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T H E
Arminian Magazine,

For the Y E A R 1788.

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

E X T R A C T S

A N D

ORIGINAL TREATISES

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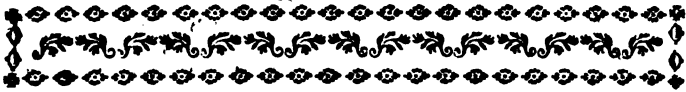
Universal Redemption.



V O L U M E XI.

L O N D O N

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T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For JANUARY 1788.



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

[Continued from page 620.]

Of the Freedom of the Will of Man.

C H A P. I.

TO say that men thus disabled may deserve punishment for the evil they do, though they cannot do otherwise, because they disobey willingly, and chuse to do so; is to make the devils and the damned spirits farther punishable, because they also chuse to do evil; and the blessed angels rewardable, because they chuse to do good, and do it willingly. If, indeed, man doth chuse at all, he must chuse willingly; for that is only to say, *He chuseth by his will.* But, yet, if he lies under an utter disability of willing and doing otherwise, and upon that account doth only what is evil, and not spiritually good, no man can reasonably judge, he is still left under a state of trial or probation; whether he will do good or evil, much less that *good and evil, life and death, are set before him,* and that it is in his

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power

power to chuse either of them. And yet that this was the ancient doctrine of the Jews, we learn from these words of the son of Syrach, chap. xv. 11.—17. *He himself made man from the beginning, and left him in the hands of his counsel; if thou willest to keep the commandments, and to perform acceptable faithfulness, he hath set fire and water before thee, stretch forth thy hand to whither thou willest. Before man is life and death, and whether he liketh shall be given him; and this he learnt from those words of Moses, Deut. xxx. 15. I have set before thee this day life and good, death and evil, in that I command thee to love the Lord thy God, and to walk in his way. And ver. 19. I call heaven and earth to record against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore chuse life. Where Maimonides saith, That the wills of men are under no force or coercion, but are free agents; and therefore precepts are imposed upon them, with punishments threatened to the disobedient, and with rewards promised to them who keep God's commandments. And from the words preceding, it is evident that these commandments were neither so abstruse that they could not know them, nor so difficult to the lapsed Jews, that they could not do them. For thus they run, the commandment which I command thee this day is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off that ye should say who shall go up to heaven, or beyond the sea, to bring it to us that we may hear it and do it; but the word is very nigh to thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it: i. e. that thou mayest have nothing more to do than to put it in practice. Now to say to men utterly disabled from chusing life, or keeping God's commandments, he hath left thee in the hands of thy counsel, if thou willest to keep the commandments; that before them is life and death, and whether they will shall be given them; is surely to delude them with vain words, to say, see I have set before thee life and death, good and evil, in that I command thee to love the Lord thy God, and to walk in his way; i. e. in that I command thee upon pain of my eternal displeasure to do this, with the solemnity of calling heaven and earth to record against them who would not embrace*

embrace life and blifs; to bid them chufe life, who could no more chufe it under this difability, than they could rend a rock in funder; to tell them for their encouragement, who were fpiritually blind, that *the word was not hidden from them*, or difficult to be known by them; and them that were fpiritually deaf, and hard of heart, that *the word was in their heart that they might hear it and do it*: is that which cannot poffibly proceed from a God of truth, uprightnefs and fincerity; but rather, like the temptations and allurements of Satan, are mere delufions, falfe promifes, and pretences of kindnefs to thofe fouls, whofe ruin he defigns. And then, when we confider that St. Paul hath transferred thefe very expreffions *to the word of faith* which the Apoftles preached; it is alfo certain that men under the gofpel difpenfation lie under no fuch difability of believing unto righteoufnefs now, which the grace, tendered with the gofpel, is not fufficient to remove. And, indeed, to introduce the bleffed Jefus declaring that the Jews were given up to the fevereft judgments, *because he would have gathered them, and they would not be gathered, and that they would die in their fins, because they would not come unto him that they might have life*; when 1ft. by virtue of an act of divine preterition, they were left, faith Bifhop Davenant, *infalubly to fail of obtainiag life*; and they were left by the fall under an utter difability of being willing; is fuch an imputation on the bleffed Jefus as cannot be thought on without horror.

2dly, That opinion which faith, man cannot do any thing which is fpiritually good, without that grace which makes the doing of that good inevitable, muft alfo deftroy the liberty belonging to man in a ftate of trial. For what is it to fay, a thing is to me inevitable, but to fay I have no power to refift that action; and if that action be the action of the will, it is to fay, I have no power to will otherwife, and fo no power to chufe otherwife; fince what I chufe I chufe by my will. And then 1ft. I am no more rewardable for chufing as I do, than the bleffed angels are for chufing as they do; and it is as vain to excite men to chufe the good, or refufe the evil, by arguments of mo-

from promises and threats, as to move the blessed angels by them to chuse or to refuse as they do. For as they, being determined to one, cannot need these motives; so when this unfrustrable operation comes upon men, they can as little need them as these angels do; because then they are as certainly, infallibly and unfrustrably determined to one as the angels are: and as they being antecedently determined to one, cannot use these motives to induce or incline them to that good they chuse, so till lapsed man be thus determined to one, he cannot use them to incline him to the performance of his duty. And, for the same reason, as long as this action is deferred or with-held, we are as little liable to punishment, for not doing what is spiritually good, for not repenting and believing, as are the devils and the damned spirits; because we are as much disabled as they are: it being evidently the same to have no motives so to do, which is their wretched case, and to have none by which we can be moved so to do, without that action which will not be vouchsafed. And as the devils are not determined to one *in individuo*, but in kind only, as being determined to do evil in the general, and that only privatively for want of motive or inducement to do otherwise; so is it upon this supposition with lapsed man left in that state, without provision of this unfrustrable grace.

6. To say that men under this unfrustrable operation are still free, because what they are moved thus to do, they will to do, and do it with complacency, is only to say, man herein hath the freedom of an elect angel, which is not rewardable; but not that he hath the freedom of one in a state of trial. Divine action only enables the will to determine itself, or it necessitates it to act, *i. e.* to will. If it only enables it to do so, it renders not the action certain and infallible; for the will even of the regenerate person doth not always necessarily, or certainly chuse what it is able to chuse; for then regenerate persons would be guilty of no sin. If the divine motion doth necessitate the will, then is there no power in the will to do otherwise, and so there is no freedom either in that will, or that complacency

placency, which necessarily follows upon that divine impulse. God thus unfrustrably moves the will either by rational motives and persuasions only, or by some physical influx upon it, which it cannot resist. If he uses the first way only, 'tis plain that his motion may be frustrated, since the regenerate too often act against the highest motives, and the most powerful persuasions. If by a physical influx which the will cannot resist, tho' it hath contrary motives so to do, what can be further requisite to the compulsion of the will? For if my hand be compelled to an act, when it is moved by an external force which I cannot resist, why is not my will compelled also, when it is acted by an extrinsecal influx of God which it cannot resist? In fine, if the will and influx of God does thus unfrustrably interpose, to determine the will of man before it determines itself, it is no more liable to an account for acting, or not acting, than the earth is for standing still, or the heavens for moving; for this they do only because the will and action of God in putting motion into the one, and not into the other, makes it necessary for them so to do. If then man can do nothing that is spiritually good, till this divine motion determine him so to do, and then he cannot but do what he is thus moved to do, there is the same necessity for that which he doth, or doth not in this kind, as for the heavens to move, and the earth to stand still. To say there is yet a difference betwixt these two cases, because man hath a remote capacity of doing otherwise, solves not the difficulty; for if that capacity cannot be exerted without this determining impulse, it is as none at all without it.

[To be continued.]

SERMON

S E R M O N XLIII.

On LEVIT. xix. 17.

Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart: thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him.

A GREAT part of the book of *Exodus*, and almost the whole of the book of *Leviticus*, relate to the ritual, or ceremonial Law of *Moses*, which was peculiarly given to the children of *Israel*; but was such a yoke, says the Apostle *Peter*, as neither our fathers nor we were able to bear. We are therefore delivered from it: and this is one branch of the liberty wherewith *Christ* hath made us free. Yet it is easy to observe, that many excellent Moral Precepts are interspersed among these Ceremonial Laws. Several of them we find in this very chapter. Such as, *Thou shalt not gather every grape of thy vineyard: Thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger. I am the Lord your God*, ver. 10. *Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another*, ver. 11. *Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbour, neither rob him: the wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee till the morning*, ver. 13. *Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling block before the blind: but shalt fear thy God: I am the Lord*, ver. 14. As if he had said, I am He whose eyes are over all the earth, and whose ears are open to their cry. *Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment: thou shalt not respect the person of the poor*, which compassionate men may be tempted to do; nor honour the person of the mighty; to which there are a thousand temptations, ver. 15. *Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale bearer among thy people*, ver. 16, altho' this is a sin which human laws have never yet been able to prevent. Then follows, *Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart: thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him.*

In

In order to understand this important direction aright, and to apply it profitably to our own souls, let us consider,

First, What it is that we are to rebuke or reprove? What is the thing that is here enjoined? Secondly, Who are they whom we are commanded to reprove? and Thirdly, How are we to reprove them?

I. 1. Let us consider, first, What is the duty that is here enjoined? What is it we are to rebuke or reprove? And what is it, To reprove? What is it to reprove? To tell any one of his faults, as clearly appears from the following words, *Thou shalt not suffer sin upon him.* Sin is therefore the thing we are called to reprove, or rather him that commits sin. We are to do all that in us lies to convince him of his fault and lead him into the right way.

2. Love indeed requires us, to warn him, not only of Sin (altho' of this chiefly) but likewise of any error, which if it were persisted in, would naturally lead to sin. If we do not hate him in our heart, if we love our neighbour as ourselves, this will be our constant endeavour, to warn him of every evil way and of every mistake which tends to evil.

3. But if we desire, not to lose our labour, we should rarely reprove any one, for any thing that is of a disputable nature, that will bear much to be said on both sides. A thing may possibly appear evil to me: therefore I scruple the doing of it. And if I were to do it while that scruple remains, I should be a sinner before God. But another is not to be judged by my conscience, to his own Master he standeth or falleth. Therefore I would not reprove him, but for what is clearly and undeniably evil. Such, for instance, is profane cursing and swearing, which even those who practise it most, will not often venture to defend, if one mildly expostulates with them. Such is Drunkenness, which even a habitual Drunkard will condemn when he is sober. And such, in the account of the generality of people, is the profaning of the Lord's Day. And if any which are guilty of these sins, for a while attempt to

defend them, very few will persist to do it, if you look them steadily in the face, and appeal to their own conscience in the sight of God.

II. 1. Let us, in the second place, consider, Who are those that we are called to reprove? It is the more needful to consider this, because it is affirmed by many serious persons, That there are some sinners whom the Scripture itself forbids us to reprove. This sense has been put on that solemn caution of our Lord, in his Sermon on the mount. *Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under foot, and turn again and rend you.* But the plain meaning of these words is, Do not offer the pearls, the sublime Doctrines or mysteries of the Gospel, to those whom you know to be brutish men, immersed in sins, and having no fear of God before their eyes. This would expose those precious jewels to contempt, and yourselves to injurious treatment. But even those whom we know to be in our Lord's sense, dogs and swine, if we saw them do, or heard them speak, what they themselves know to be evil, we ought in any wise to reprove them; else we *hate our brother in our hearts.*

2. The persons intended by *our neighbour* are every child of man, every one that breathes the vital air, all that have souls to be saved. And if we refrain from performing this office of love to any, because they are sinners above other men, they may persist in their iniquity, but their blood will God require at our hands.

3. How striking is Mr. *Baxter's* reflection on this head, in his Saint's Everlasting Rest. "Suppose thou wert to meet one in the lower world, to whom thou hadst denied this office of love, when ye were both together under the sun; what answer couldst thou make to his upbraiding? At such a time and place, while we were under the sun, God delivered me into thy hands. I then did not know the way of salvation, but was seeking death in the error of my life. And therein thou sufferedst me to remain, without once endeavouring to awake

me

me out of sleep! Hadst thou imparted to me thy knowledge, and warned me to flee from the wrath to come, neither I nor thou need ever have come into this place of torment."

4. Every one therefore that has a soul to be saved, is intitled to this good office from thee. Yet this does not imply, that it is to be done in the same degree to every one. It cannot be denied, that there are some, to whom it is particularly due. Such, in the first place, are our Parents, if we have any that stand in need of it: unless we should place our Comforts and our Children on an equal footing with them. Next to these we may rank our Brothers and Sisters, and afterwards our Relations, as they are alied to us in a nearer or more distant manner, either by blood or by marriage. Immediately after these are our Servants, whether bound to us for a term of years, or any shorter term. Lastly, such in their several degrees are our Countrymen, our fellow Citizens, and the members of the same Society, whether Civil or Religious: the latter have a particular claim to our service: seeing these Societies are formed with that very design, To watch over each other for this very end, that we may not suffer sin upon our Brother. If we neglect to reprove any of these, when a fair opportunity offers, we are undoubtedly to be ranked among those, that *hate their brother in their heart*. And how severe is the sentence of the Apostle, against those who fall under this condemnation! *He that hateth his brother, tho' it does not break out into words or actions, is a murderer.* And ye know, continues the Apostle, *that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.* He hath not that seed planted in his soul, which groweth up unto everlasting life. In other words, he is in such a state, that if he dies therein he cannot see life. It plainly follows, That to neglect this, is no small thing, but eminently endangers our final salvation.

III. We have seen what is meant by reprovng our brother, and who those are that we should reprove. But the principal

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thing

thing remains to be considered. How, In what manner are we to reprove them ?

1. It must be allowed, that there is a considerable difficulty, in performing this in a right manner. Although at the same time, it is far less difficult to some than it is to others. Some there are who are particularly qualified for it, whether by nature, or practise, or grace. They are not incumbered neither with evil shame, or that sore burden, the fear of man. They are both ready to undertake this labour of love, and skilful in performing it. To these therefore it is little or no cross: Nay, they have a kind of relish for it, and a satisfaction therein, over and above that which arises from a consciousness of having done their duty. But be it a cross to us, greater or less, we know that hereunto we are called. And be the difficulty ever so great to us, we know in whom we have trusted: and that He will surely fulfil his word, *As thy day, so shall thy strength be.*

[To be concluded in our next.]

An Account of Mr. SILAS TOLD.

[Continued from page 628.]

I had now to encounter with my wife and family, with whom for many years I had lived peaceably; but perceiving a difference in my behaviour, suspected I had been among the Methodists. My wife, though a worthy woman, yet an intire stranger to this light, one day exclaimed very warmly, "What the d—l possessees you? I hope you have not been among the Methodists; I'll sacrifice my soul rather than you shall go among those misforeants;" I gave her for answer, "If you are resolved to sacrifice your soul, I am resolved, God willing, to join them:" At which she said no more, nor ever again opposed me.

After

After this it happened one evening, as she was occasionally at her accustomed chandler's shop (which in a circle of years had taken some hundreds of pounds of our family,) she discovered a leg of pork roasting by the fire; and being big with her fourth child, longed to eat of it. Mr. C—, was ever free with our family in what our house afforded, therefore my wife imagined, a similar degree of freedom on her part would not be considered as an act of rudeness. But Mr. C—, did not invite her to supper as usual! Mrs. Told went and informed her mother of this, who went immediately to him, and related my wife's condition. Upon this he raved, cursed, and swore, and, with the hottest censure, replied, "What! can I not have a joint of meat, but she must long for it?" Her mother, struck with his behaviour, quickly informed me thereof. On this I went and offered him half a guinea for a plate-full of it, which he sharply refused. This had such an effect on my wife that the child became so emaciated within her, that she was never delivered; but lay eight months under the physician's hands, which was a very great expence.

In the year 1744, having been married seven years, my wife died, leaving only a girl about two years of age behind her. But God now began to increase my outward circumstances. For soon after my wife's death I was recommended to a Mr. Bembow, at New-Crane, Wapping, to serve him as a clerk, where I was greatly respected. A few months of my services to Mr. Bembow were scarcely expired, before I was visited by Mr Hogg, one of Mr. Wesley's stewards, who informed me, that Mr. Wesley requested my undertaking to teach the charity-children at the Foundry-school, which I refused. A few days after Mr. Hogg returned, and, together with a repetition of his former message, said that Mr. Wesley positively insisted on it. On this I believed it was my duty to comply with his desires, and therefore informed Mr. Bembow of the intended separation. Both Mr. Bembow and his wife intreated me to continue with them, telling me, that no money should part us. But I continued inexorable, though it was the occasion of much grief on both sides.

The day after, I was established in the school, and, in the space of a few weeks, collected threescore boys and six girls; but the society being poor, could not grant me more than ten shillings per week. This, however, was sufficient for me, as they boarded and clothed my daughter. Having the children under my care from five in the morning till five in the evening, both winter and summer, and sparing no pains, with the assistance of an usher and four monitors, I soon brought near forty of them into writing and arithmetic. I continued in the school seven years and three months, and discharged two hundred and seventy-five boys, most of whom were fit for almost any trade.

In the year 1744, I attended the children one morning at the five o'clock-preaching; when Mr. *Wesley* took his text out of the 25th chapter of *St. Matthew*. When he read those words, "I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not," I was sensible of my negligence, in never visiting the prisoners during the course of my life, and was filled with horror of mind beyond expression. This threw me, well nigh, into a state of despondency, as I was totally unacquainted with the measures requisite to be pursued for that purpose. However, the gracious God, two or three days after, sent a messenger to me in the school, who informed me of ten malefactors that were under sentence of death, and would be glad of any of our friends who could go and pray with them. The messenger, whose name was *Sarah Peters*, gave me to understand, that they were all much awakened, and that one of them, *John Lancaster*, was converted, and full of the love of God. In consequence of this reviving information, I committed my school (without an hour's delay) to the superintendency of my trusty usher, Mr. M—, and went with *Sarah Peters* to Newgate, where we had admittance into the cell wherein they were confined.

[*To be continued.*]

A Short

*A short Account of the Death of Mr. EDWARD AVISON,
Organist of St. Nicholas, in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne: who died
in the year 1776.*

DURING his last illness, which was a consumption, he was frequently affected with a sense of his vileness, and of his great unworthiness of the divine favour; but at the same time, expressed an unshaken confidence in the death of *Christ*.

Through his whole illness he never complained, or shewed any signs of discontent; but on the other hand, many of his expressions indicated that he was perfectly resigned to the will of God.

In the morning of the day on which he died, feeling himself much worse, he said, "This is a good sign," and at the same time seemed very composed: and desired us to praise God on his account, saying, "I have not breath to do it."

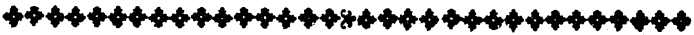
To Mrs. *Avison* he said, "My dear, do not grieve on my account; but rather rejoice when death arrives: seeing I am sure he will be a messenger of peace to me."

Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, being able to speak a little better than he had done, during a great part of his illness, he conversed with those about him, concerning God and eternity, for near an hour and a half. He then said, "I have long prayed, that God may be with me in my last moments; and I now find him to be with me of a truth. O glorious bliss! O sacred enjoyment! I have a hope full of immortality! Therefore praise the Lord on my account; and pray that I may have patience to the last."

Having continued to speak rather longer than he was able, he lay still awhile in a kind of a doze, and seemed to have little or no pain. Then awaking from his slumber, about six o'clock, with two or three groans, he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

Thus,

Thus, in spite of a profession which generally exposes to folly and danger, this good man stood his ground, adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour, for a number of years, and then went to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever and ever!



A Short Account of Mrs. JANE CUMBERLAND, of Lisburn, in the North of Ireland.

WHEN the Methodist Preachers visited *Lisburn*, Mrs. *Cumberland*, went to hear them, when the word soon found place in the heart, both of her and her husband. For some time she was in a great strait between hope and fear: sometimes she hoped what she heard was true; yet at others, she feared it was not. In this state of despondency she cried earnestly to the Lord for wisdom! and was determined to continue so to do till she received light from him! One day as she was walking in her garden, calling upon God to give her light, he brought home to her heart that place in St. Luke, where it is said, that repentance and remission of sins should be preached, in the name of Christ, among all nations: and that in St. Mark, And lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world. As she was clearly convinced that this was from God, she was fully satisfied, and never more doubted the doctrines of the Methodists to the day of her death.

Having thus embraced the word, she soon received the Preachers thereof under her roof; where they found a kind reception, and continue so to do unto this day.

But though she never more doubted the truth of the doctrines she heard, she was often distressed lest she should die without experiencing what they taught: for she could not think herself a true Christian believer till she found the witness of the Spirit, that she was a child of God.

Nevertheless

Nevertheless she was often visited with divine consolation, which made her heart like melting wax. But whenever she felt any stirrings of sin in her she would say, I dare not conclude that I am in the favour of God.

Though the Society she was a member of for many years, was in a low condition, she was never ashamed of it, or the cause of God, nor ever moved from her attachment to what she thought was his will.

The last two years of her life (especially in the winter) having a violent cough, and shortness of breath, she got exceeding little rest: so that the weakness of her body, together with her frequent distress of mind, made her sometimes appear almost impatient.

Sometimes in the bitterness of her soul, she would say, "How it will end with me, God only knows! Yet he often visits my soul with his sweet influences:" this she would often utter with abundance of tears. A few weeks before her death her bodily strength decreased very much; but her confidence in God so increased, that she could no longer doubt of her being in his favour. To some who stood by her she said, "I have not the shadow of a doubt; but firmly believe that all will be well with me: I am quite delivered from all things, and only wait for the welcome messenger of death."

One asking her if she found any doubt now? She answered, "A doubt! O no! Not even the shadow of one!" On being asked if there was any particular thing which she wished for, she said, "Nothing, but that you will pray, that God may soon come and take me to himself!"

After this, she lay three or four days, like clay in the hands of the potter, and then calmly breathed out her soul into the hands of Jesus, March 7, 1787.

Thus this good woman, with many doubts and fears, held her integrity to the last; when God was pleased to lift up the light of his countenance upon her, in a time she needed it most; and as a token that she should see his face in righteousness for ever and ever.



A Short Account of THOMAS SPEAR:

THOMAS SPEAR, was the son of *Charles and Grace Spear*, of *Kilkenny*, in *Ireland*, and was born October the 4th, 1777. His mother too sensibly felt that curse entailed on woman, In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children; for like *Rachael*, she gave life at the expence of her own: leaving behind her a little daughter and this son.

The Lord began to work on his mind very early; and these divine impressions discovered themselves even before he could speak, by his frequent pulling of his father to pray with him. When about four years old he began to converse much, and with great delight, about the invisible things of God; and the strong conceptions he had of heaven, often elated his soul, and made him frequently say, "Nothing is true wisdom but to love and serve God; and it is worth all our striving, to gain heaven and escape hell."

When he was about five years old, he was one day with one *James Cahil*, (a Bricklayer) setting a range, when another person came in. And as they were conversing, old *James* called on God to d—n his soul! The child observed him, but did not speak till the other was gone, and then seriously asked him why he swore? He answered, Did I swear, child? He said, "Have you forgot that you did?" *James* said, Sure I did not swear? what did I say? "You called on God to d—n your soul: but if God should d—n your soul who can save it? and if you be not saved, you must go to hell. If God was now to grant your request, you would go to hell immediately." The man threw down his trowel, and said, Lord have mercy upon me! Am I come to these years to be reproved by *thee*? The child added, "Now take my advice and repent, or the devil will have you." *James* told the child's father that this reproof struck him more forcibly

forcibly than any thing he ever heard before. After this, *James* went home, sickened, and died in a few days.

T. S. was a child of few words; yet if he heard any say what he knew to be wrong, he reprov'd them generally with scripture words, saying to the swearers, "Our Lord said, Swear not at all:" to the liars he would say, "All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with brimstone." If he heard any one sing foolish songs, he would ask, "Why do you sing songs? *St. James* saith, If any be merry let him sing psalms."

Meantime his temptations were very extraordinary for one so young; for when he was between five and six years old, he was tempted to disbelieve the being of a God. His sister once reprov'd him for speaking of it, saying, God will be with you: but he said, There is no God. She told her mother of him, and when she questioned and chastis'd him for it, he begged her's and God's pardon, and said he did not know what made him say so at that time; for he did not think so, though he was often tempted to think so.

Before he was six years old, he began to sicken, and had much pain at times in divers parts. On the 15th of December 1785, it settled in his left leg. From this time his life was one scene of affliction: for the inside of his ancle swelled, then burst, and then the flesh rotted away all round the fore, till the bones dropped out. For nine months it continued running, until he was reduced to a mere skeleton. When his mother dress'd his sores, she often wept over him, beholding the torture he was in; but he lovingly reprov'd her, saying, "Do not fret for me: do not cry: this pain will soon be over: my Lord will not let me suffer much longer: but we have need of patience. O let us pray for patience, that we may do and suffer the will of God."

About the beginning of this illness he dream'd that he was praying, and that God came and asked, What canst thou want, child? He said, "Lord wilt thou cure my leg!"

But the Lord said, Hush child ! I am going to take thee to myself. Thou shalt die and go to heaven.

For the three last months, if possible, he suffered more than he had done before ; but he bore all with astonishing patience. He often told his parents, “ You wait on me night and day. The Lord knows if you were sick, and I capable of it, I would wait on you ; but as I cannot, you ought to pray that God may take me away.”

When they asked him if he wished to die ? He said, “ Surely it is better for me to die, and go to heaven, than to stay here : there is nothing in this world that I see worth living for. But a little longer, a little while longer, and then my Lord will take me, and then I shall have no more pain, nor hear cursers or swearers to grieve me : no cursers or swearers will ever come there.”

He was confined to his bed for near a year, and when he heard people sin, and could not get up to reprove them, he prayed for them, and often repeated, “ Lord, how long will thou leave me here to be grieved by the wicked ?”

He took great delight in repeating these words, “ Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. This, he said, is a certain evidence of God’s love to me.” He often requested those about him to read the scriptures to him, and when he heard any promise he thought applicable to himself, he would lift up his hands and say, “ Amen :” and then requested them to repeat particular passages several times, and tell him where they were, that he might remember them. And though he was in so much pain he often sung praise to God. The following were some of his favourite lines, Psalm xviii. 1, 2, 3.

“ No change of times shall ever shock
My firm affections Lord to thee ;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou

Thou my deliverer art, my God!
 My trust is in thy mighty power:
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad;
 At home my safeguard and my tower.

To thee I will address my prayer,
 To whom all praise we justly owe,
 So shall I by thy watchful care
 Be guarded from my treacherous foe."

One day he called his sister to him, and said, "*Jenny*, I have three things to tell you to mind when I am dead. First, Mind and learn your book. Secondly, Keep out of the streets, and from bad company. Thirdly, Fear and love God, then you will follow me to heaven." After this he laid his hand on his younger brother, who was a little above two years old, saying, "The Lord bless you, child! Amen! the Lord bless you!" When he spoke of heaven, he said he should see Mr. *Paine* there. And he hoped Mr. *Yewdal* and Mr. *Davis* would come after. He prayed, if the Lord pleased, to see me once more in this world; but if not, he was content to go and wait till he met all his friends in heaven.

During his last month he evidenced a great desire to be in heaven: often praying, "Surely Lord, thou wilt not leave me long! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! O come and take me to thyself!"

The day he died he said to those about him, "Put away that foul man from the bed's foot." In the evening he called his mother, and said, "That, mother! see That!" She said, "What must I see child? He answered, "That glorious fight! Did you ever see such a glorious fight in all your life?" He then prayed, "Lord wash me, and put me with the rest of thy servants!" Then he asked his mother to give him a kiss, and soon after departed, without a struggle or groan, on the 15th of January 1785, aged seven years and a quarter.

THOMAS TATTERSHALL.

An

whose trunk or roots have the juices proper for them. Nay, there is one sort which grows only on the fillets and bandages of the patients in the hospital at Paris. It is not therefore at all surprizing that horse-dung should be a fit soil for common Mush-rooms. It is probable the seeds of these are spread in numberless places, well nigh throughout the whole earth. And the same may be said concerning the seeds of many plants, as well as the eggs of many insects: more especially of those which are so minute, that we can scarce discern them even with glasses: seeing the smaller they are, the more easily may the least wind convey them hither and thither. So that in truth, the earth is full of an inconceivable number both of animals and vegetables, perfectly formed in all their parts, and designed as it were in miniature; only waiting for certain favourable circumstances to enable them to make their appearance at large. How rich then must that hand be, which hath sown them with so much profusion!

[*To be continued.*]



God's Revenge against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[*Continued from Vol. X. page 642.*]

IN Valentia, an ancient city in Spain, there dwelt, not long since, Don Pedro de Alfemero, a young and noble gentleman, who applying himself to the wars, added to his own plentiful estate, as large a portion of honour and reputation. This gentleman, whose temper altogether inclined to martial affairs, resolved to enter himself among the knights of Malta; and accordingly went to Alicant, where he staid for a favourable wind. During his abode here, he fell in love with a young lady. The priest informed him, that she was the daughter of Diego Vermandero, Captain of the castle of that city; her name was Donna Beatrice-Joanna. He waited upon her to the castle, where her father received him with all imaginable respect. He continued his

his addresses by frequent visits, which her father encouraged, till a young gentleman of a larger estate, whose name was Alfonso Piracquo, fell passionately in love with her. Thus was Alsemero rivalled in his pretensions; but, although Piracquo had gained the father, yet Alsemero had engaged the daughter.

Vermandero, after some time understanding, that the inclinations of Beatrice-Joanna, more respected Alsemero than Piracquo, declared himself in favour of the latter, and with an austere countenance, commanded her to conduct herself accordingly; and to prevent the hopes of Alsemero, he left the castle to the command of Don Hugo de Valmarino, his son; and taking Beatrice-Joanna with him, went privately to Briamatra, his country-house, about ten leagues from Alicant, where he intended to continue, till the marriage was consummated.

At the news of Beatrice-Joanna's departure, Alsemero was extremely sorrowful, not knowing how to proceed.

At length he sent a letter to her, which she quickly answered, testifying her entire affection for him: concluding, that if he would meet her that evening at eleven o'clock, she would acquaint him with a secret which concerned them both.

Alsemero, upon this, took post, and arrived at the hour appointed; when going privately to Vermandero's house, he found Diaphanta, her woman, attending his coming; and she conducted him to Beatrice-Joanna's apartment; where, after a thousand tender things said on each side, she let fall some ambiguous words to this purpose. "That before Piracquo was in another world, there could be no hope for Alsemero to enjoy her for his wife." Alsemero understanding the meaning of these words, promised her, that he would immediately send him a challenge. Beatrice-Joanna returned him thanks, but desired him to leave Alicant for a short time, and return to Valentia: and for the rest, said she, repose yourself upon my constancy and affection. The morning now growing upon them, Alsemero took his leave, promising a full observance of her commands; and accordingly, within a few days left Alicant, and went back to Valentia.

Meantime,

Meantime, Piracquo was encouraged by Vermandero to go on with his addressees, though he had private intelligence sent him, that Beatrice-Joanna was already contracted to Alfemero; and this came from a younger brother of his, named Thomafo Piracquo, who had been made acquainted with it at Alicant, and who wrote word of it to his brother, telling him withal, that it would now more nearly concern him to consult his reputation, by an honourable retreat, than to advance his suit with so much violence, which it was impossible he could ever obtain. Piracquo, notwithstanding this advice, was so far from retiring, that he advanced his suit, if possible, with more eagerness than ever.

Vermandero, as soon as he understood that Alfemero was gone back to Valentia, returned to Alicant, where Piracquo made his daily visits: and now Beatrice-Joanna finding that it would be impossible for her to obtain her desire of marrying Alfemero, till Piracquo was put out of the way, was fully resolved to put in execution, what she had before conceived in her mind.

There was a young gentleman of the garrison, named Antonio de Flores, who, she knew, had a great affection for her. Therefore, sending for him, with many soothing speeches, she drew him in, to undertake the horrid business. So they agreed upon the manner of doing it. Flores insinuated himself into Piracquo's company, and got an intimacy with him, as he came so often to the castle, where, watching his opportunity, he one day hearing Piracquo commend the thickness and strength of the walls, told him, "That the strength of that castle consisted not in the walls, but in the casements, that were stord with good ordnance to scour the ditches." Piracquo, upon this, told Flores, that he should take it as a favour, if he would shew him these casements; Flores pleased himself to see Piracquo, told him, it was now very near dinner time, and the bell was going to ring; but if he pleased in the afternoon, he would wait upon

him thither. Piracquo thanked him for his offer, which he said he would accept of, and so they parted for a while.

Whilst Piracquo was at dinner with Vermandero, Flores was providing for him in the east casement, where he went on purpose to hide a naked sword and poinard behind the door. Dinner was no sooner over, but Piracquo found out Flores, so away they went, from the wall to the ravelins, sconces, and bulwarks, and from thence by a postern, to the ditches; then in again to the casements, whereof they had seen three, and were now going to the last, at the descent of which Flores put off his rapier, and telling Piracquo, that the way was so narrow that there was a necessity for it; he put off his likewise and followed. Having entered the vault of the casement, Flores opened the door, and threw it back, thereby to hide his sword and poinard; then stooping, and looking through a port-hole, told him, that the piece there, scoured the whole ditch; Piracquo stooping down to look at it, Flores stepped back for his weapons, and with his poinard stabbed him through the back, and redoubling, thrust upon thrust, laid him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buried him under the ruins of an old wall.

Flores then went with speed to acquaint Beatrice-Joanna, who was infinitely rejoiced, and thanked him with many blandishments; and the better to conceal the horrid crime, they contrived to spread a report, that Piracquo was seen to take boat, without the walls of the city, as was supposed to take the air only on the sea; so that after he had been missing some time, and diligent search had been made after him, every body believed he was drowned.

[*To be continued.*]

To

TO THE READER.

I read this Tract above fifty years ago, and took an extract from it. But I have now made a larger extract; which I recommend to all those that are lovers of common sense.—J. W.

An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.

Avoid every thing which annoys the senses.

HENCE it follows, that it is an unseemly practice, openly to handle any part of the body: nor does it consist with good manners, to prepare for the easing of nature in public view, or to truss up our clothes before others when we return from performing that office; nay, he who comes from serving such necessities (if he will take my counsel) shall not so much as wash his hands in people's sight, because that action, though cleanly in itself, yet suggests to their minds the idea of that which is foul and nasty. And for the same cause, it seems to be an unhandsome custom, if one chance to spy in the highway, or elsewhere, any noisome thing, to turn to his companion, and shew it him: much less is it comely to offer another any thing that stinks.

In like manner, it is indecent to incommode any other of the senses; as the ears are offended by gnashing and grating the teeth, and by snorting and snuffing up the nose, and by rubbing and knocking two stones together, and by filing iron, and the like; and therefore we are to abstain from doing such things, as much as possibly we can. Neither must we think this one caution sufficient, but we ought to refrain from singing, especially, if the voice be immusical, or if we are not desired. And yet, if we observe it, there are few that regard this: nay, commonly those who have no cadency or sweetness at all, but make as harsh a noise as a mandrake, are readiest to transgress in this kind. And there are some, who when they cough or sneeze, do it

with so shrill a sound, that they pierce through the heads of the standers by, and almost strike them deaf; and (which is far worse) do not turn away, but, after an inconsiderate and immodest sort, all bespatter the faces of them they talk with. And you will meet with others, that when they do not willingly yawn; make as rude and ugly a noise, as a dog when he howls, or an ass, when he brays. These things displeasing both to the eyes and ears, are studiously to be avoided.

It may farther be usefully added, that he who would be reputed a well-bred man, ought to refrain from loud and frequent yawning, (a crime the Romans severely punished) and that not only for the reasons already alledged, but also because it seems to proceed from a kind of weariness and disdain, and therefore looks like no small affront; for, he that often does so, intimates that he is quite tired and surfeited with the company, and desires to remove to some other place.

By frequent yawning we appear to slight the society in which we are, by signifying that it does not suit with our humour, and that alone is a reproach few will patiently endure; besides, we disparage ourselves, by giving a plain testimony of our sluggish and drowsy disposition, which certainly renders us hugely unacceptable to those with whom we converse.

[*To be continued.*]

The HISTORY of HONEY.

IT is certain that the bees collect their whole stores, both of wax and honey, from flowers; and often both are collected from the different parts of the same flower.

There are placed at the bottom of all flowers, certain glands, called Nectaria, which contain more or less Honey, that is, the most exalted part of the sugary juices of the plant. In some plants this is secreted in so large quantities, that we are able to taste it, in sucking the bottoms of the flowers, as we find in the
common

common clover grafs, thence called by our children, Honey Suckles: in other flowers where we are not able to diftinguifh this, the Bees however find and collect it. The organs of feeding, beftowed on the Bee, are two; a trunk, like that of an Elephant, and a mouth. The Bee thrufts this trunk into the honey-gland of the flower, and when it has taken up as much of the honey as it can, draws it back, and difcharges it into the mouth. This the creature does feveral times, from different flowers: and when a fufficient quantity has thus been taken into the ftomach, it flies back to the hive, and putting his head into one of the cells, difcharges the honey up again into this ftore-houfe. As foon as one Bee has left the cell, another takes its place and difcharges its quantity, till by degrees the cell is filled. This is the true hiftory of Honey.



ANECDOTE *of the* COUNT DE LAUZUN.

THIS Nobleman, being fufpected of fome correpondence detrimental to the intereft of the French court, was thrown into the Baftile. Here he was confined for a confiderable time; but at length obtaining liberty to receive the vifits of his friends, with them he confulted about the means of making his efcape. They accordingly provided him with cords, files, and every neceffary implement for the purpofe, which they gave to his Valet, a very truftly and fenfible fellow, in whom they could confide; but, being unhappily difcovered in the execution of their defign, the Count was feized and carried down to a difmal dungeon, under the Citadel, and there directed to be confined till further orders. A feever fate however attended the unfortunate Valet, he was tried before the Lieutenant of the Polica, and fentenced to be hanged before the windows of the

the prison, in his master's view, which sentence was accordingly executed. We must naturally suppose that this circumstance gave the greatest uneasiness to the unhappy Count, lying upon a bed of straw, supported by bread and water, and never seeing a soul but the inhuman keeper of the prison. In this situation, without books, or pen and ink to amuse himself, the only way he had of passing his hours was in teaching a little spider, that hung over his head, to run down from the cobweb to pick up crumbs of bread from his hand. One day while he was diverting himself in this manner, a turnkey who usually brought him his uncomfortable pittance, came in, the Count informed him of the amusement he had discovered, the brute instantly ran and killed the spider, saying, Criminals were unworthy of any entertainment or diversion. On this, the Count cried out, "All your other insults I forgive; but I will never forgive you the death of my spider." Sometime after, the Count was restored to favour, and created a Duke. But he frequently confessed no circumstance ever so strongly afflicted him as the loss of the little spider, excepting the execution of his trusty Valet de Chambre.



The strange Preservation of GREGORY CROW.

ON Tuesday in Whitfun-week, June 26, 1556, a poor man, named *Gregory Crow*, dwelling in *Malden*, went to sea, intending to have gone into *Kent* for fuller's-earth; but by the way, meeting with bad weather, he was driven upon a sand, where presently the boat sunk, and was so full of water that the men were forced to hold by the mast of the boat, while all things that would swim, swam out of her. Among other things which swam away, *Crow* seeing his Testament

Testament in the water, caught it, and put it into his bosom.

As it was ebbing water, within an hour the boat was dry; but so broken that they could not save her. On this they went upon the sand, being at least ten miles from land, and there made their prayers together, that God would send some ship to their assistance, (being in all two men and a boy) for they could stay there but half an hour longer, before it would be flood.

In this time they found their chest, wherein was five pounds, six shillings, and eight-pence, belonging to *Crow*, which money the other man took up, and gave it to the owner. But he cast it into the sea, saying, If the Lord will save our lives, he will provide us a living. They then got up upon the mast, and there hung by the arms and legs for the space of ten hours; in which time the poor boy was so weary and beaten with the sea, that he fell off and was drowned.

When the water was gone and the sand dry, *Crow* said to the other man, It would be best for us to take down our mast, and when the flood comes we will sit upon it. And it may please God, to bring some ship that may take us up. They did so; and at ten o'clock the same night, the flood bore up the mast whereon they sat.

The next day, at night the other man being overcome with hunger and watching, died. So that there was none left but *Crow*, who was driving up and down in the sea, calling upon God as well as he could; but durst not sleep for fear lest the sea should beat him off.

At length, I myself, said Captain *Morse*, being laden to *Antwerp*, having within my vessel, of mariners and merchants, to the number of forty-six persons, came to the foreland; for the wind not being very good, I was constrained to go somewhat out of my way. In the evening, about six o'clock, we saw a thing afar off, appearing like a small buoy, that fishermen use to lay with their hooks.

When

When we saw it, some said, let us have some fish. But I said to him at the helm, keep your course, for we shall only hinder the fishermen ; which he accordingly did.

But at length the man at the helm said, Methinks, master, it is a man. But yet being in doubt it was only a fisherman's buoy, I again ordered the ship to keep her course.

Crow beholding the ship to turn from him, being now ready to perish with watching and famine, and moreover miserably beaten with the seas, took his cap off, and holding it up with his arms as high as he could, thought by shaking it as well as he was able, to give us some token.

Whereupon the steersman perceiving a thing to move, advertised us again, declaring he saw a man's arm, which on looking, we all beheld. On this we turned the ship towards him, came to him, and took him up.

As soon as he was got into the ship, he began to put his hand in his bosom : on which we asked him if he had got any money there ? No, said he, I have a book here : I think it is wet ; and so drew out his Testament, which we dried at the fire.

But the sea had so dreadfully beaten him, that his eyes, nose and mouth, were almost covered with salt. So we made a fire, and shifted him with dry clothes, and gave him such meat as was in the ship, and then let him sleep.

The next day we waked him about eight o'clock in the morning, when his blood began to appear in his flesh ; (for when we took him up, his flesh looked as though it had been fodden.) We then talked with him of all the matters before rehearsed.

When we got to *Antwerp*, many, both men and women, came to see him : and some gave him a shirt, others gave him hose, and others gave him money : partly on account of his past danger, and present necessity ; but chiefly because he had cast his money into the sea, and preserved his Testament !

An

*An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLY'S
Doctrines of Philosophical Necessity.*

I Hope, the Doctor will excuse me, when I say I cannot believe both parts of his state of the question, because they manifestly contradict one another. I shall here set his own words in each part, in direct opposition.

Page 2d. I allow to man all the liberty, or power that is possible in itself, and to which the ideas of mankind ever go; which is the power of doing whatever they will or please, with respect to the operations of their minds, and the motions of their bodies, *uncontrolled by any foreign principle or cause.*

Page 7th and 8th. I maintain that there is some fixed law of nature, respecting the will, as well as the other powers of the mind, and every thing else in the constitution of nature; and consequently that it is *never determined without some real, or apparent cause foreign to itself*, that is, without some motive of choice.

I really cannot understand how the "operations of men's minds, and motions of their bodies, can be uncontrolled by any foreign principle or cause;" and yet the mind never be determined without some real or apparent cause foreign to itself. Dr. Priestley says, "*uncontrolled by any foreign cause*;" then "*never determined without some foreign cause*:" but this last is explained by adding, that is without some motive of choice. Admitting then this motive of choice to be always the determining cause: it is either foreign to the mind, or it is not. If the motive or cause, which determines the mind be foreign to it, then the mind is certainly determined and controlled by some foreign cause; for it cannot

act otherwise, by reason of some motive, cause, or thing foreign to itself, which controlls and necessarily determines it. But if the determining cause or motive be not foreign to the mind, then it must be the mind itself, which determines according to its own pleasure and choice. In such a case, the mind is uncontrolled and undetermined by any foreign principle, cause, or motive. In either case, this motive of choice appears to me point blank, opposite to one of the Doctor's assertions above-mentioned. And as it is not opposite to the *latter*, it must be to the *first*; certainly then the mind is frequently determined by its own inherent power of choice, uncontrolled by any cause or motive of choice foreign to itself. Besides, Dr. Priestley maintains "that motives influence us in some definite and invariable manner; so that every volition or choice, is constantly regulated and determined by what precedes it;" that is, as he afterwards explains himself, "determined according to the motives presented to it." What the Doctor means by his *motives*, which he maintains to be capable of exerting such an amazing and extraordinary force and power, as *constantly*, *definitely*, and *invariably* to regulate and determine the volition (or choice, as he explains the word) of every man's mind in every action and event, I cannot say. Neither does he say, whether his motives are bodies or no bodies, entities or non-entities; nor whether he means by the word motives, any thing really existing in nature, or merely creatures of the imagination, or what seems most probable, whether it is not a word he uses without any certain meaning whatever; or, if I have a meaning, whether it is not synonymous with causes, as he seems to explain the word, (page 8th, lines 1, 2, 3.) If so, it is somewhat strange for so ingenious a philosopher, to account for such prodigious effects, as the volitions of a man's mind are in themselves, and are found by experience to be capable of producing, by saying, that they are constantly and invariably determined by motives or causes, without saying what these motives or causes are. If I was requested to account for any phenomenon in nature; for

• instance,

instance, eclipses of the sun or moon, it would be a small satisfaction to say, they arise from (or in Dr. *Priestley's* words, are constantly determined by) motives or causes, without assigning any cause whatever. If this method of philosophizing be sufficient, every thing in the universe may be easily accounted for, by mentioning the word cause.

Whatever the Doctor's motives be, if they are allowed to influence the mind of man in some definite and invariable manner, and necessarily to determine its volitions or choices, I think he should define them, and explain what they are: as they influence the mind of man in a *necessary, definite, and invariable manner*, they must be the necessary, definite, and invariable cause of that effect, and consequently the cause must be equally definite and invariable, otherwise it is inadequate to the effect. From hence, I am induced to suppose it easy for Dr. *Priestley* to explain what those definite and invariable causes or motives are.

After the question is stated as above, Dr. *Priestley* draws this conclusion, "that how little so ever the bulk of mankind may be apprehensive of it, or staggered by it, according to the established laws of nature, no event could have been otherwise than it has been, is, or is to be." And this conclusion he draws from the premises, where he makes some unknown powers, or occult qualities, which he calls motives, to be the necessary causes according to the established laws of nature, of every action and passion, or every creature in the universe, whether past, present, or to come: on the contrary, I conclude from what I have said, that according to the laws of nature, established by Almighty God; many past and present actions and events in the mental and intellectual world, might have been very different from what they have been and are; and many events to come are yet unknown and undetermined, by any motive or existence whatsoever; being wholly left to the choice and determination of intelligent and self-determining agents, created by God,

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and endowed with power to do many things, or to leave them undone at pleasure, without any necessary, definite, or invariably certain determining motive whatever.

[To be continued.]



An original Letter of Mrs. Wesley, to her Son, the late Mr. Samuel Wesley, when at Westminster-School; written about the year 1706.

Thursday, Dec. 28.

Dear Sammy,

I AM much better pleased with the beginning of your letter, than with what you used to send me; for I do not love distance or ceremony, there is more of love and tenderness in the name of mother than all the complimentary titles in the world.

I intend to write to your father about your coming down, but yet it would not be amiss for you to speak of it too; perhaps our united desires may sooner prevail upon him to grant our request, though I do not think he will be averse from it at all.

I am heartily glad that you have already, and that you design again to receive the Holy Sacrament; for there is nothing more proper or effectual for the strengthening and refreshing the mind, than the frequent partaking of that blessed ordinance. You complain that you are unstable and inconstant in the ways of virtue: alas! what Christian is not so too? I am sure that I above all others am most unfit to advise in such a case; yet since I cannot but speak something, since I love you as my own soul, I will endeavour to do as well as I can: and perhaps while I write I may learn, and by instructing you I may teach myself.

First, endeavour to get as deep an impression on your mind as is possible of the awful, constant presence of the Great and Holy

Holy God. Consider frequently that wherever you are, or whatever you are about, he always adverts to your thoughts and actions, in order to a future retribution. He is about our bed, and about our paths, and spies all our ways. And whenever you are tempted to the commission of any sin, or the omission of any duty, make a pause, and say to yourself, what am I about to do? God sees me. Is this my avowed faithfulness to my Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier? Have I so soon forgot that the vows of God are upon me? Was it easier for the eternal Son of God to die for me, than it is for me to remember him? To what end came he into the world but to satisfy the justice of God for us, and to reconcile us to God, and to plant good life among men in order to their eternal salvation? What, can I not watch one hour with that Jesus that veiled his native glory with our nature, and condescended so low as to make himself of no reputation, by putting on the form of a servant, that he might be capable of conferring the greatest benefits upon us, that man could receive, by his suffering such a shameful, cursed death upon the cross for our redemption? O Sammy, think but often and seriously on Jesus Christ, and you will experience what it is to have the heart purified by faith!

Secondly, Consider often of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory that is prepared for those that persevere in the paths of virtue. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for such as love and serve him faithfully. And when you have so long thought on this that you find your mind affected with it, then turn your view upon this present world, and see what vain, inconsiderable trifles you practically prefer before a solid, rational, permanent state of everlasting tranquility. Could we but once attain to a strong and lively sense of spiritual things, could we oftner abstract our minds from corporeal objects, and fix them on heaven, we should not waver, and be so inconstant as we are in matters of the greatest moment,

ment, but the soul would as naturally aspire towards an union with God as the flames ascend; for he alone is the proper centre of the mind, and it is only the weight of our corrupt nature that retards its motions towards him.

[To be concluded in our next.]



The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

Matt. x. 41, 42.

He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward; and he that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man, shall receive a righteous man's reward.

And whosoever shall give unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.

THESSE words are a declaration of that great benefit, which they bring to those who afford any succour to others; teaching, that there is no such way to fill our treasures, as by employing them for God.

For the explaining of these words, I shall briefly shew you,

1. Who is here meant by a prophet: and who by a righteous man.

2. What is meant by receiving them.

3. What is the reward that followeth hereupon.

I. Who is here meant by a prophet; and who by a righteous man?

By a prophet our Saviour here meaneth, not only extraordinary ministers; such as were extraordinarily inspired by the Holy Ghost, or who had extraordinary revelations to foretel things to come: but also ordinary ministers of the word, and interpreters of the scriptures.

By

By righteous men he means such as testify their justification through faith in Christ, by their sanctification, and fruits of a good conscience.

II. What is meant by receiving these?

There are two things whereto this receiving may have a respect.

1. To the word and message of a minister, and so it signifies the embracing his holy counsel and doctrine.

2. To the person of a minister, and so it signifies the harbouring or shewing kindness to him; as is evident from the instance of cold water, given unto a prophet, or righteous man, expressed in the following verse. Both these are implied under this phrase of receiving a prophet, viz. his doctrine, by embracing it; and his person, by harbouring and relieving him according to his need.

By receiving a prophet in the name of a prophet, is meant, a relieving him for his particular calling's sake, because he is a prophet. So receiving a righteous man, in the name of a righteous man, intendeth doing it, for his general calling's sake; because he is a christian, a child of God, and a member of Christ.

III. What is here meant by the reward of a prophet, and of a righteous man?

The reward which is given by God, to either of these, for that kindness which they shewed unto them, is such a surpassing, and excellent weight of glory, as cannot be expressed by the tongue of men or of angels.

From the duty here expressed of receiving, and relieving prophets and righteous men, with the manner of setting it down, we may observe,

1. That all needful succour is to be afforded to ministers of the gospel.

This is the main and principal point intended.

2. Christian kindness is to be shewed, not only to ministers, but also to all the members of Christ. For our blessed Saviour contents not himself to have mentioned a prophet, but also addeth a righteous man.

These

These two forts make up the household of faith; to whom the Apostle exhorted christians especially to do good, Gal. vi. 10.

But is our charity to extend no farther ?

Yes, even to all that are in want, but especially to such as have a particular relation to Christ, as being his members, or ministers; because Christ in them is after an especial manner succoured and relieved. It will be therefore our wisdom to take notice of the extent of this duty and in all we do, either for Christians or others, to see to it, that what we do is done for the Lord's, and for conscience sake; to the one in compassion to his members, to the other in obedience to his will.

3. According to the kindness which we shew, shall our reward be. He that receiveth, and relieveth a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward. And he that receiveth a righteous man, shall receive the reward of a righteous man.

Verse 42. And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward.

These words are added by our Saviour to the former to anticipate some objections, as also more fully to explain the forementioned points.

By little ones, our Saviour meaneth no other than such as in the foregoing verse, he hath stiled prophets and righteous ones.

They are called little ones in two respects.

1. In regard of the world's esteem of them.
2. In regard of their own account of themselves.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS

T H O U G H T S o n G E N I U S .

1. **I** Have for many years desired to see something, long or short, accurately written on the term *Genius*. It is a word almost in every one's mouth, and one that is used by abundance of Writers. Yet I doubt, it is not well understood by one in a hundred of them that use it. I rejoiced therefore to hear, that so eminent a Writer as Dr. *Gerrard* had published an Essay on the subject. But when I read it, I was disappointed of my hope: it did not in any degree answer my expectations. The ingenious and very learned Author, did not seem to understand the term at all: nor could I find one proper Definition of it, throughout the whole Treatise.

2. I hoped however to find full satisfaction on the head, in Mr. *Daff's* "Essay on Original Genius:" although I was surpris'd to observe, it had been published, above twenty years before the other. But I was disappointed again. Indeed it undoubtedly contains many judicious remarks. But even here, what should have been done in the very beginning, is not done at all. I want to know first of all, What do you mean by *Genius*? Give me a definition of it. Pray tell me this, before you say any thing more about it: this is common sense. Without this, you may ramble as long as you please! and leave me just as wise as I was.

3. The word *Genius* was used by the ancient *Romans*, for a superior Being, good or bad, who they supposed, attended every one from his birth to his death. But in this sense of the word it has nothing to do with the present question; wherein it means, either a Quality of the Human Mind, or a man endued with that Quality. Thus we say

indifferently, "He is a Genius, or *has* a Genius." I would here take it in the latter sense, for the Quality which denominates a man a Genius.

4. It is evident, that Genius, taken in this sense, is not *Invention*: although that may possibly bear some relation to it. It is not *Imagination*: although this may be allowed to be one ingredient of it. Much less is it an *Association of Ideas*: all these are essentially different from it. So is *Sensation*, on the one hand; and so are *Memory* and *Judgment*, on the other: unless by *Judgment* we mean (as many do) strength of Understanding. It seems to be an extraordinary Capacity of Mind; sometimes termed Extraordinary talents. This may be more or less extensive: there may be a kind of General Genius, or an extraordinary Capacity for many things. Or a particular Genius, an extraordinary Capacity for one particular thing: it may be, for one particular Science, or one particular Art. Thus *Homer* and *Milton* had a Genius, an extraordinary Capacity for Poetry. Thus *Euclid* and *Archimedes* had a Genius, an extraordinary Capacity for Geometry. So *Cicero* had a Genius for Oratory, and Sir *Isaac Newton* for Natural Philosophy. Thus *Raphael* and *Michael Angelo* had a Genius, an extraordinary Capacity for Painting. And so *Purcell* and *Handel* (to mention no more) had a Genius, an extraordinary Capacity for Music. Whereas *Aristotle*, Lord *Bacon*, and a very few beside, seem to have had an Universal Genius, an extraordinary Capacity to excel in whatever they took in hand.

5. It may be allowed that the word is frequently taken in a lower sense. But it has then a word prefixt to it, to restrain its signification. So we say, A man has a *middling Genius*; or a *little Genius*. But it is generally taken for an extraordinary Capacity of whatever kind.

6. Genius

6. Genius in Philosophy, Poetry and Oratory seems to imply a strong and clear Understanding, connected with an unusually extensive and lively Imagination. In which respect it may truly be said, not only of a Poet, but also of an Orator and Philosopher, *Nascitur non fit*: he has this endowment by Nature, not by Art. Yet it may be granted, that Art may exceedingly improve, what originally sprung from nature. It may receive assistance likewise from the Memory, (nearly related to the Imagination :) and also from the Passions, which on various occasions 'enliven and strengthen the Imagination.

7. It may be observed, I purpose to abstain from using the word *Reason* or *Judgment*; because the word Understanding is less equivocal: and I would always use one and the same word, to express one and the same idea.

8. Both the Writers above-mentioned, Suppose *Taste* also to be essential to Genius. And indeed it does seem to be, if not an essential part, yet an essential Property of it: *Taste* is here a figurative word, borrowed from the Sense of *Tasting*, whereby we are enabled, first to judge of, and then to relish our food; so the intellectual *Taste* has a two-fold office: it *judges* and it *relishes*. In the former respect, it belongs to the Understanding; in the latter, to the Imagination.

9. To sum up all. Perhaps Genius may be defined, An Extraordinary Capacity for Philosophy, Oratory, Poetry, or any other Art or Science: the constituent Parts whereof are a strong Understanding, and a lively Imagination; and the essential Property, a just Taste.

Lambeth, Nov. 8, 1787.

W A R N I N G *given in vain.*

ADVERTISEMENTS were come from all parts, to *Henry of Lorraine, Duke of Guise*, (in the reign of *Henry the third of France*) that a bloody catastrophe would dissolve that assembly he had then occasioned of the estates. It was generally noised that the execution should be on *St. Thomas' day*. The Duke himself sitting down to dinner, found a scroll under his napkin, advertising him of a secret ambush: but he wrote underneath "They dare not," and threw it under the table. Upon December 23d, 1588, The King assembles his Council, having before prepared seven of his Gentlemen that were near his person to execute his Will. The Duke of *Guise* came; but in the Council felt a great fainting of his heart. Soon after the King called him into his Cabinet, by one of the Secretaries of State, as it were to confer with him about some secret of importance. The Duke left the Council to pass into the Cabinet, and as he lifted up the tapestry with one hand, they charged him with swords and daggers, and so he was slain.

Remarks on the Swiftness of TIME.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the Earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other Planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other confirmation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It

It may be perhaps observed by the Moralist, with equal reason, that our Globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a Being placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitting vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue. The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay, who yet intend sometime to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security to be hourly detested. To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time, and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the Meridian, declines and sets; and the Moon every night changes its form. The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the Spring, and the Spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the Summer, and the Summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of Autumn, and Autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness shews the Winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the Winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures. He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place, but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not shew that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years, would

would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession; but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost, with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human Beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five; but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for Summer and Winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those Countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that
desires

desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and the night cometh, when no man can work.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXLII.

[From Miss Bosanquet, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Cross Hall, Feb. 7, 1776.

Rev. Sir,

I Thank you for your kind favour of Jan. 27. It yielded us much satisfaction; for never before could we get any account to be depended on.

I am exceeding thankful Mr. Fletcher is with Mrs. Greenwood. She will tenderly care for him: and, having a spiritual mind, will be sensible of the honour God does her, in giving her such an opportunity.

How wise are all the ways of God, in keeping his faithful servant in that retired spot, while those precious works were compleated, by which he will yet speak to us, though in glory: and now to enable him to bring them out, while his exemplary life and conversation adds a lustre to those truths he hath so powerfully defended.

We could have liked to have seen him here once more; but the will of the Lord be done! But should it happen that this sickness is not unto death, we shall rejoice in having an opportunity of assisting him in any thing which lies in our power. Should this favour be denied us, we must be content; and beseech God to reward those who may supply our lack of service.

The

The blessed account you give of the state of his mind filled my soul with sacred joy, as also those of my friends. While I was reading it, it was a season of faith and love, and we could not help saying, Ah Lord! Let not this shining light be so soon extinguished.

A few weeks ago, I once more read over the Equal Check, and felt an unction in it above all I had ever found before. The Essay on Truth, with the appendix, is even as marrow and fatness to my soul. O may all the height and depth of every gospel promise be written on his heart!

Glory be to God, I prove Him a kind and tender Father. I have daily had some exercising trials both in my health, and in some other affairs: but O, how shall I ever praise him enough! It hath been to me an useful and profitable time. I am more than ever convinced, that the sinner is both safe and comfortable when Jesus walks with him, even in the fire. I see such love and wisdom in every cup the Lord is pleased to mix me, that all my soul does acknowledge, Thy will is best!

I remain, Dear Sir, yours affectionately,

M. BOSANQUET.

L E T T E R CCCCXLIII.

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

Rev. Sir,

Feb. 8, 1776.

AS you desire to know the dealings of God with me, I send you the following account.

Since the Conference I have been completely happy, and have found rest in all circumstances, both as a Christian and as a Preacher: whether going by the way side, or lying down, or rising up, the Lord has been my portion, and satisfies my soul with the treasures of his house.

I have

I have lately received a remarkable answer to prayer, in the great change wrought on my mother; and was so overwhelmed with joy, that I was incapable of reading, or praying. If you knew how settled a Pharisee, and how fixed an enemy to Methodism she was, you would own that we may have any thing for asking.

At present I am so dead to all persons and things here below, that I have no desire to see home any more; unless the Lord should seem good to will it.

Often when the world is wrapt up in sleep, I have such views of heaven, that I have scarce patience to be kept out of it: and often think that an hour of earnest prayer would make me too happy to do my business. God gives me to penetrate heaven and hell, and to see the worth of souls in such a manner as makes me forget myself. It is true, I cannot see thousands falling before me, and tens of thousands on my right hand, crying out for God; yet I have greater cause to be satisfied with my labours this year, than the last. O what would I not do to save souls from eternal death!

A few days since, being much urged to visit Scotter, I could no longer withstand. At the appointed time the river was frozen over; but though my horse could not pass, the rider did: and walked through the snow, knee deep, all the way over the common. At night we were like those supposed to be full of new wine. In the morning a young man came back part of the way with me. A little after we parted, I met two travellers, who asked the way. After directing them, I said a great deal to them about Christ and eternity. As they appeared much affected, I cried out, Lord, what shall I say to these thy creatures, to induce them to serve thee? Then turning to them I said, Not long since I parted from a young man, and before I left him we went to prayer on the mountain. And seeing there is none but the eye of heaven upon us, perhaps if I ask you to kneel down with me, you will not be ashamed. As they earnestly said no, we kneeled down together, and I

wrestled with God for them. When we had done, the poor man, as if he thought himself unworthy, would hardly shake hands with me; but the woman, with tears flowing down her face, eagerly caught my hand and kissed it. If you had seen their thankfulness, and heard the many blessings they sent after me, you would have rejoiced. O how willingly could I have washed the feet of those poor creatures, for whom Christ died! Lord thou knowest I am little, and base in my own eyes; and content to be counted the off-scouring of all things, so thine honour be advanced.

R. C.

L E T T E R CCCXLIV.

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

Finstock, Feb. 9, 1776.

Rev. Sir,

THE Lord still chastens me; but not in his hot displeasure. I was thinking lately what I could say of my experience; as I seemed to be in darkness, yet was not: for the Lord was still my light and my salvation, and I felt joy in the Holy Ghost, and peace passing understanding. And yet, what different sensations! (compared with what I felt six or eight weeks ago.) How heavily did my soul seem to drag on.

While I was thus enquiring into my state, those words occurred to my mind, "I am in heaviness through manifold temptations." Thus did my gracious God condescend to explain, what before I did not understand. My heart immediately offered up praise and thanks unto him, and I was much strengthened to hope that I should be made perfect through sufferings.

A few days since, I was comforted by a persuasion that neither tribulation nor distress, nor things present or to come, should be ever able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. An hour or two after, my faith was strongly assaulted, when the Lord tenderly spake unto my soul, Can the

the Strength of Israel lie? O how did I rejoice again in hope of deliverance!

I feel much need of exercising all the faith I have, that I may not be foiled by Satan. He labours hard to draw me into reasoning; but glory be to God, he hath hitherto supported me! I am frequently encouraged by relying on that promise, The God of peace shall bruise Satan under thy feet shortly.

These last six weeks I have had sore conflicts with the adversary. But stronger is he that is for me, than all that are against me. I am enabled frequently, to desire much consolation, from a persuasion that the trials I am permitted to pass through, will terminate in my establishment. I rejoice in the thought of being more holy, more unreservedly given up to God. I long for greater conformity to my divine pattern, that I may be more capable of glorifying him on earth.

I believe I love God; but I want to love him more, that I may obey him more perfectly. I see He is a jealous God, and will be loved alone. He demands all the powers and affections of my soul; and glory be to his name, he enables me to yield obedience to his righteous claim!

Dear Sir, I remain your obliged Servant,

A. B.



P O E T R Y .

ODE to the NEW YEAR.

[By Cunningham.]

AQUARIUS rules the frozen skies,
 Deep frowning clouds on clouds arise,
 Fraught with the thunder's roar;
 With fury heaves the raging main,
 While flaming billows lash in vain
 The hoarse resounding shore.

G 2

No

No flow'ry vale now charms the eye,
 No tuneful warblers of the sky
 Now cheers the lingering hours ;
 No genial ray the groves illumine,
 No zephyrs waft their mild perfume,
 From fighs o'er vernal flowers.

Though blooming scenes are now no more,
 That aid the raptur'd soul to soar,
 Poetic thoughts refine ;
 Yet still the moralizing page,
 To warn an unattentive age,
 These hoary scenes combine.

With this I hail the opening year,
 Address the God, whose works appear
 Through each harmonious round ;
 Who rules, serenely rules the storm,
 Who gave the lurid lightnings form,
 Whose thunders rock the ground.

O thou ! alike where perfect day,
 In bright refulgent glories play
 Around thy awful throne !
 Where seraphs glow with sacred fires,
 Where angels tune celestial lyres,
 To hymn thy praise alone.

Still may thy providential care
 With blessings crown the rising year,
 Impending ills restrain !
 Thy wisdom guide my youthful muse !
 Thy sacred eloquence diffuse,
 And consecrate my strain !

While thus revolving seasons roll,
 Obsequious to thy wise controul,
 Obedient to thy plan ;

With

With silent eloquence they preach,
 The most important lessons teach,
 To cold, unthinking man.

A HERMIT'S MEDITATION.

IN lonefome cave
 Of noise and interruption void,
 His thoughtful solitude.
 A Hermit thus enjoyéd.

His choicest book,
 The remnant of a human head
 The volume was, whence he
 This solemn lecture read.

Whoe'er thou wert,
 Partner of my retirément now,
 My nearest intimate,
 My best companion thou.

On thee to muse
 The busy, living world I left;
 Of converse all but thine,
 And silent that, bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
 The idol of a gazing crowd?
 Wert thou the Great, to whom
 Obsequious thousands bowéd?

Was learning's store
 E'er treasuréd up within this shell?
 Did wisdom e'en within
 This empty hollow dwell?

Did

Did youthful charms
 E'er redden on this ghastly face?
 Did beauty's bloom these cheeks,
 This forehead ever grace.

If on this brow
 E'er sat the scornful, haughty frown,
 Deceitful pride! Where now
 Is that disdain?—'Tis gone.

If cheerful mirth
 A gayness o'er this baldness cast,
 Delusive, fleeting joy!
 Where is it now?—'Tis past,

To deck this scalp
 If tedious long-lived hours it cost,
 Vain, fruitless toil! Where's now
 That labour seen?—'Tis lost.

But painful sweat,
 The dear-earned price of daily bread,
 Was all perhaps that thee
 With hungry sorrows fed.

Perhaps, but tears
 Surest relief of heart-sick woe
 Thine only drink from down
 These sockets used to flow.

Oppressed, perhaps,
 With aches, and pains, and aged cares,
 Down to the grave thou broughtest
 A few, and hoary hairs.

'Tis all Perhaps!
 No marks, no tokens can I trace;
 What on the stage of life
 Thy rank, or station was.

Nameless,

Nameless, unknown!
 Of all distinction stript and bare,
 In nakedness conceal'd,
 Oh, who shall thee declare!

Nameless, unknown!
 Yet fit companion thou for me,
 Who hear no human voice;
 No living visage see.

From me, from thee,
 The glories of the world are gone;
 Nor yet have either lost
 Ought we could call our own.

What we are now,
 The Great—the Wise—the Fair—the Brave,
 Shall all hereafter be;
 All Hermits in the grave.

O N D E A T H.

IT must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange,
 A dismal, and mysterious change,
 When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,
 And to an unknown Somewhere, wing thy way;
 When time shall be eternity, and thou
 Shall be thou knowest not what! and live thou knowest
 not how.

Amazing state! no wonder that we dread
 To think of death, or view the dead.
 Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee
 Our very knowledge had antipathy:
 Death could not a more sad retinue find,
 Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

Some

Some courtéous Ghost, tell this great secrecy;
 What 'tis you are, and we must be.
 You warn us of approaching death, and why
 May we not know from you what 'tis to die?
 But you, having shot the gulph, delight to see
 Succeeding souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,
 Disease shall cut, or age untie;
 When after some delays, some dying strife,
 The soul stands shivering on the ridge of life;
 With what a dreadful curiosity
 Does she launch out into the sea of vast eternity!

So when the spacious globe was deluged o'er,
 And lower holds could save no more,
 On the utmost bough the astonished sinner stood,
 And viewed the advances of the encroaching flood:
 O'er-tipt at length, by the elements increase,
 With horror they resigned to the untried abyss.

Dr. DODDRIDGE'S EPIGRAM on his Family Vault:

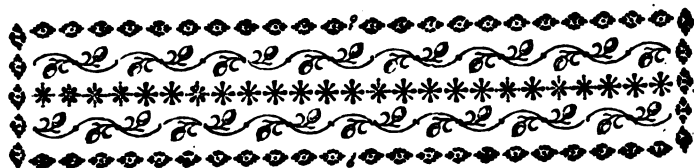
Dum vivimus vivamus.

LIVE, while you live, the Epicure would say,
 And seize the pleasures of the present day.
 Live, while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
 And give to God each moment as it flies.
 Lord, in my views let both united be,
 I live in pleasure, when I live to thee.



MR. JOHN PRICE

Ætatis 42.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For FEBRUARY 1788.



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

[Continued from page 7.]

Of the Freedom of the Will of Man.

C H A P. I.

THAT the above is the true state of the question cannot be doubted, if these things are considered,

1st. That the contrary doctrines, of the determining influx on the one hand, and the supposed disability which renders it necessary for others, without the special grace of God, to be still doing evil, have no foundation in the holy Scriptures.

2dly. That these new notions concerning the consistence of a liberty that is rewardable, or penal, with necessity, and an invincible necessity connate to fallen man, rendering it impossible for him to do what is commanded, or to avoid what is forbidden under the highest penalties, is evidently repugnant to the common sense of mankind, and as such hath been rejected by all the christian writers. And

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H

3dly. That

gdly. That the christian world, for four whole centuries, condemned it as destructive of true liberty, of the nature of vice and virtue, of rewards and punishments, of the equity of the divine precepts, and of a future judgment; and also contrary to the plain declarations of the holy Scripture. And

1st. The doctrine of the determining influx rendering Faith, Repentance, and Conversion irresistible when the divine influx comes upon him, and by plain consequence impossible to him till it comes upon him, hath no foundation in the holy Scriptures, hath been sufficiently demonstrated: to which I shall only add this one observation, That some of those Scriptures which are now used to prove it, viz. God's promise to *take away the stony heart, and to give us hearts of flesh*; and St. Paul's words, *That it is not of him that willeth or runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy*; and that *it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do*, were the very arguments used, saith Origen, by them who destroy Free-Will, *by introducing natures lost and incapable of being saved, and others saved which could not possibly perish*; which makes faith involuntary, and unworthy of praise, or incredulity of dispraise, as depending on an antecedent necessity; and by destroying liberty overthrows the foundation of salvation, renders all retribution unjust, and so destroys the doctrine of us christians; who have received from the Scriptures that God hath given a power to us to *chuse one thing, and fly from another*; and puts this plea into the mouths of wicked men, *I did this unwillingly, and was compelled to do it*.

7. Again, That the doctrine which teacheth, that man by the fall hath contracted such a disability to what is good; that, without irresistible grace he can do nothing that is truly good, hath no foundation in the holy Scriptures, is also easy to demonstrate. This I shall do, (1st.) by laying down the doctrine of those divines who do maintain this opinion, as it is faithfully delivered by *Le Blanc*, and then produce what they alledge from Scripture to confirm it.

Now

Now *Le Blanc*, in his *Theses of the Liberty of Man*, in the state of lapsed nature, to what is morally good, hath given us the doctrine of these Reformers thus :

1st. That *there be some moral precepts which man in this lapsed state cannot do at all, viz. that which saith negatively, thou shalt not covet, and that which saith positively, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart*; whence these things necessarily follow, that God must lay on lapsed man an obligation to impossibilities, and must command him under the severest penalties, to do what he could never do from his birth, and to avoid what he had never power to avoid, unless he had this power before he had a being, or any faculty at all; and consequently, that he can only require these impossibilities to encrease his sin, and enhance his damnation.

2dly. That according to the doctrine of the Protestants, those actions of theirs which are materially good, are yet formally sins; because they are neither done out of love to God, as the principle, or for his glory, as the end; and so have two essential defects, inconsistent with the nature of an action morally good. Whence it must follow, that by endeavouring to obey God's commands as well as they can, they must formally sin.

3dly. That most Protestants deny that man, in the state of lapsed nature, is free to chuse what is morally good, and so hath lost the Freedom of his Will as to those actions; and consequently, if God damn him for not doing what is morally good, he must damn him for that which he could not have the Will to do.

4thly. That therefore he is so far become the servant of sin, that whatsoever he doth, non possit nisi peccare, he cannot but sin; and then *St. Austin's* definition of sin; that it is the will to do that, a quo liberum fuit abstinere, from which he could abstain, must be false; though he saith that the consciences of all men attest the truth of it.

5thly. The Protestants, saith he, teach that the grace without which, nemo bene operari potest, & vel unicum opus revera bonum efficere, esse ipsam gratiam regenerantem & justificantem, no man

can do what is good, or perform one good action, is regenerating and justifying grace; that is, without faith, as he expounds them. And this grace, saith he, hath its beginning, progress and completion from that efficacious grace, by which God in us doth abolish the dominion of sin; whence it must follow, that no man can begin to do one good work till God vouchsafe that efficacious grace which will end in his sanctification; and therefore all that hope, fear, grief for sin, love, &c. which doth not end in this sanctification, must be sin, or at least no good work.

Now to prove things so absurd and contrary to the first principles of reason, it is very reasonable to expect plain and frequent testimonies of the holy Scriptures, saying, that, notwithstanding the preventing grace of God, man is become so utterly unable to do any thing that is good, that he cannot but do evil, whereas the whole Scripture hath not one saying of this nature.

[To be continued.]



S E R M O N XLIII.

On LEVIT. xix. 17.

[Concluded from page 12.]

2. **I**N what manner then shall we reprove our brother, in order that our reproof may be most effectual? Let us first of all take care, that whatever we do, may be done in the Spirit of Love; in the spirit of tender Good-will to our Neighbour, as for one who is the Son of our common Father, and one for whom Christ died, that he might be a partaker of

of falvation. Then, by the grace of God, Love will beget Love. The affection of the Speaker will spread to the heart of the hearer: and you will find in due time, that your labour hath not been in vain in the Lord.

3. Meantime the greatest care must be taken, that you speak in the Spirit of *Humility*. Beware that you do not think of yourself more highly than you ought to think. If you think too highly of yourself, you can scarce avoid despising your brother. And if you shew, or even feel the least contempt of those whom you reprove, it will blast your whole work and occasion you to lose all your labour. In order to prevent the very appearance of Pride, it will be often needful to be explicit on the head: to disclaim all preferring yourself before him: and at the very time you reprove that which is evil, to own and bless God for that which is good in him.

4. Great care must be taken, in the third place, to speak in the spirit of *Meekness*, as well as *Lowliness*. The Apostle assures us, that *the wrath of men worketh not the righteousness of God*. Anger, though it be adorned with the name of Zeal, begets Anger; not Love or Holiness. We should therefore avoid with all possible care, the very appearance of it. Let there be no trace of it, either in the eyes, the gesture, or the tone of voice: but let all of these concur in manifesting a loving, humble, and dispassionate spirit.

5. But all this time see that you do not trust in yourself. Put no confidence in your own wisdom, or address, or abilities of any kind. For the success of all you speak or do, trust not in yourself, but in the great Author of every good and perfect gift. Therefore while you are speaking, continually lift up your heart to Him that worketh all in all. And whatsoever is spoken in the spirit of *Prayer* will not fall to the ground.

6. So much for the *Spirit* wherewith you should speak, when you reprove your neighbour. I now proceed to the outward

outward Manner. It has been frequently found, that the prefacing a reproof with a frank profession of Good-will, has caused what was spoken to sink deep into the heart. This will generally have a far better effect, than that grand fashionable Engine, Flattery, by means of which the men of the world have often done surprising things. But the very same things, yea, far greater, have much oftener been effected, by a plain and artless declaration of disinterested Love. When you feel God has kindled this flame in your heart, hide it not; give it full vent. It will pierce like lightning. The stout, the hard hearted will melt before you, and know that God is with you of a truth.

7. Although it is certain that the main point in reproofing is, to do it with a right Spirit, yet it must also be allowed there are several little circumstances with regard to the outward Manner, which are by no means without this use, and therefore are not to be despised. One of these is, Whenever you reprove, do it with great *Seriousness*; so that as you really are in earnest, you may likewise appear so to be. A ludicrous reproof makes little impression, and is soon forgot. Besides, that many times is taken ill, as if you ridiculed the person you reprove. And indeed, those who are not accustomed to make jests, do not take it well to be jested upon. One means of giving a serious air to what you speak, is as often as may be, to use the very words of Scripture. Frequently we find the word of God, even in a private Conversation, has a peculiar energy: and the sinner when he expects it least, feels it *sharper than a two-edged sword*.

8. Yet there are some exceptions to this general rule of reproofing seriously. There are some exempt cases, wherein, as a good Judge of Human Nature observes,

Ridiculum acri fortius.

A little

A little well-placed Raillery will pierce deeper than solid argument. But this has place chiefly, when we have to do with those who are strangers to Religion. And when we condescend to give a ludicrous reproof to a person of this character, it seems we are authorized so to do, by that advice of Solomon, *Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own eyes.*

9. The manner of the reproof may in other respects too, be varied according to the occasion. Sometimes you may find it proper to use many words, to express your sense at large. At other times you may judge it more expedient, to use few words: perhaps a single sentence. And at others, it may be adviseable, to use no words at all; but a gesture, a sigh, or a look. Particularly when the person you would reprove, is greatly your Superior. And frequently this silent kind of reproof will be attended by the power of God. And consequently have a far better effect, than a long and laboured discourse.

10. Once more. Remember the remark of Solomon, *A word spoken in season, how good is it?* It is true, if you are providentially called to reprove any one, whom you are not likely to see any more, you are to snatch the present opportunity, and to speak *in season*, or *out of season*. But with them whom you have frequent opportunities of seeing, you may wait for a fair occasion. Here the advice of the Poet has place. You may speak

Si validus, si latus erit, si denique poscit.

when he is in a good humour, or when he asks it you. Here you may catch the

Mollia tempora fandi.

the time when his mind is in a soft, mild frame. And then God will both teach you how to speak, and give a blessing to what is spoken.

11. But

11. But here let me guard you against one mistake. It passes for an indisputable maxim, "Never attempt to reprove a man when he is intoxicated with drink." Reproof, it is said, is then thrown away, and can have no good effect. I dare not say so. I have seen not a few clear instances of the contrary. Take one. Many years ago, passing by a man, in *Moorfields*, who was so drunk, he could hardly stand, I put a paper into his hand. He looked at it and said, "A word—a word to a drunkard—that is me—Sir, Sir! I am wrong—I know I am wrong—Pray let me talk a little with you." He held me by the hand a full half hour. And I believe he got drunk no more.

12. I beseech you, Brethren, by the mercies of God, do not despise poor Drunkards. Have compassion on them. Be instant with them, in season, and out of season! Let not shame, or fear of men, prevent your pulling these brands out of the burning: many of them not self-condemned;

"Nor do they not discern the evil plight,
That they are in."

But they despair; they have no hope of escaping out of it. And they sink into it still deeper, because none else has any hope for them! "Sinners of every other sort, said a venerable old Clergyman, have I frequently known converted to God. But an habitual drunkard, I have never known converted." But I have known five hundred, perhaps five thousand. Ho! Art thou one, who readest these words? Then hear thou the words of the Lord! I have a message from God unto thee, O Sinner! Thus saith the Lord, Cast not away thy hope. I have not forgotten thee. He that tells thee, "There is no help," is a liar from the beginning. Look up! Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world! This day is salvation come to thy soul: only see that thou despise not

not him that speaketh! Just now he saith unto thee, "Son, be of good cheer! Thy sins are forgiven thee!"

13. Lastly. You that are diligent in this labour of love, see that you be not discouraged, although after you have used your best endeavours, you should see no present fruit. You have need of *patience*, and then *after ye have done the will of God* herein, the harvest will come. Never be weary of well-doing: *in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not.* Copy after Abraham, who against hope, still believed in hope. *Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it again.*

14. I have now only a few words to add, unto you, my Brethren, who are vulgarly called *Methodists*. I never heard or read of any considerable revival of Religion, which was not attended with a spirit of Reproving. I believe it cannot be otherwise; for what is Faith, unless it *worketh by love?* Thus it was in every part of *England*, when the present revival of Religion began about fifty years ago: all the subjects of that revival, all the *Methodists*, so called, in every place, were reprovers of outward sin. And indeed so are all, that *being justified by faith, have peace with God through Jesus Christ.* Such they are at first: and if they use that precious gift, it will never be taken away. Come, Brethren! In the name of God, let us begin again! Rich or poor, let us all arise as one man! And in any wise, let every man *rebuke his neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him!* Then shall all *Great-Britain* and *Ireland* know, that we do not go a warfare at our own cost. *Yea, God shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear him.*

Manchester, July 28, 1787.

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

[Continued from page 14.]

IN the first place, I desired *Lancaster* to call them altogether into his cell, and then began to enquire into the state of their souls. I addressed *Lancaster* first, as he appeared to be all alive to God. He told me he had no doubt but that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven him all his sins; and, although (as he observed) he was very young, yet he had lived a very wicked life, and acknowledged, that three others, with himself, were the persons who robbed the Foundry one morning of all the Brass candlesticks; but he knew that shortly he should be with Jesus in Paradise. He added, "This morning, about five o'clock, the Sun of Righteousness arose in my dark cell, and I am now so full of God and heaven, that I am like a barrel of new wine ready to burst for vent. O for words to express what I now feel!" I then spoke to the rest, six of whom seemed clear of their acceptance in the Beloved.

While I was speaking to these, one *Roberts*, a carman, who lived in Whitecross-street, entered the cell, looking at me with a fullen shyness, and with a countenance speaking the very spirit of the old serpent dwelling in him. This immediately struck me, and I endeavoured to speak to him with comfortable words, and to use the most affectionate exhortations I was capable of, in inviting him to come to the Lord Jesus as a lost and undone sinner. I also told him that Jesus was the only sinner's Friend; that the King of heaven laid down his life for the chief of sinners; and that he certainly died for him: I therefore quoted (for example) *David*, *Mary Magdalen*, *Peter*, and the thief on the cross. While I was speaking, I perceived his countenance to change, and his savage behaviour to be transformed into a child-like simplicity.

The

The report having been made, and the dead warrant coming down, eight of the ten were ordered for execution; the other two were respited. But as neither of them appeared to have the least regard for their souls, I trust they were spared for a good purpose, that they might have a little more time for repentance.

The day arriving when the other eight were to die, *Sarah Peters* and myself were early at the cell, in order to render them all the service we could. The keeper having received directions over-night, to lock them all up in one cell, that they might pour out their souls together in fervent, solemn prayer to God, it proved a happy night to each of them; so that when they were led down from their cell in the morning, they appeared like giants refreshed with wine. Upon being called out to have their irons taken off, *Lancaster* was the first. While they were doing it, the sheriff being present, *Lancaster* looked up to heaven with a pleasant smile, and said, "Glory be to God for the first moment of my entrance into this place! for before I came hither my heart was as hard as the walls of my cell, and my soul was as black as hell itself; but, O I am now washed from all my sins, and by one o'clock shall be with Jesus in Paradise!" then with many forcible expressions, he exhorted the spectators to flee from the wrath to come. This caused the sheriff to shed tears, being greatly affected with *Lancaster's* lively and animated spirit. They were a long time getting off the last man's fetters. When they were gotten off, *Lancaster*, beholding him at a short distance, clapped his hands together, and said, "Here comes another of our little flock." A gentleman present said, "I think it is too great a flock upon such an occasion!" *Lancaster* said, "O no, it is not too great a flock for such a Shepherd as Jesus! there is room enough in heaven for us all."

At length they were ordered into the cart, and I was prevailed on to go with them. When we were in the cart, I addressed myself to each of them separately. The first person was

I 2

Atkins,

Atkins, a youth of about nineteen years of age. I said to him, "Are you afraid to die?" He replied, "No, Sir, really, I am not." I then asked him, "Wherefore he was not afraid?" He answered, "Because I have laid my soul at the feet of Jesus; therefore I am not afraid to die." I then spoke to *Gardner*, a journeyman carpenter, about the age of fifty, who made a very comfortable report of what the Lord had done for his soul. The last person to whom I spoke was one *Thompson*, a very illiterate young man; but he too was saved from the fear of death, and assured me that he was perfectly happy in his Saviour, and continued so till his last moments.

This was the first time I visited the malefactors at Newgate, and of my attending them to the place of execution; and it was not without much shame, because I perceived the greater part of the populace considered me as one of the sufferers. When we came to the fatal tree, *Lancaster* lifted up his eyes thereto, and said, "Blessed be God!" then prayed extemporary in a very excellent manner, and the others behaved with great discretion. *John Lancaster* had no friend to procure him a proper interment; so that, when they had hung the usual time, and were cut down, the Surgeon's mob secured the body of *Lancaster*, and carried it over to *Paddington*.

When the croud was nearly dispersed, a company of eight sailors, with truncheons in their hands, looked up to the gallows with an angry countenance; the bodies having been cut down some minutes previous to their arrival. An old woman, who sold gin, observing them to grow violent, by reason of their disappointment, mildly said unto them, "Gentlemen, I suppose you want the man that the Surgeons have got." "Ay," replied the sailors, "where is he?" The poor affrighted woman gave them to understand, that the Surgeons crew had carried him over to *Paddington*, and pointed out to them the road thither. On this they hastened away; and as they entered the town, enquired where the Surgeons mob was? On receiving information, they went and demanded the body of *John Lancaster*.

caster. When they had obtained it, two of them took it on their shoulders, and carried it round by *Islington*. They being tired, two others laid themselves under the body, and carried it from *Shoreditch* to *Coverlet's-fields*; at length, after they were weary, they agreed to lay it on the step of the first door they came to. They did so, and went their way. This gave birth to a great riot in the neighbourhood, which brought an old woman, who lived in the house, down stairs. When she saw the corpse on the step of the door, she cried out, "Lord, here is my son, *John Lancaster!*" This being spread abroad, the Methodists made a collection, and got him a shroud and a coffin. This circumstance was the more extraordinary, as the seamen had no knowledge of the body, nor to whom he belonged when living.

[*To be continued.*]

A short Account of the Death of Mr. ANDREW DELAP.

ANDREW DELAP took a fever, a few weeks ago, which, at times, deprived him of the use of his reason. But about nine days before he died, God was pleased to restore it to him again. On this, he said to one who enquired concerning the state of his soul, "I am ready to stand before my Redeemer! My evidence of the favour of God is clear! I know Jesus is mine, and I am his!" After this he continued awhile, full of the spirit of prayer and praise, and then went to God.

Waterford, June 16, 1787.

A. BROWN.

An Account of JOHN WYNN, who was executed at Bedford,
April 4, 1785.

JOHN WYNN was about twenty-four years of age. He had been a soldier in the third regiment of foot guards; and had deserted thrice. The last time he did this he received three hundred

hundred and fifty lashes. He said he might have come off with fewer, if he would have asked pardon; but he would not. His frequent deserting, was one cause of his coming to an untimely end; for thereby he entangled himself in bad company, which led him into other sins both against God and man.

The crime for which he suffered was, robbing the house of Captain *Ball*: a crime to which he was strongly solicited by his mother! Twice he withstood her temptation; but the third time she prevailed over him. For the Captain's family being abroad, and the house locked up, she knowing where the most valuable part of the property was, not only directed him where to seek it; but likewise assisted him in conveying it away; and afterwards had the principal part of it for her trouble.

Being apprehended and sent to Bedford gaol, he was tried at the Lent assizes, when he pleaded guilty to the indictment. When the Judge passed sentence of death upon him, he seemed unconcerned, being in hopes that he should be reprieved before the Judge left the town. But when he was left for execution on that day fortnight, he began to be greatly terrified.

On the third day after his condemnation I visited him, and found him much alarmed; yet very ignorant of the way of salvation. On this I spoke plainly and closely to him, as did Mr. *Ingham* the next day. Several others of the Society visiting him, dealt faithfully with him. And as we all spoke the same things, telling him that the time was short, and that if he sought the Lord with a broken and contrite heart, he was ready to pardon him; the words sunk deep into his heart.

For some days, such was his distress, that once, overcoming his bodily strength, he fainted away. But the time of his extremity was God's opportunity, who made his mercy known to him that night: and filled his soul with peace and comfort; on which he declared he was not now afraid to die.

When I returned to town, I found him very happy, and entirely resigned to his fate; expecting to die on the Saturday following. As I staid in town great part of the week, I visited him every day.

Friday

Friday night, (the night before he should have suffered) I and several of the Society were with him till between nine and ten o'clock, when we had a blessed season! We left him full of comfort, and very willing to die next morning. He said, "My greatest trial will be, to part with my Christian-friends; who have taken so much care of me; and to whom I find myself so much united." That night, about eleven o'clock, there came a respite for him, for nine days; procured by the Prosecutor. Some gentlemen of the town going to him with this news, thought it would be joyful tidings; but, to their great surprize, it appeared more like a disappointment, than a pleasure to him.

After this, being frequently asked, if he retained his confidence in the mercy of God? His general answer was, "I bless God, I am comfortable! I have no fear of dying! I trust he will take me to his mercy." When he was asked if he did not wish to be reprieved? He said, "I had rather die than go to *Africa*; for there is nothing but examples of wickedness; which I fear would draw me aside again."

The evening before his execution I, and several of our friends visited him again, and were so overwhelmed with the divine presence, that we could scarcely know how to part: indeed, three or four of our friends watched and prayed with him all night; and were blessed with a remarkable out-pouring of the spirit.

[To be continued.]



*The EXPERIENCE of J. B. of St. HELLIER'S in the Isle
of JERSEY.*

1. **I**N the middle of April 1785, I was one day deeply troubled. It seemed, Hell was just ready to devour me, for the sins I had committed against so holy, and so merciful

merciful a God. But at night my concern gradually wore off, and I thought little about it for six days. But on the seventh of May, I awoke as out of sleep, and being more concerned than ever, cast myself before the Lord, and implored his mercy. I had been about three hours in prayer, when, I saw by faith the Lord Jesus on the cross, and the blood streaming from his side. Immediately my load dropped off; and I believed my sins were blotted out, though I had not yet a testimony from his Spirit, that I was a child of God. Yet I enjoyed a calm, serene peace, and had no fear either of death or hell.

2. But the work of God in my soul, so weakened my body, that I was obliged to take to my bed for some days. During that time, what consolations did I receive, from my faithful Bridegroom! But one day I was afraid he was going to leave me. At this I was troubled, and said, I will not let thee go, unless thou blest me. Presently that promise came to my mind, I will not leave you comfortless, but will send another Comforter, and he shall abide with you for ever. I believed it belonged to me, and was so enflamed with love and gratitude as I am not able to express. At the same time, my mind was so enlightened that I saw Jesus was with me, and that all his promises belonged to me. On this my soul was filled as with marrow and fatness, and I praised the Lord with joyful lips.

Sometime after, as I was going to bed one evening, I prayed to the Lord, that his holy angels might encamp around me, to protect me from the powers of darkness. Falling asleep, I thought I saw myself in company with the Saviour of the world, while his holy angels encompassed my bed! Another evening, I dreamed that my spirit was suddenly wrapped up into heaven, where I was surrounded with light, and beheld the glory of God. And after I awoke the light seemed to continue with me a considerable time. O what favours are these which he has conferred on a poor worm!

Indeed

Indeed they were so great, that spiritual Pride took occasion, to attack me unawares. But I was convinced of it by a dear Sister in Christ. While she spoke, my conscience pleaded guilty, and I lost the presence of my Saviour, about a quarter of an hour. On this I wept bitterly before him, and he both pardoned me, and cleansed my soul anew.

4. After this the Lord conferred still greater favours upon me. My faith was so strong, that I beheld the day of judgment as already come. And even this was little to what was afterwards revealed to me. For meeting one day with the people of God, I saw myself surrounded with light, and was taken, as it were, into the bosom of my Saviour! Another time, being at the meeting of the Class, I saw the Majesty of the King of kings in the midst of the assembly. Immediately I cast myself, all trembling at his footstool! Some time after, being just ready to lay me down to sleep, I found myself again, as it were, in my Lord's bosom, who said, "In a little time thou shalt be with me in paradise." This gave me great joy, as I knew I should then possess all the *great and precious promises*.

[To be continued.]



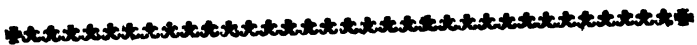
*An Extract from A SURVEY of the WISDOM of GOD in
the CREATION.*

Of some Particular P L A N T S.

[Continued from page 23.]

IT may not be improper before concluding this head, to describe one more species of sea-plants. Coral grows chiefly in grottoes, which open to the south, and whose concave arch is nearly parallel to the surface of the earth.

It will not grow at all, but where the sea is quiet as a pond; It vegetates the contrary way to all other plants; its root adhering to the top of the grotto, and its branches shooting downward. The root takes the exact form of the solid it grows to, and covers it (as far as it goes) like a plate: and this is a probable proof, that its substance was originally fluid. Accordingly corals sometimes line the inside of a shell, which they could not have entered but in a fluid form. All its organism, with regard to vegetation, seems to consist in its rind, in the little tubes whereof the juice runs to the extremities of the branches. And this juice petrifying both in the cells that encompass the coraline substance, and in those at the extremity of the branches, whose substance is not yet formed, by this means enlarges the plant to its full dimensions, both in height and bulk. It is vulgarly believed, that coral is soft while in the water. But experiment proves the contrary.



GOD'S Revenge against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[Continued from page 26.]

ALL the friends of Piracquo were greatly concerned for the loss of him, and Vermandero professed, that next to his own son, he best loved him. Nor did Beatrice-Joanna shew less outward marks of grief than the rest; but at the same time, sent word to Alfemero, that the only obstacle to their happiness was removed. Alfemero, therefore, very shortly returned to Alicant, and renewing his suit to the father, obtained his consent, and the young couple were married with great magnificence. Nothing could equal their transports for a time, and their affections to each other seemed

seemed so strong as if it were impossible they could be broken. But all this sun-shine of their joys was soon eclipsed, and overtaken by a storm; for scarce had they lived three months together, before Alfemero grew jealous of his wife, and so far restrained her former liberty, that she complained to the Captain, her father, of his discourteous usage; upon which Alfemero, not liking the admonitions of a father-in-law, and to secure himself from the shame and danger he feared, ordered his equipage to be got ready, and hurried his wife away to Valentia. This sudden departure grieved Vermandere, and galled Beatrice-Joanna to the heart, who now looked no longer on her husband with affection, but with disdain and hatred. Many days were not passed, before the father sent to Valentia, to know how matters stood betwixt his daughter and her husband; and made choice of Flores to go thither with letters to them both. Alfemero being abroad, she told him of her husband's unkindness, of which he taking the advantage, revived the old suit, and her willingness to comply with him, was easily perceived by her desire of seeing him oftener. Alfemero coming home, understood by his wife, that Flores had been there with letters from her father; and by Diaphantes, her woman, who was one of his spies, that there passed many kisses between Flores and her mistress. Alfemero, in a great fury, flew to his wife, and with his drawn sword, commanded her, on her life, to tell him what familiarity had passed between her and Flores. Whereat she shedding many tears, answered him, That her thoughts, her words, her actions, had no way transgressed the bounds of honour; and that Flores never asked that favour of her, which a brother might not with modesty request of his own sister. Then, said he, Whence proceeded that great freedom that was observed between you? whereupon she grew pale, and continued silent. Come, come, said he, tell me all the truth, or else this sword shall instantly find a passage to thy heart. When lo! the providence of God so ordained it that she was

reduced to such extremity, that she must, in endeavouring to conceal her whoredom, discover her murder; which she doth as follows. Know then, Alfemero, since thou wilt know the cause of my familiarity with Flores, that I am much beholden to him, and thyself more, as it was he, who, at my request, dispatched Piracquo, without which, you very well know, I never could have enjoyed you for my husband, nor you have had me for your wife.

And upon this, she revealed to him every circumstance of the murder, but conjured him to keep it secret.

Alfemero, both wondering and grieving at this lamentable story, said little, but thought the more; and although he had reason to believe, that she who had committed murder would not stick at adultery; yet, upon his wife's solemn oaths and protestations, he forgave what was past; but strictly charged her, not to see, or admit Flores into her company any more, which, if she did, he vowed to be so severely revenged on her, as should make her an example to all posterity.

Notwithstanding this, Alfemero was no sooner abroad, but Flores was at Valentia with her; and they at length became so imprudent, as scarcely to make a secret of their actions. Diaphanta knowing how great a dishonour this was to her master, again informed him of it, who now resolved to take a revenge, as bloody as their practices were foul and dishonest. He, therefore, ordered Diaphanta to lie in wait, and acquaint him with the time of Flores's coming from Alicant to Valentia, which she did accordingly. On this Alfemero pretending to his wife, to be obliged to go in all haste into the country, conveyed himself privately, with his rapier, and a case of pistols, into his study, which joined to the bed-chamber, where she usually met her paramour.

Beatrice-Joanna, thinking her husband two or three leagues off, sent for Flores, who came away upon the first summons; they no sooner met, but they fell to their accustomed endearments,

pearl or rubie were dropped into it, or some precious liquor distilled from the brain. Such kind of slovenly misdemeanors are so far from procuring the esteem of any; that they must needs breed loathing and detestation in all, in whose presence they are committed.

Neither is it a cleanly fashion for any to put his nose towards a glass of wine which another is about to drink, or to smell to that which is laid upon his neighbours trencher, no nor to that which himself intends to eat or drink, because it has a shew of rudeness in it: much less is it fit to give away an apple, or any other fruit, in which you have begun to set your teeth. Nor would I have you take liberty to laugh at, and neglect these cautions, because the particular instances may seem to be but of light concern; for small wounds multiplied, will let out the life, and a great number of narrow leaks endanger the sinking of the stateliest ship, and many little indecencies corrupt our conversation.

They whose office it is to wait at table, must by no means scratch or rub their heads, or any other part of the body, in the sight of their master. They ought not to thrust their hands into their bosom, or hide them under their garments behind their back; they should be open in view, and always kept so white and neat, that the least spot of dirt, should not be seen upon them. And when they serve up meat to the table, or give a glass of drink, they must be cautious of spitting and coughing, and much more of sneezing. When you take a toast, or a roasted pear or apple from the fire; you must not blow away the coals or ashes; but rather shake them gently off, or wipe them with a clean cloth.

When you are discoursing with any one, you must not draw so near, that your breath may reach him; for some cannot endure anothers breath, though it does not stink at all, but is a great deal sweeter than their own. These and all usages of the same kind, are apt to displease, and for that reason are

to

to be abandoned; for we must do nothing that may annoy the senses of them with whom we are.

[*To be continued.*]

The HISTORY of BEES-WAX.

IT has been wondered, that as the Bees evidently collect Wax, as well as Honey from the flowers, we could not find Wax as well as Honey in them; but this was only the effect of our own ignorance: for though Honey is collected in its own form from flowers, yet Wax is not; but is the remains of another part of the flower, after it has served for nutrition to the animal. It may be observed that in all flowers there are a sort of small heads, sustained on long threads, and resembling so many pins stuck in the base of the flower. These heads contain a powder, which is the embryo plant, and very necessary for propagating the species; and this powder is easily shaken out of these heads when they are ripe. This is the matter of which Wax is made by the Bee. While this little creature is busied in sucking the Honey from the bottom of the flower, its body is naturally placed among these little heads, and by its natural motion, in the creature stirring about, shakes off the powder from these little heads: this falls upon the Bee's back, and is detained there by the hairs, which Nature seems to have clothed the creature with for the purpose. When the Bee is observed just coming out of a flower, it is seen to be covered over with this dust. Its first business then is to brush this off, which it does with its fore legs; and when the whole of the dust is thus collected into a little lump, it takes this lump in the fore feet, and moulds it as a man would a lump of paste in his hand. When it has brought it thus to a consistence, it is delivered from this foot into that of the second leg, and after moulding it

it again there, it is placed by that foot upon the third joint of the hinder leg, that is made broad and flat to receive it. When the little lump is thus placed, all the dust of this kind, gathered afterwards, is in the same manner collected and added to it, till that leg is sufficiently loaded, and then the latter is furnished in the same manner.

There are times when the Bees want Wax more than Honey. As for instance, when they are newly hived, and want to erect their Combs; in this case a Bee will go into a flower without regarding the Honey, and shake herself about among the heads, and thus collect the dust as fast as she can, and sometimes when it gets into a flower, where the heads are not ripe enough to burst with the shaking, will bite them open with its teeth, and immediately receive the powder on its fore-leg, and convey it to the others after moulding it in a proper manner.

The Bees come home continually loaded with this powder collected into masses, and this is vulgarly supposed to be Wax: but it is not so; it is only a part of their food; they carry it into the hive, and lodge it, as they do the Honey, in particular cells, after this they eat it; and when it has served for all the offices of food, they cast up the remainder out of their mouths, and this is Wax.

*An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLY'S
Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

*Of the Argument in favour of the Doctrine of Necessity, from
the consideration of Cause and Effect.*

[Continued from page 36.]

DR. Priestley, in his arguments from cause and effect, says, (page 11th) "A cause cannot be defined to be any thing, but such previous circumstances as are constantly followed by

by a certain effect." I beg the Doctor's pardon. A cause may, and can be defined thus, *that power from which any thing proceeds, or by which any thing is done.* I really think this to be the clearer definition. I shall, however, accept Dr. *Priestley's* definition, as it is quite sufficient for me to know what he means by the term. "The constancy of the result (says he, page 11th) making us conclude that there must be a sufficient reason in the nature of things, why it should be produced in these circumstances, so that, in all cases, if the result be different, either the circumstances must have been different, or there were no circumstances whatever corresponding to the difference in the result; and, consequently, the effect was without any cause at all." As Dr. *Priestley* defined cause by *previous circumstances, &c.* the word cause may be substituted for previous circumstances, &c. His assertion, then is, that in all cases if the result be different, either the cause must have been different, or there was no cause whatever corresponding to the difference in the result; and, consequently, the effect was without any cause at all. I allow this to be true reasoning in all cases, where corporeal and mechanical operations are considered as absolutely uninterrupted, and uninfluenced, by immaterial, self-determining, and intelligent agents: but, where they interfere, or are concerned, I can by no means allow it. To set this matter in a clear light, I will bring one instance out of the Bible, where, in one case, the cause was the same, and the result different; and yet, there is the very same cause, and no effect without a cause. The river Jordan descended, or ran downward towards the sea, which descent was according to the established laws of nature. Now, by the established laws of nature, I doubt not but Dr. *Priestley* will allow, the will of God only to be signified. The effect, or result of this cause (the will of God) was, that the waters moved towards the sea. But we read in the

third chapter of Joshua, verses 15, 16. "As they that bare the ark were come into Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the waters, that the waters which came down from above, stood and rose up, upon a heap." The result, or effect, was here very different from what it was before, when the river ran downward. Yet, both originated from the same cause, the will of God, in the first case, impressing such a force upon the water as to overcome the natural inactivity thereof, and thereby putting it in motion, when at rest; and in the latter case, also, by overcoming the natural inactivity of water, and thereby stopping its motion once begun, or by changing its present state of motion to that of rest.

But it may be urged, previous circumstances were not the same, as the will of God was different in working the two effects. To which I answer, the only difference was in the will of God, a self-determining free agent, and not in the material world; and I hope, Dr. *Priestley* never thought of chaining down the Supreme Being by necessity, so as to be unable to operate at all, unless from necessarily, constantly, and invariably determining motives, and not according to his own pleasure and self-determination. But, it may be further urged, that God never acts without good and reasonable motives. I answer, true. His actions are always good, just, and perfect, as becomes a most good, just, and perfect Being; yet, out of numberless actions, equally good, just, and perfect, he does which he pleases, and leaves the rest undone, without any cause or motive but his own pleasure. If he did not thus, but was obliged to act only from some constantly and determining motives, exclusive of his own pleasure, and power of self-determination, there never could any thing have been created, or any thing have existed besides himself; because, before any thing was created, and nothing existed but God, there
could

desire; were we actually possessed of all the honour, wealth, strength, beauty, &c. that our carnal minds could fancy a delight in; what would it signify, if God should say unto us, Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee? What are a few years when they are over? Look back on your past hours, and tell me which of them affords you the most pleasing prospect. Whether those spent in play or vanity, or those few that were employed in the service of God? Have you not in your short experience often found Solomon's observation on the world very true? Has not a great part of your little life proved, in reflection, nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit? How many persons on a death-bed have bitterly bewailed the sins of their past life, and made large promises of amendment if it would have pleased God to have spared them; but none that ever lived or died ever repented of a course of piety and virtue. Then why should you not improve the experience of those that have gone before you, and your own also to your advantage? and since it is past dispute that the ways of virtue are infinitely better than the practice of vice, and that life is not only short at best, but likewise very uncertain, and that this little portion of time is all we have for working out our salvation, for as the tree falls so it must lie, as death leaves us judgment will certainly find us; have a good courage, eternity is at hand, lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset you, and run with patience and vigour the race that is set before you. And if at any time, present objects should make so great an impression on your senses, as to endanger the alienating your mind from the spiritual life, then look up to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and humbly beseech him, that since he for our sakes suffered himself to be under a state of temptation, he would please to succour you when you are tempted, and in his strength you will find your-
self

self enabled to encounter your spiritual enemies; nay, you will be more than a conqueror through him that hath loved us.

I am sorry that you lie under a necessity of conversing with those that are none of the best; but we must take the world as we find it, since it is a happiness permitted to very few to choose their company. Yet, lest the comparing yourself with others that are worse may be an occasion of your falling into too much vanity, you would do well sometimes to entertain such thoughts as these.

Though I know my own birth and education, and am conscious of having had great advantages, and many means of grace, yet how little do I know of the circumstances of others? Perhaps their parents were vicious, or at least did not take early care to form their minds, insinuate the principles of virtue into their tender years, but suffered them to follow their own inclinations till it was too late to reclaim them. Am I sure that they have had as many offers of grace, as many and strong impulses of the Holy Spirit, as I have had? Do they sin against such clear conviction as I do? or are the vows of God upon them as upon me? Were they so solemnly devoted to him at their birth as I was? You had the example of a father that had served God from his youth; and though I cannot commend my own to you, for it is too bad to be imitated, yet surely earnest prayers many years, and some little good advice has not been wanting—But, if after all, self-love should incline you to partiality in your own case, seriously consider your own many failings which the world cannot take notice of, because they were so private; and if still upon comparison you seem better than others are, then ask yourself who is it that makes you to differ? and let God have all the praise, since of ourselves we can do nothing: it is he that
worketh

worketh in us both to will, and to do of his good pleasure; and if at any time you have vainly ascribed the glory of any good performance to yourself, humble yourself for it before God, and give him the glory of his grace for the future. I am straitened both for paper and time, therefore must conclude. God Almighty blefs you and preserve you from all evil! Adieu.



The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[Continued from page 40.]

Ques. **I**F you ask, why the Lord taketh notice of every one of his faints?

I Ans. 1. They are all his children, and of his household; therefore as a tender, and careful father and master, he careth for every one of them. Yea they are all members of the body of Christ. Now the head taketh care of every member, even the least, and taketh notice of every kindness done to any of them.

2. They are all as jewels and precious stones; therefore as a wise jeweller he will look to every one of them. Yea that which often appears least may be of greater worth; as a little diamond is of more value than a far greater agate.

This affordeth a singular ground of comfort to such as in this world are desolate and forsaken: though they be left alone as Elijah was, 1 Kings xix. 10. *and as a pelican in the wilderness: or as an owl in the desert, or as a sparrow alone upon the house top,* as the Psalmist expresseth it, Psal. cii. 6, 7. yet is the Lord with them, and takes care of them. Now if the Lord be with us, and taketh care of us, what need we fear? How should this encourage us to extend our charity to any one of the faints and members of Christ, though mean and little in the world, and not able to recompense us? and though none take notice thereof, to consider that the Lord taketh notice, and will abundantly

dantly recompense every good work; yea the least kindness we do unto them. Heb. vi. 10. *God is not unrighteous to forget your work, and labour of love, which ye have shewed towards his name, in that ye have ministered to the faints, and do minister. Where, God's not forgetting their labour of love in ministering to the faints,* doth imply, That as God taketh notice of their beneficence; so he is, and will be ever mindful of such and such persons, to support and succour, and every way to do them good.

I come now to the second doctrine, viz That the least work of charity shewed to a minister or righteous man, shall be abundantly recompensed, and that not only hereafter, but likewise here on earth.

Though our beneficence ought to extend unto all who are in want, and come within the verge of our knowledge and power, as Gal. vi. 10. yet I confine my discourse here to ministers and righteous ones, because they only are implied under those little ones mentioned in my text.

That merciful men shall be abundantly recompensed hereafter in heaven for their works of charity, there is no doubt, being so clearly expressed in the word of God, Luke xvi. 9, *Make yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.* And 1 Tim. vi. 17, *Charge them that are rich in this world that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.*

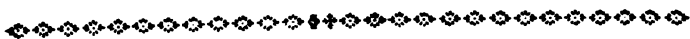
But the great question is concerning temporal reward, whether christian charity, rightly performed, shall be recompensed here in this life with temporal blessings: so that what men give in a way of charity, there is ground to expect it shall be here returned into their bosoms?

I deny not but a charitable man may become poor, through furetilhip, negligence in his calling, or in respect of some secret

cret sin, wherein he liveth, which may bring a temporal curse upon him. So that his liberality in such cases may not be a sufficient fence against poverty. But this I say, That as penuriousness toward the poor is the readiest way to poverty; so christian charity, rightly performed, is the surest way to plenty; it being usually rewarded with temporal blessings here, as well as with eternal hereafter. Where is the man to be found, that is the poorer by what he hath given to the poor? How many are the instances of such as have met with some signal blessings from God in this life, as the reward of their liberality?

This may seem a paradox to many uncharitable men, that Giving should be the surest way of Getting, and that the more liberal any man is, the more likely he is to thrive in the world. Yet nothing is more clearly laid down in the scripture, and found to be true by the experience of multitudes in all ages. And I am verily persuaded, that there is seldom any man, that maketh conscience of this duty, who giveth to the poor proportionably to what God hath bestowed on him, and with an upright heart, but if he observe the passages of God's providence towards him, he shall find the same doubled upon him in temporal blessings. I challenge all the world to give me one instance, or at least any considerable number of instances of truly merciful men, whose charity hath undone them. But as living wells, the more they are drawn, the more freely they spring and flow; so the substance of charitable men often, if not, ordinarily, multiplies in the very distribution; even as the five loaves, and few fishes did multiply in their breaking and distributing, and as the widow's oil increased by pouring it out.

[To be continued.]



An Account of EIGHT SAILORS in Greenland.

IN the year 1630, a company of merchants of London, sent a ship, called, the Salutation, for Greenland, which in about five weeks arrived there, in company with two others, under the command of Capt. W. Goodler. The

The Captain's vessel took up her station at Bellfount; the Salutation at the Foreland. The former having killed a number of whales, the commander sent for the Salutation, which in the passage meeting with contrary winds, the master ordered eight of the men on shore to kill some venison.

The men going on shore, were very successful, and when night came on they went to rest, intending next day to finish their undertaking, and then repair on board.

But the ensuing morning proving foggy, and there being much ice between the shore and the ship, they were obliged to stand out to sea so far as to lose sight of her.

When the weather had cleared up a little, they found their ship had failed, and therefore made towards Bellfount in their little bark, with all possible speed; and lest they might be detained, they threw overboard what venison they had taken. Having no compass, they wandered up and down till all the ships had departed.

On this they were filled with terrible apprehensions; knowing that the place in which they were left was so infested with wild beasts, that the merchants could not by any reward induce any to winter there; and that nine able men had been lately destroyed by bears and foxes: and to add to their distress, they were destitute of necessary food, clothes, and habitation.

After much deliberation, they resolved to go to Green-Harbour to hunt for venison, where they killed nineteen bears, with which they loaded their bark, and returned to Bellfount, where they intended to winter.

Having taken out their provisions, they planned their tent, and with part of the materials of lesser ones, and some pieces of casks fitted up four little cabins, where they lodged two and two. This done, they were indefatigable in laying in a winter's store of fire, and shelter from the cold; their beds being made of the deer skins dried.

Having made their necessary preparations, they looked out into the Sound, and espied two sea-horses lying asleep upon the

ice. Hastening towards them, with an old harping iron, they slew them, which they flead, roasted, and eat.

Soon after, they killed another; but the nights and cold encreasing, and finding on a review, their provision by far too scanty to admit of the continuance of regular meals, they agreed to eat once a day, and to fast Wednesdays and Fridays; except from the greaves of the whale, a loathsome food, but yet better than none.

To repair their clothes and shoes, they made thread of rope-yarn, and needles of whale-bone.

In the month of October, the nights grew very long, and the sea was frozen over, insomuch that their apprehensions were rendered much more melancholy; and they prayed much to God for assistance, and deliverance.

For the preservation of their venison and firing, they thought it expedient to roast half a deer at once, and then stow it in hogheads, reserving a quarter for roasting every Sunday.

On a further survey of their bear and venison, they found their provisions would not afford them five meals a week; and therefore, thenceforward they fed four days a week upon the mouldy whale fritters, and the other three on bear and venison.

They now began to want light, no sun appearing from the 14th of October to the 3d of February. Finding in the cooper's tent a sheet of lead, with rope yarn and oil, they made a lamp which they kept continually burning.

In the beginning of January, as the days began to lengthen, the cold encreased to that extremity, that it raised blisters on their flesh; if at any time they touched iron, it would stick to their fingers like bird-lime; and if they went out to fetch water, it would so perish them, that they were as fore as if they had been beaten.

For drink, from the 10th of January, to the 10th of May, they had only snow water, which they melted with hot iron.

In

In March the days so lengthened that the fowls and foxes came abroad, of which last they caught fifty by traps, and sixty of the former as large as pigeons. Soon after they killed several more bears; so that by two or three meals a day, their strength was greatly renewed.

In the beginning of May, the weather grew warm, and they went out to seek provision.

In the same month there arrived in the sound two ships from *England*, the crew of which knowing that some men had been left there the preceding year, and being desirous of finding whether they were dead or living, the master ordered a boat to be manned to go in quest of their tent.

When these men came near them, they hailed them in the usual manner, and received the usual answer. On their arrival at the tent, their general joy was inconceivable; the sufferers left their tent, and repaired on board their vessel, where they waited the arrival of the English fleet, and arrived safe in the river Thames.

An Account of S. MALLITT.

[By Mr. William Mallitt.]

1. MY niece *S. Mallitt* came to live with me, on January 3, 1780, being then in the sixteenth year of her age. On the 10th she found peace with God, at my house in *Long-Stratten*, Norfolk. She continued with me till March 1781; but was then obliged by ill health to return to her father at *Loddon*. On the 27th of May following, she went to Mr. *Lamb's* at *Hadderfon*. The next morning at breakfast, she was suddenly struck, went into another room, and lay down on the bed. She immediately lost her senses, and lay as dead, till three in the afternoon. When she came to herself, she said, she had seen two angels, who took her where she had a

AN ACCOUNT OF S. MALLITT.

full view of the torments of the damned: and afterwards, of the happiness of the blessed: into which she asked, if she might not enter? But was answered, "Not yet: she had work to do upon earth."

2. In May 1785, she came again to live with me. In September following, she was taken very ill, and grew worse and worse, till we had little hope of her life. But she was wholly resigned to the will of God, chusing neither life nor death. She grew weaker and weaker till the 15th of December, when she was seized with an uncommon fit: from that time all her other complaints ceased; but her fits returned every twenty-four hours, and often continued four hours at a time.

They began thus. While we were talking together, she leaned back in her chair, and lost her senses, her eyes were wide open, her face like that of a corpse, her hands quite cold, all her limbs stiff and immoveable. On the 18th, we concluded she was dying: but then something ulcerated broke within her, and her fits took a quite different turn. She began to speak in the fit. The first words I heard her speak were, "Father, turn to God," with several other words to the same effect. In another fit, she earnestly exhorted her sisters to seek God in their youth. In the following fits her voice grew stronger and stronger.

3. On the 25th Mr. *Byron* came to my house, who entering the room, and seeing her sitting in her chair, and looking like one dead, he was so struck that he thought he should not be able to preach. Meantime she thought herself to be in the preaching-house at *Lowstoft*, before a large congregation; and that she took her text from Rev. iii. 20. *Behold, I stand at the door and knock.* This discourse she preached in Mr. *Byron's* hearing. The next day she preached again in Mr. *Byron's* hearing, on John vii. 37. She continued to preach in every following fit, speaking clear and loud, though she was utterly senseless.

4. From

wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time; I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumults of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of the winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the clamour and confusion? I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of life: that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuse, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, yet irresistible bore him away.

Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked. Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind.

So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into

into

into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunity for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his comforts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot his rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition: for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which they embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance be preserved, he must sink at last.

This

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring; at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life. Yet all that hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provision for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the gulph of intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water; and the tops covered with herbage, on which ease spread couches of repose; and with shades, where pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within the sight of these rocks, all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason indeed was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might escape; but very few could by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of pleasure, that they might
solace

solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced his circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before; but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients; always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches, and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last

were overfet by a crofs breeze, without the toil of refiftance, or the anguifh of expectation. But fuch as had often fallen againft the rocks of pleafure, commonly fubfided by fenfible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harraffed themfelves by labours that fcarce hope herfelf could flatter with fuccefs.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was fuddenly alarmed with an admonition from fome unknown power, "Gaze not idly upon others, when thou thyfelf art finking! Whence is this thoughtlefs tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and fecing the gulph of intemperance before me, I ftrted, and awoke.

A Remedy for CORNS on the FEET.

ROAST a clove of garlic on a live coal, or in hot afhes; apply it to the corn and faften it on with a piece of cloth. This muft not be made ufe of till the moment of going to bed. It foftens the corn to fuch a degree that it loofens, and wholly removes the core in two or three days, however inveterate. Afterwards wafh the foot with warm water. In a little time the indurated fkin that forms the horny tunic of the corn, will difappear, and leave the part as clean and fmooth as if it had never been attacked with any diforder; it is right to renew this application two or three times in twenty-four hours.

A Letter from Dr. THOMAS SECKER, late Archbishop of Canterbury, to the deceafed Dr. WALLACE, one of the Minifters of Edinburgh.

Good Mr. Wallace,

IBeg pardon that I have fuffered a month to pafs without any acknowledgment to you for your obliging letter, and to Dr. Oswald for his valuable prefent. The fundamental
principle

principle of his Appeal is not only right, but of the greatest importance; and he hath treated the subject with great justice and perspicuity, great mildness and decency towards those whom he confutes, great seriousness and propriety towards those whom he exhorts.

I long to see that application of his doctrine to the primary truths of revealed religion; particularly that, which, in his conclusion, he signifies his intention of making; for the short specimens of it which he hath given in one or two places, only excite desires of more. His sermon is an excellent one. The letters which follow it are incomparable and inexpressibly adapted to the present state of these nations. But though their connection with the sermon is very natural, I want to have them freed from it and printed separately, that they may get into more hands, and be considered by those who disdain to read sermons. God be thanked for the many good performances in support of religion which we have had from *Scotland*, while the English Clergy seem of late to fail of contributing their share.

Dr. *Oswald's* language is no less pure and elegant, than his sentiments are just and striking. In some few places he uses will, and would, where an Englishman would say, shall and should; as in Appeal, p. 138, 139. 164. 300. 305; Letter 2. p. 353; Sermon p. 39, 40; Letter 8. p. 35. twice; and on the other hand, shall, where we should say, will, Appeal, p. 163. But our manner of speaking may appear as wrong to you as yours to us; and perhaps there is no more ground in the nature of the language for preferring either. Instead of, set aside p. 153. which amongst us signifies not employing, we would say, set apart, which intimates a purpose of employing: but this is altogether arbitrary. Sustain, Letter 2. p. 53. and elsewhere, I believe is a term of law in *Scotland*, of merely the same meaning with maintain. We also use the word, but not in the same sense.—I desire you and Dr. *Oswald* to

N 2

accept

accept each of you a copy of the little matters which I have printed: my bookseller will send them down to you. The Doctor and I have spoken somewhat differently of Charles the First, and I think may allow one another so to do.

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS CANTERBURY.

Lambeth, Sept. 10, 1767.

How to restrain MAD PEOPLE.

AS many unfortunate accidents arise from the fury of mad people, it may be of service to communicate an infallible restraint upon them.

Upon entering the room where the mad persons are, your eyes must be firmly fixed upon theirs. On theirs dropping, which they will do in a little time, you must continue yours with the stedfastness you at first made your attack. If they attack you a third time, you must still oppose them in the same manner. As this is the period at which they always find themselves overcome, they never more renew their attack, but always retain an awe of you.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXLV.

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

Otley, Feb. 8. 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Often bless God that I ever knew you, and with joy look beyond this vale of tears to that celestial hill, where I hope soon to meet you. What a prospect does faith open! My Jesus, and my Friend! shall I for ever dwell with these?

Shall

Shall you and I, Sir, sit together round the throne, and dwell where Jesus is! What a glorious prospect!

I often think, nothing is too hard to undergo; nothing too dear to part with, for the blessed prize I see before me: and then I am more than ever determined to follow my blessed Master, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is now sat down at the right hand of the throne of God.

At present I feel a great deadness to all things here below: nothing seems worth my notice, but what will tend to glorify my God. As to my situation, it seems to be the place I ought to be in. It is true, many fiery darts doth Satan throw at me; but the Lord makes a way for my escape.

I have been much exercised lately with various temptations; but the Lord of Hosts is my defence: who keeps me night and day, and waters me every moment.

I often feel my soul fired with holy ambition, and long to be one of the hundred and forty and four thousand described in the Revelations. Is not this ambition laudable? May I not with safety covet this best gift?

I have lately been reading Mr. Fletcher's last Check, and felt it as marrow and fatness to my soul. That we may improve by every means, is, Rev. Sir, the unfeigned desire of your Friend and Servant,

E. R.

L E T T E R CCCCXLVI.

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

Bath, March 4, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Thankfully use you as my counsellor and friend, and hope to be favoured with your free thoughts on the subject of this letter.

I have,

I have for several years been desired to keep a boarding-school; but love of retirement made me refuse it. But the request has of late been so repeatedly, and strongly urged, that I can no longer avoid taking it into consideration. Providence seems to *force* it upon me, and I am afraid of withstanding God. I would fain take Herbert's advice, "Be useful where thou livest:" and I think my talents are more suited to a boarding-school, and that I should be more useful among children, than in one of another kind.

In a day-school there are innumerable hindrances to their moral improvement; for what they learn with me, they frequently unlearn at home. But were they always with me, they would be saved from the contagion of bad example, and I should have better opportunities of studying their dispositions, and of applying myself accordingly. These, Sir, are my reasons for keeping a boarding-school; yet those against it seem to be more weighty; but my difficulties arise from fearing it is *inclination*, rather than *judgment*, that makes the scale preponderate.

The greatest objection is, my naturally anxious disposition: not anxious about getting money (I think that is never more to me than matter of *second* consideration;) but about "Doing my duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call me." In a boarding-school I should want to be "All eye, all ear; to see that all things were done decently and in order;" and I should be full of uneasy apprehensions when the children were out of my sight; when I could not take them with me to the preaching on winter evenings, nor in bad weather; neither contentedly leave them with a servant: so that I must count upon losing many opportunities of attending public worship. In short, I should make myself their *slave*, rather than their Governess, and yet never think I did enough for them. Besides, I must give up many meetings with my Christian friends; the society-meetings on Sunday evenings; visiting the sick, &c.

Another

Another thing I fear (*you* Sir, will credit the strange assertion) is *prosperity!* I fear I should not stand where many mightier have been slain." I am afraid of engaging too deeply and beyond my necessity, in outward things; lest the spirit of the world should insensibly steal upon me; lest I should be tempted to conform to its maxims and manners, in my behaviour, dress, &c. and at last forget that I have been washed from these sins.

Freedom from worldly encumbrances; leisure to attend on God, to serve him in his members; "Ease and alternate labour, friendship, books," are some of the many privileges for the sake of which I continue single; but though I continue in this *state*, would not these *privileges* be lost, as much, by keeping a boarding-school or *more*, than by marrying? Are there any that would be a compensation for them? Ought I to sacrifice myself to the good of others, trusting the Lord to preserve the spark of grace alive in an *ocean*?

Though I entirely approve of infant-baptism, and am almost a bigot to our Church-liturgy, yet I am often perplexed in hearing my children repeat the catechism; particularly the Creed, &c. "Yes verily, and by God's help so I will," &c. Is it not absolute falsehood in the mouth of a wicked child, and has it not a manifest tendency to make those of a more thoughtful, and serious turn, conclude that they were born believers? Is it not useless, if not *absurd*, to teach children of six or seven years old, the answers to the question on the sacrament of the Lord's-supper? Alas! what can they comprehend of that sublime mystery? How crude must be their conceptions (if they have *any*) of those deep and strong expressions! Ought I then *against my judgment* to teach it them, because their parents expect me so to do?

After thanking you, Sir, for your last favour, may I ask if the concluding lines ("I lament over every pious young woman who is not as active as possible,") are not intended

as

as a reproof for me? If so, please to point out my faults, and I will endeavour to prove, by my amendment, that I am,

Dear Sir,

Affectionately and obediently your obliged Servant,

M. B.

L E T T E R CCCCXLVII.

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

Park Gate, March 14, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

YOUR letter caused many tears. I pray God that the consequence you think probable, may never happen. At present I feel just the contrary; nor has my sentiments of, or regard for you, been ever altered. I have had many instructors, but not many fathers; but in you I have ever found a father and a friend: one who has by the blessing of God been more useful and helpful to my soul than any other.

I am sensible of the truth of what you observe; but trust, the effects of envy, in how specious a form soever it may appear, will not be found to have the effect on me it had on the persons you mention: not but my weakness may be, and I am persuaded is, greater than theirs. But if I may judge from my present feelings, all that "the well-meaning people" say, leaves me just in respect to you as they found me. But of this, Sir, I did, and do still doubt, whether or no I ought not to deny myself, both the pleasure and profit I have found in riding with you when in Yorkshire? and though I would still endeavour to be with you as much as I can, when in these parts, ought I not to get conveyed some other way, in order to prevent your good from being evil-spoken of?

I am

I am sensible this would deprive me of many gracious opportunities of conversing with you; but I would endeavour to bear it as my cross, and look forward to that blessed day when without any interruption we shall stand with the Lamb on Mount Zion, and love and praise our adorable Saviour, who hath loved us, and washed us in his own blood. Lord, hasten the day!

Dear Sir, if you think me shrinking from the cross, freely tell me so, and continue to be my faithful Instructor, so God shall reward you.

I bless his name, he gives me still to feel a rich supply of every want; and I can set to my seal that all things work together for good to them that love God.

At present I feel Jesus unspeakably precious: and though storms and tempests are on every side, my soul cries out, Secure I am while thou art mine.

May all the blessings of the New Covenant be your portion in time and eternity! So prays, Rev. Sir, your well-wisher,

E. R.

L E T T E R CCCCXLVIII.

[From the same, to the same.]

Otley, April 24, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

WELCOME, thrice welcome was your last kind letter. Tears of love and joy overflowed my eyes, and my heart was filled with thankfulness, to find you still favoured with your friendship, the unworthiest of all your children.

Since I wrote last, the state of my body has been much altered. At that time my complaints seemed just coming on; but as I have often had slight attacks which have soon been re-

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O

moved,

moved, I thought little of them. But it has pleased God that they have continued ever since, so that my strength is greatly decayed. I have much pain in my breast and side, which is accompanied with a little short cough. I am generally either hot or cold. My fever is generally very strong in an afternoon, and when it is off I am very feeble, and sometimes so low in body, that it is a pain to me either to speak or move. But glory be to God, I have not one anxious thought! To me to live is Christ, and to die would be great gain. Since my body has been weak, my soul has been truly happy. I feel on the wing for heaven. I feel my affections fixed on things above, and my soul sweetly rejoices in hope of that glory to which I am hasting. I rest in the arms divine, and Jesus is to me a satisfying portion.

“ I cannot, dare not now deny,
 The things my God hath freely given,
 That happy favourèd soul am I
 Who finds in Christ a way to heaven :
 He makes my soul his sweetness know ;
 He makes my cup with joy o’erflow.”

Praise the Lord, dear Sir, for his great goodness to me, and continue to pray for one who is unworthy of your notice. I give you many thanks for your kind reproof. May all the blessings of a Covenant God be yours! May peace and love your soul o’erflow! so prays, Rev. Sir, your affectionate, though unworthy daughter in Christ,

E. R.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y .

A NIGHT-PIECE *on* DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er.
 Their books from wisdom widely stray,
 Or point at best the longest way,
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky !
 Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
 While through their ranks in silver pride
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.
 The grounds which on the right aspire;
 In dimness from the view retire :
 The left presents a place of graves,
 Whose wall the silent water leaves.
 That steeple guides the doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night:
 There pass with melancholy state,
 By all the solemn heaps of fate.
 And think; as softly—sad you tread
 Above the venerable dead,
 Time was, like thee they life possess,
 And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those graves with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty reſoſe.

The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name
The chifſel's ſlender help to fame,
Which e'er our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away.
A middle race of mortals own
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs, that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculpturèd ſtoves,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe (all the poor remains of ſtate)
Adorn the *rich*, or praiſe the *great*.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils her ſhades !
All ſlow, and wan, and wrappèd with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crouds,
And all with ſober accents cry,
Think mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and funèral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Me thinks I hear a voice begin ;
Ye ravens ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the ſong lake and midnight ground.
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.

When

When man my scythe and darts supply,
 How great a *King of Fears* am I!
 They view me like the last of things:
 They make, and then they dread, my stings.
 Fools! If you less provokéd your fears,
 No more my spectre-form appears,
 Death's but a path that must be trod,
 If man would ever pass to God:
 A port of calms, a state of ease
 From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
 Deep pendant cypres, mourning poles,
 And plumes of black, that as they tread,
 Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead!

Nor can the parted body know,
 Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
 As men who long in prison dwell,
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
 When e'er their suffering years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glittering sun.
 Such joy, though far transcending sense,
 Have pious souls at parting hence.
 On earth, and in the body placéd,
 A few, and evil years they waste:
 But when their chains are cast aside,
 See the bright scene unfolding wide,
 Clap their glad wings, and tower away,
 And mingle with the blaze of day.

The

Mr William West's Book

The RESIGNATION:

TIS done! the darling idol I resign,
 Unfit to share a heart so justly thine;
 Nor can the heavenly call unwelcome be,
 That still invites my soul more near to thee:
 Thou dost but take the dying lamp away,
 To bless me with thy own unmingled day.
 Ye shades, ye phantoms, and ye dreams, adieu!
 With smiles I now your parting glories view.
 I see the hand; I worship; I adore,
 And justify the great disposing Power.
 Divine advantage! O immortal gain!
 Why should my fond, ungrateful heart complain?
 What'er of beauty in his ample round
 The sun surveys, in thee is brighter found;
 What'er the restless mind of man desires;
 What'er an angel's vaster thought admires:
 In thee 'tis found in its unchanging height,
 Thou first great spring of beauty and delight!
 What have I lost of excellent, or fair,
 Or kind, or good, that thou can'st not repair?
 What have I lost of truth or amity,
 But what deriv'd its gentle source from thee?
 At one kind look, one sparkling glance of thine,
 Created pride must languish and decline.
 'Tis done, at last, the great deciding part!
 The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart:
 It pants for joys which that can ne'er bestow;
 And spreads itself too wide for all below;
 It leaves the vast creation far behind,
 And presses forward, free and unconfined.
 I see a boundless prospect still before,
 And dote upon my former joys no more;
 Celestial passions kindle in my soul,
 And every low, inglorious thought control.

O come!

O come! ye sacred gifts, ye pure delights,
 Ye heavenly sounds, ye intellectual sights;
 Ye gales of paradise, that lull to rest,
 And fill with silent calms the peaceful breast;
 With you, transporting hopes that boldly rise,
 And swell in blissful torrents, to the skies;
 That soar with angels on their splendid wings,
 And search th' *Arcana* of celestial things.
 Here let me dwell, and bid the world adieu,
 And still converse, ye glorious scenes, with you.
 Keep far away, for ever far from hence,
 Ye gaudy shews, and flatt'ring snares of sense;
 Ye gay varieties of earth, adieu!
 However soft; and pleasing to the view.
 And all ye dazzling wonders of the skies,
 Even you my now aspiring thoughts despise;
 No more your blandishments my heart detain,
 Beauty and pleasure make their court in vain;
 Object divine, and infinite in view,
 Seize all my powers, ye fading toys, from you.

'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding part!
 The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart;
 It triumphs in the change, it fixes here,
 Nor needs another separation fear.
 No various scenes to come, no change of place
 Shall e'er thy image, from my soul efface;
 Nor life, nor death, nor distant height above,
 Nor depths below shall part me from thy love.

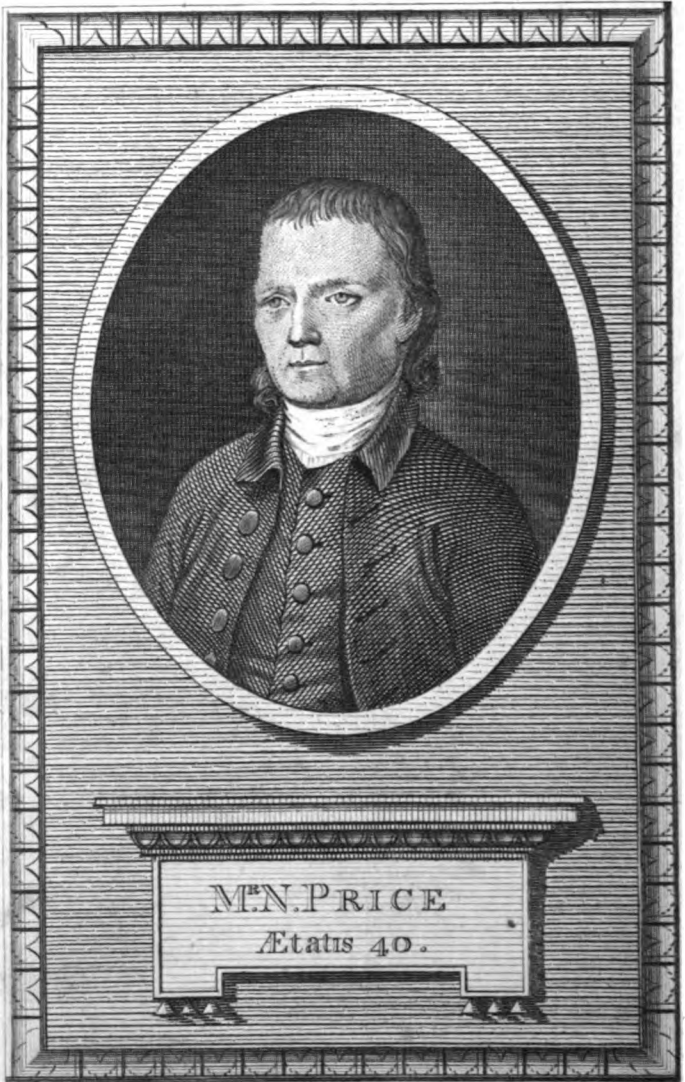
Flying

Flying Fowl, and Creeping Things, praise ye the Lord.

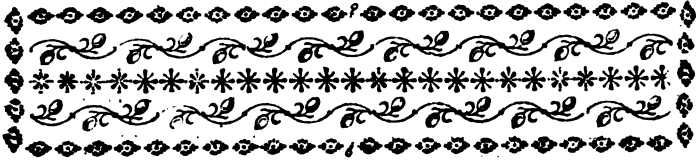
SWEET flocks, whose soft enamellèd wing
 Swift and gently cleaves the sky;
 Whose charming notes address the spring,
 With an artless harmony.
 Lovely minstrels of the field,
 Who in leafy shadows sit,
 And your wondèrous structures build,
 Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light;
 To nature's God your first devotions pay,
 E'er you salute the rising day,
 'Tis He calls up the sun, and gives him every ray.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
 And wear upon your shining back
 Numèrous ranks of gaudy pride,
 Which thousand mingling colours make;
 Let the glancings of your eyes
 Rebate their baleful fire;
 In harmless play twist and unfold
 The volumes of your scaly gold:
 That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
 Proclaims your Master kind and wise.

Insects and Mites, of mean degree,
 That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
 Moulded by Wisdom's artful hand,
 And curlèd and painted with a various dye;
 In your innumerable forms
 Praise him that wears the ethereal crown,
 And bends his lofty councils down
 To despicable worms.



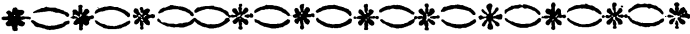
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T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For M A R C H 1788.



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

[Continued from page 60.]

Of the Freedom of the Will of Man.

C H A P. I.

THAT these notions of liberty are contrary to the sense, and repugnant to the common reason of mankind, will be evident by the rules laid down by those who were guided only by the light of nature.

So *Aristotle*. A Lawgiver must act absurdly in commanding that which it is not in the power of his subjects to perform.

So *Seneca*. Vice and virtue must be things which we are free to do, or to abstain from, because they are worthy of praise or dispraise; neither of which agree to things unblameable: That being only to be blamed which is in our power; and therefore that Fate or Necessity which leaves not our assent, or actions in our power, takes away praise or dispraise, honour or reward.

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P

So

So *Aristotle*, *Zeno*, and *Epicletus*. That only is voluntary which we lie under no necessity to do or to forbear; and *what we do being unwilling, we do out of necessity, liberty being a power of acting from ourselves, or doing what we will*: whence they infer, that vice and virtue must be voluntary, and that *there can be no necessity of doing evil, and that on this account only is vice worthy of dispraise*.

Man can be guilty of no crime in doing that which he could not avoid; for *what is evil is a fault, saith Cicero, there can be no fault in not doing that which we have no power to do*.

That what is natural to all men, cannot be evil to any man; for no man is angry, saith *Seneca, ubi vitium naturæ defendit, where nature defends the vice: nor can that be evil, saith Cicero, quod a naturæ parente omnium constitutum, which owes its original to nature, seeing that Being which consults the good of mankind, would neither produce or nourish that, quod cum exantlasset omnes labores incideret in mortis malum sempiternum, which when it had done its utmost, must be subject to eternal Death*.

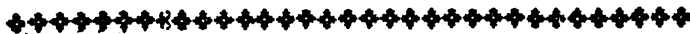
Aristotle saith, That there can be no consultation or deliberation about things which are not in our power; nor any rational persuasion to do them, because these actions can only be performed in order to that end: and therefore, when the end cannot be obtained, must be done in vain. And hence it clearly follows, that if this be a doctrine of christianity, that men in their lapsed state can do nothing which is truly good; they ought not to deliberate how they may do good, or avoid the doing of evil, or pray for the divine assistance, or be sorry for their sins; nor ought any man to persuade them so to do.

Nor ought these arguments to be slighted, as being only the sayings of philosophers, guided by the dim light of reason, when they deliver only that in which the common notions of mankind have long agreed. For that would be of dreadful consequence to the christian faith; for our belief of it must bottom upon some rational inducements, and common principles of reason; which if they may be false, christianity may be false also;

also; if they be certain truths, whatsoever contradicts them must be false; if therefore any article of our faith should, to the best of our judgments, plainly contradict them, it must shock the foundation of our faith, by engaging men to believe that false which alone engaged them to believe that faith was true.

That the Christian Fathers, for four whole centuries condemned these new notions, as destructive of true liberty, of the nature of vice and virtue, of rewards and punishments, of the equity of the divine precepts, and of a future judgment, and also as contrary to the declarations of the holy Scriptures; will be fully proved in the last chapter of this discourse.

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XLIV.

On MATT. xvi. 3.

We can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?

1. **T**HE entire passage runs thus. *The Pharisees also with the Sadducees came, and tempting, desired him, that he would shew them a sign from heaven. He answered and said, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather; for the sky is red; and in the morning, It will be foul weather to day: for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?*

2. *The Pharisees also with the Sadducees came.* In general these were quite opposite to each other: but it is no uncommon thing for the children of the world to lay aside their opposition to each other (at least, for a season) and cordially to unite in opposing the children of God: and *tempting*, that is, making a trial, whether he was indeed sent of God, *desired him that he*

would shew them a sign from heaven, which they believed no false prophet was able to do. It is not improbable, they imagined, this would convince them, that he was really sent from God. *He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather, for the sky is red: and in the morning, It will be foul weather to day, for the sky is red and lowering.* Probably there were more certain signs of fair and foul weather, in their climate, than there are in ours. *O ye hypocrites, making profession of love, while you have enmity in your hearts: Ye can discern the face of the sky, and judge thereby what the weather will be: but can ye not discern the signs of the times, when God brings his first begotten Son into the world?*

3. Let us more particularly enquire, first, What were *the times*, whereof our Lord here speaks? And what were *the signs* whereby those times were to be distinguished from all others? We may then enquire, secondly, What are *the times* which we have reason to believe are *now* at hand? And how is it that all who are called Christians do not discern *the signs of these times*?

I. 1. Let us in the first place, enquire, What times were those, concerning which our Lord is here speaking? It is easy to answer, The times of the Messiah: the times ordained before the foundation of the world wherein it pleased God, to give his only begotten Son, to take our nature upon him, to be found in fashion as a man, to live a life of sorrow and pain, and at length to be obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; to the end that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. This was the important time, the signs whereof the Pharisees and Sadducees could not discern. Clear as they were in themselves, yet so thick a veil was upon the heart of these men that they did not discern the tokens of his coming, though foretold so long before.

2. But what were those signs of the coming of that Just One, which had been so long and so clearly foretold? and whereby they

they might easily have discerned those times, had not the veil been on their heart? They are many in number; but it may suffice to mention a few of them. One of the first is that pointed out in the solemn words, spoken by *Jacob* a little before his death, Gen. xlix. 10. *The Sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a Lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh came.* All both ancient and modern Jews agree, that by *Shiloh* we are to understand the Messiah: who was therefore to come according to the prophecy, *before the Sceptre*, that is, the Sovereignty, *departed from Judah.* But it did without controversy depart from *Judah*, at this very time, an infallible sign, that at this very time *Shiloh*, that is, the *Messiah* came.

3. A second eminent sign of those times, the times of the coming of the Messiah, is given us in the third chapter of the prophecy of Malachi: *Behold, I send my Messenger, and he shall prepare my way before me: (v. 1.) and the Lord, whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple.* How manifestly was this fulfilled, first, by the coming of *John the Baptist*? And then, by our blessed Lord himself, *coming suddenly to his temple*? And what sign could be clearer to those that impartially considered the words of the prophet Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 4, *The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight!*

4. But yet clearer signs than these (if any could be clearer) were the mighty works that he wrought. Accordingly he himself declares, *The works which I do, they testify of me.* And to these he explicitly appeals in his answer to the question of *John the Baptist.* (Not proposed, as some have strangely imagined) from any doubt which he had himself; but from a desire of confirming his disciples, who might possibly waver, when their master was taken from their head:) *Art thou he that should come, the Messiah? Or look we for another?* No bare verbal answer could have been so convincing, as what they saw with their own eyes. Jesus therefore referred them to this testimony: *He answered and said unto them, Go and shew John the things*

things which ye hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk: the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them, Matt. xi. 4, 5.

5. But how then came it to pass, that those who were so sharp-sighted in other things, who could *discern the face of the sky*, were not able to discern those signs, which indicated the coming of the Messiah? They could not discern them, not for want of evidence: this was full and clear: but for want of integrity in themselves; because they were a *wicked and adulterous generation*: because the perverseness of their hearts spread a cloud over their understanding. Therefore although the Sun of Righteousness shone bright, yet they were insensible of it. They were not willing to be convinced; therefore they remained in ignorance. The light was sufficient: but they shut their eyes, that they might not see it. So that they were without excuse, till vengeance came upon them to the uttermost.

II. 1. We are in the second place to consider, What are *the times* which we have reason to believe are *now* at hand? And how is it that all who are called Christians do not discern *the signs of these times*?

The times which we have reason to believe are at hand (if they are not already begun) are what many pious men have termed, The time of *the latter-day glory*: meaning the time wherein God would gloriously display his power and love, in the fulfilment of his gracious promise, that *the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.*

2. "But are there in *England*, or in any part of the world, any *signs* of such a time approaching?" It is not many years since that a person of considerable learning, as well as eminence in the Church (then Bishop of *London*) in his Pastoral Letter made this observation, "I cannot imagine what persons mean, by talking of a *great work of God* at this time. I do not see any work of God now, more than has been at any other time."

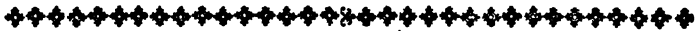
time." I believe it. I believe that great man, did not see any extraordinary work of God. Neither he nor the generality of Christians, so called, saw any signs of the glorious day that is approaching. But how is this to be accounted for? How is it that those who can now *discern the face of the sky*, who are not only great Philosophers, but great Divines, as eminent as ever the Sadducees, yea, or the Pharisees were, do not discern the signs of those glorious times, which if not begun, are nigh, even at the door?

3. We allow indeed, that in every age of the Church, *the kingdom of God came not with observation*; not with splendor and pomp, or with any of those outward circumstances which usually attend the kingdoms of this world. We allow this *kingdom of God is within us*: and that consequently when it begins, either in an individual or in a nation, it is like a *grain of mustard-seed*, which at first is the least of all seeds; but nevertheless gradually increases, till it becomes a great tree. Or, to use the other comparison of our Lord, It is like a little leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.

4. But may it not be asked, Are there now any signs that the day of God's power is approaching? I appeal to every candid, unprejudiced person, whether we may not at this day discern, all those signs (understanding the words in a spiritual sense) to which our Lord referred John's disciples. *The blind receive their sight*. Those who were blind from their birth, unable to see their own deplorable state, and much more to see God and the remedy he has prepared for them in the Son of his love, now see themselves, yea and *the light of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ*. *The eyes of their understanding being now opened*, they see all things clearly. *The deaf hear*. Those that were before utterly deaf, to all the outward and inward Calls of God, now hear not only his Providential Calls, but also the whispers of his Grace. *The lame walk*. Those who never before arose from the earth, or moved one step to-
ward

ward heaven, are now walking in all the ways of God; yea, running the race that is set before them. *The lepers are cleansed.* The deadly leprosy of sin, which they brought with them into the world, and which no art of man could ever cure is now clean departed from them. And surely never in any age or nation since the Apostles, have those words been so eminently fulfilled. *The poor have the gospel preached unto them,* as it is at this day. At this day the gospel leaven, faith working by love, inward and outward holiness, or (to use the terms of St. Paul,) *righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,* hath so spread in various parts of Europe, particularly in *England, Scotland, Ireland,* in the Islands, in the North and South, from *Georgia,* to *New-England* and *Newfoundland*: that sinners have been truly converted to God, throughly changed both in heart and in life; not by tens, or by hundreds only, but by thousands, yea, by myriads! The fact cannot be denied: we can point out the persons, with their names and places of abode. And yet the wise men of the world, the men of eminence, the men of learning and renown, “cannot imagine what we mean by talking of any extraordinary work of God!” They cannot discern the signs of *these times!* They can see no sign at all of God’s arising to maintain his own cause, and set up his kingdom over the earth!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



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

[*Continued from page 69.*]

FROM the time of this introduction among the prisoners, I preached frequently to the felons and debtors in Newgate. Of the latter I joined about 36 in a regular society; nor would they suffer any individual to live in any outward sin, as they never neglected to inform me of every such instance. I had
such

such a zeal from my first hearing the Gospel, that I spared no pains to do all the good in my power, both to the bodies and souls of sinners: embracing every opportunity, both in hearing and speaking; so that in process of time I preached in every prison, as well as many workhouses in and about *London*: and frequently travelled to almost every town within twelve miles of the metropolis.

All this while I continued in the Foundry-school, and by my second marriage, having much increased in my worldly circumstances, my soul was exceedingly delighted. But by confining myself to rise at four every morning, in order to go to the five o'clock preaching, diligently attending the Church service, and strictly observing all the other ordinances, of God; I was more deeply convinced of my unbelief, and of the carnal mind still remaining in me. On this, tongue cannot express the bitterness of soul I laboured under, both day and night, having "no rest in my flesh by reason of my sin." And although my place of abode joined the Foundry, yet, when I have left the school, to go either to breakfast or dinner, my agony of mind has been so great, that I have even forgot to eat my bread, and have oft-times wandered into Hoxton-fields, there to pour out my misery before God. And frequently after I had dismissed my scholars in the evening, I have taken a solitary walk into the fields till nine, ten and eleven o'clock, roaring for the very disquietude of my soul; and notwithstanding I never could accuse myself of inattention to any ordinance, such as fasting and prayer, &c. yet my unbelief prevailed, till I became compleatly miserable. In this situation I continued about three years, so that I almost "chose strangling rather than life;" nor could I, with all my hearing and self-denial, overcome this damping sin of unbelief. When people have told me I could believe if I would, gladly would I have given worlds to believe, were they in my power; but "such power belongeth

to God alone." And glory be to his name! he at last displayed that power in my deliverance. The manner of which I shall now simply relate.

Taking one morning my melancholy walk, after five o'clock preaching, as I was passing Ratcliff Row, I perceived a cow coming towards me, and really wished I was that beast. The next thing that passed me was a dog, when I wished I could change myself into that animal. Afterwards I observed a man taking his course a few yards off; when I thought, that man would afford me the greatest happiness I ever before experienced, if he would put an end to so wretched a life. I continued walking slowly, till I came to a lonesome part of a field, which I imagined was better calculated for retirement than any other spot. When I had secluded myself therein, on a sudden, in the twinkling of an eye, a hand struck me on the top of my head. I instantly found myself crying with a loud voice, "Praise God, praise God!" and looking up, I beheld the air and sky, full of the glory of God; and that glory of such a substance, that I thought I could have laid hold of it with my hand. This attended me for the space of a minute; but was succeeded by an uncommon thick darkness. But I was quickly enabled to look up, and to beseech God that I might more fully know whether this was any sign of the remission of my sins? for I felt an unspeakable peace, which far out-weighed my former misery. As I looked up, there seemed to be an opening in the heavens, which tapered away to a point at each end. The centre of this sacred avenue was about twelve feet wide, wherein I thought I saw the Lord Jesus, holding up both his hands, from the palms of which the blood seemed to stream down. On this, floods of tears gushing from my eyes, trickled down my cheeks, and I said, "Lord, it is enough!" From that hour I have not once doubted of my being freely justified.

[To be continued.]

A short

A Short Account of the Death of Mr. JOSHUA KEIGHLEY.

SUNDAY the 29th of July last, Mr. *Keighley* gave us the sacrament, and such another day my eyes never saw, nor my heart ever felt before.

In the evening he complained of a coldness in his neck, by reason of too much perspiration. Monday he preached the Thanksgiving Sermon; but with a severe swimming in his head. Tuesday he dined with me, which was the last time he dined on earth. In the evening he endeavoured to preach, but was obliged to conclude before the time. Wednesday, being confined to his bed, the Doctor was sent for who gave him a vomit. Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, he had a slow fever (which is very epidemical here.) Monday he was seized with a violent bleeding at the nose, which continued until next day; when his fever grew very strong: from which time he became insensible, and talked very wildly.

On the seventh of August, he prayed for all sorts and conditions of men: not forgetting the preachers who were to come next to *Elgin*. On Thursday the 9th the Doctor gave him up. His pulse was now so quick I could scarce follow them, and his eyes looked us almost out of countenance. Friday the 10th he preached a sermon; but was so low we could hardly hear him. When he had done he made an apology for his indisposition of body.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon death seized the extreme parts of his body; when his voice grew so low we could scarce distinguish what he said. He now struggled so hard with death, that it required two persons to hold him in bed, while he made the whole room tremble where he lay! At last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the tenth

instant, he gave up his spirit into the hands of God, as unto a faithful Creator.

He never expected his illness to be unto death, till about three days before he died: when he said, "You shall have a twofold preacher here before Sunday."

As there was no preacher on the spot, I took charge of his remains; wrapt them in fine linen (like his Lord and Master;) gave letters of invitation to Ministers and Magistrates; and a gentleman gave me the use of his tomb to bury him in, which I gladly accepted.

The people of Elgin greatly lament the death of this pious young man, whose preaching and holy conversation was made so great a blessing to many. And had it not been for the violence of his disorder, I doubt not but he would have borne as good a testimony for God in his last moments, as he had done before for many years.

When he was at *Inverness* last spring, he dreamed that he was condemned to die on the morrow. However he obtained leave of the Judge to go and acquaint his father of his fate, and to prepare him for the shock: which as soon as he had done, the Judge appeared to him again, and said, "I have got you a short respite; but depend upon it, you shall die in *Scotland*."

How unaccountable is this on the Infidel and Sadducean supposition? but how plain on that of a Christian!

Elgin, Aug. 24, 1787.

JAMES GREY.

An Account of JOHN WYNN, who was executed at Bedford, April 4, 1785.

[*Concluded from page 71.*]

NEXT morning about six o'clock, I returned to him, and found him very cheerful, and quite willing to die! At eight, the Ordinary gave him the Sacrament, when I and three more

more received it with him ! After this we continued singing, praying, and conversing with him till about ten ; when the gaoler (who was as tender of him as if he had been his own brother,) came to tell him he must go down to have his irons taken off. After turning his face to the wall, and lifting up his heart to God in prayer for about two minutes, he walked down and had them taken off. When he was at liberty, he took leave of the felons ; putting his hand through the iron bars where they were in the mean time confined, and shook hands with them. He then went to all the debtors in the yard and shook hands with them.

After this, he returned into the Chapel, where the time was spent in singing and prayer, till he was called down to have his arms bound. It was very moving to see him go round a second time to all the debtors and felons, and take an affectionate leave of them, while most of them were in tears. He then took leave of those of the Society who were present ; desiring as many of them as could bear it, to go with him to the place of execution. He desired a person present to give his love to Captain Ball, and to tell him, he freely forgave him, and returned him many thanks for his endeavours to get him a reprieve. " I believe, said he, I should not have lost my life if the evidence had not falsely sworn that I had fire-arms about me, which I had not : but I freely forgive him." Being told the Sheriff had allowed him his full time ; he willingly sat down to be bound. He kissed the turnkey and the other person who came to bind him, and said, " God bless you !" He then stepped into the cart, and Mr. Ingham and I went along with him. His continual prayer in going to execution was, " Lord, have mercy upon me ! Lord save me a poor sinner ! Lord Jesus into thy hand I commend my spirit !" When we came near the awful spot, I said, John, you are now within a few moments of your end ; how do you feel ? " I bless God, said he, with a cheerful smile, I feel myself happy. I have no fear of death.

I believe

I believe it is the Lord that has taken it away; and I hope and trust he will take me to himself." When the Ordinary read the prayers to him, he kneeled down and joined him in a very devout manner: after which he shook hands with him and thanked him for his kindness. When he rose from his knees he desired us to sing a hymn, and Mr. Ingham gave one out suitable to the occasion. He likewise desired us to tell the people, that he died in peace with all men, and that he enjoyed peace with God, and was not afraid to die. He then desired us to sing that hymn which had been so much blest to him. Accordingly I gave out,

" And am I born to die,
To lay this body down," &c.

He sang this under the gallows with great cheerfulness: and it was observed by the spectators, that his voice was louder than ours. We then both of us went to prayer, and commended his spirit to God. When we rose from prayer he went to the end of the cart, sat him down, and took leave of our friends who were present. He then very affectionately embraced Mr. Ingham and me; thanked us for our care of him, and hoped God would reward us. The executioner coming into the cart, we stepped out and walked away, weeping and praying for him. He afterwards took leave of several persons, and returned thanks to the gentlemen of Bedford who had endeavoured to get him a reprieve. He particularly thanked the gaoler and his housekeeper for their kindness to him. Seeing some young soldiers among the people, he begged of them never to desert. Deserting, he said, was one cause of his coming to an untimely end.

He continued to call upon God till he was turned off. And even afterwards, as long as there were any signs of life, his hands were lifted up in prayer.

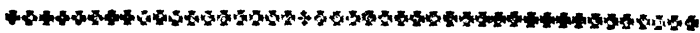
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What is very remarkable, after he was put into the coffin, there did not appear to be any marks of a violent death upon him; but he seemed as if he had been in a natural sleep.

He was buried the same evening at six o'clock, and a sermon was preached upon the occasion at the Methodist chapel at seven, to a very crowded audience, from 1 Cor. i. 9. *But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead.*

Bedford, April 12, 1785.

JOSEPH PESCOD.



The EXPERIENCE of J. B. of St. HELLIER'S in the Isle of JERSEY.

[Continued from page 73.]

5. **O**NE day I beheld the heavenly city just at hand, and the Lord Jesus said to me, "In a little time, my child, thou shalt be in full possession of this glorious kingdom." And he gave me so great a measure of light, that I could already see the gate of the heavenly city, and the inscription thereon in golden letters: but I could not read it. I saw likewise the beams of the Sun of Righteousness shining on the city with refulgent splendor. He then said to me, "Thou shalt shortly be there: but first thou must suffer sharp trials for my sake." I firmly believed it, and rejoiced that I was counted worthy, to suffer for his name's sake.

6. I found myself from time to time under the wings of the glorious Father of lights. Sometimes I was prostrate before him, when he covered me with the cloud of his heavenly protection. Blessed be the Lord for all his precious and inestimable favours! I dreamed one night I was seated on a very high mountain, where was a river of living water, clear as chrystal. I believe it was that mentioned in the *Revelation*, as proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb,

Lamb. Not a few times have I been favoured with a view of that celestial city. But O! was there no other happiness than to be always in the company of the adorable Saviour, it were enough to ravish the soul with unspeakable and endless admiration!

7. Another time being on my knees before the great God, I was singing the first verse of the 42d psalm.

“ For thee, my God, the living God
 My thirsty soul doth pine :
 O when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou majesty divine ?”

The Lord answered me, “ Shortly thou shalt see it.” Blessed for ever be his holy name ! O what hast thou prepared for those whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood ! O what happiness ! O eternity ! What joy must be in heaven, since the foretaste is so delicious ! Who would not endure any sufferings here, to enjoy thee, my Beloved, eternally ?

8. My loving Saviour hath taken possession of my heart, and has shut the door, so that all my enemies cannot open it. He is my King and reigns in my soul. Hence I am in safety, being kept by the Monarch of heaven and earth. O that the Almighty should discover his secrets to such a poor creature as me ! One day having been praying for my brother, the Lord said, “ I will give him the same blessing I have given thee.” And I know this will be fulfilled in due season.

9. Twice here I beheld myself washed by my Saviour in the clean water of his grace : and once he poured into my soul a large quantity thereof. O that these rivers of pure water may flow abundantly into my soul ! How gracious is the Lord, who shews me by his divine light, the work of sanctification advancing in me ! And one evening in prayer, I saw my soul in
 heaven.

heaven, accompanied by the holy angels, and glorifying the Lord with all the blessed.

10. These experiences took up several months. She then visited some christian friends in the country, in January 1785. At the conclusion of one of their assemblies, when most of them were gone away, she staid with a few, and prayed, when the power of God came upon them in an extraordinary manner. She told a friend, that she never saw any thing like it before; and that her spirit was so absorbed in the joys of the blessed, that she hardly knew, whether she was in heaven or on earth. Soon after she came home, she was taken ill: what then occurred, she thus related.

11. A few nights before my illness, I had a frightful dream: but I gave myself to the Lord. The next night I had another, wherein my dear Saviour greatly comforted me. Awaking in the morning, I had much pain in my head and throat; but I did not suppose my sickness was mortal, as I had not experienced the trials which I had reason to expect. Ill as I was, I went to the meeting, thinking it might possibly be the last time. It was a blessed opportunity: but it was with great difficulty I got back to our house. The next day I was obliged to take my bed: my pains were considerable: but I hardly felt them; so ravishing was the sweetness, which the Lord poured into my soul. Wednesday the 4th, I had a small combat with the enemy: but looking up, I was presently delivered. Meantime I continually tasted the great and ineffable sweetness of my Saviour. The following night when I fell asleep, I found myself closely engaged with Apollyon, who with one of his hands, which was of an enormous size, seized me by the stomach. I waked, and he strongly assaulted my soul, telling me, my sins were too many to be forgiven. I answered him, I knew they were all forgiven: that I was a child of God, who had solemnly avowed fidelity to his service, and was resolved to be faithful even unto death. I began notwithstanding to be terrified; but in that moment the spirit of prayer came upon me:

and immediately the gate of the celestial city was opened, where the Lord shewed me I should have a place to all eternity. I was animated with new life, and intreated the Lord, that I might continue in prayer till I was fully delivered. In a moment I was at perfect liberty, and sung praise in my heart to my merciful Deliverer.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of S. MALLITT.

[By Mr. William Mallitt.]

[*Continued from page 93.*]

IN a letter to me she writes thus: I was born on Feb. 18, 1768, at *Loddon in Norfolk*. I was much afflicted from my infancy: I began to seek God, when I was about nine years old: I was first struck while my mother was instructing me and my sisters. She asked me, "Who made you?" I answered, God: and immediately felt an earnest desire to know who God was, and why he made me, and other creatures? This troubled me much, and my trouble so increased, that I was deprived of my sleep, and often past the night in weeping. I was frequently weeping in the day too; so that some thought I was going melancholy. One night as I was mourning by myself, the Lord took pity on me and revealed himself to me. In a moment all my sorrow was turned into joy, and I knew I was made to love and serve God.

2. I was now quite happy, and began to read the word of God, which I had never minded before. But having no Christian fellowship, and being ignorant of Satan's devices, I soon lost my love of God and nearness to him. About this time it pleased God to send the Methodists to *Loddon*, whom

whom I heard at every opportunity; and under a sermon of Mr. *Floyd's* the Lord revealed himself to me again, and I found a still increasing love to him and to his people. This continued about a year. I then was entangled with worldly acquaintance, but could find no happiness therein, my conscience still reproving me. I still attended the preaching, and was often convinced: but in a little time I began to neglect private prayer. I then soon lost my love both to God and his people. Yet I still attended the preaching, though I had a particular dislike to the Preachers, and often sat with my back to them, that I might not see them.

3. At last I gave up all meetings and all prayer; till one night, as I was going to bed with one of my sisters (about eleven years old) she said, "You used to bid me say my prayers, and now you have left them off yourself." This cut me to the heart, but I bid her mind herself. However when I thought she was asleep, I rose to pray, but found my heart as hard as a stone. I could not speak one word. I rose from my knees and said, "I will not be beholden to God for his mercy," and laid me down in bed again: but I could not sleep, any more than they can sleep who are in hell; for I expected to have made my bed there before morning. The distress I then felt none knows but God. I wandered about seeking rest, but finding none. When I came from the preaching these words were in my mind, Must I give an account of this at the judgment-seat of Christ? One time being in great distress, it was impressed on my mind, "Thou shalt have no peace till thou hast murdered thy youngest sister." I was particularly fond of her, being about three quarters old. This followed me a considerable time: and one day, all the family being out, it was suggested, "Now is the time." My torture was more than I can express. I took a knife, and attempted to do it twice: the third time the Lord gave me to see through the snare, and I wept over the

child: but still kept the devil's counsel, telling no one how I had been tempted.

4. Being now near fifteen, I continued in this despairing state almost a year. I frequently wandered in the fields, seeking the most solitary places. When I rose in the morning, I expected to be in hell before night: in the evening I expected to be there before the morning. During this time, the Lord brought my mother to the knowledge of himself: and in the beginning of 1780, both my father and she desired to be members of Mr. *Wesley's* society. This being the time for renewing the tickets, my father desired one for *me*, and told me, "I was now a member of the society, and was to dine at Mr. *Cripp's*, with the rest of the society." After dinner one was saying, "If the Lord was now to come to judgment, I hope there is not one soul among us, who will not meet him with joy." I looked round, and saw many of my family who had set their faces Sion-ward, and several of them at *my* instance: and I thought, now they are set out for heaven, I am again setting out for hell! Yet I thought, If there is mercy for *me*, I will not rest till I have found it. But I despaired of finding any, thinking that I had in me more than seven devils. However on Sunday I went to the Class. The Leader asked me, If I had a desire to serve God? I answered, I had; but I had no hope of finding any mercy from him. He told me, I must use much prayer, and I should find he had mercy for me.

5. The next day I removed to my uncle's, at *Long-Stratton*. On January the 10th, Mr. *Shadford* held a love-feast there. And here the Lord spoke to my heart, *O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt!* From that time I went on my way rejoicing, not having a cloud between God and my soul. But I found a necessity to use much prayer and to put on the whole armour of God. In a short time the Lord laid me in the furnace of affliction: but I found much of his presence there. Being very ill in
March

March 1781, I was removed back to my father's. It was thought, I would die; but this gave me no pain; for death was more welcome to me than life. But after I had suffered much, it pleased God to give me a little health: till on the 28th of May, being at Mr. *Lamb's*, at *Hadderfon*, while we were at breakfast, feeling myself ill, I retired into the next room, and laid me down on the bed, losing my senses immediately. I thought I saw two angels, who shewed me the torments of hell, and the happiness of heaven. I would fain have staid there, but was told, I must go back; for there was work for me to do. About three o'clock I came to myself.

[*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 74.*]

2. **M**ANY physicians affirm, That Sugar is unwholesome, and most, that it destroys the teeth. But how will this agree with the following account? "My grandfather, says Dr. *Slare*, took as much sugar as his butter spread upon bread would receive, for his daily breakfast. He put sugar into all his ale and beer, and into all the sauces he used to his meat. At eighty years old he had all his teeth strong and firm (having never had the tooth-ach) and never refused the hardest crust. In his 82d year one of his teeth came out, and in two or three years all the rest. But others filled up their room, and in a short time he had a new set quite round. His hair also from very white became dark. He continued in health and strength, and died without any disease, in his ninety-ninth or hundredth year.

3. It

3. It is not only from the canes that fugar is extracted. In New England much of it is made from the juice of the Upland Maple. They first make a hole in the tree, within a foot of the ground, shelving inward, so as to hold about a pint. Then they tap this hole, and by a reed draw off the liquor into a vessel. A large tree will yield, between the beginning of February and the end of April, twenty gallons of juice. A gallon in boiling sixteen hours is reduced to three pints, and yields more than two pounds of fugar, which our physicians prefer to all other for medicinal uses.

4. Molosses likewise may be procured without fugar-canes. This was discovered a few years ago by Mr. *Chandler*, of Woodstock, in New-England, an inland town, where the common Molosses is scarce and dear. Ever since both he and his neighbours supply themselves with it, out of their own orchards. The apple that produces it, is a summer sweeting, of a middling size, and full of juice. They grind and press the apple, and then gently boil the juice for about six hours. In that time it comes to the sweetness and consistency, and answers all the purposes of other Molosses.

[*To be continued.*]



GOD'S *Revenge* against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page 77.*]

THE judge confined Alfemero prisoner, in another chamber of his own house, while he examined Diaphanta, the maid, upon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt Flores and Beatrice-Joanna; and she constantly affirmed, that at this time, and several other, she had seen them in the very act of adultery, and that it was she who first gave her master notice of it. Whereupon, after a second examination of Alfemero, and
mature

mature deliberation, he was acquitted, and the dead bodies were carried away and buried.

But although this earthly judge acquitted him, yet the Judge of judges, who sees not only our actions, but our thoughts and intentions, hath something else to lay to his charge, having both observed and remembered, first, how ready and willing Alfemero was to engage himself to Beatrice-Joanna to slay Piracquo; then, though he consented not to his murder afterwards, how he concealed it from the notice of public judgment, and the criminals from that shame, which, if they had undergone, as they deserved, would have prevented his own. If these are not sufficient to bring down the vengeance of heaven upon him, we shall quickly see him guilty of another murder.

It is to be remembered, that we spoke before of Thomaso Piracquo, who had formerly advised his brother Alfonso Piracquo to give over his suit to Beatrice-Joanna; he hearing of all those occurrences, could not forbear thinking that Alfemero and she, had contrived the death of his brother, therefore resolving to call Alfemero to account for him, he sent him the following challenge:

THOMASO PIRACQUO *to* ALSEMERO.

I Fear Beatrice-Joanna's vanity, and your rashness, have bereaved me of a brother, whom I ever esteemed more dear than my life. As I am a gentleman, I think I ought to seek satisfaction for his death with the hazard of my own life: wherefore, as your sword has chastised Beatrice-Joanna's error, I hope mine is reserved to correct your's. I pray meet me at the foot of Glièrion-Hill to-morrow at five in the morning.

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Alfemero accepted the challenge, and they met at the hour and place appointed; when Alfemero throwing away his rapier, with his hat in his hand, told him, " He was ready to join with
him

In general, it is necessary that a due observance be paid to all we associate with, according to their quality and degree. Superiors are to be revered: to equals we must be kind and affable; and inferiors are to be gently handled. We ought neither to speak nor do any thing that may argue want of just esteem of those, in whose company we are.

And hence it follows in particular, that it is a very indecent custom for men to compose themselves to sleep, in a place where they are met to pass away two or three hours: for they that deliberately do so, plainly shew, that they little value the discourse, or persons of them they are with. It may also be added, that as one sleeps (especially if he lies not at ease) he may chance to do that which is unpleasant, both to the eyes and the ears of others.

It is likewise a rude and ungentle thing, to rise from the company of grave men, and disturb their serious discourse, by traversing the room, as it were for a wager.

It is a vain glorious and foolish trick to pull out of your pocket, and read, first one, and then another letter, and to hold them so, as the standers by may discern the titles given you in the superscription; for by this you seem willing to have it thought, that you are exceeding full of business, or mightily courted for your merit. Nor is it allowable, in my opinion, to draw out your scissars or pen-knife, to clip or pare your nails, or pick your teeth, and cleanse your ears, as if you judged it not worth the while to talk, or listen to any present.

Moreover it is expedient that we refrain from some other practices, much in use. We must not whistle, nor chirp and sing between our teeth; nor drum with our fingers upon a table, nor throw out our legs, nor weave up and down; for by such odd, ridiculous gestures we demonstrate, that we respect no body near us.

Besides, it is not at all comely, when you are weary, and have a mind to compose yourself to rest, to turn your back to

The flowers of the field yield them their wax and honey, so valuable to us; and it is easy to conceive, that of the immense profusion Nature yields of these, it is only a very small part that is ever brought to use on this occasion; if we reflect on the vast extent of country covered with these materials of wax and honey, and the very few places where Bees are propagated among us, we shall find it a very moderate computation, that not one flower in five thousand is ever touched by a Bee: that is, in other words, that Nature affords us the materials for five thousand times as much wax and honey as is ever brought to perfection among us; and that if we would more carefully propagate and provide for these little creatures, we might have five thousand times as much of both these commodities annually produced among us, as we at present have.

The prodigious increase of Bees would naturally furnish us with labourers sufficient, to collect and work these materials. But we prevent this increase, by destroying great numbers of them annually, and often suffering whole hives to perish. When a winter season happens in which the Bees eat more than ordinary, we suffer them to die of hunger by not supplying them with a proper quantity of food, when the fields afford them none: when they are so few in number in a hive, that they must perish with cold, not being able to keep one another from freezing, we leave them unhelped to take their chance; but though great numbers perish every year in this manner, yet the quantities we destroy in taking the honey are still greater. When the countryman feels his hive heavy and full of rich combs, he digs a hole in the ground, near its stand, and putting into this hole lighted rags dipped in melted brimstone, he sets the hive over the vapour, and smothers and destroys all the inhabitants in an instant!

If we consider all the produce of young swarms that would in five or six and twenty years have been had from the

swarms thus destroyed, at three or four years old, and add to it the produce of those swarms we leave to perish in the other manner, we shall find that it is in our power, by saving and preventing this destruction, to have in a few years Bees enough for the gathering immensely larger quantities of honey than we at present have; and it is by this means alone, that the French and Dutch now obtain such prodigious quantities beyond what we ever did, or they ever used to do. The contrivance was owing to Monsieur de Beaumur, and is comprised under the following articles.

[To be continued.]

*An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S
Doctrines of Philosophical Necessity.*

*Of the Argument in favour of the Doctrine of Necessity, from
the consideration of Cause and Effect.*

[Continued from page 83.]

BUT the Doctor endeavours to illustrate the matter by an example, (page 11th) thus, "If, says he, I take a pair of scales loaded with equal weights, they both remain in equilibrium. By throwing an additional weight into one of the scales, I make a change in the circumstances, which is immediately followed by a new situation, viz. a depression of the one, and an elevation of the opposite scale. And having observed the same effect before, I was able to foretel, that this depression of the one scale, and elevation of the other, would be the certain consequence. It could not be otherwise, whilst the same laws of nature were preserved. In order to its being possible for it to have been otherwise, the laws of nature must have been so framed, as that upon throwing in the additional weight, the scale might, or might not have been depressed, or it might have been depressed without any additional weight at all. But, in
this

this case, there would have been an effect without a cause; there having been no change of circumstances previous to the change of situation, viz. the depression of the scale. In fact, this is the only reason why we say that such an effect would have been produced without a cause."

The doctrine of the scales with equal weights, and of one being depressed by putting in an additional weight, whilst the other is elevated, is very true, as Dr. Priestley says, whilst the same laws of nature are preserved; that is, whilst the will of God is so. But, let us suppose with him, that the laws of nature had been so formed, as that upon throwing in the additional weight, the scale might, or might not have been depressed, or it might have been depressed without any additional weight at all. What then? Dr. Priestley says, in this case, there would have been an effect without a cause. I say, there would have been the same cause, but a different effect. To know who is right, let the cause be considered in the former case, where an additional weight is thrown into one scale, when in equilibrio, and then one scale is depressed, and the other elevated. The cause is, the laws of nature, or in other words, the will of God, a self-determining intelligent agent or being. Dr. Priestley says, it could not be otherwise, whilst the same laws of nature were preserved, and that because of which, it could not be otherwise; i. e. the laws of nature must be the cause why it was so. In the second case, the supposition is, that if an additional weight was thrown into the scale in equilibrio, it might, or might not have been depressed. What was the cause? The very same as before, viz. the laws of nature. Dr. Priestley himself, supposes the laws of nature to have been changed, and to have been so framed as to have the above consequences. The consequences, in both cases, arise from the same cause, the laws of nature, or will of God; yet, in the two cases put, the laws are supposed to be differently framed. Certainly then the consequences must be different. In the first case, one scale is depressed by throwing in an additional weight.

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The cause generally assigned is gravity or the attraction of the earth, or in Dr. Priestley's words, the laws of nature, all which are only words invented in this case to express an effect, which we find by experience, generally follows upon one body or mass of matter approaching another. But they all are in reality non-entities, or creatures of the imagination, whilst the real cause must be, as before observed, something really existing and present, and not a mere imaginary term exhibited as a real cause, in order to conceal our ignorance. What is gravity or attraction? No man knows. That material bodies when near other material bodies, mutually attract each other, is very true; but can any man say how, or why? It is clear, that it is not by any inherent power in matter itself, because the action of attraction between two bodies, is frequently exerted at a great distance from the bodies themselves. Yet no one thing can act where it is not; or, as Sir Isaac Newton says, "*Virtus sine substantia non esse potest*;" no body, however large, can exert any power where it is not itself, or beyond its own terminating surface; or, in other words, no one thing can act where it cannot reach. If it could, one might assign any thing whatsoever for the cause of any effect whatever, however distant, or however unconcerned. Hence, the earth at a distance, cannot by any inherent power in it, or bestowed upon it, attract the scale and weight thus destroying the equilibrium. Neither can any thing whatever exert this power, and overcome the innate or natural inactivity of the matter, or weight in the scale, so as to move it, unless that same thing actually exist, be present, and exert such a force or power upon it, as to produce the effect. This excludes every thing visible to man, as the cause of the scale descending, as well as every word or term, which is no real entity, but a mere creature of the mind, whether it be called impulse, attraction, gravitation, laws of nature, or any such like.

The cause then must be some intelligent, invisible, and also some present agent; and I may also add, some self-determining agent

agent, not acting invariably and necessarily, because we actually find the laws of nature in gravity or attraction, to have been frequently suspended and altered; particularly in the red sea dividing for the children of Israel to pass through. "The waters becoming a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left." * Also in the waters of Jordan dividing, as mentioned above. And what is most to the purpose, † the axe-head which fell into the water and sunk, after some time arose to the top and did swim, though made of iron. Many more instances of the suspension or alteration of the general laws of gravity or attraction might be brought, but these are sufficient. When it pleased God to make iron swim, it did so, and if it was his will, it would always do so: why then can he not cause a weight in a scale to ascend, descend, or equiponderate according to his pleasure? So far from gravity being a law of nature, if we consider well what has been observed before, it will appear to be a supernatural influence or power, generally exerted by some invisible, unknown agent, to overcome the natural inactivity of matter, which is its fundamental law and real property. If this power, thus exerted, was totally suspended, all matter would from thenceforward continue in its present situation, whether of motion or rest, without any possibility of change. In such a case, what could there be to cause any change whatever? All changes in matter must arise from what we call attraction, or impulse; neither of which can have any original cause, except some power or force exerted by some self-moving, self-determining agent, acting at pleasure. Because we find such force or power not necessarily and invariably exerted, but sometimes altered and suspended by some self-determining existence, as above-mentioned. Hence it appears that all corporeal things do not act invariably and necessarily, much less then do mental and intelligent beings. For we may

* Exodus xiv. 22.

† 2 Kings vi. 5.

observe,

observe, that the effect, even in the material world, does not always invariably and necessarily depend upon the cause, if by that cause (with Dr. *Priestley*) we mean the laws of nature only, though it always does depend upon the cause, if we mean the real original cause, viz. a self-moving, self-determining agent, able to work many effects at pleasure, uncontrolled by necessity or any foreign power whatever. Hence appears the reason why we are * “not able to determine a priori, how man (a self-determining man) will act in any particular case.” It is for the very same reason that we † “cannot tell which way the wind will blow to-morrow,” viz. because the laws of gravity, or the general and mechanical laws of motion in the material world, are owing to a continual exertion of power by Almighty God; or at least, some immaterial, self-determining agent, deputed by him for that purpose. Dr. *Priestley* says, page 13th, “a particular determination of mind could not have been otherwise than it was, if the laws of nature, respecting the mind, be such as that the same determination shall constantly follow the same state of mind, and the same views of things.” To which I answer, very true, admitting the laws of nature, respecting the mind, to be always as he states the case; but it appears above, that the laws of nature, even in the material world, do not constantly and invariably influence all things, even when in the same state, because self-determining and intelligent agents often interfere and interrupt them, much less, then can we admit the case to be as stated in the mental and intellectual world.

[*To be continued.*]

* Dr. *Priestley*, page 13.

† *Ibid*

there is that with-holdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. Who is he here that scattereth? Not he that wastes his estate upon his back and his belly, but he *that casteth his bread upon the waters; he that disperfeth and giveth to the poor,* as Psalm cxii. 9. This is the scatterer in that text. And is he wasted? Is he impoverished? Behold the contrary: the man is grown rich, he is increased by scattering. Let him look to it, that with-holdeth more than is meet: this is the more likely man of the two to be found shortly on the dunghil. If thou wilt secure thyself from beggary, keep not God's beggars from thy door, nor send them away empty. Fear not to lose by laying out. Thy laying up what thou shouldst lay out hath the most danger in it. The divine curse may wither that in thy hand, which thou holdest fast against the divine command.

In the following verse we read farther. *The liberal soul shall be made fat.* The soul is often in scripture taken to signify the man, and so here, To be made fat, signifies to prosper, to abound, or to grow rich in this world's goods; and thus it shall be, if this scripture may be credited.

The liberal soul.] In the Hebrew it is, the soul of blessing; the merciful man is a blessing, and hath a blessing for such as need him: and he that is a blessing, shall be blessed; the Lord God shall bless him with an increase of substance, who hath most emptied himself for him and his. It is true that the soul of the liberal properly taken, shall be a gainer by his liberality; none more thriving Christians, than the merciful Christians, what they expend in temporals is abundantly returned in spirituals. But because there is so much of carnal, even in too many Christians, and we have need of encouragements suited to our tempers; therefore to our spiritual advantages, which are the greatest, these outward encouragements are added. So that this is the sense of the place. The liberal man, as the encouragement of his liberality, shall prosper in the world. And as it follows, *He that watereth, the soul*

Soul of the needy, his waters shall not fail, but he *shall be watered also himself*. God will give to him, according as he hath given to others.

And for their farther encouragement, saith the wise man, Prov. xix. 17, *He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, shall He pay him again*. If that which thou givest be repaid thee again, how can it be said to be lost? Indeed the poor, unto whom thou givest, are not able to repay thee, yet having such a surety, as God himself, who hath undertaken the repayment, thou needest not doubt thereof. O happy is that man that becomes a creditor to his Creator, and makes God his debtor! *whose is the earth, and the fulness thereof*. Heaven and earth shall be emptied before he shall want a royal payment.

Fear not to be a usurer so thou lendest unto God, make him thy debtor, and he will surely pay thee principal and interest. Allow him his time (for that he will have) and he will not only pay the debt, but allow thee for the forbearance. *The ungodly borroweth, and payeth not again*; but this shall never be said of the righteous God: he is just, and will make good payment of whatsoever is lent unto him.

It is true; the Lord will be trusted, and those that will not give him credit, let them, if they can, put their estates into surer hands. And he uses to pay by way of returns, it may be neither in the same kind, nor in the same country. Sometimes it is so, that he pays not in the same kind, bread for bread, or clothes for clothes, or money for money. Nor possibly may he make his payment in this foreign land, where thou art a merchant-adventurer, but may give thee his bill of exchange to receive it in thine own country, that better country which is thy home, which shall be the reward of thy works, and labour of love, which thou shewest to his name. And if he do thus, does he thee any wrong? Is it not best for thee that thou receive thy goods at thy home? Is it any harm for thee to receive silver for thy brasse, gold for thy

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thy silver, rubies for thy gold, a treasure in heaven, for thy treasure on earth? Doubt not that he will be behind hand with thee; yet stick not if thou shouldst be put to it, to wait for payment in full till hereafter; and for the present this thou mayest depend upon from Prov. xxviii. 27, *He that giveth to the poor shall not lack*, he shall have in hand what is needful at least. *He shall not lack*, and there may be more in this word, than if he had said, I will presently pay thee all: for all that thou hast, if thou shouldst hold it ever so close, cannot secure thee from ever coming to want; as great as thy abundance is, thou mayest come to want before thou diest. But what thy abundance cannot do, this promise of God can and doth for thee, even give thee security that thou shalt never lack.

[To be continued.]



The CASE of BIRSTAL HOUSE.

Recommended to the serious consideration of the people called Methodists.

1. **A**S many persons have spoke much upon this subject, without well understanding it, I believe it is my duty to throw all the light upon it that I can. And in order to this, I will,

First, Endeavour to state the Case;

Secondly, Argue a little upon it.

2. In order to state the Case fully, I must look back to ancient times. As soon as the heat of persecution was over, and Christians increased in goods, some built Preaching-Houses, afterwards called Churches. In following times those that built them were termed *Pastors*, and appointed whom they pleased to preach in them. And when they annexed lands to them, they disposed of house and lands together.

3. At

3. At the reformation, many rich men built new Churches, and disposed of them at their pleasure. And when many Presbyterians and Independents in *England* built Preaching-Houses, they placed in them whom they pleased; which power they left to their heirs.

4. I built the first Methodist Preaching-House so called, at *Bristol*, in the year 1739. And knowing no better, I suffered the Deed of Trust to be drawn up in the Presbyterian form. But Mr. *Whitefield* hearing of it, wrote me a warm letter, asking, "Do you consider what you do? If the Trustees are to name the Preachers, they may exclude even you from preaching in the House you have built! Pray let this Deed be immediately cancelled." To this the Trustees readily agreed. Afterwards I built the Preaching-Houses in *Kingswood*, and at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. But none beside myself had any right to appoint the Preachers in them.

5. About this time a Preaching-House was built at *Birstal*, by contributions and collections. And *John Nelson*, knowing no better, suffered a Deed to be drawn in the Presbyterian form, giving twelve or thirteen persons power not only of placing, but even of displacing the Preachers at their pleasure. Had Mr. *Whitefield* or I known this, we should have insisted on its either being cancelled, like that at *Bristol*, or so altered as to insure the application of the House to the purpose for which it was built, without giving so dangerous a power to any Trustees whatever.

6. But a considerable difficulty still remained. As the Houses at *Bristol*, *Kingswood*, and *Newcastle* were my property, a friend reminded me, That they were all liable to descend to my heirs. (Pray let those consider this, who are so fond of having Preaching-Houses vested in them and their heirs for ever!) I was struck, and immediately procured a form to be drawn up by three of the most eminent Counsellors in *London*, whereby not only these Houses, but all the Methodist-

Houses

Houses hereafter to be built, might be settled on such a plan, as would secure them, so far as human prudence could, *from the heirs* of the proprietors, for the purpose originally intended.

7. In process of time the Preaching-House at *Birstal* became abundantly too small for the congregation. It was then proposed to build a new one. And a new Deed was prepared, which like the old, gave a few persons the power of *placing* and *displacing* the Preachers *at their pleasure*. This was brought and read to me at *Daw-Green*. As soon as ever I heard it, I vehemently objected to it, and positively refused to sign it. I now thought I had done with it: but in the evening, several persons came again, and importunately urged me to sign it; averring that it was the same in effect with the old Deed, and the old Deed *could not be altered*. Not adverting, that it *was altered* in the new one, I at length unwillingly complied.

But observe. Whether I did right or wrong herein, or in any other instance, it does not affect the merits of the cause. The dwelling upon this is mere finesse, to divert us from the one question, "Is that Deed right or wrong?"

8. These things were mentioned at the ensuing Conference: and it was asked, What can be done? The answer was, "If the Trustees still refuse to settle it on the Methodist-Plan: if they still insist, that they will have the right of *placing* and *displacing* the Preachers *at their pleasure*: then,

First, Let a plain state of the Case be drawn up:

Secondly, Let a collection be made throughout *England*, in order to purchase ground, and build another Preaching-House, as near the present as may be."

[To be concluded in our next.]

On the FOLLY of MISSENDING TIME.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

AN ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "that its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us on earth. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice.

Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left to our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal, as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and per-
haps

haps it might be found, that as the earth, however straightened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction would yet afford us a large space vacant for the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption. It is observable, that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive, till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expences, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life: he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themselves as required to change the
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the general course of their conduct, to dismiss their business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention.

But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language, those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires; efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty; and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of created powers: unless we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences, who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions. The most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary, that whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion until the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of enquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to

study with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this, it has probably proceeded, that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence, in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state.

A great part of the life of *Erasmus* was one continual peregrination: ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment; hopes which always flattered and always deceived him. Yet he found means, by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and sollicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us a most perfect delineation of the manners of his age: and joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books, that he will stand forever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers, by informing us, that the praise of folly, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to *Italy*; lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian Philosopher expressed in his motto, that Time was his estate; an estate indeed, which will produce nothing
without

made us have hard thoughts of them without cause; for we afterwards understood, that both the ship, and all the men perished in the same hour.

Now were we without all hope; for it blew half a storm, and we were in a small vessel many leagues from the shore, without compass or provision; being starved likewise with cold, as well as for want of victuals: having nothing in our boat but a small kettle, which served to cast out the water, and three bags of pieces of eight, of three hundred pounds sterling, which would neither feed us, nor keep us warm. In this distress we went to prayers, and it pleased God to hear us, and to send a ship to us, even in the moment of death, which we endeavoured to come to, and they likewise to come to us; but the storm was so great, that we could not reach one another. When it was dark, they hung out a light, and, to let them know we were alive, ordered us, that when a wave took us up, to give a great shout, which we did so loud that I believe our cry was heard in heaven; for by God's assistance we got near the ship, and soon after got all safe into it.

The next day it blew fair for *Norway*, whither we were bound, and about twelve at noon we saw the coast; which being ragged and full of rocks, we resolved to stay till the next morning before we went in. We then sat down to meat, and ate very heartily: being kindly entertained by the honest Norwegian. About ten o'clock at night we laid us down to rest, after having prayed and set our watch. But immediately our ship ran with full sails upon a rock, and gave such a crack, as awoke the most dead asleep among us. On this the mariners cried out, Mercy! mercy! It pleased God, that the ship stuck so fast in the cleft of a rock, and her bow over the main rock, that the former part of her stood firm; but breaking in the storm, one of the seamen leapt from the bow upon the rock, with a rope in his hand, which was fastened to one of our masts, and held with such a

stiff

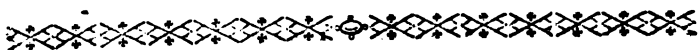
stiff hand, that another slid down by it; and so twenty-eight of our company came safe to the rock. I was the last that came down the ship that way; for in that very moment she gave way; which the master being still on board, perceiving, made lamentable moans to us to come and help him, which we endeavoured to the utmost to do, but all in vain; for the ship broke, and sunk immediately.

Thus was this good man, with four of the mariners, drowned. I saw the master, with a light in his hand, fall into the sea, the saddest sight I ever yet beheld: and it pierced my very soul, to see him that saved our lives, lose his own.

Now were we in the dark upon the rock: but knew not where, while our feet were cut upon the sharp stones. At length, we happened on a hole in the rock, which sheltered us from the wind. In the morning we could scarce perceive any land; only we had a glimpse of the coast of *Norway* at a great distance. We soon grew hungry, but had nothing to fish with but our arms, with which we drew up some small muscles, and these we eat heartily; but we burnt with thirst, and I would have given all I had for a draught of fresh water. We now saw a ship coming towards us with full sails, and we waved our hats to them; but they went off and never came near us. On this we betook ourselves to our last remedy, prayers. The Danes first sang one of Luther's psalms, then fell to their prayers; and I prayed as long as I was able to speak, and then laid myself down on the rock, thinking I should never rise more in this world. But I overheard one of the seamen say, Let us make a raft and venture to sea; I had rather be drowned, than lie here and be starved. They all presently concluded on it: and the sea having fallen from the rock had left our sails, mast and anchors, with part of the ship thereon. Of this they soon made a flight boat, and it being a great calm, the raft past through the beeches with four men in it; had it touched only on them, they would have rent it in pieces, however,
through

through God's goodness, they arrived safe in Norway, and returned with several boats, so that we came all of us once more safe to land, and were entertained at an honest Lutheran Minister's house, where, after we had continued for some days, with little money, and much thanks, we parted, and came to Frederickstadt. There the people ran after us in the street, and with compassionate eyes gave us what we wanted without asking. From this we went to Bterfondt, and there went on board an English ship. We had not been above two or three hours at sea till the mariners again cried, Mercy! mercy! For we had almost fallen foul on a rock under water, which we did not espy till just upon it; but by the mercy of God, we failed close by it, and escaped: the least touch of which had been our ruin.

About noon we came clear of all the rocks on the coast of Norway, and were sailing for England with a fair gale of wind, when our third ship sprang a leak. We had no way to relieve ourselves but by pumping, (for the leak could not be found) which we did night and day, for four or five days together, when we arrived safe in Yarmouth, through the mercy of God.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCXLIX.

[From the Rev. R. Moss to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Harbour Island, April 28, 1777:

Rev. Sir,

LAST November I received your books, and have distributed as many of them among the Americans as I could. We can hear no news from America. They will tell us nothing, if it makes against their own cause, and their newspapers are nothing but lies to deceive the hearts of the simple.

A little

A little before last Christmas several of the merchants came to Church to hear me preach, and either through my praying for the King, or through something in my exhortation they did not like, they took counsel to decoy me into one of their vessels, and carry me into a Letter of Mark which they had riding in the harbour. If that scheme should fail, they resolved to take me out of my own house by night, and send me away; supposing they should not have many enemies at Harbour-Island when I was gone. But God who dwelleth in the heavens laughed them to scorn, so that I am here yet preaching Christ to sinners, and praying for King George. But how long any one will be safe in these islands, who do not join the Americans, God only knows.

I have heard of several of the Missionaries in America, who have been used ill for praying for the King; but have never heard of the name of George Shadford, neither did I know, that any preachers in connexion with you, were in America. May God stand by them in the trying hour!

As to pure religion, I fear it is little thought of and less practised either in South, or North-America. I fear, that only a thirst for English blood runs through all the Colonies. And as to the few Bahamas, they in general, are striving every man for his own gain from his quarter: a few in Harbour-Island excepted.

Most of the rest, I fear, may be reckoned among those of whom it was said, They fear not the Lord, but serve their own gods, both they, and their children, and their children's children: as their fathers did, so do they unto this very day.

Happy are the religious part of the people in England; for they feed in green pastures, and sit every man, under his own vine and under his own figtree, none making them afraid. O that they were wise, and took the advice that Joseph gave to his brethren, and not fall out by the way.

May the God of mercy bring me to your remembrance, when you are pleading the cause of those who desire an interest in
your

your prayers. My poor prayers are ever for you. May he yet make you a blessing to his church, and late remove you to his blessed kingdom!

I must for ever own myself indebted to you, under God, for all the blessings I am endued with, either spiritual or temporal. And conclude, dear Sir, your most unworthy, but very affectionate and obedient Son, and Servant in the Gospel,

RICHARD MOSS.

L E T T E R CCCCL.

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

Ouley, June 24, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

MANY thanks to you for the repeated proofs of your watchful care over me. « Glory be to God, I feel my will wholly given up to Him. I delight in what he chuses: and as to life and death, I am in a strait between two, and cannot chuse either. The time when, and manner how, I entirely leave to him, who ordereth all things well; but am led to think that in a little time I shall be,

“ Where faints in an extasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.”

Neither have I any fear of the pain of dissolution. The Lord gives me to believe that dying will be like falling asleep in the arms of God, and the transporting thought of waking in the realms of endless day, fills me with joy unspeakable.

As to my friends, I never loved them better; but at God's command I freely leave them all. “ Death itself cannot our kindred souls disjoin,” neither shall our bodies be parted long.

I always

I always feel the eternal God present; but of late my soul has thirsted for a fuller manifestation of the ever blessed Trinity. Glory be to God, I constantly feel his spirit witnessing with mine, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. From the time I first received this blessed testimony, I have never lost it. Of late it hath been more strong, more permanent, more clear. Indeed I am always happy, and sometimes unspeakably so. I ever feel my spirit peaceful, calm, and serene. My hope is full of immortality. I feel a pledge of future bliss, and greatly rejoice in hope of shortly being in the full possession of that inheritance to which, I seem swiftly hastening. O what mercy has been, and still is extended to me! I am a sinner, freely and fully saved by grace, I have but one desire, viz. to glorify God in time and eternity. I long to plunge into all the depths of God. My soul thirsts for all I see before me.

May that God whose you are, and whom you serve, ever fill your spirit with his perfect love.

I continued till last Friday much as I was when you left us. Since then I have been rather worse; but all my Lord does is right. I trust you will continue to pray for me: but do not ask ought but, "Father, thy only will be done!" Reprove, advice, or instruct as you see needful. In so doing you will greatly oblige, Rev. Sir, your ever affectionate, though unworthy friend,

E. R.

L E T T E R CCCCLI.

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

Ramsbury Park, June 29, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Designed to have written to you long ago; but heard you were gone to Ireland.

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W

I have

I have found God to be a ready help in the time of trouble; which happened a few days after you left us. The deliverance I then experienced was great indeed; for it was done unto me, not only according to my faith, but even beyond my most sanguine expectation. This has made me more sensible than ever, that it is good to trust in God: yet I long to feel more of the efficacy of faith in daily occurrences.

Sometimes I feel too great a propensity to reason about future things. But at others, I see the necessity of maintaining peace of mind through every scene; and of interesting myself no otherwise in any concern, than faithfully to perform my duty to God and man, without dwelling upon the pleasing or painful circumstances that attend the performance of it; or looking upon any other way of life as more eligible than that in which I am placed. Satan plys me hard with this temptation, and what greatly strengthens it is, the manners and dispositions of those I am concerned with.

Mr. N. joins in love to you, with your affectionate, though unworthy friend and servant,

S. N.

L E T T E R CCCCLII.

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

Oxford, June 30, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

IN hopes of your meeting with this, I write for your friendly assistance, which I shall always esteem very highly. I have met with many trials since I wrote last, but have had power given me to bear them all. Nor do I fear, but God will support me to the end; for while I look to him, I always find him a present help in times of trouble.

My

My Music-Master talked to me a few days ago concerning the Methodists; and said, "They are a set of the deceitfullest people in the world, and only want to draw you into their opinion." I told him I knew very little of them; but what I did know was such as I could profit by. He than asked, "What can you see in going to their b—kg—d meeting-house?" I answered, I wanted to see nothing; but went to hear the gospel, that, with God's help, and by waiting on him, in his appointed way, I might be enabled to lead a new life, and know that my sins are forgiven. At last he told me, I had all the symptoms of a strong Methodist. To which I replied, Would to God I was a good Methodist, then I should not care what the world thought of me: to which he answered, "I would rather they were at the d—v—l* then bring you over to their foolish opinion!"

Dear Sir, I have all the reason in the world to bless and pray for those who have under God, been the means of letting me see, that without repentance, and a determination to lead a new life, I shall be destroyed, body and soul, to all eternity.

When I reflect that I may soon be called away (as I have almost engaged myself to go to Scotland for six months,) I think, what will become of my poor soul, unless God is merciful, and gives me grace to stand against all temptations! as no person can possibly be more exposed than I am continually. However, he is sufficient; and as my day is, so will my strength be.

I hope, dear Sir, to hear from you soon. In the mean time I rest your much obliged, and humble servant,

E. M.

* Well said Fiddler! So you would rather that *sixty or eighty thousand* serious people were all at the d-v-l, than that a single pupil of yours should go among them! What a delectable Christian are you! And what a worthy member of the most renowned University in the world! And will you talk of the Church of England? Would it not be well if you went to the Methodists, or some where else, to learn better manners and better language; seeing all the instructions both of the University and the Church, have hitherto proved so ineffectual!



P O E T R Y.

K N O W T H Y S E L F.

O Ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear,
 Locked up within the casket of thy breast!
 What jewels, and what riches hast thou there!
 What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest!

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
 Like those which drownéd *Narcissus* in the flood;
Honour and *pleasure* both are in thy mind,
 And all that in the world is counted *good*.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace;
 Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
 Nor her dishonour with thy passions base.

Kill not her *quick'ning power* with surfeitings;
 Mar not her *sense* with sensuality;
 Cast not her serious *wit* on idle things;
 Make not her *free-will* slave to vanity.

And when thou thinkést of her *eternity*,
 Think not that *death* against her nature is;
 Think it a *birth*: and when thou goést to die,
 Sing like a swan, as if thou wentést to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
 Being in the dark where thou didst nothing see;
 Now I have brought the *torch-light*, fear no more;
 Not when thou diést, thou canst not hood-winkéd be.

And

And thou, my *soul*, which turnest with curious eye,
 To view the beams of thine own form divine,
 Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
 While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of *over-weening*, and compare
 Thy *peacock's* feet with thy gay *peacock's* train:
 Study the best and highest things that are,
 But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
 The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:
 Use all thy powers, that blessed power to praise,
 Which gives thee power to *be*, and *use the same*.

The Character of a GOOD PARSON.

[Imitated from CHAUCER.]

A Parish-Priest was of the pilgrim-train,
 An awful, reverend and religious man.
 His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor:
 (As God hath cloth'd his own Ambassador)
 For such on earth, his blest Redeemer bore.
 Of sixty years he seem'd, and well might last
 To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast:
 Deny'd himself so far, to curb his sense,
 He made almost a sin of abstinence.
 Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
 Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see:
 But sweet regards; and pleasing sanctity:
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.

}

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With

With eloquence innate his tongue was arméd ;
 Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charméd.
 For, letting down the golden chain from high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky :
 And oft, with holy hymns, he charméd their ears :
 (A music more melodious than the spheres)
 For *David* left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre ; and after him, he fung the best.
 He bore his great commission in his look :
 But sweetly temperéd awe ; and softenéd all he spoke.
 He preachéd the joys of heavén, and pains of hell ;
 And warnéd the sinner with becoming zeal :
 But on eternal mercy lovéd to dwell. }
 He taught the Gospel rather than the Law :
 And forcéd himself to drive ; but lovéd to draw.
 For fear but freezes minds, but love, like heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
 To threats, the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 Wrappéd in the crimes, against the storm preparéd ;
 But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
 He melts, and throws his cumbérous cloak away.

- Lightning and thunder heaven's artillery
 As harbingers before the Almighty fly :
 Those but proclaim his stile, and disappear ;
 The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

Still of his little, he had some to spare,
 To feed the famishéd, and to clothe the bare :
 For mortifiéd he was to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he would not see.
 For Priests, he said, and Preachers of the Word,
 Were only Stewards of their sovèrign Lord ;
 Nothing was theirs ; but all the public store,
 Intrusted riches, to relievè the poor.

Who,

Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judgéd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish, not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distressed;
Tempting on foot alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this, the good old man performéd alone,
Nor sparéd his pains; for Curate he had none.
Yet duly watchéd his flock, by night and day,
And from the prowling Wolf redeeméd the prey,
And hungry sent the wily Fox away. }

The proud he taméd, the penitent he cheeréd:
Nor to rebuke the *rich* offender fearéd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squaréd:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For Priests, he said, were patterns for the rest:
(The gold of heaven who bear the God impresséd)
But when the precious gold is kept unclean,
The Sovèrign's Image is no longer seen.
If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brads contract a rust.
The Prelate for his holy life, he prizéd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despiséd,
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he designéd, }
And living-taught; and dying left behind.

The

The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn :
 In purple he was crucifiéd, not born.
 Those who contend for place and high degree,
 Are not his sons, but those of *Zebedee*.

Such was the faint ; who shone with every grace,
 Reflecting, *Moses-like*, his Master's face.
 God saw his image lively was expresséd ;
 And his new work, as in creation, blesséd.

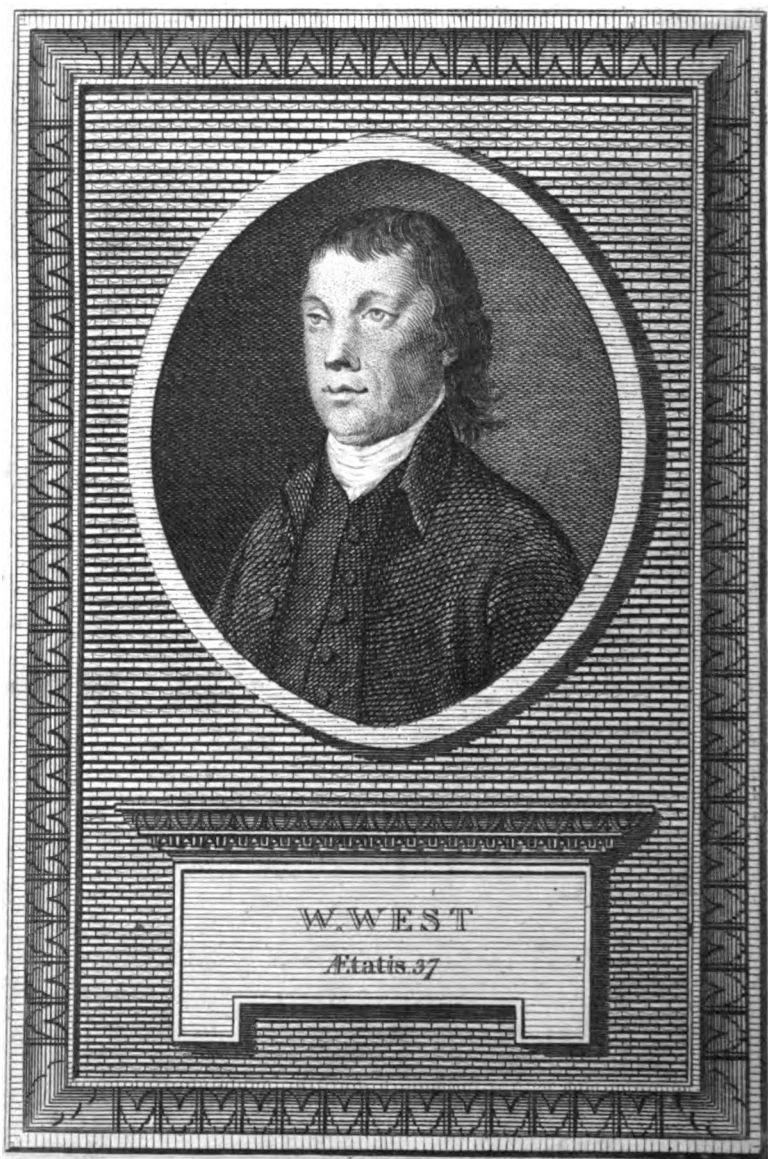
FOOLS *make a* MOCK *at* SIN.—Prov. xiv. 18.

WHO laugh at sin, laugh at their Maker's frowns,
 Laugh at the sword of vengeance o'er their head ;
 Laugh at the great Redeemer's tears and wounds,
 Who, but for sin had never wept or bled.

Who laugh at sin, laugh at the num'rous woes,
 Which have the guilty world so oft beset ;
 Laugh at the whole creation's groans and throes,
 At all the spoils of death, and pains of hell.

Who laugh at sin, laugh at their own disease,
 Welcome approaching torments with a smile ;
 Dare at their soul's expence their fancy please,
 Affront their God, themselves of bliss beguile.

Who laugh at sin, sport with their guilt and shame,
 Laugh at the errors of their senseless mind ;
 For so absurd a Fool there wants a name,
 Expressive of a folly so refinéd.



W. WEST

Ætatis 37



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For APRIL 1788.



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

[Continued from page 115.]

*Arguments to prove the Freedom of the Will as well from
Necessity, as from Co-action.*

C H A P. II,

THE question being thus fully stated, let it be observed that the Liberty of the Will we contend for is,

1st, Plainly delivered in the holy Scripture, and may abundantly be confirmed by Arguments grounded upon Scripture.

2dly, That it is demonstrable from reason, and hath been constantly asserted both by Heathens and Christians.

3dly, That it hath the constant suffrage of all the ancient Writers of the Church, by whom it is delivered, as a funda-

mental article, or as a truth on which all good or evil, piety or virtue, praise or dispraise, rewards or punishments depend. And,

I 1st. The Scripture affords us express declarations, that the Liberty of the Will, even in Christian virtues, is opposite not only to Co-action, but Necessity. Thus in the case of chusing that high state of virginity, that *they might serve the Lord without distraction*; the Apostle determines that *he that hath no Necessity, but, hath Power over his own Will*, let him retain his virginity: where freedom is declared to be *a Power over our own Will*, to chuse or not to chuse, and stands opposed to Necessity, See *Oecumenius* and *Theophylact* upon the place. Again in the case of his working with his own hands, and receiving nothing of the Churches throughout the regions of *Achaia*, which he thought of so great importance to the promotion of the gospel as to say, *It was better for him to die than vary from it*: he yet asserts his liberty by these enquiries, *Am I not free? Have I not power to eat, and to drink* (on the Church's charge without labouring thus?) clearly proving his freedom in that action, from his power to abstain from it, and to do the contrary. So also in the case of *Charity*, that most excellent grace, he saith, *Every man as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not of necessity*, plainly opposing necessity to the free purpose of the heart; *not of Necessity*, say *Chrysostom* and *Theophylact*; *for Necessity cuts off the reward*. So he speaks to *Philemon* in the case of *Onesimus* whom, saith he, *I would have to minister to me in the bonds of the gospel, but without thy mind, I would do nothing, that thy benefit should not be, as of Necessity, but willingly*. *St. Peter* also instructs Bishops and Elders to *feed the flock of Christ, not of Necessity, but willingly*; so plain an opposition do these inspired Writers put betwixt doing a virtuous action freely and willingly, and doing it out of Necessity.

Arg.

Arg. II. 2dly, God and his servants have sufficiently confirmed the liberty we contend for in this state of trial, by setting life and death, good and evil before our eyes, and putting it to our choice which we will have, as in all the instances fore-mentioned, and in those words of *Joshua* to all *Israël*, *Chuse you this day whom ye will serve, the God that brought you out of the land of Egypt, or the god of the Amorites.* The reason is plain; for whosoever hath a liberty to chuse, hath also a liberty to refuse, and *vice versa*, according to those words, *Before the child shall know to chuse the good and refuse the evil.* And were it otherwise, how can we imagine that a gracious God, and lover of his people, should make this the condition of his pardoning mercy, that they should chuse the good and refuse the evil, that he should condemn them for *not chusing the fear of the Lord, or for chusing the thing that he would not*, or represent it as an act of faith in *Moses*, that he *chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season?* That lastly, He should promise the greatest blessing to those who chose the things that pleased him, and threaten the severest judgments on those who *chose the things in which he delighted not*; seeing choice or election, in the very nature of it, is of more than one, whereas there can be no choice of more than one, where a person is determined to one. If then the Elect are so determined by God's absolute decree to conversion, that when the divine impulse comes upon them, they must unfrustrably be converted to God, and chuse the thing that pleaseth him; how are they in a state of trial? Or why are they bid to chuse whether of the two they will have? If on the other hand they who from eternity are reprobated are determined so far to one, that though they have a liberty to do this or that evil, yet have they no liberty of contrariety, i. e. of doing good as well as evil, and so are determined to do evil and not good, and so lie under a sad necessity of chusing that which God would not, or in which he delighteth not; because they cannot chuse the fear of the Lord, or the thing that

pleaseth him. They who assert these things must grant, that he who hath sworn he would not the death of him that dieth, but would rather that he should return from his iniquity and live; had before this serious oath suspended the avoiding the death of him that dies, and his obtaining life upon impossible conditions, and that he offers to such persons life only on the condition of doing that which it is impossible for them without that special grace which they can never have, to perform. Now to pass an act of preterition on creatures under this known disability, and then to offer life unto them only upon impossible conditions; and when by reason of this act it is made infallible that they shall fail of obtaining life, to bid them chuse life rather than death: what is it in effect but to insult over the dreadful misery of men, and with a hypocritical pretence of kindness, to condemn them to eternal death without a possibility of having life: since the known rule of logic, of the civil law, and even of common sense and reason teacheth, That a conditional proposition having an impossible condition annexed to it, is equivalent to a negative.

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XLIV.

On MATT. xvi. 3.

[*Concluded from page 120.*]

5. **B**UT how may this be accounted for? How is it, that they cannot discern the signs of these times? We may account for their want of discernment on the same principle we accounted for that of the Pharisees and Sadducees; namely, that they likewise were what those were, an *adulterous and sinful generation*. If their eye was single, their whole
body

body would be full of light. But suppose their eye be evil, their whole body must be full of darkness. Every evil temper darkens the soul; every evil passion clouds the understanding. How then can we expect, that those should be able to discern the signs of the times, who are full of all disorderly passions, and slaves to every evil temper? But this is really the case. They are full of pride; they think of themselves far more highly than they ought to think. They are vain; they *seek honour one of another, and not the honour that cometh of God only.* They cherish hatred and malice in their hearts: they give place to anger, to envy, to revenge. They return evil for evil and railing for railing. Instead of overcoming evil with good, they make no scruple of demanding an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. They *favour not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men.* They set their affections, not on things above, but on things that are of the earth. They *love the creature more than the Creator: they are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.* How then should they discern the signs of the times? The god of this world whom they serve, has blinded their hearts, and covered their minds with a veil of thick darkness. Alas! What have these "souls of flesh and blood," (as one speaks) to do with God or the things of God?

6. St. *John* assigns this very reason, for the Jews not understanding the things of God. Namely, That in consequence of their preceding sins, and wilful rejecting the light, God had now delivered them up to Satan, who had blinded them past recovery. Over and over, when they might have seen, they would not: they shut their eyes against the light. And now they cannot see, God having given them up to an undiscerning mind; therefore they do not believe because that *Isaiah* said, (that is, because of the reason given in that saying of *Isaiah*) *He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts, that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their hearts,*
and

and be converted and I should heal them. The plain meaning is, Not that God did this, by his own immediate power. It would be flat blasphemy to say, that God in this sense hardens any man. But his Spirit strives with them no longer, and then Satan hardens them effectually.

7. And as it was with them in ancient times, so it is with the present generation. Thousands of those who bear the name of Christ are now given up to an undiscerning mind. The god of this world hath so blinded their eyes, that the light cannot shine upon them: so that they can no more discern the signs of the times, than the Pharisees and Sadducees could of old. A wonderful instance of this spiritual blindness, this total inability to discern the signs of the times mentioned in scripture, is given us in the very celebrated work of a late eminent Writer: who supposes, *the New Jerusalem came down from heaven*, when *Constantine the Great*, called himself a Christian. I say, *called himself a Christian*; for I dare not affirm that he *was one*, any more than *Peter the Great*. I cannot but believe, he would have come nearer the mark, if he had said, that was the time, when a huge cloud of infernal brimstone and smoke came up from the bottomless pit. For surely there never was a time wherein Satan gained so fatal an advantage over the Church of Christ, as when such a flood of riches, and honour, and power broke in upon it, particularly on the Clergy.

8. By the same rule, what signs would this writer have expected of the approaching conversion of the heathens? He would doubtless have expected a hero, like *Charles of Sweden*, or *Frederick of Prussia*, to carry fire, and sword, and Christianity through whole nations at once. And it cannot be denied, that since the time of *Constantine*, many nations have been converted in this way. But could it be said concerning such conversions as these, *The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation!* Surely every one must observe a warrior rushing

rushing through the land, at the head of fifty or sixty thousand men! But is this the way of spreading Christianity, which the author of it, the Prince of peace, has chosen? Nay, it is not in this manner, that a grain of mustard-seed grows up into a great tree. Is it not thus, that *a little leaven leavens the whole lump*. Rather, it spreads by degrees farther and farther, till the whole is leavened. We may form a judgment of what will be hereafter, by what we have seen already. And this is the way wherein true Christian Religion, the faith that worketh by love, has been spreading, particularly through *Great Britain* and its dependencies, for half a century.

9. In the same manner it continues to spread, at the present time also, as may easily appear to all those whose eyes are not blinded. All those that experience in their own hearts the power of God unto salvation, will readily perceive, how the same religion which they enjoy, is still spreading from heart to heart. They take knowledge of the same grace of God, strongly and sweetly working on every side: and rejoice to find another and another sinner, first, enquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" And then testifying, *My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour*. Upon a fair and candid enquiry, they find more and more, not only of those who had some form of religion, but of those who had no form at all, who were profligate, abandoned sinners, now entirely changed, truly fearing God and working righteousness. They observe more and more, even of these poor outcasts of men, who are inwardly and outwardly changed, loving God and their neighbour; living in the uniform practice of Justice, Mercy and Truth. As they have time, doing good to all men: easy and happy in their lives, and triumphant in their death.

10. What excuse then have any that believe the Scriptures to be the word of God, for not discerning the signs of these times, as preparatory to the general call of the Heathens?

What

What could God have done which he hath not done, to convince you that the day is coming, that the time is at hand, when he will fulfil his glorious promises; when he will arise to maintain his own cause, and to set up his kingdom over all the earth? What indeed, unless he had *forced* you to believe? And this he could not do, without destroying the nature which he had given you. For he made you Free-Agents; having an inward power of Self-determination, which is essential to your nature. And he deals with you as Free-Agents from first to last. As such, you may shut or open your eyes, as you please. You have sufficient light shining all around you: yet you need not see it unless you will. But be assured, God is not well pleased with your shutting your eyes, and then saying, "I cannot see." I counsel you to bestow an impartial examination upon the whole affair. After a candid enquiry into matter of fact, consider deeply, "What hath God wrought?" *Who hath seen such a thing? Who hath learned such a thing? Hath not a nation as it were, been born in a day? How swift, as well as how deep, and how extensive a work has been wrought in the present age? And certainly, not by might, neither by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord.* For how utterly inadequate were the means? How insufficient were the instruments to work any such effect! At least, those of which it has pleased God to make use of in the *British* Dominions and in *America*. By how unlikely instruments, has God been pleased to work from the beginning? "A few, young, raw heads, said the Bishop of London! What can they pretend to do?" They pretended to be *that* in the hand of God, that a pen is in the hand of a man. They pretended, (and do so at this day) to do the work whereunto they are sent: to do just what the Lord pleases. And if it be his pleasure, to throw down the walls of *Jericho*, the strong holds of Satan, not by the engines of war, but by the blasts of rams-horns, who shall say unto him, "What dost thou?"

11. Meantime

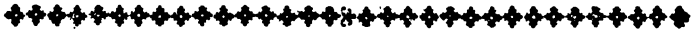
11. Meantime *bleſſed are your eyes; for they ſee: many prophets and righteous men have deſired to ſee the things you ſee and have not ſeen them, and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them.* You ſee and acknowledge the day of your viſitation; ſuch a viſitation as neither you nor your fathers had known. You may well ſay, *This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad therein.* You ſee the dawn of that glorious day, whereof all the Prophets have ſpoken. And how ſhall you moſt effectually improve this day of your viſitation?

12. The firſt point is, See that you yourſelves receive not the bleſſing of God in vain. Begin at the root, if you have not already. Now repent and believe the goſpel. If you have believed, *look to yourſelves, that ye loſe not what you have wrought, but that ye receive a full reward! Stir up the gift of God that is within you! Walk in the light as he is in the light.* And while you hold faſt that which you have attained, *go on unto perfection.* Yea, and when you are made perfect in love, *ſtill forgetting the things that are behind, preſs on to the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Chriſt Jeſus.*

13. It behoves you in the next place to help your neighbours. *Let your light ſo ſhine before men, that they may ſee your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.* As you have time, do good unto all men, but eſpecially unto them that are of the houſehold of faith, proclaim the glad tidings of ſalvation ready to be revealed, not only to thoſe of your own houſehold, not only to your relations, friends and acquaintance, but to all whom God providentially delivers into your hands. *Ye, who already know in whom you have believed, are the ſalt of the earth.* Labour to ſeaſon, with the knowledge and love of God, all that you have any intercourſe with. *Ye are a city ſet upon a hill: ye cannot, ye ought not to be hid. Ye are the light of the world. Men*

do not light a candle, and put it under a bushel: how much less the all-wise God. No, let it shine to all that are in the house, all that are witnesses of your life and conversation. Above all, continue instant in prayer, both for yourselves, for all the Church of God, and for all the children of men, that they may remember themselves and be turned unto our God. That they likewise may enjoy the gospel-bleſſing on earth, and the glory of God in heaven.

St. Heliers, Iſle of Jerſey, Aug. 27, 1787.



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

[Continued from page 122.]

SEEING nothing remarkable has occurred in my ſpiritual or temporal affairs, from the year 1745 to 1775, I ſhall now give a farther account of my labours in Newgate.

I believe it may be upwards of twenty-one years ſince I firſt attended the debtors and felons; and ſuch an emblem of the infernal pit I never ſaw before! However, having a conſtant preſſure upon my mind to ſtand up for God in the miſt of them, I prayed much for wiſdom and fortitude. For a few years, my attending the malefactors met with ſo many repulſes from the Keepers and Ordinary, as alſo from the priſoners themſelves, as frequently diſcouraged me; but notwithſtanding this I more vehemently burſt through all; ſo that I became (in the name of God) reſolute in that point, and would take no denial. The Ordinary [Mr. Taylor] conſtantly ſtationed himſelf on Sunday mornings a few doors from Newgate, for the ſpace of two hours or more, to obſtruct my entrance, forbidding all the turnkeys to give me admittance; yet the God of all compaſſion frequently made an entrance for me, ſo that

I had

I had an opportunity of preaching every Sunday morning on the debtors-side, to the number of forty prisoners, who behaved with much seriousness; after which I proposed the uniting themselves together in a society. On their consenting, I read to them the rules of our society, and desired them to consider seriously whether they deemed it proper to conform to such regulations or not. On my next visit I understood, that, through the circumspection of two or three prisoners, who had highly approved of my proposals, an unity had taken place among thirty of them. For a considerable time they payed regular attention to my preaching, and to the meeting of the society. This continued for a considerable time, when a great tumult was made by the Ordinary, who ever afterwards shut me out from those parts of the prison. But notwithstanding all his opposition, there was a blessed work among the felons; but more especially among the condemned malefactors.

One remarkable instance was one *Holmes*. This man was very useful to his fellow-sufferers, and others. I having now no opposition, embraced the opportunity of visiting six other malefactors. I went from cell to cell, and was locked up with every one of them, for a longer or shorter time, according to their situation. Herein the hand of the Almighty was quite evident. Finding *Holmes* more lively and active than any of the rest, he answered a very useful purpose; having a clear sense of forgiveness he exerted himself in bringing his fellow-sufferers to a sense of the necessity of being born again; and truly the Lord so prospered his endeavours, that at every visit I made, I found the rest of the malefactors either under stronger convictions, or just ready to step into the pool. The advice I gave was principally intended to make them more deeply sensible of their lost estate.

A few days before their death, I came more home to the point, and shewed them how absolutely impossible it was to

be happy, either in time or eternity, without a sense of the forgiveness of their sins.

Here I was struck with the conduct of one of the young men who was a Roman Catholic, who, notwithstanding all that I could say, would not be reconciled to his prosecutor; declaring that he would maintain that resolution to his last moments! I told him plainly, that if he did, the word of God lay flat against him; quoting that passage of Scripture, "If ye from your heart forgive not every one his brother his trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." This greatly alarmed him, so that he became more teachable. The night before their execution, I desired the inner keeper of their cells, to give them the opportunity of assembling together in one cell, to the end they might all pass their last hours in pouring out their souls in prayer before God: this was granted. I also requested one of the prisoners, who had been confined for some years, to attend them diligently, and read to them. He did so, and they accordingly began their exercise out of the Prayer-book. But after awhile one of them said, "Come, let us pray extempore, and who knows but God will open our mouths." They all gladly consented, and the Lord in his mercy did not only open their mouths, but their hearts too, and that in an unusual manner, manifesting himself unto them, as he does not unto the world; so that they wrestled with God with such fervor of spirit, from nine till twelve o'clock, that each of them was in a bath of sweat. They then laid themselves down to rest from twelve till two, when they joined together again in earnest prayer; nor did they desist from it till the time arrived, when they were summoned to the chapel. I went that morning before daylight, and availed myself of the joyful opportunity of getting admittance just before they were let down. As they entered the press-yard, I saw the happy consequence of their last
acts

acts of devotion. No pen is able to represent the solemn joy and peace which appeared in each countenance; but particularly in that of the young Roman Catholic, whom I could not prevail upon to forgive his prosecutor: to whom I chiefly addressed myself, saying, "My dear man, how do you find yourself?" He replied, with a pleasant voice, and a heavenly countenance, "Find myself! why, truly Sir, my soul is so filled with light, love and peace, that I am the same as if I had nothing beside within me!" In this rapturous spirit he continued to his last moments. After chapel, *Holmes*, with the others, came down, and had their irons struck off. He spoke to all about him of the unspeakable love of God to him; and assured them that he knew God for Christ's sake, had forgiven all his sins: his words were so powerful, that he drew abundance of tears from the spectators. After they were haltered, they were put into three carts, and sent for execution. I went with *Holmes* in the first, spending our time to the most advantage. Upon our arrival at the tree, *Holmes* first stood up, and, lifting his eyes to heaven, said, "Lord, didst not thou die for sinners? thou didst die for me!" Then turning round to the multitude, he prayed extempore so that it caused hundreds to be in tears. When prayers were finished by the Ordinary, all of them, agreeable to my request, went off the stage of mortality, first turning round, and putting their faces to each other, their hands being tied, and crying out, as in the voice of one man, "Lord Jesus receive our spirits!"

During the spaces which intervened between the several executions, I frequently preached and exhorted among the felons and debtors in Newgate, and constantly visited the sick in all parts of the prison, which I have reason to believe was made a blessing to many of their souls.

[To be continued.]

The

*The EXPERIENCE of J. B. of St. HELLIER'S in the Isle
of JERSEY.*

[Continued from page 130.]

12. **A**FTER I fell asleep, the enemy came to me again. But I soon awoke and began to pray: on which he fled from me. And this was the last time he was permitted to assault me during my illness. Two months before this, the Lord had discovered to me the corruptions that remained in my heart; inspiring me at the same time with an ardent desire of an entire deliverance from them. It was then I perceived my Lord coming, in order to set me free, and that the adorable Trinity came (as I observed before) to dwell in my heart. This grace was likewise renewed in me, some weeks after, and increased continually, till the happy moment of my full deliverance. The manner of this I shall now relate: (N. B. Which to me appears not a little whimsical. However I submit to better judgment, being unable to determine.) The first day of my illness, about seven in the evening, the Lord wrought in me a poor sinner this great salvation. I had spent some hours in fervent prayer for the blessing, when he came to my soul and plucked up every root of sin. I contemplated with an overflowing fulness of joy, the marvellous work the Lord had wrought in me: but could not yet comprehend the manner in which the man of sin was destroyed. I saw the gate of the heavenly Jerusalem was open to me, and the Lord said, "Thou shalt shortly enter in." At the same time I was accompanied with the heavenly host, and was ordered to call all my family, in order to give them my blessing, and then to pray for the Church of Christ. But O happy change, which I still experience! No
more

more self-will, no more desire for any thing on earth. Every thing tasted of heaven, the Lord being the absolute master of every faculty of my soul. Friday evening the Lord bad me see how he destroyed the man of sin. But I cannot fully express it. I beheld sin as a horrible monster, which the Lord dismembered, till the whole appeared lifeless, and torn in pieces.

Twice he has given me to taste, though in different ways, the fruit of the tree of life. The discovery which he has made to me of the invisible world is inexpressible. I can only say, that the light of the celestial City shines refulgently bright on my soul.

13. While she was confined to her bed, often in violent pain, she expressed a lamb-like patience. When she was able to speak, she related the inward conversation which pass between her and her Beloved, who appeared to her in a bright, shining garment, of ineffable lustre. Meantime she saw herself in a glistening garment, near the river of death, waiting for a call to pass over to the City which she had continually in view on the other side. All this time she had a heavenly smile on her countenance, with the simplicity and sweetness of a little child.

All the members of the Society in town, and many from the country who went to see her, were greatly edified: every one felt a divine attention in the things which she delivered. And they all supposed the soul would be soon dislodged from its earthly tabernacle. But she herself supposed, this would not be soon, yet she never foretold either the hour or day. Her recovering was very gradual, it being some weeks before she was able to walk alone.

14. What

14. What follows is the substance of her experience from this time till Midsummer. January 1786, Being one evening in meditation, the Lord took me into his holy City, and discovered to me a ray of his holiness, which forced me to cry out, "O the holiness, the holiness of the Lord Jehovah! Who may walk in his presence!" After this discovery, one beam of which had made my body so faint, that it could scarce recover, he shewed me a ray of his glory, and I cried out, "Ah who can endure this glory!" He answered, She whom I have cleansed, even Thee! I cried out again, "O the glory and holiness of my King! I cannot yet sustain it." Whereupon the Lord said, "I have made thee gracious promises: keep them in the secret of thy soul." I also heard the blessed cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts!"

15. I was afterwards in contemplation when the Lord said to me, "Write these things; for in so doing thou wilt glorify thy heavenly Father." I cried out, I *will* glorify thee, notwithstanding Satan's rage: I then wrote as above. Being again in deep contemplation, the Lord discovered to me his love, his glory, and his holiness. At this view my body became as dead, and my soul was in an extasy: and I cried out, "I cannot, I cannot yet support his cries!" O immense goodness of my King! Let all thy dear children bless and praise thee for ever!

One Lord's-day evening as I was singing the praises of God, I thought myself in heaven, where the holy angels assisted me to sing in the presence of my King, glory be given to thee for ever! Another time I heard them sing those words in the Revelation, *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Who was, and who is, and who is to come!*

[To be continued.]

An Account of S. MALLITT.

[By Mr. William Mallitt.]

[Continued from page 133.]

IN October I left *Loddon*, and went to live in a family, who had neither the power, nor even the form of religion: and afterwards at a dissenting Minister's. Here I found the smiles of the world more dangerous than its frowns. Here I was almost persuaded to believe, "once in grace always in grace." The cause of my leaning to this was, I had a darling sin, which I wanted to keep and go to heaven. But I cried earnestly to the Lord, and he delivered me out of the temptation. Yet not long after, I drank into the spirit of the world, and followed its fashions and customs. But this followed me close, "Is this the work thou camest back to do?" This roused my soul from its security; and I besought God, if there was no other way to wean me wholly from the world, that he would again cast me into the furnace. In April 1782 I returned to *Loddon*, and the Lord answered my prayer by laying his afflicting hand heavy upon me for twelve weeks. After I was restored, I saw more need of walking closely with God, and in order thereto, broke off all intimacy with my worldly acquaintance.

8. In the beginning of the year 1783, I went again to my uncle's, at *Long-Stratton*. Here the Lord deepened his work in my soul, and increased my deadness to the world. In October he laid his hand upon me again, and I seemed drawing near eternity. But it gave me no concern; knowing I was the Lord's. I was content either to live or to die. In December I removed to my father's, being thought to be near death. Yet in a short time I was restored, and returned

to my uncle's in April 1784. Soon after the disorder was worse than ever, I felt not only sharp pain, but a severe conflict with the devil. He tempted me to have hard thoughts of God. But though my soul waded through deep waters, yet he suffered them not to overflow me, but manifested his love more abundantly to my soul. He visited me no more as a transient guest, but came and made his abode with me.

9. In May I was again removed to my father's, seeming to be again near death. Meantime I found a strong desire, to exhort all who came in my way, to seek the Lord. And if any passed unnoticed by me, I had trouble in my mind. In the beginning of June, I was frequently taken with surfeits as I never had before. In these I seemed as one dying, my eyes being fixt and all my senses locked up. They came first every day, then every second day, and then every third day. In one of these the sinews of my left leg shrank; so that I walked on the tip of my toe. In February 1785 the fits left me, yet I continued lame. But I regarded it not, as I had an uninterrupted peace, and constantly enjoyed the love that casts out fear, and walked without the least intermission in the clear light of God's countenance.

10. Thus I rejoiced evermore and in every thing gave thanks, till being one day beset by the enemy, I began to reason with him. I let go my shield, doubting whether I had received pure love, because I thought, if I had, I could not be tempted. Yea, I began to doubt whether I had ever known God at all. But I tried my experience by the word of God: and was convinced; there was no one upon earth that was totally free from temptation: and I resolved in the strength of God never to rest, till I recovered all I had lost.

11. In the beginning of March, the Lord set my soul at full liberty, by applying those words, *I will, be thou clean!* Now all darkness was dispersed, every doubt fled away, and I was filled with joy unspeakable. At this time I began to see more clearly, the work I came back to do. It was impress

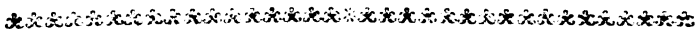
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on my mind, to speak in public for God: and those words were continually before me, *Reprove, rebuke, exhort!* Nor could I by any means drive them out of my thoughts. But I could not bear the thought, having been in time past no friend to women's preaching. I therefore resolved never to do any such thing, be the consequence what it would. From that moment it seemed as if the powers of darkness overwhelmed my soul: and I was forced to withdraw from the family, and pour out my soul before God. I intreated a portion of his word, that I might know what to do! And opened the book on these words, *No man lighteth a candle to put it under a bushel.* Yet I struggled with the devil six hours before he fled from me; and I gave myself up into the hands of God, to do with me what he pleased. He then broke in upon my soul. And as the room seemed a little before to be filled with the powers of darkness, it seemed now filled with the glory of God. I spent that night in prayer and praise. One of my sisters, being in the room with me, bid me hold my peace. But I told her, If I held my peace, the stones would cry out. I then shewed her the need she had of a farther work in her own soul. And she cried unto the Lord for a clean heart, and received the petition which she asked of him.

12. But my conflict with Satan, and the abundant pouring out of the Spirit of God upon me, were more than my body could bear; I was tortured with inexpressible pain for some hours: my mother asked, What she should do for me? I answered, "Nothing. The Lord himself will remove it when it pleases him." While I was speaking, the pain was taken away, and I rose from bed immediately. I now returned to *Long-Stratton*, where in the beginning of April, my leg was restored as the other, without any outward help. I was grieved to leave two young women with whom I had met in band. But I believed God called me, and so on the tenth of May, I returned to my uncle's. But I had still a

burden upon my mind, not seeing what I came thither for : for I still reasoned against the conviction which followed me, That I must speak in public. Meantime my soul was filled with darkness and distress : while I was more and more convinced, that I ought to speak for God. I had none to reveal my mind to, and I knew not how to begin, being kept back by fear and shame. Many times *my eyes gushed out with tears, because men kept not God's law ; many times I said, O that my head was water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the sins of my people.*

[To be concluded in our next.]



Some Account of the Death of Mrs. WALKER : late Mrs. CLAPHAM, of Leeds.

[By John Booth.]

1. **A**S I frequently visited Mrs. *Walker*, during her last illness, I wrote down from time to time, the most remarkable passages, which I hope may be a help to others, as they were to myself.

The first time I saw her, she was in the garden, where we had a little conversation together. She was then weak in body : but her soul was very happy. I promised to call, when I came next that way. I did so, and preached. Afterwards we conversed very freely. Her will was quite given up to the will of God. She said, "If I live a few years, it will be well. If not, the will of the Lord be done. All is well. He cannot err."

2. On March 3, 1787, she was seized in so violent a manner, that there was little hope of her recovery. But as soon as her pains abated, her tongue was loosed to declare the

the

the goodness of God, and to exhort all around, to praise him and seek him with their whole heart. March the 8th, I went to preach there. She sent for me into the room and said, "When I was in health, I made a profession of loving God with all my heart. So I do now that I am in a dying state: glory be to God for all his mercies!" She added, "If you think my name worthy to be mentioned when I am gone hence, let a sermon be preached on these words, *Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord:*" but lay the emphasis here, *without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*

3. March 16, she was apparently seized with death. Her speech and all her faculties failed her. But after awhile they were restored: and she declared the praises of God in a wonderful manner. She then said, "I am happy, perfectly happy. It is not a vain thing to serve the Lord. O what a place is heaven! O that you did but know what I see! What a sight do I now behold! I see *Hannah* and my dear sister: they are two bright spirits in glory. And I shall be with them soon. I only wait thy word: I am happy, happy, happy! O Lord, thou must either enlarge the vessel, or suffer it to break."

4. She then in a very affecting manner, took leave of all her children. *Mary* standing near the bed, she cried out aloud, "*Mary*, my dear *Mary*! Are you determined to be wholly the Lord's?" She replied, By the grace of God I am. She answered, "O rest not in having light, but be a real, inward Christian, and the Lord will bless you. He blesses you in a measure now! And if you cleave to him, he will bless you more abundantly." She then called *Rebecca*, and said, "Will you begin to pray, and turn unto the Lord? You were left an orphan by your father when six weeks old. He said upon his death-bed, Who can tell, but you may be the greatest comfort to your mother, when all the rest are gone? The Lord loves you, and is waiting to bless you with present and everlasting

everlasting salvation." *Charles* then coming in, she caught him in her arms, and cried out, "O *Charles*, my dear *Charles*, I have loved you with the bowels of a double mother. God is my witness, I could lay down my life, for the salvation of your soul. O *Charles*, my heart bleeds for you! You have good desires, but are led astray. You have a kind father: let not his hairs be brought with sorrow to the grave. I am going to glory, and there is room for you all. O taste and see, that the Lord is gracious." *Betsy* being ill in the next room, was brought and laid down by her: to whom she cried, "*Betsy*, my dear *Betsy*; you are not for this world; there is a better place prepared for you in glory. I love you dearly. You lie near my heart. You have always behaved well: if the Lord does take you hence into his kingdom, well: yes, my dear

" There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

Yes, glory be to God, all tears will there be for ever wiped from our eyes! There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. For the former things are passed away, and behold all things are new."

5. Looking and seeing one of the servants standing by, she said, "*Nancy*, give my kind love to *Lydia*, and all down stairs, and tell them, unless they be born again, they cannot see the kingdom of God. If your coming here should prove the salvation of your souls, you will have cause to praise God to all eternity."

6. Turning to her husband, she cried out aloud, "O *Robert*, can this be death! O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! This enemy is for ever conquered. But if Christ had not died, we must have died for ever."

After

After this, turning over in the bed, she saw *Hannah* weeping by her. Tenderly embracing her she said, "Thou wast always tender over thy mother. Thou hast been a very dutiful child. The Lord has often called thee, and is now waiting to be gracious. It is much if you survive your mother long: but we cannot tell what is in the womb of Providence."

7. She then distinctly counted eight children and said, "The Lord has just given me this promise, I will contend with them that contend with thee, and I will save thy children." She added, "What! them all!" And was answered, Yes: not a hoof shall be left behind. Turning to her husband, she said, "*Robert*, here we are, and the children which He hath given us. I see places in glory for them all. I shall soon be there, and I leave you in good hands. Give my dying love to every body; for I love them all, friends and enemies:

" With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind."

Then she sang aloud,

" O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasure there!
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear."

"What, Lord! a palm for such a worthless worm! Yes: Jesus tells me, a royal crown, a crown of glory."

[To be continued.]

An

The principle of Corruption in plants and animals, is probably the very same, which during a state of circulation, is the principle of life: namely the air, which is found in considerable quantities, mixed with all sorts of fluids. This has two very different motions; an expansive one, arising from its natural elasticity, by which it gives their fluids an intestine motion, and gradually extends the parts that contain them: and a progressive motion. It does not appear that this is essential to it. Rather it is occasioned by the resistance of the solid parts. This restraining its expansion, obliges it to take the course that is more free and open, which is through the vessels of plants and animals.

When this course is stopped, the expansive motion remains, and still continues to act, till it has so fully overcome the including bodies, as to bring itself to the same degree of expansion with the outward air. But this it cannot do, without destroying the texture and continuity of those solids, which we call Corruption.

This destructive quality of the air is promoted, either by weakening the tone or cohesion of the including parts; as when fruit is bruised, which corrupts in that part much sooner than in the others: or by increasing the expansive force of the air, by heat or some other co-operating circumstance.

And certainly there is no corruption or putrefaction, without air. Hence either vegetable or animal bodies buried deep in the earth or water, remain for ages entire, which when exposed to the air, quickly moulder away. And hence such vegetables as are most apt to putrify, remain unchanged in vacuo.

Yet various experiments seem to shew, that air must be impregnated by water, before it can occasion putrefaction, either in animal or vegetable substances. For take a pound of fresh flesh, and keep it in a moderate heat, and it will thoroughly putrify in a few days. But if you first extract the moisture, it will harden like a stone. And it may then be

kept for ages, without any putrefaction. Even blood, if you deprive it of its watry part, may be kept for fifty years. But if you then dissolve it in water, and place it in a gentle warmth, it will putrify immediately.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge* against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page 136.*]

IN the parish of Sprear, about fifteen miles distant from the city of Brescia, in the territories of the Venetians, there dwelt a countryman, named Alibius. As soon as he had attained the age of twenty-five years, he married an honest maiden, named Marilla, a farmer's daughter. But he had not lived many years in wedlock, before he had wasted the greatest part of the small estate that was left him. On this he gave over all thoughts of honest industry, and abandoned himself to the most loose and disorderly company. On this his wife requested some of their friends and neighbours, to try if they could dissuade him from those irregularities. But he not only rejected their advice, but reviled those who offered it to him; and as he suspected it came from his wife, he rebuked her in a very rough and outrageous manner: and upbraiding her with her barrenness, said, "If he had a child, he should then be a good husband, and not before." His poor afflicted wife, sending up her prayers to heaven, that it would please the Almighty to bless her with a child, had her request granted, and became the mother of a daughter, whom they named Emelia. But some years after, he left his wife and child to shift as well as they could, and went himself to seek a service in the city of Brescia, which he soon obtained.

tained. His wife growing more and more odious to him, he thought, if he could get once rid of her, he might soon gain another with more wealth, as well as more beauty.

Having continued for some time at Brescia, the man who bore the silver staff before the Podesta, or chief Magistrate of the city, died; and the master of Alibius; to whom he had behaved very well, being a man of great authority, preferred Alibius to this office, which was worth at least an hundred zechines a year, beside his diet. This advancement made Alibius look aloft, and scorn every thing that he had left at Sprear. And not long after, there was an honest citizen of Brescia, who dying, left Alibius executor, and left behind him a young widow, named Philatea, rich and handsome, whom Alibius thought it would be no difficulty to make himself master of, if that hated obstacle of a wife could but be got out of the way. For this purpose he rode over to Sprear, and under pretence of being willing to renew his affection to Marilla, he attempted at several times to take her off by poison, which he gave to her in milk, wine, and roasted apples; but seeing it did not work the desired effect, he took occasion to quarrel with her, in the presence of their daughter Emelia, and reviled and beat her in a most barbarous manner. He then returned to Brescia; still hoping the poison might operate, and that he should shortly hear the good news of her death.

Meantime he laid close siege to Philatea's chastity, who, being not so honest as fair, was soon drawn into sin; and not long after acquainted him of the condition she was in. On this he bade her take no care for a husband, for that he would provide a retirement for her, as private as her heart could wish.

[To be continued.]

An extract from a treatise called, *The REFINED COURTIER.*

[Continued from page 138.]

Concerning Apparel, take the following Rules.

LET every one when he appears in public be decently clad in all respects, according to his age, quality, and the custom of the place wherein he lives: for he that does otherwise, seems to be of a cross and peevish disposition, and to affect singularity, and to contemn the common opinion and vogue of men, and to be ambitious to prescribe to others. Nor is it sufficient that our garments be made of good cloth, but we are obliged to constrain ourselves (as much as possible) to follow the garb where we reside; seeing custom is the law and standard of decency in all things of this nature. Gay clothes are the ensigns of shame and slavery, and all the glister of gold, and the gaudery of silver, and silk and purple, make not so pleasant a shew as a green field bedecked with pretty flowers. A peacock's tail, in the eye of Solon, excelled the Lydian bravery; and a poor butterfly outvies all the artificial colours of the court. I would not have you conceive, that I condemn comely apparel; but this I say, that he who is instantly taken with every light mode, and makes the art of dressing his whole care and study, and runs in debt to be in the top of the newest fashion; discloses the nakedness of his soul, and shews that Discretion and Virtue hang but loosely on it. It is hugely improper (and in *England* unlawful too, being forbidden by several statutes, yet unrepealed) for those, whose duty it is to attend the King's person, to be in any point mean and fordid; but they are to take care (as *Ælien* assures us *Xenophon* did) that they be modestly fine; not to trim

un

up themselves in a flanting drefs, like fo many flags of pride and vanity (as the Emperor *Augustus* was wont to fpeak) but moft fuitable to the place and office they bear. I might here infert an honeft, and ufeul caution: that Courtiers of all men living, fhould difcharge the debts they contract for their bravery; it being a difparagement to the King's Majefty, that his court fhould look like a fanctuary of injuflice, and a den of noon-day thieves. It is convenient that all forts of men be attired in a manner proportionable to their degree, and that they ftudy to be neat, but not phantaftically fine. Clothes like the *Delphic* fwords have a double ufe; they ferve to adorn for honour and fightlinefs, as well as to defend us from the injuries of the weather. But a nice curiofity grows flat in time, and weary of itfelf.

[*To be continued.*]

The French and Dutch manner of preferving their BEES.

[*Continued from page 140.*]

AS we deftroy an immense future progeny in fmothering whole fwarms in the hive, in order to get at the honey, fo they, when their hives are full, contrive to clear out the Bees into a frefh hive, while they take the combs out of the old one, which afterwards ferves for another fwarm; thus they avoid our mafacres of them on this occafion.

Their dying by hunger is prevented, by fetting honey in their way; and this they do in a very neat manner. It is a very large quantity that is neceffary for the winter-ftore of a poor hive; and if this was placed open before them they would get into it, and not be able to get out again; but would be entangled, and perifh in numbers in it: and finally fo choke up, and foul its furface, that the reft would not be able to get at it.

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To prevent this, they put the honey into a large and very wide earthen vessel, and cover its surface with a paper nicely fitted on, and pricked full of large pin-holes. This being pressed down on the surface the honey rises through the holes, and as the Bees stand on the paper to suck it, their weight presses it more down, and keeps a fresh supply continually rising. These are their remedies for the common accidents; but the greatest is to come. The perishing of the Bees, by the severity of the weather, is the greatest of all destructions they are liable to, and the most difficult to guard against; and it is to their invention for this purpose that they owe their greatest success, as they now lose none by cold.

[*To be continued.*]



*An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S
Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

*Of the Argument in favour of the Doctrine of Necessity, from
the consideration of Cause and Effect.*

[*Continued from page 144.*]

BUT Dr. Priestley adds (pages 13, 14.) "It could not be possible for any determination to have been otherwise than it has been, is, or is to be, unless the laws of nature had been such, as that, though both the state of the mind, and the views of things were the same, the determination might, or might not have taken place. But in this case, the determination must have been an effect without a cause, because in this case, as in that of the balance, there would have been a change of situation without any previous change of circumstances, and there cannot be any other definition of an effect without a cause." Very true, again. The determinations
of

of the mind would certainly have been constant, invariable, and certain if God had absolutely so made the laws of nature: but the laws (or rather constitution of nature) are not so, but the contrary. They are such, that though both the state of mind and the views of things are the same, yet the determination, in many instances, may, or may not take place, and this according to the power of self-determination, implanted in the mind of man by the Almighty God of Nature, by which it is enabled in many cases to choose or refuse, to act or suspend the action, without any certain necessary determining motive whatever, as appears from the case of the hungry man, before introduced. In that example, the state of mind, is an uneasy sensation arising from hunger, and the views of things, are plenty of good victuals before him, and whatsoever other views you please to add: yet no man can certainly foretell what the man in such a situation will do the next minute. Nay, so far is he from being certainly and necessarily influenced, that to eat or not to eat, is wholly in his own power, viz. the power of self-determination in his mind: yet there is no effect without a cause. The cause in both cases (whether he eats or does not eat) is the law or constitution of nature, or a power of self-determination given by Almighty God to a man's mind, of acting or not acting in many cases entirely at his pleasure.

Dr. Priestley's mistake seems to originate from this. He argues, because (as is very true) there can be no effect without a cause, therefore the mind of man cannot act without some motive or cause, which always constantly and invariably determines its choice in every thing it does. Whereas the matter stands thus; The mind of man is frequently induced and determined in all its actions by some motive or cause foreign to itself, but yet it is not always constantly and invariably so, but has a power of self-determination, which enables it in many cases to resist the most pleasing inducement, and the most alluring motive; so that it may comply with
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the motive, or not, equally at pleasure. And yet if it do not comply with the inducement or alluring motive, there is also a cause of this effect of non-compliance, viz. that power of choosing or refusing, of executing or suspending its own determinations, which Almighty God has given it. Certainly, Almighty God has such a power or liberty within himself, because he has frequently exerted such a power in suspending what we call the general laws of nature, even in the material world, as instanced above. And he also as Almighty, must have such power or liberty within himself, that he might or might not do several things which he does, even in the same state, and with the same views of things. Notwithstanding this, all his works originate from him as a cause, and consequently are not uncaused. Either God has such a power and liberty, or he has not. If he has such a power, then the argument of Dr. Priestley must be inconclusive, which is founded upon the impossibility of having a change of situation (or a difference of things) without any previous change "of circumstances." (Page 14.) Unless by previous change of circumstances be meant a change in the supreme mind, arising merely from his own inherent power of self-determination, which would be granting the very thing I contend for.

But if on the contrary, God has no such power, then he is equally tied down by the influence of motives, to a constant and invariable determination and necessary action, as man is, and under the very same necessity for every action, operation, and effect, which has been done, is doing, or is to be done by him. This doctrine is certainly blasphemous, because it makes *fate*, or *necessity*, or *motive*, or *something*, superior to God himself, and constantly, invariably, and necessarily determining him to all he does. This, I think, will not be allowed by any one. Since, therefore, one of the two must be true, such a liberty and power of self-determination must at least exist in God, otherwise he is so far from being almighty,
that

that on the contrary, he himself must be under the necessary guidance, direction and influence of (pardon the expression) *Almighty necessity*. Since then such a power and liberty belongs to Almighty God in an infinite measure, it cannot be inconsistent to suppose, that he being Almighty was at least able to create a creature with some measure of the same liberty and power of self-determination, so as to act or not to act in many things, uncontrolled by any thing but the Creator, and even that control exerted or suspended by him at pleasure. I say, this must be at least possible to Omnipotence, because such a creature is not so contradictory and inconsistent, but even our limited capacities, can apprehend such a one, and form a consistent idea thereof. If we could not have proper conceptions of a creature endowed with such a liberty and power; so great a number of men, could never have been able to have believed or even supposed such an one, as we find there are who believe this. Hence we may see how false that assertion of Dr. Priestley must be, (page 15) that this is, "a thing impossible even to *divine power*, because impossible to power *abstractedly considered*." That we have such a liberty and power over our own consciousness, our daily practice and experience sufficiently testify. To demonstrate the truth of this, Dr. Priestley shall put me into any state he can or pleases (a state of pain excepted) and give me what views of things he pleases, and then tell me what I will do the next minute, for twenty times together: yet in spite of all his motives, state of mind, views or any thing else, I will every time do, not exactly what he says, but something different. Thus Dr. Priestley's conclusion falls to the ground, that if man had such a power as I contend for, there would be an effect without a cause. The issue of the whole dispute seems to be here, whether Almighty God could communicate such a power to his creature man, or he could not; that an Almighty God could do it, I think no reasonable man can deny; and that he has done it, I have not the least

doubt, because I am fully convinced of the same from my own consciousness and my daily experience of such a power. But Dr. Priestley says, (page 18) "The only reason that we can have to believe in any cause, and that it acts necessarily, is that it acts certainly or invariably. If my mind be as constantly determined by the influence of motives, as a stone is determined to fall to the ground by the influence of gravity, I am constrained to conclude, that the cause in one case, acts as necessarily as that in the other. For there must be an equally sufficient reason for equally constant and certain effects." Admitting the assumption to be true, the conclusion is so. But here again Dr. Priestley takes something for granted, which he has not proved, and which I deny. "If my mind be as constantly determined, &c." True. But my mind is not so constantly determined by the influence of motives, as a stone is determined by the influence of gravity; and yet neither of them are constantly so determined. The mind of man is in many cases at full liberty in itself, and has full power to act in opposition to any motives whatever; whereas a stone has no such liberty or power in itself to resist what we call gravity, but is uninfluenced by it only, when it pleases God to suspend gravity, or rather his own will and power in causing it to fall, which we find he has frequently suspended, as mentioned above; and he can equally restrain the liberty of man's mind, if he pleases. It follows then, that neither motives in the case of man's mind, nor gravity in that of a stone falling, do constantly, invariably and necessarily cause a certain effect without any exception. And if motives and gravity do ever cease to act, though but in one instance, they do not act constantly and necessarily; yet I allow they do generally act so, and would always whilst the same power is exerted, which we call the present laws of nature: provided some free and self-determining power* did

* Either man or some other free agent.

not interfere or interrupt their general influence. This I hope will be deemed a sufficient answer to the second section, or the argument for necessity drawn from the consideration of cause and effect.

[*To be continued.*]



The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page 148.*]

A GAIN, Eccles. xi. 1, *Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.* By bread is here meant all things necessary for the support of men's lives. And by casting their bread upon the waters, is meant their giving freely of that which they have for the relief of the poor, whose watry eyes discover their necessity. And though that which thou bestowest on them, may seem to be as clearly cast away, as that which is cast into the sea, where there is no likelihood of receiving it again, because to those who can no ways recompense thee, yet thou shalt find it after many days, if thou bestowest thine alms with a sincere heart, it shall not be lost, but certainly returned into thy bosom with increase.

Further, the Lord said by the Prophet, Isaiah lviii. 7, 8, &c. *If thou deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the poor that are cast out, to thy house, and when thou seest the naked, if thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh, by turning thy face from him; then (see what a gracious promise follows) shall thy light break forth as the morning; then shall the night of thine adversity be dispelled, and the day-spring of thy prosperity break forth as the morning-light; and thy righteousness shall go before thee, the fruit and reward*

of thy charity shall be visible to all; *the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward*, the God of glory shall by his power and providence, both go before thee, and follow thee with his blessing. And ver. 10, *If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul*, afford that hearty relief unto him which shall satisfy his necessity, *then shall thy light rise in obscurity*, thy adversity shall be turned into prosperity. And *the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought*; as thou didst satisfy the poor man's soul by supplying his wants, so the Lord will supply thee with a sufficiency in the greatest dearth; *and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be as a watered garden, and a spring of water, whose waters fail not*; an emblem of a flourishing and prosperous estate, which doth usually follow, and accompany merciful men.

Our blessed Saviour also, Matt. xix. 29. promiseth that such as for his sake shall, in this or any other way part with their estates, or any part or portion of them, *shall receive a hundred fold here, and inherit eternal life*. Here in this life he shall have the return of a hundred fold, which many Christians have found true in their own experience, and with thankfulness to God have acknowledged.

And what variety of expressions doth our Saviour use in Luke vi. 38, to assure us of a large reward here of all our labour of love, shewed to his ministers and members? *Give, saith he, and it shall be given to you again, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over*. For your encouragement unto this duty of giving to the poor, our Saviour first annexeth a general promise, *Give, and it shall be given to you again*. Where he giveth you a note of his hand, that you shall be no loser by what you give to his poor, but shall be repayed, and that with advantage, as the following words declare, *You shall have good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over*. We account it good measure, when it is heaped up; but when it is not only heaped

up.

up, but *pressed down*, that is more; but when it is heaped up, pressed down, and running over, who will not say, that this is good measure indeed? Yet thus God deals with merciful men; they shall have mercies and blessings, *heaped up, pressed down, and running over*. How truly then may I take up the words of the Psalmist, *Blessed is he that considereth the poor: he shall not only be blessed, but he shall have blessings heaped up, and running over!* which the Apostle St. Paul expresseth very emphatically by the similitude of reaping and sowing, 2 Cor. ix. 6, *He that soweth sparingly, shall reap sparingly; but he which soweth bountifully, shall reap bountifully*. As men sow, so shall they reap; the more liberally they give to good uses, the more bountifully they shall receive from God: they shall find a plentiful harvest, as the fruit of all their costs and pains. Dr. Hammond in his Practical Catechism, quoting these words of the Apostle, *He that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully*, addeth this gloss, "By reaping bountifully, I conceive is meant, not only God's abundant retributions of glory in another world, but even his payments of temporal plenty, and blessings here, to those who have been willing to make that christian use of that earthly talent committed to their stewardship."

[*To be continued.*]



The CASE of BIRSTAL HOUSE.

Recommended to the serious consideration of the people called Methodists.

[*Concluded from page 150.*]

9. **T**HIS I take to be a plain state of the Case, separating it from all unimportant circumstances, of what this or the other person said or did, all which only puzzle the cause. Now this, neither more nor less, being the naked fact, I proceed, secondly, To argue a little upon it.

I. If

I. If it be asked, Why should not the *Birstal* Preaching-House, or any other, be settled according to that Deed, I answer, Because whenever the Trustees exert their power of *placing* and *displacing* Preachers, then,

1. Itinerant Preaching is no more. When the Trustees in any place have found and fixt a Preacher, they like, the rotation of Preachers is at an end: at least, till they are tired of their favourite Preacher, and so turn him out.

2. While he stays, is not the bridle in his mouth? How dares he speak the full and the whole Truth, since whenever he displeases the Trustees, he is liable to lose his bread? How much less will he dare to put a Trustee, though ever so ungodly, out of the Society?

If you say, "But though they have this Power, they will not exert it. They never have exerted it at *Birstal*." Reason good; because they have it not till my death. And if they had, prudence, if not gratitude, would restrain them, till I am out of the way. But it does not follow, that neither they nor *their heirs* will exert it by and bye.

3. But suppose any beside the Conference, (who as long as they subsist, will be the most impartial Judges) name the Preachers, should it be thirty or forty men, or the whole Society? Nay, why not the intire Congregation? Or at least all the Subscribers?

4. The Power of the Trustees is greater than that of any Nobleman; yea, or of the King himself. Where he is Patron, he can *put in* a Preacher, but he cannot *put him out*.

But you ask, "Since this power will not commence till your death, why should you oppose it? Why should not you keep yourself out of the broil, and let them fight it out, when you are at rest? Why should you pull an old house upon your own head, when you are just going out of the world? Peace be in your days. Why should you take upon yourself the burden which you may leave to your Successors?"

I answer,

I answer, In this very respect I have an advantage which my Successors cannot have. Every one sees, I am not pleading my own cause: I have already all that I contend for. No: I am pleading for Mr. *Taylor*, Mr. *Bradburn*, Mr. *Benson*, and for every other travelling Preacher, that you may be as free, after I am gone hence, as you are, now I am at your head: that you may never be liable to be turned out of any, or all of our Houses, without any reason given, but that so is *the pleasure* of twenty or thirty men.

I say, *Any*: for I see no sufficient reason for giving up *any* House in England. Indeed if one were given up, more would follow: it would be *as the letting out of the water*.

I insist upon that point, and let every thing else go: no Methodist-Truſtees, if I can help it, shall after my death, any more than while I live, have the power of *placing* and *displacing* the Preachers.

Observe. *Placing* and *displacing* the Preachers! This is the one point. Do not ramble from the question. Do not puzzle it by a multitude of words. If the Truſtees will not give it up, we must proceed according to the Minute of the Conference.

“ But why should we not wait till another Conference?”

First, Because that will not alter the merits of the Cause. To lodge the power of *placing* and *displacing* the Preachers in Truſtees, would be as wrong then as it is now.

Secondly, Because you cannot insure my life till another Conference. Therefore whatever is done, should be done quickly.

“ But then, it is said, you occasion endless strife, animosity, confusion, and destroy the work of God.” No; not I. It is these Truſtees that occasion all the strife, animosity and confusion, by insisting upon a right to *place* and *displace* Preachers. I go on in the old way, as I did at *Bristol*, *Kingswood* and *Newcastle*. It is they, that by obstinately going out of it, hinder, yea, destroy the work of God. And I charge *them* with
the

the blood of all those souls, that are destroyed by this contention. It is they that do the wrong, that *will place and displace* Preachers, who bawl and pour out bitter words. But let them take care; for God heareth. And he will arise and maintain his own cause!

London, Reprinted Jan.

12, 1788.

JOHN WESLEY.

RESOLUTIONS of the Society for the purpose of effecting the abolition of the SLAVE TRADE.

Manchester, Dec. 29, 1787.

AT a General Meeting, held this day, in order to receive the Report of the Committee, the following Resolutions were unanimously agreed to:

That the traffic and slavery of the human species, is a direct violation of the precepts of true religion; in opposition to the principles of liberty, justice, and humanity; and disgraceful in the extreme to every country by which it is encouraged, or even tolerated.

That the African Slave Trade is such a traffic; and that this Meeting regards with abhorrence, a commerce productive of oppression, cruelty, and even murder, upon millions of our fellow creatures.

That this Meeting, though fully sensible of the importance of manufactures and commerce to the real interests of this nation, is yet too jealous of that reputation which all honest men ought to desire, to wish the promotion of any traffic, however lucrative, by means inconsistent with humanity or integrity; and they are convinced moreover, that the traffic in question, is highly impolitic as well as inhuman.

That it is extremely desirable to call the attention of Parliament to this unjustifiable traffic, by petitions from the people at large.

That

That it is expedient to present a petition with this view, from the town and neighbourhood of *Manchester*.

That a circular letter be addressed on behalf of this Meeting, to the Mayor, or other chief Magistrate, of every principal town throughout *Great-Britain*, requesting their concurrence in a similar measure.

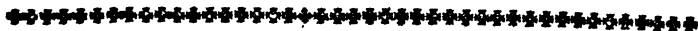
That in order to procure the general and final abolition of the African Slave Trade, it will be highly expedient to extend information on this important subject to every part of *Europe*.

That this Meeting approves of the steps which have been taken in *Manchester*, by the Boroughreeve, Constables, and other Gentlemen, who have hitherto interested themselves in this business.

That the Society formed in *London*, for the purpose of affecting the abolition of the Slave Trade, having been the first to come forward as a body in this kingdom, in favour of the oppressed Africans, are entitled to the particular thanks of this Meeting, and of every other friend to this cause of humanity, for a conduct so disinterested and laudable.

That the further sum of one hundred guineas, out of the money subscribed in *Manchester*, be transmitted to the Committee of that Society, in aid of their truly benevolent exertions.

That these Resolutions be immediately published in such a manner, as shall insure their circulation throughout the kingdoms of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*.



Zeal in the Propagation of INFIDELITY inexcusable.

THE excuse which infidel Writers plead for their conduct, is a regard for the cause of truth. But this is a very insufficient one. None of them act upon this principle, in its

largest extent and application, in common life, nor could any man live in the world, and pretend so to do. In the pursuit of happiness, "our being's end and aim,"* the discovery of truth is far from being the most important object. It is true, the mind receives a high pleasure from the investigation and discovery of truth in the abstract sciences, in the works of nature and art; but in all subjects, where the imagination and affections are deeply concerned, we regard it only so far as it is subservient to them. One of the first principles of society, of decency, and of good manners, is, that no man is entitled to say every thing he thinks true, when it would be injurious or offensive to his neighbour. If it was not for this principle, all mankind would be in a state of hostility.

Suppose a person to lose an only child, the sole comfort and happiness of his life: when the first overflowings of nature are past, he recollects the infinite goodness and impenetrable wisdom of the Disposer of all events; he is persuaded, that the revolution of a few years will again unite him to his child, never more to be separated. With these sentiments he acquiesces, with a melancholy, yet pleasing resignation, to the divine will. Now, supposing all this to be a deception, a pleasing dream, would not the general sense of mankind condemn the philosopher, as barbarous and inhuman, who should attempt to wake him out of it? Yet so far does vanity prevail over good-nature, that we frequently see men, on other occasions of the most benevolent tempers, labouring to cut off that hope which can alone cheer the heart under all the pressures and afflictions of human life, and enable us to resign it with cheerfulness and dignity! Religion may be considered in three different views. First, As containing doctrines relating to the being and perfections of God, his moral administration of the world, a future state of existence, and particular communications to mankind, by an im-

* Pope.

mediate supernatural revelation.—Secondly, As a rule of life and manners.—Thirdly, As the source of certain peculiar affections of the mind, which either give pleasure or pain, according to the particular genius and spirit of the Religion that inspires them.

On the BEAUTIES of the PSALMS.

GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life; its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to his exaltation. This the Israelitish Monarch experienced. He sought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquietude of state with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for the Israelites under the law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the gospel; they present Religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of him, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to

be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them ofteneft, will relish them best.—And now, could the Author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour.

The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season, care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose, fresh as the morning, to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every Psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Sion he never expected to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.



On the LOVE of LIFE.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, encreases our desire of living. Those dangers, which in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreasing as our years encrease, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useles efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wife are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come, yet experience and sensation in vain persuade: hope more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game. Whence then is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyment; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not chuse, says a French philosopher, to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated, to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance; from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the
the

the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of *China*, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who falling at the Emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great Father of *China*, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to my crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than sixty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O *Chinwang*, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me." This old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life; we are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity encreases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted; its company pleases, yet, for all this it is but little regarded.

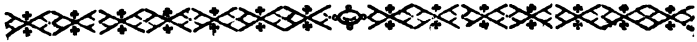
The



The Great BELL in VIENNA.

ON the 21st of July, in the year 1711, the Emperor Joseph ordered a great Bell to be made of the cannons which the Germans possessed themselves of when the Turks raised the siege of *Vienna*.

This Bell is 30,000 pounds weight; its diameter is ten feet, and its height the same. It is thirty-one feet, two inches in circumference. The clapper is nine feet and a half long.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCLIII.

[From Lady —, to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Edinburgh, June 31, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Thank you for your obliging letter, and for the desire you expressed of coming further North, had it been convenient for you. Your steps, I trust, are all ordered by him that cannot err. I doubt not but he leads you where you can bring most glory to his name, and enjoy most of his presence; and here I believe your views all terminate, independent of persons, places, or things: Glorious liberty! May you daily increase in it! and may I also prove all its heights and depths!

If an unperceived degree of self-love does not make the scale preponderate in my own favour, I have not lost ground, but still hold fast that measure of sanctification I received some time ago. Of late I feel a sensible increase. Since I wrote last, God has been more than ever as a place of broad waters unto me. My fellowship is now continually with the Father and the Son, through the eternal Spirit! Without interruption

I see

I see Jesus as the King in his beauty, and feel him nigh. Through mercy I enjoy such a sweet intercourse with him, as I cannot easily express. Wherever I am, or however employed, I am enabled to realize the presence of God; and though often engaged with a variety of persons, places, and things, my soul silently converses with him! Through this intercourse with heaven, my mind is kept in peace, in spite of the various stratagems of the enemy. Yet I do not experience a rapturous joy: it is rather a calm silent enjoyment of God, which spreads a heavenly serenity through my soul. This makes me continually wish to glorify God in every possible way.

At the same time I am kept deeply sensible that I am nothing, and have nothing, but what is freely bestowed. I am also sweetly drawn to forget the things that are behind, and to press on to the possession of every blessing which Christ has purchased for me.

Forgive this tedious account. It is not my usual manner to say so much about myself, but as you asked me the state of my soul, I thought it a call to declare what God had done for me. By thus obliging you, I do myself a favour. Could I add any thing to your spiritual comfort, I should feel a superior pleasure. If you desire to oblige me, continue to write, and speak freely, and thereby you will add to the many obligations already conferred on, Rev. Sir, your affectionate friend in Jesus,

L E T T E R CCCCLIV.

[From Mr. W. P. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Bristol, July 10, 1777:

Rev. Sir,

AS I know that the health of your friends is by no means a matter of indifference to you, I beg leave to point out a circumstance in which it seems to be very materially concerned: I mean the use of Chimney-boards. This piece of good housewifery, (but very bad œconomy) prevails no where more than

than at Bristol; and our friends here have a singular address in the application of them.

In most places where they are used, the Chimney-board stands in front, and if we cannot breath, we need be at no loss for the reason of it. But here it is dexterously placed out of sight, so that we are continually in danger of being suffocated without once suspecting the cause.

When first I came to Bristol, though weary with my journey, I could get no rest; my sleep went from me, and seemed to have taken its final leave, without my being able to assign any reason for it; till accidentally happening to stoop down for something on the hearth, I espied out this ingenious contrivance for excluding the air, and for preserving the fender and fire-shovel, at the expence of one's health. I leave it to your discretion, Sir, what use to make of this hint, and remain, your very affectionate friend and servant,

W. P.

L E T T E R CCCCLV.

[From Mr. J. W. S. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Nantwich, July 2, 1777.

Rev. and dear Sir,

FROM some divine impressions which have for a long time rested on my mind, I am inclined to think that the Lord is pleased to call me to preach the everlasting Gospel of his dear Son. It is about two years since I was first awakened out of my spiritual sleep, since which time I have (through grace) been much built up in faith, love, and holiness, by a close attendance on the Preachers in connection with you. I now spend much of my time in visiting the sick and poor, and in some small degree, I can say, it pleases the Lord to bless my poor endeavours, and encouraged thereby, I could wish to improve my talent by extending my labours, as he shall enable me.

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I lately

I lately received a letter from a Clergyman in the West of England, who had seen a small publication of mine, desiring to know if I intended to enter into Orders, and if so, offering me a Church to preach in, &c. But as nothing, I trust, but obedience to God, and love to poor dying souls induces me to undertake ministerial labours, I could wish to go forth in that way that might (through grace) most advance our dear Redeemer's kingdom. I therefore write, dear Sir, to advise with you, what steps I shall take that may be most likely to promote the glory of God on earth.

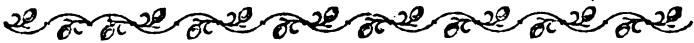
I have the pleasure to inform you, that there is now more enquiry amongst us after eternal things, than has been, probably, ever remembered before. I hope, this good news will bring you to Nantwich when you visit Cheshire again. My wife (who is lately become a child of God) joins me in love to you, and in assuring you we shall be glad to see you at our house, whenever you come into these parts. In granting this, you will greatly oblige,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours in the best of bonds,

J. W. S.

What a lovely simplicity! What pity that such a spirit as this should fall among thieves!



P O E T R Y.

H Y M N to C O N T E N T M E N T.

L OVELY, lasting peace of mind!
 Sweet delight of human-kind!
 Heavenly born and bred on high,
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky:

With

With more of happiness below,
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek contented head!
 What happy region dost thou please
 To make the seat of calm and ease!
 Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
 Encreasing Avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold enthroned.
 The bold adventurer ploughs his way
 Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves:
 The silent heart which grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 See daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought, but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground:
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky;
 converse with stars above and know
 All Nature in its forms below:
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise:

Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
 This world itself if thou art here,
 Is once again in Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus as in the shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And lost in thought, no more perceivéd
 The branches whisper as they wavéd :
 It seeméd, as all the quiet place
 Confesséd the presence of the grace.
 When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will ;
 Bid thy wild passions all be still,
 Know God—and bring thy heart to know,
 The joys that from Religion flow :
 Then evéry grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.

O ! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat ;
 Might I thus my soul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy :
 Raiséd as ancient Prophets were
 In heavenly vision, praise and prayer ;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleaséd and blest with God alone :
 Then while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colours of delight ;
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear and court my song :
 I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
 And thee, great *Source of Nature* sing.

The Sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world, and give the day.
 The Moon that shines with borrowéd light ;
 The Stars that gild the gloomy night :
 The Sea that rolls unnumberéd waves ;
 The Wood that spreads its shady leaves ;

The

The Field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain;
 All of these, and all I see,
 Shall be fung, and fung by me:
 They speak their nature as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your *busy*, or your *vain* extremes,
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the *next* begun in *this*.

*An Extract from an Elegiac Poem on the Death of Mr. GREY:
 who died, July 31, 1771, aged 55.*

'TIS done, 'tis done—the iron hand of pain,
 With ruthless fury, and corrosive force,
 Racks every joint, and seizes every vein;
 He sinks, he groans, he falls a lifeless corse!

Thus fades the flower, nipp'd by the frozen gale,
 Though once so sweet, so lovely to the eye!
 Thus the tall oaks, when boisterous storms assail,
 Torn from the earth, a mighty ruin lie.

Ye sacred sisters of the plaintive verse,
 Now let the stream of fond affection flow;
 Or pay your tribute o'er the slow drawn hearse,
 With all the manly dignity of woe.

Oft when the curfew tolls its parting knell,
 With solemn pause yon church-yard's gloom survey,
 While sorrow's sighs, and tears of pity tell,
 How just the moral of the poet's lay.

O'er his lovèd grave, in Contemplation's guise,
 Oft let the pilgrim drop a silent tear;
 Oft let the shepherd's louder accents rise,
 Big with the sweets of each revolving year.

The

*The following Verses were addressed to his Royal Highness Prince
ADOLPHUS FREDERICK, on his birth day, Feb. 24, 1787.*

[By the English Gentlemen at Gottingen.]

HAIL honourèd Youth! of native worth possess,
With wit, with sense, with manly virtue blest;
Accept our tribute, nor refuse the praise
Which merit claims, and justice freely pays.

Thy verdant spring, which softly steals away,
Mild blessings shedding on each passing day,
Breaths joy and hope, whilst health with cheerful train,
And pleasures triumph unalloyèd with pain:
These are the halcyon days, when blooming youth
Exults in lovely innocence and truth.

Year rolls on year, and soon swift flying time
Must bear thee to the world's tempestuous clime;
Rude passions there, and pleasure's quicksands wait;
To urge thee on, to all the ills of fate.
There flattery with her fair delusive smile
Tells her false tale, and labours to beguile.
Ah! hear her not, attend to Reason's voice,
In every action let her guide thy choice.
So safely borne on life's impetuous tide,
Shall all thy future years with honour glide.

When war with loud and horrid cry alarms,
And the shrill clarion sounding calls to arms,
Then may thy ripenèd virtue lead thee forth
To prove to an expecting world thy worth.
Strong may ambition in thy bosom glow,
And pluck fresh laurels to adorn thy brow.

Thy

Thy name recorded in historic page,
 Famed by the Swede, the hero of his age,
 Who thunderéd through the land, and on his shield
 Engravéd a conquest, ere he took the field,
 Shall gain new glory, and with lustre shine
 Pure as the brilliant jewel in the mine.

No ruined walls shall own thy fatal hand,
 Or mark thy progress through a ravagéd land;
 But mourning peasants blest by thee shall smile,
 And the worn labourer forget his toil.

No wretch oppresséd by poverty and pain,
 Shall tell his melting tale to thee in vain;
 With pity's warmth thy generous breast shall glow,
 And soft compassion wipe the tear from woe:
 Thy country's foes shall then with wonder own,
 Another Scipio in our Sovereigns son.
 With such fair views illustrious youth proceed,
 To grace thy country by each noble deed;
 Tread in thy honouréd father's steps, and feel
 His ardent passion for the public weal.

In thee Adolphus, may the world admire
 All that is worthy of thy royal Sire,
 In every action, every virtue shine,
 Honour and truth, benevolence be thine.
 Proceed lovéd Prince! pursue thy chosen plan,
 And "dare do all that may become a man."—

On RICHES.

WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,
 Than for lucre his freedom to give?
 Ever buy the means of life to secure,
 And so ever neglecting to live.

Invironéd

Inviron'd from morning to night in a crowd,
 Not a moment unbent, or alone,
 Constrain'd to be abject, though never so proud,
 And at every one's call, but his own!

Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,
 Yet studiously flying it still;
 With the means of enjoying his wish in his power;
 But accurst with his wanting the will.

For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
 Before he has leisure to rest:
 He must add to his store this or that pretty sum;
 And then wilt have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
 Only swell the desire of his eye,
 Such a wretch, let mine enemy live, if he please;
 Let not even mine enemy die.

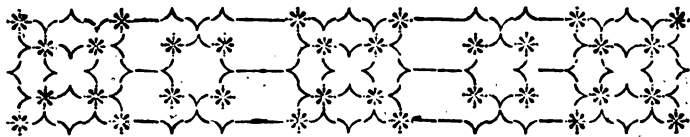
EPITAPH *on a MAN and his WIFE.*

HERE sleep, whom neither life, nor love,
 Nor friendship's strictest tye,
 Could in such close embrace as thou,
 Thou faithful grave ally.

Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
 For bonds of love divine,
 For union only more complete,
 Thou faithful grave than thine.

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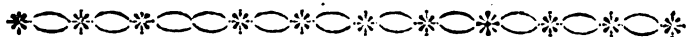




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Arminian Magazine,

For M A Y 1788.



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

C H A P. II.

*Arguments to prove the Freedom of the Will, as well from
Necessity, as from Co-action.*

[Continued from page 172.]

NOW hence we may discern the vanity, the fallshood and hypocrisy of all these tenders of the gospel to reprobates, as they are expounded by these men, viz. that when God offers to them life and salvation, and all other spiritual blessings, he dealeth very sincerely, and in good earnest with them; because he will certainly afford them all these blessings, upon performance of the conditions on which they are tendered, viz. *If you be willing, if you repent and turn from your iniquities; if you believe, all your iniquities shall be blotted*

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out. And again, *Whofoever will, let him come and drink of the waters of life freely. Ho! every one that thirfteth come ye to the waters; Whofoever believeth in me fhall not perifh, but have everlafting life*; with infinite paffages of the like nature. All thefe, fay they, are offers made in good earneft, and with fincerity to all; and therefore to the reprobate; becaufe God's meaning, when he offers glory to any man if he believes and perfeveres, is truly to perform it, if he do fo: no decree of reprobation excludeth any man from falvation, provided that he repent and believe. For hence it plainly follows, that his true will is flatly to deny them thefe bleffings, and to promife them nothing. And fuch a promife, faith *Puffendorf*, differs only from a downright negative in this, that it is more affronting, by making the promife run affirmatively, and yet clogging it with an impoffible condition. Seeing then thefe men teach, that the abfolute decree of God, not to give faith, repentance, and eternal life to *Judas*, or to any other reprobate, is that which we underftand by the word reprobation, and this is never abrogated by any conditional promife. Muft not the falvation promifed to *Judas*, only on condition of faith and repentance, be promifed upon an impoffible condition, and fo be equivalent to this negative, *Judas* fhall not be faved? Laftly, fince, to be found in a miferable and damnable eftate, and under a determination not to be brought out of it, or fitted for eternal life; but left to their own will, which will be infufficient to attain falvation; muft it not clearly follow, that falvation can only be tendered to them upon conditions impoffible to be performed, and fo by fuch a feeming and hypocritical tender muft be effectually denied them.

It alfo plainly follows from all thofe fcriptures which have been offered to prove that men at prefent are in a ftate of trial; it being evidently abfurd to make a trial whether men will repent, believe, or perfevere, who are determined by him who makes the trial fo to do; or whether they will
 come

come out of their miserable estate, whom God hath determined, from all eternity, to bring out of that state, and render fit for that happiness; or whether they will do this whom, by his decree of reprobation, he hath determined not to bring out of it; and this being only in effect to try whether they will null his absolute decrees; whether they will do, or neglect what these decrees have rendered impossible for them to do, or neglect.

Again, It follows from all that hath been offered, to shew that God calls habitual sinners, to turn to him from their evil ways; it being evidently vain and absurd, to make these exhortations to men determined to the contrary, and left by God's decree of reprobation to the deficient rule of their own wills, and so under a necessity of being deficient in the performance of what is necessary to their reformation.

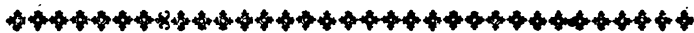
Again, It follows from all those scriptures produced there, to shew that God hath set before men good and evil, life and death, and left it to their choice, upon the motives and powerful encitements offered to them in the word, to embrace the one or the other; this being in effect a declaration on God's part, that he hath not by any decree of his, determined some to be good; or left others under a necessity of failing of salvation, or of chusing evil.

Again, It follows from all that hath been said of God's serious invitations of all men to repent, believe, and be converted, and his patheticall desires of their reformation; they being certain demonstrations that he did not conceive they lay under an incapacity of repenting, believing and turning to him.

Once more, It follows from all his commands and exhortations to wicked men *to turn from the evil of their ways, that iniquity may not be their ruin*; and all his threats of the most dreadful judgments to them who still continue in them; and all the promises of pardon, life and salvation made to those

who do sincerely turn to him. For as these things plainly shew that what God requires may be done; what he exhorts to, is possible for them to perform, by the assistance of that grace which he is ready to afford them; that the evils which he threateneth may be avoided, and what he promises may be obtained by them.

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XLV.

On PSALM viii. 3, 4.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man?

HOW often has it been observed, That the Book of Psalms, is a rich treasury of devotion, which the wisdom of God has provided to supply the wants of his children in all generations? In all ages the Psalms have been of singular use, to those that loved or feared God. Not only to the pious *Israelites*, but to the children of God in all nations. And this book has been of sovereign use to the Church of God, not only while it was in its state of infancy (so beautifully described by *St. Paul* in the former part of the fourth chapter to the *Galatians*) but also since, in the fulness of time, *life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel*. The Christians in every age and nation, have availed themselves of this divine treasure, which has richly supplied the wants, not only of *babes in Christ*, of those who were just setting out in the ways of God, but of those also who had made good progress therein, yea of such as were swiftly advancing, toward *the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ*.

The

The subject of this Psalm is beautifully proposed in the beginning of it, *O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens!* It celebrates the glorious Wisdom and Love of God, as the Creator and Governor of all things. It is not an improbable conjecture, that *David* wrote this Psalm in a bright star-light night, while he observed the moon also *walking in her brightness*: that while he surveyed

“ This fair half-round, the ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and beautifully bright,
With stars unnumberèd and unmeasurèd light,”

he broke out, from the fulness of his heart, into that natural exultation, *When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, What is man!* How is it possible, that the Creator of these, the innumerable armies of heaven and earth, should have any regard to this speck of creation, whose time *passeth away like a shadow!*

“ Thy frame but dust, thy stature but a span,
A moment thy duration, foolish man!”

‘ *What is man?* I would consider this, first, with regard to his Magnitude, and secondly, with regard to his Duration.

I. 1. Consider we, first, What is man, with regard to his magnitude. And in this respect, what is any one individual, compared to all the inhabitants of *Great-Britain*? He shrinks into nothing in the comparison. How inconceivably little is one compared to eight or ten millions of people? Is he not

“ Lost like a drop in the unbounded main?”

2. But

2. But what are all the inhabitants of *Great-Britain*, compared to all the inhabitants of the earth? These have frequently been supposed to amount to about four hundred millions. But will this computation be allowed to be just, by those who maintain *China* alone to contain fifty-eight millions? If it be true, that this one empire contains little less than sixty millions, we may easily suppose, that the inhabitants of the whole terraqueous globe amount to four thousand millions of inhabitants, rather than four hundred. And what is any single individual, in comparison of this number?

3. But what is the magnitude of the Earth itself, compared to that of the Solar System. Including, beside that vast body the Sun, so immensely larger than the Earth, the whole train of primary and secondary Planets: several of which (I mean of the secondary Planets; suppose the Setellites or Moons of Jupiter and Saturn) are abundantly larger than the whole Earth.

4. And yet what is the whole quantity of matter contained in the Sun and all these primary and secondary Planets, with all the spaces comprized in the Solar System, in comparison of that which is pervaded by those amazing bodies, the Comets? Who but the Creator himself can tell the number of these, and call them all by their names? Yet what is even the orbit of a Comet, and the space contained therein, to the space which is occupied by the fixt Stars? which are at so immense a distance from the Earth, that they appear when they are viewed through the largest telescope, just as they do to the naked eye.

5. Whether the bounds of the Creation do or do not extend, beyond the region of the fixt Stars, who can tell? only the *morning-stars*, who sang together, when the foundations thereof were laid. But that it is finite, that the bounds of it are fixt, we have no reason to doubt. We cannot

cannot doubt, but when the Son of God had finished all the work which he created and made, he said

“ These be thy bounds !
This be thy just circumference, O world !”

But what is man to this ?

6. We may take one step, and only one step farther still. What is the space of the whole creation, what is all finite space, that is, or can be conceived, in comparison of infinite? What is it but a point, a cypher, compared to that, which is filled by Him that is all in all ! Think of this, and then ask, *What is man ?*

7. What is man, that the great God, who filleth heaven and earth, *the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity*, should stoop so inconceivably low, as to be *mindful of him*? Would not reason suggest to us, that so diminutive a creature would be overlooked by him in the immensity of his works? Especially when we consider,

II. Secondly, What is man, with regard to his Duration?

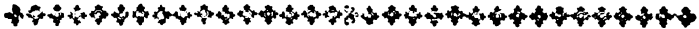
1. *The days of man*, since the last reduction of human life, which seems to have taken place in the time of *Moses*, (and not improbably was revealed to the man of God, at the time that he made this declaration) *are threescore years and ten*. This is the general standard which God hath now appointed. *And if men be so strong*, perhaps one in a hundred, *that they come to fourscore years, yet then is their strength but labour and sorrow: so soon passeth it away, and we are gone!*

2. Now what a poor pittance of duration is this, compared to the life of *Methuselah*? *And Methuselah lived nine hundred, and sixty and nine years*. But what are these nine hundred, and sixty-nine years, to the duration of an angel? which began *or ever the mountains were brought forth*, or the foundations of the earth were laid. And what is the duration which has past, since

since the creation of angels, to that which ~~past~~ ^{passed} before they were created, to unbeginning eternity? To that half of eternity (if one may so speak) which had then elapsed! And what are three score years and ten to this?

3. Indeed what proportion can there possibly be, between any finite and infinite duration? What proportion is there between a thousand, or ten thousand years, or ten thousand times ten thousand ages to eternity? I know not that the inexpressible disproportion between any conceivable part of time and eternity, can be illustrated in a more striking manner, than it is in the well-known passage of *St. Cyprian*. "Suppose there was a ball of sand as large as the globe of earth; and suppose one grain of this were to be annihilated in a thousand years; yet that whole space of time wherein this ball would be annihilating, at the rate of one grain in a thousand years, would bear less, yea unspeakably, infinitely less proportion to eternity, than a single grain of sand would bear, to that whole mass." What then are the seventy years of human life, in comparison of eternity? In what terms can the proportion between these be expressed? It is nothing, yea infinitely less than nothing!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



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

[*Continued from page 181.*]

SOME years ago, Morgan, Whalley, Brett, and Dupree; with two more, agreed upon a party of pleasure, at the election of a member for Chelmsford in Essex; who after they had glutted themselves with immoderate eating and drinking, they consented to divert themselves by going out upon the highway and robbing the first person that came in
their

their way. Accordingly they met with a farmer, and robbed him of all his money. The farmer, having met with assistance, pursued them into Chelmsford, where they were taken, sent to London, and there tried and cast.

Brett was the son of an eminent divine in Dublin! Whalley a gentleman of considerable fortune; Dupree was a gentleman! and Morgan an officer on board one of his Majesty's ships of war! The last of these was frequently visited by Lady E. H. (the Duke of H's daughter) both before and after sentence. As I seldom failed to be present with them at their several interviews in Newgate, I understood, if this affair had not happened, Mr. Morgan and Lady Betty were to have been married in a very short time.

This Lady went daily to his Majesty, as did also others who had great influence, and pleaded for the life of Mr. Morgan; but his Majesty considering it a point of injustice, as well as partiality, would by no means attend to her petitions. However, the morning before the execution Lady B. H. appeared before his Majesty, and fell upon her knees, in tears. "My Lady, said his Majesty, there is no end to your importunity; I will spare his life, upon condition that he be not acquainted therewith till he arrives at the place of execution." Accordingly Brett, Whalley, and Dupree, were tied up to the gallows; the other cart with Morgan, and two others, followed; but the sheriff, upon ordering the coach to stop, produced the respite for Morgan. It is hard to express the sudden alarm this made among the multitude; and when I turned round and saw one of the prisoners out of the cart, falling to the ground, he having fainted away at the sudden news, I was seized with terror, as I thought it was a rescue, rather than a reprieve; but when I beheld Morgan put into a coach, and perceived that Lady B. H. was seated therein, my fear was at an end.

As soon as Morgan was gone, a venerable gentleman, addressing himself to Dupree, begged him to look stedfastly to

God, in whose presence he would shortly appear, and hoped, the mercy his companion had received would have no bad effect upon him. Dupree, with all calmness and composure of mind, said, "Sir, I thank God that he is thus reprieved; it does not by any means affect me." This gave the gentleman much satisfaction. When prayers were ended, I addressed each of them in the most solemn words I was capable of; which I hope were not in vain, as they all appeared entirely resigned to their fate. Brett earnestly craved the prayers of the multitude; and conjured them all to take warning by the untimely end of the three objects of their present attention. When they were turned off, and the mob nearly dispersed, I hastened back to Newgate, and there seriously conversed with Morgan, who, in consequence of the unexpected reprieve, was scarcely recovered.

In the course of our conversation he told me that a few minutes previous to, and at the arrival of his reprieve, he was in so happy a state, that he could scarce tell whether life or death was most desirable; yet, when about six weeks were elapsed, it appeared, that the impression made by his Majesty's lenity was clearly worn off; for one day I detected him in playing at cards. I then laid before him the folly of such proceedings, and such conduct as that (viz. playing at cards) and intreated him to lay his cards aside, and never resume them more. In consequence of this remonstrance he laid aside his cards, and promised to take my advice. But whether he stood to his word I cannot tell. If he again returned to folly, as is too often the case, he must stand to the consequences. For as I fully delivered my soul, and did all in my power to save him, in time and eternity, I am clear; therefore his blood must be on his own head.

[*To be continued.*]

*The EXPERIENCE of J. B. of St. HELLIER'S in the Isle
of JERSEY.*

[Continued from page 184.]

16. **A**BOUT this time she went into the country for the recovery of her health. Having occasion to exhort in the house where she lodged, I advised her to keep low, lest she should be exalted by the multitude of revelations. Hereupon she wrote to me the following letter, dated the 9th of March.

“ The Lord’s favours to me are innumerable. Yesterday he held me so closely united to himself, that I was not able to converse with you. Since you spoke to me on the subject of humility, I have found an increase of the Lord’s goodness, and I find more joy in considering my own nothingness, than even in considering what he has done for me. And when the tears of humility flow abundantly from my eyes, it is then I find the most secret, the most holy, and the most solid joy. On Monday, being alone before the Lord, when I felt his love, together with deep humility, I rendered thanks to him for all his favours, and begged of him to shew me what I needed. He said, “ Abide always at my feet, and take particular care never to depart from thence, lest Satan who is always at hand should seduce thee to evil.” I then begged that he would grant me the grace never to go out from thence. Upon which he said, “ My presence shall go with thee and accompany thee to the end.” I intreat you, Sir, to speak to me much of humility, that I may never lose it; but increase therein more and more. I do not ascribe any thing to you: but I know the Lord has used, and does use you for my good. To him be glory eternally!
I am, &c.”

17. On March 11, she wrote thus. I find, thanks be to God, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost, dwelling in my soul. After preparing the place, it is the will of the Holy Trinity to make their settled abode therein, as being their own house, and they have taken possession of it, to go out no more for ever. O happy state, to be counted worthy to receive God, the Holy One, yea, Holiness itself: whom the angels adore in heaven; and before whom they cover their faces with their wings! How pure then ought the place of his abode to be? Inasmuch that if his blessed Spirit did not cleanse the hearts of his children from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, the Lord would never deign to abide there, as in his proper dwelling. Happy they who entertain this divine Ghost! They need no longer fear any evil, being in peace and rest under the government of so good a King! Glory be to our God, for giving me this happy lot! To have his kingdom set up, over all the faculties of my soul and body! May the Lord of heaven and earth be eternally praised for the same, through Christ Jesus!

18. March 29. I vowed to the Lord, not to eat bread or drink water, till I had a favourable answer, in behalf of his dear people in the Island, who are so persecuted for his sake. And this day being appointed for prayer on the occasion, I went to the Meeting, and intreated the Lord for them, and received a promise, that they should be delivered.

It is remarkable, that the persecution which had continued for several months, of which they had no hopes of obtaining redress by law, immediately ceased from this time. So did God hear the prayer. In the evening as I was praying, the Lord poured his spirit into all the faculties of my soul. It is out of my power to tell the effect it had both on my soul and body. It seemed to run through all my veins: it animated my soul with more love than before, and united me more closely to God. I was as it were swallowed up in the ocean of the infinite love of God.

19. Sunday,

19. Sunday, April 2. This was a peculiarly solemn day to my soul. After dinner I went to the Meeting, and during the sermon I felt a great work carrying on in my soul, in an incomprehensible manner. I was conscious the Lord was carrying on the wonderful work of my sanctification. It made me faint away several times. In the evening, while the Preacher was representing to the rioters the judgments of God, which hung over their heads, I had so clear a view of them, as filled me with unfeigned love for their poor souls, and induced me to pray fervently for them. And I felt I could have poured out the last drop of my blood to retrieve them from ruin.

20. Tuesday, May 2. Being at prayer, I beheld the angels casting their crowns before the throne, and worshipping him that liveth for ever and ever. And I was suddenly wrapt up into heaven with them. The same day, after dinner, I was quite absorbed in God. I saw him seated on his throne of glory: indeed it was but a glimpse, an imperfect view: yet it was in a wonderful manner, his glory beaming forth like the sun at noon-day! The Lord be praised for granting me to be at all times closely united to himself: although it is true, I am some days more closely united than others.

Sunday 14. Being at the preaching, I was so overpowered, that I became quite insensible. But though my outward senses were locked up, I thought I heard the angels before the throne crying out aloud, Glory, and honour, and wisdom, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!

At present I can only say, O how happy are my days! I scarce know any difference between them; the Lord, who is nothing but love, giving me every day to rest in his bosom!

[To be concluded in our next.]

An



An Account of S. MALLITT.

[By Mr. William Mallitt.]

[*Concluded from page 188.*]

13. **I**N September the Lord visited me again with affliction, the particulars of which my uncle has given you better than I can do. For during my fits I was utterly senseless: but when I came to myself I could well remember, the place where I had been preaching, and the words I had been speaking from. I grew weaker and weaker, and expected to die soon; but death was a welcome messenger: and the foretaste of those joys to which I thought I was just going, took off the edge of my pains. In my sharpest pains I thought, what is all this to what I should have suffered, had not the Son of God suffered for me? And I continually said, "Lord, give me thyself, and then deal with me as thou pleasest!" In this affliction He weaned me from the creature, from all created good: so that the world was utterly dead to me, and I unto the world.

14. And in this affliction God made known, notwithstanding all my resistance, the work he had called me to do; and not to me only, but to all that were round about me, by opening my mouth, whether I would or no. While every sense was locked up, the Lord prepared me for the work which he had prepared for me. And I thought, if He should restore me, I would spend my latest breath in declaring his dying love to sinners. From this time my strength continually increasing, my uncle asked, "Have you any objection to speaking in public?" I answered, "Whatever is in your mind concerning me, I consider as appointed of God." So in the beginning of February 1786, he desired me to speak in his Preaching-House. Fear and shame caused me to tremble

at

at first. But the Lord gave me strength and loosed my tongue. At this Satan was much displeas'd. I had fighting without and within. Professors and prophane seem'd engag'd against me. And I had no earthly friend to give me any encouragement, but those with whom I lived. These words had follow'd me for near a year, *Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake*: and so did those, *Fear not; for I am with thee: be not afraid: for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee: I will uphold thee with the right-hand of my righteousness.*

15. I now gave myself up to prayer and much watchfulness. I saw a greater need of close walking with God than ever, having the eyes of all upon me; and above all, the eyes of God. He shew'd me daily more of my own weakness, and of his willingness to strengthen me. Yet I often broke out, *O Lord God, behold I am a child!* And often, sensible of the importance of the work, I said, "Why me, Lord? What am I, or my father's house?"

16. I was now appointed to speak in my uncle's house, every other Sunday evening. The Lord gave me light and liberty, and I had great peace in my soul, and more nearness to God than ever. I walk'd continually in the light of his countenance: and sometimes meditating on the dying love of Jesus to a guilty world, I have had such manifestations of his love to my soul, as were more than my body could bear.

17. In this state I continued for some time. But then Satan came in like a flood, endeavouring to persuade me, that I was not call'd of God to this work. Not prevailing this way, he tempted me to spiritual pride: and when he was not able to lift me up, he strove to cast me down, telling me, I had neither learning nor sense for such a work, and that all I said was mere foolishness. I intreated the Lord, to stand by me in the trying hour: and those words were powerfully apply'd to my soul, *If any man lack wisdom, let him*

him ask of God—and it shall be given him. During these temptations I scarce knew what it was to have one whole night's sleep in a week. Sometimes also my soul was so engaged with God, that my sleep departed from me. And sometimes I spent whole nights in reading, chiefly the Holy Scriptures.

18. In the beginning of July, I was invited to a place six miles from *Stratton*. Believing it to be a call from God, I went, after crying mightily to Him for help. I found much liberty in speaking, and a great blessing to my own soul. Many desired me to come again, which I did on the 18th of August, and again on the 10th of September. And in so doing I found a continual increase of love both to Him and to his people. I now find my soul humbled to the dust before God: my whole dependence is on Him. The language of my heart is,

“ Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.”

And, “ Every moment, Lord, I have
The merit of thy death.”

I see I can stand no longer than I stand in Christ. If he left me a moment to myself, I should fall a prey to every temptation. But I see such fulness in God, and such beauty in Christ, as makes me long for more acquaintance with him.

19. Being to preach on the 22d of October, and having a violent head-ach, I was almost persuaded to give it up; especially as I could find but one text to speak from, and had but little light on that. One of my friends coming in, I told him my distress, and said, “ I fear you will have no Preacher to-night.” He said, “ Will you be on the devil's side? Be on God's side.” I thought, so I will. I laid my
candle

cause before the Lord, and looked to Him for strength. As soon as I begun speaking, the darkness fled away, and the Lord removed my pain, and gave me light and liberty with a particular blessing to the people.

20. I was so ill on the first of November that I expected to take my leave of this world. Not having an opportunity of seeing my friends, I could cheerfully leave them to God. I was frequently repeating those words,

“ And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die !
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.”

But I was willing to go, or willing to stay, just as the Lord should please. December 4, being much better, I designed to preach; but the pain in my head returned with such violence, that I was not able to lift up my eyes. This troubled me much, lest the people should be disappointed. I intreated the Lord, if it was his will to remove the pain. Before I had given out the first hymn, it was all gone, and the Lord gave a blessing both to me and the people.

21. December 12. I saw more clearly than ever the danger of trusting in any gift I had received. I saw, I must give an account, how I use every gift, and that gifts are not for *me*, but for the benefit of others. It is not gifts that make me alive to God, but grace. Therefore I desire He would increase my gifts, for the good of others, and my grace, for the good of my own soul: that when he calls me to give an account of my stewardship, I may give up my account with joy. On the 25th of December, while I was preaching, my sight was taken away, together with my hearing; so that I could not see the people, nor hear myself speak. For some minutes I thought the Lord was going to give, what I had

often prayed for, namely, That I might resign my breath, in calling sinners to repentance. But I recovered in a few hours, and gave an exhortation in the evening. And I thought, if I had many lives, I would give them all for Him, who gave his own life for me !

Some Account of the Death of Mrs. WALKER: late Mrs. CLAPHAM, of Leeds.

[By John Booth.]

[Concluded from page 191.]

8. SHE went on, "He has spared me, to see the gospel brought under this roof. And I trust it will be preached here, as long as one stone is left upon another?" She then earnestly prayed, that God would hasten the time, when the whole earth should be filled with his glory. As she expressed a particular desire to see *me*, a messenger was sent for me. I came in the evening, and saw such a sight as I never saw before. Her eyes sparkled, as if her soul was just ready to leave the body. She caught hold of my hand and said, "Blessed art thou, O man of God! I was very desirous to see *you*, before I left the world, that we might rejoice and praise God together. You were an angel of God to this house: your Master sent you, and He will reward you! Will you permit me to be your teacher?" On my replying, "I am willing to be taught by any one," she said, "Then abide by the old Methodist-Doctrine. Turn not aside either to the right or left. The Lord give you many seals to your ministry! I am going to glory! The Lord is waiting to receive me! My heart cries, Come, whenever thou wilt: thy will be done!"

9. Then

9. Then pointing to *J. H.* she said, "There is another. When he prayed in a Class at *Henley*, seven or eight years ago, I told them he was to be a Preacher, and I hope he has been a faithful labourer in his Lord's vineyard." As soon as we came up from family prayer, she broke out,

"Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below :
Go, by angel-guards attended :
To the sight of Jesus go."

After this she cried out, "The whole place is filled with the glory of God. He is now waiting to bless you! Seek him with all your hearts, and you will be enabled, with a poor woman, to give praise and glory to God." We thought, she would not live till morning : but she told us, death would not come that night.

10. March 17, I asked her how she was? She answered, "Happy, happy!

"Not a doubt can arise
To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

This is something uncommon : these are not like former blessings. Glory be to God, I am willing to go, or to stay till my Lord calls. Tell it to all around, what God has done for a poor sinner!" After prayer she broke out,

"The world recedes! It disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes: my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings: I mount, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!"

11. On Sunday several called to see her. She preached Jesus to them all: who said, they had never seen such an instance of the power and glory of God before. She cried out, "O that I could describe the glory of the place to which I am going! But you will soon follow. Be faithful unto death, and the crown is ready."

" Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine,
O what a glorious company,
When faints and angels join."

12. After supper we paid her another visit, and found her crying out, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; yea, from *all* sin. But eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him: but God has applied them to my heart. I feel a thousand times more than I can express.

" I ride on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envy Elijah his seat!
My fowl mounts still higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the world it is under my feet."

When we were at prayer, she cried out, "Pray in faith for my father *Walker*, that an old man may become a little child." As soon as we rose from prayer, she got him in her arms and said, "You have been a good father to me, and the Lord is waiting to make you as happy as I am: and that is as much as any one is able to bear in this world. He will give his angels charge over you: this room is full of them!"

13. March

13. March 21. I called upon her, and asking her how she was, she answered,

“ Come, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne :
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.”

“ He is my wine to cheer, my bread to stay.”

He more than supplies all my wants. I have been in my mind round the world to tell what Jesus is ready to do for them.” While one was at prayer, she took hold of my hand and said, “ See ! see ! This place is full of heaven !” And I believe, every one that was present, tasted of the same.

14. On the 22d, being asked, how she was ? she replied, “ Full of God ! full of God !” On the 24th, one asking, Shall we pray ? She answered, “ Rather give thanks. O tell to all around what God has done for a poor sinner ! He does all things well ; for my own good and for his own glory.”

“ My soul breaks out in strong desire
 Thy perfect bliss to prove : :
 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolved in love.”

Sunday 25. Two of her brothers coming to see her, she spent herself in begging them to be ready whenever God should call them. On the 27th, her husband said, “ If God should spare you a little longer, you will have cause to praise him.” She answered, “ If he take me to himself, I shall praise him for ever. But I have no choice : I leave all to him that cannot err.”

15. On the 29th, while Mr. *Walker* was reading to her the thirty-seventh Psalm, and the fifty-fourth chapter of *Isaiah*, she rejoiced

rejoiced in a wonderful manner, and cried out, "I am filled with God! filled with God!" In a while she looked earnestly at the bed's feet, and cried "O Satan, get thee behind me! Glory be to God, thou hast no dominion over me: thou art for ever conquered." The next day, without either sigh or groan, she delivered up her spirit to 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 194.]

THE process of putrefaction may be learned from an easy experiment. Take the green, juicy parts of any fresh vegetable, throw them together in a large heap, in a warm air, and lay a weight upon them. The middle part of the heap will soon conceive a small degree of heat. It will grow hotter and hotter, till it comes to a boiling heat, and is perfectly putrified.

In three days from the first putting them together, the heat will equal that of a human body in health. By the fifth day, the heat will be such as the hand can hardly bear. By the seventh or eighth, all the juices are generally ready to boil. Sometimes the matter will even flame, (as does moist hay) till it burns away. But commonly it acquires a cadaverous taste and smell, and turns into one soft, pulpy mass, much resembling human excrements in the scent, and putrified flesh in the taste.

If this be distilled, there will come from it, 1. An urinous spirit, perfectly like that obtained from animals, and separable by fresh distillation into pure water, and a large quantity

tity of white, dry, volatile salt, not to be distinguished from animal salts. 2. An oily salt, which shoots into globes. 3. A thick, fatid oil, both which are entirely like those of animals. 4. The remainder being calcined in an open fire, yields not the least particle of fixed salt: just as if the subject had been of the animal, not the vegetable kingdom. And this process holds equally in all kinds of vegetables, though of ever so different natures. Yea, in dry vegetables, so they be moistened by water, before they are thrown into heaps.

By this means the difference between one vegetable and another is entirely taken away. By this process, they are all reduced to one common nature: so that wormwood for example, and sage, become one and the same thing. Nay, by this means the difference between vegetables and animals is quite taken away: putrified vegetables being no way distinguishable from putrified flesh. Thus is there an easy and reciprocal transition of animal into vegetable, and of vegetable into animal.

So true it is, that matter, as matter, has no concern, in the qualities of bodies. All depend on the arrangement of the particles, whereof each body consists. Hence water, though tasteless, feeds aromatic mint, and the same earth gives nourishment to bread and poison.

As to this arrangement, the first view of a vegetable gives us an idea, of infinitely numerous and various parts: and so complex, that many have been discouraged from prosecuting the research. But upon examination, the parts which appear so numerous, are reduced to a very small account. For a careful maceration in soft water will shew, that the parts really distinct are only seven. These are 1. An outer bark, 2. an inner rind, 3. a blea, 4. a fleshy substance, 5. a pith. There is between the flesh and the blea, 6. a vascular series, and 7. cones of vessels take their course within the flesh.

Whatever

Whatever part of the plant we examine, we find these, be it a fibre, the root or the stem. We never find more: and tracing these, we see the other parts of the plants are only the productions of them. Thus the root, its descending fibre, and the ascending stalk, we find are one, not three substances. The same seven parts are continued from one to the other, and what are supposed at its summit, to be many new and strange parts, are found to be no more than the terminations of these seven. The external parts are also seven. 1. The cup, 2. The outer petals, 3. The inner petals, 4. The Nectaria, either distinct, or connected in one ring, 5. The filaments, 6. The receptacle of seeds, and 7. The seed-vessels or seeds. And these are only the terminations of the seven constituent substances of the plant. The outward bark terminates in the cup, the inner rind in the outer petals: the blea forms the inner petals, the vascular series ends in the nectaria, and the flesh in the filaments: the cones form the receptacle, the pith, the seed, and their capsules. These are universal in plants, though their course be less plain in some, and their terminations less distinct in others.

Every piece therefore cut from a plant transversely contains all the parts of the plant, ready to grow in length into a stalk upwards, and into a root downwards, and to separate at a due height from the root, into the several parts of the flower.

Thus we see the arrangement of the common particles of matter into a vegetable body, although it be a work worthy of his hand who formed it, yet is not so complex a thing as it appears. And this arrangement being once made in one individual, the species is created for ever. For growth is the consequence of the arrangement, when it has heat and moisture.

[To be continued.]

GOD'S

GOD'S *Revenge* against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[Continued from page 195.]

IF he was before resolved to murder his wife, the present condition of Philatea hurried him on still more. Therefore providing a stronger poison, and in a dark night, taking horse, he rode towards Sprear. He had not got above a mile out of the city, when, at the common place of execution, his horse fell under him right against the gallows, and very much hurt him. What a warning was this, if he had had but grace enough to have taken it! but nothing could stop his career, till he arrived at his house at Sprear, where, contrary to his expectation, he found his daughter Emilia with her mother, who by this time was likewise married to a poor countryman of Sprear; and her presence for this time, put a stop to his design. But because he would not quite lose his labour, he again quarrelled with his wife, and beat and bruised her in a most inhuman manner, in the presence of their daughter Emilia.

Returning to Brescia, it was not long before Philatea again importuned him to provide for the concealment of her shame. Alibius, at this second summons, took horse a little before the gates of the city were shut, and, having his former poison in his pocket, rode away to Sprear; then tying his horse to a tree in the meadow, knocked at the door. Merilla, was in bed with a little girl, named Pomerea, her grandchild, being the daughter of Emilia, whom she sent down, without a candle, to open the door, assuring herself, as indeed it proved too true, that it was her husband Alibius. Pomerea opened the door, and let in one, but she knew not whom, and then out of fear retired to the kitchen, and shut

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herself

herself in, while Alibius went to his wife's chamber, and after some words gave her a potion, which he forced her to take down. Then to make sure work, he took a brand out of the chimney, and therewith knocked her on the head, without giving her time to recommend her poor soul to God.

Pomerea being recovered of her fright, and not hearing any noise, lighted a candle and went up to the chamber, where she had no sooner entered than she saw the lamentable spectacle of her murdered grandmother, yet warm and reeking in her gore. Meantime Alibius galloped away to Brescia, where he arrived by six in the morning, waited upon the Podesta, and conducted him to the Domo, or Cathedral Church of the city.

Pomerea being somewhat recovered from her fright, ran to the neighbours, and gave an account of the murder of her grandmother. The Corrigidors of Sprear, ordered the surgeons to visit the body, who reported that she was both poisoned and beaten to death: then they examined Pomerea, who related all she knew, and afterwards sent all round in search of the murderer. By this time, the news reached Brescia, where Alibius, like a false hypocrite, was all in tears, nay, pretended such concern for his dead wife, that he sent also to many places in quest of the murderer; but at the same time was under the greatest apprehensions that his daughter Emilia, comparing what was acted now, with what was attempted before, might draw such conclusions, as might turn to his destruction, and especially as the Corrigidors of Sprear, suspecting her, had taken surties for her appearance; therefore he, to insinuate with her, used her with more kindness and civility than ever, imagining, that if he could stop her mouth, he need fear no other.

[*To be continued.*]

An



An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.

[Continued from page 197.]

Of other things contrary to the inclinations and desires of men.

BEWARE of detracting from any one behind his back ; but when you are required to give a character of another, be sure it be made up of his most laudable properties. It is a known maxim in heraldry, that all animals born in arms or ensigns are to be interpreted according to their most innocent and noble qualities ; as if a lion be the charge of an escutcheon, we must imagine the things represented to be valour and watchfulness, not cruelty and rapine ; and if a serpent, not venom and malice, but wisdom and subtilty ; much more is this to be observed in the blazoning of our neighbours name. It is a sneaking and cowardly trick to accuse one that is not present to answer for himself, and an instance of no small indiscretion ; if we cannot commend others, prudence enjoins us to be silent, for we create jealousy in those who hear us, that we deal after the same rigid manner in other places with them too ; and it usually falls out that it is revealed, and then a quarrel is commenced, which begins in bitter reproachful words, and proceeds in rough usages, and downright blows, and too often dips its feet in blood. And to this may be added (what we find true by daily experience) That he who sells his brother's credit at a low rate, makes the market for another to buy his at the same price.

When we are among our colleagues whom we desire to please, we do nothing that favours of a domineering spirit, but study to be kind and sociable. Our actions and gestures ought to carry along with them manifest tokens of respect and kindness. And hence it comes to pass that some things, which if

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they

they were done in their proper season could not be blamed, yet in regard of the place and the persons present, deserve to be sharply reprehended. As to chide, and much more to chastise servants, for this is to exercise authority and jurisdiction, which must not be before them we are bound to honour. I might add; that it molests all the company, and interrupts the discourse, especially if it be at the table, a place of joy, not of wrangling. Therefore I say, it is not at all handsome, whatsoever unlucky accident happens, to be angry there. And by all means you are to have a care of this, when you make a feast for strangers and persons of quality, for you invite them to be happy. And as four things eaten by another, if you chance to see what a face he makes, do presently set your teeth on edge; so if one be discomposed, all are prone to be affected with it. He is refractory in the most genuine notion of the word, who sets himself to oppose the inclinations of every one. Now how unlikely this stubbornness is to procure the favour and friendship of others, I leave you to judge, since it consists in crossing their humours and delights, a practice which unavoidably creates hatred and disdain. We should rather comply with their desires, and advance their content, and suck satisfaction from their pleasures, and suit our talk to their sense and notions of things, so far forth as not to violate the laws of modesty and justice; but when courtship and truth come in competition, it is an easy matter to determine our choice, for it is better, no doubt, to be rudely honest, than to be civilly false and injurious.

It does not become us, in our behaviour to be either clownish or reserved; but to demean ourselves with an open and unrestrained familiarity, as though we belonged to the same house. What causeth the different relish and wholesomeness betwixt wild and other plants, but only this? the former grow neglectedly in the wood, and the latter are orderly set and nursed up in the garden. I do not approve of that sullen privacy which some affect, that makes them look like foreigners and guests, rather than companions; but give me the sweet and
 pleasant

pleasant person who uses the same degree of freedom and affability as they do, that are bound fast together in the firmest bonds of a virtuous and inviolable amity. Of this sort were Lælius and Scipio, Cicero and Atticus, Cyrus the younger and Artapates, Titus Volumnius and Lucullus Terentius and Brutus, and (to name no more) the Cimbri and the Celtiberians. To this purpose it is convenient, that every one accustom himself to salute others in an ingenuous and friendly manner, to talk kindly, and return civil answers, and that he frame his whole carriage, after the most popular and easy measures. And therefore they are mightily to blame, that frown upon and brow-beat all that approach them, and never vouchsafe them one gracious smile; that flatly contradict whatever others upon certain knowledge affirm for truth, and entertain the noblest and most affectionate offices of respect and love, with a strange carelessness, and inhuman stupidity; that grumble when they are respectfully accosted; that hate being caressed, and reject all addresses (be they made with never so much obeisance and sense of duty; with a barbarous indignation, and scornful language. As bites and ulcers smart and become angry, even at the very mistrust of the lightest touch: so a distempered sick mind will be greatly offended with little things, insomuch that a complement or a letter, a question or a word, shall presently provoke some to give a challenge. But such morose waspish fellows may expect to be hissed at and exploded, rather than courted and beloved.

[*To be continued.*]

The French and Dutch manner of preserving their BEES.

[*Concluded from page 198.*]

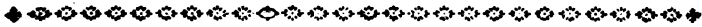
WINTER always destroys a great number of Bees, if not guarded against, and that either by being too cold or
100 warm. When the weather, at this season, is moderately cold,

cold, the Bees always fare best; for they are then chilled into a state of insensibility, and remain asleep without any occasion for food. If the winter be warm they are kept awake; and find themselves under a necessity of eating, they soon devour all their store, and then perish of hunger if not supplied, as the fields now afford them no support. But if the winter be very severe, they are frozen to death, and perish that way. The means they use to guard against such accidents are these: when the winter approaches they examine their hives; those which they find well peopled they only supply with a pot of honey, to serve them in case of hunger: well knowing their numbers will keep them sufficiently warm. But for these hives which are so poorly peopled, that they would be destroyed by the frosts, they provide warm and secure receptacles.

They take as many large tubs as they have hives, and each of these they prepare for the lodgment of one of them; they first take out the head, then setting the other end to the ground, they lay a bed of dry earth or chopped hay in it, of six inches deep, and over this they place the loose head which they struck out; they then make a wooden trough of thin boards, a foot and half long, two inches wide and half an inch deep; they cut a hole in the side of the tub, capable of letting in this trough, and at such a height that it may lay on the false bottom when put in, they then place a pot of honey covered with paper on the middle of the false bottom, and thrusting in the square trough, so that its end sticks three or four inches out at the side of the tub; they place over all the hive, in such a manner that it covers the pot of honey, and its mouth answers to the end of the trough: when this is placed, they fill up the tub with more dry earth or chopped hay, and raise it up in a heap above the top; covering it with a straw cover to keep out the rain; thus it stands securely all winter. The Bees within are defended from the cold, and have honey enough to eat if they have occasion; and out of a row of some hundred tubs it is a rarity to see one fail: but after standing the whole winter, as soon as

WARM

warm weather and flowers appear, the Bees are seen coming out of the trough and returning loaded into the hive by the same way; thus the whole swarms are preserved in health, and are vigorous for feeding and working. And as to the other hives, if any of the Bees become frozen, which they know by their falling to the bottom of the hives, they warm them on a plate before the fire, which brings them to life again, and they return them to the hive, covering it with a little straw, to prevent the cold from affecting it so severely for the future. Thus our neighbours preserve and have the increase of all their swarms, and the vast quantity of honey they yearly obtain is nothing to what it will increase to in a few years more, if they continue this method of preserving their Bees; which it will be very easy for our farmers to put in practice as well as theirs.



*An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S
Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

*Of Dr. Priestley's Argument for Necessity, from the Divine
Prescience.*

[Continued from page 203.]

DR. Priestley attempts to prove the doctrine of necessity from the universal prescience of God. But here, as usual, he begs the question, taking for granted, what he has not proved. I am sensible if it be admitted, that God certainly foreknows every action and passion of every man, that is yet to come, there needs no other argument to support an absolute and uncontrolable necessity; because if certainly foreknown, they must all inevitably come to pass. I shall therefore produce my reasons, why I believe that God certainly foreknows every thing Dr. Priestley asserts. He says, (page 21st) "If man be possessed of a power of self-determination, the Deity himself cannot

cannot control it, and if he does not control it, he cannot foresee." This appears to me very inconsistent reasoning. If man (at all times under the control of his maker, if he pleases) be possessed of a power of self-determination, God cannot control it. He surely can. An Almighty God can undoubtedly control man's power of self-determination; but because God can always do this, if he pleases, is it fair to conclude, that he always will so do? If so, man is not under the control of God; but of necessity. I may with as much propriety assert, that if man be possessed of a power to wash his own hands, the Deity himself cannot control it. We should never limit Almighty power by asserting it unable to effect any thing, unless it be what implies a contradiction in its own nature. But the Doctor adds, "If he [God] does not control it, he cannot foresee it. Equally inconsistent! Another limitation of Almighty power! The argument may be reduced to this. Either God does control every thing, or he does not. If he does, then things come to pass in spite of his control. If he does not control all or any of them, then according to Dr. Priestley, he cannot foresee all or any of them, and consequently in such a case all things come to pass, without a possibility of God's foreseeing them, because he does not control them. In opposition to all this, I maintain that Almighty God can, if he pleases, foreknow and foresee every thing that is yet to come, and can necessarily influence every creature, visible or invisible, corporeal or mental, to act as he pleases in every thing, and at all times, according to what he determines so to foreknow. Yet, we must not argue, because the thing is possible, that it is so in fact. On the contrary, it is equally possible to an Almighty power to create a set of creatures with power to choose or refuse, to act or not to act in many things at pleasure, without that choice or refusal, that action or non-action, being foreknown by any being whatever; and also without being necessitated by any definite motives whatever, to a certain definite, or certainly foreknown mode of action, thus creating them in

his

his own likeness, with full liberty, in many cases, to act as they please. I suppose no man will deny that God could make such creatures, since this implies no contradiction. The question is, whether men are, or are not creatures endowed with this liberty. Our consciousness, our daily experience and constant practice in life, all conspire to inform us that we are such creatures. If then the revelation of Almighty God confirms the same, we can have no doubt remaining. Let us examine it with this view. Dr. Priestley says, (page 21) "The whole history of revelation shews, that every determination of the mind of man is certainly foreknown by the Divine Being." I confess I can find no such expression, nor any thing equivalent to it. One would from hence be induced to think, that Dr. Priestley's Bible and mine are not the same. The Doctor finds this shewn in the whole history of revelation, and I cannot find it at all. However, when the matter comes out, so far from every determination of the mind of man being foreknown, it proves only to be some that are so: one instance of which he gives in the death of our Saviour. He says, "This event was certainly foreseen, for it entered into the plan of Divine Providence." This I allow (with many more particular instances in scripture) to have been predetermined and foreseen after Adam's transgression. But from one particular instance, or even a number of particulars, we cannot infer a general conclusion, or an absolute certainty that it is, and always will be so. All the places in which God's foreknowledge is mentioned in the New Testament, that I know, are Acts ii. 23. Romans viii. 29. 1 Peter i. 2. and again, 1 Peter i. 20. For though in this last place it stands in our translation fore-ordained; yet in the original it is *προεγνωσμενον*. But in none of these places is God's foreknowledge said to extend to every action and passion of every man. They only represent some particular thing spoken of to be foreknown by God. I remember no assertion of

God's universal foreknowledge in all the scriptures. In the first mentioned text, Acts ii. 23, "Him being delivered by the determined counsel and foreknowledge of God ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." But because he foreknew this, can we infer that he must and does foreknow every action and passion of every man? In the second text, (Romans viii. 29.) "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate, &c." If one could infer from this, an absolute general foreknowledge in God; then he must equally foreknow all, and the consequence would be that all would be equally predestinated. He predestinated *all whom he did foreknow*. A still further consequence evidently follows in the next verse, viz. that all would be equally called, justified, and glorified. For he glorified *all that he justified*, and justified *all that he called*, and called *all that he predestinated*, and predestinated *all that he did foreknow*. If then God foreknows all, he glorifies all; which is, I think, what no person will allow. Hence, no general foreknowledge can be proved from this text, but the contrary. To know in scripture language frequently means to have an esteem for, to approve or favour. And therefore whom he did foreknow, may signify, those whom he before or already approved of, upon the account of what they had done, those he did predestinate or determine to be conformed to the image of his Son, by the assistance of his Holy Spirit; or it may signify that he foreknew some particular persons, whom in consequence of such foreknowledge he was determined to predestinate and glorify, without foreknowing and predestinating any one to irresistible destruction.

[To be continued.]

The

Fœcundus est ager pauperum, cito reddit donantibus fructum,
Aug. Serm. de Divite. The field of the poor is very fruitful,
 and quickly yieldeth an increase to the charitable.

The same Father in his 25th sermon, *de verbis Domini*, brings in Christ speaking thus, *Da mihi id quod dedi tibi, habuisti me largitorem, fac me debitorem, &c.* Give to me of that which I have given to thee. I have been thy benefactor, make me thy debtor, become an usurer to me, and I will pay thee with advantage. And in one of his Epistles, *Da modicum ut recipias centuplum.* Give a little, and thou shalt receive a hundred-fold.

Da pauperi ut detur tibi, quicquid pauperi dederis tu habeas, quod non dederis, habebit alter. Give to the poor, and it shall be given to thee. Whatsoever thou givest to the poor, thou securest to thyself; what thou withholdest, another shall possess. *Pet. Raven.*

Deus his solvit hoc fœnus, scilicet semel in terra, Secundo in celo. In terra enim elemosynariis multiplicat opes, in celo autem longe plura, & majora rependit. God twice pays what is lent to him, once in this world, by multiplying the wealth of alms-givers; and then in heaven he pays it over and over. *Cornelius a Lapid.* Prov. xix. 17. Dr. Hammond, in his sermon on Deut. xxvi. 12, 13, layeth down this proposition, "That almsgiving, was never the wasting or lessening of any man's estate, to himself or his posterity; but rather the encreasing of it."

Dr. Jeremy Taylor in his Rules of Holy Living, treating of alms, Sect. 8. among other motives hath this: "That portion of our estate out of which a tenth or fifth, or some offering to God, and the poor goes forth, certainly returns with a great blessing upon all the rest." It is like the infusion of oil by the Sidonian woman, as long as she poured into empty vessels, it could never cease running:—or like the widow's barrel of meal, it consumed not as long as she fed the Prophet.

Dr,

Dr. Thomas Jacomb, in his sermon on Matt v. 7, preached at the Spittle, 1657, saith, "God will return to the merciful man what he gives to the poor; he will reward him in kind: that look whatever it is that he bestows, shall in the very kind be made up to him again; many have found this to be true: in the morning they have given, may be, five shillings, and before night God hath brought them in unexpectedly twenty for it. The best way for a man to increase his estate is charity: money, here like the widow's oil, the more it is poured out, the more it doth increase, &c. And page 26, No man shall be the poorer at the year's end for what he lays out upon the poor; you shall have your money again, and improvement for it too."

The author of the Whole Duty of Man, treating of alms in partition, p. 17, saith, "There is but one objection to be made against a cheerful giver of alms, and that is, The danger of impoverishing one's self by what one gives." To which he answers in these words; "that this is sure a vain supposition; God having particularly promised the contrary to the charitable: *That it shall bring blessings on them, even in these outward things. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth, shall be watered also himself,* Prov. xi. 25. *He that giveth to the poor shall not lack,* Prov. xxviii. 27. And many the like texts there are, so that one may truly say, This objection is grounded in direct unbelief. The short of it is, we dare not trust God; for this giving to the poor, is directly the putting our wealth into his hands: *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord,* Prov. xix. 17. and that too on solemn promise of repayment, as it follows in that verse, *That which he hath given will he pay him again.* It is amongst men thought a great disparagement, when we refuse to trust them; it shews we either think them not sufficient, or not honest. How vile an affront is it then to God thus to distrust him? Nay indeed, how horrid blasphemy, to doubt the security of that for which he thus expressly pass his word,

who

who is the Lord of all, and therefore cannot be insufficient: and who is the God of truth, and therefore will not fail to make good his promise? Let not then that infidel fear of future-want contract and shut up thy bowels from thy poor brother; for though he be never like to pay, yet God becomes his surety, and enters bond with him, and will most assuredly pay thee with increase.

“Therefore it is so far from being damage to thee thus to give, that it is thy great advantage. Any man would rather chuse to put his money into some sure hand, where he may both improve, and be certain of it at his need, than to let it lie unprofitable by him, especially if he be in danger of thieves or other accidents, by which he may probably lose it: now alas! all that we possess is in imminent danger of being lost: innumerable accidents there are, which may in an instant bring a rich man to beggary; he that doubts this, let him but read the story of Job, and he will there find an example of it. And therefore what so prudent a course can we take for our wealth, as to put it out of the reach of those accidents, by thus lending it to God, where we may be sure to find it ready at our greatest need, and that too with improvement and increase? In which respect it is, that the Apostle compares alms to seed, 2 Cor. ix. 10. We know it is the nature of seed that is sown, to multiply and increase; and so do all our acts of mercy, they return not single, and naked to us, but bring in their sheaves with them, a most plenteous and bountiful harvest. God deals not with our alms, as we too often do with his graces, wrap them up in a napkin, so that they shall never bring in any advantage to us, but makes us most rich returns. And therefore we have all reason, most cheerfully, yea, joyfully, to set to this duty, which we have such invitations to, as well in respect of our own interests, as our neighbours needs.” Thus have you the truth of the point proved both by divine and human testimonies.

[To be continued.]

On

On the S L A V E - T R A D E.

To ———,

Manchester, January 1, 1788.

Sir,

AT the instance of the Subscribers in this place, for the relief of the oppressed Africans, I request your attention to the enormity and impolicy of the African Slave-Trade, as they have been lately held out to the public.

We apprehend that the forcible seizure of the Africans in their native country, (encouraged by the support afforded the traffic by this and other European nations) the miseries attending their transportation to our settlements, the excessive labours and disproportionate punishments to which they are subjected there, and the annual condemnation of so many thousands of innocent persons to unlimited slavery, are evils which demand a full and speedy redress from a free people.

And when we add to these Considerations, this undeniable fact, that the *principle* of the Trade cannot be defended on the ground of *common honesty*, we think ourselves entitled to assert that it is the duty of every man, as a Citizen, and as a Christian, to signify his detestation of this long-continued abuse.

It is the opinion, not only of the Manchester Subscribers, but of the London Committee, who stand first in this cause, that applications to Parliament, from different parts of the kingdom, representing the nature of the grievance, and praying redress, will prove most effectual in tending to remove the causes of offence.

The intention of the present Address, is to invite you to join with them and us in this measure, which is proposed by the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Manchester, and which we are assured will be adopted by several of the most considerable places in the kingdom.

We

We are also desirous that the petitions to Parliament should be accompanied with instructions to the Members, individually; and in this particular likewise, we request the assistance of your city and neighbourhood.

We trust that the pressure of the occasion, which calls for the immediate and active interference of the just and humane, will excuse the freedom of this Address, as we make no doubt of obtaining the concurrence of all good men, in promoting so desirable an object as the relief of the Africans from their present oppression.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

THOMAS WALKER, Chairman.

An ANSWER to an IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Armagh, June 18, 1787.

Dear Sir,

YOU ask, "Why do not the Clergy, whether in *England* or *Ireland*, avail themselves of the Methodist Preachers?" You say, "You wonder they do not thankfully accept of their assistance, who desire no pay for their service, in repressing error and wickedness of every kind, and propagating Truth and Religion?" You inquire "upon what rational principles can this be accounted for?"

To give a complete answer to this question, would require a whole treatise. I have not leisure for this: but I will give as full an answer as my time will permit.

Only before I answer, I must observe, that many both of the *English* and *Irish* Clergy, are intirely out of the question. They are not only learned, but truly religious men, and as such are an honour to their profession. I speak only of those
that

that are of a different character, be they many or few. Let them wear the cap whom it fits. That is no concern of mine.

This premised, I think it easy to be accounted for, even upon heathen principles. *Horare* observed long ago,

*Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemq; jocosæ,
Vinosi porrecta nequantem pocula —*

Accordingly, grave and solemn men (though too few are guilty of this fault) dislike many of the Methodist-Preachers, for having nothing of *that* gravity or solemnity about them. Jocose Clergymen on the other hand, cannot but dislike those, who are steadily serious. And those that love to take a cheerful glass, are not fond of such as are strictly temperate. You need go no farther than this consideration to have a clear answer to the question, "Why do many of the Clergy refuse to receive any assistance from the Methodist Preachers?"

But this may be more fully accounted for upon Christian Principles. What says our Lord, to the first Preachers of the Gospel, and in them to all their successors? (John xv. 18, and seq.) *If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me, before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you. These things will they do unto you, because they know not him that sent me.*

Does not this give us sufficient reason to expect, that if we are *not of the world*, all the world, all who *know not God*, whether Clergy or Laity, will be so far from accepting our assistance, that they will sincerely hate us, and openly or privately, persecute us, so far as God permits? We have therefore reason to wonder, not that they do not desire any union or coalition with us, but that they bear with, yea, and on many occasions treat us with courtesy and civility. This is a peculiar instance of the providence of God, causing in some measure the scandal of the cross to cease.

“ But do not many Clergymen, who are not pious men, acknowledge that the Methodists do good, and encourage them to persevere therein?” They do: but observe how far they would have them go. They wish them to repress outward sin: to reclaim the people from cursing, and swearing, and drunkenness, and sabbath-breaking (unless the Squire gains by it.) They are well pleased, that their parishioners grow more diligent and honest, and are constant attendants on the Church and Sacrament. Nay, they are glad that they are brought to practise both justice and mercy; in a word, to be *moral men*.

But the truth is, the Methodists know and teach, that all this is nothing before God: that whoever goes thus far and no farther, is *building upon the sand*: that he who would worship God to any purpose, must worship him *in spirit and in truth*: that true religion is *righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*: even giving God our heart: the seeking and finding happiness in him. Here then they divide from the Methodists, whom they judge to be going too far. They would have their parishioners *moral men*; that is in plain terms, honest heathens: but they would not have them *pious men*, men devoted to God, *Bible Christians*. If therefore the Methodist Preachers would stop here, would preach outward religion and no more, many Clergymen would not only encourage them therein, but likewise cordially join them. But when they persuade men, *not to be almost, but altogether Christians*, to maintain a constant *fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ*: to be *transformed into that image of God, wherein they were created*, and thenceforth to live that *life which is hid with Christ in God*: let them not expect, that any will give them the right hand of fellowship, but those God hath *chosen out of the world*.

I am, yours, &c.

J. W.

ADMONITION

ADMONITION *against* SABBATH-BREAKING.

THE profanation of the Lord's-day, or Christian Sabbath, is become so shamefully common among all ranks and orders of men, that it is the duty of every one who wishes well to his fellow christians, to the rising generation, and to our country, to do all in his power, to awaken and reform those who are chargeable with it.—Let me therefore remind you, that at the creation God appointed one day in seven to be kept holy for religious purposes. This he required in the Law of Moses, particularly in the fourth Commandment. It is also in effect required by Jesus Christ: and the Lord's-day, so called in remembrance of his resurrection on that day, was kept holy by the Apostles and first christian nations ever since. It is therefore most evidently the duty of every christian to observe it, as a day of rest from work, buying, selling, travelling, (except in cases of great and unavoidable necessity) and from all kinds of sport and diversions: and he is to employ this day in attending at church both morning and afternoon—in reading the Bible and good books at home—in instructing the family—in serious reflections on his past temper and conduct, and in pious resolutions concerning his future conduct, and preparation for eternity—and in earnest prayers to God for pardon, assistance, strength, and eternal life, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. To spend the sacred time in amusement, idleness, and frequenting coffee-houses, taverns, or ale houses, and to neglect the public and private duties of the day, is a high affront to the authority of God, a base, ungrateful return for the love and grace of our Saviour, an unspeakable injury to yourself, to your family, and to the nation. It exposes you to the penalties which our law inflicts on Sabbath Breakers, and tends to bring the judgments of God on our country. It leads you to bad company, to a habit of idleness, drunkenness, extravagance, and so on to ruin; as many have acknowledged,

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who have suffered at the place of execution. It finally tends to destroy all serious thought and religious concern, to harden the heart; and so exposes you to everlasting destruction. You are therefore, by all these arguments, earnestly intreated, to consider your duty and interest; immediately to leave off this pernicious practice of Sabbath-breaking, and apply yourselves vigorously to the proper duties of that holy day. It is particularly desired that, the next time you go to church you would consider the response which you make after the Minister hath read the fourth commandment, and that it will be base hypocrisy, and a horrid insult on the heart-searching God, to "beseech him to incline your hearts to keep that law," unless you are sincerely and fully resolved to keep it. The Sabbath (comfortable reflection!) was designed as a day of blessing; may you never more by your idleness, profaneness, or any other cause, turn that blessing into a curse. For death will soon close (for ever close) the day of grace and mercy. And if you neglect especially after this faithful warning, "The things which make for your peace, they will then be hid from your eyes;" and you will then find no place for repentance.

ENTHUSIASM *less pernicious to the Mind than Coldness and Indifference in Religion.*

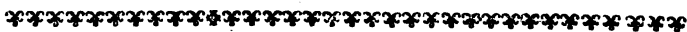
BUT whatever absurdities may arise from the fancied ardours of Enthusiasm, they are much less pernicious than the contrary extreme of coldness and indifference in religion. The spirit of chivalry, though it led to many romantic enterprises, was nevertheless favourable to true courage, as it excited and nourished magnanimity and contempt of danger; which, though sometimes wasted in absurd undertakings, were of the greatest use on real and proper occasions. The noblest energies of which we are capable, can scarcely be called out without

without some degree of Enthusiasm, in whatever cause we are engaged; and those sentiments which tend to the exaltation of human nature, though they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will, however, prevent our stopping short of them, and losing by careless indolence and self-desertion, the greatest part of that strength with which we are really endowed. How common is it for those who profess (and perhaps sincerely) to believe with entire persuasion the truth of the gospel, to declare that they do not pretend to frame their lives according to the purity of its moral precepts! "I hope, say they, I am guilty of no great crimes; but the customs of the world in these times will not admit of a conduct agreeable either to reason or revelation. I know that I am engrossed by the world—that I have no time for reflection, nor for the practice of many duties which I acknowledge to be such. **But** I know not how it is—I do not find that I can alter my way of living." Thus they coolly and contentedly give themselves up to a constant course of dissipation, and a general worthlessness of character, which, I fear, as the occasional commission of crimes at which they would start and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is most valuable and important, of children, friends, servants—of neighbours and dependants—of the poor—of God—and of their own minds, they consider as an excusable levity, and satisfy themselves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this style:—"I cannot, you know, be out of the world nor act differently from every body in it. The hours are every where late—consequently I rise late. I have scarce breakfasted before morning visits begin, or it is time to go to an auction, or a concert, or to take a little exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long operation, but one cannot appear with a head unlike every body else. One must sometimes go to a play or an opera; though I own it hurries one to death. Then,
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what with necessary visits,—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses—and attendance on public assemblies, to which all people of fashion subscribe, the evenings, you see, are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties?—You talk of the offices and enjoyments of friendship—Alas I have no hours left for friends! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet; but we are both too much engaged to spend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governess, and proper masters—I can do no more for them. You tell me I should instruct my servants—but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake any thing of that sort for them, or even be able to guess what they do with themselves the greatest part of the twenty-four hours. I go to church, if possible, once on a Sunday, and then some of my servants attend me; if they will not mind what the Preacher says, how can I help it?—The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and house-keeper; for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour just to look over the bill-of-fare when I am to have company, that I may not send up any thing frightful or old-fashioned.”

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



The PUNISHMENT of HOMICIDE.

A Dissertation from the French, on Gen. chap. iv.

CAIN killed Abel, which was the first homicide in the world; it was also the first example of all the homicides, which should be committed in the course of time. It seems that the punishment which was inflicted on it, ought in consequence to serve for a model to all who should be punished for the like crime. The natural punishment due to this crime was death, according to the words that God says to the family of Noah:

Noah: "Whofo sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" a sentence which the depravation of the human heart forced from him, and made him pronounce against his first intentions, to serve for a restraint to the brutality of bloody men.

In effect, it is proper to remark, that God, far from condemning Cain to the punishment of retaliation, and to confirm him in the fear he had of being destroyed, established a punishment seven times greater than that of Cain, for him who dared to shed his blood, and reduced his punishment to three heads: to a curse; to be a vagabond; and to have no benefit from the land that he cultivated.

This sentence was a rule to all the former ages of the world, both before and after the flood; it was executed exactly; no other was known; and this was the only one by which they were governed. "It is with the gréatest prudence (says Euripides) that the ancients have appointed, not to condemn him to death who has committed a murder; but make him expiate his crime, by a perpetual banishment, without permitting any one to speak to him, nor letting him appear after that in his country." We find in Homer, Apollodorus, &c. that in ancient times exile, or a fine, was the only punishment of murder; exile, however, was the most established. Orestes violated so great a law, which was always in force; he thought he was in the right to do it. Agamemnon, his father, had been unworthily massacred; Clytemnestra, his wife, was the author of it. Orestes, without reflecting on the quality of his mother, and only considering her as the author of the crime, avenged so unheard of a death, and in a word killed Clytemnestra. Tindarus, the father of this perfidious wife, could not refrain from prosecuting the murderer of his daughter: "Who ever carried his rashness farther? said he, What! without any regard, either to the laws, or to the force of the laws, to dare to shed the blood of his own mother! I confess, added he, that my daughter was blameable in the utmost, to have embued her hands in the blood of her husband, and that Orestes did right in

in punishing her, but all the punishment should have been confined to driving away and banishing her; which, if he had done, he would have had the approbation of every body." Tindarus then gives a reason, why banishment only was inflicted on homicides: "Otherwise, said he, murders would infinitely increase, without any remedy; and that, which is still worse, there would always in the last place be some one who might be charged with a homicide."

To understand these last words, we must remember that, because the ancients had reduced the punishment of homicide to banishment, there was a custom which permitted the parents and friends of the deceased to pursue the murderer and kill him. This toleration held a place every where, even among the Israelites: God put no bounds to it, but in regard of involuntary homicides; he was willing that the authors of the last should be under a protection from all violence, when they gained a city of refuge and asylum. When therefore this custom was in its full vigour, it is certain that the parent or friend who avenged the death of any one, only added murder to murder, without which he would have been less charged with the impurity attached to the crime which he had committed.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A STRANGE BIRTH.

WHEN Spinola besieged the city of Bergenfzoom, a woman who was near her time, going to draw water, was taken off in the middle by a cannon bullet, so that the lower part of her fell into the water. Those who were by, ran to her, and saw there a child moving itself in the bowels of the mother: they drew it forth and carried it into the tents of Don Cordus, and kept it with great care; being afterwards brought to Antwerp, the Infanta Isabella caused it to be baptized, and gave it the name of Albertus Ambrosius, one of her father's Captains.

LETTERS.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCLVI.

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

Doncaster, July 3, 1777.

Honoured Sir,

ON two or three prayer-meetings being established in the town where I was some time ago, the inhabitants were exceedingly alarmed; and Methodism which was almost dwindled to nothing, was talked of every where; insomuch that several of our friends avowed their disapprobation of our proceedings. But being in nothing terrified by friends or enemies, God owned and prospered our weak endeavours. Very many came to our little meetings, but more to hear the word than the room could contain. From that time I frequently assured the Methodists, I should soon go out of the land: they were unwilling to believe me, and expostulated with me on the unreasonableness of such a procedure.

Some time after Mr. C. who had been at a country village, about ten days before my departure, promised to visit them again the following Sunday. But they agreed to put me up in his sled; and when the people were assembled, two of the oldest Methodists forced me to stand up. Having gone through the service, nothing could exceed the satisfaction of the people. At night, after preaching, I desired the society to return; they did so. On hearing the occasion, they sorrowed for me, as if they were going to lose their first-born. Their mourning was so loud, that I could not hear myself speak: this held about an hour and half.

When the morning came that I was to depart, the people flocked together, as if by tears and caresses, they thought to

stop me. Whilst at prayer they wept aloud; and when I was called to go on board, two young men of my acquaintance present, were kind enough to help to disengage me from their embraces. Perhaps, Sir, you will believe me if I say, that in all this time I was free from all inward emotion, and did not accompany their ten thousand tears with a single one.

After we had weighed anchor, we ran foul of a man of war. The Captain and all the men were ready to conclude me the Jonah who had occasioned this misfortune. After a good deal of labour, they got loose again, and in a quarter of an hour ran foul of the dock-yard. Now their notions were confirmed that I was the occasion of their danger; but I promised them a fair wind, if they once got clear of the harbour. In the afternoon we reached the Sound, when the wind sprung fair. I never having been at sea before, was very sick, and could only get up to call the ship's company to prayer. I continued sick till Friday night, and then went upon deck. Finding them afraid of getting into the Downs before day-light, and that the top-gallant wanted to be taken in, and finding my whole body as if new-nerved, I was on the top of the mast nearly as soon as the seamen, to their very great astonishment! While I was there I remember to have sung several hallelujahs, and ardently longed for an entrance into the celestial rest to which I was going. When we came to the Downs the wind shifted about as we would have it. After this the ship's company came and asked me to pray with them twice a day.

When we came to Yarmouth-roads, the wind again shifted according to our wishes, and on Sunday evening brought us into Robinhood's Bay in Yorkshire. On our landing, it is remarkable that one of the seamen who used to beat his wife for hearing the Methodists, charged her to get up and hear me every morning at five. At Whitby, there was a room full of the people, and we prayed till I thought it impossible to pray any more, as the Lord was so present in the midst of us!

us! I rose and left them on their knees. On my return in about half an hour, I found them in the same posture. We began again, and in a few minutes, a woman who had been seeking full salvation, cried out, He is come, and fell down senseless! For several days she ate very little, and being so overwhelmed with the love of God, her strength failed, and for awhile, became unable to do her business.

I know not how the Methodists in their warmth represented the affair of Mr. Woodcock, but all of them since, considering my youth, and how they treated me, wonder that I stood it, and are heartily sorry for it. Notwithstanding all I have gone through, and though I have left one of the best of mothers, and some of the most loving friends, I have never once wished myself home since. I know I love God with my whole soul, and am willing to serve him any where, and in every thing; but yet I pant for immortality. I see a world of spirits bright, and long to mingle with them! I see rivers of divine life, and pant to bathe in them! Come Lord Jesus! come quickly! This, Sir, is the language of your Friend and Servant in the Gospel.

R. C.

L E T T E R CCCLVII.

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

Bristol, July 10, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

I Hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in intruding upon your precious time; as I am at present burthened for our friend Miss M. You know, Sir, she has long borne a weak and sickly body, though she has had a healthy countenance. She has been subject to feverish disorders for some time. Lately she has had violent vomitings,

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&c.

&c. of blood, and her companion has also been in a very dangerous way.

While you were here, both of them were ill, and it was no small cross to them that they could not hear you. Miss M. I think heard you but once, and that was with much difficulty; it was the Thursday night that you preached from, "Every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labour:" which she took as designed for her, on which she was greatly distressed; her mind affecting her body she grew worse again, and afterwards the additional disappointment of not seeing you, have so sunk her spirits, that I fear grief will prevent her usefulness if not soon removed.

Now dear Sir, I need not tell you what a loss it will be to many, if dejection should incapacitate her for the work she has long been happily engaged in. You know her much better than I do (though I have been lately favoured with her intimacy); and therefore I doubt not but you will write a line of seasonable comfort to her. How liable we are to mistakes, and how ready our great adversary is to take the advantage, is much to be lamented; but glory be to our Redeemer who pities our weakness, and even causes it to work for our good.

I hope, dear Sir, you will not think me officious. I am concerned when there is the least thyness between old friends, and if I might be an instrument of removing the mistake (that does not, I am persuaded proceed from want of love on either side) I shall be happy.

I should esteem a line from you a great favour; but will not desire it if you are too much engaged. I have the comfort to thank you for sparing us your new Curate. He is indeed every thing we can wish for in so young a man, and I hope will be to us an infinite blessing. Be pleased to accept of my best wishes, and believe that I remain, very dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and Follower,

A. C.

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

*An ODE sung at the ANNIVERSARY MEETING of an
ancient FRATERNITY.*

I.

TO endless rounds of hopes and fears,
Our glory we betray ;
And toils on toils, and cares on cares,
Consume our lives away.

The fond desire, and flattering view,
But lead us to despair ;
With pain we all our ends pursue ;
And all our ends are air.

C H O R U S.

Then lose we care, and baulk we toil,
Our sorrow well deceiving ;
And wisely now, a little while,
Devote we life to living !

II.

Our better part, the human mind,
('Tis reason's cheerful voice)
Ally'd to angels, was designed
Like them for social joys.

C H O R U S.

'Tis thus we live, and thus we'll rise
Above all worldly measure ;
Assert our kindred to the skies,
And grasp immortal pleasure.

The

III.

The good and brave the virtues own,
 To genèrous converse due ;
 And they're the good and brave alone
 That can, and dare be true.

They're such who feel the steady rays
 Of friendship's purest flame ;
 And, clear or cloudy be their days,
 For ever love the same.

C H O R U S.

So friend and friend we'll nobly close,
 While all around us wonder,
 There should be form'd in nature those
 Whom fortune cannot funder.

IV.

What though the many wholly bend
 To things beneath our state,
 Some poorly to be rich contend,
 And others meanly great.

There liv'd a few through every space,
 Since first our kind began,
 Who still maintain'd, with better grace,
 The dignity of man.

C H O R U S.

For this, as met our fires, meet we,
 With brother join we brother :
 And souls, from pride and avarice free,
 Were form'd for one another.

The

The DAY of J U D G M E N T.

Attempted in the Manner of Dr. W A T T S.

AT that great day when Christ appears,
 Enrobéd with shining light,
 To judge the facts of many years,
 And set the injuréd right.

The trump celestial loudly found,
 "Imprison'd dust arise!
 Awake ye nations under ground,
 Unseal your long closéd eyes!"

Then earth and seas shall open wide,
 The dead to view appear;
 Both friends and foes stand side by side,
 Oerwhelméd with guilty fear.

The just in precious words like these,
 Obtain their promiséd due,
 "Repair my sons to endless ease,
 That was preparéd for you."

The wicked then oppresséd with grief,
 Receive their horrid doom;
 Destruction vast beyond relief,
 Cast in eternal gloom.

"Depart ye curséd where flame meets flame,
 And fires eternal roll,
 Where loud and piercing shrieks proclaim
 The torments of the soul."

Then fiery oceans burst with powér,
 And swallow up this world;
 Whole ages in that fatal hour,
 Shall be in chaos hurléd.

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

A Pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
 Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resignèd;
 Honour unchangèd; a principle profess'd,
 Fixt to one side, but modèrate to the rest:
 An honest Courtier, and a Patriot too,
 Just to his Prince, and to his Country true;
 Fillèd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
 A generous faith, from superstition free;
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
 Such this man was; who now from earth removèd,
 At length enjoys that liberty he lovèd.

E P I G R A M: *from the Greek.*

ON *Stygian* banks, *Diogenes* the wise
 Bursts into laughter when he *Crasus* spies;
 And thus bespeaks, in thread-bare cloak and old,
 The Monarch famous for his gatherèd gold:
 I, nothing leave, I all to *Charon* bear,
 Thou, *Crasus*, rich on earth, hast nothing here.

On the foregoing E P I G R A M.

THE *Lydian* Prince is blamed for wealth alone.
 Though greater in his virtues than his throne.
 The cynick churl is praisèd, of fame secure,
 Though void of every grace but being poor.
 No wonder whence this partial judgments springs,
 Such crowds are envious, and so few are kings.



T H E

Arminian Magazine,

For J U N E 1788.



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

[Continued from page 228.]

*Arguments to prove the Freedom of the Will, as well from
Necessity, as from Co-action.*

C H A P. II.

1st. **I**N the general the Scriptures every where assert, and give plain testimonies of, the liberty of the will of man to chuse the good and refuse the evil. Thus Justin Martyr having told us that man would not be worthy of praise or recompence, *did he not chuse good of himself, nor worthy of punishment for doing evil, if he did not this of himself; saith; this the holy and prophetic Spirit hath taught us by Moses in these words, See I have set before thee good and evil, chuse the good, &c.* and also by Isaiah the prophet, speaking thus in the name of God, *If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye will not hear, ye shall be devoured by the sword;*

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for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The prophecy of Isaiah, saith Clemens of Alexandria, saith, *If you be willing, &c. demonstrating that both the choice and the refusal* (viz. of faith and obedience, of which he here speaketh) *are in our power.* Tertullian pronounces them *unsound in faith, and corrupters of the christian discipline, and excusers of all sin, who so refer all things to the will of God,* Dicendo nihil fieri sine ejus nutu, ut non intelligamus aliquid esse in nobis ipsis, by saying nothing is done without his appointment, as that we cannot understand that any thing is left to ourselves to do; whereas though we learn from his precepts both what he would, and would not have done, tamen nobis est voluntas, & arbitrium eligendi alterum, sicut scriptum est. Ecce posui ante te bonum & malum, yet is there in us a liberty of chusing either, according as it is written, *Behold I have set before thee good and evil.* St. Cyprian proves, that to believe or not, was left to our own free choice. From the same texts, Deut. xxx. 19. Isaiah i. 19. Epiphanius against the pharisaical fate, cites those words of Isaiah, *If ye be willing and obedient; whence, saith he, it is plainly manifest and indubitable, that God hath granted to man free-will; so that it is in his power to do the good, or to chuse the evil.* Theodoret having cited those words of Christ, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink,* adds, *Ten thousand things of this nature may be found both in the gospels and other writings of the apostles, clearly manifesting the liberty, or self-election of the nature of man.* St. Chrysostom speaks thus, *God saith, if you will, and if you will not, giving us power, and putting it in our own option to be virtuous, or vicious; the devil saith, Thou canst not avoid thy fate. God saith, I have put before thee fire and water, life and death, stretch forth thy hand to whether of them thou wilt; the Devil saith, It is not in thee to stretch forth thy hand to them: and St. Cyril establisheth this doctrine from the same texts of Scripture.* And St. Austin proves from those words of Christ, *Either make the tree good and the fruit will be good, or make the tree evil and*
the

the fruit will be evil, in nostra potestate situm esse mutare voluntatem, that it is put in our own power to change the will. It would be endless to transcribe all that the Fathers say upon this head.

2dly, To the same effect they speak, when they say the Scripture testifies that God hath left man in a capacity of doing good or evil. Thus Irenæus having laid down this as a rule, *That it is in the power of man to work and retain what is good; and again, not to do, or to lose the good he hath done: for this cause, saith he, do the prophets exhort men to work righteousness, and to do good, as having it in their power so to do, as we have shewed by many testimonies, and our Lord doth the same in many places, viz. Matt. v. 16, 24, 48—51. Luke vi. 46, 12, 35, 36, 47, 21, 34, all which words demonstrate the free-will of man. And the apostle exhorts men in many places to do good works, which he could have no reason to do, si in nobis non esset facere hæc, aut non facere, if it were not in our power to do, or not to do what our Lord and his apostles do exhort us to do.* Then he goes on to prove that God hath preserved to man, non tantum in operibus, sed etiam in fide liberum esse & suæ potestatis arbitrium, that man hath free-will, or hath it in his power not only to do, but also to believe, from Matt. viii. 13. Matt. ix. 23. And he concludes, that all these texts shew man to be suæ potestatis secundum fidem, free as to his faith; for as Clemens Alexandria saith, it is in our power to believe and obey. Tertullion is as exprefs in this, saying, That God made man at first after his own image, arbitrii sui libertate & potestate, with liberty of, and power over his own will, and that this appears from the law that he gave him, non enim poneretur lex ei qui non haberet obsequium debitum legi in sua potestate, nec rursus comminatio transgressori adscriberetur si non & contemptus legis in arbitrii libertatem homini deputaretur, for neither would God have given a law to him who had not freedom to obey it, or have threatned death to the transgressor, if he had not a freedom to contemn it; sic & in posteris legibus

Creatoris invenias, and so was it also in the laws given by God after the fall, in which he sets before man good and evil, life and death; nor would the order of discipline be disposed by precepts in which God calls us from, and exhorts us to things, and threatens our disobedience, nisi & ad obsequium, & ad contemptum libero, & voluntario homine, did not man freely and voluntarily obey, or contemn them. Origen is also copious in this assertion, for having cited those words, and now Israel what doth the Lord thy God require of thee? he adds, Let them blush at these words, who deny that man hath free-will; for, quomodo posceret ab homine Deus, nisi haberet homo in sua potestate quod poscenti Deo deberet offerre, How could God require that of man which he had not in his power to offer to him? And again, The soul, saith he, doth not incline to either part out of necessity; for then neither vice nor virtue could be ascribed to it, nor would its choice of virtue deserve reward, nor its declination to vice punishment, sed servatur ei in omnibus libertas arbitrii, ut in quocunq; voluerit ipsa declinat, but the liberty of its will is preserved in all things that it may incline to what it will, as it is written, Behold I have set before thee life and death. St. Austin also, from many passages in which the Scripture saith, Do not so, or so; or do this, or that, lays down this general rule, ubi dicitur noli hoc, aut noli illud, & ubi ad aliquid faciendum, vel non faciendum in divinis monitis opus voluntatis exigitur, Satis Liberum Demonstratur Arbitrium, that all such places sufficiently demonstrate the liberty of the will; and this he saith against them, Qui sic gratiam Dei defendunt, ut negent liberum arbitrium, who so asserted the grace of God, as to deny the liberty of the will, or thought it was so defended by him, and his partners, as to destroy it.

[To be continued.]

SERMON

S E R M O N XLV.

On PSALM viii. 3, 4.

[Concluded from page 232.]

4. **I**F then we add to the littleness of man, the inexpressible shortness of his Duration, is it any wonder that a man of reflection, should sometimes feel a kind of fear, lest the great, eternal, infinite Governor of the Universe, should disregard so diminutive a creature as man! A creature so every way inconsiderable, when compared either with Immensity or Eternity! Did not both these reflections glance through, if not dwell upon the mind of the royal Psalmist? Thus, in contemplation of the former, he breaks out into the strong words of the text, *When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, What is man, that thou shouldst be mindful of him? Or the son of man, that thou shouldst regard him?* He is indeed, (to use St. Augustine's words (*Aliqua portio creatura tua*. Some portion of thy creation. But *quantula portio!* How amazingly small a portion! How utterly beneath thy notice! It seems to be in contemplation of the latter, that he cries out in the hundred and forty-fourth Psalm, *Lord, what is man, that thou hast such respect unto him; or the son of man, that thou shouldst so regard him? Man is like a thing of nought. Why? His time passeth away like a shadow.* In this (although in a very few places) the new translation of the Psalms, that bound up in our Bibles, is perhaps more proper than the old, that which we have in the Common Prayer Book. It runs thus, *Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him? or the son of man; that thou makest account of him?* According to the former translation, David seems to be amazed that the eternal God, considering the littleness of man, should have so much respect unto him, and should so much regard him! But in the latter, he seems to wonder, seeing

Seeing the life of man *passeth away like a shadow*, that God should take any knowledge of him at all, or make any account of him!

5. And it is natural for us to make the same reflection, and to entertain the same fear. But how may we prevent this uneasy reflection, and effectually cure this fear? First, By considering what *David* does not appear to have taken at all into his account, namely, That the body is not the man: that man is not only a house of clay, but an immortal spirit; a spirit made in the image of God, an incorruptible picture of the God of glory; a spirit that is of infinitely more value than the whole earth! Of more value than the sun, moon and stars put together; yea, than the whole material creation. Consider, that the spirit of man is not only of a higher order, of a more excellent nature than any part of the visible world, but also more durable, not liable either to dissolution or decay. We know all the things *which are seen are temporal*, of a changing, transient nature: but *the things which are not seen*, (such as is the soul of man in particular) *are eternal*. *They shall perish*, but the soul remaineth. *They all shall wax old as a garment*. But when heaven and earth shall pass away, the soul shall not pass away.

6. Consider, secondly, That declaration which the Father of Spirits hath made to us by the Prophet *Hosea*, *I am God and not man: therefore my compassions fail not*. As if he had said, If I were only a man, or an angel, or any finite being, my knowledge might admit of bounds, and my mercy might be limited. But *my thoughts are not as your thoughts, and my mercy is not as your mercy*. *As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts higher than your thoughts*, and my mercy, my compassion, my ways of shewing it, higher than your ways.

7. That no shadow of fear might remain, no possibility of doubting: to shew what manner of regard the great, eternal
God

God bears to little, short-lived man, but especially to his immortal part, God gave his Son, *his only Son, to the end that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish but, have everlasting life.* See how God loved the world! The Son of God, that was God of God, light of light, very God of very God: in glory equal with the Father, in majesty co-eternal, *emptied himself, took upon him the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man, was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.* And all this he suffered not for himself, but for us men and for our salvation. *He bore all our sins in his own body upon the tree, that by his stripes we might be healed.* After this demonstration of his love, is it possible to doubt any longer, of God's tender regard for man, even though he was *dead in trespasses and sins?* Even when he saw us in our sins and in our blood, he said unto us, Live! Let us then fear no more! Let us doubt no more. He that *spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, shall he not with him freely give us all things?*

8. "Nay, says the Philosopher, if God so loved the world, did he not love a thousand other worlds, as well as he did this? It is now allowed, that there are thousands, if not millions of worlds, besides this in which we live. And can any reasonable man believe, that the Creator of all these, many of which are probably as large, yea, far larger than ours, would shew such astonishingly greater regard, to one than to all the rest?" I answer, Suppose there were millions of worlds, yet God may see in the abyss of his infinite wisdom, reasons that do not appear to us, why he saw good to shew this mercy to ours, in preference to thousands or millions of other worlds.

9. I speak this even upon the common supposition of the plurality of worlds: a very favourite notion with all those who deny the Christian Revelation: and for this reason; because it affords them a foundation for so plausible an objection

jection to it. But the more I consider that supposition, the more I doubt of it. Inasmuch that if it were allowed by all the Philosophers in *Europe*, still I could not allow it, without stronger proof than any I have met with yet.

10. "Nay, but is not the argument of the great *Huygens*, sufficient to put it beyond all doubt? When we view, says that able Astronomer, the Moon through a good telescope, we clearly discover

"Rivers and mountains on her spotted globe."

Now where rivers are there are doubtless plants and vegetables of various kinds. And where vegetables are, there are undoubtedly animals, yea, rational ones, as on earth. It follows then that the Moon has its inhabitants, and probably near akin to ours. But if our Moon is inhabited, we may easily suppose, so are all the Secondary Planets; and in particular, all the Setellites or Moons of Jupiter and Saturn. And if the Secondary Planets are inhabited why not the Primary? Why should we doubt it of Jupiter and Saturn themselves, as well as Mars, Venus and Mercury."

11. But do not you know, that Mr. *Huygens* himself before he died, doubted of this whole hypothesis? For upon farther observation, he found reason to believe, that the Moon has no atmosphere. He observed, that in a total eclipse of the Sun, on the removal of the shade from any part of the earth, the Sun immediately shines bright upon it; whereas if the Moon had an atmosphere, the Solar light while it shone through that atmosphere, would appear dim and dusky. Thus after an eclipse of the Moon, first a dusky light appears, on that part of it, from which the shadow of the earth removes, while that light passes through the atmosphere of the earth. Hence it appears, that the Moon has no atmosphere. Consequently it has no clouds, no rain, no springs, no rivers; and therefore no plants or animals. But there is no proof

or

or probability that the Moon is inhabited, neither have we any proof, that the other Planets are. Consequently, the foundation being removed, the whole fabric falls to the ground.

12. "But, you will say, suppose this argument fails, we may infer the same conclusion, The plurality of worlds, from the unbounded wisdom, and power, and goodness of the Creator. It was full as easy to Him, to create thousands or millions of worlds as one. Can any one then believe, that he would exert all his power and wisdom, in creating a single world? What proportion is there between this speck of Creation, and the great God that filleth Heaven and Earth! While

We know the power of his Almighty hand
Could form another world from every sand!"

13. To this boasted proof, this Argumentum palmarium of the learned infidels, I answer, Do you expect to find any proportion between finite and infinite? Suppose God had created a thousand more worlds than there are grains of sand in the universe, what proportion would all these together bear, to the infinite Creator? Still, in comparison of Him, they would be, not a thousand times, but infinitely less than a mite compared to the Universe. Have done then with this childish prattle, about the proportion of creatures to their Creator: and leave it to the all-wise God, to create what and when he pleases! For *who*, besides himself, *hath known the mind of the Lord?* Or *who hath been his counsellor?*

13. Suffice it then for us to know this plain and comfortable truth, That the Almighty Creator hath shewn that regard to this poor little creature of a day, which he hath not shewn even to the inhabitants of heaven, *who kept not their first estate.* He hath given us his Son, his only Son, both to live and to die for us! O let us live unto him, that we may die unto him, and live with him for ever!

Manchester, July 23, 1787.

"Here she comes!" I then went to the window which looked into the road, and perceived that the mob were giving her a shocking reception; throwing out the most terrible curses against her. When she was brought into the room, she stood with her back against the wainscot: but appeared perfectly resigned to the will of God. I then addressed myself to her, saying, "My dear, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, and for the sake of your own precious soul, do not die with a lie in your mouth! You are, in a few moments, to appear in the presence of a holy God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. O consider what an eternity of misery must be; and this will be the certain portion of all who die in their sins. Therefore, if you are guilty, openly confess it; if you were in any wise concerned in the murder, you are not clear before God, if you do not publicly acknowledge your guilt." She heard me with much meekness and simplicity; but answered, That she had already advanced the truth, and hoped she should persevere in the same spirit to her last moment. Mr. Hammet, who was then chief keeper of the New-Prison, by order of the sheriff, dismissed every person out of the room; and said to me, "Mr. Told, I am sensible of the business upon which you came hither; but must beg you will quit the room, as no person is permitted to attend her without obtaining the sheriff's consent;" but upon Mr. Hammet's following me out, he intimated that the sheriff would grant me permission to attend her to the place of execution; if I deemed it prudent to ask him.

The time of her departure being arrived, I desired the sheriff to let me visit her as soon as possible. He asked me, If I was a Clergyman? I replied, "No, Sir." "Are you a Dissenting-Minister?" I answered, "No." "What are you then?" I informed him, that I was one who preached the gospel, and could wish to be the means of bringing the prisoner to a confession. He then bid me lay hold of

his horse's bridle, and told me I should accompany her to the place of execution; yet he did not urge me to rush into that dangerous attempt, seeing the rioters were so fiercely exasperated against her. As we were proceeding on the road, the sheriff's horse being close to the cart, I looked at her from under the horse's bridle, and said, "My dear, look to Jesus." This salutary advice quickened her spirit, inasmuch, that although she did not look about her before, yet she then turned herself round to me, and joyfully answered, "Sir, I bless God, I can look to Jesus to my comfort!" This produced a pleasant smile in her countenance, which when the sons of violence perceived, they dashed her in a shameful manner; this was accompanied with a vengeful shout, "See how bold she is! See how the b—h laughs!" At length we came to the gallows, where many officers were stationed on horseback, besides numbers more on foot furnished with constables staves. When the cart was backed under the gallows, a very corpulent man trod on my left foot with such weight, that I really thought he had taken it quite off: however the sheriff soon cleared the way, and formed an arrangement of constables round the cart, then directed some of them to put me into it, in order that I might be of all the service to the malefactor which laid in my power: the sheriff himself standing behind the cart, the better to avail himself of my discourse with her. When she was tied up, I began to address her nearly in the same words I did at the Peacock: pressing upon her an acknowledgment of the murder in the most solemn manner; but she declared her innocence in the presence of the sheriff. I then interrogated her, "Did you not commit the fact? Had you no concern therein? Were you not interested in the murder?" She answered, "I am as clear of the whole affair, as I was the day my mother brought me into the world." The sheriff, on hearing these words, shed plenty of tears and said, "Good God! it is a second Coleman's case!" This circumstance likewise

likewise brought tears from many persons who heard her. When I was getting out of the cart, the executioner put the handkerchief over her eyes; but she quickly moved it away, and, addressing herself to the multitude, begged them to pray that God would bring to light, when she was departed, the cause of the assassination; saying, that she had no doubt but the prayers of such persons would be heard: but repeated her innocence, solemnly declaring that she was as ignorant of the crime for which she was going to suffer, as at the day of her birth; and added also, "I do not lay any thing to the charge of my Maker, he has an undoubted right to take me out of this world as seemeth him good; and, although I am clear of this murder, yet I have sinned against him in many grievous instances; but, I bless God, he hath forgiven me all my sins." Her kinsman then came up into the cart, and would fain have saluted her; but she mildly turned her face aside, strongly suspecting him to be the assassin.

After her kinsman was gone out of the cart, the executioner, a second time, was putting the handkerchief over her face, which she again turned aside, looking at the sheriff, and saying, "I think it cruel, that none is suffered to pray by me." The sheriff then desired me for God's sake, to go a second time into the cart, and renew my prayers with her, which, when finished, she began to pray extempore, and in a most excellent manner; when she had concluded her prayer, the executioner performed his part, and, being turned off, her body dropt against my right shoulder; nor did she once struggle or move, but was as still as if she had hung three hours.

Upon her trial it was represented, that she cut all her fingers across on both hands for a deception, in order to lay the murder upon some other person; but, in her defence upon trial, she declared that her fingers were not cut by a knife; but, being alarmed, when she entered the house, at seeing

seeing four men, one of whom was in a white frock, and also seeing her aunt weltering in her own blood, she started, which, when the murderers perceived, they all ran out of doors. Mary following them close, caught the door with both her hands, and called out, "Murder;" but, by their pulling the door very hard, her eight fingers were thereby jammed almost off. When she was executed, I noticed her fingers, went immediately and took a door, with which I jammed my fingers, and found them to be marked exactly like hers.

I now return to the kinsman of Mary Edmonson, who, upon the death of his aunt (as Mary and he were cousins) was intitled to one hundred pounds left him by way of legacy, and likewise to Mary two hundred pounds. The kinsman having received his, bought himself out of the army. Some time after the execution, he, with another man, hired a post-chaise in the Borough, to go on a party of pleasure to Croyden-Fair: upon their return in the evening, Mary Edmonson's kinsman said to his friend in the chaise, as passing Kennington gallows, "There is the place where my kinswoman was hung wrongfully!" The other (struck by the assertion) said, "Wrongfully! How do you know she was hung wrongfully?" "Because, replied the kinsman, I should have gone in her room." His companion, after a short conversation, asked him where was the place of his abode? He answered, "In Hedge-Lane, Charing-Cross." When they had put up the chaise, the supposed friend of Mary's kinsman, went to Justice Hammond, in the Borough, who, being informed of what had passed, granted a warrant to apprehend him. He was accordingly apprehended, and committed to Newgate, where, at his request, I visited him. He then desired me to render him all the spiritual assistance I was able; but my instructions were lost in the instructions which he received at Newgate from his fellow-criminals, who taught him to deny the confession he had made. Notwithstanding this he was
removed

removed to Kingſton, and tried before Judge Denniſon; but, as he denied the charge, the Judge acquitted him: however, he ſoon went on the highway, and committed a robbery, for which he was tried, caſt, and condemned; but, I have been informed, Judge Denniſon, to prevent clamours, got him a reprieve for transportation.

[*To be continued.*]



*The EXPERIENCE of J. B. of St. HELLIER'S in the Iſle
of JERSEY.*

[*Concluded from page 237.*]

21. **TUESDAY, 16.** I was ſtrongly aſſaulted by the enemy of my ſoul: but my faith, inſtead of being weakened, was much confirmed by the conflict. Thursday, 18. He endeavoured to make me doubt. I retired to my cloſet, and prayed with uncommon ardour: I did not aſk to be delivered from the conflict, but that I might not be overcome by it. While I prayed, I found great power to reſiſt the enemy; and when the Lord gave the victory, the joy was inexpressible.

22. Friday, June 16. I was greatly tempted to doubt whether the Lord had really purified my heart. At length the merciful God was pleaſed to ſtrengthen my faith to ſuch a degree, that I cried out, "Though all the world ſhould doubt of the work of God, yet will not I." The ſame evening the Lord drew me to prayer: and while I was proſtrate before him, and was thinking of the things he had done for my ſoul, and the afflicted ſtate of his Church in this iſland; the thought made ſuch an impreſſion upon my body, that my countenance was changed, my eyes overflowed with tears, and all my limbs trembled: nor do I remember to have
been

been ever so affected before. But I have withal infinite cause to bless the Lord. And this I will do as long as I live.

23. Tuesday 23. The Lord's servant came to see me: he spoke to me of humility, and also advised me to guard against imaginary thoughts, which were only to divert the attention from God. Indeed I have often found useless thoughts in my imagination, perhaps without rejecting them so soon as I ought. When he was gone, I cast myself down before the Lord, imploring that I might be every day more humbled before him. And while I was yet praying I found an answer; feeling a greater measure of self-abasement. Ah who can express the redoubled joy which I then experienced! Before this time I had many conflicts: but in this happy moment, the Lord himself put all my enemies under my feet: and I found myself swallowed up in God, who is my true center. O the glorious and inexpressible joy which was given me in that hour! I plainly see, there is no state here below more happy, than that of self-denial and self-abasement. However, notwithstanding the glorious victory which the Lord gave me over my enemies, I dare not yet flatter myself, that my conflicts are all over. But it is enough, that the God of peace will shortly bruise Satan under my feet.

24. Wednesday 21. I abundantly tasted of the love of God, and found myself like the dust in his holy presence. But immediately a doubt was injected into my mind, Whether I had not deceived myself! At that instant the Lord spoke these words into my heart, "Fear not, for thy Protector is the Holy One of Israel." O what an abyss of love does the Lord continually shew me! Therefore does my soul praise him, and all that is within me blesses his holy name! I cannot tell, to what degree his love to me is carried. He often puts it into my mind, to ask some favour of him for his dear people; and no sooner have I done it, than he gives me

to know, that he has granted my request. Praise the Lord, O my soul!

25. Friday 23. I was so taken up with the glory of the heavenly city, and at the same time so largely tasted of the goodness and love of God, that I was constrained to cast myself down at his feet. My soul was so ravished, that it seemed to me, to be the very moment that I was to go and take possession of his glory. But I was not ravished so much with the glory of the place, as with the tenderness of my faithful Spouse! O how closely is my soul united to Him! But as the imperfection still remaining in my soul, while it inhabits the house of clay, does not suffer me to love him here below so much as I would; it reaches forth in strong desires after that world above, where it shall love him without any imperfection, and adore him without end. It is not possible for me, during my present state of weakness and imperfection, to express what God hath given me to know of that delightful place where he eminently dwells: although even while I am on earth, the Spirit of the Lord often transports me to those happy mansions, to which my Beloved is gone before, to prepare a place for me. Fain would my soul, which tastes so largely of his sweetness, be constantly employed in giving him glory here, till it is permitted to do it perfectly in eternity.

A short Account of JOSEPH SYMES.

JOSEPH SYMES had been a member of our Society at Paulton about thirteen years, and in that time had adorned the Gospel in all things.

The last eight years of his life was one scene of heavy and fore afflictions. His last illness came by a violent cold he caught in a coal-pit, which threw him into a consumption.

About a fortnight before he died, I visited him, and found him very uncomfortable in soul and body, and exceeding low in his circumstances: and to increase his poverty, his wife was just brought to bed of her fifth child.

For a short time he had half a crown a week allowed him from the parish, and about as much more from a club to which he belonged. The miserable hut he lived in cost him half a guinea per year, for which he was something in debt to his landlord; who threatened to take away the bed on which he was dying, which was his only bit of furniture of any value!

The day after I visited him, I mentioned his case at Bath, and got him some pounds, which was as seasonable a relief as ever came to a poor family.

Soon after this, God set his soul at perfect liberty! On which his happiness became exceeding great; for his soul was all love, all joy, all extasy! Death, formerly so dreadful, now lost all its terrors. While heaven was continually in his view, he had large foretastes of the glory to which he was going, and expressed himself in very strong and moving language.

As to those about him, he exhorted them to taste of that heaven which he enjoyed, and also to assist him in praising God for all his goodness to him. And thus he went on for some time, and at last died in full triumph, Nov. 17, 1787, and in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

BENJAMIN RHODES.

Bath, Nov. 26, 1787.

Some Account of —. —.

1. **I** Was born at *Ashton*, of parents who had much of the form of religion, and brought me up in the fear of God. My father was a Dissenter, my mother of the Church. I could

I could read the Bible when I was five years old: and the threatenings therein made such an impresson upon me, as to deter me from outward sin: yet many times I was afraid of the devil's fetching me away. This drove me to read the scripture more carefully, as well as other good books. Hereby many times I was sorely distressed in my mind; and sometimes found a degree of comfort. But all this I kept to myself, scarce opening my mouth about it.

2. When I was about fourteen, my father died. I then grew more careless, though I had often strong convictions: but I put them away, and thought myself good enough. I was about nineteen when it pleased God to take my mother from me. At this I was sore troubled. And I had need: for though I was a child of affliction from my infancy, yet my main troubles were but beginning. For now those who had been my greatest friends became my greatest enemies. I could get no work whereby I could earn my living. Then I went to live with a relation, where I got work; but I was used so ill, that I could not stay. Thence I went to *Wigan*, where I heard the Methodists twice: but it made no impresson upon me. Getting nothing to do here, I went back to *Ashton*, where I learnt the Cotton business. Here I had a fall which nearly killed me. This drove me to prayer; for I was afraid to die. But when I recovered, I forgot it all again, and was as careless as before.

3. After this, I went to *Warrington* to work, where I heard Mr. *Johnson* preach. I thought it was right, and longed to have some talk with the people; but none of them spoke to me. I went three summers to work at *Warrington*, and heard him constantly. The last time I was there, one night there was an eclipse of the moon. In the middle of it, I thought, "the world is at an end! What then will become of me?" I retired into a place by myself, in one corner of a garden. All my sins were set in array before me. I thought I must be sent to hell directly. I expected the Lord would

quickly appear as a just Judge, and earnestly cried for mercy. After a while the moon shone again, and my fears abated. So much of them however remained, that I slept little that night.

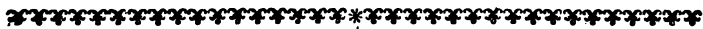
4. From this time I made many good resolutions: but they could not stand; for I made them in my own strength. A little after this, I removed to *Park-Lane*, near *Wigan*; where I was many times assaulted by wicked men: out of whose hands I narrowly escaped twice. I was now surrounded with trials. I was almost naked. I had no work, I had no friend. So I resolved to give myself up to the Lord. But I knew not how to do it; and having no one near that could instruct me, I gave myself much to reading and prayer. God then raised me up a friend, who put me to teach a school; and I had soon plenty both of scholars and work. Out of school I read much, and made many resolutions: but I broke them again and again. The more I read, the more sensible I was of my wants. But could find no help. I read, and prayed, and shed many a tear: but it seemed to be all in vain.

5. Thus it was till it pleased God to make a way for me to hear Mr. *Brettel* preach. Then I found what I wanted. The next time he came he talked with me, and ordered one of the Leaders to take me into his Class. The night after, I heard an exhortation, every word of which came home to my conscience. I found myself a guilty, lost sinner, and was afraid God would send me strait to hell. The next night the Class met. When I came in, such a power met me at the door, that I was a sinner stript of all. And when the Leader told me, "Jesus Christ came to save lost sinners," I knew not how to bear it. I went home, though I scarce knew how I got thither; but I durst not go to bed. I cried to God. I pleaded his promises. I wrestled with him in mighty prayer. In a moment all my burden was gone, and all my soul was peace. As I was musing on this the next morning:
those

those words were impress'd on my mind, *Thy sins are forgiven thee*. I believed they were, and my heart was filled with love and joy unutterable. I rejoiced, in a manner not to be expressed, in the God of my salvation.

6. But now Satan rais'd up all his hosts to devour my new born soul. Some of my neighbours tried me with fair words; some with sharp and bitter ones. But I kept close to the Lord, and was not hurt, either by one or the other. Others came to dispute; but the Lord so filled my mouth with arguments that they could not withstand. It was on the 26th of June, 1782, that my soul was thus set at liberty. Towards the latter end of summer I got the preaching at my own house. Then the people took every one of their children and their work from me, so that most part of that winter I had little to do, and but little to eat. Many times I wanted necessary food: but the Lord supported me. When I was hungry and had nothing to eat, I went to prayer. And the Lord so blest me, that I have been as happy and as well satisfied, as if I had had a houseful of food: many a time when I have been almost two days without meat, I would not have changed state with any Lady in the land. And though the Lord permitted me to be deprived of bodily food, none could deprive me of that bread, wherewith the Lord fed my soul daily.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



*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 248.*]

UPON the whole: if we consider every part of a plant, we shall find none without its use. The roots draw nourishment from the earth: the fibres convey the sap: the larger vessels

vessels contain the specific juice of the plant: others carry air for such a respiration as it needs. The outer and inner bark in trees, defend them from heat and cold drought, and convey that sap which is required for the annual increase of the tree. And in truth every tree may in some sense be said to be an annual plant. For both leaf, flower and fruit proceed from the coat that was super-induced over the wood the last year. And this never bears more, but together with the old wood serves as a block to sustain the succeeding annual coat. The leaves serve, before the bud unfolds, to defend the flower and fruit, which is even then formed; and afterward to preserve them and the branches from the injuries of the summer sun. They serve also to hinder the too hasty evaporation of the moisture about the root. But their chief use is to concoct the sap, for the nourishment of the whole plant: both that which they receive from the root, and that they take in from the dew, the rain, and the moist air. Add to this, that they are as lungs, which supply the plant with the necessary quantity of air, and as excretory ducts, which throw off superfluities by insensible perspiration. And so necessary is their service, that most trees, if quite stripped of their leaves, will die. And if in summer you strip a vine-branch of its leaves, the grapes will never come to maturity. Not that they are hurt by the sun: expose them to this as you please, so the leaves remain, and they will ripen well.

Another point worthy our consideration is, the immense smallness of the seeds of some plants. Some are so extremely minute, as not at all to be discovered by the naked eye. Hence the number of seeds produced by some plants, is beyond imagination. A plant of Redmace, for instance, and many sorts of Fern, produce above a million: a convincing argument of the infinite understanding of the former of them.

And it is remarkable, that such Mosses as grow upon walls, the roofs of houses and other high places, have seeds so excessively small, that when shaken out of their vessels they appear
like

like smoke or vapour. These therefore may either ascend of themselves, or by an easy impulse of the wind be raised to the tops of walls, houses, or rocks. And we need not wonder how the Mosses got thither, or imagine they sprung up spontaneously.

[*To be continued.*]

GOD'S *Revenge* against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page 250.*]

BY little and little, time began to wear away the rumour of this murder; and so Alibius, thinking himself secure, before three months were fully expired, took Philatea for his second wife.

Having now the command of money, and living in a better condition than ever, his vanity induced him to send to one Bernardo, a former debauched companion of his, at Sprear, to come over to him at Brescia, that they might play some of their old pranks together. But this Bernardo being likewise intimate with the husband of Emilia, whom he had heard mention some of their suspicions of Alibius, and wine being but an ill keeper of secrets, one night as he was tipping, having more liquor than wit in his head, told some of the company, "That although he was a poor countryman, yet he had been formerly intimate with Alibius, as high as he now carried himself, and that he could not strut about so, if he had not murdered his poor wife in the country, to get a rich one in the city."

These words fell not to the ground, but some of the drunken companions took notice of them; and one well acquainted with Alibius, privately told him of them, on which account he sent for Bernardo, and persuaded him to leave Brescia. And now, believing all suspicion was hushed,

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he began not only to slacken his kindness to his daughter Emilia, but to withhold the small matter, which he had for some time allowed her towards her support: which threw the poor woman into such a perplexity, and knowing him to have been her mother's murderer, that she forely apprehended he might use her in the same manner. She therefore went to the Corrigidor, and revealed to him, that her father Alibius was the murderer of her mother, Merilla.

The Corrigidor detained Emilia in his house, and sent an account of this discovery to the Podesta at Brescia, which he received on a Saturday night, and the next morning being Sunday, the Prefect and Senators being come to his house, according to custom, he acquainted them with it. The circumstances were so strong against Alibius, that they all concluded to imprison him. He was now at the door, rustling in his gown and velvet cap, with his silver staff in his hand. He little dreamed how near he was to danger, when a serjeant called him in to speak to the Podesta: and although his conscience inwardly pricked him, yet he put on a good face. At his entrance they ordered his velvet cap and silver staff to be taken from him, and then examined him. He made several smooth speeches, protesting his innocence; but they had too many proofs against him, and so he was committed to prison.

The next day the Corrigidors of Sprear sent Emilia to Brescia, where she was examined by the Podesta, the Prefect, and Senators; who first exhorted her to consider, that she spoke before God; and seeing she was but a simple woman, they informed her of the nature of an oath; when Emilia falling on her knees, wringing her hands, and looking stedfastly towards heaven, with eyes full of tears, had not power for some time to utter a word. But the Prefect, with mild exhortations, encouraged her to speak, which she did at last, and related to them, "That her father used often to beat her mother so, that he left her like one dead; that at other

other times he had given her poison; and that it was he, and no other, who had murdered her."

Alibius in the mean time was visited in prison by several of his acquaintance, even some of the chief senators themselves, who endeavoured to bring him to make a full confession, but all in vain. When the Doge and seignory of Venice sent forth their criminal Judges, through the provinces of their territories, to sit on offenders, and pass sentence upon them. These venerable Magistrates having gone through their business in Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and Bergamo, were now arrived at Brescia, and Alibius was now called upon his trial before them; vast multitudes flocking to the castle on the occasion, and he himself appearing in a most spruce dress, and with so pleasant a countenance and so confident a demeanor, as if he were rather to receive some honour than the sentence of death.

But now seeing all hopes of escaping gone, and having some worthy divines sent to him, to prepare him for his approaching end, he made a full confession of his guilt, thanking them for the good advice they had given him, and begging them, on his knees, to pray to God to forgive him.

[*To be continued.*]



An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.

Of other things contrary to the inclinations and desires of men.

[*Continued from page 253.*]

IT is not fit when you are in company, to sit musing with folded arms, regardless of any thing propounded to you, as if you were transformed into a stock or a stone. This

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indeed

indeed is somewhat tolerable in those who have spent many years in contemplation; but in others it is not to be allowed. Nay, scholars, and persons immersed in business, would do wisely (when they design to give themselves up to meditation) to withdraw from places of resort into some convenient solitude. It is storied of Aquinas, that being at supper with the King of France, he dropped into such a profound discourse with himself, that he seemed to be turned into an insensible statue, without moving hand or foot, or so much as once stirring his eye, till at length having conquered the difficulty, he struck his hand earnestly upon the table, and cried out, "Now it was surely concluded against the Manichees. The King was amazed at it, and asked him what he meant? To whom Aquinas replied, "That just at that time there came an argument into his head, which utterly overthrew the doctrine of the Manichees." And they tell of St. Bernard, that when he had journeyed along the bank of the Lemane Lake a whole day together, and his fellow-travellers at night were talking of it, he enquired where that Lake was, and protested he never saw it.

It is an unbecoming thing, to be prone to take exceptions upon every frivolous occasion. You will meet with some that must be handled with as much caution and gentleness as if they were so many curious Venice glasses. If you do not readily salute them with all the punctilio's of reverence, you quite lose their favour for ever. They love and esteem themselves above measure, and whilst they spend so much of their care and time about their own concerns, they have but little left to bestow upon any besides. It is hugely desirable that the conversation be sweet and pleasant: but to associate with critical peevish people, whose friendship is as weak as a single thread, and as brittle as glass, and who are apt to reckon every small omission (even the misplacing of a word) for a heinous offence, it is to be in perpetual bondage.

Bondage. And therefore we are not to be delighted with this effeminate humour, but upon all occasions to declare our dislike of it, and leave it to women, and pitiful men.

[*To be continued.*]



*An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S
Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

*Of Dr. Priestley's Argument for Necessity, from the Divine
Previdence.*

[*Continued from page 253.*]

THE next text is, (1 Peter i. 2.) "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God." The word elect is used in Isaiah lxxv. 9. and other places of the Old Testament, to signify the Jews, as being God's chosen people separated from other nations; and therefore the Apostles might properly apply it to Christians, as being God's elect separated to himself, a peculiar people zealous of good works. The word elect might in this sense be more properly applied to Christians than to Jews. If so, the meaning is elect (or Christians) according to the foreknowledge of God, that is, according to what God did foreknow, and did foretel by his prophets of old, concerning his son coming into the world, to call sinners to repentance. So, like Acts ii. 23. it only proves that God did foreknow the sending of his son into the world, and that there would be a set of men called Christians; but in consequence it proves nothing at all like an absolute universal foreknowledge. The same holds good of 1 Peter i. 20. "Who verily was foreknown before the foundation of the world." This, like the first and third texts before mentioned, plainly refers to Christ, who was certainly foreknown to God, and predetermined to come into the world. Hence we see, that three of the texts out of the four,

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wherein

wherein knowledge is mentioned, have a plain reference to the incarnation and death of Christ, the very example which Dr. Priestley has brought to prove the divine universal prescience. I have also heard Acts xv. 18. quoted to prove the absolute and general foreknowledge of God "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world." But as it is only known, and not foreknown, in the original *γνωστα* and not *προγνωστα*, it is plain, a general foreknowledge cannot be proved from hence. The signification appears still to be, that God's works are all known to him from everlasting; but this does not signify or imply that they are all now known, which he will do to everlasting. And even if this was said, it only implies that God foreknows all his own works, and not such works of free and self-determining agents, as he interferes not at all with, any further than by creating the agents, whilst he intermeddles not with their works. If God had absolutely foreknown every future action and event without any exception, this would probably have been as clearly revealed, as his knowledge of all things past and present is, even the very thoughts long before they are brought forth into action. Had the words been, "Known unto God are all his works to the end of the world," it would have proved an absolute universal foreknowledge. But it is only "known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world." This only can signify *an ex post facto* knowledge, or a knowledge of works done from the beginning of the world. This knowledge of works done from the beginning of the world, I readily admit. Infinite knowledge of all things past and present, are certainly attributes of the Deity; but we cannot hence infer that he must necessarily foreknow every individual action of those creatures, on whom at creation, he has been pleased to bestow a power of free agency and self determination. This would degrade us from being reasonable creatures, and reduce us to mere machines, under the absolute compulsion of some foreign principle or existence, without any more liberty than a stone has in itself not

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to fall, or water not to descend by the influence of gravity, as Dr. Priestley contends we are (page 3d and 18th). We may observe from what has been said, that they are all particular instances, which God is said to foreknow in scripture, and which as foreknown must certainly come to pass. That Almighty God can absolutely foreknow all actions and events that ever shall be done or come to pass, I deny not; because he can fore-ordain any action and event that shall come to pass. But suppose, God created man a free-agent, and gave him a power to act or not to act, in many things at pleasure: in this case God has not fore-ordained all actions and events, but frequently leaves man to choose and act at pleasure; and consequently does not certainly, and absolutely foreknow, what man, a free-agent, will in all cases do.

[To be continued.]



The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[Continued from page 246.]

I Should now proceed to give you some instances for the farther confirmation thereof. But I must beseech you first to take these two cautions.

1. "Not to ascribe the reward to any merit of your good works, but only to the free-grace, and rich mercy of God." It is his rich mercy, that we have wherewithal to give, and his free-grace, that we have a heart to give, and his abundant goodness, that he accepteth our works of charity, and rewardeth them with all sorts of blessings, temporal, spiritual and eternal; but we cannot merit any thing at his hands by giving him that which is his own.

2. "Though

2. "Though our alms-deeds are sacrifices pleasing unto God through Christ;" and though he hath bound himself by many gracious promises to reward them both here and hereafter: yet far be it from us to perform them merely out of hope of reward, but rather for conscience sake, in obedience to the command of God and in testimony of our thankfulness unto him, for what he hath graciously promised.

I deny not but Christians in their well-doing may for their encouragement have respect to the recompense of reward, but not only, and chiefly. The chief ends we should aim at in all our good works, are, The glory of God, and obedience to his command. Our respect to the recompense of reward ought to be subordinate to these. The truth is, this temporal reward should not so much be looked on, as an argument to persuade us to give; but as an answer of an objection against giving. Thou wilt be ready to say, I may want it myself; or mine may want it: whereas do but believe, that God will repay thee, and with overplus, and then that doubt will be taken out of the way.

These two cautions premised, I shall proceed in the confirmation of the point from the examples of many charitable persons, who have in temporal mercies been abundantly recompensed for the kindness they have shewed to the ministers and members of Christ.

The widow of *Sarepta* nourished the Prophet *Elijah* in her house during the whole time of famine; and how did the Lord abundantly recompense this her charity, by his miraculous preserving and encreasing her meal and oil, whereby her family was nourished? as also by restoring her son to life again, after his soul was departed? 1 Kings xvii. 22.

How abundantly was the *Samaritan's* kindness to the Prophet *Elijah* recompensed?

1. By the gift of a son after long barrenness.
2. By restoring her son to life again when he was dead, 2 Kings vi.

3. " By

8. By forewarning her of a famine approaching, 2 Kings viii. 1, 2.

4. By the restoring of her house and land, lost in her long absence; by reason of the famine, 2 Kings viii. 5, 6.

Notable is the instance of *Job*. What a merciful man he was, we may read, chap xxix. 12, 13, 15. "I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet I was to the lame, I was a father to the poor." And chap. xxxi. 16, 23. "If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of cloathing, or any poor without covering: if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: then let mine arms fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone." I have transcribed his own words at large, that I might lay this worthy pattern before the reader's eyes.

But you will say, what became of the merciful man? Did he prosper? Did he flourish and grow great? Who so poor as *Job* after all these acts of mercy? Yea, but what became of *Job* after Satan had done his worst? You may read, chap. xlii. 10, &c. "The Lord turned the captivity of *Job*, and gave him twice so much as he had before, and blessed his latter end more than his beginning, for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels; a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses; he had also seven sons and three daughters."

[To be continued.]

ENTHUSIASM

ENTHUSIASM *less pernicious to the Mind than Coldness and Indifference in Religion.*

[*Concluded from page 270.*]

AS to the Christian duty of Charity, I am not ill-natured; and (considering that the great expence of being always dress'd for company, with losses at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very little to dispose of) I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say, I should enquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cases, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood in the country, and plan out the best methods of relieving the unfortunate, and assisting the industrious. But this supposes much more time, and much more money than I have to bestow—I have had hopes indeed that my Summers would have afforded me more leisure; but we stay pretty late in town; then we generally pass several weeks at one or other of the water-drinking-places, where every moment is spent in public; and, for the few months in which we reside at our own seat, our house is always full, with a succession of company, to whose amusement one is obliged to dedicate every hour of the day.

So here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourself for eternity!—Yet you believe the immortality of the soul, and future state of rewards and punishments. Ask your own heart what rewards you deserve, or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy?—Which of those faculties or affections, which heaven can be supposed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved?—If, in that eternal world, the stores of knowledge should be laid open before you, have you preserved that
thirst

thirst for knowledge, or that taste for truth, which is now to be indulged with endless information?—If, in the society of saints and angels, the purest benevolence, and most cordial love, is to constitute your happiness, where is the heart that should enjoy this delightful intercourse of affection?—Has yours been exercised and refined to a proper capacity of it during your state of discipline, by the energies of generous friendship, by the meltings of parental fondness, or by that union of heart and soul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendship and ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love?—Alas! you scarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity:—Has your piety and gratitude, to the Source of all Good, been exercised and strengthened by constant acts of praise and thanksgiving? Was it nourished by frequent meditation, and silent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it bursted forth in fervent prayer? I fear it was rather decency than devotion, that carried you once a week to the place of public worship—and, for the rest of the week, your thoughts and time were so very differently filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the universe could occur but seldom, and then, rather as an object of terror, than of hope and joy. How then shall a soul so dead to divine love, so lost to all but the most childish pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itself to a capacity of that bliss which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine presence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration?—What kind of training is the life you have passed through for such an immortality?

And dare you look down with contempt on those whom strong temptation from natural passions, or a train of unfortunate circumstances, have sunk into the commission of what you call great crimes? Dare you speak peace to your own

heart, because by different circumstances you have been preserved from them?—Far be it from me to wish to lessen the horror of crimes: but yet, as the temptations to these occur but seldom, whereas the temptations to neglect, and indifference towards our duty, for ever surround us, it may be necessary to awake ourselves to some calculation of the proportions between such habitual omission of all that is good, and the commission of more heinous acts of sin; between wasting our whole life in what is falsely called innocent amusement, and disgracing it by faults which would alarm society more, though possibly they might injure it less.

The PUNISHMENT of HOMICIDE.

A Dissertation from the French, on Gen. chap. iv.

[Concluded from page 272.]

THIS toleration however was against the first intentions, not only of God, but also of the Patriarchs and Legislators: they would have abrogated it: but the barbarity and fierceness of the times, concurring with the desire of revenge, which was more availing than reason, obliged them to shut their eyes upon so detestable an abuse. It was only by little and little, and when men were in a condition to civilize themselves, and to take opinions conformable to their nature, that they re-established the law upon the footing on which God made it: in a word, we perceive that exile, which was the punishment of murder, was a civil death, which consisted of every sort of death that the murderer deserved, without having the inhumanity of it.

Therefore an exile of this sort was always wandering about, and so miserable, that, to speak of a man who was at the height
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of misery, he was called a *vagabond*. He was admitted into no house. He could receive neither fire nor water from any one. Nobody spoke to him, neither could he speak to any one. They did not permit him to tell the nature of his crime without a cover on his head. He passed as execrable to God, and a prey to terror and fury. He was excluded from the right of an asylum, which was joined to all the temples and all the altars. He was at a charge wherever he went, and exposed to be treated with the most abusive raillery, and the most manifest contempt. He never thought himself safe: he dared not to open his mouth. His infamy was so great, that he was not permitted to do the least duties, even to those whom he had put to death. No one would be joined in alliance with him, and he could not hope that any woman would have him. He was so struck with the enormity and heinousness of his crime, that he proved and perceived that all nature was dead to him, and he was reciprocally dead to all nature. The blood that he had shed was always present before his eyes, and he thought that all the elements rose up against him, and that in reproaching him with his crime, they forbid him all the assistances that he could have from the earth, the sea, and the rivers. In a word, his life was so deplorable, and so full of terror, that he would rather have chosen to die, than to suffer an exile of such a kind. This truth is clearly marked out in the scripture; for, according to the best interpreters, Cain does not say to God, "My crime is so great, that I cannot obtain pardon for it;" but "My punishment is greater than I can bear."



An ADMONITION *against* DRUNKENNESS,

Neighbour,

DRUNKENNESS is a vice which destroys your health, wastes your time and money, and so injures your family. It likewise robs you of your good name, brings a

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reproach

reproach on that holy Religion which you profess, and is not consistent with a due use of your reason: nay, (which is far more dreadful) it will infallibly exclude you from the kingdom of heaven. This you will see in scripture by the following texts, "Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God, (1 Cor. vi. 9, 20.)—and be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit, (Eph. v. 18.)—Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, (Rom. xiii. 13.)—Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like.—They that do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God, (Gal. v. 21.)—Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine enflame them, (Isaiah v. 11.)—Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine; and men of strength, to mingle strong drink, (Isaiah v. 22.)—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink; that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that he may look on his nakedness:" (Hab. ii. 15.) that is, get out the secrets of his heart, to expose him to ridicule. You are just reminded of the sinfulness of it, and warned to forbear, as ever you hope to escape eternal misery; for St. Paul expressly affirms, that drunkards "shall not inherit the kingdom of God." (1 Cor. vi. 10.)

By all these considerations you are most earnestly intreated to examine into the state of your soul; and, for the time to come, conscientiously to avoid the drink, the company, and the occasion, which would tempt, or lead you to this vice: for, assure yourself, if you either despise, or will not make a timely and proper use of what has been said to preserve you from this vice, praying and striving against it, and avoid all temptations to it, this very admonition, which you

now

now read, will both accuse and condemn you at the judgment-seat of Christ. As therefore you value your immortal soul, apply to this Judge now; make him your friend, by believing in him and obeying him, which is the only way to be saved. Repent of your sins; hearken for God's sake, for your family's sake, and as you would be glad to be well received at the last day, kindly hearken to this admonition, and let it have its due effect on your life and practice for the future.



*The TWO COVENANTS of GOD with MANKIND: or the
DIVINE JUSTICE and MERCY Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

C H A P I.

St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jesus Christ.

THE Apostle in the fifth chapter to the Romans draws a parallel betwixt Adam and Christ, and represents the advantages we receive by the obedience of the latter, as equalling the disadvantages mankind suffered by the disobedience of the former. He begins the comparison at verse the 12th, and continues it to the 20th: but finding by the way that the benefits we reap by the righteousness of the second Adam, are more extensive than the evils derived to us by the sin of the first, he is forced to digress almost as soon as he begins, into several particulars, to shew this inequality: which having done he resumes his method at the 18th verse, and concludes in general in these words, *That as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous,*

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Which discourse of St. Paul leads us to consider mankind under two different conditions; one of sin and misery, under a state of corrupt nature; the other of pardon and happiness in a state of grace: one as the consequence of Adam's rebellion, the other as the purchase of Christ's obedience. Which two states give light and evidence to each other: *For if sin entered into the world, and death by sin, how necessary is it to be delivered from this body of death, by the grace of God through Jesus Christ our Lord?* And if Christ in due time died for the ungodly, then was there a state of corruption, which man by his own strength could not deliver himself from.

This necessary connexion being acknowledged betwixt the depravation and re-establishment of our natures, nothing will contribute more to the building us up in the true faith of Jesus Christ, as our Restorer and Redeemer, than the right stating that miserable condition of lapsed mankind, which so much wanted a redemption. What error has the want of this occasioned on one hand? and what impiety on the other? They who will not consider this offence of one, take upon them to deny the righteousness of the other, disowning the justification in Christ, because they will not acknowledge any condemnation in Adam: and they who dare not absolutely deny the degeneracy of human nature, have yet, from the partial notions they have entertained of it, framed to themselves such a deliverer, as could, in effect, neither pardon the offence nor justify the offender.

Let us enter then into the consideration of these two states, 1. That of Nature in the sin of Adam, and 2. That of Grace in the righteousness of Christ; from which, we shall discover such astonishing instances of the adorable wisdom and goodness of God, as will abundantly justify him from all exceptions as to the method of our redemption, and challenge all those expressions of worship and obedience to our Redeemer, which are due to him as he is God and man.

1. Then

1. Then to consider the state of Nature in the sin of the first man :

The corruption of human nature is a truth, that as it cannot but be sensibly experienced, so it has been ever owned by the generality of mankind : how this happened, or when ; who was the author, or what the occasion ; has been the subject of various opinions widely distant from the true : it being impossible that reason should discover, what is the proper matter of revelation : and if it could not assign the causes of the distemper, it was not likely to find out a remedy for it.

It is the peculiar happiness of those with whom God has vouchsafed to converse by revelation, to know whence this disorder sprang, and whither to apply themselves for a redress of it. Revelation has assured us that God created man upright ; that he made not sin nor death : *For God made not death, (says the wise man) neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the living. For he created all things that they might have their being, and the generations of the world were healthful, and there was no poison of destruction in them. Nor was the kingdom of death upon the earth, for righteousness is immortal ; but ungodly men with their works and words called it to them. So chap. ii. ver. 23, 24, For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity, nevertheless, through envy of the devil came death into the world, and they that hold of his side do find it :* which is but a comment upon the history of Moses concerning the ruin of our first parents, and of their posterity in them.

[To be continued.]

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and grown wise by experience, though infirm of body, consulted with their Kings upon all important matters, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called Fathers. Afterwards, when kingly power, which was originally established for the preservation of liberty, and the advantage of the State, came to degenerate into lawless tyranny, they found it necessary to alter the form of government, and to put the supreme power into the hands of two chief Magistrates, to be held for one year only; hoping, by this contrivance to prevent the bad effects naturally arising from the exorbitant licentiousness of Princes, and the indefeasible tenure by which they generally imagine they hold their sovereignty, &c.

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*The REAL CHARACTER of EPICURUS.*

**E**PICURUS was the son of Nescles an Athenian: he is charged by Timocrates as a man of pleasure, and a glutton; but the honours he had in his country, the number of his friends, the continuance of his discipline, when that of others was extinct: his piety to his parents, love and bounty to his brethren, and mildness to his servants, are strong testimonies of an excellent person: he lived mostly upon bread and water, and when he faréd sumptuously he required a little cheefe. He ordained by his will, the annual celebration of his birth-day, and that on the 20th day of every month, all his scholars should be feasted at his charges. He lived seventy-two years.

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*Dr. BEATIE'S Account of an extraordinary DELIVERANCE.*

**A**S a Gentleman was walking across the river Dee when it was frozen, the ice gave way in the middle of the river, and down he sunk; but kept himself from being car-



ried away in the current, by grasping his gun, which had fallen athwart the opening.

A dog who attended him, after many fruitless attempts to rescue his master, ran to a neighbouring village, and took hold of the coat of the first person he met. The man was alarmed, and would have disengaged himself. But the dog regarded him with a look so kind and so significant, and endeavoured to pull him along with such a gentle violence, that he began to think there might be something extraordinary in the case, and suffered himself to be conducted by the animal, who brought him to his master in time to save his life.

This the Doctor, who was never yet suspected of Enthusiasm, ascribes to a supernatural impulse.



#### PRESAGES *of* DEATH.

THE Duke of Buckingham being to take his leave of his Grace of Canterbury, "My Lord, says the Duke, I know your Lordship has great influence over the King our Sovereign. Let me pray you to put his Majesty in mind to be good to my poor wife and children." At which words his Grace being troubled, he took the liberty to ask him, if he had any secret foreboding in his mind? No, replied the Duke; but I think some adventure may kill me, as well as another man.

The very day before he was slain, feeling some indisposition of body, the King was pleased to honour him with a visit. The Duke, at his Majesty's departure, embraced him in a very unusual and passionate manner, and likewise his friend the Earl of Holland, as if he had known he should see them no more.

On

On the day of his death, the Countess of Denbigh (his sister) received a letter from him : who, while she was writing her answer, bedewed the paper with her tears ; and after a bitter passion of sorrow, (whereof she could yield no reason) fell down in a swoon. Her letter ended thus : " I will pray for your happy return, which I look at with a great cloud over my head, too heavy for my poor heart to bear without torment ; but I hope the great God of heaven will bless you ! "

The day following, the Bishop of Ely, came to visit her ; but hearing she was at rest, waited till she awoke, which she did in a great fright ; for she had dreamt that her brother passed through a field with her in the coach, where hearing a sudden shout, and asking the reason, it was answered, that the Duke of Buckingham was sick : which she had scarce related to her Gentlewoman, before the Bishop entered into her bedchamber with an account of his death.



## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCCLVIII.

[Extract of a Letter from Miss J. B. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

St. Helliers, Jersey, July 11, 1777.

Rev. and dear Sir,

**T**HE subsequent lines contains a short Account of my present feelings.

On Christmas-day, the Lord Jesus manifested himself more particularly to my heart ; giving me such a view of himself as I never had before : whereupon my soul adored him, in humble prostration at his feet. What has passed since, surpasses all description. All I can say is, that I have loved

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him

him supremely since that blessed day. All the crosses I now meet with, and the various changes of the creatures in respect to me, make no more impression on me than if I were dead. Thus do I know that the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. My Jesus reigns the sovereign of my whole heart, and causes every power, both of body and soul, to obey him.

Glory be to his holy name, his reign is a reign of peace and love. There is nothing in me but what would grieve to offend him. I have indeed, no longer any thing but Jesus and heaven in my soul. The Lord has richly endued my spirit with that love which is without partiality, inasmuch that I can no longer find any preference for relations or friends, beyond the rest of mankind: all the creatures being loved equally by me for the sake of Him who is their Creator and mine. I can no longer find any difference between honour and dishonour, esteem or contempt, health or sickness, life or death; for all things are mine, and I am Christ's. I know God as my Father, and Jesus as my Saviour and Spouse; who has written me on his heart, and graven me on the palms of his hands. I have as full an assurance that my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, as if I had seen it there with my eyes. The divine light often shines into my soul, with such brightness as overwhelms me in wonder and admiration. It shews me how beautiful and glorious God is; how good; how powerful; how pure and holy! In a word, this sacred light discovers to me his amiableness and benevolence in such a manner as to constrain me to love him with all my heart, and my neighbour as myself: notwithstanding all the oppositions I meet with from without. For as to my interior, it is in absolute subjection to the will of God. By my outward enemies I do not mean my body. My body and soul being both united to glorify God; and directed by Jesus who is the living Stone that quickens and actuates this mass of clay, and makes it move  
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from place to place according to his will, without any more resistance than if it existed no longer. By my outward enemies then I mean, the world, which displays its vanities, to every advantage, in order to captivate the followers of the Lamb; but my soul cannot relish its charms. Satan also uses every means to seduce me, and in my opinion he will strive more than ever to effect his purpose; because he knows his time is short. He will therefore stir up all hell (if I may be allowed the expression) in order to destroy the kingdom of Christ in my soul; but in spite of him, that kingdom shall be established, and Jesus be more abundantly glorified in me and all his saints. Amen! even so Lord Jesus!

I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your most unworthy Friend and Servant,

J. B.

L E T T E R CCCCLIX.

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

July 12, 1777.

Rev. Sir,

**I** Thank you for your kind answer to my last. At present I can say, that God is indeed the desire of my eyes and the joy of my heart. If you knew all his goodness to me your heart would burn with love and gratitude to Him who is my Life, my Love, my All! O what inexpressible mercy! He condescends to abide in my heart, and to reign without a rival, the Lord of every motion there.

I often lean, as it were, on his dear breast; which is all my happiness, and all I want.

My present situation would not be joyous, but grievous, were it not for the smiles of Jesus. But while I am a partaker

taker of these I can say, Though my outward afflictions abound, my inward consolation aboundeth much more abundantly. But still I want to glorify him more and more, and to be lost in his immensity. I have, but still I ask a larger measure.

I often look at my infirmities, instead of simply believing and praising God; and by reasoning with the adversary I have been frequently ready to let go my confidence. But I am determined, for the future, so to live by faith in the Son of God, as to quench all the fiery darts of the devil: for he is continually injecting temptation, and bringing ten thousand accusations to weaken my faith; and was it not that my dear Lord shewed me undoubted proofs of his love, my feeble heart would join with the tempter: for I know that I am nothing, and that I can do nothing without his help. But as I have him in my heart, strengthening me continually, I believe in opposition to earth and hell, that I shall be enabled to do all things.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your unworthy Friend and Servant in Christ,

E. A.

L E T T E R CCCCLX.

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

Corke, Jan. 17, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

I Received your favour of the 23<sup>d</sup> of last November, and shall simply answer the questions you put to me.

You almost wonder, you tell me, that I never got acquainted with you when you were in Ireland. I assure you I had no opportunity, nor freedom to tell you all that is in my mind.

At

At present I feel that my heart is dead to those desires which torment and bewilder mankind. My soul has made choice of Jesus for her all in all, and knows no happiness but that of loving him, and of being made more and more like unto him. I feel my desires centre in him, while my will and affections are given up to him. I know I love him with all my heart and mind and soul and strength, and can say to him, Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee. Yet, though I am fully convinced of the truth of this, I am confounded before him. When I view his infinite perfections, I sink into nothing. I feel myself so faulty, so ignorant, so wavering, so frail, so helpless, so unfaithful; that if I was not continually prevented, upheld, strengthened and purified, by free unmerited grace, I should become barren, dead, and guilty. Therefore I am constrained to fly to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness.

When first I began my present employment, a train of providential events obliged me to it; they are remarkable, but too tedious to be inserted here. Though I saw, and dreaded the dangers of my situation, I obeyed, trusting in God for grace and protection. The company to which I was exposed, and my being denied almost all the means of grace, and the fellowship of the children of God, joined with other grievous temptations, often brought me into deep distress. But my merciful Lord knowing my infirmity, blessed me with a faithful friend (Mrs. M.) To her I would steal, and pour my complaint into her bosom. I have reaped great advantage from her friendship; for when I have been ready to give up all for lost, I have been encouraged by her words, and comforted by the sympathizing manner in which she assisted me: and often when I could hardly find any thing to rest my soul upon, she so pointed out the promise, that my heart felt a degree of comfort.

I continue

I continue a member of the Society, meet my christian friends as regularly as I can, and go sometimes to hear the word: but the nature of my business does not permit me to be so constant as I could wish.

Except the portion of time that I allot for the public and private worship of God, I give up myself entirely to the children committed to me. I call them daily to family prayer, and endeavour, by word and example, reading, and explaining the scriptures, and otherwise instructing them in the duties and principles of our holy Religion, to set the fear of God before their eyes; and stir them up to seek for those things that make for their peace.

Thus, dear Sir, I have answered all your questions, and am ashamed of your expressions of esteem for a wretched sinner. If you knew me half as well as I know myself, you would not have so good an opinion of me. For truly I feel that in me dwelleth no good thing: and that it is the Lord that worketh in me both to will and to do of his own good pleasure. To him therefore be all the glory for ever and ever!

I am, dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate though unworthy Friend,

M. A.



P O E T R Y.

*The* P R O G R E S S *of* E R R O R.

**S**ING muse (if such a theme so dark, so long,  
 May find a muse to grace it with a song)  
 By what unseen and unsuspected arts  
 The serpent Error twines round human hearts,  
 Tell where she lurks, beneath what flowery shades,  
 That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades,

Not

Not all whose eloquence the fancy fills,  
 Musical as the chime of tinkling rills,  
 Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,  
 Can trace her mazy windings to their end,  
 Discern the fraud beneath the specious lure,  
 Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure.  
 The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,  
 Falls soporific on the listless ear,  
 Like quicksilver, the rhet'ric they display,  
 Shines as it runs, but grasped at slips away.  
 Plac'd for his trial on this bustling stage,  
 From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,  
 Free in his will to chuse or to refuse,  
 Man may improve the iris or abuse.  
 Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,  
 Say, to what bar amenable were man?  
 With nought in charge, he could betray no trust,  
 And if he fell, would fall because he must;  
 If love reward him, or if vengeance strike,  
 His recompence in both, unjust alike.  
 Divine authority within his breast  
 Brings every thought, word, action to the test,  
 Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains,  
 As reason, or as passion, takes the reins.  
 Heaven from above, and conscience from within,  
 Cry in his startled ear, abstain from sin.  
 The world around solicits his desire,  
 And kindles in his soul a treach'rous fire,  
 While all his purposes and steps to guard  
 Peace follows virtue as its sure reward,  
 And pleasure brings as surely in her train,  
 Remorse and sorrow, and vindictive pain.  
 Man thus endued with an elective voice,  
 Must be supplied with objects of his choice.



Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,  
 Or present, or in prospect, meet his sight;  
 These open on the spot their honeyed store,  
 Those call him loudly to pursuit of more.  
 His unexhausted mind, the sordid vice,  
 Avarice shews, and virtue is the price.  
 Here various motives his ambition raise,  
 Power, pomp, and splendor, and the thirst of praise;  
 There beauty woes him with expanded arms,  
 E'en Bacchanalian madness has its charms.  
 Grey dawn appears, the sportsman and his train  
 Speckle the bosom of the distant plain,  
 'Tis he, the Nimrod of the neighbouring lairs,  
 Save that his scent is less acute than theirs,  
 For persevering chase, and headlong leaps,  
 True beagle as the staunchest hound he keeps,  
 Changed with the folly of his life's mad scene,  
 He takes offence, and wonders what you mean;  
 The joy, the danger, and the toil o'erpays,  
 'Tis exercise and health and length of days,  
 Again impetuous to the field he flies,  
 Leaps every fence but one, there falls and dies;  
 Like a slain deer, the tumbrel brings him home,  
 Unmiss'd but by his dogs, and by his groom.

Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,  
 Lights of the world, and stars of human race—  
 But if eccentric ye forsake your sphere,  
 Prodigious ominous, and view'd with fear.  
 The comet's baneful influence is a dream,  
 Your's real, and pernicious in the extreme.  
 What then—are appetites and lusts laid down,  
 With the same ease a man puts on his gown.  
 Will av'rice and concupiscence give place,  
 Charm'd by the sounds, your reverence, or your grace?

No.

No. But his own engagement binds him fast,  
 Or if it does not, brands him to the last,  
 What atheists call him, a designing knave,  
 A mere church juggler, hypocrite and slave.  
 Oh laugh, or mourn with me, the rueful jest,  
 A cassockèd huntsman, and a fiddling priest ;  
 He from Italian songsters takes his hue,  
 Set Paul to music, he shall quote him too.  
 He takes the field, the master of the pack  
 Cries well done Saint—and claps him on the back.  
 Is this the path of sanctity? is this  
 To stand a way-mark in the road to bliss?  
 Himself a wandèrer from the narrow way,  
 His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray?  
 Go, cast your orders at your Bishop's feet,  
 Send your dishonourèd gown to Monmouth-Street  
 The sacred functions, in your hands is made,  
 Sad sacrilege! No function, but a trade.

Of manners rough, and coarse athletic cast,  
 The rank debauch suits Clodio's filthy taste.  
 Rufillus, exquisitely formèd by rule,  
 Not of the moral, but the dancing-school,  
 Wonders at Clodio's follies in a tone  
 As tragical, as others in his own.  
 He cannot drink five bottles, bilk the score,  
 Then kill a constable, and drink five more ;  
 But he can draw a pattern, make a tart,  
 And has the ladies etiquette by heart.  
 Go fool, and arm in arm with Clodio, plead  
 Your cause, before a bar you little dread ;  
 But know, the law that bids the drunkard die  
 Is far too just to pass the trifle by.  
 Pleasure admitted in undue degree,  
 Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free,

'Tis not alone the grapes enticing juice,  
 Unnerves their moral powers, and mars their use,  
 Ambition, av'rice, and the lust of fame,  
 And women, lovely women, do the same.  
 The heart surrender'd to the reeling power  
 Of some ungovern'd passion every hour,  
 Finds by degrees, the truth, that once bore sway,  
 And all their deep impressions wear away.  
 So coin grown smooth in traffic current pass'd,  
 Till Cæsar's image is effac'd at last.  
 Ye writers of what none with safety reads,  
 Footing it in the dance that fancy leads,  
 Ye novelists who marr what ye would mend,  
 Sniveling and driveling folly without end,  
 Whose corresponding misses fill the ream  
 With sentimental frippery and dream,  
 Caught in a delicate soft filken net  
 By some lewd Earl, or rake-hell Baronet ;  
 Ye pimps, who under virtue's fair pretence,  
 Steal to the closet of young innocence,  
 And teach her unexperienc'd yet and green,  
 To scribble as you scribbled at fifteen ;  
 Oh that a verse had power and could command  
 Far, far away, these flesh-flies of the land,  
 Who fasten without mercy on the fair,  
 And suck, and leave a craving maggot there.  
 But the muse eagle pinion'd has in view  
 A quarry more important still than you,  
 Down, down the wind she swims and sails away,  
 Now swoops upon it, and now grasps the prey.  
 Petronius ! all the muses weep for thee,  
 But every tear shall scald thy memory.  
 The graces too, while virtue at their shrine  
 Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,

Felt

Felt each a mortal stab in his own breast  
 Abhorred the sacrifice and cursed the priest.

Thou polished and high finished foe to truth,  
 Grey beard corrupter of our listening youth,  
 To purge away and skim the filth of vice,  
 That so refined it might the more entice,  
 Then pour it on the morals of thy son  
 To taint his heart was worthy of *thine own*.  
 Now while the poison all high life pervades,  
 Write if thou canst one letter from the shades,  
 One, and one only, charged with deep regret,  
 That thy worst part, thy principles live yet ;  
 One sad epistle thence, may cure mankind,  
 Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.  
 'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,  
 Our most important are our earliest years,  
 The mind impressible and soft, with ease  
 Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,  
 And through life's labyrinth hold fast the clue  
 That education gives her, false or true.  
 Plants raised with tenderness are seldom strong,  
 Man's coddish disposition asks the throng,  
 And without discipline the fav'rite child,  
 Like a neglected forester runs wild.  
 But we, as if good qualities would grow  
 Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow,  
 We give some Latin and a smatch of Greek,  
 Teach him to fence and figure twice a week,  
 And having done we think, the best we can,  
 Praise his proficiency, and dub him man  
 From school to Cam or Isis, and thence home,  
 And thence with all convenient speed to Rome,  
 With rev'rend tutor clad in habit lay,  
 To tease for cash and quarrel with all day,

With

With memorandum-book for ev'ry town,  
 And ev'ry post, and whete the chaise broke down,  
 His stock a few French phrasés got by heart,  
 With much to learn, but nothing to impart,  
 The youth obedient to his fire's commands,  
 Sets off a wandérer into foreign lands:  
 Surprizéd at all they meet the gosling pair  
 With aukward gait, stretchéd neck, and silly stare,  
 Discover huge cathedrals built with stone,  
 And steeples towéring high much like our own.  
 But show peculiar light by many a grin  
 At Popish practices observed within.  
 Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,  
 And wisdom falls before exterior grace;  
 We slight the precious kernel of the stone,  
 And toil to polish its rough coat alone.  
 A just deportment, manners gracéd with ease,  
 Elegant phrase, and figure forméd to please,  
 Are qualities that seem to comprehend  
 Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend;  
 Hence an unfurnishéd and a listless mind,  
 Though busy, trifling; empty, though refinéd;  
 Hence all that interferes, and dares to clash  
 With indolence and luxury, is trash;  
 While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,  
 Seems vèrging far towards the female side.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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The BELIEVER'S PORTION.

**C**OME, ye aspiring mortals, see  
 What glories wait for you and me!  
 Though you enjoy and grasp at all,  
 To me no less a share will fall.

Are

Are you for pleasures? Here they flow,  
 Pure and unmixed from every woe;  
 In ample rivers here they glide,  
 Issuing from a Saviour's side.

If 'tis a pleasure to be free  
 From guilt, and pain, and misery;  
 Freedom from these are but a part  
 Of those that flow from Jesus' heart.

Joys overflowing, ever new,  
 Rise here to our transported view;  
 Pleasures of pardon, love, and peace,  
 Run freely with a large increase.

Talk ye of wealth—To what is here  
 Ten thousand Indies can't compare;  
 Such riches we may here enjoy,  
 As will endure eternally.

Treasures of grace we here unfold,  
 Of which a thousandth part's not told;  
 These, Christ our Saviour doth impart,  
 With generous hands and open heart.

See in the smiles of Jesu's face,  
 Riches of wisdom, love, and grace;  
 Though poor and naked, he'll bestow  
 These heavenly gifts on worms below.

Doth honour tempt!—Here such are shown,  
 As ne'er in earthly courts were known;  
 Though earthly monarchs pass you by,  
 Each here a kingdom doth enjoy.

But such poor realms as these below,  
 Jesus will not on us bestow;  
 These fading crowns are paltry toys,  
 Compared with everlasting joys.

A crown

A crown unfading and secure,  
 A kingdom that's for ever sure,  
 Jesus, our God, will freely give,  
 To all who here his grace receive.

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The M O N U M E N T.

**A** Monster, in a course of vice grown old,  
 Leaves to his gaping heir, his ill-gained gold :  
 Streight breathes his bust, streight are his virtues shown,  
 Their date commencing with the sculpteréd stone.  
 If on his specious marble we rely,  
 Pity a worth like his should ever die !  
 If credit to his real life we give,  
 Pity a wretch like him should ever live !

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DOGGEREL: or a good STORY badly told.

*The following is an Inscription on a Tomb, in the Church-  
 Yard of St. Giles's, in the Fields, London.*

Here lies RICHARD PENDRELL:

Preserver and Conductor of his Majesty, King Charles  
 the Second, after his escape from Worcester Fight, in the  
 year 1651, who died, Feb. 8. 1671.

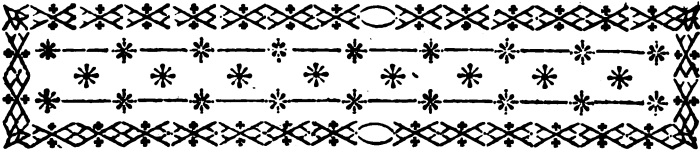
**H**OLD passenger, here's shrouded in this hearse,  
 Unparalleléd *Pendrell* through the universe.  
 Like when the eastern star, from heaven gave light,  
 To three lost Kings, so he in such dark night,  
 To Briton's Monarch lost, by adverse war,  
 On earth appearéd a second eastern star,  
 A pole astern in her rebellion main,  
 A pilot to her royal Sovèrign came :  
 Now to triumph in heaven's èternal sphere,  
 He is advancéd, for his just steerage here,  
 Whilst Albion's Chronicle with matchless fame,  
 Embalms the story of great *Pendrell's* name.







MR. ROBT. ARMSTRONG.  
Ætatis 34.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For J U L Y 1788.



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

[Continued from page 284.]

## C H A P. II.

*Arguments to prove the Freedom of the Will, as well from  
Necessity, as from Co-action.*

3dly, **T**HEY add, That all God's commands and prohibitions, exhortations and dehortations, all his threats and reprehensions, all his encouragements and promises would be vain and unreasonable, and all his punishments unjust, and his rewards groundless; if man after the fall had not still the liberty to do what is commanded, and forbear what is forbidden. For 1st, saith St. *Austin*, *Ipse divina præcepta homini non prodeffent, nisi haberet liberum voluntatis Arbitrium quo ea faciens, ad promissa præmia perveniret, the*

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*divine*

divine precepts would profit none, if they had not free-will, by which they doing them, might obtain the promised rewards assigned to the doers of them. These precepts, saith he, cut off men's excuse from ignorance, or saying I did not this because I did not know it was my duty: but then, because others, saith he, accuse God of being wanting in giving them power to do good, or inducing them to sin. Against these men he cites that known passage of the son of Sirach, [God left man in the hands of his counsel, si volueris, servabis mandata, if he would, to keep the commandments. He had set before him, fire and water, and to which of them he pleased he might stretch forth his hand; he had placed life and death before him, and which he pleased should be given him.] and then cries out, Ecce aperte videmus expressum liberum humanæ voluntatis Arbitrium, Behold here a very plain proof of the liberty of human will, or an express in what it consists; and this, saith he, is also evident from all God's injunctions to do and keep his commandments, for quomodo jubet si non est liberum Arbitrium, for how (or why) doth he command, if man hath not free-will or power to obey. This therefore, if St. Austin answers pertinently, must be the true import of these men's excuse, that they wanted free-will, or power to obey God's precepts; and therefore he enquires, *What do all God's commands shew but the free-will of man?* neque enim præciperentur nisi homo haberet propriam voluntatem qua divinis præceptis obediret; for they would not be commanded, if man had not that freedom of will by which he could obey them: and therefore in his book *de fide* against the Manichees, who denied that man had free-will, or that it was, in potestate hominis facere bene, aut male, in his power to do well or ill: he makes this an indication of their blindness, quis enim non clamet stultum esse præcepta dare ei cui liberum non est quod præcipitur facere, et iniquum esse eum damnare cui non fuit potestas iussa complere, & has injustitias, & iniquitates miseri non intelligunt Deo se adscribere, *For who,*

saith

saith he, will not cry out that it is folly to command him who hath not liberty to do what is commanded, and that it is unjust to condemn him which hath it not in his power to do what is required; and yet these miserable men understand not that they ascribe this wickedness and injustice to God? Whosoever, saith *Eusebius*, doth industriously pursue, or command, or teach any thing, or exhort any man to obey, or not, to sin, or not; or reproves any for sin, or commends any for doing well, Is he not thereby plainly convinced that he only retains the name of fate, but leaves the action to our liberty, and our own power? *Clemens of Alexandria* declares, That neither praises nor reprehensions, rewards or punishments are just, if the soul hath not the power of chusing, or abstaining, but evil is involuntary; yea, he makes this the very foundation of salvation, without which there could be neither any reasonable time, nor divine ordering of our natures, because faith would not be in our own power. *Sui Arbitrii est anima, & in quam voluerit partem est ei liberum declinare.* The soul, saith *Origen*, acts by her own choice, and it is free for her to incline to whatever part she will; and therefore God's judgment of her is just, because of her own accord she complies with good or bad monitors. Upon this supposition, saith he, it is that good men are praised, and that God saith reasonably, *Well done good and faithful servant*; and again, *O thou wicked and slothful servant*; that he saith to them on the right hand, *Come ye blessed, &c.* and to them on the left hand, *Depart from me ye cursed, &c.* One of these two things are necessary, saith *Epiphanius*, either that a necessity arising from our being born, there should be no judgment, because men act not freely; or if laws be justly made by God, and punishments threatened to, and inflicted on the wicked, and God's judgments be according to truth, there is no fate; for therefore is one punished for his sins, and another praised for his good works, because he hath it in his own power to sin, or not. For how, saith *Theodoret*, can he justly punish

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¶ nature

*a nature, which had no power to do good, but was bound in the bonds of wickedness. And again, God having made the rational nature, with power over its own actions, averts men from evil things, and provokes them to what is good by laws and exhortations; but he doth not necessitate the unwilling to embrace what is better, that he may not overturn the bounds of nature. Innumerable are the passages of this nature which might be cited from the Fathers; but these at present shall suffice, because some of them may be mentioned hereafter.*

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XLVI.

*On 1 SAMUEL ii. 17.*

*The sin of the young men was very great.*

1. **T**HE corruption not only of the Heathen world, but likewise of them that were called Christians has been matter of sorrow and lamentation to pious men, almost from the time of the Apostles. And hence as nearly as the second century, within a hundred years of St. John's removal from the earth, men who were afraid of being partakers of other men's sins, thought it their duty to separate from them. Hence in every age many have retired from the world lest they should be stained with the pollutions of it. In the third century many carried this so far, as to run into deserts and turn Hermits. But in the following age this took another turn. Instead of turning Hermits, they turned Monks. Religious Houses now began to be built in every Christian country. And Religious Communities were established, both of men and women, who were entirely secluded from the rest  
of

of mankind, having no intercourse with their nearest relations, nor with any but such as were confined, generally for life, within the same walls.

2. This spirit of literally renouncing the world, by retiring into Religious Houses, did not so generally prevail after the Reformation. Nay in Protestant countries, houses of this kind were totally suppressed. But still too many serious persons (chiefly incited thereto by those that are commonly called Mystic Writers) were eager to seclude themselves from the world, and run into solitude: supposing this to be the best, if not the only way, of escaping the pollution that is in the world.

3. One thing which powerfully inclined them to separate from the several Churches or religious Societies to which they had belonged, even from their infancy, was the belief that no good was to be expected from the ministration of unholy men. "What, said they, can we think that a holy God will bless the ministry of wicked men? Can we imagine that they who are themselves strangers to the grace of God will manifest that grace to others? Is it to be supposed, that God ever did, or ever will work, by the children of the devil? And if this cannot be supposed, ought we not to *come out from among them and be separate?*

4. For more than twenty years, this never entered into the thought of those that were called Methodists. But as more and more who had been brought up Dissenters joined with them, they brought in more and more prejudice against the Church. In process of time various circumstances concurred, to increase and confirm it. Many had forgotten, that we were all at our first setting out determined members of the Established Church. Yea, it was one of our original rules, that every member of our Society, should attend the Church and Sacrament, unless he had been bred among Christians of any other denomination.

5. In

5. In order therefore to prevent others from being puzzled and perplexed, as so many have been already, it is necessary in the highest degree, to consider this matter thoroughly: calmly to enquire, Whether God ever did bless the ministry of ungodly men? And whether he does so at this hour? Here is a plain matter of fact: if God never did bless it, we ought to separate from the Church: at least where we have reason to believe, that the Minister is an unholy man. If he ever did bless it, and does so still, then we ought to continue therein.

6. Nineteen years ago we considered this question, in our public Conference at Leeds, "Whether the Methodists ought to separate from the Church?" And after a long and candid enquiry, it was determined, *nemine contradicente*, That it was not expedient for them to separate. The reasons were set down at large: and they stand equally good at this day.

7. In order to put this matter beyond all possible dispute, I have chosen to speak from these words, which give a fair occasion of observing, what the dealings of God in his Church have been, even from so early a period: for it is generally allowed, that *Eli* lived at least a thousand years before our Lord came into the world. In the verses preceding the text we read, (v. 12, &c.) *Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord.* They were wicked to an uncommon degree. Their profane violence, with respect to the sacrifices, is related with all its shocking circumstances, in the following verses. But (what was a greater abomination still) *They lay with the women that assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation!* v. 22. On both these accounts *the sin of the young men was very great, and men abhorred the offering of the Lord.*

8. May I be permitted to make a little digression, in order to correct a mistranslation in the twenty-fifth verse? In our translation it runs thus, *They hearkened not unto the voice of their*

*their father, because the Lord would slay them.* Ought it not rather to be rendered, Therefore *the Lord was about to slay them.* As if he had said, The Lord would not suffer their horrid and stubborn wickedness to escape unpunished; but because of that wickedness, he slew them both in one day, by the hand of the Philistines. They did not sin (as might be imagined from the common translation) because God had determined to slay them: but God therefore determined to slay them, because they had thus sinned.

9. But to return. Their sin was the more inexcusable, because they could not be ignorant of that dreadful consequence thereof, that by reason of their enormous wickedness, *men abhorred the offering of the Lord.* Many of the people were so deeply offended, that if they did not wholly refrain from the public worship, yet they attended it with pain, abhorring the priests, while they honoured the sacrifice.

10. And have we any proof, that the priests who succeeded them, were more holy than them, than *Hophni and Phinehas*, not only till God permitted ten of the tribes to be separated from their brethren, and from the worship he had appointed: but even till *Judah* as well as *Israel*, for the wickedness of the priests as well as the people were carried into captivity?

11. What manner of men they were about the time of the *Babylonish* Captivity, we learn from various passages in the Prophecy of *Jeremiah*. From which it manifestly appears, that people and priests wallowed in all manner of vices. And how little they were amended, after they were brought back into their own land, we may gather from those terrible words in the Prophecy of *Malachi*. *And now, O ye Priests, this commandment is for you. If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my name, saith the Lord of Hosts, I will send even a curse upon you, and I will curse your blessings. Yea I have cursed them already, because ye would not lay it to heart. Behold I will curse your seed, and I will spread dung upon your faces, even the dung*  
of



*of your solemn feasts; and men shall take you away with it,*  
Mal. ii. 1, 2.

12. Such were the priests of God in their several generations, till he brought the great High Priest into the world? And what manner of men were they during the time that he ministered upon earth? A large and particular account of their character we have in the twenty-third chapter of *St. Matthew*: and a worse character it would be difficult to find, in all the Oracles of God. But may it not be said, "Our Lord does not there direct his discourse to the Priests, but to the Scribes and Pharisees?" He does; but this is the same thing. For the Scribes were what we now term Divines, the public teachers of the people. And many, if not most of the Priests, especially all the strictest sort of them were Pharisees: so that in giving the character of the Scribes and Pharisees, he gives that of the Priests also.

13. Soon after the pouring out of the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost, in the infancy of the Christian Church, there was indeed a glorious change. *Great grace was then upon them all: Ministers as well as people. The multitude of them that believed, were of one heart and of one soul.* But how short a time did this continue? How soon did *the fine gold become dim?* Long before even the Apostolic Age expired, *St. Paul* himself had ground to complain, that some of his fellow-labourers had *forsaken* him, *having loved the present world.* And not long after, *St. John* reproved divers of the angels, that is, the Ministers of the Churches in *Asia*, because even in that early period, *their works were not found perfect before God.*

14. Thus did *the mystery of iniquity* begin to work, in the Ministers as well as the people, even before the end of the Apostolic Age. But how much more powerfully did it work, as soon as those master-builders, the Apostles were taken out of the way? Both Ministers and people were then farther and farther removed from the hope of the Gospel.

Infomuch

Infomuch that when St. *Cyprian*, about an hundred and fifty years after the death of St. *John*, describes the spirit and behaviour both of the Laity and Clergy that were round about him, one would be ready to suppose he was giving us a description of the present Clergy and Laity of *Europe*. But the corruption which had been creeping in, drop by drop, during the second and third century, in the beginning of the fourth, when *Constantine* called himself a Christian, poured in upon the Church with a full tide. And whoever reads the history of the Church, from the time of *Constantine* to the Reformation, will easily observe that all the abominations of the Heathen world, and in following ages of the Mahometans, overflowed every part of it. And in every nation and city, the Clergy were not a whit more innocent than the Laity.

15. "But was there not a very considerable change in the body of the Clergy, as well as the Laity, at the time of the glorious Reformation from popery?" Undoubtedly there was: and they were not only reformed from very many erroneous opinions, and from numberless superstitious and idolatrous modes of worship, till then prevailing over the Western Church: but they were also exceedingly reformed, with respect to their lives and tempers. More of the ancient, scriptural Christianity was to be found, almost in every part of *Europe*. Yet notwithstanding this, all the works of the devil, all ungodliness and unrighteousness, sin of every kind, continued to prevail, both over Clergy and Laity in all parts of Christendom. Even those Clergymen who most warmly contended about the External of Religion, were very little concerned for the life and power of it, for Piety, Justice, Mercy and Truth.

16. However it must be allowed, that ever since the Reformation, and particularly in the present century, the behaviour of the Clergy in general is greatly altered for the better. And should it be granted, that in many parts of the *Romish* Church, they are nearly the same as they were before,

it must be granted likewise, that most of the *Protestant* Clergy, are far different from what they were. They have not only more learning of the most valuable kind, but abundantly much more Religion. Infomuch that the *English* and *Irish* Clergy are generally allowed to be not inferior to any in *Europe*, for Piety as well as for Knowledge.

17. And all this being allowed what lack they yet? Can any thing be laid to their charge? I wish calmly and candidly to consider this point, in the fear and in the presence of God. I am far from desiring to aggravate the defects of my Brethren, or to paint them in the strongest colours. Far be it from me, to treat others as I have been treated myself; to return evil for evil, or railing for railing. But to speak the naked truth, not with anger or contempt, as too many have done; I acknowledge, that many, if not most of those that were appointed to minister in holy things, with whom it has been my lot to converse, in almost every part of *England* or *Ireland*, for forty or fifty years last past, have not been eminent either for Knowledge or Piety. It has been loudly affirmed, That most of those persons now in connexion with me, who believe it their duty to call sinners to repentance, having been taken immediately from low trades, Taylors, Shoemakers and the like, are a set of poor, stupid, illiterate men, that scarce know their right hand from their left: yet I cannot but say, that I would sooner cut off my right hand, than suffer one of them to speak a word in any of our Chapels, if I had not reasonable proof, that he had more knowledge in the Holy Scriptures, more knowledge of himself, more knowledge of God and of the things of God; than nine in ten of the Clergymen I have conversed with, either at the Universities, or elsewhere.

18. In the meantime I gladly allow that this charge does not concern the whole body of the Clergy: undoubtedly there are many Clergymen in these kingdoms, that are not only free from outward sin, but men of eminent learning,

and

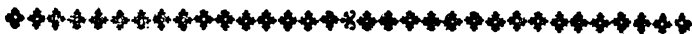
and what is infinitely more, deeply acquainted with God. But still I am constrained to confess, that the far greater part of those Ministers I have conversed with for above half a century have not been holy men, not devoted to God, not deeply acquainted either with God or themselves. It could not be said, that they *set their affections on things above, not on things of the earth*; or that their desire, and the business of their lives was, To save their own souls and those that heard them.

19. I have taken this unpleasing view of a melancholy scene, of the character of those who have been appointed of God to be Shepherds of souls for so many ages, in order to determine this question, Ought the Children of God to refrain from his Ordinances, because they that administer them are unholy men? A question with which many serious persons have been exceedingly perplexed. "Ought we not, say they, to refrain from the ministrations of ungodly men? For is it possible that we should receive any good from the hands of those that know not God? Can we suppose that the grace of God was ever conveyed to men by the servants of the devil?"

What saith the Scripture? Let us keep close to this, and we shall not be misled. We have seen there, what manner of men, most of these have been who have ministered in holy things for many ages. Two or three thousand years ago, we read, *The sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord.* But was this a sufficient reason for the Israelites to refrain from their ministrations? It is true, they *abhorred the offerings of the Lord* on their account. And yet they constantly attended them. And do you suppose that *Samuel*, holy as he was, ever advised them to do otherwise? Were not the Priests and public Teachers equally strangers to God, from this time to that of the *Babylonish* captivity? Undoubtedly they were. But did *Isaiah* or any of the Prophets exhort them for that cause to forsake the

ordinances of God? Were they not equally ungodly from the time of the *Babylonish* captivity, to the coming of Christ? How clearly does this appear, were there no other proof, from the Prophecies of *Jeremiah* and *Malachi*? Yet did either *Malachi* or *Jeremiah*, or any other of the Prophets exhort the people to separate themselves from these ungodly men?

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



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

[*Continued from page 295.*]

THE next person, of whom I shall give an account is one Anderson, a poor labouring man, whose character till now was unimpeachable, touching his industry, sobriety and honesty. He had a wife far gone with child, and a daughter about seven years old; but was totally destitute of money, clothes, and a place to live in, having been by one of their rigid creditors dispossessed of the mean habitation they formerly held, and necessitated to lie on the ground wherever they could.

One morning having been long without employment, he said to his wife, "My dear, I have a strong inclination to go down upon the quays, it may be the Lord will provide for me a loaf of bread, or some employment, whereby we may sustain ourselves a little longer, or else we shall perish with hunger." He accordingly went out, but finding all resources fail, a temptation entered into his mind to commence robber. Accordingly he went into Hoxton-Fields, where meeting with two washerwomen, who were bringing home their clean linen, he said to one of them, "Mistress, I want money." She replied, "I have only two-pence."

Then

Then said he, "Give me that." He then addressed the other, saying, "You have got money, I know you have." The woman answered, "I have but four-pence." He took that likewise, and, scarce knowing what he did, walked before them into town. When they came into Old-Street, the two women called a constable, and both declared that he had robbed them. On this, he was committed to prison, and soon after tried and cast at the Old-Bailey, with several others, who lay a considerable time before the report was made to his Majesty. In the interim poor Mrs. Anderson, though big with her third child, made frequent visits to him, and through the pity of some friends, was enabled to supply him with food. During the many years I attended the prisoners, I have not seen such meek and loving spirits, as those which appeared in the countenance and deportment of this poor man and his wife. Indeed, they were naturally inclined to few words; but the woman frequently seating herself by her husband's side, and throwing her arms round his neck, they would shed floods of tears to mitigate the anguish which overwhelmed them.

Some time before the death warrant came down, Anderson was both convinced of sin, and made sensible of the remission thereof. The morning of his execution having arrived, I attended him a little past six o'clock, and, upon his being let down from his cell, I found him exceedingly happy. He told me he had no doubt of his salvation, and that he should shortly be with Jesus, whom his soul loved; and added, "This is the happiest day I ever saw in my life! Oh! who can express the joy and peace I now feel? If 'I could have all the world, I would not wish to live another day!" The Minister, Churchwardens and Overseers, with several others of St. Luke's parish, presented various petitions to his Majesty on his behalf, and he had an honourable character from the Captain of a man of war, from which he was regularly discharged; yet, when his case was under the consideration of  
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the Privy-Council, by a wrong information which they received, that he was the Anderson who was an audacious highwayman at that time, he was included in the dead warrant.

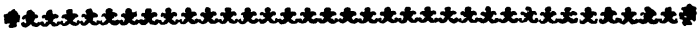
As I was going in the cart with him to the place of execution, knowing the miserable situation of his wife, I enquired of him where she was to be found: to which he answered, "I can give you no intelligence, seeing she has no place of abode; but lies on the floor in some poor person's house, moving from house to house, as she is compelled by necessity." I then asked him where there might be a probability of discovering her? He told me in Lamb-Alley, Bishopsgate-Street. I therefore spent three days in grovelling through almost every dirty alley in that neighbourhood: and at last received information that she dwelt in Holywell-Lane. I went there accordingly, and found her in a melancholy situation, sitting with a poor old woman. When, looking into the room, I saw no other furniture than a piece of an old rug, whereon they both laid themselves to sleep. I then gave her directions to call at my house in Christopher's-Alley. She came, but not without much fear, imagining I had somewhat against her. As I was engaged, and not at home, my wife put two shillings into her hand, and bade her come in and take a dinner. The next night I was appointed to preach in Old-Gravel-Lane, when I represented the unfortunate case of Mr. Anderson, who died for six-pence, and which was his first crime! I also set forth the deplorable situation of his wife. And though the congregation was but small, and those chiefly poor people, yet they contributed six and twenty shillings; and, by laying her case before others, I got as much as clothed her decently. As she grew near her time, I told her if she could give me an account of her parish I would get a petition signed by Dr. Wathen, one of the Governors of the lying-in-hospital; but she not knowing her husband's

husband's parish, I was obliged to apply to the parish of Shoreditch. But Dr. Wathen informing me she could not be admitted into the London lying-in-hospital without a security from the parish, to receive the child in case of her death, I waited on the principal Church-warden; but he being absent, I went to the other, who ridiculed and abused me in a most scandalous manner, although I had already represented to him the lamentable state of Mrs. Anderson. The savage replied, "I suppose it is some woman you have got with child, and you want to father it upon the parish." I told him, "I lived but a few doors from him, and that my character was well known." He then said, in a surly manner, "Then I suppose it is some hanged man's widow or other." I quickly took my leave of him, and hastened to a gentleman who maintained a close acquaintance with the upper Church-warden, and informed him of the ungentle behaviour of the other, with the distressed situation of Mrs. Anderson. The upper Church-warden desired my friend to send her to his house. She waited on him accordingly, when he ordered her in and gave her a good breakfast, while he signed her petition: and ordered her to carry it to the under Church-warden to sign it. As soon as her petition was signed, she was taken into the hospital in Aldersgate-Street, and was, in a few days, delivered of a fine girl. When her month was elapsed, my wife received her into our own house, with the child, and she continued there for many months, performing her daily business industriously, with all sobriety and cleanliness. Some time after her child died, and my wife procured a housekeeper's place for her, where she soon became a creditable woman. Some years after I bound her daughter apprentice to a weaver.

[*To be continued.*]

*Some*





Some Account of ———. ———.

[Concluded from page 301.]

7. **W**HEN I was in my greatest straits, a woman that was my neighbour, laboured to persuade me to leave the Methodists; telling me, "You have disobliged your best friends, and exposed yourself to much want; but you may gain them again and want nothing: otherwise you will be worse off than ever you were." I answered, "Nay, I am better off now than ever I was in my life. And if the Lord sees fit, he can provide for me: but if it be his will I should perish, I am content. I know he will save my soul." She said, "Then go your own way," and said no more to me ever after.

8. Not long after I removed to *Wigan*. And now it was that God discovered to me the evil of my heart. While Mr. *Wesley* was preaching, such a light came into my soul, that I saw my inward parts were very wickedness. I saw I must be wholly changed. On Saturday evening I went to the preaching, but found no comfort. I went home, wept sore, and prayed till I could not speak a word. I was surrounded with temptations, till on Wednesday night while I was at prayer with two of my friends, they all vanished away. The next night, when I was going to bed, Satan furiously attacked me again. I directly went to prayer. He threatened me, if I did pray, he would take me away body and soul. He seemed to be in the room in a bodily shape. But the more he stormed, the more earnestly I prayed; till those words were applied with power, *He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways*. In an instant he was gone, and I saw myself surrounded by angels, so that

I was

I was ravished to behold them. They were gone in the twinkling of an eye, and left me so happy that I could not sleep for some time.

9. After this a Predestinarian set upon me, and gave me one of their tracts. I read a little of it, but found it hurt me and would read no more. He then began to argue with me himself, and laboured to shew me that I could not fall from grace. But he could not get me to believe it. Yet I was grievously tempted about it for a week; till in a prayer-meeting it all vanished away, and I have never been troubled concerning it since. But I had many other both inward and outward trials. The heaviest of all was from an intimate friend. This caused me to weep before the Lord continually for almost three days. But glory be to my God, he turned this also to my good.

10. About this time I heard Mr. *Yewdell* preach, on *Blessed are the pure in heart*. He exactly described what I experienced, and what I wanted. This was the latter end of summer, 1783. All that winter I had sore conflicts with the enemy and my own evil nature. Many times I could neither eat nor sleep, though all the time I knew I was a child of God. But the love I had to him, and a sense of his goodness to me, made it worse than death not to love him with all my heart. All this while I was supported with many great and precious promises, or I could never have stood. Toward the end of the winter I was in continual expectation, that God would come and take possession of my heart. But many times I put it from me by unbelief.

11. In the beginning of April 1784, I had some business at a friend's house in the country, who desired me to stay all night, in order to have a prayer-meeting. I was sorely tempted all the day, and at night when the meeting began, I found myself full of all evil, but had a strong hope of deliverance. I said, "Lord, I cannot save myself. Do thou

with me what thou wilt." That moment I was as if every bone in my body was pulling afunder. I roared out, and the tears ran plentifully down my face, while my friends were praying for me. But in a moment my roaring ceased, my tears were dried, and my mind was quite calm: while those words came with power to my soul, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." After they had joyfully praised God on my account, the service was concluded. It was on the 3d of April, 1784, that God wrought this great change in my soul.

12. The week after I was forely tempted, feeling I was still a very weak, ignorant creature. And indeed I found more need of Jesus now, then ever in all my life. The Thursday night was our monthly prayer-meeting. Having a great cold I thought I would not pray; for they could not hear me. I was then full of temptation: and many were much tempted against me, because I did not pray. It was at last strongly imprest on my mind, "Pray, and I will bless thee." I answered, "I will, whether they can hear me or not." At once all my temptations fled away, and I was filled with joy unspeakable: so that when I broke out, I could do nothing but praise God my Saviour. And all in the room were so blest, that I do not remember, we had ever such a meeting before. The next day was Good-Friday. I spent it in fasting and in prayer and meditating on my Lord's sufferings. In the evening, I thought, "I will pray again, before I light a candle for my work: when such a glory was opened to my mind, as humbled me to the dust. I was filled with love, and constrained to cry out,

"If all the world my Jesus knew,  
Then all the world would love him too."

But after this Satan strove all he could to rob me of my confidence. I truly proved the depth of those words, *Without*

*we ye can do nothing : but I proved likewise, I can do all things through Christ strengthening me."*

13. April 16, Mr. *Wesley* came, and preached on 1 Cor. xiii. the first and following verses. His word was blest to my soul : glory be to God, that ever he raised him up to preach the whole Gospel. O may it prevail till the earth is filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord ! May his servant see more and more fruit of his labour, till he has finished the work which was given him to do ! And then may he receive a starry crown, and be for ever with the Lord !



*A short Account of Mrs. HANNAH KAY.*

**H**ANNAH KAY was born at *Butterby* in *Yorkshire*, and brought up with her parents. Her mother being a holy woman took care that her daughter was made well acquainted with the Scriptures even in her youth. At the age of eight or nine years, the thoughts of death and eternity made such deep impressions on her mind, that she often retired into some secret place to pour out her soul in prayer. But the follies of youth at last stifling her convictions, she gave way to the world, and lived in a carnal, thoughtless condition till the eighteenth year of her age.

About that time she heard Mr. *William Moorhouse* ; and under the first sermon was brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light. From that time she saw herself in a poor, lost, miserable condition ; and never rested till God spoke peace to her soul. At this her fears and sorrows vanished away, and she was filled with peace and joy in believing. In this comfortable state she lived many years, frequently going six or eight miles to hear the word ; and in all things

things found it to be her meat and drink to do the will of her Father which is in heaven.

About six years after her first conversion, it pleased God to shew her, that though she was justified freely, yet there was a further work to be wrought in her. This made her cry mightily to God to give her a clean heart, and to renew a right spirit within her. At last the Lord heard her prayer, and witnessed to her conscience that he had cleansed her from all unrighteousness.

From that time she had a full and constant communion with God in all things, and a full persuasion of her acceptance with God.

At the same time her zeal for God was such, that hardly any difficulty or danger could daunt her: she would go through all weathers to hear the word, and at such seasons as were enough to have hindered most persons.

Her love to the holy Bible was such, that she counted it her only treasure: and often by taking it up, and looking into it (which was her usual custom when she was in any trouble) it seemed as if the Lord had sent her a blessing according to her present want!

Her love to prayer was also very great. Hence she counted it her highest privilege to continue instant therein: and whether she was sitting, standing, or walking, it made no odds to her; as she was always in the spirit of prayer.

As to what is called, the gift of prayer, she was excellent for a person of her age and sex; for her fervency therein, when praying for herself, her family, the church of God, and the whole world, astonished all who heard her.

With regard to her natural disposition, her courage and zeal were very remarkable. She was also very diligent in business; being always employed, and ever willing to be the servant of all, whether relations, friends or neighbours; in particular she was a kind, tender and dutiful nurse to her aged father.

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For about two years before her death, she appeared to be in a decline. But though she had no fear of death, yet, in the beginning, she seemed rather desirous of recovering, for the comfort of her old father, as well as that she might be more useful in the Church of God. But when her expectations of life were cut off, she was entirely resigned to the will of God: being rather desirous to die and leave this world, in hopes of a joyful resurrection.

When her Christian friends visited her, they often found her triumphing exceedingly in the God of her salvation. Once when I visited her, I asked her what she thought of the doctrine she had believed for so many years? She said, "I am immoveable in my belief thereof. And as to the doctrine of Christian Perfection, I bless God that ever I heard it; for I have experienced the truth thereof for these last ten years: without which, perhaps the difficulties I have met with, might have overturned me." Presently after this, she ended her days in the full assurance of faith, and greatly triumphing over all her enemies.

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

*Of the Propagation of P L A N T S.*

[Continued from page 303.]

**C**ONCERNING Vegetables in general we may farther remark, 1. That because they are intended to be food for numberless species of animals, therefore nature has taken so extraordinary care, and made so abundant provision for their propagation and increase. So that they are propagated and multiplied, not only by the seed, but also by the root, producing

producing shoots or off-sets in some, and by creeping underground in others. Some likewise are propagated by slips or cuttings, and some by several of these ways. Secondly, for the security of such species as are only produced by seed, most seeds are endued with a lasting vitality: so that if by reason of excessive cold or drought, or any other accident, they happen not to spring up the first year, they may continue their fruitfulness, I do not say, six or seven only, but even twenty or thirty years. Nay, after this term, if the hindrance be removed, they will spring up, and bring forth fruit. Hence it is, that plants are sometimes lost for a considerable time, in places wherein they abounded before; but after some years appear anew. They are lost, either because of the unfavourable seasons, because the land was fallowed, or because plenty of weeds, or other plants, prevented their coming up; but as soon as the impediments are removed, they spring up again. Thirdly, Many vegetables are armed with prickles or thorns, to keep them from the browsing of beasts; as also to defend others who grow under their shelter. Hereby likewise they are made particularly useful to man, either for quick or dead fences. Fourthly, Such vegetables as are weak, and not able to support themselves, have a wonderful faculty of using the strength of their neighbours; embracing and climbing up upon them, and using them as crutches to their feeble bodies. Some twist themselves about others like a screw: some lay fast hold upon them, by their curious clasps or tendrils, which herein are equivalent to hands. Some strike in a kind of root: others by the emission of a natural glue, firmly adhere to any thing which has strength sufficient to support them. Clasps are of a compound nature, between a root and a branch. Sometimes they serve for support only; as in the clasps of Vines, whose branches being long and slender, would otherwise sink with their own weight: sometimes, for a supply of nourishment also; as in the trunk-roots of ivy; which mounting very

very high, and being of a close and very compact nature, the sap would not be sufficiently supplied to the upper sprouts, unless these assisted the mother root. Fifthly, The best of all grain, and what affords the most wholesome and agreeable nourishment is Wheat. And it is most patient in all climates, bearing the extremes both of heat and cold: It grows, and brings its seed to maturity, not only in the temperate countries, but also in the cold regions of Scotland, Denmark, Norway, and Muscovy, on the one hand; and on the other, in the sultry heat of Spain, Egypt, Barbary, Mauritania, and the East Indies. Nor is it less observable, that nothing is more fruitful. One bushel when properly sown in a proper soil, having been found to yield a hundred and fifty, and in some instances abundantly more.

[*To be continued.*]

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GOD'S *Revenge against* MURDER and ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page 305.*]

**D**URING the time that Leonardo Donato was Doge of Venice, there dwelt in that city a worthy gentleman, called Signor Jacomo Beraldi, who had one daughter, named Victorina, whose quality, wealth, and beauty, were sufficient attractions to draw a great number of humble admirers about her of the first distinction, among which no one was so agreeable to the young lady herself, as Signor Sypontus; but he having lately suffered great losses by the Turks, her father recommended Signor Souranza to her choice, who, though he was of far greater estate, yet was he now in his declining age. However her parents forced Victorina to submit to their will, and marry Souranza.

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As it is a duty in children to honour and obey their parents, so is it in parents, carefully to regard, and tenderly to love their children; and at the disposal of them in marriage, to proceed with judgment, and not with passion. They should endeavour to persuade, but never to force them; for can there be any hell upon earth like that of a discontented bed? And must it not be a great grief to parents to see, that, through their cruelty, their children live miserably? And this was the case of Victorina and Souranza. His best performance of the rites of matrimony were but mere desires; so that her sensuality getting the better of virtue she allowed those pleasures to Sypontus, as a mistress, which she could not as a wife; and she perfectly hated her husband, and wished him dead every day, which she often hinted to Sypontus, till at length it was concluded on: and three days after, Souranza, going to his house of pleasure near Padua, Sypontus hired two gondoliers, or watermen to assassinate him: who being sworn to secrecy, as Sourenza returned, after three days stay, in the close of the evening, Sypontus in disguise, entered his gondola, and stabbed him to the heart, then cut off his nose and beard, that he might not be known, and threw him into the sea; and, with the assistance of his own gondoliers, those of Sourenza, after their master, that they might tell no tales: then making haste home, sent notice of it to Victorina.

This news gave Victorina infinite joy, which, the better to cloak, she lamented greatly for some time, and complained to her father of her husband's long absence; and he mentioning it to some of Souranza's relations; they sent a nephew of his, named Andrew Souranza, up the Brenta, to his country seat, to know how he did; but he brought word that his uncle was gone from thence four days before, and that he could learn nothing of him, although he had made the strictest enquiry. Victorina appeared all in tears, when word was brought that a dead body was taken up by some fishermen,  
and

and landed at St. Mark's stairs. Signor Souranza, the nephew, went presently to the place where it was, and observing the body very curiously, at last spied a red spot in the neck, and a wart under the left eye, by which marks he was too well assured that it was the body of his uncle, Signor Baptista Souranza, and ordered it to be carried to an adjoining house, in which it was stripped naked, and had several wounds discovered about it, either by a sword or poinard, which occasioned much discourse and enquiry, but at first to no purpose.

Andrew Souranza, who had formerly made some observations, on the behaviour of Victorina, vehemently suspected her of this murder; and for the more effectual discovery, enquires of Felicia, Victorina's maid, what persons most frequently visited her lady. She told him, that Sypontus in particular had sent her many letters, and that there was much love and familiarity between them; upon which Souranza desired her to intercept one of their letters, which she promised to do; and in a short time after, being sent to fetch her lady a pair of gloves from her dressing-room, she opened an ivory-box, in which she found the letter that Sypontus had sent her. Souranza having read the letter, accused Sypontus and Victorina of this murder before the criminal judges. They were examined, but denied the fact, and disowned the letter upon which they were separately committed to prison.

[*To be continued.*]



*An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.*

[*Continued from page 307.*]

*Of several Errors of the Tongue.*

**I**N familiar discourse men transgress many ways, both in the matter and manner of it. In the matter principally if it be either impertinent, profane or false. I would advise

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you

you to keep *Euripides'* precept, Either be silent, or speak something that is better; that is, which may increase learning, or disgrace vice, instruct the ignorant, or serve the ends of civility. Take care, says *Zeno*, that you dip your tongue in understanding, and minister to various purposes: otherwise you will be reputed a prating, insignificant person.

But a multitude of words, though directed to no ill design, is to be avoided. Garrulity is a great instance of a foolish mind, and betrays men to many huge inconveniencies. Not that we are to imitate the austerity of those Monks who abstained altogether from speech, *Romualdus* for seven years, and one in *Brabant* for sixteen, *Theona* for no less than thirty, and *Johannes Silentarius* for forty-seven; for this is morosity, if not madness. The tongue is an angel (as the Priest was wont to cry out, in the midst of the rites performed to *Hippocrates*, the god of Silence) and is capable of shedding a benign influence upon society; but then it must not be permitted to be dissolute, and to range abroad; but be kept under command, and within compass, and be always well employed.

You must carefully abstain from mentioning those things which are likely to put any out of countenance. It is not convenient to tell the story of *Lucretia*, where there is one suspected to have been unchaste, nor to fall a dispraising *Thraso* to a vain-glorious soldier, nor to produce the character of *Thersites* or *Zoilus* in the presence of a squinting or crooked-backed, or limping person, nor to talk of breeding and child-birth before young girls, nor to cast dirt in any one's face, by revealing or intimating that which may reflect dishonour upon him. It was a bitter taunt of *Epicharmus*, when *Hieron*, not long after he had unfortunately killed his friend, invited him to supper, to reply, I think I may safely come, for when you butchered your friend, you did not devour him. Such sarcasms bite sharply, and favour of an uncharitable spirit, and strangely confound him they are thrown

at :

at: and therefore it is a good proverb, That you must never speak of a halter in his house whose father was hanged.

Talk not filthily or obscenely, though you may tickle the fancy, and get into the favour of great men. He that is good will seek to delight others only by good things; and he that ministers to wantonness, is a perfidious and unworthy wretch. Lascivious discourse is a rudeness not to be admitted into civil conversation; for (besides that it argues the fountain to be impure) it debauches men's minds, and pollutes their manners; and therefore *Seneca* did amiss in describing the looking-glass of *Hostius*; and I could wish that the *Ephesiaca* of *Xenophon* and the *Fescennines* of *Ausonius*, and the ribaldry of *marial*, and all the foul adherencies of plays were quite expunged; that so they might profit and please, but not defile the ears of the hearers. Our very reproaches of lust must be coy and wary, and wrapt up in a chaste and modest dialect, according to that prudent saying, It is not good to come near the leprosy, though it be to cleanse the leper's skin.

[To be continued.]

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An extract from a volume entitled, *A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S  
Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

*Of Dr. Priestley's Argument for Necessity, from the Divine  
Prescience.*

[Continued from page 309.]

**A**BSOLUTE, unlimited, and certain fore-knowledge can never permit a man to act but in one certain line of conduct, without the least possible deviation, or without any possibility of doing otherwise than he does. It appears from

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Exodus

Exodus xiii. 17, God did not at that time certainly foreknow what the Israelites would do. "And it came to pass, when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near, for God said, lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt." This plainly shews, that the people had full liberty and full power of determining to return or not return to Egypt, and that God did not certainly and absolutely fore-know, whether they would do so or no, if they found inconveniencies in their journey. God therefore uses this caution to induce them not to return: he led them with a pillar of fire by the most easy and convenient, though not by the nearest way, lest when they saw war, they should be afraid, *repent and return to Egypt*. Now had he irresistibly influenced their minds, or necessitated them to go, or had he certainly fore-known they would go, why did he use this precaution, "lest they should repent and return," if he knew they could not possibly return, nor do otherwise than they were necessitated to do? David enquiring of God, says, "Will the men of Keilah deliver me up into his hand? Will Saul come down as thy servant hath heard? O Lord God of Israel, I beseech thee, tell thy servant. And the Lord said, he will come down. Then said David, will the men of Keilah deliver me and my men into the hand of Saul? And the Lord said, they will deliver thee up." Notwithstanding this, we find Saul neither went down, nor did the men of Keilah deliver David and his men up. We must not think that "God is a man that he should lie." How then can this be reconciled? It may be done thus: the purport of the question seems to be this: does Saul now will to come down to me at Keilah? and do the men of Keilah now will to deliver me up? That is, are their intentions such at this present? This was a proper question put by David to God, who knows the most secret thoughts, and intentions of men. But it does not follow that he always pleases to fore-know how they may change their present

present intentions, when he leaves them at liberty so to do. Hence, though God positively said, Saul will come down, and the men of Keilah will deliver thee up, that is, their intentions are now such; yet afterwards Saul did not come down, neither did the men of Keilah deliver him up. They all changed their intentions according to the power of self-determination God had given them, who seems neither to have fore-ordained nor to have certainly fore-known what they would in future do in this case.

If we examine all the scriptures we shall find that so far from every determination of man's mind being certainly fore-known, and consequently under a necessity of coming to pass, that full power of self determination is implied to be in man, in almost every page; we find the whole tendency of the New Testament, both Gospels and Epistles, is to persuade men to turn from their wickedness and live, or to come unto Christ, that they may have life. They are called upon to believe, to repent, to be baptized, to watch, to pray, to give diligence, to strive, to contend earnestly, with innumerable other expressions, which all plainly signify man to have a power of self-determination, and free-agency within himself, and not to be a mere machine wrought upon mechanically and irresistibly by some foreign impulse. The preaching and writings of our Saviour and his Apostles, as well as all other writings and exhortations are all vain and fruitless, upon any other plan. According to Dr. Priestley, no man could be otherwise than he has been, is, or is to be. Because says he, (page 13,) "it is not possible for any determination to have been otherwise than it has been, is, or is to be," i. e. according to his system. Consequently what is to be, whether good or bad, is to be, in spite of all preaching, writing or exhorting to the contrary. But here I shall be blamed in the same manner as Dr. Beattie (pages 23, 24) that, "he hesitates not to deprive the ever blessed God of that very attribute, by which he distinguishes himself from all false gods, rather than relinquish his fond claim

claim to the fancied privilege of self-determination, a claim which appears to me just as absurd as that of self-existence." What Dr. Beattie has done, I do not know. As to myself, I am very far from depriving the ever blessed God, of the attribute of prescience, or being able to foreknow every thing which he pleases to foreknow, so that by this he is still distinguished from false gods; yet I dare not deny the same ever blessed God, who is Almighty, the power of suspending such prescience at pleasure, in other words I cannot deny him to be able to have created a set of creatures and to have given them a power of self-determination. But this power Dr. Priestley appears to deny to Almighty God as a thing impossible, (page 15) and deprives him of the ability (though Almighty) to create any creatures but what are and must be constantly, invariably and necessarily determined by some motives or cause, foreign to themselves (page 8.) Man can make many wonderful machines which will perform an amazing variety of regular mechanical motions, but they are all foreknown by man the maker, and so far as concerns the machines only, the motions are all necessarily made, yet they are still subject to the voluntary control of man the maker. To God alone belongs the power of making, not a mere machine, but a creature endowed with a power of self-determination in many things at pleasure, without these actions being foreknown, or necessarily determined by any other being. To say as (page 24) Dr. Priestley says, "that a power of self-determination appears as absurd as that of self-existence," seems very strange, because we find these so different, that the greatest part of men have generally believed themselves to have been possessed of a power of self-determination; whereas there scarce ever was a man so infatuated as to believe that he possessed a power of self-existence. I shall conclude this section with observing that man's power of self-determination, is in all cases wholly under the control of Almighty God when he pleases, and all his  
future

future actions are capable of being foreknown by God if he pleases; but yet in many cases they are left to the self-determining power in man, without any interruption from any other being, or absolute and certain foreknowledge by any other being whatsoever.

[To be continued.]



*The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[Continued from page 311.]

TO these examples, recorded in scripture, I shall add a few more out of ancient and modern writings.

St. *Alban* having received a poor persecuted Minister into his house, was by his godly life and exhortations so wrought upon, that he turned from Heathenism to Christianity, and at last suffered as a martyr for the truth of Jesus Christ, as *Beda* and others write of him. His kindness to a poor persecuted Minister was recompensed, not only with his conversion to the true Religion, but likewise with the honour of martyrdom.

St. *Austin*, having set forth the mercifulness and liberality of *Constantine* the Great, saith, *Bonus Deus, Constantinum Magnum tantis terrenis implevit muneribus*, &c. God gave *Constantine*, that merciful Prince, more wealth than heart could wish, for his bounty to the poor, Aug. de Civitate Dei. l. 5.

“ Dr. *Hammond* in his forementioned treatise mentions an ancient story out of *Cedrenus*, of a Jew, who upon reading those words of *Solomon*, Prov. xix. 17. *He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again*, resolved to try, whether God would be as good as his word: thereupon gave all that he had, but



but two pieces of silver, to the poor, and then waited and expected to see it come again. But being not presently answered in that expectation, grew angry, and went up to *Jerusalem* to expostulate with God for not performing his promise. And going on his way, he found two men engaged in a quarrel, about a stone, that both walking together had found in the way, and so had both equal right to it; but it being but one, and not capable of being divided, they could not both enjoy. And therefore to make them friends, he having two pieces of silver, doth upon contract divide them betwixt the contenders, and hath the stone in exchange for them. Having it, he goes on his journey, and coming to *Jerusalem*, shews it to a Goldsmith, who tells him, that it was a jewel of great value, being a stone sarn, and lost out of the High-Priest's ephod, to whom if he carried it, he would certainly receive a great reward. He did so, and accordingly it proved. The High-Priest took it of him, gave him a great reward, and reproved him for questioning the truth of God's promises, bidding him trust God the next time.

*Tiberius* the Second was very famous for his bounty to the poor, insomuch that his wife was wont to blame him for it; and speaking to him once, how he wasted his treasure that way, he told her, He should never want money so long as in obedience to Christ's command he supplied the necessities of the poor. After he had given much this way, under a marble table which was taken up he found a great treasure; and news was brought him too of the death of one *Narjes*, a very rich man, who had given his whole estate to him.

Famous is the story of that charitable Bishop of *Milan*, who travelling with his servant, overtook some poor people who begged an alms of him: whereupon he asked his man what money he had about him, who answered, Three crowns, which he commanded him to give them: but the servant thinking himself wiser than his master, gave them but two crowns, not knowing what occasions they might have for  
money

money before they got home. Not long after some noblemen meeting the Bishop, and knowing him to be a very charitable man, appointed two hundred crowns to be paid to the Bishop's servant for his master's use. The servant having received the money, presently with great joy acquainted his master, who said, See, how in wronging the poor, by keeping back the third crown which I intended them, thou hast likewise wronged me. If thou hadst given those three crowns, I commanded thee thou hadst received three hundred crowns! whereas now I have but two. *Melanc. apud Job. Mantium.*

*Mary* the wife of *Alexander Ferneze*, Prince of *Parma*, being childless, conceived a hope, that if she should take into her house a poor man's child, God would bestow a son upon her. Whereupon she took a poor man's son under her care, and gave orders for his education; and according to her expectation, at nine months end she was delivered of a son.

Suitable likewise to this point is the story of *John Stewart*, Provost of *Air* in *Scotland*, who was eminent for charity. He had a considerable estate left him by his father; of which he gave a great part to the poor and other charitable uses. I shall mention one. His heart on a time being much affected with the wants of many of God's people, he sent for divers of them to *Edinburgh*; when they came, he told them he was not ignorant in what a low condition many of them were, and therefore he had brought some money with him to lend each of them, yet so as they should never offer to repay it till he required the same. Soon after, such a plague broke out in *Air*, that trade decayed much, and he himself with others was reduced to straits. Whereupon some derided him, saying, Religion had made him poor, and his giving so much to others, like a fool, had brought him to want. Having borrowed a little money, he departs from *Air* to *Rochel* in *France*, where salt and other commodities being exceeding cheap, he adventured to freight a ship, and load her upon credit; and then went back to *Air*: After long expectation

he was informed that his ship was taken by a Turkish man of war. This exceedingly afflicted him, as he feared that the mouths of wicked men would be more opened to reproach his profession. But soon after, tidings was brought him that his ship was safely arrived in the Road. And through God's good providence, as a reward of charity, he made so much of the commodities in the ship, that after the payment of his debts, he had twenty thousand marks left for himself.

[*To be continued.*]



*The TWO COVENANTS of GOD with MANKIND: or the  
DIVINE JUSTICE and MERCY Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

C H A P I.

*St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jesus Christ.*

[*Continued from page 319.*]

HAVING therefore such a lamp from heaven to steer our course by, our reason may safely follow it; and if we keep the eye of it steady, it will conspire with revelation in pointing out the same truths. For the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, a ray of the Divine Wisdom, a light that proceeds from the Eternal Sun which enlightens every one that cometh into the world: and therefore to disparage and decry it as a wandring meteor that serves only to lead men into error, is to dishonour God its author, and undervalue his workmanship. Indeed the soul is at present enveloped in a mist. It sees not with its native vigour; but if prejudice and passion do not farther blind it, it will discover truly, though not clearly. It will make a right judgment as far as its prospect reaches, and so far we may trust to it in subordination to revelation; and so far

far we need not fear to appeal to it with its most zealous advocates.

But then to set it up in defiance of revelation, is to fight against God, and to involve the Almighty in self contradiction. In this case it forfeits the title of reason, and degenerates into folly.

Let us now consult this reason, and enquire whether an All-wise and Almighty God, being to create a world, could establish it in that order and condition we now find it? whether he could dismiss it from his hands, with such manifest marks of imperfection upon it as now appear in the natural, but especially in the moral world?

To these enquiries reason will answer, that an infinitely perfect, and self-sufficient Being, has in himself all that is requisite to his happiness: and neither needs, nor is capable of receiving additions to it, from any external productions; and that therefore God cannot place his end in his creatures, or any where out of himself; so that if he be determined to act, it is to exert his infinite power, to display his almighty wisdom, and to exercise his supreme goodness: in a word he cannot act but for his own glory. Can God then who sets about his work of creation for his own glory, finish it in such a manner as shall tend to his dishonour? Is it possible for him to miss of his intention, or to fail in the performance? Certainly our reason will inform us that he was at liberty to have made, or not made a world; but being once determined to work, he is not at liberty to leave it in a state of confusion, resembling the chaos from which he extracted it; but must if he acts, act like himself, and leave the impression of his attributes, upon the operation of his hands.

Our reason therefore assures us that God created the world in perfection; and revelation assures us of the same thing, when it tells us that God, upon a survey of all the parts of the creation, found no matter of complaint; nothing but what was completed upon the wise model he had proposed; nothing but

what the Divine Wisdom, with an act of his complacency pronounced to be very good.

Here then arises another question: if the world, when new out of the hands of God, was such a master-piece of the divine art, how came it so soon to degenerate into such a state of corruption, as has tempted some to suppose it the product of a two-fold principle, of a good and an evil God? Could the Creator desert the work of his hands as soon as finished? Would not his providence superintend, and watch over a world for its preservation, which his wisdom thought worthy to create? Did any envious power sow the seeds of disorder, those tares in the field of God, with design to spoil the divine workmanship, and unravel his proceedings?

Here reason is at a stand; and had we not been assisted by revelation, we could never have known the rise and progress of this disease of nature, much less could we have hoped for a remedy.

[*To be continued.*]



*An ADMONITION against SWEARING: to all whom it may concern.*

**T**HE profanation of God's holy name, to which you are addicted, is undoubtedly a heinous sin. It is a breach of the third commandment. We are taught by Christ to pray daily, Hallowed be thy name. Angels praise that name; Devils tremble at it; and shall Man alone dare to blaspheme it? Christ says, Swear not at all. St. James says, Above all things, my brethren, Swear not, lest you fall into condemnation.

Consider further, that swearing is a notorious breach of civility and good manners. It hath neither honour, pleasure, nor profit attending it. There is no temptation to it. Neither can you say, your constitution inclines you to swear: it is teaching others the language of hell. Remember the Apostle's warning. Be not deceived. God is not mocked.

Allow

Beware also of bringing the sacred names of God, Jesus, and Christ, to express your wonder, or confirm your promises or purposes. Your mind will not preserve a serious regard to God and Christ, if your tongue be allowed a common and irreverential use of those names.

Let this warning convince you of the sinfulness, folly, and danger of vain swearing. Reflect how long you have lived in this course; and for what a number of oaths you have already to account. Humble yourself in the sight of God, and earnestly bewail the profaneness of your past life. Repent, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that you may be forgiven. And should you be reclaimed, endeavour to reclaim others; according to the instruction of our Lord to Peter, When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.



RELIGION *the foundation of* CONTENT: *an Allegory.*

**O**MAR, the hermit of the mountain Abukabis, which rises on the East of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar. But such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream; he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction, said Omar, who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name, replied the stranger, is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thy eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee, said Omar, belongs to Him only from whom

whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, looked at the hermit, and thus complied with his request. It is now six years since our mighty Lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the Prophet, as the Prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense. In the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving distress, and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor, I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid, but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. "Hassan, said he, I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth; but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him,

him, but he prevented me. "Hassan, said he, forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." "Hassan, he replied, I can no otherwise give life or happiness, than by not taking them away; thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue." He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I was recovered from the confusion, and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost: and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and awaked only to regret the illusions that had



had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind. I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



The ART of HAPPINESS.

ALMOST every object that attacks our notice, has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently, impair his happiness; while he, who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are, both of them, women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliances, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or a hand or finger which has been left unfinished.

Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but, if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you,  
that

that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her, and at last, discovers she knows why that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this, by constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance.

She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the varigated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours, or (what is worse of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into pleasant raillery. Thus

Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that of two tempers once so nearly allied, the one is ever sower and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than the Art of Happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents: taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore, we should be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiae of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimps of joy, shall frequently be the parent of social and happy conversation. Good-manners exact from us this respect to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower. Thus does politeness direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is, that Melissa is become the wisest and best-bred woman living: and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper of which the natural and never-failing fruit is happiness.

*A summary*



*A summary VIEW of the SLAVE TRADE.*

*Slaves are acquired by means of war.*

THESE wars are, for the most part, entered into by the parties concerned, without any previous injury on either side, and for no other motive, than to furnish slaves for the Europeans, by whom they have been supplied with arms and ammunition, and frequently bribed, for the purpose. During some of these wars, the victors have been so incensed at the resistance they have found, that their spirit of vengeance has entirely prevailed over their avarice, and, though they have engaged in the conflict for the express purpose of procuring slaves, they have been known to murder every individual, without discrimination either of age or sex.

*Slaves are acquired in consequence of crimes.*

Before the slave-trade commenced, criminals were punished in Africa, much in the same manner as those among other nations; but since the introduction of this trade, all crimes have been punished with slavery. Every artifice has been used by the prince to entice the subject to become a criminal. Acts, formerly esteemed innocent, have been deemed crimes, for the sake of inflicting the punishment. New distinctions have also been made in crimes, that additional punishments might succeed. The offender, in one instance, forfeits his own freedom; in a second, that of the male part of his family, together with his own: in a third, the whole family suffer; and, in a fourth, the relations of the offender as far as they can be traced. And thus many thousands of innocent persons have been consigned to slavery.

*Slaves are acquired by virtue of the right of empire in the Prince.*

The prince considers his villages, as so many parks or reservoirs, stocked for his own luxury and use. When the black-

broker tempts him with his merchandize, and if crimes and war have not furnished him with a number adequate to the demand, he seizes certain villagers, who are put into chains, and led, whole families together, to the ships.

This is particularly the case with the King of Dahomy, who rules his subjects with such despotic sway, as to apprehend no resistance, on their part, to his measures.

However, in other parts of the country, the mode of seizing them is a little varied. The king goes with his guards to one of his villages in the night; he surrounds it, and sets it on fire; the poor villagers, flying in consternation from the flames, fall into the hands of their tyrant. This mode, therefore, differs from the former in this respect only, that many are terribly burnt on the occasion, and others perish.

*Slaves are acquired by Kidnapping.*

Slave-hunters, consisting of the natives, are employed in the inland country to kidnap the unwary. They lie in wait frequently in the rice-fields, to carry off all such as may be stationed there for the purpose of driving the birds from the grain. They lie in wait also at the springs of water, to which the natives resort to quench their thirst, and in thickets by the sides of creeks, to fall upon those solitary beings, who fish there either for amusement or for food: but their principal station is in the long grass, by the side of particular pathways, which are cut from one village to another, from which they spring out upon their prey, and secure it.

But the natives are not the only people concerned in these iniquitous practices. The British traders have enticed the natives to the shore for the purposes of trade; they have tempted them there with biscuits, with brandy, and other spirits; and, having made them intoxicated, they have forced them on board, and sailed off with them to the Colonies.

These are the various methods by which slaves have been usually obtained; and so successful have these practices been, that *many millions* of people, since the introduction of the trade,

trade, have been actually put on board European ships, and consigned to slavery.

Many of the slaves, acquired by these methods, have been brought 1200 miles from the inland country, and have been obliged to pass through inhospitable woods and deserts, where *thousands* of them have died through fatigue and thirst.

The annual exportation from Africa, consists of about *one hundred thousand* people. Of these, more than 20,000 die on their voyage, from close confinement and other causes, and at least that number in the seasoning; so that if to these we add the number that die in the different wars, and those that perish in the long and fatiguing march before described, it will appear that about *a hundred thousand* are *annually* murdered, even before the planter can say he has any additional stock for his plantation.

Of those that survive the voyage and seasoning, it may be said, that being subjected in many instances to the most cruel and despotic treatment, they perish in a few years; and scarcely a vestige is to be found, that an hundredth part of this immense body of people, annually enslaved upon the coast, had ever been in existence.

The author, from whom these observations are mostly taken, and whose book treats of the *injustice* and *inhumanity* of the slave-trade, is now preparing a sequel to the said work, comprehending the *impolicy* of it, and the consequences that are likely to arise from its *abolition*.

The work is to be divided into two parts.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

LETTERS.



## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCCLXI.

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

Antigua, April 16, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

**I** Hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you; and as I stand in need of your advice, that you will favour me with an answer.

It is now twelve years since I first became a member of your Society: till which time I was an enemy to God. And as for the way of salvation, I knew it not: but trust that since that time I have experienced a good work on my soul.

As I believed my going to Antigua might give me an opportunity of speaking for God, I gladly embraced it; but the enemy disputed every step of my way. For first, When I parted with my brethren at Chatham, I was sorry to leave those whom I loved as my own soul. When I embarked on board the Active, to dwell with the ungodly, it was more grievous.

In this situation I was for seven weeks, and greatly distressed on account of my undertaking. But I now trust I shall no more doubt either the goodness or the power of God, since he has defended me from dangers seen and unseen.

One instance of which is as follows. As a fleet of American privateers was waiting for our fleet, the Yarmouth of sixty-four guns fell in with them. The American Commodore ordered the Yarmouth to hoist out three boats, and come on board, or else he would sink her. But in less than half an hour the Commodore's ship was blown up by the Yarmouth: and out of three hundred and five men, only four escaped, who

who floated on the sea for four days, before they were taken up by the Yarmouth. Five of our men were killed, and one lost a leg, and another an arm.

After this I went from Barbadoes to Antigua, in the Yarmouth. On Thursday, April 2, I arrived at English-Harbour. On Friday the 3d, I went to St. John's, and waited on Mr. H. who received me very kindly. The next day Mrs. H. went with me to see our friends.

The work that God began by Mr. G. is still remaining. The black people have been kept together by two black women, who have continued praying, and meeting with those who attended every night. I preached to about thirty on Saturday night. On Sunday morning to the same number, and at three o'clock in the afternoon to about four or five hundred.

The old standers desire I would let you know that you have had many children in Antigua which you never saw. I hope, Sir, we shall have an interest in your prayers, and that all our Christian friends will pray for us.

Last Saturday I visited St. John's again, and preached to a fashionable company of white women, while the back room was full of blacks, who are athirst for the Gospel. I preached on Sunday to the house and yard full of white and black people.

I hope, dear Sir, you will give me your advice. Provisions are very scarce; but I have all things richly to enjoy; as I have four shillings a day, besides the King's provisions. I am going to have a house built me, with as much ground as is needful. I think God has sent me here for good to the poor souls who are glad to hear; but unable to maintain a preacher.

That God may spare your useful life, and bless all your labours, is the prayer of, Rev. Sir,

Your unworthy Servant in the Gospel,

J. BAXTER.

LETTER



## L E T T E R CCCCLXII.

[From the Rev. J. Fletcher, to the Rev. Messrs. John and Charles Wesley.]

Macon, in Burgundy, May 17, 1778.

Rev. and dear Sirs,

I Hope that while I lie by like a broken vessel, the Lord continues to renew your vigour, and sends you to water his vineyard, and to stand in the gap against error and vice. I have recovered some strength, blessed be God, since I came to the Continent; but have lately had another attack of my old complaints. However I find myself better again, though, I think it yet adviseable to avoid speaking in public.

I preached twice at Marseilles; but was not permitted to follow the blow. There are few noble, inquisitive Bereans in those parts. The ministers in the town of my nativity have been very civil. They have offered me the pulpit; but I fear if I could accept the offer it would soon be recalled. I am loath to quit this part of the field without casting a stone at the giant, sin, which stalks about with uncommon boldness. I shall therefore stay some months longer, to see if the Lord will please to give me a little more strength to venture upon a little attack.

Gaming and drefs, sinful pleasure and love of money, unbelief and false philosophy, lightness of spirit, fear of man, and love of the world; are the principal sins, by which Satan binds his captives in these parts. Materialism is not rare; Deism and Socinianism are very common; and a set of Free-thinkers (great admirers of Voltaire and Rousseau, Boyle and Mirabeau,) seem bent upon destroying Christianity and Government. "With one hand (said a lawyer, who has written something against them) they shake the throne, and with the other

“Whether they throw down the altars.” If we believe them, the world is the dupe of Kings and Priests. Religion is fanaticism and superstition. Subordination is slavery and tyranny. Christian morality is absurd, unnatural and impracticable, and Christianity is the most bloody religion that ever was. And here it is certain, that by the example of Christians so called, and by over continual disputes, they have a great advantage, and do the truth immense mischief. *Popery will certainly fall in France in this or the next century*; and I make no doubt, but God will use these vain men, to bring about a reformation here, as he used Henry the Eighth to do that great work in England: so the madness of his enemies shall at last turn to his praise, and to the furtherance of his kingdom.

In the meantime it becomes all lovers of the truth, to make their heavenly tempers, and humble, peaceful love, shine before all men, that those mighty adversaries, seeing the good works of professors, may glorify their Father who is in heaven, and no more blaspheme the worthy name by which we are all called Christians.

If you ask, what system these men adopt? I answer, that some build upon Deism, a morality founded on self-preservation, self-interest, and self-honour. Others laugh at all morality, except that which violently disturbs society; and external order is the decent covering of Fatalism, while Materialism is their system.

O dear Sirs, let me intreat you in these dangerous days to use your wide influence, with unabated zeal, against the scheme of these modern Celsuses, Porphyries, and Julians; by calling all professors to think and speak the same things, to love and embrace one another, and to stand firmly embodied to resist those daring men; many of whom are already in England, headed by the admirers of Mr. Hume and Mr. Hobbes. But it is needless to say this to those who have made, and continue to make such a stand for vital Christian-

tianity: so that I have nothing to do but pray, that the Lord would abundantly support and strengthen you to the last, and make you a continued comfort to his enlightened people, loving reprovers of those who mix light and darkness, and a terror to the perverse, which is the cordial prayer of,

Rev. and dear Sirs,

Your affectionate Son, and obliged Servant in the Gospel,

J. FLETCHER.

P. S. I need not tell you, Sirs, that the hour, in which Providence will make my way plain to return to England, to unite with the happy number of those, who feel or seek the power of Christian Godliness, will be welcome to me. O favoured Britons! Happy would it be for them, if they knew their gospel-privileges. My relations in Adam are all very kind to me; but the spiritual relations, whom God has raised me in England exceed them yet: thanks be to Christ, and to his blasphemed religion.

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L E T T E R CCCCLXIII.

[A Copy of a Letter from the late Rev. John Fletcher, to the late Rev. Dr. Conyers.]

Macon, in Burgundy, May 18, 1778.

Honoured and dear Sir,

I Left orders with a friend to send you a little book, called, *The Reconciliation*; in which I endeavour to bring nearer the children of God, who are divided about their *partial* views of Gospel Truths. I do not know whether that tract has, in any degree, answered its design; but I believe, Truth can be reconciled with itself, and the candid children of God one with another. O that some *abler* hand, and *more loving* heart, would undertake to mend my plan, if it be worth mending;

mending; or draw one more agreeable to the Word of God! My eyes are upon *you*, dear Sir, and those who are like minded with you, for this work: disappoint me not of my hope. Stand forth, and make way for reconciling love, by removing (so far as lies in you) what is in the way of brotherly union. O Sir! the work is worthy of you! and if you saw with what boldness the false Philosophers of the Continent, who are the apostles of the age, attack Christianity, and represent it as one of the worst religions in the world, fit only to make the professors of it murder one another, or at least to contend among themselves; and how they urge our disputes to make the Gospel of Christ the jest of nations, and the abhorrence of all flesh; you would break through your natural timidity, and invite all our Brethren in the Ministry to do what the herds do on the Swiss mountains, when wolves make an attack upon them; instead of goring one another, they unite, form a close battalion, and face the common enemy on all sides. What a shame would it be, if Cows and Bulls shewed more prudence, and more regard for union, than Christians and Gospel-Ministers!

O dear Sir, take courage! Be bold for the reconciling Truth. Be bold for Peace. You can do *all* things, through Christ strengthening you; and, as *Doctor Conyers*, you can do many things; a great many more than you think. What if you go, Sir, in Christ's name, to all the Gospel Ministers of your acquaintance, exhort them as a father, intreat them as a brother, and bring them, or as many of them as you can, together; think you that your labour of love will be vain in the Lord! Impossible, Sir. O despair not! Charity hopeth all things, and as *Kempis* saith, "It trieth all things, and bringeth many things to pass; which would appear impossible to him, who despaireth, hateth, or careth not for the sheep."

If you want a coach, or a friend to accompany you, when you go on this errand of love, remember there is a *Thornton* in London, and an *Ireland* in Bristol, who will wish you God speed, and make your way plain before you; and God will raise many more to concur in the peaceful work. O let me humbly intreat you to go to work, and to persevere in it! I wish I had strength to be at least your postilion when you go. I would drive, if not Jehu like, at least with some degree of cheerful swiftness; while Christ smiled on the Christian attempt. But I am confident, that you can do all in the absence, and without the concurrence, of him who is, with brotherly love, and dutiful respect,

Honoured and dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant in the Gospel,

J. FLETCHER.



P O E T R Y.

*The* P R O G R E S S *of* E R R O R.

[*Concluded from page 334.*]

**P**ATIENT of contradiction as a child,  
 Affable, humble, diffident and mild,  
 Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke;  
 Your blunderer is as sturdy as a rock.  
 The creature is so sure to kick and bite,  
 A muleteer's the man to set him right.  
 First appetite enlists him truth's sworn foe,  
 Then obstinate self-will confirms him so.  
 Tell him he wanders, that his error leads  
 To fatal ills, that though the path he treads  
 Be flowery, and he sees no cause to fear  
 Death and the pains of hell attend him there;

In

In vain ; the flaye of arrogance and pride,  
 He has no hearing on the prudent side.  
 His still refuted quirks he still repeats,  
 New raised objections with new quibbles meets,  
 Till sinking in the quicksand he defends,  
 He dies disputing, and the contest ends.  
 But not the mischiefs : they still left behind,  
 Like thistle-seeds are sown by every wind.  
 Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill,  
 Bend the streight rule on their own crooked will,  
 And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,  
 First put it out, then take it for a guide.  
 Halting on crutches of unequal size,  
 One leg by truth supported, one by lies,  
 They sidle to the goal with aukward pace,  
 Secure of nothing, but to lose the race.  
 Faults in the life, breed errors in the brain,  
 And these, reciprocally, those again.  
 The mind and conduct mutually imprint,  
 And stamp their image in each other's mint,  
 Each sire, and dame, of an infernal race,  
 Begetting and conceiving all that's base.  
 None sends his arrow to the mark in view,  
 Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue,  
 For though e'er yet the shaft is on the wing,  
 Or when it fires forsakes the elastic string,  
 It errs but little from the intended line,  
 It falls at last, far wide of his design.  
 So he that seeks a mansion in the sky,  
 Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye,  
 That prize belongs to none but the sincere,  
 The least obliquity is fatal here.  
 Some dream that they can silence when they will  
 The storms of passion, and say, *Peace be still* ;

But

But "thus far and no farther" when address'd  
 To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,  
 Implies authority that never can,  
 That never ought to be the lot of man.  
 But muse forbear, long flights forebode a fall,  
 Strike on the deep-toned chord the sum of all.  
 Here the just law, the judgment of the skies;  
 He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies.  
 And he that *will* be cheated to the last,  
 Delusions, strong as hell, shall hold him fast.  
 But if the wanderer his mistake discern,  
 Judge his own ways and sigh for a return,  
 Bewilder'd once, must he bewail his loss  
 For ever and for ever? No—the cross.  
 There and there only (though the deist rave  
 And atheist, if earth bear so base a slave)  
 There and there only is the power to save.  
 There no delusive hope invites despair,  
 No mockery meets you, no deception there.  
 The spells and charms that blinded you before,  
 All vanish there and fascinate no more.  
 I am no preacher let this hint suffice,  
 The cross once seen is death to every vice:  
 Else he that hung there, suffer'd all his pain,  
 Bled, groan'd and agoniz'd and died in vain.

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T I M E: an E L E G Y.

*Written near the Ruins of ELGIN-CATHEDRAL:*

[By Robert Alves, A. M.]

P A R T I.

**T**WAS at the sober hour of closing day,  
 When night fast-falling, wraps the world in shade,  
 Musing I bent my solitary way,  
 For yon pale mansions of the silent dead.

Hard

Hard by yon ancient pile, with ivy crown'd,  
 (Memorial sad of Time's resistless sway,)  
 Here towers to heaven, there cumpers all the ground,  
 With vast unweildy heaps of old decay.

To solemn thought invites the solemn scene,  
 The earth wide-hush'd, and heaven's refulgent fires;  
 And Cynthia, riding in her car serene,  
 Affections gentle as herself inspires.

When thus the muse: " Be scenes like these thy theme,  
 Man's life, how vain, his joys, his labours all!"——  
 I heard, and felt the soft inspiring flame,  
 And wept to see the mould'ring columns fall.

—Such is the fate of all the works of pride,  
 Rear'd to adorn our life, or name to save;  
 They shine their hour, then whelming seek the tide,  
 Buried for ever in Oblivion's wave.

Thus *Salem's* Fane of gold is now no more,  
 That once was Architecture's mightiest boast:  
 See old *Palmyra* frown in grandeur hoar,  
 Each hideous-thundering ruin roll'd in dust.

Thus Painting—Sculpture—weep their wonders gone,  
 Where labour'd Art with easy Nature strove;  
 The glowing picture, or the living stone;  
 A *Zeux's* Helen, or a *Phidian* Jove.

Hence too the sadly-pensive Muses mourn  
 Of poets sweet the ill-rewarded toil;  
 Down, down to endless night those labours borne,  
 That else had reign'd in day's eternal smile.

Yet to console the loss there still remain  
 Works blest of Genius, works of noblest lay;  
*Homer's* bold fire, and *Virgil's* lofty strain,  
*Tibullus'* weeping muse, and *Horace* gay.

—Nor



—Nor Arts alone : see Nature's charms decay,  
 The joyless prospect withering even the soul ;  
 Though flamed with ruddy light this opening day,  
 Lo night's dim shades prevail, and hide the pole.

At Time's command retires the beautiful Spring,  
 Her dimpling cheek with orient blushes spread :  
 High o'er the dawn no more the wild larks sing,  
 Nor song of cuckow cheers the evening shade.

Summer comes on, in lucid vesture bright,  
 With flow'rets crown'd ; with flowers the ground she flows ;  
 Awhile she holds her reign, till lengthening night  
 Mellows the year, and deep the fruitage glows.

Then Autumn pours her plenty-teeming horn ;  
 But soon a tear bedews her gentle eye :  
 For lo a cloud o'er spreads the face of morn,  
 And sounds arise, and gain upon the sky.

'Tis Winter calls his storms the skies along ;  
 The unruly storms obey his dread control,  
 Wind, rain, and snow, a black and blustering throng,  
 Rush all abroad, and thunder from the pole.

As fierce they scour along the flowery mead,  
 Shrinks Nature's face before the brushing sweep ;  
 Till bleak and bare he sits in tarnish'd weed,  
 And all her sympathetic votaries weep.

[*To be continued.*]

*On EDWARD VIth. Statue, in St. Thomas's Hospital, London;  
 are the following Lines.*

**O**N Edward's brow no lawrels cast a shade,  
 Nor at his feet are warlike spoils display'd,  
 Yet here since first his bounty rais'd the pile,  
 The lame grow active, and the languid smile !  
 See this, ye Chiefs, and struck with envy, pine,  
 To *kill* is brutal, but to *save* divine.



Nor Arts alone : fe  
The joyless prospere  
Though flamm'd with r  
Lo night's dim shad

At Time's command  
Her dimpling chee  
High o'er the dawn n  
Nor song of cuckoo

Summer comes on, in  
With flow'rets cro  
Awhile she holds her  
Mellows the year,

Then Autumn pours  
But soon a tear be  
For lo a cloud o'erfl  
And sounds arise,

'Tis Winter calls hi  
The unruly storm  
Wind, rain, and sno  
Rush all abroad, a

As fierce they scour  
Shrinks Nature's  
Till bleak and bare  
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ON Edward's br  
Nor at his feet  
Yet here since first h  
The lame grow active  
See this, ye Chiefs, ar  
To *kill* is brutal, but to



MR JOHN HORNE,  
Esq: 34.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For A U G U S T 1788.



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

[Continued from page 340.]

C H A P. III.

*Arguments from Reason to evince the Freedom of the Will.*

**T**O proceed, secondly, to the rational inducements to evince this Freedom of the Will from Necessity, or a determination to one, i. e. either to good or evil only.

For if the divine grace in man's conversion unfrustrably determines him to one, or if the disability contracted by the fall determines men to chuse that which is evil only, and to omit that which is good; both these determinations must take away the freedom of men's actions, at least as far as they are worthy of praise or dispraise, of reward or punishment. For,

Either the divine influx leaves men room to chuse to turn to God, or it doth not. If it doth not, they do not chuse to

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turn

turn to God when they are thus converted. If it doth, it cannot unfrustrably determine them to turn to him, because it leaves it to their choice whether they will turn or not. Again, Either this disability determines lapsed man to do what is evil only, and so to the omission of what is truly good, or it doth not so. If it doth not so, it leaves him an ability to do good. If it doth not, he cannot properly be said to chuse not to do good. In a word, when God calls, invites and exhorts him to chuse the thing that is good, and to *learn to do well*, when he attempts by threatenings to affright him from continuance in his evil ways, and by his promises to allure and incite him to return unto him; are not these things designed to engage him to consider of, and attend to God's exhortations, to consult and deliberate how he may avoid the evils threatened, and obtain the blessings promised? But if they lie under an utter disability of doing what is spiritually good, and so of obtaining the blessings promised: to what purpose should they deliberate how they may avoid the evil that they do? I conclude therefore this argument with that which *Gennadius* delivers as the doctrine of the Church of God, that though man by the fall hath lost, *vigorem arbitrii, the vigour of his free-will*, non tamen electionem, ne non esset suum quod evitaret peccatum, nec merito indulgeretur quod non arbitrio diluisset, *yet hath he not lost his choice, lest it should not be of his choice that he avoided sin, nor should that be accounted to him for reward which he did not freely put away; manet ergo ad quærendam salutem Arbitrii libertas, sed admonente prius Deo, & invitante, there remains therefore yet to fallen man a freedom of will to seek after his salvation, though God must first admonish and invite him so to do.*

*Le Blanc* adds, that all the actions which proceed freely from us may be subject to a command, and by the law of God or man may be enjoined or forbidden; but this cannot agree to those acts, *circa quos voluntas immutabiliter se habet, in which the will is so immutably determined that it never can*

or

*or could do otherwise.* So that if this be the case of lapsed man, his sin cannot proceed freely from him, and so cannot be reasonably forbidden; for as St. *Austin* saith, *peccati teneri reum quempiam quia non fecit id quod facere non potuit, summæ iniquitatis & insanix est, It is the height of madness and injustice to hold any person guilty because he did not that which he could not do,* as will be farther evident even from the essential condition of a law, viz. That it be just; those laws being certainly unjust which prohibit that under a penalty which a man cannot possibly shun, or require that which cannot possibly be done by him of whom it is required: and the greater is the penalty, the greater still is the injustice. For 1st, Just laws are the ordinances of wisdom and right reason. Whereas that which commands impossibilities can never be required reasonably, enim non clamet stultum esse præcepta ei dare cui liberum non est quod præcipitur facere; for who, saith St. *Austin*, will rot pronounce it folly to command him who is not free to do what is commanded? 2dly, Just laws are instituted for the public good, and God hath made this declaration concerning his own precepts that *he commands them for our good*; but that law which prescribes impossibilities under a penalty upon non-performance, cannot be instituted for the public good, but rather for the greatest evil to the generality of mankind; who are said to be left to the defect and disability of their own wills. 3dly, Good laws do shew to a man what is to be done by him, and what is to be shunned; but those laws which prescribe what cannot be done or avoided, cannot direct a man to what he is to do, or what he is to shun; and indeed, who feels not the truth of those words of St. *Austin*, *iniquum esse cum damnare cui non fuit potestas iussa complere, That it is unjust to condemn him as disobedient, who hath no power to obey,* or to punish men for doing evil though they lie under a necessity of doing it, only because they do it willingly, seeing they must do it willingly, if they do it at all; because they must

first will to do it, and so it is as necessary for them to be willing, as it is to do it.

Farther, If wicked men be not necessitated to do the evil that they do, or to neglect the good they do neglect, then have they freedom from necessity in both these cases; and if they be thus necessitated, then neither their sins of omission or commission could deserve that name; it being essential to the nature of sin, according to St. *Austin's* definition of it, that it be an action, a quo liberum est abstinere, *from which the sinner might abstain*: Three things seem plainly necessary to make an action or omission culpable. 1st, That it be in our power to perform or to forbear it; for as *Origen*, and all the Fathers say, *No man is blame-worthy for not doing what he could not do*. 2dly, That we be obliged to perform, or to forbear it: for where there is no obligation, there can be no transgression. 3dly, That we omit that which we ought to have done, or do that which we ought not to have done; now seeing, *no man can be obliged to do what is to him impossible*, it cannot truly be affirmed that any man ought to do what he never had the power to do, or to leave undone that which he could not shun, for then there would be no place for expostulation; for chiding or reprehending men on these accounts, seeing they could not help it. *O Jerusalem wilt thou not be made clean? When shall it once be?* saith God, to what purpose, if they were disabled even from being willing so to be? *I will destroy*, saith he, *my people since they return not from their evil ways*; why, might they not answer, O thou righteous God, was it ever in our power to turn from them, or convert ourselves? When, Lord! was it in our father *Adam* before his fall? Then sure we did not need to be converted, or was it after this fall? Alas then were we utterly disabled from doing this without that special grace thou hast not yet been pleased to vouchsafe. *O Jerusalem, how oft*, saith *Christ*, *would I have gathered thy children*

children as a hen gathereth her chickens, under her wings, and ye would not: and again, *You will not come unto me that you might have life.* How could we help it? might they truly answer, provided they were disabled both from coming, and from being willing so to do.

[*To be continued.*]



S E R M O N XLVI.

On 1 SAMUEL ii. 17.

[*Concluded from page 348.*]

20. **B**UT to bring the matter nearer to ourselves. Never were any Priests or public teachers more corrupt, more totally estranged from God, than those in the days of our blessed Lord. Were they not mere whited walls? Were not those that were the best of them painted sepulchres? Full of pride, lust, envy, covetousness? Of all ungodliness and unrighteousness? Is not this the account which our Lord himself, who knew what was in man, gives of them? But did he therefore refrain from that public service, which was performed by these very men? Or did he direct his Apostles so to do? Nay, just the contrary: in consequence of which, as he constantly attended them himself, so likewise did his disciples.

21. There is another circumstance in our Lord's conduct, which is worthy of our peculiar consideration. *He calls to him the twelve, and sends them forth, two by two, to preach the gospel, (Mark vi.)* And as they did not go the warfare at their own cost, the very devils were *subject unto them.* Now one of these was *Judas Iscariot.* And did our Lord know that *he had a devil?* St. *John* expressly tells us he did. Yet he



he was coupled with another of the Apostles, and joined with them all in the same communion. Neither have we any reason to doubt but God blessed the labour of all his twelve Ambassadors. But why did our Lord send him among them? Undoubtedly for our instruction. For a standing unanswerable proof, that he *sendeth by whom he will send*: that he can and doth send salvation to men even by those, who will not accept of it themselves.

22. Our Lord gives us farther instruction upon this head, in the 28th chapter of Matthew (ver. 1, 2, 3.) we have those very remarkable words, *Then Jesus spoke to the multitude and to his disciples saying; The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' chair: all things therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, observe and do. But do not according to their works; for they say and do not.* Of these very men he gives the blackest character in the following verses. Yet is he so far from forbidding either *the multitude* or *his own disciples* to attend their ministrations, that he expressly commands them so to do, even in those words, *All things whatsoever they bid you observe, observe and do.* These words imply a command to hear them: for how could they *observe and do what they bid them*, if they did not hear it? I pray consider this, ye that say of the successors of these ungodly men, *They say and do not*: therefore we ought not to hear them. You see, your Master draws no such inference; nay the direct contrary. O be not wiser than your Master: follow his advice and do not reason against it.

23. But how shall we reconcile this with the direction given by St. Paul to the Corinthians? *If any that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, with such an one, no not to eat,* 1 Cor. v. 11. How is it reconcileable with that direction in his second epistle, (chap. 6. 11.) *Come out from the midst of them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.* I answer, the former passage has no relation at all to the present

present question. It does not concern Ministers good or bad. The plain meaning of it is, Have no intimacy with any that is called a Christian, and lives in any open sin: a weighty exhortation, which should be much attended to by all the children of God. As little does the other passage refer to Ministers or Teachers of any kind. In this the Apostle is exhorting the children of God, to break off all intercourse with the children of the devil. The words literally are, *Go out from the midst of them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing.* Intimating, that they could not continue united with them, without being more or less partakers of their sins. We may therefore boldly affirm, that neither St. Paul nor any other of the inspired Writers, even advised holy men to separate from the Church wherein they were, because the Ministers were unholy.

24. Nevertheless it is true, that many pious Christians as was observed before, did separate themselves from the Church, some even in the second, and many more in the third century. Some of these retired into the desert, and lived altogether alone: others built themselves houses, afterwards termed *Convents*, and only secluded themselves from the rest of the world. But what was the fruit of this separation? The same that might easily be foreseen. It increased and bestowed in an astonishing degree, the total corruption of the Church. The salt which was thus heaped up in a corner had effectually lost its favour. The light which was thus put under a bushel, no longer shone before men. In consequence of this, ungodliness and unrighteousness reigned without control. The world being given up into the hands of the devil, wrought all his works with greediness. And gross darkness, joined with all manner of wickedness, covered the whole earth.

25. "But if all this wickedness was not a sufficient reason for separating from a corrupt Church, why did *Calvin* and *Luther* with their followers separate from the Church of *Rome*?"

*Rome ?* I answer, They did not properly separate from it, but were violently thrust out of it. They were not suffered to continue therein, upon any other terms than subscribing to all the Errors of that Church, and joining in all their Superstition and Idolatry. Therefore this separation lay at *their* door. With us it was not a matter of choice, but of necessity. And if such necessity was now laid upon us we ought to separate from any Church under heaven.

26. There were not the same reasons why various bodies of men should afterwards separate from the Church of *England*. No sinful terms of communion were imposed upon them; neither are at this day. Most of them separated, either because of some *Opinions*, or some *Modes of Worship*, which they did not approve of. Few of them assigned the unholiness either of the Clergy or Laity, as the cause of their separation. And if any did so, it did not appear that they themselves were a jot better, than those they separated from.

27. But the grand reason, which many give for separating from the Church, namely, that the Ministers are unholy men, is founded on this assertion, That the ministrations of evil men can do no good; that we may call the Sacraments *Means of Grace*; but men who do not receive the grace of God themselves, cannot convey that grace to others. So that we can never expect to receive the blessing of God through the servants of the devil.

This argument is extremely plausible, and is indeed the strongest that can be urged. Yet before you allow it to be conclusive, you should consider a few things.

28. Consider, first, Did the Jewish Sacraments convey no saving grace to the hearers, because they were administered by unholy men? If so, none of the Israelites were saved, from the time of *Eli*, to the coming of Christ. For their Priests were not a whit better than ours; if they were not much worse. But who will dare to affirm this? Which is  
no

no less in effect, than to affirm, That all the children of Israel went to hell for eleven or twelve hundred years together.

29. Did the ordinances administered in the time of our blessed Lord convey no grace to those that attended them? Surely then the Holy Ghost would not have commended *Zacharias and Elizabeth for walking in those ordinances!* If the ministrations of wicked men did no good, would our Lord have commanded his followers (so far from forbidding them) to attend those of the Scribes and Pharisees? Observe again the remarkable words (Matt. xxiii. 1, &c.) *Then spake Jesus to the multitude, and to his disciples, saying, The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat, are your appointed teachers, all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do.*—Now what were these Scribes and Pharisees? Were they not the vilest of men? Yet these very men he commands them to hear. This command is plainly implied in those words, *Whatsoever they command you to observe, that observe and do.* For unless they heard what they said, they could not do it.

30. Consider a little farther, the dreadful consequences of affirming, that wicked Ministers do no good. That the ordinances administered by them do not convey saving grace to those that attend them. If it be so, then well nigh all the Christians from the time of the Apostles, to that of the Reformation are perished! For what manner of men were well nigh all the Clergy, during all those centuries? Consult the History of the Church in every age, and you will find more and more proofs of their corruption. It is true, they have not been so openly abandoned since, but ever since that happy period there has been a considerable change for the better, in the Clergy as well as the Laity. But still there is reason to fear, that even those who now minister in holy things, who are outwardly devoted to God for that purpose, (yea, and in Protestant, as well as Romish countries) are nevertheless far more devoted to the world, to riches, honour,

or pleasure (a few comparatively excepted) than they are to God: so that in truth they are as far from Christian Holiness, as earth is from heaven. If then no grace is conveyed by the ministry of wicked men, in what a case is the Christian world? How hath God forgotten to be gracious? How hath he forsaken his own inheritance? O think not so! Rather say with our own Church (though in direct opposition to the Church of Rome: which maintains, "If the Priest does not minister with a *pure intention*, which no wicked man can do, then the sacrament is no sacrament at all.") The unworthiness of the Minister doth not hinder the efficacy of God's ordinance. The reason is plain; because the efficacy is derived, not from him that administers, but from Him that ordains it. He does not, will not, suffer his grace to be intercepted, though the messenger will not receive it himself.

31. Another consequence would follow from the supposition, That no grace is conveyed by wicked Ministers, namely, That a conscientious person cannot be a member of any National Church in the world. For wherever he is, it is great odds, whether a holy Minister be stationed there: and if there be not, it is mere lost labour, to worship in that congregation. But, blessed be God, this is not the case: we know, by our own happy experience, and by the experience of thousands, that the word of the Lord is not bound though uttered by an unholy Minister: and the sacraments are not dry breads, whether he that administers, be holy or unholy.

32. Consider one more consequence of this supposition, should it ever be generally received, Were all men to separate from those Churches where the Minister was an unholy man: (as they ought to do, if the grace of God never did, nor could attend his ministry) what confusion, what tumults, what commotions would this occasion throughout Christendom? What evil-surmisings, heart-burnings, jealousies, envyings, must every where arise? What censuring, tale-bearing,

bearing, strife, contention? Neither would it stop here: but from evil words the contending parties would soon proceed to evil deeds: and rivers of blood would soon be shed, to the utter scandal of Mahometans and Heathens.

33. Let us not then trouble and embroil ourselves and our neighbours with unprofitable disputations, but all agree to spread, to the uttermost of our power, the quiet and peaceable Gospel of Christ. Let us make the best of whatever ministry the Providence of God has assigned us. Near fifty years ago, a great and good man, Dr. *Potter*, then Archbishop of *Canterbury*, gave me an advice, for which I have ever since had occasion to bless God. "If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength, in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature; but in testifying against open, notorious vice, and in promoting real, essential holiness." Let us keep to this: leaving a thousand disputable points to those that have no better business, than to toss the ball of controversy to and fro, let us keep close to our point. Let us bear a faithful testimony in our several stations, against all ungodliness and unrighteousness: and with all our might recommend that inward and outward holiness, *without which no man shall see the Lord.*

Bristol, Oct. 7, 1787.



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

[*Concluded from page 351.*]

**I**N the next place I shall speak of Mr. Gibson, an Attorney, who was sentenced to death for forgery. He was an eminent character in his profession, and handsome in his person. In respect to religious principles he had been very wavering and irresolute, ever learning, but never coming to

the perfect knowledge of the truth. He frequently attended my exhortations with the rest under sentence, always expressing much satisfaction thereby. I also visited him repeatedly in his own room, on the master's side, where he always received me with expressions of great pleasure.

Upon his trial his cause had been referred to the twelve Judges. After fifteen months confinement he dispatched his wife to one of the Judges to know if a determination of his cause was near. The Judge answered, "If Mr. Gibson is in so great a hurry to know this, you may acquaint him, that his cause has been after mature consideration, finally determined, and he will not find it altogether satisfactory." His wife went back without loss of time, and acquainted him with the information; yet he still possessed a kind of inattentive carelessness. However, the ensuing sessions he was summoned to the bar, there to plead to his sentence, when permission was granted him to make his defence. It was a matter of astonishment to hear his arguments, and the many disputable points of law referred to from various books and acts of Parliament. I believe it was the universal opinion of the assembly that he would be immediately cleared, as none of the Judges were able to confute him. At length Judge Parrot rose from his seat, and addressing Mr. Gibson, told him his crime had been well considered by the twelve Judges, and that they had unanimously considered him guilty. Mr. Gibson hearing this, turned as pale as death, and was scarcely able to stand. He was then committed to his cell, and closely confined. When the report came down that he was included in the dead warrant, he began to be in earnest, enquiring of me, in an agony of spirit, what he must do to be saved? I applied those passages of scripture at first which were the most awakening to his conscience. When I perceived his soul was in extreme anguish, then, and not till then, I pointed him to the Lamb of God, who is ever waiting to be gracious to every returning prodigal: and I also applied

applied the most healing portions of God's word. At last the awful day came whereon he was appointed to die; nor did I perceive any token of a change in his soul. On going to the place of execution his mind was greatly agitated, as eternity appeared awful beyond conception, especially when near; yet no one could be more diligent in making serious enquiries of what might be beneficial to his immortal spirit. When we arrived at the fatal spot, he turned to me (being greatly terrified) and said, "Oh! Mr. Told, I beseech you give me all the assistance you possibly can," which God enabled me to do; and in consequence whereof, he appeared to be much more composed, and resigned to his fate.

The next, of whom I would speak, was a young gentleman, Mr. Slocomb, who had defrauded his father of 300l. in the stock of the South-Sea-House; much of the gentleman and scholar was evident in the behaviour of this youth. Upon his father's coming up to London to receive his interest-money, he was informed that his son brought his draft for 300l. which he received, and the sum debited to his father's account. Mr. Slocomb, senior, declared he never gave his son any such draft, and therefore insisted upon the receipt of his whole interest. The gentlemen at the office acquainted his father, that if he would not abide the loss; they must apprehend his son, who would assuredly suffer death. The father would by no means suffer the loss, accordingly the youth was apprehended. He was afterwards condemned, and received sentence of death. The Lump of Adamant [his father] then retired to his own country, nor would he see or hear from his son; neither did he once write to him, or give him any kind of advice, or remit him any relief, notwithstanding he lay a long time under sentence, before he was ordered for execution. There was something remarkably amiable in his conduct; an entire resignation to the will of God, which kept down every murmuring thought, and intirely prevented his making any complaint against the severity of his father.

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His behaviour during his confinement was admirable, being filled with perfect seriousness and devotion. Mr. Powell, a young gentleman, who was sentenced at the same time for forgery, became a companion of Mr. Slocomb's; they constantly conversed together about the awful things of eternity, and were both truly instructive to other malefactors. They were both much lamented by all who knew them; even the most distant of their acquaintance. And I am firmly persuaded, those, who closely examined their conduct when on the brink of eternity, could entertain no doubt of their eternal acceptance with God.

Thus concludes the life of Mr. Silas Told, written by himself some time before his departure from this vale of tears, after having passed through a troublesome and laborious life with great fortitude and patience; being continually anxious for the good of his fellow-creatures, particularly the condemned malefactors in the several prisons in and about the metropolis; striving ardently, by all the means in his power, to promote their everlasting welfare: submitting meekly, for Christ's sake, to the ill treatment which he too often experienced, not only from prisoners and keepers, but from those, who ought rather to have encouraged and applauded him. After having done all the good in his power, he cheerfully resigned his soul into the hands of his heavenly Father, in December 1779, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and hath, no doubt, received this blessed welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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*An Account of the Death of the late Rev. CHARLES WESLEY,  
in a letter to the Rev. JOHN WESLEY: by Miss S.  
WESLEY.*

Dear and honoured Uncle,

**W**E were all present when my dear respected father departed this life. His end was, what he particularly desired it might be, Peace!

For some months past he seemed totally detached from earth; he spoke very little, nor wished to hear any thing read, but the Scriptures.

He took a solemn leave of all his friends. I once asked, if he had any presages that he should die? he said, "No:" but his weakness was such, that he thought it impossible he should "live through March." He kindly bid me remember him; and seemed to have no doubt, but I should meet him in heaven.

All his prayer was, "Patience and an easy death!" He bid every one who visited him, to supplicate for these, often repeating, an "easy death!"

He told my mother, the week before he departed, that no fiend was permitted to approach him; and said, to us all, "I have a *good hope!*"

When we asked if he wanted any thing, he frequently answered, "Nothing but Christ!"

Some person observed, that the valley of the shadow of death was hard to be passed, "Not with Christ," replied he.

On March the 27th (after a most uneasy night) he prayed, as in an agony, that he might not have many such nights, "O my God, said he, not *many!*"

It was with great difficulty he seemed to speak. About ten days before, on my brother Samuel's entering the room, he

he took hold on his hand, and pronounced, with a voice of faith, "I shall bless God to all eternity, that ever you were born: I am persuaded I shall!"

My brother Charles also seemed much upon his mind; "That dear boy, said he, God bless him!"

He spoke less to me than to the rest, which has since given me some pain. However, he bade me trust in God, and never forsake him, and then be assured that he never would forsake me!

The 28th, my mother asked if he had any thing to say to us; raising his eyes, he said, "Only Thanks! Love! Blessing!"

Tuesday and Wednesday he was not entirely sensible. He slept much, without refreshment, and had the restlessness of death for I think the whole week.

He was eager to depart, and if we moved him, or spoke to him, he answered, "Let me die! let me die!"

A fortnight before, he prayed with many tears for all his enemies, naming Miss F. "I beseech thee O Lord, by thine agony and bloody sweat, said he, that she may never feel the pangs of eternal death!"

When your kind letter to my brother came, (in which you affectionately tell him, that you will be a father to him and my brother Samuel,) I read it to our father; "He *will be kind* to you, said he, when I am gone: I am certain, your uncle *will be kind* to all of you."

The last morning (which was the 29th of March) being unable to speak, my mother intreated him to press her hand, if he knew her, which he feebly did.

His last words which I could hear, were, "Lord—my heart—my God!" He then drew his breath short, and the last so gently, that we knew not exactly the moment in which his happy spirit fled.

His dear hand was in mine for five minutes before, and at the awful period of his dissolution.

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It often had been his desire that we should attend him to the grave, and though he did not mention it again (which he did the place of his burial) during this illness, we all mean to fulfil his wish; trusting we shall be supported, as we have been hitherto, in our afflicting situations.

My dear, honoured uncle, my mother presents you her respectful love, and my brothers join with me in duty, begging your prayers for the widow and the fatherless!

I am, your afflicted and dutiful Niece,

S. WESLEY.

Chesterfield-Street, April 4, 1788.

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*A Short Account of the Death of Mrs. M'DONALD; many years Servant at the Foundry, near Moorfields, London.*

Sunday, June 28, 1778.

**H**OWEVER painful the subject (particularly to me who loved her) I must inform you that our dear friend, good sister M'Donald (whose memory will be ever precious to hundreds in this city and elsewhere,) is happily escaped to Abraham's bosom, in a moment the most unexpected!

On Friday morning she attended the preaching at five o'clock as usual, and likewise the intercession in the afternoon. After this she went to visit some of her class who were sick, came home and ate her supper and went to bed as well as she had been for some years.

About twelve o'clock on Friday night she was seized with convulsions in her bowels, and continued in the most excruciating pain till about four in the morning, when without a sigh or groan she breathed out her pious soul into the arms of her merciful Redeemer.



zeal for the glory of God. This he manifested in his frequently reprov<sup>ing</sup> sinners, especially his mother: telling her, that she ought not to say such bad words as she frequently did; which, since she has been deprived of him, has caused her much sorrow of heart on account of her not paying greater attention to his holy and gentle reproofs. He used also to tell her often that God would be angry with her if she did not amend; and also reprov<sup>ed</sup> the wicked children that were playing in the streets.

As soon as he was about three years old, he began to pray every night before he went to bed; which he would never do but on his bare knees.

He was also very tender hearted; for if his mother chastised any of his little brothers, he would frequently weep over them on account of their folly and suffering. In short, he spent a life (short as it was) to the glory of God: always serious, and never heard to speak a bad word; but if through any accident or inattention he had done amiss, he would fall down on his knees and ask pardon immediately.

He hated the practice of his neighbour's children, because they would not walk in the fear of the Lord; and although he was as a sparrow upon the house top, yet he kept up a steady determination to please God, which was evinced in all his conversation.

On September 1787, he was seized with his last sickness, which continued about a fortnight. While he was ill, he possessed his soul in patience. He never expressed the least desire for life; but rather wished to be removed to his heavenly Father's house: for he said, "I would rather die than live."

When his father used to express his hope that he would recover, he always replied, "I would rather die than stay here." Though a child, he never complained of pain or sickness; but was patient and always resigned to the will of God.

A few minutes before he died he cried out, "Father! father! Mother! mother! O my heaven! my heaven!" He then fung a hymn, and desired his mother to turn him in bed, and instantly fell asleep in the arms of his dear Redeemer, Sept. 24, and in the ninth year of his age.



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

*Of the Propagation of P L A N T S.*

[Continued from page 357.]

**I**T may be of use to subjoin here, first a general view of Vegetation, secondly, some additional Reflections on the vegetable kingdom.

And first. As to Vegetation itself, we are sensible all our reasonings about the wonderful operations of nature, are so full of uncertainty, that as the wise man truly observes, *Hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* This is abundantly verified in vegetable nature. For though its productions are so obvious to us, yet we are strangely in the dark concerning them, because the texture of their vessels is so fine and intricate, that we can trace but few of them, though assisted with the best microscopes. But although we can never hope to come to the bottom and first principle of things, yet we may every where see plain signatures of the hand of a Divine Architect.

All vegetables are composed of water and earth, principles which strongly attract each other: and a large portion of air, which strongly attracts when fixed, but strongly repels when in an elastic state. By the combination, action, and re-action  
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of those few principles all the operations in vegetables are effected.

The particles of air distend each ductile part, and invigorate their sap, and meeting with the other mutually attracting principles, they are by gentle heat and motion enabled to assimilate into the nourishment of the respective parts. Thus nutrition is gradually advanced, by the nearer and nearer union of these principles, till they arrive at such a degree of consistency, as to form the several parts of vegetables. And at length by the flying off of the watry vehicle, they are compacted into hard substances.

But when the watry particles again soak into and disunite them, then is the union of the parts of vegetables dissolved, and they are prepared by putrefaction, to appear in some new form, whereby the nutritive fund of nature can never be exhausted.

All these principles are in all the parts of Vegetables. But there is more oil in the more exalted parts of them. Thus seeds abound with oil, and consequently with sulphur and air. And indeed as they contain the rudiments of future Vegetables, it was necessary they should be stored with principles, that would both preserve them from putrefaction, and also be active in promoting Germination and Vegetation.

And as oil is an excellent preservative against cold, so it abounds in the sap of the more northern trees. And it is this by which the ever-greens are enabled to keep their leaves all the winter.

Leaves not only bring nourishment from the lower parts within the attraction of the growing fruit, (which like young animals is furnished with proper instruments to suck it thence) but also carry off redundant watry fluids, while they imbibe the dew and rain, which contain much salt and sulphur: for the air is full of acid and sulphureous particles; and the various combinations of these, are doubtless very serviceable in  
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promoting the work of Vegetation. Indeed so fine a fluid as the air, is a more proper medium, wherein to prepare and combine, the more exalted principles of Vegetables, than the gross watry fluid of the sap. And that there is plenty of these particles in the leaves is evident, from the sulphureous exudations often found on their edges. To these refined aërial particles, not only the most racy, generous taste of fruits, but likewise the most grateful odours of flowers, yea, and their beautiful colours are probably owing.

In order to supply tender shoots with nourishment, nature is careful to furnish, at small distances, the young shoots of all sorts of trees, with many leaves throughout their whole length, which as so many jointly acting powers, draw plenty of sap to them.

The like provision has nature made, in the corn, grass, and reed-kind: the leafy spires, which draw nourishment to each joint, being provided long before the stem shoots: the tender stems would easily break, or dry up, so as to prevent their growth, had not these scabbards been provided, which both support and keep them in a supple and ductile state.

The growth of a young bud to a shoot, consists in the gradual dilation and extension of every part, till it is stretched out to its full length. And the capillary tubes shall retain their hollowness, notwithstanding their being extended, as we see melted glass-tubes remain hollow, though drawn out to the finest thread.

The pith of trees is always full of moisture, while the shoot is growing, by the expansion of which, the tender, ductile shoot is distended in every part. But when each year's shoot is fully grown, then the pith gradually dries up. Mean time nature carefully provides for the growth of the succeeding year, by preserving a tender, ductile part in the bud, replete with succulent pith. Great care is likewise taken to keep the parts between the bark and wood always supple

supple with slimy moisture, from which ductile matter the woody fibres, vesicles, and buds are formed.

The great variety of different substances in the same Vegetable proves, that there are peculiar vessels for conveying different sorts of nutriment. In many Vegetables some of those vessels are plainly seen full of milky, yellow, or red nutriment.

Where a secretion is designed to compose a hard substance, viz. the kernel or seed of hard-stone fruits, it does not immediately grow from the stone, which would be the shortest way to convey nourishment to it. But the umbilical vessel fetches a compass round the concave of the stone, and then enters the kernel near its cone. By this artifice the vessel being much prolonged, the motion of the sap is thereby retarded, and a viscid nutriment conveyed to the seed, which turns to a hard substance.

Let us trace the Vegetation of a tree, from the seed to its full maturity. When the seed is sown, in a few days it imbibes so much moisture, as to swell with very great force, by which it is enabled both to strike its roots down, and to force its stem out of the ground. As it grows up, the first, second, third, and fourth order of lateral branches shoot out, each lower order being longer than those immediately above them: not only as shooting first, but because inserted nearer the root, and so drawing greater plenty of sap. So that a tree is a complicated engine, which has as many different powers as it has branches. And the whole of each yearly growth of the tree, is proportioned to the whole of the nourishment they attract.

But leaves also are so necessary to promote its growth, that nature provides small, thin, expansions, which may be called primary Leaves, to draw nourishment to the buds and young shoots, before the leaf is expanded. These bring nutriment to them in a quantity sufficient for their small demand: a greater quantity of which is afterward provided,

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in proportion to their need, by the greater expansion of the leaves. A still more beautiful apparatus we find in the curious expansions of blossoms and flowers, which both protect and convey nourishment to the embryo fruit and seeds. But as soon as the calix is formed into a small fruit, containing a minute, seminal tree, the blossom falls off, leaving it to imbibe nourishment for itself, which is brought within the reach of its suction, by the adjoining leaves.

[*To be continued.*]



GOD'S *Revenge* against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page 361.*]

SYPONTUS being put to the rack, confessed the letter, found in Victorina's box, was his, and totally cleared Victorina from having any part in it. Upon which he was condemned to lose his head between the two columns at St. Mark's Place; and being brought upon the scaffold, confessed the murder to all the spectators, but took it entirely upon himself, and declared on the words of a dying man, that Victorina was absolutely innocent of it. But she was afterwards sent for into the court; but she boldly denied all, and was in open court acquitted and discharged.

Six months were scarcely past, since the murder of her husband Souranza, and the execution of her inamerato Sypon-tus, but Victorina throwing off her mourning, adorned herself with her richest jewels, and resolved to have a second husband. Among the crowd of suitors which her great wealth and beauty brought her, she fixed her eyes on Signor Ludovico Fassino, a handsome young gentleman, rich and nobly descended, but extremely vicious and debauched, which her parents understanding, they used all the means in their power  
to

to break off the match, but all to no purpose; for having followed their commands in her first marriage, she was resolved to satisfy her own pleasure in this, and so had not been acquainted with Fassino above ten days before she married him. Scarce was a month passed since their nuptials, but he left her to follow his old course of debauchery; now she was become a married widow; and as jealousy has more eyes than Argus, she employed them all to find out who were the persons that drew his affections from her, and learnt, that the lady Palerina had more of his company than any one else. At first she endeavoured by all the endearments of love, to recover his straggling heart; but these having no effect upon him, she stormed, and in most sharp and severe terms, reproached him for his unkindness, who must now be flighted for the company of an impudent and common courtesan. Signor Fassino paid no regard to what she said, but pursued the same lewd courses; upon which Victorina vowed revenge, and so concluded secretly to poison him; and to that purpose, sent to Augustino, an Apothecary, to whom she offered three hundred zechins to do her this service, who very honestly refused it, and persuaded her to better thoughts; but she persisting in her design, resolved to do it herself, and procured poison from a strange empiric, who was then at the city of Venice, and waited for an opportunity to administer it.

Fassino coming home one day and complaining of some disorder, he desired his wife to make him some comfortable broth: she ordered her maid Felicia to get some ready, then going up to her closet, fetched down the poison, and having sent Felicia from the fire, put two parts into the broth, and kept the third by her. Victorina, who no less intended a revenge on Felicia too, for discovering Sypentus's letter, ordered her to carry the broth to Fassino, which he supped up, whilst she went up and laid the other part of the poison in Felicia's trunk. About an hour after, the poison began to

operate with Fassino, who called for his wife, and told her, he feared Felicia had poisoned him, and desired she would send for his friends and relations, who found him ready to expire, and cried out with one consent, "He is poisoned." Victorina accused Felicia, which dying Fassino confirmed; upon which she was apprehended, and carried before the criminal judges, where, with tears and cries, she endeavoured to justify her innocence; but Fassino being now dead, and there appearing all probable circumstances of Felicia's guilt, she was hurried away to prison.

Three days after, being brought upon her trial, she confessed that she had given him broth, but knew nothing of any poison in it; being asked, if any body else meddled with the broth, she answered, "No, not to her knowledge; but she was afraid it was a contrivance of her lady's to be revenged on her, for a former grudge." Upon this, the criminal judges went to Fassino's house, secured Victorina, and searched all the boxes, trunks, and chests, but found nothing till they came to Felicia's, and there discovered the remaining part of the poison; upon which she was condemned to be hanged on the morrow at St. Mark's Place, and Victorina was discharged.

Accordingly the next morning the sorrowful Felicia was brought to the place of execution, attended by the mourners of the seignory, as is the custom of Venice, where she modestly ascended the ladder, with silent pensiveness and affliction; and most of the numerous spectators were in tears, at the sight of so beautiful a young woman, brought to so infamous a death, especially when, with hands and eyes lifted up, she called heaven to witness to her innocence. She said, that although she had nothing to say of her own knowledge to accuse her lady with, concerning this fact, yet in her belief she was guilty of it; but that as she desired to die a Christian, she hoped that God would forgive her as she did.

The

The executioner being now just ready to do his office, Augustino, the Apothecary, happened to land at St. Mark's stairs, and seeing a young woman in that situation, demanded who she was, and her crime? Upon which the whole circumstances being related to him, he remembered Victorina's having tempted him to the same murder, wherefore he believed the maid innocent, and the mistress guilty; therefore he hastened to the gallery of the Doge's palace, where the officers sat to see the execution done, which he desired might be stopped for awhile, because he had something material to discover in relation to Fassino's murder. Augustino then in a discreet manner, informed the judges of what Victorina had offered to him to undertake that business, the time and place, when and where she would have seduced him, for three hundred zechins, to have poisoned her husband.

The judges were much surprized; but seeing the deportment of Augustino, gave entire credit to him, and blessed God for sending him at that critical juncture of time, to prevent their shedding the innocent blood of Felicia, who was sent back, from the place of execution to the prison; and orders were immediately given for apprehending Victorina, who was exulting on the success of all her bloody schemes.

The judges ordered her to be confronted by Augustino, who now made good his former allegation. At first she denied every thing; but being adjudged to the rack, acquitted Felicia, and acknowledged herself guilty, both of her first and second husband's murder. Upon this confession, the innocent Felicia was set at liberty, and Victorina condemned to be hanged at St. Mark's Place, the next morning; which was accordingly executed.

Could the power of sin defend us from the punishment, or the fading pleasures of it comfort us in our sufferings for it, we might have some encouragement to be wicked; but

when our utmost reward is to be compleatly miserable, he that is guilty of it sins against his own reason, and to be sure not to be happy, purchases his own damnation at the price of his immortal soul.

[*To be continued.*]

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*An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.*

*Of several Errors of the Tongue.*

[*Continued from page 363.*]

**A**T no hand utter one blasphemous title against God, his blessed angels, and his holy religion, either in earnest or in sport, though lewd atheists account it but a *peccadillo*, and make this practice their recreation. *John Boccattius*, a Florentine was exceeding faulty in this particular in his book of jests, which, for this reason, all virtuous persons justly condemn. It was a grave injunction of *Pythagoras* to his scholars, That they should never assert any thing of God without light, that is, otherwise than he has revealed himself unto us; for like the sun he can be seen only by his own beams. We must speak the truth of him with caution and reverence, with fear and trembling, said *Plato* well, who severely reprehends *Homer* for his rash fables of the lusts and contentions of the gods. It is dangerous to play with a flaming sword, and to twitch a lion by the beard; and a strange romantic courage to run merrily upon a cannon's mouth, and to attempt the dethroning of the Almighty; and an unpardonable folly to droll away the hopes of future bliss, and adventure the losing of heaven, rather than an unprofitable jest. I have heard of a club of atheistical villains, who made it their business at their meetings, to abuse God, and decide

deride all the mysteries of Christianity, behaving themselves as insolently towards the divine Majesty, as the Grecians did towards their Mercury, who were wont, instead of worshipping, to throw stones at him. The old Romans put *Valerius Soranus* to death, because he profaned the secrets of their religion. And well do they deserve the most exquisite torments that can be inflicted, who will run infinite hazards for so insipid and fruitless a folly. Nor does he that prates dishonourably of sacred things, merit punishment merely for being a platonic lover of wickedness, but because he demonstrates himself to be an ill-bred clown too; for such language grates the ears of good men, and forces them hastily to quit the place. So *Eusebius* relates *St. John* did, when in a bath at *Ephesus*, he heard *Cerinthus* belch out prodigious blasphemies; and no sooner was he gone, but the bath fell down and crushed *Cerinthus*, and his companions to death. And we read of *Olympius*, an Arian Bishop in *Africa*, that presently after he had scoffed at the ineffable mystery of the blessed Trinity, was in the sight of a great assembly stricken with lightning and burnt to ashes.

In all your discourse, take heed as much as you can, how you let fall any words which may signify your life and actions to be irregular: for generally men detest those vices in others, which they indulge and cherish in themselves. The Germans have a proverb to this sense, that There is no mother-follower, but desires her children should be virtuously educated.

It is likewise unfit to talk of things which suit not with the season, and persons present, though they are such, as in due time and place would be not only innocent, but useful and beneficial too. It is confessed, that (all circumstances rightly considered) we have more reason to be afflicted, than to be jovial; for our life is but a little span, and it is divided betwixt folly and misery, doing nothing, and that which is to no good purpose; and the loudest laughter commonly



monly ends in the deepest sigh, and tragedies perhaps were at first invented to prevent the misfortunes and crimes of the age upon a theatre to open view, that so they might draw tears from their eyes who were most concerned, and cure them of their infirmities, and shame them into sobriety: but notwithstanding, it is not handsome to make men sad, when they come with design to refresh themselves, and to lay aside their distracting heavy thoughts. A certain French nobleman suspecting another to be more familiar with his lady than he judged fit, privily thrust him through the body; and when he had done so, ript up his breast, and tore out his heart, and minced it into small bits, and peppered and salted it, and then gave it to his lady to eat: which as soon as she discovered, she threw herself headlong out of a window, and brake her neck. Her husband immediately fled; and she and her gallant were both buried in the same grave. But it is a great deal better to hold one's peace, than at such times to torment people with such melancholy stories.

Nor does he commit a less indiscretion, that does nothing but babble in commendation of his wife and children: Did you ever see in all your life a prettier boy than mine? What sweet features, and what ingenious conceits he has? Is not my wife a lovely woman? Upon my word she has wit at will: it is not to be thought how prudently she manages her affairs. Few I suppose are so unemployed, as to be at leisure to listen to, and so patient as not to be vexed at such idle impertinencies as these are.

[*To be continued.*]

*An*

*An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S  
Doctrines of Philosophical Necessity.*

[Continued from page 367.]

*Of the Cause of Volition, and the Nature of the Will.*

I Agree with Dr. Priestley, that "in all investigations relating to human nature, the Philosopher will attentively consider appearances, and will not have recourse to more causes than are necessary to account for them." "He sees, adds the Doctor, a stone whirled round in a string, and the planets perform their revolutions in circular orbits, and he judges from similar appearances, that they are all retained in their orbits by powers that draw them towards the centers of their respective motions. Again, a stone tends towards the earth by a power which is called gravity, and because, supposing the planets to have the same tendency to the sun, that the stone has to the earth, and to have been projected in tangents to their present orbits, they would revolve exactly as they are now observed to do, the Philosopher for that reason, concludes that the force which retains them in their orbits, is the very same power as gravity." Here we may observe, that supposing (in his words) "the planets to have the same tendency to the sun, that the stone has to the earth, and to have been projected in tangents to their present orbits," yet they might or might not have revolved exactly as they now do; but in ellipses more or less eccentric, according to the different celerity arising from the projectile force impressed at the first along the tangent lines, by Almighty God. Nay so great might the projectile force have been, that their present centripetal force towards the sun, could not have reduced the projectile force, or have made them

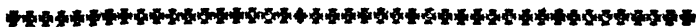
them revolve about the same at all. In such a case, the paths described would have been parabolas or hyperbolas, and the sun would have been the focus of the figure described. Yet as this is not essential to the matter in hand, I will proceed with Dr. Priestley (page 26) to "consider the actions of men in the same natural view," that is, not multiplying causes without necessity, "Whenever any person (says he) makes a choice or comes to any resolution, there are two circumstances which are evidently concerned in it, viz. what we call the previous disposition of the mind, with respect to love or hatred; for example, approbation or disapprobation, of certain objects, &c. and the ideas of external objects, then present to the mind, that is, the view of the objects which the choice or resolution respects." Very well, with such a *previous disposition of the mind, and view of the objects*, I will proceed to examine what follows, "Let (says he, page 27) the objects be two kinds of fruit, apples and peaches. Let it be supposed that I am fond of the former, and have an aversion to the latter, and that I am disposed to eat fruit. In these circumstances, the moment they are presented to me, I take the apples, and leave the peaches." Very true; so it may be. The matter is not what I actually do in these circumstances, but whether my mind has a power of self-determination enabling me to do otherwise. Dr. Priestley asserts that I have not, but that "in the same disposition to eat fruit, and retaining my predilection for apples, I should always infallibly do the same thing." The reason, or "cause of this choice (Dr. Priestley says) was evidently my liking of apples and my disliking of peaches; and though an inclination or affection of mind, be not gravity, it influences me, and acts upon me as certainly, and necessarily as this power does upon a stone." I have before shown, that gravity does not always certainly and necessarily influence and act upon bodies so as to cause them to fall down or descend; much less does an inclination or affection of mind,

certainly

certainly and necessarily determined the choice of the mind. Suppose with Dr. Priestley, that two kinds of fruit, apples and peaches, are presented to me; that I am fond of apples or desire them, that I am not so fond of peaches, but have rather an aversion to them; and also that I am disposed to eat one of the two. In such a case, if a man seriously considers the power with which he is conscious to himself he is endued, can he say that he must necessarily eat apples, and necessarily refrain from eating peaches? I have been in the very situation, the same disposition of mind; the same view of the objects, with a predeliction for apples, and yet I did not eat either. Surely in this situation, a man has power to take and eat a peach, notwithstanding even a vehement desire for an apple, or he has power to refrain tasting either. Our will appears to be in the power of the mind to determine upon action or non-action at pleasure, though love, hatred, fear, &c. are passions or affections of the mind, and the mind so far as influenced by them appears to be wholly passive. If I love any object whatever, I may easily perceive that I cannot in the least abate or diminish that love, so long as the object appears to me in the same amiable light. On the contrary, if it once appears to me in a less lovely view, my love will diminish exactly in proportion. If I strive ever so earnestly, I cannot raise my love of it to the former pitch, nor by any means increase my love for it one jot, unless I can make it appear more lovely. On the contrary, if by any means the same object becomes much more lovely in appearance, my love immediately increases in the same proportion. The same will hold good with regard to fear and other passions of the mind. Desire to enjoy any thing, also increases or diminishes exactly in proportion to the real or imaginary good, attending the same, without our being able to increase or abate that desire, so long as we are willing to attend to it; yet notwithstanding that, we have a power of choice, which is able to restrain

us so far from acting even according to our vehement desires that we can keep them down within proper bounds, and frequently so overcome them that we are not necessitated to indulge them at all. Nay, so far is an affection or desire for the apples from necessarily influencing me, that I am able, by the power of self-determination, entirely to overcome my desire for apples, and not to taste them at all. If I have no power to restrain my desires, how can I be blameable if I drink any liquor which I desire till I be intoxicated? or, if I endeavour, by every means possible, to enjoy the first agreeable woman I meet, provided I have a desire so to do? No, thank God, I perceive in myself a power of self-determination, an active power in my mind, by which I am enabled frequently to overcome any irregular desire however vehement, without being as certainly and necessarily determined thereby as a stone is determined by gravity to fall.

[*To be continued.*]



*The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[Continued from page 370.]

**D**ANIEL WALDOW, Esq; Citizen and Mercer, who was chosen Alderman of London, is a farther proof of this doctrine. I could from mine own experience speak much of his bounty and charity; as also of that plentiful estate wherewith God blessed him thereupon. But I shall rather give it you in the words of that holy man, and blessed servant of Christ, Mr. *James Nalton*, now with God, who was more intimately acquainted with Mr. *Waldow*, and therefore more fit to preach his funeral sermon. His words are these,  
He

He was a man eminent, and exemplary in the grace of charity; as appeared by his great bounty manifested on every occasion. Never any good man, Minister or other, came to propound any work of charity, public or private, that needed to do any more than propound it: for his heart was so set upon works of mercy, that he prevented importunity, by his christian and heroic liberality. He made no more of giving ten pounds to a work of charity, than many other rich men make of giving ten shillings.

Many, I know, are apt to say, they have many children, and therefore cannot give. So had Mr. *Waldow*. He had nine children alive at his death; but the providing for them was no obstruction to his charity, nor prejudice to his children, but did rather entail a blessing upon them.

Mr. *John Walter*, Citizen and Draper of *London*, was signally charitable, not only at his death, but in the whole course of his life, even from his younger years. His own expressions transcribed out of his last will and testament, are as follow.

“I thought fit to declare, that about twenty years past, when the Lord had entrusted me with a convenient estate, sufficient to maintain my charge, and afford fit portions for my wife and children after my decease; I resolved what future estate the Lord should be pleased to entrust me with, to bestow the same on charitable uses.”

After this vow, finding his estate wonderfully increased, he began to build alms-houses; one in the parish of St. George in Southwark, another in St. Mary, Newington; because in those parishes he observed many blind, lame, distressed poor people, and never an alms-house in them. Having built his alms-houses, with the poor's stock, he bought lands and houses of inheritance, which he settled upon the Company of Drapers, for the relief and support of his alms-people, after his decease. While he lived, he was wont to go once a month to his alms-houses in his worst clothes (that he

might not be suspected to be the founder of them) and gave the poor people their promised allowance. With the remainder of the poor's stock (which daily encreased with God's blessing) he relieved poor people, and families with considerable sums of money; and gave much bread weekly to the poor of several out-parishes. All this he did whilst yet living; besides what he gave upon the like account at his death; which was also very considerable. Notwithstanding all this, he left to his daughters ten thousand pounds.

*William Pennoyer, Esq;* Citizen and Merchant of *London*, was a person wholly composed of mercy and goodness, bounty and liberality, which he expressed in the whole course of his life, even from his first setting up in the world. Many years before his death he turned great part of the stock wherewith he traded into lands of inheritance, to the value of 4000l. per annum; and being eminently charitable, he lived as frugally as he could, spending about 200l. a year upon himself, wife and family; and the remaining part of his incomes, he wholly bestowed on charitable uses; as I have been informed by those who have lived long with him, and were nearly related to him.

To give you a clear demonstration of his Christian charity, and of God's recompensing the same unto him here in this life with temporal blessings; I shall recite some of his legacies bequeathed in his last will and testament, to charitable uses, passing by such as he gave to his rich kindred and acquaintance.

To poor Ministers, widows and others in distress about 150l.

To four of his poor tenants 20l.

Likewise 800l. to be laid out here in woollen-cloth, or other commodities, to be sent to *New-England*, for the use of his poor kindred there.

He gave to certain trustees lands to the value of twenty pounds per annum, to pay for teaching of forty boys at school.

To

To Bristol 54l. per annum, towards the maintenance of a school-master, and lecturer, to preach a week day lecture there; and to other charitable uses.

He likewise settled 20l. per annum on trustees, for the teaching of forty poor children in or near Whitechapel: and forty shillings yearly to buy Bibles for some of the children.

He gave 12l. per annum for the maintaining a school at the *Hay in Brecknockshire*; and forty shillings more yearly to buy books for the scholars.

As also 10l. per annum for the maintenance of poor distressed people in the Hospital of Bethlehem in *London*. And 10l. per annum to ten of the blindest, oldest, and poorest Clothworkers, at the discretion of the master, wardens and assistants of the said Company for the time being.

He gave 40l. per annum to Christ-Church-Hospital, for the placing out four children yearly: and forty shillings more yearly to buy each of the children a Bible.

Besides these, he gave to his poor kindred above 2000l. by his will.

And by a codicil annexed thereunto, he bequeathed to certain trustees 1000l. to be given to honest poor people; as also 500l. for releasing poor prisoners: which sums have been paid into the hands of the trustees by Mr. *Richard Loton*, and *Michael Davison*, Esq; who to their honour have approved themselves faithful executors to this charitable will,

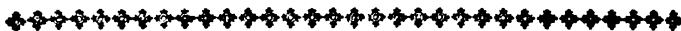
*Thomas Arnold*, Citizen and Haberdasher of *London*: at first setting up for himself, his stock was not great; but being charitably disposed, and ready to every good work, his estate, through God's blessing very much increased.

His charity in his life-time appeared not only by his forwardness to communicate to the relief of such whom he saw in want; but likewise his frequent enquiring of others, after such poor people as were over-burthened with children, or otherwise distressed. He hired men with money to make it their business to find out honest poor people, on whom he might



might bestow his charity ; and likewise did entrust others with considerable sums of money, to distribute among the poorest sort, charging them to have special respect to the honest poor, such whom they conceived did truly fear God. He was no loser, but a gainer by his liberality ; for God so blessed him in his calling, that he attained to an Alderman's estate, and was chosen to that office. Afterwards he gave over his calling in the city, and withdrew himself into the country, that he might the better mind his God, and the concern of his soul more and the world less.

[*To be continued.*]



*The Two COVENANTS of GOD with MANKIND: or the  
DIVINE JUSTICE and MERCY Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

C H A P I.

*St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jesus Christ.*

[*Continued from page 372.*]

THE account then that the Spirit of God has given us of the primitive perfection and consequent decay of nature, is this: That God created every thing in its kind, and communicated powers to every sort of creatures of perpetuating their species. That he furnished this majestic palace of the world with a profusion of magnificence and beauty, for the service of man, the prince he was to introduce into it. That having prepared all things for his reception, he then forms this divine creature, as it were with more than ordinary care after his own image; to which production the whole sacred Trinity is represented as in consult and concurrence. *And God*

*God said let us make man, in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth: so God created man in his own image; which is so ennobling a character, that the holy Penman cannot easily pass it over; dwelling upon the thoughts of it, and reduplicating the expression, In the image of God created he him. Male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it.*

What great things might not be presumed of so admirable a creature, so favoured by God before, at, and after his creation? How perfect and happy must man be formed by the great council of heaven, created after the image of God, then blessed by the mouth of his Maker, and instated in full authority to govern the whole inferior creation? But alas! the effect was not answerable to these promising hopes: the greater was his exaltation, the greater was his fall: he had not long enjoined his being, before he had lost the perfection of it; and that cheaply, foolishly, in full light, and under the express threatening of that misery he brought upon himself. For God laid but one command upon him as the test of his obedience, and so bound it upon his will by the severest sanction of death and misery, as made it his highest interest as well as duty to observe it: and yet this one command he would not keep, though enforced by all the arguments of duty and gratitude, interest and self-preservation.

What could be the reason of such a strange apostacy in a creature that could not but be full of grateful resentments for the infinite obligations he had just received from his Maker? Shall we say the command was impossible to be performed? No, it was easy and practicable. *And the Lord commanded the man, saying, of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou*

*thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.*

Certainly then it must be the greatest aggravation of the offence, to sin so presumptuously against an express injunction, where the danger was so great, and the invitation to it so small: where God was the person to be disobeyed, and death was the purchase of the disobedience. Such therefore was the result of it; God resents the indignity, and punishes it in proportion to the heightening circumstances of its guilt: he makes good his threatening upon this rebellious creature, whom the same day sees happy and miserable.

Here evil first begins to shew its envenomed head: the error of the first man brought forth sin, and sin conceiving, brought forth death: he that before had the reins of a whole world in his hand, was now deserted and outraged by his vassals, and forced with the sweat of his brow to support a miserable life, by the culture of an earth which God had cursed. *Because thou hast eaten of the tree which I commanded thee, saying, thou shalt not eat, cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow thou shalt eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return, Gen. iii. 17, 18, 19.* By this offence of one, it was, that judgment came not only upon himself, but upon all men to condemnation. Here we discover the fountain head of that continued torrent of sin and misery, which had never been discerned had not God thought fit to record a transaction, which so much tends to vindicate his justice, in condemning the world for Adam's sin, and to exalt his mercy in pardoning it, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

Now this being a fact which drew after it the greatest consequences, sinking man on the one hand into the deepest gulph of misery, and exalting him on the other to the highest pitch of happiness; and the knowledge of it being of the greatest

greatest importance, and besides, being a fact that happening some thousand years ago, has found some prophane enough to call the truth of it into question, and others bold enough to arraign the wisdom of God in permitting it to come to pass; it cannot be thought usefles to try if our reason will not, when faithfully consulted, plead for God, and justify the Divine proceedings in the fall and restoration of mankind; only let our reason in its researches into the deep things of God be modest and submissive, and endeavour no explications of them, but what are perfectly consistent with the analogy of faith.

[*To be continued.*]



RELIGION *the foundation of* CONTENT: *an Allegory.*

[*Concluded from page 376.*]

**I**N the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity.

I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. "Hassan, said he, what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what

can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thine own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched, by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?" When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. Hassan, said he, I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy character. I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, let thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me."—I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an extasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the Caravanfera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet as those which weariness invited; and

and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was fighting in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Amalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such thou knowest was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Alubekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent, and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride.

O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleasures of neither can return.—Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, “ Me son, said he, more is yet in thy power than Amalic could give, or Alubekir take away. The lesson of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

“ Thou wast once contented with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence

approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which became the objects, was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life those delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted, that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which, the world is a drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet. To thy content also will be added stability, when it depends, not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.



*A summary VIEW of the SLAVE TRADE.*

[Concluded from page 381.]

P A R T I.

I. **A**FRICA has two sorts of commodities to offer, viz. the *productions of its soil* and *negroe-slaves*.

As it is impossible that we can trade successfully in both of them at the same time, (one of them having hitherto proved

an

an insuperable impediment to the other) the question is, in which of the two is it most *politic* to deal.

The one is replete with misery and destruction to the human race, and is beneficial only to a few *individuals*; whereas the other, consisting of cotton, indigo, tobacco, rice, coffee, spices, drugs, mahogany, dying woods, wax, ambergris, honey, ivory, gold, &c. would be of *national* advantage, as it would amply repay us for the loss of America, break the monopoly of the Dutch, be the cheapest market for raw materials for our manufacturers, open a new and extensive market for our manufactures, improve the revenue, and be attended with other public benefits.

II. The negroe-trade, as has been observed before, is profitable but to a few; it is ruinous to some, and it is hazardous at the best: none of which circumstances would be peculiar to the other trade.

III. The negroe-trade is bad, in one point of view, both for the merchant and manufacturer. The former receives for his slaves bills at eighteen, twenty-four, and sometimes thirty-six months after sight. The credit, which the latter is obliged to give, is eighteen months. Whereas the merchant and manufacturer in the trade alluded to, would receive their returns twice, if not three times within the year.

IV. The negroe-trade destroys, from the very *nature* of it, near 20,000 of our seamen annually. The loss of these is of the utmost importance to a people, whose welfare, nay, whose existence, in the present political situation of Europe, as a commercial nation, depends upon their naval strength and importance. The loss can never be compensated by any emoluments, which individuals may obtain in the trade. Whereas the trade alluded to, even if the *same ships* and men were employed, would not dissipate them as at present, but become a *nursery* instead of being a *grave*.

V. The



V. The negroe-trade (i. e.) a branch of it, by enabling the French to clear and cultivate new land in St. Domingo (which they are unable to do to the extent of their wishes without our assistance) is replete with the most pernicious consequences to the British nation.

This island, if fully cultivated, can produce more sugar than all our islands together. Every lot of slaves, which we import there, enables them to clear an additional acre. Every acre so gained supplies additional produce. This produce employs additional ships to old France. Nor does the evil stop here, a new fleet of ships is raised for them in exporting this produce to other countries. Now, if we consider that French ships carry double the number of men that ours of the same burthen do, we shall find that we are enabling our enemies by this branch of the trade, to dispute with us the sovereignty of the seas.

## P A R T II.

The first section contains an account of *seven* plantations, which have wanted *no* supplies for some years. But it must be observed, that on these plantations the negroes were treated with humanity, and population was encouraged. Indeed on one of them, where the treatment was superior to that of the rest, the numbers increased so much, that the plantation was overstocked.

The author shews, from these instances, that if a planter treats his slaves well, and encourages population, they *must* increase. But that, if the same plantation falls into the hands of an avaricious and unfeeling man, it must go back in a few years, and require supplies.

He then states, that if the slave-trade is abolished, the planters will be obliged to treat their slaves with humanity, and encourage population; and, of course, that the islands can never be in want of cultivators.

He

He then goes into the various causes of the diminution of slaves in the colonies; and shews, that all these causes will be removed if the slave-trade is abolished.

One of them is this: When a slave-ship arrives in the colonies, her cargo invariably consists of two thirds male, and the remainder female. This is but a bad proportion of the sexes for propagation. But when they are put up to sale, an avaricious planter, who can give a better price than his neighbour, and who will not suffer the pregnancy of women to stop the work of his plantation, buys them in a still greater disproportion, viz. in that of five to one; his views being chiefly confined to the males. The females fall mostly to the lot of the indigent and involved, who cannot favour them. Hence a separation of the sexes; otherwise it would never happen that so many thousands of both sexes, annually imported into the colonies, should pass away, in a little time, and scarcely leave a seed behind them.

Now if the importations are stopped, and sufficient previous notice is given of the event, the avaricious planter, who formerly purchased males alone, will *be obliged* at the next sales to purchase females; while those on the other hand, who have the greatest proportion of females, will in their turn purchase males.

He then shews, that much more work will be done in the same time; that the planter will be richer and happier; that the islands will be free from the insurrections, with which they are now continually harassed; that the numerous suicides which happen, all of which are a considerable loss to the planter, will be prevented: that the waste lands in the colonies, to a prodigious extent, will be cleared and cultivated; that the revenue will, of course, be greatly improved; and that a foundation will be laid for a general emancipation at last, and for a conversion to Christianity. Which, if they take place, will not only be of considerable advantage to the

the slaves themselves, but to the planters; as their estates (so much is the balance in favour of free labour) will be doubly valuable.

To these considerations add, that if the plan of the abolition of the slave-trade takes place with the English alone, *many thousand lives will be annually saved.*



## L E T T E R S.

### L E T T E R CCCCLXIV.

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

Witney, May 19, 1778.

Rev. and dear Sir,

**I** May literally say, "I have no abiding place here." On this account I am frequently pained in my mind, as many disagreeable circumstances arises from it. Yet as it appears to be the path Infinite Wisdom appoints me to walk in, I am enabled to say, "The will of the Lord be done!" Upon close examination I do not find a wish to alter my situation, or remove one cross out of my way. But since I saw you last, my path has been more strewed<sup>d</sup> with difficulties and trials, then perhaps for any three months together, since I have known the Lord. In general, through the help of God, I have possessed my soul in patience. But I fear at some times I have been but barely saved: having been sorely tempted to peevishness and discontent. But O, had I a thousand tongues, I could not be able to declare the thousandth part of the goodness of God, manifested to me in Christ Jesus. My heart reproaches me for nothing so much as ingratitude. I am frequently grieved, that I do not make more ample returns, for that abundance of love and mercy vouchsafed

vouchsafed to me. I am often beginning anew to glorify God; and to labour in my whole deportment, to adorn the Gospel which I profess to believe. And blessed be God! notwithstanding I still come short, I am yet encouraged to persevere, in hope of apprehending, that, for which I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Nothing gives me so much pleasure as the thought of being made holy; as I know it is the only way, of being capacitated to enjoy God, both in time and eternity.

From my own experience, as well as from some conversations I have had with my friends, I have been led to consider that truth more than ever, That the talking of a justified or sanctified state is dangerous, without adverting to that also, that we are pleasing or displeasing to God every moment, according to our obedience or disobedience. From this I have been inclined to think, that our assurance of the Divine favour, and confident expectation of eternal blessedness, will grow stronger, as we advance in meetness for glory. Is not this consistent with our working out our salvation with fear and trembling?

My reason for thus writing is to beg your advice, as I seem much inclined to press upon the believers to labour after upright walking, in order to keep their witness clear. But I have some reason to think, one or two of our good people have been fearful lest I should set aside "believing." But I have endeavoured to give them satisfaction. I believe we have several in this Society capable of improving in Christian knowledge, if they had opportunity: for want of which they (indeed I may say *we*) know too little of the doctrines of the Gospel. We have thought, whether it would not be advantageous to us, if a few were frequently to meet, and freely converse as we are able, and so endeavour to help each other. I shall be very thankful for an answer soon, though I deserve it not; and am with fervent prayers for your present and eternal felicity, your ever obliged,

A. B.  
LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCCLXV.

[From Mrs. S. Nind, to Miss E. Johnson.]

Ramsbury-Park, May 20, 1778.

My dear Friend,

**T**HROUGH divine mercy I live to give you the intelligence you desired. I was delivered on Sunday the 28th of last month, when there was but a step between me and death; but it pleased the Lord to restore me when the spirit seemed to be departing: since which I have been far better than I could have expected, and now my strength is in a great measure returned. I was favoured with divine support through the trying hour, and had some cheering sights of Him, who said, Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee. And I cannot but think that part of That bitter cup was suffered to pass from me through the prayers of my friends.

I think I can answer in the affirmative to your questions, respecting my affections. I feel what makes me wonder and adore: nothing short of divine power could so preserve me. The Lord himself is King, and so reigns in my heart, as to keep me disengaged and free, and does not suffer me to prize his gifts above himself; but teaches me to love him in them all.

I cannot read your letter without crying to God to accomplish in me that work which you speak of. I see and feel it is what I want; but I am at a loss how to attain it. Sometimes I strive to attain it by vehement prayer; at others, I think I should peacefully wait in the exercise of faith. I hope, dear Miss, you will write soon to

Your affectionate, but unworthy Sister,

S. N.

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCCLXVI.

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

Park-Gate, May 21, 1788.

Rev. Sir,

**H**OW am I indebted to the Lord for the kind concern you shew for my welfare! Your last letter caused much thankfulness; if I may judge of my future by my present feelings, no situation in life will have any tendency to obliterate from my memory a due sense of the many unmerited favours which, for many years I have been receiving from you. Except I fall from grace, the gratitude my heart feels will prove eternal, and I am ready to think, in the eternal world my spirit will feel a peculiar union with those to whom the love of Jesus united me in sacred bonds while sojourning here below. Glory be to our God, for such a friendship as eternity itself shall ripen! My soul can never sufficiently adore the riches of that grace, which hath so brought the powers of my mind into the obedience of Christ—that other attachments I do not feel.

I greatly praise the Lord for all that has happened to me of late, and now feel the sweetness of living in the will of my heavenly Father. I am wholly the Lord's, and to him my spirit ever bows. That path wherein I shall most glorify God, is my deliberate choice, and whether this is by doing or suffering his righteous will, my soul leaves it entirely in his dear hands. He keeps me in perfect peace, and my spirit drinks of the water of life. I daily walk in the light of his countenance, and feel my God a satisfying portion. The language of my heart is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee." Jesus is indeed to me altogether lovely, and the fairest among ten thousand. My soul sits beneath his shadow with delight and

his fruit is sweet unto my taste. He saves beyond all I could once ask or think, and will continue to save to the very uttermost a soul that comes to him. All his dispensations are faithfulness and love. Many outward trials he has permitted me lately to meet with: but all are sanctified, so that my daily crosses only drive me nearer to my God. This earth I know is not my home: I am a stranger and a sojourner here, as all my fathers were; but glory be to God! I seek a country out of sight, a city in the skies, whose maker and builder is God: and sometimes my soul so stedfastly beholds the glory that shall be revealed, that I am ready to say, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" But still I rest resigned, and wait my Father's will: feeling it is even good to be here.

Help me all you can, dear Sir, to improve the flying moments as they pass; for it is for this alone I intend to live. O that my Lord may endue me with power from on high, and make me wise to redeem each present moment.

I am truly thankful that God inclined you to publish the Magazines. Your dear mother's letters are excellent indeed; and it would have been a pity if the public had not been favoured with them. I trust this work will be a blessing to thousands and tens of thousands.

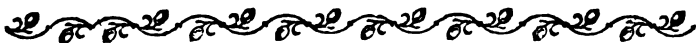
May the Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, abundantly bless you in your body, soul and spirit, and reward you for all your unmerited favours bestowed on,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your affectionate though unworthy Servant in the Gospel,

E. R.

POETRY.



## P O E T R Y.

T I M E: *an* E L E G Y.*Written near the Ruins of ELGIN-CATHEDRAL:*

[By Robert Alves, M. A.]

P A R T I.

[Continued from page 392.]

**B**UT why bemoan Creation's withering bloom,  
 When Man, Creation's pride, calls forth my tears;  
 From youth to age gay-ripening for the tomb,  
 A prey to ruthless Time, and wasting years?

In youth he buds like flow'rets in their prime,  
 And moves triumphant like the vigorous day;  
 No wintry blast deforms the smiling clime,  
 But health and pleasures bland around him play.

But O ye wise-instructed sages, tell  
 When age invades, shall man his prime renew;  
 With recent blood, and bones, and fibres swell,  
 And shine with sparkling eyes and rosy hue!

Ah! no. The flowers that strew the winter plain,  
 Though shrunk their leaves, and wither'd all their dyes;  
 Warm'd by the breath of Spring drink life again,  
 And taste the balmy bounties of the skies.

Cynthia again her dying lamp resumes,  
 And Phœbus sets to rise with fairer day;  
 Again Jove's bird repairs his ruffled plumes,  
 And cleaves with swifter speed the ætherial way.

But



But ah! Man's youth once o'er, is ever o'er,  
 And with the season all its transports fly;  
 Like birds of passage, seek a warmer shore,  
 And bask and flutter in a brighter sky.

The smiles and loves once fled, are ever fled,  
 And fled each blithsome hour that first had shone,  
 When jocund fancy, like some buxom maid,  
 Before them danced, and led them sporting on.

These are Time's triumphs; while his black compeer,  
 Death, writhes his ghastly visage to a smile;  
 And, grimly-pleas'd, surveys the conquer'd year,  
 Exulting in the partner of his toil.

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[The following Verses were written by the late Rev. CHARLES  
 WESLEY, a little before his Death.]

*Take away all iniquity, and give good, Hosca iv. 2.*

HOW long, how often shall I pray  
 Take all iniquity away,  
 And give the plenitude of good,  
 The blessing bought by Jesu's blood,  
 Concupiscence and pride remove,  
 And fill me, Lord, with humble love.

Again I take the words to me  
 Prescrib'd, and offer them to Thee,  
 Thy kingdom come to root out sin,  
 And perfect holiness bring in,  
 And swallow up my will in thine,  
 And human change into divine.

So

So shall I render thee thine own,  
 And tell the wonders thou hast done,  
 The power and faithfulness declare  
 Of God, who hears and answers prayer,  
 Extol the riches of thy grace,  
 And spend my latest breath in praise.

O that the joyful hour was come  
 Which calls thy ready servant home,  
 Unites me to the Church above  
 Where angels chaunt the song of love,  
 And saints eternally proclaim  
 The glories of the heavenly Lamb!

*The presence of GOD, the only comfort in AFFLICTION.*

**T**HOU only center of my rest,  
 Look down with pitying eye,  
 While with protracted pain oppress'd  
 I breathe the plaintive sigh.

Thy gracious presence, O my God,  
 My every wish contains,  
 With this beneath affliction's load  
 My heart no more complains.

This can my every care controul,  
 Gild each dark scene with light;  
 This is the sunshine of the soul:  
 Without it all is night.

My Lord, my Life, O cheer my heart  
 With thy reviving ray!  
 And bid these mournful shades depart,  
 And bring the dawn of day!

O happy

O happy scenes of pure delight!  
 Where thy full beams impart  
 Unclouded beauty to the sight,  
 And rapture to the heart.

Her part in those fair realms of bliss  
 My spirit longs to know :  
 My wishes terminate in this,  
 Nor can they rest below.

Lord, shall the breathings of my heart  
 Aspire in vain to thee?  
 Confirm my hope, that where thou art  
 I shall for ever be.

Then shall my cheerful spirit sing  
 The darksome hours away ;  
 And rise on faith's expanded wing  
 To everlasting day.

*The ANT turned into a GEM.*

[From M A R T I A L.]

A Drop of amber, from the weeping plant,  
 Fell, unexpected, and embalm'd an Ant :  
 The little insect, we so much contemn,  
 Is, *From a worthless Ant, become a Gem.*

*On GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.*

WHEN Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pursu'd,  
 In crystal walls the admiring waters flood :  
 When through the dreary waste they took their way,  
 The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea.  
 What limits can the Almighty goodness know,  
 If seas can harden—and if rocks can flow!





M. THO. WRIDE

Ætatis 55.



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1788.



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

[Continued from page 397.]

C H A P. V.

*Shewing that these late Notions concerning the Liberty, or rather  
Servitude of the Will of Man, were generally condemned by the  
Primitive Christians.*

**T**HIS will be most fully evident from these following  
considerations :

I. 1. That they place the Freedom of the Will from  
necessity amongst the doctrines, *which were manifestly de-  
livered to the church by the preaching of the Apostles and  
by ecclesiastical tradition. We Christians, saith Justin Martyr,  
do not think, as do the Stoicks, that all things are done according  
to fate ; but that every man doth well or ill according to the  
Freedom of his Will or choice. Origen speaks thus, Est & illud  
definitum in Ecclesiastica Prædicatione omnem animum esse*

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*rationabilem*

*rationabilem liberi arbitrii, & voluntantis, this also is defined by Ecclesiastical Tradition that all souls are rational, and have Free Will and choice. Whence we may gather, that they are not subject to necessity, so as to be compelled to do good or evil; for we are under no necessity to do well or ill. And though there is in the rational soul a power to do evil, it is not evil upon that account, saith Didymus Alexandrinus; but because she will freely use that power; and this is not only ours, but the opinion of all who speak orthodoxly of rational beings. Theodoret having established this doctrine of the liberty of man's Will from necessity, and his power to chuse good or evil, concludes, Thus have we [Christians] been taught by our ancestors, and thus we teach. St. Austin lays down this as the true definition of sin, Sin is the will to obtain or retain that which justice forbids, and from which it is free for us to abstain. Whence he concludes that no man is worthy of dispraise or punishment, for not doing that which he hath no power to do. These things, saith he, the Shepherds sing upon the mountains, and the Poets in the theatres, and the Unlearned in their assemblies, and the Learned in the libraries, and the Doctors in the schools, and the Bishops in the churches, and mankind throughout the whole earth. Yea, this saith he, is so manifest, that it hath the universal consent of the learned and unlearned. Gennadius, in his account of ecclesiastical doctrines, lays down this for one, that no man perisheth by the will of God, but only by himself, and his own free choice, lest the free liberty and power once granted to man, should be reduced to a servile necessity.*

· II. 2dly. This will be still more evident from what St. Austin, with the concurrence of all the *Antient Fathers*, has said in confutation of the *Mamichees* who taught these three things.

1st. That *there were two principles, the one good, and the author of good, the other evil, and the author of evil.*

edly. That

2dly. That *the God of the law was not the true God, and that therefore the Old Testament was to be rejected.*

3dly. That *sin arose, not from the Free Will of man, but from the substance of matter; and so some souls were wicked, not by choice, but by nature.* Now against this wicked heresy St. Austin urgeth many arguments in which he hath the suffrage of the *Antient Fathers.*

And 1st. He lays down these as certain rules, *That no man can justly be condemned for doing that evil which he was not able to resist; for all men, saith he, will pronounce without any hesitation, that these men have done no evil. For if souls be so compelled to act, that they have no power to resist, they sin not.*

2dly. This he propounds as a thing manifest, *That no souls offend in not being such as they cannot be; seeing then they who cannot do what is truly good, cannot be good, it must be also manifest that if the souls of lapsed men cannot do what is truly good, they offend not in not being good.*

3dly. He asserts, *That no man is worthy of dispraise, or punishment, for not doing that which he cannot do; and this, saith he, will be owned by every man who consults the secrets of his conscience, and the divine laws written in his heart.* Whence also it most clearly follows, that lapsed men cannot be worthy of dispraise, or punishment, for not doing that good they cannot do.

4thly. His fourth rule is this: *No man is guilty for not having that which he hath not received; and his inference is, That no man can duly blame another for being deficient, where he hath no power to go farther, since he owes only what he hath received, and cannot exceed the bounds set him.* If then man by the fall hath lost all power of doing good, and hath not since received strength to do it, this deficiency cannot be his guilt. Now in these rules the *Antient Fathers* exactly accord with him; for we have heard already from *Justin Martyr, Origen, Eusebius, and Epiphanius,* that a necessity of sinning frees



men from all fault, for doing that which he cannot avoid, or for being that which he could not cease to be. *Origen* lays it down as a most certain rule, *That no man can be blame-worthy for not doing what he cannot do*; and that as for *Judas himself*, he could not have been blamed had he been a traitor out of necessity, and could not have been like the rest of the *Apostles*. Add to this what hath been cited from *Irenæus*, declaring, *That our Lord and his Apostles could have no reason to require us to do good, if it were not in our power to do what they exhort us to*: from *Tertulian*, saying, *That God would not have given a law to him who had it not in his power to obey it*: from *Origen*, enquiring, *How could God require that of man which he had not in his power to offer to him?* And that of *Theodoret*, *That God cannot justly punish a nature which hath it not in its power to do good, but is bound in the bonds of wickedness*.

*St. Austin* lays down this as a true definition of sin, *that it is the Will to do that from which we have the liberty to abstain*; for, saith he, *if men want the free motion of the Will to do, or not to do, or if they have not the power to abstain from what they do, they cannot be guilty of sin*; for if a man cannot do otherwise, he sinneth not. Acknowledge, saith he, *that sin must be free from necessity, and must be done, not because men cannot, but because they will not observe the law*; and hence thou wilt discern the rise of all sin, and the distribution of punishments. Accordingly we have learned from *Origen*, that the soul doth not incline to either part out of necessity, because then neither vice nor virtue could be ascribed to it. *God*, saith *Hilary*, *hath permitted to every man the liberty of life and judgement, laying him under no necessity of doing good or evil, that he might be rewarded for the goodness of his will*. And again, *God* saith he, *hath permitted to every man the liberty of chusing and doing what he will, and for this reason shall every man be punished, or rewarded for his choice*.

[To be continued.]

SERMON

## S E R M O N XLVII.

On 2 C O R. i. 12.

*For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our Conscience.*

1. **H**OW few words are there in the world more common than this, *Conscience*? It is almost in every one's mouth. And one would thence be apt to conclude, that no word can be found, which is more generally understood. But it may be doubted whether this is the case or no, although numberless treatises have been written upon it. For it is certain, a great part of those writers have rather puzzled the cause than cleared it, that they have usually *darkened counsel, by uttering words without knowledge.*

2. The best treatise on the subject which I remember to have seen, is translated from the French of Monsr. *Placatt*, which describes in a clear and rational manner the nature and offices of Conscience. But though it was published near a hundred years ago, it is in very few hands. And indeed a great part of those that have read it, complain of the length of it. An octavo volume of several hundred pages, upon so plain a subject, was likely to prove a trial of patience to most persons of understanding. It seems therefore there is still wanting a discourse upon the subject, short as well as clear. This by the assistance of God I will endeavour to supply, by shewing, First, the Nature of Conscience; and then the several sorts of it; after which I shall conclude with a few important directions.

I. 1. And first, I am to shew the Nature of Conscience. This a very pious man in the last Century (in his Sermon on  
Universal

Universal Conscientiousness) describes in the following manner. "This word, which literally signifies *Knowing with another*, excellently sets forth the Scriptural notion of it. So *Job xvi. 19. My witness is in heaven*: and so the Apostle, *Rom. ix. 1. I say the truth, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost*. In both places it is as if he had said, God witnesseth with my Conscience. Conscience is placed in the middle, under God, and above man. It is a kind of silent reasoning of the mind whereby those things which are judged to be right are approved of with pleasure; but those which are judged evil are disapproved of with uneasiness." This is a tribunal in the breast of men to accuse sinners and excuse them that do well.

2. To view it in a somewhat different light, Conscience, as well as the Latin word, from which it is taken, and the Greek word *συνειδήσις*, necessarily imply *the knowledge of two or more things together*. Suppose the knowledge of our words and actions, and at the same time of their goodness or badness: if it be not rather the Faculty whereby we know at once our actions and the quality of them.

3. *Conscience* then is that Faculty, whereby we are at once conscious of our own thoughts, words and actions, and of their merit or demerit, of their being good or bad, and consequently deserving either praise or censure. And some pleasure generally attends the former sentence, some uneasiness the latter. But this varies exceedingly, according to Education, and a thousand other circumstances.

4. Can it be denied, that something of this is found in every man born into the world? And does it not appear, as soon as the understanding opens? as soon as reason begins to dawn? Does not every one then begin to know that there is a difference between good and evil? how imperfect soever, the various circumstances of this sense of good and evil may be? Does not every man, for instance, know, unless blinded by the prejudice of education (like the inhabitants of the Cape of

of Good Hope) that it is good to honour his parents? Do not all men, however uneducated, or barbarous, allow, It is right to do to others as we would have them do to us? And are not all who know this, condemned in their own mind, when they do any thing contrary thereto? as, on the other hand, when they act suitable thereto, they have the approbation of their own Conscience.

5. This faculty seems to be what is usually meant by those who speak of *Natural Conscience*: an expression frequently found in some of our best Authors, but yet not strictly just. For though in one sense it may be termed *Natural*, because it is found in all men, yet properly speaking, it is not *Natural*; but a supernatural gift of God, above all his natural endowments. No, it is not nature, but the Son of God, that is *the true light, which enlighteneth every man which cometh into the world*. So that we may say to every human creature, *He, not nature, hath shewn thee, O man what is good*. And it is his Spirit who giveth thee an inward check, who causeth thee to feel uneasy, when thou walkest in any instance contrary to the light which he hath given thee.

6. It may give a peculiar force to that beautiful passage, to consider by whom, and on what occasion the words were uttered. The persons speaking are *Balak* the king of *Moab*, and *Balaam*, then under divine impressions: (it seems, then *not far from the kingdom of God*, although afterward he so foully revolted.) Probably *Balak* too at that time experienced something of the same influence. This occasioned his *consulting with*, or asking counsel of *Balaam*, his proposing the question to which *Balaam* gives so full an answer, (*Micah vi. ver. 5, &c.*) *O my people (saith the Prophet in the name of God) remember what Balak the King of Moab consulted (it seems in the fulness of his heart.) And what Balaam the son of Beor answered him. Wherewith, said he, shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands*  
of

of rams, or with ten thousand rivers of oil? Shall I give my first born for my transgression? The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? (This the Kings of Moab had actually done, on occasions of deep distress: a remarkable account of which is recorded in the third chapter of the second book of *Kings*.) To this *Balaam* makes that noble reply (being doubtless then taught of God) *He hath shewed thee O man, what is good. And what doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God!*

7. To take a more distinct view of Conscience, it appears to have a threefold office: First, it is a *witness*, testifying what we have done, in thought, or word, or action: Secondly, It is a *Judge*, passing sentence on what we have done, that it is good or evil. And, Thirdly, It in some sort *executes* the sentence, by occasioning a degree of complacency in him that does well, and a degree of uneasiness, in him that does evil.

8. Professor *Hutchinson*, late of *Glasgow*, places Conscience in a different light. In his Essay on the Passions, he observes, That we have several *Senses*, or natural avenues of pleasure and pain, besides the five external senses. One of these he terms, "The *Public Sense*, whereby we are naturally pained at the misery of a fellow-creature, and pleased at his deliverance from it. And every man, says he, has a *Moral Sense*, whereby he approves of benevolence and disapproves of cruelty. Yea, he is uneasy, when he himself has done a cruel action, and pleased when he has done a generous one.

9. All this is in some sense undoubtedly true. But it is not true, that either the *Public* or the *Moral Sense*, (both of which are included in the term Conscience,) is now *natural* to man. Whatever may have been the case at first, while man was in a state of innocence, both the one and the other is now a branch of that supernatural gift of God, which we usually stile *Preventing Grace*. But the Professor does not at all agree with this. He sets God wholly out of the question. God has nothing to do with his scheme of virtue, from the beginning

beginning to the end. So that to say the truth, his scheme of virtue is Atheism all over. This is refinement indeed! Many have excluded God out of the world: he excludes him even out of religion!

10. But do we not mistake him? Do we take his meaning right? That it may be plain enough, that no man may mistake him, he proposes this question, "What if a man, in doing a virtuous, that is, a generous action, in helping a fellow-creature, has an eye to God, either as commanding, or as promising to reward it? Then, says he, so far as he has an eye to God, the virtue of the action is lost. Whatever actions spring from an eye to the recompence of reward, have no virtue, no Moral Goodness in them." Alas! Was this man called a Christian? How unjustly was he slandered with that assertion? Even Dr. Taylor, though he does not allow Christ to be God, yet does not scruple to term him "A person of consummate *virtue*." But the Professor cannot allow him any virtue at all!

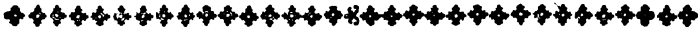
11. But to return. What is Conscience in the Christian sense? It is that faculty of the soul, which, by the assistance of the grace of God, sees at one and the same time, 1. Our own tempers and lives, the real nature and quality of our thoughts, words and actions. 2. The rule whereby we are to be directed, and 3. The agreement or disagreement therewith. To express this a little more largely, Conscience implies, First, The faculty a man has of knowing himself, of discerning both in general and in particular, his own tempers, thoughts, words and actions. But this it is not possible for him to do, without the assistance of the Spirit of God. Otherwise self-love, and indeed every other irregular passion would disguise, and wholly conceal him from himself. It implies, Secondly, A knowledge of the rule, whereby he is to be directed in every particular, which is no other than the written word of God. Conscience implies, Thirdly, a knowledge that all his thoughts, and words and actions are conformable to that rule. In all the offices of Conscience, the *unction of the Holy One* is indispensably

needful. Without this neither could we clearly discern our lives or tempers: nor could we judge of the rule whereby we are to walk, or of our conformity or disconformity to it.

12. This is properly the account of a *good* Conscience, which may be in other terms expressed thus, a divine Conscioufness of walking in all things according to the written word of God. It seems indeed, that there can be no Conscience, which has not a regard to God. If you say, "Yes: there certainly may be a conscioufness of having done right or wrong, without any reference to him." I answer. This I cannot grant. I doubt whether the very words, *right* and *wrong*, according to the Christian system, do not imply in the very idea of them, agreement and disagreement to the will and word of God. If so, there is no such thing as Conscience in a Christian, if we leave God out of the question.

13. In order to the very existence of a good Conscience, as well as to the continuance of it, the continued influence of the Spirit of God, is absolutely needful. Accordingly the Apostle *John* declares to the believers of all ages, *Ye have an unction from the Holy One; and ye know all things*: all things that are needful to your having a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man. So he adds, *Ye have no need that any one should teach you, otherwise than as that anointing teacheth you*. That anointing clearly teacheth us those three things, First, the true meaning of God's word. Secondly, our own tempers and lives, bringing all our thoughts, words and actions to remembrance; and Thirdly, the agreement of all, with the commandments of God.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



An Account of Mr. JOHN PRICKARD.

[Written by Himself.]

I WAS born in *New-Mote* in *Pembrokeshire*, on the third of August 1744. That village was then the freest from vice I ever saw. This circumstance I have reason to be thankful for, as I spent the greatest part of my childhood without seeing or hearing much of outward wickedness.

When I was about nine years old, my father removed, with all his family, to *Creswell-Quay*, in the same county, where he has lived ever since. There the scene was sadly changed; it being a creek of *Milford-Haven*, where a vast quantity of coals are shipped off, the great resort of sailors and of other strangers, introduced cursing, swearing and sabbath-breaking, with many foolish and wicked amusements.

My parents (who were religiously disposed) restrained their children, as much as possible, from the company of wicked children, and by that means, through the blessing of God, we were kept from outward wickedness. Nevertheless I sometimes took the advantage of their absence (when they have been gone to hear the word) and have played in the streets, or else gone a pleasuring on the water on a Sabbath-day. I was also much inclined to go to cock-fightings, and other amusements, but was happily prevented.

I lived with my parents till I was about seventeen; during which time I had frequent drawings of the Spirit of God, and many severe reproaches of conscience. Very often did I hear the word with pleasure, especially from Mr. Whitfield, and Mr. Howel Davis, and believed *all* the truth so far as I was instructed: indeed, I believed more than the truth, more than I can believe now; for I was a thorough Predestinarian,



not hesitating even at reprobation! But all this time I was a stranger to God and my own heart.

In the latter end of the year 1761, I removed to *Brecon* to an uncle. He at that time disliked the Methodists, thinking it sufficient to go to church twice on Sundays, which he did, and obliged all his family to do the same. But he laid no restraint on me: I might go to hear the Methodists if I chose. But as I was now got from under the tuition of my parents, and being rather ashamed of the Cross, I neglected the preaching entirely. Nor was this all; for (being free from outward restraint) I fell into open sin, such as swearing, cursing, breaking the sabbath, and sometimes (for the sake of company) I drank to excess.

At first I felt some remorse of conscience; but soon found that sin hardeneth the heart. For after awhile I became a habitual swearer, and gave my mind up to vanity. I went on thus for three years and upwards, though I had frequent checks of conscience, and *always* believed that if I did not mend my ways, I must go to hell: yea I often resolved in my own mind, that I must be a Christian *indeed*, be born of God, or I could not be saved. I therefore fully intended to be truly religious, and to be a Methodist, when I was settled in the world. Indeed though I never was so uncharitable as to think that none could be saved but them, yet (as I *believed* them to be the most scriptural in their sentiments of any I knew) I always thought it my *duty* to join them sometime or other. Thus I held a good part of the truth in unrighteousness; yet I went so far as to dispute warmly with my cousin in its defence, and often confuted him, by quotations out of the Common-Prayer-Book. But alas! I was all this time ashamed of the people I *knew* to be the children of God, and also an enemy to God both in heart and in life.

When I was a little turned twenty, my eldest cousin (a sober, industrious, sensible young man) died of a consumption. He lingered above a year, and had constant hopes of recovery; but



of a Christian, but to the experimental knowledge of Christ Jesus: and was both a living and dying witness of his power to save. The particulars I now relate I gathered, partly from her brother, partly from different friends who constantly visited her in her last illness, and the rest from the testimony she bore to me at different times.

Her brother speaks thus: From the time I left my family for Christ's sake, I prayed earnestly to that God who had shewn mercy to me, that he would make known to them also his great salvation. Yet I was often discouraged by seeing no prospect of a change in any one of them, and tempted to believe it was all in vain to hope for it. But to my surprise and very great joy, after I had been a year and half from them, my dear sister *Phœbe* told a friend of mine, she was desirous to see me, and wished to know if I would meet her. I readily embraced the opportunity, and appointed the house of a friend, where we afterwards met frequently. I found the Lord had been at work with her, from the time of my conversion: that she was fully convinced of the error of her way, and had an earnest desire to come out of the darkness she now felt, and to become a living member of the Church of Christ. But she was not yet delivered from the fear of persecution from her mother and friends, which added to the strong natural affection she had for the former, caused many struggles for some time. At last, however, suffering me to introduce her to some pious friends, her heart was soon knit to them in love; and feeling her need of salvation more and more, she resolved to forsake all and follow Christ: to chuse him for her Redeemer and Saviour, and seek him with her whole heart. But before she was brought to this, it cost her many nights of tears, with strong supplications to the Almighty, to strengthen her: which he did in a wonderful manner.

When she left her family, she brought with her only a small share of her wearing apparel, believing that He for whom she forsook all would never suffer her to want necessaries, and took  
refuge

refuge in the house of a Christian friend, and on Wednesday following was baptized. Soon after I prevailed on her to meet in a Class, with which she was much pleased, and met a second time, and on the 9th of June joined the Society: from which time she gave herself up entirely to the Lord.

About the beginning of August she found that peace which the world could not give, and was enabled to rejoice in the God of her salvation. Her evidence was remarkably clear, nor did she ever lose it.

Soon after this, she had a severe fit of illness; but her soul was so kept in calmness and resignation to the divine will, that I was amazed. O how good is that God, who ever gives his feeblest creatures strength according to their day, and has promised that his grace shall be sufficient for them in all their difficulties! This was in truth accomplished in her. The Lord comforted her with the consolations of his Spirit, and enabled her to rejoice, even in the most exquisite pain, in a manner that astonished all who came near her.

She was not long restored from this illness before she felt evident signs of a deep decline. Yet she was always happy and resigned. When the Physician pronounced her in a deep consumption, she soon became greatly afflicted in body, but had that witness within which bore her up above all pain; knowing that she was accepted of God through the Lord Jesus Christ.

After some time she was ordered into the country; but finding herself no better, she returned home again, that she might enjoy the privilege of being visited by her Christian friends.

Her brother having informed her mother of her illness and danger, she came near the house where she was, and sent in a young woman, whom formerly she loved much, to tell her, if she would repent of her apostasy (as she called it) and renounce Christ, she would receive her, and be as kind to her as ever. But she told the young woman "No! I never will renounce  
Christ;

Christ; I would not for a thousand worlds! I never knew happiness till I knew him? He is my Lord, my God, and my Saviour! I am going to be happy with him for ever." The young woman would hear no more, but stopped her ears with her fingers, and ran out of the house! and the mother returned home and would not see her. When she was gone, *Phebe* rejoiced with joy unspeakable, that she had this opportunity of testifying her love to her Redeeming Lord.

As to her pain, it was often very extreme, and her whole body was so swelled, that whenever she was lifted or moved at all, she suffered exceedingly. But through all her affliction she was ever rejoicing in her Lord and Saviour, and had that constant peace and serenity in her soul, which passeth all understanding. At the same time all her delight was to be talking of the loving kindness of God, to all around her: often praying for patience to suffer all his righteous will; and frequently saying, "Not my will but thine be done!"

Her brother sitting by her bed side, she asked him if he could resign her to the Lord? "I think, said she, I can freely part with you." On his asking her if she had any fear of her approaching dissolution, she answered, "No! thank God! To me death has lost all his terrors! I can behold him with a smile. To me he is a welcome messenger! How pleasing is the thought, that I shall close my eyes for a moment, and awake in the realms of happiness, in the kingdom of my Father!" She then repeated the latter end of the 15th Chapter of the first of Corinthians from 51st verse, and rejoiced in the prospect of the change mentioned there.

Thus she continued from day to day, through an illness which lasted four months, without repining at the dispensation of Providence towards her: but on the contrary, praised him for all, and rejoiced in hope of eternal life.

About fourteen days before she died, the Lord was pleased to remove her swelling, when she was entirely free from pain.

Many

Many thought now she would recover; but she having no hope of this, calmly waited the will of God.

The day before her death she received the blessed sacrament (which she had done before,) and when it was over she rejoiced with joy unspeakable indeed, and full of glory. That day she took a very solemn leave of all her friends, some of whom she saw no more. The next morning she had very heavy sleeps: when she awoke, she called for something to drink, but was not able to take it. In a few minutes after, finding her dissolution very near, she threw herself back upon the bed, clapped her hands several times together, and cried out with all her strength, "Glory! glory be to God! The long desired! the long expected time is come!" She then prayed, but in so low a voice, by reason of her weakness, that she could not be understood.

After a while she had a severe struggle, when she, and all around her thought her spirit was departing. But lying sometime motionless, she suddenly revived, and cried, "O I thought I was gone! I have been in a happy! happy! eternity! but God has sent me back a few minutes, and I am now happier than ever! Do not think I am afraid of death! I am not! I have no fear! O the sights I have seen! the sights I have seen! O sweet Eternity! sweet Eternity! I am just going to my Lord!" Here she would have mentioned something more which she had seen; but her strength failing, she sunk into the arms of God, Feb. 12th, 1787.

H. A. ROGERS.

Lord, remember thy Covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and bring near the happy hour when all Israel shall be Thus saved!

*An Account of the Death of REBECCA THORNTON, of Dover: who departed this life March 1, 1787, aged fifteen years.*

**I**T pleased the Lord to lay his hand upon her about the beginning of the year 1786. Her affliction from that time was truly heavy. To all appearance her end was near about the middle of May last. At that time she could not resign herself to meet death. She was too much attached to earth and earthly friends, yet at times she had good desires, and heard with great attention the advice given her concerning her soul.

A little time after that she seemed to get something better; but it was of very short duration, as the disorder baffled the powers of medicine. She suffered so greatly in her body, that she was scarcely ever free from pain, day or night, from the beginning of her disorder to her end.

In the beginning of January 1787, her strength decreased very much, and at times she thought she should die; but still had a fear of death, because she had no assurance of being happy.

Mr. Shadford, one of the preachers, and a few friends came to visit her, and related the happy death of a young person, which much affected her, though she was ashamed then to speak of the impressions it made. She would frequently say to her father and mother, "I hope God will shew me the way to heaven. I know none else can help me." When Mr. Gore talked to her about the things of God, she felt much comfort, especially under his prayer.

Mr. Shadford came again to *Dover* on Saturday, February 21. She was then much affected under his prayer; but truly awakened to a sense of her need and danger until

day the 26th. She was then worse in body, and therefore no longer flattered herself with life; but was certain she must die: and found herself unprepared to meet God. She asked her mother, If there was mercy for her? and then called earnestly upon God. On this we sent for Mr. S. who came immediately. As soon as she saw him she said, "I am glad to see you." He said it is good news to me to hear this, and to see you distressed for a Saviour. I hope the Lord will soon set you at liberty, and that you will find this the happiest day you ever knew. When he prayed with her, it was a moving time. After prayer he pressed her to believe in Jesus, and told her that he had borne the punishment due to her sins, and that he was then interceding for her before the throne of God. When he left her, to go to preach, she desired him to intreat God for her in the congregation, which he accordingly did, and the Lord answered for himself. For, about two hours after, she broke out, "The fear of death is gone! Jesus hath pardoned all my sins!" Her mother said then, Becky, you can now apply this hymn to yourself:

Jesu thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
 Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head:

to which she answered, "That I can, my dear mother! O my sweet Jesus! O my dear Jesus! what hast thou done for me? O I can never praise thee enough!"

When her father came in she said, "My dear father, how shall I praise my blessed Jesus enough, who hath done so much for me! He hath pardoned all my sins, and I know I shall go to heaven. I trust we shall all meet there." She then repeated these words,



“ Give joy, or grief, give ease or pain,  
 Take life or friends away;  
 But let me find them all again  
 In that eternal day.”

She then cried out, “ Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits! Sing unto the Lord! Exalt him on high!”

Tuesday 27, her cousin *Polly Marten* came in, to whom she said, “ I am dying; but I shall go to heaven and hope to see you there. There is Jesus who will forgive all your sins. He hath forgiven mine! I once thought as you do, that there was no need of it; but now I know there is. O do not put off to a sick bed to seek him! I wish I had begun sooner; yet after all I now love him, because he first loved me!” After this she dosed most part of the day; but when she awoke, the praises of God were continually in her mouth.

In the evening she was so full of the love of God, that her soul seemed to be quite carried away into heaven: and though exceeding weak in body, yet the preciousness of Christ to her soul made her forget all her pain; for she frequently said, “ My pain is nothing. Christ puts underneath me his everlasting arms! he supports me above all my bodily afflictions! The Lord is my strength and my salvation! I hope soon to be with Jesus, to sing his praises for ever more! I hope we shall all meet to make heaven ring with the cry of his blood!”

She then exhorted all her relations that came in; particularly her eldest brother. To him she said, “ O my dear brother I am going to heaven! and I hope to see all of you there. Surely you do not wish to be left out! I cannot bear the thought of not having you there: but you cannot go there in the state you are in. Therefore, my dear brother, turn from the evil of your ways, and God will have mercy on you. O leave off swearing! Pray, do not swear any more, nor tell lies.

lies. I have told lies, but God hath forgiven me, because I asked him; and so he will you. If you pray to him he will enable you to leave sin. O I must speak to you! The words are put into my mouth! I must utter them! I cannot help telling you my concern for your immortal soul. O think of your never dying soul. Do not be ashamed of God's messengers. For he hath said, He that is ashamed of me, and of my word before men, of him will I be ashamed before my Father and his holy angels. If Mr. Shadford talks to you about your soul, stay and hear him. I have cause to bless God that ever he came to see me; for he is a man of God."

Although by this time she was much spent, yet she raised her dying voice to sing the following hymn,

"Come ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known,  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround the throne."

In the night she said,

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care:  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye."

Wednesday 28. She spoke very earnestly to some friends who called to see her. Toward night there was a great alteration; for death seemed to approach very swiftly.

Thursday morning she said, "I am now going to the God of love!" A little after, a friend came in and brought her a cake. Her mother just said to her, can you eat it? She said, "O do not talk to me about eating! Talk of Jesus! my dear Jesus, who has done so much for me!" About two hours before she died,

died, her mother said, My dear, I believe you are now in the valley: to which she answered,

“ Though in the path of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread :  
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou O Lord art with me still !”

A little after she said, “ Jesus supports me! He puts under me his everlasting arms!” Between the hours of four and five, she said, “ Ready for me the angels wait, To triumph in my blest estate!” After this, she lay till about half past five o'clock, and then sweetly resigned her soul into the arms of Jesus!



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

*Of the Propagation of P L A N T S.*

[Continued from page 416.]

**I** Proceed to make some additional reflections upon the vegetable kingdom.

All plants produce seeds: but they are entirely unfit for propagation, till they are impregnated. This is performed within the flower, by the dust of the Antheræ falling upon the moist Stigmata, where it bursts and sends forth a very subtil matter, which is absorbed by the style, and conveyed down to the seed. As soon as this operation is over, those organs wither and fall. But one flower does not always contain all these: often the male organs are on one, the female on another. And that nothing may be wanting, the whole apparatus of the

the antheræ and stigmata is in all flowers contrived with wonderful wisdom. In most, the stigmata surround the pistil, and are the same height. But where the pistil is longer than the stigmata, the flowers recline, that the dust may fall into the stigma, and when impregnated rise again, that the seeds may not fall out. In other flowers the pistil is shorter, and there the flowers preserve an erect situation. Nay, when the flowering season comes on, they become erect though they were drooping before. Lastly, when the male flowers are placed below the female, the leaves are very small and narrow, that they may not hinder the dust from flying upwards like smoke: and when in the same species one plant is male, and the other female, there the dust is carried in abundance by the wind from the male to the female. We cannot also without admiration observe, that most flowers expand themselves when the sun shines, and close when either rain, clouds, or evening is coming on, lest the genital dust should be coagulated, or otherwise rendered useless. Yet when the impregnation is over, they do not close, either upon showers, or the approach of evening.

For the scattering of seed nature has provided numberless ways. Various berries are given for food to animals; but while they eat the pulp, they sow the seed. Either they disperse them at the same time; or if they swallow them, they are returned with interest. The mistletoe always grows on other trees; because the thrush that eats the seeds of them, casts them forth with his dung. The junipers also, which fill our woods, are sown in the same manner. The cross-bill that lives on fir-cones, and the haw-finch which feeds on pine-cones, sow many of those seeds, especially when they carry the cone or stump, to strip off its scales. Swine likewise and moles by throwing up the earth prepare it for the reception of seeds.

The great Parent of all decreed that the whole earth should be covered with plants. In order to this he adapted the nature of each to the climate where it grows. So that some can  
bear

bear intense heat, others intense cold. Some love a moderate warmth. Many delight in dry, others in moist ground. The Alpine plants love mountains whose tops are covered with eternal snow. And they blow and ripen their seeds very early, lest the winter should overtake and destroy them. Plants which will grow no where else, flourish in Siberia, and near Hudson's Bay. Grass can bear almost any temperature of the air: in which the good providence of God appears: this being so necessary all over the globe for the nourishment of cattle.

Thus neither the scorching sun nor the pinching cold hinder any country from having its vegetables. Nor is there any soil which does not bring some. Pond-weed and water-lilies inhabit the waters. Some plants cover the bottom of rivers and seas: others fill the marshes. Some clothe the plains: others grow in the driest woods, that scarce ever see the sun. Nay, stones and the trunks of trees are not void, but covered with liver-wort.

[*To be continued.*]



*GOD'S REVENGE against MURDER and ADULTERY.*

[*Continued from page 420.*]

**I**N the city of Avero in Portugal there lived a nobleman, named Jasper de Vilarezo, very rich, and happy in three children, two daughters and a son. The latter named Sebastiano, was, by his father, made page to Count Manriques de Lopez, the two daughters, named Catalina and Berinthia, being beautiful young ladies were no sooner seen, but they were admired by every one.

**Don**

Don Sebastiano, being at Madrid, Validolid, and Lisbon, became very intimately acquainted with Don Antonio de Rivero, by birth likewise a Portuguese, and the better to unite their friendship, proposed his eldest sister to him in marriage, and invited him to go over to Avero to see her, offering to accompany him thither. Don Antonio listened with great pleasure to this proposal, and begged him to fix a day for their journey. And the time being come, they set out for Avero, where, as soon as they were arrived, Don Jasper de Vilarezo, both on account of his own quality, and the report which his son had made of Antonio, received him with the utmost marks of respect. He was afterward introduced to the mother and the two young ladies, and although he could not dislike Catalina, yet there was something so charming in Berinthia, that he no sooner saw her, but he fell in love with her, and taking the first opportunity informed her of it:

Berinthia received this declaration with many blushes, which cast a rosiate veil over the white lilies of her complexion: and to speak the truth, if Antonio was enamoured with Berinthia, no less was she with him.

But so forcibly did the charms of Berinthia act upon Antonio, that he was impatient of delay; so finding out the father and mother, with all earnestness, demanded their daughter Berinthia in marriage. Don Vilarezo, thanking Antonio for the honour he did him, in thinking of one of his daughters, told him, That he must match his elder daughter Catalina, before the younger, Berinthia, and that he should be as glad to have given him the first, as he was determined not to dispose of the second.

Antonio, notwithstanding this refusal, had not power to leave the sight of his dear Berinthia so soon, therefore was obliged to invent some excuse for tarrying a little longer, so he seemingly made his addresses to Catalina, conversing with her often, but still in general terms, whereupon she built many

fond hopes. But business now calling him home to Lisbon he was forced for a while to take leave of Avero,

Antonio being arrived at Lisbon, found a strange alteration in himself; for he could now think of nothing but his beloved Berinthia; to whom he wrote a letter and accompanied it with a rich diamond ring; he sent them by Diego his page to Avero, who pretended love to Ansilva Catalina's waiting woman.

Being arrived, he found an opportunity to convey his master's letter, to Berinthia.

Catalina's affection to Antonio being strong, she prevailed upon her father to write a letter to him, to know his resolution, whether or no he was willing to accept of the offer he had made him of his eldest daughter, and withal to invite him to Avero. Although Antonio's passion for her sister was kept a secret from her, yet she suspected it, and an accident discovered the whole mystery. She found Antonio's letter, whereby she discovered the secret she was so much afraid of: she immediately carried it to her father, who being very angry with Berinthia, and with many sharp words and frowns restraining her of her liberty, resolved in the first letter he sent to Antonio, to forbid him his house, unless he would leave Berinthia and take Catalina.

Catalina's affection to Antonio, and her malice to Berinthia, were now so violent, that, in hopes of obtaining the possession of one, she vowed the destruction of the other. To which end, by the help of a bribe of an hundred ducats, she prevailed upon Ansilva to undertake to poison her sister Berinthia, and promised her as much more when she had effected it: Ansilva accordingly sent into the city for some very strong poison, which was presently brought her in a small gallipot: but on the night in which she had intended to have given it Berinthia, Diego, being with her in an arbour in the garden, on a sudden his nose fell a bleeding to that degree, that having quite wetted his own handkerchief with the blood, Ansilva, in a great  
concern

concern pulled out her's, and with it the gallipot, which she had forgot; and this falling on the floor of the arbour, which was paved with stone, broke in pieces, and spilt the poison, which Diego's spaniel licking up, was instantly swelled in a monstrous manner, and died at their feet. Diego was much amazed, and Ansilva so strangely confounded at the accident, that her colour changed, and she could not invent any thing very readily to say to cover the matter. Diego pressed her to know for whom the poison was designed, and of whom she had it. Her answers were so variable and contradictory, that he was still the more astonished. At length she confessed, That Catalina had prevailed upon her therewith to poison her sister Berinthia, because she suspected she was better beloved of his master, Don Antonio, than herself. Diego, hastened out of the garden, and finding out Berinthia, revealed every particular of this shocking affair. Berinthia trembled at hearing the account of this horrid contrivance, and, having returned thanks to God for the discovery, promised Diego a letter to his master, and heartily thanked him for his fidelity and affection to her, which she vowed to requite; and as an earnest of her favour to him, she plucked a diamond ring from her finger, and gave it him for his good office.

[*To be continued.*]

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*An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.*

[*Continued from page 422.*]

### Of FALSEHOOD.

**T**O forge untruths is a vain and intolerable misdemeanor. For truth is the beginning of heroical virtue, as a grave Author says: it is the most lively resemblance of him who is absolutely perfect; it is the bond and cement of society, a



virtue composed of amiableness and all divine features. But a lie is unreasonable, and as ugly as the shadows of the night; and therefore Mythologists describe Pan (who was the god of speech) with the upper part like a man, and the lower like a beast; to signify that truth is fair and comely, but a lie squalid and deformed. *Simonides* and *Cicero* call it injustice, and so it is; a violation of that tacite, universal contract between mankind implied in all their commerce and intercourses. It is the rust and bane of conversation; and it disgraces a man when it is found out: and few have such good memories, and carry the matter so cunningly, as to go long undiscovered; for though it walks in a mist, and puts on the mantle and mask of truth, and so may pass for it a while; yet it will in time betray itself by its disorderly motions and cloven feet: and when it breathes a cloud of infamy upon the reputation, and rendering the obnoxious liar to contempt and scorn; he will be banished all honest company, and no body will give credit to any thing he shall say, be it never so true, upon the bare authority of his report, nor regard his words more than a mouthful of fugitive breath. Nay, every syllable he speaks will be suspected, unless it amounts to the force of an undeniable demonstration. *Poggius* lost the fame of a good Historiographer by extolling all the actions of the Florentines, and dispraising their enemies; and the shepherd that abused the neighbourhood with a false, clamorous complaint that the wolf had invaded and scattered his flock, to his great damage, was not believed afterwards when it was really so. Besides it is an argument of a cowardly poor spirit, and though it may chance to serve a present turn, yet it enhances the guilt of the crime, and when it is detested, makes a man look like a pitiful baffled fellow; whereas the brave and magnanimous person does not sneak, but speaks truth, and is bold as a lion: and this is appositely expressed in the counsel of the good old Poet,

Dare to be true: nothing can want a lie;

A fault that wants it most grows two thereby.

[To be continued.]

An

An extract from a volume entitled, *A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S  
Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

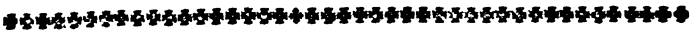
[Continued from page 426.]

*Of the Cause of Volition, and the Nature of the Will.*

DR. Priestley proceeds thus (page 28.) "In all regular deliberations concerning any choice, every reason or motive is distinctly attended to, and whatever appears to be the stronger, or the better reason, always determines us. In these cases, the choice and the motive correspond precisely to an effect and its cause." It appears strange to me that Dr. Priestley should here mention regular *deliberations*, because according to his system, deliberation appears to be impossible. He says, the choice and the motive correspond precisely to an effect and its cause. Now, pray what possible room for deliberation, where a certain operating cause must produce a certain effect? How can there be any regular deliberation in us as men, whether gravity shall or shall not cause a stone in vacuo to fall? There can be no deliberation, regular or irregular about the matter. Deliberation naturally implies, in the deliberating subject, a power of self-determination to do or not to do, otherwise there could be no time for deliberation, because the choice or determination would instantaneously follow the motive, as the effect does the necessary efficient cause. If, notwithstanding the motives influencing, a man has power to suspend his choice or determination, for or against action during one minute till he hath deliberated; he certainly has it equally in his power to suspend his choice, and to deliberate another minute, and after that another minute, and so on *ad infinitum*. Consequently, he is under no necessity of ever determining to act according to the motive, which is directly contrary to what a stone can do. The instant gravity begins to act as a cause, the effect of the stone falling takes

takes place without any time whatever being left for deliberation. Hence we may clearly see the inconsistency of that doctrine of Dr. Priestley, which supposes the choice of the mind of man to depend with certainty upon the motive influencing, as a stone falling depends upon gravity; and yet that the mind of man has time for regular deliberation before it chooses to act; notwithstanding such necessary influence of motives.

[*To be continued.*]



*The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[Continued from page 430.]

**J**OHAN CLARK, doctor of physic, was one of great repute for his learning, piety, and charity: some while president of the College of Physicians. His custom was, to lay by all his Lord's-days fees, as a sacred stock for charitable uses; devoting that entirely to God, which he received on his day; accounting it a piece of sacrilege to appropriate it to any common use. Hereupon the Lord was pleased to prosper him in his calling, that though at first his practice was little, yet afterwards it so increased, that he lived plentifully and comfortably, and gave to his children liberal portions.

The like also was practised by Dr. *John Bathurst*, with whom I was very well acquainted: his Lord's-days fees were constantly kept as a bank for the poor, and wholly devoted to, and employed for their use; which was so far from lessening his incomes, that by the blessing of God upon his practice, they were greatly increased by it in a few years. At his first coming to *London*, he brought little with him, and had small acquaintance here (*Yorkshire* being his native country, where he

he had spent his former days;) but the Lord was pleased so to prosper him in his calling, that in twenty years time he purchased lands of inheritance, to the value of a thousand pounds per annum, to speak what I know to be certain; for in the repute of some, his estate at his death was not less than two thousand pounds a year.

Dr. *Edmund Trench* observed the same course. And this was no damage, but a great advantage to him: for he had as many patients as his weak body would permit him to visit. And, though he lived at a plentiful rate, frequently entertaining ministers and scholars at his table; yet did he gain a very considerable estate which he left to his wife and children.

I have ground to believe that many other Physicians make conscience of this duty; but oh, that all would do the like! certainly they would be no losers thereby at the year's end, but find God's blessing upon their calling and estates, prospering them in both.

*Samuel Dunche* of *Pusly* in the County of *Berks*, Esq. a person that according to the Apostle's rule, did good to all, but especially to the household of faith, used to send sums of money yearly to several towns, to *Stow* upon the *Wolds* in *Gloucestershire*, to *Norliche*, to *Lamburn*, and other places, for the relief of their poor. And upon the last here mentioned, he settled lands of inheritance for ever for that purpose. And to *Rumsey* in *Hampshire* he gave by deed on the like account a lease of ninety-nine years to commence after his decease. The poor also of the said town, whom he called his alms-people, had during his life, weekly relief from him; and many other towns besides were large sharers in the like bounty.

Several poor children of the said town, and likewise of those belonging to *Farringdon* he sent to school; and did not only pay for their teaching, but furnished them with all such books as were fit and convenient for them. He also printed several good books at his own charge which he freely  
gave

gave to the poor, that they might be better encouraged to read, and to acquaint themselves with the concerns of another and better life.

He further gave considerable sums of money yearly for the constant supply of such godly ministers as he knew to be in want: and upon several of them he settled considerable annuities, ten pound, and twenty pound per annum for their lives, besides the legacies, which were not small, that he gave to some of them at his death.

And here I hope I may, without offence, or vain glory, take liberty to mention, amongst others, the charity and liberality of my dear and honoured father, Dr. *William Gougè*, late Pastor of *Black-friars, London*, who was eminent as in other graces, so in this of charity; from him I first heard, The tenth part of a rich man's estate to be a fit proportion to be devoted and dedicated to God for charitable uses. But though he commended that to others, yet by what I find in some papers written with his own hand, I may truly say, he gave the seventh part of all his yearly comings in, towards the maintaining of poor scholars at the University, and the relieving of poor families and distressed persons.

Many more instances of the like nature might be added; some, who are now with joy reaping in the other world the blessed fruit of that seed, which they had so plentifully sown in this: others yet living amongst us; some of them have acknowledged to me, That God hath already rewarded them a hundred fold for what they have lent to him by giving it to his poor. But these may be sufficient to evidence the truth in hand, and to encourage us to a more ready practice of this great duty; so essential to Christianity, so well pleasing to God, so ornamental to our profession, so beneficial, not only to our eternal happiness, but our present comfort and prosperity on earth.

[To be continued.]

The



wisdom, and propose himself as the end of all his creatures; and then consider whether he could form a reasonable nature, and with-hold the liberty of its acting?

The glory of God is manifested in several degrees, according to the dignity of the subject he creates. He manifests the glory of his power, in forming the inanimate world: the majestic greatness of its frame, the variety, the order and œconomy of its parts: the beauty of the composition, the regular motions, wonderful coincidences, and exact adjustments of the heavenly bodies, all bespeak God for their Author. But then there is something wanting: God displays his wisdom and his power, but to whom? Surely these great limbs of nature might have rested eternally in the darkness of the sluggish chaos, with as great ease and indolence as they now enjoy when brought forth into light, and set in motion: the heavens indeed with fruitful showers impregnate the earth; and the earth brings forth abundantly, and the sun invigorates and cherishes its offspring: but whilst they serve each other, they neither feel the benefit they receive, nor are conscious of that they give. Their being is of no more use to them than their not-being; and as they did not thank their Creator for their production, so they would never repine at him for their annihilation.

God then cannot terminate his action here: he will manifest the glory of his goodness in the production of an order of creatures who shall feel themselves in a state of life and action. And this he has done in that infinite generation of animals, to whom he has imparted more or less of life and sense, according to their respective exigencies, and a degree of happiness suitable thereunto. But a happiness like this, which is only felt, and not understood; an enjoyment without reflexion, where there is no sense of it as a benefit, nor acknowledgment of a benefactor, must be too low a manifestation of the Divine attributes, and by no means to rise up to the dignity and worth of the infinite agency of God.

This

This great chasm therefore must be filled up by an order of intelligent creatures, who shall not only enjoy themselves, but God : creatures partaking of the Divine nature, and images of its perfections : creatures not of mere sense and appetite, but of rational powers and voluntary motions, able to seek out their Creator, and to be rewarded by him : such as may contemplate, love and adore their Maker, may copy the Divine excellencies, and imbibe some rays of that righteousness and holiness, that wisdom, power, justice and goodness which dwell substantially in the Deity. For if God creates a material world, our reason will tell us, it is for the sake of the spiritual ; but to say that he can create a spirit, with other views than those of loving and worshipping its Creator, and finding its happiness in him, is the greatest absurdity : for God, as he is the supreme Good, must be the ultimate end of a rational creature : and if he gives a will to the soul of man ; that is, gives the soul activity and motion, it will tend the same way with his own, as being touched with the universal magnetism ; that is, it will tend towards God who is infinite and universal Good ; it will love God, because God loves himself. God then has created the world of spirits in order to love and adore him ; to celebrate his praises ; to admire his works ; to imitate his Divine perfections : in a word, to render glory to their Almighty Creator. What then ? Does he constrain them to this duty ? Does he so irresistibly draw them to himself, that they must pay this homage whether they will or no ? Certainly this is not for the creature to worship God, but for God to worship himself : the creature in this case is wholly passive, it follows the necessity of its nature, it has no opportunity of choice, nor liberty of gain saying ; and as it is thus menaced and bound to obedience, it can have no title to a reward. Whatever good there may be in such a service, it cannot be imputed to the creature, who is but the instrument in the hands of God, strung, and tuned, and sounded to his own praises.



We may therefore pronounce, that God' who is the freest agent, will not necessitate the soul of man, but will endow it with the noblest of power, Liberty; such as will render his obedience a free-will offering, that he may perform it with pleasure, and expect a recompence. Besides, God will require such a love as he deserves; that is, a love of choice, a reasonable service, an obedience not only voluntary but free.

[To be continued.]

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T H O U G H T S upon D R E S S .

**L** O U D complaint has been made concerning a passage taken out of a little tract, entitled, "The Refined Courtier," which is inserted in the last April Magazine; p. 197. The passage objected to runs thus: "Let every one when he appears in public, be *decently clothed*, according to his age, and the custom of the place where he lives." There is no fault in this. It is exactly right. Accordingly, when I appear in public, I am *decently apparelled*, according to my age, and the custom of *England*; sometimes in a short coat, sometimes in a night-gown, sometimes in a gown and cassock. "He that does otherwise seems to affect singularity." And though a Christian frequently may, yea must be singular, yet he never *affects singularity*: he only takes up his cross, so far as conscience requires. Thus far then, There is nothing which is not capable of a fair construction. "Nor is it sufficient that our garment be made of good cloth, (the author speaks all along of people of rank; particularly those that attend the Court,) but we should constrain ourselves to follow the garb where we reside," suppose at St. *James's*. "Seeing Custom is the law and standard of *Decency*, in all things of this nature." It certainly is: and I advise all the King's Lords of the Bedchamber, the Queen's Maids of Honour to follow it. All this therefore may bear a sound construction; nor does it contradict any thing which I have said or written.

J. W.  
*Extracts*

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*Extracts of several Letters received from America, by the Rev. John Wesley, &c. to which is prefixt a Preface by Dr. Coke.*

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The P R E F A C E.

**A**S I am personally and intimately acquainted with the writers of the following Letters, it may not be unacceptable to the reader, if I make a few observations on their Characters.

1. Mr. *Dickens* is one of our ordained Ministers. He is a native of *England*; but was awakened, converted, and called to the Ministry in *America*. He is one of our oldest Preachers on that Continent, and is eminent both for piety and learning. As a Preacher, he is remarkable for the solidity of his sermons, and for the great variety of his matter. He was appointed at the last *Baltimore* Conference for the city of *New-York*.

2. Mr. *Cox* is one of our young Preachers, a deeply pious and zealous man, and owned of God in the salvation of souls, as much perhaps, as any one now living. He also was born in *England*; but was awakened, converted, and called to the work in *America*.

3. Mr. *O'Kelly* is one of our Presbyters, and one of the oldest of the Preachers. He is a native of *Virginia*. Very few have more weight in our American-Connection than he. He has been tried and proved; is much owned of God, and of the most undaunted courage: fearing neither men nor devils. He has for some time borne the boldest, and most public testimony against *Negro-Slavery* of any one in *America*.

4. Mr. *Hull* is young: but is indeed a flame of fire. He appears always on the stretch for the salvation of souls. Our only fear concerning him is, that the sword is too keen for the scabbard;—that he lays himself out in the work far beyond his

his strength. Two years ago he was sent to a Circuit in *South-Carolina*, which we were almost ready to despair of; but he, with a young colleague of like spirit with himself, in one year raised that Circuit to a degree of importance equal to that of almost any in the Southern States.

T. C.

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*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. Dickens, dated New-York, Aug. 27, 1787.*

" I Have very extraordinary things to communicate. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in *Virginia*. It looks like the dawn of the Millenium. I have received the most authentic intelligence, that since our last Conference several hundreds have been converted in the *Brunswick* and *Suffex* Circuits: and it is computed that about *Brunswick* itself, not less than seven thousand souls are under deep conviction. The work is also very extraordinary in some parts of *North-Carolina*. In some parts of *Virginia* the congregations on sabbath days consists of several thousands: and many of the greatest persecutors are struck down as dead. Surely this is the Arm of Omnipotence. Ride on, Lord Jesus, ride on, till all are subdued!"—

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*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Philip Cox, dated Brunswick-County, Virginia.\**

" GREAT news from Zion! Never was there so great a work of God in *America* (nor yet in *England* from what we have been able to learn) as is now in the *Brunswick* and *Suffex* Circuits. At many of our preaching-places we cannot meet the Classes for the cries of the distressed. Sometimes *fifty* in a day are savingly converted to God. On Thursday and Friday, July 26th, and 27th, our quarterly-meeting

\* As the transcriber of this, and the two following Letters has overlooked their dates, the Editor cannot insert them; but judges, they were written about the month of August, 1787.

meeting was held for the *Brunswick* Circuit at *Jones's* Chapel. It was thought, at the lowest computation, that upwards of two hundred were brought to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ at those two meetings. Indeed it is impossible for us to know exactly how many; but such a sight I never beheld before. They lay in rows on the ground, crying for mercy, being cut to the heart, and in the deepest distress: and what was more surprizing, many of them were some of the principal gentry of the County. And divers of those who had opposed *Dr. Coke* when he delivered his testimony against negro-slavery, were now converted to God. Brother *O'Kelly* travelled with me in my Circuit for four days, in which time at least sixty found the love of God in Christ Jesus: and the day after we parted, I preached a funeral sermon, at which season no less than thirty professed they found the pearl of great price: and such was the power of God, and the earnestness of the people, that we could not break up our meeting till sun-set.\* At many houses in the neighbourhood, in some of them three, some of them four, found a saving change, while at family-prayer. The next day I rode to *Lane's* Chapel, but it would not contain the congregation, so I went out and preached under the trees; and at that time had reason to believe that about sixty souls were brought into the liberty of the Gospel. Surely it may be said, What hath God wrought!"

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*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. O'Kelly, dated Suffex County, Virginia.*

“ **A** MIDST some things that grieve me, one thing greatly comforts me, to see the work of the blessed God profper among us. Old *Brunswick* and *Suffex* Circuits exceed any thing I ever saw or heard of in *America*.

Whatever

\* The time of preaching on that Continent is noon, universally, except in a very few cities and towns.

Whatever my brethren may think, I believe six thousand were assembled together at the Quarterly-meeting, held a few days ago for the *Brunswick* Circuit. Hundreds were crying for mercy as on the brink of hell. Many gentlemen and ladies, with many warm persecutors, have been made to worship at our feet, and to know that God hath loved us. Forty, fifty, nay a hundred in a day have professed to find peace with God: and more were awakened by the warm and earnest addresses of the young converts, than by the preaching of the word. We judge that a hundred at least found a sense of the favour of God at the Quarterly-meeting held at *Mayberry's* Chapel: and the whole settlement near *Jones' Chapel* amazes me. You will scarce believe what the Lord is doing, unless you had seen it with your own eyes.

In each Circuit, souls are daily coming into the fold of Christ. Old Methodists are taking a new growth, and going on in the power and spirit of the Gospel. For some time past I have felt such an awful sense of the presence of God, as if Christ was coming in the clouds of heaven to judge the quick and the dead. The work is prospering in several other Circuits."

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*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Hope Hull, dated Manchester, Amelia County, Virginia.*

" I Have long waited for an opportunity to inform you of the wonderful work of God among the people in this Circuit; but hitherto have had none. However I now sit down to write, though not expecting you will receive the letter for a long time.

I have great reason to believe my appointment here was of the Lord. I have enjoyed my health as well as I expected. The Lord has done wonders in the sight of all the people.  
Many

Many sheets of paper would not contain the full account of the marvellous works that have been wrought. I expect the other Preachers have informed you of the mighty work in their Circuits; therefore I shall only give you an account of the work in this.

When I first came into these parts there was but little prospect. But the work broke out, and I can hardly tell how: and within these two months there cannot have been less than two hundred and fifty, or three hundred souls converted to God among the whites; besides blacks, how many I cannot tell. Some of the vilest opposers now come to the preaching; and with *Paul* they are struck to the earth, and cry for mercy. The people of God get round them, and pray with them for five or six hours together. At last one will begin to praise God and say, "My soul is happy! my soul is happy! the Lord has pardoned my sins!" Then they will run away to their relations, husbands to their wives, and wives to their husbands, parents to their children, and children to their parents, and begin to talk to them and pray for them. Presently they are deeply affected; then the people of God gather round them again, and begin to pray; and I have nothing to do, but stand still, and see the salvation of God: and perhaps in one of these meetings twenty will find peace to their souls.

When this work first began, as I did not know what to think of it, I rather opposed it. But now I am satisfied it is of the Lord; for the people evidence the sincerity of their hearts by their upright walk."



*An Account of a SUNDAY SCHOOL.*

**I**N the Methodist Sunday-School, at *Bolton le Moors*, there are about eight hundred scholars, forty masters, and nearly as many Assistants of one kind or other. All that are employed in this School (whatever their offices are) offer their

services willingly, without any pecuniary fee or reward. Every man stands close to his station, and enters into the spirit of his work, with an intention to do all the good in his power to the children under his care. The Masters love the children, and delight to instruct them: the children love their Masters, and cheerfully receive instruction. It is about two years since they first began the School in our large convenient Chapel: and the great good attending the undertaking, appears more and more daily: not only in *Bolton*, but in the adjacent places from whence children come constantly to the School, and others who live in the country several miles off.

Many of the poor children about *Bolton* have been greatly neglected in their education, and were almost a proverb for wickedness, especially sabbath-breaking: which crime is often the forerunner of the worst of evils.

But we see at present, the prospect of a glorious reformation. Among many who attend at our place, there is already a great change in their manners, morals, and learning. They are taught to read and write by persons who are very well qualified for the work. Many of the children can read well in the Bible, and write a tolerable hand; so that they are qualified for any common business. Their natural rusticity is also greatly worn off, and their behaviour is modest and decent. About one hundred are taught to sing the praises of God; in which they have made great proficiency, to the admiration of those who hear them.

But what is better than all the rest, the principles of Religion are instilled into their minds. The Masters endeavour to impress them with the fear of God; and by that to make all vice and wickedness hateful to them;—and urge them to obedience by the precepts and motives of the gospel. Each class is spoken to separately every Sunday, on the nature of Religion, and are taught their duty to God, their neighbour and themselves, when the instructions are enforced by serious counsels, and solemn prayers.

An





Monday, March 7, as they were in the wood, they told *Thomas* and *Benjamin Newman* (the elder about twelve years old, the younger eleven) that if they swore, and went on in sin, they would go to hell; and so spoke to them of the day of judgment, that they both burst into tears, and hung about them, crying, We shall go to hell! They then told them, they hoped not, and that God would have mercy on them, if they sought him, and would pardon their sins. Accordingly they went to prayer with them, and while they were so doing, the others cried to God for mercy; since which they both appear to be earnestly seeking the Lord.

Thursday 17, another joining their company, they judged it best to divide, and that *John Weston* should take part with him into the wood to work, and *John Stones* the rest: for none of the others could pray, only as words were put into their mouths: their method being first to pray with them, and then to teach them to pray, telling them if they could only say, "Lord have mercy upon us," the Lord would teach them more. Having spent this day as usual in prayer (that is, at the intervals of their work) at night *John Stones* said to his aunt, these words come to my mind, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." She said, Can you believe it is so? He replied, I can hardly tell. Before he went to bed these words also came to his mind, "My God is reconciled." In the morning he said, "Now I know I am pardoned." On her asking, How do you know it? He replied, "I feel the love of God in my soul, and I know I love God, and that God loves me; for I was so happy all night that I could hardly sleep."

Friday, March 18, they spent as usual in prayer and singing, and in reproofing all that sinned in their hearing, both young and old.

Wednesday 23, *John Stones* and *John Weston* were at our house in the evening before preaching. As it thundered and lightened much, I asked them if they were afraid? They answered,

answered, "No." I said, If the Lord was to take you away this night, do you think you should be happy? They both said, They thought they should. *John Stones* said, he wanted to be taken away, that he might be with the Lord; and clapping his hands together said, "O how glad am I that I am turned from my wickedness!" and they both rejoiced, thinking it would be a means of bringing more to the preaching.

Thursday 31, I heard *John Weston* pray, and was much affected at the melting expressions that came out of his lips. He first returned thanks for that opportunity of meeting together; then prayed for more of the love of God in his own soul, and praised the Lord for sending his dear Son into the world to die for sinners: saying, "It was I that pierced thy blessed side, and that platted a crown of thorns, and put it on thy head."

*Betty Henson* says, That they came to the preaching-house while she was meeting in her Band, not being aware of their being there. I thought it best, said she, to let them have the preaching-house to themselves; but they desired us to stay, and began singing and prayer. I found it was good to be there, as their solid behaviour, and innocent cheerfulness was so remarkable: there were six present, five of whom went to prayer. *John Weston* expressed his unworthiness, sinfulness, and want of God, and put up such petitions for his own soul, and the souls of all present, as was very affecting to hear. He concluded with saying, "Now I know, O God, thy ways are pleasant ways:" and well might he say so, for his soul seemed all dissolved in love and tears.

*John Stones* prayed with as much steadiness and correctness as most experienced men. *John Linnell* prayed earnestly for pardon; that he might know the sinfulness of sin; that the Lord might deepen his work, and carry it on in his soul; keep them from formality and lukewarmness, and from trifling words and actions. They then all expressed their thankfulness to God, for keeping them out of hell, and for giving them that opportunity of meeting together.

A circumstance

A circumstance which happened before any of them received remission of sins, will shew how deep and real their conviction was.

One day (as formerly) several of them pent up the deer in a corner of the forest. *John Stones* said, We have done wrong. The rest said, So we have; for it is a sin. Upon this, they all wept for an hour, or more, going about the forest crying and praying to God to pardon their sins. They said, they not only sinned by hurting the deer, but they were overcome by a light, laughing spirit. They then all kneeled down to prayer, and while one was asking God for forgiveness, the rest cried so loud for mercy, that we heard them in our house. They said, they prayed that day seven times for forgiveness for what they had done.

About three days after *John Stones* and *John Weston* were justified, they met an old man, and told him, he must know his sins forgiven or die for ever: that the Lord would come as a thief in the night, and that if he died in the state he was then in, his soul would be lost. The next day they saw him again, and spoke to him in the same manner, and prevailed on him to hear the word.

Another time they met with a man who being vexed with his work, was cursing it. When they reproved him, he made a jest of it; but they soon let him know they were in earnest, and talked soundly to him of death and judgment, heaven and hell. On his telling them, He knew those things as well as they, they replied, The more was the pity, as his practice was no better.

I hope the Lord will continue his work among them, and that we shall see greater things than these. Indeed there is a prospect of something of the same kind at *Northampton*, as several young persons constantly attend the preaching: one of whom has lately declared, that she believed God was reconciled to her through Christ Jesus.

S. W.

A PROPHECIC



## A PROPHEPIC DREAM.

**M**AURITIUS the Emperor dreamed that himself and his whole stock were killed by one *Phocas*. He told this dream to *Philippicus*, his son-in-law. Enquiry being made if any could be found in his numerous army of that name; there was but one, and he a notary. He therefore supposed himself secure enough from one of so mean a fortune. Soon after there was a mutiny in the army, upon the detention of their pay; and in the tumult *Phocas* was saluted Emperor: the army returning towards *Constantinople*, *Mauritius* fled to *Chalcedon*, where both he and his whole progeny, by the commandment of *Phocas*, were put to death.



## WARNINGS SLIGHTED.

**I**T is a memorable thing, which (from the mouth of a very credible person who saw it) *George Buchanan* relates, concerning *James* the Fourth, King of *Scotland*. He intending to make a war with *England*, a certain old man of a venerable aspect, and clad in a long blue garment, came unto him at the Church of *St. Michael's*, at *Linlithgow*, while he was at his devotion, and leaning over the seat where the King sat, said, "I am sent unto thee, O King, to give thee warning, that thou proceed not in the war thou art about; for if thou dost, it will be thy ruin:" and having so said he withdrew himself into the press. The King, after service was ended, enquired earnestly for him, but he could no where be found. His Queen also had acquainted him with the visions of her sleep: That she had seen him fall from a great precipice, and that she had lost one of her eyes. But he answered, They were but dreams,  
arising

arising from the cares of the day: and so marched on and fell with a number of his nobility, at the battle of Flodden-Field, September 9, 1513.



*A CURE for the BITE of a MAD DOG.*

**D**RY Salt is an immediate remedy for the bite of a Mad Dog. It should be kept on a considerable while, and renewed as often as it grows moist.



L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCLXVII.

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

Stanley, July 4, 1778.

Rev. and dear Sir,

**A**S the Conference is now approaching, I will lay my case before you, that you may be better able to judge how to dispose of me.

I labour under such weakness of body at present, that I cannot do my duty in meeting the people, (after I have preached to them) so much as their several states require. If I visit from house to house I am so debilitated in an hour or two that I can be of no use any longer.

Dear Sir, I would not have you think, that it is to shun travelling that I *now* speak thus. I bless the Lord that I am free to travel or to sit down.

I cannot help saying, (although it may seem a breach of modesty) that the Lord makes use of me both to wound and to heal wherever he sends me; and I have thought, that perhaps some good might be prevented if I contracted my sphere  
of

of action. But at such times it immediately occurs to me, "The Lord has no need of *thee*: he can do without thee."

If I know my own heart, I have no choice either to live or to die, to travel or to desist; but am entirely free to follow the will of God. My soul is all life and spirits; but my infirm body is like a jaded horse. If it was no sin to kill my body, I should not care what became of it; but should rejoice to be worn out in his service.

If you should think, that in these circumstances, I am improper to travel, I have thoughts of settling at Stroud, where we have seven or eight places of preaching within four miles of it; which would be a wholesome exercise to me, while it afforded me opportunities of preaching as much as I should be able.

Since I have now opened my mind to you, dear Sir, as in the presence of God, I shall leave you to judge for me, and esteem your determination as a law.

I bless God, my soul is truly happy! I behold my approaching dissolution with pleasing anticipations, and yet have no desire of any thing, but that the will of God may be done. May he be with you at the Conference, and make you wise, as an angel of God! I wish you every blessing from above, and am, dear Sir,

Your dutiful Son in the Gospel,

JOHN VALTON.

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

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

Shoreham, July 6, 1778.

Honoured Sir,

**W**E adore Him who returns you to us again, and still compasses you about with songs of deliverance. May the light of the Most High shine in every grateful heart, and his wisdom, and blessing be in all your counsels.

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I saw

I saw Mr. F. at Canterbury, and hope he sees now where this false meteor has led him. I am far from thinking his uneasiness is only disappointment. I hope he suspects himself. I told him, it was the envy of Satan, who was imposing on his understanding, in order to hinder his usefulness; and that Methodism was not intended to turn people from one outward thing to another, but to bring spirituality among all: and that wherein they were called, they should there abide with God. I think his gifts are improved, and that he is fervent in prayer.

There is a *good* prospect at Canterbury, and before this fell out, there was a *great* one.

Dear Sir, let me beseech you, for the sake of our Redeemer, to press it on our Preachers to visit every prison they can. If there was more willingness to take up this cross, the Lord would be well pleased; his providence would work with his people; and many of the outcasts would escape to glory.

One man died in peace out of Maidstone Goal the last assizes, and two more are powerfully wrought upon by the word of God: one of whom has chose to go on board a man of war rather than work on the Thames, and the other we suppose will be pardoned.

That God may direct and prosper you in all your undertakings, is, Rev. Sir, the ardent wish of your Friend and Servant,

D. PERRONET.

L E T T E R CCCCLXIX.

[From the Rev. Peter Lièvre, to the Rev. John Wesley.]

Deptford, July 29, 1778.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Sincerely thank you for your kind letter, and will always study to merit the affection you so kindly express therein.

I think

I think I should be very scrupulous in going abroad, unless I could clearly be ascertained of the call of Providence. Money (for its own sake) has very few charms for me. I am perfectly happy in that respect, in my present situation; but there may be an attachment.—However, if God should please to enlarge my ability for usefulness, I pray he may continue my inclination, or, I durst not answer for a deceitful heart.

I bless God, I earnestly desire to lay up treasure above, where neither rust nor moth can corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. I have as yet made but a poor progress! I have hardly begun. But I think to devote myself more fully to Jesus, and in the meantime to thank him even for this desire. May He, who is the author of every good desire, blow this spark into a flame of holy, humble love!

No thirst of gold my soul inspire,  
 Nor earthly baubles move,  
 Give me the treasure I desire,  
 The riches of thy love.

I am fully convinced of the danger, and spiritual loss to which I should be exposed abroad; particularly if I should go, without the call of Providence. But if God should call me there, I will trust him for the rest. I only pray that his will may be done in me, with me, and by me, and that I may be kept from doing my own. I shall rejoice to see you again in Deptford. In the meantime I remain,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your most affectionately dutiful Nephew,

P. L.





## P O E T R Y.

T I M E: *an* E L E G Y.*Written near the Ruins of ELGIN-CATHEDRAL:*

[By Robert Alves, M. A.]

P A R T II.

[Continued from page 446.]

**T**o mark the unwearied flight of rolling years :  
 The vanities of life ; the wastes of time ;  
 To point Man's happiest hopes ; to alarm his fears ;  
 The Muse again awakes the moral rhyme.

She marks those states alternate rise and fall,  
 That once o'er all the imperial sceptre bore :  
 She marks those heroes drop that shook the ball,  
 Whom Fame, and flaming Victory, flew before.

What cannot Time destroy ? Those dazzling thrones  
 Of Syria, Persia, or of Egypt old,  
 Where are they now ? They rest with royal bones,  
 In the same moulderèd dust with heroes rollèd.

Where now is Greece ? Whose sons unrivalled trode  
 In arts or arms, the boast of human-kind :  
 Here reigned the Muses, and their laurellèd god ;  
 Here Truth ennobled whom each Grace refinèd.

Where now is Rome ? Whose conquering eagle flew,  
 Like the bold bird of Jove, with lightning armèd ;  
 From pole to pole the heart-struck panic grew ;  
 Shook trembling kingdoms, and the world alarmèd.

Ye

Yet awful Wisdom led each conquest on,  
 Valour untam'd, and persevering toil ;  
 Perhaps such deeds, where heavenly Virtue shone,  
 Assigned the guilty nations for her spoil.

But now, alas ! (her warlike honour's lost)  
 Pensive she sits 'midst thousand ruins drear ;  
 And o'er her worthless sons, and desert coast,  
 She pours the sad, but unavailing tear.

No more I see her range the ensanguin'd field,  
 While lightning flashes from her awful eye ;  
 She quits the glittering spear, and sounding shield,  
 And lays the crested helm for ever by.

Like some decaying storm, or dying blast,  
 Which faint we hear, or only seem to hear,  
 The thundering wars of old, though long o'erpass'd,  
 Still seem to murmur on Reflection's ear.

—But now behoves to change the sorrowing scene,  
 From heroes, kingdoms, empires, worlds o'erthrown :  
 Who can such sights behold unmoved, serene !  
 I melt for others,—others more our own.

Lo where *Philander's* recent ashes sleep,  
 The Loves and Graces in sad concert mourn !  
 Behold the friend, the parent, sister weep !  
 And bathe with many a tear, the untimely urn.

But not their tears, nor all the wiles of art,  
 Can ope the iron chambers of the tomb :  
 Not Virtue's self can move Death's flinty heart,  
 Nor Youth, nor Age, nor Beauty's angel-bloom.

Behold what crowding graves ! what emblems round !  
 What living lectures breathe from every stone !  
 No airy boast of grandeur marks the ground ;  
 These humble teachers talk of Death alone.

“ Come

“ Come ye (they cry) in Fortune’s trappings drest,  
 Ye sick for power, ye sticklers for a name;  
 Behold where you must take your endless rest,  
 A bed of earth is all that ye can claim.’

Perhaps some scutcheon, or some stately bust,  
 Some sculpturéd urn with marble strong upstayéd,  
 May crown your grave,—yet these shall fall to dust,  
 And crumbling mingle with the bones they shade.

Deep in yon awful tomb,\* with roof so high,  
 Where light just glimmers on the darkéning floor,  
 The great, the noble, and the puissant lie;  
 But are they now ought greater than the poor?

Say, does not worth preserve the good man’s fame?  
 Even in the dust, (his sanctified repose!)  
 And round his grave, though poor in life his name,  
 The violet blooms, the wall-flower sweeter blows.

Behold these graves! the young, the vain, the gay!  
 How silent all! their sport now put to flight!  
 No voice of mirth is heard! no cheerful play  
 Awakes the slumber of eternal night.

Beneath that moss-grown stone now mouldering lie  
 Those heavenly charms that bade the world adore;  
 The faultless shape, soft air, and sparkling eye,  
 Were *Celia’s* once—but *Celia’s* now no more.

Yet thus shall fade the fairest charms below,  
 Of art or nature, body or of soul  
 Like northern lights, or like the painted bow,  
 So swift of human life the meteors roll.

But see! ’tis past the silent noon of night,  
 And *Cynthia* falls from her meridian tour;  
 While, as she slow withdraws her paler light,  
 The shadows léngthen of yon cypress-bower.

\* The burial-place of the family of Gordon.

Though

Though time, O Muse! with *Cynthia* to retire,  
 O'er graves and hoary piles no more to roam!  
 Yet, yet a while, the weeping verse inspire,  
 And weave the dark-green ivy round my tomb.

*The* I N D I A N P H I L O S O P H E R .

**W**HY should our joys transform to pain?  
 Why gentle Hymen's silken chain  
 A plague of iron prove?  
 Bendish, 'tis strange that charm that binds  
 Millions of hands, should leave their minds  
 At such a loose from Love.

In vain I fought the wondrous cause,  
 Rang'd the wide field of Nature's laws,  
 And urg'd the schools in vain;  
 Then deep in thought, within my breast  
 My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd  
 A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,  
 On Fancy's airy horse I ride,  
 (Sweet rapture of the mind!)  
 'Till on the banks of Ganges' flood  
 In a tall ancient grove I stood,  
 For sacred use design'd.

Hard by a venerable Priest,  
 Risen with his god the sun, from rest,  
 Awoke his morning song;  
 Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream;  
 The birth of souls was all his theme,  
 And half divine his tongue.

He sang the eternal rolling flame,  
 That vital Mass, that still the same  
 Does all our minds compose:

But

But shapéd in twice ten thousand frames,  
 Thence differing souls of differing names;  
 And jarring tempests rose.

The mighty Power that forméd the mind  
 One mould for evéry two designéd,  
 And blesséd the new-born pair;  
 This be a match for this (he said,)  
 Then down he sent the souls he made  
 To seek them bodies here.

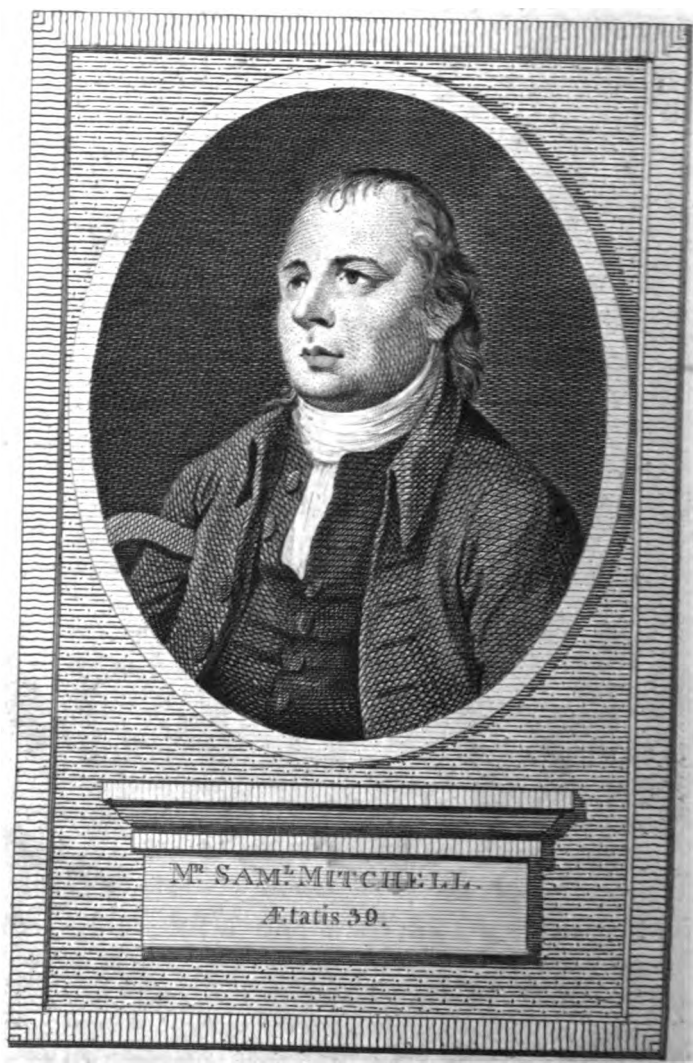
But parting from their warm abode,  
 They lost their fellows on the road,  
 And never joinéd their hands:  
 Ah, cruel Chance, and crossing Fates,  
 Our Eastern souls have lost their mates  
 On Europe's barbarous lands.

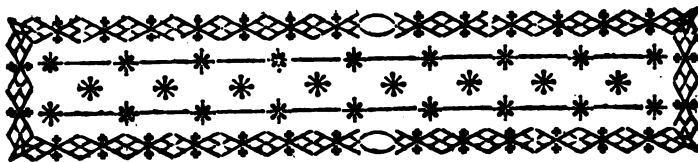
Happy the youth that finds the bride  
 Whose birth is to his own allied,  
 The sweetest joy of life:  
 But oh the crouds of wretched souls,  
 Fetteréd to minds of different moulds,  
 And chainéd to eternal strife!

Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard;  
 My soul with vast attention heard  
 While Ganges ceaséd to flow;  
 Sure then, I cried, might I but see  
 That gentle nymph that twinnéd with me,  
 I might be happy too.

Some courteous angel, tell me where,  
 What distant lands this unknown fair  
 Or distant seas detain?  
 Swift as the wheel of Nature rolls,  
 I'd fly to meet, and mingle souls  
 And wear the joyful chain.







T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1788.



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

C H A P. V.

*Shewing that these late Notions concerning the Liberty, or rather  
Servitude of the Will of Man, were generally condemned by the  
Primitive Christians.*

[Continued from page 45<sup>a</sup>.]

1<sup>st</sup>. **T**HE ancients make the freedom of the will necessary both to Vice and Virtue. *Justin* declares, no actions of men would be praise-worthy, if they had not the power to turn to either of them. *Macarius* saith, that if we were of a nature bound, we should neither be capable of honour and glory, or of hell and punishment; both these being prepared for a mutable nature which can flie from evil; and turn to what is good and right. And this is so agreeable to the light of nature, that *Cyril of Alexandria* introduced *Porphyry*, placing the freedom of man in this, that he hath the freedom to chuse vice or virtue;

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this



*this being, saith he, necessary that he may be capable of praise or reprehension, honour or dishonour, rewards or punishments.*

2dly. They add, That by reason of this free-will which God hath given unto man, he hath it in his power to believe, or not, as we have heard from *Irenæus*, and *Clemens of Alexandria*, to be, or make himself a vessel of election, or of wrath, saith *Macarius*; and, *Ipse sibi causa est, He of himself is the cause*, saith *Irenæus*, *why he becomes good corn or chaff, every one rendering himself righteous, or disobedient*, saith *Clemens of Alexandria*. *St. Basil* saith, that *every man may, of his own free-will, be either a holy seed, or be the contrary*. *God*, saith *Pseudo-Justin*, is not the cause that we are good, or wicked, *but our own choice, by which he hath put it into our own power to be good, or bad*. *Christ*, saith *Chrysostom*, *spake many things of the kingdom, and of hell, and shewed that we had power to chuse either of them, by punishing sinners, and honouring them that do well: for, saith he, we have it in our power to chuse this, or that, to fall into hell or enjoy the kingdom*. Sure then these things must be sufficient to convince us that these Fathers believed nothing of the doctrine of Absolute Election and Reprobation, or of that miserable servitude of the human will, which these men so much insist upon.

3dly. *St. Austin* argues against the doctrine of the *Manichæans* from the reasonableness of the Divine precepts, *it being folly to command him who hath not power to obey*; and in this I have shewed that *Irenæus*, *Clemens of Alexandria*, *Origen*, *Eusebius*, *Epiphanius* and *Theodoret* accord fully with him: to which add that full passage of *Cyril of Alexandria*, *If men were good, or evil in their manners, when they could neither think, or do better, or worse, we must abstain from praising the good, or reprehending the wicked; all the admonitions of fathers to their sons will be a vain thing; all the instructions of youth will be superfluous, and a vain trifle: and we must take away all laws; for if every man hath it not in his power, to chuse what way of life he would, but hath an indissoluble and inevitable*

*inevitable tie to this or that, farewell all laws, or whatsoever else is profitable. Macarius adds, that a law is given, to him that can turn to both parts, i. e. obey, or transgress it; but no law can lie against him who is bound by fate.*

4thly. *St. Austin disputes against the doctrine of the Manichees from the equity of the Divine judgment, declaring that if men did not sin voluntarily they would be judged unjustly; for if God, saith he, had not given man free-will, there could be no justice in punishing the offender, nor any reward for well doing, nor any divine precept requiring men to repent of their sins; for neither the wages of good or evil can be duly given to him who was good or evil, not out of freedom, but necessity; nor is any man to be blamed at all who doth not freely do evil. And in this we have seen the agreement of Origen and Eusebius, and the words now cited from Tertullian, Irenæus, Clemens of Alexandria, and others who are of the same judgment. God hath given to man, saith Tatian, freedom of will, that bad men may be justly punished, as being wicked from themselves; and that good men may be praised, who freely do comply with the will of God. God always preserved the liberty of the will in man, saith Irenæus, that they might justly be damned for their disobedience who did not obey him, and that they who believed and obeyed, might be honoured with incorruptibility. And Athenagoras proves to the Emperors Antoninus and Commodus, that man is free of himself to chuse virtue or vice; for, neither, saith he, would you honour the good, or punish the wicked, if it were not in their power to chuse either.*

[To be continued.]

## S E R M O N XLVII.

On 2 C O R. i. 12.

[Concluded from page 452.]

14. **P**ROCEED we now to consider in the second place, the several *sorts* of Conscience. A good Conscience has been spoken of already. This *St. Paul* expresses various ways. In one place, he simply terms it, a *good Conscience toward God*: in another, a *Conscience void of offence towards God and toward man*. But he speaks still more largely in the text: *Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our Conscience, that in simplicity, with a single eye, and godly sincerity, we have had our conversation in the world*. Meantime he observes that this was done, *not by fleshly wisdom*: commonly called Prudence; (this never did, nor ever can produce such an effect:) *but by the grace of God*, which alone is sufficient to work this in any child of man.

15. Nearly allied to this, (if it be not the same placed in another view, or a particular branch of it) is a *tender Conscience*. One of a tender Conscience is exact in observing any deviation from the word of God, whether in thought, or word, or work, and immediately feels remorse and self-condemnation for it. And the constant cry of his soul is,

“ O that my tender soul may fly  
 The first abhorred approach of ill:  
 Quick as the apple of an eye  
 The slightest touch of sin to feel.”

16. But sometimes this excellent quality, *tendernefs* of Conscience, is carried to an extreme. We find some who fear where no fear is, who are continually condemning themselves

felves without cause; imagining some things to be sinful, which the Scripture no where condemns; and supposing other things to be their duty, which the Scripture no where enjoins. This is properly termed, a *scrupulous* Conscience, and is a fore evil. It is highly expedient to yield to it as little as possible; rather it is a matter of earnest prayer, that you may be delivered from this fore evil, and may recover a sound mind: to which nothing would contribute more, than the converse of a pious and judicious friend.

17. But the extreme which is opposite to this, is far more dangerous. A *hardened* Conscience is a thousand times more dangerous than a scrupulous one: that can violate a plain command of God, without any self-condemnation: either doing what he has expressly forbidden, or neglecting what he has expressly commanded: and yet without any remorse: yea perhaps glorying in this very hardness of heart! Many instances of this deplorable stupidity we meet with at this day: and even among people that suppose themselves to have no small share of Religion. A person is doing something which the Scripture clearly forbids. You ask, How do you dare to do this? and are answered with perfect unconcern, "O my heart does not condemn me." I reply, "So much the worse. I would to God it did. You would then be in a safer state than you are now. It is a dreadful thing, to be condemned by the word of God, and yet not to be condemned by your own heart!" If we can break the least of the known commands of God, without any self-condemnation, it is plain, the god of this world hath hardened our hearts. If we do not soon recover from this, we shall be *past feeling*, and our Consciences (as St. Paul speaks) will be *seared as with a hot iron*.

18. I have now only to add a few important Directions. The first great point is this: Suppose we have a tender Conscience, how shall we preserve it. I believe there is only one possible way of doing this, which is, To obey it. Every act  
of

of disobedience, tends to blind and deaden it; to put out its eyes, that it may not see the good and the acceptable will of God, and to deaden the heart, that it may not feel self-condemnation, when we act in opposition to it. And, on the contrary, every act of obedience gives to the Conscience a sharper and stronger sight, and a quicker feeling of whatever offends the glorious Majesty of God. Therefore, if you desire to have your Conscience always quick to discern, and faithful to accuse or excuse you; if you would preserve it always sensible and tender, be sure to obey it at all events. Continually listen to its admonitions, and steadily follow them. Whatever it directs you to do according to the word of God, do; however grievous to flesh and blood. Whatever it forbids, if the prohibition be not grounded on the word of God, see you do it not, however pleasing it may be to flesh and blood. The one or the other may frequently be the case. What God forbids may be pleasing to our evil nature. There you are called to deny yourself, or you deny your Master. What he enjoins, may be painful to nature: there take up your cross. So true is our Lord's word, *Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily, he cannot be my disciple.*

19. I cannot conclude this Discourse better than with an extract from Dr. *Annesley's* Sermon on Universal Conscientiousness.\*

“ Be persuaded to practice the following Directions, and your Conscience will continue right.

1. Take heed of every sin: count no sin small: and obey every command with your might. Watch against the first risings of sin, and beware of the borders of sin. Shun the very appearance of evil. Venture not upon temptations or occasions of sin.

2. Consider

\* Dr. *Annesley* (my mother's father) was Rector of the Parish of *Cripple gate*.

2. Consider yourself as living under God's eye: live as in the sensible presence of the jealous God. Remember, all things are naked and open before him! You cannot deceive him; for he is infinite wisdom: you cannot fly from him; for he is every where: you cannot bribe him; for he is righteousness itself! Speak as knowing God hears you: walk, as knowing God besets you on every side. The Lord is with you, while you are with him: that is, you shall enjoy his favourable presence, while you live in his awful presence.

3. Be serious and frequent in the examination of your heart and life. There are some duties like those parts of the body, the want of which, may be supplied by other parts: but the want of these nothing can supply. Every evening review your carriage through the day: what you have done, or thought, that was unbecoming your character: whether your heart has been instant upon Religion, and indifferent to the world? Have a special care of two portions of your time, namely, morning and evening: the morning to forethink what you have to do, and the evening to examine, Whether you have done what you ought?

4. Let every action have reference to your whole life, and not to a part only. Let all your subordinate ends be suitable to the great end of your living. *Exercise yourself unto godliness.* Be as diligent in Religion, as thou wouldst have thy children that go to school be in learning. Let thy whole life be a preparation for heaven, like the preparation of wrestlers for the combat.

5. Do not venture on sin, because Christ hath purchased a pardon: that is a most horrible abuse of Christ. For this very reason there was no sacrifice under the law for any wilful sin; lest people should think, they knew the price of sins, as those do who deal in Popish Indulgences.

6. Be nothing in your own eyes: for what is it, alas, that we have to be proud of! Our very conception was  
sinful,

sinful, our birth painful, our life toilsome, our death we know not what! But all this is nothing to the state of our soul. If we know this, what excuse have we for Pride?

7. Consult duty; not events. We have nothing to do but to mind our duty. All speculations that tend not to Holiness, are among your superfluities: but forebodings of what may befall you in doing your duty, may be reckoned among your sins: and to venture upon sin to avoid danger, is to sink the ship for fear of pirates. O how quiet, as well as holy would our lives be, had we learned that single lesson, To be careful for nothing but to do our duty, and leave all consequences to God! What madness, for silly dust to prescribe to Infinite Wisdom? To let go our work and meddle with God's? He hath managed the concerns of the world, and of every individual person in it, without giving cause of complaint to any, for above these five thousand years. And does he now need *your* counsel? Nay, it is *your* business to mind your own duty.

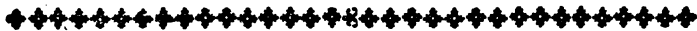
8. What advice you would give another, take yourself: the worst of men are apt enough to lay burdens on others, which if they would take on themselves, they would be rare Christians.

9. Do nothing on which you cannot pray for a blessing. Every action of a Christian that is good, is sanctified by the word and prayer. It becomes not a Christian to do any thing so trivial, that he cannot pray over it. And if he would but bestow a serious ejaculation on every occurrent action, such a prayer would cut off all things sinful, and encourage all things lawful.

10. Think, and speak, and do what you are persuaded Christ himself would do in your case, were he on earth. It becomes a Christian, rather to be an example, than to follow one. But by imitating Christ you become an example to all, who was, and is, and ever will be, our absolute Pattern. O Christians, how did Christ pray, and redeem time for prayer!

prayer? How did Christ preach, out of whose mouth proceeded no other but gracious words? What time did Christ spend in impertinent discourse? How did Christ go up and down doing good to men, and what was pleasing to God? Beloved, I commend to you these four memorials. 1. Mind Duty: 2. What is the Duty of another in your case is your own: 3. Do not meddle with any thing, if you cannot say, The blessing of the Lord be upon it. 4. Above all, sooner forget your Christian name, than forget to eye Christ! Whatever treatment you meet with from the world, remember him and follow his steps: *Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth! Who when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously.*"

Bristol, April 8, 1788.



*An Account of Mr. JOHN PRICKARD.*

[Written by Himself.]

[Continued from page 461.]

**T**HE summer following I fell into a decline, and lingered for some months. About the beginning of September, as I laid in my bed one night, all of a sudden the following thoughts struck me: "My cousin died of this disorder last winter; and it is hardly possible that I shall live till spring. What! and must I die so soon? Then as sure as I am now alive I shall go to hell! Alas! I deserve nothing less! I can expect nothing less!" Then waiting for the young man who lay with me to go to sleep, I arose and went to prayer: and besought the Lord to restore me to health; and solemnly promised, that if he did, I would immediately turn to him, hear his word, and own his people. And (O wonderful



derful goodness!) he heard me and gave me *another trial*: for in less than a fortnight I was better; and before winter set in, was quite recovered.

But alas! I did not keep my promise. It is true, I heard the Methodists all the winter: but as I recovered, my serious impressions wore off to such a degree, that when the days lengthened (so that we must go by day-light to the preaching) I was ashamed to go! I also broke off *all outward sin* for a time; but when I got quite out of danger, I returned to them again with greater greediness than ever: and thus I continued all that year.

Early in the following spring, I went to see my parents, but all the time I was at home, I behaved very undutiful, in refusing to be restrained from going to cockfightings, &c. When they persuaded me with great tenderness, I had the audacity to tell them (though against my conscience) that they were as bigoted as Papists! But I severely smarted for this, before I found the Lord.

Some time after I returned to *Brecon*, I was providentially led to hear Mr. C. and being cut to the heart, I once more fought the Lord in earnest, for a short time, and then fell into sin again.

Towards the latter end of the summer, 1767, my surviving cousin, Mr. *William Miller*, said to me one Sunday morning, Will you go to hear Mr. *Wesley* who is to preach at eight o'clock? I replied, "I will." Accordingly we went, and waited till Mr. *Wesley* came. When he appeared, the first sight I had of him so much affected me, that I could not soon forget it. Soon after he stood up, and preached from the following words, *The wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.* Under this sermon I was more instructed than under *all* that I had heard before put together. In the evening, he preached on, *He healeth the broken in heart.* Both these sermons were of such service to me, that I never more gave such a loose to sin as I had done before:

before: although soon after I fell from my former steadfastness, and lived careless for near a year.

The means of this fall was as follows. Wanting to send a letter to my father; and hearing that there was a young man at the inn who was going to *Pembroke*, I took it to him to save the postage. And as he had lived some time in *London*, and was a sprightly young man, the enemy suggested, that I was some years younger than he, and at present as likely to live. I therefore thought, Why should not I enjoy the pleasures of life a little longer as well as others? especially as I have no desire to be wicked? Thus the subtil adversary reasoned with me, while my foolish heart, first listened, and then yielded to the temptation.—I have often since regretted this fall more than all the rest; because it had, not only all the aggravations of the others, but blasted the first fruits of *Mr. Wesley's* labour, which made such a promising appearance on my heart and mind.

In August 1768, *Lady Huntingdon* opened her School at *Trevecka*. Among the scholars there, was a *Mr. Shipman*, (one of those expelled from *Oxford* the year before.) Under the second sermon he preached in *Brecon*, I was again convinced of my wretched condition, and resolved once more to turn to God. I was so deeply affected, that I thought all in the house must have felt the same impressions: and indeed many did. Glory be to God, I have been enabled to hold on my way ever since! The Sunday following I heard *Mr. Howel Harris*, when the word sunk into my heart. I then began to mourn for all my sins, and to seek the pardon of them through the blood of Jesus. I would also gladly have joined the Society; but as no one asked me, I was afraid to ask them, because I had no acquaintance with any of them, and because I thought I was not fit to be among them: being much afraid I should fall again and bring a scandal upon them. Indeed I was afraid they would not receive me, and seemed to dread a refusal worse than death.



One thing that appears to me to set his piety in a very strong point of view, is a solemn covenant-dedication of himself to God, which he subscribed with his own hand, and is as follows.

“ Eternal and unchangeable Jehovah ; thou great Creator of heaven and earth ; thou adorable Lord of angels and men : I desire, with the deepest humiliation, and self-abasement, to fall down in thy awful presence ; and earnestly pray, that thou wouldst penetrate my heart with a suitable sense of thine unutterable and inconceivable glories !

Trembling may justly take hold on me, when I, a sinful worm, presume to lift my head to thee, and to appear in thy presence, on such an occasion ! What am I, O Lord God ! What is my nature, and descent ; my character and desert ; that I should speak of being a party in a covenant, where thou, the great King of kings, and Lord of lords, art the other !

I blush and am confounded, even to mention it before thee ; but, O Lord ! as thy majesty is great, so also is thy mercy ! If thou wilt hold converse with any of thy creatures, thy excellency must stoop infinitely low ! And I know that in and through Jesus, the Son of thy love, thou condescendest to visit sinful men, and to allow them to approach unto thee ; I know, that the way and method of doing this thou hast graciously condescended to lay before us.

To thee, therefore do I now come ; and laying myself at thy feet, with shame and confusion of face, I say, with the humble publican, God be merciful to me a sinner ! I acknowledge, O Lord, that I have been a great transgressor ! that my sins have reached to the heavens, and that mine iniquities are lifted up to the skies ! The base affections of my corrupt nature, have, in ten thousand instances, wrought in me to bring forth fruit unto death : and if thou shouldst be extreme to mark iniquity, I must be silent, under a load of guilt, and immediately sink into destruction.

But

But thou hast graciously invited me to return unto thee, though I have been a wandering sheep, a prodigal son, a backsliding child. Therefore, O Lord, I come unto thee! I come convinced, not only of my sin, but of my folly! I come, from my very heart, ashamed of myself; and with deep humility confess, that I have played the fool, and erred exceedingly; and am confounded at the remembrance of these things. But be thou merciful to my unrighteousness, O Lord! and remember not against me my transgressions!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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*An Account of the Death of Mr. SEWARD: in a Letter to the  
Rev. J. WESLEY.*

Rev. Sir;

**T**HE Lord has been pleased to take away my dear fellow-labourer, brother *Seward*.

He went to a friend's in the country, and returned the 6th of June, apparently much better than he had been for some months. I therefore set out to the Circuit on the 7th.

That evening he preached with much satisfaction to the people, and was remarkably cheerful after, and went to bed and slept four hours. But when he awoke he was very ill, and continued so for twenty-four hours, and then breathed out his pious soul into the arms of God.

The short time of his illness he had no fear of death; but was meekly resigned to his heavenly Father's will.

Ever since I was acquainted with him, I can truly say, I have not known a more steady, upright young man of his years. May the Lord sanctify this visitation to us, and help us to follow his example!

D. J.

Limerick, June 16, 1787.

*A short*



your soul is equally precious in his sight; for he would not that any should perish.

On the Friday before she died, (apprehending her dissolution very near) she was in such distress that my heart bled for her! I do not know that I ever longed more for the salvation of my own soul, than I did for hers. And dear Mrs. R. also was a faithful friend to her, and intreated her, with many tears, to cry earnestly to God for mercy. She also intreated her not to rest with only hoping that God would receive her; but told her plainly, She must know it. On this Miss G. said, "I cannot pray! What shall I do!" In the midst of this extreme distress, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the Lord passed by, and proclaimed himself, The Lord, the Lord God, gracious and merciful,—forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin. She then cried out, "Jesus has died for me! I know he loves me! I am happy! very happy! It is more than I can bear." She then praised her great Deliverer, and desired us all to do the same.

From this time, death was no more a king of terrors to her; but rather a welcome messenger: therefore she longed to be dissolved, that she might be with Christ! For as Jesus was indeed precious to her believing soul, she exulted in him, while her confidence grew stronger and stronger. "What a comfort is it, said she, that I know, Jesus is my Redeemer! He has promised to save me. I know I am a child of God! and have not one doubt remaining!" And as she wished to be with Jesus, she frequently asked, if we thought, she was near her end? and desired us to intreat God to give her patience to wait his appointed time. "If it be thy will (she would often say) O take me now! but if not, thy will be done!" She frequently exclaimed, "How good the Lord is! How tenderly does he deal with me! O he is a loving Saviour! I wish I could praise him more!"

For

For some time before she died, she was in a great measure deprived of her senses: but at intervals her reason returned; when she always declared the goodness of God to her soul.

When she was desired to take some drops, to try if she could have a little sleep, she was unwilling; saying, "If I sleep I shall not give glory to God, in my last moments!" Thus having kept her bed for five days, she fell asleep in Jesus, and then went into the joy of her Lord!

A. B.

Knowles, April 11, 1777.



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

*Of the Propagation of P L A N T S.*

[Continued from page 472.]

**T**HE wisdom of the Creator appears no where more than in the manner of the growth of trees. As their roots descend deeper than those of other plants, they do not rob them of nourishment. And as their stems shoot up so high, they are easily preserved from cattle. Their leaves falling in autumn guard many plants from the rigour of winter: and in the summer afford both them and us a defence against the heat of the sun. They likewise imbibe the water from the earth, part of which transpiring through their leaves, is insensibly dispersed, and helps to moisten the plants that are round about. Lastly, the particular structure of trees contributes very much to the propagation of insects. Multitudes of these lay their eggs upon their leaves, where they find both food and safety.



Many plants and shrubs are armed with thorns, to keep the animals from destroying their fruit. At the same time these cover many other plants under their branches; so that while the adjacent grounds are robbed of all plants, some may be preserved to continue the species.

The Mosses which adorn the most barren places, preserve the smaller plants when they begin to shoot from cold and drought. They also hinder the fermenting earth from forcing the roots of plants upward in the spring, as we see happens annually to trunks of trees. Hence few Mosses grow in southern climates, not being necessary there to these ends.

Sea-Matweed will bear no soil but pure sand. Sand is often blown by violent winds, so as to deluge as it were meadows and fields. But where this grows, it fixes the sand, and gathers it into hillocks. Thus other lands are formed, the ground increased, and the sea repelled, by this wonderful disposition of nature.

How careful is nature to preserve that useful plant, grass? The more their leaves are eaten, the more they increase. For the author of nature intended, that vegetables which have slender stalks and erect leaves should be copious and thick set, and thus afford food for so vast a quantity of grazing animals. But what increases our wonder is, that although grass is the principal food of such animals, yet they touch not the flower and seed-bearing stems, that so the seeds may ripen and be sown.

The Caterpillar of the Moth, which feeds upon grass to the great destruction thereof, seems to be formed in order to keep a due proportion between this and other plants. For grass when left to grow freely, increases to that degree as to exclude all other plants, which would consequently be extirpated, unless the insect sometimes prepared a place for them. And hence it is, that more species of plants appear, when this Caterpillar has laid waste the pasture the preceding year, than at any other time.

But

But all plants, sooner or later, must submit to death. They spring up, they grow, they flourish, they bear fruit, and having finished their course, return to the dust again. Almost all the black mould which covers the earth is owing to dead vegetables. Indeed after the leaves and stems are gone, the roots of plants remain: but these too at last rot and change into mould. And the earth thus prepared, restores to plants what it has received from them. For when seeds are committed to the earth, they draw and accommodate to their own nature the more subtle parts of this mould: so that the tallest tree is in reality nothing but mould wonderfully compounded with air and water. And from these plants when they die, just the same kind of mould is formed as gave them birth. By this means fertility remains continually uninterrupted: whereas the earth could not make good its annual consumption, were it not constantly recruited.

In many cases, the crustaceous Liverworts are the first foundation of vegetation. Therefore however despised, they are of the utmost consequence, in the œcconomy of nature. When rocks first emerge out of the sea, they are so polished by the force of the waves, that hardly any herb is able to fix its habitation upon them. But the minute crustaceous Liverworts soon begin to cover these dry rocks, though they have no nourishment but the little mould and imperceptible particles, which the rain and air bring thither. These Liverworts dying turn into fine earth, in which a larger kind of Liverworts strike their roots. These also die and turn to mould: and then the various kinds of Mosses find nourishment. Lastly, these dying yield such plenty of mould, that herbs and shrubs easily take root and live upon it.

That trees, when dry or cut down, may not remain useless to the world, and lie melancholy spectacles, nature hastens on their destruction, in a singular manner. First the Liverworts begin to strike root in them; afterward the moisture is drawn out of them, whence putrefaction follows. Then the

mushroom-kind find a fit place to grow on, and corrupt them still more. A particular sort of beetle next makes himself a way between the bark and the wood. Then a sort of caterpillar and several other sorts of beetles, bore numberless holes through the trunk. Lastly, the wood-peckers come, and while they are seeking for insects shatter the tree already corrupted, and exceedingly hasten its return to the earth from whence it came. But how shall the trunk of a tree, which is emersed in water, ever return to earth? A particular kind of worm performs this work, as sea-faring men well know.

But why is so inconsiderable a plant as thistles, so armed and guarded by nature? Because it is one of the most useful plants that grows. Observe a heap of clay, on which for many years no plant has sprung up: let but the seeds of a thistle fix there, and other plants will quickly come thither, and soon cover the ground. For the thistles by their leaves attract moisture from the air, and by their roots send it into the clay, and by that means not only thrive themselves, but provide a shelter for other plants.

[To be continued.]

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GOD'S *Revenge* against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[Continued from page 475.]

**D**IEGO, very early the next morning, told Anfilva, that his father had sent for him to meet him at La Secco; but that he would not fail to be back in three days: so under colour of giving orders about his horse, he taking leave of her, stole to Berinthia's chamber, who knowing that she was not safe with her father and sister, at Averro, resolved to commit her person and honour to his protection; she had no sooner finished her letter, but Diego came softly

softly to her chamber door, to whom she delivered it. Meantime Catalina, whose malice finding no rest, demanded of Ansilva, as soon as she came into her chamber, whether she was prepared for the business she had undertaken? Ansilva answered, that in three days-time it should certainly be accomplished; accordingly she provided herself with a second potion.

In the mean time, Diego being arrived at Elvas, delivered Berinthia's letter to his master, which Antonio having opened found these words:

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO,

“MY sister Catalina's malice is so extreme to me, for the affection I bear to you, that it makes her degenerate, not only from grace, but nature, and seek to bereave me of my life. The bearer, your page, whom I pray you love for my sake, since he, under God, hath preserved me for yours, will more fully and particularly acquaint you with the foul design there is against me. So since there is no safety for me in my father's house, into whose arms and protection shall I throw myself but yours, of whose sincere affection I have no doubt? and you, I am well assured, will both preserve my life and honour. It is not out of disobedience to my father, but out of respect to my own life, that I forsake him: but it is both love and fear, which make me impatiently desire to see you, and intreat your assistance to

BERINTHIA.”

Antonio could not but be much surprized at the account he received in this letter, and having examined his page, as to the circumstances of it: love, fear, hope, sorrow and joy, all act their several parts, both in his heart, and his countenance: and prizing Berinthia's life and safety a thousand times before his own, he dispatched Diego the same night to

Avero,

Avero, with the following letter, which he commanded him to deliver to Berinthia, with all possible speed and secrecy.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

“As the sun breaking forth from an obscure cloud shines the clearer, so doth your affection to me, through the infernal malice of your sister Catalina, and in such sort, that, I scarce know whether I most rejoice at the one or detest the other. Having therefore first thanked God for your happy preservation, I next commend my page for his fidelity, which shall neither be forgotten or unrequited by me. I am so impatient of being blessed with the sight of you, and of having the honour of assisting you, that I think the time long while I am writing this short letter. I return it post by Diego, and my coachman tells me, he will rather fly than drive, till he has brought me to you. Let the precise hour be Monday night, at twelve o'clock, when I will wait your commands at the postern of your father's garden. Let the light of a candle in the pavillion be my signal, and the report of my pistol shall be yours. I am throwing away my pen, but must only tell you, that my sword shall protect your life, and your honour shall be protected by my own: and that no minutes ever were more tedious than those that are to pass, till Berinthia shall be in the arms of her

ANTONIO.”

[To be continued.]

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An extract from a treatise called, *The REFINED COURTIER.*

Of FALSEHOOD.

[Continued from page 476.]

WE read of *Epaminondas* and *Aristides*, that they were so tender in this respect, that they would not tell a lie so much as in meritment. It is indeed an unworthy artifice, and

and a deviation from the great law of justice; it perverts the institution of words, and involves a man in difficulties and perplexities. And therefore it is the part of an honest and wise man to have no wrinkles in his heart; but by plain words to disclose the secret recesses of the soul. He ought not to be like *Tiberius*, who used phrases that no one could imagine what he meant: for equivocal speeches, and mental reservations become none; much less great men.

It was ignobly done of *Cleomones*, who having made truce with his enemies for thirty days, to plunder their country in the night: and of *Labeo*, when he had covenanted to yield up half his navy to *Antiochus*, to cut his ships in pieces, and render them useless. And it was a most inhumane thing of *Pericles*, after he passed his word to the opposite army, that he would not meddle with them when they laid aside their iron, to hew them down, because they had iron buttons upon their coats. It is a huge unworthiness for rulers to lie, and therefore the *Egyptian* Princes were wont to wear a golden chain beset with precious stones, which they stiled Truth; intimating That to be the most illustrious and royal ornament. Add to all this, what the late ingenious Sir *Henry Wotton* gave for an infallible aphorism to an Ambassador, viz. Upon all occasions to speak the truth is the surest safeguard, both to your person and reputation, and the likeliest expedient to accomplish any design with success; for by this means your truth will secure you, if you should ever be called to account: and it will also put your adversaries to a loss in all their undertakings against you.

But notwithstanding this practice is attended with many grand inconveniences, yet there are some so deeply in love with it, that they court it purely for its own sake, viz. because it pleases their vain humour. I could heartily wish that all such (according to the *Persian* law) might be wholly excluded from bearing any office, and condemned to perpetual silence.

Under

Under this head may be ranked those who lie silently without saying a word; that is, whose conversation and garb is an untruth; who, notwithstanding their estate is not large, nor their family illustrious, yet their clothes shall be very rich, and themselves laden with rings, bracelets, and all manner of bravery, that you would take them to be persons of the highest quality in the nation where they live. In some States it is forbidden by statute, both that the rich should be extremely gay and costly in their apparel, and mightily vaunt it over the inferior sort; and likewise that the poor should affect a habit equally fine with their richer neighbours; for each of these is unhandsome and foolish, and not to be permitted in a well-governed kingdom.

[To be continued.]

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*An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S  
 Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

*Of the Cause of Volition, and the Nature of the Will.*

[Continued from page 478.]

“SINCE every deliberate choice (says Dr. Priestley, page 29th) is regulated by motives, we ought as philosophers, to take it for granted, that every choice is made in the same manner, and is subject to the same rules, and therefore determined by motives, by something that may be called liking, or disliking, approving or disapproving, &c. depending upon the previous state of the mind, with respect to the object of choice; since the mere facility or readiness with which a choice is made, cannot make it to be a thing different in kind from a choice made with the greatest deliberation.” It is very true, that man has generally a motive, or motives for every deliberate choice; yet, as observed before, these motives do

do not so necessarily and certainly influence him to action; but that he has time to deliberate by what motives he will be excited to act, or whether he will not by his own inherent power of self-determination, resolve not to act at all, according to the motives of liking or disliking, approving or disapproving, &c. It is also true, that liking or disliking, approving or disapproving any object, is not in my power to increase or diminish so long as it appears to me the very same in every respect: they will be great or small, exactly in proportion to the apparent agreeableness, or disagreeableness of the object under consideration. Notwithstanding this, I am conscious to myself, and my daily experience teaches me, that I have it in my power to restrain that liking or disliking, that approving or disapproving, from necessitating me to do any one thing good or bad in consequence. Though I cannot abate or lessen my desire for, or aversion to a thing, yet I am not necessarily caused to pursue that desire or aversion to all their consequences, as necessarily and certainly as gravity, if not interrupted, causes a stone to fall. By that power of self-determination which God has given me, I am able to restrain myself from acting according to my desires, considered as necessarily influencing motives. But, says Dr. Priestley (page 30) "We see evidently, not only that men are determined to act by certain motives, but that the vigour of their actions corresponds also to what may be called the intensity of their motives. If a master be actuated simply by his anger, he will beat his servant more violently, and continue the correction longer, in proportion to the degree of his anger, or the apprehended cause of his displeasure; and kindness operates exactly in the same manner, a stronger affection prompting to greater, and more kind offices, than a weaker." This exactly coincides with Dr. Priestley's former assertion, and therefore what is said before, may serve for an answer also here in a great measure. For, though it be very true, that the vigour of men's actions generally correspond to the intensity of their



motives, yet we find every wise man restrains such actions within the bounds of prudence, notwithstanding his motives may be ever so intense. And though every man's anger and displeasure increases in proportion to the apprehended cause, yet every one is obliged by the universal laws of God and man, to restrain that anger and displeasure, and keep them within due bounds, by that active power of mind which he has, and which impowers him to subdue his own passions; so that the vigour or violence of his actions shall not equal the intensity of his anger when very great, considered as a motive to such action. If man had not such a power, he could be no more culpable, or liable to punishment for the most outrageous, cruel, and bloody effects of his anger, than a stone (if capable of suffering pain) would be culpable and liable to punishment if it was actuated by gravity, so that it necessarily rolled down a mountain and killed a hundred men. And though Dr. Priestley says (pages 30, 31) "opposite motives, as causes of love and hatred, are known to balance one another, exactly like weights in opposite scales. According to all appearance, nothing can act more invariably or mechanically:" yet every man must plainly see that my hatred of any object whatever, how great soever, though I cannot in the least diminish it, that considered as one of Dr. Priestley's motives, it cannot invariably influence me to hostile or cruel actions against the object; but in spite of any influence therefrom, I can, by my own self-determining power, resolve to use the object kindly, gently, and humanely, and can act accordingly: that is, though I cannot diminish my hatred in the least so long as the object appears in the same odious view; yet, by that self-determining power which I am conscious I enjoy, I am enabled so far to restrain the natural tendency and operations of my hatred, as to prevent any action whatever being done by me against the hated object, notwithstanding the influence which my hatred, as a motive, may have upon me to the contrary. The same may be said of love,

love, anger, desire, aversion, &c. all these as motives, have an influence upon the mind, and naturally tend to incline the will of man; yet our own consciousness and daily experience convince us, that the self-determining power which we perceive within us, can, and frequently does, so regulate and control the influence of the passions, as wholly to prevent their natural operation. This appears to me a sufficient answer to Dr. Priestley's question, page 32, "Can it be supposed that the will, whatever it be, should be of such a nature as both to be properly influenced or acted upon by motives, and likewise by something that bears no sort of relation to motive, and consequently has a mode of action entirely different from that of motive? This cannot but appear exceedingly improbable, if not impossible." Although the passions do influence, or act upon the mind of man in proportion to their intensity, yet man's will, by a self-determining power in the mind, can over-rule such influence in a great measure, and can, and often does influence man at pleasure, even to a quite contrary mode of action. Suppose a cannon ball, or other heavy body, suspended at an equal distance betwixt the earth and the body of the large planet Jupiter; and that no other body intervened. The earth as a motive of attraction,\* would, by the general laws of matter, influence the ball to fall towards it. But Jupiter with a much greater influence, would so overcome the attraction of the earth, as not only wholly to suppress the same; but would even draw the ball with an increasing velocity towards itself, in a line directly contrary to the earth's attraction. Thus then will be a mode of action entirely different from that of the earth's attraction,

\* It should be noticed, that I here speak according to the language of natural philosophers about attraction; but I do not mean that attraction is a real entity causing the effect, but I use it as the word is generally used to express the unknown cause of a known effect.

considered as a motive or moving power. Hence we perceive that it is neither impossible nor improbable, nor even unusual in the laws of nature, to find motives or moving powers acting upon bodies in different and diametrically opposite lines, whilst the lesser is always restrained and overcome by the superior force of the greater. Then why cannot the mind of man be actuated or influenced by the passions, and in proportion to their intensity too, and yet such influence be overcome by the will, so that a mode of action, quite different from the natural influence of the passions, may be produced?

[*To be continued.*]



*The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[*Continued from page 480.*]

THE point being thus proved by scriptures and examples, we proceed now to reasons for the confirmation of it.

The first reason may be taken from the goodness of God; which is so great, that he will not suffer any work of charity, shewed to his children to go without a full recompence. Whereupon saith *David*, P<sup>sa</sup>. l<sup>xii</sup>. 12, *Unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy, for thou renderest to every man according to his work.* Though God doth not render a reward to any man for his work done, yet doth he render to every man according to his work. Yea, God doth always exceed in his remunerations, to give evidence of his bounty. God will not be in any man's debt long, but what he hath disbursed upon his account, he will speedily return into his bosom.

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The second reason may be taken from the faithfulness of God; who having promised abundantly to recompence our beneficence, his faithfulness engageth him to make good what he hath promised; so that he cannot but be as good as his word. Men may be forward in promising, but slow in performing: but with God, who is the true and faithful one, *dictum & factum*, saying and doing are both alike. *All his promises are yea, and amen in Christ Jesus.* The Apostle says, *God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister,* Heb. vi. 10. Here he argueth a certainty of reward to those who minister any thing to the saints, from the righteousness of God, because he is righteous, and will not fail to do what he hath promised. He is not unrighteous to forget, he will righteously remember; and God's remembring, signifies the same with recompencing: as he will remember sinners by recompencing their evil ways upon their own heads, so he will remember his saints by returning the good they have done into their own bosoms.

The more to assure us of such kind of remembrance from God, the Holy Ghost mentioneth certain *books* or *rolls of remembrance written before God*, wherein the merciful deeds of his servants are recorded. So that it is no more possible that such as are charitably given, and helpful to the poor Ministers and people of God should lose their reward, than that God himself should cease to be righteous, or forgetful of his word.

The third reason may be taken from several expressions used in scripture, wherehy alms-giving is represented to us, as *sowing* and *lending*, which imply not only a certain return, but with increase.

We find it set forth in scripture by *sowing*, 2 Cor. ix. 6, *He who soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly: and he who soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully.* Husbandmen, who sow their corn with a liberal hand, usually reap a crop answerable

able thereunto: in like manner, those Christians who sow their seed of charity with a plentiful hand, shall reap a plentiful crop; they shall find their seed sown come up with increase, yielding thirty, if not sixty, or a hundred fold here, besides eternal life. It may be, thou mayest not presently reap the fruit of thy seed, and what wonder? Who sows, and expects to reap the same day? The husbandman waiteth for his harvest. Wait thou on the Lord, and doubt not but a harvest will come, that will reward thee both for thy sowing and thy waiting.

2. The second metaphor whereby alms-giving is set forth in scripture is lending, and that upon use, Prov. xix. 17, *He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, will he pay him again.* Those that lend to others receive their own with increase: what they lay up lies dead, and possibly the thief may break in and steal it away; but what they lend on good security comes in with advantage. How rich do some usurers grow by this trade of lending? And though it be a paradox that giving is a richer trade than lending, even upon use: yet it is a certain truth, for this giving is lending: and he that lends to the Lord will find a greater income at the year's end, than he that lends to the best of men.

Thus have you the truth of the point confirmed by scriptures, examples and reasons. We come now to the application.

1. Use of reproof to all unmerciful men; who notwithstanding the many charges God hath laid upon us, to be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, to draw forth our souls to the hungry, to open our bowels to the needy; and the manifold encouragement he hath given us in his word hereto, yet do shut up their bowels of compassion from them, refusing to afford them any succour or relief. Such have no love to Christ: for who can say he loves the Lord Jesus Christ in truth and sincerity, when he suffers

suffers his ministers and members to want necessaries, even food and raiment? Is this thy love to Christ, to suffer him to starve? It is evident thou lovest thy money more than Christ, and so comest under that fearful anathema, 1 Cor. xvi. 22, *If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha*: these two words, though both denoting a curse, are of two several languages. The former word *anathema*, is Greek, and signifies *accursed*, so it is used Rom. ix. 3. Gal. i. 8. The latter is Syriac, as *Beza* observeth in his annotation on 1 Cor. xvi. 22. yet frequently used by the *Jews*: it signifieth, *Our Lord cometh*. *Maran* is Our Lord, and *atha* cometh; intimating that such as were under this curse, were to expect no mercy, but to look for the dreadful coming of Christ to take vengeance on them. So that as *St. James* speaketh, chap. ii. 13, *He shall have judgment without mercy, that sheweth no mercy*. How do they think to find mercy from Christ who never shewed mercy to him and his!

I will not condemn all the rich for unmercifulness (God forbid I should.) But yet I have cause to say, that the greatest part of rich men amongst us have their hearts hardened, their bowels shut up, and their hands withered, like his in the gospel, that they cannot reach them out to any good use.

O that such would consider, that unmercifulness is a greater sin than they imagine. It was one of *Sodom's* sins which fetched down fire and brimstone from heaven upon them and all their children, Ezek. xvi. 49. Uncharitable men are accursed as in their life, so at their death: but most cursed will they be at the day of judgment. Being fruitless trees they shall, with the barren fig-tree, be surely cut down, and cast into unquenchable fire.

[To be continued.]

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*The TWO COVENANTS of GOD with MANKIND: or the  
DIVINE JUSTICE and MERCY Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

C H A P I.

*St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jesus Christ.*

[Continued from page 476.]

**H**AD God made man only to be adorned with all the bounties of heaven, like a favourite of some mighty Prince, and placed him on so sure a stand, as that he could not possibly fall: had he necessarily determined him to his service, as the iron is determined to the load stone; he might have been said to have squandered, rather than have bestowed his favours; since there could be no true gratitude for what he had received, nor desert to entitle him to the continuance of his happiness. Surely there had been little worth, in the honour paid by such a being, who was only a more refined and spiritual piece of mechanism: this it is that justifies the wisdom of God, (whilst he gave man power to serve him) in leaving him the liberty to offend, rather than be served by him in a way that had no virtue in it. *Therefore he made man in the beginning, and left him in the hands of his council, if he would keep the commands, and to perform acceptable faithfulness, Eccles. xv. 14, 15.*

Well then, God has created man after his own image, in righteousness and holiness, in dominion, in wisdom, in liberty of mind and freedom of action, in an actual state of happiness, and a bare possibility of losing it. Hitherto the works of nature are without blemish, there appears such harmony and order, so much beauty and grandeur, as might well be the subject of wonder, and admiration to all the sons of God.

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What glorious things might be spoken of thee, O thou city of God! before *Adam's* sin brought on the dismal catastrophe, which laid this beauteous city in ruinous heaps, that overturned the constitution of nature, that blasted the glory of the primitive earth, that corrupted the workmanship of heaven, and that laid waste the whole creation. And yet this was the least part of the mighty ruin: the mere consequence of that violent concussion, which shattered the whole frame of the intellectual world. How one sin was followed with such an universal judgment, is the subject of the next enquiry.

We have seen how much it was for the glory of God, that *Adam's* obedience should be free, and we from thence easily infer the great guilt of his transgression. The excuses that may be alledged in mitigation of any offence, are such as these; want of light, or want of strength; the suddenness of surprize, or the length and importunity, or violence of temptation: none of which can be pleaded for the first man. He had a perfect knowledge of his duty, and ability to perform it: he had sufficient caution against his sin, and no temptation to it, proportionable to the discouragements he had against it.

If we respect his light, it was clear and strong; obstructed by no prejudice, clouded with no passion, unbroken by any lust, or appetite: this light of his was the very *grace of the Creator*, vouchsafed him to guide him in his duty, and direct him to his God.

And as his light was bright and vigorous, his strength was proportionably great; as having no struggle betwixt his members and his mind; no concupiscence to subdue: no rebellious appetites to withstand him in the discharge of his obedience: and surprized he could not be, when God had pointed out the offence, forewarned him against it, and put him upon his guard, by the severity of his threatening.

It only remains to be considered, whether the temptation was so strong, as to conquer all these obstacles, and draw him in spite of his light, and strength, and caution, to the com-





Governor; who politely approved of the other Gentleman's, but looked with great seriousness on the Doctor, and said, "Sir, you are my prisoner," &c. I omit the expostulation and vexation this occasioned. But the Governor would give no reason for detaining the Doctor, but treated him in the most respectful manner, at which he wondered. The next morning the Governor said, "You are now free, Sir, to go where you please; and I will tell you the cause of my making you a prisoner. I never saw you till yesterday; but in a dream the night before, I was commanded to stop you as I did. The impression was so strong that I dared not disobey it. If I had, you would have been drowned as well as your friend; for the packet is cast away, and every soul on board is lost."

I asked Sir *Thomas*, if this thing was universally credited, or much talked of in those days: he said, "Nothing could be more so; no not the brass cannon from *France* which are now in *Hyde-Park*, nor any other public transaction: I could go to no coffee-house or tea-table, but that was the topic of conversation."

JOHN WALSH.



*An Account of Mr. SILVESTER.*

MR. SILVESTER, of *Newington-Butts* told me, that in February 1784, he came home extremely ill, and said to his wife, "I am taken so bad that I am not long for this world." She being greatly alarmed, sent for a Physician who lived within three or four doors of them. When he came he examined him, and found it necessary to call in another Physician: to which Mr. *Silvester* replied, I desire no other; for I am in the hands of the Lord, and, under his direction you will do very well. Accordingly the Physician prescribed a draught for him. When it came, he drank it,

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and in a few minutes, to all appearance expired. He was then laid out, put into a coffin, and the ground bespoke for his interment. But he was kept fourteen days in a cold dining-room; for his wife was prepossessed that he was not dead, which caused her to keep him so long: notwithstanding she had frequent visits from the Doctor, who said, O now you may venture to bury him.

On the 14th day the maid was doing something in the dining-room, and all at once heard her master groan! On this she ran down and said to her mistress, My master is come to life! on which she ran up with the maid and found him come to himself. They then put him into bed, and had proper things administered to him; and in a few days he went about as usual.

An acquaintance of mine was asking him one day how he did? He answered, Since that affair, I am well in health, thank God! but my head is so, that when I look you in the face I see two faces instead of one, and see two things of every sort.

P. MABER.

Bishopsgate-Street, October 23, 1787.

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*An extraordinary Instance of INTEGRITY, in a poor, but honest Man.*

MR. NATHANIEL MORGAN, No. 48, *Holborn*, having occasion to pay one hundred pounds into a public office, lost the same (being in a bag) as he was going. He did not miss it till it was too late to recover it. Calling on a friend to consult about advertising it, his friend ridiculed the idea; but the other being determined, put it into the *Daily Advertiser*, and offered ten guineas reward.

Mr. *Wilson*, Shoe-maker in *Church-Lane*, *St. Martin's in the Fields*, coming by, picked up the bag; and by the weight judged

judged it to be money. When he got home finding it to be a bag of gold, he carefully put it by; and on examining the paper, found it described, and who it was that had lost it. On this he immediately restored the money, and received the reward: which the honest man declared he would not have taken, but his distress was such, that he accepted of it as a providential relief!

I need not add any encomiums, as the plain tale of Virtue is its highest Panegyric.\*

Oxford-Road, Feb. 20, 1788.

T. DOBSON.



*Thoughts on the Consecration of CHURCHES, and BURIAL-GROUNDS.*

1. IT has been a custom for some ages, in *Roman Catholic* countries, to have a particular form of Consecration, for all Churches and Chapels: and not for these only, but for every thing pertaining to them; such as Fonts, Chalices, Bells, Sacerdotal Vestments, and Church-Yards in particular. And all these customs universally prevailed in *England*, as long as it was under the Papal power.

2. From the time of our Reformation from Popery, most of these customs fell into disuse. Unconsecrated Bells were rung without scruple, and unconsecrated Vestments worn. But some of them remained still: the Consecration of Churches and Church-Yards in particular; and many scrupled the performing divine service in an *unconsecrated Church*: and could not consent that their bodies should be buried in *unconsecrated Ground*.

3. Accordingly the consecrating of Churches and Church-Yards has been practised in *England* ever since. But it is a thing purely indifferent, being neither forbidden, nor established

\* Will a generous public find no way of rewarding such integrity?

blished by law. The case is different in *Ireland*. While the Earl of *Strafford* was Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom, a law was made for the *Consecration*; not only of Churches, but of Church-Yards also. And a form of Consecration for both was inserted in the *Common-Prayer-Book*, which is used at this day: much resembling that which Archbishop *Laud* used, in the Consecration of St. *Katherine-Creed's* Church in *London*.

4. But such a law has never passed in *England*, much less inserted in our *Common-Prayer-Book*. However, such Consecration has been generally practised, though not authorized by the Legislature. "Is it then illegal?" That word is capable of a two-fold meaning. It may mean, either Without any law in its favour, or Against law. I do not conceive it to be illegal, in the latter sense. Perhaps it is in the former; I do not know any law that enjoins, or even permits it.

5. And certainly as it is not enjoined by the law of the land, so it is not enjoined by the law of God. Where do we find one word in the *New Testament* enjoining any such thing? Neither do I remember any precedent of it in the purest ages of the Church. It seems to have entered, and gradually spread itself, with the other innovations and superstitions of the Church of *Rome*. "Do you think it then a superstitious practice?" Perhaps it is not, if it be practised as a thing indifferent. But if it be done as a *necessary* thing, then it is flatly superstitious.

6. For this reason I never wished that any Bishop should consecrate any Chapel or Burial-Ground of mine. Indeed I should not dare to suffer it: as I am clearly persuaded, the thing is wrong in itself, being not authorized either by any law of God, or by any law of the land. In consequence of which I conceive, that either the Clerk or the Sexton, may as well consecrate the Church, or the Church-Yard, as the Bishop.

7. With regard to the latter, the Church-Yard, I know not who could answer that plain question: you say, "This is  
*consecrated*"



such knowledge, as to the failure of Turnips, the proper remedy has lain so long undiscovered. The destruction of these crops is generally attributed to the Fly. But I have an absolute certainty grounded on experience, that the fly is not the only, nor indeed the principal occasion of the mischief. The Turnip in its infant state, has many enemies; the Fly, the common Earth-worm and the Slug. The fly is of two sorts: the one of a dark brown colour, inclining to black; the other of a lighter brown, with longitudinal strokes of white on its back and wings. Of both these sorts a considerable number may be seen on a single seed-leaf of a young Turnip-plant, on the upper surface of which, they make many small punctures; and though these punctures retard the progress of it, and are in some degree injurious, yet they are not fatal to it; but, enlarging as the plant increases in growth, are the occasion of those holes always to be found in the leaves of the best crops of Turnips. It cannot however be denied, that in lands naturally poor and unmanured (in which, by the way, Turnips ought never to be sown) the puncture of the fly is very prejudicial, as from the languor of vegetation, the plant cannot recover and out-grow the injury, but from its weakness droops and dies.

The common Earth-worm by its workings makes the ground light and hollow about the plants, in consequence of which they are liable to be injured, and are frequently destroyed by the scorching rays of the sun. But the greatest and most destructive enemy, is a reptile of the snail class, but without a shell, of a whitish colour, and of the medium length of one inch, some being more, and some less. What it is called by naturalists I am ignorant of; but in Somersetshire it is well known by the name of the Slug, and singly does more damage to young and tender plants, than all the other species of insects. And this I assert, not from speculation only or conjecture, but from certain experience and ocular demonstration. In the year 1777, I sowed a field of  
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ten acres of Turnips, and at the first appearance of the feed-leaf, saw in the evening the crop coming regularly over my field; but observing it again the next morning, found large patches entirely eaten off, and much slime on the vacant places, resembling the tracks of a snail, without being able, on the most attentive examination, to discover any sort of insect except the fly. Reflecting further on this appearance, and considering it to be highly improbable, if not almost impossible, that so great havoc should be made by so small an insect, in so short a space of time; I was led to think, that (whatever might be the operations of the fly by day) the principal damage was done in the night, and that it arose, not from the fly, but from some other then unknown cause. Strongly possessed with this opinion, about midnight I went into the field with a light, to examine the ground, and viewing it in various parts, saw the slug in great abundance, in almost every part of the field, then feeding on the plants that remained from the ravages of the preceding night. It immediately struck me, that if these could be destroyed, the remainder of the crop might be saved, and with that view, I sent out my servant to make the experiment, with a barley roller and two horses, with which in the same night he went over the whole field; and the next day the number of slugs to be seen lying dead on the ground, and turned brown by the sun, was almost incredible. From this time the plants were no more molested, though the fly was at all times after to be seen in the field, but less active than before, and by this simple operation was part of a crop preserved, which there is strong reason to believe would otherwise have totally been destroyed in forty-eight hours. Encouraged by this success, I privately pursued the same method for several successive years; and without the aid of any kind of composition, have had regularly good and full crops of Turnips, when there has been a partial and general failure around me.



To ascertain as well as I could, the comparative damage done by the fly and the slug, in June 1787, I sowed some Turnip-feed in two earthen pots, kept within doors. In both it came up well, and when it appeared in the seed-leaf, I collected a quantity of flies of both sorts, which I put into one of the pots, and confined them under a glass, aired at the top with holes made in paper. Into the other I in like manner put two slugs. The consequence was, that the young plants were entirely eaten off by the slugs, close to the earth. In the other pot, the flies were daily on the other plants, and made some degree of puncture on the upper surface of the leaves, but did not so far affect them, but that every plant went on to the rough leaf, when no more attention being paid to them, they died for want of water.

Having premised thus much, and faithfully related the facts on which my management is grounded; I propose the following cheap, easy, and effectual method for raising and preserving a crop of Turnips.—Immediately on sowing and harrowing in the seed, and which should be in dry weather if possible, roll the ground as for barley, and as soon as the Turnips appear in the seed-leaf, go over the field with a barley roller, *in the night*, and at the interval of two or three days at furthest, go over it again a second time, in the same manner, and at the same time, unless after the first night rolling you observe the plants strong and vigorous, and in a state free from danger, which in clean, sandy or loamy land will often be the case. But in rough and stony ground the second night's rolling must not be omitted.

The roller must be eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, that it may have weight sufficient to answer the intended purpose.

By this simple process, the slug is destroyed while feeding on the plant, the operations of the earth-worm are impeded, the activity of the fly checked, the power of the sun abated, and the vigour of the plants increased in proportion as the

the earth is broken by the roller, and pressed closer to their roots.

But it may possibly be asked, Why may it not all be performed in the day time? To this the answer is easy. The slug is impatient of the heat of the sun; retires by day into the earth for shelter, and, except in moist, close, and cloudy weather, I have at no time been able to see any, and then but very few: so that rolling in the day cannot be effectual to that purpose, though in other respects it will be most certainly beneficial.

And as doubts may arise with many, whether the great weight of the roller, and the horses feet, may not be injurious to the young plants, I do from my own experience know, the fact is so far from being so, that the direct reverse is the truth. I have frequently remarked myself, and heard the same observation made by others, that on headlands which the horses go over at the end of every furrow, and in tracts where sheep had been driven to fold, even after the appearing of the seed, the Turnips have been generally better than in other parts, and have succeeded there when they have failed in other quarters of the field.

But the utility of this practice is not confined to Turnips only.

About nine years ago, being two years after I had experienced the benefit of night-rolling on Turnips, I sowed a field of Wheat, after a crop of Peas which had been destroyed as I suppose by the slug. The Wheat came up thick and strong, but very soon after began to look thinner, the blades being much stripped and eaten in many places. On a near inspection, I observed a slime on the stalks, and concluding the slug to be the cause of the mischief, I had immediate recourse to night-rolling, and by once performing it, the enemy was subdued, and the crop preserved. Two years after that, I had another field of wheat attacked in the like manner, when my neighbours told me the grub was got into it, and that I should

certainly lose my crop. But knowing by experience the grub to take its food under the surface of the earth, and seeing the blades of my Wheat stript, at and above the surface, I pursued my method of night-rolling, and by so doing, secured that crop also. •

Flax I have never sown, but have heard it often said to be injured by the fly. I rather suspect the mischief is done by the slug, and would advise night-rolling to be tried, which is neither difficult nor expensive.

Cabbage seed, Cauliflower and other garden seeds, are very frequently attacked and often destroyed both by the fly and slug, and the former of these seeds being now sown in large quantities for feeding cattle, I recommend night-rolling as the most probable means of preserving them, having several times practised it with the garden roller, and always with the same good success.

Whilst I am writing this, I have a Dutch clover-field of eighteen acres, where there is scarce a stalk from which the leaves are not eaten by the slug; millions of them sheltering themselves by day at the bottom of the grass, and making their depredations by night. Two night-rollings I have no doubt would destroy them; but for obvious reasons I at present forbear to perform them.

This is what I have to communicate in regard to other seeds, and if on further trial, which I strongly recommend, it shall be found to answer, I shall have the pleasure of contributing to the advancement of agriculture, and the public benefit; but if otherwise, and my expectations should prove too sanguine, I shall still enjoy the conscious satisfaction of having discharged my duty to the best of my abilities, and with the most upright intentions.

HENRY VAGG.

Chilcompton, June, 1788.

LETTERS.



## L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R CCCCLXX.

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

Cork, Aug. 29, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

**S**OME time before I received your last favour, I was delivered from the temptation under which I had laboured for a long time, and now see and adore the design of God in suffering me to be thus afflicted, in order to separate a soul he loved, from the sin he hated.

As I am now at full liberty, I see, that though the work was not always carried on in the same manner, yet it never was wholly at a stop. I find, that when, instead of looking to Jesus, I have parlied with the tempter (and perhaps in a measure given way) though I have contracted darkness and doubt, yet I have always been preserved from falling into sin. But notwithstanding all my trials and temptations, I believe the work of Sanctification is wrought in my soul; yet I see lengths and breadths thereof which I have not yet attained, and feel an earnest hungering and thirsting after it.

Poor Mrs. M. distresses me sore. She continues tried to the utmost, and sometimes is ready to despair, even of life. However she still holds fast her integrity. And though she is robbed of all the comforts of Religion, her zeal for the good of souls, and her love to the cause of God, are not in the least abated.

The time when this trial came upon her was, when she was in secret prayer, and when her whole soul was on the stretch for greater degrees of holiness. Dear Sir, if you will pray for her, and write to her, you will oblige both her, and your unworthy Servant,

S. W.

LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCCLXXI.

[From Mrs. D. K. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Dublin, Sept. 24, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

**T**HERE is a friend of mine who lives out of town (and at present desires his name to be concealed) who wishes to be fully informed concerning Kingswood-School: as he intends becoming a subscriber towards its support.

At present I have nothing to write but what you know already, unless it be, that the blessings of heaven are still continued to a most unworthy worm! But unworthy as I am, He is still my portion; the spring and end of all my desires. By his assistance I live in constant union with him, and overcome all the temptations of Satan. Yet I am conscious I live far below my privileges, and fear my strength is too much spent for that which does not immediately promote my best interest. Therefore my humility and love are weak, compared to what they might have been, had I been more faithful: and I think the work of God in the souls of those under my care would prosper more, if I was more devoted to him.

I intreat you, Sir, to pray that my heavenly Father may stir me up to greater diligence in redeeming my time, and that I may be more useful in my day and generation.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

D. K.

## L E T T E R CCCCLXXII.

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

Otley, Sept. 25, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

**B**LESSED be God, my soul rejoices in hope of that day when mortality shall be swallowed up of life: yes, I live in glorious expectation of meeting you, and all my friends,

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at God's right-hand, and of spending a happy eternity with you.

And (O blessed hope!) I shall see Him whose visage was marred more than any man's, in all the glory of his Father!

Of late he has given me very self-abasing views of myself; yet he gives me to feel such a measure of his perfect love as casts out all fear but that which is truly filial. But alas! how little do I know of that love which passeth knowledge!

The other morning, just as I awoke, these words were brought to my mind, "Hitherto have ye asked nothing; ask that ye may receive, that your joy may be full." Lord, stir me up to be more constant and fervent in asking of thee such things as I want!

A few days ago I was conversing with one of the Lord's highly favoured ones, about the deep things of God. He was speaking of the full assurance of hope, and said, The Apostle exhorted those who were partakers of faith and love, "To shew the same diligence in seeking the full assurance of hope," which he believed was a divine testimony that we should never fall. I asked, Do you think this the privilege of all who are renewed in love? He answered, he did: and said, That all such ought to be as diligent in seeking it, as they were in seeking purity of heart. On hearing this I could not help thinking, If such a testimony is really to be enjoyed, it is no wonder I have it not, as I have never believingly fought it.

I bless God I never feel any remarkable anxiety about what is to come; but rather live the present moment, and believe for the next. If I know my heart, all I want is, to be a compleat Bible-Christian; and therefore I trust you will excuse my troubling you so often.

I have abundant cause to bless God in regard to my dear father, whose health is greatly restored. My own health also is better than when you were here. I have been three weeks

weeks in the North, chiefly on the edge of a cold Moor, which has agreed with me very well. O that my added days may be spent to the praise of my gracious Lord! That every new-covenant blessing may attend you, is, Rev. Sir, the sincere prayer of

Your Friend and Servant,

E. R.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXIII.

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

Sept. 26, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

**I** Thank you for the plan you have given me, for a course of reading. I would wish to use with diligence, every inferior means. But I am aware, that in order to persevere, it is needful that I begin, not upon too large a scale; for which reason I apprehend I must retrench the outlines you have drawn.

And first, as I am unable, through weakness of sight, to read at all before breakfast, I must take the hour after (from nine to ten) for reading the Scripture. And O that this may prove an effectual light to guide me through all the subsequent parts of the day, that I may not wander from my primary object!

Allowing then one hour in the morning for exercise, I have but two left for study; and two more, in the afternoon will be as much as I shall be able to get.

I confess, I wish some practical knowledge of Logic; but I doubt whether I shall be able to proceed, when I lose the benefit of your instructions. Natural Philosophy, as a recreation of the mind, I might pursue occasionally, and I think  
your

your Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation, will suit me best.

The abridgement of Mr. Hutchinson, I have begun reading a year ago, and much desire to go through with it. The other books you mention under the same head, I shall get in their turn.

History is a path I love; but as I know I can make no progress therein without help, I have not resolution enough to begin it. What I already know of it, gives me a general idea of those countries most commonly spoken of, viz. the Grecian and Roman States.

If I thought of buying Rollins's History, I should scarce know which to chuse, the original or the translation: indeed the former would be more agreeable to me, though perhaps, I should get more help in reading the latter.

Metaphysics I should like to gain some knowledge of; but I fear it is too abstruse a study for me to enter on with no assistance but that of books: and therefore, unless some future period should afford me the privilege of your instructions, I despair of succeeding in any attempt of that kind.

I add no more at present, as I hope to see you soon. In the meantime I send you these few lines to supply (in some measure) the want of a free conversation. This, I hope Sir, will be a sufficient excuse for troubling you at present. That God may be your director here, and your great reward for ever, is, Rev. Sir, the sincere desire of

Your much obliged, and humble Servant,

E. M.





## P O E T R Y.

T I M E: an E L E G Y.

*Written near the Ruins of ELGIN-CATHEDRAL:*

[By Robert Alves, M. A.]

[Continued from page 446.]

## P A R T III.

**S**HALL then these eyes no more the sun behold?  
 Must I too sleep in Death's all-darksome shade?  
 "His mortal race is run," the tale be told,  
 "Low lies his name in yonder dusty bed."

So when the destinéd years their course have run,  
 And mortals trod the path they trod before;  
 My name or birth-place shall no more be known,  
 Erased like figures on the sandy shore.

Yet why complain, "Our short-spun lives expire;"  
 When Nature fades, and stars their darkness mourn;  
 Since all alike partake the eternal fire,  
 And all alike must languish in their turn?

The earth hath blooméd; the clouds dropt fatness down;  
 The self-same sun hath shone with annual ray;  
 And rivers seen, eternal as they run,  
 One generation rise, and one decay.

Yet all must fade, and some grow dim with years,  
 Till brighter suns, and purer ether shine;  
 Till, at the last loud trump, that morn appears,  
 When heaven's eternal day, O Man! is thine!

Meanwhile

Meanwhile full seventy years are given, to taste  
 Life's pleasing joys, or graver duties bear ;  
 Then fated, tired,—to take our needful rest,  
 And yield to others all terrestrial care.

Let others build, or plant, or plough the deep,  
 More wealth achieve, or better strike the lyre ;  
 Oft like ourselves at disappointments weep,  
 And weary like ourselves at last expire.

—Yet why not mourn awhile our transports gone,  
 And grieve our youthful hearts must beat no more ;  
 No more to love an easy conquest won,  
 When beauty charmed, and led each golden hour ?

Then call to view the banquet or the ball,  
 Where sparkling bowls, and cheerful talk flew round ;  
 Where songs of youth our vanished years recal,  
 And dance and music to the roofs resound.

Alas, like magic, life's gay scenes decoy ;  
 Of banquets rich we dream, and pleasures fair ;  
 Of gorgeous halls, and airs of heavenly joy ;  
 Then wake to disappointment and despair !

Even while the visionary glories shine,  
 And Fancy smiles to find them in her eye,  
 Lo Death, the dread magician, gives the sign,  
 And all the airy charms for ever fly.

—Must I too call the scenes no longer mine,  
 Where warbling fountains play, and rivers roll ;  
 The shady woods, the breezy lawns resign,  
 And the sweet rural scents that cheer my soul ?

Must I no longer mark at early morn,  
 The flocks wide bleating o'er the clov'ry vale;  
 Nor hear at even the shepherd's drowsy horn,  
 When sleep and silence hush both hill and dale?

Must I no longer seek the noon-tide shade,  
 Where silver-footed Naiads pace along;  
 Or on their banks, 'midst balmy flow'rets laid,  
 Sleep to the murmurs of their chiming song?

Must I no more on midnight-splendors gaze,  
 Nor woo fair *Cynthia's* sweetly-pensive beam;  
 Must, O ye stars! your thousand golden rays,  
 And heaven's blue concave vanish as a dream?

—Hail then, Religion, with thy comforts hail!  
 Hail holy Faith, that feeds on joys to come,  
 Whose eagle-eyes can pierce the involving veil  
 That hides in darkness all beyond the tomb!

Come, pleasures lasting as the eternal soul,  
 As heaven itself sublime, and sweet as love!  
 Come, radiant climes! where streams Elysian roll,  
 O melting move my heart, and more than move!

Yes,—in some future scenes beyond the skies,  
 If pious here, our souls shall fairer shine;  
 Through all the heights sublime of Virtue rise,  
 And flourish still, and drink the life divine.

There Love and Truth speak forth the Sire supreme,  
 Eternal source of life, and boundless joy!  
 "Here mortals hang your hopes, adore the name;"—  
 Go court the bliss which nothing can destroy.

*On the Death of the Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.*

[By Miss A. C. in the Thirteenth year of her Age.]

**A**H happy man ! thy griefs are pass'd away ;  
 Thy struggling soul to heav'n has took its flight :  
 To bliss eternal wing'd its wondrous way,  
 And safely lodg'd in realms of pure delight.

Summon'd by God to join the heavenly band,  
 And dwell with Him in everlasting rest,  
 Thou now art happy in Immanuel's land,  
 Where grief and pain shall never more molest.

But ah ! how many will thy loss deplore ?  
 Unmindful that 'tis thy eternal gain ;  
 They mourn their Friend so quickly gone before,  
 Forgetting he is gone from toil and pain :

Forgetting he is gone to joys on high,  
 And join the angelic hosts in heavenly lays  
 Far, far above yon bright ethereal sky  
 To aid the concert of eternal praise.

And now for every pang he felt below,  
 His soul receives a full, and sure reward ;  
 While heavenly joys in streams of glory flow,  
 And Jesus crowns him with divine regard.

Then why should Death appear so great a foe ?  
 Why with such terror is the subject fraught ?  
 Since he relieves the just from every woe,  
 And brings them bliss, beyond the reach of thought !

An

*An Extract from a Poem on S L A V E R Y.*

[By Miss Hannah More.]

**I**F heaven has into being deignéd to call  
 Thy light, O Liberty! to shine on all;  
 Bright intellectual Sun! why does thy ray  
 To earth distribute only partial day?  
 While the chill North with thy bright ray is blest,  
 Why should fell darkness half the South invest?  
 Was it decreed, fair Freedom! at thy birth,  
 That thou should'st ne'er irradiate *all* the earth?  
 While Britain basks in thy full blaze of light,  
 Why lies sad Afric quenched in total night?

O, plaintive Southerne!\* whose impassionéd strain  
 So oft has wakéd my languid Muse in vain!  
 Now, when congenial themes her cares engage,  
 She burns to emulate thy glowing page;  
 Her failing efforts mock her fond desires,  
 She shares thy feelings; not partakes thy fires.  
 Strange power of song! the strain that warms the heart  
 Seems the same inspiration to impart;  
 Touchéd by the kindling energy alone,  
 We think the flame which melts us is our own;  
 Deceivéd, for genius we mistake delight,  
 Charméd as we read, we fancy we can write.

Though not to me, sweet bard, thy powers belong,  
 Fair Truth, a hallowéd guide! inspires my song.  
 Here Art would weave her gayest flowers in vain,  
 For Truth the bright invention would disdain.  
 For no fictitious ills these numbers flow,  
 But living anguish and substantial woe:  
 No individual griefs my bosom melt,  
 For millions feel what Oronoko felt:  
 Firéd by no single wrongs, the countless host  
 I mourn, by rapine draggéd from Afric's coast.

\* Author of the Tragedy of Oronoko.

Perish

Perish the illiberal thought which would debase  
 The native genius of the sable race !  
 Perish the proud philosophy, which sought  
 To rob them of the powers of equal thought !  
 Does then the immortal principle within  
 Change with the casual colour of a skin ?  
 Does matter govern spirit ! or is mind  
 Degraded by the form 'tis joined ?

No : they have heads to think, and hearts to feel,  
 And souls to act, with firm, though erring zeal ;  
 For they have keen affections, kind desires,  
 Love strong as death, and active patriot fires ;  
 All the rude energy, the fervid flame,  
 Of high-souled passion, and ingenuous shame :  
 Strong, but luxuriant virtues boldly shoot  
 From the wild vigour of a savage root.

Whene'er to Afric's shores I turn my eyes,  
 Horrors of deepest, deadliest guilt arise ;  
 I see, by more than Fancy's mirror shown,  
 The burning village, and the blazing town ;  
 See the dire victim torn from social life,  
 The shrieking babe, the agonizing wife !  
 She, wretch forlorn ! is dragged by hostile hands ;  
 To distant tyrants sold, in distant lands !  
 Transmitted miseries, and successive chains,  
 The sole sad heritage her child obtains !  
 Even this last wretched boon their foes deny,  
 To weep together, or together die !  
 By felon hands, by one relentless stroke,  
 See the fond links of feeling Nature broke !  
 The fibres twisting round a parent's heart,  
 Torn from their grasp, and bleeding as they part.

Hold, murderers, hold ! nor aggravate distress ;  
 Respect the passions you yourselves possess ;  
 Even you, of ruffian heart, and ruthless hand,  
 Love your own offspring, and your native land.

Ah

Ah! leave them holy Freedom's cheering smile,  
 The heav'n-taught fondness for the parent soil;  
 Revere affections mingled with our frame,  
 In every nature, every clime the same;  
 In all, these feelings equal sway maintain;  
 In all the love of Home and Freedom reign:  
 And Tempe's vale, and parchèd Angola's sand,  
 One equal fondness of their sons command.  
 The unconquerèd Savage laughs at pain and toil,  
 Basking in Freedom's beams which gild his native soil.

Does thirst of empire, does desire of fame,  
 (For these are specious crimes) our rage inflame?  
 No: fordid lust of gold their fate controls,  
 The basest appetite of basest souls;  
 Gold, better gainèd, by what their ripening sky,  
 Their fertile fields, their arts\* and mines supply.

What wrongs, what injuries does Oppression plead  
 To smooth the horror of the unnatural deed?  
 What strange offence, what aggravated sin?  
 They stand convicted—of a darker skin!  
 Barbarians, hold! the opprobrious commerce spare,  
 Respect *his* sacred image which they bear:  
 Though dark and savage, ignorant and blind,  
 They claim the common privilege of kind;  
 Let Malice strip them of each other plea,  
 They still are men, and men should still be free.  
 Insulted Reason loaths the inverted trade—  
 Dire change! the agent is the purchase made!  
 Perplexèd, the baffled Muse involves the tale;  
 Nature confounded, well may language fail!  
 The outraged goddess with abhorrent eyes  
 Sees Man the traffic, Souls the merchandize!

\* Besides many valuable productions of the soil, cloths and carpets of exquisite manufacture are brought from the coast of Guinea.

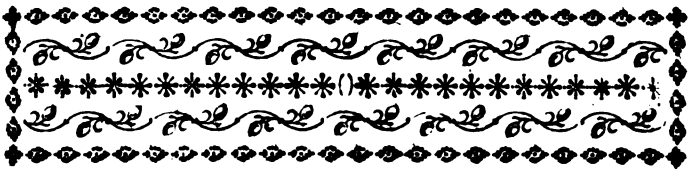
[To be concluded in our next.]







**THE REV.<sup>D</sup> JOHN FLETCHER.**



T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1788.



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

[Continued from page 508.]

C H A P. I.

*Concerning the Perseverance of Saints.*

**F**OR the better stating of this question, it will be useful to premise what is granted on both sides; for by that it will be easy to discern,

1. That many of those scriptures, which are produced to prove the doctrine of the Saints Perseverance, do not reach the point; they proving only that all who persevere are preserved by Divine assistance: and not that God hath absolutely engaged to afford them that assistance which will unfrustrably preserve them.

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adly. That

2dly. That many of the arguments produced to confirm this doctrine, are inconsistent with the foundations on which alone they ground it.

1. 1st. Then we own that they who are preserved to salvation, are so preserved *by the power of God through faith*; and that they who are thus kept are *kept by Christ*, he alone being able *to keep them unblamable*; but then we deny that God hath absolutely promised to keep them by his power from making shipwreck of this faith, or that *the just man who lives by faith, shall never draw back to perdition*.

2dly. We own that God hath engaged his faithfulness, that all who do not wickedly depart from him, shall never be forced from him by the power of any adversaries; for *none shall ever be able to pluck them out of his hands*; not death itself; not persecutions, or the most fiery trials. He who requires us to be faithful to the death, being obliged in equity and honour to enable us with Christian patience to bear them; for *he is so faithful that he will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able, but will with the temptation make a way to escape that we may be able to bear it*: so that we may triumphantly cry out, *Who shall separate us from the love of God which is (shewed to us) in, i. e. through Christ Jesus? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? nay in all these things we (who continue in his love) are more than conquerors through (the assistance vouchsafed by) him that loved us*. And after such happy experience of the Divine assistance, *I am persuaded, saith the Apostle, that neither (fear of) death, nor (hope of) life, nor (evil) angels, nor principalities, nor powers (persecuting us for Christ's sake,) nor (the) things (we endure at) present, nor (the) things (we may suffer for the time) to come, nor height (of honour,) nor depth (of ignominy,) nor any other creature (or thing) shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is (vouchsafed to us) in (and through) Christ Jesus our Lord*. But then the same God requires them who were come to the  
city

city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the general assembly, and Church of the first-born who are written in heaven, to look diligently, lest any of them fall from the grace of God, and to hold fast that grace by which alone they can serve God acceptably, and to take heed lest there should be in any of them an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God; and that for this reason, that they could be made partakers of the blessings of Christ, only on this condition, that they held fast the beginning of their confidence stedfast to the end, Heb. iii. 12, 14. That they continue rooted and grounded in the faith, and be not removed away from the hope of the gospel, Col. i. 23. Seeing he bids them who were already in grace, and had received like precious faith with them, to beware lest being led away by the error of the wicked, they fall from their own stedfastness, 2 Peter iii. 17. Hence we conceive we have just reason to deny that God hath from eternity decreed, or absolutely promised to preserve them from falling into those sins which he thus cautions them to avoid.

3dly. We grant that God hath promised perseverance in the ways of righteousness to the end, to those who constantly and conscientiously use the means by him prescribed for that end; he will present us holy and unblameable, and unreprouvable in his sight, if we continue in the faith rooted and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel, Col. i. 22, 23. He hath assured us, That if we cast not away our confidence, but patiently continue to do the will of God, we shall inherit the promises, Heb. x. 35, 36. That if we give all diligence to add to our faith virtue, knowledge, godliness, patience, temperance, brotherly kindness and charity, we shall never fall, 2 Peter i. 5. 10. But then we deny that God hath absolutely promised to interpose his power unfrustrably to engage all true believers to use these means, and judge these very texts to be so many evidences to the contrary. The assertors of this doctrine hold,

2. 1st. That the foundation of this perseverance is the absolute election of those that persevere unto salvation, and consequently to the means which shall unfrustrably conclude in their salvation. And this shews the inconsistency of two of their arguments for perseverance, taken from the prayers of the saints that they may persevere, and from the supposed intercession of Christ to the same effect; for, as it cannot be proved, that either Christ intercedes, or the saints pray more for perseverance to the end, than for their preservation from those sins to which experience and scripture shew they are obnoxious to: so is it as absurd to pray for that which God hath absolutely decreed from all eternity shall come to pass, as to pray that the world may not be drowned again, or that Christ may come to judgment, or be the Judge of quick and dead, or that the bodies of the saints may arise; it being upon this supposition, as certain that this absolute decree concerning their perseverance shall come to pass, though Christ did never intercede, or the saints pray, as that the other decrees now mentioned shall certainly have their effect without his, or our intercession that it may be so. ,

2dly. They also grant that it is not from the strength of the new nature in them, or the immutability of the renewed will or affections, that true believers cannot fall away; but purely from the promise of God that, though they are obnoxious in themselves to fall away, he will keep them by his power. And hence it is obvious that all the arguments produced from the nature of true faith, conversion, or the new-birth, are insufficient to prove this doctrine, because it is granted that it is not from the nature of this faith, or the immutability of this new-birth that they thus persevere; but from the power of God, by virtue of his promise.

3dly. They grant that though true believers cannot fall totally and finally, yet may they fall into drunkenness and incest as *Noah*, and into murder and adultery as *David*, into gross idolatry as *Solomon*, into denials of our Lord, with oaths

oaths and imprecations as *St. Peter* did, and into such horrid sins as render them at present unfit to enter into the kingdom of heaven, and that by the guilt of those sins they stand condemned, till they are removed by faith and repentance. And this demonstratively shews the falsehood of their arguments from such texts as these; *He that is born of God sinneth not, neither can sin; he keepeth himself so that the wicked one toucheth him not. The Lord is faithful, who shall establish you, and keep you from evil.*

[*To be continued.*]



## S E R M O N XLVIII.

ON HEBREWS xi. 6.

*Without faith it is impossible to please him.*

1. **B**UT what is *faith*? It is a divine evidence, and conviction of things not seen: of things which are not seen now, whether they are visible or invisible in their own nature. Particularly it is a divine evidence and conviction of God and of the things of God. This is the most comprehensive definition of faith that ever was or can be given, as including every species of faith, from the lowest to the highest. And yet I do not remember any eminent writer, that has given a full and clear account of the several sorts of it, among all the verbose and tedious treatises, which have been published upon the subject.

2. Something indeed of a similar kind has been written by that great and good man, *Mr. Fletcher*, in his treatise on the various *Dispensations* of the Grace of God. Herein he observes, that there are four dispensations, that are distinguished from each other, by the degree of light which God vouchsafes

vouchsafes to them that are under each. A small degree of light is given, to those that are under the *Heathen* dispensation. These generally believed, *that there was a God, and that he was a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.* But a far more considerable degree of light was vouchsafed to the *Jewish* nation: inasmuch as to them *were entrusted* the grand means of light, the oracles of God. Hence many of these had clear and exalted views of the nature and attributes of God: of their duty to God and man: yea, and of the great promise, made to our first parents and transmitted by them to their posterity, that *the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.*

3. But above both the *Heathen* and *Jewish* dispensation, was that of *John the Baptist.* To him a still clearer light was given: and he was himself *a burning and a shining light.* To him it was given, to *behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.* Accordingly our Lord himself affirms, that *of all which had been born of women, there had not till that time arisen a greater than John the Baptist!* But nevertheless he informs us, *He that is least in the kingdom of God, the Christian dispensation, is greater than he.* By one that is under the *Christian* dispensation, Mr. Fletcher means, one that has received the Spirit of adoption, that has the Spirit of God witnessing *with his spirit, that he is a child of God.*

In order to explain this still farther, I will endeavour, by the help of God,

First, To point out the several sorts of faith, and secondly, To draw some practical inferences.

I. In the first place, I will endeavour to point out the several sorts of faith. It would be easy, either to reduce these to a smaller number, or to divide them into a greater. But it does not appear that this would answer any valuable purpose.

1. The

1. The lowest sort of faith, if it be any faith at all, is that of a *Materialist*: a man who (like the late Lord *Kaim*) believes there is nothing but matter in the universe. I say, if it be any faith at all: for properly speaking, it is not. It is not an *evidence or conviction of God*, for they do not believe there is any: neither is it a conviction of things not seen; for they deny the existence of such. Or if, for decency sake, they allow there is a God, yet they suppose even Him to be material. For one of their maxims is,

“*Jupiter est quodcumq; vides.*”

“Whatever you see is God.”

*Whatever you see!* A visible, tangible god! Excellent divinity! Exquisite nonsense!

2. The second sort of faith, if you allow a *Materialist* to have any, is the faith of a *Deist*. I mean, one who believes there is a God, distinct from matter; but does not believe the Bible. Of these we may observe two sorts: one sort, are mere beasts in human shape, wholly under the power of the basest passions, and having

“A downright appetite to mix with mud.”

Other *Deists* are, in most respects rational creatures, though unhappily prejudiced against Christianity. Most of these believe the being and attributes of God, they believe, that God made and governs the world: and that the soul does not die with the body, but will remain for ever in a state of happiness or misery.

3. The next sort of faith is, the faith of *Heathens*, with which I join that of *Mahometans*. I cannot but prefer this before the faith of the *Deists*; because though it embraces nearly the same objects, yet they are rather to be pitied than blamed,



blamed, for the narrowness of their faith. And their not believing the whole truth, is not owing to want of sincerity, but merely to want of light. When one asked *Chicali*, an old Indian Chief, "Why do not you *red men* know as much as us *white men*?" He readily answered, "Because you have the *great word*, and we have not?"

4. It cannot be doubted but this plea will avail, for millions of modern *Heathens*. Inasmuch as to them little is given, of them little will be required. As to the ancient *Heathens*, millions of them likewise were savages. No more therefore will be expected of them, than the living up to the light they had. But many of them, especially in the civilized nations, we have great reason to hope, although they lived among *Heathens*, yet were quite of another spirit: being taught of God, by his inward voice, all the essentials of true Religion. Yea, and so was that *Mahometan*, an *Arabian*, who a century or two ago, wrote the life of *Hai Ebn Yokion*. The story seems to be feigned; but it contains all the principles of pure Religion and undefiled.

5. But in general, we may surely place the faith of a *Jew*, above that of a *Heathen* or *Mahometan*. By *Jewish* faith I mean the faith of those who lived between the giving of the Law and the coming of Christ. These, that is, those that were serious and sincere among them, believed all that is written in the Old Testament. In particular, they believed, that in the fulness of time the *Messiah* would appear, to *finish the transgression, to make an end of sin, and bring in everlasting righteousness*.

6. It is not so easy to pass any judgment concerning the faith of our modern *Jews*. It is plain, *the veil is still upon their hearts, when Moses and the Prophets are read*. The god of this world still hardens their hearts, and still blinds their eyes; lest at any time the light of the glorious gospel should break in upon them. So that we may say of this people, as the Holy Ghost said to their forefathers, *The heart of this people*

*people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and should be converted, and I should heal them, Acts xxviii. 27.* Yet it is not our part to pass sentence upon them, but to leave them to their own master.

6. I need not dwell upon the faith of *John the Baptist*, any more than the dispensation which he was under: because these, as Mr. *Fletcher* well describes them, were peculiar to himself. Setting him aside, the faith of the *Roman Catholics* in general, seems to be above that of the ancient *Jews*. If most of these are volunteers in faith, believing more than God has revealed, it cannot be denied, that they believe all which God has revealed, as necessary to salvation. In this we rejoice on their behalf: we are glad that none of those new articles, which they added at the Council of *Trent*, to the faith once delivered to the saints, does so materially contradict any of the ancient articles, as to render them of no effect.

7. The faith of the *Protestants* in general, embraces only those truths as necessary to salvation, which are clearly revealed in the Oracles of God. Whatever is plainly declared in the Old and New Testament, is the object of their faith: They believe neither more nor less, than what is manifestly contained in, and proveable by the Holy Scriptures. The word of God is a lantern to their feet, and a light in all their paths. They dare not on any pretence go from it, to the right-hand or the left. The written word is the whole and sole rule of their faith, as well as practice. They believe whatsoever God has declared, and profess to do whatsoever he hath commanded. This is the proper faith of *Protestants*: by this they will abide and no other.

8. Hitherto faith has been considered chiefly as an evidence and conviction of such or such truths. And this is the sense wherein it is taken at this day in every part of the

Christian world. But in the mean time let it be carefully observed (for eternity depends upon it) that neither the faith of a Roman Catholic, nor that of a Protestant, if it contains no more than this, no more than the embracing such and such truths, will avail any more before God, than the faith of a *Mahometan* or a *Heathen*, yea of a *Deist* or *Materialist*. For *can this faith save him?* Can it save any man either from sin or from hell? No more than it could save *Judas Iscariot*; no more than it could save the devil and his angels: all of whom are convinced, that every tittle of Holy Scripture is true.

9. But what is the faith which is properly saving? Which brings eternal salvation to all those that keep it to the end? It is such a divine conviction of God, and of the things of God, as even in its infant state, enables every one that possesses it to *fear God and work righteousness*. And whosoever in every nation believes thus far, the Apostle declares is *accepted of him*. He actually is, at that very moment, in a state of acceptance. But he is at present only a *servant of God*, not properly a *son*. Meantime let it be well observed, that *the wrath of God* no longer *abideth on him*.

[To be concluded in our next.]

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An Account of Mr. JOHN PRICKARD.

[Written by Himself.]

[Continued from page 516.]

THAT evening Mr. *Cheek* preached in the Methodist-Meeting, and desired any who chose it to stay at the meeting of the Society. I gladly accepted of the invitation. In his exhortation, he said, If any desired to join the Society they

they might speak to some one who knew them, and they should be admitted on trial. As I longed to be joined to them, I spoke to Mr. *J.* and was that night admitted. I was soon known by all the Society; and some of them who were Calvinists, took great pains to confirm me in their opinions; but I never could hold them *altogether*, after I was convinced of sin, and had tasted in a small degree that the Lord had pity upon *me*: for I concluded that if he was willing to save wretched, sinful *me*, he could find no one more unworthy of his mercy among the whole human race.

One evening as I was alone in a bower in my uncle's garden, the enemy wanted to trouble my mind about those things. On this I fell on my knees and begged of the Lord to teach me what was right on either side, if it was *necessary* for me to *know them*. Immediately I felt those words impressed on my mind, "Be determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified." I cried out, Lord, that is enough: and resolved that I would not give way to any such thoughts till I had found the Lord in pardoning love. Upon this I found more earnestness in seeking him than ever, and often mourned in bitterness of spirit, because I did not mourn enough!

One morning while I was hearing the word, I felt power to believe that my sins were forgiven; but in a moment I was robbed of the blessing, by the enemy's suggesting that I had not repented enough. Sometime after I rose (as usual) to read and pray; and as I was reading a sermon upon faith, the Lord again gave me power, not only to believe, but also to *hold fast* my confidence. O what a heaven did then spring up in my soul! I felt that the kingdom of heaven is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost! My heart was filled with joy, and peace, and *grateful love*: I walked all that day in the light of God's countenance. At night that dear servant of God, Mr. *Watkins* of *Lan-ush*, met the Class, and

O how did his soul rejoice when he heard, that another was born into his Father's kingdom! He conceived a great affection for me that night, which he retained to the day of his death. My life was then truly comfortable. I could bless God every hour that ever I was born.

In the latter end of that summer, I was appointed Class-Leader. I entered upon this office with great reluctance; yea with fear and trembling: however the Lord supported me. The Society increased that winter, so that in the spring I was obliged to take charge of another Class. Sometime after there were prayer-meetings established, and the Preachers desired me to take the conducting of them upon me.

After they had been continued some time, I found it impressed upon my mind to give a few words of exhortation: and we went on happily for some time. But in August 1770, Lady *H.* proposed to Mr. *B.* that the Chapel in *Brecon* should be reserved for the use of her Scholars, and whomsoever her Ladyship should appoint; by which means Mr. *Wesley's* Preachers were to be entirely excluded. But Mr. *B.* refused to comply, and soon after settled the Chapel on the Methodists. I then dreaded what soon followed, namely a separation of the Society. As I was strongly attached to some of the Scholars it was like death to me to be separated from them; but I saw the unreasonableness of their proceedings. Lady *H.* had not given a shilling towards building the Chapel; but Mr. *Wesley* had subscribed eighty pounds. I considered farther that the Society had been raised and kept up for near twenty years by means of Mr. *Wesley* and his Preachers. Her Ladyship said to several of us who waited upon her on the occasion, that she had no objection to Mr. *Wesley*; that she loved and honoured him; that her sole reason for separating was a desire to see what good her Students would do separate from every body else. Soon after her Ladyship sent one of the Students to town to preach in another place, at the same time our Preacher was in the Chapel. This distressed

distressed me much. I had the cause of God much at heart, and I feared such proceedings would injure it greatly; but God over-ruled all for good.

I never till now felt what may be called the fiery darts of the devil. He tempted me several times in one night to drown myself; and I had many other horrid temptations. But God provided me a friend in the time of adversity. *Robert Phillips* lived in the same house with me, and was witness to all my distresses. He was an exceeding pious, as well as sensible young man. When he saw me in deep distress, and undetermined which side to take, he laboured with all his might to compose my mind, which he happily accomplished, and when that was done, my attachment to Mr. *Wesley*, the justice of his cause, and my being now almost clear in his sentiments, soon determined me to stay where God had called me: on this I soon got the better of my uneasiness, and my former tranquility revived.

I have since thought that the Lord permitted me to feel more upon this occasion than any one else, to prepare me for what he intended concerning me.

[To be continued.]



*Another Account of the Death of JOHN NELSON.*

Leeds, July 22, 1774.

LAST Monday, about three o'clock, *John Nelson* coming in from dining with Mr. *Jowat*, went up into his room, and said to *S. B.* "I do not know that I have been so well after dinner this long time." In a little while, being seized with a violent purging and vomiting, he was helped to bed. He had not been there long before he became insensible, and died about half past four o'clock in the afternoon.

On



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*An Account of Mr. HENRY FOSTER: in a Letter to the Rev.  
J. WESLEY.*

[Continued from page 518.]

**P**ERMIT me,\* O Lord, to bring back unto thee those powers and faculties, which I have ungratefully and sacrilegiously alienated from thy service. And receive, I beseech thee, thy poor revolted creature, who is now convinced of thy right in him, and desires nothing in the whole world, so much as to be thine. Blessed God, it is with the utmost solemnity that I make this surrender of myself unto thee.

Hear O heavens, and give ear O earth, I this day take, and avouch Jehovah the Lord, to be my God, and I avouch and declare myself to be his covenanted child, and one of his people. Hear O God of heaven, and record it in the book of thy remembrance, that henceforth I am thine, entirely thine. I would not merely consecrate unto thee some of my powers, or possessions, or give thee a certain proportion of my services, or all I am capable of for a limited time; but I will be thine, and wholly thine for ever. From this day do I solemnly renounce all the former lords, who have had dominion over me; every sin, and every lust I bid, in thy name, an eternal defiance to, and also to all the powers of hell, which have most unjustly, usurped the empire over my soul, and to all the corruptions they have introduced into the whole frame of my nature. All the faculties of my mind, and all the members of my body, I present to thee this day, as a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable, which is my reasonable service.

To thee I consecrate all my worldly possessions. In thy service I desire to spend all the remainder of my time upon earth, and beg that thou wouldst instruct me, so that whether  
my

\* A continuation of his covenant with God.



my abode here, be long or short, every year and month, every day and hour, may be used in such a manner as shall most effectually promote thine honour, and best serve the designs of thy wise and gracious Providence.

And I earnestly pray, that whatever influence thou givest me, with others, in any of the superior relations of life in which I may stand, or in consequence of any peculiar regard which may be paid to me, thou wouldst give me strength and courage to exert myself to the utmost of my power, for thy glory; resolving not only, that I will myself do it, but that all others, so far as I can rationally, and properly influence them, shall serve the Lord.

In this course, O blessed God, would I persevere steadily to the end of my life; earnestly praying that I may be enabled, not only to hold on in that happy way, but daily to grow more active in it.

Nor do I only consecrate a part of myself to thee, but I most humbly resign, and submit to thine holy will, and service, myself and all I can call mine; and leave, O Lord, to thy management and direction all I possess, and wish; and set every enjoyment, and every interest before thee, to be disposed of by thee as thou plearest. Continue or remove what thou hast given me; bestow or refuse what I imagine I want, as thou Lord shalt see good.

Use me O Lord, I beseech thee as the instrument of thy glory, and honour me so far, as either by doing or suffering thy will, in what thou shalt bring upon me; that there may some praise redound to thee, and some good to the world in which I dwell.

And may it please thee from this day forward, to number me amongst thy peculiar people, that I may no more be a stranger and a foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints and of the household of God. Receive, O heavenly Father, thy returning prodigal! Wash me in the blood of thy dear Son! Sanctify me by thy spirit! and clothe me with perfect righteousness!

teousness! Destroy, I beseech thee, the power of sin in my heart! Transform me into the image of Jesus, whom henceforward I acknowledge as my Sacrifice, Teacher, Intercessor, and Lord. Communicate to me I beseech thee, all the needful influences of thy Spirit, and lift up the light of thy countenance continually upon me!

Dispose of my affairs, O God, in a manner which may be subservient to thy glory, and my own truest happiness; and when I have done and suffered thy will on earth, call me from hence at what time, and in what manner thou plearest; only grant that in my dying moments, and in the near prospect of eternity, I remember these my engagements to thee, and that I may employ my latest breath in thy service! And do thou, O Lord, when thou seest the agonies of desolating nature upon me, remember this covenant, even though I should then be incapable of recollecting it! Look down, O my heavenly Father, with a pitying eye, upon thy languishing and dying child! Place thine everlasting arm round and underneath me for my support! Put strength and confidence into my departing soul, and receive it into the embraces of thy everlasting love! Welcome it into the abodes of those that sleep in Jesus, to wait with them, for that glorious day when the last of thy promises, to thy covenanted people, shall be fulfilled in their triumphant resurrection, and in that abundant entrance which shall be administered to them, into that everlasting kingdom, of which thou hast assured them, by thy covenant; and in hope of which I now lay hold on it.

And when I am numbered among the dead, and all the interests of mortality are over with me for ever, should this solemn engagement fall into the hands of any surviving friends, may it be a means of making deep impressions on their minds! May they read it, not only as my engagement, but as their own, and learn to fear the Lord my God, and with me put their trust under the shadow of his wings, for

time and eternity! And may they also learn to adore with me, the grace which inclines our hearts to enter into covenant with God, and which condescends to admit us into it, when so inclined: ascribing with me, and with all the nations of the redeemed, to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that praise which is so justly due, to each Divine Person for the part he bears in the sacred work of our salvation. Amen.

HENRY FOSTER.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]



*An Account of the Death of Mr. HENRY TARBOTON.*

[Written by Mr. JOHN PAWSON.]

SOON after it pleased God to bring me to the knowledge of the truth, which was in the year 1758, my brother-in-law, Mr. *Henry Tarboton* (who had been all his life what the world calls a sober man) was prevailed upon to attend the ministry of the Methodists. He no sooner heard the word, but saw himself a lost sinner; and accordingly set out in good earnest to seek redemption in the blood of Christ. At that time, his foes were those of his own household: my sister and his father (who lived with him) strongly opposing him. But soon after, my sister was awakened, and some years after that, his father also.

He never had any deep convictions, or any painful or distressing views of the displeasure of God. But from the very first, he was favoured with remarkable views of the love of God in Christ toward returning sinners, and of his willingness to save them. Many a time I have seen him sit under the word with tears of love flowing from his cheeks; and sometimes I have seen him so overpowered with the love of God, that he was unable either to walk, or to stand: yet he could not believe that his sins were forgiven; I suppose because he had never had any deep convictions,

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In the beginning of the year 1760, he, and seven others of our family joined the Society: and soon after he found a clear manifestation of the love of God to his soul: and from that time to his death, he was remarkably steady and uniform in all his conduct. He was truly simple hearted, sincere and upright: zealous for God and his cause, and uncommonly diligent in attending all the means of grace, from the first to the last. When he was made Leader of a Class, he was very useful in that, and in assisting at Prayer-meetings; and for many years received the Preachers into his own house. He also kept up the worship of God in his family, and brought up his children in the fear of the Lord, who are all at this day members of our Society.

At one time it pleased God to send conviction to the heart of a poor carnal workman who was doing a little business for him. The man happened to be in the house while he was asking a blessing at breakfast, and this proved a means of salvation to his soul. He never could forget it, nor do I believe he ever will; for he is now a steady Christian. By such little things does the Lord sometimes work upon the minds of men, even when those which are greater have no effect.

He had for some years prayed for, and taken all possible pains with his aged father, apparently to no purpose at all. But the Lord found out a way to do him good, which man could not have thought of. He was one Lord's-day, in the interval of public worship, teaching one of his children the Instructions for Children (a little girl of eight or nine years old.) When the child was repeating these words, "Take care that you do not draw near to God with your lips, while your heart is far from him. Beware you do not say any thing to God which you do not mean. You must not tell a lie to God," &c. She was so deeply affected, and indeed so effectually awakened, that she could not stand, but dropped down on the floor and cried aloud for mercy. His poor

old father seeing and hearing this was cut to the heart: saw himself a lost and ruined sinner, and cried out in the bitterness of his soul for pardoning mercy.

About a month after this, my brother *Marmaduke Pawson* called to see them one morning, and they were just going to family-prayer. He very readily joined with them, and was led to pray earnestly for the old man. The Lord sent an answer of peace, and gave him a clear sense of his pardoning love. He lived happy in the enjoyment of it about a year, and then died in peace. May not this encourage every one to continue praying for, and striving with their relations, notwithstanding they see no immediate fruit? God can find out a way to answer their prayers which they little think of.

Last spring he was taken with a most violent rheumatic complaint, which although he used every means which was thought necessary, it grew worse and worse. I saw him last July, when with the utmost difficulty he got up to the preaching-house. We prayed for him there, and for some time he was a good deal better. But afterwards the disorder returned with still greater violence.

In November last my brother wrote to me concerning him as follows: "What will be the event with respect to brother *Tarboton* I cannot tell; but there seems to be but little ground to hope that he will recover. Last Tuesday night I was sent for in haste, and he seemed to be in the very agonies of death, which appeared to me the most severe I ever saw. Yet he was perfectly calm, and fully resigned to the will of God, patiently waiting, and longing for his release. His whole animal frame seemed to be in motion, and he was in the most violent pain. Yet he triumphed over death, and him that had the power of death. In the intervals of his violent agonies he first ordered every thing respecting his funeral with the utmost composure. He then called his wife, and took an affectionate farewell of her. He kissed her, blessed her,  
prayed

prayed for her, and greatly encouraged her to trust in the Lord. Then calling his son, he kissed and blessed him, and solemnly charged him to keep close to God, and to train up his children in the fear of the Lord. He then called his two daughters, and took the same method with them, and charged them to beware of loving the present world; but rather to love and serve God; adding, of the world you will have enough, as you will very soon be called to leave it. He then called my little *Patty*, and blest her and prayed for her, and charged her to be a good girl. When he had done this, his agonies returned. In the next interval he broke out into strong and earnest prayer. He first prayed for the Church of God in general, and then for all the Preachers, that the Lord would pour out his Spirit upon them, and prosper their labours. He then remembered you, and prayed very affectionately that the Lord would bless you and yours. He then prayed for, and praised God on my account. He thankfully acknowledged the goodness of God in raising me up, and delivering me from my late dangerous illness; and earnestly prayed that the Lord would spare me, and make me a blessing to my family and the Church in general. In the next interval of ease, he gave out and sung with a loud voice,

“Come ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known,” &c.

Adding, “Yes, we shall soon be with him.” About four in the morning he began to get a little rest, and I left him for that time.”

Some days after this (my brother says) he was led to pray much that the Lord would be pleased to direct them to something which, by his blessing might be of use to him. In a day or two he heard of a medicine which had been of use to several in the same condition. This we procured, and it  
was

was a means under God of removing the violent pain, and of settling the swelling in his legs and thighs. He then complained of a violent oppression at his stomach. My brother applied the brimstone plaister and it took it entirely away, so that he got a good deal better. But afterwards the disorder returned with greater violence than ever, so that my brother wrote last week concerning him as follows: "My brother *Tarboton* is now no more an inhabitant of this miserable world. He died in great peace on Monday morning, Feb. 5. Our union continued and increased to the last. I was led to sympathize with him in his long and most painful affliction, which he bore to the last with uncommon patience and resignation. I often found very great liberty in prayer with him, and was abundantly blessed in my own soul. When I arose from prayer, he would often say, "O how sweet! O how sweet is prayer to my soul." I think that word was remarkably fulfilled in him, Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation. For the devil was never suffered to molest him from first to last, neither had he ever any doubt or fear to the last moment of his life.

I was with him till near twelve o'clock on Sunday night, when I prayed with him with great enlargement of heart. I then asked him if we should sing a hymn? He said, "Yes; you know I always loved singing:" and accordingly he joined with us as well as he could. And when we had done, he said, "O how sweet!" I said, but it will be sweeter very soon. He said, "I believe it will." I then took a most affectionate farewell of him, and in about two hours he fell asleep in the Lord."

He was indeed a most tender, affectionate husband. A blessing to his children in every respect, having both their temporal and eternal interest greatly at heart. A loving and most kind brother. A useful member of Society; and  
a pattern





appears perfectly smooth and shining, and as much finer than any spinster in the world can make, as the smallest twine is than the thickest cable. A pod of this silk winds into nine hundred and sixty yards. And as, it is two threads twisted together all the length, so it really contains one thousand eight hundred and twenty: and yet weighs but two grains and a half. What an exquisite fineness! and yet this is nothing to the silk that issued from the worm's mouth when newly hatched.

The smallest dot which can be made with a pen, appears through a glass, a vast irregular spot, rough, jagged and uneven about all its edges. The finest writing (such as the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny) seems as shapeless and uncouth as if wrote in Runic characters. But the specks of moths, beetles, flies, and other insects, are most accurately circular; and all the lines and marks about them are drawn, to the utmost possibility of exactness.

Our finest miniature paintings appear before a microscope, as mere daubings, plaistered on with a trowel. Our smoothest polishings are shewn to be mere roughness, full of gaps and flaws. Thus do the works of art sink, upon an accurate examination. On the contrary, the nearer we examine the works of nature, even in the least and meanest of her productions, the more we are convinced, nothing is to be found there, but beauty and perfection. View the numberless species of insects, what exactness and symmetry shall we find in all their organs? What a profusion of colouring, azure, green, vermillion; what fringe and embroidery on every part! How high the finishing, how inimitable the polish we every where behold! Yea, view the animalculæ, invisible to the naked eye, those breathing atoms so small, they are almost all workmanship: in them too we discover the same multiplicity of parts, diversity of figures, and variety of motions as in the largest animals. How amazingly curious must the internal structure of these creatures be! How minute the bones

bones, joints, muscles, and tendons! How exquisitely delicate the veins, arteries, nerves! What multitudes of vessels and circulations must be contained in this narrow compass! And yet all have sufficient room for their several offices, without interfering with each other.

The same regularity and beauty is found in vegetables. Every stalk, bud, flower, and seed, displays a figure, a proportion, a harmony, beyond the reach of art. There is not a weed whose every leaf does not shew a multiplicity of pores and vessels, curiously disposed for the conveyance of juices, to support and nourish it, and which is not adorned with innumerable graces to embellish it.

But some may ask, To what purpose has nature bestowed so much expence on so insignificant creatures? I answer, this very thing proves they are not so insignificant, as we fondly suppose. This beauty is given them either for their own sake, that they themselves may be delighted with it: or for ours, that we may observe in them the amazing power and goodness of the Creator. If the former, they are of consequence in the account of their Maker, and therefore deserve our regard. If the latter, then it is certainly our duty to take notice of, and admire them.

In short, the whole universe is a picture, in which are displayed the perfections of the Deity. It shews not only his existence, but his unity, his power, his wisdom, his independence, his goodness. His unity appears in the harmony we cannot but see in all the parts of nature; in that one simple end to which they are directed, and the conformity of all the means thereto. On every side we discern either simple elements, or compound bodies, which have all different actions and offices. What the fire inflames, the water quenches: what one wind freezes, another thaws. But these and a thousand other operations, so seemingly repugnant to each other, do nevertheless all concur in a wonderful manner, to produce one effect. And all are so necessary to the main

design, that were the agency of any one destroyed, an interruption of the order and harmony of the creation must immediately ensue.

Suppose, for instance, the wind to be taken away, and all Society is in the utmost disorder. Navigation is at a stand, and all our commerce with foreign nations destroyed. On the other hand, the vapours raised from the sea would remain suspended just where they rose. Consequently we should be deprived of that useful covering, the Clouds, which now screen us from the scorching heat: yea, and of the fruitful rains. So our land would be parched up, the fruits of the earth wither, animals die, through hunger and thirst, and all nature languish and droop. All the parts of Nature therefore were constituted for the assistance of each other, and all undeniably prove the unity of their Omniscient Creator.

His Power appears in the whole frame of creation, and his Wisdom in every part of it. His Independence is pointed out in the inexhaustible variety of beasts, birds, fishes and insects: and his Goodness, in taking care of every one of these, *opening his hand, and filling all things living with plenteousness.*

Every thing is calculated by Divine Wisdom, to make us wiser and better. And this is the substance of true philosophy. We cannot know much. In vain does our shallow reason attempt to fathom the mysteries of Nature, and to pry into the secrets of the Almighty. *His ways are past finding out.* The eye of a little worm is a subject capable of exhausting all our boasted speculations. But we may love much. And herein we may be assisted by contemplating the wonders of his Creation. Indeed he seems to have laid the highest claim to this tribute of our love, by the care he has taken to manifest his goodness in the most conspicuous manner, while at the same time he has concealed from us the most curious particulars, with regard to the essences and structure of his works.

works. And to this our ignorance it is owing, that we fancy so many things to be uselefs in the Creation. But a deep sense of his goodness will satisfy all our doubts, and resolve all our scruples.

[*To be continued.*]



GOD'S *Revenge* against MURDER and ADULTERY.

[*Continued from page 526.*]

WHILST Diego posted away to Avero, his master Antonio prepared to follow him; and the next morning took his coach and six horses, and three resolute gentlemen his friends to assist him.

Diego came to Avero first: at the time appointed the punctual Antonio arrived: and now, all things being in silence, and every body in the house fast asleep, Diego and Berinthia slipping privately through the first court, and from thence to the postern of the garden, where Antonio received her. In the morning Catalina discovering that her sister was escaped, acquainted her father with her sister's flight. When they understood that Diego was gone with her, they were well assured that Antonio had carried her away. Both he and his son consulted what was to be done; and their first resolution was to send a messenger to Elvas, to know whether Berinthia was there with Antonio.

The messenger being returned, assured them that it was so, and that Antonio was retired to a castle of his, without the walls of the city, where he kept the lady with much honour and respect. On this Vilarezo sent Sebastiano to Elvas, accompanied by six resolute gentlemen, to bring away Berinthia. Sebastiano being come to Elvas, repaired to the castle of Antonio, who admitted them all into the first court,

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and

and two into the second, and kindly saluted them. Sebastiano conjured him, to deliver up his sister. Antonio answered, it was by an honourable affection he had undertaken to assist his sister in her escape, and that her malicious sister Catalina was author of what had happened, who, by her woman Ansilva, had twice attempted to poison her: therefore, since he could not deliver her up with safety, he was resolved to protect her in his own castle.

Sebastiano desired that he might speak with his sister, which was granted; then Antonio taking Sebastiano by the hand, they all went into the hall, whither Berinthia soon came, accompanied by two of Antonio's sisters. Sebastiano craved the favour of Antonio that he might confer a little privately with his sister: to which Antonio replied, that Berinthia's pleasure should be his; and she consenting to it, Sebastiano leading her to a window acquainted her how much his father was offended, and therefore intreated her to return.

Berinthia related every particular of the cause of her departure: and to prove the truth of what she asserted, produced Diego, who protested the same. Sebastiano checked her for what she had said, telling her, that in seeking to wrong others, she would in the end but wrong herself, and that there was no safety for her but in her return.

Berinthia again answered him, that there was no safety for her at Avero. She begged him to tell her father, that he ought to love Antonio, whose castle she found a sanctuary, both for her honour and her life; taking God and his angels to witness, that her sister Catalina's crime was true. Sebastiano seeing Antonio resolute, and his sister obstinate, he told her, he should leave her to her own folly.

Sebastiano having consulted his associates, thought he ought to acquaint his father. His cousin Villandras, undertaking the journey, waited upon Vilarezo, and relating to him the particulars, he was greatly perplexed. He examined Catalina,  
and

and her maid Ansilva; but they denied all that was laid to their charge. Whereupon he sent Villandras back with the following letter :

VILAREZO to SEBASTIANO.

“ I have carefully examined Catalina and her maid, whom I find innocent. I have consulted nature and honour, and both suggest to advise thee, either by the law of the kingdom, or by that of your sword, to return my daughter.

VILAREZO.”

While Sebastiano was consulting how to set his sister at liberty, let us speak a little of Catalina, who contrived to make away with Ansilva, that she might tell no tales; to which end she sent for one Pedro ~~Sermiata~~, who, for a reward of one hundred ducats, undertook to dispatch her, by giving her a poison that her mistress prevailed upon her to take, in hopes of curing two or three pimples on her face. Thus did this wretch, by the providence of Almighty God, meet with the death which she had twice attempted to give to the virtuous Berinthia!

Sebastiano having received his father's order, by the hands of Villandras, sent him to know Antonio's and Berinthia's last resolution; who, being admitted into the castle, directed his speech to Berinthia, and then to Antonio. Berinthia desired her cousin Villandras to give her best respects to her brother, but withal to acquaint him, that her first answer and resolution, were and should be her last: and Antonio prayed him likewise to inform Sebastiano, that Berinthia's will was his law; and that he was ready to venture his own life in defence of her's.

Villandras acquainted Sebastiano with their last resolves. This occasioned many conflicts in the breast of Sebastiano, which made him irresolute, whether he should undertake to recover

recover his sister by law or arms; the first he thought both scandalous and cowardly; and by the latter he foresaw, that he must either be killed himself, or kill his friend. The first would make him the jest of Antonio; and not to attempt the second, a shame to himself and family. Therefore, giving more way to the warm sentiments of pride, than to the cooler dictates of reason, sent him a challenge. He carried the matter very privately, especially to Berinthia, who little suspected the danger she had brought both her lover and her brother into.

Antonio made choice of Belasco, to be his second. The morning being come, our combatants leaped from their beds to the field, where, a little before six, all parties appeared. At the first close, Antonio was wounded in the right arm, and Sebastiano in the left side; at the second, Sebastiano wounded Antonio a little above his right pap, and Antonio ran him clean through the body, making a large and dangerous wound, from whence there issued much blood. At the third close, Sebastiano ran Antonio through the body on the left side, a little below the heart; whereupon he first staggered, and then fell to the ground. Belasco, as soon as he had covered the body with his cloak, unsheathed his rapier, and bidding Villandras to be on his guard, wounded him slightly on the shoulder, but was himself ran through the body and reins: upon which he fell to the ground. Villandras, throwing away his rapier, stooped to assist him, but in vain, for his soul was departed to another world.

This news was soon carried to Antonio's castle, where his and Belasco's dead bodies were conveyed to the great grief of all his domestics; but all their tears were nothing to those of Antonio's two sisters, nor theirs any thing in comparison of those shed by Berinthia.

Then was she delivered into the hands of her brother, who, with the tenderest advice, and most sweet persuasions, entreated

entreated her to dry her tears; but so deep was her sorrow, that she would admit of no consolation. Indeed she could not look upon her brother with an eye of affection, but of revenge and indignation.

Sebastiano having left the dead bodies of Antonio and Belasco to the care of their friends, and taking coach with his incensed and sorrowful sister, returned to Averro, where his father Vilarezo, and his mother Aliphanta welcomed him home with pleasure and commendation; but met their daughter with frowns and reproaches.

[*To be continued.*]



*An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.*

*Of FALSEHOOD.*

[*Continued from page 528.*]

**L**ET no man insolently brag either of his nobility or his honour, of his wealth or of his wisdom, and at every turn, as many do, rehearse his pedigree and his titles; and entertain his friends with stories of the brave achievements of his ancestors. For how many worthy actions of gallant persons, with themselves and their monuments too, are buried in utter oblivion? How many families are quite extinct and blotted out of the Herald's books? What is become of the *Achemenides* in *Perfia*, and the *Seleucide* of *Syria*; the *Ptolemeys* of *Egypt*, and the *Cæsars* of *Italy*; the *Merovingians* and *Carlovingians* of *France*; and the *Plantagenets* of *England*? And what is nobility (if it be not accompanied with real goodness) but a bubble, and an empty name? It is no credit to be well-born, unless you be well-mannered too; and he that has nothing but his extraction and titles to set  
him



him forth, is no better than his great-grand-father's tomb. And a plentiful fortune, if not wisely managed, is a great incumbrance and a snare. Money is a perfidious thing, and the parent of absurd actions; for it betrays men into several miscarriages, which otherwise they would not have opportunity to commit. And he that boasts of his own knowledge, does but discover and proclaim his folly; for (if you observe it) he talks loudest that understands least, as the shallow stream makes a greater noise than the deepest river; and he who has laboured industriously many years to inform his mind, will find and confess that motto of a learned man to be most true, The greatest part of what we know, is but the least part of that which we are ignorant of. Besides, he who does these things, upbraids those who cannot derive themselves from so ancient a stock, and want the like endowments to set them off: and I assure you that is no small disobligation.

Nor is it any one's duty to lessen his own merit (though of the two, it is better to take from, than add unto it) and therefore I do not approve of those that undervalue themselves beyond measure, and stoop to fordid condescensions, and refuse those honours and commendations which without all question are their due. This is no virtue, but a vice opposed to humility in the defect, as arrogance is in the excess; and if it be a hypocritical pretence of modesty, and not the issue of a real consciousness of imperfection, it is double pride and ostentation. To weigh down one scale that so the other may ascend; to use diminutive expressions on purpose that we may be admired; to reject a just character and inwardly to applaud ourselves for doing it; to refuse dignities and preferments out of a seeming lowliness of mind, and contempt of the world, and underhand to strive to obtain them, or else to propagate our fame by the renunciation, is a piece of abominable falsehood, not to be endured. To deny the good things that are in us, to make them less, the Moralist tells us is the deepest dissimulation; and he that accuses

accuses himself when he is innocent, becomes guilty by his lying. Jottus, that famous painter and architect of Florence, in the opinion of some, was scarce worthy of the praises heaped upon him, because he forbade men to honour him, so much as to salute him by the name of master. But whether he did well or no, this is certain, that he who undervalues those things which men generally desire and love, certifies by that action that he despises others, or at least, that he does not respect them as he ought: and not to esteem glory and honour, which most rate at a high price, what is it but to slight their judgment who confer it, and to extol yourself above all mankind? For no body that is in his right wits, will condemn that which by the common consent and approbation of the world has worth and value imprinted on it, but those that fondly imagine they have better apprehensions, or choicer treasures. The safest and most prudent course is to keep in the middle betwixt the two extremes: neither insolently to vaunt of any thing we are or have; nor yet to speak contemptibly of ourselves. For by the former we reproach others with their defects, and that is ungentle; and by the latter we seem to vilify their understanding, and to jeer at their virtues, and that is unjust. Ingenuity and discretion enjoin us to be as silent of our own actions as we can (and the advantages of a restrained tongue in this case are not easily numbered) and when we are forced to speak let it be truth, and modestly expressed, without any tincture of pride and self-conceit. And they that endeavour to please others are to the utmost of their power to abstain from a fault exceeding frequent, that is, when their opinion is asked concerning any matter that is propounded, they must not fumble with their buttons, and suffer themselves to be oppressed with an unseasonable bashfulness, so as to talk fearfully, and to move their body up and down all the while, as if they were in pain, and to look sneakingly, as though they had lately committed a theft, or some other shameful crime, and were doing penance for it; and to preface what they have to say with tedious and

insignificant apologies, as, Sir, I hope you will please to forgive me if I do not speak pertinently to this business; for I am altogether unskilful in such things: I fear that I shall betray my own folly, and tire your patience too much, yet in obedience to your commands, I shall venture to say what I conceive of the point in hand. Thus they detain the company, and protract the time with empty preambles, and while they are making ridiculous excuses, they might have answered the question, and dispatched the case; but they must go about by many circumlocutions to no purpose, and are longer in stating and bringing it to a head, than others in determining it; and yet deport themselves as if they were in bondage, and a very uneasy posture till they have done; and it cannot choose but be a great trouble to hear and see them so concerned, especially if they be learned and understanding persons. And they also are offensive and hypocritical men, that would fain seem the worst and meanest in all the society where they are; and when by the acknowledgment of every one present they ought to be seated in the chiefest and most honourable place, they will sit lowest, and you cannot without a great deal of importunity and violence prevail upon them to remove higher; when you intreat them, they go back like a fearful horse that has been newly beaten and put all out of order, especially when they come to a door, for they will by no means go before, but make long speeches, and wheel about, and defend themselves with their hands and arms, and make odd faces, and you must quarrel, and almost fight with them before you can get them on; and this interrupts the pleasure of your walk, and sometime hinders important business.

[*To be continued.*]

*As*

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*An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S  
 Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

*Of the Cause of Volition, and the Nature of the Will.*

[Continued from page 532.]

**B**UT Dr. Priestley says, pages 32, 33, "According to the modern metaphysical hypothesis, the will is of such a nature, as to be influenced sometimes by the passions or motives, and sometimes in a manner, in which neither passions nor motives have any thing to do, and of which it is not pretended that any idea can be given, but by saying that it is self-determined, which, in fact, gives no idea at all, or rather implies an absurdity, viz. that a determination which is an effect, takes place without any cause at all. For, exclusive of every thing that comes under the denomination of motive, there is really nothing left that can produce the determination. Let a man use what words he pleases, he can have no more conception how we can sometimes be determined by motives, and sometimes without any motive, than he can have of a scale being sometimes weighed down by weights, and sometimes by a kind of substance that has no weight at all, which whatever it be in itself, must with respect to the scale, be nothing." To this I answer, that the will is a faculty arising from a power of self-determination in the mind of man, or a self-determining power, which power is the cause of every effect, called choice in the mind of man; so that there is not an effect without a cause, as before observed, (page 21).

And though this power cannot be described but by its properties and effects, no more can memory, judgment, nor the passions. We are conscious of some power working such and such effects in us, but we cannot be so weak as to suppose that

power to be a little being within us, separate and distinct from our minds, but a power existing in the mind, which is capable of being described no way but by its properties and effects: and the mind appears to be capable of exerting this power at pleasure; whereas, Dr. Priestley's motives seem to be something foreign to the mind, and even motives to it, as necessarily and uncontrollably influencing it, in spite of its very self.

As to the instance of the scale weighed down sometimes by weights, and sometimes by no weights, here again repeated, I refer the reader for satisfaction to pages 16, 17. of this work. "Another argument, (says Dr. Priestley, page 33.) for the necessary determination of the will, may be drawn from the analogy that it bears to the judgment. It is universally acknowledged that the judgment is necessarily determined by the perceived agreement or disagreement of ideas. Now, the will is but a kind of judgment, depending upon the perceived preferableness of things proposed to the mind, which apparent preferableness results as necessarily from the perception of the ideas themselves, as that of their agreement or disagreement. In fact, all the difference, between judgment and will, is, that, in the former case, the determination relates to opinions, and in the latter to actions; and as all the ancients have well observed, the faculties of the soul are only different modes in which the same principle acts; the judgment being the mind judging, and the will being the mind willing; and it would be very extraordinary indeed, if the same mind should not be determined in a similar manner in these two very similar cases; and that if there be a self-determining will, there should not be a self-determining judgment also. In reality, the latter is not more absurd and contrary to all appearances than the former." The doctrine concerning judgment here laid down, I grant, viz. that it is necessarily determined by the agreement or disagreement of ideas. I cannot judge or believe differently from what things appear to me. If a thing appears certain, my judgment and belief are necessarily the same; if a thing appears doubtful, my judgment and belief are likewise so. My judgment,

ment, opinion, and belief must be determined necessarily in proportion to the absolute certainty, doubtfulness, or total uncertainty of the case, as it appears to me. My judgment is determined, and my belief settled that this is paper on which I write; neither can I believe the contrary, so long as it appears to me to be so. But if afterwards by a train of reasoning, or by some other means I make some new discovery concerning it; if, for example, I find myself deceived, and clearly perceive that it is parchment and not paper: I say, if this should happen, then I cannot any longer believe it to be paper. Every man who examines the powers of his own mind, will perceive that his judgment, opinion, and belief are necessarily and involuntarily formed and determined by the appearance of things without any possibility of judging or believing otherwise, so long as things appear in the same manner. But this is not the case, with regard to man's will. I plainly perceive in my mind a self-determining power by which I am enabled to write on this paper, or not to write according to my own pleasure: though I find my judgment and belief are involuntary acts, such as I cannot suspend or alter, unless the appearance of the thing alters. I cannot judge or believe this, upon which I write, to be paper or not to be paper, according to my own pleasure; neither can I judge or believe, that my judgment and will are equally determined by necessity, according to motives or the appearance of things. Because they appear to me to be two faculties or powers of the mind so very different in my judgment and opinion; if I may be allowed to call judgment a faculty or power, which appears to me to be rather an involuntary act of the mind, or the necessary and involuntary result and effect of the mind, judging according to appearance. Hence we may perceive, that so far from the mind being determined *in a similar manner, in these two very similar cases*, viz. the judgment or the mind judging, and the will or the mind willing, that the two things are very different, the judgment being the necessary and involuntary result or product of the mind judging, produced by the mind perceiving the

the appearance of things, which judgment the mind is under an uncontrolable necessitiv\* of making, provided it wills or is willing to attend to such appearance; whereas the will is not necessary and involuntary, but a power given by God to man's mind, by which man is enabled in many cases to act or not act, to attend to the appearance of things or not, entirely at pleasure. If the mind wills or is willing to attend to such appearance of things, a certain or uncertain judgment necessarily follows. If the mind wills not or is not willing to attend in the least to such appearance, no judgment is or can be formed. So that the judgment is so far from being a power of self-determination, that it seems like all other necessary acts of the mind (as considered in themselves without regard to the will) to depend in some measure upon the will arising from the self-determining power of the mind, even for its very existence.

[To be continued.]



*The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[Continued from page 535.]

THE misery of uncharitable persons appeareth in this, *That the wants and necessities of the poor cry aloud to heaven against them.* God hath dealt bountifully with thee, loading thee with his benefits, as the psalmist speaketh (*Psal. lxxviii. 19.*) and hath given thee not only food and raiment, things needful and necessary, but an abundance, and affluency of outward things, even all things richly to enjoy: but how many of Christ's Ministers and Members are in great want, not having wherewithal to satisfy their own and children's hunger? Whose

\* Unless controlled by God, or some Being superior to itself.

miseries

miserias, like the blood of *Abel* cry unto God for vengeance against thee, saying, *Lord, there are not a few who have enough and to spare, a liberal portion of this world's goods; with Dives they fare sumptuously every day: but what are we thy wanting servants the better for them? Who of us are warmed with their fires, or cloathed with their raiment, or so much as partake of the crumbs of their table? We are ready to perish for want, when they are surfeited with their abundance. Is the blessing of them that are ready to perish like to come upon them? Wilt thou not judge them O Lord?* Certainly, these bitter and lamentable complaints cry loud in the ears of the Almighty against such unchristian and inhuman misers. Beware of the cry of the poor against you: if thou wilt not hear their cries unto thee, God will hear their cries against thee.

*Thy unmercifulness to the poor will provoke God to reject thy most religious exercises,* Prov. xxi. 13. *Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.* In which words Solomon hinteth to us two things:

1. That unmerciful men, such as turn away their ears from the cry of the poor, shall fall into such miseries as will bring them to their knees, and make them cry sooner or later. Here in this world, worldly men sometimes make many prayers, and their Religion they hope will make amends for their inhumanity at least. And in the world to come, they shall imitate their fellow *Dives* in his infernal devotion.

2. *Though they cry, yet they shall not be heard:* whether they cry here upon their death-beds for mercy, or hereafter in hell for ease, they shall not be heard. A notable instance hereof we have in *Dives*, who though he cried not here, yet he cried in hell, saying, *Father Abraham have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame,* Luke xvi. 24. But was he heard? Was his request granted? It was but a small request, but yet it is denied. Because he denied crumbs of bread here in this life to the poor, he was denied a drop of water in hell.

And



And as thy prayers are rejected by God, so likewise will it be vain for thee to hear the word, or come to the table of the Lord. All thy religion will be in vain, shall I say? nay, it will be an abomination to the Lord, whilst that accursed thing, thy covetous and cruel heart, (which the Lord abhorreth *Pfal.* x. 3.) remaineth within thee. Think not that one duty will excuse the neglect of another, that thy praying may serve instead of thine alms. The Lord abhorreth thee and all thy sacrifices, whilst the sacrifice of a compassionate heart is wanting.

O that all uncharitable persons would keep their thoughts in serious meditation on these things: and as they desire to prevent those judgments which accompany all merciless men, they would put in for a share in the mercies of the merciful, and to that end, would put on bowels of pity and compassion towards the wants and miseries of God's distressed ones; and stretch forth a helping hand towards their relief! This leadeth me,

2. *To an use of exhortation, to stir up all such as have given up their names unto Christ, to make conscience as of every duty commanded by him, so of this especially, which he hath so vehemently pressed upon us in his word, and encouraged us unto by many sweet and precious promises.* This work of charity is wages, and like *Samson's Lion* it carrieth honey in the belly of it. He who out of a principle of love, in obedience to God's command shall open his heart and hand wide to the poor, shall find God blessing his stock, and prospering all his undertakings. As there is a *secret curse* goes out from God upon the uncharitable man's estate, which blasteth all his undertakings, whereby they prove altogether fruitless: so there is a *secret blessing* goeth out from God upon the charitable man's estate, whereby he prospers in the world, even to his own neighbours admiration.

What now remaineth but that you look about you, where you may lay out your money to the best advantage? Make dilligent enquiry after the poor Ministers and Members of Christ: seek  
more

them than they do after you. For most certain it is, that you get more by giving unto them, than they do by receiving from you. You are more obliged for their receiving your charity, than they are unto you for giving it. *The merciful man doeth good to his own soul*, which is refreshed with mercy which he sheweth to others. And whereas they partake of a small quantity of your outward things, you shall have the same in kind here returned seven-fold into your bosoms, and at last shall be received into the kingdom of heaven, prepared for those who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and performed such like works of charity to the poor members of Christ, *Mat. xxv. 35.*

Riches are a mere uncertainty: like unto a flock of birds in a man's field, who cannot say they are his, because they sit there, *for they take unto themselves wings and fly away.* Now in dealing with things uncertain, it will be your wisdom,

1. To make them as sure as you can.

2. To make the best use of them you can.

1. What greater wisdom than to make them sure? And what better way imaginable to make sure your estate, than by putting it into good hands? And what safer hands than the hands of the Lord? Put them into the hands of God's poor, and you thereby put them into God's hands.

2. And what better use can you make of riches, than by bestowing a part of them upon the poor and needy! It being the chief end of giving more of this world's goods to some than to others, that they who have the greater store should give out thereof to them who are in want. This was typically signified by the Israelites gathering of manna, which though it were rained down from heaven, yet the Lord will not allow, that they who had gathered more than was needful for themselves and their household, should hoard up the superfluity. But enjoined them to communicate of their abundance to such as had not enough, that so he that had the most, should have nothing over; and he that had the least, should have no lack. This

the apostle applieth to the giving of alms out of our abundance to those that want, 2 *Cor.* viii. 15.

Surely, rich men have a price in their hands, wherewith to purchase to themselves a good inheritance, had they but hearts to make use of it. Though charity pretends not to any merit *ex congruo*, or *condigno*, yet will it be plentifully recompensed by God both here and hereafter.

The apostle, knowing how backward rich men especially were to all works of charity, adviseth Timothy (1 *Tim.* vi. 17.) not only to commend unto them the duty, but to command it. The expression of the apostle is very observable, he doth not say declare unto them, but charge them that are rich in this world, as they love their lives, and would save their souls, to be rich in good works. As one glosseth upon those words of the apostle. "If God should charge the rocks, they would send forth water: if the stones, they should become bread: If the ravens, they would feed Elijah: if the quails, they would victual the camp: if the clouds, they would rain down food from heaven upon his poor people; will you then be more rocky than rocks? More stony than stones? More ravenous than ravens? More empty than clouds?"

If you be rich in this world's goods, and be not rich in good works, talk not of your faith; for there can be no true faith without good works: neither tell me of your religion; for there can be no true religion in you, so long as you make no conscience of this duty. *Pure religion*, saith the Apostle James, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and you never learned other religion of us.

Saith the wise man, *Honour the Lord with thy substance.* He doth not say, *honour thyself with thy riches, but honour the Lord with them.* As they come from his grace, so they should be used to his glory. We use our riches to God's glory, when in obedience to his command, we supply the want of his children, who will thereby be stirred up to praise the name of God for his fatherly care over them.

Shall

Shall I yet again tell thee, that thy liberality to the poor cannot bring any loss to thine estate, seeing, the more thou givest the more thou shalt receive? It is fabled of *Midas*, that *whatsoever he touched was turned into gold*. But it is no fable, that the hand of charity can do it, can extract grace out of your goods, righteousness out of riches, and heaven out of earth. The imparting of goods to such good uses, whilst it seems to *impair*, doth mightily *improve* what you have. The more liberal any man is, the more likely he is to be a rich man: the mercy of God will crown his beneficence with such a blessing. It is nothing which the poor receive from him, in comparison of that blessing which he shall receive from the Lord. It may be, thou dost not find thy store presently increased, yet if thou diligently observe the passages of God's providence towards thee, thou wilt sooner or latter find thyself abundantly reimbursed of all thy disbursements.

[*To be continued.*]

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*The Two COVENANTS of GOD with MANKIND: or the  
DIVINE JUSTICE and MERCY Explained and Vindicated.*

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

C H A P I.

*St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jesus Christ.*

[*Continued from page 538.*]

**I**F we consider the pure and spotless nature of God, and how essentially abominable sin is to it; we shall be tempted to conclude, that he will immediately withdraw his divine influence, and suffer the loathsome world to sink into *nothing* again. For what should move God to uphold by his almighty power, the object of his wrath and displeasure; to which the chaos itself compared, would appear a far more beautiful, more amiable, and perfect being?

4 F 2

But

But besides, the constancy and immutable counsel of God, which withholdeth him from doing and undoing, (the characters of levity and inconsideration) man furnishes us with arguments why he should be preserved in being. He deserves, you will say, to be annihilated, as having forfeited the favour of heaven. True, this punishment he deserves; but does he deserve no greater? It may be said, he would be no loser by this method; he would only be reduced to the condition he was in before.

This shews, that to strike mankind out of the book of a natural life, and to cut them off from being, is a mercy too great for them to expect, nay a mercy which it is not suitable for God to give. For mercy (to conceive things justly) is no primary attribute of the divine nature. Mercy, as it signifies indulgence to sinful creatures, presupposes sin, which from all eternity had no being, and which never was in the intention of God, and we can no sooner suppose it introduced into his works, but we behold a monster, at which heaven and earth stand aghast, the abhorrence, and aversion, and irreconcilable contradiction to the purity of the divine Majesty.

The parent of this prodigy being instantly exposed to the severity of the divine justice, it being an unmerited grace for the sinner to be annihilated, since the justice of God could not be satisfied this way; we shall be apt to conclude that he must be preserved, to atone for offending against Infinite Majesty, by the infinity, that is, the eternity of his sufferings; that he shall be reserved an everlasting monument of God's vengeance against sin.

And we shall be confirmed in this thought, not only by the notions we have of the justice, and holiness of God, and his detestation of sin in general; but by his particular proceedings against a nobler sort of creatures, the angels of heaven, who keeping not their first estate, but disobeying their Maker, were thrown headlong thence into the bottomless regions of despair, *and are reserved in everlasting chains unto the judgment of the great day.* That this must be the wretched fate of lost man. if

no satisfaction can be made to the injured Deity, if no ransom can be paid to offended Justice, seems the plain dictate of our reason.

[To be continued.]

AN EXTRACT FROM THE  
MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held in LONDON, July 29, &c. 1788.

Between the Rev. J. WESLEY, and Others.

*Question.* WHO have died this Year?

*Answer.* **W** *Jeremiah Robertshaw*, who was a good Soldier of Jesus Christ, fairly worn out in his Master's service. He was a pattern of patience for many years (labouring under sharp and almost continual pain) of meekness and gentleness to all men, and of simplicity and godly sincerity.

2. *Joshua Kighley*, who was a young man deeply devoted to God, and greatly beloved by all that knew him. He was

“ About the marriage-state to prove,  
But Death had swifter wings than Love.”

3. *Edward Burbeck*, who from a child was eminent for uprightness, industry, and the fear of God. He was qualified for eminent service in his Lord's vineyard, but was taken just in the dawn of his usefulness.

4. *John Roberts*, who for many years was clearly convinced that God had called him to preach the Gospel. But he delayed from time to time, till at length Conscience prevailed over all other considerations. It was almost too late; for after labouring a few months, he fell into a lingering illness. For some weeks he was in utter darkness: then God scattered the clouds, and gave him to die in peace.

5. Mr.

5. Mr. *Charles Wesley*, who after spending fourscore years with much sorrow and pain, quietly retired into Abraham's bosom. He had no disease; but after a gradual decay of some months

"The weary wheels of life stood still at last."

His least praise was, his talent for Poetry: although Dr. *Watts* did not scruple to say, That "that single poem, *Wrestling Jacob*, is worth all the verses which I have ever written."

6. *John Mealy*, worn out in the service of his Master. He suffered much in his last illness, and died triumphant in the Lord.

7. *John Burnet*, a very pious, devoted, useful young man. He continued through a long illness in a very triumphant state of mind, and departed this life in extraordinary triumph.

Q. Are there any Objections to any of our Preachers?

A. They were examined one by one.

Q. Who have desisted from Travelling?

A. *John Beaumont*, *Thomas Smith*, *Robert Lindsay*, *James Jordan*, *Robert Armstrong*.

Q. How are the Preachers stationed this Year?

A. As follows:

- |   |                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|---|----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | <i>London</i> ,      | <i>John Wesley</i> , <i>Thomas Coke</i> , <i>James Creighton</i> , <i>Peard Dickenson</i> , <i>Henry Moore</i> , <i>Samuel Bradburn</i> : <i>Thomas Rankin</i> , <i>John Atlay</i> , <i>Alexander Suter</i> , <i>Supernumeraries</i> — <i>Joseph Bradford</i> travels with Mr. <i>Wesley</i> . |
| 2 | <i>Suffex</i> ,      | <i>T. Crowther</i> , <i>J. Holmes</i> , <i>T. Jones</i> .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 3 | <i>Kent</i> ,        | <i>J. Pritchard</i> , <i>W. Butterfield</i> , <i>C. Kyte</i> , <i>J. Byron</i> : <i>B. Thomas</i> , <i>Supernumerary</i> .                                                                                                                                                                     |
| 4 | <i>Colchester</i> ,  | <i>J. Harper</i> , <i>T. Broadbent</i> , <i>T. Rogerfon</i> .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 5 | <i>Norwich</i> ,     | <i>J. Poole</i> , <i>R. Reece</i> , <i>T. Kelk</i> .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| 6 | <i>Yarmouth</i> ,    | <i>T. Tattershall</i> , <i>J. Woodrow</i> .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 7 | <i>Lynn</i> ,        | <i>J. Reynolds</i> , <i>W. Green</i> , <i>J. Cricket</i> .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| 8 | <i>Bedford</i> ,     | <i>R. Empringham</i> , <i>T. Ellis</i> .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| 9 | <i>Northampton</i> , | <i>W. Horner</i> , <i>T. Wymont</i> ,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |

10. *Oxfordshire*,

- 10 *Oxfordshire*, J. Pescod, C. Bland, A. Moseley : J. Murlin,  
Supernumerary.
- 11 *Gloucestershire*, R. Hopkins, M. Marshall.
- 12 *Worcestershire*, C. Watkins, T. Wood.
- 13 *Sarum*, W. Thom, W. Holmes, R. Cornish, J.  
Wynscombe, T. Allen.
- 14 *Isle of Jersey*, R. Carr Brackenbury, A. Clarke.
- 15 *Isles of Guernsey* } J. Bredin, J. De Quedeville.  
*and Alderney.* }
- 16 *Bradford*, J. Easton, J. Algar, W. Hoskins, W.  
Hunter, jun. J. Furz, Supernumerary.
- 17 *Bristol*, J. Broadbent, T. Tennant, T. Warrick : J.  
Valton, Supernumerary.
- 18 *Taunton*, J. Cuffens, W. Heath.
- 19 *Tiverton*, W. Ashman, J. Muckarfy.
- 20 *Biddeford*, R. Drew, J. Sandoe.
- 21 *Plymouth*, L. Kane, G. Wadsworth, T. Cooper.
- 22 *St. Austle*, J. Malon, T. Lessy, W. Fish.
- 23 *Redruth*, B. Rhodes, S. Bardsley, R. Phillips.
- 24 *St. Ives*, G. Shadford, J. Gore, J. Sutcliffe, S. Gates.
- 25 *Pembroke*, W. Palmer, C. Bond, F. Truscot.
- 26 *Glamorganshire*, W. Stephens, G. Button.
- 27 *Brecon*, G. Baldwin, W. Church.
- 28 *Birmingham*, A. Blair, Jer. Brettell, J. Moon.
- 29 *Wolverhampton*, M. Horne, Supernumerary, J. Leech, J.  
Brettell.
- 30 *Burslem*, R. Rodda, T. Shaw, T. Dobson.
- 31 *Macclesfield*, J. Allen, J. Tregortha, G. Highfield.
- 32 *Stockport*, T. Rutherford, W. Dufton.
- 33 *Manchester*, T. Taylor, G. Snowden, J. Hall.
- 34 *Bolton*, P. Greenwood, C. Hopper.
- 35 *Cheller*, Robert Roberts, G. Lowe, T. Briscoe,  
Supernumerary.

[To be concluded in our next.]

LETTERS.



## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCCLXXIV.

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

Belterbelt, Oct. 26, 1778.

My dear Sir,

I stand much in need of a judicious friend in many respects. I am quiet alone; there are none of the Methodists near me, nor are there any yet thoroughly awakened within my Cure. The fault, I must own, is mine. I have not been zealous enough: nay, I have been an unfaithful servant; yet this has not proceeded from the fear of man; but I wished not to act precipitately, and to raise the prejudices of the Clergy as little as possible. I meant well; but I see I have acted wrong. Had I been persecuted, I should have been much bolder; but the people are so civil to me, that it has, in a great measure, proved my ruin. It is difficult I see to steer in the middle path.

I have had such a sense of my ignorance and inability, that I have been frequently tempted to think I ought to refrain entirely from preaching. But again I thought I might perhaps be of some use here where the people are exceedingly ignorant. And though they are ready to listen to me, yet they are not willing to hear a Methodist. Could I once open a door here for the Methodist Preachers, I should willingly go to any part of the globe, that God should call me to. I wait to know more of God's will, and unfaithful as I have been, yet it is my sole desire that he may be glorified whatever he is pleased to do with me.

I thought, if I could do any good, poor Ireland wanted it most; and especially the miserable, dark, benighted region where I am at present: therefore I had resolved to continue  
here

after I should be discharged from my Curacy. But I am now inclined to go to England or any where else, if God will give me utterance; for at present I am utterly unfit to appear before a congregation. Were I near you I should be too happy; but O my weakness, my ignorance and inability to fill the place of your assistant! I believe the country would suit my constitution much better than the city, as it never was very strong. Though we must lament the want of discipline in our church, and must confess that many things of lesser moment might be altered for the better; and though I admire the œconomy of the Methodists, so far as I know it; yet I entirely agree with you that they ought not to leave the church. So long as they mingle with the members of it, they may be a means of bringing them in; but if they separate, they will thereby stop the ears and eyes of thousands: these have been my sentiments long before I heard that they were yours. I never was bigotted to opinions, and hope I never shall. My ancestors indeed were Calvinists, and of Scottish extraction; but I was educated, from my childhood, in the principles of our established church. I remain, dear Sir,

Your very humble Servant, and affectionate Brother,

J. C.

L E T T E R CCCCLXXV.

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

Londonderry, Oct. 27, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

**F**OR some time past I have earnestly sought the face of God, that my dark experiences might be revived, and brightened, by fresh evidences of his love. I also, importunately, by fasting and prayer, implored his direction as to my future way of life. In both I hope he has listened to the voice of my

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humble

humble petition. I am no longer under condemnation. My conscience (ever of the tender and trembling kind) is calm, satisfied, and happy. The uproar of wild passions is silenced; and evil concupiscence is daily and hourly dying away. This last, for nine years, has been the enemy's strongest hold. Death only I thought could deliver me; partly suspecting the power of God, partly ignorant of my privilege, and partly neglecting the faithful, continual use of fasting and prayer, under pretence of bodily weakness and infirmity. Now I think differently, and all heaven opens in the thought! My evidences of the divine love have been so extraordinary that I dare not commit them to paper; but shall when I see you in Derry consult you about them, in private. I account myself no longer *ius* Chaplain. I have been ill treated by all ranks, from my patron almost to the lowest of the people. Through grace I have stifled and overcome every resentment, returning them all manner of good for their evil. So that my departure from among them is not a passionate one, nor is it a chimerical one, as it has much been the subject of my thoughts, and prayers for these last two years: and a variety of occurrences so clearly pointing it out that scarcely the shadow of a doubt remains.

I shall ever consider myself as a son of the church of England; ever hold her interests dear to me, and according to my ability promote them to the uttermost. But I cannot do this in the way of the world; and therefore however strange my way of serving her may appear, with the most determined resolution I chuse to do it for the future, by acting in concert with your Preachers, if admitted among them. My mother and friends have been informed of this, and the little storm is over. I am every way prepared to leave Derry with you; and I would fain hope the reasons for my conduct will appear so satisfactory, when you are fully informed of them, that you need not have a scruple about the matter.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate,

J. A.  
LETTER

## L E T T E R CCCCLXXVI.

[From Lady ——— to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Edinburgh, Oct. 28, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

**A**LTHOUGH I have obtained a measure of victory over attachment to persons, places, and things, yet I am not without a desire to see you once more while in the body, if the Lord will. I therefore feel a degree of pain, from your passing to and from Ireland repeatedly, without coming to Edinburgh. May I ask, from whence proceeds this coolness to your Scotch friends? What have they done to forfeit your regard? I confess, appearances are against *me*; but they are only appearances; in heart, I am the same, and surely while I love God, I shall esteem you. You justly say, "Why then do not you write to me sometimes?" I am to blame for my silence; it is one proof amongst others, that I do not fully walk up to my privileges. I hope you will forgive, and forget my seeming neglect herein. Have you no thoughts of coming to Scotland when you are so near as Leeds? If it is the Lord's will, I wish it; if otherwise, I am satisfied, as I am sure his will is best. I wish you and your brethren much of the Divine presence. May he overrule all your determination for his own glory, and the good of his people!

The Society here, has not prospered remarkably for some time past. Their attendance upon the means of grace, depends much upon the Preacher being acceptable, and indeed it is so with the outward hearers also. For this reason ought not some pains be taken to find out those who are most likely to find acceptance with the people? Without meaning to detract from any, you know some are more acceptable to the people than others, perhaps equally, if not much more valuable men. It is now some years since I was delivered from giving way to a desire for one Preacher in preference to another, unless I viewed it closely connected with the prosperity of the work of

God. In this view I will take the liberty to name three; any one or two of whom would be very acceptable, and I hope useful too. Mr. M'N——, Mr. R——d, and Mr. R——.

That God may direct you in all things, is Rev. Sir, the fervant prayer of your most humble servant, and affectionate friend in Jesus,



P O E T R Y.

*An Extract from a Poem on S L A V E R Y.*

[By Miss Hannah More.]

[Concluded from page 560.]

P LEAD not, in reason's palpable abuse,  
 Their sense of feeling callous and obtuse :  
 From heads to hearts lies Nature's plain appeal,  
 Tho' few can reason, all mankind can feel.  
 Tho' polish'd manners may fresh wants invent,  
 And nice distinctions nicer souls torment ;  
 Tho' these on finer spirits heavier fall,  
 Yet natural evils are the same to all.  
 Tho' wounds there are which reason's force may heal,  
 There needs no logic sure to make us feel.  
 The nerve, howe'er untutorèd, can sustain  
 A sharp, unutterable sense of pain ;  
 As exquisitely fashionèd in a slave,  
 As where unequal fate a sceptre gave.  
 Sense is as keen where Congo's sons preside,  
 As where proud Tiber rolls his classic tide.  
 Rhetoric or verse may point the feeling line,  
 They do not whet sensation, but define.  
 Did ever slave less feel the galling chain,  
 When Zeno provèd there was no ill in pain ?

*Their*

*Their miseries philosophic quirks deride,  
Slaves groan in pangs disowned by Stoic pride.*

When the fierce Sun darts vertical his beams,  
And thirst and hunger mix their wild extremes;  
When the sharp iron wounds his inmost soul,  
And his strained eyes in burning anguish roll:  
Will the parched negro find, ere he expire,  
No pain in hunger, and no heat in fire?

For him, when fate his tortured frame destroys,  
What hope of present fame, or future joys?  
For *this*, have heroes shortened nature's date;  
For *that*, have martyrs gladly met their fate;  
But him, forlorn, no hero's pride sustains,  
No martyr's blissful visions sooth his pains;  
Sullen, he mingles with his kindred dust,  
For he has learned to dread the Christian's trust;  
To him what mercy can that Power display,  
Whose servants murder, and whose sons betray?  
Savage! thy venial error I deplore,  
They are *not* Christians who infest thy shore.

O thou sad spirit, whose preposterous yoke  
The great deliverer Death, at length, has broke!  
Released from misery, and escaped from care,  
Go meet that mercy man denied thee here.  
In thy dark home, sure refuge of th' oppressed,  
The wicked vex not, and the weary rest.  
And, if some notions, vague and undefined,  
Of future terrors have assailed thy mind;  
If such thy masters have presumed to teach,  
As terrors only they are prone to preach;  
As terrors only they are prone to preach;  
(For shou'd they paint eternal Mercy's reign,  
Where were the oppressor's rod, the captive's chain?)  
If, then, thy troubled soul has learned to dread  
The dark unknown thy trembling footsteps tread;

On

On HIM, who made thee what thou art, depend;  
 HE, who withholds the means, accepts the end.  
 Not *thine* the reckoning dire of LIGHT abused,  
 KNOWLEDGE disgracéd, and LIBERTY misuséd;  
 On *thee* no awful judge incenséd shall sit  
 For parts perverted, and dishonouréd wit.  
 Where ignorance will be found the surest plea;  
 How many learnéd and wise shall envy *thee*!

And thou WHITE SAVAGE! whether lust of gold,  
 Or lust of conquest rule thee uncontroléd!  
 Hero, or robber!—by whatever name  
 Thou plead thy impious claim to wealth or fame:  
 Whether inferior mischiefs be thy boast,  
 A petty tyrant rising Gambia's coast:  
 Or bolder carnage track thy crimson way,  
 Kings dispossestéd, and Provinces thy prey;  
 Panting to tame wide earth's remotest bound;  
 All Cortez murderéd, all Columbus found;  
 O'er plunderéd realms to reign, detested Lord,  
 Make millions wretched, and thyself abhorred;—  
 In Reason's eye, in Wisdom's fair account,  
 Your sum of glory boasts a like amount;  
 The means may differ, but the end's the same;  
 Conquest is pillage with a nobler name.  
 Who makes the sum of human blessings less,  
 Or sinks the stock of general happiness,  
 No solid fame shall grace, no true renown  
 His life shall blazon, or his memory crown.

Had these advent'rous spirits who explore  
 Thro' ocean's trackless wastes, the far-sought shore;  
 Whether of wealth insatiate, or of power,  
 Conquerors who waste, or ruffians who devour:  
 Had these possesséd, O COOK! thy gentle mind,  
 Thy love of arts, thy love of humankind;  
 Had these pursuéd thy mild and liberal plan,  
 DISCOVERERS had not been a curse to man!

Then,

Then, blessèd Philanthropy! thy social hands  
 Had linkèd disseverèd worlds in brothers bands ;  
 Careless, if colour, or if clime divide ;  
 Then, lovèd and loving, man hath livèd, and dièd.

The purest wreaths which hang on glory's shrine,  
 For empires founded, peaceful PENN ! are thine ;  
 No blood-stainèd laurels crownèd thy virtuous toil,  
 No slaughtered natives drenchèd thy far-earn'd soil.  
 Still thy meek spirit in thy flock survives,  
 Consistent still, *their* doctrines rule their lives ;  
 Thy followers only \* have effacèd the shame,  
 Inscribèd by SLAVERY on the Christian name.

Shall Britain, where the soul of Freedom reigns,  
 Forge chains for others she herself disdains ?  
 Forbid it, Heaven ! O let the nations know  
 The liberty she loves she will bestow ;  
 Not to herself the glorious gift confinèd,  
 She spreads the blessing wide as humankind ;  
 And, scorning narrow views of time and place,  
 Bids all be free in earth's extended space.

What page of human annals can record  
 A deed so bright as human rights restorèd ?  
 O may that god-like deed, that shining page,  
 Redeem OUR fame, and consecrate OUR age !

And see, the cherub Mercy from above,  
 Descending softly, quits the sphere of love !  
 On feeling hearts she sheds celestial dew,  
 And breathes her spirit o'er the enlightenèd few ;  
 From soul to soul the spreading influence steals,  
 Till every breast the soft contagion feels.  
 She bears, exulting to the burning shore  
 The loveliest office Angel ever bore :  
 To vindicate the power in Heaven adorèd,  
 To still the clank of chains, and sheathe the sword ;

\* Not so. Vast multitudes in Great Britain and Ireland are, at present,  
 as great enemies to Slavery as ever the Quakers were.



To cheer the mourner, and with soothing hands  
 From bursting hearts unbind the Oppressor's bands ;  
 To raise the lustre of the Christian name,  
 And clear the foulest blot that dims its fame.

As the mild Spirit hovers o'er the coast,  
 A fresher hue the wither'd landscapes boast ;  
 Her healing smiles the ruin'd scenes repair,  
 And blasted Nature wears a joyous air.  
 She spreads her blest commission from above,  
 Stamp'd with the sacred characters of love ;  
 She tears the banner stain'd with blood and tears,  
 And, LIBERTY ! thy shining standard rears !  
 As the bright ensign's glory she displays,  
 See pale OPPRESSION faints beneath the blaze !  
 The giant dies ! no more his frown appals,  
 The chain untouched, drops off ; the fetter falls.  
 Astonish'd echo tells the vocal shore,  
 Oppression's fallen, and Slavery is no more !  
 The dusky myriads crowd the sultry plain,  
 And hail that mercy long invoc'd in vain.  
 Victorious Power ! she burst their two-fold bands,  
 And FAITH and FREEDOM spring from Mercy's hands.

*An EPI T A P H on Mr. ELIJAH FENTON.*

**T**HIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,  
 May truly say, " Here lies an honest man ;"  
 A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,  
 Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great :  
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,  
 Content with science in the vale of peace.  
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here  
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;  
 From nature's temperate feast rose satisfi'd,  
 Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he di'd.





M. LAWRENCE KANE.

Ætatis 30.

T H E

# Arminian Magazine,

For DECEMBER 1788.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

[Continued from page 565.]

C H A P. II.

*Concerning the Perseverance of Saints.*

**T**HE scriptures which expressly assert the possibility that true believers, men truly just and righteous may fall away from their righteousness, and die in their iniquity, are among many others these following.

I. *When the righteous turneth away from his righteousness and committeth iniquity, and doth according to all the abominations which the wicked man doth, shall he live? All his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned; in the trespasses that he hath trespassed, and in the sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die. When a righteous man turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity and dieth in them, for his iniquity that he hath done shall he die. When I shall say to the righteous*

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*he shall surely live, if he trust to his righteousness, and commit iniquity, all his righteousness shall not be remembered; but for his iniquity that he hath committed he shall die. When the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity he shall die thereby. Where*

Observe 1st. That God is here asserting the righteousness of his ways against the murmurings of the Jews, that they died for their father's sins; for that this was the import of their proverb, *The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge*, is evident from God's answer to this proverb, *That every one should die for his own iniquity*, Jer. xxxi. 29. and to these murmurers, that *the soul that sinneth it shall die*, Ezek. xviii. 3.

2dly. Observe that the righteous man here spoken of is one truly righteous; for he is one who *sinneth not, committeth not iniquity, and turneth not away from his righteousness*; one who walketh in God's statutes and keepeth his judgments; yea *who walketh in the statutes of life without committing iniquity*; and therefore assuredly is one who is truly and inwardly righteous, and not in outward profession only. "To affirm, saith Mr. Thorndyke, that the prophet of God, speaking in God's name, and of the esteem and reward which God hath for the righteous and unrighteous, speaks only of that which seemeth righteousness and unrighteousness to the world, or which a hypocrite himself thinks such, is such an open scorn to God's word, as cannot be maintained but by taking righteousness to signify unrighteousness, and turning for not turning; but continuing in the wickedness which was at the heart when he professed otherwise."

3dly. The man who is here said to die, is said to die not only for, but *in his iniquity*, and to be *taken away in his iniquity*, and so must die not only temporally but eternally. The way which God directs him to, that he may escape this death is *to repent and turn himself from all his iniquity, and make him a new heart, and a new spirit*, and then the promise is, that *all his transgressions*

*transgressions shall not be mentioned, that is, imputed to him; and therefore the life promised to him that doth so, must be life eternal; and consequently the death following on the neglect to do so, must be death eternal. And lastly, the righteous man who turneth away from his righteousness is one who committeth iniquity, and doth according to all the abominations which the wicked man doth; and therefore must be one to whom belongs the portion of the wicked, which is death eternal; that therefore must be the punishment here threatened to him for turning away from his righteousness.*

And 4thly. Whereas some take refuge in the supposed conditional proposal of the words, 1st. They fly for refuge, to a mere mistake the words in the original being not *if*, but *in the day that he turns away from his righteousness*. And again, when *I say to the righteous he shall live, and he trust in his righteousness*. 2dly. The same form of words is used concerning the wicked turning away from his wickedness; and yet none doubts but the prophet then speaks what is very possible. Nor can it reasonably be supposed that an all-wise God should go about to justify the equity of his ways, only by supposing things impossible by virtue of his own decree.

Arg. 2. 2dly. This doctrine of the possibility of the final departure of true believers from the faith, is as fully contained in these words, Heb. vi. 4, 5, 6. *It is impossible for them who were once enlightened, N. B. and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, και παραπισώσαντες, and yet fall away, to renew them again to repentance, &c. For,*

1st. That this is spoken of them who wore once true Believers, is evident, 1st. from the word *enlightened*; for the same *Apostle*, in the same *Epistle*, and in a place of the same import, speaking to the same persons, saith, that *after they were enlightened they endured a great fight of afflictions, and took joyfully the spoiling of their goods; knowing they had in heaven a better*

and a more enduring substance. They therefore who were so enlightened as to know they had an inheritance in heaven, and that they should inherit the promises, if they did not cast away their confidence, were doubtless true believers, 2dly. From the words following, *It is impossible to renew them to repentance* from dead works, v. 1. they therefore had once truly repented; for I suppose the Apostle did not speak of *laying again the foundation* of a hypocritical repentance, nor did he judge it a thing impossible to produce that in them; the phrase, *It is impossible to renew them again to repentance*, seems plainly to imply that they were once truly in that state to which they were to be renewed, and also their loss of it.

3dly. That the persons here mentioned must fall totally and finally, is also evident, because the Apostle doth pronounce it a thing impossible to renew them to repentance. And 2dly, he declares their repentance impossible on this account, that they crucified to themselves afresh the Son of God, and put him to an open shame, and so to them there remained no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for of judgment, chap. x. 26, 27.

This seemeth evident from the place parallel to this, *If we sin wilfully* (by falling off from christianity) *after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remains* (to us) *no more sacrifice for sin; but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. He that despised Moses's law died without mercy, &c. Of how much sorer punishment suppose ye then shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath accounted the blood of the Covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite to the spirit of grace? For,*

1st. That the Apostle speaks of them who had received the remission of their past sins by faith in the blood of the New Testament, and so of them who had true justifying faith, is evident from these words, that they were sanctified by his blood; for to be sanctified, throughout this whole Epistle, and more assuredly to be sanctified with the blood of Christ, hath still relation to our justification, procured by the blood of Christ, and not to the inward sanctification of our nature by the Spirit of Christ.

2dly. That

2dly. That they who so sinned that there remained *no more sacrifice for their sin*, but only a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, and so as to do despite to the Spirit of Grace, by rejecting him as a lying spirit, and his gifts and miracles as illusions, and so were guilty of the sin against the Holy Ghost, fell totally and finally, is so evident, that I know none who ever ventured to deny it.

4. Arg. 4. This is still farther evident from the following words of the same chapter, ver. 38, *Now the just shall live by faith, but if he draw back my soul shall have no pleasure in him*; where observe,

1st. That the word signifies to draw back, refuse, and fly from a thing; and so the object of it being here faith, must signify the drawing back of the person spoken of from the faith, and so, as it here follows, must be his *drawing back unto perdition*, usually out of fear of persecutions; and God here solemnly declares his *soul shall have no pleasure in him*, and then he must lie under his sad displeasure. Note,

2dly. That *ἰὰν ἀποστάνται*, *if he draws back*, refers plainly to the *just man who lives by his faith*; the words therefore plainly suppose, that the *just man who loveth by that faith*, in which if he persisted he would save his soul, may *draw back unto perdition*; and this is also evident from the ensuing words, *my soul shall have no pleasure in him*; for they do plainly intimate that God took pleasure in him before his drawing back, for otherwise this threat would signify nothing, the Lord taking pleasure only in just men, and such as live by faith.

3dly. That *καὶ ἰὰν*, may be rendered not hypothetically, *and if*, but, and *when the just man draweth back*; for that this is a very common sense of the particle, *ἰὰν*, see note on Heb. iii. 15. But if we read the words hypothetically, the supposition cannot be of a thing impossible; for then God must be supposed to speak thus: if the just man do that which I know it is impossible for him to do, and which I am obliged by promise to preserve him from doing, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. Which is to make God seriously to threaten men for such a sin of



of which they are not capable, and of which they are obliged to believe they are not capable, if they be obliged to believe the doctrine of Perseverance, and so to make his threatnings of none effect.

[To be continued.]

S E R M O N XLVIII.

On HEBREWS xi. 6.

[Concluded from page 570.]

10. **I**NDEED nearly fifty years ago, when the Preachers commonly called Methodists, began to preach that grand scriptural doctrine, Salvation by Faith, they were not sufficiently apprised of the difference between a servant and a child of God. They did not clearly understand, that even one *who feared God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him.* In consequence of this, they were apt to make sad the hearts of those whom God had not made sad. For they frequently asked those who feared God, "Do you know, that your sins are forgiven?" And upon their answering, "No," immediately replied, "Then you are a child of the devil." No; that does not follow. It might have been said, (and it is all that can be said with propriety) "Hitherto you are only a *servant*: you are not a *child* of God. You have already great reason to praise God that he has called you to his honourable service. Fear not. Continue crying unto him: *and you shall see greater things than these.*"

11. And indeed, unless the servants of God halt by the way, they will receive the adoption of sons. They will receive the *faith* of the children of God by his *revealing* his only begotten Son in their hearts. Thus, the faith of a child is properly and directly, a divine conviction, whereby every child of God is enabled to testify, *The life that I now live, I live by faith in*  
th.

*the Son of God; who loved me, and gave himself for me. And whosoever hath this, the Spirit of God witnesseth with his spirit, that he is a child of God. So the Apostle writes to the Galatians, Ye are the sons of God by faith. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father: that is, giving you a childlike confidence in him, together with a kind affection toward him. This then it is, that (if St. Paul was taught of God, and wrote as he was moved by the Holy Ghost,) properly constitutes the difference between a servant of God and a child of God. He that believeth as a child of God, hath the witness in himself. This the servant hath not. Yet let no man discourage him: rather lovingly exhort him to expect it every moment!*

12. It is easy to observe, that all the sorts of faith which we can conceive, are reducible to one or other of the preceding. But let us covet the best gifts, and follow the most excellent way. There is no reason why you should be satisfied with the faith of a Materialist, a Heathen, or a Deist: nor indeed, with that of a Servant: I do not know that God requires it at your hands: indeed if you have received this, you ought not to cast it away. You ought not in any wise to undervalue it, but to be truly thankful for it. Yet in the meantime, beware how you rest here: press on till you receive the Spirit of Adoption. Rest not, till that spirit clearly witnesseth with your spirit, that you are a child of God.

II. I proceed in the second place, to draw a few Inferences from the preceding Observations.

1. And I would first infer, in how dreadful a state, if there be a God, is a Materialist! One who denies not only the Lord that bought him, but also the Lord that made him! *Without faith it is impossible to please God: but it is impossible he should have any faith at all; any conviction of any invisible world; for he believes there is no such thing: any conviction of the being of a God: for a material God is no god at all. For you cannot possibly suppose the Sun or Skies to be God;*

any

any more than you can suppose a god of wood or stone. And farther, whosoever believes, all things to be mere matter, must of course believe, that all things are governed by dire necessity? Necessity, that is as inexorable as the winds, as ruthless as the rocks, as merciless as the waves that dash upon them, or the poor shipwrecked mariners! Who then shall help thee, thou poor desolate wretch, when thou art most in need of help? Winds, and seas, and rocks, and storms! Such are the best helpers, which the Materialists can hope for!

2. Almost equally desperate is the case of the poor *Deist*, how learned, yea how moral so ever he be. For you likewise, though you may not advert to it, are really *without God in the world*. See your religion, "the religion of nature delineated" by the ingenious Mr. *Wollaston*: (whom I remember to have seen when I was at school, attending the public service at the *Charterhouse* Chapel.) Does he found his religion upon God? Nothing less. He founds it on Truth. Abstract Truth. But does he not by that expression mean God? No; he sets him out of the question; and builds a beautiful castle in the air, without being beholden either to him or his word. See your smooth-tongued *Orator of Glasgow*, one of the most pleasing Writers of the age. Has he any more to do with God on his system than Mr. *Wollaston*? Does he deduce his "Idea of Virtue," from him? As the *Father of Lights*, the Source of all Good? Just the contrary. He not only plans his whole Theory without taking the least notice of God, but toward the close of it proposes that question, "Does the having an eye to God in an action, enhance the virtue of it?" He answers, No: it is so far from this, that if in doing a virtuous, that is a benevolent action, a man mingles a desire to please God, the more there is of this desire, the less virtue there is in that action. Never before did I meet with either Jew, Turk, or Heathen who so flatly renounced God as this Christian Professor!

3. But with Heathens, Mahometans and Jews, we have to present nothing to do: only we may wish that their lives did not

not shame many of us that are called Christians. We have not much more to do, with the members of the Church of Rome. But we cannot doubt that many of them, like the excellent Archbishop of *Cambray*, still retain (notwithstanding many mistakes,) that faith that worketh by love. And how many of the Protestants enjoy this, whether members of the Church, or of other Congregations? We have reason to believe a considerable number, both of one and the other: (and blessed be God an increasing number) in every part of the land.

4. Once more. I exhort you that fear God and work righteousness, you that are servants of God, first, flee from all sin, as from the face of a serpent, being

“ Quick as the apple of an eye,  
The slightest touch of sin to feel :”

and to work righteousness, to the utmost of the power you now have: to abound in works both of piety and mercy: and, secondly, continually to cry to God, that he would reveal his Son in your hearts, to the intent you may be no more servants, but sons; having his love shed abroad in your hearts, and walking in the glorious liberty of the children of God.

5. I exhort you, Lastly, who already feel the Spirit of God witnessing with your spirit, that you are the children of God; follow the advice of the Apostle, *Walk in all the good works whereunto ye are created in Christ Jesus*. And then leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and not laying again the foundation, of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, go on to perfection. Yea, and when ye have attained a measure of perfect love, when God has *circumcised your hearts*, and enabled you to love him with all your heart and with all your soul; think not of resting there. That is impossible. You cannot stand still; you must either rise or fall; rise higher or fall lower. Therefore the voice of God to the children of Israel, to the children of God is, “ Go forward.” *Forgetting the things*

*that are behind, and reaching forward unto those that are before, press on to the mark, for the prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus!*

Stockport, April 9, 1788.

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*An Account of Mr. JOHN PRICKARD.*

[Written by Himself.]

[Continued from page 573.]

A Few months after, *Robert Phillips* urged me very fervently to begin to preach. I was much affected while he spoke to me on that head. But when he asked me if I ever felt any inclination or disposition of mind towards it, I could not say but I had; yet I could not say assuredly that it was from God: therefore I always suppressed the thoughts. Soon after, one of the Preachers was taken ill, and I went to *Lan-ush* to desire Mr. *Watkins* to go and preach for him at *Langene*. But as Mr. *W.* was ill also, he desired me to go. But I told him I durst not, till I was sure I was called of God.

The next week Brother *Phillip* collected together some of the most sensible and pious of *our* Society, and one *Watkin Watkins*, (a gracious young man) of Lady Huntington's Society. We continued in prayer till near midnight; and before we parted, all present, with one consent declared, they believed God had called me to preach the Gospel, and urged me at last to make a trial. I was still very timorous, and must own I had a dislike to being a Methodist Preacher, knowing that he has a larger portion of reproach than others. Yet this was not the principal reason of my reluctance; but the very great importance of the work. But as I durst not be inattentive to the persuasion of my friends, and to what I felt in my own heart, when most happy. I consented to make a trial, and accordingly went to *Langene*. And though I was not so happy as usual in my own mind, (being  
much

much agitated) yet the power of the Lord was present. He gave me utterance and many were comforted greatly. But this did not satisfy me. For as there were none awakened, nor justified that I knew of, I resolved as I went home that I would go no more. Indeed I was *very* glad that the trial was over, and that I had now, as I thought, *full proof* that I was *not called*, and that I should no more be troubled with such thoughts. But God forgave me this rash resolution, and my reluctance to take up the cross. When I went home all my friends were still of the same opinion, that I should go on. Mr. *Watkins* went to the same place the following Sunday, and gave out that I should be there on that day week. I went with great reluctance, but just before the time of preaching, I poured out my soul before the Lord in prayer, intreating him to give me a token of his will in blessing my endeavours if he approved of my proceedings. I prayed in faith, and the Lord heard me. My own soul was overwhelmed with divine love, and many were filled with the presence of the Lord, and some with godly sorrow. From that time I have been kept from having many doubts respecting my call to preach the Gospel.

The following spring and summer I exercised my small talents, principally in the neighbourhood where I began. And at the end of the year both Mr. *Dempster* and Mr. *Rhoda* advised me to give myself up entirely to the work at the ensuing Conference; but as I much doubted my abilities for a Travelling Preacher, and thought I should be useful in that neighbourhood, as a Local Preacher, I declined it. After Conference I had work enough; for there was one Preacher less than the year before appointed for the Circuit; and I was called to supply the vacant Sundays at *Brecon* and the *Hay*.

Mr. *Fletcher's* First Check came out about this time. I read it with attention and prayer, and all that followed as they came out: and I bless God I ever saw them; for I have had no doubt of the truth ever since.

Several of the Preachers every year advised me to travel; but as I was useful where I was, I could not think of leaving that town till God had raised one up to supply my place, as a Local Preacher; especially as I knew the Circuit was not able to support another Travelling Preacher.

The summer following I lost a good friend, Mr. *Howel Harris*. He had often given me good advice. I went to see him about nine days before he died. I shall never forget his parting words to me and another young Preacher: "My dear young men, said he, wherever you are, take care to maintain that the only reason why *all* are not saved is, that which the Saviour hath given, they will not come unto me that they may have life." The next winter I lost another great friend; the dearest to me of any man living, Mr. *Watkins of Lan-usk*. He had been a zealous Preacher for twenty years, and enjoyed the love of God uninterruptedly for four and twenty years. He had taken great pains with me from our first acquaintance. When I took my last farewell of him he said, "O my dear John, (the tears flowing from his eyes) the Enemy strives to have my life; but it is hid with Christ in God." He died soon after in full triumph of faith. I may safely say that he did not leave his fellow behind him, in all that country, for deep piety, christian experience, zeal for God and true benevolence. He feared not the face of *any man*, if he met him in defence of the cause of God; but I have seen him submit like a lamb when his own reputation has been shamefully traduced, though I knew he was as innocent as a new born child of the things laid to his charge. Thus lived, and thus died my dear friend; and as such I mourned for him. O that I may be found at his feet in the day of the Lord!

[To be continued.]

An Account of Mr. HENRY FOSTER : in a Letter to the Rev.  
J. WESLEY.

[Concluded from page 578.]

TO this covenant\* he often recured in his last illness, and would frequently say, "I am not my own: I am the Lord's and he is mine by covenant-agreement." For when he entered into this covenant and subscribed it, it appears he was so blessed, and comforted, that he always believed, God not only approved of it, but actually took him into a nearer union with him, than he otherwise would have been.

He often talked of eternity in transports of joy, and seemed to have a pleasure in it that was much better understood, from his expressive looks, than from his words.

I remember once, when I had been preaching about the near connection there is between us, and the invisible world, he came into the house, in an extasy unutterable, and said, "I fear my desire to depart is too great." Once at a Love-feast in *Malton*, he was so filled with God that he cried out, "Lord, stay thy hand, or the vessel will burst!" That he was delivered from the fear of death, and could look upon the approach of eternity with delight, appeared from the whole of his conversation, and also from a letter he wrote to a friend, which I here subjoin.

May 28, 1785.

"Dear Brother,

My life is far spent, and I am drawing near to the confines of eternity! but my life is hid with Christ in God. When I lose all, I shall gain all.

If I had any choice in such things, I should choose to be buried at *Leffingham*, but the will of the blessed Lord be done;  
for

\* See the two preceding Numbers of this Work.



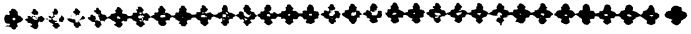
for these bodies of ours, wherever laid, will soon be called from their native dust. Then shall we meet in the air, to be for ever with the Lord.

O my full heart! I have much to say, but nature fails! I am not able to write; but if God should appoint (meaning after death) my freed spirit, to do you any kind office, O how swiftly would I fly on the wings of love!"

As he drew near his end, he was so weak, that his friends were forced to be very careful in laying the bed clothes on him, lest the wind of them, should take away his breath. Yet a night or two before he died, he awoke and looked up to the tester of the bed, and with a loud voice, and a look full of heaven, and of God, said, "The curtain is fallen!—I see Jesus!—I see his hands and feet, and the prints of his nails!—I see the Prophets, and Apostles, and the mother of Jesus!"—But our friends were so flustered, and at the same time, delighted with his words, and heavenly appearance, that they could not remember a word more, though he spoke for above half an hour. After this he sunk down into a calm, and an almost insensible state; hardly noticing any thing more, till his spirit returned to God, which was on April 12th, 1787.

P. M.

Scarborough, May 5, 1787.



*An Account of the Death of RICHARD RUSSEL, who departed this Life June 13, 1787, in the 80th year of his Age.*

**R**ICHARD RUSSEL was a Shipwright in his Majesty's yard at Deptford. He was many years a member of the Methodist Society there, and was truly an ornament to religion. The sweetness of his manner in reproving sin, in high and low was such, that none could be offended at him. He overcame all his enemies with love; and towards

his

his latter end, was beloved and revered by all in the Yard, both officers and men.

When orders came to work on the Lord's-day, he could not be prevailed on to comply, though it was expected he would be dismissed on that account; especially as he was old and infirm. On these occasions he used to say, "As the King of kings has forbid it, I cannot do it:" and therefore it was overlooked in him.

About a quarter past nine, on the evening on which he died, he was standing at his door, speaking to two men about their souls, and advising them to look unto Jesus. When they were gone, he came in, and asked for his supper; but soon after finding himself struck with death, he said, "I am going to glory! I am going to my Father's house! Now I am going home indeed!" And began singing, "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!"

As he sat in his chair, he fell forward, and would have fallen to the ground, had not his daughter caught him and prevented it. When he came to himself he desired to go into the yard, when his son, with another man, helped him. As he was going, he sung hallelujah so loud that the neighbours heard him. When they got him back into the room, they undressed him, and about half past ten o'clock, got him to bed: while he, all the time, continued praising God, and exhorting his son to follow him, as he had followed Christ.

When he was put into bed, he fell into a sweet sleep for about half an hour, and then awoke praising God. Soon after he fell into a doze again, and in about an hour slept in Jesus! The last word they could hear him speak, were, "My Jesus! My Jesus!"

For many years he had been steady and uniform in his christian conversation, and though a poor man, he was a credit to religion. He had, through grace, such a command over his passions, that I knew not one who ever saw him out of temper. I verily believe, his continually speaking to all  
who

who came in his way was the means of his bringing many to God; especially one whom I knew, that is now an excellent Preacher of the Gospel.

J. D.

Reader, Go thou and do likewise!

*A short Account of the Death of Miss ANN RITSON, who died March 23, 1788.*

**A**NN RITSON was serious from her childhood; having early experienced the divine drawings; which were a means of preserving her from outward evil. Indeed her whole conduct was remarkable, for a person of her years, in her dutifulness to her parents, and not following the vain customs of the world. In her dress, she always desired a plain neatness, though at that time a stranger to a real work of grace. About the latter end of November she fell into a consumption, which was the means of bringing her to her end.

In the beginning of this illness, when a friend was conversing with her about dying, she said, "You may believe me, I have no desire of getting better." About that time, being with her father and mother, she sung the 276th hymn, throughout;

"Come, Saviour, Jesus from above;  
Assist me with thy heavenly grace!  
Withdraw my heart from worldly love,  
And for thyself prepare the place:"

she sung it with such earnestness, that her father and mother were greatly affected.

In the beginning of her illness she seemed to express a desire of getting better; which her parents observing, they spoke to the Preachers to call and see her; which they accordingly did.

They

They had not conversed with her long before she was convinced, that her strict outward morality was not sufficient to recommend her to the divine favour. By those means she was made sensible of her state by nature, and of the necessity of being born again.

About which time, labouring under great pains, and weakness of body, she cried out, "O mother, I am heavily afflicted, and not ready to die! What must I do!" Her mother answered, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. As her pains increased, so also did her good desires. On the 12th of February the Lord was pleased to set her soul at liberty. On this she broke out into an extasy of joy saying, "I am happy! O praise the Lord with me! I am happy! I am happy in the love of God!"

On the morning following, she desired her father to read the 103d Psalm, and said, "Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!" From this time she was very comfortable, and frequently expressed her strong confidence in God.

Besides labouring under heavy afflictions of body, she was at times exercised with sore temptations: but the Lord always came to her help.

One night after prayer, she cried out, "O pray for me; the enemy tells me that I am not ready." But upon their resting with God in prayer, she was delivered: after which time, the enemy was not permitted to make many attempts upon her.

On Monday the 10th instant when under a degree of heaviness, she cried out, "If it be thy blessed will take thy exile home!" In about ten minutes after, turning herself in bed, and clapping her hands, she cried, "Praise God for me! Now I am upon the wing, just upon the wing for heaven!" When her mother said, O thy weak body! she answered, "My affliction is nothing! My pain is gone! My soul is happy in God!

Why! O why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming!  
Come sweet Jesus come quickly!" She then said, in the words  
of the Hymn,

" Pain my old companion pain,  
Seldom parted from my side,  
Welcome to thy seat again ;  
Here, if God permits, abide."

Adding,

Come and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in hymns divine."

She was all that week happy in the love of God. And though labouring under great pains, she desired that none might sit up with her in the night, saying, " I have sweet company! My Jesus will let me have a good night : " and in the morning, she would say, " O what a good night I have had ! I have had my Saviour with me."

On the Wednesday morning she was again in an extasy of joy, and cried out,

" To wait for thy coming is sweet,  
To weep for thy longer delay ;  
But thou whom we hasten to meet,  
Shalt chase all our sorrows away."

In the afternoon she cried out, " I am full of the love of God ! I can hold no more ! Pray that God may enlarge my vessel." Then bursting into tears, she said, " Surely I do not offend God in this ! I would wait his time : I have not a pain too much."

A friend asking her if she could part with her father and mother, she said, " Yes, willingly to go to him I love better. I should be glad if I could take one of them in either hand." On Sunday the 16th, a few friends being with her at prayer, she

was

was exceedingly happy. One when departing said, Farewel Nancy, the Lord blefs you! to whom she cheerfully replied, "Farewel! the Lord does blefs me; and he will blefs me!"

One of her cousins calling to see her as she was going to preaching, she said, "Hear as if it was your last time! Hear for eternity!" And when one of her uncles called to see her, the day following, she desired him to make ready, to meet her in heaven, saying, "I shall soon be there! and it will be an awful thing if at last some of the same family be found in heaven and some in hell!"

On the Friday following, being Good-Friday, a friend offering her her medicine, she said, "No need of physick now! I shall soon be with Jesus in glory!" At night as her father and mother were sitting up with her, she said, "I should be glad if it was Sunday, that I might rise with Christ." When she was in great pain, she said, "They are not like the drops of blood, which my Saviour shed for me in the garden!" adding, "For me a lost sinner." On the Saturday night she cried, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" On the Sunday morning, she said to her father and mother, who were weeping by her, "Do not weep! Do not do so!" and soon after, without a sigh or a groan, fell asleep in Jesus.

N. B. The writer of this account has not favoured us with her age; but all the circumstances thereof shew, she was very young: considerably short of twenty. Blessed, and for ever blessed are they, who *thus* remember their Creator in the days of their youth! Who employ the morning of life, the vigour of youth, and the prime of their strength, in seeking happiness in God. Such may be despised on earth; but they are the delight of God, the joy of angels, and the wonder of all heaven! You who are now in the prime of life, see that you labour to be of the number!

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

[Continued from page 587.]

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

I Cannot conclude this part better, than with an essay on the  
Production, Nourishment, and Operation of Plants and  
Animals.

S E C T. I.

*Creatures produce their own kind.*

WHEN I survey the works of Nature with an attentive eye, I am surprized to find with what marvellous exactness every Creature draws its own likeness, though in different manners of operation. The fox produces a living fox; the goose drops her egg, and hatches the young goose; and the tulip lets fall its seed into the earth, which ferments and swells, and labours long in the ground, till at last it brings forth a tulip.

Is it the natural sagacity of foxes that enables them to form their own image so accurately? By no means; for the goose and the flower do the like: the sprightly and the stupid, the sensible and the senseless, work this wonder with equal regularity and perfection; and the Plant performs it as well as the Animal.

It is not possible that any of them should effect this by any peculiar rules of art and contrivance: for neither the one nor the other are at all acquainted with the composition or progress of their work. The bird is entirely ignorant of the wondrous vital ferment of her own egg, either in the formation of it, or the incubation: and the mother-plant knows as much of the parts of the young plant, as the mother-animal knows of the inward springs and movements of the young little animal. There could be no contrivance here: for not any of them had  
any

any thought or design of the final production: they were all moved, both the beast, bird and flower, by the material and mechanical springs of their own nature to continue their own species, but without any such intent or purpose.

Give souls to all the animal race, and make those souls as intelligent as you can; attribute to them what good sense you please in other affairs of their puny life; allow the brutes to be as rational and as cunning as you could wish or fancy, and to perform a thousand tricks by their own sagacity; yet in this matter, those intellectual powers must all stand by as useless: the senseless vegetable has as much skill here as the animal; the goose is as wise as the fox or the greyhound; they draw their own portraits with as exquisite art and accuracy, and leave as perfect images behind them to perpetuate their kind. Amazing proof and incontestable argument of some Superior Wisdom; Some transcendent contriving mind. Some Divine Artificer that made all these wondrous machines, and set them at work! The animal and the vegetable in these productions are but mere instruments under his Supreme Ruling power; like artless pencils in a painter's hand, to form the images that his thought had before designed: and it is that God alone, who before all worlds contrived these models of every species in his own original idea, that appoints what under-agents he will employ to copy them.

In the week of the Creation, he had the *earth* teem with beasts and plants: and the *earth* like a common mother brought forth the lion, the fox, and the dog, as well as the cedar and the tulip, Gen. i. 11. 24. He commanded the *water* to produce the first fish and fowl; behold the *waters* grow pregnant; the trout and the dolphin break forth into life: the goose and the sparrow arise and shake their wings, Gen. i. 20, 21. But two common parents, *earth* and *water* to the whole animal and vegetable world! A God needs no more. And though he was pleased to make use of the water and the earth in these first productions,



productions, yet the power and the skill were just the same as if he had made them immediately with his own hands.

Ever since that week of Creative Wonders, God has ordered all these creatures to fill the world with inhabitants of their own kind; and they have obeyed in a long succession of almost six thousand years. He has granted (shall I say) a Divine Patent to each creature for the sole production of its own likeness, with an utter prohibition to all the rest; but still under the everlasting influence of his own Supreme Agency, upon the moving atoms that form these plants or animals. God himself is the Creator still.

And it is evident that he has kept a reserve of sovereignty to himself, and has displayed the ensigns of it in some important hours. Egypt was once a glorious and tremendous scene of this sovereignty: it was there that he ordered the rod of Moses, a dry and lifeless vegetable, to raise a swarm of living animals, to call up a brood of lice in millions without a parent, and to animate the dust of the ground into a noisom army.

It was there he bade Moses wave the same rod over the streams and the ponds, and the silent rod under divine influence would bring forth croaking legions out of the waters without number.

But these are his works of miracle and astonishment, when he has a mind to shew himself the Sovereign and the Controller of nature: without his immediate commission not one creature can invade the province of another, nor perform any thing of this work but within its own peculiar tribe. Even Man, the glory of this lower creation, and the wisest being on earth, would in vain attempt to make one of these common vegetables, or these curious animated moving machines. Not all the united powers of human nature, nor a council of the nicest artificers with all their enginry and skill, can form the least part of these works, can compose a fox's tail, a goose-quill, or a tulip-leaf. Nature is the art of God, and it must for ever be unrivalled by the sons of men.

Yet man can produce a man. Admirable effect, but artless cause!

cause! A poor, limited, inferior agent! The plant and the brute in this matter are his rivals, and his equals too. The human parent and the parent bird form their own images with equal skill, and are confined each to its own work. So the iron seal transfers its own figure to the clay with as much exactness and curiosity as the golden one: both can transfer only their own figure.

This appears to me a glorious instance wherein the wisdom and power of God maintain their own supremacy, and triumph over all the boasted reason and intellectual skill of men; that the wisest son of Adam in this noblest work of nature, can do no more than a flower or a fly; and if he would go out of his own species, and the appointed order of things, he is not able to make a fly, or a flower; no, not a worm, nor a simple bulrush. In those productions wherein mankind are merely the instruments of the God of Nature, their work is vital and divine; but if they would set up for prime artificers, they can do nothing; a dead statue, a painted shadow on a canvass, or perhaps a little brazen clock-work is the supreme pride of their art, their highest excellence and perfection.

Let the atheist then exert his utmost stretch of understanding: let him try the force of all his mechanical powers, to compose the wing of a butterfly, or the meanest feather of a sparrow: let him labour, and sweat and faint, and acknowledge his own weakness: then let him turn his eye, and look at those wondrous composes, his son, or his little daughter, and when their infant tongues shall enquire of him, and say, *Father who made us?* let him not dare assume the honour of that work to himself, but teach the young creature that *there is a God*, and fall down on his face, and repent and worship.

It was God who said at first, *Let the earth bring forth grass, and the herb yielding seed—after his kind—and the living creature after his kind;* and when this was done, then with a creating voice he bade those living creatures *be fruitful and multiply* to all future generations. *Great things doth he which we cannot comprehend.*

*comprehend.—But he scaleth up the hand of every man, that all men may know his divine work, Gen. i. 11. 25. Job xxxvii. 5. 7.*

[*To be continued.*]



*GOD'S Revenge against MURDER and ADULTERY.*

[*Continued from page 591.*]

CATALINA, seeing the object of her affection dead, soon made peace with her sister. But she had concluded none with God, for the murder of Ansilva; which earth might have forgot, but heaven never could.

A sister of Ansilva's named Isabella, being to be married in Avero, invited Catilina and Berintha to her wedding; but Berintha was too sorrowful to attend an entertainment of that kind: so Catilina, without her, took coach, to accompany the bride to the church, but she had not gone far before the whole face of the heavens darkened, and a most terrible clap of thunder struck her with such violence, that it laid her almost dead at the bottom of the coach, whilst neither her maid, in the coach with her, nor the coachman or footmen without, received any manner of hurt; so they returned home, and the young lady being put to bed, her body all above the waist was found as black as a coal.

The best physicians being immediately sent for, and finding all their skill of no service; the physician of the soul, a worthy divine, was desired to attend her: and the lady herself, seeing it to no purpose to dissemble any longer, confessed her having procured her woman, Ansilva, to undertake to poison her sister, and that she had afterwards given Sermiata a hundred ducats to poison Ansilva, for which heinous crimes she heartily asked pardon of God.

Vilarezo

Vilarezo and Alphanta, grieved at her death, but much more at the manner of it, and especially at the knowledge of her horrid crimes, which they were ashamed to publish; yet were forced to it, that Sermiata, that agent of hell, might be brought to justice. They applied therefore to the criminal judges, who ordered him to be apprehended. He was at this time revelling and feasting at the wedding of Isabella, when news was brought of the sudden death of Catalina, which astonished every one, but especially Sermiata, whose conscience flying in his face, he thought it adviseable to fly, but was prevented by the officers, who, at that instant rushing into the house, made him their prisoner.

In the afternoon, the judges examined him upon the poisoning Anfilva, and concerning the hundred ducats he had received from Catalina, but he denied both, with many dreadful imprecations; however these availed not, for the judges ordered the torture to be given him, upon which he confessed his guilt, and was condemned to be hanged, which was done accordingly the next morning, before Vilarezo's house, on a gibbet, purposely erected. He died desperately without repentance, or asking pardon either of God or man.

Catalina's death was not capable to deface Berinthia's malice towards her brother; for about ten days after the death of Catalina, she provided herself with a long sharp knife, and hiding it in the sleeve of her gown, entered very early one morning into her brother's chamber, with her lute in her hand, resolving, if he had been awake, to tell him she came to bid him good-morrow with a lesson on her lute; but finding him fast asleep, she softly laid her musical instrument down, and drawing forth that of her revenge, she was not contented to cut his throat from ear to ear, but afterwards stabbed him in several parts of the body.

She then went softly out of the room, yet not so softly but that Philippo, Sebastiano's page, who laid in a chamber near

him, hearing a noise, leaped out of bed, and ran just time enough to see Berinthia re-enter her own chamber; then running to his master's bed-side, he beheld the butchered body, which made him cry out in such a manner as alarmed the whole house. Berinthia immediately pulled off her outward gown all sprinkled with blood, and wrapping up her bloody knife in it, privately conveyed them both into the close-stool, and so waited the coming up of her father and mother, who were not long before the sorrowful news of their son's murder had brought them into his chamber, whither likewise Berinthia came all drowned in tears. Every one was amazed at the sight; and the servants flew from place to place to hunt the murderer out, till Philippo the page cried out, he was afraid it was Berinthia, for he saw her flying to her chamber, as he came thither. Berinthia no way daunted, affirmed that she likewise heard some noise in her brother's chamber, which made her rise and come to the door; but seeing Philippo, she being in her night attire, thought it but modestly to go back into her chamber.—For the present they all believed her words, but could not proclaim her innocence till they had searched her chamber, and every chest and trunk therein, where, finding no knife, or other offensive weapon, her father and mother were ready to acquit her; but the criminal judges being more acquainted with the business, and coming to visit the dead body, when they had heard what Philippo had to say, and considered her love for Antonio, they had so strong a suspicion of Berinthia, that they committed her to close prison, and gave her till the next day to consider of the answer she was to make them.

The next morning the judges being met, sent for Berinthia, who came accompanied by her parents and kinsfolks, to be examined, and was confronted by Philippo; she was firm in her denial, and her judges finding some circumstances, but no positive evidence against her, ordered that her chamber  
should

should be more strictly searched. A judge and two of her friends repaired to Vilarezo's house, and to Berinthia's chamber, where, having searched most carefully all other places, they came at length to the close-stool, which they broke open, and found her bloody gown, in which was wrapped the knife.

No sooner were these evidences produced against her, but she owned her crime, and so sentence was passed upon her, viz. "That the next morning she should be hanged in the public Market-place."

Lo! these were the bitter fruits of revenge and murder which the perpetrators, by the just judgment of God, were enforced to taste, and which, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety, they little thought on.

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*An extract from a treatise called, The REFINED COURTIER.*

*Of FALSEHOOD.*

[Continued from page 594.]

**B**UT one of the most pernicious abuses of the tongue remains still to be treated of, to wit, flattery, the entertaining of a man with a panegyric on himself, and talking in filthy or glozing language either to foment his lust, and kindle a spark into a flame, or else to tickle his ambition, or to serve some other vile end. And this is the destruction of all the noble designs of friendship and conversation; it is the treachery of love, and a deadly pestilence, a tickling of a man into a swoon, and a hugging of him to death; a smiling in his face and cutting his throat. *Calumny* compared to this is balm and antidote; for he who slanders me gives me warning

to stand upon my guard, and to furnish myself with all the weapons and artifices of defence; and singular benefits may be reaped from obloquies and contumelious usages, if we study to improve them to the richest advantage; roses grow upon those thorns, and the venom of a viperous tongue may be converted into Treacle. Reproachful language serves, like the kind sword of *Jason's* enemy, to cure an impostume, and to let death out of our bowels. But flattery fills us with wind and corruption till we burst, and a strong gust of undeserved applause quite overturns and ruins us, if we are not well ballasted. He that reviles me, it may be, calls me fool, but he that flatters me, if I take not heed, will make me so; and it is like that kind of lightening which melts the sword without finding the scabbard. This subtil poison steals insensibly into the very bones, and drinks up the marrow, and yet never breaks the skin, but pleases it with a soft and gentle touch. And this is the unhappy lot of great personages, a disease that reigns in the Courts of Kings; poor men live out of the reach of its infection; it visits not the humble cottage; for who ever yet thought it worth his pains to stoop so low as to flatter a beggar? The servants of *Dionysus*, the *Sicilian* tyrant, counterfeited themselves half-blind, and run one against another, and overturned the meat as it was served to his table, because he was short-sighted; and in *Alexander's* house a wry-neck was made a mode of gallantry. Great men rarely see their faces in a true glass: what they speak shall be sure to be commended, and every thing they do will be extolled; and their infirmities are magnified, as the Egyptians adored the very pudenda of their Priests. It was notably said of *Carneades*, that Princes are seldom dealt truly with, but when they are taught to ride the great horse, because the proud beast is not capable to learn the art of dissembling; nor does he know how to distinguish betwixt men, but will as soon throw an Emperor as a Groom. I suppose, I need propound no other argument to dissuade you from practising such baseness, but only

Only this, that it is a low-spirited vile thing: a parasite is the veriest slave alive; it is more eligible to tug at an oar, or to dig in the mines, or to hew in the quarries, than to cringe and fawn and tempt to mischief for a little money; to be a perfect votary to the humour, and a pander to the lust of any, and so to sell at once integrity and freedom, and that at a cheap rate too, for a purse of gold, or a small pension; nay, sometimes only for a morsel of bread. He who does so, has nothing that he can properly call his own, all his faculties and passions, appetites and desires, gestures and behaviour, words and actions, thoughts and looks, being entirely dedicated to the service, and too often to the ruin of another. And he is well enough described by the poet, to be a beast that is all belly, casting his eye round about, watchful, ugly and deceitful, and creeping by the assistance of teeth which feed him, and kill them that reach him bread. Be as complaisant as may consist with innocence and discretion; but to run into vice and pain to avoid the opinion of an uncivil man, is the part of a fool and a coward, and of one that does not understand what belongs to civil society. And this consideration leads me to discourse concerning complimenting, to which (because it is a subject that affords various matter) I shall allow a distinct apartment.

[To be continued.]



*An extract from a volume entitled, A Review of Dr. PRIESTLEY'S  
Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.*

*Of the Cause of Volition, and the Nature of the Will.*

[Continued from page 598.]

**B**UT, says Dr. Priestley, (page 35) what is desire besides a wish to obtain some apprehended good? And is not every wish a volition? Now is it possible that an apprehended



hended good should not be the object of desire, whether controlled by some other desire, &c. or not? For the same reason, that a present good gives a present pleasure, an absent good excites desire, which like any other of the passions, is universally allowed to be a perfectly mechanical thing. Since, therefore, desire necessarily implies volition, we have a clear case of the will being necessarily determined by the circumstances which the mind is in; and if in one case, why not in all others? Especially as in fact, every volition is nothing more than a desire, viz. a desire to accomplish some end; which end may be considered as the object of the passion or affection?" The doctrine of desire being a wish, and every wish a violation, I can by no means admit, if by volition be meant the will or immediate act of the self-determining power of man's mind, by which it is enabled to act or not to act, to indulge the wish and desire, or not to indulge it at pleasure. Every thing which I apprehend to be good and desirable, I am under a necessity of desiring or wishing for, so long as it appears desirable; but the self-determining power of my mind can, and frequently does (as every man, I dare say, has experienced) will to control that desire and wish; so that a man is not compelled or necessitated to do one action, nor to take one step towards obtaining what he desires, though within his reach, in the case before-mentioned of an hungry man with good victuals before him. In such a case his desire and wish must necessarily be vehement and eager to eat and satisfy himself, neither can he avoid such desire so long as the meat is before him and he sees it; yet it cannot be denied but that he can refrain from eating for a small time, by the power of self-determination which he has, and which enables him to restrain his desires from acting: or in other words, he wills not to eat, notwithstanding such vehement desire. Any man by supposing himself in such a situation, may find that he cannot hinder his desire, though he can hinder his indulging that desire. Hence, we plainly perceive the difference between what is generally termed

termed desire, or a wish to obtain an apprehended good, and the self-determining power, which can and frequently does will to refuse that apprehended good which we desire or wish for, or towards which we are necessarily inclined. If we had not such a self-determining power to control and restrain our natural wishes and desires in our present state, where our "hearts are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," this world would be a continued scene of wickedness and confusion. But the case is, our desires and aversions arise, and are excited necessarily, by something apparently agreeable or disagreeable to us. Both our own consciousness and experience plainly inform us that we have such a self-determining power, which is superior to all the passions and affections of the mind, and which frequently wills to restrain us, and does actually restrain us from carrying our desires into execution, by which we are enabled out of two things not equally agreeable, to choose and take either, even that which is the more disagreeable one of the two. I hope, what I have said above will prove a sufficient answer to Dr. Priestley's fourth section.

[To be continued.]



*The surest and safest WAY of THRIVING.*

[Extracted from a late Author.]

[Continued from page 603.]

**A**ND if you would be real gainers by whatever you thus lay out, observe the following Directions.

I. *Give yourselves to the Lord, and with yourselves all that you have, to be so laid out, whether upon yourselves or others, as he doth appoint and requires.*

He that will not give *himself* to the Lord, is like to give but little else. And if he should give all that he had, and only  
with-

with-hold himself, God will not accept, nor reward it. God will have nothing of thee, if he may not have thy heart.

Give yourselves for servants to the Lord, to serve him with your spirits first, and then with all that you have. Make over yourselves to God in Christ to be his *covenant servants*, and then *I am not mine own, but must henceforth glorify God with my body and my spirit; yea, and with all that I have, which are his.*

He that will serve the Lord with his spirit, will as readily serve him with all that he hath. God that hath given us his Son, how will he not with him freely give us all things? Rom. viii. 32. And that man that hath given God his soul, will keep back nothing from him.

But some will say, *Must I give all I have to the poor, and so leave myself and my family to be beggars? Or, what is your meaning, when you say, I must give all to the Lord?*

My meaning is, *that you so give all to the Lord, as to resolve to dispose of your whole estate to such purposes, as God orders and appoints you.* The Lord would have you live and maintain yourself, and provide for your family soberly. But still you must allow no more to yourself, nor any less to those in need, than is according to the will of the Lord.

But some will say, *I am free and bountiful, and give great alms; I cast my bread upon the waters; I give a portion to six, and also to seven: I devise liberal things; I delight to shew mercy.*

Dost thou so? It is well thou dost; God's blessing on thine heart for it: it is great pity that any liberal man should lose his reward; and that thou mayest not lose thine, take this counsel of a friend. See that thou hast sincerely given up thyself to God, and art a devout disciple of Jesus Christ, and that these thy works of mercy are in pursuance of thy covenant, as a part of that service which thou hast vowed to thy Lord, whose thou art, and whose talents thou reckonest all thou hast. And look to this the rather, because it is possible men of great good works

works may be of little faith which is that grace which entitles God to us, and all we do, and obtains our acceptance with him. First, by faith give thyself to him, and then by charity serve him with what thou hast, and then doubt not of a plentiful return.

II. *Offer up your gift upon the altar.* Give yourselves, and with yourselves, all that you have, *through Christ*, unto God, Let him be *your altar that sanctifies your gift*: it is through him alone you will be accepted, Eph. i. 6. *He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.* Let your souls be *sprinkled with his blood*, and thereby washed from your sins, from your natural and contracted guilt and pollution, and then they will be a gift acceptable to the Lord. Thou art in thyself a guilty and defiled soul, and God will have none of thee in this case: go to Christ first, and get him to cleanse thee from thy filthiness; put thy wretched soul into his hands, and let him present it unto the Father.

And whatever thou givest with thyself, *thine alms, thy bread, or thy flesh, or thy money*, that thou hast for his poor; put it also into the same hand, and let him present this also to the Father for the use of his servants.

Christians, I would have you gainers, not losers. I would not have you losers, either by *saving*, or by *unprofitable giving*.

1. *Be not losers by saving.* That is the way to *lose all*, by thinking to *save, and keep all to yourselves.* *He that will save his life,* (by not laying it down when God calls for it) *shall lose it.* And so *he that will save his estate,* (by refusing to lay it out where God would have him) *is in great danger to lose all that he hath.*

2. *Lose not by unprofitable bestowing.* All is bestowed unprofitably, as to thee, to whomsoever thou givest it, which is not given first through Christ unto God, and to his servants for the Lord's sake. It may be profit to them who receive it, but no profit to thee who givest. It is only what is given to God, and to men for God's sake, for which he becomes debtor.

III. *Fetch all your alms out of your hearts.* Give what thou givest, 1. *Out of a willing heart.* 2. *Out of a compassionate heart.* 3. *Out of a thankful heart.*

1. *Out of a willing heart; every man as he purposeth in his heart so let him give, not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.* An alms without a will, is a sacrifice without a heart, and will be rejected of God.

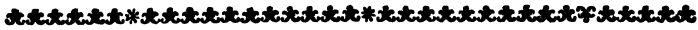
2. *Out of a compassionate heart.* It is the hard hearts of men that shut up their purses: thou sayest thou wantest it thyself, or those about thee may want it; no, thou wantest a heart, and that is the reason that those who are in distress must want *thine alms.* A compassionate heart would find something or other for those that are in want.

Wilt thou prove thyself to be *no child of God?* Wouldest thou prove that the *faith* thou hast is *vain*, thy *religion vain*, and that thou hast not the love of God within thee? This unmercifulness of thine will put it out of question. If thou hast no bowels of compassion, the love of God is not in thee. Put thyself into thy poor brother's case, think how hard it is with him, think of *his hunger and nakedness*, let thy soul go into his house and see *his naked walls, his cold chimney, his empty cupboards, his starving children*, and then think again, O how if it were thus with me! How are they *pinched and straitned*, whilst I have enough and abound? O mine *heart*, how canst thou but bleed over such distressed ones? Hast thou nothing to help them? There is enough in my house, there is enough in my purse to yield them relief, but is there no alms for them in my heart? Can I have the heart to see them pine and perish, and do nothing to help them? Where are ye, O my bowels? where are my compassions? O my soul help, and send portions to them for whom nothing is provided.

3. *Out of a thankful heart.* Remember what God hath done for thee: hast thou any sense of his love to thee, in Christ? What should that produce? The sense of divine goodness in a way of common providence calls for all due acknowledgment  
from

from us : but a taste of his paternal love in pardoning our sins, and enstating us in eternal life upon the account of his Son's dying for us ; this is, as the strongest motive to, so the most commanding reason of our beneficence to our fellow-creatures, who stand in need of it.

[To be continued.]



The Two COVENANTS of GOD with MANKIND : or the  
 DIVINE JUSTICE and MERCY Explained and Vindicated.

[By Thomas Taylor, A. M.]

C H A P. I.

*St. Paul's parallel of Adam and Jesus Christ.*

[Continued from page 605.]

LET us consider then, where such a satisfaction is to be found, as can pacify the wrath of an angry God ; where such a ransom is to be met with as shall be a sufficient price for the sin of man. Shall we suppose that Adam having experienced the vanity of his choice, shall now think of returning with firmer resolves to obey his Maker, that the shame and guilt of sin shall wound his conscience with a deep remorse, and put him upon an unfeigned repentance, and that this shall restore him to the favour of God, and blot out the remembrance of his transgressions ? Alas he is not capable of repentance, and if he were, I cannot see how it should be sufficient to his pardon. For repentance is the gift of God, against whom he is in actual rebellion ; repentance, that is a saving one, would be the greatest of mercies whereas this attribute as yet, lies hid and undisplayed in the infinite goodness of God, and cannot exert itself, till Almighty justice be satisfied, and rendred placable. And consequently the history of Adam's transgression makes no mention of any overture on God's part, or any sort of advance on man's, towards a recovery this way. Adam

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indeed

indeed is ashamed; but it is of his nakedness, he is afraid of God, but it is with a slavish fear of punishment: but he discovers no marks of a true repentance, no deprecating of punishment, no promise of amendment, no sorrow for what is past, nor any other tokens of a man possessed with the heinousness of his guilt, and importunate for pardon. Nay, on the contrary, he makes excuses for the sin, and so does the woman too. And, in effect, they both agree to throw the blame of their misconduct upon God; the woman in that he had made the Serpent too wise; *the Serpent beguiled me*, says she: and the man that he had given him a temptation, as on purpose to overthrow him: a temptation for the companion of his life, whose charms and engagements there was no withstanding. *The woman that thou gavest to be with me, she gave me and I did eat.*

Thus repentance, is entirely cut off, and there is all the reason why it should be so, because man disabled himself by his fall, and must be obliged to God for the mercy of his recovery, (if that be possible,) which at present he had no reason to bestow: and hence we see that if repentance had been possible, it had been ineffectual: because repentance being only reformation, could be no more acceptable, however perfect it was, than a perfect righteousness, which God required before the fall! And consequently the sin would still be unatoned for: *It would have cost more to have redeemed a soul, and that must have been let alone for ever.*

Hitherto no hopes appear for the recovery of fallen man, nor can he any more depend upon the assistance of any other creature, who shall pay his ransom down, and set the captive free. Which of all the heavenly powers will be willing, or able to bear the vengeance of an almighty God? What creature would be able to undergo so vast a burden, as the propitiating, by his sufferings, for so many millions of offenders as lie dormant in the loins of a sinful progenitor? Where is there that one creature, or what is his name who shall obtain a general

neral indemnity cancel our obligations to punishment, restore the honour of the divine laws, and merit a *free gift of God upon all men unto justification of life*, in the same latitude as by the offence of one, *the sentence of eternal death was passed and judgment came upon all men unto condemnation?* We may safely pronounce, there is no creature sufficient to be *this day's man betwixt God and us, that may lay his hand equally on us both. For God is not a man, as we are, that we should answer him by ourselves or any created substitute, and come together in judgment.*

Reason could never have found out a Mediator, and sinners could never have expected a propitiation, had not God himself made the overture of his mercy. (even before he pronounced the sentence of his justice in the gracious promise of a Redeemer, *the seed of the woman shall break the Serpents head*: and even this had been too weak a glimpse of divine light, to have conducted reason, impaired by the fall, to a clear understanding of the blessed promise, had not God vouchsafed to illustrate it by holy men ever since the world began; and at last declared in the fulness of time this seed of the woman, this Son of man (who was of the seed of David according to the flesh,) to be the Son of God with power.

This is the great mystery of godliness which St. Peter assures us is a subject *worthy the contemplation of angels*; and St. Paul, *that in it are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge*. If we were capable of a full, and adequate comprehension of this mysterious problem, it would lead us into all the deep counsels of God, and unfold the most abstruse theories of divine wisdom, in the designs of creation and government of the world; and particularly in permitting man, created in righteousness, to be involved in sin, and his posterity yet unborn to be tainted with the original corruption. But though we have not minds equal to so glorious a subject, yet if we be modest in our researches, and take the light of scripture for our guide, we may discover enough, though not to satisfy our desires, to raise our wonder, and to make us cry out with

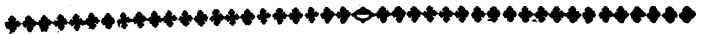


with the Apostle on this occasion. *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!*

We have already seen the misery of our nature in Adam's sin, let us now behold its happiness in Christ and see how well he is qualified for this mighty work of reconciling the world to God.

But before I enter upon this sublime subject let me a little prepare my way, by removing those mistaken grounds of prejudice the world has been apt to entertain against these mysterious truths; the chief of which is, *the unaccountable condescension of God, in making his only Son a sacrifice to rescue from misery a perverse and sinful generation.*

[To be continued.]



[The ingenious and pious author of the *Aramanth*, a Collection of Religious Poems, printed in the year 1767, gives the following Account of THOMAS A KEMPIS.]

“ **A**LL that I have been able to learn in Germany, upon good authority, concerning THOMAS A KEMPIS, is as follows:—He was born at Kempis or Kempen, a small walled town in the duchy of Cleves, and Diocese of Cologne. His family-name was Hamerlin, which signifies in the German language, a little hammer. We find also that his parents were named John and Gertrude Hamerlin. He lived chiefly in the Monastery of Mount St. Agnes: where his Effigy, together with a prospect of the Monastery, was engraven on a plate of copper that lies over his body. The said Monastery is now called Bergh-Clooster, or, as we might say in English, Hill Cloyster: many strangers in their travels visit it.

“ Kempis was certainly one of the best and greatest men since the primitive ages. His book *Of The Imitation of Christ* has seen near forty editions in the original Latin, and above sixty

sixty translations have been made from it into modern languages. Our author died August 8, 1471, aged ninety-two years. He had no manifest infirmities of old-age, and retained his eyesight perfect to the last.

In the engraving on copper above mentioned, is represented a person respectfully presenting to him a label, on which is written a verse to this effect :

“ O! Where is peace? For thou its paths hast trod.”

To which Kempis returns another lable, inscribed as follows :

“ In Poverty, Retirement, and with God.”

He was a Canon regular of Augustin's, and Sub-Prior of Mount St. Agnes's Monastery. He composed his treatise *Of The Imitation of Christ*, in the sixty-first year of his age, as appears from a note of his own writing in the Library of his convent.”



#### A CAUTION *against* INDECENT BEHAVIOUR.

To the EDITOR of the ARMINIAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

**A**MONG other useful things inserted in your entertaining Magazine, I am glad to find you do not overlook decency and decorum. Certainly slovenliness is far from being any ornament to religion; so far from it that it generally disgusts, and is anxious of rendering religion itself contemptible.

As the poor have the gospel preached to them, so they are the persons, in general, who receive the gospel, and consequently have had but little help from education. Now as love (for the persons indeed which love) doth not behave unseemly, it is presumed that such are of a teachable spirit, and will attend to every hint which is given by way of Caution.

I am glad therefore to see those extracts from *The Refined Courtier*, and sincerely wish that those indecencies mentioned therein

therein may be well attended to, and shunned among the Methodists; as their conduct is generally more narrowly watched than that of others.

I would beg leave to remark a few other indelicate things which *The Refined Courtier* does not take notice of; nor indeed should I, if I had not seen them frequently done. Such is that very offensive custom of some men stopping their hands into their b——s, which must be intolerable in company; especially when women are present: such is that of men performing a certain office, not far from the entrance of a place of worship, while numbers have been passing by them: such is that of men who take tobacco, spitting either in a dwelling house or the house of God, which is enough to sicken one at the sight.— Another most odious practice which I have been an eye-witness of, even while persons have sat at meat, is that of blowing their nose in their fingers, and throwing the contents on the ground, which is most abominable filthiness. Nor is that a decent thing to take up a bottle to fill a glass of liquor, and put their nose to the bottle to smell, or to put the bottle to their mouth to taste what the liquor is, which they might easily know another way. This I have seen done very often, and have been much disgusted at it.

Now human pride is such that there is no speaking to an offending individual without giving offence; but I hope, Sir, that by reading the Magazine they will find it out themselves, and correct the evils, without being offended.

I fear there is a fault in parents, especially among the poor, in using a variety of imprudent, indecent freedoms before their children, by which they learn very improper things, without thinking of their impropriety. Therefore all heads of families should avoid every indecent practice at home, partly for the sake of those who are under their care, and partly that they may acquire habits which will be offensive abroad.

I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

Mr.

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Mr. INCREASE MATHER'S *Account of the wonderful Deliverance of Mr. EPHRAIM HOW, of New-Haven, in New-England.*

ON the 25th of August 1676, Mr. *Ephraim How*, with his two eldest sons, set sail from *New-Haven* for *Boston*, in a small vessel, of seventeen ton burden. After the dispatch of their business at *Boston*, they set sail for *New-Haven*, on the 10th of September following; but contrary winds forced them back to *Boston*, where Mr. *How* was taken ill of a violent flux, which continued near a month. The merciful providence of God having spared his life, and restored him to some degree of health, he again set sail for *Boston*, October the 10th. The wind continued fair until they made *Cape Cod*: but suddenly the weather became so tempestuous, that they could not make the *Cape*; but were forced off to the sea, where they were in great danger in so small a vessel.

About this time Mr. *How's* two sons fell sick and died, when the danger became greater, as they were the greatest helps their father had in working the vessel. Not long after, another of the company, viz. *Caleb Jones* fell sick and died, leaving the world with great joy. Thus the one half of their company was taken away; none remaining but Mr. *How*, one *Augur*, and a boy.

*How*, though still in a very weak condition, was obliged to stand at the helm thirty-six hours, while the sea frequently broke over the vessel in such a manner that if he had not been last fast he must have been washed over-board. In this extremity he was at a loss to know whether he should persist in striving for the *New-England* shore, or bear a way for the Southern Islands, and proposed the question to Mr. *Augur*. On this they resolved to seek God by prayer, and then put the case

to an issue by casting a lot. On doing this, the lot fell upon *New-England*. By that time a month was expired. And as they had lost the rudder, all human help failed. In this deplorable state (though *How* was very infirm) yet for six weeks together, he was scarce ever dry; nor had they the benefit of warm food more than thrice, in all that time.

At the end of six weeks, one morning, the vessel was driven on a ledge of rocks, where the sea broke violently. Mr. *How*, looking out he espied a dismal rocky Island to the Leeward; of which, if the providence of God had not given them timely warning by the breakers, they had been dashed in pieces. They now immediately let go an anchor; and got out the boat. But the boat proved leaky, and they being in fears and amazement, took but little out of the vessel.

After they came ashore they found themselves in a rocky, desolate Island (near *Cape Sables*) where was neither man nor beast; so that now they were in danger of being starved to death. But a storm arose which beat violently upon the vessel at anchor, and flaved her in pieces; when a cask of powder was brought to shore, also a barrel of wine, and half a barrel of molasses, together with many things useful for a tent to preserve them from the cold. Notwithstanding this, new and great distresses attended them. For though they had powder and shot, there were seldom any fowls to be seen, except a few crows, ravens and gulls, which they sometimes shot: and many times the half of one of these, with the broth, made a meal for three. Once they lived five days without any sustenance, at which time they did not feel themselves pinched with hunger as at other times: the Lord then in mercy taking away their appetites.

After they had been about twelve weeks in this miserable Island, Mr. *How's* dear friend, Mr. *Augur*, died: so that he had no living creature, but the lad to converse with: and on April the 2d, 1676, the lad died also. The master being left  
alone

alone continued so above a quarter of a year. In this time he saw several fishing vessels sailing by, and some came near the island; but though he used what means he could that they might be acquainted with his distress, none came to him, fearing he was one of those Indians who were then at war with the English.

The good man whilst he was in this desolate state, kept many days of fasting and prayer; confessing and bewailing his sins, and begging of God that he would find out a way for his deliverance. At last it came into his mind, that he ought very solemnly to praise God for the great mercies he had thus far experienced. Accordingly setting apart a day for that purpose, he spent the time in giving thanks to God for all the mercies of his life, so far as he could call them to mind; and especially for the mercies which had been mingled with his present afflictions; earnestly blessing God for his wonderful goodness in preserving him alive so long! Presently after this, a vessel belonging to *Salem* in New-England, providentially passed by, and sent their boat on shore, and took him in and brought him to *Salem*, on July 18, 1677, from whence he went to *New-Haven*, and was received by his family, as one raised from the dead, after an absence of twelve months.—Lord, how great are the sufferings which we are liable to in this world! and how great are thy mercies towards those who calls upon thee!

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AN EXTRACT FROM THE  
MINUTES of a CONFERENCE,

Held in L O N D O N, July 29, &c. 1788.

[Concluded from page 607.]

36 **WORRELL**, J. Hickling.  
37 *Liverpool*, D. Jackson, H. Taylor.  
38 *Blackborne*, G. Story, W. Bramwell.

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39 *Colne*,

|                           |                                                                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 39 Colne,                 | C. Atmore, J. Ridale.                                               |
| 40 Leicester,             | J. Watson, S. Day, R. Seed: J. Watson,<br>Supernumerary.            |
| 41 Nottingham,            | J. Taylor, T. Hanby, J. Jerom.                                      |
| 42 Derby,                 | G. Gibbon, T. Corbet, R. Costerdine.                                |
| 43 Sheffield,             | E. Jackson, A. Inglis, J. Beanland.                                 |
| 44 Grimsby,               | T. Longley, G. Phillips.                                            |
| 45 Horncastle,            | T. Carlill, R. Scot, B. Leggatt.                                    |
| 46 Gainborough,           | L. Harrison, G. Mowat, J. Evans.                                    |
| 47 Epworth,               | R. Swan, J. Christie, J. Atkins.                                    |
| 48 Leeds,                 | J. Pawson, J. Peacock, W. Collins.                                  |
| 49 Wakefield,             | A. Mather, J. Parkin.                                               |
| 50 Huddersfield,          | F. Wrigley, W. Boothby.                                             |
| 51 Birstal,               | W. Thompson, J. Entwistle, W. Thoresby.                             |
| 52 Bradford,              | J. Booth, S. Hodgson: T. Johnson, Super.                            |
| 53 Halifax,               | J. Goodwin, J. Shaw.                                                |
| 54 Kighley,               | J. Wood, T. Bartholomew, W. Blagborne:<br>R. Howard, Supernumerary. |
| 55 Whitehaven,            | T. Wride, J. Wiltshaw.                                              |
| 56 Isle of Man,           | G. Holder, J. Smith, J. Wittam.                                     |
| 57 York,                  | J. Hern, J. Gualtier, R. Birdfall.                                  |
| 58 Pocklington,           | J. Robinson, W. Percival, T. Dunn.                                  |
| 59 Hull,                  | J. Benson, J. Edmondson.                                            |
| 60 Scarborough,           | T. Dixon, I. Brown, A. Kilham.                                      |
| 61 Whitby,                | J. Thom, J. Townshend.                                              |
| 62 Thirsk,                | J. King, D. Kay, J. Crosby.                                         |
| 63 Yarm,                  | W. Simpson, C. Tunycliffe.                                          |
| 64 The Dales,             | W. Saunders, T. Gill, M. Willis,                                    |
| 65 Sunderland,            | W. Hunter, D. Wright, J. Oglevie,                                   |
| 66 Newcastle,             | P. Mill, J. Thompson, J. Stamp.                                     |
| 67 Berwick,               | J. Bogie, Z. Yewdall, J. Furnace,                                   |
| 68 Dalkeith,              | J. Crowther.                                                        |
| 69 Edinburgh,             | J. Cownley, J. Barber.                                              |
| 70 Ayr and Dum-<br>fries, | } J. Cole, R. Dall,                                                 |

- 71 *Dundee*, R. Watkinson, S. Botts: J. Saunderson,  
Supernumerary.
- 72 *Aberdeen*, R. Johnson, J. Cross.
- 73 *Inverness*, D. M'Allum, J. Barret, R. Harrifon.
- 74 *Dublin*, C. Boon, W. Myles.
- 75 *Wexford*, H. Moore, T. Verner.
- 76 *Waterford*, R. Condy, F. Frazier.
- 77 *Cork*, J. Rogers, T. Roberts.
- 78 *Bandon*, J. Kerr, R. Bridge.
- 79 *Limerick*, J. Brown, A. Jefferys.
- 80 *Birr*, T. Davies, G. Armstrong.
- 81 *Castlebar*, J. M'Donald, T. Kerr.
- 82 *Athlone*, J. Dinnen, W. Wilson.
- 83 *Longford*, T. Barber, J. Melcomfon.
- 84 *Sligo*, D. Gordon, T. Hewett.
- 85 *Ballyconnell*, G. Brown, J. Miller, F. Armstrong: J.  
Price, Supernumerary.
- 86 *Clones*, J. Armstrong, S. Moorehead, A. Moore.
- 87 *Brookborough*, W. M'Cornock, jun. W. Hamilton.
- 88 *Inniskillen*, J. Black, D. Graham.
- 89 *Ballyshannon*, J. Rennick, A. Hamilton.
- 90 *Killybeggs*, J. Stephenson, T. Elliott.
- 91 *Lisleen*, M. Stewart, N. Lee.
- 92 *Omagh*, S. Bates, J. M'Mullin.
- 93 *Charlemount*, J. Crook, D. Barrowclough.
- 94 *Londonderry*, W. West, J. West.
- 95 *Coleraine*, M. Joyce, W. Johnson, J. Stephens: J.  
Howe, Supernumerary.
- 96 *Belfast*, S. Mitchell, J. Darragh.
- 97 *Lisburn*, T. Hetherington, J. Gillis, F. Hamilton:  
H. Pue, Supernumerary.
- 98 *Newry*, W. Griffith, J. Grace.
- 99 *Tandaragee*, N. Price, J. Lyons, R. Smith.

**AMERICA.**



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J. M'eary.

W. Jessop, W. Black,

J. Man, Js. Man.

ELDERS

} J. Wray.

102 *Antigua,*103 *St. Vincents,*104 *St. Christophers.**Under the Government of Holland.*105 *St. Eustatius.*

} W. Warrenet.

} J. Harper.

} J. Baxter.

} J. Clarke.

} W. Hammet.

*The United States of America.*

N. B. The last Conference in *America* for the present year, has not yet been held, so that we are not able to insert the exact stations of the Preachers in the United States.



## L E T T E R S.

## L E T T E R CCCCLXXVII.

[From Lady ——— to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Edinburgh, Oct. 29, 1778.

Rev. Sir,

**M**AY the Lord more than ever prosper your attempts for the advancement of his kingdom in the world, and in all things lead you into his will! O what a pure happiness results from this! Unmixed with creature enjoyment, independent of them, the soul thus favoured lives upon God; has no wish but his will, no desires but his glory. I long to prove the utmost degree of this that humanity can admit of.

I have much cause to praise God for his goodness to me; but still I am far short of what I expect to be. I have not that full witness of sanctification; yet I dare not give it up. My  
fellowship

fellowship is with the Father and the Son. I daily and hourly taste salvation in the name of Jesus. He is indeed my Support, my Rest, my True and Living Way. Where ever I walk, or move, I meet him as the object of my love, and prove him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

At times he gives me such sweet foretastes, and animating views of future glory, as I cannot easily express. He keeps me hungering and thirsting. after every blessing he has purchased for me; with a continual desire to embrace every opportunity of doing good, and an encreasing power to surmount difficulties.

I could say much more, but have said enough to make you believe, I am very happy; yet I must not conceal, that at times, through the strong power of temptation of various kinds, I feel keen distress, the bitterest ingredient of which, is, a fear I have grieved the Spirit of God. On these very trying occasions I experience an alteration of enjoyment; but upon close examination, I find it extremely difficult to be faithful. Does not this distress proceed from weakness of faith? May I not expect that degree of grace that will, if not altogether, yet in a good measure free me from it?

My soul pants for the strong, abiding witness of the Spirit, together with the entire fruit thereof, that by these two it may be fully manifested what God has done for my soul. Is not this his will concerning me? But I must not inroach farther upon your time. I will only add my best wishes for your spiritual prosperity, and am, Reverend Sir, your affectionate friend,

— . — .

## L E T T E R CCCCLXXVIII.

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

Rev. Sir,

Witney, Oct. 30, 1778

**A**FTER a long delay, I once more take up my pen to acquaint you with the Lord's gracious dealings with me.

It is now near eight years since my soul experienced that  
depth

depth of distress, and afterward that joy and consolation inexpressible. I bless God, since that time I have been enabled in all circumstances to trust him with greater firmness, and cleave to him with more steadiness than ever before.

The first four or five years my consolation abounded. I had few outward trials: and as for inward exercises, I was enabled so immediately to look to Jesus, that I was seldom if ever oppressed by them. The greatest trial I met with, in that part of my life, was the dreadful pain in my head and face. This put all my grace to the trial for weeks together; but great was the Lord's mercy and salvation in this day of trouble.

For the last two or three years past it has been given me, not only to rejoice, but to suffer adversity. A variety of concurring circumstances have rendered my way indeed rough and thorny, inasmuch that at times my spirit has been sorely grieved and afflicted. But how unspeakable is the Lord's goodness, in keeping my soul from reasoning or perplexity. For although my sensations are different from what they were, I do not experience that joyous, delightful calm of mind; yet I am not conscious of any decay of life or vigour of soul: nay I am rather persuaded my confidence in God is greater than it was. Though was I to hearken to Satan, and compare my past experience with what it has been lately, with a transient view only, I should be alarmed and discouraged. But blessed be God! in this respect he manifests his tender care, and guards me by his watchful eye.

When I take a survey of the trials and crosses I have endured, and what wonderful deliverances the Lord hath wrought out for me, I am encouraged to persevere through all future difficulties. But I feel great need of momentary dependence on Omnipotence for help.

Your advice respecting my experience will be esteemed an additional favour by, Rev. Sir, your obliged Servant,

A. B.

LETTER.

## L E T T E R CCCCLXXIX.

[From Mrs. D. D. to the Rev. J. Wesley.]

Leeds, Nov. 1. 1778.

Rev. Sir,

**I**T must be matter of praise to every well-wisher of Zion that he has given you that wish of your heart, a chapel built in the metropolis for the pure worship of God. May the prayers that were offered up at the opening thereof be answered! May the Lord vouchsafe his continual presence there! May he yet long continue you to go in and out before his people! May we as a people be more wholly devoted to him! And may I, and every individual, be wholly possessed of the most ardent desires to glorify him!

Through the tender mercy of my Saviour I remember continually that I am not my own; and from a consideration of the great price I am bought with, I thankfully offer up all I have and am to him

He saves me in a manner I should have thought impossible, did I not feel it. But I want to be as active as fire in his service. I would have my mind incessantly, with much activity, tend toward God. I would have every power and faculty of my nature, ardently burn with love to him. O for that pure flame which glowed in the Martyr's breast! But this corruptible body presses down the soul; for often when my heart seems all on fire for God, I have not power to offer up a single petition, with readiness of mind, through the very relaxed state of my nerves! O how good, how kind is Jesus, to join his all prevailing intercession to such imperfect prayers and praises!

Sometimes I meet with things that are very humbling; but the Lord makes me feel that it is all love to my soul, and that it is quite right he should do what he will with his own.

When I view afflictions and crosses in this light, I can with great fervency praise him for them all.

4 O

Dear

Dear Sir, if you will favour me with the continuance of  
your advice and prayer, you will greatly oblige your obedient  
Servant, D. D.



P O E T R Y.

T I M E: an E L E G Y.

*Written near the Ruins of ELGIN-CATHEDRAL:*

[By Robert Alves, M. A.]

[*Concluded from page 556.*]

P A R T IV.

**H**OW frail our blifs on life's uncertain coast!  
How vain our trust in all beneath the pole!  
From care to care with fruitless anguish toft,  
Till to the eternal boundless sea we roll.

What more than madness thus to sport with fate,  
To hang our fortunes o'er the rocky steep,  
When the least breath of air may end their date,  
And whelm for ever in the roaring deep!

But hark! What sound invades my startled ear,  
Slow—pealing from yon turret's stately height!  
—Again it tolls! resounds death's caverns drear,  
And distant echoes fill the silent night.

Methinks to reason's sober ear it calls,  
“Be wise, and snatch the swift departing hour!”  
It bids gay Florio quit the midnight-balls,  
And court fair wisdom in her sacred bower.

It bids Avarus quit his earthly schemes,  
 His houses, lands, and all his world of gain :  
 "Awake, ambition, from thy golden dreams,  
 "Nor treasure to thyself a world of pain."

It warns us now ; ere long shall warn no more,  
 Till the last knell proclaim our endless doom :  
 Then every trial, every hope is o'er  
 We take our long, long mansion in the tomb.

Methinks I hear the awful, silent dead  
 Echo assent through all their murmuring cells ;  
 Them darkness covers with eternal shade,  
 While smiling hope in mortal mansions dwells.

—See the sun labour in his course for man,  
 The air breath balm, the earth her bounty pour !  
 Year wait on year, to see him change his plan,  
 But finds him idling on a barren shore.

Vain man ! already half thy years are past :  
 Life's little morning gone, the noon comes on ;  
 It comes ; the evening hastens on us fast,  
 But oh how little of thy work is done !

—Say, why did heaven such active powers bestow,  
 Progressive still, and boundless in their aim ?  
 Was it to grasp the paltry things below,  
 And waste in vain their never-dying flame ?

Was it to barter peace for golden ore ;  
 To toil ; and count the rich the only great ?  
 Or still more wretched, sigh for pomp and power,  
 And all the weary pageantry of state ?

Was it to pass in thoughtless joy the morn,  
 To dress, to bow, to speak and smile with art ?  
 Then flaunt abroad, through whirling pleasures borne,  
 Nor steal one secret hour to mend the heart ?

Go, then, let all thy lease of life expire  
 In earth-born cares, and life's great end, forget ;  
 Disclaim the skies ; renounce thy heavenly fire ;  
 Leave nought undone to aggravate thy fate.

To live to heaven, thy eager will confinéd,  
 (Virtue's high praise,) let ne'er thy soul annoy ;  
 But never hope the double transport thine,  
 Of present bliss, or heavén's eternal joy.

How sweet the joys that to the good belong !  
 (While vice to misery leads, remorse, and pain ;)  
 Collected, cool—far from the giddy throng,  
 Those walk with virtue, and ensure their gain.

The god-like bliss in making others blest  
 They boast to feel, and with the wretched weep :  
 Each day some deed of pity moves their breast,  
 As sighing zephyrs stir the yielding deep.

Hail to the tears, than Hybla-drops more sweet,  
 Than gold more precious to the heart of woe !  
 Hail to the joys, that wisdom may repeat,  
 And virtue find still sweeter as they flow !

Oft too at rising morn, or setting day,  
 They woe from heavén's devotion's holy fire :  
 Around them angels wait in bright array,  
 Smooth all their steps, and all their thoughts inspire.

Let

Let fortune rage, yet mid the storm, serene  
 They smile, their steadfast anchor fixed on high;  
 They see the Eternal rule life's troublous scene,  
 And trust their safety to a Father's eye.

Let death approach, still leaning on their God,  
 I see them firm, that last sad combat brave;  
 See death, their friend, to life direct the road,  
 And dipt in balm his shafts, but wound—to save,

But see nights dreary shadows deeper fall;  
 Black, and more black, each object frowns around;  
 The wanning moon has sunk beneath the ball,  
 And hovering darkness broods o'er all the ground.

Lo Philomel hath ceased her midnight-song,  
 A tender tale like mine, a tale of woes;  
 Like mine renewed her strain, and warbled long;  
 —Now sleep hath hushed the mourner to repose.

Sleep on, sweet bird! I go to court the same:  
 How sweet the hour to meditation given!  
 Now sleep's soft dews weigh down my weary frame;  
 Then peace, my woes! and leave the rest to heav'n.

---

A NIGHT-PIECE ON A SICK BED.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life,  
 Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!  
 Where are ye now? and what is your amount?  
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

HOW slowly on the minutes roll!  
 When pains oppress the drooping soul,  
 Inclosed in ~~the~~ night;

When



When sick and panting o'er the bed,  
 We restless turn an aching head,  
 How mournful is the sight!

When no bright ray dispels the gloom,  
 But languid tapers o'er the room,  
 Shed forth a sickly blaze;

When nothing cheerful can be found,  
 But solemn silence reigns around,  
 How doleful is the place?

Hark! how the clock with tedious beat,  
 That tiresome pendulum's repeat—  
 Lingers the time away;

Whilst with impatient groan we cry,  
 How dull! How slow! the moments fly  
 To bring the enlivening day.

Thus we incessant sorrows pour,  
 And count each long delaying hour,  
 Till Phœbus breaks the cloud;  
 When round we cast our earnest eyes,  
 To catch the glimmerings from the skies,  
 And bless the rising god.

Then how delightful is the ray,  
 That drives the sullen shades away,  
 And the sad prospects clears;  
 Our anxious bosom finds relief,  
 Absence, if not dispels the grief,  
 And calms tormenting fears.

Think now, my soul, how would'st thou bear  
 An everlasting dwelling where  
 No spark of pleasure streams;  
 Where raging sorrows are the couch,  
 And all the craving senses touch,  
 Are unextinguished flames.

Where

Where darkness ever veils the skies,  
 Nor warming blaze of tapers rise,  
     To cheer the horrid gloom ;  
 Where all a hideous scene appears,  
 Where ceaseless groans distract the ears,  
     And speak the dreadful doom.

No fleeting clock with equal chime,  
 There measures out an endless time,  
     To get the soul relieved ;  
 But sunk in unremitting pain,  
 To sigh, and wish, and sigh again,  
     Yet never be relieved,

No kind associate, child, or friend,  
 Can to thy fruitless cries attend,  
     Or ease thy mind forlorn ;  
 All hopes for ever chased away,  
 Nor ever shall a rising day  
     Bestow one cheerful morn.

Oh fearful thought ! Oh dismal fate !  
 Reflect, my soul, ere 'tis too late,  
     And make thy heav'n secure !  
 Let troubles here true wisdom teach  
 Eternal horrors ne'er shall reach  
     A soul refin'd and pure.

*An Imitation of HORACE'S fourteenth ODE. Book II.*

**S**EE, see, my friend, the fleeting years  
     How swift they glide away ;  
 Nor virtue, piety, nor tears,  
     Their rapid course can stay.  
 In vain we wish, in vain we crave  
     To' extend our short-lived doom ;  
 Since die we must ; the king, the slave  
     Must fill alike the tomb.

What

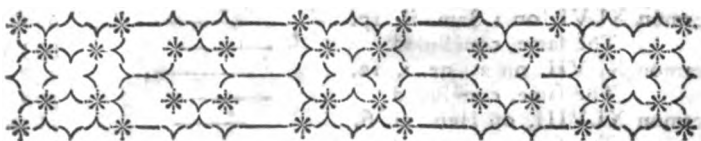
What though we shun the stormy sea,  
 Or autumn's sickly breath?  
 What though, where thundring cannons play,  
 The coward sculks from death?  
 In vain—for death, a subtle foe,  
 Pursues where'er he flies;  
 And, where he least expects the blow,  
 Even there the dastard dies.  
 Then must we leave those social joys,  
 Which form'd our bliss before;  
 Our tender wife, our prattling boys,  
 Must greet us then no more.  
 Naked we left our parent's womb,  
 And naked must return;  
*Cyprus* alone shall grace our tomb,  
 And deck its owner's urn.  
 While some new Lord, with wanton mirth,  
 Shall reap those joys we leave;  
 And, as we moulder into earth,  
 Shall riot o'er our grave.

---

An E P I T A P H

*On Mr. GAY, in WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1732.*

**O**F manners gentle, and affections mild;  
 In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:  
 With native humour, tempering virtuous rage,  
 Form'd to delight, at once, and last the age:  
 Above temptation in a low estate,  
 And uncorrupted e'en among the great!  
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,  
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.  
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust  
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;  
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,  
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies **GAY!**



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