has made my real shame so apparent, that I had rather die than live to digest it. I can sooner forget all other offences than pardon this. Think it not then strange, that I require you to meet me, next Thursday morning, between five and six, with your rapier only, either on horseback, or on foot, at Carency, half a league from Brie-Count-Robert, where the bearer hereof shall expect you, safely to conduct you to a fair meadow, where I will attend you with my Surgeon, but no Second. To be plain with you, your life or mine must decide this matter.

GRAND-PRE.”

So far was the Baron from shewing any sign of fear, at reading this, that he took the page aside and said, “ Tell thy master, I will not fail meeting him, on horseback, without a Second, at the place and hour specified.”—Early on the morrow, being Wednesday, he sends away a fine horse, which his groom leads, and about ten, with only his Surgeon and page, takes coach and arrives that evening at Carency.

Next morning, at the time appointed, Grand-Pre, hastes away to the field, attended only by a Surgeon. Soon after comes the Baron, with his Surgeon only, having left his coach, page
and

and groom, a furlong off, with a positive command, not to stir till they heard from him.

They enter the field with a soft trot, having each his adversary in front, and when about eighty paces distant, they clap spurs to their steeds, and part like two flashes of lightning. At this first meeting, Grand-Pre runs Betanford through the left shoulder, and himself receives only a slight thrust, close under the right eye; being excellent horsemen, they turn short, and again fall to it; in which encounter Betanford receives a wide gash on the brawn of his right arm, and Grand-Pre a thrust in his left side, which must infallibly have ended the dispute with his life, had not the rapier glanced on a rib: and now by consent they retire in order to breathe a little. They again come thundering on, when Betanford runs Grand-Pre through the neck, and is himself run through the small of his right arm, which wound, coming among the sinews and arteries, made him drop his sword.

Grand-Pre cries out, "Courage, Baron; for I will rather die than wound a man unarmed." At the same time he calls out to his own Surgeon, to deliver the Baron his sword. Betanford returns thanks for this courtesy, which he vows not to forget.

Betanford has already received seven wounds, but has given ten to his antagonist.

Again the combatants divide, and with fresh vigour spur on their foaming horses; but this encounter proves more favourable to Betanford, than to his challenger: for, as Grand-Pre makes a desperate thrust at him, which passed under his right arm, Betanford runs Grand-Pre through the belly into his reins, with which he is brought to the ground speechless, and, to all appearance, just ready to bid the world adieu.

Betanford, not doubting but that his gallant enemy's course was near finished, alights; and, runs with open arms to his assistance, in requital of his former courtesy in returning his sword. Nay, he seems to be more solicitous for the welfare

of his antagonist, than for his own, sending away with all speed, his Surgeon for his coach, raising up the half-expiring Grand-Pre, binding his wounds in the best manner he was able. The coach being come, he helps to lay him in as gently as possible, and mounting it, with the two Surgeons, the pages and lackies attending, drives away to the nearest farm-house, where he most earnestly requests the artists to use their utmost skill upon Grand-Pre, before he would suffer them to examine his own hurts. They both concur in opinion, that his last wound is mortal; when Betanford, still like himself, vows not to forsake him in that extremity. Having seen Grand-Pre laid to sleep, after dressing his wounds, he then had proper care taken of his own, none of which are found to be dangerous.

About noon, Grand-Pre having recovered his speech and memory, Betanford approaches his bedside, when requiring all present to quit the room, he courteously salutes him, humbly conjuring him, as he is a gentleman, to tell him, why he had called him into the field. "Ah! Baron, cried Grand-Pre, swear first to me, on your honour, that you will truly resolve one question."—"By my honour, replied Betanford, I sincerely will."—"Then Baron, added Grand-Pre, did you ever injure me by being too familiar with my wife?" The Baron, with many solemn oaths and protestations, clears both himself and Mermanda; and Grand-Pre thereupon begs his pardon, since he really believed the contrary, which alone was the cause of his challenge; adding, that for ever thence forwards, he will esteem him as his most honourable friend, and while he lives will love his wife more than ever.—

Betanford, though little hurt himself, staid ten days with Grand-Pre; when, perceiving his wounds in a hopeful way of cure, they agree to depart. Grand-Pre kindly thanked the Baron for his life, and all other civilities; and Betanford as courteously thanked him for restoring his sword, wherewith he preserved his own life; and so like dear friends they took leave

of

of each other, the Baron mounting his horse for Paris, and frankly lending Grand-Pre his coach to convey him home to Auxone.

Grand-Pre, at his return, tenderly caresses his wife, acquaints her with the occasion and event of his duel, condemns his own folly, and entreats her to forgive him once more, and vows there breathes not a nobler or more gallant gentleman than Baron Betanford.

But let us leave for awhile, Mermanda, to view the workings of Hautefelia's mind, whose malice will not let her rest, seeing her first purposes are thus frustrated. Her invention is now on the rack to find out some new method of satisfying her implacable hatred, and at length she determines to put a period at once to the charms and life of the innocent Mermanda, by bargaining with one Frefnay, a base and indigent Apothecary, for two hundred crowns to poison her, which villainy the wretch having undertaken, he accomplishes in less than two months.

Grand-Pre was exceedingly grieved for the loss of his wife, as were her parents and relations; indeed, all who were acquainted with Mermanda, lamented her death, though no one suspected the cause of it.

This, which occasioned so much sorrow to others, was a triumph to Hautefelia, who, having been thus successful in her first villainy, meditates another, and, as she hated Mermanda, so did she never love Malleray her brother, although her husband. She thinks the present a proper time to sow discord between him and Grand-Pre, knowing that if the latter is slain, she is sole heir to her father, and if the former, she might then satisfy the pride of her ambitious mind, by gaining another husband that is noble, a defect in Malleray which she can never excuse.

To this end she informs her husband that her brother Grand-Pre's jealousy was the occasion of Mermanda's death, for that he suspected, her being false to his bed, and living in adultery

with Baron Betanford, whom, on that account, he had fought a duel with, and moreover, that it was shrewdly suspected that he had murdered his wife; these were things, she said, that she once thought to have concealed, but that she knew her husband was, and ought to be, nearer to her than her brother.

Malleray was thunder-struck at this shocking news, gave credit to all his wife said, and resolves to acquaint the President his father therewith, not doubting but the old gentleman would exert his utmost power to bring Grand-Pre to the punishment he thought he deserved.

But old Cressonville saw that there was no solid foundation for this suspicion, therefore he thought it most adviseable not to disturb the ashes of the dead, but to let the affair rest in silence, and endeavour to bear the loss of his daughter with patience.

Malleray seeing his father so cold, was all on fire himself, vowing that he would revenge the death of his dear sister, Mermanda his wife, blows up the coals, and sets an edge to his resolution. At this instant Grand-Pre arrived at Dijon, which Malleray no sooner heard than he sent him the following challenge.

“ I should degenerate both from my honour and my blood, if I was not sensible of the great injuries you have done your wife my sister; they are of that nature, that it is impossible for me to suffer them to pass unrevenged: her murdered innocence, and your black guilt, make me as justly challenge you, as you unjustly challenged Baron Betanford; therefore, tomorrow, by the row of walnut-trees, in the meadow, at the foot of Talon Fort, bring either a single rapier, or rapier and poinard, and I will meet you without seconds. Judge how earnestly I desire to try the temper of your heart and sword, since I already begin to count the minutes that are to pass between this and the time I expect you shall confront the injured

MALLERAY.”

[To be continued.]

A certain



A certain Cure for ARSENIC, or the Bite of a VIPER.

SALAD oil taken warm and repeated discretionally, will infallibly prevent any bad consequences if the arsenic has not been taken very long before. It is the true antidote for Arsenic, and the bite of a Viper. I could therefore wish, that no one would neglect making use of it as soon as it is discovered that any person has swallowed arsenic.

And as to the bite of a Viper, let the wound be well rubbed as soon as possible with warm oil, over a chafing dish, repeatedly at different times; and that alone will effectually cure. But if the poison has extended too far into the body before the oil has been applied, then the patient must drink warm oil at different times, always bathing the wound also with it, and likewise that part of the body where pain may be felt; and this will effectually cure without any other remedies.

With regard to arsenic, I must observe, that a gentle vomit given just after taking it, and then repeatedly drinking very fat mutton broth, will also effectually cure it.



SUPERSTITION AND RELIGION.

[By a late Author.]

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows:

Methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when on a sudden, I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me.

me. She was dressed in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed, the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest, from every baleful tree the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

“Retire with me, O rash, unthinking mortal! from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched. This is the condition of all below the stars, and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth, and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the lot of all sublunary beings, and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.”

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of death should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I spied on one hand of me, a deep, muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow, sullen murmurs. Here I determined

determined to plunge, and was just on the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendours were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to glad my thoughts, when with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions.

[*To be continued.*]



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXXVIII.

[From Miss J. C. March, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

December 30, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

IT is very long since I address you, my much-respected friend; though my sublimest thoughts have often arose from a secret conversation I held in my mind with you. I find much union of sentiment with you; and my experience often reminds me of the truth of your observations on various occasions. When you were given back to us from the dead, I longed to be one of the first who should congratulate your recovery; but want of a direction, and other things intervening, made me
 delay

delay till the subject would have been out of season. And ever since I have scarce had any thing important enough to write.

We are called at present to endure discouragement, by the withdrawment of some of our brethren. It is a cause to me of heaviness, though it does not tempt me to follow their example: as I am not disposed to listen to the cry of, Lo! Christ is here, or lo! Christ is there. Yet I am not always satisfied with the portions of meat I receive. I wish to find my Teachers more truly answer the description of the promised Pastors, of whom it is said, "They shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." I too seldom reap this desirable blessing, and am therefore in great danger of despising prophesyings.

My chief good is gained by communing with my own heart; and by searching out my own spirit. My gracious Lord warns, and admonishes me, and points out to me the necessity of simply obeying the word of God as the best and only way to gain or preserve a mind in health, and a heart at rest. I wish to have the whole of my conversation in this world by the grace of God; but I feel my own extreme helplessness. I do not always find such a measure of the Unction of the Holy One as helps me to steer my course aright. I feel my want of spiritual help; yet can scarce explain myself to you so as to obtain your direction: only any thing you can say on the way and means of close walking with God, and deep piety, must be a word in season. I want the reviving influences of grace, and my soul to be more abundantly raised by divine power.

I live too much without experience, except that which arises from the motions of grace, or from the sensibility of my own defects; and am not always conscious of the sensible workings of God's Spirit, effecting my farther sanctification as I could wish.

You once described my state to be, that of a person on the threshold of christian perfection. I think, since then the Lord
brought

brought me a little farther into the good land; but I fear I have crept back to the threshold again!

Since I begun this, I have heard the welcome tidings that you design Bristol a visit. Our necessities cry, "Come and help us!" Till then,

I remain, Rev. Sir, with gratitude and respect,

Your affectionate and obliged Servant,

J. C. M.

L E T T E R CCCCXXIX.

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

Bristol, Dec. 14, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

A Deep sense of my own unworthiness, has caused me to delay writing, longer than I wished. But remembering that you never look upon it as loss of time to instruct your friends in the way of righteousness, I beg that you will confer on me an act of friendship, which I do not remember you ever yet did: I mean, to tell me all my faults. For I so covet the reproofs of my friends, that I can truly say with David, "Let the righteous smite me friendly." I often find such admonitions tend to help me to the knowledge of myself, which necessarily drives me to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness; but I want faith to wash therein and be clean.

I trust that he is carrying on the work of sanctification in my soul, which oftentimes proves painful to the remains of corrupt nature. I am ready to cry out, "Who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth

as a refiner's fire? But he makes me willing to endure, so I may at last awake up after his likenesses."

For several weeks past I have experienced great inward and outward trials; but I have also experienced that gracious promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." I find outward trials have a happy tendency to wean me from the world, and sweetly to constrain me to trust in the Lord alone for every thing I want. And he is teaching me, that having present food and raiment, I am therewith to be content.

I see more and more beauty in entire devotedness to Jesus; and have lately found myself very ambitious of suffering hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. I think that in general we are too easy: and do not enough take up our crosses as the followers of a crucified Master. We are too apt to forget that he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with griefs; so that when he gives us to have fellowship with him in his sufferings, we are ready to seek out to ourselves an easier way: forgetting that the servant is not to be above his Lord. From observing lately that this is the case of several I am acquainted with, I am lead to pray that God would give us all,

" A soul innur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross :"

being assured that if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him. That this may be our happy portion, is, Rev. Sir, the earnest desire of your obedient Servant,

M. L.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

The DOVE and the ANT.

IS there an eye that never flows
 From sympathy of others woes ?
 Is there an ear that still doth fail
 To tingle at a mournful tale ?
 When scenes of fore distress are nigh,
 Hard is the heart that checks a sigh.

If with neglect, or fierce disdain,
 We look on others grief, or pain ;
 Or can suppress the rising groan,
 For every suffering, not our own ;
 In human shapes such souls that dwell,
 A hedge-hog's form would suit as well.

By sympathizing with distress,
 We shall not find our comfort less ;
 For with the anguish 'twill impart
 A pleasure to the feeling heart :
 How sweet the joys, the peace, and rest
 That reign in every tender breast !
 The meanest in distress, the wise
 Will freely serve, and not despise.

A labouring Ant, who half a league
 Had dragg'd his load with vast fatigue,
 As trailing from a distant barn
 A most prodigious grain of corn !
 Tottering beneath the burden bent,
 Dissolv'd in sweat, his strength quite spent ;
 As many a weary step he took,
 Along the margin of a brook,

S f 2

He

He homeward trudg'd through thick and thin,
 But miss'd a step, and tumbled in ;
 The dashing waves around him fly,
 And foam and thunder to the sky !

So have I seen the planks that bear
 Britannia's eager sons to war,
 Rush from the stocks with fury down,
 To distant view, a falling town,
 Lash the hoarse waves, and stem the tide,
 And o'er the billows proudly ride.

Even so the Ant with toil and strife,
 Panted, and struggl'd hard for life :
 The waves come booming o'er his head,
 His powers are gone, his hopes are fled ;
 He flounces, plunges, strives in vain !
 He sinks, then rising floats again !
 Resists the stream, and holds his breath,
 Despairs of help, and waits for death !

When, lo ! a Dove, with pity mov'd,
 " For every living thing she lov'd,"
 Beheld, with deep concern oppress'd,
 The honest rustic thus distress'd ;
 Just where she saw him gasping lie,
 She pluck'd a twig, and dropp'd it nigh,
 He mounts, like sailor on an oar,
 Securely perch'd, and reach'd the shore ;
 Then shook his limbs, and rais'd his head,
 And thus to his deliverer said,

" To one unask'd who could bestow
 Such service ! more than thanks I owe ;
 Receive, devoid of skill or art,
 The effusion of a grateful heart ;
 You may partake of all I hoard,
 Sure of a welcome at my board."

The

The gentle Dove with smiles replies,
 And meekness beaming from her eyes :
 " The highest joys on earth we find,
 Spring from a tender, feeling mind ;
 The soft sensations rising there,
 Repay with interest all our care :
 Where kindness is to others shown,
 Imparting bliss we form our own,
 Sweet is the infelt joy that flows
 From kind relief of others woes ;
 The bosom that with pity burns,
 Bless'd in itself, wants no returns."

She spoke : and mounting, spreads her wings,
 And wheels aloft in airy rings,
 Seeking the well known shady grove,
 To nurse her young, and bless her love.
 When winter's snows deformed the year,
 And food was scarce, the frost severe,
 The grateful Ant, who had with pain
 Amass'd a monstrous load of grain ;
 And as the Dove might want, he thought,
 To find his benefactor fought.

Long had he roved the forest round,
 Before the gentle Dove he found ;
 At distance seen, too far to hear
 His voice ; a sportsman much too near,
 With lifted tube, and levelling eye,
 The fatal lead, prepar'd to fly ;
 The trigger just began to move,
 His aim was pointed at the Dove.
 With horror struck, the Ant beheld :
 By gratitude and love impell'd,
 He mounts, and to his ankle clings,
 With all his force the fowler stings,

That

That moment was his piece discharged ;
 He starts, missèd aim ; the Dove's enlargèd.

Pleasèd with the thought of service done,
 The man's revenge he strives to shun ;
 In haste the flying Dove pursuèd,
 As wandèring through the leafless wood ;
 Till settling on a tree he finds her,
 And of their mutual help reminds her.

We wisely act, my worthy friend,
 Says he, when we assistance lend ;
 And when for that the meanest call,
 The joy resulting is not all ;
 It's prudent too, there's nonè so low
 To whom we may not favours owe :
 Freedom, and life itself oft springs
 From small and despicable things.
 He that is wise will ne'er refuse
 Others with tenderness to use :
 Whene'er we lend to others aid,
 We surely shall be well repaid.

On H A P P I N E S S.

O Happiness! thou bliss divine!
 An humble votèry at thy shrine,
 I tune the grateful lay :
 Thine empire o'er the world extends ;
 To thee each knee with revèrence bends,
 And gladly owns thy sway.

For thee, within her dark abode,
 Pale Av'rice keeps her usefess load,
 And toils for thee alone :

The

The bare worn traveller's bosom glows
 For thee, midst Lapland's live-long snows,
 Or India's burning zone.

For thee, War sounds her dread alarms,
 And bids the hero's conquering arms
 The vengeful weapon wield :
 Inspired by thee, nought chills her breast,
 Though death in awful terror dress'd,
 Ravage the bloody field.

Ardent I seek the flowery road,
 That leads to thy divine abode ;
 O deign to be my guide !
 Waft my low bark with prosperous sail,
 Through every rough and boisterous gale
 That swells life's rapid tide :

And steer me to that happy shore,
 Where no rude tempest's sudden roar
 Disturbs thy blissful reign :
 There, with thy genial influence bless'd,
 Sweet smiling Peace shall fill my breast,
 And Pleasure banish Pain.

O N C O N T E N T M E N T.

FAREWEL, aspiring thoughts, no more
 My soul shall leave the peaceful shore,
 To sail Ambition's main ;
 Fallacious as the harlot's kifs,
 You promise me uncertain blifs,
 But give me certain pain.

A beautiful prospect first you shew,
 Which ere survey'd, you paint anew,
 And paint it wondrous pleasant :

This

This in a third is quickly lost ;
 Thus future good we covet most,
 But ne'er enjoy the present.

Deluded on from scene to scene,
 We never end, but still begin,
 By flattering hope betray'd :
 I'm weary of the painful chace,
 Let others run this endless race,
 To catch a flying shade.

Let others boast their uselefs wealth ;
 Have I not honesty and health,
 Which riches cannot give ?
 Let others to preferment soar,
 And changing liberty for power,
 In golden shackles live.

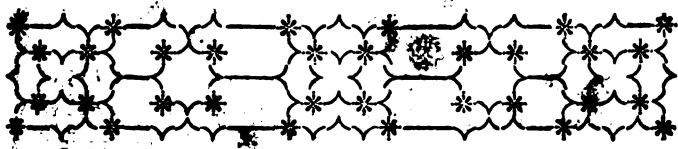
'Tis time at length I should be wise,
 'Tis time to seek substantial joys,
 Joys out of fortune's power :
 Wealth, honours, dignity, and fame,
 Are joys the blind capricious dame
 Takes from us ev'ry hour.

Come, conscious Virtue fill my breast,
 And bring Content, thy daughter, dress'd
 In ever smiling charms.
 Let sacred friendship too attend,
 A Friendship worthy of my friend,
 Such as my Lelius warms.

With these I'll in my bosom make
 A bulwark Fortune cannot shake,
 Though all her storms arise :
 Look down and pity gilded slaves,
 Despise Ambition's giddy knaves,
 And wish the fools were wise.



M^r. JOHN FURZ.
Ætatis 69.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For JULY 1787.



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

[Continued from page 289.]

CHAP. III. *Answering the Arguments produced to prove, that man is purely passive in the work of conversion, and that it is done by an irresistible act of God.*

FIRST, when the Apostle prays that the Ephesians may know what is the exceeding greatness of his power towards us who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he hath already wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead; it must be absurd hence to infer that the power of God working faith in believers is equal to that which effected the resurrection of our Lord, and that we must be therefore purely passive in the whole work of our conversion; for as this power is not consistent with the persuasions and exhortations used in Scripture to move sinners to repent and

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turn from their iniquity, or with a rational choice; so is not the exposition agreeable to the words. For the Apostle speaks not of the power exercised on us to render us believers; but of the power which shall be exercised on us who believe already: not of the power to be exercised on our souls to raise them from a death in sin, to a life of righteousness; but of the power to be exercised on our dead bodies, to give them a glorious resurrection to eternal life, as he had done already in the body of our head, Christ Jesus.

Obj. 2. It is said that this work is compared to a creation, in which it is certain, that which is created must be purely passive; as when by it we are said to become *a new creation*, or *new creatures*, 2 Cor. v. 17. Gal. vi. 15, *we being God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to good works*, Eph. ii. 10.

I answer 1st. That this metaphor affords no certain proof that wheresoever it is used, the persons it respecteth must be purely passive, and have done nothing towards the act styled Creation, is evident from many instances to the contrary. Thus God is said to have *created Jacob and formed Israel*, when he constituted them to be his church and people, Isaiah xliii. 1, and yet they were not purely passive, but entered into covenant *to have him for their God*. When God makes use of wicked men to punish others, he saith, *I create the waster to destroy*, and yet it is certain that he is not purely passive in that work: and this is in the case before us certain from the nature of faith; for faith is man's act, not God's. Godly sorrow, though it ariseth from the motives which God and his good Spirit suggest, yet is it the sorrow of the convinced sinner; and it, saith the Apostle, *works repentance unto life*, which sure it could not do, if we were purely passive in that work. As for the work of conversion, God's frequent calls upon the wicked *to turn themselves from all their transgressions*, God's commission to his Apostles, to declare unto the *Gentiles that they should repent*,

repent, and turn to the Lord, are certain indications that they are not wholly passive in that work.

2dly. God is in Scripture said to create that which he brings into a new and better state; thus *David* prays, *Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew in me a right spirit*. And when he saith, ver. 19, *I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy*; the note of *Gataker* is, that *restitution and renovation for the better is deemed as a creation*. Seeing then the change wrought in us by that faith which purifies the heart, and makes us fruitful in good works is such a renovation as changes the whole man, and all his faculties for the better: seeing this renovation is begun as creation is, by the power of God working upon the heart of man, we being made *a willing people in the day of his power*, here is foundation sufficient for the metaphor of a new creature used in these texts.

Obj. 3. Regeneration is styled *a New Birth*; as therefore we are passive in our generation, so must we be also in our Regeneration.

Ans. 1. The falsehood of this argument is evident from this consideration, that this *New Birth* is ascribed to the Ministers of God, as when *St. Paul* tells the *Corinthians* he had *begotten them by the gospel*. If then this *New Birth*, when it is ascribed to Ministers, cannot import that they produce it by an irresistible action in which we are purely passive, it will not follow that God, or his good Spirit doth so convert men, because they are said to be born of God, or of the Spirit.

2dly. This regeneration being the phrase used by the Jews concerning the Profelytes, they being said to be then *new-born babes, and born in holiness*; our Lord translates the metaphor from them to his Disciples, renewed after the image of God in true holiness, and sanctified throughout in their whole man. Now here is such an intrinsic change in *the whole spirit, soul and body*, and the whole tenor of this man's life for the better, that he may well be said to be *born again* who is thus changed into another man. And seeing it is by the operation of the

holy Spirit that this change is wrought within us, it fitly is expressed by being born of the Spirit.

Obj. 4. The unregenerate man is represented as *dead in trespasses and sins*; and he that is dead we know hath no motion in him, and so cannot move towards a new life.

Ans. That the metaphor of being *dead in trespasses and sins*, cannot warrant our saying any thing of unregenerate persons which may properly be affirmed of the dead, is evident from Scripture and Experience: for a dead body is void of all sense, whereas the unregenerate man is often under strong convictions, and a deep sense of his misery. A dead man cannot awake himself out of the sleep of death; but God saith to the spiritually dead man, *Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life*, Eph. v. 14. A dead man cannot hear; but to the spiritually dead God saith, *Hear, and your souls shall live*, Isaiah lv: 3. And lastly, it would be absurd to exhort a dead body to turn about and live; whereas God thinks it not incongruous to say to persons spiritually dead, *Turn yourselves and ye shall live*, Ezek. xviii. 32. xxxiii. 11.

Obj. 5. *No man can come to Christ, except the Father draw him*, John vi. 44. Now he that is drawn, is passive.

I answer, That to be drawn of God, cannot import our being moved by any inward and irresistible impressions to believe in Christ; for then no man could come to Christ without this irresistible impression, and then no other person could be blame-worthy for not believing on him, because they could not do it without that powerful attraction which God was not pleased to afford them; nor could it be praise-worthy to believe in him, because they only did so when they could not chuse but do it, as being moved in so doing by a force they were not able to resist.

[To be continued.]

SERMON



S E R M O N XL.

. On 1 COR. xii. 31.

Covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet I shew unto you a more excellent way.

1. **I**N the preceding verses St. Paul has been speaking of the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost: such as healing the sick. Prophecy in the proper sense of the word, that is, foretelling things to come, speaking with strange tongues, such as the speaker had never learned, and the miraculous interpretation of tongues. And these gifts the Apostle allows to be desirable: yea, he exhorts the Corinthians, at least the Teachers among them (to whom chiefly, if not solely they were wont to be given in the first ages of the Church) to *covet* them *earnestly*, that thereby they might be qualified to be more useful either to Christians or Heathens. *And yet*, says he, *I shew unto you a more excellent way*, far more desirable than all these put together. Inasmuch as it will infallibly lead you to happiness, both in this world and in the world to come: whereas you might have all those gifts, yea, in the highest degree, and yet be miserable both in time and eternity.

2. It does not appear, that these extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost were common in the Church for more than two or three centuries. We seldom hear of them after that fatal period, when the Emperor *Constantine* called himself a Christian; and from a vain imagination of promoting the Christian cause thereby, heaped riches and power, and honour, upon Christians in general; but in particular, upon the Christian Clergy. From this time they almost totally ceased: very few instances

instances of the kind were found. The cause of this was not (as has been vulgarly supposed) "because there was no more occasion for them;" because all the world was become Christians. This is a miserable mistake: not a twentieth part of it, was then even nominally Christians. The real cause was, *the love of many*, almost of all Christians, so called, was *waxed cold*. The Christians had no more of the Spirit of Christ, than the other Heathens. The Son of man when he came to examine his Church, could hardly *find faith upon earth*. This was the real cause, why the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost were no longer to be found in the Christian Church; because the Christians were turned Heathens again, and had only a dead form left.

3. However I would not at present speak of these, of the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost, but of the ordinary: and these likewise we may *covet earnestly*, in order to be more useful in our generation. With this view we may covet "the gift of *Convincing speech*," in order to "sound the unbelieving heart:" and the gift of *Persuasion* to move the Affections, as well as enlighten the Understanding. We may covet *Knowledge*, both of the word and of the works of God, whether of Providence or Grace. We may desire a measure of that Faith which on particular occasions, wherein the glory of God, or the happiness of men is nearly concerned, goes far behind the power of natural Causes. We may desire an easy elocution, a pleasing address, with resignation to the will of our Lord; yea, whatever would enable us, as we have opportunity, to be useful wherever we are. These gifts we may innocently desire: but there is a more excellent way.

4. The way of Love, of loving all men for God's sake, of humble, gentle, patient love is that which the Apostle so admirably describes in the ensuing chapter. And without this, he assures us, all eloquence, all knowledge, all faith, all works, and all sufferings, are of no more value in the sight of God, than sounding brass or a rumbling cymbal: and are not
of

of the least avail, toward our eternal salvation. Without this, all we know, all we believe, all we do, all we suffer, will profit us nothing in the great day of accounts.

5. But at present I would take a different view of the text, and point out a more excellent way in another sense. It is the observation of an ancient Writer, That there have been from the beginning two orders of Christians. The one lived an innocent life, conforming in all things not sinful, to the customs and fashions of the world, doing many good works, abstaining from gross evils, and attending the ordinances of God. They endeavoured in general to have a conscience void of offence, in their outward behaviour, but did not aim at any particular strictness, being in most things like their neighbours. The other sort of Christians not only abstained from all appearance of evil, were zealous of good works in every kind, and attended all the ordinances of God; but likewise used all diligence to attain the whole mind that was in Christ, and laboured to walk in every point, as their beloved Master. In order to this, they walked in a constant course of universal self-denial, trampling on every pleasure which they were not divinely conscious prepared them for taking pleasure in God. They took up their cross daily. They strove, they agonized without intermission, to enter in at the strait gate. This one thing they did; they spared no pains to arrive at the summit of Christian Holiness: *leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, to go on to perfection: to know all that love of God which passeth knowledge, and to be filled with all the fulness of God.*

6. From long experience and observation I am inclined to think, that whoever finds redemption in the blood of Jesus, whoever is justified, has then the choice of walking in the higher or the lower path. I believe, the holy Spirit at that time sets before him the more excellent way, and incites him to walk therein, to chuse the narrowest path in the narrow way, to aspire after the heights and depths of Holiness, after

after the entire image of God. But if he does not accept this offer, he insensibly declines into the lower order of Christians. He still goes on in what may be called a good way, serving God in his degree, and finds mercy in the close of life, through the blood of the Covenant.

7. I would be far from quenching the smoking flax, from discouraging those that serve God in a low degree. But I would not wish them to stop here: I would encourage them to come up higher: without thundering hell and damnation in their ears, without condemning the way wherein they were, telling them it is the way that leads to destruction. I will endeavour to point out to them, what is in every respect a more excellent way.

8. Let it be well remembered, I do not affirm, that all who do not walk in this way, are in the high road to hell. But thus much I must affirm, they will not have so high a place in heaven, as they would have had, if they had chosen the better part: and will this be a small loss? The having so many fewer stars in your crown of glory! Will it be a little thing to have a lower place than you might have had in the kingdom of your Father? Certainly there will be no sorrow in heaven: there all tears will be wiped from our eyes. But if it were possible grief could enter there, we should grieve at that irreparable loss! Irreparable then, but not now! Now by the grace of God, we may chuse the *more excellent way*. Let us now compare this in a few particulars, with the way wherein most Christians walk.

I. 1. To begin at the beginning of the day. It is the manner of the generality of Christians, if they are not obliged to work for their living, *to rise*, particularly in Winter, at eight or nine in the morning, after having lain in bed eight or nine, if not more hours. I do not say now (as I should have been very apt to do fifty years ago) that all who indulge themselves in this manner, are in the way to hell. But
neither

neither can I say, they are in the way to heaven, denying themselves, and taking up their cross daily. Sure I am, there is a more excellent way, to promote health both of body and mind. From an observation of more than sixty years, I have learnt, that men in health require at an average, from six to seven hours sleep; and healthy women a little more, from seven to eight, in four and twenty hours. I know this quantity of sleep to be most advantageous to the body as well as the soul. It is preferable to any medicine which I have known, both for preventing and removing nervous disorders. It is therefore undoubtedly the most excellent way, in defiance of fashion and custom, to take just so much sleep, as experience proves our nature to require: seeing this is indisputably most conducive both to bodily and spiritual health. And why should not you walk in this way? Because it is difficult? Nay, with men it is impossible. But all things are possible with God; and by his grace, all things will be possible to *You*. Only continue instant in prayer, and you will find this, not only possible, but easy: yea, and it will be far easier, to rise early constantly; than to do it sometimes. But then you must begin at the right end, if you would rise early, you must sleep early. Impose it upon yourself, unless when something extraordinary occurs; to go to bed at a fixed hour. Then, the difficulty of it will soon be over; but the advantage of it will remain for ever.

II. The generality of Christians as soon as they rise, are accustomed to use some kind of *prayer*: and probably to use the same form still, which they learned when they were eight or ten years old. Now I do not condemn those who proceed thus, (though many do) as mocking God; though they have used the same form, without any variation, for twenty or thirty years together. But surely there is a more excellent way of ordering our private devotions. What if you were to follow the advice given by that great and good man, Mr. *Law*, on this subject? Consider both your outward and inward state,

and vary your prayers accordingly. For instance: suppose your outward state is prosperous: suppose you are in a state of health, ease and plenty, having your lot cast among kind relations, good neighbours, and agreeable friends, that love you and you them: then your outward state manifestly calls for praise and thanksgiving to God. On the other hand, if you are in a state of adversity; if God has laid trouble upon your loins; if you are in poverty, in want, in outward distress; if you are in any imminent danger; if you are in pain and sickness: then you are clearly called to pour out your soul before God, in such prayer as is suited to your circumstances. In like manner you may suit your devotions to your inward state, the present state of your mind. Is your soul in heaviness, either from a sense of sin, or through manifold temptations? Then let your prayer consist of such confessions, petitions, and supplications, as are agreeable to your distressed situation of mind. On the contrary, is your soul in peace? Are you rejoicing in God? Are his consolations not small with you? Then say with the Psalmist, *Thou art my God, and I will thank thee: thou art my God, and I will praise thee.* You may likewise when you have time, add to your other devotions, a little reading and meditation: and perhaps a psalm of praise, the natural effusion of a thankful heart. You must certainly see, that this is a more excellent way than the poor, dry form which you used before.

[To be concluded in our next.]



An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[Continued from page 300.]

IN the midst of these suffering seasons, we all experimentally knew the merciful hand of God was over us; for if the ship had not struck on the spot where she did, it would have been

been an utter impossibility for any one to have reached the land: as we afterwards found there was no passage through the reef, except that part whereon the vessel was wrecked. Seeing no prospect of ever securing the least part of her hull, we used all diligence, at every possible opportunity, to save part of her cargo. We speedily hoisted out our long-boat, and stowed several bags of bread therein, together with an old fore-sail, wherewith we intended to make a tent on shore; but the boat being rotten, with many leaks in her bottom, and having no tools to stop them, before we could reach the landing-place, she sunk to the gunnel, and spoiled all our bread; yet, by the assistance of the Almighty, we all escaped to land with the fore-sail, with which, and the help of two long poles, we erected a small tent, to keep off the scorching influence of the sun.

When the evening approached, the Captain directed us to run the yawl backwards and forwards from the East to the West parts of the island, to discover the town or inhabitants (if any) whereby to obtain some refreshment; but, after having spent eight hours in that hazardous excursion, we perceived the island was totally uninhabited. Here another fresh scene of distress presented itself. As we could get no provision from the ship, we searched the island for food and water; but without success: nor was the land productive of any animals or vegetables, except an abundance of land-crabs and shell-fish. Accordingly three or four of us ventured ourselves naked into the sea, to swim on board the ship (if possible) for the purpose of getting such water as was not spoiled: and, notwithstanding the wreck lay full two miles from the shore, yet we effected our purpose in a short time.

Having hoisted out three casks of fresh water, we left them to be driven on shore by the strength of a constant sea-breeze, which, in ten minutes, sent them so near the land, as to be rolled up the beach by our seamen on shore. My readers may be surprised at our swimming two miles upon a stretch; but

let it be observed, that there were many small rocks lying between the shore and the ship, so that when we were wearied, they served us for resting places; though we never quitted these rocks, but at the immediate hazard of our lives, seeing there were a multitude of sharks and alligators perpetually sporting throughout the bay.

After we had weathered three weeks in this deplorable situation, the moschettos, like swarms of bees, discovered us, and pierced our flesh severely, insomuch that we were all necessitated to bury ourselves in the sand, even our hands and faces (clearing only our mouths and nostrils at certain times) or we should certainly have been stung to death.

Our Captain then asked who would undertake to proceed with him towards the N. W. part of the island, as that would be the only means of finding a remedy? I readily complied with his proposal, and jumped into the boat, accompanied by four others and himself; and upon our leaving the island we left those troublesome companions behind. Here it may be well to observe the goodness of God in sending these insects to drive us out to sea. Our Captain being inclined to run round the island in order to make what discoveries he could, we sailed about thirty miles round to the S. W. where we found a fine bay. But finding no inhabitants, we were under the necessity of revisiting the reef of rocks, whereon our ship was cast away.

Upon our approach to the shore, several of our people, with joy, desired us to run out to sea, as there was a vessel in the Offing. The Captain immediately steered through the Gut, and we happily met her about half a mile from our ship. But when we came near, the seamen presented loaded blunderbusses at us, and told us to keep off, or they would fire upon us. We begged to inform them that we were in great distress, our ship being lost on the reef of rocks, and that the remainder of our people were on shore in a tent. Their Captain then with some warmth, declared, if we did not keep our boat at
a greater

a greater distance, he would discharge a six-pounder, and send both yawl and men to the bottom. But we expostulated with him a considerable time, and at length he permitted us to repair on board.

When we had so done, the Captain, whose name was *Cabel Bean*, ran close in shore, embarked the remainder of our distressed companions by the assistance of their yawl, and, after having interrogated them respecting their catastrophe, he found that our relations were strictly true.

As we had many valuables on board, which we supposed had received no damage, the vessel (which was called the *Potomack* sloop) stood off and on till, with their boats and our yawl, we had saved goods to the amount of 1200l. in anchors, cables, rigging, rum, pimento, cotton, &c. and as the vessel had nothing on board but ballast, it was more adapted to receive the spoiled goods. While we were thus employed, a large turtle boat, from *Virginia*, hove in sight; the Master's name was *Sims*, a *Mulatto*, he likewise lent us the assistance of his boat and crew in recovering the spoils of our cargo. After we had saved every thing we could, *Sims* took three or four of us, with the two Captains, round to the N. side of the island, in order to instruct us in fish catching, that we might in some degree alleviate our distresses, if we should at any future period fall into the like situation. Accordingly we sailed up a salt-water river, where were plenty of mullets, and a young chicken turtle; and having taken some, we halleded to *Terra-Firma*, to cook our acquisitions. We then barbecued the young turtle, and boiled a mullet. But still we were at a loss to obtain fresh water, till *Sims* only scratched the sand, rather above high-water mark, and, to our astonishment, the fresh water sprung up. After we had regaled ourselves, *Sims* conveyed us in his turtle-boat, to the reef of rocks, whereon our ship was cast away. By this time the seamen of Captain *Bean's Potomack* had well nigh equipped her, and tarried only for the return of their passengers.

When

When we were all on board, *Sims* distributed all and every part of the proceeds of the said cargo among the sailors belonging to the wreck, and then directed his course towards *Boston*, in *New-England*. About three weeks after our departure from the desolate island, early one morning, we discovered the Gay-Head of *St. Matthias's* vine-yard, with a reef of rocks, not more than half a mile a stern of us. We came to anchor about eight o'clock in the evening, with fine pleasant weather; but at ten a tremendous storm arose, which caused the sea to roar dreadfully, and run mountain-high.

At twelve o'clock, as I had the watch upon deck, a very heavy sea broke against our bow, which strained the ship exceedingly. I ran to the companion-hatchway to call another upon the guard; but suspecting the sea to have had a dangerous tendency on the ship, I went immediately to the deep sea lead, took and hove it over the stern, to judge whether she was riding safe at her anchors or not, but found the lead was under her bottom. I then ran to the hatchway, called all hands, and informed them the vessel was adrift.

Captain *Bean* said, in a very solemn manner, "Then the Lord have mercy on our souls, we are every one lost." Immediately the vessel came down with such vehemency upon the rocks, that when the waves returned, they were even up to our gunnel above the water, the sea driving us upon them with such a power, that nothing but the omnipotence of God could have preserved us. The sea still followed us like rolling mountains, and dashed the sloop so violently against the rocks, that we entertained no other idea, but that she would be broke in a thousand pieces. In this situation I pulled off my frock and drawers, which was all the covering I had in the world; the next wave washed them overboard, and left me completely naked; nor was it in the power of any one on board to afford me any kind of relief. However, I proposed to three more on board that could swim tolerably well, to plunge ourselves overboard, and attempt to gain the shore, persuaded that, if
this

this plan could be effected, a method might be taken to save the lives of those on board. Accordingly four of us cast ourselves overboard, and endeavoured to swim on shore; but in the attempt we were carried backwards out of our depths by a raging surf; nor could we get firm footing on the sandy beach till the wave had spent itself. At length, after having our bodies dangerously hurt, and driven about by every succeeding wave, we got safe on shore, and hailed the others on board the wreck to send a rope on shore, in order to haul them one by one to land. They did so, and we rescued all our companions from the remorseless deep. After this, they unanimously consented to travel a little way into the country, and almost compelled me to go with them, naked as I was; but while the others were ransacking the island in quest of provision, I was solitarily bewailing my deplorable state between two small rocks, almost starved with hunger and cold. At seven o'clock in the evening, it being dusk, one of our men came running towards me, and compelled me to go to a tavern with him, which was at the distance of seven miles. I asked him if he had brought me any thing to cover me. He replied, No; but that there was speedy help for me. I readily complied, and with much difficulty reached the tavern at midnight. The messenger went in, and informed the host of my case, who brought me out a pair of red breeches, which was all he had left after supplying the rest.

[To be continued.]

*An Extract of the EXPERIENCE, and happy DEATH of
Mrs. SARAH BULGIN.*

[Continued from page 303.]

ONE day she said to me, "My dear, you cannot conceive what a blessing I have just felt. I know Mr. Wesley has been praying for me. I bless God, the fear of death is now taken

taken from me! I now can give you up; but I could not before. I could not bear the thought of leaving you behind."

Soon after Mr. *Wesley* came in, she looked on him with a smile and said, "O Sir, I have found a great blessing! the fear of death is taken from me. I can now give up all for Christ. Have not you been praying for me!" Yes, my dear, said he; I have with a few particular friends had a prayer-meeting on your account.

She was now, in general, very happy, and frequently had pleasing prospects of eternity; but at times the enemy sorely buffeted her, so that she often said, "O what a foul enemy thou art!"

Thursday, Feb. 22. For some days past she felt a strong desire after full redemption; but Satan used all his power in tempting her to mistrust the goodness of God. Early the next morning she acquainted me with the conflicts she had felt, and said, "O there is a greater work to be done! I was convinced of it last night under Mr. R—'s prayer, and am determined to have the blessing. O that God would give me a promise that I may take comfort!"

For several hours she was in great distress, and seemed to be deeply engaged with God in prayer. I could hear her say with great fervour, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly! I will not let thee go! O thou Son of Righteousness, arise with healing in thy wings!" A few minutes after, she looked round on a friend who attended her, and said, "My dear, I am now wrestling with the Lord for the blessing. I will not let him go until he does bless me."

Soon after, the presence of the Lord so overwhelmed her, that though she was before as weak as an infant, she sprang up in the bed, and with great power cried out, "Now I will praise thee, O my God! for thou hast dealt bountifully with me! I will take the cup of salvation from thy hands; and praise thee from the ground of my heart!" Then looking on me she said, "O my dear! God has applied that promise

to

to my soul, I have loved thee with an everlasting love! O did you but feel what I do at present! My dear, I am happy! happy! happy! I now can love the Lord with all my heart, mind, soul and strength! My cup runs over! I am full! I am full! I am full! O why did I doubt! I long to be gone! I feel a heaven on earth, and am going there! If this is but a taste, what shall I feel above! O how would I now flee away and be at rest! But I am contented to stay the Lord's time! Yea, Lord, I will wait patiently; for thou hast redeemed me! I feel the presence of the Lord in such a measure that it does not seem as if I was in the body! He has sanctified me, body, soul and spirit! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! If the room was full of people, I would tell them what the Lord has done for my soul! To think that he should shew such love, to such a vile, unworthy creature as I am, how astonishing! O never doubt! Follow on; press forward; take encouragement by me. The kingdom of heaven is taken by violence, and the violent take it by force. O my dear, I wish I could take you in my arms to glory! but I trust we shall meet there! I'll come and meet you. O the length, breadth, depth and height of the love of God! God only knows the love of God! God is love! I do love thee with all my heart, soul and strength."

On my sending up a relation to see her, she looked upon him with a smile, and said, "O cousin, turn to the Lord! Flee from the wrath to come! You cannot think what happiness there is in serving the Lord. There is no happiness in the world. You do not find any, do you? No; nothing but pain and toil. When the world has given its most, what can it give? Some time ago you were serious. Turn again. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation. On perceiving him weep, she said, "If you feel yourself a lost, undone sinner, you are a fit person for the Lord: there is room for you and for all the world. Be found in the use of the means and the Lord will bless you."

To her sisters who were sitting by, she said, "Remember your Creator in the days of your youth. I did; and the Lord has rewarded me for it. O fear the Lord! It is a happy thing to walk in the ways of God."—Thus she continued speaking for several hours, till she was quite spent. In the evening, after receiving the Sacrament, she said, "The Lord has given me fresh strength. O what a banquet is this!"

[To be concluded in our next.]

An Account of the Death of FRANCIS SPIRA.

IN the year 1548, when the glorious sun of the gospel was but newly risen in *Europe*, in the territory of *Venice*, and in the town of *Citadella*, lived one *Francis Spira*, an Advocate of great rank and esteem; whose carriage was circumspect and severe, his speech grave and composed, every way befitting that authority whereunto he was advanced. He was also endowed with the outward blessings of a wife and eleven children, and had wealth in great abundance.

Having thus spent forty-four years, and the news of the opinions of *Luther* coming into those parts, he suffered them not to pass unexamined; but searched the Scripture, till he began to love and own them, and became a teacher of them, first to his wife, and family, and after to his friends, and familiar acquaintance.

This continued for the space of six years, even so long as the fire could keep itself within private walls; but at length it brake forth into public meetings. The Clergy then finding the trade of their pardons decay, began to bestir themselves against him, with calumnies against the whole profession; then more plainly striking at *Spira* himself with grievous accusations.

John Casa being then the Pope's Legate at *Venice*, to him these men repair with outcries against *Spira*, that he was the

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man that condemned the received doctrines of the Church ; one of no mean rank ; a man of account and authority : learned in the Scriptures, elegant in speech, and, in one word, a dangerous Lutheran ; having also many disciples, and therefore not to be despised.

At this began the Legate to cast his eye on the terrible alteration that had lately happened in *Germany* ; where, by the means of *Luther*, the Romish religion had suffered such a blow, as could neither be cured by dissimulation, nor defended by power ; but the Clergy must either mend their manners, or lose their dignities. On the other side, when he saw how propense the common people, inhabiting the bordering country of *Italy*, were to entertain those new opinions, he thought it no time to dispute or persuade ; but with speed repaired to the Senate, and procured authority from them to send for *Spira*.

Spira, by this time, had considered with himself that his enemies wanted neither power nor occasion to call him to an account in public, when he must either give his own conscience the lie, or endure the utmost malice of his enemies,

Being thus distracted, on a sudden (God's Spirit assisting) he felt a calm, and began to discourse with himself in this manner :

“ Why wanderest thou thus in uncertainties ? Cast away fear ; put on thy shield, the shield of faith. Where is thy wonted courage, and constancy ? Remember that Christ's glory lies at stake. Suffer thou without fear, and he will defend thee. He will tell thee what thou shalt answer. He can beat down all danger ; bring thee out of prison, and raise thee from the dead. If thou keepest a good confession, thou mayest indeed go to prison, or death ; but an eternal reward remains for thee. What hast thou in this world comparable to eternal life, to everlasting happiness ? If thou dost otherwise, think of the scandal, (*common people live by example, thinking whatever is done, is done well*) fear the loss of peace and joy ; fear death, hell, and eternal wrath.”

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Now *Spira* resolved to yield to these weighty reasons. Yet he soon consulted again with flesh and blood, and began to reason in the following manner:

“ Be well advised: consider Reason on both sides, and then judge. How canst thou thus overcome, as thou neither regardest the examples of thy progenitors, nor the judgment of the whole Church? Dost thou not consider what misery this thy rashness will bring thee unto? Thou shalt lose all thy substance, gotten with so great care and travail; thou shalt undergo the most exquisite torments that malice itself can devise; thou shalt be counted a heretic; and to close up all, thou shalt die shamefully. What thinkest thou of the loathsome, stinking dungeon, the bloody axe, or the burning faggot? Are they delightful? Be wise at length, and keep thy life and honour; thou mayest live to do much good to men, as God commands thee; thou mayest be an ornament to thy country. Wilt thou bring thy friends also into danger? Thou hast begotten children, wilt thou cut their throats, and inhumanly butcher them, who may in time bring honour to their country, glory to God, help and furtherance to his Church? Go to the Legate; and confess thy fault.”

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of a JOURNEY from Aleppo to the River Euphrates, the City of Beer, and to Mesopotamia.

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

[*Continued from page 307.*]

THURSDAY, April 20. For avoiding the *Begdeties*, we hired a guide, who conducted us a by-way. We travelled North North East, over a desert ground; and came in three hours to a small rivulet called *Sejour*, which falls into the

the *Euphrates* about three hours below *Jerabolus*. In about two hours more we came to a fine fruitful plain covered with extraordinary corn, lying between the hills and the river *Euphrates*. In about an hour and half's travelling through this plain, on the banks of the river, we came to *Jerabolus*. This place is of a semicircular figure, its flat side lying on the banks of *Euphrates*; on that side, it has a high, long mount, close by the water, very steep. It was anciently built upon, and at one end of it, I saw fragments of very large pillars, a yard and half diameter, and capitals and cornishes well carved. At the foot of the mount was carved, on a large stone, a beast resembling a lion, with a bridle in his mouth; and I believe anciently a person sitting on it: but the stone is in that part now broke away; the tail of the beast was couped.

Round about this place are high banks cast up, and there are the footsteps of walls on them. The gates seem to have been well built; the whole was two thousand two hundred and fifty paces, that is yards, in circumference. The river is here as large as the Thames in *London*; a long bullet-gun could not shoot a ball over it, but it dropt into the water. Here is found a large serpent which has legs and claws, called *Woralla*. I was told by a Turk, that a little below this place, when the river is low, may be seen the ruins of a stone-bridge over the river: for my own part I saw it not, nor do I much rely on the Turk's veracity. The river seemed to be lately fallen very suddenly; for the banks were freshly wet, two yards and more above the water. It was here North and South.

Friday, April 21. We kept close on the banks of *Euphrates*; and in two hours and a half crossed a fine rivulet called *Towzad*; and in two hours more arrived over against *Beer*, and pitched on a flat, close by the river side. Observing the latitude of the place by my quadrant, I found the angle between the Sun and the Zenith to be twenty-two degrees; and the declination this day being fifteen degrees, ten minutes, the whole is thirty-seven degrees, ten minutes.

Saturday,

Saturday, April 22. We continued at our station, not daring to cross the river, for fear of falling into the hands of the *Chiah* of the *Bashaw* of *Urfa*, who was then at *Beer* ordering many boats of corn down to *Bagdal*. We were supplied at the same time with provisions by *Sheck Affyne*, to whom we made returns.

Sunday, April 23. The *Chiah* being now departed, *Sheck Affyne* invited us over to *Beer*: we crossed in a boat of the country, of which they have a great many, this being the great pass into *Mesopotamia*. The boats are of a miserable fabric, flat and open in the fore-part, for horses to enter: they are large enough to carry about four horses each. Their way to cross is, by drawing up the boat as high as they know to be necessary; and then with wretched oars striking over, she falls a good way down by the force of the stream, before they arrive at the further side.

Having saluted *Affyne*, we were conducted to see the Castle; which is a large old building on the top of a great long rock, separated by a great gulph, or natural bottom, from the land. At first coming within the gates, which are of iron, we saw several large globes of stone about twenty inches diameter; and great axles of iron, with wheels, which were entire blocks of wood two feet thick in the nave, and cut somewhat to an edge toward the periphery; and screws to bend bows or engines; as also several brass field pieces.

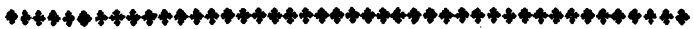
Ascending up the sides of the rock, by a way cut obliquely, you come to the Castle. At first entrance, you find a way cut under ground down to the river. In the Castle, the principal things we saw were, first a large room full of old arms. I saw there glass bottles to be shot at the end of arrows; one of them was stuck at the end of an arrow, with four pieces of tin by its sides, to keep it firm: vast large cross-bows, and beams, seemingly designed for battering-rams; and Roman saddles and head pieces of a large size; some of which were painted; and some large thongs for bow-strings, and bags for slinging stones.

stones. But the jealousy of the Turks would not permit us to stay so long, as would have been requisite for a perfect examination of these antiquities.

From the Castle we returned to *Affyne*, and were civilly treated. In the evening we went up into the country of *Mesopotamia*. The hills are chalky and steep; and come close to the water-side without a plain intervening, as it is upon the side of *Syria*; so that *Beer* stands on the side of a hill. However it has a couple of fine streams that run over the top of the hill; one of which drives two mills, and so runs down to the city, which is well walled. In the side of the hill, there is a Kane under ground cut into the rock, with fifteen large pillars left to support its roof.

Monday, April 24. We left *Beer*, and, travelling West, came in three hours to *Nizib*, a place well situated at the head of the *Towzad*. Here is an old, small Church, very strong and entire; only the cupola in the middle of the cross is broke down, and its space covered with leaves, to fit the place for a mosque. I believe the Turks made the places, to which they turn in their prayers, empty niches, to shew that they worshipped one invisible God not to be represented by images. In two hours we came from *Nizib* to a good Christian village called *Uwur*; and in an hour and a half more, to a well in the desert.

[To be continued.]



An Account of GEHAZI's Distemper; and of a Notion entertained in the Greek Church, concerning the bodies of persons dying under Excommunication: in a Letter from the Rev. Mr. MAUNDRELL, to the Rev. Mr. OSBORN.

AS for your questions about *Gehazi's* posterity, and the Greek excommunications, I have little to answer; but yet I hope enough, to give you and your friend satisfaction. When I was in the *Holy Land*, I saw several that
laboured

laboured under *Gehazi's* distemper; but none that could pretend to derive his pedigree from that person. Some of them were poor enough to be his relations: particularly at *Sichem* (now *Naplofa*) there were no less than ten (the same number that was cleansed by our Saviour not far from the same place) that came a begging to us at one time. Their manner is to come with small buckets in their hands, to receive the alms of the charitable; their touch being still held infectious, or at least unclean. The distemper, as I saw it in them, was very different from what I have seen it in *England*: for it not only defiles the whole surface of the body with a foul scurf; but also deforms the joints of the body; particularly those of the wrists and ancles; making them swell with a gouty scrofulous substance, very loathsome to look upon. I thought their legs resembled those of old battered horses, such as are often seen in drays in *England*. The whole distemper indeed, as it there appeared, was so noisome, that it might well pass for the utmost corruption of the human body on this side the grave. And certainly the inspired Pen-men could not have found out a fitter emblem, whereby to express the uncleanness and odiousness of vice. But to return to *Gehazi*: it is no wonder if the descent from him be by time obscured; seeing the best of the Jews, at this time of day, are at a loss to make out their genealogies. But besides, I see no necessity in Scripture for his line's being perpetuated. The term (for ever) is, you know, often taken in a limited sense in holy Writ; of which the designation of *Phineas's* family to the Priesthood, Numb. xxv. 13. may serve for an instance. His posterity was, you know, cut entirely off from the Priesthood, and that transferred to *Eli* (who was one of another line) about three hundred years after.

I have enquired of a Greek Priest, a man not destitute either of sense or probity, about your other question. He positively affirmed it, and produced an instance of his own knowledge in confirmation of it. He said, that about fifteen years ago, a certain

certain Greek departed this life without absolution; being under the guilt of a crime, which involved him in the sentence of excommunication, but unknown to the Church. He had Christian burial given him; and about ten years after, a son of his dying, they had occasion to open the ground near where his body was laid, in order to bury his son by him. By which means they discovered his body as entire, as when it was first laid in the grave. The shroud was rotted away, and the body naked and black, but perfectly sound. Report of this being brought to the Bishop, he immediately suspected the cause of it; and sent several Priests (of whom the relator was one) to pray for the soul of the departed, and to absolve him at his grave. Which they had no sooner done, but (as the relator goes on) the body instantly dissolved and fell into dust like slacked lime: and so (well satisfied with their absolution) they departed. This was delivered to me *verbo sacerdotis*. The man had hard fortune not to die in the Romish communion; for then his body being found so entire would have entided him to faintship. For the Romanists, as I have both heard and seen, are wont to find out and maintain the relics of saints by this token. And the same sign, which proves an *anathema maranatha* amongst the Greeks, demonstrates a saint amongst the Papists: perhaps both equally in the right.



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

Of some Particular P L A N T S.

[Continued from page 311.]

THE Caa-tree (that is its proper name) thrives best in the marshy bottoms between the mountains of *Maracayu*, east of *Paraguay*, in about twenty-five degrees, twenty-five minutes South latitude. They sometimes send to *Peru* alone in

a year, a hundred thousand robes, (an robe is twenty-eight pounds) and each robe is worth seven French crowns.

By the whole account, this appears to be a species of tea, little differing from some of those which grow in *China*. The leaf is a third part less than that of Bohea-tea, but much hardier: for it bears the English frost, which that will not. Bohea-tea has a smaller and a darker leaf than Green; which is as large and as bright as a bay-leaf, and endures all weathers. All these appear to be of the lawrel kind: and I doubt, if lawrel or bay-leaves properly cured, would not equal any of them.

The Cocoa-tree grows strait, without any branches, thirty or forty feet high. Near the top it bears twelve leaves, each ten feet long, and half a foot broad. These are used in making mats, covering houses, and for many other purposes. Above the leaves grows a large excrescence, in the form of a cabbage. But the taking it off kills the tree. Between the leaves and the top grow several shoots, as thick as a man's arm, which when cut, yield a white, sweet, agreeable liquor, serving as wine, and equally intoxicating. Yet at the end of four and twenty hours, it becomes a strong vinegar. As long as this liquor distils, the trees bear no fruit: but when these shoots are suffered to grow, it puts forth a large bunch, wherein the Cocoa-nuts are to the number of ten or twelve. In each there is first about half a pint of clear, cooling water. In a little while this becomes a white, soft pulp, which afterwards condenses into a nut. The tree yields fruit thrice a year. Some of the nuts are as large as a man's head.

The Cacao-tree is of a middling size; the wood is porous, the bark smooth, and of a cinnamon colour. The flower grows in bunches between the stalks and the wood, of the form of roses, but without scent. The fruit containing the Cacao is a sort of pod, of the size and shape of a cucumber. Within this is a pleasant, acid pulp, which fills up the interstices of the nuts till they are ripe. Then they lie close together, in a
 regular

regular and elegant order. They have a tough shell; within which is the oily substance, whereof the chocolate is made. This fruit grows differently from our European fruits, which always hang upon the small branches: whereas this grows along the body of the great ones, principally at the joints. None are found on the small; a manner of vegetation strange here; but which prevails in several plants within the Tropics.

The Tallow-tree, which grows plentifully in *China*, is about the height of a cherry-tree. Its bark is very smooth, and its leaves of a deep shining red. Its fruit grow in a pod, like a chestnut, consisting of three white grains: each of which is about the size, and of the form of a small nut. In each is a little stone, surrounded with a white pulp, in consistence, colour, and even smell like tallow. And this it is, of which the Chinese in general make their candles.

The Horse-chestnut contains a saponaceous juice, useful not only in bleaching, but also in washing linens and stuffs. Peel and grind them, and the meal of twenty nuts, is sufficient for ten or twenty quarts of water. Either linen or woollen may be washed in the infusion, without any other soap. It takes out spots of all kinds, rinsing the clothes afterwards in spring-water.

If you grind the nut, steep the meal in hot water, and then mix it with an equal quantity of bran, both hogs and poultry will eat it. Both horses and cows will eat the nut itself, mixed with other food.

The Sago-tree is between twenty and thirty feet high, and about five or six round. It grows in the *Molucca* islands. Its outward bark is about an inch thick: under this are ligneous fibres, which cover a mass of a kind of gummy meal. When this is ripe, a whitish dust transpires through the leaves. The *Malais* then cut down the tree, scoop out the mealy substance, dilute it with water, and strain it through a fine cloth. It afterwards gradually dries and hardens, and will keep good for many years.

Palm-trees are male and female. In March or April, when the sheaths that enclose the young clusters of the flowers and fruit begin to open, (at which time the dates are formed) they take a sprig of the male cluster, and insert it into the sheath of the female; or else take a whole cluster of the male tree, and sprinkle the farina of it over several clusters of the female. Where they use the former method, one male suffices to impregnate four or five hundred females.

The Palm-tree is in its greatest vigour about thirty years after transplantation, and for seventy years longer bears yearly, fifteen or twenty clusters of dates, each of fifteen or twenty pounds weight. Afterward they gradually pine away, and usually fall about the latter end of their second century.

To procure the honey of the Palm-tree, they cut off its head, and scoop the top of the trunk into the shape of a basin. The sap ascending lodges in this cavity, for the first ten or twelve days, three quarts or a gallon a day. Then it gradually diminishes, till in six or eight weeks, the juices are consumed, and the tree is fit only for fire-wood. This liquor is a thin syrup, of a more luscious sweetness than honey. Hence our Poet mentions

“ Fruit of the Palm-tree, pleasant to thirst
And hunger both :”

Though one would imagine, a liquor of that kind, would not be very proper to quench thirst.

I find of the number of Sicilian plants, says a late Writer, the Cinnamon, Sarsaparilla, Sassafras, Rhubarb, and many others commonly thought not to be natives of *Europe*. The Palma Christi too, that plant so much celebrated of late, from the seed of which the Castor oil is made, grows in many places of *Sicily* in the greatest abundance. Our Botanists have called it *Ricinus Americanus*, supposing it only to be produced in that part of the world.

But

But the most uncommon of all the vegetable productions of Sicily, are some of the trees that grow on the sides of Mount *Ætna*. Three of these are nearly of one size; but one is rather taller than the other two. It rises from one solid stem to a considerable height; after which it branches out. I measured it about two feet from the ground, and found it seventy-six feet round. All these grow on a thick, rich soil, formed originally of ashes thrown out by the mountain.

[*To be continued.*]

AN EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE II.

[*Concluded from page 315.*]

Callistus. **A**T length we met upon the fatal field; my impatient foe was there before me: the instant I approached, he drew his sword to attack me. I drew not mine, but said, Sir, this is no satisfaction for the calamities I have occasioned, though wholly blind to the dreadful consequences; surely I feel them sharper than yourself! Share with me my estate, or take it all, and I will share your sorrows.

Hardly had he patience to hear thus much, when he cried aloud, with fury flashing from his eyes, O villain, coward, execrable wretch! and wouldst thou bribe my justice! Wouldst thou buy off my revenge! Draw, or this instant will I plunge thy trembling soul to hell.

My soul indeed trembled at his impetuous threat, and I durst not open my bosom to his thrust. I defended myself till I had disarmed him. Now, cried I, I have something more to offer. I give you your life, a large estate, my utmost services, my tenderest friendship, would you deign to accept it; live, Sir, and be my brother.

I was

I was going to sheath my sword, when he darted suddenly to his, which had fled out of his hand to a considerable distance, and which I had left there, and snatching it up, he flew to me again, and cried, my cause admits no points of ceremony. My wretched mother cries for vengeance; my murdered sister calls for justice:—Again defend yourself, or die! Then rushing furiously towards me, he ran upon my guard, and instantly fell dead at my feet. I stood some moments stiffened with horror! My soul and my senses were all in confusion! For a moment I knew not where I was, or what I had been doing. A short oblivion gave me the only moment's ease from insufferable anguish, that I had felt for a month; and, O, the only one I have enjoyed ever since, till my *Sophonius* deigned to bring me comfort! Soon, too soon, did I wake from the short trance, to torment which only a wretch guilty as myself, (if there is on earth such another wretch) can have any idea of! My eyes recovered their faculty to see the son of *Eugenia*, the brother of *Melinda*, weltering in his blood, pale and breathless at my feet. The loveliest youth that ever those wretched eyes beheld, cut off in his bloom by my murderous hand. I dashed myself on the ground in agony of despair! Dreadful ideas! horrible recollections! unutterable misery! It is not to be borne!—Pity me, *Sophonius*! Indeed I suffer strangely! My heart, my head are both in agonies! My brain's on fire! My heart's convulsed! It bursts, it bursts!—

Sophonius. O *Callistus*, stop! Compose yourself, dear Sir! Alas, you will destroy yourself! Say no more at present, Sir; but let me recollect myself a moment, and I have much to say to you!

Callistus. (raving.) Hush!—Are you mad?—What's all this hurry!—For God's sake what's the matter!—Stay!—I wanted to say something!—But you hurry me so—O it was only this!—You must know that once I killed an angel—A sweet angel she was!—And I murdered a poor mad wretch!—but that was in pity—for it was a sad sight!—O most miserable!
—She

—She too was happy once!—But she ran mad with sorrow—
and so I killed her!—Yes, Sir, and these same hands (for all
they look so pale now) were bathed in the blood of her foolish
boy!—He was handsome; but what of that? Had he not
been like his sister, I should not have minded it!—O where
is my *Melinda*!

Sophronius. O heavens, how he raves! What shall I do!
If I call for help, I expose him, and perhaps it may go off.
Something like this has passed before. How are you, dear
Sir? I hope my dear *Callistus* feels himself better.

Callistus. I do not know, Sir!—It might have been better!
—But it is past!—What signifies this bustle now?—What
would you have! What is done, cannot be undone!—So do
not look so stern!—But pray, who are you, Sir, that you dare
to arraign my actions!—Besides, it is false, I never killed
Lucinda—She is alive still!—Ah! what have I done!
Lucinda! Ah poor, poor *Lucinda*! I have fixed her on the
rack for years! O take her down, and put me in her place!
—O pitiful!—My heart bleeds for her!—Hark!—O heavens!
—A hundred voices cry for judgment on me!—It is pro-
nounced!—Already, I am in torment!—They tear me!—O
inhuman!—I did not intend it!—I meant but to be happy!—
I only sought for pleasure!—O inexorable!—Cruel dogs!—
I cannot bear it!—They tear me limb from limb!—

Sophronius. O gracious God, have mercy on him!—O
dreadful!—Now I *must* call for help!—Who is there! Help!
—Help!—

The wretched *Callistus*, in strong convulsions, was conveyed
with difficulty to his bed, where his amazing sufferings soon
put an end to his life.

Such was the end of a man on whom Providence had
bestowed every blessing which can contribute to the felicity
of a human creature; all which he wilfully perverted to his
destruction, by yielding to the temptations of vanity and
sensuality.

[To be continued.]

A Relation

A Relation of a Yarmouth Witch, who (with fifteen more, convicted upon their own Confessions) was Executed, 1644: extracted from Lord Chief Justice HALE's Collection of Matters of Fact.

IN the year 1644, sixteen women were accused at *Yarmouth*, for Witches, by Mr. *Hopkins*; and sent by the Magistrates to Mr. *Whitfield* and Mr. *Brinsley*, Ministers of that place, to be examined. Among these was an old woman who used to be relieved twice a week at Mr. *Whitfield's* door, who made the following confession: viz. That she using to work for Mr. *Moulton* (a stocking Merchant, and Alderman of the town) went to his house for work, but he being from home, his man refused to let her have any till his Master returned; whereupon, being exasperated against the man, she applied herself to the maid, and desired some knitting work of her: and when she returned the like answer, she went home in great discontent against them both. That that night when she was in bed, she heard one knock at her door, and rising to her window, she saw (it being moon light) a tall black man there; and asked what he would have? He told her that she was discontented, because she could not get work; and that he would put her into a way that she should never want any thing. On this she let him in, and asked him what he had to say to her? He told her, he must first see her hand; and then taking out something like a penknife, he gave it a little scratch, so that blood followed, and the mark remained to that time, which she then shewed them; then he took some of the blood in a pen, and pulling a book out of his pocket, bid her write her name; and when she said she could not, he said he would guide her hand. When this was done, he bid her now ask what she would have. And when she desired first to be revenged on the man, he promised to give her an account of it the next night, and so leaving her some money, went

went away. The next night he came to her again, and told her he could do nothing against the man; for he went constantly to church, and said his prayers morning and evening. Then she desired him to revenge her on the maid; and he again promised her to give her an account thereof the next night; but then he said the same of the maid, and that therefore he could not hurt her. But he said that there was a young child in the house, which was more easy to be dealt with. Whereupon she desired him to do what he could against it. The next night he came again, and brought with him an image of wax, and told her they must go and bury that in the church-yard, and then the child which he had put into great pain already should waste away as that image wasted. Whereupon they went together, and buried it. The child having lain in a languishing condition for about eighteen months, and being very near death, the Minister sent this woman with this account to the Magistrates, who thereupon sent her to Mr. Moulton's; where in the same room that the child lay almost dead, she was examined concerning the particulars aforesaid; all which she confessed again, and had no sooner done, but the child, who was but three years old, and was thought to be dead or dying, laughed, and began to stir and raise up itself; and from that instant began to recover. This woman and all the rest were convicted upon their own confessions, and were condemned, and executed accordingly.

This account, said *Judge Hale*, I had from a son of Mr. *Whitfield*, who was then present.



God's Revenge against Murder and Adultery.

[Continued from page 328.]

GRAND-PRE, though but just recovered of his late wounds, accepts his challenge, but not without being extremely surpris'd at Malleray's groundless resentment. At

the time appointed, these brothers-in-law met, and the challenged making choice of single rapier, they stripped, and without farther ceremony fell to it, commanding their Surgeons to withdraw into the next field, till the death of one of them proclaimed the other victor. After the third breathing, Malleray received a mortal wound under the left pap, upon which he instantly dropped down dead, without speaking a word; and Grand-Pre mounting his horse, posts away with his Surgeon to Dole, a free city belonging to the Arch-Duke Albert, leaving Malleray's Surgeon, not to cure, but to bury his master, or at least to convey his dead body to Dijon.

Grand-Pre having staid three months at Dole, received his pardon, which his relations and friends had procured for him.

In the mean time, Hautefelia, as soon as she heard of the death of her husband, and the flight of her brother, being sure of her dowry, would scarce wait to see the first put in his grave, but packed up her plate, jewels, and all her most valuable moveables, and went home to her father's house, near Auxone, where, during the absence of her brother, with an imperious hand, she controlled all things at pleasure; but Grand-Pre being returned from Dole, not only diminishes her power, but treats her with scorn and contempt; having by this time discovered her malice to Mermanda and himself, and that she had been the only cause of his fighting with Baron Betanford, and of killing Malleray, all which had created in him, an entire aversion to her.

Hautefelia dissembling her malice, seems to take no notice of this treatment, but is continually meditating how she may satisfy her revenge, and hath recourse again to Frefnay, who, for three hundred crowns more, promises to make away with her brother Grand-Pre, which he accomplishes in about two months.

And

And now Hautefelia thinking herself freed from all enemies, and all that stood in the way of her ambition, shews more pride and arrogance than ever; and not listening to remorse of conscience, flatters herself with fancied prospects of the highest worldly grandeur.

But about six weeks after Grand-Pre's funeral, Fresnay revelling at a Tavern in Dijon, growing wanton in his cups, committed a rape on the body of Margaret Pivot, a girl of twelve years old, and daughter to the master of the house.

The girl, all drowned in tears, throwing herself at her parents feet, accused Fresnay of the fact, and they carrying him before the court of parliament, he is examined; but with great boldness, and many vehement asseverations, denies all that is said against him. Nevertheless, being adjudged to the rack, at the second torment, he owned his crime, and was condemned to be hanged.

Two Capuchin Friars, who were sent to prepare him for his end, so wrought upon his conscience, that he makes a full confession of all his sins, and among the rest, that, at the instigation of Hautefelia, and for the lucre of five hundred crowns, he had poisoned Mermanda, and her husband Grand-Pre.

This discovery amazed every body, and the Parliament being acquainted therewith, alter their first sentence, and order Fresnay, for his triple villainy to be broke alive upon the wheel, which was accordingly executed at Dijon.

A Provost is likewise dispatched to Grand-Mont's house, to apprehend Hautefelia. The Provost found her dancing in the green-house of her father's garden, in company of several other ladies and gentlemen; but soon turned her mirth into mourning, by laying his hands upon her, and carrying her before a President, and two Counsellors, appointed to examine her. At first she denied all with a matchless effrontery, and said that Fresnay being her professed enemy, had basely be-lied her innocence; but being adjudged to the rack, she confessed the whole, whereupon the criminal judges pronounced sentence

upon her: "That she should have her breasts torn off with red hot pincers, be afterwards hanged, and her body burned."

By this history let us observe, how busy the devil was, by ambition, covetousness, malice, and revenge, to induce Haute-felia and Fresnay to commit these murders; and also how just God was in the detection and punishment thereof, that the fear of the one may deter us from attempting the other, to the end, that as they lived in sin, and died in shame, so we may live in righteousness and die in peace: for there is nothing more certain than, They who sow wickedness shall reap misery.

[To be continued.]

SUPERSTITION AND RELIGION.

[Continued from page 331.]

"MY name is *Religion*. I am the offspring of *Truth* and *Love*, and the parent of *Benevolence*, *Hope*, and *Joy*. That monster from whose power I have freed you is called *Superstition*; she is the child of discontent, and her followers are *Fear* and *Sorrow*. Thus different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till at length, she drives them to the borders of despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were going to sink.

"Look round and survey the various beauties of the globe, and consider whether a world thus exquisitely formed could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent is virtue and obedience; and to reject them morally as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the
source

source of created existence. The proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights."

"What, cried I, Is this the language of *Religion*? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an inlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being, answered she mildly, do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease; in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasure corrupts the mind, living to animal and trifling ones debases it; both disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it to wretchedness. Whoever would be happy must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention; adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good will to his fellow creatures, cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing them, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms; joy flows with a perpetual stream, nor needs there any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self government. Whoever has been guilty of involuntary excesses must submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from a sense of a mended, and an improving heart.

So

So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty. Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph into which thou wast going to plunge.

[*To be continued.*]



On D R U N K E N N E S S .

[Extracted from a late Author.]

IT has always been my opinion, there is not an animal upon the face of the earth more miserable than a Sot. This wretch, like the *Salamander*, lives in the midst of a fire; his blood and spirits continually boiling with the furies of his former excesses, and receiving a fresh supply for his present debaucheries. His time is not measured by the day, or hour, but the bottle; and all his arithmetic is, What is to pay, and how much he has drank? His health, his fortune, and every thing else is divided and split into Tavern bills: and pints and quarts stand at the foot of every account he makes up. To behold one of these creatures with a bloated face, and a walled carcase, by the aid of a paralytical hand lifting up a glass to his head, that works all the while in the same unequal motion, is an object of the utmost aversion and contempt: but his pleasure is, the vanity of saying he did not spill one drop of the precious liquor! Absurd wretch! And yet how many of this class are to be met with; who work the day, the week, and year round, without any season of rest and relaxation. The whole Calendar is turned into holidays with the Drunkard, and his Jubilee returns with every sun that rises.

But what of all the extravagancies of this vicious custom most offends me, is the pride and triumph that these mighty heroes of *Bacchus* take in subduing each other, and without a metaphor, knocking each other literally under the table. Drinking matches are now become almost as frequent as horse

or

or cock matches, and the prize is often as considerable, though the event resembles the latter most, where one of the combatants receives a blow that either shortens his life, or kills him upon the spot. It is a pretty diversion for two rational creatures to sit down to murder one another by way of pleasure, and strive who shall go first to the grave, for the improvement of good fellowship. While others are repeating the noble exploits of our British Ancestors, or the more modern and more glorious victories of *Blenheim* or *Ramelies*, and setting forth the conduct and courage of their countrymen, these wretches in the angle of a smoaky room are boasting of the martyrs to the bottle, and pleasing themselves in the repetition of triumphs they ought to be hanged for. If all their discourse were put into plain *English*, it would run in no better a strain than this; that *William Tipple* went drunk to hell on Monday; that *Tom. Two-gallons* died in his chair after the tenth bottle without saying one word; that the jolly Baronet spent his estate, beggared his family, and after a merry meeting fell from his horse and broke his neck, having before taken care to make no Will when he had nothing to leave.

The best way that I know of to convert a Drunkard is, to beat him out of that argument which the tribe most value themselves upon; and that is, that for all their faults they are men of honour, or honest fellows, and therefore fit to be trusted. Now if the world had a just opinion of them, these wretches would be excluded from all manner of commerce with their fellow creatures, as unfit for society. The Marquess of *Halifax* has touched this subject with such a delicacy, in his directions for the choice of Members to serve in Parliament, that I shall forbear to say any thing myself, and recommend the reader to a better entertainment from that great judge of men and letters.

“ Great drinkers, said he, are less fit to serve in Parliament than is apprehended,

“ Mens

“ Mens virtue, as well as their understanding, is apt to be tainted by it.

“ The appearance is sociable and well-natured; but it is by no means to be relied upon. Nothing is more frail than a man too far engaged in wet popularity.

“ It is seldom seen that any principles have such a root, as that they can be proof against the continual dropping of the bottle.

“ As to the faculties of the mind, there are not less objections; the vapours of wine may sometimes throw out sparks of wit, but they are like scattered pieces of ore, there is no vein to work upon.

“ Such wit, even the best of it, is like paying great fines; in which case there must of necessity be an abatement of the constant rent.

“ Nothing sure is a greater enemy to the brain than too much moisture; it can the least of any thing bear the being continually steeped. And it may be said, that thought may be resembled to some creatures which can only live in a dry country.

“ Yet so arrogant are some men, as to think they are so much masters of business, as that they can play with it; they imagine they can drown their reason once a day, and that it shall not be the worse for it; forgetting, that by too often dividing, the understanding at last grows too weak to rise again.

“ I suppose this fault was less frequent, when *Solon* made it one of his laws, That it was lawful to kill a Magistrate if he was found drunk. Such liberty taken in this age, either in the Parliament, or out of it, would do horrible execution.”

A MEDITATION

A MEDITATION *on the* PASSION *of our* LORD.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

WE should meditate on the inestimable benefit of our redemption, of that blood which washed us from original offences; and examine how far we have been grateful to the Lord of Life, or how deeply abused his kindness, and by new disobedience incurred his indignation. Let us arm ourselves with piety, and a just sense of our debt to the Godhead, by calling to mind the agonies of his passion; the burthen of our sins that sat heavier upon him than the indignities of his persecutors, or the tortures of his crucifixion. How can we restrain our remorse and contrition, and not let our eyes flow for our transgressions, when we reflect that the Saviour of the world wept blood, and his soul was sorrowful even unto death!

No human soul can be capable of justly comprehending his sorrows: it was not a corporeal pain he now laboured under; but a fiercer and more horrid conflict. The pain of body is but as the body of pain; the anguish of the soul is as the soul of anguish. It was not the fear of those scourges or thorns, the piercing of the nails, or agonies of the cross, the ingratitude of the Jews, or shame of a death, only inflicted on thieves and murderers, which wounded his breast; his heaviness proceeded from the sins of the world; and the wrath of his Father pressed his soul, and wrung from him expressions of bitterness. It is a thought that should awaken our gratitude and repentance; to reflect, that if every sin deserves an eternal death, what *must* the agonies of his passion be, that could answer for those millions of eternal deaths, which the sins of mankind had incurred from the justice of an incensed Deity.

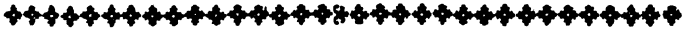
Can we read of the treachery of *Judas*, and not enquire of our own bosoms how often we have sold our Master for less than thirty pieces? How often, like that wicked disciple,

hailed him with our lips, but betrayed him in our hearts? How can we hear with dry eyes, and unbroken spirits, the dismal and inhuman process of his sufferings? The scorns and insults which he bore with patience! The aggravations of malice, and blasphemies sufficient to make him have exercised his divinity, and disappointed the redemption of mankind! How can we bear, without horror and admiration, to look back on the sad pomp of his execution! Loaded with the burthen of that cross, which must quickly bear him bleeding and distended! Insulted by the rabble, who drag him on weary and fainting! Divested of his garments, and exposed to shame! Fastened with cords, and transfixed with irons! Tortured with the weight of his own body; and hanging aloft, between heaven and earth, a spectacle of misery, and the scorn of beholders! His whole skin streaked and discoloured with stripes, and a thorny diadem goring his sacred forehead!

I cannot so well conclude this paper, as with a divine contemplation of Bishop *Hall* on this solemn occasion.

“ The eye of Sense could not distinguish thee, O dear Saviour, in the nearest proximity of the cross; the eye of faith sees thee in all this distance; and by how much more ignominy, deformity and pain it finds in thee, so much more it admires the glory of thy mercy. Alas! Is this the head that is decked by thine eternal Father with a crown of pure gold, of immortal and incomprehensible Majesty, which is now bushed with thorns? Is this the eye that saw the heavens opened, and the Holy Ghost descending upon that head? that saw such resplendence of heavenly brightness on Mount *Tabor*, which now begins to be over-clouded with death? Are these the ears, that heard the voice of thy Father owning thee out of heaven, which now tingle with buffetings, and glow with reproaches, and bleed with thorns? Are these the lips that spake as never man’s spake, full of grace and power, that called out dead *Lazarus*, that ejected the stubbornest devils, that commanded the cure of all diseases, which are now swollen
with

with blows, and discoloured with blueness and blood? Is this the face that should be fairer than the sons of men, which the angels of heaven so desired to see, and can never be satisfied with seeing, that is thus foul with the nasty mixtures of sweat, and blood, and spittings on? Are these the hands that stretched out the heavens as a curtain, that by their touch healed the lame, the deaf, the blind, which are now bleeding with the nails? Are these the feet which walked lately upon the liquid pavement of the sea, before whose footstool all the nations of the earth are bidden to worship, that are now so painfully fixed to the cross? O cruel and unthankful mankind, that offered such measure to the Lord of life! O infinitely, merciful Saviour, that wouldst suffer all this for unthankful mankind! That fiends should do things to guilty souls, it is though terrible, yet just: but that men should do thus to the blessed Son of God, it is beyond the capacity of our horror!"



A PATTERN for CHRISTIAN WIVES.

ST. *Augustine* speaking of his mother *Monica* saith, That she served her husband as her Lord; and that she endeavoured what she could, for the winning of him to the Faith: that she patiently sustained the injuries of the bed; and though *Patricius* was of a hot and choleric temper, yet she never made resistance to him in his anger, neither in word or deed; but sometimes, when she had an opportunity, in his calm humours, she would give him an account of what she had done, and the reasons for it. She would often gravely admonish other women for laying open the faults of their husbands, in familiar discourses with one another; and let them know, that she had a faculty beyond them, in escaping scratched faces and quarrels, under a husband of a much rougher spirit than theirs; that it was never heard, or known by any sign,

that *Patricius* had ever beaten his wife, or *Monica* ever quarrelled with her husband. Thus by her patient, prudent behaviour, she at last won him over to the Faith. *Aug. Conf.* l. 9. c. 9.



A good SERVANT.

ST. *Augustine* tells us of an old servant-maid, that had carried his grandfather upon her back, when he [*Augustine*] was a child; and therefore for her age and excellent behaviour, was afterwards much respected by her master and mistress, who thereupon committed to her charge the care of their daughters. She was, saith St. *Augustine*, religiously severe, and soberly prudent in teaching and restraining them; for she would not allow them to drink so much as water, except at meals, though never so thirsty; fearing an ill custom, and adding a wholesome word, You now drink water, because you have not wine in your power; but when you come to have husbands, and be mistresses of cellars, you will scorn water, but still have the custom of drinking. By this means she so restrained their tender appetites, that they did not so much as desire any thing that was not decent; but notwithstanding, *Monica*, St. *Augustine's* mother, being sometimes employed by her parents, to fetch wine, out of wantonness used to sip a little out of the flaggon, till at last she could drink almost a full cup without breathing. At last the old maid came and caught her, and with bitter insulings upbraided her; calling her a wine-bibber, which so pricked and provoked her, that she saw the evil of the act, condemned the custom, and left it off. *Confess.* l. 9. c.

Mothers, Daughters, Servants! let the example of one, who in a low station, was a faithful, prudent member of the Primitive Church, admonish you.

A great

A great DESIRE for WISDOM.

ST. *Augustine* was inflamed with a desire of Wisdom by reading *Cicero's Hortensius*. That book, saith he, changed my affections, and turned my prayers to thyself, O Lord, and made an alteration in my wishes and desires. All vain hope grew low in my esteem on a sudden, and I longed for the immortality of Wisdom with an incredible heat of mind.—How did I burn, my God, how did I burn with a desire to fly from earthly things to thee? for with thee I knew was Wisdom.

I was delighted with this alone, that he [*Cicero*] did mightily excite and inflame me with his discourse, that I should seek after, and attain, hold fast, and embrace, not this or that sect, but Wisdom itself, wherever it was. But though I burned, this rather cooled me, that the name of Christ was not there: for this name, through thy mercy, O Lord, I had sucked into my tender heart with my mother's milk:—and whatsoever was without this name, though learned, polite and true, did not wholly ravish me. *August. l. 3. Conf. c. 4.*

On the ABUSE of HOLY-DAYS.

[Extracted from the Works of Cardinal Bellarmine.]

I Cannot verily explain by words, with what great grief of mind I behold, the perverse and diabolical manner in which holy-days are celebrated in this our age. How far perverse men have obscured and defiled these pious institution, with their corrupt manners, may be understood by this, that to
strangers,

strangers, and those who are ignorant what manner of festivals these are, from the things which are every where done, they may seem to be, not the feasts of God, but of the devil; and even the *Bacchanalian* revels themselves. When, I pray, are more sins committed, than on holy-days? When are there more sumptuous feasts kept? When more lascivious songs heard? When bowling-allies and taverns more frequented? When are there more execrable kinds of plays, scurrilities and fooleries? When are there more dances, in most places, to the sound of the harp and lute, than on these days?—Who knows not that holy-days are consecrated and dedicated to God? and to be spent in no other than holy works? Yet we behold the most sacred days, which should be spent in prayers, meditations, reading holy things, in singing hymns and psalms, &c. to be prophaned with sacriligious dances, feasting, drinking-matches, uncleannesses and scurrilities: and yet nobody trembles, no man is moved, no man wonders. O immortal God! What part hath righteousness with unrighteousness? What fellowship hath light with darkness? God with *Belial*? What hath the merriment of the flesh, to do with the gladness of the spirit? What the solemnities of God, with the feasts of *Bacchus* and his crew? What! those days wherein we ought to please God most; shall we on them more provoke him to anger with our wickedness! On those days in which the spirit is to be fed and recreated; shall we in them more overwhelm it with wine and uncleanness? What a madness is this! What infernal furies affright us out of our wits?

O ye thousands, and myriads of Protestants! who in rioting and drunkenness, in chambering and wantonness in strife and envy, abuse, pervert, and prophanate the festivals of the Church; contrary to the doctrine of Christ and his Apostles, to the example of the primitive Church, and to the principles of the Reformation: stand convicted and reprov'd, even by a Popish Cardinal!

LETTERS.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXXX.

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

Nov. 15, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

I know not how I shall sufficiently praise my adorable Lord, whose love to me is surely without bottom or shore. I hear of wars, and rumours of wars; but, glory be to God, all is peace at home! I have often been tried to the uttermost; but when my enemies have most closely attacked me, then has Jesus appeared in my defence. My soul does ascribe salvation to God and the Lamb: for I feel it is the presence of my Lord that sets me free. The eternal God is my only refuge, and beneath me are the everlasting arms. If the Lord had not, in a very peculiar manner, been my helper (since I saw you) I should have suffered loss: but I bless his name, he has helped me. And though I have had some such exercises as I never before passed through, yet I can praise his name for them, seeing all things work together for my good.

I have been much more amongst the opposers of Christian holiness than ever I was since the time I enjoyed that blessed liberty. I found much love and pity for them, who wished to see me brought out of the delusion they thought me in; and heartily wished them to partake of the like.

Another exercise I have had, like that I mentioned to you at Crows-Hall; though from a different person. The two things you mentioned, I often considered; but cannot yet see, how I can be more holy or useful in any other state than that I am in at present. To be wholly devoted to God, seems to me, all that is worth living for. This may be done in a married state, I make no doubt; but I cannot yet see that I have any call to change.

• I bless

I bless the Lord, I know not that my affections were, for one moment, drawn from the adorable Jesus. He still appears, The altogether lovely. I seek his approbation, in all things, and am content, and happy beneath his enlivening smile.

I often called to mind the advices you gave me when in Yorkshire, and always found reason to follow them. Dear Sir, continue your kindness toward me, by telling me all you feel and fear concerning me.

I praise the Lord for the valuable men he has sent us this year. The Lord blesses their labours, and gives them the hearts of the people. There is in most places throughout this Circuit a great revival. Our congregations are greatly encreased. Upwards of thirty have joined the Society since the Conference. Many are justified, and some have been enabled to give God their whole hearts. Indeed here is a glorious prospect. May the Lord go on from conquering unto conquer, till all his enemies bow before him!

This, Rev. Sir, with many unfeigned desires for your present and eternal welfare, is the prayer of your affectionate, though unworthy Friend and Servant,

E. R.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXI.

[From Alexander Forbes, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Pembroke, Nov. 8, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

AS my design in writing the following lines is, that God may be glorified, I am persuaded you will pardon the freedom I have taken.

I was born in the Province of Ulster in Ireland, and at the age of seven years could read the Bible tollerably well. My parents perceiving in me an aptness for learning, had some thoughts of having me taught the languages; but their designs were frustrated by the following accident. A Cow running her

her horn into my mouth, tore it in such a manner that the roof thereof was laid almost across my throat, and occasioned my food often to gush out at my nostrils. Yet, blessed be God I was cured, and without any outward deformity.

When near seventeen years of age, I enlisted in the forty-sixth regiment of foot, where following the example of my licentious comrades, I plunged into all manner of sin. Thus I continued until I entered upon my twenty-first year, when lo! God convinced me of my sinfulness and helplessness. On this I sought the Lord in earnest, and soon found rest in him. I continued happy for some time; but giving way to trifling, I lost the precious pearl. I continued in this state about fifteen months; but being bred a Calvinist, I imagined it was only a "Winter season," and that as I was once justified, I could never entirely make shipwreck of my faith.

As I sat one day with my comrades, I observed a leaf falling from a tree; whereupon I reasoned thus: That leaf returns to earth, its original mother; so must my body. But where must my soul go then? This was like thunder to me. On this I instantly left my companions, went to my Bible and read the following words, The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the people that forget God. I then knew not what to do! Whatever way I looked, I saw destruction before me. Then, in the bitterness of my soul, I cried, Lord save or I perish! On reading my Bible again, I found the following words, Though thou hast played the harlot with many lovers, yet return unto me saith the Lord. O thought I, will the Lord receive such a wretch as me! Then looking farther I read, I will heal your backslidings and love you freely. This gave me some comfort. I saw such tenderness in Jesus, as emboldened me to pray. I wrestled, groaned, and pleaded with God for an answer of peace; and in less than two days, I again found a sense of pardon.

After some time I found the stirrings of evil passions, which lessened my joy, and caused me sometimes to doubt of my

justification. But in a short time the Lord dispelled these clouds, and cleared up my evidence. After this, Satan assaulted me with many sore temptations. Among other things, I was more confirmed in Calvinism than ever. But after some time a soldier convinced me of the inconsistency of my doctrines: particularly of absolute, unconditional Election and Reprobation. From this time forth I grew in grace. But the stoppage in my speech still continued, insomuch that sometimes I could hardly tell my experience to my brethren.

Near seven months ago, being sorely burthened with inbred sin, I was often constrained to cry out, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? when lo! on Wednesday the 19th of April last, just as Mr. D. had done preaching, the Lord filled my soul with love. O how lovely was Jesus to me then! I shouted out, Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! All praise to the Prince of peace! After praying to, and praising God, I departed with heaven in my soul. I could say, Surely in the Lord have I righteousness and strength. I was as sure that my soul was cleansed from all filthiness, as ever I was that my sins were pardoned. But what was matter of more praise, my tongue was loosed, and I could speak plain! And whereas I used to shake my head, and distort my face in speaking, I could now converse with great ease. My understanding was also much enlightened; for what was formerly hidden, was now open and plain. Since that time God has given me some ability to preach, which I have found almost as easy to do as to read.

When I communicated my mind to some of the Preachers, they told me, the losing of my tongue was a sign that God intended I should use it in proclaiming the sinner's Friend; but for farther direction they desired me to go the All-wise God, which I did.

About a month ago, I embarked for America, with a resolution of publishing the gospel there, or wherever else God should cast my lot. But being by contrary winds drove into
Milford.

Milford-haven, and an order having come from Government for us to stay in South Wales till further orders, I now embrace the opportunity of craving your advice. And I earnestly request that you will write to me soon: for a few lines from you may be a great encouragement to me, who am willing to spend and be spent in exercising my tongue to the glory of Him who has loosened it. It may also remove prejudice from weak minds, who may otherwise be offended at hearing a soldier invite sinners to the gospel feast: not considering that God sends by whom he will send, and that the weaker the instrument, the greater his glory!

With all due respect, I am, Rev. Sir, yours at command,

A. F.

He preached sometime in America with great success; but being wounded in an engagement, a few days after died gloriously in the full triumph of faith.



P O E T R Y .

*The Forty-Third Chapter of ECCLESIASTICUS: paraphrased
by the Rev. Mr. BROOME.*

THE Sun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world, and glory of the sky,
Illustrious in his course, in bright array,
Marches along the heavens, and scatters day,
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and through the ethereal way. }
He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground;
But e'er the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams;
Beneath the burnings of his sultry ray,
Earth to her centre piercèd admits the day;

3 A 2

Huge

Huge vales expand, where rivers rolled before,
And lessened seas contract within their shore.

O Power supreme! O high above all height!
Thou gavest the sun to shine, and Thou art light!
Whether he falls or rises in the skies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise;
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
And measures out the day, the month, the year;
He drives the hours along with slower pace,
While the quick minutes nimbly run their race;
He wakes the flowers that sleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
The fragrant infants paint the enamelléd vales,
And native incense loads the balmy gales;
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
To Heaven, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command the Moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deepening shades;
Arrayéd in glory, and enthronéd in light,
She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
She changes still, another, yet the same!
Now in decrease, by slow degrees she shrouds
Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds;
Now at increase, in gathering beams display
A blaze of light, and gives a paler day;
Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again;
And o'er the desarts of the sky unfold
Their burning spangles of sidereal gold:
Through the wide heavens she moves serenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
And with a bright disorder paints the skies.

The

The Lord, of Nature framéd the showéry bow,
 Turnéd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow ;
 Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
 And sweetly the rich tinctures faint, and rise ;
 It bids the horrors of the storm to cease,
 Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please.

He when embattled clouds in black array,
 O'er the wide heavéns their gloomy fronts display ;
 Pours down a watéry deluge from on high,
 And opens all the sluices of the sky ;
 The rushing torrents drown the floated ground,
 The mountains tremble, and the plains resound :
 Mean time from evéry region of the sky,
 Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly ;
 Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
 And bursts of thunder rend thé encumberéd air ;
 At once the thunders of the Almighty found,
 Heavén lowérs, descends the torrent, rocks the ground.
 He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
 To rend the earth, and wheel along the sky ;
 In circling eddies whirléd, it roars aloud,
 Drives wave on wave, and dashes cloud on cloud ;
 Where'er it moves, it lays whole forests low,
 And at the blast, eternal mountains bow ;
 While tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
 And half the desert mounts the burthenéd skies.

He from ærial treasures downward pours
 Sheets of unfulliéd snow in lucid showérs,
 Flake after flake, through air thick wavéring flies,
 Till one vast shining waste all Nature lies ;
 Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
 A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead ;
 The hoary trees reflect a silver show,
 And groves beneath the lovely burthen bow,

When

When stormy winter from the frozen North
 Borne on his icy chariot issues forth ;
 Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
 And the broad floods as with a breast-plate binds ;
 E'en the proud seas forget in tides to roll
 Beneath the freezings of the Northern pole ;
 There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
 And *Alps* of ice invade the wondering skies ;
 While gulphs below, and slippery valleys lie,
 And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye ;
 But if warm winds a warmer air restore,
 And softer breezes bring a genial shower,
 The genial shower unbinds the secret chain,
 And the huge hills flow down into the main.

When the seas rage, and loud old ocean roars,
 When foaming billows lash the sounding shores ;
 If he in thunder bids the waves subside,
 The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
 A sudden peace controls the unfolded deep,
 And the still waters in soft silence sleep.
 Then Heaven lets down a golden-streaming ray,
 And all the broad expansion flames with day :
 In the clear glass the mariners descry
 A sun inverted, and a downward sky.

They who advent'rous plow the watry way,
 The dreadful wonders of the deep survey ;
 Familiar with the storms their sails unbind,
 Tempt the rough blast, and bound before the wind :
 Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale,
 Now smooth their course, and scud before the gale :
 There huge *Leviathan* unweildy moves,
 And through the waves a living island roves :
 Where'er he turns the hoary deeps divide,
 He breathes a tempest, and he spouts a tide.

Thus,

Thus, Lord, the wonders of Earth, Sea, and Air,
 Thy boundless wisdom, and thy power declare;
 Thou high in glory, and in might serene,
 Seest and movest all, thyself unmoved, unseen:
 Should men and angels join in songs to raise
 A grateful tribute, equal to thy praise,
 Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine,
 Though men and angels in the song combine;
 For though this Earth with skill divine is wrought,
 Though wondrous far beyond the reach of thought,
 Yet in the spacious regions of the skies
 New scenes unfold, and worlds, on worlds arise;
 Their other orbs round other suns advance,
 In ether float, and run their mystic dance;
 And yet the power of thy Almighty hand,
 Can build another world, from every sand.

H Y M N to A D V E R S I T Y: by GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power!
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain;
 And purpléd tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue (his darling child) designéd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade thee form her infant mind.
 Stern, rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:

What

What sorrow was, thou badest her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse and with them go
The summer-friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received:
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in fable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground;
Still on thy solemn steps attend,
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

O gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen,)
With thundering voice, and threatening mein,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O goddess wear!
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften; not to wound my heart:
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.



MR. W^M. BOOTHBY
Ætatis 38.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For AUGUST 1787.



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

CHAPTER III. *Answering the Arguments produced to prove,
that man is purely passive in the work of conversion, and
that it is done by an irresistible act of God.*

[Continued from page 340.]

OBJECTION 6. It is argued, "What God gives we only receive, and so are only passive; but God gives Faith and Repentance."

Ans. 1. To shew the vanity of such objections, I shall confront them thus: What God commands we must do, and therefore must be active in it; but God commandeth all men every where to repent, Acts xvii. 30. and this is his commandment that we believe in the name of the Son of God, 1 John iii. 23. therefore we must be active in the works of faith, John vi. 29.

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and

and of repentance. Yea, by this way of arguing, all that hardness of heart the Jews contracted must be ascribed to God, and they must have been purely passive in it; God having *given them a spirit of slumber*, Rom. xi. 8. *Ahab's false prophets* must be purely passive; for saith *Michajah, The Lord hath given a lying spirit in the mouth of all thy Prophets*. The enemies of God's Church must be passive in all the evils they do to her, God having *given them to take peace from the earth, and to slay some*, and in the blasphemies they utter against him, *having given to the beast to speak blasphemies*, Rev. xiii. 15.

Ans. 2. In answer to all the sayings of a like nature, I lay down this as a certain rule, That *where God is said to give any thing, the exercise of that faculty is still supposed which he hath given us already*, and God is only said to give it by giving us those faculties by which we are enabled to obtain it, and the means and motives which are sufficient to excite those faculties to the performance of their proper actions; I say, the exercise of those faculties is always presupposed, when God is said to give that which it is our duty to perform, and which will turn to our advantage and reward.

Thus is it always with respect to natural gifts; for thus God *giveth riches*, Eccles. v. 19. vi. 2. because he *giveth power to get wealth*, Deut. viii. 18, but yet it is *the diligent hand, and the blessing of God upon our labours that maketh rich*, Prov. x. 4. 22. He *giveth us our daily bread*, yea, he *giveth food to all flesh*, and yet we must eat it *in the sweat of our brows*, and with the labour of our hands procure it. So he *gives all things to all men*, Acts xvii. 25. and *to the beasts their food*, Psal. cxlvii. 9. but then they must employ those faculties which God hath given them to procure it. Wherefore to argue thus, God giveth faith and repentance, therefore we do nothing to obtain them, but God does all, is as if I should argue, that because God giveth us our daily bread we are not to labour
for

for it; because he giveth food to all flesh, they are not to seek after it.

Thus is it also with respect to spirituals; for *God giveth wisdom*, Eccles. ii. 26. but it is only *the man of understanding* who hath it, Prov. x. 23. We must be at some pains to get it, Prov. iv. 5. and must apply our hearts to seek her out, Eccles. vii. 25. So that to argue as these men do in this case, is plainly to contradict the mind of the Holy Ghost, who for this very reason that God is the giver of it, requires us to *incline our ear to wisdom, and apply our hearts to understanding, to cry after knowledge, and lift up our voice for understanding, to seek for her as (men do) for silver, and to search for her as for hid treasure*, suspending our enjoyment of her upon all this diligence, by saying, *Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God, for (to such persons) the Lord giveth wisdom*, Prov. ii. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Thus hath God given us an *understanding to know the true God*, 1 John v. 20. by sending his Son to reveal him to the world, John i. 8. Thus the Jews say, that God hath *given repentance to the Gentiles*, when by *Peter* preaching to them peace through Jesus Christ, and promising remission of sins upon their repentance, they repented and believed in Christ, Acts x. 36. 43. So also though faith be an assent to a divine revelation, and so an act of the understanding, requiring only the evidence of the truth of that revelation to produce it, yet is it said to be the gift of God, because the objects of our faith are only by divine revelation made known to us, and only are confirmed, and so made credible to us by the testimony which God hath given to them.

Obj. 7. "*The Lord opened the heart of Lydia; therefore Conversion is wrought by his immediate impulse, and powerful influence. Acts xvi. 14.*"

I answer 1st, that God inclined her to do this is not denied. The question only is, whether he did it by an irresistible influence? And this it seems reasonable to deny; for as she

was prepared, disposed and fitted to receive this influence, she had done something already towards her conversion.

2dly, *To open the heart*, and to *open the ear*, are Scripture phrases of like import; for the effect of both is the same, viz. the rendering the person willing to do the thing. See 1 Chron. xvii. 15. Psal. xl. 7. Now this God is sometimes said to do when he awakeneth men by his afflicting hand: for thus speaks *Elihu*, *if they be bound in fetters, and holden in cords of affliction, he opens their ear to discipline*; and yet these things can only do it by awakening men to consider of their ways. Sometimes he doth it by the preaching of the word; for as they who are taught by the word, or the example of God, are said to be taught of God; so they who have their hearts affected with it, and inclined by it to what is good, may be said properly enough to have their hearts opened by it. Thus our Lord represents himself as *knocking at the door of mens hearts* by the preachers of his word, and the suggestions of his spirit; but entering only when men open their hearts to receive him. In fine, God is here said to *open the heart of Lydia*, not to believe, but only to attend to the things spoken by St. Paul, i. e. to weigh, and seriously consider of the greatness of the blessings promised to believers, viz. Remission of sins, and eternal life, and that attention produced this faith in her.

Obj. 8. "God promiseth to *circumcise the heart*, Deut. xxx. 6. and *Ephraim* prays thus, *Turn thou us, O Lord, and so shall we be turned*; he therefore only doth these works in us, and we are purely passive, Jer. xxxi. 18."

Ans. Now in answer to such texts as these in general, I lay down this as a most certain rule, *that when God doth require us to do what he himself doth promise, and hath made it our duty to perform, his promise is only to perform what is requisite on his part towards the work*; he certainly expecting we ourselves should do what he commands, and the tenor of those prayers is only to afford this assistance to help our infirmities, when we are truly willing to perform our duty, by virtue of those inducements

ments he hath already laid before us. For if in such cases the whole was to be done by God immediately; not by way of persuasion only, but by unfrustrable influence; his command to us to do it, could only be to this effect, do you, upon your utmost peril, what I alone can do!

The same God who promiseth to *circumcise the hearts* of his people, requires them to *circumcise their own hearts*, and calls upon the men of *Judah* to *circumcise themselves, and take away the fore-skins of their hearts, lest his fury break forth upon them*; and threateneth to punish all the house of *Israel* because they were *uncircumcised in heart*. But as he cannot rationally be supposed to punish and break forth in fury on them, because he had not performed his promise, it is demonstrably certain that promise could not signify that he alone would do that work without their endeavour to do something towards it; this promise therefore was conditional, viz. If they would call to mind the blessings and the cursings which he had pronounced, ver. 1. and *turn to the Lord their God*, ver. 2.

2dly, Seeing God so frequently requires of the same persons that they should turn themselves from their transgressions, promising life to the penitent *because he considereth, and turneth away from his iniquity*, and threatening that if they would not turn they should die in their sins, seeing he complains so oft of his own people that *they would not turn to him that smote them*, and of that very *Ephraim* which made this prayer, that *they would not frame their doings to turn unto the Lord*, Hosea v. 4. it must be absurd to urge this prayer to excuse men from a duty required by God under such dreadful penalties. Add to this, that by comparing this prayer with the preceding chapter, in which God promises so oft to turn their captivity, it appears this is only a prayer that God would bring them out of that thralldom, like that of the *Psalmist*, *turn our captivity, O Lord*, Psal. cxxvi. 4.

[To be continued.]

SERMON

S · E · R · M · O · N · X · L.

On 1 COR. xii. 31.

[Concluded from page 346.]

III. 1. **T**HE generality of Christians, after using some Prayer, usually apply themselves to the *business* of their calling. Every man that has any pretence to be a Christian, will not fail to do this: seeing it is impossible that an idle man can be a good man: sloth being inconsistent with Religion. But with what view? For what end do you undertake and follow your worldly business? "To provide things necessary for myself and my family." It is a good answer, as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. For a Turk or a Heathen goes so far; does his work for the very same ends. But a Christian may go abundantly farther; his end in all his labour is, to please God; to do, not his own will, but the will of him that sent him into the world: for this very purpose, to do the will of God on earth, as Angels do in heaven. He works for eternity. He *labours, not for the meat that perisheth*. This is the smallest part of his motive; *but for that which endureth to everlasting life*. And is not this a more excellent way?

2. Again. In what *manner* do you transact your worldly Business? I trust, with *Diligence*; whatever your hand findeth to do, doing it with your might: in Justice, rendering to all ~~their~~ due, in every circumstance of life: yea, and in Mercy, doing unto every man what you would he should do unto you. This is well: but a Christian is called to go still farther, to add Piety, to Justice; to intermix Prayer, especially the Prayer of the heart, with all the labour of his hands. Without this, all his Diligence and Justice, only shew him to be an honest Heathen; and many there are who profess the Christian religion, that go no farther than honest Heathenism.

3. Yet again. In what *spirit* do you go through your Business? In the spirit of the world, or the spirit of Christ?

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I am afraid thousands of those who are called good Christians, do not understand the question. If you act in the spirit of Christ, you carry the end you at first proposed, through all your work from first to last. You do every thing in the spirit of sacrifice, giving up your will to the will of God, and continually aiming, not at ease, pleasure, or riches, not at any thing this short enduring world can give; but merely at the glory of God. Now can any one deny, that this is the most excellent way of pursuing worldly business?

IV. 1. But these tenements of clay which we bear about us, require constant reparation, or they will sink into the earth from which they were taken, even sooner than nature requires. Daily food is necessary to prevent this, to repair the constant decays of nature. It was common in the Heathen world, when they were about to use this, to take meat or even drink, *libare pateram Jovi*, to pour out a little to the honour of their god: although the gods of the Heathens were but devils, as the Apostle justly observes. "It seems, says a late Writer, there was once some such custom as this in our own country. For we still frequently see a Gentleman before he sits down to dinner in his own house, holding his hat before his face, and perhaps seeming to say something: though he generally does it in such a manner, that no one can tell what he says." Now what if instead of this, every head of a family, before he sat down to eat and drink, either morning, noon or night (for the reason of the thing is the same at every hour of the day) was seriously to ask a blessing from God, on what he was about to take. Yea, and afterward, seriously to return thanks to the Giver of all his blessings: would not this be a more excellent way, than to use that dull farce, which is worse than nothing, being in reality no other than a mockery both of God and man?

2. As to the *quantity* of their food, good sort of men do not usually eat to excess. At least not so far as to make
 themselves

themselves sick with meat, or to intoxicate themselves with drink. And as to the manner of taking it, it is usually innocent, mixt with a little mirth, which is said to help digestion. So far, so good. And provided they take only that measure of plain, cheap, wholesome food, which most promotes health both of body and mind, there will be no cause of blame. Neither can I require you to take that advice of Mr. *Herbert*, though he was a good man :

“ Take thy meat : think it dust : then eat a bit,
And say with all, earth to earth I commit.”

This is too melancholy : it does not suit with that *Cheerfulness*, which is highly proper at a Christian meal. Permit me to illustrate this subject with a little story. The King of *France* one day pursuing the chase, outrode all his company, who after seeking him some time, found him sitting in a cottage eating bread and cheese. Seeing them, he cried out, Where have I lived all my time ? I never before tasted so good food in my life ! “ Sire, said one of them, you never had so *good sauce* before ; for you were never hungry.” Now it is true, Hunger is a good sauce : but there is one that is better still ; that is, *Thankfulness*. Sure that is the most agreeable food, which is seasoned with this. And why should not yours at every meal ? You need not then fix your eye on Death ; but receive every morsel as a pledge of life eternal. The Author of your being gives you in this food, not only a reprieve from death, but an earnest, that in a little time *Death shall be swallowed up in victory*.

V. The time of taking our food is usually a time of *Conversation* also : as it is natural, to refresh our minds while we refresh our bodies. Let us consider a little, in what manner the generality of Christians usually converse together. What are the ordinary subjects of their Conversation ? If it is harmless (as one would hope it is) if there be nothing in it profane,
nothing

nothing immodest, nothing untrue, or unkind: if there be no tale-bearing, backbiting or evil-speaking they have reason to praise God for his restraining grace. But there is more than this implied, in *ordering our conversation aright*. In order to this it is needful, first, That *your communication*, that is, discourse or conversation *be good*, that it be materially good, on good subjects; not fluttering about any thing that occurs. For what have you to do with Courts and Kings? It is not your business to

“ Fight o’er their wars, reform the state,”

unless when some remarkable event calls for the acknowledgment of his justice or mercy. You *must* indeed sometimes talk of worldly things; otherwise we may as well go out of the world. But it should only be so far as is needful: then we should return to a better subject. Secondly, Let your Conversation be *to the use of edifying*; calculated to edify either the speaker or the hearers or both; to build them up, as each has particular need, either in faith, or love, or holiness: Thirdly, See that it not only gives entertainment, but in one kind or other, *minister grace to the hearers*. Now is not this a more excellent way of *conversing*, than the harmless way above-mentioned?

IV. 1. We have seen what is the more excellent way, of ordering our Conversation, as well as our Business. But we cannot be always intent upon business: both our bodies and minds require some relaxation. We need intervals of diversion from business: it will be necessary to be very explicit upon *this head*, as it is a point which has been much misunderstood.

2. Diversions are of various kinds. Some are almost peculiar to men, as the sports of the field: Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, wherein not many women, (I should say, Ladies) are concerned. Others are indifferently used by persons of both sexes: some of which are of a more public nature: as Races,

Masquerades, Plays, Assemblies, Balls. Others are chiefly used in private houses, as Cards, Dancing and Music: to which we may add, The reading of Plays, Novels, Romances, Newspapers, and fashionable Poetry.

3. Some Diversions indeed which were formerly in great request, are now fallen into disrepute. The Nobility and Gentry (in *England* at least) seem totally to disregard the once fashionable diversion of *Hawking*: and the Vulgar themselves are no longer diverted, by men hacking and hewing each other in pieces at *Broad-sword*. The noble game of *Quarter-staff* likewise is now exercised by very few. Yea, *Cudgelling* has lost its humour, even in *Wales* itself. *Bear-baiting* also is now very seldom seen, and *Bull-baiting* not very often. And it seems *Cock-fighting* would totally cease in *England*, were it not for two or three Right Honourable Patrons.

4. It is not needful to say any thing more of these foul "remains of Gothic Barbarity," than that they are a reproach, not only to all Religion, but even to Human Nature. One would not pass so severe a censure on the sports of the field. Let those who have nothing better to do, still run Foxes and Hares out of breath. Neither need much be said about Horse-races, till some man of sense will undertake to defend them. It seems a great deal more may be said in defence of seeing a serious *Tragedy*. I could not do it with a clear conscience; at least not in an *English* Theatre, the sink of all profaneness and debauchery; but possibly others can. I cannot say quite so much for *Balls*, or *Assemblies*: which are more reputable than *Masquerades*; but must be allowed by all impartial persons to have exactly the same tendency. So undoubtedly have all Public Dancings. And the same tendency they must have, unless the same caution obtained among modern Christians which was observed among the antient Heathens. With them men and women never danced together; but always in separate rooms. This was always observed in antient *Greece*, and for several ages at *Rome*: where a woman dancing in
company

company with men, would have at once been set down for a prostitute. Of playing at *Cards*, I say the same as of seeing Plays. I could not do it with a clear conscience. But I am not obliged to pass any sentence on those that are otherwise minded. I leave them to their own Master: to him let them stand or fall.

5. But supposing these, as well as the reading of Plays, Novels, News-Papers and the like, to be quite *innocent Diversions*, yet are there not *more excellent ways* of diverting themselves, for those that love or fear God? Would men of fortune divert themselves in the open air? They may do it by cultivating and improving their lands, by planting their grounds, by laying out, carrying on, and perfecting their Gardens and Orchards. At other times they may visit and converse with, the most serious and sensible of their neighbours: or they may visit the sick, the poor, the widows, and fatherless in their affliction. Do they desire to divert themselves in the house? They may read useful History, pious and elegant Poetry, or several branches of Natural Philosophy. If you have time, you may divert yourself by Music, and perhaps by Philosophical Experiments. But above all, when you have once learned the use of Prayer, you will find, that as

“ That which yields or fills
All Space, the ambient Air, wide interfusèd
Embraces round this florid Earth :”

so will this till every space of life, be interfused with all your Employments, and wherever you are, whatever you do, embrace you on every side. Then you will be able to say boldly,

“ With me no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemployed,
Or unimprovèd below ;
My weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve my God alone,
And only Jesus know.”

VII. One point only remains to be considered; that is the Use of Money. What is the way wherein the generality of Christians employ this? And is there not a more excellent way?

1. The generality of Christians usually set apart something yearly, perhaps a tenth or even one-eighth part of their income, whether it arise from yearly revenue, or from trade, for charitable uses. A few I have known who said like *Zaccheus*, "Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor." O that it would please God to multiply those Friends of mankind, those general Benefactors! But,

2. Besides those who have a stated rule, there are thousands who give large sums to the poor: especially when any striking instance of distress is represented to them in lively colours.

3. I praise God for all of you who act in this manner. May you never be weary of well-doing! May God restore what you give seven-fold into your own bosom! But yet I shew unto you a more excellent way.

4. You may consider yourself as one in whose hands the Proprietor of heaven and earth and all things therein, has lodged a part of his goods, to be disposed of according to his direction. And his direction is, that you should look upon yourself as one of a certain number of indigent persons, who are to be provided for out of that portion of his goods, wherewith you are entrusted. You have two advantages over the rest: The one, that *it is more blessed to give than to receive*; The other, that you are to serve yourself, first: and others afterwards. This is the light wherein you are to see yourself and them: but to be more particular, First, if you have no Family, after you have provided for yourself, give away all that remains: so that

" Each Christmas your accounts may clear,
And wind your bottom round the year."

This

This was the practice of all the young men at *Oxford*, who were called *Methodists*. For example. One of them had thirty pounds a year. He lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings. The next year receiving sixty pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away two and thirty. The third year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year he received a hundred and twenty pounds. Still he lived as before on twenty-eight; and gave to the poor ninety-two. Was not this a more excellent way? Secondly, if you have a family, seriously consider before God, how much each member of it wants, in order to have what is needful for life and godliness? And in general, do not allow them less, nor much more than you allow yourself. Thirdly, this being done, fix your purpose, to "Gain no more." I charge you in the name of God, do not increase your substance! As it comes daily or yearly, so let it go: otherwise you *lay up treasures upon earth*. And this our Lord as flatly forbids, as murder and adultery. By doing it therefore you would *treasure up to yourselves wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God*.

5. But suppose it were not forbidden, how can you on principles of reason, spend your money in a way, which God may *possibly forgive*, instead of spending it in a manner which he will *certainly reward*? You will have no reward in heaven, for what you *lay up*: you will, for what you *lay out*: every pound you put into the earthly Bank is sunk: it brings no interest above. But every pound you give to the poor, is put into the Bank of heaven. And it will bring glorious interest: yea and such as will be accumulating to all eternity.

6. Who then is a wise man, and endued with knowledge among you! Let him resolve this day, this hour, this moment, the Lord assisting him, to chuse in all the preceding particulars the *more excellent way*: and let him steadily keep it, both with regard to Sleep, Prayer, Work, Food, Conversation and Diversions: and particularly, with regard to the employment
of

of that important *Talent, Money*. Let your heart answer to the call of God, "From this moment, God being my Helper, I will lay up no more treasure upon earth: this one thing I will do, I will lay up treasure in heaven: I will render unto God the things that are God's: I will give him all my goods and all my heart."

An Account of Mr. *SILAS TOLD*.

[Continued from page 351.]

EBENEZER ALLEN, governor of *the island,* who dwelt about six miles from the tavern, hearing of our distress, made all possible haste to relieve us. And when he arrived at the tavern (accompanied by his two eldest sons) he took Captain *Seaborn*, his black servant *Joseph*, and myself, and escorted us to his own house. Between eleven and twelve at night we reached the governor's mansion. Being ashamed to be seen, we would fain have hid ourselves in any dark hole, as it was a truly magnificent building; but to our astonishment, we were received into the great parlour, where were two fine, portly ladies attending the spit, which was burthened with a heavy quarter of house lamb.

Observing a large mahogany table, spread with a fine damask cloth, and every knife, fork and plate, laid in a genteel manner, I was apprehensive that it was intended for some persons of distinction. In a short time the meat was laid on the table, yet nobody sat down to eat; and as we were almost hid in one corner of the room, the ladies turned round and said, Poor men, why do not you come to supper? I replied, "Madam, we had no idea that it was prepared for us!" The ladies then intreated us to eat without any fear of them, assuring us that it was prepared for none others; and none of us having eaten any thing for near six and thirty hours before, we picked the

* *St. Matthias's Vineyard.*

bones of the whole quarter; to which we had plenty of good cyder to drink. After supper we went to bed, and enjoyed so profound a sleep, that the next morning it was difficult for the old gentleman to awake us.

The following day I became a partaker of several garments, and as I was happily possessed of a little learning, it caused me to be caressed by the whole family. This unexpected change of circumstance and diet, I enjoyed in a very uncommon manner; but as I was strictly trained up a Churchman, and could not bear the idea of a Dissenter (although, God knows, I had well nigh by this time dissented from all that was truly good) this proved a bar to my promotion; and my strong propensity to sail for *England*, to see my mother, prevented my acceptance of the greatest offer I ever received in my life. For when the day came that we were to quit the island, and to cross the Sound over to a town called *Sandwich*, the young 'Squire took me apart, and intreated me to tarry with them; saying, that if I would, nothing should be lacking to render my situation agreeable.

As there were very few white men on the island, I was fixed upon (if willing) to espouse one of the governor's daughters. I have since been informed that he was immensely rich, having on the island two thousand head of cattle, and twenty thousand sheep, and every acre of land thereon belonging to himself. However, I could not be prevailed upon to accept the offer; therefore the governor furnished each of us with money, and gave us a pass over to the town of *Sandwich*.—Upon our arrival there, we waited on Mr. *Silas Bourn*, a justice of the peace, who treated us courteously, ordered us to sign our names to a paper, which he sent to the keeper of a tavern, whereby we could have every thing we wished for.

After taking our leave of Justice *Bourn*, we set out for *Plymouth*, which, we were informed, was the first spot whereon the *Americans* landed when they first went over to inhabit that
part

part of the world. It appeared a low, mean place, with only a small spired meeting-house, which they built before they had raised one dwelling-house: such was their zeal for the glory of God! We passed through this tract of land without any road, till we came to a wood. The woods in this part of the world are mostly rows of tall pines, which grow at a tolerable distance from one another, so that they bear a great resemblance of a gentleman's park, and form a beautiful appearance. We continued travelling till it began to grow dark, and finding no house in our way since we left *Plymouth*, we concluded that we must pitch our tent in the wood all night. However, about seven o'clock, we came to a small public-house. After we had supped, I desired an old Englishman to provide a bed for each of us; but he very roughly expressed his disapprobation thereof, seeing we were entire strangers.

As we were about to continue our nocturnal journey, a poor woman ran up to us, and insisted upon our returning to her house, where we should be accommodated with every thing we wanted. This being the first of November, and the winter just set in, we were, whilst by the fire, almost burnt on one side, but nearly frozen on the other. As soon as day light appeared we arose, took our leave of the good woman, after returning her many thanks. At half past eleven we reached the beautiful town of *Hanover*. Here the buildings (from one end thereof to the other) were truly magnificent. The inhabitants also were wealthy, very polite, and hospitable.

At the north-west part of the town was a very fine road, which extended itself to the sea-shore. In the centre of which road stands a stately church, conveniently situated for travellers, who frequently have recourse thereto in their journeys on Sabbath-days. One Sunday, as my companions and I were crossing the church-yard, at the time of divine service, a well dressed gentleman came out of the church, and said, "Gentlemen, we do not suffer any person in this country to travel on the Lord's-day." We gave him to understand, that it was
necessity

necessity which constrained us to walk that way, as we were all shipwrecked on *St. Martin's Vineyard*, and were journeying to *Boston*. The gentleman was still dissatisfied, but quitted our company, and went into the church. When we had gone a little farther, a large white house proved the object of our attention. The door being wide open, we reasonably imagined it was not without servants or others; but as we all went into the kitchen, nobody appeared to be within, nor was there an individual either above or below. However, I advised my companions to tarry in the house until some person should arrive. They did so, and in a short time afterwards two ladies, richly drest, with a footman following them, came in through the kitchen, and notwithstanding they turned round and saw us (who in so dirty and disagreeable a garb, might have terrified them) yet neither of them was observed to take any notice of us, nor did either of them ask us any questions, touching the cause of our intrusion.

About a quarter of an hour afterwards a footman entered the kitchen with the cloth, and a large two-quart silver tankard full of rich cyder; also a loaf and cheese, but we not knowing it was prepared for us, did not attempt to partake thereof. At length the ladies came into the kitchen, and viewing us in our former position, desired to know the reason why we were not refreshing ourselves: whereupon I urged the others to join with me in the acceptance of so hospitable a proposal. After this the ladies made a familiar enquiry into our situation. I gave them as particular an account as I was able.

We then asked them if they could furnish us with a lodging that evening? They replied, if we proceeded some what farther, we should be entertained, by their brother, a Quaker, whose house was not more than the distance of seven miles. We thanked them, and set forward, and about eight o'clock arrived at their brother's house. Fatigued with our journey, we hastened into the parlour, and delivered our message;

whereupon a gentleman quickly gave us to understand, he was the Quaker referred to by the aforefaid ladies, who (total strangers as we were) used us with a degree of hospitality, impossible to be exceeded.

After our banquet, the gentleman took us up into a spacious bedchamber. We enjoyed a sound night's rest, arofe between feven and eight the next morning, and were entertained with a good breakfast. We then returned many thanks for his liberality, and departed for *Boston*. Here all the land was ftrewed with plenty. When we came to *Boston*, I refided four months with Captain *Seaborn*.

I never remember to have heard one oath uttered, or the name of God mentioned, fave upon a religious occafion, during the four months I tarried at that place; nor was there one lewd houfe fuffered in the whole town, or any Sabbath-breaking. It was a pleafure to buy and fell among them, becaufe I never found an individual throughout their fraternity guilty of extortion. Would to God I could fay this of the inhabitants of *Great Britain*!

[*To be continued.*]



An Extract of the EXPERIENCE, and happy DEATH of Mrs. SARAH BULGIN.

[*Concluded from page 354.*]

THE next day fhe addreffed her brother *William* in a very affecting manner. "O brother, faid fhe, I am happy! happy! happy! The Lord has done great things for me! I can rejoice in God my Saviour!—Now brother, feek the Lord with your whole heart. You have been a backslider from Him. You were once very ferious.—I know you were; for we often took fweet counfel together. You were then happy; but you are not fo now. Turn to him, and he will blefs you. I have
great

great hope for you. The Lord has laid you on my mind. I have been wrestling with God for you and he has given me a promise. I know he will call you again: only use the means of grace. O it is a blessed thing to serve the Lord!"

The following three or four days she spoke to the servants, warning them against sin, and begging of them to turn to the Lord in their youth.

Sunday, March 4, She said to me in the morning, "My dear, you cannot conceive how Satan has been trying me: he even tempted me to wish to live longer in the world!—But I cannot bear the thought! O he is a foul enemy indeed! Lord deliver me!"

In the afternoon she said, "The Lord is gracious. I feel his presence. Blessed be his name, I feel him near! O what glorious views of eternity! Glory! Glory! Glory!" On seeing the tears run down her cheeks, I asked what was the matter? she replied with a smile, "They are tears of joy. I almost envy Mrs. *Theobald's* getting the start of me; but I must be resigned. O Satan, thou art a foul enemy! I now find thy darts are of no avail. Thou art at a great distance. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

Monday 5. Being to all appearance near her dissolution, she said, the following words had been strongly impressed on her mind, This day thou shalt be with me in paradise. On which she cried out, "I am happy! happy! happy! I feel a great change! I am near at home! I feel Him precious! Glory! Glory be to God! Lord Jesus I am just ready! Glory be to Jesus! thou art coming to release me!" She now remained silent for half an hour; but her looks, and the motion of her hands and eyes bespoke the great consolation of her mind. After awhile she spoke as follows with great fervor: "Shal I be in paradise to-day! Blessed Lord, thy will be done! O I have glorious views of paradise!"

Monday 12. This morning she was much buffeted. Satan came with his last assault, tempting her to doubt of the work

God had wrought in her. For two hours she seemed to be under a cloud, and addressed me thus, "My dear, how is it that my spirit is so cast down! Do you think I am safe? Surely I did feel that the Lord sanctified me, body, soul and spirit: and I know that I have not done any thing to grieve him. I hope he will take care of me. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and remove this cloud!"

At her request I went for a friend who had often been of use to her. He had not conversed long with her before I perceived a smile on her countenance. Soon after she broke out with great power, "Glory—Glory—Glory be to God! He is come! He is come! He is come! Blessed Jesus! I will praise thee with my latest breath! I do feel him precious! Glory—Glory—Glory be to Jesus! I shall soon be with him! He has removed the cloud; blessed be his name, I feel him near!" O what a rest remains for me! I shall soon be there! I have lived, and I rejoice to die a Methodist. Come, Lord Jesus! my sweet, dear Jesus! But I will wait his time!"

On my asking her if the world did not appear contemptible? She lifted up her hand and said, "Trash! Trash!"

The next morning, which was Wednesday, March 13, about four o'clock she appeared to alter for death. At five she seemed to revive; but at six the welcome Messenger drew near. About an hour after, she fixed her eyes upwards and said, "There— There— There— Sweet Jesus!"— and at eight o'clock fell asleep in His arms, aged twenty-nine years and thirteen days.

An Account of the Death of FRANCIS SPIRA.

[Continued from page 356.]

THUS the cares of this world choaking the good seed, he faints, and yields unto the allurements of this world: and being thus blinded, he goes to the Legate at Venice, and addressed him in the following manner.

"Having

“ Having for these divers years entertained an opinion concerning some articles of faith, contrary to the orthodox and received judgment of the Church, and uttered many things against the authority of the Church of *Rome*, and the universal Bishop; I humbly acknowledge my fault and error, and my folly in misleading others. I therefore yield myself in all obedience to the supreme Bishop of the Church of *Rome*, never to depart again from the traditions, and decrees of the holy See. I am heartily sorry for what is past, and humbly beg pardon for so great an offence.”

The Legate perceiving *Spira* to faint, caused a recitation of all his errors to be drawn up in writing, together with the confession annexed to it, and commanded *Spira* to subscribe his name thereto, which accordingly he did. Then the Legate commanded him to return to his own town, to declare this confession, and to acknowledge the whole doctrine of the Church of *Rome* to be holy and true, and to abjure the opinions of *Luther*, and other such Teachers, as false and heretical.

As he was going, he thought he heard a voice speaking to him thus:

“ *Spira!* What doest thou here? Whither goest thou? Hast thou, unhappy man! given thy hand-writing to the Legate at *Venice*? Yet see thou dost not seal it in thine own country. Dost thou, indeed, think eternal life so mean, as that thou preferrest this present life before it? Dost thou well in preferring wife and children before Christ? Is the applause of the people better indeed, than the glory of God? And the possession of this world's good, more dear to thee than the salvation of thy soul? Think with thyself, what Christ endured for thy sake. And is it not equal thou shouldst suffer somewhat for him? Remember that the sufferings of this present life, are not comparable to the glory that shall be revealed. If thou sufferest with him, thou shalt also reign with him. Thou canst not answer for what thou hast already done; nevertheless the gate of mercy is not quite shut. Take heed

heed that thou heapest not sin upon sin, lest thou repent when it is too late."

Now was *Spira* in the wilderness of doubt, not knowing which way to turn, nor what to do; yet being arrived in his own country, and among his friends, he desired their advice. His friends, after small deliberation answered, that it was requisite he should take heed that he did not in any wise betray his wife, children, and friends into danger; seeing, that by so small a matter as the reciting of a little schedule, he might both free himself from present danger, and preserve many that depended upon him.

Spira accordingly goes to the Prætor, and proffers to perform his promise made to the Legate, who, in the mean time, had taken care to have all things ready, and had sent the instrument of abjuration signed by *Spira*, to the Prætor, by the hands of a certain Priest.

All that night, *Spira* was without a minute's rest; yet the next morning he gets up, and in the presence of friends and enemies, and of the whole assembly, recited the infamous abjuration, word for word, as it was written. This being done, he was fined thirty pieces of gold, which he presently paid. Then he was sent home, and restored to his dignities, goods, wife, and children. No sooner was he departed, but he thought he heard a direful voice saying,

"Thou wicked wretch, thou hast denied me! Thou hast broken thy vow! Hence apostate! Bear with thee the sentence of thy eternal damnation!"

Trembling and quaking in body and mind, he fell down in a swoon: relief was at hand for the body; but from that time he never found any peace of mind. By continuing in uncessant torments, he protested he was under the revenging hand of God; that he heard continually that fearful sentence of Christ: and that he knew he was utterly undone.

Now

Now began some of his friends to repent of their rash counsel; others laid all the blame on his melancholy, that overhadowing his judgment, wrought in him a kind of madness; yet all agreed to use the help of Physicians, and the advice of Divines: and therefore thought it fit to convey him to *Padua*, where plenty of all manner of means was to be had.

This they accordingly did, both with his wife, children, and whole family; and others of his friends accompanying him. Being arrived at the house of one *James Arden*, they sent for three eminent Physicians, who upon due observation of the effects, and of other symptoms of his disease, returned this answer: that they could not discern his body was afflicted with any distemper, by reason of the over-ruling of any humour; but that this malady arose from grief of mind. However they gave him many medicines without effect; which made him say,

“Alas, poor men! how far wide are you? Do you think that this disease is to be cured by potions? Believe me, there must be another manner of medicine; it is neither plaister, nor drugs, that can help a fainting soul, cast down with the sense of sin, and the wrath of God; it is only Christ that must be the Physician, and the gospel the soul’s antidote.”

The Physicians easily believed him, after they had understood the whole truth of the matter; and therefore they wished him to seek some spiritual comfort.

By this time, his fame was so spread all over *Padua*, and the neighbouring country, that there came multitudes to see him. Amongst these, were *Paulus Vergerius*, Bishop of *Justinopolos*, and *Matthæus Gribaldus*. They found him about fifty years of age, in the strength of his judgment, and quick of apprehension. His friends laboured with him by all fair means to receive nourishment, which he obstinately refusing, they forced some liquid into his mouth, most of which he spit out again.

[To be continued.]

An

Antab is doubtless *Antiochia penes Taurum*: in the skirts of which it stands, and is not far distant from the highest ridge: it is about two thirds as big as *Aleppo*.

Wednesday, April 26. We passed through a fruitful, mountainous country, and came in seven hours and a quarter to *Rowant* Castle. It stands on the top of a round steep hill, and has been strong for the times it was built in. It is probably a Saracen fabric, and is now in ruins. At the foot of the hill Westward runs the river *Ephreen*; its course is South, South West. Our course from *Antab* to *Rowant* was North-West and by North.

Thursday, April 27. We travelled through the mountains, which were now somewhat more uneven, and precipitous; but watered every where with fine springs and rivulets. In about six hours we came to *Corus*; our course was South West, having crossed the *Ephreen* about two thirds of an hour before. Just by *Corus* is the river *Sabon*, that is, *Chor*, or *Char*, which encompasses most part of the City.

Corus stands on a hill, consisting of the City and Castle. The City stands Northerly; and from its North-end ascending, you come at last to a higher hill to the Southward, on which stands the Castle. The whole is now in ruins, which seems to have been very large, walled very strongly with huge square stones. Within are observable the ruins, pillars, &c. of many noble buildings. On the West-side there is a square enclosure of great capacity, compassed with good walls and five gates, which opened into it; as one may discern by the ruins of them. I conjectured they might be the Cathedral.

The middle inscription was over the middle of the portal; the other two on the top of the pilasters on the right and left hand.

Below the Castle-hill, to the Southward, stands a noble, old monument. It is six square, and opens at six windows above; and is covered with a pyramidical Cupola. In each angle within is a pillar of the Corinthian Order, of one stone; and there is a fine Architrave all round just under the Cupola, having had heads of Oxen carved on it; and it ends a-top with a large capital of the Corinthian Order: near this are several sepulchral Altars, of which only one has a legible inscription.

Friday, April 28. We left *Corus*, and without the town about half a mile South-East, we descended down through a way cut obliquely on the side of a precipice, which leads to a bridge of seven arches of a very old structure, over the river *Sabon*. And about a quarter of a mile further, we came to another bridge of three very large arches over the river *Ephreen*. These bridges are very ancient, and were built of square stone. These pillars have an acute angle on the side of the stream, and a round buttress on the other side, and on both sides are niches for statues. They are well paved at top with large stones, and are doubtless, as well as that of the other side of the town, the work of the excellent and magnificent *Theodorit*.

From this bridge in about three hours, with a course South South-East or South-East and by South, we arrived at *Jan-Bolads*. From *Jan-Bolads* to *Chillis* is one hour and two thirds, course North North-East. *Chillis* is a large populous town, and has fifteen Mosques that may be counted without the town: and it has large Bazars. Many medals are found here, which seem to argue it to be ancient; but under what name I know not.

Aleppo bears from *Jan-Bolads* South and by East; *Seck-Berukel* South South-West. An hour from *Jan-Bolads* is *Azafs*. And two hours further, we lodged in the Plain, which about *Chillis* and *Azafs* is very wide, and no less fruitful. This country is always given to the *Validea* or Grand Signior's mother.

Saturday,

Saturday, April 29. We arrived, by God's blessing, safe in *Aleppo*; having travelled about five hours with a course South and by East.

Δόξα Θεῷ.



*An Account of the VALLEY of SALT: extracted from
MAUNDRELL'S TRAVELS.*

THIS Valley is of two or three hours extent; we were three quarters of an hour in crossing one corner of it. It is of an exact level, and appears at a distance like a lake of water. There is a kind of a dry crust of salt all over the top of it; which sounds, when the horses go upon it, like frozen snow, when it is walked upon. There are three or four small rivulets which empty themselves into this place, and wash it all over about Autumn, or when the rains fall.

In the heat of the Summer the water is dried off, and when the sun has scorched the ground, there is found remaining the crust of Salt aforesaid; which they gather and separate into several heaps, according to the degrees of fineness; some being exquisitely white, others alloyed with dirt.

It being soft in some places, our horses hoofs struck in deep: and there I found, in one part a soft brown clay, in another a very black one, which to the taste was very salt, though deep in the earth. Along on one side of the Valley, viz. that towards *Gibul*, there is a small precipice about two men's lengths, occasioned by the continual taking away the salt; and in this you may see how the veins of it lie. I broke a piece of it, which was exposed to the rain, sun, and air; though it had the sparks and particles of salt, yet it had perfectly lost its savour, as in *St. Matthew*, chap. v. The inner part, which was connected to the Rock, retained its savour, as I found by proof.

In several places of the Valley, we found that the thin crust of salt upon the surface bulged up, as if some insect working under it had raised it; and taking off the part, we found under it efflorescences of pure salt shot out according to its proper figure.

At the neighbouring Village *Gibul*, are kept the Magazines of Salt, where you find great Mountains (as I may say) of that Mineral, ready for sale. The Valley is farmed of the Grand Signior at 1200 Dollars per Annum.

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

Of some Particular P L A N T S.

[Continued from page 365.]

THE Balsam-Tree grows on rocks, and frequently on the limbs or trunks of other trees. This is occasioned by birds, scattering or voiding the seeds, which being glutinous, like those of Mistletoe, take root and grow; but not finding sufficient nourishment, the roots spread on the bark till they find a decayed hole wherein is some soil. Into this they enter and become a tree. But the nourishment of this second spot being exhausted, one or two of the roots pass out of the hole, and fall directly to the ground, though at forty feet distance. Here again they take root, and become a much larger tree than before. They flourish on the *Bahama* Islands, and many other of the hot parts of *America*.

In *Italy* are many Coppice-Woods, of what our gardeners call the Flowering Ash. Manna is procured by piercing the bark, and catching the sap, as we do that of birch trees, to make birch wine. It begins to run in the beginning of August, and in a dry season, runs for five or six weeks. But we have

no

no need to be beholden to the King of *Naples*, For the tree grows as well in *England* as in *Italy*. What stupidity is it then, to import, at a large expence, what we may have at our own doors? The leaves of this tree are the proper *Sena*, and better than any brought from *Apulia*.

Peruvian Bark comes from a tree, about the bigness of a plumb-tree. Its leaves are like ivy, and are always green. It is gathered in Autumn, the rind is taken off all round, both from the boughs and the tree, and grows again in four months. It bears a fruit, not unlike a chesnut, except its outward shell. This shell is properly called *China-China*, and is esteemed by the natives, far above the bark, which is taken from the trunk or boughs. And it seems this only was in use, till the demand for it so increased.

The tree which produces *Cotton* is common in several parts both of the *East* and *West-Indies*. The fruit is oval, about the size of a nut. As it ripens, the outside grows black, till opening in several places by the heat of the sun, it discovers the cotton, of an admirable whiteness.

Pepper grows on a shrub in several parts of the *East-Indies*, which is of the reptile kind; and for that reason is usually planted at the foot of some larger tree. It grows in clusters, which at first are green. As the grains ripen, they grow reddish; and after being exposed awhile to the sun, become black. To make white *Pepper*, they moisten it with seawater, and then exposing it to the sun, divest the grains of the outer bark, which of consequence leaves them white.

The tree that bears *Jamaica Pepper*, is about thirty feet high, and covered with a grey, smooth, shining bark. It shoots out abundance of branches, which bear large leaves, like those of the bay-tree. At the very end of the twigs grow bunches of flowers, each stalk bearing a flower, which bends back. To these succeeds a bunch of berries, larger when ripe than juniper berries. They are then black, smooth, and shining; but they are taken from the tree when unripe, and dried in
the

the sun. They have a mixed flavour of many kinds of spice, and hence they are called All-spice.

The plant which affords Ginger, resembles our reed, both in its stem and leaves. The root spreads itself near the surface of the ground, in form not unlike a man's hand. When it is ripe they dig it up, and dry it either in the sun, or in an oven.

Nutmegs are enclosed in four different covers: the first, thick and fleshy, like that of our walnuts: the second is a thin, reddish coat, of an agreeable smell, called Mace. The third is a hard blackish shell. The fourth is a greenish film. In this the nutmeg is found, which is properly the kernel of the fruit.

The Wild-pine as it is called, is a wonderful instance of the wise providence of God. The leaves of it are channelled, to catch and convey water into their reservoirs. These reservoirs are so made, as to contain much water. And they close at the top when they are full, to hinder its evaporation. These plants grow on the arms of the trees in the woods, as also on the bark of their trunks. Another contrivance of nature in this vegetable is very admirable. The seed has many long and fine threads, that it may be carried every where by the wind, and that by these, when driven through the boughs, it may be held fast, and stick to the arms or trunks of trees. As soon as it sprouts, although it be on the under part of a bough, its leaves and stalk rise perpendicular, because if it had any other position, the cistern made of hollow leaves could not hold water. In scarcity of water, this reservoir is not only necessary and sufficient for the plant itself, but likewise useful to men, birds, and insects. Hitherto they then come in troops, and seldom go away without some refreshment.

These leaves will hold a pint and a half, or a quart of rain-water. When we find these pines, says Capt. *Dampier*, we stick our knives into the leaves, just above the root; and that lets out the water, which we catch in our hats, to our great relief.

The

The same providential design is answered by the Water-withy of *Jamaica*. This, which is a kind of vine, grows on dry hills in the woods, where no water is to be found. Its trunk, if cut into pieces, two or three yards long, and held by either end to the mouth, affords a limpid, innocent and refreshing sap, as clear as water: and that in so great abundance, as gives new life to the weary and thirsty traveller.

An admirable instance of the same good providence we have in the Fountain Tree, which grows on *Hierro*, one of the *Canary Islands*. In the rocky cliff which surrounds the island is a narrow gutter, which begins at the sea, and continues to the summit of the cliff, where it falls into a valley, which is bounded by the steep front of a rock. On the top of this grows a tree, which has continued many years. Its leaves constantly distil as much water as is sufficient for the drink of every living creature on the island. It stands by itself a league and a half from the sea, and no one knows of what species it is. Its trunk is about nine feet round, in diameter about three. It is thirty feet high; the circumference of all the branches is about ninety. The branches are thick, the lowest of them is about an ell from the ground. Its fruit resembles an acorn, its leaves resemble those of the laurel, but are longer and broader. They come forth in perpetual succession, so that the tree is always green. On the North side of it are two cisterns of rough stone, each fifteen feet square, and twelve deep: one of which contains water for the drink of the inhabitants; the other, for their cattle and all other purposes.

Every morning, near this part of the island, a mist rises from the sea. This the South and Easterly winds drive against the fore-mentioned cliff, which it gradually ascends, and thence advances to the end of the valley. Being stopt there by the front of the rock, it rests upon the leaves and branches of the tree, whence it distils the remainder of the day.

But

But trees yielding water are not peculiar to the island of *Hierro*. One of the same kind grows on the island of *St. Thomas*, in the gulph of *Guinea*. And of the same nature is that near the mountains of *Vera Pogg*, whereof we have the following account in *Cockburne's Voyages*.

“ In the morning of the fourth day, we came out on a large plain, in the midst of which stood a tree of an unusual size. Its trunk was above five fathoms round; the soil it grew on was very stony. And on the nicest enquiry we could afterwards make, both of the *Spaniards* and the natives, we could not learn, that any other such tree had been known in all *New Spain*.

“ Perceiving the ground under it wet, we were surpris'd, knowing that according to the certain course of the season in that latitude, there had no rain fallen for six months, and that it could not be owing to the dew, for this the sun entirely dried up, in a few minutes after its rising. At last, to our great amazement, as well as joy, we perceived water dropping from the end of every leaf; after we had been labouring four days through extreme heat, and were almost expiring for thirst, we could not look upon this, but as liquor sent from heaven; to relieve us in our extremity. We catch'd it in our hands, and drank so plentifully, that we could scarce tell when to give over.

[*To be continued.*]



An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

[*Continued from page 367.*]

D I A L O G U E III.

SOPHRONIUS. URANIA. *Their Sons and Daughter.*

SOPHRONIUS, after he had performed the sad duties to his departed friend, the wretched *Callistus*, and, as executor, settled his affairs, returned with impatience to his rural retirement, the seat of peace, of love, and cheerfulness.

Though

Though his mind was depressed with sadness, when first he left that shocking scene, which memory perpetually represented to his fancy; yet in proportion as he approached his own delightful home, new ideas flowed in apace: and *Urania*, the admirable *Urania*, his lovely children, his elegant garden, and a thousand other sweet domestic circumstances, filled his imagination. What pleasing sensations did he experience, when he arrived at the village! None but those who can conceive such excellence as his, can imagine the effects of it. The honest farmers and countrymen lining the way, with countenances animated with joy and respect, gave him a sincere welcome; the women blessed him as he passed, with tears of affectionate pleasure in their eyes: while heart-felt satisfaction, gratitude, and benevolence, glowed in the countenance of *Sophronius*.—But who shall express his delightful emotions when he entered his own gates!—Feel them, you who can!

Sophronius acquired this extraordinary regard from his neighbours, not only by his amiable qualities, but by the important benefits he procured to the country round him. He introduced considerable improvements in agriculture. By a scheme of his, the river was made navigable through all his estate. He set up manufactures; instituted a kind of charity-school in his own house: where, under his own eye, and by his immediate direction, the children of his tenants were taught all that could be useful for them to know. In fine, by premiums, and encouragements of every kind, he raised such a spirit of industry and ingenuity around him, that the village where he lived, grew to a little town. The value of his estate was immensely increased; and he became rich without any profession, or apparent business. Such was his reputation for wisdom, integrity, and love of his country, that he was chosen member of parliament for a neighbouring borough, without the least application on his part, and even contrary to his inclinations. However, he would not appear regardless of the

honour done him by his countrymen, nor averse to the trouble of serving them in their own way. After having sat one parliament, and declared his disinclination to being re-elected, his eldest son was accepted in his stead.

Urania was no less respected and beloved. She too was a great benefactress to the neighbourhood, by her example, her charity, her tenderness to the poor in sickness; but particularly by her attention to the education of the female youth. She was too grateful for the eminent advantages she had derived from the care and pains of her excellent father, not to be desirous of communicating the same benefits to others.

Sophronius and *Urania* had the strongest proofs of the important effects of a skillful education in their own family. Four sons, and one daughter, remained to them, at the sad æra I am going to mark.

Sebastian, the eldest son, had been some years in parliament; the second, was already in business at the Bar; *Theophilus* was in Orders, and had a living near *Sophronius*; *Lionel*, the fourth son, was in the Army, and then happened to be quartered in the neighbourhood; the beautiful *Emilia*, the only remaining daughter, had been the constant companion, and delight of her happy father and mother, for fifteen years. And now, *Sophronius*, after having many years enjoyed almost uninterrupted health, with easy circumstances, by his own skill and prudence continually becoming more affluent; the society of a most amiable woman, in all respects qualified to be the companion and friend of a man of sense and virtue; the dutiful affection of a race of children, who were an honour to their parents, and their country; the highest esteem and love of many valuable persons, and the respect of all who knew him:—in short, amidst all the real blessings which make life desirable, he was seized with a violent fever. The inflammation soon settled on his bowels, and, for the first time, he now suffered exquisite bodily pain for two days, and a night.

It chanced that all his children were around him, except the second son; and never was a scene of more distress.

Urania, though she generally had resolution enough to restrain her grief, and conceal her own sufferings, that she might not add to his, was sometimes obliged to quit the room, and yield to the most heart-rending agonies of sorrow: the gentle *Emilia*, all softness and tenderness, sunk under the complication of misery from the sight of her father's and mother's tortures, and the desolation of all the family; for the very servants seemed to apprehend the loss of an affectionate parent.

In the midst of this distress, *Sophonius*, who had long remained in silent suffering, called his wife and children around him, and declared himself perfectly easy.

With what affecting transports did this news inspire them! scarce could they support the sudden transition from the most anxious grief, to the liveliest joy. After they had all given vent to their full hearts by various expressions of fond delight, affection, and pious gratitude, *Sophonius* intimated that he hoped to get some rest; and recommended it to all to seek refreshment, after their great fatigue of spirits.

Sophonius alone was not deceived by the flattering change; he was himself persuaded it was owing to a mortification; but as he was not certain, he would not give an unnecessary alarm: and besides he thought it best, however it might prove, that all might have an opportunity of enjoying some rest, before the last sad scene was opened. As to himself, his strength and spirits being quite exhausted by pain, he soon fell into a deep sleep. When he awaked in the morning, after many hours of sweet repose, he found his Physician by his bed's-side, and all the family around him, in silent suspense: the Doctor had already damped their joy, by the little satisfaction he expressed at the account they gave him.

Sophonius still lay quiet for a few minutes, meditating in what manner he might best act the small remainder of his part. At length having formed his plan, after greeting them all with

a serene, but solemn air, he called the Physician to him, and gave him a particular account of the strange alteration that had happened; and conjured him to tell him plainly, whether his suspicions were not well founded, that this flattering appearance was owing to a fatal cause, and that a mortification was proceeding. The good Doctor paused a moment, sighed, looked round on *Urania* and her amiable family, who stood all fixt in cruel suspense, and pressing *Sophronius's* hand, said, —My dear Sir, to you, I could calmly communicate news that—must give you joy;—but oh! how shall I make known to this poor Lady, and this unhappy circle, that *Sophronius* will shortly be taken from them.

Sophronius calmly replied,—I return you a thousand thanks, good Sir, for your sincerity, for your humanity, your assiduity, and care of me, and my family, on this, and many other occasions. I wish you all the prosperity this world can afford, and a happy change for a better; and so, my dear Sir, most heartily farewell.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of an APPARITION: extracted from BEAUMONT'S Treatise on Spirits, page 398.

SIR *Charles Lee* had only one daughter by his first Lady, of which she died in child-birth. Her sister, *Lady Everard*, had the education of the child. When she was marriageable, a match was concluded for her, with *Sir William Perkins*; but prevented in an extraordinary manner.

Miss Lee, one night, thinking she saw a light in her chamber, after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who coming into the room, her Mistress asked, Why she left a candle burning in her chamber? The maid said she left none, and that there was none, but what she brought with her at that time. *Miss Lee* then said it was the fire; but that, the maid told her, was

quite



quite out; and said, she believed it was only a dream: to which the young Lady replied, it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep.

About two o'clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman, between the curtain and the pillow, who told her, she was her mother; that she was happy, and that by twelve o'clock that day, she should be with her. On this Miss *Lee* knocked again for her maid; called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her closet, and came not out again till nine o'clock. She then brought with her a letter for her father, which she gave to her aunt, the Lady *Everard*, telling her what had happened, and desired that it might be sent to him, as soon as she was dead. But the Lady thought her niece was suddenly fallen delirious, and sent to *Chelmsford* for a Physician and Surgeon. When they came, the Physician declared he could discern no indication of what the Lady imagined, or of any indisposition of body. However the Lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly; and when the young Lady had patiently let them do what they pleased with her, she desired the Chaplain might be called to read prayers. When prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm-book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played, and sung so melodiously, that her music-master, who was then there, wondered at it.

Near twelve o'clock, she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and immediately expired, at *Waltham*, in *Essex*, three miles from *Chelmsford*.

When the letter was sent to her father, in *Warwickshire*, he was so afflicted, that he came not to *Waltham* till she was buried; but when he came, he caused her to be taken up, and buried by her mother at *Edminton*, about the year 1662. This relation, the then Bishop of *Gloucester*, had from Sir *Charles Lee* himself,

GOD'S

GOD'S Revenge against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[Continued from page 372.]

SIGNOR THOMASO VITURI, a Nobleman of Pavia, the second city of the dutchy of Milan, had a daughter, his only child, named Dona Christineta, no less eminent for the endowments of her mind, than the beauties of her person. The perfections of this young lady, and the wealth of her father, could not fail drawing many admirers about her, and among the rest, Signor Emanuel Gasparino, a young Nobleman of Cremona. He acquaints none with his design, but an intimate friend, a young gentleman of the same city, named Signor Ludivico Pisani, whom he entreats to accompany him to Pavia. Pisani readily complies with his request.

The young gentlemen being arriv'd at Pavia, were very respectfully entertained by Vituri, to whom Gasparino having made proposals of offering his addresses to his daughter, was answered by him like a prudent father, that he would take some short time to advise upon it. In the mean while Gasparino found Christineta very cool towards him, although he passionately admires her, and endeavours, by all the arts that love can suggest, to procure her esteem: not knowing what farther to offer, he resolves to make use of the intercession of his friend Pisani, whom he desires to become a mediator for him, which office Pisani readily accepts: and soon after, having found an opportunity, address'd himself to Christineta in behalf of his friend, with all the charms of wit and eloquence, and leaves nothing untouched that he thinks may advance his suit. Christineta seems strangely perplexed at his discourse, and often changes colour, and would willingly have spoke, but could not; for her heart pants, and her sighs confusedly interrupt her words. But at last, with glowing blushes

in her cheeks, she tells him, that she is not ignorant of Gasparino's merits, who deserves far better than any thing she pretends to; but that she can never consent to love him, since she has already fixed her affections on another. Pisani pressed Christineta to name the man who was so happy in her love; after two or three deep sighs, she thus spoke :

“ Pisani, it is a dear and near friend of yours, who is the first, and shall be the last object of my love : at present, I will not name him : but if you please to meet me to-morrow, at eight o'clock in the morning, in the Nun's garden of St. Clare, I will inform you who it is.”

Pisani finding the lady's resolution fixed, took his leave; but promised to meet at the time and place appointed. Then coming to his friend, he related to him punctually all the foregoing passages, except that of the assignation, whereupon Gasparino despairing of success, civilly took leave, and returned to Cremona.

In the morning Christineta hastes away to the garden, where having taken a turn or two, she sees Pisani enter, who told her, he was now come to demand the performance of her promise; modesty for awhile represses her passion: at length, with cheeks covered over with blushes, she spoke thus :

“ The person, Pisani, on whom I have fixed my affections, doth exceedingly resemble yourself.” Pisani presses her to let him know his name; when after much hesitation, and many interrupting sighs, she tells him his name is Pisani, and himself the man.

Pisani is strangely surpris'd, and knows not how to behave. But after some pause, he said, “ As I must own the greatness of my obligation to you, without any merit of mine, so I must humbly beg your excuse, in that I cannot be your servant, since that is impossible without forfeiting my honour, and betraying my friend. But were there any other way to requite this favour, you are pleas'd so unreserv'dly to shew me, I should be proud to do it, even at the hazard of my life.”

Upon

Upon this, in the civillest manner he is able, he takes leave of her, and immediately goes to inform Gasparino of these things. Mean time Christineta cannot rest till she writes to Pisani a most affectionate letter.

On receiving it, he begins to debate with himself, and finds his resolution a little staggering; but upon second thoughts, his love gives place to his honour, and so sends her a letter.

But Christineta is not to be put off with one denial: she writes again and again, till by degrees she overcomes. He thought no more of Gasparino, or of friendship; but love takes full possession of his heart.

Pisani wrote a second letter, which confirmed Christineta's hopes, so that whereas before she condemned her presumption in writing to him, she now applauded her resolution, and blessed the hour she attempted it. Every minute seemed an age, till her beloved Pisani appeared, nor could she rest till she possessed that, which she accounted the height of all earthly enjoyments.

He then soon set out for Pavia with three or four of his best friends. And when he arrived at the place, such was the interview between these joyful lovers, as love only can express.

[*To be continued.*]



SUPERSTITION AND RELIGION.

[*Concluded from page 374.*]

“ **W**HILE the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities; supported by the gladdening assurances that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them shall be assisted, accepted and rewarded. To such an one, the lowliest self-abasement is
but

but a deep laid foundation for the most celebrated hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct to become what they desire. The Christian and the Hero are inseparable; and to aspirings of unassuming trust, and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in this pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with, restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects and noble capacities; but yet whatever portion of it the distributing hand of Heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining of his final destination.

“Return then with me, from continual misery, to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Return from the contracted views of solitude, to the duties of a relative and dependent being. *Religion* is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of *Superstition*, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of each particular with that of the whole. Remember, that

the greatest honour you can pay the Author of that being is by such a cheerful behaviour, as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations."

Here my preceptress paused, and I was going to express my acknowledgements for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

This is a just picture of Superstition; and the beauty and happiness of Religion is well described. But it does not appear, that the Author knew how to attain this blessedness. He does not seem to *look unto Jesus*, as our *wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption*: or to have any conception of that Faith in him, which saveth from sin, overcometh the world, and worketh by love. Happy they who know these things, who are created anew in Christ Jesus. *Happy art thou, O Israel, who is like unto thee, a people saved by the Lord!*

J. W.



The C A M P D E N W O N D E R.

THE following narration is one of the strangest things ever made public; and yet no more strange than true: for the thing is well known at *Campden in Gloucestershire*; otherwise it would exceed all belief.

On Thursday, August 16, 1660, Mr. *William Harrison*, Steward to Lady *Campden*, of *Campden*, in *Gloucestershire*, being about seventy years old, went from *Campden* to *Charringworth*, about two miles off, to receive his Layd's rents; and not returning so early as usual, his wife (between eight and nine o'clock that evening) sent her servant *John Perry* to meet him. But neither Mr. *Harrison*, nor his servant returning that night, the next morning early his son went towards *Charringworth* to enquire after him, and met *Perry* on his return
thence,

thence, who informing him that his father was not there, they went together to *Ebrington*, a village between *Charringworth* and *Campden*, where they were told by one *Daniel*, that *Mr. Harrison* called at his house the evening before, in his return from *Charringworth*, but stayed not. They then went to *Paxford*, about half a mile from thence, where hearing nothing of him they returned towards *Campden*. On the way hearing of a hat, a band, and comb, being taken up in the road between *Ebrington* and *Campden*, by a poor woman, they sought her out; with whom they found the hat, band, and comb, which they knew to be *Mr. Harrison's*. And being led by the woman to the place where she found them, they searched for *Mr. Harrison*, supposing he had been murdered; the hat and comb being hacked and cut, and the band bloody: but nothing more could be found. The news hereof coming to *Campden*, so alarmed the town, that men, women and children hastened out in great multitudes to search for *Mr. Harrison's* body; but in vain.

Mrs. Harrison's fears for her husband being before great, were now much increased. And because she had sent her servant *Perry* the evening before to meet his Master, who had not returned, it caused a suspicion, that he had robbed and murdered him. Thereupon *Perry* was the next day brought before a Justice of the peace; by whom being examined, both concerning his Master's absence, and his own staying out the night he went to meet him, he said, That his Mistress sending him to meet his Master between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, he went down to *Campden-field* towards *Charringworth*, where meeting one *William Reed*, of *Campden*, he acquainted him with his errand, and further told him, that growing dark, he was afraid to go forwards, and would therefore fetch his young Master's horse, and return with him. Accordingly he did, and went with him to *Mr. Harrison's* court-gate, where they parted. At last, meeting with one *Pierce*, he said, he went with him about a bow shot into the fields, and

returned with him likewise to his Master's gate, where they also parted. Then, he said, he went into his Master's hen-roost, where he lay about an hour, but slept not; and when the clock struck twelve, arose and went towards *Charringworth*, till (a great mist arising) he lost his way, and so lay the rest of the night under a hedge. At break of day, on Friday morning, he said, he went to *Charringworth*, where he enquired for his Master, of one *Edward Plaisterer*, who told him he had been with him the afternoon before, and received 23l. of him; but stayed not long with him. He then said he went to *William Curtis* of the same town, who likewise told him, he heard his Master was at his house the day before; but he being not at home, did not see him. After which, he said he returned homewards, it being about five o'clock in the morning, when on the way he met his Master's son, with whom he went to *Ebrington*, &c. as hath been before related.

Reed, *Pierce*, *Plaisterer* and *Curtis* being examined, affirmed what *Perry* had said concerning them to be true.

Perry then being asked by the Justice, why he returned twice home, after his Mistress had sent him to meet his Master, and staying till twelve o'clock, he went not into the house to know whether his Master was not come home, before he went a third time, at that time of night, to look after him? He answered, that he knew his Master was not come home, because he saw light in his chamber window, which never used to be there so late, when he was at home.

Yet notwithstanding what he said concerning his staying out that night, it was not thought fit to discharge him till further enquiry. Accordingly he continued in custody at *Campden*, from Saturday Aug. 18, until the Friday following; during which time, he was examined at *Campden* by the aforesaid Justice; but confessed nothing more than before. But at length he gave out, that was he again carried before the Justice, he would discover to him, what he would not to any one

one else; and thereupon, on Friday Aug. 24, he was again brought before the Justice, who asking him what was become of his Master? answered, he was murdered, but not by him. The Justice telling him, if he knew him to be murdered, he knew likewise by whom. He acknowledged he did; and being urged to confess what he knew concerning it, he affirmed, that it was his mother and brother who had murdered him.

[*To be continued.*]

The GREAT QUESTION decided, viz. Whether a Slave continues so in Great Britain?

JAMES SOMERSET, a Negro servant to Captain *Stuart*, having absented himself from his Master's service while in *England*, and refusing to return to it, the Captain caused him to be apprehended and sent on board a ship, in order to his being conveyed to *Jamaica*. *Somerset* upon this brought an Habeas-Corpus before the Court of King's-Bench, in order to try the point, How far a Negro, or other black servant, is a slave in *England*, and consequently at his Master's disposal? The cause came on before Lord *Mansfield*, on the 24th of January 1772; but as the decision of it was thought to be of very great importance, it was delayed till towards the end of the Term; when his Lordship said he would take the opinion of the rest of the Judges. Accordingly the Court sat on it several times, and heard Counsel at great length: the substance of whose pleadings follow.

Mr. Serjeant *Davy* opened the cause on the part of the Negro. He began by shewing the origin of villanage in *England*, and how little it was countenanced in the earliest times: and very forcibly argued, that at this day no man can be a slave in *England*; that the making of slaves was merely local, wholly dependant on the laws of particular places, and that

that slavery is created only by colony-government; that any slave being once in *England*, the very air he breathed made him a freeman, that is, one that has a right to be governed by the laws of the land, and may claim the benefit of them equally with any other; that the making slaves free here, would be a proper check on proprietors of slaves from bringing them over; otherwise, if slaves were to be considered as in slavery here, it might not be extraordinary for a planter to bring over numbers, and yoke them in ploughs or carts instead of horses.

Mr. Serjeant *Glynn* observed, That all places except the place where the slave comes from, are an asylum for such slave; that suppose a person were a galley-slave, and should escape to *England*, he presumed the Court would never suffer the Master of such galley-slave to take him from hence; and he defined slavery to be an arbitrary correction.

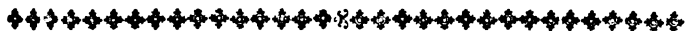
Mr. *Mansfield* went very spiritedly into the natural rights and privileges of mankind, particularly of those, subject to the laws of Great Britain, whom he proved to be peculiarly protected in the uncontrolled exercise of their freedom. He observed, that perpetual slavery was not an idea even of French government; and instanced a case of a slave's escaping from *Germany* to *France*, where he was immediately emancipated and protected. He observed, that galley-slaves, those adjudged to slavery for crimes which are here punished with death, should they by any means escape, were never obliged to reassume their slavery, but were entitled to the benefits of liberty. Has there ever been an instance, continued Mr. *Mansfield*, of a Merchant bringing over a number of slaves directly from *Africa* here, and selling them in open market? no: the meanest Britain would take fire at such a sight. Where then is the mighty magic of the air of the *West Indies*, that by transplanting them for awhile there, they should become our absolute property here?

Counsellor

Counsellor *Hargrave* proved, That the laws of *England* had constantly discountenanced slavery, even in the established form of villanage, until it was totally abolished; that it constantly guarded against the admission of every new species of slavery, and therefore could never be supposed to warrant this which was now contended for.

Counsellor *Alleyne* laid it down as an unimpeachable proposition, That all municipal relations which were repugnant to natural laws, ceased to operate the moment the persons affected by them were out of the State in which they were made; that slavery was a municipal relation between Master and slave which violated the natural rights of the slave, and therefore, that however it might be established by the laws of *Virginia*, it could not subsist by force of those laws out of that colony: and concluded with hoping, that Mr. *Stuart*, and every other man who arrogated such an unjust, inhuman, and dangerous dominion over a man when in this country, would be told that the laws of *England* would not endure it, nor suffer the free air of this Realm to be contaminated with the breath of a slave.

[*To be continued.*]



WATER-FINDING: *being an extract of a Letter from CHARLES de SALIS, Esq; at St. Tronc, near Marfeilles to his Brother, the Rev. Mr. de SALIS, in England, dated June 17, 1772.*

A Boy here of twelve years of age, has the faculty of discovering water under ground. This gift of his was discovered about a year ago in the following manner. He was standing at work, by his father, who was digging, and on a sudden called out, "Do not dig too deep, or the water will appear." The man had the curiosity to dig about three feet deep, and found a considerable spring. This singular thing being

being known in the province, several people of distinction, who wanted water on their estates, sent for him. Amongst others *Monf. Borelle* sent for him to an estate of his where, according to tradition, there had been three springs. The boy, without hesitation, carried him to every one of them. *Monf. de Bompart*, Commander of the Squadron at *Toulon* sent for him to a house of his near town; *Monf. de Bompart* was so convinced of the boy's skill, that he immediately fell to work, and has succeeded. At a house which the Duke *de Villiers* lived in, some of the water conduits under it were choked up; and as the direction of them was not known, they to save the expence of taking up the floors, sent for the boy; who on being carried to the spot, pointed to the place, and said, "Here the conduit begins, and goes in such a direction, &c." —So much upon the relation of others: now for what I have seen myself.

There was a neighbour of mine, as curious as myself to find out whether this boy had such a gift. We agreed to put water in a large earthen pan, hermetically covered with another, and then placed it in a hole, two feet under ground, in a vineyard that had been lately tilled. In order that nobody should inform him of it, at night we dug the hole ourselves, then covered it over, and smoothed the ground for twenty feet round. This we did in two places. The boy arrived next morning, and we took him about the country to shew his skill. He went before us alone, with his hands in a short waistcoat, and stopped short whenever he found water, spoke of it, and followed to the spring head. By little and little we brought him to the place where the water was hid; and I never was so astonished in my life as to see him go out of the way, stamp upon the spot, and say, "There is water here; but it does not run." The earth was removed, and the pan found directly under. We took him by the second place, which he also discovered; but was angry at being deceived. He then found out a large
spring

spring near my neighbour's house, which he was greatly in want of for an oil-mill he has there.

London, August 1772.

“ Sir,

“ The purpose of my writing to you is, to confirm the credibility of the letter from *Charles de Salis*, Esq; relative to discovering water under ground. In *Portugal* there are many who possess the same power. I cannot aver to have been a witness myself, but have my information from Gentlemen of undoubted veracity, and in particular from Mr. *Warre*, brother-in-law to the Consul, and from Mr. *John Olive*, of *Oporto*. I was at Mr. *Olive's* some days after he had obtained water for his gardens, by means of a water-finder: who Mr. *Olive* assured me, had not only pointed out the particular spot he should dig, but described the nature and colour of the soil; pointed out the different windings the workmen should follow the vein, and at the depth they should meet with rock, &c. how many inches they might penetrate, and the quantity of water; and even cautioned them not to exceed a certain depth, which he described, or they would be overflowed. Mr. *Olive* had the precaution, before he ventured on the undertaking, to employ a second person, who had the same faculty; who did not differ a palm [nine inches] from the spot the other had acquainted him he would find the water.

“ I cannot omit mentioning a circumstance, which shews the peculiarity of the disposition, as well as the extraordinary faculty of these people. If you intimate your design, or directly desire them to find out water, they will refuse; but if you walk with them, as by accident, in your garden, and casually ask if there is any water, and what depth, the water-finder strides over it with attention, like a person measuring the ground by steps; and after a pause of a few minutes, will give you an account. These Water-finders are of the lowest class, ignorant, illiterate and indigent.”

The IMMENSITY of the WORKS of CREATION.

Of the Creation in general, and the Mosaic Account of it.

OF all the subjects that can become the employment of the reasoning faculties of the human mind, there is none so truly amazing, none so worthy our eternal consideration and praise, as the contemplation of the visible Creation. The abstruse parts of knowledge are hid, by almost inexplicable difficulty and obscurity, from the eyes of all but a few, whose genius and leisure give them opportunities of arriving regularly at them; but these are eternally obvious to the sight of all. The eye cannot exert its power of common use without discerning them; and they are at the same time, as much a nobler, as an earlier study. It is hence the naturalist has been so often celebrated, as the man most worthily employed in his researches, and most happy in an incessant admiration, and unfeigned act of worship, of constant praise and adoration to the great Author of the universe: the omnipotent Creator both of the objects and of the soul that judges them. With what contempt and pity does the mind, thus employed, view the rash and mad accounts of the pretended ages of old time, who fancied the universe was but the work of Chance, the mere lucky concurrence of atoms? And with what sacred joy does it look up to the amazing origin of all, from the hand of an All-powerful and All-wise God, as described by the pen of *Moses*. It is most vain to doubt the truth of that relation, which though written at a time when speculative knowledge cannot be supposed to have had being in the world, is yet illustrated and confirmed, in every part, by the discoveries of the wisest men of our own times. And it is an idle, as well as an unbecoming arrogance, to doubt, without the least grounds, things coming from so high an authority.

authority. *Moses* relates, not only what he was inspired to write; but what oral tradition of things of such infinite wonder, (then but a few ages past) might easily bring down to him. We know that *Methusalah* lived and conversed with *Adam*; and *Shem* with *Methusalah*; *Isaac* conversed with *Shem*; and *Amram* the father of *Moses*, lived with the Patriarchs, the sons of *Jacob*. The history of what had happened so few ages back, could not fail to be preserved among them, and these, from whom *Moses* might have had his information, must have had them in a direct line, from him who saw the new creation: recent from the great Creator's hand, and who must know he had no origin like common men, since he had known no childhood nor parents.

Let us view then the stupendous works of the Creation, as it is by this great Author delivered to us. Let us first consider the time taken to form the whole; but six short days: and thence, expiating over the work of those days, adore, while we behold the wonders that were performed in them.

[*To be continued.*]



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXII.

[From the Rev. Dr. Ford, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Nottingham, July 27, 1775.

Honoured and dear Sir,

AS I was passing through this town, some of your people knew me, and carried me to Mr. Bagshaw's. And finding some of the Preachers hastening to the Conference, I could not omit the favourable opportunity of sending a line to you.

I rejoiced with much sincerity, when I heard, that the Lord had spared you a little longer on earth. May he continue to bless

3 H 2

you, &c.

you, and enrich you with more and more of his love! Who can tell but he means to make you a nursing father to thousands, yet to be born! I desire to reverence your age, and pray for your increasing usefulness.—As you are almost ripe for glory, O may your head bow low in humility, and you come into the Lord's eternal harvest like a shock of corn in its season! If you come to Nottingham or Loughborough, you are not a great way from Melton-Mowbray, where I shall be glad to see you, and welcome you to my heart. When you are on your knees, praying for Ministers, do not leave out of your intercessions a very unworthy one,

T. E.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXIII.

[From the Rev. Dr. Jones, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Harwich, July 29, 1775.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I cannot express what I felt when I was informed by Mr. D. that you were both senseless and speechless; although, when I looked up, I could not believe that God would yet deprive his people of so able and useful a Minister. It was like life from the dead when I heard you were out of danger, and able to sit up. It gave me some hopes that God has not yet given up these sinful nations, and that he will strive with us a little longer.

Time was when you would have taken my advice, at least, in some things. Let me intreat, let me beseech you, to preach less frequently, and that only at the principal places. You must be satisfied with directing others, and doing less yourself. You yourself do not know of how great importance your life is. Far be it from me to desire you not to travel: I only beg you not to go beyond your strength.

I have given some proofs of my friendship to you, although you are not privy to them, since I have been here. And, if any opportunity

opportunity happens, I shall always readily do it while I can speak or write. My health, although you will not believe me, is the sole cause of our being at a distance from each other. But my health or life are of little importance compared with yours. Therefore I must again beg of you to take the utmost care of them. I do what I can; not what I would: and I hope my labour is not altogether in vain.

To receive a line from you will afford me no small pleasure. That God may fill you with all his fulness, and strengthen your mortal body, is the earnest desire and prayer of, Rev: and dear Sir, your very affectionate Brother,

J. J.



P O E T R Y .

The W I S H .

[By Mr. Merrick.]

HOW short is life's uncertain space!
 Alas! how quickly done?
 How swift thẽ wild precarious chase!
 And yet how difficult the race,
 How very hard to run!

Youth stops at first its wilful ears
 To wisdom's prudent voice;
 Till now arrivèd to riper years,
 Experienced age, worn out with cares,
 Repents its earlier choice.

What though its prospects now appear
 So pleasing and refinèd;
 Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,
 By turns the busy moments share,
 And prey upon the mind.

Since

Since then false joys our fancy cheat,
 With hopes of real bliss;
 Ye guardian powers that rule my fate,
 The only wish that I create
 Is all compris'd in this :

May I through life's uncertain tide,
 Be still from pain exempt ;
 May all my wants be still suppli'd,
 My state too low to' admit of pride,
 And yet above contempt !

But should kind providence divine
 A greater bliss intend ;
 May all those blessings you design
 Be center'd in a friend !*

H Y M N to B E N E V O L E N C E.

[By Mr. Blacklock.]

HAIL ! source of transport ever new ;
 While I thy strong impulse pursue
 I taste a joy sincere ;
 Too vast for little minds to know,
 Who on themselves alone bestow
 Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God ! delight of man !
 From thee felicity began ;
 Which still thy hand sustains :
 By thee sweet peace her empire spread,
 Fair science rais'd her laurell'd head,
 And discord gnash'd in chains.

* Or rather, in a heart-felt acquaintance with the Friend of Sinners. Without this, the most perfect friendship, added to an exemption from Pain and Want, is, at the best, but poor enjoyment.

For

For as the pointed sun-beams flies
 Through peopléd earth and starry skies,
 All nature owns thy nod ;
 We see its energy prevail
 Through beings ever-rising scale,
 From nothing—up to God.

By thee inspiréd, the genérous breast,
 In blessing others only blest,
 With goodness large and free,
 Delights the widow's tears to stay,
 To teach the blind their smoothest way,
 And aid the feeble knee.

O come ! and o'er my bosom reign,
 Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
 Through evéry action shine ;
 Each low, each selfish wish controul ;
 With all thy essence warm my soul,
 And make me wholly thine.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,
 Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
 Nor with their pleasures glow ;
 Banishéd from God, from bliss, and thee,
 My own tormentor let me be,
 And groan in hopeless woe.

To the Memory of the immortal PTOLEMY.

REST learned Sage, whose sacred name
 Still memory holds dear ;
 Secure of an immortal fame,
 And freed from evéry care,

Prophet

Prophet of fate, thy skill divine
 The rolling planets show,
 And tell us mortals as they shine,
 How much to thee we owe.

Nor ever may unhallow'd feet
 On thee regardless tread;
 But pass with awe, and reverence meet,
 The mansions of the dead.

No more dost thou thy vigils keep,
 Thy watchings now are o'er;
 O peaceful may thy ashes sleep,
 Till stars shall shine no more!

Ere long must we ourselves betake
 Each to his darksome bed;
 And lie till the last trump shall wake
 The nations of the dead.

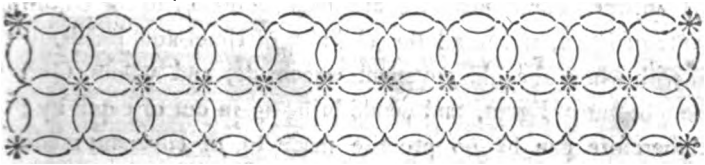
O then may I triumphant rise,
 And joyfully repair,
 To meet the Sage in cloudless skies,
 And scan his lectures there!

The T H R A C I A N.

THE Thracian infant entering into life,
 Both parents mourn for, both receive with grief:
 The Thracian infant, snatched by death away,
 Both parents to the grave with joy convey.
 This (Greece and Rome) you with derision view;
 This is mere Thracian ignorance to you:
 But if you weigh the custom you despise,
 The Thracian ignorance may make you wise.



MR. ROB^T. JOHNSON
Ætatis 24.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1787.



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

CHAP. III. *Answering the Arguments produced to prove, that man is purely passive in the work of conversion, and that it is done by an irresistible act of God.*

[Continued from page 397.]

OBJECTION 16, 17. God promiseth to write his law in the hearts of his people, and to put it into their inward parts; that he will give them one heart, and one way that they may fear him for ever, and will make an everlasting covenant with them; that he will not turn away from them to do them good, but will put his fear in their hearts that they shall not depart from him, Jer. xxxii. 39, 40.

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3 I

Answer,

I answer, These promises are made expressly to the whole house of Israel, and to all the children of Israel and Judah; to all with whom the old covenant was made, and whom God brought out of Egypt, and would bring again out of captivity; it therefore can be no promise made to, or covenant made with, the elect of the house of Israel and Judah: 1st, Because then the whole nation of the Jews must have been elected and converted. 2dly, Because it is made with those who kept not his former covenant, and therefore he regarded them not; whereas the elect always persist, say these men, in their covenant with God, and he doth always regard them, they always are his people, and he is still their God; this therefore can be no new covenant with them. And therefore,

These words *I will put my law or my fear into their hearts, and write it in their inward parts*, import two things; 1st, That he would clearly make known his will to them, so that they need not be at much pains to find it out, as in these words, *The commandment which I command thee this day is not hidden from thee, neither is it far from thee; the word is near unto thee; in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou shouldst do it.*

2dly, An inculcating them on the soul by the holy Spirit, so as that they may be still fresh upon the memory; so Prov. iii. 1. 3. *My son forget not my law, but let thy heart keep my commandments, write them upon the table of thine heart.*

3dly, The promise made, Jer. xxxii. 39, 40. is plainly conditional. *I will gather them, &c. ver. 37. If they will diligently learn the way of my people, chap. xii. 16. I will give them one heart, and one way that they may fear me, &c. ver. 31. xi. i. e. When they shall return to me with their whole heart, chap. xxiv. 7: and not feignedly, as chap. iii. 10. And then they shall be my people, and I will be their God, ibid. And I will make an everlasting-covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them to do them good; ver. 40. If they will call him father, and*
not

not turn away from him, Jer. iii. 19. *Incline your ear and come unto me, hear, and your soul shall live, and I will make an everlasting covenant with you,* Isa. lv. 3. *I will put my fear in their hearts that they may not depart from me,* ver. 40. This doubtless was God's end, as it was also of his punishments; for, saith he, *they shall bear the punishment of their iniquity that the house of Israel may go no more astray from me,* Ezek. xiv. 10, 11. But this was not the event; for, God saith in this very Prophet, *I have caused to cleave to me the whole house of Israel, and the house of Judah; but they would not hear.*

4thly, This text only contains a promise that when the Jewish nation shall be converted at the close of the world, they should never fall off any more from being his people, as they had done before.

Obj. 20, 21. "The Apostle informs us, Phil. ii. 13, *That it is God that worketh in us both to will and do;* and prays he *would work in us what is well pleasing in his sight,* Heb. xiii. 21. Whatsoever therefore we will, or do, that is good, God doth it in us.

Ans. 1. That God doth this is not denied; the question is, Whether he doth it by an irresistible operation. If so, why are we commanded to work out our own salvation? For can we act where we are purely passive? Or can that be a reason why we ourselves should work, that another will effectually do that very thing without our co-operation? Is it not rather a manifest reason why we should neither will, nor work at all, since both will be irresistibly performed without us? Why, 2dly, are we bid to work out our salvation with fear and trembling? For can there be any cause of fear lest that salvation should not be wrought out, which God works in us irresistibly? Surely if God thus works in us both to will and do, there can be no possibility of our miscarrying, and so no ground for fear and trembling.

2dly, Both these places speak of men already believing and converted, and therefore, must be impertinently alledged to prove, men must be purely passive in the work of conversion.

Obj. 22. "If man doth any thing towards his conversion, which another neglecting to do is not converted, he makes himself to differ from that other, which yet seems not consistent with St. Paul's enquiry, *Who made thee to differ from another?* 1 Cor. iv. 7."

Ans. The Apostle manifestly speaks here of those extraordinary gifts of the Spirit, the gifts of tongues, and prophecy, &c. on the account of which they were puffed up for one above another, counting one a man of better gifts than another. Now these gifts being immediately infused without human industry, and conferred upon Christians without any such co-operation of their faculties, as is required to the exercise of any Christian duty, it cannot with like reason be enquired of these duties, as it may of those gifts, *Who made thee to differ from another?* Nor can it from them be inferred, that no man doth any thing to make himself differ from another in any virtue, or pious dispositions; for to what purpose are men continually exhorted by powerful motives to all Christian duties, and particularly to excel in virtue, if these exhortations and motives be not proposed to engage them to exercise these Christian virtues, to *chuse the good and refuse the evil?* And if one man, upon consideration of those motives, doth chuse to live a pious life, whereas another will not be persuaded so to do, doth he not differ from that other by virtue of that choice; and though the grace of God worketh in us thus to will, yet since we first deliberate upon, and then comply, and chuse to do the thing to which this grace excites us: if to consider, be to differ from him that doth not consider, and to comply with the call of God, be to differ from him that disobeys the same call, it must be certain, that as God's grace preventing and exciting, so my faculties co-operating tend to make me differ from another. And doth not God himself declare that men do somewhat

not barely for the sake of pleasing them, or pleasing ourselves: much less of pleasing them to their hurt, which is so frequently done: indeed continually done, by those who do not love their neighbour as themselves. Nor is it only their temporal good, which we are to aim at in pleasing our neighbour; but what is of infinitely greater consequence: we are to do it *for their edification*. In such a manner as may conduce to their spiritual and eternal good. We are so to please them, that the pleasure may not perish in the using, but may redound to their lasting advantage: may make them wiser and better, holier and happier, both in time and in eternity.

3. Many are the treatises and discourses which have been published on this important subject. But all of them that I have either seen or heard were miserably defective. Hardly one of them proposed the right end: one and all had some lower design in pleasing men, than to save their souls, to build them up in Love and Holiness. Of consequence, they were not likely to propose the right means, for the attainment of that end. One celebrated tract of this kind, entitled *The Courtier*, was published in *Spain*, about two hundred years ago, and translated into various languages. But it has nothing to do with Edification, and is therefore quite wide of the mark. Another treatise, entitled *The Compleat Courtier*, was published in our own country, in the reign of King *Charles the Second*, and (as it seems) by a retainer to his Court: in this there are several very sensible Advices, concerning our outward behaviour: and many little improprieties in word or action are observed, whereby men displease others without intending it: but this Author likewise has no view at all to the spiritual or eternal good of his neighbour. Seventy or eighty years ago another book was printed in *London*, entitled *The Art of Pleasing*. But as it was wrote in a languid manner, and contained only common, trite observations, it was not likely to be of use to men of understanding, and still less to men of piety.

4. But

4. But it may be asked, Has not the subject been since treated of by a Writer of a very different character? Is it not exhausted, by one who was himself a consummate Master of the Art of Pleasing? And who writing to one he tenderly loved, to a favourite son, gives him all the advices which his great understanding, improved by various learning, and the experience of many years, and much converse with all sorts of men could suggest? I mean, the late Lord *Chesterfield*, the general darling of all the *Irish*, as well as the *English* nation.

5. The means of pleasing which this wise and indulgent parent continually and earnestly recommends to his darling child, and on which he doubtless formed both his tempers and outward conduct,

“ Till death untimely stoppéd his tuneful tongue,”

were, first, *Making love* (in the grossest sense) to all the married women, whom he conveniently could. (Single women he advises him to refrain from, for fear of disagreeable consequences.) Secondly, Constant and careful *Diffimulation*, always wearing a mask: trusting no man upon earth, so as to let him know his real thoughts, but perpetually seeming to mean what he did not mean, and seeming to be what he was not. Thirdly, Well-devised *Lying* to all sorts of people, speaking what was farthest from his heart: and in particular *flattering men, women and children* as the infallible way of pleasing them.

It needs no great art to shew that this is not the way, to please our neighbour *for his good, or to edification*. I shall endeavour to shew, that there is a better way of doing it; and indeed a way diametrically opposite to this. It consists

I. In removing hinderances out of the way, and

II. In using the means that directly tend to this end.

I. 1. I advise all that desire to *please their neighbour for his good to edification*, first, To remove all hinderances out of the way;

way; or, in other words, to avoid every thing, which tends to displeasure wise and good men, men of sound understanding and real piety. Now *Cruelty, Malice, Envy, Hatred and Revenge* are displeasing to all wise and good men, to all who are endued with sound understanding and genuine piety. There is likewise another temper, nearly related to these, only in a lower kind, and which is usually found in common life, wherewith men in general are not pleased. We commonly call it *Ill-nature*. With all possible care avoid all these: nay, and whatever bears any resemblance to them: as sourness, sternness, fullness, on the one hand; peevishness and fretfulness, on the other: if ever you hope to *please your neighbour for his good to edification*.

2. Next to Cruelty, Malice and similar tempers, with the words and actions that naturally spring therefrom, nothing is more disgustful, not only to persons of sense and religion, but even to the generality of men, than *pride, haughtiness* of spirit, and its genuine fruit, an *assuming arrogant overbearing* behaviour. Even uncommon learning joined with shining talents, will not make amends for this: but a man of eminent endowments, if he be eminently haughty, will be despised by many, and disliked by all. Of this the famous Master of *Trinity College* in *Cambridge*, was a remarkable instance. How few persons of his time had a stronger understanding or deeper learning than *Dr. Bentley*? And yet how few were less beloved? Unless one who was little, if at all inferior to him in sense or learning, and equally distant from humility, the Author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*. Whoever therefore desires to please his neighbour for his good, must take care of splitting upon this rock. Otherwise the same pride which impels him to seek the esteem of his neighbour, will infallibly hinder his attaining it.

3. Almost as disgustful to the generality of men as *Haughtiness* itself, is a *passionate* temper and behaviour. Men of a
tender

tender disposition are afraid even to converse with persons of this spirit. And others are not fond of their acquaintance, as frequently (perhaps when they expected nothing less) meeting with shocks, which if they bear for the present, yet they do not willingly put themselves in the way of meeting with them again. Hence passionate men have seldom many friends; at least, not for any length of time. Crowds indeed may attend them for a season, especially when it may promote their interest. But they are usually disgusted one after another, and fall off like leaves in Autumn. If therefore you desire lastingly to please your neighbour for his good, by all possible means avoid violent passion.

4. Yea and if you desire to please, even on this account, take that advice of the Apostle, *Put away all lying*. It is the remark of an ingenious Author, that of all vices, *Lying* never yet found an Apologist, with any that would openly plead in its favour, whatever his private sentiments might be. But it should be remembered, Mr. *Addison* went to a better world, before Lord *Chesterfield's* Letters were published. Perhaps his apology for it was the best that ever was, or can be made for so bad a cause. But after all, the labour he has bestowed upon it "has only semblance of worth; not substance." It has no solidity in it; it is nothing better than a shining phantom. And as *Lying* can never be commendable or innocent, so neither can it be pleasing: at least when it is stripped off its disguise, and appears in its own shape. Consequently it ought to be carefully avoided, by all those who wish to please their neighbour for his good to edification.

5. But is not *Flattery*, a man may say, one species of *Lying*? And has not this been allowed in all ages, to be the sure means of Pleasing? Has not that observation been confirmed by numberless experiments,

"*Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit?*"

Has not a late witty Writer, in his "Sentimental Journey," related some striking instances of this? I answer, It is true. Flattery is pleasing for awhile, and that not only to weak minds: as the desire of praise, whether deserved or undeserved, is planted in every child of man. But it is pleasing only for awhile. As soon as the mask drops off, as soon as it appears that the speaker meant nothing by his soft words, we are pleased no longer. Every man's own experience teaches him this. And we all know, that if a man continues to flatter, after his insincerity is discovered, it is disgustful; not agreeable. Therefore even this fashionable species of Lying is to be avoided, by all that are desirous of pleasing their neighbour, to his lasting advantage.

6. Nay, whoever desires to do this, must remember, that not only *Lying*, in every species of it, but even *Diffimulation*, (which is not the same with Lying, though nearly related to it) is displeasing to men of understanding, though they have not religion. *Terence* represents even an old Heathen, when it was imputed to him, as answering with indignation,

" Simulare non est meum :"

" Diffimulation is no part of my Character."

Guile, Subtlety, Cunning, the whole Art of Deceiving, by whatever terms it is expressed, is not accounted an accomplishment by wise men; but is indeed an abomination to them. And even those who practise it most, who are the greatest artificers of fraud, are not pleased with it in other men, neither are fond of conversing with those that practise it on themselves. Yea the greatest deceivers are greatly displeased at them that play their own arts upon them.

[To be continued.]

*An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.**

[Continued from page 410.]

ON our arrival at *Boston*, we asked for the salvage of our goods, which were saved out of the ship *Scipio*; but Captain *Clark* refused to make us any satisfaction. On this a gentleman of that city, undertook our cause, and commenced an action against him in the Admiralty-court. The defendant stood the trial, before Judge *Byfield*; and after a hearing of about half an hour, the Judge asked Captain *Clark*, if he thought we had not suffered sufficiently already? He therefore said, "As you have saved the cargo of your own vessel, I hereby decree, that they shall all receive double salvage." Then Captain *Clark*, though deemed by the inhabitants a covetous man, answered cheerfully that it should be so; and that he would, moreover, render to each of us a present of ten pounds currency. Thus ended our law-suit, and we had a sufficiency to fit us out with every necessary for sea again.

I having a strong inclination to return to my native country, agreed with Captain *Skutt*, then lying in the harbour of *St. John*; but as we were tarrying for a freight, there came on a terrible hurricane, and drove us out of the harbour into the offing; yet in the space of eight days, we reached the harbour of *St. John* again. When we had taken in part of our homeward-bound merchandize, the ship was transmitted to the island of *Montserrat*, there to procure the residue of her cargo.

When the ship was ready for sailing we weighed anchor, and sailed for *Bristol*, where we arrived in seven weeks. And, after a few weeks, I shipped myself with Captain *James*

* Whoever desires to see this Account more at large, may have it of Mr. *T. Scollick*, Bookseller, near the New Chapel, City Road, *London*.

Scaborn for a second voyage, for *Old Callabar*; but we were ordered for *South-Carolina*. Thence in a few days, we steered our course to *England*. On coming to *England* I repaired for *Bristol*, and from thence to *London* to see my mother, whom I had not seen for ten years. But my family being in low circumstances, I was obliged to go again to sea; and the first trip was in a coasting sloop to *Wisbeach*. When I returned, I shipped myself with Captain *Thomas Long*, for *Antigua*. When I had made this voyage I covenanted with Captain *Rogers* for a voyage up the Mediterranean. We sailed from the Downs in the month of January, 1733. After riding out many vehement storms in that sea, the whole fleet sailed down the Channel with very promising weather; but before we made any progress, the wind suddenly varied, and blew with such violence, that the greater part of the fleet were scattered, and their sails torn to atoms; therefore such as could, returned to *Spithead*, while the others were dispersed abroad, and driven to the coast of *France*. But our Captain determined to go on. The consequence was, we were beating to windward for full five weeks: the sea making continual breaches over the ship; nor did the Cook, during that time, dress any provisions; neither had any of us a dry thread upon our backs. One night in particular, the wind attacked us so violently, that the ship was laid hatches under water, and the fore-scuttle, where we came up, being unfortunately open, every sea poured itself down into the hold, insomuch that the ship was sunk very near two streaks into the water. The Captain was at the same time cursing, swearing and roaring like an infernal spirit: and had it not been through the alacrity of one of our seamen, who ran up the weather main shrouds, and secretly conveyed himself under water to come at the lee-main-sheet, and let it go (which, as the main-sail was set, naturally pressed the ship down to leeward) we must inevitably have foundered. When the main-sheet was let fly, the main-sail went all to shivers; the fore-sail then wore the ship round, and brought her star-board-side

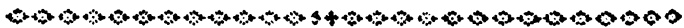
board-side to the wind, which blew her upon an even keel. She lay for a long time like a log upon the waves, and having five feet water in her hold, we had recourse to both pumps, and in about five hours cleared her, and proceeded on our voyage. But the obstinacy of the Captain occasioned the loss of the whole cargo.

After we had been at *Marfeilles*, *Genoa* and *Leghorn*, we sailed for *England*. When we arrived off the *Isle of Wight*, a Tender pressed our whole ship's crew. And after having been on board the Tender upwards of a week, one part of us was sent on board the *Lenox*, of seventy guns, and the other on board the *Ipswich*, of the same force. After lying at *Spithead* ten months, I was removed on board the *Phoenix*, Captain *Trivil Caley*, who was both a Gentleman and a Christian. He encouraged religious discipline on board; nor did he ever neglect to order his Chaplain to attend the invalids at five o'clock in the morning, both at *Portsmouth* and *Gosport*; and would constantly visit every patient on his knees, at their bedsides, with all the devotion becoming a Christian. Never was a Commander so caressed by a ship's company as Captain *Caley*, and his men were equally dear to him. So entirely cautious was he before he spoke to any man on board, from the highest to the lowest, that he even drew the attention of strangers: for my part I could never look at him, but with uncommon satisfaction. Happy, truly happy it proved for me, that I fell in with so worthy a Christian; otherwise, what with the hell of uncommon curses and oaths, accompanied by a habitual course of cruel behaviour, on the parts of two Lieutenants, I must have died under my burthen.

At that time I was grievously oppressed with the rheumatism. However, early one morning, God undertook my cause, and I began thus to reason with myself: The rheumatism! What is it? and it was strongly suggested to me "It is a violent cold." I then asked, what is most proper as a remedy for a cold?
and

and answered, "Spring water." On this I called a man, whose name was *Tom Lewis*, and asked him to procure me five or six shirts, and air them well. I told him also to fill a large pitcher of water, and bring it to me, and I would drink till I could drink no more. He endeavoured to dissuade me; assuring me, it would kill me. "Notwithstanding," added he, "if you are bent upon taking it, I will get it you." Having drank freely, I laid down on the bed, and *Tom* covered me up very warm. After I had lain about half an hour, I put my head under the clothes, and breathed hard on the pit of my stomach; this produced a profuse perspiration. I then desired my attendant to bring me half a dozen warm flannels, in order to rub me from head to foot: he did so, and continued rubbing me till I had made five shirts quite wet. When I had put on my sixth shirt, being totally free from the rheumatism, I jumped out of bed, dressed myself, and asked what was for dinner? He replied, "Salt-fish and potatoes:" and although I had not enjoyed one meal for eight or ten weeks before, yet I went down, and made as hearty a meal as I ever did in my life, and then walked a mile on shore, by way of recreation. Two or three days after this I was pronounced "Able," and went on board the *Lenox*, the ship I formerly belonged to.

[To be continued.]



*A short Account of the Life and Death of Mrs. SUSANNAH
BRIDGMENT.*

MRS. *Susannah Bridgmont* was born at *Collumpton*, in *Devonshire*, 1756, of very honest parents. But her mother dying when she was very young, she was brought up by an uncle, with whom she lived ten years. But here she was exposed to great danger, seeing nothing but open rebellion against God continually.

In the year 1776, she returned to her father. One Sunday being at Church, under the second Lesson, which was the
seventh

seventh of *St. Matthew*, the Lord was pleased to convince her that she was a lost sinner; but that there was help laid upon one who is mighty to save. To Him therefore she looked, and earnestly begged for his salvation. Accordingly it was not long before he revealed himself to her, by shedding abroad his love in her heart. On this she cried out, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his," and from this time walked steadily in the ways of God.

It was not long before the Lord shewed her there was a greater liberty to be attained: as she expresses it in a letter, which she about that time sent to a friend. "This, said she, is to let you know what the Lord hath done for my soul. Some time ago I was convinced of the necessity of being totally delivered from the carnal mind, in order to my being fully happy. On informing Mr. W. of it, he greatly encouraged me, and prayed for me. While he was at prayer, the Lord was pleased to set my soul at perfect liberty. The peace I then enjoyed was sweeter than the life itself. And I have his presence always with me. Accordingly I go about in peace; lie down in peace; and rise again in peace: for the Prince of peace is ever with me. O how sweet is he to my soul! because of the savour of his good ointment, his name is as ointment poured forth; therefore doth my soul love him. He is as a well of water within me, springing up to everlasting life! O it is a blessed thing to live by faith on the Son of God! I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. Regard not what the world says about your preciseness; but live daily on invisible things: which is the earnest desire of an unworthy partaker of the kingdom and patience of Christ." From this time, she walked on in a steady course of loving, and fearing God.

About the beginning of the year 1785, she grew very weak in body; but declared, that when the earthly house of her tabernacle was dissolved, she knew she had a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens: and, therefore,

therefore, tho' she had a kind husband, and two small children to leave behind, I never heard her once express a desire to live.

About a quarter of a year before her death, I being with her one night, her soul was so happy that it seemed to be at the very gate of heaven. She cried out, "I want you to praise the Lord with me! I want all the people of God to come and help me to praise him. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name. Praised be his name that he looked on such a worm as me! that he called me to seek his face while I was in health." On her husband coming into the room, she said, "My dear, do not come here with any sorrow. I want to hear nothing but praise." At another time she said, "I have had a blessed prospect. I have seen two angels holding out the crown of righteousness to me!" On my saying, you will soon receive it, she answered, "Yes, I shall." At another time she said to her brother, "While I am praising God, I feel no pain;" and then with strength renewed she rose up in bed and clapped her hands, saying, "Praise the Lord! O my dear brother, take courage: we shall meet again to praise him for ever!"

A few days before her death, she had some sore conflicts with Satan, who tried to persuade her that she would not be able to declare the goodness of God in her dying hour: and that He who had been so good to her all her days would leave her at last. On this she said, "Ah, my dear Lord, do not leave me now! I have trusted in thee, O let me never be confounded!" He said, the Lord will not leave you; he will enable you to declare his goodness in your last moments: to which she replied, "You have more faith for me than I have for myself." But it was not long before she was able to shout victory through him that had loved her. Again she cried out, "O my blessed Jesus, why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming!" Some friends being in the chamber, she begged of those who knew God, to go on in the good way; and to some that did not know him, she desired they would be in earnest
for

for the faith once delivered to the faints. About this time she sung the first and third verses of that hymn, "O love divine what hast thou done, &c." and desired her brother to help her in singing that, "O heavenly King Look down from above." The last words she was heard to utter were, "I am drinking full draughts of the love of Jesus!" Having said this, she sunk into the arms of Jesus, and went away to paradise, June 15, 1786.

J. D.

An Account of the Death of FRANCIS SPIRA.

[Continued from page 415.]

IN this mood he said, "As it is true, that all things work for the best, to those that love God, to the wicked all are contrary: for whereas a plentiful offspring is the blessing of God, and his reward, being a stay to the weak estate of their aged parents, to me they are a curse. I would fain be at an end. O that I were gone from hence! that some body would let out this weary soul!"

His friends asked him, What he conceived to be the cause of his disease? At which he broke out into a lamentable discourse of the passages formerly related, and that with such passionate elocution, as caused many to weep, and most to tremble. They propounded many promises recorded in the scripture, and many examples of God's mercy.

"*But my sin, saith he, is greater than the mercy of God.*" Nay, answered they, the mercy of God is above all sin: God would have all men to be saved.

"It is true, said he, he would all that he hath elected to be saved; but he would not have damned reprobates to be saved: and I am one of that number. I know it, for I willingly, and against my knowledge, denied Christ; and I feel that he hardens me, and will not suffer me to hope."

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After some silence, one asked him, Whether he did not believe that doctrine to be true, for which he was accused before the Legate? He answered, "I did believe it, when I denied it; but now I neither believe That, nor the doctrine of the Romish church: I believe nothing. I have no faith, no trust, no hope. I am a reprobate, like *Judas*; and my friends do me great wrong, that they suffer me not to go to the place of unbelievers, as I justly deserve."

Here they began to charge him, that in any wise he did not violate the mercy of God. To which he answered, "The mercy of God is exceeding large, and extends to all the elect; but not to me, or any like me, who are sealed up to wrath."

Christ came, said they, to take away sin. And calling for a book, they read unto him the passion of Christ: and coming to his nailing to the cross, *Spira* said, "This indeed is comfortable to such as are elected; but as for me, they are nothing but grief and torment."

Thus roaring for grief, and tossing himself up and down the bed as he lay, he intreated them to read no more.

As *Gribaldus* was coming to see him, *Vergerius* said to *Spira*, dear Sir, here is Dr. *Gribaldus* come to see you. *Gribaldus* said, Sir, this is but an illusion of the devil, who doth what he can to vex you; but turn you to God with your whole heart, and he is ready to shew you mercy; the Lord you know is full of mercy. Consider this in the example of *Peter*, that was Christ's Apostle, who denied him thrice, and for all that, did not God graciously respect him in the last minute of his life?

To this *Spira* answered, "If *Peter* grieved and repented, it was because Christ beheld him with a merciful eye; it was not because he wept, but because God was gracious to him. But God respects not me, and therefore I am a reprobate."

Then roaring out in the bitterness of his spirit, he said, *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!* The violence of his passion amazed many of the beholders; insomuch that some of them said, with whispering voices, he is

is possessed. He over-hearing it, said, Do you doubt it? A whole legion of devils take up their dwelling in me, and possess me as their own; and justly too, for I have denied Christ.

They observing his distemper arise from a sense of the pains of hell, asked him, If he thought there were worse pains than what he then endured? He said, He knew there were far worse pains than those he suffered: "This I tremble to think of; yet I do desire nothing more than that I might come to that place where I may be sure to feel the worst."

"It is true, neither the greatness of my sins, nor the multitude of them, bind God's mercy. All those sins that in the former part of my life I committed, did not then so much trouble me; but now, God hath taken away from me all power of repentance, and brings all my sins to remembrance; and guilty of one, guilty of all. And therefore it is no matter whether my sins be great or small, few or many; they be such that God's mercy belongs not to me. This is what gnaws my heart, he hath hardened me; and I find that he daily more and more doth harden me; and therefore I am out of hope. I tell you, there was never such a monster as I am: never was any man alive, such a spectacle of exceeding misery. I know that justification is to be expected by Christ; and I denied and abjured it, to the end I might keep this frail life from adversity, and my children from poverty: and now behold, how bitter this life is to me! And God only knows what shall become of this my family; but sure no good is like to betide it; but such a ruin at length, as one stone shall not be left upon another.

But, said *Gribaldus*, you cannot but know, that many have denied Christ, yet not fell into despair.

"Well, saith he, I can see no ground of comfort for such; neither can I warrant them that he will suffer such to be in peace. God is just in making me an example to others, so I cannot justly complain. There is no punishment so great but I have deserved it, for this so heinous offence. I assure you, it is no small matter to deny Christ,

and yet it is more ordinary than men commonly conceive: for as often as a Christian doth dissemble the known truth, as often as he approves of false worship, by presenting himself at it; so often as he doth things unworthy of his calling, so often he denies Christ. Thus did I, and therefore am justly punished for it."

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of SARAH WRIGHT: written in the year 1647.

SARAH WRIGHT was daughter of Mr. *Thomas Wright*, sometime of the Exchequer. In her childhood she was instructed in the Scriptures by her grandmother, Mrs. *Wright*, of *Daventre*. When she was about nine years old she took great delight in reading the Scriptures; which though she then understood them not, was afterwards of unspeakable advantage to her. From her childhood she was of a tender heart, and much afflicted in spirit; but her more violent temptations assaulted her when she was about twelve years of age.

One day her superior told her to do something which she thought was wrong; while she was doing it, she was taken with a violent trembling all over her body; occasioned by the condemnation she felt in her conscience. Soon after this, on her return from a visit, she lost her hood; when her mother asked her for it, she said, "My grandmother has it." She had no sooner said so, but her heart condemned her, and she trembled again exceedingly: for she thought herself both a thief, and a liar, who must be damned.

In the last four years of her distress, she could believe nothing but hell to be her portion: and sometimes the devil tempted her to think there was no hell but what she felt in her conscience; and that if she would dispatch herself, there would be

be an end of her sorrows. Hence she often attempted to destroy herself, by strangling, stabbing, drowning, seeking to beat out her brains, &c. But the Lord who is rich in mercy, and willeth not the death of a sinner, graciously prevented her.

One day as she was riding to *Shrewsbury*, being weary of life, she earnestly wished the horse might throw her and kill her: she therefore took no care to guide him, not even so much as to hold the bridle. The consequence was, she was thrown into a ditch. But though she was wet through all her clothes, she could not be prevailed on to shift herself, when she came to the Inn.

Once she watched till her mother was asleep; and then stealing softly from her, took the key of the pantry-door, which she opened, then went in, and locked it again: and there being a window in the roof, she crept out, with a design, to cast herself down, that she might burst asunder as *Judas* did. When she was upon the house-top she saw a fire, and Satan, like a roaring lion, in it: but being persuaded through his delusions, that there was no hell but in her conscience, she went within a quarter of a yard of the edge, and was ready to leap down, when these words were spoken to her distinctly, Thou shalt fall down and burst asunder as *Judas* did, and so dishonour God that made thee. Upon this, the sight vanished: and she being hereby prevented from casting herself down, went and sat by the chimney, and beat her head against it till it swelled abundantly. Her mother waking out of sleep, and missing her, arose in haste to seek her; and not finding her in the house, she caused one to break open the pantry-door, and creep out at the window; and there they found her sitting against the chimney. When her mother desired her to come in, she thrust herself down and was thereby greatly bruised. After this the devil put it into her mind to drown herself; and when she had resolved upon it, she seemed more settled in her mind, but was only waiting for an opportunity.

One

One day her mother gave her leave to visit a neighbour, hoping she might trust her so far alone; but she taking the opportunity, went to *Lambeth-Marsh* in order to dispatch herself. When she saw the trees without leaves or fruit, she thought so was her soul. She concluded to drown herself in the Ditch, rather than in the Thames, because it would be more private: but thought, as she had often done before, that she must first repent as *Judas* did, and then cast herself in. While she was thus exercised, two men who seemed to be Ministers came to her; and seeing her weep, asked why she sat there? She could not conceal her design; but said, "I am not well. I am as miserable a creature as any upon earth: I see my condemnation; and can never be well till I have taken away my life." The gentlemen conducted her to some of her acquaintance, by which means her life was preserved. She remained in grievous horror day and night; concluding she was a reprobate, a castaway and damned already.

One day in her distress she took a little white drinking cup, and said, "As sure as *this* shall break, there is no other hell than what I have within me!" and threw it with violence against the wall, on the other side of the chamber; but it did not break. Her mother took it up and said, see here child; it is not broken! She then threw it again, several times; yet it did not break! After the Lord had created peace to her soul, she still chose to drink out of that cup: till their servant unawares let it fall, and broke it all to pieces.

[*To be continued.*]

 The BACKSLIDER'S RETURN: or Mr. THOMAS BOND'S
candid account of himself, in a Letter to the Rev. JOHN
 WESLEY.

Rev. Sir,

I Forgot to tell you this morning, that I found lately among some papers, a Letter that I received from you about ten years ago; with a copy of my answer. I think it my duty

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(in sincerity and truth) to return you my most hearty thanks for the love which is evident in yours; and to request that you will pardon the impertinence which is as apparent in mine.

I see plainly that I was driven from you by a *Satanical force*, which laid me under a kind of necessity of looking into the world, and of seeking in dissipation for relief. But I think I can say in truth, that the Lord has delivered me from all evil. I find my heart united to you in love. I wish to be the servant of his Servants, to wash his Disciples feet, and to make every recompense in my power, for the injuries which I have (mistakenly) attempted, against pure and undefiled religion.

I cannot tell you the feelings of my heart, nor the assurance of his mercy. I could wish to give you a short account of an unworthy Life (from the very beginning) filled with unsettledness and folly; and with the unbounded grace and mercy of our Lord *Jesus Christ*.

I am Rev. and dear Sir, in pure love yours for ever,

Castle Street, April 4, 1775.

T. B.

P. S. You may make any use you please of this Letter, and of the Writer of it, that you may think will contribute to the glory of the grace of God.



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

Of some Particular P L A N T S.

[Continued from page 424.]

THE Machinzel apple is most beautiful to the eye, agreeable to the smell, and pleasant to the taste; but the whole tree is so poisonous, that the wood of it while green, if rubbed against the hand, will raise blisters.

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The wood is good for tables, cabinets, and all other curious work. But the virulent nature of the sap, calls for great caution in felling the tree. I was cutting down one of them, says Mr. *Catesby*, when some of the milky juice spurting in my eyes, I was two days totally blind, my eyes and face being much swelled. For four and twenty hours, I felt a violent pricking pain, which then gradually abated.

Indeed it is reported, and generally believed of this tree, that the wound of an arrow dipped in its juice is mortal, that the rain which washes the leaves, will raise blisters on the skin; and that even its shadow is so noxious, that the bodies of those that sleep under it swell. Yet a pregnant woman ate three of the apples without any inconvenience; and a robust man of about forty-five years of age, ate more than two dozen without being disordered more than twenty-four hours. About an hour after he had eaten them, his belly swelled, and he complained of a burning heat in his bowels. He could not keep his body in an erect posture; his lips were ulcerated, and he was seized with cold sweats: but he was relieved from all these symptoms by a decoction of the leaves of Ricinus, the Avellana purgatrix, in water, which being drank plentifully, produced a violent vomiting and purging for four hours, after this he was made to walk about, and some rice gruel perfected the cure.

[*To be continued.*]

An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE III.

[*Continued from page 428.*]

THE Doctor, with a profound sigh, kissed his patient's hand, and retired.

Tears now gushed from every eye with redoubled violence. *Urania* could no longer suppress the tempestuous sobs, which would

would otherwise have burst her labouring heart: she threw herself on her knees at the side of the bed, and pressing her face upon *Sophonius's* hand, groaned in bitterness of spirit.

Sophonius now feeling the equanimity he hoped to have preserved, beginning to forsake him, endeavoured to interrupt the solemn scene.

Sophonius. My dearest *Urania*, in pity to yourself,—in pity to me, endeavour to recollect yourself. I know how hard a task I impose; but I know likewise your magnanimity. I have observed the effects of it during my illness. Never was there a fitter occasion for its exertion. I wish to end my life with composure. I wish to spend the small remainder of it, in some manner that might be of use to my family; but, this affecting scene overpowers my resolution.

Urania. Forgive me, my *Sophonius*: O pardon my weakness! I will—if I can—be composed; but, O how is it possible! I have no hope left!

Sophonius. What says my dearest life? has *Urania* no hope left? Alas! I see you cannot recollect yourself: indeed it is hard! it is a strong combat with nature! even I, who have an humble confidence, that in a few hours I shall bid adieu to pain and misery for ever, suffer more than I have yet suffered.

Urania. O my life! my beloved *Sophonius*! and do I increase your sufferings! shall I make your last moments bitter! I will! I will overcome this selfish weakness!

Sophonius. O noble *Urania*! God will assist you. Consider, my dear love, there is no reason to lament for me; my body is now easy, and my soul is going to be delivered out of prison: consider that it cannot be long before yours will be freed from its confinement. In a few moments I shall enter upon a glorious eternity; and in a few short moments, you too, my *Urania*, shall join me in the blessed regions.

Urania. It is true, it is true! Shall I grieve that my *Sophonius* is going to enjoy the reward of all his virtues! O no! I feel my soul expand with the great thought! Come, my children,

approach, and view your father, who is going to be exalted to the glorious station of an angel.

Sophronius. God bless you all, my dear children, and comfort you! Nay, do not weep thus bitterly. Look up to your excellent mother; learn to imitate, not only her tender affection, but her constancy in suffering: that cœlestial view which now brightens her countenance, should animate you all. My *Emilia*, dry up your tears, my own sweet girl. Will you not take comfort from your mother's example? Will you not rejoice with her, that your father is going to be happier, than even *she*, and *you*, and the rest of my good children could make him? If it please God to enable you to preserve your innocence, you will not think death terrible; do you think you shall!

Emilia. O my father! might it, but please heaven that I should even now accompany you, I should be blest indeed!

Sophronius. Ay, so indeed you would: but will not my good girl be content to receive God's blessings, in his own manner, and at his own time? Will you not be ready to do his will, from whom you expect so glorious a reward? And you, my sons, let me not see you grieve as men without hope. My *Sebastian* has already half run the race that I have now finished. How short a space will the remainder seem, when you have passed over it! The path before you appears smooth and pleasant; think only of performing your course with alacrity.

With what confidence can you, my good *Theophilus*, preach patience and submission to your flock, if you do not shew that you are capable of exerting them, on trial, yourself?

It is not the contemplation of death simply, that shocks my dear *Lionel*; he of all men should be most familiar to the thoughts of it.

I mean not to reproach you all for your tenderness on this occasion: I should have been grieved not to have seen you moved. I mean only to rouse your dejected spirits, and remind your reason to gather up the reins.

Urania.

Urania. We obey you. See, we dry our tears! Gracious God, support my resolution!

Emilia. Dearest Sir, I would—but cannot—cannot! Dear Madam, forgive me!

Urania. Alas, my child! I am—as weak as you!

Sophronius. Come, my own *Urania*, and my dear children, let me divert your thoughts from the dying mortal, to the rational Being that will live for ever: let me claim your attention for a few minutes, and fix it on my immortal mind: for this worthless *body* will shortly have no more relation to me, than the bed I lie on: but still methinks I shall be related to you: I can hardly conceive that the bonds which tie me to you can ever be dissolved. Methinks it would add to my happiness, to be able to assist you here in your progress through life: but whether I shall have that indulgence or no, is not of importance, since God himself is your guide: he is omnipresent, and all sufficient: he wants not the assistance of ministerial agents, though perhaps he may employ them, as an exercise of their virtue, and a great ingredient of their happiness. O how my soul exults, in the thought of having the sphere of my beneficence for ever enlarged! perhaps, as my own station rises from one degree of perfection to another, to be permitted to pass from world to world, through the boundless regions of space, to observe, and understand the texture, contrivance, and furniture of the different planets of innumerable systems; and how an infinite diversity of circumstances may be accommodated by omnipotent wisdom to the uses of intelligent agents; and to see, to know, to adore the infinite power and goodness, in the various tracks by which the creatures are conducted to their final felicity.—

But it is time to descend from these heights, and attend to the business I have still to do, in this narrow sphere.

Urania. Ah me! the charm is broke which suspended my sad feelings—I wake again to—

[*To be continued.*]

A Relation of the grievous Affliction. of FAITH CORBET, by the wicked practices of ALICE HUSON and DOL. BILBY: extracted from a Collection of modern relations of Matters of Fact.

MRS. Corbet, wife of Henry Corbet, of Burton Agnes in the County of York, about the year 1660, employed one *Alice Huson*, of the same place, about some small matters. For which she offered to pay her to her satisfaction; but she refused, and desired only some piece of old linen, which her children wore next their skin, to make her a neckcloth, as she pretended. The children intreated their mother not to give her any thing that belonged to them; because many accounted her a Witch. Mrs. Corbet reproved them for saying so, and cutting an old sheet, made her a neckcloth, sent for her, and would have given it her; but she refused it, desiring only a piece of old cloth, which the children wore next their skin, which was denied her.

One day as *Alice Huson* was sitting in the kitchen, her daughter *Faith Corbet*, about ten years of age, came in to wash her hands; where, not suspecting any thing, she pulled off her gloves, and washed her hands. When she had done, she went into the house to dry them, and then returned presently again; but her gloves were gone, and *Alice Huson* also. Whereupon, she often complained for the loss of her gloves, and said that the old Witch had gotten them; but durst not speak it openly, for fear her mother should chide her. Not long after, she fell into a strange fit, so that two or three could hardly hold her, and did often cry out vehemently, Ah, *Alice!* old Witch, have I gotten thee?

Her father observing the motions of her distemper, wrote to Dr. Taylor, who lived at York. The Doctor was very confident he could grapple with any disease curable, except there

was fascination in the case. But in this his skill failed; therefore, her father sent to Dr. *Whitty*, at *Beverly*, who came over, and staid that night and the next day till afternoon, and gave her sometimes one thing, and sometimes another; but she was little better. Her distemper still continuing, her father upon the 24th of March, 1660, carried her to *Hull*, to Dr. *Corbet*, who used his utmost endeavours, but with little success. Whereupon she was fetched home; and after some time, desired to go to her sisters at *Dalby Dale* in *Pichering Lath*; hoping that the change of air might conduce to her recovery. But about the 15th of February, 1661, she fell ill, so that her father was sent for, and forced to go to *York* for advice, though much against her mind; for she said, Neither Doctors, nor physic could do her any good: still crying out against *Alice Huson*.

On the 9th of March he brought her home again: where her fits growing more violent, Dr. *Taylor* desired her father to send her to *York*, where he would have an eye over her. So on the 18th of ——— 1662, he sent her thither, where she remained till the 21st of May, 1663. But she still continuing ill, entreated her father to let her take no more physic; for nothing would cure her so long as *Alice Huson* and *Dol. Bilby* were at liberty. Her fits at times still growing more violent, she desired once more to see her sister at *Dolby*, and the rather because her sister being with child, was near her time. Whereupon she was sent thither, the 4th of March, 1663. On the 22d, as she was lying in bed with her sister, her sister fell in travail, and desired her to rise and call her Mother; which she going to do, a black cat, as she said, leaped in her face, (though there was no such known to be in the house) and so affrighted her, that she got into her sister's bed, and clasped such fast hold on her, then in travail, that the women who came in, could scarce get her from her: she still crying out of *Bilby* and *Huson*. Her father was sent for again the 3d of April, 1664. who finding her

her in a very sad condition, sent again to Dr. Taylor at York, and received cordials and other physic from him; which when she understood, she told him, That if she had known, he should not have sent; for all the Doctors and physic in the world could do her no good, so long as those two women were at liberty: "They will have my life, said she, and I am contented, since I cannot be believed." There she continued most violently handled, so that her father was constrained to borrow Sir Francis Boynton's coach to carry her home, on the 9th of April: expecting daily when she should give up her life.

On the 22d of April her fits seized her in a most strange and violent manner, for twenty two hours together, without the least intermission. Her tongue hung out to a large extent; her teeth set so fast, that it was feared she would bite off her tongue. She lay as dead, with her eyes broad open. Her arms, legs and thighs were wonderfully twined together; and her bowels were so drawn up that one might have laid his hand upon her belly and have felt her back-bone. But she had the benefit of hearing and understanding; so that being asked by those who were about her, who troubled her? She would answer, sometimes *Bilby*, sometimes *Huison*, and sometimes both together.

[To be continued.]



GOD'S Revenge against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[Continued from page 432.]

IT was not enough for Pisani to be possessed of Christineta's favour, he must likewise obtain that of her parents. But when the match was proposed, Vituri, not only rejected Pisani's proposals, but forbid his daughter his company, and himself his house.

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Yet in a few days Pisani gained her mother, who, in less than a month, brought old Vituri to consent; and a day was fixed for the marriage.

Mean time Gasparino, considering Pisani's treachery, was extremely incensed at him. He thought not only himself, but his family dishonoured, and that he should be for ever branded with cowardice, if he did not call Pisani to an account: so learning Pisani was in Pavia, he rode over to him, and concealing himself in his inn, till the next morning, he sent this Letter to him, by Sebastiano, a gentleman who came with him from Cremona.

"You, who have made the first breach in our friendship, by treacherously robbing me of my mistress, must now, both in honour and justice, take my life too, or give me your's in requital. I shall expect you at the west end of the Park, by four or five, after dinner, on foot, with seconds: if your courage answer your infidelity, you will dare to meet

GASPARINO."

Pisani, returned answer. "Pray tell Gasparino that I will meet him with my second, at the hour and place appointed."

But he finds out his intimate friend Sfondrato, a young gentleman, who accompanied him from Cremona, and engaged him, to be his second. Gasparino and Sebastiano were first in the field; but Pisani and Sfondrato were not long after them.

No less doubtful than bloody was the engagement between Gasparino and Pisani, when, at the third thrust, Gasparino ran Pisani through the heart. Sebastian running to congratulate Gasparino on his victory, Sfondrato called to him to prepare himself, which he did, and meeting each other, Sebastian gave Sfondrato a large and wide wound on his right side, and received another from him quite through the left arm, a little below the elbow; and thus they continued fighting for some time with various success; till Sfondrato ran Sebastian through the

the belly, and so nailed him to the ground, that he bore away his life on the point of his rapier.

Sfrondrato and Gasparino would have exchanged a thrust or two; but Gasparino finding that the loss of so much blood then made him weak, and that it was more than time to have his wounds bound up, they having taken order to have their dead friends conveyed that night to Pavia, without speaking a word to one another, committed themselves to the care of their surgeons; and their wounds being dressed, took horse and posted away, Gasparino to Parma, and Sfrondrato to Florence, from whence they resolved not to stir till their friends had procured their pardons.

Christineta, at receiving the news of this, was infinitely grieved; but swears by all her hopes of heaven, that she will never more taste of, or hear the name of joy, till she has sated her revenge on Gasparino.

Some time after, Gasparino having obtained his pardon, returned home, from whence he presently began to renew his suit to Christineta, first by letters, then by his friends, and at last in person. She thought this a fit time to be revenged; and Gasparino being very importunate with her for a private interview, she appointed him to meet her at the nuns garden, at six o'clock the next morning; and in the mean time, agreed with two ruffians, Bianco and Brindoli, for fifty ducats, to murder him.

Gasparino counted every minute of the tedious night, and though it long till morning appeared, at the approach of which, both he and Christineta, were early up, and so were Bianco and Brindoli, who all hasted to the garden; she walked publicly, the two ruffians concealed themselves, and when Gasparino came up to salute Christineta, she greeted him with these words: "Gasparino, in this place I first had conference with Pisani; and here I purpose to have my last with you." At which words Bianco and Brindoli rushed out of the covert: he for awhile valiantly defended himself, giving each of them
several

several wounds. Christineta seeing Gasparino on the ground, and fearing he might not be quite dead, ran to him, and with a stiletto stabbing him in many parts of his body, cried out, "This I sacrifice to the memory of my dear love, Pisani." Bianco and Brindoli then took the murdered body, and tying a great stone about the neck, threw it into the well of the garden; after which the ruffians fled out by the postern, and Christineta went to the nuns church.

The nuns in their cells having heard the clashing of swords, acquainted the lady Abbess thereof, who gives an alarm in the house, and coming into the garden with other company, found the postern open, saw the allies bloody, and suspected murder, upon which she ordered a strict search to be made in the garden, but forgot the well. The magistrates being advertised of this, that they might discover the meaning of the blood that appeared in the garden, gave a private charge to all the surgeons in the city, to reveal to them, if any person or persons having received fresh wounds, came to them to be dressed: whereupon one of the principal surgeons of the city, informed them, that about an hour before, he had dressed Bianco and Brindoli, two soldiers, of nine several wounds, which they had newly received. The magistrates enquired who wounded them? they answered, they had a quarrel between themselves, so fought it out. It being then demanded where, and when they fought, they looked on each other, and knowing that Christineta was safe at home, and Gasparino close in the well, they instantly replied, it was in the Nuns garden of St. Clare, and at six o'clock in the morning; which agreeing with the relation given by the nuns, put an end to their enquiry for the present.

But now Gasparino having been missing two nights, and his lackey hearing nothing of him at the house of Signior Vituri, where he used for the most part to pass his time, informed the host, where they lodged, of his fears; and he acquainted the Prefect and Provost thereof, who asking the

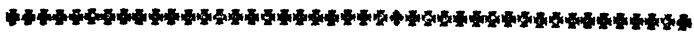
servant, when he saw his master last, was told by him, that he went out of his chamber two mornings before, at six o'clock, as if he was going to church; but commanded him not to follow him, and since that time he had not seen him.

Now, by the providence of God, this relation gave some glimmering light, the magistrates seeing the hour of Gasparino's departure from his chamber, and that of Bianco and Brindoli's fighting agree, they forthwith ordered the two ruffians to be apprehended and imprisoned, who had designed the very next day to have slipped down the river to Ferrara, and so have got to Venice. They were now examined concerning Gasparino, but both protested, that they neither of them ever knew, or so much as saw him; notwithstanding which they were adjudged to the torture; but the stout villains boldly affirmed what they had first said. However, the magistrates thought it adviseable to continue them somewhat longer in prison, and make a narrower search in the Nuns Garden: which being done, they came to the well that had been neglected before; and letting down their hooks, brought up some pieces of wrought black taffata, which Gasparino's servant affirmed was what his master wore when he saw him last; and then going deeper, they brought up the dead body, with thirteen several wounds about it, whereupon all concluded Bianco and Brindoli guilty. And a little boy, but ten years of age, standing by the body, observed a cloth in his mouth, which being taken out, proved a cambric handkerchief, marked in one corner in red silk letters, with the name of Christineta. Upon which she was likewise apprehended in the midst of her pleasures. But being examined, like her two confederates, denied all: and when she was adjudged to the rack, she patiently submitted to be fastened; but her limbs were too delicate to endure the cruelty of the torture, and so she was brought to make a full confession, that in revenge for Pisani's death, she had hired Bianco and Brindoli, to murder Gasparino.

On this the ruffians were condemned to have their right hands cut off, and then to be hanged. And Christineta, notwithstanding all the intercession her father and friends made for her, was condemned to be first hanged, then burnt, and her ashes thrown in the air; which sentence was accordingly executed before an infinite number of spectators.

May all Christians read this history with a holy dread, and remember it with horror and detestation! Who would shun the punishment must avoid the detestable crime; for, if the wages of sin is death, sure none but a madman would be at pains to be so rewarded.

[*To be continued.*]



The IMMENSITY of the WORKS of CREATION.

[*Continued from page 443.*]

Of the heavenly Bodies.

THE Creation of the Sun alone exceeds all our bounds of comprehension: a globe of fire, much more than an hundred and fifty times the bigness of this earth, dispersing salutary and vivifying beams to this, and probably many other worlds, without which all motion, animal, vital, and natural, must cease; all plants and animals, together with both land and water, must be in a short time frozen, to a hardness equal to that of flints and diamonds. Next let us view the Moon, a scarce less amazing work of the same great Hand, destined peculiarly to our use; catching the light of the Sun when not reaching us, and reflecting it back upon us, to check the darkness of one half of our nights; and by its influence on the sea creating tides, whose motion preserves the waters of that vast lake from putrefaction, and at the same time serving as an earth like ours for numbers of animals; for we are not to think that the unbounded beneficence of that Creator, would leave so vast and glorious an earth unpeopled; nor can we doubt, but that

He who could create worms that should live in snow, and others whom the heat of boiling liquors cannot destroy, could also suit the nature of the inhabitants to whatever place he had created, since both were the form he pleased to give the passive clay. To these let us add the Planets, doubtless earths and inhabited like our own; and these, (as each is at a farther distance from the Sun) has instead of our single Moon, a greater number attending on, and revolving round it; and the most distant Saturn beside five Moons, a vast zone of light, a girdle surrounding him at a proper distance, eternally blazing with a refulgent light, and seeming a composition of many thousand moons joined close together. From these amazing objects, each infinitely beyond all our powers of comprehension, as to its Origin, let us extend our view to a series of objects more amazing and more extensive yet, the fixed Stars; bodies of light more numerous in the spangled firmament than sands on the sea shore, and each of these, not an inconsiderable lucid speck (as it appears to our immensely distant view) but in reality a Sun, as bright, and glorious as that which illuminates our world; and each like our Sun encircled, with a series of Planets, of Earths, of Worlds, like ours performing their periodic rotations and enlightened with moons. Thus it fares with us placed on this Earth; wherever we stand the eye can but take in a certain space and number of stars. And though the stars we view at once, seem very different in size it is more probable, that they are all the same in magnitude, and only different in place; some being at much greater distances than others from us. When we have adored the Majesty and greatness of the Author of what appears to us so unlimited a Creation, in regard to the stars we nightly see, let us exalt our ideas yet farther, by assisting our eyes with glasses, and by that means discerning that there is no spot, no point of all the wide expanse of heaven, which does not afford more Stars, more Suns, more Worlds. The milky way that makes so beautiful a train of light, (when viewed by the naked eye) is discovered by

time would take a turn in the fields, which he accordingly did. Then following his brother, he found his master upon the ground, his brother upon him, and his mother standing by. And being asked if his master was then dead, he answered, no; for after he came to them his master cried, Ah rogues! will you kill me? At which he told his brother he hoped he would not kill his master? who replied, peace, peace, you are a fool, and so strangled him, which having done, he took a bag of money out of his pocket, and threw it into his mother's lap, and then he and his brother carried his master's dead body into a garden adjoining, and threw it into the great sink by *Wallington* mill; but said, his mother and brother bade him go up to the court, to hearken whether any one was stirring: and that he returned no more to them, but went into the court-gate which goes into the town, where he met with *John Pierce*, with whom he went into the field, and again returned with him to his master's gate, after which he went into the hen-roost, where he lay till twelve o'clock.

Upon this confession, the Justice gave orders for apprehending *Joan*, and *Richard Perry*, the mother and brother of *John Perry*, and for searching the pit into which *Mr. Harrison's* body was said to be thrown; which was accordingly done, but nothing of him could there be found.

The fish-pool's likewise in *Campden* were drawn and searched, but in vain; so that some were of opinion that the body might be hid in the ruins of *Campden* house, burnt in the late wars, and not unfit for such a concealment, where likewise search was made, but all to no purpose.

Saturday Aug. 25. *Joan* and *Richard Perry* (together with *John Perry*) were brought before the Justice, who acquainting the said *Joan* and *Richard* with what *John* had laid to their charge, they denied all. But *John*, on the other side, affirmed to their faces, that he had spoke nothing but the truth: further telling them that he could never be at quiet for them, since he came into his master's service, being continually
followed

followed by them, to help them to money, which they told him he might do, by giving them notice when his master went to receive his lady's rents.

One remarkable circumstance happened in their return from the Justice's house at *Campden*, viz. *Richard Perry* (following a good distance behind his brother *John*) pulling a clout out of his pocket, dropped a ball of incle, which one of his guard taking up, he desired him to restore, saying it was his wife's hair lace, but the party opening it, and finding a slip knot at the end, went and shewed it *John*, who was a good distance before, and knew nothing of the dropping and taking up this incle; and asking him if he knew it, he shook his head, and said, yea, to his sorrow, for that was the string his brother strangled his master with.

Next day, being the Lord's-day, they remained at *Campden*, when the Minister of the place designing to speak to them to persuade them to confess, they were brought to church, and in their way, passing by *Richard's* house, two of his children meeting him, he took the lesser in his arms, leading the other by the hand, when on a sudden both their noses fell a bleeding.

Here it will be proper to acquaint the reader, that the year before *Mr. Harrison* had his house broke open between eleven and twelve o'clock at noon, upon *Campden* market-day, whilst he and his whole family were at lecture, and 140l. in money carried off, the author of which robbery could never be found.

After this, not many weeks before *Mr. Harrison's* absence, his servant *Perry* one evening in *Campden* garden, made an hideous outcry; whereat some who heard it met him running and seemingly affrighted, with a sheep-pick in his hand; to whom he told a formal story, how he had been set upon by two men in white, with naked swords, and how he defended himself with the sheep-pick; the handle whereof was cut in two

or

or three places, which he said was done by one of their swords.

These passages the Justice having before heard, and calling to mind upon *Perry's* confession, asked him whether he knew who committed that robbery? he answered, it was my brother.

And being farther asked, whether he was then with him; he said, no, he was then at church; but that he gave him notice of the money, and told him which room it was in, and where he might have a ladder that would reach the window; and that his brother told him afterwards he had the money, and had buried it in the garden, and they were at Michaelmas next to have divided it. Whereupon search was made in the garden, but no money could be found.

At the next assize, which was held in September following, *John, Joan, and Richard Perry* had two indictments found against them, one for breaking into *William Harrison's* house, and robbing him of 140l. in the year 1659. The other for robbing and murdering the said *William Harrison* the 16th day of August 1660. Upon the last bill of indictment, the Judge, Sir *C. T.* refused to try them, because the body was not found. But they were then tried upon the other indictment for robbery, to which they pleaded *not guilty*; but some whispering behind them, they soon after pleaded *guilty*, humbly begging the benefit of his Majesty's gracious pardon, and act of oblivion, which was granted them.

But though they pleaded guilty to this indictment, yet they all afterwards, and at their deaths denied it.

Yet *John Perry* still persisted in his story, and further added, that they attempted to poison him in goal, so that he durst not eat or drink with them.

At the next assize, which was held the spring following, *John, Joan, and Richard Perry* were tried by Sir *B. H.* upon an indictment for murder, and pleaded severally *not guilty*;

but

but *Johns'* confession before the Justice being proved by several witnesses, the Jury found them all three guilty.

Some few days after being brought to the place of execution on *Broadway-hill*, in sight of *Campden*, the mother was first executed, professing her innocence to the last. After which, *Richard* being upon the ladder, professed, as he had done all along, that he was entirely innocent of the fact, for which he was to die, and did with great earnestness beseech his brother, (for the satisfaction of the world, and his own conscience) to declare what he knew concerning him: but he with a dogged and surly carriage, told the people, he was not obliged to confess to them; yet immediately before his death, said, he knew nothing of his master's death, nor what was become of him; but they were all three executed, and *John Perry* was hung in chains.

Somewhat above two years after Mr. *Harrison's* supposed murder, he came again to *Campden* alive and well; which is a sufficient confutation of all *J. Perry's* formal confession, and accusation of his innocent mother and brother. But what should make *J. Perry* so unnaturally and barbarously to accuse his own mother and brother of a robbery and murder, of which they were altogether innocent, must remain a secret till the day that shall bring to light all the hidden works of darkness:

[*To be continued.*]



The GREAT QUESTION decided, viz. *Whether a Slave continues so in Great Britain?*

[*Continued from page 439.*]

MR. *Wallace*, as Counsel for Mr. *Stuart*, made use of many able and learned arguments, and threw various new and important lights on the question. When he had finished, Lord *Mansfield* interrogated him closely, on certain positions he had

advanced; particularly on that of contending, that the relation between a negro and his owner, might be well maintained on the ground of a contract between master and servant, which was incontrovertibly known to be binding by the established usages and statute laws of the land; his Lordship remarking, at the same time, that the nature of proceedings contradicted this assertion in the strongest terms, and was utterly repugnant and destructive of every idea of a contract between the parties. Judge *Ajton* read an opinion of the Lords *Hardwicke* and *Northington*; the one when Attorney General, and the other when Solicitor General, when they decided against the slave, in favour of the owner; and likewise reported the sentiments of the Bishop of *London* to the same effect, that baptism made no sort of change in the political state of a negro. Lord *Mansfield* then further asked the Counsel if he meant to support the proposition in its full extent, "That the Plantation-laws relative to slaves bound them in *Great Britain* and *Ireland*?" or intended to draw a positive line between them, so as to separate and distinguish, in what particular instances they ought to operate? and concluded, by expressing his wishes, that if the object in question was of such high importance as now argued, a law might be framed by the Legislature, in order to remedy the evil: however, but for his own part, though he had a power to declare the law, he had none to create or to make one on the present occasion.—Counsellor *Dunning* shewed, That the African Company had a right from the Crown to purchase slaves, and sell them in the *American* plantations, that these were as much their property as any other article of their personal estate; that he was at the pains to get a genuine account of the number of negroes in *Jamaica* only, which, by the best intelligence, amounted to 16,000.; every one of which at an average, cost the proprietor 50l. consequently the whole amounted to 800,000l. sterling; that the change of place did not alter the property, it only exempted from that cruel usage they received in foreign parts, but no farther.

The

The PREFACE of a BOOK, entitled, *The Socinian Controversy discussed: by CHARLES LESLIE, Chancellor of the Cathedral, of Connor.*

THE importance of the Socinian Controversy shews itself, and needs no words to enforce it. It is no less than whether what we worship is God or a Creature; whether we adore the true or a false god, and are the grossest idolaters in the world! I wish there had been no occasion of reviving this Controversy, which for a long time has lain asleep among us. But of late years these Socinians, under the name of Unitarians, have appeared with great boldness, and have not only filled the nation with their numerous pamphlets, printed upon a public flock, and given away gratis among the people, whereby many have been deluded: but they have arrived to that pitch of assurance, as to set up public meetings in our Halls in *London*, where some preach to them who have been spewed out even by the Presbyterians for their Socinianism.

It is told in the Life of Mr. *Thomas Firmin*, that he designed to have a public Meeting-place set up in *London* for the Unitarians, and now we see it accomplished, and their Standard set up!

These things have made it necessary to appear in defence of the Christian Faith, that it be not lost among us! and to give some check to these Socinian pamphlets which swarm, through this City especially.

Instead of enlarging a Preface, I will here present the Reader with a rarity, which I take to be so, because of the difficulty I had to obtain it; it is the following Address or Epistle of our Unitarians to the Morocco Ambassador. And the Latin Treatise mentioned in it, (of which likewise I have a copy) I have seen in print here in *London*, to shew the diligence of the Party. I do not know that it is publickly sold, for I only saw it in a private hand.

I have likewise added two Letters upon this subject, one wrote in the year 1694, the other in 1697, which may serve as a Compendium of what is at large treated of in the Dialogue; and sums up the merit of the cause in a few words; which will help the memory, and serve for a ready answer to the Socinians in discourse, that may be at hand to give, when it is collected out of a larger Volume.

I desire the Reader to consider what account the Unitarians give of Mahomet and his great judgment in their following Addresses to the Ambassador, to whom they say, That God hath raised your Mahomet to defend the Faith with the sword, as a scourge to the idolizing Christians. And we for the vindication of your Law-maker's glory, strive to prove, that such faults and irregularities (not cohering with the fashion of the rest of the Coran Building, nor with the undoubted sayings of your Prophet) were foisted into the scattered papers found after Mahomet's death.—And we do endeavour to clear, by whom, and in what time, such alterations were made in the first setting out of the Coran.

This is the like vindication which they make for the holy Scriptures of God; that many things were foisted in, which they do not like, as they frequently answer in their pamphlets: particularly as to the writings of St. *John*, all of whose authority they strike at, because they make most against them. So that by the same Salvo the Coran is vindicated, and the Scriptures! And Mahomet is here said to be raised up by God, to scourge the idolizing Christian, and the Coran to preserve the true Faith! And they say in the same place, that Mahomet would have himself to be but a Preacher of the gospel of Christ. Such a Preacher indeed as our Unitarians! And they say truly to the Ambassador, We your fellow Champions for the Truth.

And they have since carried on the same argument in their late writings, of preferring Mahometanism to Christianity, as you will see in the second Letter, Sec. 2d. Nay, that they esteem

esteem even Paganism as preferable to the Christian doctrine. And yet they take it ill, that we will not own them as our Christian brethren.

But now it is time to let the Reader see those papers I have mentioned, and he will judge for himself.

[*To be continued.*]

Short Extracts from LORD BACON.

INFUSE a pugil of Violets in a quart of vinegar. After three quarters of an hour, take them out, and infuse as many fresh ones. Do this seven times, and it will make the vinegar quite perfumed a twelve month after. N^o. B. It smells stronger awhile after than at first.

In the end of Oôtober a Rose tree was set upright in an earthen pot full of water, half a foot under the water, and two feet above it. In ten days it put out a green leaf, and several buds, which in three months opened into fair leaves. Had it been in the Spring it would probably have borne flowers.

Cut off the tops of Rose-trees, just after they have done bearing, and they will bear again out of the side-shoots about November. Or graft your Roses in May, and they will bear the same year.

Place a heap of stones round an Elm newly planted, and it will grow much faster.

Bore a hole through the heart of a tree, that bears leaves, but no fruit.

Water Cabbages now and then with salt-water, and they will prosper much.

Horses have, at three years old, a tooth they call the colt's tooth; at four years old, one they call the mark-tooth. It has a hole that will hold a pea; but it grows less and less, till at eight years old it is quite gone.

Lay Candles, one by one, and cover them with bran or flour, and they will burn near twice as long.

Apples

Apples covered with ashes ripen in a month.

Strawberries watered once in three days with water mixed with Pidgeon's dung, will come very early—They grow much larger in the shade.

Quicksilver will keep flowers quite fresh.

If you sleep in the day, always sit upright.



Some Rules of Holy Living : extracted from a late Author.

I Cannot say, I have already attained; but this is that which my heart is set to learn. That in all I do, whether sacred or civil actions, still I may be doing but one work, and driving on one design, That God may be pleased by me, and glorified in me, That not only my praying, preaching and alms, may be found upon my account; but even my eating, drinking, sleeping, visits and discourses; because they are done to God. Too often do I miss my mark; but I will tell you what are the Rules I set myself; never to lie down but in the name of God: not barely for natural refreshment; but that a wearied servant of Christ may be recruited and fitted to serve him better the next day. Never to rise up but with this resolution, I will go forth this day in the name of God, and will make religion my business, and spend the day for eternity. Never to enter upon my calling, but first thinking, I will do these things as unto God, because he requireth these things at my hands in the place and station he hath put me into. Never to sit down to table, but resolving I will not eat merely to please my appetite; but to strengthen myself for my master's work. Never to make a visit, but to leave something of God where I go; and in every company to leave a good favour behind. This is that which I am pressing hard after: and if I strive not to walk by these rules, let this paper be a witness against me.

heavenliness and gravity be the constant ornaments of your speech. Let patience and humility, simplicity and sincerity shine in all parts of your conversation. See that you forget and forgive wrong, and requite them with kindness. Be merciful in your censures, and put the most favourable construction upon your brethren's carriage. Be slow in promising, punctual in fulfilling. Let meekness, innocence, affableness, yieldingness and courtesy, commend your conversation to all men. Let none of your relations want that love and loyalty, that reverence and duty, that tenderness, care, and vigilancy, which their several places and capacities call for. This is true godliness. I charge you before the most high God, that none of you be found a swearer, or a liar, a lover of evil company, or a scoffer, or malicious, or covetous, or a drunkard, or a glutton, unrighteous in his dealing, unclean in his living, or a quarreller, or a thief, or backbiter, or a railer: for I denounce unto you from the living God, that damnation is the end of all such.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXIV.

[From Mr. G. Robinson, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Langham-Row, July 6, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

THE following lines are to acquaint you with the Lord's dealings with me in body and mind.

About twelve or thirteen years ago he inclined me to go amongst the people called Methodists. The nearest place they came to was, at least, twelve, or thirteen miles from where I lived. From thence I used to come home on foot in the night. But when that dear man of God, Mr. Robertshaw came into Lincolnshire,

colnshire, he came into the Marshes, and preached the gospel amongst us. The next year he joined three small Societies: one at Truſtthorpe, one at Saltfleet, and one at Langham-Row, where I live, for which many will have cauſe to bleſs God to all eternity.

On account of going to hear the gospel, my relations were ſet againſt me. My landlord, who was my ſecond uncle, under whom I held a very dear little farm, ſaid, No Methodiſt ſhould live under him; neither would he give me any thing if I would not give up my new religion as he called it. My parents alſo oppoſed me; but bleſſed be God my wife and I had both found the pardoning love of God, and did not much fear what man could do unto us: though we were at that time very poor and low in the world. But we knew the Lord was our Shepherd; that the earth and all its fulneſs was his; and that all things ſhall work together for good to them that love God.

Accordingly, before the time came that we were to leave our houſe, the old, rich man died! And upon his death-bed he altered his Will, and gave a cottage (value fifty ſhillings a year) to me and my heirs for ever: for which I was much more thankful, than I ſhould have been for thouſands of gold and ſilver, without the grace of God! My uncle joined my brother and two near kiſmen executors, and left nine or ten thouſand pounds amongst them. My father died ſoon after, and gave me but five ſhillings, for fear I ſhould give any thing amongst the Methodiſts. My mother a little after died, and had not an opportunity to make a Will, ſo I joined with my brother in what ſhe had, and got about 150l.

The two relations who were joined with my brother in the eſtate, came to hear the preaching. And were ſomething convinced that it was the truth; but they let the world laugh them out of their good deſires, and ſoon gave over. About a year after they were both deprived of their ſenſes; one of

them hanged himself, and the other is now under confinement.

My brother had been under great disorder of body for some years. In April 1772, he married a young woman, but died in May 1773. His widow not being with child, he left a freehold estate to me and my heirs for ever, to the value of 50l. per annum at old rent: paying his widow nineteen pounds a year in lieu of her thirds, during the term of her natural life. He also left me a new large brick house, in which we have preaching every fortnight. But as it will not always hold the congregation. I will give bricks and ground to build a preaching-house upon, and will be at some expence besides, and convey it over to the use of the people called Methodists before one stone be laid.

Glory be to God, he is reviving his work in Lincolnshire! Three have lately found a sense of pardon; and I have two servants, youths about sixteen years of age, and three of my children (all between ten and fourteen) that seem much in earnest about their souls. I have four more servants that walk in the light of God's countenance, and several more in our little society who seem fully convinced of the necessity of full salvation.

There has been a stir, amongst the people ever since that dear man of God, Mr. Joseph Garnet died at my house. His dying prayers are about to be answered. I think myself highly favoured that I had him five weeks before he died.

Dear Sir, I beg an interest in your prayers for myself, my family and the society. I hope you will praise God on my account, for things temporal and spiritual, and pray that the Lord may help me to devote my all unto him. Rev. and dear Sir, I am your affectionate, though unworthy servant for Christ's sake,

G. R.

LETTER

L E T T E R CCCCXXXV.

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

Finstock, July 7, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

I Praise the Lord that I have another opportunity of writing to you! It is a favour I had little hope of last week; being first informed of your dangerous illness, and afterwards of your death. Since which, S. A. has sent me the good news of your being yet in the land of the living, and in good health. May the Lord continue his goodness to you, renew the vigour both of your body and mind, and grant that every future day may greatly increase your weight of glory!

The mercies of the Lord toward me are renewed every moment. I am enabled to hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life. Under a consciousness of the vanity and transitoriness of earthly things, and the durable and satisfactory nature of things eternal, I am enabled to bid adieu to the former, and earnestly to pursue the latter. The experience I have already had, of the happiness arising from such a conduct, mightily confirms me in my choice. The being freed from inordinate passions, and by the light of truth, to have the contracted ideas of my mind enlarged, and capacitated to compleat the glorious perfections of God, in his works of nature, providence and grace; and to have the mind at free liberty, to devote itself to him; and above all, to have his smiles and approbation continually; this surely is an abundant compensation for the parting with those vain delights, which we cannot long enjoy, or with those evils, which, if we part not with in time, will hold us in eternal torment. O happy choice! What reason have I to praise and adore God, that he ever caused the joyful sound of salvation by faith, to reach my ears, and affect my heart! Glory be to him that he imparted to me the spirit of bondage, whereby I feared because I had sinned! and thanks be to him that he left me not without hope;

but revealed in me the Son of his love, and enabled me by the Spirit of adoption, to cry Abba, Father. Since which I bless him, he has been with me, to establish, strengthen and settle me in the truth. I feel the need of constantly adverting to Jesus, and in the fullest sense to pray without ceasing, and with most intense vigour to do all things to his glory. I shall be very thankful to be instructed how to improve every gift and grace to the utmost, while I remain,
 dear Sir, your much obliged Servant,

A. B.



P O E T R Y.

EDWIN *and* ANGELINA.

[By Dr. Goldsmith.]

TURN gentle Hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way,
 To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost, I tread
 With fainting steps and slow,
 Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 Seem lengthening as I go.

Forbear, my son the Hermit cries,
 To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 For yonder faithless phantom flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.

Here, to the houseless child of want
 My door is open still ;
 And though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

Then

Then turn to night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows ;
 My rusby couch and frugal fare
 My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free
 To slaughter I condemn :
 Taught by that power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side
 A guiltless feast I bring ;
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
 And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim turn, thy cares forego ;
 All earth-born cares are wrong :
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
 His gentle accents fell ;
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay,
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Required a masters care ;
 The wicket, opening with a latch,
 Received the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily prest and smiléd,
 And, skilléd in legendary lore,
 The lingèring hours beguiléd.

Around in symphatic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket cherups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the strangers woe;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spyéd
 With answering care opprest,
 And whence unhappy youth, he cried,
 The sorrows of thy breast?

From better habitation spurnéd
 Reluctant dost thou rove;
 Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
 Or unregarded love?

Alas the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay;
 And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep.

And love is still an emptiér found
 The modern fair ones jest,
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtles nest.

“ For

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrow hush,
And spurn the sex, he said :
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-torn guest betrayéd :

Surpriséd he sees new beauties rise
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms,
The lovely stranger stands confess
A maid in all her charms.

And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, she cried,
Whose feet unhallowéd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair,
Companion of her way.

My father livéd beside thy Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was markéd as mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumberéd suitors came ;
Who praiséd me for imputed charms
And felt or feignéd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove :
Among the rest young *Edwin* bowéd
But never talkéd of love.

In

In humble, simplest habit clad,
 No wealth nor power had he ;
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
 The dews of heaven refinéd
 Could nought of purity display
 To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 With charms inconstant shine ;
 Their charms were his ; but woe to me !
 Their constancy was mine.

For still I triéd each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain :
 And, while his passion touchèd my heart,
 I triumphèd in his pain :

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride,
 And sought a solitude forlorn
 In secret, where he diéd.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay :
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.—

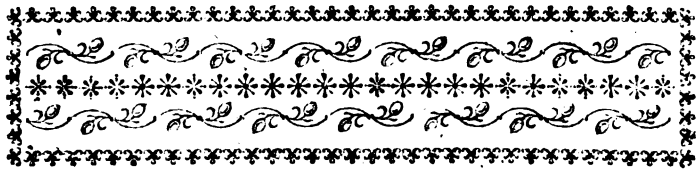
And theré, forlorn, despairing hid,
 I'll lay me down and die ;
 'Twas so for me that *Edwin* did,
 And so for him will I.

Forbid it, heaven ! the Hermit cryéd,
 And claspèd her to his breast :
 The wondering fair-one turnèd to chide,
 'Twas *Edwin's* self that prest.



MR. W. WARREN

Aetatis 35.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1787.



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

CHAP. III. *Answering the Arguments produced to prove, that man is purely passive in the work of conversion, and that it is done by an irresistible act of God.*

[Continued from page 453.]

OBJECTION 18, 19. That by this doctrine we administer occasion of boasting to all that are converted and saved, by attributing their conversion and salvation partly to their works; whereas the Apostle saith, *by grace ye are saved; not of works, lest any man should boast.* And moreover, according to the same doctrine, the whole glory of conversion will not be due to God, because man co-operates with him; whereas the divine wisdom hath so contrived the business of our salvation, that *no flesh shall glory in his sight.*

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3 Q

Answ.

Ans^w. These words, *ye are saved by grace, through faith*, bear this sense, That through the saving grace of God appearing to us, by the preaching of the gospel, and believed by us, we are put into a state of salvation; and that all this is done to any church or nation, through the free grace and mercy of God, without any thing done by them antecedently to this grace. Again, though our actual salvation depends upon good works, or on sincere obedience to be performed after faith, yet is all boasting utterly excluded upon several accounts. 1st. Because that revelation which contains the matters of our faith, and all the powerful motives to embrace it, and all those miracles which rendered that revelation highly credible, and so engaged us to believe it, is the free gift of God. 2^{dly}. Because the good works we do, proceed not from ourselves, but are the fruits of that faith, which is the gift of God; and from that word and spirit of God which worketh in us both to will and do of his good pleasure. As therefore the Apostle saith of the gift of tongues and prophesy, *What [gift] hast thou which thou hast not received? and if thou hast received it, wherefore dost thou boast as if thou hadst not received it?* so may we here: what faculty of believing, or willing what is good, hast thou which thou hast not received? What motive thus to will, or to believe, which hath not been vouchsafed by the free grace of God? What good work dost thou when this grace hath made thee willing, but in the strength of God, and by the aid of that good spirit by whom we are *strengthened with might in the inward man to do his will?* And if thou hast received strength from God for the performance of them, wherefore dost thou boast? this being the Apostle's rule, *that we can boast of nothing but that which we have not received.*

2^{dly}. Though God is pleased to make our faith the condition of justification, and our good works the condition of salvation; yet is all boasting utterly excluded, because it is still of grace that any of these things find acceptance. It is of
preventing

preventing and exciting grace that we thus will, chuse, and refuse; of assisting grace that we are enabled to perform that will, and of mercy, that the pardon of all our sins is annexed to so doing. It is of grace that faith is imputed to justification; it being of faith, *that it might be of grace*, Rom. iv. 16. it also is of grace that our imperfect works are accounted good, and are at all rewarded by God. Now upon what account can any of us boast of doing that which in itself deserves condemnation; though through grace it finds acceptance? Boasting, saith the Apostle, is not excluded *by the law of works*; Rom. iii. 27. because *to him that worketh the reward is not reckoned of grace, but of debt*, Rom. iv. 4. Grace, and works that deserve justification and salvation, being perfectly opposite one to another; but it is, saith he, excluded *by the law of faith*: where therefore the acceptance of the act to such a purpose is of free grace; the reward is still of grace, and not of debt. Where it is given on the account of works imperfect, and deserving nothing from God, there boasting is excluded.

3dly. Observe that the Scripture grants that there is matter of glorying in things done by the assistance of the grace of God. St. Paul saith, *it were better for him to die than that any man should make void his boasting* in preaching the gospel without charge, 1 Cor. ix. 15, 16. Yea he swears that *no man shall stop his boasting in that kind*, 2 Cor. xi. 10. And in behalf of all his fellow-workers, or Apostles, he saith, this is *our boasting*, or rejoicing, *the testimony of our conscience*, 2 Cor. i. 12. And this advice he gives to all Christians, *Let every man approve his own work* (to his own conscience) and then shall he have, τὸ καύχημα, *boasting, or rejoicing, in himself, and not in another*, Gal. vi. 4. The glorying therefore, or the τὸ καύχημα, which the Apostle elsewhere doth reject and exclude, is only that of the merit of our works, or their sufficiency to procure the justification of a sinner, Rom. iii. 27. 4. 2. or that which doth exclude the assistance of the grace of God in Christ,

1 Cor. xxix. 31. To proceed then to the second part of this Objection, That by our doctrine the glory of our conversion will not be wholly due to God, because man co-operates with him; this will be sufficiently accounted for by observing that the principle by which man co-operates with him in this work is derived from him, and all the motives which excite this principle to act, arise purely from God's preventing and exciting grace. Now where both the principle of acting, and the sole motives to act are from God alone, there the whole glory of the action must be due to him alone. Thus though wealth is the fruit of industry, and it is the *diligent hand that maketh rich*; yet because God gives the power to get wealth, and it is his blessing on our enterprizes which maketh rich, the glory of it is due to God alone; and we must say with *David*, *riches and honour come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee; all this store cometh of thy hand, and it is all thine own.*

2dly, Our Lord and his Apostles often commend the good actions of men, and Christ will at last say to the righteous man, *Well done thou good and faithful servant*; therefore he that turns from his evil ways, and doth that which is right in the sight of God is commendable, and doth that which is praiseworthy: for God doth not judge of things, or persons, otherwise than they are. If then this be the consequence charged upon our opinion, that it makes some praise belong to the believer, God himself owns the truth of it, by requiring us to do that which is honourable and praise worthy, Philip. iv. 8. to suffer for conscience towards God, *for this is thank-worthy*, 1 Pet. i. 19, 20. and saying, That our faith will be found to our praise, honour and glory at the revelation of Christ Jesus, 1 Pet. i. 9, 10. The contrary doctrine is liable to this just exception, that it doth consequently assert, that no thanks are due for any kindness received, if he to whom it is done be not merely passive, and if he that receiveth a kindness be but so much as active in accepting it, the glory of it redounds to him rather than

to

to the benefactor; so that we must not expect from Christ the praise of feeding his hungry members, unless we put the meat into their mouths; or of clothing them when naked, unless we put the clothes upon them; or of receiving them into our houses, though we do invite and open the door for them, unless we force them in: that he who gives a prisoner money sufficient to pay off his debt, is not to have the glory of his release, if he require the prisoner to tell out, and deliver the money to the creditor; and that the Prince who pardons his condemned subject, upon condition that he will plead his pardon, is not to have the sole glory of that pardoning mercy; and the true consequence from this is, that the glory of God's grace wholly depends upon the fullness and obstinacy of men, and that the only way to advance it, is by a stout opposition and spiteful resistance of it.

Obj. 20. Lastly, It is objected, That the opinion which makes the grace of God resistible, leaves it uncertain whether any one will be converted by it, or not.

I answer, 1st, That it leaves it as uncertain, whether any one will be unconverted, or not; and surely, that opinion which affords this encouragement to all that God, notwithstanding their fall, will afford means sufficient to convert them, if they do not refuse to use them, is much to be preferred before that which tells them he hath from eternity passed an act of preterition on them, and by that excluded them out of the number of the Elect, i. e. of them who only shall be saved.

I answer 2dly, A man may, notwithstanding this opinion, be infallibly certain, that many will be found true converts at the last, because he knows that many have already died in the fear of God, and in the faith of Christ, and because the holy Scriptures assure us that *some shall arise to everlasting life.*

I answer 3dly, To say that it is barely possible in the nature of the thing that none may be converted, hath no inconvenience
in

in it, because it tends not to hinder any man's endeavours after his conversion, any more than the like possibility, that no man may thrive by his industry, or grow rich by his trading, or have a safe voyage at sea, or a plentiful crop by sowing, hinders men from doing any of these actions. It is no imputation upon divine wisdom, that God himself complains that he had given his law to the Jews in vain; nor did St. *Paul* conceive it any defect in the grace of God, that it might be received in vain by the churches of *Corinth*, 2 Cor. vi. 1. of *Galatia*, Chap. iii. 4. and of *Theffalonica*, 1 Theff. iii. 5. and by parity of reason by all other churches. It is possible, that no one subject may obey the laws of his superior, because they have free will, and may do evil under the strongest obligations to do well; but should the world be left therefore without human laws, or be governed by irresistible force, or not at all? Nay, rather that freedom which includes a bare possibility that all may disobey, proves the wisdom and justice of governing mankind by laws attended with moral inducements to obedience: whereas if we suppose men to be under a necessity either of doing what is required, or of doing the contrary, it is very hard to understand how governing them by moral means should be wise in the former case, or just in the latter.

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XLI.

On ROMANS XV. 2.

[*Concluded from page 458.*]

II. **N**OW if Cruelty, Malice, Envy, Hatred, Revenge, Ill-nature; if Pride and Haughtiness; if irrational Anger; if Lying and Dissimulation, together with Guile, Subtlety and Cunning, are all and every one displeasing to all men, especially to wise and good men, we may easily gather
from

from hence, what is the sure way to please them, for their good to edification. Only we are to remember, that there are those in every time and place, whom we must not expect to please. We must not therefore be surpris'd, when we meet with men, who are not to be pleas'd any way. It is now as it was of old, when our Lord himself complain'd, *Whereunto shall I liken the men of this generation? They are like unto children sitting in the market-place, and saying to each other, We have piped unto you, but ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, but ye have not wept.* But leaving these froward ones to themselves, we may reasonably hope to please others, by a careful and steady observation of the few directions following.

1. First, Let *Love* not visit you as a transient guest, but be the constant, ruling temper of your soul. See that your heart be fill'd at all times and on all occasions, with real, undissembled benevolence, not to those only that love you, but to every soul of man. Let it pant in your heart, let it sparkle in your eyes, let it shine in all your actions. Whenever you open your lips, let it be with love, and let there be in your tongue the law of kindness. Your word will then distil as the rain, and as the dew upon the tender herb. Be not straiten'd or limited in your affection, but let it embrace every child of man. Every one that is born of a woman has a claim to your good-will. You owe this not to some, but to all. And let all men know, that you desire both their temporal and eternal happiness as sincerely as you do your own.

2. Secondly, If you would please your neighbour for his good, study to be *lowly* in heart. Be little and vile in your own eyes, in honour preferring others before yourself. Be deeply sensible of your own weaknesses, follies and imperfections. As well as of the sin remaining in your heart, and cleaving to all your words and actions. And let this spirit appear in all you speak or do: *Be clothed with humility.*

Reject

Reject with horror that favourite maxim of the old Heathen, sprung from the bottomless pit,

Tanti eris aliis, quanti tibi fueris :

“ The more you value yourself, the more others will value you.” Not so : on the contrary both God and man *resist the proud*; and as *God giveth grace to the humble*; so Humility, not Pride, recommends us to the esteem and favour of men, especially those that fear God.

3. If you desire to please your neighbour for his good to edification, you should Thirdly, labour and pray, that you may be *meeke*, as well as lowly in heart. Labour to be of a calm, dispassionate temper, *gentle* towards all men. And let the gentleness of your disposition appear in the whole tenor of your conversation. Let all your words and all your actions be regulated thereby: Remember likewise that advice of St. Peter. As an addition to your Gentleness, *be merciful*; *be courteous*; *be pitiful*; be tenderly compassionate to all that are in distress, to all that are under any affliction, of mind, body, or estate. Let

“ The various scenes of human woe,
Excite your softest sympathy !”

Weep with them that weep. If you can do no more, at least mix your tears with theirs: and give them healing words, such as may calm their minds, and mitigate their sorrows. But if you can, if you are able to give them actual assistance, let it not be wanting. Be as eyes to the blind, as feet to the lame, a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. This will greatly tend to conciliate the affection, and to give a profitable pleasure, not only to those who are immediate objects of your compassion; but to others likewise that *see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*

4. And

4. And while you are *pitiful* to the afflicted, see that you are *courteous* toward all men. It matters not, in this respect, whether they are high or low, rich or poor, superior, or inferior to you. No nor even whether good or bad, whether they fear God or not. Indeed the *mode* of shewing your Courtesy may vary, as Christian Prudence will direct. But the thing itself is due to all: the lowest and worst have a claim to our Courtesy. But what is Courtesy? It may either be inward or outward: either a temper, or a mode of behaviour. Such a mode of behaviour as naturally springs from Courtesy of heart. Is this the same with good breeding or Politeness? (Which seems to be only a high degree of good breeding) Nay, good breeding is chiefly the fruit of Education; but Education cannot give Courtesy of heart. Mr. *Addison's* well known definition of Politeness seems rather to be a definition of this, "A constant desire of pleasing all men, appearing through the whole conversation." Now this may subsist, even in a high degree, where there has been no advantage of Education. I have seen as real Courtesy in an *Irish* Cabin, as could be found in *St. James'* or the *Louvre*.

5. Shall we endeavour to go a little deeper, to search into the foundation of this matter? What is the source of that desire to please, which we term Courtesy? Let us look attentively into our own heart, and we shall soon find an answer. The same Apostle that teaches us to *be courteous*, teaches us to *honour all men*. And his Master teaches me to love all men. Join these together, and what will be the effect? A poor wretch cries to me for an alms: I look and see him covered with dirt and rags. But through these I see one that has an immortal spirit, made to know and love and dwell with God to eternity: I honour him for his Creator's sake. I see through all these rags, that he is purpled over with the blood of Christ. I love him for the sake of his Redeemer. The Courtesy therefore which I feel and shew toward him, is a mixture of the honour and love, which I bear to the offspring

of God, the purchase of his Son's blood, and the candidate for Immortality. This Courtesy let us feel and shew toward all men; and we shall please all men to their edification.

6. Once more. Take all proper opportunities of *declaring* to others the *affection* which you really feel for them. This may be done with such an air, and in such a manner, as is not liable to the imputation of flattery. And experience shews, that honest men are pleased by this, full as much as knaves are by flattery. Those who are persuaded that your expressions of good-will toward them are the language of your heart, will be as well satisfied with them, as with the honest encomiums, which you could pass upon them. You may judge them by yourselves, by what you feel in your own breast. You like to be honoured: but had you not rather be beloved?

7. Permit me to add one advice more. If you would please all men for their good, at all events *speake* to all men the very *truth* from your heart. When you speak, open the window in your breast: let the words be the very picture of your heart. In ail company and on all occasions, be a man of *Veracity*, nay, be not content with bare Veracity; but in *simplicity and godly sincerity, have all your conversation in the world, as an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.*

8. To sum up all in one word, If you would please men, please God! Let Truth and Love possess your whole soul. Let them be the springs of all your Affections, Passions, Tempers; the rule of all your thoughts. Let them inspire all your Discourse; continually seasoned with that salt, and meet to minister grace to the hearers. Let all your actions be wrought in love. Never let mercy or truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck. Let them be open and conspicuous to all: and write them on the table of thy heart. So shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

Castlebar, May 22, 1787.



An Account of Mr. *S I L A S T O L D*.

[Continued from page 462.]

ON the Christmas-Eve, in the course of my liberty, I espoused *Mary Verney*, a virtuous young woman, in the twenty-second year of her age. At that time I was in my twenty-third year. After remaining on board the ship for two months, orders were sent down to Sir *John Norris*, on board the *Britannia*, a first rate of a hundred guns; the *Barfleur*, Admiral *Balchan*, of ninety guns, and the *Lancaster*, of eighty guns, Admiral *Haddock*, with twenty-five sail of the line, to sail immediately for *Lisbon*, to protect the king of *Portugal's* Brazil fleet from the threats of the *Spaniards*. Here, myself, with several others, were turned over from the *Lenox*, on board the *Grafton*, of seventy guns, and sailed, in company with the fleet, for *Lisbon*, and arrived in the *Tagus* in May, 1735, where we lay ten months at anchor: in which time the Brazil fleet arrived, when orders were sent from *England* for Admiral *Haddock's* Squadron to return thither.

Previous to our departure from *Lisbon*, the King of *Portugal*, with his brother, the black Prince, came on board the three Admirals, whose ships were dressed in various colours, and made a very brilliant appearance. The King allowed every man and boy in the fleet one pint of wine per day, with fresh provisions every day till the completion of our voyage.

In the beginning of January, 1736, we sailed back for *England*, and arrived safe in *Chatham* river, where we were paid off, February 6, 1736. I then came directly to *London*; nor have I ever been to sea since.

I could wish to make one remark here, which I have omitted in the course of my voyages. The coast of *Africa* is attended every day (especially on the leeward coast) with dreadful ornadoes of wind, thunder and lightning, the flashes of which

for some time take away the sight. At one time in particular, about eight degrees to the southward of the equinoctial line, at one A. M. a violent tornado came down upon us, with loud claps of thunder, and fierce flashes of lightning. In the height of this storm, something descended from the clouds that bore the resemblance of a squib darting out fire at one end, about one foot and a half in length, and the thickness of a man's wrist: it came down from the heavens with astonishing velocity, passed within a yard of my head, and penetrated the quarter-deck; but meeting with an obstruction, made its way through the main hatchway, took a swift course over the larboard-quarter, and, when it burst, exploded with so loud a clap of thunder, that we could not expect two planks of the ship would have remained together. However, the ship weathered this storm also; but not without much damage.

Although I had been brought up to the sea, and had no friends at home, yet I was resolved; through the help of the Almighty, to have recourse to any employment, rather than abide in the state of life in which I formerly was: a life attended with all manner of sufferings and wickedness in the highest degree.

Being in a married state, and desirous to lead a regular life, I habituated myself to the church-service; but finding the churchmen living as did other people, and having no christian friend to converse with, I knew not what step to take; and therefore readily concluded, religion was a mere farce. At the same time being subject to many temporal distresses, it pleased God to point me out a school at *Staplefoot Tauney*, near *Passingford Bridge*, in the county of *Essex*; erected by a Lady *Luther*, who spared no expence in its building: she also bestowed many donations towards the support thereof. My salary amounted to 14l. per annum; ten pounds whereof was the salary from the school; two pounds from Lady *Luther*, and the like sum from Mr. *Moot*, a wealthy farmer, with as many day-scholars as I could get on my own account. I soon raised a considerable school, and sent to *London* for my wife,
and

and all my goods. The Lady invited me three days in the week, with the Curate of the parish, to dine with her; and every other day, if I thought proper, to accompany the servants at their dinner in Knave's-Hall, as they termed it. I now began to be much delighted with my situation, and spared no diligence to bring the children forward in their learning; and indeed the success I met with, caused the school to be recommended throughout the country.

The Curate of the parish frequently called upon me, and decoyed me to his lodgings, to join him in smoking and drinking: and I was generally detained so very late at night, that I could scarcely find my way home. One night I took upon me to quote some passages of Scripture, relating to our immoral proceedings. My guide laughed heartily, and said, "*Told*, are you so great a blockhead as to believe the Scripture? It is nothing but a pack of false stuff?" This surprised me much, and from that period I separated myself from his company; and, in a short time, God in his providence, wholly separated me from those dead Christians, by the following simple circumstance.

The wood I had bespoke for firing not coming in so soon as I expected, I acquainted farmer *Mills*, on the opposite side of the church-yard, who gave me leave to send my boys into his field, where they might be able to collect a quantity sufficient for my use until the bespoken wood came in; and seeing it was on the farmer's own ground, I had no conceptions of any impropriety; yet this, through the complaint of an old woman, proved the cause of my removal out of the country.

Sir Edward Smith, then Lord of the Manor, sent for Lady *Luther*, and desired to know what kind of Schoolmaster she had brought, and whether he ever taught his children their catechism? She answered, that I bore the best of characters, and had brought the children forward in an extraordinary manner; and that I taught the children their catechism every
Thursday.

Thursday. Sir *Edward* then asked, how I came to leave out the eighth commandment? and insisted upon my dismissal from the school, and my departure from the town immediately. On this I was under a necessity of hiring a waggon to carry all my goods back to *London*. When I came there I was at a loss what method to pursue for the maintenance of my family; but in a short time a clerk's place offered at King's-Wharf, to a dealer in coals and timber. I remained there about four months, when my mistress leaving off business, I was discharged, and left destitute of employment for some time: nor could I obtain any relief, or procure the least employ. I therefore resolved to submit to any employment to procure a subsistence, and accordingly engaged myself to a bricklayer, in Watling-street, to keep his books, and at vacant opportunities to wait on the labourers. Here I continued six or seven years, and afterwards served Mr. *John Pankeman*.

In the course of my services with him, a young man, one day, came and asked me if I could help him to business? I answered him roughly, which he received with great meekness; this struck me with surprise. I then called him back, and desired him to wait on a certain bricklayer the next morning, who, I believed, would employ him; accordingly he got employment, and by the mercy of God, was the happy instrument of bringing me out of darkness into God's marvellous light.

[To be continued.]

A Short Account of MARTHA BREWTON.

MARTHA BREWTON was born in *Edenderry*, in *Ireland*, in the year 1767. Her natural temper was mild and gentle, and her conduct in general, was what is commonly called innocent. Her understanding was exceeding clear, considering her opportunities. Yet she understood
nothing

nothing of the power of godliness until the Lord stirred her up to hear the Methodists.

She was a person of few words; but, like *Mary*, she pondered the things which she heard in her heart, and used to copy down certain striking sentences.

On Thursday the 19th of January, she dreamed that she was repeating the following lines,

Stoop down my thoughts that used to rise,
 Converse awhile with death;
 See how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath!

On Sunday night the 22d, she awoke crying out to her mother, that she had a severe stitch in her side; which was soon followed by an inflammation of the lungs.

Thursday 26, she was visited by her grand uncle, *Joseph Fry*, (a Preacher) who asked her what she thought of being called away? On which she turned her head aside without answering a word.

The second time he visited her, she was glad to see him, and prevented him by saying, "Jesus has been with me ever since you were here, and I hope he will not leave me any more. Has he not promised that he will never leave nor forsake his own?" The next visit he found her more given up to God, and filled with wonder, love, and praise.

Friday 27. Her father, (who is a Roman Catholic) coming in said, well, my dear, you never did any thing for which you need be afraid to face God. She replied, "O yes I have! That is your plea; but it is not mine."

Saturday 28. She was remarkably happy; having a full assurance of her Redeemer's love, and a hope full of immortality. From the abundance of her heart her tongue spake of his praise, who had chased away all the gloomy horrors from her mind. And so sweet was her voice, that it charmed and astonished all who heard her. It was, however, with some
 difficulty,

difficulty, that she spake as she did, and judging she would not be able to speak long, she said to those around her, "If I lose my speech, do not doubt me; for even then, my heart shall be with Jesus." On one desiring her to spare herself, and strive to sleep, she said, "I will speak while I can; and if I should die in my sleep I doubt not but I shall awake in eternity, in the arms of Jesus!"

The Doctor giving her some drops to make her sleep, she declared her unwillingness to take any more of them, lest they should keep her too long asleep, and thereby prevent her from praising Him whom her soul loved. The Doctor thinking it might afford her some satisfaction, told her there was hope of her recovery; but she replied, "I do not want to live."

Sunday 29. Her aunt going very early into the room, she cried out, "Come and rejoice! Behold Jesus standing by my bed side! See his bloody robes! O what love! what love! I know that his blood has washed away all my sins, Then from the fulness of her heart, she said,

This is the day our Lord arose, ●
 So early from the dead:
 Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
 And spend my hours in bed.

This day, as well as the former, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory: and at night she desired the nurse to call the people of the house into the room to see Jesus. When they came, she told them they might see the convoy of angels that waited for her, adding, "I see the room crowded with heavenly spirits. O that I was going with them; but my Jesus knows the time best."

[To be continued.]

The

The BACKSLIDER RESTORED.

ABOUT thirty-six years ago, God forgave me all my sins. I lived in the comfortable enjoyment of it many years; but the remains of sin frequently brought me again into bondage. Often I have lamented and said to myself, This is not the happiness I expected; but hearing how others were sometimes exceeding happy, and as often cast down, through trials and temptations, this made me expect no other deliverance in this life. But when God sent Mr. M. to my house, he taught me the way of the Lord more plainly. I now began to see the state my soul was in, which made me cry to God night and day for deliverance. And blessed be his holy name he never suffered me to rest until he spoke to my soul, I will be thou clean.

But alas! I did not continue above two years in this happy state. I could wish to draw a vail over my life for twenty years past; for to speak of all I have undergone would be impossible. Suffice it to say, after I shook off my fellowship with the Methodists (in revenge to a member of the Society) I soon became more miserable than I ever was before.

After I had spent some years thus, I began to think from whence I had fallen, and to struggle to get free, and come again to God; but alas! I could not pray. I was also ashamed of the people of God, and they were ashamed of me. Besides, all the powers of my soul were corrupted. Thus was I for years, Christless, prayerless and friendless, fast bound with the chain of my sins. Notwithstanding this, I was determined to keep under the word; though for the most part it had no more effect on me than if I had been a dead corpse.

About four years ago Mr. H. my neighbour, spoke a kind word to me now and then. He told me, he thought it was not with me as in times past. I made him little or no answer; but his words (though few) never left me.

From this time I began to hope that the Lord would heal my backslidings; yet I oftener feared he never would; and if he did, that I should never be so happy as I had been in times past; because I had so wantonly lavished away the grace he had freely given. Within this last year I have been encouraged, by his bounty in temporal things, and have often said to myself, This is the Lord's doing. I began now to find a comfortable hope, and called upon him with more boldness: and was made more willing to part with every thing, if he would but restore me again to his favour. But the 18th of last month I received a great blessing under those words, Comfort ye, comfort ye, &c.

At present I can truly say, O Lord, thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back; and want words to express what a change of heart I now feel! All things are indeed again become new! I can, through mercy say, I have not felt evil in my soul for some time: and I hope I never shall any more; but if I should, I will immediately declare it: I will deceive no man.

As I formerly wanted words to express the horror I felt in my fallen state; so now I want words to express the happiness I find in God my Saviour, who hath done so great things for me. But I am not without heavy and great trials, such as I have not had in all my life. I want help and advice; but am ashamed to speak to any one, and every one seems as careful not to speak to me, though I often lay myself in their way. However, as my time is short, I hope the few remaining days I have to live shall be spent to the glory of God. In order to this end I wish to be again united to his people, and hope that my latter days will be a greater comfort to them, than many of my former. Would they count me worthy of an interest in their prayers, how greatly would that oblige their unworthy brother in Christ!

H. D.

Birmingham, April 29, 1786.

Aa



An Account of SARAH WRIGHT: written in the year 1647.

[Continued from page 470.]

IN her despair she would often turn to those places in *Job* and *Jeremiah*, where they cursed the day of their birth; saying, “*Job* cursed the day wherein he was born, and said, Wherefore hast thou brought me forth of the womb! O that I had given up the Ghost, and no eye had seen me! *Jeremiah* also cursed the man that brought tidings of his birth with bitter curses, because his mother’s womb was not his grave: but how much more reason have I to say so than they had? They were in a blessed condition; but I am cursed, and must be a firebrand of hell for ever!”

She thought by reading the Scriptures, to quiet her conscience and silence her temptations; but though she read diligently, yet her despair and wretchedness continued.

Once she was tempted to burn her Bible, and so far yielded to the temptation as to throw it from her; but it fell not into the fire: she was afterwards sorely terrified at the thought of having attempted to burn it.

For a long time she thought to have ease, by yielding to her temptations; but at length she saw that it was a device of the devil, and resolved through grace to withstand him. Her distress was greatest, her night of affliction was darkest, when the time of her deliverance was at hand. And as at the beginning of her grievous despair, four years before, she was taken with a violent trembling; now at the end of it she trembled again exceedingly; and weeping and wringing her hands, said, “My earthly tabernacle is broken all in pieces; and what will the Lord do with me? But if I should hang on a gibbet; if I should be cut in pieces; or if I should die the cruelest death that ever any died, as I have deserved it, I will still justify the ways of God though he sent me to hell!”

Her trembling continued, and her hands and feet were clenched as in a cramp, so that she could not stand; yet she said to her mother, "I will lie still, and hear what God will say unto me: if he speaks a word of peace at the last moment I shall be contented." Presently her mouth was drawn up as a purse; her eyelids folded up and closed; and her hearing was taken from her. In this condition she lay as in a sleep, from Tuesday April 6th, till Saturday the 10th; except when she called for water to drink; when she broke out thus; "My soul thirsts for the water of life, and I shall have it." This she repeated four times with great fervour of spirit: and added, "A little water, good people, a little water!" When she had drank two or three little cups, she sat up, and with a sweet and heavenly countenance, yet with tears trickling down she said, "Jesus Christ came down from the bosom of his Father, took the nature of man upon him, and lay in a manger: a contemptible place! Do you not see an excellency in him? He too died for sinners! Blessed be God, for the chief of sinners! He died for *Peter*! He died for *Magdalen*! For the thief on the cross! A crucified Christ, for a crucified thief! There is a fountain open for *Judah* and *Jerusalem*; for *Judah* that played the harlot with many lovers; for *Jerusalem* whose skirts were full of blood: yet the fountain is open for *Judah* and *Jerusalem*; for sin and for uncleanness! Jesus Christ is the fountain; a fountain always flowing, and never dry. Who is a God like unto thee, pardoning iniquity and passing by transgression!"

One night she said, "The devil fights with me as he did with *Michael*; but the *Lion* of the tribe of *Judah* shall prevail. Jesus Christ hath overcome him. He came to destroy the works of the devil. He took our nature upon him that he might be a partaker of our sufferings!" then cried out, "Come Lord Jesus! Come Lord Jesus! But why say I come! He is come: he hath dispossessed the strong man, and hath himself taken possession of my soul. O that the world

world knew Jesus Christ! sure they would not distrust him; they would not despise and persecute him." As I live saith the Lord I will not the death of a sinner. He hath sworn it, and I believe him. What am I? A poor, empty, vain, sinful, wretched, contemptible, vile worm! Yet hath Jesus Christ died for me! How sweet are the teachings of his spirit to my soul! Sweeter than the teachings of men and angels. They may speak much to the ear; but cannot assure my soul that my sins are pardoned; and that Jesus is mine and I am his. We love him because he first loved us. I look on him whom I have pierced and mourn over him. If you saw him as I see him, you would admire him. A sight of him would satisfy nations. A sparkle of him is more glorious than the world!"

She sometimes was silent several days; but when she did speak she praised God, for his goodness to her soul. She continued blind and deaf, for many days; during which time she said, "Have not I a mother some where? I pray you desire her to pardon my murmurings against her; nothing else troubles me now. The Creator hath pardoned, and shall not the creature?"

Then with many tears she said; "If any knew what it is to murmur against a God and a parent, and felt for it what I have felt; they never would do it more: nothing burdens me now but my disobedience to my mother." She then desired her mother to come to her, to testify she had forgiven her: and though she could then neither hear nor see; she said, "I know a *Jacob* from an *Esau*."

When her mother came to her, she put her hand to her neck, where she felt a scar; and knowing her thereby, cast her head into her bosom and wept plentifully. She then kissed her and said, "I know you mother, and love you with another love than I loved you with before. The Lord hath delivered me from my enemy: from the roaring of the lion! The Lord hath triumphed over him: and Jesus is able to save to the uttermost all that come to the Father by him."

[*To be continued.*]

He answered, Although I can say, I would believe, yet I cannot say, I will believe. God hath denied me the power of will, and it befalls me in this my state, as with one that is fast in irons, and his friends coming to see him, pity his state, and persuade him to shake off his fetters, which, God knows, he would fain do, but cannot. This is my very case; you persuade me to believe: how fain would I do it, but cannot. O now I cannot!

Then violently grasping his hands together, and raising himself up, Behold, saith he, I am strong, yet by little and little I decay and consume; and my servants would fain preserve this weary life, but at length the will of God must be done, and I shall perish miserably, as I deserve. Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord, blessed are you whose hearts the Lord hath mollified.

Then after some pause, he went on, I earnestly desire to pray to God, yet I cannot; I see my damnation, and I know my remedy is only in Christ, yet I cannot set myself to take hold on it. Such are the punishments of the damned, they repent of their loss of heaven, but they cannot mend.

As he was thus speaking, he observed divers flies that came about him, and lighted on him; *Behold, saith he, now also Beelzebub comes to his banquet; you shall shortly see my end; and in me, an example of the justice of God.*

About this time came in two Bishops, (with divers scholars of the University) one of them [*Paulus Vergerius*] having observed *Spira* more than any other, being continually conversant with him, told him, that his state was such, as rather stood in need of prayer than advice; and therefore desired him to pray with him in the Lord's Prayer: *Spira* consented, and he began.

Our Father which art in heaven.] Then breaking forth into tears, he stopped; but they said, it is well, your grief is a good sign.—

I bewail,

I bewail, said he, my misery, for I perceive I am forsaken of God, and cannot call to him from my heart.—

Yet let us go on, said *Vergerius*:

Thy kingdom come.] O Lord, said *Spira*, bring me also into this kingdom; I beseech thee shut me not out.

Give us this day our daily bread.] O Lord, added he, I have enough, and abundance to feed this carcase of mine, but there is another bread; I humbly beg the bread of thy grace, without which I know I am but a dead man.

Lead us not into temptation.] Seeing, Lord, that I am brought into temptation, help me that I may escape; the enemy hath overcome, help me, I beseech thee, to overcome this cruel tyrant.

These things he spake with a mournful voice, the tears trickling down abundantly, and expressing such passion, as turned the bowels of those present with grief and compunction.

Then *Vergerius* turning to *Spira*, said, You know that none can call Christ Jesus, the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost: infer thereby, that God hath not wholly cast you off, or bereaved you of his Spirit utterly.

I perceive, said *Spira*, that I call to him to my eternal damnation; for I tell you again, it is a new and unheard of example, that you find in me.

If *Judas*, said they, had but outlived his days, he might have repented, and Christ would have received him to mercy.

He answered, I deny that ever *Judas* could have repented how long soever he had lived; for grace was quite taken from him, as it is now with me.

O *Spira*, said they, believe not Satan, rather believe those whom you judge to be in a good state: believe us, and we tell you, that God will be merciful unto you.

There is the knot, said *Spira*, would I could believe! but I cannot.

Then

Then he began to reckon up what fearful dreams and visions he was continually troubled with; that he saw the devils come flocking into the chamber and about his bed, terrifying him with strange noises: that those were not fancies; but that he saw them as really as he saw the standers by. And that besides these outward terrors, he felt continually a racking torture in his mind, the very pangs of the damned in hell.

Cast away these fancies, said *Gribaldus*; and humble yourself in the presence of God, and praise him.

“The dead praise not the Lord, answered he, nor they that go down into the pit. We that are drowned in despair, are dead, and already gone down into the pit: what hell can be worse than desperation, or what greater punishment?”

[*To be continued.*]

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

Of some Particular P L A N T S.

[*Continued from page 472.*]

THE Negroes in *Africa* use a poison of an extraordinary nature. The dose is very small, and hath no ill taste. The symptoms are various, according as the dose is. It kills sometimes in a few hours, sometimes in months; at others, in some years. If a great quantity is given, death follows in six or seven hours. (The Negroes turn white.) If the dose is but small, the sick loses his appetite, feels pain in his head, arms, and limbs, a weariness all over, soreness in his breast, difficulty in breathing, and at last dies languishing. Probably it is the same poison which is used in *Spain* and *Italy*. This hath but one specific antidote, the knowledge of which a famous Negro-poisoner, was at length persuaded to impart. The antidote is the root of the Sensitive Plant. Take none

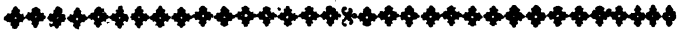
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of the root but what is in the ground ; wash it well, and split it in two. Take a good handful of these split roots ; steep them in three quarts of fair water, in an earthen glazed pot, having a cover. Use but a moderate fire, that it may boil gently. The decoction has no ill taste ; you may add sugar, as you think best. Give the patient a good glass of this decoction as warm as he can drink it ; an hour after give another, and so for sometime, till you make a perfect cure. There is no danger of giving too much, it can do no harm at all.

[To be continued.]



An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

D I A L O G U E III.

[Continued from page 475.]

Sophronius. **G**IVE me your attention, dear delights of my life, whilst I address a few words to each, which possibly may be of some use when I have left you.

I only beg leave to remind you, my excellent *Urania*, that you ought not to yield to an extravagant regret, that you are left behind me in this imperfect state. I know, on recollection, you will feel yourself ready to accomplish the whole will of our most gracious Creator ; and to submit, with cheerful obedience, to the remainder of the duties he has thought proper to exact from you :—and when you consider of what important use you may be to our dear children, especially my *Emilia* ; to your adopted children in the parish ; to your poor neighbours ; nay to *all* your neighbours ; to a circle, the extent of which you can hardly conceive, that may be influenced by your example, you will even wish to have the time of this ministration prolonged :—suppose it of the utmost length it can naturally be. But what is the space,

When cut from out eternity's vast round !

It

It is a mere nothing: and who could with reluctance offer this mite, in gratitude for the inestimable benefits promised by our most gracious Master, to those who love him; and are zealous to serve him in his own prescribed way?—What can appear insufferable to you, my *Urania*, who know that in a little time you will be eased of every burthen, and totally exempted from pain and sorrow, those badges of human weakness and imperfection, for ever, and ever: that yet a little while, and you will be permitted to follow your faithful *Sophronius* to the mansions of eternal felicity.

Urania. Amen!—O merciful God—Amen!

Sophronius. (addressing himself to the eldest son.) And now what have I to say to my dearest son? Will he pardon me if I still pretend to teach him, who is at least as able to instruct me? but the words of dying men are supposed to be worth attention, because the mind must then be more free from prejudice, and every secret bias, than ever it was before.

Sebastian. Sure never was so candid, so right a mind, as that of my dear father! The more bitter is my loss—of such a friend!

Sophronius. Think me not lost, my son; think me only retired at a little distance from you: how small the distance may be, God only knows!

Sebastian. His holy will be done!

Sophronius. Upon reviewing my own life, I find it has been such as the men of business would call idle; and yet I do not think I have much to reproach myself with in that respect. I believe your turn of mind, my son, and your natural inclinations, are not unlike my own; and therefore what I speak of myself, may be applicable to you.

When my father went the way which yours is now ready to go, I quitted the profession of the law, because I perceived in myself neither inclination nor genius for it; and I found it was not necessary to me, as my fortune was then enough to satisfy all wants, but those of pride and vanity;—which are never to be satisfied.

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But

But what then was to be *my* part in life? Was I like a mute to serve only to fill the scene? Or was I to be not only useless, but even troublesome on the stage? I own I had no such mean opinion of my station. I conceived that mankind was endowed with an infinite variety of talents, to serve the different ends of society; and that a virtuous man could not fail of being a useful member of it. I saw many ways in which I might contribute to the public weal; but in the course of my life, a thousand opportunities have offered of serving my fellow-creatures, which I could not then foresee; my duty was, not to neglect these opportunities, but even studiously to seek them; to employ the extraordinary leisure I enjoyed, in furnishing myself with useful knowledge, which might be communicated to, or applied for the service of those who could not, themselves, attain it: as a steward of the great household, to be ready to disburse some of the property in my hands, on all necessary occasions: in fine, to assist, instruct, improve, and even reprove, all who should stand in need of it: to be a father to the fatherless; and if I could not plead the cause, at least to stand the friend of the widow: and all who were destitute of their natural protectors: to use the influence, and power, which independent affluence must in some measure acquire, in the encouragement of honest industry; and the discountenancing idleness, and every kind of vice. I need not enter into a minute detail; you will easily recollect many incidents of my life which may become useful hints for your future conduct.

Sebastian. O that I may be enabled to follow the example of my honoured father!

Sophronius. I doubt not you will improve upon my plan of living. You have already passed the most dangerous season of life; and with the foundation of principles, good sense, and experience which is now settled in your mind, together with the advantage of your excellent mother's advice, I doubt not you will exceed my fondest hopes.

But,

when they have got my life, you will repent when it is past time. Hereupon her father went to Mr. *Wellfet*, Minister of *Burton Agnes*, and they and others went to *Alice Huson*; and though at first they could not prevail on her, yet at last they got her to his house: and Sir *Francis Boynton*, a Justice of the peace, and Mr. *Wellfet* being there, after much ado, they prevailed on her to go up into his daughter's chamber. As she went up, his daughter gave a great screech. And after a short time, she going down again, his daughter called suddenly for a toast and beer; for, she said, she was hungry and dry. All were amazed to see so sudden a change; as she had not taken any thing for three days before. Having taken her toast, she said, if they would give her some of her cordials, she could take them, which before she could not; and having taken a good quantity, she desired to have her clothes, and then got up. She continued well all Saturday night. On Sunday morning the 24th of April, the Doctors consulted about her case; and coming to her told her how they had consulted for her good. She answered, "I thank you for your pains and good-will: but if my father would have been persuaded by me, he should not have sent for you: for so long as those two women are at liberty, neither you nor any other, will do me any good: but I must, to give my father and you satisfaction, take such as you give me." Thus she continued in a good state, (saith her father) till after dinner. When I went to the door, to go to church, *Dol. Bilby* came by, whereupon I let her pass, observing her gesture. When she came against the window where my daughter lay, she turned about, and looked up at the window; and immediately my daughter cried out, she is there; and giving a great screech, fell again into her fits.

On Monday the 25th of April, *Bilby* came again to town, and had conference with *Huson*, as *Huson* confessed. But my daughter falling ill again; and blaming them, saying they had too much liberty, I got them secured, examined and searched.

and

and sent to goal. But this is to be observed, that though my daughter was well just before, yet upon their examination and searching, she was most cruelly tormented; but as soon as they were carried, she recovered, and continued so till Saturday the 14th of May, when she fell suddenly into her old fits, affirming that *Billy* had too much liberty. On Monday morning I went to *York*, and found it was as she said, and the Keeper said, she should be soon restrained of her liberty; and bade us observe, it is upon the point of two; and said as soon as you are out of the Castle-gate, all shall be done. Coming home, I found my daughter (blessed be God!) in good health. I enquired what time she recovered? they said, upon the point of two she called for her clothes, and said she would rise; for she was sure her father had been at the Castle, and got her business done.

All this is taken from a paper written by the before-mentioned Mr. *Henry Corbet* himself.



GOD'S *Revenge* against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[Continued from page 483.]

ABOUT a day's journey from Lyons, near Darency, a small country village, dwelt an honest farmer, called *Andrew Mollard*, who being a widower, had one only daughter, named *Josselina*, whom he intended to marry to one of his neighbour's sons.

Within a league of *Mollard's* house, dwelt an ancient and rich gentleman, named *Monsieur de Concy*, who had many children, of which the eldest, *Mortaign*, was a young gentleman of great hopes, who having been a considerable time at *Paris*, was desirous of seeing his father. During his stay in the country, as he was one day walking in the fields, he sprung a pheasant, which flying to the next woods, he sent for

for his hawk; but having ranged far and near for several hours in quest of his game, he grew thirsty; and spying Mollard's house at a distance, made up to it.

Mollard, guessing who he was by his face, invited him to walk in; and sent his daughter Josselina for wine, fruit; and what his cottage afforded.

Mortaign, who could not keep his eyes off Josselina, wondered to see so fair a maid in so obscure a place; and curiously observing every feature of her face, and every gesture of her well turned body, attended with so engaging a modesty and simplicity, was ravished while he gazed upon her; Josselina, no less admired him: the comeliness of his person, and his genteel and manly deportment.

And now all things seem to favour Mortaign's affection, for Mollard told him, that he rented a small tenement of his father, who now sued him for two heriots, and therefore, intreated his good word in his behalf. Mortaign, glad of this occasion, which might give him an opportunity of having access to his house, promised Mollard to use his interest with his father, and assured him he would acquaint him with what he had done in it, the next time he came that way.

Mortaign being come home to his father's, yet finds his inclination still at Mollard's, with the fair Josselina, and is continually inventing new ways to enjoy her company, which he does frequently, but most commonly when her father is at market. He now begins to attempt her by a variety of little presents, such as for the most part are coveted by young women of her condition; but she very modestly refuses to accept of any, and assured him, that as a virtuous reputation was the greatest part of her fortune, so she would never exchange it for the infamous portion of shame and misery. Mortaign was now almost out of all hopes of success; but was resolved to play his last stake, and promise marriage; and accordingly told her, that notwithstanding the inequality of their birth and fortunes, he would marry her, provided she
would

would first permit him to enjoy his desire. Joffelina, with the prospect of such advancement, suffers herself to be deluded, and parted from that which only could have procured what she desired.

The beginning of her misfortunes was, finding herself with child, which her father likewise discovers to his great grief, insomuch that he tears his venerable locks with madness, torments her day and night with threats and reproaches, so that she is forced to acquaint Mortaign with her affliction, and begs he will do something to assist her. He contrives to steal her away from her father's by night, and sends her ten leagues from Darency, to a poor kinswoman's house, where she was delivered of a lusty boy: and still flatters herself with hopes, that Mortaign will shortly marry her.

Calintha, Mortaign's mother, who knew nothing of these passages, advised him to marry, and proposes a match to Monsieur de Vassef, the Seneschal of La Palisse, between his only daughter Varina, and her eldest son Mortaign; the affair was readily concluded by the parents, and the young couple like each other at first sight; so that it was generally reported, the marriage would be consummated in a very short time.

This news both amazes and terrifies Joffelina; and, as one misfortune seldom comes alone, she at the same instant, received an account that Mollard, her father was dead, through grief occasioned by her misconduct; that he had disinherited her, leaving her nothing but the memory of her shame for her portion; thus having no friend to assist or advise her, she resolves to write a letter to Mortaign, to remind him of his promise, and to beg him to afford some relief to her, and her helpless infant.

But he was so far from regarding it, that he triumphed in his crime, and mocked that poverty which he had been the occasion of. He would neither relieve the mother nor the

child; but burnt the letter without taking any farther notice of it.

Poor Joffelina finding Mortaign so inhuman that he deigned not to answer her letter, through mere anguish of mind, with her babe at her breast, fell to the ground in a swoon; and had not the noise thereof brought those who were in the next room to her assistance, she had then ended her misery and life together.

His mother had so cruel a spite against her, that she persuaded her landlady, in a dark, cold night, to turn her and her tender infant out of doors: nor was she allowed to rest in the hay-loft, barn, stable, or any place under shelter; but forced to lie in the open field, with the cold and damp ground for her bed, and the heavens only for her covering!

[To be continued.]



The IMMENSITY of the WORKS of CREATION.

[Continued from page 485.]

Of the Wonders of the sublunary World.

LET us now relieve the mind, stretched even beyond its utmost powers, to take in objects so wonderfully great and amazing. And while the senses ache at the view of objects placed above, turn them to things below, and see how this immensity of worlds is, with each of them, filled with an amazing variety of natural objects, by tracing them in our own. Those who write on this subject divide them into three Classes, the Mineral, the Vegetable, and the Animal.

Of Minerals: their various kinds and forms.

Of these, the least exalted class of beings, and as less beautiful, placed farthest out of the way of our observation, the number and variety is more amazing to the curious enquirer than may appear to the casual glance of the beholder. The vulgar may suppose that ten or a dozen species, or kinds, comprise

comprise them all. But when we come to trace the real beauties of this series, we see the glittering gems more different from common stones, than bird from bird, or fish from fish. And adding to these the lucid Crystals, the painted Agates, the bloody Cornelians, and verdant Jaspers, with all the train of unsought gems, that pave the sides of Indian-rivers, or glitter in the dust of mountains yet unknown; and sink from these to the regular Selenite, the shining tale, the silvery glimmer, and the golden orpiment; and the no less essential difference of earths from earths, of stones from stones, of sands from sands, we find every where matter of amazement at the variety and beauty of the whole: and see in worthless sand particles that are gems in all but size, and perhaps more beauty in the uncut marble-quarry than in the paintings of the gaudiest animals. On these discoveries, how must we adore the greatness of that Creator, who in the least visible part of his works, hath placed such beauty, worthy the perusal of a judicious eye, for hours, for days together.

[To be continued.]



The C A M P D E N W O N D E R.

[Continued from page 489.]

BUT the reader will be desirous to know what became of Mr. *Harrison* all that time, and by what means he came to be missing; as to which I shall give Mr. *Harrison's* own relation, sent by him to Sir *Thomas Overbury*, of *Burton*, in the county of *Gloucester*, who was a Justice of the Peace.

To Sir THOMAS OVERBURY, Knight.

Honoured Sir,

In obedience to your commands, I give you this true account of my being carried away beyond the seas; my continuance there and return home.

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OR



On a Thursday in the afternoon, in the time of harvest, I went to *Charringworth*, to demand rents due to *Lady Campden*, at which time the tenants were busy in the field, and late before they came home, which occasioned my stay there till the close of the evening. I expected a considerable sum; but received only twenty-three pounds. In my return home, in the narrow passage among *Ebrington* furzes, there met me a horseman, who said, Art thou here? And fearing he would have rode over me, I struck his horse over the nose; whereupon he struck at me with a sword several blows, and ran it into my side; while I with my little cane, made my defence as well as I could. At last another came behind me, wounded me in the thigh, laid hold on the collar of my doublet, and drew me to a hedge near that place: then came in another. They did not take my money, but set me up behind one of them, drew my arms about his middle, and fastened my wrists together with something that had a spring lock to it, then threw a great cloak over me, and carried me away. In the night, they alighted at a hay-rick, where they took away my money. About two hours before day they tumbled me into a stone pit. They stayed about an hour at the hay-rick; when they took horse again, and bade me come out of the pit. I answered, They had my money already, and asked what they would do with me?

On this, one of them struck me, drew me out, and putting a great quantity of money into my pockets, mounted me again after the same manner. On Friday about sun-set, they brought me to a lone house, upon a heath, where they took me down almost dead, being sorely bruised with the carriage of the money. When the woman of the house saw that I could neither stand nor speak, she asked them whether or no they had brought a dead man? They answered, No; but a friend that was hurt, and they were carrying him to a surgeon; she said, If they did not make haste their friend would be dead before

before they could bring him to one. Then they laid me on cushions, and suffered none to come into the room but a little girl. There we stayed all night, they giving me some broth and strong waters.

In the morning very early, they mounted me as before, and on Saturday night they brought me to a place where were two or three houses, in one of which I lay all night on cushions, by their bed-side.

On Sunday morning they carried me from thence, and about three or four o'clock brought me to a place by the sea-side, called *Deal*, where they laid me down on the ground; and one of them staying by me, the other two walked a little way off, to meet a man, with whom they talked. When they met, I heard them mention seven pounds, after which they went away together, and about half an hour after returned. The man (whose name I heard after was *Wrenshaw*) said, he feared I would die, before he could get me on ship-board. Then presently they put me into a boat, and carried me on ship-board, where my wounds were dressed.

I remained in the ship (as near as I can reckon about six weeks: in which time I was indifferently recovered of my wounds and weakness. Then the master of the ship came and told me (and the rest who were in the same condition) that he discovered three Turkish ships, when we all offered to fight in defence of the ship and ourselves; but he commanded us to keep close, and said he would deal with them well enough.

A little after we were called up, and when we came on the deck, we saw two Turkish ships close by us, into one of which we were put, and placed in a dark hole, where how long we continued before we were landed I know not.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The

The PREFACE of a BOOK, entitled, *The Socinian Controversy discussed*: by CHARLES LESLIE, *Chancellor of the Cathedral, of Connor.*

[Continued from page 493.]

An EPISTLE DEDICATORY. *To his illustrious Excellency Ameth Ben Ameth, Ambassador from the mighty Emperor of Fez and Morocco, to Charles the Second, King of Great Britain.*

AMONGST the many splendid entertainments and receptions, amidst the several congratulatory encomiums and presents, that were offered to your Excellency, as public testimonies of the esteem and admiration the inhabitants of this Western empire do justly conceive of the mighty and glorious Emperor of *Morocco*, your Master, and of your own peculiar virtues; there hath been no such address or present made unto your Excellency, none, as we presume, that was of a weightier importance (though slenderer appearance) than this, which we now submit to your liking and acceptance at your departure. For the contents thereof, being about the mysteries of that all-sufficient and invisible *One Deity*; its own intrinsic value needs no words, nor the usual adornments that might be expected from us, to set it out with an outward splendor, to so discerning a person in spiritual and sublime matters, as your Excellency is known to be, even in the judgment of learned Universities. Besides, Truth in these countries is fain to go, sometimes like Princes, in a disguise; who being out of their own kingdoms, are driven to put by their royal habiliments, to converse with more safety and freedom, with a few wise and faithful worthies they can best trust. Religion then, excellent Sir, the Religion of a one only Godhead (as also of many other great verities, wherein ye agree with our Sect, and disagree from other Christians

tians) is the veiled Princess, whereof we are now become the venturesome ushers into your Excellency's presence: I said venturesome, not by reason of any affront we need fear at your hands; but rather from the rash severity of some of our own fellow-Christians here, for vending those verities, we shall declare to hold in common with you: (which are contrary to them) yet Christ's and our spirit is otherwise, to essay by gentle persuasions and union with all mankind, as far as may be.

Know therefore, noble Sir, that we are of that sect of Christians, that are called Unitarians; who first of all, do both in our names, and in that of a multitude of our persuasion, (a wise and religious sort of people) heartily salute, and congratulate your Excellency, and all that are with you, as votaries and fellow-worshippers of that sole supreme Deity, of the almighty Father and Creator: and we greatly rejoice, and thank his divine bounty, that hath preserved your Emperor and his people, in the excellent knowledge of that truth, touching the belief of an only sovereign God; (who hath no distinction, or plurality in persons) and in many other wholesome doctrines, wherein ye persevere: about which, this our Western part of the world, are declined into several errors, from the integrity of their predecessors. But besides this much in the general, our attendance on your Excellency at this time, hath a more special prospect, as you shall perceive by the sequel. For, about thirty or more years, there came an Ambassador, as your Excellency is, from the Emperor of *Morocco* in *Europe*; with whom Count *Mauriel*, of *Nassau*, Prince of *Orange* (a Protestant Christian) and the Prince of *Portugal* (a Papal Christian) held a conference about the Christian and Mahometan Religion. The Ambassador deferred then to speak fully his mind on the matter. But after his return home, when he had there consulted with the learned in the *Coran*, he sends his answer in a letter; which not only sets forth the tenets of his own Religion, but also refutes some errors

errors held amongst the Protestant and Romanist Christians. In some of which, as in other points, we presume that Ambassador was mistaken and misinstructed. Now, we herewith present unto your Excellency, a faithful transcript of that letter, that is with difficulty to be seen, only in the cabinets of those Princes, to whom it was directed in Latin. Not that we account the contents thereof, to be a novelty to you that are of that Religion; but it is a piece of rarity and learning: and chiefly for that it is the foundation, on which we build another small piece or two, in the same language: the which we here dedicate likewise unto your Emperor, to your Excellency, and to his Mauritanian subjects; the which comprehends the main design of our waiting on you at present. Now forasmuch, as that noble Ambassador, doth in this letter write some things, which to us seem very ungrounded, and therein charges without sufficient distinction, the whole body of Christians, with such errors, which we Unitarians do abhor, as well as the Mahometans; with whom we must agree in such, even against our other fellow-Christians: therefore, we that are famed to be more exercised soldiers in such uncontroverted points in Religion, and should best know the differences in Europe about the same, shall undertake in this our second and third Treatise, (which are but as observations on that letter) first, To set forth (for your better information) briefly and distinctly in what points all Christians do generally agree with the Mahometans, in matters of Religion. Secondly, In what things Christians universally disagree from you, with the reasons for the same. Thirdly, In what cases you do justly dissent from the Roman Catholics. Fourthly, That Protestant Christians do join with you, in your condemning of those Romish errors, and theirs and our reasons for the same. Fifthly, We intend there to lay down, in what articles, we the Unitarian Christians (of all others) do solely concur with you Mahometans: (to which we draw nigher in those important points, than all other Protestant

or

or Papal Christians) with our additional arguments to yours; to prove, That both we and you have unavoidable grounds from Scripture and Reason, to dissent from other Christians in such verities (though we do count them otherwise) our Brethren in our Lord Jesus Christ.

[*To be continued.*]

The GREAT QUESTION decided, viz. *Whether a Slave continues so in Great Britain?*

[*Concluded from page 490.*]

ON the 22d of June, Lord *Mansfield* delivered the unanimous opinion of the whole Court: and concluded, with observing, that The power claimed was never in use here. No master ever was allowed to take a slave by force to be sold abroad, because he had deserted his service, or for any other reason whatever. This power is not allowed or approved of by the laws of this kingdom: therefore the man must be discharged.

Several Negroes were in Court to hear the event of the above cause so interesting to their tribe; and after the judgment of the Court was known, bowed with profound respect to the Judges, and shaking each other by the hand, congratulated themselves upon their recovery of the right of human nature, and their happy lot that permitted them to breathe the free air of *England*. No sight could be more pleasingly affecting to the mind, than the joy which shone at that instant in these poor men's sable countenances.

[The above is inserted, for the information of those whom it may concern—for the satisfaction of all who are friends to the liberties of mankind—and for the credit of the laws of this most favoured country.]



An Exhortation to Family Godliness: extracted from a late Author.

HE that hath set up Christ in his heart, will be sure to study to set him up in his house. Therefore, let every family with you be a Christian church; every house, a house of prayer; every household, a household of faith. Let every householder say, with *Joshua*, *I with my house will serve the Lord, and with David, I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.*

First, Let Religion be in your families, not as a matter by the bye; but the standing business of the house. Let them have your prayers as duly as their meals. Is there any of your families but have time for their taking food? Wretched man! Canst thou find time to eat, and not time to pray?

Secondly, Settle it upon your hearts, that your souls are bound up in the souls of your family. They are committed to you, and (if they be lost through your neglect) will be required at your hands. Sirs, if you do not, you shall know that the charge of souls is a heavy charge, and that the blood of souls is a heavy guilt. O man! hast thou a charge of souls to answer for, and dost thou not yet bestir thyself for them, that their blood may not be found in thy skirts? Wilt thou do no more for immortal souls, than thou wilt do for the beasts that perish? What dost thou do for thy children and servants? Thou providest meat and drink for them; and dost thou not the same for thy beasts? Thou givest them medicines, and cherishest them when they are sick; and dost thou not so much for thy swine? More particularly,

1. Let the solemn reading of the word, and singing of *Psalms* be your family exercises. See Christ singing with his family, his Disciples, *Matt. xxvi. 30. Luke ix. 18.*

2. Let

2. Let every person in your family be duly called to an account of their profiting by the word heard or read, as they are about doing your own business. This is a duty of consequence unspeakable, and would be a means to bring those under your charge to remember and profit by what they receive.

3. Often take account of the souls under your care, concerning their spiritual estates. Make enquiry into their conditions, insist much upon the sinfulness and misery of their natural estate, and upon the necessity of regeneration, in order to their salvation. Admonishing them gravely, of their sins, encourage beginnings. Follow them earnestly, and let them have no quiet for you, till you see in them a saving change. This is a duty of high consequence, but fearfully neglected by some. Doth not conscience say, Thou art the man?

4. Look to the strict sanctifying of the sabbath by all of your households. Many poor families have little time else. O improve but your Sabbath-days as diligently in doing your Maker's work, as you do the other days in doing your own work, and I doubt not but you may come to some proficiency.

[To be concluded in our next.]

An Account of the PYRAMIDS of EGYPT.

THESE great remains of antiquity are deservedly esteemed the most stupendous of all the works of art. They are much more numerous than the generality of the world suppose them to be: authors who have written of them, describing the three great ones, and usually passing by the rest.

They stand about five miles from *Cairo* upon a rising ground, a sort of low, flat-topped hill; which is not made up of earth, but is one entire rock covered with a fine shining white sand.

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This lies in some parts only two or three feet deep; and in some, the rock is bare for a great extent; but in others the sand is prodigious deep for a great way together. I counted eighty-seven, besides the great ones. The place where they stand is where the ancient City of *Memphis* once stood; so that it is not to be doubted but they were the monuments of the great persons of that once most opulent City. Their antiquity is doubtless greatly beyond that of any other human structures now existing; I would be understood to mean this of the lesser Pyramids, which are most of them in a most ruinous condition, and some almost wholly decayed; for these are evidently of much earlier date than the great ones.

The smaller Pyramids are of very different sizes; and many of them might pass for prodigious piles of building, were not the great ones in view. These are built of very different materials; some of bricks burnt in the common way, some of unburnt brick in large masses of many hundred weight each; others are of stone, and that of different sorts, some being as fine as our soft stones, which are the most decayed of all; others of various hardness up to that of our limestone, which is not much less than that of Porphyry.

We were first led to the greatest Pyramid. Its bottom was very broad, extending over a large space of ground. On a careful admeasurement we found its height to be five hundred and twelve feet; and its diameter at the bottom, one thousand and twenty-eight feet. And with this (which is not more than its true dimensions) does it not appear amazing that human hands could ever erect so amazing a pile?

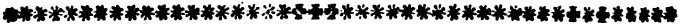
The height of the second Pyramid we found to be three hundred and forty-two feet, and its broadest side at the bottom six hundred and twenty-two feet long. The third Pyramid is by much the most beautiful and least injured, though the smallest of the three. It might seem to be of later date than the
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the others from its freshness; but this is owing to the nice and elaborate workmanship of it, and to the hardness of its materials; being built of mottled stone, of red, black and white colours, and of a prodigious hardness; and every stone nicely jointed in and finely polished.

We ascended the great Pyramid on the north-side where the building is least injured, and the steps are the fairest and foundest. Here we began to climb this artificial mountain. When we were about half way, and miserably weary, our guides conducted us into a small square room, and here we rested and refreshed ourselves; admiring the astonishing prospect of the country, and not less amazed to look down upon the height we had climbed, and up to the height we had still to go. Our coming thus far had cost us an hour, and after an hour and a half more, we reached the top of this prodigious building; but what was our surprise to find that the top, which from below had appeared as sharp pointed as a needle was really a flat, of the size of a very large room! We measured this, and found it perfectly square, and its diameter twenty-nine feet. There had once stood an image, or Colossus on this summit; the size that this must have been, in order to its being barely visible from below, from whence the whole square appears a perfect sharp point, you may easily conceive; and I think nothing is more to be regretted than the loss of so amazing a piece of human workmanship. What convinced me of there having once been such an image, was, that while on the top I found two holes on the opposite sides of the square, which seem to have admitted fastenings for the feet; and when I got down I found that two prodigious pillars of Porphyry which lie partly buried in the sand at some distance from the foot of the Pyramid (and which they call *Pharaoh's Crutches*) were truly of the shape of legs, though much damaged; and that the measure of their bottoms was exactly the same as that of the holes on the flat of the Pyramid.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A TURKISH



A TURKISH STORY.

ORCHANES, the father of *Amurath*, was surnamed the Wise from his great prudence in the government of his vast empire. Among the Governors of his provinces there was one whom he raised from a very low state, for his virtues; his name was *Moraldin*. He chose for him one of the most rebellious provinces of the empire, and told him as his virtues had thus raised him to this post, so there required nothing but a perseverance in them to continue him always in it. The new Governor summoned the principal people, and many of the Commons about him; and enquired into the causes of their uneasinesses. He soon convinced them that their Emperor was the best that had ever sat on the *Turkish* throne; and this, by arguments founded on known facts. The people, from the highest to the lowest, were charmed to be thus treated like reasonable creatures. They freely and openly mentioned their grievances; he promised them redress and kept his word. The inhabitants found themselves subjects, not slaves; they adored *Moraldin*, and now prayed for the life of their Emperor as heartily as they had once cursed him. They went on thus many years, and the Emperor, who from time to time heard the state of the province, made the Governor presents from his own coffers, which outweighed what he could have got by the extortions his predecessors had used. Thus all parties continued happy, till a man appeared at the levee of the Governor, whose name was *Osmyn*. He was a man of great address, and soon found the way into *Moraldin's* heart. He had, in a little time the management of all his affairs, and as he then became, in fact, the Governor, cruelty became practiced under the name of justice; extortion under that of necessary supplies; and lust and luxury, under the specious titles of pleasure and magnificence. *Moraldin* was not without the

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warm passions of the East, and while his meals were crowned with profusion of delicacies, and his bed with fresh beauties every night, believed his minister that every subject freely brought in his tribute, nor once thought that thousands murmured in want by being plundered to furnish his table. In short, things took their old turn in the province, and while *Osinyn* assured his master that his subjects regarded him as a father, the country was rising in arms to cut his throat.

When the news reached the court of the Emperor his surprise was greater than his anger. Instead of summoning the Governor, he determined to go down himself, and see the cause of so great a change. On his entering the capital City, he put on the disguise of a peasant, and mingled among the herd to hear their complaints. The stories of oppression, cruelty, lust, and every other crime which he heard from every mouth struck him with horror; but above the rest, one affected him most. He was told by a weeping peasant that the night before, his daughter and his wife had been torn from his house; the one to serve the lust of the Governor; the other, of his favourite; and that himself had lost an eye, and his only son his life, in resisting the persons who took them away.

The Emperor determined to personate this injured man, and see what his honest Governor would say to justify himself. He chose an hour when the Governor was sitting in a summer-house with his favourite, and getting close behind it, he related the whole story to a person with him, in the most affecting language; but as if wholly ignorant of the Governor's being near. The Governor listened to the whole amidst a thousand ruffling passions; and when the relation was ended, he called the peasant in, and with a stern, yet trembling voice, asked him, *Am I that villain you have been describing?* To which the pretended peasant answered, *What I have said is truth.* The Governor on this drew his sword, and presenting the hilt of it to the injured man, and pointing to his favourite, said, here is the villain who has wronged you. I who am guilty, yet

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am innocent also, knew not that I did ought against your will. Be yourself his executioner; and then take back your wife and daughter, and name yourself what I shall do to atone for the injuries I have ignorantly done you.

The Emperor was going to sacrifice the villain *Osmyn* to vengeance; but recollecting it would be better to keep him alive to satisfy the people, he threw down the sword, and discovering himself, caught *Moraldin* in his arms, and like a true friend comforted and forgave him. It was soon known that the Emperor was there in person, and the day following the peasant's cause was examined before a public assembly of the people. The consequence was, that the mob tore *Osmyn* to pieces; the Emperor was extolled to the clouds; the estate of *Osmyn* (which was six times as great as the Governor's) was confiscated to make amends to the injured; and the Emperor added from his own coffers what was wanting to satisfy every man who had suffered. The injured peasant had a profitable employment given him, and the province enjoyed a long and uninterrupted tranquillity.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXVI.

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

London, July 8, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

GOD who comforteth those who are cast down, hath comforted us by graciously restoring you to us again. All glory and praise be to his gracious name for this interposition in favour of a life so precious. The prayer of faith has saved the sick. Admit Sir, the congratulation of a heart inflamed with gratitude to the Source of good, for this instance
of

of his good-will to man. The voice of joy and gladness is now found in the dwellings of the righteous: where eight days past was mourning, lamentation, and woe. Every social repast was embittered, and we literally mingled our drink with our tears. Could you from the bed of sickness have cast your eyes on the Congregation, the first sabbath in the month, and beheld the solemn assembly! distress in every face, keen anguish in every heart, while streams of tears bedewed the place; your generous soul would have been willing to have tarried awhile absent from your Lord to return to comfort those mourners in Sion. Surely these Christians do love one another! And surely they do love, not in word only, the man to whom under God they are all indebted.

The tidings of your recovery was received in general with melting gratitude, with joyous tears. I hope both the affliction and mercy will have the intended effect, and be a means of stirring up those that are at ease in Sion, and of encouraging her earnest mourners.

My worthy brother G. shewed such unfeigned sorrow, and poured out such fervent prayer, that you must love him better and better for it. O Sir, what a week of suspense and anguish had I! You will not surely blame me that I could not give you up; that my prayers helped to detain you in the vale below. Forgive your weeping friends if they have brought you back from the skies: surely in the end you will be amply recompensed! O yes! being longer employed in the work of faith, and labour of love, your crown will be the brighter.

P. G. who has been long in darkness, received a manifestation of divine love with the news of your recovery. She found an uncommon power to intercede for your life, and after prayer, opened on these words, "Epaphroditus was sick nigh unto death: but God had mercy on him, and not on him only; but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow. And being told you were better, the following

words came to her mind, They shall be to me a people, and I will be to them a God." Accept of this small token of duty and love from, Rev. Sir, your obliged and affectionate,

J. T.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXVII.

[From Miss P. B. to the same.]

Hoxton, July 8, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

I Cannot refrain from this testimony of joy on your account; and yet I am not sure, whether my overflowing gratitude will sufficiently justify my addressing you at a time when you will most likely receive more warm congratulations, than it may suit your convenience to attend to. But I have been favoured with too many proofs of your goodness, to think you will quite overlook my small tribute of congratulation.

The anxious suspense in which we were so long kept, was, I hope, an universal blessing; as it was a time of self-examination and prayer. Every one mourned as if they had lost their great earthly good; and yet it did not seem a selfish sorrow: "We mourned for millions:" for souls yet unconverted; for children yet unborn.

For my own part, I saw no human possibility on which to ground any hope of your recovery; and yet I could not help pleading the promises of your future success. But now you are, I hope, restored, we shall honour you more than ever, for your work's sake. And I hope it will be the universal strife, who shall best improve by your future ministrations. May you increase in health and strength, and every blessing our gracious Master can bestow!

We are all greatly obliged to good Mr. B. for his care of you; and trust he will be rewarded in this life, as well as in the resurrection of the just.

O Sir,

O Sir, consider yourself! and consider your friends and children, and be content to guide the helm, without undertaking the laborious part, which others may do, though they may not be able to pilot the vessel.

I trust I am making some proficiency in the school of Christ. I desire to devote myself afresh to his service, in return for every instance of his mercy.

I remain, Rev. and dear Sir, your obliged and affectionate Friend,

P. B.



P O E T R Y.

B E D L A M.

—*Major Parcas Insane minori.*

[By the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald.]

WHERE proud *Augusta*, blest with long repose,
 Her ancient wall and ruinéd bulwark shows;
 Close by a verdant plain, with graceful height,
 A stately fabric rises to the sight.
 Yet though its parts all elegantly shine,
 And sweet proportion crowns the whole design,
 Though art, in strong expressive sculpture shown,
 Consummate art informs the breathing stone;
 Far other views than these within appear,
 And woe and horror dwell for ever here.
 For ever from the echoing roof rebounds
 A dreadful din of heterogeneous sounds;
 From this, from that, from every quarter rise
 Loud shouts, and sullen groans, and doleful cries;
 Heart-softening plaints demand the pitying tear,
 And peals of hideous laughter shock the ear.

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Thus,

Thus, when in some fair human form we find
The lusts all rampant, and the reason blind,
Grievèd we behold such beauty given in vain,
And nature's fairest work survey with pain.

Within the chambers which this dome contains,
In all her frantic forms distraction reigns ;
For when the sense from various objects brings,
Through organs crazèd, the images of things ;
Ideas, all extravagant and vain,
In endless swarms crowd in upon the brain :
The cheated reason true and false confounds,
And forms her notions from fantastical grounds.
Then, if the blood impetuous swells the veins,
And choler in the constitution reigns,
Outrageous fury straight inflames the soul,
Quick beats the pulse, and fierce the eye-balls roll ;
Rattling his chains the wretch all raving lies,
And roars, and foams ; and earth and heaven defies.

Not so, when gloomy the black bile prevails,
And lumpish phlegm the thickened mass congeals :
All lifeless then is the poor patient found,
And sits for ever moping on the ground ;
His active powers their uses all forego,
Nor senses, tongue, nor limbs their functions know :
In melancholy lost, the vital flame
Informs, and just informs the listless frame.

If brisk the circulating tides advance,
And nimble spirits through the fibres dance,
Then all the images delightful rise,
The tickled fancy sparkles through the eyes ;
The mortal, all to mirth and joy resignèd,
In every gesture shews his freakish mind ;
Frolic, and free, he laughs at fortune's power,
And plays ten thousand gambols in an hour.

Now

Now entering in, my muse, thy theme pursue,
And all the dome, and each apartment view.

Within this lonely lodge, in solemn port,
A shivering Monarch keeps his awful court,
And far and wide, as boundless thought can stray,
Extends a vain imaginary sway :
Utopian princes bow before his throne,
Lands unexisting his dominion own,
And airy realms, and regions in the moon.
The pride of dignity, the pomp of state,
The darling glories of the envied great,
Rise to his view, and in his fancy swell,
And guards and courtiers crowd his empty cell.
See how he walks majestic through the throng !
(Behind he trails his tattered robes along)
And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear delusion of his brain,
In this small spot expatiates unconfined,
Supreme of Monarchs, first of human kind.

Such joyful ecstasy as this possess
On some triumphal day great Cæsar's breast ;
Great Cæsar, scarce beneath the gods adorèd,
The world's proud victor, Rome's imperial lord.
With all his glories in their utmost height,
And all his power displayèd before his sight ;
Unnumberèd trophies grace the pompous train,
And captive kings indignant drag their chain.
With laurellèd ensigns glittering from afar,
His legions, glorious partners of the war,
His conquering legions march behind the golden car :
Whilst shouts on shouts from gatherèd nations rise,
And endless acclamations rend the skies.
For this to vex mankind with dire alarms,
Urging with rapid speed his restless arms.

From

From clime to clime the mighty madman flew,
 Nor tasted quiet, nor contentment knew;
 But spread wild ravage all the world abroad,
 The plague of nations, and the scourge of God.

Poor *Cloe*—whom yon little cell contains
 Of broken vows and faithless man complains:
 Her heaving bosom speaks her inward woe,
 Her tears in melancholy silence flow.
 Yet still her fond desires tumultuous rise,
 Melt her sad soul, and languish in her eyes;
 And form her wild ideas as they rove,
 To all the tender images of love;
 And still she soothes and feeds the flattering pain,
 False as he is, still, still she loves her swain,
 To hopeless passion yields her heart a prey;
 And sighs, and sings the live-long hours away.
 So mourns the imprison'd lark his hapless fate,
 In love's soft passion ravish'd from his mate,
 Fondly fatigues his unavailing rage,
 And hops and flutters round and round his cage,
 And moans and drops, with pining grief oppress'd,
 Whiſt sweet complainings warble from his breast.

Lo! here a wretch to avarice resign'd,
 'Midst gather'd scraps, and shreds, and rags confin'd;
 His riches these—for these he rakes and spares,
 These rack his bosom, these engross his cares;
 O'er these he broods, for ever void of rest,
 And hugs the sneaking passion of his breast.
 See, from himself the sordid niggard steals,
 Reserves large scantlings from his slender meals;
 Scarce to his bowels half their due affords,
 And starves his carcase to increase his hoards,
 Till to huge heaps the treasur'd offals swell,
 And stink in every corner of his cell.

And

And thus with wond'rous wisdom he purveys
 Against contingent want and rainy days ;
 And scorns the fools that dread not to be poor,
 But eat their morsel, and enjoy their store,

Behold a sage ! immerféd in thought profound :
 For science he, for various skill renownéd.
 At no mean end his speculations aim,
 (Vile pelf he scorns, nor covets empty fame)
 The public good, the welfare of mankind
 Employ the gen'rous labour of his mind.
 For this his rich imagination teems
 With rare inventions, and important schemes ;
 All day his close attention he applies,
 Nor gives he midnight slumber to his eyes ;
 Content if this his toilsome studies crown,
 And for the world's repose neglects his own.
 All nature's secret causes he explores,
 The laws of motion, and mechanic powers :
 Hence e'en the elements his art obey,
 O'er earth and fire, he spreads his wondrous sway,
 And through the liquid sky, and o'er the watery way.
 Hence ever pregnant with some vast design,
 He drains the moorland, or he sinks the mine,
 Or levels lofty mountains to the plain,
 Or stops the roaring torrents of the main ;
 Forcéd up by fire he bids the waters rise,
 And points his course revertèd to the skies.
 His ready fancy still supplies the means,
 Forges his tools and fixes his machines,
 Erects his sluices, and his mounds sustains,
 And whirls perpetual wind-mills in his brains.
 All problems has his lively thought subduéd,
 Measurèd the stars, and found the longitude,

And

And squaréd the circle, and the tides explainéd:
 The grand arcanum once he had attainéd,
 Had quite attainéd, but that a pipkin broke,
 And all his golden hopes expired in smoke.
 And once, his soul inflaméd with patriot zeal,
 A scheme he finishéd for his country's weal.
 This, in a private conference made known,
 A statesman stole, and uséd it as his own,
 And then, O baseness! the deceit to blind,
 Our poor projector in this goal confinéd.

The muse forbears to visit evéry cell,
 Each form, each object of distress to tell;
 To shew the fopling, curious in his dress,
 Gayly trickéd out in gaudy raggedness:
 The Poet ever wrapt in glorious dreams
 Of pagan gods, and Heleconian streams:
 The wild enthusiast, that despairing sees
 Predestinéd wrath, and heaven's severe decrees:
 Through these, through more sad scenes, she grieves to go,
 And paint the whole variety of woe.

Mean time, on these reflect with kind concern,
 And hence this just, this useful lesson learn:
 If strong desires thy reasoning powers control;
 If arbitrary passions sway thy soul;
 If pride, if envy, if the lust of gain,
 If wild ambition in thy bosom reign,
 Alas! thou vaunt'st thy sober sense in vain.
 In these poor Bedlamites thyself survey,
 Thyself less innocently mad than they.

 E R R A T A .

Page 477, Title r. Witchcraft. Page 490. f. 16,00cl. r. 16,000.



MR. PAUL HARDCASTLE

Aetatis 30.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1787.



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

[Continued from page 510.]

Of the Freedom of the Will of Man,

C H A P. I.

FOR the due stating of this Question concerning Liberty,
let it be noted,

(1.) That the state of man, in this world, is a state of trial;
as will be evident,

1st. From all those places in which God is said to exercise
his dispensations towards his people, to *prove them whether they
would walk in his ways, or not*: as in those words, *I will rain
bread from heaven, to prove them whether they will walk in my
ways, or not*, Exod. xvi. 4. i. e. whether the constant provisions
I make for them, will induce them to continue steadfast in my

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service.

service. When they were terrified at the dreadful sights, and the voice they heard at the giving of the law, *Moses* speaks to them thus, *Fear not, for God is come to prove you*, chap. xx. 20. (i. e. to try whether you will be true to the promises made, chap. xix. 8. viz. *all that the Lord hath spoken we will do*) and that his fear may be before your faces that you sin not.

2dly. From all those places in which God is said to try men. Thus *St. Paul* speaks of the trial of mens work by fire, 1 Cor. iii. 13. of the trial of the *Macedonians* by afflictions, 2 Cor. viii. 7. *St. James* saith, that the trial of our faith, by temptations, worketh patience, chap. i. 3. *St. Peter*, that the trial of our faith, (by manifold temptations, if we continue stedfast in it) will be found to our praise, honour and glory at the appearing of *Jesus Christ*, 1 Pet. i. 7.

3dly. From all the promises and threats recorded in the Scripture, to engage all men to repent and turn to God; for no such thing can reasonably be offered to them who are already in a fixed state either of happiness or misery; and it is contrary even to the nature of those motives to be offered to them, who neither can be induced by the hopes of promises, or fears of sufferings, to change their present state.

4thly. From all the exhortations of the holy Scripture to men, to watch and pray that they enter not into temptation, and to pray that they may not be led into temptation, from the supposition that men in the time of temptation may fall away, Luke viii. 13. and that Satan may so tempt good christians, that the labour of the *Apostles* may be in vain among them, 1 Thess. iii. 5.

5thly. This will be evident from the temptations of Satan, who goes about continually seeking whom he may devour; for to what end should he tempt, that is, endeavour to destroy them, if he knows he never can succeed in his temptations to destroy the *Elect*; and as for others, who are left by God infallibly to fail of salvation, he need not do it, since God himself, according to this doctrine, hath done that work effectually

effectually to his hand? To what end should he strive to hinder the progress of the gospel, seeing, according to this doctrine, it must have its effect upon the Elect infallibly, and upon others it can only be a *favour unto death*, and an aggravation of their condemnation? To what end should he go about to hinder the conversion of any man? Must he not know his labour will be certainly in vain where this is wrought by a divine unfrustrable operation? and is as needless where God hath decreed not to vouchsafe that operation? Now hence it follows,

(2.) That the liberty belonging to this question, is only that of a lapsed man in a state of trial, whether he hath a freedom to chuse life or death, to answer or reject the calls of God, to do by the assistance of grace, what is spiritually good, as well as evil; or whether he be determined to one. This liberty is indeed no perfection of human nature; for it supposes us imperfect; as being subject to fall by temptation, and when we are advanced to *the spirits of just men made perfect*, will be done away; but yet it is a freedom absolutely requisite, to render us capable of trial or probation, and to render our actions worthy of praise or dispraise, and our persons of rewards or punishments; nor is this liberty essential to man as man, but only necessary to man placed in a state of trial. And therefore vain are the ensuing arguments.

1st. That God is a free Agent, and yet can have no freedom to do evil; since he is in no state of trial, nor can he be *tempted to do evil*. Or 2dly, That the confirmed angels have not lost their freedom though they cannot sin; for if there was a time when they were not confirmed in goodness, they have lost that liberty, *ad utrumvis*, they then had; and being thus confirmed they are not in a state of trial, nor under any temptation to do evil. Or 3dly, That the devils and damned spirits lie under a necessity of doing evil, and yet do it voluntarily, their state of trial being past, and they having no farther offers of grace; and so no motive to do good.

And hence ariseth a necessity of saying,

(3.) 1st. That the freedom of the will, in this state of trial, cannot consist with a determination to one, viz. on the one hand in a determination to good only by the efficacy of divine grace infallibly inducing to that operation, so that he cannot fail of acting; seeing this determining operation puts him out of a state of trial, and makes him equal, when this divine impulse comes upon him, to the state of angels; since he who must do what the divine impulse doth incite him to do, is as much determined to one as they are.

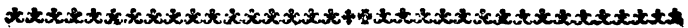
Nor can this liberty consist with the contrary determination to one, viz. with an incapacity in man, to do good, but evil only; for then man, in this state of trial, must be reduced to the condition of the devil, and of damned spirits, who though they are not determined to evil actions in particular, are yet determined to do evil in the general, and not good. This, indeed, some suppose he is by being given up to a judicial blindness, or by a customary habit of iniquity; but this doth rather prove the contrary, as being not the natural, but the acquired state of fallen man, it is the consequent of a course of sin, to which he never was determined, and which he never can lie under without abusing of that grace which was sufficient to prevent it. Moreover though these things render it exceeding difficult for such men to do good, they do not render it impossible, though they give men a strong bent to what is evil, yet do they not determine him to do it, as is evident from God's applications to such men to reform and hearken to his exhortations, as when he saith, Isa. xlii. 18, *Hear ye deaf, and look ye blind that ye may see,* and to *Jerusalem accustomed to do evil,* Jer. xlii. 23, *Will thou not be made clean, when shall it once be?* ver. 27. When he sends his Prophet to the impudent and hard-hearted house of Israel which would not hearken to him, saying, *Go and speak unto them, whether they will hear or forbear.* Ezek. iii. 7. 11. From the calls of Christ to the obdurate Jews who had eyes to see, and saw not, &c. Matt. xiii. 12. For unto them he saith,
These

These things I say unto you that ye mig't be saved; and again, While ye have the light believe in the light, that ye may be the children of the light: and lastly, From St. Paul's desire and prayer for Israel when blinded, and lying under a spiritual slumber, that they might be saved, Rom. x. 1, and his endeavour to save some of them, chap. xi. 14. And if such persons are not determined only to do evil, or incapacitated to do good, much less can this be the sad state of fallen man in general, before he hath contracted these additional indispositions to do good, and inclinations to do evil. This will be farther evident, as to both parts, from this consideration, that it is generally owned that the actions of the understanding, or the mind, deserve neither praise nor dispraise, reward or punishment as they proceed purely from the mind, but only as they result, *ab imperio voluntatis*, and come under the power of the will, or that they deserve praise or dispraise, not as he understands, but as he wills to understand; of which the reason can be only this, that as they proceed from the understanding they are necessary; for when evidence is propounded and discerned, the mind doth necessarily assent unto it. If therefore in like manner when God unfrustrably moves the will, it cannot but consent, why should that action be more praise-worthy than the assent of the mind to what is evident? And as it is not culpable in the mind not to assent where it hath no evidence; nor can it properly be said to do so, because it is only real or seeming evidence which causeth that assent; so if it be only this unfrustrable operation on the will which causeth it to repent and turn to God, and it cannot will to do so without this powerful motion, but must refuse all invitations or inducements so to do, which do not come attended with that operation, when that is not vouchsafed, why should it not be as unblameable in not chusing to repent and turn to God, as the mind is in not assenting without evidence; seeing this operation is as necessary to that choice of the will, as evidence of truth is to the assent of the mind? Why also is it not as unblameable in refusing to repent

without

without that operation, as the mind is in refusing to assent without evidence? For if necessity in the mind, though it be not extrinſical, or that of co-action, (of which both will and mind are equally incapable) takes away from its actions praise or diſpraise, and renders them incapable of either of them, why should not an extrinſical necessity laid upon the will do the same? Add to this, that those School-men, who assert that the will may be free where the act is necessary, do yet confess that in that case the will cannot be *deliberans*; whereas, it is certain, that the liberty of man in this state of trial and temptation must be deliberative, if it doth chuse, there being no election without deliberation. And hence in order to the performance of his duty, God requires him to ponder and consider, to bring again to mind, and lay to heart his sayings, proposes motives and inducements to him so to do, and promises and threats to excite him to it by his hopes and fears; whereas no promises are made to the confirmed angels, no motives offered to engage them to chuse the good, no evils are threatened to the devils or the damned spirits to deter them from doing evil.

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XLII.

On ECCLESIASTES vii. 10.

Say not thou, What is the cause, that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.

1. **I**T is not easy to discern any connection between this text and the context; between these words, and either those that go before, or those that follow after. It seems to be a detached, independent sentence, like very many in the *Proverbs* of *Solomon*. And like them, it contains a weighty truth, which

which deserves a serious consideration. Is not the purport of the question this? It is not wise, to enquire into the cause of a supposition, unless the supposition itself be not only true, but clearly proved so to be. Therefore it is not wise to enquire into the cause of this supposition, That *the former days were better than these*: because, common as it is, it was never yet proved, nor indeed ever can be.

2. Perhaps there are few suppositions which have passed more currently in the world than this, That the former days were better than these; and that in several respects. It is generally supposed, that we now live in the dregs of time, when the world is as it were grown old, and consequently, that every thing therein is in a declining state. It is supposed, in particular, that men were some ages ago, of a far taller stature than now; that they likewise had far greater abilities, and enjoyed a deeper and stronger understanding: in consequence of which their writings of every kind, are far preferable to those of later times. Above all, it is supposed, that the former generations of men excelled the present in virtue: that mankind in every age, and in every nation have degenerated more and more: so that at length they have fallen from the golden, into the iron age, and now justice is fled from the earth.

3. Before we consider the truth of these suppositions, let us enquire into the rise of them. And as to the general supposition. That the world was once in a far more excellent state than it is, may we not easily believe, that this arose (as did all the fabulous accounts of the golden age) from some confused traditions concerning our first parents and their paradisiacal state? To this refer many of the fragments of ancient writings, which men of learning have gleaned up. Therefore we may allow, that there is some truth in the supposition: seeing it is certain, the days which *Adam* and *Eve* spent in Paradise, were far better than any, which have
been

been spent by their descendents or ever will be, till Christ returns to reign upon earth.

4. But whence could that supposition arise, That men were formerly of a larger stature than they are now? This has been a generally prevailing opinion, almost in all nations and in all ages. Hence near two thousand years ago, the well-known line of *Virgil*,

Qualia nunc hominum product corpora tellus.

Hence near two thousand years before him, *Homer* tells us of one of his Heroes throwing a stone, which hardly ten men could lift, 'Ὅμοι οὖν ἄνθρωποι' *Such as men are now.* We allow indeed there have been giants in all ages, in various parts of the world. Whether the Antediluvians mentioned in *Genesis* were such or no, (which many have questioned) we cannot doubt but *Og* the King of *Basan* was such, as well as *Goliath* of *Gath*. Such also were many of the children (or descendents) of *Anak*. But it does not appear, that in any age or nation men in general were larger than they are now. We are very sure, they were not for many centuries past, by the tombs and coffins that have been discovered, which are exactly of the same size, with those that are now in use. And in the Catacombs at *Rome*, the niches for the dead bodies which were hewn in the rock sixteen hundred years ago, are none of them above six feet in length, and some a little under. Above all, the Pyramids of *Egypt* (that of King *Cheops* in particular) have beyond all reasonable doubt remained, at least three thousand years. Yet none of the Mummies (embalmed bodies) brought therefrom, are above five feet ten inches long.

5. But how then came this supposition to prevail so long and so generally in the world? I know not but it may be recounted for from hence. Great and little are relative terms, and all men judge of greatness and littleness, by comparing things

things with themselves. Therefore it is not strange, if we think men are larger now, than they were when we were children. I remember a remarkable instance of this, in my own case. After having left it seven years, I had a great desire to see the school where I was brought up. When I was there, I wondered that the boys were so much smaller than they used to be when I was at school. "Many of my school-fellows ten years ago, were taller by the head than me. And few of them that are at school now, reach up to my shoulders." Very true; but what was the reason of this? Indeed a very plain one: it was not because they were smaller, but because I was bigger than I was ten years before. I verily believe this is the cause, why men in general suppose the human race do decrease in stature. They remember the time when most of those round about them were both taller and bigger than themselves. Yea and all men have done the same, in their successive generations. Is it any wonder then, that all should have run into the same mistake? When it has been transmitted unawares from father to son, and probably will be, to the end of time.

6. But there is likewise a general supposition, that the understanding of man, and all his mental abilities, were of a larger size in the ancient days than they are now: and the ancient inhabitants of the earth had far greater talents than the present. Men of eminent learning have been of this mind, and have contended for it with the utmost vehemence. It is granted, that many of the ancient Writers, both Philosophers, Poets and Historians, will not easily be excelled, if equalled; by those of later ages. We may instance in *Homer* and *Virgil*, as Poets, *Thucydides* and *Livy* as Historians. But, this, mean time is to be remarked, concerning most of these Writers, that each of them spent his whole life in composing and polishing one book. What wonder then if they were exquisitely finished, when so much labour was bestowed upon them? I doubt, whether any man in *Europe* or in the world,

has taken so much pains in finishing any Treatise. Otherwise it might possibly have equalled, if not excelled, any that went before.

7. But that the generality of men, were not one jot wiser in ancient times, than they are at the present time, we may easily gather from the most authentic records. One of the most antient Nations, concerning whom we have any certain account is the *Egyptian*. And what conception can we have of their understanding and learning, when we reflect upon the objects of their Worship? These were not only the vilest of Animals, as Dogs and Cats; but the leeks and onions that grew in their own gardens. I knew a great man, (whose manner was to treat with the foulest abuse, all that dared to differ from him: I do not mean Dr. *Johnson*: he was a mere Courtier, compared to Mr. *Hutchinson*) who scurrilously abused all those who are so void of common sense as to believe any such thing concerning them. He peremptorily affirms, (but without condescending to give us any proof,) That the ancient inhabitants of *Egypt*, had a deep hidden meaning in all this. Let him believe it who can. I cannot believe it, on any man's bare assertion. I believe they had no deeper meaning in worshipping Cats, than our school-boys have in baiting them. And I apprehend, the common *Egyptians* were just as wise three thousand years ago, as the common Ploughmen in *England*, and *Wales* are at this day. I suppose their natural understanding, like their stature, was on a level with ours, and their learning, their acquired knowledge many degrees inferior, to that of persons of the same rank, either in *France*, *Holland* or *Germany*.

8. "However, did not the people of former times, greatly excel us in virtue? This is the point of greatest importance: the rest are but trifles in comparison of it. Now is it not universally allowed, that every age grows worse and worse?

Was

Was it not observed by the old Heathen Poet, almost two thousand years ago,

*Ætas parentum, pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, jam duros
Progeniem vitiosorem.*

That is, in plain prose, "The age of our Parents was more vicious than that of Grandfathers. Our Age is more vicious than that of our Fathers. We are worse than our Fathers were, and our Children will be worse than us."

9. It is certain, this has been the common cry, from generation to generation. And if it is not true, whence should it arise? How can we account for it? Perhaps another remark of the same Poet may help us to an answer. May it not be extracted from the general character which he gives of old men?

*Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puerō, censor, castigatōq; minorum.*

Is it not the common practice of the old men, to praise the past, and condemn the present time? And this may probably operate much farther, than one would at first imagine. When those that have more experience than us, and therefore, we are apt to think more wisdom, are almost continually harping upon this, the degeneracy of the world; those who are accustomed from their infancy to hear, how much better the world was formerly than it is now. (And so it really seemed to them, when they were young, and just come into the world, and when the cheerfulness of youth gave a pleasing air, to all that was round about them.) The idea of the world's being worse and worse, would naturally grow up with them. And so it would be, till we, in our turn, grew peevish, fretful, discontented, and full of melancholy complaints, "How wicked the world is grown!" How much better it was, when we were young, in the golden days that we can remember!

10. But let us endeavour, without prejudice or prepossession, to take a view of the whole affair. And upon cool and impartial consideration, it will appear that the former days were not better than these: yea, on the contrary, that these are in many respects, beyond comparison better than them. It will clearly appear, that as the stature of men was nearly the same from the beginning of the world, so the understanding of men, in similar circumstances, has been much the same, from the time of God's bringing a flood upon the earth, unto the present hour. We have no reason to believe that the uncivilized nations of *Africa*, *America*, or the *South-Sea Islands*, had ever a better understanding, or were in a less barbarous state than they are now. Neither on the other hand, have we any sufficient proof, that the natural understanding of men in the most civilized countries, *Babylon*, *Persia*, *Greece* or *Italy*, were stronger or more improved, than those of the *Germans*, *French* or *English* now alive. Nay, have we not reason to believe, that by means of better instruments we have attained that knowledge of nature, which few, if any of the Ancients ever attained. So that in this respect, the advantage, (and not a little one) is clearly on our side: and we ought to acknowledge with deep thankfulness to the Giver of every good gift, That the former days were not to be compared to these wherein we live.

[To be concluded.]

An Account of Mr. *SILAS TOLD*.

[Continued from page 518.]

WHEN I first was admitted into *Colson's Hospital*, my parting with a tender-hearted nurse, brought me under much distress of mind. Yet I constantly found the Spirit of God working powerfully upon me; nor could I ever find peace

peace but when meditating on things divine. My thoughts, when at prayers in the school three times every day, were carried up into heaven, with the most ardent desire; and when we assembled in the College Church, which we did every Sabbath-day, the service there was to me a heaven upon earth. Here I drank deep into the happiness of the adorable Jesus, and that without interruption, till I arrived at the age of ten years, by which time I had made some proficiency in learning, and was approved of by the Minister, who came twice a week to instruct us in religious principles; so that in a short time I was entitled a Monitor. I then began to read pious books, especially the Pilgrim's Progress. This set me on fire for God, and wrought in me the utmost horror of taking the Lord's name in vain, or of telling a lie; and as there were a few lads in the same Order with myself, that were piously inclined, we often read the Pilgrim's Progress together. One Lord's-day in particular, being at the College Church, the Rev. Mr. Sutton preached a very alarming discourse. Many of our boys were deeply affected by the sermon, so that when we came home, several of us entered into an agreement to pinch the tongue of him that told a lie, or that mentioned the Lord's name in an irreverent way.

When I was about twelve years of age I was more acquainted with divine things; but not with myself as a sinner. Sitting one day in my order, and reading the Pilgrim's Progress, I suddenly laid down the book, leaned my right elbow on my knee, with my hand supporting my head, and meditated in the most solemn manner, on the awfulness of eternity. Suddenly I seemed to be struck with a hand on the top of my head, which affected my whole frame; the blow was immediately followed by a voice which said, "Dark! dark! dark!" and although it alarmed me prodigiously, yet, upon my recovery from so sudden a motion, I found myself broad awake in a world of sin. Notwithstanding all my former happiness, nothing could now give me satisfaction; nor could I ever rest

yet satisfied about my salvation, as temptation from the world, the flesh and the devil, were ever besetting me.

One day, the boys being permitted to go to visit their friends, I obtained permission likewise, although I had no relation or friend in the City. However, several of the boys accompanied me to a river, called Broad-Stony, near the City, for the purpose of learning to swim; and, as I was strongly desirous of learning it, several of the smaller boys, with myself, went into a pond adjoining to that river. I ventured beyond the others; but in attempting to swim, struck out of my depth, and was for some time struggling for life. My companions, who sat upon the bank on the other side, imagined I was taking my pastime, and had no conceptions that I was on the verge of being drowned, till they perceived that I sunk, and they could see me no more. At this they were all in the utmost consternation, not knowing what to do; but descrying some haymakers at the farther end of the meadow, they ran with all possible haste, and informed them that a boy was drowned. Providentially there was a Dutchman among the haymakers, who, upon hearing it, threw down his hay-fork, ran to the river-side, enquired where I was perceived to sink, and jumped in without pulling off any of his clothes. He groped about for a considerable time, but I could not be found, as I had shot a great distance from the spot where I sunk. I was now given up for lost; but as the Dutchman was swimming to the bank where a willow-bush grew out, in order to haul himself out of the pond, he felt about with one of his legs just before he came to the bank, and as my head was covered in the mud, with my heels upright, he struck his foot against mine, and joyfully gave the signal that I was found. He went down, brought me up, and landed me on the bank; but not the least signs of life were discernible in me. He held me with my heels upwards for some minutes, and then concluded my life was gone; yet it came into his mind to try another method. Accordingly he swam across the river, and went to a small Alc-house.

Ale-house. He got from thence a quartern of brandy, and swam over the river back again into the meadow, holding up the brandy in one hand, and swimming with the other. My jaws were firmly set together, nor was there any motion or breath to be perceived; yet he put some brandy into his mouth, forced my jaws open, and blew repeatedly half a quartern of spirits down my throat. He also blew some up my nostrils, and into my ears, and in about three quarters of an hour my left-eye flew open, and I gave a loud shriek. They then carried me to *Baptist-Mills*, where, in about four hours, I recovered my senses.

I was then conveyed home to the school, but with an excruciating pain, equal to the being cut through in the middle of my body; nor was I quite free therefrom for several years together; neither do I remember a single twelvemonth, for a dozen years, but this pain produced two, three, or more fits of sickness, and many of them brought me near the grave. When I went to school, Mr. *Samuel Gardner*, the principal master, having been informed of the circumstance, punished me severely, as a strict charge had been delivered by him that none of us should go near the water, one of his scholars having been drowned some time ago.

What I am now about to relate, may appear incredible: but I shall simply tell what I saw and felt. Although I was deprived of my natural senses, yet my spirit was permitted by God both to behold and experience that which, I believe, few in the body ever did. My entrance into this blissful scene, as it appeared to me, was, that I rushingly emerged out of thick darkness into a most glorious city; the lustre of which as far outshone the noon-day sun, as the brightness of this transcends the rays of the moon. This empyreal light illuminated even the darkness, through which I seemed to urge my way, and though we cannot retain a steadfast eye upon the sun, in his meridian splendor, yet I found no impediment in looking with a rapturous ardency on this heavenly flame. There

There was also some resemblance of a bottom, or floor, like glass, but neither the city nor bottom were of any substance. The inhabitants were all in the form of men, arrayed in robes of the finest quality, from their necks down to their feet; yet they also appeared to me of no material substance. What particularly I observed was, that not one of these celestial bodies were under any degree of labour to walk; they all glided swiftly along, as if carried by the wind. This was my own case, clothed in the finest of linen, and conveyed with the like celerity. No speech or language was needful there, as they were all one soul. The solemn, sacred joy, and uninterrupted peace, I then possessed, all language fails me to point out: I had no imagination of evil, or any temptation thereto, but was completely happy.

While those blessed spirits were performing their aërial course, one of them about fifty yards off, turned round, and looked stedfastly at me. We both suddenly stoop, and the extacies which proceeded from his countenance, united us together as one. Oh! who can express the sweet, pleasant, and serene tranquility I then enjoyed! But, on a sudden, I lost all sense of this, and clearly apprehended my being brought again into a sinful world; the coming into which was as through a devouring ocean of blood and fire.

[*To be continued.*]

A Short Account of MARTHA BREWTON.

[*Concluded from page 520.*]

MONDAY 30. Being the day she took her flight to the city of God, The great red dragon made his last effort to overthrow her: at the same time her bodily pain became almost insupportable. Her aunt going into her room just then, she said, "I am in great misery: send for the Doctor." She

She also desired that her grand uncle might be sent for. This was the only conflict worth recording, which she had to endure from the time she found the love of Jesus, till her death. And though it was severe, it was but of short duration, and rather helped to confirm her holy soul in the truth, by making way for a glorious manifestation of her Redeemer's love. For before her uncle arrived, her everlasting friend rebuked her pain, and the tempter too; so that in a kind of triumph she said to her aunt, (who is one of our Society) "*Kitty! Kitty!* the scene is greatly altered: Jesus has appeared, and sweetened every pain!"

When her uncle entered the room, she desired him to pray; but he excused himself, saying, I have a pain in my breast. "No matter, then said she, Jesus is praying."

Soon after she called her mother, and told her with joy, that the time of her departure was at hand: requesting, at the same time, that she might not forget what she said to her, respecting her eternal state. As her mother wept, at the thought of losing her so soon, she said, "It ought to be matter of joy to you, and not of grief; for while you are mourning over this sorrowful bed, I shall be singing praises above."

When her uncle told her of the blessed company she should have by and by, she said, "What would they all signify if Jesus was not present!"

And now being near her journey's end, and standing upon the verge of eternity, she was eager to bring those who remained along with her; or at least, to shew them how they might obtain the same grace, and share in the glory she was entering upon. Therefore she sent for a little Popish boy who used to come to the preaching, and who had some good impressions made on his mind by hearing the word, and was much persecuted at home for coming. Seeing his danger, and the difficulties he had to encounter, she wished she

could take him with her; and charged him to attend the preaching, &c.

To her mother's brother she gave the same advice; desiring him likewise to mind what his uncle said.

To her grand aunt she said, "You are not very wicked; but you must not trust to your prayers; for nothing short of an interest in Christ, such as I have, will avail you any thing: without this you will be found but a whitened wall."

To the nurse she said, "*Molly! Molly!* you have been an old sinner." On her signifying that she wished to be better, she replied, "Come now! Come just as you are! Christ is as able to save you now, as at any other time. Do not put it off any longer, as the Lord may suddenly summon you away, as he has done me."

About an hour before she died, she said, "If I had the tongue of *Michael* the archangel, I could not tell what the Lord has done for me!"

Her last words were, "All comfort! More comfort! Sweet Jesus!" Then, with her lovely eyes stedfastly looking up to heaven, and a countenance that expressed the heaven she felt within, she sweetly fell asleep in the Lord, about seven o'clock that night, aged eighteen years, and about one month.

As to her person, she was indeed a beautiful flower to look upon. For her form was elegant, and her countenance very comely: and she bid fair to flourish long in this vale below; but the Friend of sinners, in mercy called her away betimes, to share in the joys of beatified spirits above; where, being freed from all the storms of life, she shall flourish in perpetual bloom!

From what I can learn, the place where she lay was filled, in a peculiar manner, with the divine presence. Her uncle informed me, that he could scarce go near her bed, without feeling the power of God: and I believe others felt it in like manner. The relation of her happy death has been made a blessing to my own soul; so also has the writing of this
account

account. Therefore, from the ground of my heart, I say, O my God! let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers!

M. J.



An Account of SARAH WRIGHT: written in the year 1647.

[Concluded from page 525.]

PRÉSENTLY after, her hearing was restored, when her mother informed her that her brother, Mr. *Jonathan Vaughan* (whom she had by a former husband, and who was then student at All Souls College, *Oxford*) was come to see her. Him she called her *Joseph*, and said, "My eyes have seen my heavenly *Joseph*, and why should I not see my earthly *Joseph*? The Lord hath opened my spiritual eyes; and why should I not believe he will open my bodily eyes?" She then called for water, and having washed her eyes, she saw her brother, and took him by the hand, and told him what great things Christ had done for her. "I was, said she, on the very brink of hell; but Jesus Christ pulled me back, and how can I but love him! O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doth for the children of men! Jesus Christ our High-Priest, was made like us that he might sympathize with us. Bless the Lord, O my soul! who forgiveth all thine iniquity, and healeth all thy infirmity. In my misery, my flesh and my bones pined and consumed away, and I was near to death; but the Lord hath magnified his mercy in saving the vilest creature that ever lived."

From the tenth of June (at which time she was very weak, yet very happy) she had promises of restoration applied to her. The first was, With long life will I satisfy him. This she thought was meant of eternal life in glory, and earnestly desired to depart and to be with Christ: but afterwards the

Lord broke in upon her soul in such a glorious manner as constrained her to cry, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Upon which the words spoken to St. *Paul*, Acts xxii. 10, were applied to her. And as the Lord raised her soul from the lowest hell, she was enabled to believe he would raise her body also, that she might be a witness of the grace of God. She had many passages of Scripture brought to her mind, which confirmed her in the belief of her being raised again. One of them was, Mark v. 41, *Damsel, I say unto thee arise.* And as that damsel arose at the command of Jesus, she was fully convinced it should be so with her; but it being night she did not attempt it till the morning, when she told her mother what sweet refreshings she had in the night, and what Scriptures were applied to her; and that she believed they were promises of bodily restoration.

She now desired something to eat; and when she was asked what she chose, she said, "A broiled fish." Her mother thought it strange, she should ask for fish, as she had not taken the least food for seventy-five days: whereby the Lord shewed, that even literally man does not live by bread alone: and as she had been preserved during her deep distress without eating, so her drink was exceeding little; being nothing but water, of which she took two or three little cups in three or four days, and sometimes she took none for five days together. Fish being got and broiled, she eat of it, and said, "I eat it because Jesus Christ hath sweetened it." Having eaten and blessed the Lord, and not finding the least distemper or inconvenience through it, she called for her clothes, which being given her, she put them on, and arose and stood on her feet! Thus the Lord restored her by faith in Jesus Christ.

From that time, though weak, she daily rose from bed, and fat up. She desired that those who had sought the Lord for her by prayer, might now praise and magnify him with her.

June

June 26th was appointed for a day of thanksgiving; the day before which, the Lord who had caused her to arise and eat, also enabled her to walk. The following passages were applied to her the morning she received strength to walk, *Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk*, John v. 8. *And when he had spoken unto me, I was strengthened, and I said, Let my Lord speak; for thou hast strengthened me.* Dan. x. 12. She believed it was for her. And as *Daniel* was immediately strengthened, so was she. She then opened and dressed her head, which she had not been able to do for four-score days before.

The appointed day of thanksgiving being come, and many Ministers and godly people being met, she walked down from an upper, to a middle chamber, the place prepared for the duty. When the occasion of the meeting was declared, many of the most remarkable passages of God's providence were related in such a manner as was calculated to exalt the riches of his grace, and to edify all that were present. Praises were then rendered to the name of the Lord, who is exalted above all blessing and praise: and instructions, and exhortations were given to her upon whom he had magnified his mercy.

The preceding Narrative appeared strange to me, when I read the book from which it is extracted; but when I saw it attested by such a number of respectable witnesses, I could no longer doubt the truth of it: some of whom were Mr. *Thomas Goodwin*, Mr. *Barker*, Mr. *Lockyer*, Mr. *Palmer*, Mr. *Sprigge*, Mr. *Simpson*, and Mr. *Charnock*, who were all Ministers: and Dr. *Cox*, Dr. *Debate*, Dr. *Worsley*, and Dr. *Faget*, Physicians. That God may make it useful to every reader, especially to such as are going through the deep waters of sorrow, is the sincere prayer of their hearty Well-wisher,

J. P.

June 20, 1786.

An



An Account of the Death of FRANCIS SPIRA.

[Continued from page 529.]

THE next day he prayed with them in the Latin tongue, and that with strong affection. Blessed be God! said *Vergerius*, these are no signs of eternal reprobation.

I know, saith *Spira*, the mercies of God are infinite, and that they are effectual to all that believe; but this faith, and this hope is the gift of God. O that he would give it me! But it is as impossible, as to drink up the sea at a draught. You that are in a good state, think repentance and faith to be a work of great facility: and therefore you think it an easy matter to persuade men to believe; but this is the hell to me, my heart is hardened, I cannot believe.

Upon what ground, said they, do you conceive so ill an opinion of yourself?

I once, said he, knew God to be my Father, not only by creation, but by regeneration. I knew him by his beloved Son, the author and finisher of our salvation. I had a taste of his sweetness, peace, and comfort; now, I know God, not as a Father, but as an enemy: my heart hates God, and seeks to get above him. I have nothing else to fly to, but terror and despair.

You think, then, said they, that those that have the earnest and first fruits of God's spirit, may, notwithstanding fall away.

The judgments of God are a deep abyfs, said he. He that standeth, let him take heed lest he fall; as for myself, I know that I am fallen back, and that I once did know the truth. I know not what to say, but that I am one of that number which God hath threatened to tear in pieces.

Say

Say not so, answered they, for God may come, though at the last hour; keep hold therefore by hope.

I tell you, said he, I cannot. God hath deprived me of hope. This brings terror to my mind, and pines this body. God chasteneth his children with temporary afflictions, that they may come as gold out of the fire; but punishes the wicked with blindness in their understandings, and hardness of heart.

They came another day, and found him with his eyes shut, as if he had been drowsy; at which time there came in a grave man from *Citadella*, who demanded of *Spira*, if he knew him or not? He lifting up his eye-lids, and not suddenly remembering him, the man said to him, I am *Antonio Fontausie*: I was with you at *Venice*, eight weeks since, O cursed day, said *Spira*! O cursed day! O that I had never gone thither! Would to God I had then died!

Afterwards came in a Priest, called *Bernandius Sardonius*, bringing with him a book of exorcisms; whom, when *Spira* saw, shaking his head, with a deep sigh said, I am persuaded, indeed, that God hath left me to the power of devils: but such they are, as are not to be found in your litany; neither will they be cast out by spells.

The Priest proceeding in his intended purpose, with a strange and uncouth gesture, and with a loud voice, abjured the spirit to come in *Spira's* tongue, and to answer: *Spira* deriding his fruitless labour, with a sigh turned from him.

A Bishop being present, said to *Spira*, Brother, God hath put virtue into the word and sacraments, and we have used the one means, and we find not that effect which we desire; shall we try the efficacy of the sacraments? Surely if you take it, as a pure Christian ought to receive the body and blood of Christ, it will prove a sovereign medicine for your sick soul.

This I cannot do, answered he; for those that have no right to the promises, have no right to the seals. I received it about
a month

a month since; but I did not well in so doing, for I took it by constraint, and so I took it to my deeper condemnation.

Here *Vergerius* began to importune him earnestly to beware that he did not wilfully resist grace; charging him vehemently, by all the love that was between them, by the love that he bare to his children, yea to his own soul, that he would set himself seriously to return to that faith and hope which once he had in the death of Christ. *Spira* being somewhat moved, said, *Vergerius*, What should I hope? Why should I believe? God hath taken faith from me, shew me then whither I shall go; shew me a heaven whereunto I shall retire. You tell me of God's mercy, when as God hath cast me off. You tell me of Christ's intercession; I have denied him. You command me to believe; I say, I cannot. For God, as a punishment of my wickedness, hath taken away from me all his saving graces: if I could but conceive the least spark of hope of a better state hereafter, I would not refuse to endure the most heavy weight of the wrath of that great God, yea, for twenty thousand years, so that I might at length attain to the end of my misery. Who longs more to believe than I do? But all the ground-work of hope is gone!

What faith St. Paul to the Hebrews?—*It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they fall away, to be renewed to repentance.* What can be more plain against me? Is not that Scripture also, *If we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a looking for judgment.* The Scripture speaks of me; St. Paul means me; St. Peter tells me, *It had been better I had never known the way of righteousness, than after I had known it, to turn from the holy commandment.* It had been better I had not known, and yet then my condemnation had been most certain.

certain. Do you not see evidently that I have wilfully denied the known truth? I may justly expect, not only damnation, but worse, if worse may be imagined. God will have me undergo the just punishment of my sin, and make me an example of his wrath for your sakes.

The company present admired his discourse, so grievously accusing himself of his fore-past life; so gravely and wisely debating, concerning the judgments of God, that they then were convinced, it was not frenzy or madness, that had possessed him; and being, as it were, in admiration of his state, *Spira* proceeded again in this manner.

Take heed to yourselves, it is no light or easy matter to be a Christian; it is not Baptism, or reading of the Scriptures; or boasting of faith in Christ, (although even these are good) that can prove one to be an absolute Christian. You know what I said before, there must be a conformity in life. A Christian must be strong, unconquerable; not carrying an obscure profession, but resolute, expressing the image of Christ, and holding out against all oppositions to the last breath; he must give all diligence, by righteousness and holiness, to make his calling and election sure. Many they are that snatch at the promises in the gospel, as if they undoubtedly did belong to them, and yet remain sluggish and careless, and being flattered by the things of this present world, they pass on their course in quietness and security, as if they were the only happy men, whom, nevertheless, the Lord in his Providence hath ordained to eternal destruction, as you may see in the rich man mentioned by St. *Luke*. Thus it was with me; therefore take heed and learn wisdom by my example.

[*To be continued.*]

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

Of some Particular P L A N T S.

[Continued from page 330.]

OF all the productions of the vegetable kind, there is none more remarkable than the Aloe. It grows exceeding slowly. But this is afterwards compensated, by the bulk to which it arrives, the velocity with which it shoots, and the prodigious number of flowers it produces, which ordinarily amount to several thousands. It usually takes up three months, May, June, and July, from the first budding of the stem, to the finishing of the flowers. There are however exceptions to this rule. The Aloe in the garden of Cardinal *Farnese* at *Rome*, shot up in the space of one month, to the height of twenty-three feet. Another at *Madrid* grew ten feet in one night, and twenty-five more in the night following.

The progress of the *Venetian Aloe*, in the garden of Signior *Papatava*, was as follows. It began to shoot its stem on the 20th of May, which by the 19th of June, was risen four *Paduan* feet and an inch. On the 24th it had gained ten inches more, and on the 29th eight more, on which day it began to emit branches. On the 6th of July it had gained one foot one inch: on the 17th one foot eight inches more; on the 7th of August, one foot and a half. From that day to the 30th, it grew very slowly, but continued emitting branches and flowers. The trunk was at the bottom a foot thick; the branches were twenty-three in number. On the top of each was a knot or collection of flowers. On each of the first branches there were a hundred and twelve: on others a hundred and ten, and on others a hundred. They yielded little smell: but what was of it was agreeable:

When

When the tree has once flowered, it quickly dies, being quite exhausted by so copious a birth. They seldom flower till they are of a considerable age, when they are of a large size and a great height. As soon as the flower-stem begins to shoot from the middle of the plant, it draws all the nourishment from the leaves, so that as that advances, these decay. And when the flowers are fully blown, scarce any of the leaves remain alive. But whenever this happens, the old root sends forth a numerous quantity of off-sets for increase.

Perhaps there is scarce any plant in the creation which is of so general use. The wood of it is firm, and serves for fences, and for the use of the Carpenter. The leaves makes coverings for houses: the strings and fibres serve, in the room of hemp, flax and cotton. Of the prickles are made nails and awls, as also pins and needles. And from a large Aloe, when rightly tapped, may be drawn three or four hundred gallons of juice, which by distillation grows sweeter and thicker till it becomes sugar.

[*To be continued.*]

An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE III.

[*Continued from page 533.*]

(*Sophronius' speech to Sebastian continued.*)

I Am persuaded that infancy is the properest, if not the only time, for rigid chastisement. I suppose you can none of you remember any instance of corporal punishment from me; and yet such you have had; some of you with great severity: nor could you now acknowledge yourselves, in the true representations I could make, of your original empers and characters.

4 B 2

That

That which is the duty of parents and tutors to the infant, becomes his own duty, when he is ripened into a rational creature: it is the task assigned him in this probationary state, to cultivate the noble faculties, with which his nature is endowed; and to resist those propensities which rebel against reason.

Upon observing the early fruits of a careful management of my own children, I reflected how great a benefit it would be to my poor neighbours, to assist them in the education of their's: the time and attention of the labouring part of mankind are too much engaged in providing for the necessities of the body, to be able to do much towards the cultivation of the mind. I therefore thought of a scheme, which I imagined would prove a most useful charity, and at the same time be fruitful of many real advantages to myself.—It appeared to me that a private education, under the parents eye,—was preferable to public schools. I flattered myself with some prospect of success, in all this; and I thank God I have not been disappointed.

I spared no time or pains in seeking for a proper tutor; and proportioned his rewards to the services I expected from him, I made him my companion and friend; and the respect with which I treated him, inspired every one else with a still greater degree of it. I then invited some of my poor tenants to partake of the advantages I expected from my plan; and I dedicated a room in my own house to this purpose: where you may remember to have sometimes seen fifteen or twenty of your little innocent neighbours; who in that room, you know, were exactly upon the same footing with yourselves. The learned languages would have been of no service to my little farmers, and therefore at the hours set apart for that study, they were employed at home in their rural occupations; but writing, reading, arithmetic, some knowledge in mechanics, and physics, could not fail of being useful to them; and these served to open their minds, and free them from the old narrow prejudices,

prejudices, which have been so great an obstruction to all sorts of improvement: this was one main intention of my original scheme, and has, alone, amply secured to this charity its own reward; for my neighbours have for many years had great reason to envy my tenants: who have readily entered into all my experiments in husbandry, because they understood my meaning; could themselves discern the probability of the effects I expected from them; and could dextrously apply their hands, and their instruments, to any new purpose; and therefore were as little inclined to despair of the event, as to despise the attempt.

You know, I am Lord Chief Justice, or rather Lord Chancellor, throughout all my estate; by which means I have it in my power to save my Tenants from many expences, to compose their animosities, remove their jealousies, and promote their friendships. Here every one is ready to assist his neighbour in distress; self-love, and malice, are less prevalent in this Parish, than in many other places, because religion is better understood; for the first of all the duties of your preceptor, was to teach you religion as rationally as possible; to explain the foundation, connection, and use of virtue, and in what manner it conduces to happiness.

What I did for the male, your good mother did for the female part of the neighbourhood; we have ever gone hand in hand, and been a mutual support and assistance to each other.

Thus, by conferring real, great, and lasting benefits, at no great expence, and I may say, with no trouble, we have procured infinite good-will, the richest of all payments: our tenants and neighbours are our guards, and our friends; they heartily wish to promote our interests, because they feel their own connected with them;—so far from envying, they rejoice in our prosperity, because they know they shall be partakers of it.

Thus,

Thus, my sons, I have endeavoured to give you a general view of my principles and practice; and is it not a pleasing prospect?

Sebastian. Oh, Sir, most delightful! and all of your own making.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge* against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page 538.*]

IN this melancholy condition, with the weeping babe in her arms, she wandered all night through fields and unknown places, when by the morning light, she discovered a village which she knew, and there sold part of the clothes from her back, to purchase relief for herself and child. Here she continued some time in the greatest extremity. For as wealth finds many professors of friendship, and poverty few or none, so fared it with Josselina, that she was shunned by all, till at last she acquainted some persons with her deplorable condition; who advised her to send his son home to Mortaign, and endeavour to provide for herself.

This was not so secretly, but it came to the ears of Varina, Mortaign's mistress at Palisse, who presently withdrew her affection from him, as did her father all respect from Mortaign; which he imagining to be upon the account of Josselina, swore he would destroy both her and her son: and the better to disguise his intent, gave orders, that she should be lodged in a better inn, where she was furnished with all necessaries; farther, he sent her word, that he had provided a nurse for his son, and would shortly send his lackey for him. Josselina was much rejoiced hereat, and within three days, Mortaign sent his lackey

lackey La Verdure for the infant, which, with many tears and kisses, she delivered to him. La Verdure following his master's instructions, being got four leagues from Villepont, strangled the pretty babe, whilst it smiled in his face, and wrapping it in a linen cloth, threw it into the river Lignon.

Mortaigu, having thus got rid of the son, agreed with La Palma, Joffelina's host, and his lackey La Verdure, for two hundred franks, to stifle the mother in her bed, which they performed, and buried her body in the garden. As soon as these villains had perpetrated this, they went over to Darency, to give Mortaigu an account, and to receive the reward of iniquity; which having done, they continued several days together frolicking and drinking. At last, La Palma went home to Villepont, to his wife Isabella, who supposing he went out in company with Joffelina; as soon as he came into the house, saluted him with this greeting; "La Palma, you are very unkind to forsake your whore, Joffelina, so soon."

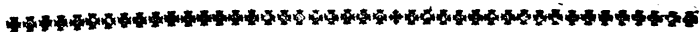
La Palma, being highly incensed at this speech, gave her the lie, and called her whore for saying what she had; but she continuing to rail on, he was provoked to that degree, that he struck her on the ear, which felled her to the ground, where she lay for some time like one dead; and the neighbours coming in, on the noise that was made, and supposing her really dead, apprehended La Palma, and carried him before the procurer fiscal of La Palisse, who committed him to prison. Isabella being recovered, complained of her husband's cruelty, adding, "If Joffelina was not his whore, he is her murderer, of which her maid can say more."

Jacqueta, the maid, being examined, said, that the night before her master's departure for Darency, he was at midnight in Joffelina's chamber, together with one La Verdure, a lackey, and that since that night Joffelina had been neither heard of nor seen. And it being farther demanded of her, if she knew whose lackey La Verdure was, she answered, Monsieur Mortaigu's,

Mortaign's, the son of Monsieur de Concye. The procurer Fiscal, considering these depositions, suspected that there was some villany; he therefore left Isabella, and went to her husband in prison; and examined him upon these two points: First, Why he and La Verdure were in Josselina's chamber at midnight? And Secondiy, What was become of her since that time?

La Palma was terrified at these questions, which was apparently shewn in the alteration of his countenance. But after many frivolous evasions, he denied that either he or La Verdure, were in Josselina's chamber; or that he knew what was become of her.

[*To be continued.*]



The IMMENSITY of the WORKS of CREATION.

[*Continued from page 539.*]

Of Plants, their Number, Use and Variety.

FROM these let us arise to the next objects in degree, the Vegetables: these an incurious eye might think but few in number, and while they comprehend them under the general name of Weeds, treat as things of no use, what the more worthy observer knows to be the means of food, of clothing, and of habitations; not to man only, but to multitudes of creatures beside. If we consult the book of Nature, in our own country, and such other regions as we have commerce with, we shall be no less amazed at the number and variety, than at their use and beauty. There are eleven thousand different Plants already known and described by Authors; and if we consider the vast tracts of land yet unsearched for them, doubtless the number both of these, and of the Minerals, will appear much greater to us than it does at present.

[*To be continued.*]

The

The PREFACE of a BOOK entitled, *The Socinian Controversy discussed: by CHARLES LESLIE, Chancellor of the Cathedral of Connor.*

[Continued from page 545.]

An EPISTLE DEDICATORY. *To his illustrious Excellency Ameth Ben Ameth, Ambassador from the mighty Emperor of Fez and Morocco, to Charles the Second, King of Great Britain.*

THEREFORE in the sixth place, we as your nearest fellow Champions for those truths; we, who with our Unitarian brethren were in all ages exercised to defend with our pens, the faith of one Supreme God, (without personalities or pluralities) as he hath raised your Mahomet to do the same with the sword, as a scourge on those idolizing Christians: we, I say, in this our peculiar lot in religious Controversies, shall in our duty of love, undertake to discover unto you, in these our books, those weak places that are found in the platform of your Religion; and shall herein (with your favour) offer to your consideration some materials to repair them. For, we do (for the vindication of your law-maker's glory) strive to prove, that such faults and irregularities, not cohering with the fashion of the rest of the Coran building; nor with the undoubted sayings of your Prophet, nor with the Gospel of Christ, (whereof Mahomet would have himself to be but a preacher) that therefore, we say, those contradictions were foisted into the scattered papers found after Mahomet's death, of which in truth the Coran was made up, it being otherwise impossible that a man of that judgment, that hath proved itself in other things so conspicuously, should be guilty of so many and frequent repugnancies, as are to be seen in those writings, and laws that are now a-days given out under his name. We do then in these our papers, endeavour

to shew by whom, and at what time such alterations were made in the first setting out of the Coran; and though we have ten times more to urge on the same subject that we present, yet by a few summary touches, that we have here in a few days made up for your view; we suppose there may be enough to satisfy any unprejudiced and thinking persons: such as it is we beseech you to accept thereof as friendly advices left to your reason and conscience to judge of with yourselves; seeing we offer not the same to defame or upbraid you, but out of humanity and a loving spirit, to the end that if you think fit to examine and redress those errors, we may by your proceedings stop the mouths of your adversaries, against whom we are often fain to stand for you in such points wherein we may well and reasonably do it: lest after all your Excellency should judge of this our undertaking and present, in a narrow and contracted idea, suitable to the slenderness of our persons, parts or retinue, who are but two single Philosophers, and yet come as Orators of those Unitarians, whom we proclaimed to be so great and considerable a people, it is necessary we should give a short view of the Antiquity and extent of this noble Sect, and hint to you the reasons that make them in these European parts, use such cautiousness; and as to their sentiments to carry themselves, as those Princes I mentioned, to go in cognito.

As to their Antiquity, I need but call it to your mind, that not only the *Patriarchs* down from *Adam* till *Moses*, not only all the *Jews* under the written Law, and the Old Testament, to this very day, were still worshippers of a one only God (without a Trinity of Persons: but that also all the primitive Christians, in and after Christ and his Apostles' time, never owned any other, besides that single and Supreme Deity. And all the true and purest Christians their lawful Disciples, do to this very day, worship no other but the sole Sovereign God, the Father and Maker of all things. And therefore are we called Unitarians, as worshippers of that one only God-
head

head in Essence and Person, that we may be distinguished from those backsliding Christians named Trinitarians, who own thrice co-equal and self-subsisting Persons, whereof every one is an absolute and infinite God (as they pretend) and yet they will have all these three, to be but one God; which is such a contradicting absurdity, that certainly our wise Maker and Lawgiver, would never impose it, to be believed upon that harmonious and relative Resemblance he hath placed in the Reason of man. But of the first who opposed this rising error in old times, was *Paul* of *Samosate*, a zealous and learned Bishop of *Antioch*, with his people and adherents, he lived sixty years before the Council of *Nice*, that was held on this subject about three hundred years after the ascension of Christ our Lord. There was also *Marcellus* Bishop of *Ancyra* in *Galatia*, with his friends and followers. *Eustatius* Bishop of *Antioch*, and *Arius* a Presbyter of *Alexandria*, with many more that lived in the time of that Council, did openly withstand and refute the Trinitarian Schism; as we see in the Chronicles of that Age. I omit *Photinus* Bishop of *Syrmium*, and the famous *Nestorius*, with many more persecuted persons for the same truth: who, though they had some nominal difference about the too curious expositions of those mysteries; yet they agreed in that main point of the undistinguished sovereign Unity. And from the reign of the Emperor *Constantine*, both the Oriental and Occidental Empire generally persisted for some hundred years in that same Faith, resisting those contradictory opinions of the Trinitarians, even in the declining times of Christianity, occasioned by the growth, or the tyrannical usurpation of the Popes and Clergy, who would force their private notions and human inventions on men's consciences, that is, in the reign of the Emperor *Charles* the Great, about the year eight hundred; *Bonofius* and *Elipandus*, with other Bishops and Christians in *Spain*, unanimously opposed the doctrine of a Trinity. And of late years, in *Europe* stood up the pious and noble personage

Fauftus Socinus, and his Polonian Association of learned perfonages, that wrote many Volumes againft that and other sprung up errors among Christians.

But now to lay before your Excellency, the extent of this orthodox faith of the Unitarian Christians, in what Nations it is held, be pleased to obferve that all the Christians throughout *Persia*, *Armenia*, *Mefopotamia*, thofe called of *St. Thomas*, and fome *Hollanders*, and *Portugueze* in *Afia*; thofe that live amongst the *Greeks* in *Europe*, even your neighbouring Christians in *Nubia*. All thofe together (which far exceed the Trinity affering Christians) do maintain with us, that faith of one Sovereign God, one only in Perfon and Effence. And why fhould I forget to add you *Mahometans*, who alfo confent with us in the belief and worship of a one only Supreme Deity, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

[To be concluded in our next.]

The CAMPDEN WONDER.

[Concluded from page 541.]

WHEN we were landed in *Turkey*, they led us two days journey into the Country, and put us into a great houfe, where we remained four days and a half. Then came eight men to view us, who feemed to be Officers. They examined us of our trades and callings. One faid he was a Surgeon, another, that he was a broad cloth Weaver: and I (after two or three demands) faid I had fome skill in phyfic. It was my lot to be chofen by a grave Phyfician of eighty-seven years of age, who lived near *Smyrna*, who had formerly been in *England*. He employed me to keep his ftill-houfe, and gave me a filver bowl double guilt, to drink in. My bufinefs was moft in that place; but once he fet me to gather cotton wool, which I not doing to his mind, he **struck** me down to the ground, and after drew his ftiiletto to stab me; but I holding up my hand, he gave a ftamp, and turned from
 me:

me: for which I render thanks to my Saviour Jesus Christ, who stayed his hand, and preserved me. I was here about a year and three quarters, and then my master fell sick on a Thursday, and sent for me; and calling me as he used by the name of *Bell*, told me he should die, and bade me shift for myself. Accordingly he died on Saturday following, and I presently hastened with my bowl to a *Port* almost a day's journey distant: the way to which place I knew, having been twice there employed by my master. When I came thither, I addressed myself to two men that came out of a ship belonging to *Hamborough*, which was bound for *Portugal* within three or four days. I enquired of them for an English ship, they told me there was none. I intreated them to take me into their ship. They answered, they durst not, for fear of being discovered by the searchers; which might occasion the loss, not only of their goods, but of their lives. I was very importunate with them, but could not prevail. They left me to wait on Providence, which at length brought another out of the same ship, to whom I made known my condition, craving his assistance for my transportation. He made the like answer as the former, and was as stiff in his denial, till he saw my bowl. He returned to the ship, and after half an hour's space came back again, accompanied by another seaman, and for my bowl undertook to transport me; but told me I must be content to lie down in the keel, and endure much hardship, which I was content to do, to gain my liberty. So they took me on board and placed me below in the vessel, and hid me with boards and other things, so that I lay undiscovered, notwithstanding the strict search that was made in the vessel. My two chapmen, who had my bowl, honestly furnished me with provisions daily, until we arrived at *Lisbon*, where, (as soon as the master had left the ship) they set me on shore to shift for myself. I knew not what course to take; but as Providence directed me, I went up into the City, and came into a fair Street; and being weary, I turned my back

back to the wall, and leaned upon my staff. Over-against me were four men discoursing together; after a time, one of them came to me, and spake to me in a language I understood not. I told him I was an Englishman, and understood not what he said. He then spake to me in English, and told me he was an *Englishman* himself, born near *Wisbeach* in *Lincolnshire*. Then I related to him how I had been carried away, and also my present condition: upon which, taking compassion on me, he took me along with him, provided for me lodgings and diet; and by his interest with the master of a ship bound for *England*, procured my passage. He also furnished me both with wine and strong waters, and at his departure, gave me some money, commending me to the care of the master of the ship, who landed me safe at *Dover*. From thence I got to *London*, where being furnished with necessaries, I came into the Country, and was joyfully received by my wife and family, as one risen from the dead: where I was soon told of the unhappy fate of my servant *Perry*, and his mother and brother.

What caused him so falsely to accuse them and himself, I know not. For I never saw either of them that evening; nor do I know the persons that carried me away, or for what reason they did it: having, to my knowledge, never seen them before in all my life.

Thus honoured Sir, I have given you a true account of my great sufferings, and happy deliverance, by the mercy and goodness of God, to whose name be ascribed all honour, praise and glory! I conclude and rest your Worship's in all dutiful respects,

W. HARRISON.

This whole Narration is strange and mysterious. Mr. *Harrison's* seizure and transportation by persons unknown to him, without any cause, being as unaccountable as *John Perry's* accusing himself, his mother and brother, of what they never did. Of neither of which being able to give any account, we must leave it to be discovered at the last day.

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An Account of the PYRAMIDS of EGYPT.

[*Concluded from page 549.*]

IN descending from this Pyramid, I had leisure to observe the stone it is made of, which is just the same with our blue porbeck stone. These stones in size are five or six feet square towards the bottom of the Pyramid, and about two feet at the top.

The second Pyramid is built of a much harder stone than this, and is less injured. We could only ascend up to the middle of this Pyramid, the sides being (above that height) quite steep for a considerable way, though after that they seem to be made with steps again. Both this and the other Pyramid end in a point; not a flat at top.

When we had examined the larger Pyramids, we went to the smaller, and found they were of the same general shape and structure: all were irregularly square; two of the sides being ever larger than the others. Those seem all to have been carried to a point at the top, and the great one only to have been made to carry an image; probably that of the King who built it.

We now came to examine the Pyramids within. They all seem to be so many immense hollows, a small part only of which was meant to be occupied. We were informed there was no way into any of them, but the great one, and the door of that was so deep covered with sand, that several persons were employed to clear it. It is about fifteen steps high, and is a narrow, dark and slippery passage, leading slanting downwards to the centre of the Pyramid. We travelled through this with lights, and towards the end found it so narrow that one cannot stand upright in it. At the end of this passage we came to a small square room, with walls of purple and
white

white marble; and an arched roof with a death's head carved in a blood-red marble standing in the centre. From hence we traversed another steep and ragged passage; at the end of this (which they say is the centre of the Pyramid) is a large and very lofty room of forty feet long and about thirty wide. The roof is flat, and adorned with Mosaic work of various marbles, in pieces of about an inch and a half large. The walls are finished in pannels, the inner part of each pannel being of a blood coloured marble, with small white veins; and the divisions of a black stone, with small oblong, deep red spots, looking exactly like so many drops of blood. This is all very beautifully polished. There stands near the middle a column of considerable thickness of a sort of Porphyry, of a beautiful variegation of purple, black and green, and so hard that no instrument can touch it; it is very highly polished, and when struck against, rings like a bell; and in the middle of the room there stands a large coffin, finely wrought out of a solid block of blotched red and white marble, highly polished within and without. Its sides are about two inches in thickness, and when struck it sounds like the pillar.

Before each of the large Pyramids there are the ruins of several square buildings, formerly Temples, all made of the same stone as the Pyramids they belong to.

Our guides assured us the stones of the two larger Pyramids were brought from *Æthiopia*; and those of the third from *Arabia*; this is the general opinion. But I have before mentioned that these buildings stand on a rocky ground covered with a deep sand, and that there are vast extents in some places seeming mere sand alone to a great depth. On examining these more carefully I found that they were really so many prodigious pits or quarries out of which stone had been some time raised. We found one of them near the base of each Pyramid, and on causing the sand to be cleared away at the sides of these pits, and striking off pieces of the
stone,

the fervent request of a dying Minister, would have prevailed for such a small matter with you. To this day without solemn catechizing in your houses! Ah, what a discouragement to your Teacher is this! Brethren, shall I yet prevail with you? Will you reject me also? O let me persuade you, before you take off your eyes from these lines, to resolve to set upon the constant exercise of this duty. Surely I have done and suffered more for you than this comes to: will you deny me? I beseech you, let me find if ever God brings me again to visit your houses, that the words of a suffering Minister have some power with you. I have sent you help on purpose. What, shall all my persuasions be but speaking to the wind? Beloved, have you not read of the Almighty's charge, That you should *teach these things diligently to your children, and talk of them as you sit in your houses, and train them up in the way they should go?* Hath God so commanded *Abraham*, that he would teach his *children and his household*, Gen. xviii. 19. and given such a promise to him thereupon, and will not you put in for a share either in the praise or the promise? Say not, "They are careless, and will not learn." What have you your authority for, if not to use it for God, and the good of their souls? You will call them up, and force them to do your work; and should you not at least be as zealous in putting them upon God's work? Say not, "They are dull, and not capable." If they be dull, God requires of you the more pains and patience; but so dull as they are, you will make them learn how to work; and can they not learn how to live? Are they capable of the mysteries of your trade, and are they not capable of the plain principles of religion?—Well, as ever you would see the growth of religion, the cure of ignorance, the remedy of profaneness, the downfall of error, fulfil ye my joy by going through with this duty.

I have been long, and yet I am afraid my letter will be ended before my work is done. How loath am I to leave you, before I have prevailed with you to set to this work?

4 D 2

Will

A. As follows:

E U R O P E

- 1 *London.* J. Wesley, C. Wesley, T. Coke, J. Creighton, P. Dickinson, S. Bradburn: T. Rankin, and J. Atlay, Supernumeraries—J. Bradford travels with Mr. Wesley.
- 2 *Suffex.* J. Reynolds, R. Empringham A. Moseley.
- 3 *Kent.* J. Algar, J. Byron, W. Butterfield, J. Holmes.
- 4 *Colchester.* J. Poole, S. Gates, J. Woodrow.
- 5 *Norwich.* J. Robinson, J. Harper, J. Crickett, C. Bland, J. Roberts.
- 6 *Lynn.* J. Gualter, W. Bramwell, G. Phillips.
- 7 *Bedford.* B. Thomas, T. Broadbent, J. Watson, Supernumerary.
- 8 *Northampton.* W. Horner, W. Hoskins.
- 9 *Oxfordshire.* J. Pescod, J. Entwistle, R. Reece, J. Murlin, Supernumerary.
- 10 *Gloucestershire.* C. Watkins, M. Marshall, R. Hopkins, J. Beaumont.
- 11 *Sarum.* W. Ashman, J. Pritchard, W. Hunter, jun.
- 12 *Isle of Wight.* T. Warrick.
- 13 *Bradford.* J. Furz, Supernumerary, J. Mason, J. Easton, G. Wadsworth, C. Kyte.
- 14 *Bristol.* J. Valton Supernumerary, J. Broadbent, B. Rhodes, Jer. Brettel.
- 15 *Taunton* W. Green, C. Bond.
- 16 *Tiverton.* G. Button, J. Muckurfsy.
- 17 *Plymouth.* L. Kane, S. Bardsley, J. Cole.
- 18 *St. Austle.* J. Moon, J. Evans, J. Sandoe.
- 19 *Redruth.* G. Shadford, W. Palmer, J. Gore.
- 20 *St. Ives.* J. Cuffens, T. Lessey, J. Sutcliffe.
- 21 *Pembroke.* W. Dufton, S. Day, S. Kestall.
- 22 *Glamorganshire.* G. Baldwin, T. Jones.
- 23 *Brecon.* W. Holmes, R. Cornish.

24 *Birmingham.*

- 24 *Birmingham.* D. Jackson, T. Tennant, T. Cooper, J. Bretell
Supernumerary.
- 25 *Borstem.* R. Rodda, T. Corbett, J. Tregortha.
- 26 *Macclesfield.* G. Story, T. Smith.
- 27 *Manchester.* T. Taylor, E. Jackson, J. Beanland.
- 28 *Stockport.* R. Roberts, T. Carlill.
- 29 *Chester.* A. Blair, W. Eells, J. Ridell.
- 30 *Wolverhampton.* M. Horne, Supernumerary; J. Leech, W.
Saunders.
- 31 *Liverpool.* C. Boon, T. Briscoe, R. Armstrong.
- 32 *Bolton.* D. Wright, C. Hopper.
- 33 *Coln.* J. Hall, S. Edwards.
- 34 *Blackburne.* F. Wrigley, E. Barbeck.
- 35 *Leicester.* W. Boothby, T. Ellis, J. Jerom,
- 36 *Nottingham.* J. Hern, R. Scott, G. Highfield.
- 37 *Derby.* G. Gibbon, T. Crowther, T. Wood.
- 38 *Sheffield.* A. Mather, T. Hanby, J. Bogie.
- 39 *Grimby.* T. Longley, W. Fish.
- 40 *Horncastle.* J. Watson, J. Townshend, J. Edmondson.
- 41 *Gainsborough.* L. Harrison, J. Barrett, T. Crossley.
- 42 *Epworth.* T. Tattershall, G. Mowat, R. Howard.
- 43 *Leeds.* J. Pawson, G. Snowden, J. Shaw, Supermu-
merary.
- 44 *Wakefield.* J. Allen, S. Hodgson.
- 45 *Birstall.* W. Thompson, W. Thoresby.
- 46 *Dewsbury.* P. Greenwood, W. Percival.
- 47 *Huddersfield.* J. Boothe, R. Costerdine.
- 48 *Halifax.* J. Goodwin, J. Parkin.
- 49 *Bradforth.* W. Collins, J. Robertshaw, T. Johnson,
Supernumerary.
- 50 *Kighley,* W. Blagborne, T. Dixon, T. Shaw.
- 51 *Whitehaven.* J. Peacock, J. Wittam.
- 52 *Isle of Man.* J. Crook, J. Smith, D. Barrowclough.
- 53 *York.* T. Rutherford, J. Barber. W. Franklin.
- 54 *Pecklington.* R. Swan, J. Cross.

- 55 *Hull.* J. Benson, T. Bartholomew.
 56 *Scarborough.* P. Mill, A. Kilham, J. Atkins.
 57 *Whitby.* I. Brown, G. Holder.
 58 *Thirsk.* J. King, J. Ogylvie, J. Christie.
 59 *Yarm.* W. Simpson, D. Kay.
 60 *The Dales.* J. Thom, J. Saunders, J. Stamp, J. Thompson, Supernumerary.
 61 *Sunderland.* W. Hunter, A. Inglis, J. Crosby.
 62 *Newcastle.* J. Wood, W. Thom, T. Wride.
 63 *Berwick.* J. Taylor, M. Lum, R. Gamble.
 64 *Muffelburgh.* Z. Yewdall.
 65 *Edinburgh.* C. Atmore, J. Kighley.
 66 *Ayre and }
Greenock. }* A. Suter, W. Joughin.
 67 *Dumfries.* R. Dall.
 68 *Dundee.* R. Watkinson, S. Botts.
 69 *Aberdeen.* R. Johnson, J. Saunderson.
 70 *Inverness.* D. M'Allum, J. Crowther, R. Harrison.
 71 *Ferfey.* R. C. Brackenbury, A. Clarke.
 72 *Guernsey and }
Alderney. }* J. De Quedville, W. Stephens.
 73 *Dublin.* H. Moore, W. Myles.
 74 *Waterford.* D. Gordon, A. Jeffers.
 75 *Cork.* J. Rogers, M. Joyce.
 76 *Bandon.* R. Condy, B. Pearce.
 77 *Limerick.* J. Brown, J. Dinnen.
 78 *Castlebar.* G. Brown, W. M'Cornock, sen. W. M'Cornock, jun.
 79 *Athlone.* W. Griffith, J. Miller.
 80 *Longford.* W. West, J. West.
 81 *Sligo.* F. Frazier, W. Johnson,
 82 *Ballyconnell.* J. Armstrong, J. Rennick, J. Grace.
 83 *Clones.* H. Moor, John Black, H. Pugh.
 84 *Lisbellaw.* S. Mitchell, T. Verner, J. Gillis.
 85 *Enniskillen.* G. Henderson, T. Kerr.
 86 *Ballyshannon.* T. Barber, J. Darragh.

- 87 *Lisleen.* R. Bridge, J. Melcombson.
 88 *Omagh.* J. Price, T. Hewett.
 89 *Charlemount.* S. Bates, J. Collins.
 90 *Londonderry.* T. Davies, J. M'Donald.
 91 *Coleraine.* T. Roberts, N. Price, G. Armstrong.
 92 *Belfast.* J. Howe, T. Owens.
 93 *Lisburn.* R. Lindsay, J. Burnet, F. Armstrong.
 94 *Newry.* J Kerr, T. Hetherington, S. Moorhead.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXVIII.

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

Finlock, Aug. 2, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

THE repeated mercies, and favours of the Lord towards me call for all the powers of my body and mind, to celebrate his praise. I adore him, that he hath brought me out of darkness into his marvellous light, and that his banner over me is love!

Many have been the trials I have past through, since I wrote to you last; but my heavenly Father knew I needed them, to prove and try me, to strengthen, establish, and settle me. And glory be to his name, I see, they *have* and *do* answer this valuable end! I find my mind more resolutely bent to be *all* for God. My soul confides in him as its sure refuge; and I am persuaded, (if I use the grace I have) that neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus. My soul therefore rejoices in hope, that he will perfect what is lacking, and in every future trial give me grace according to

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my day. So that although I say "*if* I use my present grace;" yet I cannot say I have any disquieting doubt whether I *shall* or *not*; but rather a confidence in God, that enables me to enjoy Him, the *present* moment, and to *trust* Him for the *next*. I am obliged abruptly to conclude myself, dear Sir, your much obliged Friend and Servant,

A. B.

L E T T E R CCCCXXXIX.

[From Mrs. S. D. to the same.]

Sept. 16, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

I Think it my duty to tell you what is the present state of my mind. Your forbearance with me has been very great; but the long-suffering of God has been much greater. O what pains hath he taken to save such a sinner! So inclined have I been to wander, that he hath been forced to hedge up my way with briars and thorns that I might not struggle out of his embrace! But notwithstanding my perverseness and unprofitableness, yet I hope I can in truth say, Thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee! And what is stranger still, I find a keener appetite for the means of grace than ever; and a more intense desire to glorify God. But O how weak and insufficient am I! A deep sense of this lays me in the dust, and causes me to depend on Jesus, who perfecteth his strength in my weakness. I rejoice that I can tell him all my wants; and that I can believe he will give what is best for me, both in time and in eternity: and that he will hold me in life, till he hath made me meet to see his face in glory.

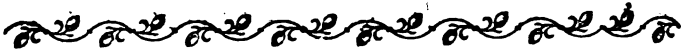
As the Lord has so wonderfully spared your valuable life, I hope we shall receive you as a fresh instance of his good-will towards us, and endeavour, more than ever, to profit under your ministry. That we all may is, dear Sir, the fervent prayer of your unworthy Servant in Christ,

S. D.

VOL. X.

4 E

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

The F I R E - S I D E.

[By Dr. Cotton.]

DEAR *Chloe*, while the busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In folly's maze advance ;
 Though singularity and pride
 Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
 To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs ;
 No noisy neighbours enter here ;
 No intermeddling stranger near
 To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies ;
 And they are fools who roam :
 The world has nothing to bestow,
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was *Noah's* dove bereft,
 When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark ;
 Giving her vain excursion o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explored the sacred bark.

Though

Though fools spurn *Hymen's* gentle powers,
 We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good
 A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring :
 If tutorèd right, they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise :
 We'll form their minds, with studious care,
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs :
 They'll grow in virtue every day,
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.

No borrowèd joys ! they're all our own,
 While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot :
 Monarchs, we envy not your state,
 We look with pity on the great,
 And blest our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large indeed,
 But then, how little do we need !
 For nature's calls are few :
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power ;
 For if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
 Patient, when favours are deny'd,
 And pleas'd with favours giv'n,
 Dear *Chloe*, this is wisdom's part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat
 (Since winter life is seldom sweet ;)
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand, through life we'll go,
 Its checkered paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead :

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

The

The MISER and PLUTUS.

[A Fable by Gay.]

THE wind is high, the window shakes,
 With sudden start the Miser wakes !
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks ;
 Each lock, and every bolt he tries,
 In every creek and corner pries,
 Then opens the chest with treasure stor'd,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
 He wrings his hand ! he beats his breast :
 By conscience stung he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares :

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 But virtue's fold. Good God ! what price
 Can recompense the pangs of vice !
 O bane of good ! seducing cheat !
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat ?
 Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind ;
 Gold sow'd the world with every ill ;
 Gold taught the murderers sword to kill :
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
 In treachery's more pernicious arts.
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ?
 Virtue resides on earth no more !
 He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god before him stood.

The

The *Miser*, trembling, lockèd his chest;
The vision frownèd, and thus addressèd :

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each fordid rascals' daily cant?
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind,
Because my blessings are abusèd,
Must I be censurèd, cursèd, accusèd?
Even Virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodgèd in their possession)
Grows tyranny and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And evéry shocking vice beside:
But when to virtuous hands 'tis givèn,
It blesses like the dews of heavèn:
Like heavèn it hears the orphans cries,
And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall *Misers* lay,
Who pawnèd their fordid souls for pay?
Let bravoës, then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid their passivè sword with guilt.

The L A W Y E R ' S P R A Y E R.

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,
Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name.

The

The tribute of the widow's prayér
 The righted orphan's grateful tear;
 To virtue and her friends a friend,
 Still may my voice the weak defend.
 Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
 Protect the oppressor in his wrong,
 Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
 To sanctify the villain's cause.
 Let others with unsparing hand,
 Scatter their poison through the land;
 In flame dissension, kindle strife,
 And strew with ills the path of life.
 On such her gifts let Fortune shower,
 Add wealth to wealth, and power to power:
 On me may fav'ring heavén bestow
 That peace which good men only know;
 The joy of joys, by few possesséd,
 Thé eternal sun-shine of the breast.
 All earthly good I here resign,
 The praise of honesty be mine;
 That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
 And poor men bless me when I die.

On the Shortness of HUMAN LIFE.

LIKE as a damask Rose you see,
 Or like the Blossoms on a tree,
 Or like the fragrant Flowers in May,
 Or like the Morning to the Day,
 Or like the Sun, or like the Shade,
 Or like the Gourd which *Jonah* had:

E'en

E'en such is Man, whose thread is spun;
 Drawn out, and cut, and so its done;
 Withers the Rose, the Blossom blasts,
 The Flower fades, the Morning hastes,
 The Sun doth set, the Shadows fly,
 The Gourd consumes, and Mortals die !

Like to the Grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like the Tale that's just begun,
 Or like a Bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the pearly Dew of May,
 Or like an Hour, or like a Span,
 Or like the singing of a Swan :
 E'en such is Man, who lives by breath,
 Is here ; is there ; in Life ; in Death !
 The Grass decays, the Tale doth end,
 The Bird is flown, the Dews ascend,
 The Hour is short, the Span not long,
 The Swan's near Death ! Man's life is done !

Like to a Bubble on a brook,
 Or (in a mirror) like a look,
 Or like a Shuttle in the hand,
 Or like a Writing on the sand,
 Or like a Thought, or like a Dream,
 Or like the Gliding of a Stream :
 E'en such is Man, whose life is Breath,
 Is here ; is there ; in Life in Death !
 The Bubble's burst ; the look's forgot ;
 The Shuttle's flung ; the Writing blot ;
 The Thought is past ; the Dream is gone ;
 The Water glides—Man's Life is done !



M^R. JOHN M^C.GEARY

Ætatis 34.

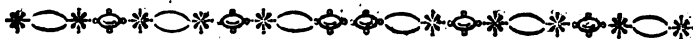
A Sinner Saved by Grace.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For DECEMBER 1787.



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

[Continued from page 566.]

Of the Freedom of the Will of Man.

C H A P. I.

(4.) 2dly. **T**HIS *act*, or Free-will of man, being a faculty or power, and the object of that power being in moral actions something morally, in spiritual actions something spiritually good to be chosen, or spiritually evil to be avoided; that which disables any man from chusing what is spiritually good, or of refusing what is thus evil, must also take away his liberty to chuse what is thus spiritually good, and to refuse what is spiritually evil.

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To

To say here the man thus disabled hath still a freedom in reference to these actions, because he hath still the power of doing otherwise, that is, the faculty of willing otherwise is not taken from him, even as a man when he sits is free to walk, because he hath still the power or faculty of walking; is as if I should say that a man blinded by a Cataract, had still the freedom of his sight, because the faculty of seeing still remained, though the exercise of it was obstructed. For if the exercise of the Will, to what is spiritually good, be as much obstructed by this disability, as is the exercise of sight, by the disability of the organs; there is no more freedom in the one than in the other to the actions proper to each faculty. Nor is the example of walking at all pertinent; for I am free to walk hereafter, though I now sit, because no obstruction lies upon my faculty of walking afterwards; but were I fettered to my chair, I could not be said to be free to walk whilst that force lasted. So neither can a man be said to be free to do what is spiritually good, because his faculty of willing still remains, provided he be equally lame and impotent as to spiritual things, and therefore equally disabled from walking in the ways of God. Thus Bishop *Bramhall*, "To say a man still retains the faculty or power of willing, though the exercise of it be in this case determined, is in effect to say a bird is free to fly when I hold his wings, because he still hath wings to fly; and a man fettered is still free to walk, because he still retains the faculty of walking." Now hence it follows,

(1st) That the doctrine which teacheth that man is so utterly disabled by the fall of *Adam*, that without the efficacious grace which God vouchsafeth only to some few, he hath no power to do what is spiritually good, or to avoid what is spiritually evil, is destructive of the liberty belonging to man in a state of trial: and so sufficiently confuted by all those Scriptures in which God declares that he dealt thus and thus with his people to try whether they would walk in his statutes or not:

of

of which nature are the passages cited already from Exod. xvi. 4. xx. 20. and these following Deut. viii. 2. *He led thee these forty years in the wilderness, that he might humble thee, and prove thee, and know (or discover) what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments or not: and ver. 16. He fed thee with manna in the wilderness that he might humble thee, and prove thee, (whether thou wouldst be obedient to his laws) that (so) he might do thee good in thy latter end. And chap. xiii. 3, The Lord thy God proveth thee (by his false Prophet) to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your hearts, and with all your souls. And Judges ii. 21. The Lord drove not out the nations which Joshua had left, that by them he might prove Israel, whether they would keep the way of the Lord to walk in it, as their fathers did keep it, or not. And chap. iii. 4, They were left to prove Israel, to know whether they would hearken to the commandments of the Lord.* For to what end should God prove them, who lay under so great a disability that they could not obey his precepts? Or avoid the violation of them without that efficacious grace he was not pleased to vouchsafe to them? Or why does he attempt to move such persons to this obedience, by the consideration of his great goodness, and tremendous majesty, who were not to be induced unto it by rational motives; but only by an unfrustrable operation? Why lastly, Doth he try *whether they would hearken to his commandments, as their fore-fathers did,* provided their fore-fathers did this only by virtue of that efficacious grace, he was not pleased to vouchsafe to them? To try men whether they will do what he knows they are disabled from doing, is as unsuitable to the divine wisdom, as to make laws for lapsed man impossible to be performed by him, and then to punish him for not doing what he could not do, is unsuitable to the divine Justice; and as to excite them to their duties by motives which he knows cannot work upon them, is unsuitable to the sincerity of God. For did ever any wise man go about to try whether he could persuade a

blind man to see, or a deaf man to hear, or an impotent man to walk? Or did he ever require them to do so under the highest penalties? Or punish them all their life long for not doing so, though they had contracted these disabilities by their own personal iniquity? If therefore by the fall of *Adam* all are truly disabled from doing that good which God requires of them afterwards, or from avoiding what he by a following law forbids, can it be suitable either to the divine wisdom or justice to exact these impossibilities under far more durable and heavy penalties from man disabled thus by another's fault, before he had a being?

[*To be continued.*]

S E R M O N XLII.

On ECCLESIASTES vii. 10.

[*Concluded from page 572.*]

11. **B**UT the principal enquiry still remains. Were not *the former days better than these*, with regard to Virtue? or to speak more properly, Religion? This deserves a full consideration.

By Religion I mean, The love of God and man, filling the heart and governing the life. The sure effect of this is, the uniform practice of Justice, Mercy and Truth. This is the very essence of it, the height and depth of Religion, detached from this or that Opinion, and from all particular modes of worship. And I would calmly enquire, Which of the former times were better than these, with regard to this? to the Religion experienced and practised by Archbishop *Fenelon*, in *France*, Bishop *Kenn*, in *England*, and Bishop *Hedell*, in *Ireland*?

12. We need not extend our enquiry beyond the period when life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel. And it is allowed, that the days immediately succeeding the pouring out of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, were better

better even in this respect, even with regard to Religion, than any which have succeeded them.

But setting aside this short age of golden days, I must repeat the question, Which of the former days were better than the present, in every known part of the habitable world?

13. Was the former part of this century better, either in these Islands, or in any part of the Continent? I know no reason at all to affirm this. I believe every part of *Europe*, was full as void of Religion in the reign of *Queen Anne*, as it is as this day. It is true, Luxury increases to a high degree, in every part of *Europe*. And so does the scandal of *England*, Profaneness in every part of the Kingdom. But it is also true, that the most infernal of all vices, Cruelty, does as swiftly decrease. And such instances of it as in times past continually occurred, are now very seldom heard of. Even in war, that savage barbarity which was every where practised, has been discontinued for many years.

14. Was the last century more religious than this? In the former part of it there was much of the form of Religion. And some undoubtedly experienced the power thereof. But how soon did the fine gold become dim! How soon was it so mingled with worldly design, and with a total contempt both of truth, justice and mercy, as brought that scandal upon all Religion, which is hardly removed to this day. Was there more true Religion in the preceding century, the age of the Reformation? There was doubtless in many countries a considerable Reformation of Religious Opinions: yea and Modes of worship, which were much changed for the better, both in *Germany* and several other places. But it is well known, that *Luther* himself complained, almost with his dying breath, "The people that are called by my name (though I wish they were called only by the name of Christ) are reformed as to their opinions and modes of worship; but their tempers and lives are the same they were before." Even then both Justice and Mercy were so shamelessly trodden under foot, that an eminent

Writer

Writer computes the number of those that were slaughtered, during those religious contests, to have been no less than forty millions, within the compass of forty years!

15. We may step back above a thousand years from this, without finding any better time. No Historian gives us the least intimation of any such, till we come to the age of *Constantine the Great*. Of this period several Writers have given us most magnificent accounts. Yea, one eminent Author, no less a man than *Dr. Newton*, the late Bishop of *Bristol*, has been at no small pains to shew, that the conversion of *Constantine* to Christianity, and the emoluments which he bestowed upon the Church with an unsparing hand, were the event which is signified in the Revelation, by *the new Jerusalem coming down from heaven!*

16. But I cannot in anywise subscribe to the Bishop's opinion in this matter. So far from it, that I have been long convinced from the whole tenor of ancient History, that this very event, *Constantine's* calling himself a Christian, and pouring in that flood of wealth and power on the Christian Church, the Clergy in particular, was productive of more evil to the Church, than all the ten Persecutions put together. From the time that power, riches and honour of all kinds, were heaped upon the Christians, vice of all kinds came in like a flood, both on the Clergy and Laity. From the time that the Church and State, the kingdoms of Christ and of the world, were so strangely and unnaturally blended together, Christianity and Heathenism were so thoroughly incorporated with each other, that they will hardly ever be divided, till Christ comes to reign upon earth. So that instead of fancying, that the glory of the New Jerusalem covered the earth at that period, we have terrible proof, that it was then, and has ever since been covered with the smoke of the bottomless pit.

17. "However were not the days antecedent to this, those of the third century, better be, on all comparison, than any that followed them? This has been almost universally believed.

Few

Few doubt but in the age before *Constantine*, the Christian Church was in its glory, worshipping God in the beauty of holiness. But was it so indeed? What says *St. Cyprian*? who lived in the midst of that century, a witness above all exception, and one that sealed the truth with his blood. What account does he give, of what he saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears? Such a one as would almost make one imagine he was painting to the life, not the ancient Church of *Carthage*, but the modern Church of *Rome*. According to his account, such abominations even then prevailed over all orders of men, that it was not strange God poured out his fury upon them in blood, by the grievous persecutions which followed.

18. Yea, and before this, even in the first century, even in the Apostolic age, what account does *St. John* give of several of the Churches, which he himself had planted in *Asia*? How little were those Congregations better than many in *Europe*, at this day? Nay, forty or fifty years before that, within thirty years of the descent of the Holy Ghost, were there not such abominations in the Church of *Corinth*, as were not even named among the Heathens. So early did the mystery of iniquity begin to work in the Christian Church! So little reason have we to appeal to the former days, as though they were better than these?

19. To affirm this therefore, as commonly as it is done, is not only contrary to truth, but is an instance of black ingratitude to God, and a grievous affront to his blessed Spirit. For whoever makes a fair and candid enquiry, will easily perceive, that true Religion has in nowise decreased, but greatly increased in the present century. To instance in one capital branch of Religion, the Love of our Neighbour. Is not Persecution well nigh vanished away from the face of the earth? In what age did Christians of various denominations shew such forbearance toward each other? When before was such Lenity shewn by Governors toward their respective Subjects?

Subjects? Not only in *Great Britain* and *Ireland*; but in *France* and *Germany*, yea, every part of *Europe*? Nothing like this has been seen since the time of *Constantine*; no, not since the time of the Apostles.

20. If it be said, "Why this is the fruit of the general Infidelity, the Deism which has overspread all *Europe*:" I answer, whatever be the cause, we have reason greatly to rejoice in the effect. And if the All-wise God has brought so great and universal a Good, out of this dreadful Evil, so much the more should we magnify his astonishing power, wisdom, and goodness herein. Indeed so far as we can judge, this was the most direct way, whereby *nominal* Christians could be prepared, first for tolerating, and afterwards for receiving *real* Christianity. While the Governors were themselves unacquainted with it, nothing but this could induce them to suffer it. O the depth both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! Causing a total disregard for all Religion, to pave the way for the revival of the only Religion, which was worthy of God! I am not assured whether this be the case or no, in *France* and *Germany*. But it is so, beyond all contradiction in *North-America*: the total indifference of the Government there, whether there be any Religion or none, leaves room for the propagation of true Scriptural Religion, without the least let or hinderance.

21. But above all this, while Luxury and Profaneness have been increasing on the one hand, on the other, Benevolence and Compassion toward all the forms of human woe, have increased in a manner not known before, from the earliest ages of the world. In proof of this, we see more Hospitals, Infirmarys, and other places of public Charity, have been erected, at least in and near *London*, within this century, than in five hundred years before. And suppose this has been owing in part to vanity, desire of praise, yet have we cause to bless God, that so much good has sprung even from this imperfect motive.

22. I cannot

22. I cannot forbear mentioning one instance more, of the goodness of God to us in the present age. He has lifted up a standard in our Islands, both against Luxury, Profaneness, and Vice of every kind. He caused near fifty years ago, as it were a grain of mustard seed to be sown near London, and it has now grown and put forth great branches, reaching from sea to sea. Two or three poor people met together, in order to help each other to be real Christians. They increased to hundreds, to thousands, to myriads, still pursuing their one point, real Religion, the love of God and man, ruling all their tempers, and words and actions. Now I will be bold to say, such an event as this, considered in all its circumstances, has not been seen upon earth before, since the time that St. John went to Abraham's bosom.

23. Shall we now say, *The former days were better than these?* God forbid we should be so unwise and so unthankful. Nay rather let us praise him all the day long; for he hath dealt bountifully with us. No former time since the Apostles left the earth, has been *better than the present*. None has been comparable to it in several respects. We are not born out of due time, but in the day of his power, a day of glorious salvation, wherein he is hastening to renew the whole race of mankind in righteousness and true holiness. How bright hath the Sun of Righteousness already shone on various parts of the earth! And how many gracious showers has he already poured down upon his inheritance? How many precious souls has he already gathered into his garner, as ripe shocks of corn! May we be always ready to follow them, crying in our hearts, "Come, Lord Jesus! Come quickly!"

Dublin, June 27, 1787.

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[Continued from page 576.]

EVER since my being particularly convinced of sin, by reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the Spirit of God never left me without conviction: nor do I remember ever to have fallen into any outward sin, but I reflected upon it with abhorrence; and was also often terrified with awful dreams. When on my first passage to *Jamaica* I was grievously exercised in my mind, as not one of the Mariners had the least concern for God, or the salvation of their own souls; and in process of time, they not only corrupted my manners, but my morals also. And, being unacquainted with the devices of the devil, I doubted whether all those persons, who seemed to be so happy, could be lost eternally, although they lived such horrid lives. I then found that when the bank was broken, the breach was made wider and wider; and being at that time between seventeen and eighteen years of age, and carnal passions getting the dominion over me, I was oftentimes overcome with swearing, drunkenness, lewdness, and divers other evils; therefore, what with my terrified conscience, and cross providences, my life became completely miserable; and for about ten years I continued in that unsettled state, sinning and repenting.

In July, 1740, *Charles Greaves*, the young Bricklayer, already spoken of, introduced me among the Methodists. But though I descried something in the countenance and behaviour of this young man, very different from what I beheld in others, I treated him with ridicule and contempt: yea, I sometimes swore at him, and told him the whole fraternity of them was a mixture of false prophets and hypocrites; all which he bore with unwearied patience, without returning me one evil word or look. His countenance

nance appeared full of holy grief, which greatly condemn'd me, although I conceal'd it from him. One day he took a Prayer-Book out of his pocket, and read a few verses; he then ask'd me what I thought of those words? And as I was fond of the Scriptures, I was the more confounded, well knowing they condemn'd me. When he perceiv'd me silent, he ask'd me to go with him to hear Mr. *Wesley*. But I begged him, for God's sake, never to ask me so any more. But in that instant God wrought powerfully on my soul. This abode with me every moment of that afternoon, and I found my spirit much united to *Greaves*, and propos'd going with him to hear Mr. *Wesley*: accordingly we went to the *Foundry*, but were disappoint'd.

The next morning he took me up to *Short's Gardens*, to hear Mr. *Wesley*, but we were disappoint'd there again. However, we arriv'd to hear the Preacher, who prov'd to be Mr. *Maxfield*, a Lay-preacher. When he had concluded I went out in a pet, and ask'd *Greaves* why he brought me there, to hear such a fellow?

This unkind speech did not appear to affect him; but rather increas'd his pity towards me. He then said, I might depend upon hearing Mr. *W.* the next Sunday morning at five o'clock. I then said he might call on me: and though he abode at *Kensington*, and I near *Black-Friars Church*, yet he was at my house precisely at four o'clock in the morning. I then went with him to the *Foundry*. When we enter'd the place (as I had heard various reports both of the place and people) I was tempted to gaze about me; and finding it a ruinous place, I began to think it answer'd the report given of it. *Greaves* stood close behind me, to prevent my going out, to which I was strongly tempted; and had it not been for the multitude of people, and the profound seriousness which evidently appear'd in the countenance of almost every person, I should have given way to the temptation. Exactly at five a whisper was convey'd through the congregation,

“Here he comes! Here he comes!” I was filled with curiosity to see his person, which, when I beheld, I much despised. The enemy of souls suggested, that he was some farmer’s son, who, not able to support himself, was making a penny in this manner. He passed through the congregation into the pulpit, and having his robes on, I expected he would have begun with the Church service; but, to my astonishment, he began with singing a hymn, with which I was almost enraptured; but his extemporary prayer was quite unpleasant, as I thought it favoured too much of the Dissenter. His text was, “I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you.” The enemy now suggested that he was a Papist, as he dwelt so much on forgiveness of sins. Although I had read this Scripture many times before, yet I never understood that we were to know our sins forgiven on earth; supposing that it referred only to those to whom the Apostle was then writing; especially as I had never heard this doctrine preached in the Church. However, my prejudice quickly abated, and I plainly saw I could never be saved without knowing my sins forgiven. Under this sermon God sealed the truth on my heart. At the close of which, however strange it may appear, a small still voice entered my heart, with these words, “This is the truth!” and instantly I felt it in my soul. My friend observing my attention, asked me how I liked Mr. *Wesley*? I replied, “As long as I live I will never part from him.”

Under this sermon my soul was filled with a hatred for sin, and also with zeal for the truth. Accordingly I broke off at a stroke all my old acquaintance in iniquity, who derided me exceedingly; one of whom said, “What! *Told*, are you commenced *Whitflite*? as sure as ever you were born, if you follow them, you are damned!” But the heavier my persecutions were, the more abundantly I rejoiced.

[To be continued.]

A Short

Being very poorly at a certain time, he was prevailed upon to hear the Word again: when conviction so fastened on his conscience that he saw himself a lost sinner. A person coming to see him, who told him he was much out of order, he answered, "I care little about my body; my chief concern is about my soul." Soon after this, God manifesting his love to him, his guilt and fears were all removed, and he was filled with peace and joy in believing.

But on discovering his inbred corruptions, he was so discouraged, that he almost staggered through unbelief; but the Lord supported him in such a manner as enabled him to retain his confidence.

After some time he was made a Class-Leader, and acted like a nursing father to his little company. For he was not satisfied to meet them at the stated times; but followed them, and watched over them like one who expected to give an account.

During this time he longed for the full salvation of God; and in December, 1779, he heard a sermon on, *My grace is sufficient for thee*: under which he saw that the grace of God was not only sufficient to justify, but also to sanctify. From this time he looked for that blessing; and soon after that word was sealed on his heart, *I will be thou clean*.

Having received that blessing, he held his confidence for some time; but some family occurrences happening, he gave way to anger, which brought a cloud on his soul. But he was very sensible of his fault, and secretly confessed it unto the Lord, who lifted upon him anew the light of his countenance.

Sept. 5, 1785, being at the preaching, he expresses in his Diary, how much the Word was blessed to him. While he heard described, *the things which are freely given to us of God*, he could sweetly rejoice that he had received them.

As he was going to meet some friends, he was suddenly seized with a violent vomiting of blood, insomuch that he thought he was near his end. But all was well; for he felt such a sweet rest in Jesus as made pain, and death, and every thing

thing else easy. But he never recovered this attack; for although at times he was considerably better, he had such frequent returns of bleeding as brought him very low.

At the same time he had occasion to exercise all his faith, patience, and resignation. For not being able to work, he was very low in worldly circumstances; yet he observes, "God raised me up friends, and so opened their hearts, that I wanted for nothing." Indeed he was much known, and well beloved. For the change which God wrought in him was so remarkable, from that of a swearing, fighting, drinking man, to that of a temperate, meek follower of his Saviour; denying himself, and taking up his cross daily, that I do not know either saint or sinner who had any thing to lay to his charge.

He continued his Diary till the 10th of December. From that time, I suppose, he was not able to write; but he still expressed much confidence in God, though in much pain: patiently bearing what the Lord had laid upon him, and exhorting his family, and all who came to see him, to cleave unto God with full purpose of heart. Thus he continued till the 7th instant, when he entered the joy of his Lord.

Leeds, Jan. 26, 1787.

T. T.



A short Account of God's Dealings with MARY ROUNSEVILL, of Trewalder, in the Parish of Lantegloss, in Cornwall.

MARY ROUNSEVILL was born the second of February, in the year 1700, and died the third of May last, in the 87th year of her age. For near thirty years she was a stranger to true religion, though she was often convinced that she was a great sinner. But about fifty years ago she was deeply awakened, and had a sense of the love of God shed abroad in her heart; which was some years before she heard the Methodists.

When

When she had been five years married, her husband died, and left her a widow with three small children. Her distress on that occasion was very great, and made her think seriously of the vanity and shortness of life. In the midst of these thoughts, the Lord set her sins in array before her. Now her worldly grief was turned into godly sorrow, and her prayer was, that God would remove her load, and give her his peace. As she had no one to direct her, the Lord who is rich in mercy had respect to her cries; for in about a quarter of a year he set her soul at liberty. On this she cried out to her father, "The Lord has pardoned my sins! The Lord has pardoned my sins! I am as sure of the love of God to me, as I am of my own existence, and can rejoice in the Lord continually."

Being thus exceedingly happy herself, she wished that all might partake of the same. Accordingly taking her Bible in her hand, she went to all the neighbours, and told them that God had pardoned her sins. At the same time she reproved all who sinned in her sight, and endeavoured to convince them of the evil of their doings by reading her Bible to them.

While she continued thus, reading, praying, and exhorting, the Lord blessed her endeavours to several. Two in particular were brought to God by her means. *C. Thom*, an old bed-ridden man, was brought to see his lost condition. On this she directed him to seek the Lord by prayer, and to receive the Sacrament. Accordingly he sent for the Minister, and as soon as he had received, he cried out, "My soul is lightened! My sins are pardoned!" For some time he continued happy in God, and at last died rejoicing.

Mary Slugget also was brought to think of her latter end by conversing with *Mary Rounsevill*. When the Lord gave her to see her wickedness, she prayed day and night till she knew that the Lord had pardoned all her sins.

For some time after this, the Methodists coming into the country, she longed to hear them. Accordingly she went to *Camelford* to enquire about them. And on one telling her they

they preached a great deal about Christ and the forgiveness of sins; she said, they were the people of God, and went seven or eight miles to hear them. The first time she heard, her soul was much blessed. On this she joined the Society, and continued a member of it as long as she lived.

During her widowhood she had many difficulties in her worldly circumstances; but she trusted in God that he would help her. One day she had not a morsel of food for herself or children. In the evening her dog brought in a great piece of bread. On her bidding him drop it, he did so. A neighbour who was present, asked her if she would eat what the dog had brought in? She said, I will; for the Lord has sent it, in answer to my prayer.

Another time she had not a farthing in the world, and had made a promise to pay eight-pence that day. In the morning, she prayed that God might enable her to fulfil her promise. After prayer she went down stairs and opened the door, and found a shilling on the threshold! On this she returned him thanks for answering her prayer.

As to her children, she brought them up in the fear of God; taught them to keep the Sabbath-Day holy, and would never suffer them to play with wicked children.

The last year and half of her life, she was bed-ridden; during which time she rejoiced in God, and frequently cried out, "I shall soon see the glory of God." For the last six weeks she had violent fits! sometimes they lasted for hours; but as soon as she came out of them, she said, "The Lord is my strength: I shall soon see all his salvation."

She never lost her peace from the first moment she received it to the last. And as to her behaviour, she was an ornament to her profession, and a credit to the Society all the time she was in it.

After I came into the Circuit, I frequently visited her, and always found her happy in God, and resigned to his will. She prayed much for Mr. *Wesley* and the Preachers, that God would bless them abundantly.

Thus having employed about sixty years in seeking her own salvation and that of others, being quite worne out with age, like a shock of corn, fully ripe, she was gathered into the garner, May 3, 1787, and in the 87th year of her age.

W. M. Trewalder, June 1, 1787.

W. M.



An Account of the Death of FRANCIS SPIRA.

[Concluded from page 585.]

THEN came one of his nephews, and offered him some sustenance, which he refusing, so moved the young man, that he charged him with hypocrisy or frenzy, to whom Spira gravely answered, I would it were frenzy either feigned or true; for if it were feigned, I could put it off at pleasure, if it were a real frenzy, yet there were some hope of God's mercy, whereas now there is none: for I know God hath pronounced me an enemy, and guilty of high treason against his majesty. I am cast away as a vessel of his wrath, yet dare you call it dissembling and frenzy? And can you mock at the formidable example of the heavy wrath of God, that should teach you fear and terror? But it is natural for the flesh, either out of malice or ignorance, to speak perversely of the works of God. The natural man discerneth not the things that be of God, because they are spiritually discerned.

How can it be, said Gribaldus, that you can thus discourse of the judgment of God, and of the graces of his holy Spirit? What! you find the want of them, and earnestly desire them, and yet you think you are utterly deprived of them!

Take this for certain, said Spira, I want the main grace of all, and that which is absolutely necessary; and God doth many times extort most true testimonies of his justice and mercy, yea, out of the mouths of mere reprobates: for even Judas, after he had betrayed his Master, was constrained to confess his sin, and

to justify the innocency of Christ; and therefore if I do the like, it is no new or strange matter. God hath taken faith from me, and left other gifts, for my deeper condemnation. By how much the more I remember what I had, by so much the more is my torment, in that I know what I want, and know there is no way to be relieved!

Thus spake he, the tears all the while trickling down; professing that his pangs were such, as that the damned in hell endure not the like misery, that his state was worse than that of Cain, or Judas, and therefore he desired to die.

Yet behold, said he, the Scriptures are accomplished in me. They shall desire to die, and death shall fly from them.

And verily he seemed exceedingly to fear lest his life should be drawn out yet longer, ever and anon crying out, *O miserable wretch! O miserable wretch!* Then turning to the company, he besought them as follows,

“ O brethren! take diligent heed to your life. Make more account of the gift of God’s Spirit than I have done. Learn to bewail my misery. Think not you are assured Christians, because you understand something of the gospel. Take heed you grow not secure. Be constant and immoveable in the maintenance of your profession. Confess even until death, if you be called thereto. He that loveth father and mother, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, kindreds, houses, or lands, more than Christ, is not worthy of him.”

These words, said they, do not sound like the words of a reprobate.

I do but here imitate, said *Spira*, the rich glutton in the gospel, who, though in hell, was careful that his brethren should not come to that place of torment. And I say to you, brethren, take heed of this miserable estate wherein I am.

On our saying, Certainly he is overcome with melancholy, which being overheard, *Spira* answered,

Well, be it so. Thus also is God’s wrath manifested against me, in that he hath taken from me the use of my understand-

ing, so as I can neither rightly judge of my distemper, nor hope for remedy. O that God would let loose his hand from me, that it were with me now, as in time past! I would scorn all threats of the most cruel tyrants, bear torments with invincible resolution, glory in the outward profession of Christ, till I were choaked in the flames, and my body consumed to ashes.

They perceiving small effects of all this their labour, but rather that he grew worse, they consulted to carry him back again into his own country; and those of his friends that came to comfort him, began to take their last leave of him. *Vergerius*, among the rest, required, that at their parting, they might pray together with him. *Spira* hardly consented.

For, said he, my heart is estranged from God. I cannot call him Father from my heart. All good motions are quite gone. My heart is full of hatred, and blasphemy against God. I find I grow more and more hardened. Your prayers for me shall turn to your own profit; they cannot do me any good.

Vergerius then came to take his leave of him; whom *Spira* embracing, said,

Although I know nothing can bring any benefit to me a reprobate, but that every thing shall tend to my deeper condemnation; yet I give you most hearty thanks for your kind office, and the Lord return it unto you, with a plentiful increase of all good.

The next day being on his journey, looking round about him, with a ghastly look, he saw a knife lying on a table, to which he running hastily, snatched hold of it, as intending to mischief himself; but his friends laying hold of him, stopped him. Whereupon, he said, *I would I were above God, for I know he will have no mercy on me.*

Thus went he homewards, often saying, he envied the condition of *Cain* and *Judas*: he lay about eight weeks in this condition, in a continual burning, neither desiring, nor receiving any thing but by force, so that he appeared a perfect anatomy, expressing to the view nothing but sinews and bones; vehemently raging for drink; ever pining, yet fearing to live
in

in a continual torment. And thus consuming himself with grief and horror, impatience and despair, like a living man in hell, he represented an extraordinary example of the justice and power of God.

A few days after his arrival at his own house, in great anguish of spirit, he departed this life; and so concluded all his sufferings here. And I am not without hope that he had his hell in this world, and found mercy at the last gasp.



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

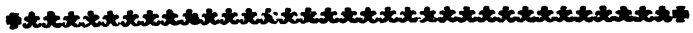
Of some Particular P L A N T S,

[Continued from page 592.]

IF there be a more beautiful flower than that of the Aloe, it grows on a species of Cereus (or Prickly Pear, as they call it, in America) which grows well in our stoves: about the middle of July the flower is grown to its bigness. Till then it appears like a bit of wool on a dead stem. It usually begins to open about five in the evening, and is full blown about eight, and continues so till about four the next morning. It then gradually closes, and is shut up about six o'clock, covered with a cold moisture. The calyx or empalement is a foot diameter, divided into sixty segments; the outside of a fine gold colour, the inside of a splendid yellow, spreading like the rays of a star. The petals are about thirty, in form of a cup, of a pure white. There is one style surrounded by a great number of stamina. It sends forth a very fragrant perfume, like the Gum Benjamin while in blossom; the empalement and petals open one by one with great elasticity.

There is not in nature any flower of greater beauty, or that makes a more magnificent appearance. What pity that it is only an Ephemeron! Literally the creature of a day!

An



An EXTRACT from THREE DIALOGUES.

D I A L O G U E III.

[Concluded from page 590.]

Sophronius. MY *Theophilus*, in particular, will have the noblest opportunities of doing good: a worthy clergyman is the greatest blessing to a parish; the benefits he may confer are infinite; and the children's children of the present generation may have reason to bless his memory.

You will scorn to content yourself with barely escaping censure, with coldly performing the unavoidable parts of your function, like a poor mechanic for a paltry hire. You will, I trust, be warm, active, and vigilant in the discharge of your duty. The other professions envy, though they reproach yours for its idleness. If the business of it were thoroughly performed, they would have little reason for either. The man who seriously considers he has so many immortal souls—a precious, tremendous charge—to preserve from misery, and conduct to eternal felicity, will not find himself exempt from much anxiety and labour. He will meet with continual trials of his humanity, his humility, his equanimity, and fortitude, and every christian virtue; will see that it behoves him, above all men, to be perpetually on his guard; to be attentive to every word and action, lest he give offence, lessen the respect that is due to his character; induce reflections on the whole body of the ministry, and hurt the cause of religion.

O my *Lionel*—how do these things appear to you now!—How? be assured, they appear to you truly. May the recollection of this awful scene, may the words of your dying father, may the present reflections, and convictions of your own mind, rush upon it again, in the dangerous hour of jollity and inconsideration!

And

And oh, my *Emily*! be sure remember—that it is impossible for a virtuous woman to be happy in the society of a vicious man: fire and water may as soon agree, as a religious mind unite itself, with ease and satisfaction, to one that is unprincipled. Thou, my sweet girl, art all innocence, and if it please God to grant the assistance of thy excellent mother for a few years longer, to watch over the inadvertence of youth, thou wilt ever avoid the approaches of impurity: remember she is your first and best friend, therefore let her ever be the confident of all the secrets of your heart. Let not a false shame hinder you from opening your bosom to her; but the more averse you feel to disclose your distress, conclude it the more absolutely necessary to be done; and be assured you will afterwards find reason to rejoice that you did it.

Love is the rock by which my poor girl will be liable to the greatest dangers. It is a passion which is most incident to the most amiable minds; but, though implanted in our nature for important ends, yet like all other passions, if not subjected to the controul of reason, it may lead into the most distressful situations, and be the occasion of the severest sufferings.

I know that my *Emily* has a heart formed for love, and every other virtuous affection; and true love is productive of the most generous sentiments. It is the most delightful circumstance of human nature—the balm of life—and the sweetest consolation in every distress. Think not I would fright my *Emily* from it; no, I would conduct her safely to it. God grant that she may meet with a man whose heart is worthy to be united with hers!—My own *Urania* too!—Alas! the same worthy sentiments now swell her bosom; with the reflection on that blissful union which is now going to be dissolved! But surely we shall meet again, never more to endure this suffering: surely we shall shortly meet again, to contribute to each others felicity, in any uninterrupted society, through all eternity! Let me break off with that reflection.—I feel myself exhausted, and must still submit to the imperfection of my mortal part.

Leave

Leave me, my *Urania*, my dearest children—we shall meet again, even in this world;—but it must be to part;—and let us endeavour to compose our minds, that we may part with the decency, and dignity of immortal beings, who separate only for a short time, in humble confidence of meeting again in the mansions of eternal happiness.

Sophonius now dismissed his disconsolate family, but in about an hour summoned them again around him.

Trembling, they approached him, when they observed an animation in his eyes, and pleasure expressed so strongly in every line of his countenance, that their hearts revived; they could not help flattering themselves, that some happy change had restored to them the tenderest husband, the fondest father, the gentlest and the wisest friend that ever family was blest with; when he said,

Farewel, my best beloved all! I am going! Let me not say to die; I am going to begin to live! It is not presumptuous in me to say so. My God, my most beneficent Creator has vouchsafed to give me an-undoubting consciousness that I am going to be most happy! I am most happy! I no longer feel that I am about to leave you, no more than I did when I used to wish you a good night, and beg a blessing on you. Hours, days, months, and years are done away in my mind. I have entered on eternity! I can never want time again, and there is no time in which I shall not be happy. O my *Urania*! O my children, we are all equals now! Husband and father are human relations. We shall be all equal friends! Eternal friendship—undoubting esteem—cordial kindness—coelestial love—Oh, glorious!—Come, my dearest friends! O hasten to join me! Lose not a thought on any other object! Pursue your way earnestly, and steadily, and you will soon arrive happily to the end of your journey! to the end of all your labours! To the beginning of life—to the blest society of immortal spirits!—Farewel!—Praise God! O praise the divine Essence of goodness! I come—my father, and my God!

He

He said no more; but with eyes raised towards heaven, a glow upon his cheeks, and a lively alacrity in every feature, his blessed soul flew out to its Creator.



GOD'S Revenge against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[Continued from page 592.]

THE procurer, being familiar with Monsieur Vassef, his colleague, and brother judge of La Palisse, remembered that he had formerly heard him speak of Mortaign, who had made his addresses to his daughter Varina; and also of his affair with this Joffelina, a farmer's daughter of Darency, by whom he had a child, which was the occasion of the match being broke off. And now considering, that it was his lackey, La Verdure, that was in Joffelina's chamber, at that unseasonable hour; that La Palma himself was present, and that the young woman had never since been heard of, he could not help thinking these were sufficient grounds to suspect, that they must know what was become of her.

Wherefore, he held it fit the same night, to send La Palma privately to La Palisse, as also his wife Isabella, and Jacqueta, and went thither himself, being joined with the Lieutenant of that jurisdiction; the next morning La Palma was re-examined, with the witnesses; and Jacqueta confronting him, stood firm to her first deposition: at first he flatly denied all, but afterwards confessed, that he and La Verdure, had stifled Joffelina in her bed, and afterwards buried her in the garden: and that Mortaign had hired them to do it for two hundred franks.

The Judges immediately issued out their warrants for apprehending Mortaign and La Verdure; the last the Provost met on the road, and Mortaign was taken in his bed. They were brought separately to La Palisse; and first La

Verdure was confronted by La Palma, and denied all; but soon after he not only confessed the murder of Josselina, but also that of her infant.

Mortaigh being examined, with great penitence owned the guilt he was charged withal, whereupon La Palma was condemned to be hanged; La Verdure and Montaigh to be broken on the wheel; which sentence, in sight of a vast multitude of spectators, was accordingly executed, on a market-day, in La Paliffa.

Let all maidens learn to preserve their chastity, by the example of Josselina: and let men learn by the example of La Verdure, and La Palma, not to shed innocent blood for the lucre of money; and by the lamentable end of Mortaigh, not to be inhuman, bloody, and lascivious.

[*To be continued.*]

The IMMENSITY of the WORKS of CREATION.

[*Concluded from page 592.*]

O F A N I M A L S.

THE Animals are usually divided into Birds, Beasts, Fishes, and Insects; and of these the Almighty Author of the whole has given an amazing variety in each kind. The species of larger Beasts are more than a hundred; the Birds at this time known make more than six times that number. The number of ordinary Fishes is near six hundred also; and that of shell Fish more than three thousand, and yet with all these numbers it is a modest computation, when we recollect the vast spaces both of land and sea yet unsearched. The Insects are equal in number with the Plants, and probably are more numerous than we know of, being less regarded than the larger creatures; and if to all these, we add the myriads of smaller Animals that are to Insects, what Insects are to Elephants, the
living

though our patient carriage and brotherly love towards them for the precious truths we still hold in common, might evidence to them of what sort of spirit both they and we are. Yet our people are numerous in *Poland*, in *Hungary*, in *Holland*, as well as *England*. But being under the threats of such unchristian persecutions, (which hath been in the wisdom of God, the lot of all true Christians from the beginning, to try, exercise, and fortify their knowledge and virtue, by the opposition of their adversaries) we cannot open ourselves, nor argue touching our faith, but that even our nearest friends who are Trinitarians, out of a mistaken zeal, would be the first to deliver us up to Bishop's Courts, Prisons, and Inquisitions, to the endangering both our lives and fortunes. That is the sad reason, that we have not hitherto waited on you in greater numbers, to congratulate and welcome your Excellency; nor can we at this present in such a manner, as we well judge to be suitable to your grandeur, and the respect we bear to your Prince and people, for any share of divine truth, you or any other do hold entire with us from our God and our Saviour Christ.

Countenance, therefore, this philosophical plainness and freedom, (that is part of our profession) which emboldens us two to be more forward than others of our persuasion, to offer to you rather than fail, even a morsel of our own trade. Such slight presents in appearance as these little books are, whose contents nevertheless we think so important for the good of your souls that we would be ready (if acceptable) to go and assert the contents thereof, to the learned of your country, had we any prospect of success, while we are uncertain what entertainment attends such as would object any thing against your Coran, be it never so modestly and lovingly proposed.

Therefore, since we cannot now in person, be pleased, noble Sir, to communicate the import of these manuscripts to the consideration of the fittest persons of your countrymen, only as a scantling of what the more learned of our Unitarian Brethren could say, far beyond any thing that is here on these subjects
of

of our differences. And lest you might think it too mean an office to be instrumental in spreading any such divine verity; consider, if it be so great a matter to perform the part of an Ambassador among earthly Princes (which your Excellency hath so laudably done of late) how far more glorious is it, to undertake the least embassy in the cause and religion of the supreme Monarch of the world. To whom be glory and dominion for ever. Amen.



An Account of a remarkable MUMMY.

SOME persons being at work in a field near *Rion*, in *Auvergne*, found a kind of a trough, seven feet long, three broad, and eight inches in depth, cut out of a stone which seemed to be granite, and covered with another stone of the same kind. In this trough was a leaden coffin, which contained the body of a lad about twelve or thirteen years of age, so well embalmed, that the flesh was still flexible and supple. The arms were covered with bands, twisted round them from the wrist to the top of the shoulders, and the legs in the same manner from the ancles to the top of the thighs. A kind of shirt covered the breast and belly, and over all was a winding-sheet. All these linens were imbibed with a balm of such a strong smell, that the stone-trough retained it, and communicated it to those who came near it, long after the coffin was taken out.

This Mummy was carried first to the Curates of the Parish. It had at that time on its head a wooden cap, lined with an aromatic paste, which had the same smell with the balm in which the linen had been dipped. It had also in its hands balls of the same paste, which were kept on by little bags, which covered the hands, and were tied at the wrists; and the arms, thighs, and legs were covered with some of the same paste. But being removed soon after to *Rion*, by the order
of

of the Intendant of that place, all the coverings were taken away; and the colour of the skin, which was at first very clear, changed to a dark brown.

The drug employed in embalming had very much diminished the bulk of the fleshy parts; but had preserved their suppleness so well, that a Surgeon making an incision in the stomach, one of the bye-standers put in his finger, and could feel the diaphragm, the great lobe of the spleen and the liver. About twelve inches of the jejunum being likewise extracted, and tied at one end, it was inflated by blowing in it, as readily as if it had been that of an animal just killed. In short, the body seemed to be embalmed in a quite different manner from that of the *Egyptians*, whose Mummies are dry and brittle.

No inscription on the coffin or linen, no medal, nor any symbol whatever, was found, that might discover the time when it was deposited in this place.

An Instance of SECOND SIGHT: extracted from Mr. BOSWELL'S Tract.

MR. *M'Quarrie*, a gentleman in the *Isle of Skie*, gave us a striking instance of the Second Sight. Going to *Edinburgh*, and taking a servant-man with him, after some time an old woman in the house said, "Mr. *M'Quarrie* will be at home to-morrow, and bring two gentleman with him; and his servant will return in red and green." Accordingly on the morrow, Mr. *M'Quarrie* came home in company with two gentlemen, and brought his servant with him in a new suit of red and green livery which his master bought him at *Edinburgh*.

Mr. *M'Quarrie* said, that when he left home he had never mentioned, or designed putting his servant into livery of any sort, much less into red and green; but did it all on a sudden after he came to *Edinburgh*: so that the old woman could have no previous knowledge of it. How strange and mysterious is this!

A remarkable

A remarkable Instance of Sagacity in Crows.

THE wall of St. Mary's Church-yard, in the City of *Limerick*, projected into the main Street. On the inside of the wall were large Elm-trees, in which a number of Crows had built their nests. This they had done annually for several years. In the month of August, 1786, the Streets being flagged, for the accommodation of foot passengers, it was thought proper to move the wall further in, and consequently to cut down the front row of Elms. For some days, whilst this was in agitation, there seemed to be a great commotion amongst the Crows. At last a day was appointed by the Dean, to hold a Vestry in order to determine this matter: When the Vestry met, the trees were ordered to be cut down. But it was agreed, that one which stood at a corner should stand, and that those which stood backward should remain as an ornament to the City. Before, and during the sitting of the Vestry, the Crows were continually together, and a loud chattering were heard on all sides. As soon as the Vestry broke up, to the great astonishment of multitudes, the Crows began with unremitting labour to remove their nests to those trees which were ordered to remain. Only the Elm which stood in the corner, and was in a doubtful situation they passed by. All their nests were speedily removed, except an old nest which for a long time had been unoccupied.

These facts are well known by multitudes in *Limerick*, who were eye-witnesses! But who can account for them? Let him do it who can.

H. B.

Limerick, May 17, 1787.

THOUGHTS

Now all this being said in this same discourse, one would think it were enough to prevent any such odd interpretation of these words as is too commonly given. For it is plain, that they who say, the Apostle here speaks in the person of a regenerate man, makes the Spirit of God speak things contradictory, even in the same discourse.

But to all this they answer, That he must mean *himself*, because he uses the first person all the way. I answer, it is a thing very usual, not only with St. Paul, but even with others in their common conversation, to use the first person when they speak of another. For instance, suppose I should go about to dissuade an other from the sin of *drunkenness*, and should tell him, that drunkenness is a sin against which *we all* know there is a positive command; that by this sin *I* render myself odious to God, by defacing his image; *I* expose myself to be laughed at by men; *I* disorder *my* reason; *I* mispend *my* time; *I* ruin *my* health and reputation; and by it, *I* become obnoxious to eternal damnation: and if I should add, that the very remorse of conscience with which *I* commit that sin, is a plain proof of the excellency of the Gospel, which strictly forbids drunkenness: and that it is so much against the light of Nature, that in being drunk *I* act against *my* judgment; nay, and against *my* inclination too, so that it is evident, the evil which *I* would not, that do *I*: I say my speaking thus, in the first person, would no more prove that myself was really a drunkard, than St. James' saying, with *our* mouth curse *we* men, proves that he cursed and swore.

Of the SATISFACTION of CHRIST.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

IF we consider our redemption by the blood of Christ as a real mystery, there are two things to be observed in it, as in the other mysteries of Christianity. The one is, the real substance,

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and

and true manner of it, as it is in itself; and the other is, those analogous objects which the Spirit of God hath made use of to represent it to our understanding.

As to the first, we have no words to express it, nor are we capable of forming the least conceptions of it. We know as little of it as we do of the real, true nature of God. We are utterly ignorant what a violation of God's nature and attributes is, and how they are to be preserved inviolable. We know not how God is angry, or how he is appeased; nor what proportion the sufferings of Christ bore either to the justice of God, or the sins of men. We are utterly ignorant how the blood of Christ operates in respect of God, and after what manner it works a reconciliation. These, and every thing else relating to the true nature of this mystery, are as far out of our sight as the highest heavens; and if we were wrapt up thither like *St. Paul*, we should be as little able to express it as he was. We must therefore find some other way of understanding this, than by a labour of the brain; and some other kind of conversation than those distinctions of sounds from the beating of the air by the motion of our tongue and lips.

This unfathomable mystery hath the Spirit of God revealed to us in such language, and by the intervention of such objects, as bear the nearest proportion and analogy with it of any thing that comes within the compass of our senses.

The whole mystery of our salvation, transacted between God and Christ is, by the holy Spirit, revealed to us under the resemblance of those transactions which pass among ourselves; and those dealings that are common between man and man. Alas! there was no other way for us to come to any knowledge of them but this; therefore our state of sin and corruption is called a captivity: we are said to be slaves, and the blood of Christ, a ransom: and we are said to be redeemed, though it be in strict propriety neither captivity nor ransom. Our sins are considered as a debt due to God, and the death of Christ as the discharge of that debt; and yet there is no bond cancelled

or

or release given. Again, we are represented as slaves that are purchased, and his blood is called the price; and yet nothing is properly either bought or sold.

The Socinians say, Christ doth not reconcile God to us, but us to him; this would be prettily said if we were every where in Scripture represented as being angry with God, and not he with us. Then indeed it would be a very proper reconciliation; for we can be both angry and appeased. Now the Church hath expressed all this by the word Satisfaction, because God is every where in Scripture represented as just, and punishment the due reward of our sins; and it is a word very significant and expressive of this great mystery. Not that it gives us the least glimpse of the true nature and real manner of the thing; but because the Satisfaction that is made from one man to another, for any offence against him, is the liveliest and most exact analogy the mind of man is capable of in this great revelation: and nothing else will express it so well. And yet if at the same time we go about to form a conception of that Satisfaction made by the blood of Christ, from the Satisfaction that is made from one man to another, either by punishment or otherwise, we think as absurdly as when we attribute to him the passions and members of a human body; nay we may as well imagine what sort of price it is, and the true manner of his buying us from the payment of a mighty sum of money. Thus as God himself appeared in human shape to become the object of our sight, he at the same time brought down this mysterious work of our redemption to the level of our understandings; that what could be neither seen nor heard might be let in by our eyes and ears; and what could not enter into the heart of man to conceive, might find a way to our understandings by the feigned colours of our imagination. And yet the utmost of our knowledge of them is still as improper as that of his divinity, when we behold the form and similitude of a man.

This then is a goodness and a wisdom we are to contemplate and adore, and not to cavil at. However, this grace and con-

descention of the spirit hath been turned to wantonness, inso-
much, that instead of the consideration and belief of the main
design and import of what he spoke, men set their heads to
work, to play upon his words, and persuade the world that he
can mean no such thing as what he speaks!



On DESPISING DEATH.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

DR. *Johnson* observed, that the boastings of some men, as
to dying easily, were idle talk, proceeding from partial
views: I mentioned *Hauthornäen's* Cypress Grove, where it is
said that the world is a mere show; and that it is unreasonable
for a man to wish to continue in the show-room, after he has
seen it. Let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other
speculators. *Johnson*, "Yes, Sir, if he is sure he is to be
well, after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after
he goes out of the show-room, and never to see any thing
again; or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man
will not go cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will
be contented to die, if he thinks he is to go into a state of pu-
nishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he
thinks he is to fall into annihilation: for however unhappy any
man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it, than not
exist at all. No; there is no rational principle by which a man
can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of God, through the
merits of Jesus Christ."



On the Power of the External Absorption of the Human Body.

[By Dr. Wilkinson.]

THE intolerable thirst accompanying an ardent fever is mi-
tigated by immersing the Body in warm water: this is
frequently proved by the Physicians in *Italy*, where the practice
is much used.

It

It is very well known that the Human Body gains a considerable additional weight by bathing in warm or cold water. A man whose weight before immersion doth not exceed one hundred and forty pounds, having been fifteen minutes in the Bath, after being wiped perfectly dry, shall be found heavier on weighing again by sometimes thirty, sometimes forty ounces, and frequently more.

If a man in extreme thirst immerse himself in water, his sensation of thirst is removed, though he does not by the mouth take in a drop of the fluid : therefore it appears that the spongy Absorbency of his own Body is the means by which his drought is relieved.

Immersion in sea-water is attended with the same refreshing effect, though drinking that fluid be generally apt to cause thirstiness : we may therefore conclude that the particles of salt which give taste to the sea-water, are larger in diameter than the diameters of the absorbent orifices, and that the particles of liquid in which the salt floats, and is dissolved, are less in diameter than the mouths of the Absorbents, and consequently that the skin, like a filter, separates the saline parts from the menstruum which contains them, and imbibes or admits the aqueous element in its pure and divested simplicity, which thereby becomes well adapted to the purposes of the animal Economy. It is probable that no menstruum whatsoever is so perfect and immediate a solvent for saline Bodies as this fluid vehicle of the sea-salt when pure and unmixed. This appears by the great and wonderful benefits derived from sea-bathing, especially in scrophulous or scorbutic disorders. Sea-bathing properly directed, gives relief in all the tribe of diseases which are generally allowed to proceed from a redundancy of saline or acrimonious particles floating in the vital juices, or accumulated upon the glands which are appointed to separate them from those fluids, that they may be discharged (their egress being facilitated by that preparatory comminution and previous dissolution in this most convenient aqueous menstruum.)

It

It doth not seem impossible, therefore, that even a Dropsy may be cured by sea-bathing: I could procure a striking instance of its efficacy in this disease, were it to my present purpose. A Theory might also be advanced, to shew how this disorder may be occasioned by a concretion of saline particles forming obstructions in the urinary emunctories, as founded upon experiment, and careful examination and inspection of hydroptic subjects; which concretions dissolving and expelled, the cure is accomplished: but I shall pretermit these disquisitions; my design being only to shew that the Body has an absorbent power in a much greater degree than is generally supposed, and to mention how, in some cases, a proper attention to this quality may become extremely useful to mankind.

There is not, perhaps, a more terrible calamity incident to the seafaring part of the human race than the extreme want of water: many and very frightful are the effects of this unhappy exigence. Who can peruse the accounts mentioned in almost every printed voyage that is published of the sufferings of seamen from this grievous misfortune, without feeling a sympathetic horror and concern at the affecting narrative of the deplorable extremities to which the victims of this disaster are frequently driven? Like a ship on fire at sea they burn in a deluge of surrounding waters: many schemes have therefore been concerted to prevent these miseries by compassionate people, which have as yet, I fear, all proved either ineffectual or impracticable. But though the attempts hitherto made for the attainment of this great and beneficent Intention have not been attended with competent success, yet I hope to be pardoned, if from the foregoing considerations on the Absorbency of the human Body, which it is presumed they sufficiently demonstrate, I am a little sanguine in my hopes of effectuating the desirable purpose by a method that will appear obvious to all who have attended to those strictures, which, experience will prove, are too perfectly founded in fact to admit of any controversy.

A Copy

A COPY of a LETTER from Mr. T. to Dr. C. dated,

Villore, 100 miles from Madras, Oct. 17, 1786.

SIR,

YOUR very much esteemed favour of the 16th of March, 1786, which I have this moment received, has afforded me an infinite satisfaction, and will give infinite satisfaction and comfort to my dear friends, when I have communicated the contents to them. That you have thought me worthy of an Address on the subject of a Mission, is to me a great honour. From my youth I have loved religion, and retain the same principles that I imbibed in my younger days. Happy should I be to see the Gospel preached with effect among the Heathens: and I have always said that the Methodists are the most likely to succeed in such a blessed work. The Pagans in India are not against receiving the Gospel, could they but exist being Christians. Was I a man of fortune, I would lay it at the feet of my dear Lord, to promote such a work as their conversion. This however is very far from being the case with me; but to the utmost of my power you may depend on every exertion I am capable of. The learning the European-Portuguese would be of no use in India; what is spoken here being very different from what is in use in Europe, and is learned with great ease at Madras. The principal languages are the Coart or Malabar, Moors and Gentoo. The two first are more easily learned than the latter.

With respect to dress, I must confess myself an advocate for a Missionary to these Heathens wearing from the first the country-dress; it is cheap, commodious, and agreeable to the people. He might have a suit or two of clothes to appear in when he visits European Gentlemen, if thought necessary. With respect to his passage out, he will be provided of course with only what is necessary for the voyage, and on his arrival I can procure

cure him a kind reception at the house of a friend at Madras, though I am not there myself. With respect to his allowance, I am of opinion it cannot be less than one hundred pounds a year, and he must live single, at least whilst his income is so small.

I know not if this letter will reach you; but I write at a venture, if possibly it may not be too late for the present dispatch. By the next opportunity, which will soon offer, I will write more fully. I beg of you to put me down as a Subscriber and a Member of your honourable Society. My Wife also desires this honour: so put us down for ten pounds annually. I feel myself warmed at the thought of the Methodists' undertaking this work. I am not acquainted with any of them; but have formed a high opinion of their tenets, and course of life: and their success seems to evince that the blessing of God accompanies their preaching. I am not acquainted with Mr. Wesley's Writings, but should be very glad to have some of them. Dr. Doddridge and Bishop Beveridge are the Authors I am most acquainted with.

I pray earnestly that Almighty God would prosper your glorious work, and make me an Instrument of promoting it. The Missionaries already here (my friends) will assist you greatly in it; but from other Europeans you will meet with little encouragement on this coast. Europeans in India are universally either ashamed of Religion, or else afraid to profess it heartily. In this respect India is in a very gloomy state—in a state of universal darkness.

Believe me to be with esteem and respect, Sir, your most devoted friend, and very humble servant;

W. H. T.

BEASTS taught *strange* THINGS.

THE Count of *Stolberg*, in *Germany*, had a Deer which he bestowed on the Emperor *Maximilian*, that would receive a rider on his back, and a bridle in his mouth, and would run a race with the fleetest horse that came into the field, and outstrip him.

At *Prague*, in the King of *Bohemia's* Palace, were two tame Leopards that would at a call, leap behind the Huntsman when he went abroad a hunting, and sit like a Dog on the hinder parts of the horse, and would soon dispatch a Deer.

Elephants have been taught to dance. The manner of teaching them is this; they bring some young Elephant upon a floor of earth that has been heated underneath, and they play upon a Tabor, while the poor beast lifts up his stumps very often from the hot floor, more by reason of the heat than any desire to dance. And this they practice so often, until the Beast has got such a habit of it, that when he hears any music he falls a dancing.

A curious Description of MALLEABLE GLASS.

AN Artificer in *Rome* made vessels of Glass of so tenacious a temper, that they were as little liable to be broken as those of gold and silver: when he had made a vial of this sort, he was admitted into the presence of *Tiberius*. To promote himself yet further in the favour of the Emperor, he desired the vial out of *Cesar's* hands, and threw it with such force against the floor, that the solidest metal would have received some damage thereby. Then taking up the vial (which was not broken, but only bruised) he drew out an instrument from his bosom, and beat it out to its former figure. The Emperor enquired if any other person was privy to the like tempering of Glass: when he had told him "No;"

he commanded to strike off his head, saying, "That should this Artifice come once to be known, gold and silver would be of as little value as the dirt of the street."

Teaching DUMB PERSONS to Speak.

DR. *Willis*, Professor of Geometry, in *Oxford*, and Fellow of the Royal Society, was the first in *England* that made Art supply the defects of Nature, in learning persons that were deaf and dumb to speak, and write distinctly and intelligibly. Mr. *Nathaniel Whaly*, born in *Northampton*, of reputable parents, was taught by him, in *Oxford*, at twenty-six years of age, (who had been deaf and dumb above twenty years) in the year 1662, and that in the space of one year. At the same time the Doctor taught a son of the Lord *Wharton*, that was born deaf and dumb; and afterwards Mr. *Popham*. Mr. *Whaly* was had before the Royal Society, and there discoursed to their entire satisfaction. King Charles the Second also hearing of it, desired to see Mr. *Whaly*: who appearing before him, his Majesty asked him several questions, and was satisfied with his pertinent answers.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE
MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held at MANCHESTER, JULY 31, &c. 1787,

Between the Rev. J. WESLEY, and Others.

[Concluded from page 608.]

A M E R I C A.

The United States.

Superintendents. T. Coke, F. Asbury.

95 *Burke*. J. Major, M. Harris.
96 *Augusta*. T. Humphries, M. Park.
97 *Broad River*. J. Mason, T. Davis.

ELDER.

} R. Ivey.

98 *Edisto*

98	<i>Edisto.</i>	E. West.	}	EIDERS.
99	<i>Charleston.</i>	L. Green.		B. Allen.
100	<i>Cainboy and Santee.</i>	I. Smith.	}	R. Ellis.
101	<i>Pee Dee.</i>	H. Bingham, L. Andrews, H. Leadbeater.		
102	<i>Yadkin.</i>	W. Partridge, B. M ^r Henry, J. Conner.	}	
103	<i>Salisbury.</i>	M. Moore.		
104	<i>Gilford.</i>	J. Minter.	}	F.
105	<i>Hallsfax.</i>	D. Albury, J. Abel.		Poythress.
106	<i>New Hope.</i>	J. Baldwin.	}	
107	<i>Caswell.</i>	I. Burns.		
108	<i>Bladen.</i>	D. Coombes.	}	
109	<i>New River.</i>	E. Morris, H. Ogburn.		
110	<i>Tar River.</i>	T. Bowen, T. Wetherford.	}	J.
111	<i>Roanok.</i>	T. Anderson, B. Carter.		O'Kelly.
112	<i>Meclenburgh.</i>	R. Swift, C. Hardy.	}	
113	<i>Brunswick.</i>	J. Eatter, H. Jones.		
114	<i>Suffex.</i>	P. Cox, L. Grigg.	}	
115	<i>Amelia.</i>	H. Hull, M. Whittaker.		
116	<i>Portsmouth.</i>	T. Jackson, D. Jefferson.	}	
117	<i>Camden.</i>	S. Smith.		P. Bruce.
118	<i>Banks.</i>	D. Haggard.	}	
119	<i>Bertie.</i>	H. Merrit, L. Chasteen.		
120	<i>Bedford.</i>	J. Paup, W. Bradbury.	}	
121	<i>Greenbrier.</i>	J. Smith.		
122	<i>Orange.</i>	I. Lowe, D. Locket.	}	Le Roy
123	<i>Hannover.</i>	H. Vanover.		Cole.
124	<i>Williamsburg.</i>	S. Johnson.	}	
125	<i>Hofstein.</i>	J. Maston, N. Moore.		
126	<i>Nolachuckie.</i>	T. Ware, M. Tracy,	}	J.
127	<i>New River.</i>	E. Morris, H. Ogburne.		Tunnell.
128	<i>Kentucky.</i>	T. Williamson, W. Lee.	}	
129	<i>Cumberland.</i>	B. Ogden.		J. Haw.
130	<i>Redstone.</i>	W. Phebus, J. Wilson, E. Phelps.	}	J.
131	<i>Clarksburg.</i>	R. Cann, R. Pearson.		Cromwell.
132	<i>Ohio.</i>	J. Connaway, G. Callaughan.	}	R.
133	<i>Alleghany.</i>	J. Simmons, J. Todd.		Whatcoat.
134	<i>Bath.</i>	R. Ayres, M. Laird.	}	E.
135	<i>Berkeley.</i>	L. Mathews, J. Lurton.		Maston.
136	<i>Fairfax.</i>	M. Ellis, A. Hutchinso.	}	
137	<i>Lancaster.</i>	W. Cannan, E. Ellis.		

ELDERS.

138	<i>Frederick.</i>	J. Forrest, B. Riggin, B. Roberts.	} N. Reed. } J. Hagerly. } I. Pigman. } T. Chew. } J. } Cromwell. } F. } Garretson. } W. Gill. } J. } Dickens. } H. Willis.
139	<i>Calvert.</i>	J. Riggin.	
140	<i>Baltimore.</i>	J. Lee.	
141	<i>Kent.</i>	I. Ellis, J. Merrick.	
142	<i>Talbot.</i>	J. Cooper.	
143	<i>Dover.</i>	A. Cloud, J. Brush.	
144	<i>Caroline.</i>	J. White, G. Thompson, F. Spry.	
145	<i>Dorset.</i>	T. Curtis.	
146	<i>Somerset.</i>	L. Ross, C. Spry.	
147	<i>Annamessex.</i>	J. Evert, M. Greentree.	
148	<i>Northampton.</i>	R. Sparks.	
149	<i>Philadelphia.</i>	S. Dudley, W. Thomas.	
150	<i>Little York, Juniata,</i>	D. Combes.	
151	<i>Eliza. Town.</i>	R. Cloud, T. Morrel.	
152	<i>West Jersey.</i>	R. Cann, J. M'Clasky, J. Milburne.	
153	<i>Trenton.</i>	E. Cooper, N. Mills.	
154	<i>East Jersey.</i>	S. Pyle, C. Cook.	
155	<i>New York.</i>		
156	<i>New Rochelle.</i>	S. Talbot.	
157	<i>Long-Island.</i>	P. Moriarty.	

The British Dominions.

158	<i>Nova-Scotia.</i>	W. Jessop, W. Black, J. Mann, J. Mann.	} J. Ray. } W. Warraner } J. Clarke. } J. Baxter. } W. Hammel.
159	<i>Newfoundland.</i>	J. M'Geary.	
160	<i>Antigua.</i>		
161	<i>St. Vincents.</i>		
162	<i>St. Christophers.</i>		

Under the Government of Holland.

163	<i>St. Eustatius.</i>	J. Harper.
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LETTERS.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXL.

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

Otley, Sept. 14, 1775.

Rev. Sir.

GLORY be to God, I am kept in perfect peace, and daily feel my soul grow in grace. Jesus is more abundantly precious! I am often, as it were, lost in fellowship with the Holy Trinity; and within these last two months have felt my soul so sunk into an entire nothingness before God, that I have often been constrained to say, "Behold what manner of love is this, that I, who am less than the least of all Saints, should be thus favoured!"

But O the price! the precious ransom cost my Lord his life! Here is the spring of all my joys! Yes, though to me they all are freely given, yet for them was my dear Lord wounded, bruised, and chastised! and by his stripes I am healed.

When I thus reflect on what the dear Immanuel has done and suffered for me, how does my heart burn with love to this adorable Saviour! Lost in astonishment and love I say, Thou art worthy! Shall I ever keep back what thou so dearly hast bought? No, my Lord; take the purchase of thy blood: if I had ten thousand hearts they should all be thine. But what I have and am I freely give; and Jesus graciously deigns to accept my mite, and tells me, ere long I shall see his lovely face without a veil between. Then I shall worthily praise. Then I shall perfectly love. O that all with us may find the art of living thus to thee! seeing thy service is perfect freedom.

Last

Last week I was at Bradforth, and find that the Lord is among the people of a truth. Many are awakened; numbers justified, and not a few testify that they are cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit.

At Great Horton the arm of the Lord is made bare: the people cry out with one accord, What shall we do to be saved! Many have believed in Christ, and feel the power of mighty faith. On Tuesday night, as Mr. — was meeting his Class, a young man cried out aloud for full deliverance from sin! And before we parted he told us, he would for ever praise God, who enabled him to love him with his whole heart. Many more there are who are urging their way forward, and seem determined to follow after till they attain all that God has promised.

That we may all thus follow after and attain, is, Rev. Sir, the earnest desire of your obedient Servant in Christ,

E. R.

L E T T E R CCCCXLI.

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

Hannam-Green, Oct. 1, 1775.

Rev. Sir,

I Thank you for your kind Letter, and for the pleasure I received by being informed that you had not heard any thing which tended to hurt me in your esteem. I speak not thus because I would have any particulars about me kept from you. For I am ready to give you any account of myself you shall require.

But there is one thing for which I am much more obliged to you. I mean your kind concern for me. You have shewn this in cautioning me against what you fear may hurt me, and by directing me to what you think will help me. It was
kind

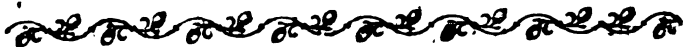
kind in you, and I thank you for it. I have read Dr. Clarke, and many others, the Theological Repository, Priestley, Graham, Lindsay, &c. and have seriously considered what they argue against our Saviour; but I still firmly believe that Jesus is very God of very God, is my God as much as the Father, and I adore Him and pray to Him as such. I believe that He, as God, in his divine nature, took upon him human nature, that is, the soul and body of man. I believe that the Godhead was fully and wholly in his humanity, and that the Father, whom none hath seen or can see in his own person, became visible in Jesus. And therefore that whoever simply beholds Jesus as his Lord and his God, need (in order to his peace) look no farther, nor puzzle himself in the disputes of men concerning their Maker.

I do not boast that I have escaped the Arian or Socinian pollutions of myself. I do not pretend that I am a match for the subtilty of those men, unassisted. If I have discerned the truth from falsehood, it was not by my own light. I always beg understanding of the Spirit of the Holy One. I pray that He may lead me into all truth. I know I need not ask your prayers for me to the same end. And it is the least return I can make for your love, in endeavouring to be a worker together with him for my good, to pray that he may always abide with you, and work all your works by you: then you will not be ashamed, when you are reviled, even as your Master was before you, nor will your labours be in vain in the Lord; but rather be a more abundant means of advancing his glory on earth, and of promoting, still more effectually, the present and eternal welfare of your fellow-creatures.

I remain, Rev. and dear Sir, your much obliged and very respectful, humble Servant,

J. H—SON.

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

The Second SATYR of PERSIUS.

[Translated by Mr. Dryden.]

The ARGUMENT.

This Satyr had its original from one of Plato's Dialogues, called the Second Alcibiades. Our author takes his rise from the birthday of his friend; on which occasion many prayers were made, and sacrifices offered. Persius first commending the party of his friends, begs, then descends to the impious and immoral requests of others.

LET this auspicious morning be express,
 With a * white stone, distinguished from the rest:
 White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
 And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
 Pray; for thy prayers the rest of heaven will bear;
 Nor needest thou take the gods aside to hear:
 While others, e'en the mighty men of Rome,
 Big swelled with mischief, to the temples come,
 And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
 Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
 So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
 What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
 "Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me just,"
 Thus much the rogues to public ears will trust:

* *White stone*. The Romans were used to mark their fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befel them, with a *white line* which they had from the Island Crete; and their unfortunate days with a *Coal*.

In private:—"When wilt thou Mighty *Jove*,
 My wealthy Uncle from this world remove?"
 Or—"O thou Thundérers son, Great † *Hercules*,
 That once thy bountéous Deity could please
 To guide my rake, upon the chinking found
 Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!"
 "This is my neighbour *Norius*' his third spouse,
 Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
 But my eternal Wife!—Grant heavèn I may
 Survive to see the fellow of this day!"
 Thus that thou mayést the better bring about
 Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
 But prythee tell me ('tis a small request)
 With what ill thoughts of *Jove* art thou possess'd?
 Wouldst thou prefer him to some man? Suppose
 I dippéd among the worst, and *Staius* chose?
 Which of the two would thy wife head declare
 The trustiér tutor to an orphan heir?
 Or put it thus:—Unfold to *Staius*, strait
 What to *Jove*'s ear thou didst impart of late:
 He'll stare, and O good *Jupiter*! will cry,
 Canst thou indulge him in this villany!
 And thinkést *Jove* himself with patience then
 Can hear a prayer condemnéd by wicked men?
 That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
 And leaves his business to be done by fate?
 Because his thunder splits some sturdy tree,
 And is not darted at thy house and thee?
 What well-fed offering to appease the god
 What powerful present to procure a nod,
 Hast thou in store? What bribe hast thou preparéd;
 To pull him, thus unpunishéd, by the beard?

† *Hercules* was thought to have the power of bestowing all hidden treasure.

Should I present thee with rare-figur'd plate,
 Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight ;
 O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
 And thy left side with trembling pleasure sweat !
 Thou measur'st by thyself the powers divine ;
 Thy gods are burnish'd, guilded is their shrine.
 O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
 Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground !
 We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
 And think what pleases us, must please the gods.
 Of oil and cassia one the ingredients takes,
 And of the mixture, a rich ointment makes :
 Another finds a way to dye in grain ;
 And makes *Calabrian* wool receive the *Tyrian* strain ;
 Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
 Or, for the golden ore, in rivers rakes.
 Tell me, vain man ! if I may be so bold,
 What are the gods the better for this gold ?
 The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
 These presents, bribes the Powers to give him more.

But let us all for heaven a gift prepare,
 Which the great man's great charges cannot bear :
 A soul, where laws both human and divine,
 In practice more than speculation shine :
 A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
 Fixt in the last recesses of the mind :
 When with such offerings to the gods I come ;
 A Cake thus given, is worth a Hecatomb.

Thus far Heathenism could go: " Be truly righteous, and thou shalt be accepted of God." But how wide is even this sin
 Unto him that believeth, his *Faith* is counted for Righteousness ?

Inscribed to the Memory of the Hon. Col. G. VILLIERS,
Drowned in the River *Piava*, in the Country of *Friuli*, 1703,

In Imitation of Horace. Ode 28. Lib. 1.

SAY, dearest *Villiers*, poor departed friend,
(Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end,)
Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
That anxious thou, from pole to pole didst fail;
E'er on thy chin the springing beard began,
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd and riper years?
To wake e'er morning-dawn to loud alarms,
And march till close of night in heavy arms;
To scorn the summer suns and winter snows,
And search through every clime thy country's foes!
That thou might'st Fortune to thy side engage;
That gentle peace might quell Bellona's rage:
And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?

In vain we think that free-will'd man has power,
To hasten or protract the appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.*
Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor mis'd by Chance,
Imperious death directs his Ebon Lance;
People's great *Henry's* tomb, and leads up *Holben's* dance.
Alike must every state, and every age,
Sustain the universal tyrant's rage:
For neither *William's* power, nor *Mary's* charms,
Could or repel, or pacify his arms.

* Not so; for the wicked do not (always) live out half their days.

Young *Churchill* fell, as life began to bloom:
 And *Bradford's* trembling age expects the tomb.
 Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
 One moment's respite for the learned head:
 Judges of writings and of men have diéd;
Mecænas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde :
 And in their various turns the sons must tread
 Those gloomy journeys, which their fires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain,
 That bodies die, but souls return again,
 With all the births and deaths he had in store,
 Went out *Pythagoras*, and came no more.
 And modern *Af—l*, whose capricious thought,
 Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,
 Too soon convincéd, shall yield that fleeting breath,
 Which playéd so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
 Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea :
 Some who escape the fury of the wave,
 Sicken on earth, and sink into the grave :
 In journeys or at home, in war or peace,
 By hardships many, many fall by ease,
 Each changing season does its poison bring;
 Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring:
 Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
 All act subservient to thè Almighty's power:
 And when obedient nature knows his will,
 A fly, a grapestone, or a hair can kill.

For restless *Proserpine* for ever treads
 In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads ;
 And on the spacious land, and liquid main,
 Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain :
 Variety of deaths confirm her endless reign.

On sad *Piava's* banks the goddess flood,
 Shew'd her dire warrant to the rising flood ;
 When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
 With fatal speed was urging his return ;
 In his dear country, to dispense his care,
 And arm himself by rest for future war ;
 To chide his anxious friend's officious fears,
 And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh, destin'd head ! and oh, severe decree !
 Nor native country thou, nor friend' shalt see ;
 Nor war hast thou to wage, nor years to come,
 Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark ! the imperious goddess is obey'd :
 Winds murmur ; snows descend ; and waters spread :
 Oh, kinsman ! friend.—Oh, vain are all the cries
 Of human voice ! strong destiny replies,
 Weep you on earth ; for he shall weep below :
 Thence none return ; and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
 To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads ;
 If thou mayest happen, on the dreary shores,
 To find the object which this verse deplores,
 Cleanse the pale corpse, with a religious hand,
 From the polluting weed, and common sand ;
 Lay the dead hero graceful in the grave ;
 (The only honour he can now receive.)
 And fragrant mould upon his body throw ;
 And plant the warrior-lawrel o'er his brow ;
 Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough.

So may just heaven secure thy future life
 From foreign dangers, and domestic strife :
 And when the infernal Judge's dismal power,
 From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour ;

When

When yielding to the sentence, breathless thou,
 And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now;
 May some kind friend the pious object see,
 And equal rites perform, to That which once was Thee.

D E A T H *and* E T E R N I T Y.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
 Go, search the world beneath,
 Where nature all in ruin lies,
 And owns her sovereign, Death.

The tyrant how he triumphs here!
 His trophies spread around!
 And heaps of dust and bones appear,
 Through all the hollow ground.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
 How loathsome to the eyes!
 These are the heads we lately knew,
 So beautiful, and so wise.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
 That left this dying clay?
 My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
 And trace Eternity.

O that unfathomable sea!
 Those deeps without a shore!
 Where living waters gently play,
 Or fiery billows roar!

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
 And try this doubtful sea;
 Vain are our groans, and dying strife
 To gain a moment's stay.

There

There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
 Or sink in flaming waves ;
 While the pale carcase thoughtless lies,
 Among the silent graves.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
 On our dry bones, and say,
 " These once were strong, as mine appear,
 And mine must be as they.

Thus shall our mould'ring members teach
 What now our senses learn :
 For dust and ashes loudest preach
 Man's infinite concern."

An ODE, from the Second BOOK of HORACE.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
 This pious Artifice ;
 Not all these prayers and alms can buy
 One moment tow'rd eternity.
 Eternity! that boundless race,
 Which Time himself can never run :
 (Swift as he flies with an unwearied pace)
 Which, when ten thousand, thousand years are done,
 Is still the same, and still to be begun.

Fixed are those limits, which prescribe
 A short extent to the most lasting breath ;
 And though thou cou'dst for sacrifice lay down
 Millions of other lives to save thy own,
 'Twere fruitless all ; not all would bribe
 One supernumerary gasp from death.

In vain's thy inexhausted store
 Of wealth, in vain thy power,

The

The rich, the great, the innocent and just,
 Must all be huddlèd to the grave,
 With the most vile and ignominious slave,
 And undistinguishèd lie in dust.
 In vain the fearful flies alarms ;
 In vain he is securè from wounds of arms,
 In vain avoid the faithless seas,
 And is confinèd to home and ease,
 Bounding his knowledge to extend his days,
 In vain are all those arts we try,
 All our evasions, and regret to die :
 From the contagion of mortality,
 No clime is pure, no air is free :
 And no retreat
 Is so obscure, as to be hid from Fate.

Thou must, alas ! thou must, my friend :
 (The very hour thou now dost spend
 In studying to avoid, brings on thine end :)
 Thou must forego the dearest joys of life ;
 Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
 And all the much-lovèd offspring of her womb,
 To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
 All must be left, and all be lost ;
 Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
 Shall not afford
 Room for the stinking carcase of its Lord.
 Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots and bowers,
 Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetchèd plants and flowers,
 Nought shalt thou save ;
 Unless a sprig of rosemary thou have,
 To wither with thee in thy grave :
 The rest shall live and flourish to upbraid
 Their transitory Master dead.

E N D of V O L. X.



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