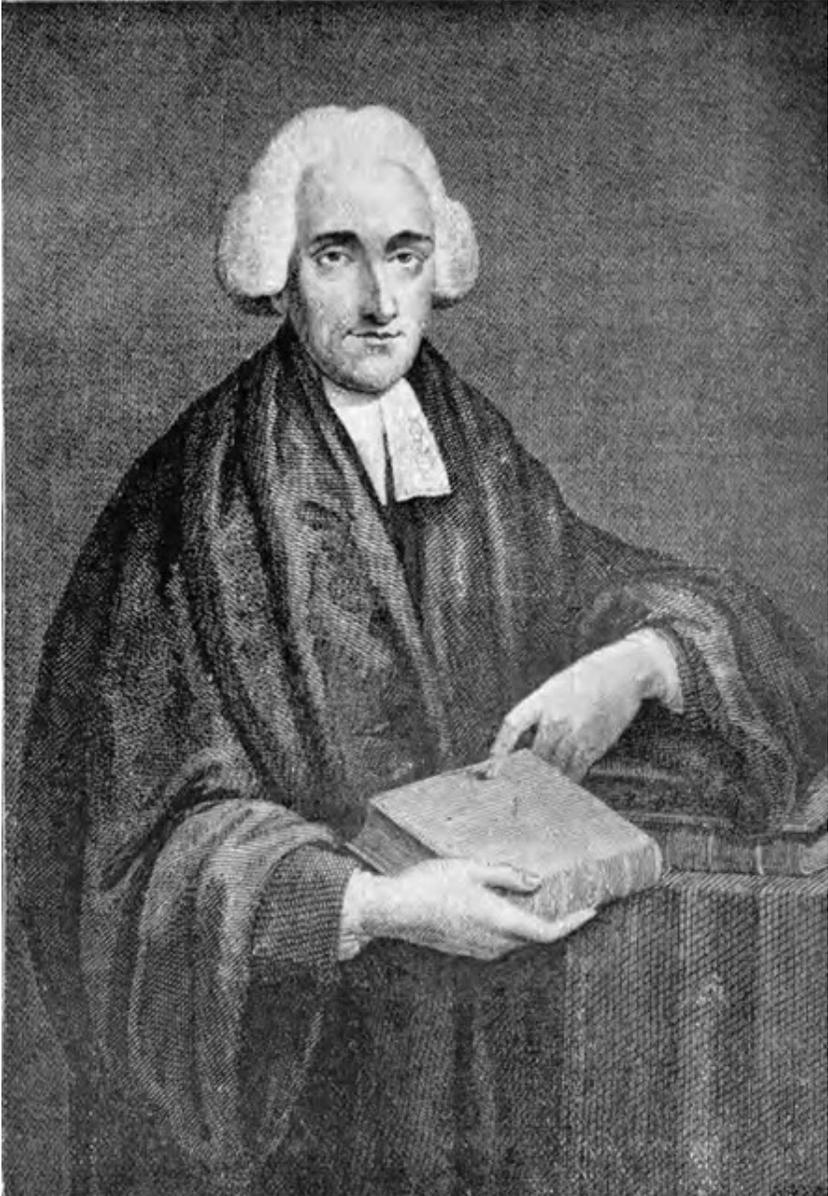


THE WORKS OF



AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

VOLUME 4

THE
WORKS
OF
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, A.B.
LATE VICAR OF BROAD HEMBURY, DEVON.

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Biography, Some Account of Mr. John Knox
SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. JOHN KNOX,

TRANSLATED CHIEFLY FROM THE LATIN OF MELCHIOR
ADAMUS.

SCOTLAND had the honour of producing this great and eminent luminary, who became the principal instrument in God's hand, of effecting the reformation in that kingdom, at a time when papal darkness, ignorance, and superstition, had involved the whole nation in shades of deeper than Egyptian night. He was born at Gaffard, near Haddington, in the county of east Lothian, A. D. 1505; and received his academical education in the university of St. Andrew's, under the tutorage of the celebrated John Mair, or Major: and soon gave proof of the astonishing genius with which providence had endued him, by his swift and profound advances in all the walks of scholastic science. Having mastered these, he studied with great diligence, the writings of Austin, and of Jerom: which, running in a more simple and easy channel, moved him to forego the needless intricacies of the philosophic theology he had formerly imbibed; and to embrace that simplicity, with which both Christ and his apostles were content, and which they commended to their disciples. He soon perceived that these scholastic niceties when pushed to excess, are directly opposite to the genius of the gospel; and open the way, not to Christian knowledge, but to the endless mazes of sophistry and strife of words.

Coming acquainted with the famous Mr. George Wishart (afterwards martyred for the protestant faith), it pleased God so to bless the conversation of that holy man to Mr. Knox, that it issued in the effectual conversion of the latter: who, being very honest, and very courageous, published a confession of his faith, at Edinburgh, in which he boldly and clearly avowed the blessed principles of the reformation. The Romish bishops and clergy, alarmed at the open defection of so eminent a man, and who had taken priest's orders in their church but a few years before, endeavoured first to suppress his book, and then to seize the author himself. He was accordingly apprehended, and condemned to suffer death; but by the good providence of God, being set at liberty, he left his native country and retired to Berwick, whence he proceeded to Newcastle, and then to Warwick; in all which places, he preached the gospel in its purity,

with great zeal and unremitting labour, and with success equal to both; so that his name now became more public and diffused than ever.

Edward VI. was then king of England. The fame of Mr. Knox soon reached the ears of that excellent prince; who showed him no small favour and encouragement. His majesty first made him his own chaplain, and then licensed him as one of the six itinerant ministers, who were empowered to preach the gospel in all places throughout the kingdom. In process of time Edward offered him a bishopric; which, however, Mr. Knox declined to accept.

That hopeful and pious king dying, A. D. 1553, his sister Mary succeeded to the crown, whereby the reformation here, bade fair for being extinguished, almost as soon as lighted: many great and learned men, as well as others, being put to death; and those, who could, securing their lives by voluntary banishment. Among the latter, Knox was one; who fled first to Frankfort; and thence to Geneva, the common asylum of distressed Christians. There he enjoyed the intimacy of Calvin, and spent his time chiefly in preaching, and comforting the afflicted exiles.

A. D. 1559, he returned into his own country; where he again preached the truth, with incredible power and success. Although the French faction was at that time very powerful in Scotland, and the devil's emissaries strove hard to ruin the protestant interest in that kingdom; yet Knox continued resolute, laborious, and undaunted as ever; solidly and unanswerably, both by his writings and from the pulpit, asserting, that Christ alone is the foundation of our acceptance with God, and his obedience the only meritorious cause of our justification. But as our Lord himself and his apostles underwent hatred, banishment, and persecution; so was Knox obliged to leave Edinburgh, and repair to St. Andrew's; whither when he came, he met with many adversaries.

About this time, *viz.* in the year 1572, in the month of August, such a scene opened in France as scarce any history can parallel: I mean the massacre at Paris; where, beginning with admiral Coligni, it so raged against all who held the truth, without regard to age, sex, or quality, that it was truly said, there was more blood than wine spilt at that Thyestsæan marriage.

This dreadful slaughter gave the deepest concern to Mr. Knox, as it did everywhere to all lovers of the gospel; and added fresh weight to his former sorrows. But shortly after, matters taking a more favourable turn in Edinburgh, many who had been banished thence, returned: and among the rest, Knox was invited back, by letters from the parliament. Thither, therefore, he came, accompanied by a great number of godly and learned men; and had not been there long, before he entered on his ministerial office, and preached publicly to the people. But as his voice was rather low and weak, he could not be well heard by the prodigious multitudes that attended. On which, he besought the parliament to furnish him with a place more commodious: which being granted, he preached some sermons to the people on the sufferings of Christ, from Mt 26; often beseeching God, to take him home while he was in that exercise.

Still continuing unable to supply the cure of so large a church, especially as his body was much weakened and emaciated by study and fatigue, and the hardships he had formerly undergone; leave was given to the people of Edinburgh, to choose him such an assistant, as Knox and they should deem most capable and worthy, and to present him, when chosen, to the ecclesiastical synod, for their approbation and licence. By common consent, Mr. James Luson, of the university of Aberdeen, was the person pitched upon; and he was accordingly invited by letters from the city, and from Mr. Knox: *who* perceiving in himself that the time of his departure was at hand, among many arguments he made use of to quicken Luson's pace, said, in the postscript of one of his letters; "make haste my brother; else you will come too late to see me alive."

The good man being arrived at Edinburgh, and having preached several times in public, was on the 5th of November, 1572, declared by Knox, to be pastor of that church. In that assembly, Knox took occasion of preaching his last sermon, and of telling the people how many and great things God had done for him, and what deliverances he had wrought in his behalf; and likewise reminded them, with how much diligence and faithfulness he had preached the gospel to them: and congratulated the church of Edinburgh on the favour God showed them, by deputing so able a minister to succeed him; adding, at the same time, most fervent prayers for the temporal and spiritual prosperity both of him and them; wishing them an abundant increase

of grace, and a continual supply of the Holy Ghost. In conclusion, he blessed the people with greater liveliness than he had ever done before; i. e. with a more cheerful mind, though with a very feeble body. - Then he walked home, leaning on his stick, and accompanied by the greater part of the congregation. Thus he returned to his house, out of which he never after came alive.

The next day he was seized with a violent cough; breathing continually with more and more difficulty, until he breathed his last. When his friends advised him to send for some physicians, he smilingly consented: saying, "I would not either despise, or neglect ordinary means; but of this I am certain, that God will shortly put an end to my warfare below."

The day after, he ordered his servants to be paid their wages; whom at the same time he earnestly exhorted, "to walk in the fear of the Lord; and to live so, as became Christians educated in that family." His disorder growing worse and worse, he was forced to pretermit his ordinary method of reading; which used to be, every day, some chapters of the New Testament, and in the Old, particularly the Psalms; and some useful portion of ecclesiastical history. In the meanwhile, he requested his wife (Margaret Stewart, a devout woman, and a most affectionate partner of his faith and cares), and Richard Ballantine, his servant, who was always very dear to him for his remarkable piety, that they would take care to read to him every day while he lived, Joh 17, one or other of the chapters of the epistle to the Ephesians, and Isa 53; which injunction they never once omitted.

He was always peculiarly fond of the book of Psalms, God having greatly blessed them to his soul. With some select portions of those admirable compositions, he was much comforted in life, and strengthened in death.

The day following, he rose from his bed by seven o'clock; and being asked, "Why, when he was so weak and sick, he would not rather choose to rest himself?" He answered, "I have been this whole night taken up with the meditation of the resurrection of Jesus Christ my Lord; and would with joy get into the pulpit, that I might communicate to others the comfort I have inwardly enjoyed from reflecting on that blessed subject." So intent was he on the work of

the Lord, even to his last breath; and when, for want of strength, he could scarce be lifted out of bed by the assistance of two servants!

A few days after, he sent for all the ministers of the several churches in Edinburgh, to whom, being assembled round his bed, he thus addressed himself: "That day is now at hand, which I have so often and intensely longed for; in which, having finished my labours, and gone through my various sorrows, I shall be dissolved and be with Christ. And I appeal to God, whom I have served in the spirit in the gospel of his Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrines of his word; having made this my main view, through the whole course of my ministry, to instruct the ignorant; to edify and comfort believers; lift up and confirm with the promises of grace, those who were weak, fearful, and doubting, through the fear of wrath and consciousness of sin; and to beat down haughty rebellious sinners with the threatenings and terrors of the Lord. And although many have frequently complained of my harshness in preaching, yet God knows, that I did not thus deal out thunders and severity, from hatred to the persons of any: though this I will acknowledge, that the sins in which they indulge themselves, were the objects of my keenest hatred and resentment; and, in my whole ministry, this was my single aim, if I might by any means gain over their souls to the Lord. My motive for speaking freely and plainly whatever the Lord gave me to say, without respect of persons, was nothing but reverence to that God, who called me by his grace, and made me the dispenser of his divine mysteries; before whose tribunal I knew I must one day stand; to give account for my discharge of that embassy and commission wherewith he had invested me. Wherefore I profess, before God and his holy angels, that I have never knowingly adulterated his sacred word, held back any of his counsel from my people, studied to please men, or given way to my own or others corrupt affections or secular interest; but have faithfully expended the talents committed to me, for the good of the church over whom I was in the Lord. To the truth of this, my conscience beareth testimony, which is a comfort to me, notwithstanding the various slanders which some have made it their business to cast upon me. And do ye, my dearest brethren in the faith and labour of Jesus, persist in the everlasting truths of his gospel: look diligently to the flocks, with whose oversight God hath intrusted you; and which he hath redeemed to himself by the blood of his Son. And do

you, my brother Luson, fight the good fight, and finish the work of God, to which you are called, with alacrity and faithfulness. May God shower down his blessing from on high, upon you and your several charges in this city! which, so long as they continue to hold fast those doctrines of truth which they have heard of me, the gates of hell shall never be able to prevail against. And beware of those, who have not only opposed the royal government, but even forsaken the truth which they once professed: against whom I denounce, that, unless they sincerely repent, and return to the good way which they have left, they shall one day miserably perish in soul and body. I would say more, but cannot, as I am scarce able to draw my breath." With these words he dismissed them: and afterwards spoke in private to those who attended him, to admonish one Grange, on whom that judgment afterwards fell, which Knox had predicted. He was then visited by the chief nobility of the town, among whom was Lord Morton, afterwards viceroy of the kingdom, as also by some godly ladies of the first quality: none of whom he suffered to depart, without a word of comfort or exhortation, as their separate cases required.

Perceiving death to approach nearer and nearer, he gave orders for his coffin to be made: after which, he burst forth to this effect: "Lord Jesus, sweetest Saviour, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Look, I beseech thee, with favour, upon this church which thou hast redeemed, and restore peace to this afflicted commonwealth. Raise up pastors after thine own heart, who may take care of thy church; and grant that we may learn, as well from the blessings as from the chastisements of thy providence, to abhor sin, and love thee with full purpose of heart." Then, turning to those about him, he said, "O wait on the Lord with fear, and death will not be terrible: yea, blessed and holy will their death be, who are interested in the death of the Son of God." Being asked by an intimate friend, "whether he felt much pain?" he replied, "I cannot look upon that as pain which brings on the end of mortality and trouble, and is the beginning of life." Having then ordered those passages of scripture, above mentioned, to be distinctly read to him, he repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed"; enlarging as he went on, most sweetly and spiritually, upon each of the separate petitions and articles, to the great comfort and edification of them that were by. Afterwards, lifting up his hands towards heaven, he cried out, "To thee, Lord, do

I commit myself. Thou knowest how intense my pains are, but I do not complain: yea, Lord, if such be thy will concerning me, I could be content to bear these pains for many years together: only do thou continue to enlighten my mind through Christ Jesus." He passed that night with more ease and complacency, than usual: 1Co 15 being frequently read to him, at his own desire: which being done, he would cry out, "O what sweet and heavenly consolations does my Lord afford me, from this blessed chapter!" But, when one of his eyes grew blind, and his speech began to fail, he cried, faintly, "Turn to Joh 17, and read it carefully; for there I have cast my anchor." When that was read, he rested a little: but soon began to utter very heavy groans and deep sighs; so that the by-standers plainly perceived he was grappling with some very great temptation. There were, at this time, present in the room, one John Johnson, a holy man, and Robert Campbell, a great friend to the gospel, Mrs. Knox, and others; who, observing his agonies, thought him to be in the pains of death. At length, however, contrary to their expectation, he recovered, like one awaked from sleep: and, being asked how he did, answered, "Many have been my conflicts with satan, in the course of my frail life, and many the assaults which I have sustained: but that roaring lion never beset me so furiously and forcibly as now. Often has he set my sins in array before me; often has he tempted me to despair, and often strove to ensnare me with the enticements of the world: but, I being enabled to hew his snares in pieces with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, he was not able to prevail against me. But now he has found out a new way. That crafty serpent has endeavoured to persuade me, that, because I have faithfully and successfully discharged my ministerial office, I am on that account deserving of eternal life and an happy immortality. But God was pleased to make me triumphant over this temptation also, by powerfully suggesting to my memory those texts, What hast thou, that thou didst not receive? And, by the grace of God, I am what I am: and, Not I, but the grace of God which was with me: and others, with which I foiled the enemy, and quenched his fiery darts. I thank my God, therefore, through Christ, who has vouchsafed me the victory; and I have a certain persuasion in my own breast, that satan shall not be permitted to return, or molest me any more, in my passage to glory: but that I shall, without any pain of body, or agony of soul, sweetly and peacefully exchange this

wretched life for that blessed and immortal one, which is through Christ Jesus." Then evening prayers were said; and being asked, whether he could hear them distinctly? he answered, "Would to God you all heard with such ears, and perceived with the same mind, as I am enabled to do! And now, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Whereupon certain symptoms of immediate death appearing, he was desired to give some sign, whereby they might know, that he died in the stedfast belief and enjoyment of those gospel truths, which he had taught when living; and, likewise, of his comfortable assurance of a blissful immortality through Christ. On which, as if he had received fresh strength, he triumphantly lifted up his hand toward heaven, and continued waving it for a considerable time; and then quietly departed to the rest which remaineth for the people of God, on Nov. 24, 1572, about eleven o'clock at night.

Life of Mr. Fox the Martyrologist
LIFE OF MR. FOX, THE MARTYROLOGIST.

MR. John Fox was born at Boston, in Lincolnshire, A. D. 1517; the very year when Luther began the reformation in Germany.

His father died when he was very young; and his mother marrying again, he came under the tutelage of a father-in-law: with whom he dwelt until the age of sixteen, at which time he was entered of Brasen-Nose College, Oxford; and was chamber fellow with the celebrated Dr. Alexander Nowel, afterwards dean of St. Paul's. Mr. Fox plied his academical studies with equal assiduity, improvement, and applause. In 1538, he took the degree of Bachelor in Arts; and that of Master in 1543. The same year, he was elected Fellow of Magdalen College.

When he first removed to the university, and for some time after, he was strongly attached to the heresies and superstitions of popery. To his zeal for these, he added a life strictly regular and moral: and, laughing at the idea of justification by faith in the imputed righteousness of Christ, thought himself sufficiently safe in the imaginary merit of his own self-denial, penances, alms-deeds and compliances with the rites of the church.

But he was a chosen vessel; and, therefore, divine grace would not let him remain a pharisee. Through the effectual breathings of God's holy Spirit, his studies were over-ruled, not only to the abundant advantage of posterity at large; but, also, to the endless benefit of his own soul in particular. His indefatigable and profound researches into ecclesiastical history, and the writings of the primitive fathers; and, above all, his thorough acquaintance with the holy scripture in its original languages; became the means of convincing him, to what an immense distance the Romish church has departed, from the faith, practice, and spirit of Christianity.

In order to make himself a yet more competent judge of the controversies then in debate between protestants and papists, he searched with indefatigable assiduity into the ancient and modern history of the church. Here he learnt at what periods, and by what means, the religion of Christ flourished; and by what errors it began

to decline. He considered the causes, and weighed the importance, of those various dissensions which had, from time to time, obtained in the professing world: and quickly perceived, that, in every age, the mistakes, follies, and vices of mankind, are more similar in their nature, operations, and effects, than is generally imagined. What is the far greater part of civil and ecclesiastical history, but a register of the weakness and wickedness which divide almost the whole human race between them?

With such zeal and industry did Mr. Fox apply himself to these inquiries, that, before he was thirty years of age, he had read over all the Greek and all the Latin fathers; all the scholastic writers; together with the acts of all the councils: and, moreover, made himself master of the Hebrew language. But, from this strict and severe application, by night as well as by day; from forsaking his old popish friends, and courting the most sequestered retirement; from the dubious and hesitating manner, in which, when he could not avoid being in company, he spoke of religious subjects; and, above all, from his sparing attendance on the public worship of the church, which he had before been remarkable for strictly and constantly frequenting; arose the first surmises of his being alienated from the reigning superstitions, and infected with (what the bigotted Romanists had either the ignorance or the insolence to term) the "new heresies."

Thus, even the humble and benevolent Mr. Fox was not without his enemies; who narrowly watched his conduct, and waited for an opportunity to injure him. His singular openness and sincerity did not long leave them at a loss for ways or means. Snares were laid for him, and his generous honesty betrayed him into them. A moderate portion of dissimulation (commonly called, prudence and circumspection) would perhaps have secured him a while from the machinations of his adversaries. But he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people, and for the cause of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season: mindful of that decisive and alarming declaration, Whosoever is ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with his holy angels. Through grace, our author determined to venture the loss of all things, for Christ's sake; in consequence of which he

openly professed the gospel, and was publicly accused of heresy. His college passed judgment on him, as an heretic convicted, and presently after, he saw himself expelled from the university. His enemies maintained that he was favourably dealt with by that sentence; and might think himself happily off, to incur expulsion instead of death.

Mr. Fox's troubles sat the heavier on him, as they lost him the countenance and good offices of his friends, who were afraid to assist and protect a person condemned for a capital offence. His father-in-law, particularly, seized this opportunity to withhold from Mr. Fox the estate which his own father had left him; thinking that he who stood in danger of the law himself, would with difficulty find relief by legal methods.

Being thus forsaken and oppressed, he was reduced to great straits: when God raised him up an unexpected patron in sir Thomas Lucy, of Warwickshire; who received him into his house, and made him tutor to his children. Here he married a citizen's daughter of Coventry; and continued in sir Thomas' family, until his pupils were grown up: after which, he with some difficulty, procured entertainment with his wife's father at Coventry; from whence, a few years before the death of Henry VIII. he removed to London.

For a considerable time after his arrival in the capital, being without employment or preferment, he was again reduced to extreme want. But the Lord's good providence relieved him at length, in the following extraordinary manner. As he was sitting one day in St. Paul's church, his eyes hollow, his countenance wan and pale, and his whole body emaciated (or rather, within a little of being literally starved to death); a person whom he never remembered to have seen before, came and sat down by him, and accosting him familiarly, put a respectable sum of money into his hand, saying, Be of good comfort Mr. Fox; take care of yourself, and use all means to preserve your life: for, depend upon it, God will, in a few days give you a better prospect, and more certain means of subsistence. He afterwards used his utmost endeavours to find out the person, by whose bounty he had been so seasonably relieved: but he was never able to gain any discovery. However, the prediction was fulfilled; for, within three days from that memorable incident, he was taken

into the duchess of Richmond's family, to be tutor to her nephew the earl of Surrey's children, who (on the imprisonment of the earl, and of his father the duke of Norfolk, in the Tower) were committed to the care of the duchess for education.

Mr. Fox lived with this family at Ryegate, in Surrey, during the latter part of Henry VIII's reign, the five years' reign of king Edward VI. and part of queen Mary's. Gardiner, the bloody bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese this good man so long lived, would have soon brought him to the shambles, had he not been protected by one of his noble pupils, then duke of Norfolk. Gardiner always hated Mr. Fox (who it is said was the first person that ventured to preach the gospel at Ryegate); and saw with deep concern, the heir of one of the noblest families in the kingdom, trained up in attachment to protestantism, under Mr. Fox's influence. The prelate, therefore, formed various designs against the safety of the latter; and sought, by many artifices and stratagems, to work his ruin. The holy man, who was no less suspicious of the bishop, than the bishop was of him, found himself obliged in prudence (though much against the duke's inclination, who loved and revered him as a father) to quit his native land, and seek shelter abroad. His grace of Norfolk, perceiving that no arguments nor intreaties could induce his honoured tutor to remain in England, took care to provide him with every accommodation requisite for his voyage. Mr. Fox, accordingly set sail from Ipswich haven; accompanied by his wife, who was then pregnant, and by several other persons, who were leaving their country on a religious account. The vessel had not been very long at sea, ere a storm arose; which, the next day, drove them back into the port from whence they had set out. Having, with great difficulty and danger, reached the land, Mr. Fox was saluted with indubitable information, that bishop Gardiner had issued a warrant for apprehending him, and was causing the most diligent search to be made after him. On this, he made interest with the master of the ship to put to sea again without delay; though at evident hazard of their lives, as the tempest had not yet subsided. Through God's goodness, however, they all arrived in two days at Nieuport in Flanders; from whence Mr. Fox and his company travelled to Antwerp and Franckford; and so to Basil, in Switzerland, whither great numbers of the English resorted in those times of domestic persecution.

The city of Basil was then one of the most famous in Europe for printing: and many of the learned refugees who retired thither, got their subsistence by revising and correcting the press. To this employment, Mr. Fox betook himself: and it was here that he laid the first plan of his inestimable history and martyrology, intitled, Acts and Monuments of the Church.

Queen Mary the bloody died in the month of November, 1558. And, the day before she died in England, Mr. Fox, in a sermon then preached by him at Basil, publicly and positively predicted, that the day then next ensuing would be the last of her life. An event, so circumstantially foretold by one at such a distance from the place of Mary's residence; and so punctually accomplished, by the hand of divine providence; could only be made known to the predictor, by revelation from God.

Elizabeth's accession encouraged Mr. Fox to return home: where, on his arrival, he still found a faithful and serviceable friend, in his late pupil the duke of Norfolk; who hospitably and nobly entertained him, at his manor of Christ church, in London, until his [i. e. until the duke's] death; from which latter period Mr. Fox inherited a pension, bequeathed to him by his deceased benefactor, and ratified by his son the earl of Suffolk.

Nor did the good man's successes stop here. On being recommended to the queen by her secretary of state, the great Cecil; her majesty gave him the prebendary of Shipton, in the cathedral of Salisbury: which was, in a manner, forced upon him; for he brought himself with difficulty to accept of it. The truth is that, wise and holy and learned as Mr. Fox unquestionably was, he entertained some needless doubts, concerning the lawfulness of subscribing to the ecclesiastical canons: a requisition, which, in his idea, he considered as an infringement of protestant liberty. Through this extreme scrupulousness, he excluded himself from rising to those dignities and promotions in the church, to which his uncommon merit, as a scholar and a divine, eminently entitled him; and to which he would most certainly have risen, but for the cause now assigned. His friends were many, great, and powerful: as sir Francis Walsingham, sir Francis Drake, sir Thomas Gresham, sir Drue Drury, archbishop Grindal, bishop Aylmer, bishop Parkhurst, &c.; who would have been the instruments of raising him to very considerable

preferments, had not his unaccountable coolness toward the canons and ceremonies of the church of England restrained him from accepting any of her capital emoluments. While, however, we wonder at his prejudices; we cannot but revere him for his honesty, and for his extreme tenderness of conscience. - Dr. Fuller tells us, that archbishop Parker summoned him to subscribe; in hope, "that the general reputation of his piety might give the greater countenance to conformity." But, instead of complying with the command, Mr. Fox pulled out of his pocket the New Testament, in Greek; and, holding it up, said, To this will I subscribe. And when a subscription to the canons was required of him, he refused; saying, I have nothing in the church, but a prebend at Salisbury: and, if you take it away from me, much good may it do you. But he was permitted to retain it until his death: such respect did the bishops (who had, most of them been his fellow exiles abroad) bear to his age, parts and labours.

Yet, let it be remembered that, notwithstanding his acknowledged moderation in point of thorough conformity; he was still a declared enemy to the heats and violences of rigid puritanism. "I cannot but wonder," said he, in a letter to a bishop, "at that turbulent genius, which inspires those factious puritans. - Were I one, who, like them, would be violently outrageous against bishops and archbishops; or join myself with them, i. e. become mad, as they are; I had not met with severe treatment [at their hand]. But because, quite different from them, I have chosen the side of modesty and public tranquillity; the hatred, which they have long conceived against me, is at last grown to this degree of bitterness. - Your prudence is not ignorant how much the Christian religion suffered, formerly, by the dissimulation and hypocrisy of the monks. At present, in these men, I know not what new sort of monks seems to revive; so much more pernicious than the former, as with more subtle artifices of deceiving, and under pretence of perfection, like stage-players who only act a part, they conceal a more dangerous poison: who, while they require every thing to be formed according to their own strict discipline, will not desist until they have brought all things into Jewish bondage."(b)

(b) The occasion on which this letter was written; and the whole of the letter itself, in its original Latin; are extant in Fuller's Church

Hist. b. ix. p. 106. - For a summary of it in English, see Biographia Britannica, vol. iii. p. 2021.

Thus thought, and thus wrote this admirable divine! this friend to men of all parties, but a slave to no party of men!

How benevolently disposed this great and good man was, even toward those who differed the most widely from him in religious principles, appears, among many other instances, from the Latin letter, which he wrote to queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1575, to dissuade her majesty from putting to death (c) two anabaptists, who had been condemned to the fire. Fuller has preserved the whole of this masterly and truly Christian address. The substance of it was as follows: that "To punish with the flames, the bodies of those who err rather from blindness than obstinacy of will, is cruel, and more suitable to the example of the Romish church, than to the mildness of the gospel. I do not" (added he) "write thus, from any bias to the indulgence of error; but from a regard to the lives of men, as being myself a man: and in hope, that the offending parties may have opportunity to repent of and retract their mistakes." He earnestly beseeches her majesty, "to spare the lives of these miserable men; or, at least, soften their mode of punishment: as to banish them, or commit them to perpetual imprisonment, &c. but, at all events, not to re-ignite the Smithfield fires, which, through her goodness and care, had been so long extinguished. If this could not be granted, at least to allow them a month or two, in order that endeavours might be used, to reclaim them from their errors, and thereby to prevent the destruction of their souls, as well as of their bodies." Mr. Fox (says Fuller) was very loath that Smithfield, formerly consecrated with martyrs' ashes, should now be profaned with those of heretics: and was desirous that the papists might enjoy their own monopoly of cruelty, in burning condemned persons. But, though queen Elizabeth constantly called him, "her father Fox;" yet, herein, was she no dutiful daughter: for she gave him a fiat denial, as to the saving of their lives; if, after a month's reprieve, and conference with divines, they would not recant their heresies. It is not a little surprising, that so holy and so candid a man, as Dr. Fuller, should endeavour to palliate, if not to justify, the extreme malignity, which brought those two Dutchmen to the stake. "Damnable," says this historian, "were their impieties; and the queen was necessitated to this severity; who,

having formerly punished some traitors, if now sparing these blasphemers, the world would condemn her; as being more earnest, in asserting her own safety, than God's honour." A wretched excuse this for wilful and deliberate murder! It reminds us of Melancthon's cruelty (falsely fathered on Calvin), in pressing the magistrates of Geneva to burn the heretic Servetus. The answer of a popish princess on a similar occasion, did more honour to humanity. This lady (who is still living) was solicited, by some Romish ecclesiastics, to concur with them, in bringing a supposed heretic to the flames. "Is it not true," said she, "that heretics burn for ever in hell-fire?" Without doubt, answered the priests. It would be too severe then," added she, "to burn them in both worlds. Since they are devoted to endless misery hereafter; it is but justice to let them live unmolested here."

(c) On Easter-day was disclosed a congregation of Dutch Anabaptists, without Aldgate, in London: whereof seven and twenty were taken and imprisoned; and four bearing faggots at Paul's Cross solemnly recanted their dangerous opinions. Next month, one Dutchman, and ten women, were condemned, of whom one woman was converted to renounce her errors; eight were banished the land; two so obstinate, that command was issued out for their burning in Smithfield." Fuller's Ch. Hist. b. ix. p. 204.

This shocking and unjustifiable persecution, could not but reflect deep disgrace on the protestant name. The two unhappy victims were burned, according to their sentence, July 22, 1575. They were both Dutchmen, and, as we are informed by Stow, "died in great horror, with roaring and crying." (Chronicle, p. 680.) - Strype says, their names were, John Wielmacker, and Hendrick Ter Woort; and that they suffered, after an imprisonment of sixteen weeks. Much interest was made in their behalf, by the Dutch congregation settled in London; but. the privy council would not spare them: (Strype's Annals, vol. ii. p. 380). It was eminently humane, in their countrymen here, to importune the government so earnestly in their favour; especially, when we recollect, that the intercessors were Calvinists, and that the sufferers added, to their other heresies, the maintenance of free-will, perfection, justification by works, and falling from grace; which, however, was infinitely far from warranting the sanguinary rigour with which they were treated.

Hitherto, Dr. Fuller, and the Biographia Britannica have been our chief guides, in the present account of the truly apostolic Mr. Fox. For what we have further to add, we shall be principally indebted to the learned, faithful, and laborious Mr. Clark.(d) While Mr. Fox was in exile, at Basil, during the prevalence of popery in England; he, one day, in a sermon which he preached before his afflicted countrymen in that city, positively assured them, "That the time was now come, for their safe and happy return home; and that he told them this comfortable news by express command from God." Several ministers who were present, took occasion afterwards, to reprove him with a degree of asperity, for publicly declaring, what they took to be the premature flights of his own fancy and conjecture. But they soon altered their opinion, when authentic intelligence arrived, that queen Mary the bloody was actually dead.

(d) See the first volume of his "Marrow of Ecclesiastical History," p. 382, 383.

On his re-settlement here, he set himself to revise and enlarge his admirable Martyrology. With prodigious pains, and constant study, he finished that elaborate work in eleven years. For the sake of greater correctness, he never employed any amanuensis; but wrote every line of this vast book with his own hand, and searched and transcribed all the records and original papers himself. But, by such excessive toil, leaving no part of his time free from study, nor affording himself either the repose or recreations which nature required; his health was so reduced, and his person became so emaciated and altered, that such of his friends and relations as only conversed with him occasionally could not recollect him at sight. Yet, though he grew daily more lean, withered, and exhausted; his hard studies went on as briskly as ever, nor would he be persuaded to lessen his accustomed labours. - The papists, foreseeing how extremely detrimental his history of their errors and cruelties would prove to their cause, exerted their whole art and strength to lessen the reputation of his work. This malice of theirs was of signal service, both to Mr. Fox himself, and to the church of God at large; as it eventually made his book more intrinsically valuable, by inducing him to weigh with the most exact and scrupulous attention, the certainty of the facts he recorded, and the validity of the authorities from whence he drew his informations.

Having long served both the church and the world, by his ministry, by his pen, and by the unsullied lustre of a beneficent, useful, and holy life; he comfortably resigned his soul to Christ, on the 18th of April, 1587. The Lord had given him a foresight of his departure: and so fully persuaded was he, that the time was just at hand, when he should quit the body, that (probably to enjoy unmolested communion with God, and to have no worldly interruptions in his last hours), he purposely sent his two sons from home, though he loved them with great tenderness; and, before they returned, his spirit, as he had foreseen would be the case, was flown to heaven. He was interred in the chancel of St. Giles', Cripplegate; of which parish he had been in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, for some time vicar.

Mr. Strype says, that a very fair marble stone, fixed in the south wall of that chancel, was presently after erected to his memory, with the following inscription:

CHRISTO S. S.
JOHANNI FOXO

Ecclesiae Anglicanae Martyrologo fidelissimo
Antiquitatis historicae indagatori sagacissimo,
Evangelicae veritatis propugnatori acerrimo,
Thaumaturgo admirabili:
Qui Martyres Marianos, tanquam phaenices, ex cin-
eribus redivivos praestitit
Patri suo, orni pietatis officio imprimis colendo,
Samuel Foxus,
Illius primogenitus
Hoc monumentum posuit
Non sine lacrymis.

Obitt die 18 mens. April. An. Dom. 1587.
Jam septuagenarius.

VITA VITAE MORTALIS EST, SPES VITAE IMMORTALIS.

Fuller acquaints us, that Mr. Fox foretold the destruction of what was madly styled by the pope and Spaniards, the Invincible Armada. "The story," says that historian, "is true, though Mr. Fox survived not to see the performance of his own prediction. - His dear friend,

Dr. Laurence Humfrey, may be said to have died with him (though his languishing life lasted a year longer); so great was his grief to be parted from his fellow-colleague, bred together in Oxford, and banished together into Germany."

Among the graces for which our matchless martyrologist was eminent, shone his extensive (some would almost term it profuse) liberality to the poor. He was so bountiful to them while he lived, that he had no ready money to leave to them at his death. His love to his Saviour was such, that he could never refuse giving to any, who asked him for relief in the name of Jesus; or, for Christ's sake. A friend once enquiring of him, "whether he recollected a certain poor man, whom he used to relieve?" He answered, Yes, I remember him well: and I willingly forget lords and ladies, to remember such as he.

His ability in comforting afflicted consciences was very peculiar. No wonder, therefore, that his house was frequented by persons of all ranks, from noblemen, down to the poorest of the flock; who were labouring under soul distresses.

His time was divided between study, preaching, praying, spiritual conference, and visiting the sick and afflicted. His principal hours for intercourse with God in secret prayer, were during the night season: at which times of holy retirement, he has been heard to agonize with God, and to mingle his supplications with groanings which could not be uttered.

He was distinguished by a deep and settled contempt of earthly things: more especially of pleasures, amusements, wealth, and honours. Hence, he abstracted himself as much as he possibly could from all friendship, society, and connection with the great and noble of this world. The money which was sometimes offered him by rich men, he accepted; but the poor were as sure to have it, as ever he received it.

On various occasions he more than seemed to speak by a spirit of prophecy. Many things did he foretel when comforting the distressed, and when terrifying the obstinate and obdurate.

Lady Anne Heneage lying sick of a violent fever, and the physicians deeming it mortal, Mr. Fox was sent for to be her spiritual assistant in her last moments. After prayer and religious conversation, he told her, that she had done right in preparing for eternity; but that,

nevertheless, she was not to die of that sickness. A knight; her son-in-law, taking him aside soon after, said to him, "Mr. Fox, you acted wrongly, in disconcerting my mother's mind with hopes of life, when the physicians have pronounced her past recovery." - I have said no more, answered the good man, than God commanded me: for it is his pleasure that she shall not die but live. And the event was, as he foretold.

Going one day to see the earl of Arundel, son to the duke of Norfolk, at his lordship's house in the Strand, London; on his coming away, the earl walked with him down his garden to the Thames side, where he was to take boat. The weather being very stormy, and the water extremely rough, the earl advised him not to venture himself on the river. Mr. Fox's answer was very remarkable; and makes us feel a wish to know the particular subject of their preceding conversation: My lord, let these waters so deal with me, as I have in truth and sincerity delivered to you all that I have spoken. On saying these words, he entered the boat; and, very shortly afterwards, the wind ceased, and the river ran with a smooth and gentle current.

There have been macaronies in all ages. One of Mr. Fox's sons had a great desire to travel beyond sea, from which his father could by no means dissuade him. After a tour of several years, he returned home; and presented himself to the good old man, in a fantastical, outlandish habit. Who are you? said Mr. Fox. - "Sir, I am your son Samuel." - To which his reply was: O my son, who has taught thee to make thyself so ridiculous? This reproof seems to have been attended with good effect: for the giddy youth proved afterwards, a serious, devout, learned, and respectable man. In 1610, he wrote the life of his father, prefixed to his Martyrology; and at length died, full of years and of good works.(g)

(g) See more of him in Strype's Annals, vol. iii. p. 505. - As also of Simeon his youngest brother, *ibid.* p. 506. Mr. Strype terms both these surviving sons of Mr. John Fox, "well deserving men, bred up to learning, and of note in their times."

A very singular incident, of which Mr. John Fox himself was eyewitness, shall conclude this summary of his life and character. He it was, who had that memorable interview with Mrs. Honeywood,

mentioned by so many authors of that age. The concern of this pious lady for the salvation of her soul was so great; her doubts and fears so very distressing; and her sorrow of mind so grievous; that she sunk into utter despair: which had such an effect on her bodily health, as brought her to death's door, and kept her in a gradual consumption for almost twenty years. In vain did physicians administer their medical assistances; for her disease, which originated from a spiritual cause, required a supernatural remedy. There was but one physician, whose power and skill could reach her case: even he who healeth those that are broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal their sickness. - In vain did the ablest and most evangelical ministers preach to her the comforts of the gospel; and labour to persuade her of the willingness and certainty, wherewith Christ receives every coming sinner. The holy Spirit alone could preach to her heart with efficacy; and he had not yet vouchsafed, in all those years, to rise upon her soul. At length, Mr. Fox was sent for; who, on his arrival, found a most mournful family, and the mistress of it the deepest mourner among them all. The holy man prayed with her; and then reminded her of what the faithful God had promised, and of what Christ had done and suffered for her soul. But even this was to no purpose: for still she could not believe, that the gospel promises and the merits of Jesus belonged to her. Mr. Fox, not in the least discouraged, went on; and to the wonder of those about her, expressed himself to the following effect: You will not only recover of your bodily disease, but also live to an exceeding great age; and, which is yet better, you are interested in Christ, and will go to heaven when you die. Looking earnestly at him as he spake these words, she answered with much emotion, Impossible! I shall as surely be damned, as this glass will break: and immediately dashed a Venice glass (which she was holding in her hand), with much force against the wall. The glass fell first on a chest, and then upon the ground; but was neither broken, nor so much as cracked.(h) The event proved that Mr. Fox did not prophesy by the spirit of error. Mrs. Honeywood was then sixty years old; and lived in much comfort and felicity, until she was upwards of ninety, and could reckon, above three hundred and sixty persons descended from herself.

(h) Fuller, in his *Worthies of England* (Kent, p. 86), says, that though this circumstance was little short of miraculous, still Mrs.

Honeywood took no comfort from it; but "continued a great time after, in her former disconsolate condition, without any amendment, until God, who findeth out the fittest minutes for his own mercies, suddenly shot comfort, like lightning into her soul; so that she led the remainder of her life in spiritual gladness. This she herself told to the reverend father, Thomas Morton, bishop of Durham, from whose mouth I have received this relation. In the days of queen Mary she used to visit the prisons, and to comfort and relieve the confessors therein. She was present at the burning of Mr. Bradford, in Smithfield, and resolved to see the end of his sufferings; though, so great was the press of people, that her shoes were trodden off, and she forced thereby to go barefoot from Smithfield to St. Martin's before she could furnish herself with a new pair for her money. She died the eleventh of May, 1620; in the ninety-third year of her age, and in the forty-fourth year of her widowhood."

The Life of Dr. Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury
THE LIFE OF DR. JEWEL, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

"We learn from Dr. Fuller, that this great prelate was a native of Devonshire: "John Jewel, bearing the Christian name of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, was born at Buden [or Bowden, of which estate his ancestors had then been near two hundred years in possession], in the pariah of Berynarber, near Ilfracombe, in that county. His mother's surname was Bellamy; who, with her husband, happily lived fifty years in holy wedlock: and, at their deaths, left ten children behind them.

"Concerning our bishop, it may be said, '*nomen, omen.*' Jewel was his name, and precious were his virtues. So that, if the like ambition led us Englishmen as doth foreigners, specially to render our surnames in Greek or Latin, he may be termed Johannes Gemma, on better account than Gemma Frisius entitled himself thereunto."

He was chiefly bred in the school of Barnstaple: where John Harding, afterwards his popish antagonist, was his school-fellow. At thirteen years old, he was admitted into Merton college, Oxford; under the tuition of Dr. John Parkhurst, afterwards the ingenious and evangelical bishop of Norwich. Such was his sedulity (rising always at four in the morning, and not going to rest until ten at night), that he was never punished for any one of his exercises, and but once for absence from chapel. Hence he was removed to Corpus Christi College, where he proved an excellent poet, linguist, and orator. Such was his memory, that he could repeat all Horace by heart; and gave many other surprising proofs of quickness and retention.

During his residence at the university, after the accession of king Edward VI. he was happy in the friendship of that holy and learned reformer, doctor Peter Martyr. "Having touched at all human arts," says Fuller, "he landed at divinity; being much assisted by Peter Martyr, the king's professor therein. St. Jerom tells us, that so great was the intimacy between Pamphilius, that worthy priest and martyr, and Eusebius, the bishop of Caesarea; *ut ab uno alter nomen acceperat*, that they were mutually surnamed, the one from the other, *Pamphilius Eusebii*, and *Eusebius Pamphili*. No less the unity of affections between these two; who accordingly might have been called, Martyr's Jewel, and Jewel's Martyr; as seldom in body,

and never in mind asunder."

Having been chosen (k) Humanity-Lecturer, in preference to many of his seniors, he acquitted himself with such brightness and ability, that his tutor, Dr. Parkhurst, honoured him with the following complimentary epigram:

Olim discipulus mihi, care Juelle, fuisti:
Nunc ero discipulus, te renuente, tuus.

(k) Humanity, in college language, is a term that implies and comprehends the knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues; together with rhetoric, poetry, grammar, and history, both ancient and modern.

Amidst all his attainments in learning, such were his fervour of devotion, sanctity of life, and affability of behaviour, that he was admired, and almost loved, by the bitterest enemies of the protestant faith; insomuch that (in Henry VIIIth's reign) the dean of his college, who was a fierce and bigotted papist, would sometimes say to him, "I should love thee, Jewel, if thou was not a Zuinglian. In thy faith thou art an heretic; but, surely in thy life thou art an angel. Thou art very good and honest, but a Lutheran." Much the same with what the persecuting heathens would frequently say of believers in Christ; *bonus homo, sed Christianus*; i. e. such an one is a good man, but he is a Christian.

A little before the death of Henry VIII. Mr. Jewel took his Master of Arts degree; and when good king Edward wore the crown, he became a most celebrated and shining ornament of the church of England. His principal fault was that of being too hard a student. By this he greatly emaciated his body, and impaired his health. His diet was extremely simple and sparing; and his incessant fatigues of mind bade fair to sink him, much sooner to the grave than in reality they did. The tolerably advanced age, to which he attained, is one proof among millions, that the same absolute providence which registers our hairs, has also determined the number of our days.

Retiring once to Witney, on account of an epidemic sickness which raged at Oxford, our future bishop pursued his studies with such assiduity, that, neglecting to supply himself with necessary accommodations, he contracted so violent a cold, as fixed a lameness in one of his legs, from which he was never exempt to his

dying day.

Being presented to the rectory of Sunningwell, in Berkshire, he performed his own duty at that church, every other Lord's day, by preaching and catechising in person. On the alternate Sundays, he preached and expounded at Oxford, with much credit to himself, and much usefulness to others.

Thus happily, and honourably, he went on, until king Edward VI. (of whom the world was not worthy) was transplanted to heaven, and Mary succeeded to the English throne. On that sad occasion, none had more reason to be apprehensive of danger than Mr. Jewel, whom God had made so zealous and so distinguished an instrument of diffusing the doctrines of grace, in opposition to the Arminian, (or as they were then called) the pelagian tenets of popery. His enemies immediately laid a snare for him, by choosing him to draw up a congratulatory letter to the new queen, in the name of the university; well knowing, that if he refused the task, he would expose himself to the imputation of disloyalty; and if he consented, he would give great offence to the protestants throughout England. Aware of the dilemma to which he was reduced, he extricated himself from this artful trap, by discreetly penning the letter in such general terms, as satisfied the court, and yet gave no umbrage to the favourers of the gospel. "Indeed," says Fuller, "all, as yet were confident that the queen would maintain the protestant religion, according to her solemn promise to the gentry of Norfolk and Suffolk; though (she being composed of courtship and popery) this her unperformed promise was the first court holy water, which she sprinkled among the people. And, because every one was counted a truant in popery who did not outrun the law; Dr. Tresham, an active papist, and a van-courier before authority, repaired the great bell at Christ-church, which he new named, and (1) baptized Mary. While Mr. Jewel was reading the letter he had penned, to Dr. Tresham, for his approbation thereof; presently that bell tolled to mass, and Tresham, breaking off his attention to what was written, exclaimed, in a zealous ecstasy, O sweet Mary! how musically, how melodiously, doth she sound! This bell then rung the knell for that time, to the truth in Oxford; thenceforward filled with protestant tears and popish triumphs."

(1) It is customary in the church of Rome, to baptize bells, and name them after some reputed saint.

Shortly after, Mr. Jewel, for refusing to be present at the celebration of mass, was driven from his college (of Corpus Christi), and forced to quit his fellowship. For a while he lay hid at Broadgates hall (now Pembroke college); where his friends and scholars privately repaired to him; and in the learned and religious knowledge which he communicated to them, they received more than compensation for the dangerous risk they ran in venturing to visit him. Among his pupils, was a Mr. Edward Year, an ingenious person, and zealously attached to the gospel. This gentleman wrote two poems, one in Latin, and the other in English, ridiculing the superstitions of papal worship, and prophesying the return of the reformation. These verses coming into the hands of Mr. Welsh, who was at that time censor of Corpus Christi college, so provoked him, that he punished the author, by literally whipping him with great severity; giving him a lash for each verse, amounting to about eighty in the whole. The poet (a sample of whose performance is preserved in Fuller's Church History), probably thought himself well off to escape with a flogging, instead of being roasted alive.

Mr. Jewel had not been long in his concealment, when he was discovered by some popish spies; which was followed by an event, that was matter of subsequent humiliation to him as long as he lived. The apostle Peter, and the excellent archbishop Cranmer, though they loved Christ with deep and undissembled affection, yet were unhappily induced to deny him, in a day of trouble and of rebuke and blasphemy. Take the account of our author's temporary defection, in the words of the valuable historian last quoted. "Being by the violence of popish inquisitors, assaulted on a sudden, to subscribe [to some errors of their church], he (m) took a pen in his hand, and said, smiling, have you a mind to see how well I can write? and thereupon under writ their opinions. Thus the most orient jewel on earth hath some flaws therein. To conceal this his fault, had been partiality; to excuse it, flattery; to defend it, impiety; to insult over him, cruelty; to pity him, charity; to admire God in permitting him, true devotion; to be wary of ourselves on the like occasion, Christian discretion.

(m) Dr. Humphry imputes his [i. e. Jewel's] wavering, to the specious promises made by queen Mary, that she would force no man's conscience, and intended to make no change in religion. It is

added, that if he could have consulted his-old tutor, Dr. Parkhurst, he would not have been guilty of so great a weakness. He took a journey on foot to Cleve, (of which Dr. Parkhurst was rector), for that purpose; but the doctor, on the re-establishment of popery had fled to London. Mr. Jewel, being thus disappointed, returned to Oxford; where he lingered, until certain inquisitors laid hold on him by surprise, and pressed him, with threats to subscribe. But he soon became sensible of his apostasy, and took the first opportunity to escape. Biogr. Britann.

"Such as go out, when God openeth them a door to escape, do peaceably depart. But such as break out at the window, either stick in the passage, or bruise themselves by falling down on the outside. Jewel may be an instance hereof; whose cowardly compliance made his foes no fewer without him, and one the more (a guilty conscience) within him. The papists neither loved, nor honoured, nor trusted him, any whit the more for this his subscription; which they conceived not cordial, but forced from him by his fear. Yea, thereby he gained not any degree of more safety; and his life being waylaid for, with great difficulty he got over into Germany."

For Dr. (n) Martial, dean of Christ Church, not deeming his subscription sufficiently sincere and explicit, was plotting how to deliver him into the bloody hands of bishop Bonner; but he escaped on foot, and through bye-ways to London. The news of his flight was soon spread, and proper persons were dispatched to intercept him. But as God's providence would have it, Mr. Jewel (accidentally as an Arminian would call it) missed his way, and so eluded the keenness of his vigilant pursuers. Thus, says a pious historian, "by going out of the way, he found the safest way (o);" and certain it is, that the wrong way proved the right.

(n) Martial was one of those supple divines, who shape their principles and conduct according to the complexion of the times. Like the celebrated vicar of Bray (who flourished at the same period), he renounced popery under king Edward; re-embraced it with flaming zeal under queen Mary; and quitted it again under Elizabeth.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.

(o) Clark's Lives, p. 328.

While travelling on foot in a snowy winter's night, he grew quite spent and scarce able to breathe, much less to pursue his walk. In this situation, he threw himself despairingly on the earth, expecting and choosing death rather than life. He was found, however, by one Augustin Bernher, a Switz; who had formerly been a servant of bishop Latimer's, but was afterwards admitted into holy orders. This worthy person, like another good Samaritan, lifted Mr. Jewel from the ground; and seating him on a horse, conducted him to lady Anne Warcop's, by whom he was kindly entertained, and then safely conveyed to London. Here concealing himself, first in Thames-street, and afterwards elsewhere, for fear of being discovered; sir Nicholas Throgmorton, a man of great distinction at that time, furnished him with money, and secured his passage in a ship bound for the continent. His direct escape was managed by Mr. Giles Laurence, tutor to sir Arthur Darcie's children, living near the Tower of London. He had been Jewel's fellow collegian at Oxford, and Greek professor. Afterwards, in 1564, Mr. Jewel (then a bishop) made him archdeacon of Wiltshire.

Arriving at Frankford, A. D. 1554, and the second of Mary's reign, our refugee had the happiness to board in the same house with Dr. Edwin Sandys, who had likewise fled from England on a religious account; and who in the better days of Elizabeth, became the exemplary archbishop of York. By his advice, and that of two other intimate friends (Mr. Chambers and Mr. Sampson), he made a solemn and affecting recantation of his subscription, in a full congregation of English protestants, on a Sunday morning, after having preached a most tender penitential sermon. It was, said he, my abject and cowardly mind, and faint heart, that made my weak hand commit this wickedness. He bitterly bewailed his fall; and with sighs and tears supplicated forgiveness of the God whose truth he had denied, and of the church of Christ whom he had so grievously offended. If the eyes of the preacher were wet, those of his auditory were not dry; and from thenceforward, "all embraced him as a brother in Christ; yea, as an angel of God. Whoever seriously considers," adds Dr. Fuller, "the high parts of Mr. Jewel, will conclude, that his fall was necessary for his humiliation."

After some stay at Frankford, he was invited to Strasburgh, by his old friend (p) Peter Martyr; who being both wealthy and hospitable,

had instituted a kind of college, for learned and religious men, more especially for protestant refugees in his own house. He entertained them with a friendship and liberality truly noble; and politely made our Jewel the sub-president of his numerous guests; all of whom he continued to shelter and support, until milder times, or more advantageous settlements elsewhere, made it their interest or inclination to remove.

(p) When Mary came to the crown, and the tide was turning fast for the re-introduction of popery, it was high time for Peter Martyr, seasonably to provide for his own security. This great divine was by birth, a foreigner; and had been invited hither by king Edward, who fixed him at Oxford, where he sat as divinity professor, until the death of that good prince. He had therefore, the warrant of public faith, and the law of nations for his safety. Seeing how matters were like to go under the mischievous government of the bloody female, he solicited for leave to return to his own country; and it was granted him. And well it was that he had protection of proof: otherwise, such was the enmity of the papists, and so sharp set were the teeth of some persecuting bishops against him; that they would have made Dr. Martyr brook his own name, and have sacrificed his life to their fury. Fuller.

It is a debt of justice due to the memory of bishop Gardiner, to acknowledge, that bad as he was, providence made him the principal instrument of procuring Peter Martyr the requested passport from England. The bishop revered him for his immense learning, and for the shining virtues of his life; and therefore exerted his influence with the new government, to obtain him the favour (and it was a great favour indeed, as times then went) of a safe-conduct to Germany.

"It (q) is no less pleasant to consider, than admirable to conceive, how the exiles subsisted so long, and so far from their native country in so comfortable a condition. Especially, seeing Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, solemnly vowed, so to stop the sending of all supplies to them, that for very hunger, they should eat their own nails, and then feed on their fingers' ends. But threatened folks live long: and before these banished men were brought to that short bill of fare, the bishop was eaten up of worms himself."

(q) Fuller.

During the remainder of Mary's evil reign, Mr. Jewel, and the other English protestants, who had taken refuge in Germany, subsisted on the whole very comfortably beyond sea. It is, pleasing to trace the various (r) methods by which God's kind providence supplied the wants of all those excellent men, who had quitted their native land for the sake of Christ and his gospel.

(r) See Fuller's Church Hist. Book viii.

1. Many of them were clergymen, and had been richly beneficed in the foregoing reign of king Edward. These prudent men perceiving the rapid decline of that good monarch's health, and dreading the religious revolution which his advancing, death might occasion; had managed their revenues so frugally, as to feather their nests before the storm came on. By this means they afterwards had it in their power, not only to support themselves in a foreign land, but likewise to administer to the maintenance of their poorer brethren.

2. Some of the English refugees were lay-persons, of high birth and great opulence. Among these were sir John Cheeke, sir Richard Morison, sir Francis Knollys, afterwards privy counsellor to queen Elizabeth; sir Anthony Cook, father-in-law to that Cecil who was afterwards lord Burleigh; sir Peter Carew, renowned for his valour in Ireland, where he died in 1576; lady Elizabeth Berkeley; and lady Dorothy Stafford, afterwards lady of the bed-chamber to queen Elizabeth. These, and other exiles of wealth and rank, were eminently liberal to their companions in the kingdom and patience of Christ.

3. A great number of pious protestants still resident in England, found means to remit with secrecy and safety, large sums of money from time to time, for the relief of their Christian brethren abroad. Fuller tells us, that the greater part of these home benefactors were Londoners; and adds a remark, which holds as true now, as it did two centuries ago, *viz.* that "London commonly counterpoised the charity of all the land besides."

4. One Mr. Thomas Eaton, a London merchant, but living in Germany, contributed much by his princely hospitality, to the well-being of his exiled countrymen; for he was *communis hospes*, the entertainer general of as many of them as had either occasion or

inclination to avail themselves of his unlimited generosity.

5. The king of Denmark, the prince Palatine of the Rhine, the duke of Wirtenburgh, the duke of Bipont, together with all the states and free cities where the English sojourned, were nobly bountiful to them.

6. The Dutch clergy, and also those of Switzerland (particularly at Zurich), vied with each other in acts of kindness to the protestant strangers. Among the foremost in beneficence, were Bullinger, Pellincan, Bibliander, Simler, Wolphius, Lavator, and Zuinglius: divines says Fuller, "whose short stipends would scarce reach to maintain themselves; and yet their thrift and charity stretched their stipends so as therewith to relieve others." The learned Gesner, the famous natural historian, was likewise eminently liberal.

7. Some of the English who were men of erudition, maintained themselves by writing treatises of religion, and of science; and then disposing of their manuscripts for a good price to the booksellers. Others acquired a competent livelihood, by superintending and correcting the press. "Such sums," says Dr. Fuller, "though small in bulk, were great in blessing; a divine benediction being always invisibly breathed on painful and lawful diligence. Persons industriously occupying themselves thrive better on a little of their own honest getting, than lazy heirs on the large revenues left to them.

8. "One thing much kept up the credit of the exiles with the merchants and bankers beyond the seas; namely, the certain and constant report of queen Mary's decaying condition. She was daily consuming, though increasing; wasting, though swelling with a dropsical distemper which could not be kept so closely under the key of confession, but that it became the public discourse at home and abroad. This gave reputation to such English in Germany as were known to be possessed of estates in their own country; enabling them to borrow convenient sums from any creditors." Thus, in some way or other, did God's good providence take ample care of them all. His own grace had taught them to seek first his kingdom and righteousness, and every needful temporal mercy was added unto them.

We left Mr. Jewel at the house of his munificent friend, Dr. Peter

Martyr, in Strasburgh. While there, he was not a little serviceable, in return for the generous reception given him by that great man, whom he assisted in the publication of his [i. e. of Martyr's] Lectures on the Book of Judges. Mr. Jewel also tasted largely of Calvin's bounty, and of Melancthon's, who remitted him (as they did likewise to many others of the English) occasional sums of money, though their own (s) revenues were by no means affluent.

(s) Calvin's whole stipend at Geneva, amounted to about twenty-five pounds sterling, per annum. - The senate pressed him to accept of more; but he peremptorily refused any addition. Supposing money, at that time, to be four times as valuable as at present; his income was worth about £ 100 per annum, according to the modern estimation of specie. Even Monsieur Bayle admires and celebrates this extraordinary proof of Calvin's disinterestedness and deadness to the world: "That a man," says he, "who had acquired so great reputation, and such authority, should yet have had but a salary of an hundred crowns, and refuse to accept of more; and, after living 55 years with the utmost frugality, should leave but three hundred crowns to his heirs, including his library, which sold very dear; is something so heroical, that one must have lost all feeling, not to admire it."

Melancthon's salary was not a great deal better, considering he had a wife and family to take care of. His income (see the Biographical Dictionary, vol. viii. p. 325.) was but three hundred German florins per annum. A German florin is 2s, 4d. English. Consequently, his finances amounted to thirty-five pounds, yearly: which, quadrupled, make 140 per annum, according to the then value of money.

On Dr. Martyr's invitation to the divinity chair at Zurich, Mr. Jewel accompanied him thither; and was of great use to him, in the discharge of the weighty office annexed to that dignity.

Queen Mary, departing this life, went to her own place, November 17, 1558, in the 43d year of her age, after a bloody and disastrous reign of 5 years, 4 months, and 11 days. Her death was a most happy event for the church of God, both at home and abroad. Some time before she finished her course, such of the exiles as had their chief support from the charity of good people in England, were beginning to be anxious; the usual supplies being, in a great measure, cut off.

This was owing to the malicious vigilance of bishop Gardiner; who, gaining intelligence of their benefactors here, threw some of them into prison, and impoverished others by various modes of oppression; so that the current of their bounty to the transmarines, was almost entirely stopt. Yet, in this difficulty, the exiles were liberally relieved, by the seasonable humanity of several German princes and cities.

No sooner was the happy news of Elizabeth's accession to the throne, publicly announced on the continent; than the exiles returned to England and among the rest, Mr. Jewel. On his arrival, he spent his first six months at the house of Mr. Culverwell, a citizen of London; and then removed into the family of Lord Williams of Tame. The 31st of March following, he was one of the eight protestant divines, who were appointed to hold an open disputation in Westminster Abbey, against eight Romanists. On this occasion, Fuller justly remarks, that the issue of this conference was similar to "the general destiny of such public colloquies; which, like sycamore trees, prove barren: and the larger the leaves of expectation, the less the fruits of success. The assembly dissolved; and it were hard to say which were louder, the papists in complaining, or the protestants in triumphing."

In July, 1559, Mr. Jewel was appointed one of the queen's commissioners, to visit the dioceses of Sarum, Exeter, Bristol, Bath and Wells, and Gloucester; and to weed them as much as possible of popery. And not many months after (*viz.* Jan. 21, 1559-60), as a reward for his distinguished learning and merit, he was consecrated bishop of Salisbury.

So bright a luminary could not fail of moving to great advantage in so eminent a sphere. Even at a time when all the bishops of the church of England were sound in the faith, and eminent for holiness; Dr. Jewel was remarkable for the fervour of his graces, the sanctity of his life, and his laboriousness in the vineyard of Christ.

In his first episcopal visitation, he began (what he afterwards happily perfected) such a thorough reformation, not only in his cathedral and in the parochial churches, but also in the courts of his jurisdiction; as procured both to himself, and to the whole order of bishops, the utmost reverence and esteem. He was a strict overseer

of all the clergy, and of all the parishes, in his large diocese; and so narrowly watched the proceedings of his chancellor and archdeacons, and of his stewards and receivers, that they had no opportunity of conniving at error, or at vice; much less of being guilty themselves, of oppression or injustice. To prevent those abuses, for which the episcopal courts were sometimes too deservedly censured, he frequently presided in person. And being, moreover, in the commission of the peace, he was no less useful as a civil magistrate, than exemplary as a bishop, and equitable as an ecclesiastical judge.

With regard to his more private conduct, he usually rose at four in the morning; and, after prayers with his family at five, and divine service in the cathedral at six, he was so fixed to his studies all the remainder of the forenoon, that he could not without the greatest difficulty, be persuaded to interrupt them. After dinner, his doors and his ears were open to all comers; and what had been said of the emperor Titus, was justly applied to this Christian prelate, that he never sent any person away from his presence, dissatisfied or grieved. Suitors being thus dismissed, he heard with singular patience and impartiality those causes, which were either debated before him as judge, or referred to him as an arbitrator: and as much of the day as remained unoccupied by these public duties, he considered as clear gain to his studies. - About nine at night, he called all his servants to a spiritual account, how they had spent the day; and thence went to prayers with them in his chapel: from whence he directly repaired again to his study, and read or wrote until about midnight.

He greatly distinguished himself, by preaching and writing in the defence of the church of England, and against the errors of popery. In 1560, he gave a public challenge (in a sermon, which he preached at St. Paul's Cross, London) to all the papists throughout the world; defying them to produce but one clear and evident testimony, out of any father that flourished within six hundred years after Christ, for any one of the various articles in which the church of Rome dissents from that of England. His text (x) on this celebrated occasion, was 1Co 11:23. This vigorous attack involved him in a long, but very useful controversy; for the Romanists mustered their utmost forces, to defend their sinking cause. And to their fruitless attempts we are

indebted, for that inestimable work of the bishop's, published in 1562, and entitled, An Apology for the Church of England: written by his lordship in elegant Latin, that all the learned men in Europe might judge on which side the stress of argument lay; and afterwards translated into English; and then into Greek, for the benefit of the Eastern churches. Many popish champions, both foreign and domestic, entered the lists against this masterly and unanswerable defence of the gospel. To these (and particularly to the cavils and calumnies of Harding the Jesuit) our prelate replied, in A Defence of the Apology for the Church of England; first printed, A. D. 1564. In so great esteem was this treatise held, that it was ordered by queen Elizabeth, and by king James I. to be read in every parish church throughout England and Wales; and that each of those sacred edifices should be furnished with a copy, chained to the wall. In some of our country churches, this excellent book is still to be seen. - Mr. Harding strenuously attacked the Defence, in a treatise published at Louvain, A. D. 1568. To which the indefatigable bishop wrote a rejoinder, printed at London, in folio, A. D. 1568, and 1570.

(x) The sermon itself was printed the same year and an extract from it is preserved in Clark's Lives, and in the Biog. Britann.

On the 26th of May, 1565, the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity, though he was then absent: and the year following, he attended queen Elizabeth, in the visit she made to that noble seminary; and sat as Moderator, at the divinity disputations which were held before her majesty.

Providence had furnished this great and evangelical prelate, with such natural talents, as most highly qualified him for the important departments he was destined to sustain. His memory was capacious and retentive, almost to a prodigy. After hearing a remarkable incident, he penned it down in his common place book: and the trouble of once writing any thing, would impress it so strongly on his mind, that he never afterwards forgot it. If he wrote down an intended speech or a sermon (which it was always his custom to do); he just gave it a single perusal, and could then exactly repeat the whole. When the bell began to toll for church, he began to run his eye over his discourse; and was perfect master of it in a few minutes. Such were his firmness of nerves, and power of recollection, that he used frequently to say, If I was to deliver a

premeditated speech before ten thousand auditors, and they were shouting or fighting all the while; I should still be able to pronounce the whole of what I intended to speak. After once (or at the most twice) reading the hardest and uncouthest words, in such languages as the Welsh, Irish, &c. and meditating a little upon them; he would repeat any forty of them at a time, either backwards or forwards, without hesitation. In the year 1563, sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal, having read to him out of Erasmus' Paraphrase, the last clauses of ten lines, in a confused and imperfect manner, on purpose to try him; the bishop, covering his face with his hand, and sitting silent awhile, immediately rehearsed all those broken sentences, both the right way and the contrary, without mistake or embarrassment. - He attained to this amazing memory, partly, by the help of art. It is to be wished, that his method of improving that important faculty, had been recorded. But we only know, that he taught it to some of his friends: and, among them, to bishop Parkhurst; who profited so effectually by Dr. Jewel's rules, that he [Parkhurst] was able in 28 days, and by devoting no more than one hour each day, to repeat the whole 28 chapters of St. Matthew's gospel, both regularly, and in any detached parcels.

Though bishop Jewel was a constant preacher, and endued with as profound and lively talents as man could well be; yet, he never presumed so far on his inherent powers, as to preach an extemporary sermon. I do not mean to say, that he carried written notes with him into the pulpit; for I cannot find that he ever did this, so much as once: but he always premeditated, and generally committed the principal parts of each discourse to writing, prior to his preaching it. In the article of premeditation, he acted properly and wisely. In penning his sermons beforehand, he incurred, what I should humbly think, a needless drudgery.

His moral and social character were such, as might be expected in a bishop, who was savingly regenerated by divine grace, and who walked in close communion with God. Devout, charitable, and liberal; modest, humble, and temperate. His serenity of soul rendered him happy, affable, and cheerful; and God gave him the most absolute mastery over all his passions.

His genius was bright and quick: his application to study indefatigable. Hence, he was profoundly versed in the sciences; and

thoroughly acquainted with the Greek, Latin, and Italian languages; with a competent knowledge of the French and German.

Long before his final sickness, he predicted its distant approach; and, when actually overtaken by it, he foretold the precise day of his death. So far was he from shrinking back at the thoughts of his dissolution, that by fasting, labour, and watching, he rather seemed to accelerate it: desirous to entertain death, and to meet his Saviour. When in a very weak and emaciated state, he was riding to Laycock (a beautiful village, near Melsham, in Wiltshire), with an intention to preach; a gentleman, who met him, tenderly advised him "to return home, for his health's sake; it being better that the people should want one sermon, than that the church of God should lose such a preacher." To whom the holy invalid returned this memorable answer (hear it, ye modern dignitaries and blush!): "It becomes a bishop to die in the pulpit, preaching the gospel." (z) He went forward to Laycock, and preached, as he intended. His text was, Ga 5:16. Walk in the spirit. It was the last sermon he ever preached: for, his illness gaining ground on him, more and more, he was conveyed from Laycock, to the neighbouring parish of Monkton Farley; where, taking to his bed, he resigned his valuable soul to God, September 23, 1571, in the 50th year of his age. He was interred in the choir of his cathedral, at Salisbury; where his grave-stone, with his name upon it yet remains.

(z) It is supposed that, in this fine reply, he alluded to the saying of Vespasian; some of whose departing words were, "*Oportet imperatorem stantem mori;*" i.e. An emperor should die upon his feet.

With respect to his person, he was of a thin habit of body, which natural thinness was increased by his abstemious way of living, his want of exercise, and his intense studies. So that, in the latter part of his life, he was almost a breathing skeleton; or in the words of Dr. Humphrey, *Ad incredibilem maciem perductus, et vivum quasi cadaver effectus.*

He bequeathed the greater part of his estate to his servants, to indigent scholars, and to the poor of Salisbury. A short time before he departed, he called all his family into his chamber, and expounded the Lord's Prayer to them, as they stood weeping round

his bed. "It has always been my desire," said he, "that I might glorify God, by sacrificing my life unto death, in defence of his truth. But, though God has not granted my desire, yet I rejoice that my body is exhausted, and worn away, in the labours of my holy calling. And, now my hour is at hand, I earnestly desire you to pray for me, and to help me with the ardency of your affections, when you perceive me, through the infirmity of the flesh, to languish in my prayers. Hitherto I have taught you; but now the time is come, wherein I desire to be taught and strengthened by you." He then requested them to sing the seventy-first Psalm (Ps 71); in which he joined with them, so far as his extreme weakness would permit. Among his dying ejaculations were these: - Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace. - Break off all delays. - Lord, receive my spirit. One of the company burst out into prayer, with tears; beseeching God to restore the bishop's health, and to continue him longer upon earth. The expiring saint overheard the supplications of his friend, and answered; "I have not lived so, as to be ashamed of living longer; neither am I afraid to die, because we have a merciful Lord. A crown of righteousness is laid up for me. Christ is my righteousness. Father, thy will be done. Thy will, I say; not mine, which is imperfect and depraved. This day, quickly, let me see the Lord Jesus."

Dr. Fuller's summary character of the bishop, deserves to be transcribed.

"A jewel, sometimes taken for a single precious stone, is properly, a collective of many, orderly set together for their best advantage. So, several eminencies met in this worthy man; naturals, artificials (among which I recount his studied memory, deserving, as well as Theodectes, the surname of Mnemonicus), morals, but principally spirituals.

"So devout in the pew, where he prayed; diligent in the pulpit, where he preached; grave on the bench of judicature where he assisted; mild in the consistory where he judged; pleasant at the table, where he fed; patient in the bed, where he died; that well it were, if in relation to him, *secundum usum Sarum* were made precedential to all posterity.

"He gave at his death, to Peter Martyr, a golden rose, more fragrant

for the worth of the giver than the value of the gift. To the city of Zurich, a present, which they converted into a piece of plate, with Jewel's arms thereon. To several scholars large legacies. To the church of Salisbury, a fair library; and another to the church of England; I mean, his learned Apology.

"It is hard to say whether his soul or his ejaculations arrived first in heaven; seeing he prayed dying, and died praying.

"He was buried in the choir, by bishop Wyvil: two champions of the church lying together. One who with his sword, proffered to maintain the lands; the other, with his pen, defended the doctrine thereof.

"In the absence of Dr. Humphrey, designed for that service, Mr. Giles Laurence preached his funerals (i.e. funeral sermon); who formerly (being tutor to the children of sir Arthur Darcie, by Aldgate, in London), in queen Mary's days, preserved Jewel's life, and provided accommodations for his flight beyond the seas."

Some Account of Dr. Carleton, Bishop of Chichester
SOME ACCOUNT OF DR. CARLETON, BISHOP OF
CHICHESTER.

GEORGE Carleton, one of the ablest and devoutest prelates on record in English history, was born, A. D. 1559, at Norham in Northumberland; of which castle, his father was at that time governor.

He received his grammatic learning, under the care of the celebrated Mr. Bernard Gilpin; whose faithful, judicious, and affectionate attention to his young pupil, was so remarkably owned of God, that the excellent tutor had the satisfaction of seeing him rise at once into a scholar and a saint. When Mr. Carleton became sufficiently qualified for the university, he was transplanted to Edmund Hall, in Oxford; where he was liberally supported by the munificence of his old master Mr. Gilpin, who loved him as his son, and who seems to have foreseen the eminence and usefulness for which God had designed him.

While at Oxford, our future bishop was a pattern to the rest of his fellow-students, in piety, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. Persons who are devout in very early life, are sometimes prone to neglect, if not to despise, that literary cultivation of the understanding, which, at a more advanced age, they know the value of, too late. Mr. Carleton was blest with a measure of wisdom, to discern and avoid this mistake. Next to the care of his soul, and the maintenance of communion with God, his grand business was, to furnish his mind with as much important knowledge as he could grasp. Hence the solid and swift advances which providence enabled him to make in the various walks of useful and ornamental science. In February, 1580, he took his Bachelor's degree, with a pre-eminence of applause, which did him honour as long as he lived, and laid the first visible foundation of his subsequent promotions.

He was elected Probationer Fellow of Merton College, in the course of the last mentioned year, 1580; and proceeded Doctor in Divinity, A. D. 1613. From his long and constant residence at Oxford, he appears to have been extremely fond of an academic life: nor probably would any thing but the royal command have drawn him out of a sphere so suited to his regular and philosophical turn of

mind.

On the 12th of July, 1618, he was consecrated to the see of Llandaff: to which elevation, he was raised, and entitled, not only by his amazing genius, learning, and virtues; but, chiefly, on account of his masterly and resolute opposition to Arminianism, which had, by that time, found its way hither from the Dutch provinces, and with which several of the English clergy were then beginning to be infected. Dr. Carleton, in his sermons and university disputations, had shown himself so watchful against the encroachments of this newly imported poison, and was so accomplished a master of the whole controversy, that king Jas 1. (who hated the Arminians with a perfect hatred, until he thought fit, some years afterwards, to make use of them for political purposes) first appointed him to the above bishopric, and then sent him, as his religious plenipotentiary, and as one of the four representatives of the church of England, to the famous synod of Dort: where his lordship assisted that most venerable assembly in their candid trial and just condemnation of the Arminian heresies.

So faithfully, as a minister of God, and so ably, as a man of talents, did our excellent bishop acquit himself at Dort, that, on his return to England, the states of Holland wrote king James a letter of thanks, for sending to them a person, whom they not extravagantly styled, "*imago atque expressa virtutis effigies*;" i. e. a living image and counterpart of all virtue. His majesty, likewise, was so thoroughly satisfied with the whole of his conduct that he translated him to the see of Chichester, in September 1619.

What must endear his name to posterity, while sound religion breathes in England, are the invaluable works, which his pious and learned pen has bequeathed to the church of God. Among these,

- - - - - velut inter ignes

Luna minores,

shines his famous "Examination" of Mr. Richard Mountagu's "Appeal." This Mountagu, in order to curry favour with Charles I. and with archbishop Laud, wrote a very shallow, but very insolent tract, entitled, "An Appeal to Caesar:" in which the author was so lost to all sense of veracity and shame, as to aim at squeezing the articles and homilies of the church of England into the newfangled

mould of Arminianism. Many were the refutations which the paltry and daring pamphlet received, from some of the best and greatest clergymen then living. Bishop Carleton was among the foremost to assert the scriptural and established doctrines, in opposition to the innovations of error; and to that worse than Stygian flood of varnished atheism, which has since overwhelmed so great a part of the protestant vineyard, and which still continues (though in a much narrower channel than formerly) to roll its baneful stream. The great prelate foresaw, and deplored, the terrible effects, which have redounded from the free-will system; and which once operated almost to the utter extirpation of Christianity, morality, and sound philosophy, from off the face of this land.

Before our civil and ecclesiastical troubles in the seventeenth century, arrived at their height, God was pleased to translate Dr. Carleton from earth to heaven. He expired, aged 69, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and richly laden with good works, in May, 1628, and was buried, the 27th of that month in the choir of Chichester cathedral, near the altar.

The compilers of *Biographia Britannica*, who have supplied us with several of the above particulars, are so just to the memory of this profound and stedfast Calvinistic bishop, as to observe, that "He was a person of solid judgment, and of various reading; well versed in the fathers and schoolmen; wanting nothing that could render him a complete divine." Echard, in his "History of England," characterises him in terms of distinguished honour: as does the indefatigable Dr. Fuller, whose words are: "About this time, George Carleton, that grave and godly bishop of Chichester, ended his pious life. He was bred and brought up under Mr. B. Gilpin, that apostolical man; whose life he [i. e. bishop Carleton] wrote, in gratitude to his memory. He retained his youthful and poetical studies fresh in his old age."

The testimony of the great Mr. Camden shall close the present sketch (I wish the materials were more ample) of this admirable prelate's life and character. The learned antiquarian, in his account of Norham and its castle, writes as follows: "This, and other matters, were taught me (for I shall always own my instructors) by George Carleton, born at this place; whom for his excellent proficiency in divinity (whereof he is professor), and the other polite parts of

learning, I love, and am loved by him: and I were unworthy of that love, if I should not acknowledge his friendship. " Mr. Camden wrote this in 1607, some years before Dr. Carleton's elevation to a bishopric.

Memoirs of John, Lord Harington, Baron of Exton
MEMOIRS OF JOHN, LORD HARINGTON, BARON OF
EXTON.

THIS extraordinary young nobleman was the eldest son of that lord and lady Harington, to whose care king James I committed the education of his daughter Elizabeth, who was afterwards married to Frederick, prince elector Palatine. They were persons eminent for prudence and piety, and were unwearied in forming the mind of their son to learning, and his manners to virtue.

He soon manifested that the labours of his parents and tutors was not in vain in the Lord. Effectual grace laid hold on his heart betimes; and as he advanced in years, he gave brighter and brighter evidences of sound conversion and increasing holiness.

In very early youth, he was able to read the common Greek authors, not only with ease, but with taste. He spoke Latin with fluency; and wrote it with elegance; and could converse with foreigners, either in French or Italian. He was not a perfect speaker of the Spanish, but had enough of it to read and understand several books written in that language. Logic, natural and moral philosophy, and the mathematics, he was more than competently master of; and excelled in the theory of tactics, and of navigation. What added lustre to all, were, his deep experience, and his admirable knowledge of the great things of God. Theology was his grand and favourite study; and there were few even of the sacred order (though, at that time, bishops and clergymen merited the name of divines), who could disembarass an intricate question, or resolve a difficult case of conscience, with more ability, judgment, and spirituality than he.

Being well grounded in religion and learning, his noble father sent him to make the tour of France and Italy, under the care of the excellent Mr. Tovey, who had formerly been head master of the free-school at Coventry. During their travels on the continent, they seem to have been imprudently zealous in their avowal of the protestant faith; by which having given offence to some Jesuits, the latter took an opportunity to administer a slow, but sure poison to the noble traveller and his religious tutor; that (says the original writer of this memoir), "seeing they had no hope of being able to corrupt their minds, they might at least destroy their bodies, and

bring them to their graves."

Mr. Tovey, who was in years, and less able to encounter the strength of so potent a poison, died quickly after his return to England. But lord Harington, who was of a strong constitution, and in the prime of life, did not so soon yield to its effects, though its violence presently showed itself in his countenance, and a very few years afterwards terminated in death.

On his lordship's arrival in England from his travels, he testified his gratitude to God, by giving twenty pounds to the poor, which donation he continued annually while he lived. The second Sabbath after his landing (having spent the preceding Saturday with his tutor, Mr. Tovey, in prayer, fasting, and thanksgiving), he devoutly attended on the preaching of the word, received the Lord's supper, and distributed five pounds to the poor of that parish, together with forty pounds beside, for the relief of indigent ministers, and of other distressed Christians. At all times, his constant rule was, never to devote less than a tenth part of his income to charitable purposes.

From the first day of his last sickness, he strongly apprehended the approach of death; and exercised himself in such thoughts and duties as might tend to loosen him more and more from the world, and aid his affections in their flight to heaven. Much of his time was spent in social and private prayer, and his conversation with his friends and domestics, turned chiefly on continual confessions of his own sinfulness, declarations of his faith, and professions of his sure and certain justification through Christ Jesus. So strong was his assurance of interest in the covenant of grace, that not one cloud of misgiving seems to have darkened his mind; but he was enabled to testify, with joy unspeakable and full of glory, that he feared not death, in what form soever it might come to him.

Great were his desires to be dissolved and taken home to the Lord. About two hours before he departed, he witnessed to those about him, that he still felt the assured comforts and joys of his salvation by Christ. When the last agonies were upon him, he was heard to say, O thou, my joy! O my God! when shall I be with thee? In the midst of which holy breathings, he placidly and triumphantly surrendered his soul to God, A. D. 1613; aged 22 years.

His manner of life had been eminently and uniformly religious. He

usually rose every morning at five, and sometimes at four. When he first waked, his constant care was, to cultivate communion with God, by offering up the first-fruits of the day, and of his thoughts, to the uncreated majesty. So soon as dressed, he endeavoured to put his heart in tune for family worship, by reading a portion of scripture; after which, he prayed with his servants. This duty concluded, he spent about an hour in reading some valuable book, calculated to inform his understanding, and to animate his graces. - Calvin's Institutions, and Mr. Rogers' Treatise, (f) were among the performances which he highly esteemed, and which he carefully studied.

(f) Probably, Mr. Rogers' Commentary on the XXXIX articles, is the treatise here meant.

Before dinner, and before supper, his family were called together, to wait on God in reading, singing, and prayer. After supper, prayer was repeated; and, if he was at leisure from company or business, he then retired to write his diary; in which he faithfully recorded the temptations, sins, and spiritual mercies of the day. When in bed, some or other of his devout servants read to him out of the scriptures, for an hour, or longer, until he betook himself to sleep. Thus he both lay down, and awoke with God.

He was a most strict observer of the Lord's day: and, as far as possible, devoted the whole of it to private and public duties; yet so as to show, that in his estimation, public ordinances should have the preference to private ones; knowing that the Lord loveth the gates of Sion, more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Hence, though he had an household chaplain, he constantly attended the public service twice every sabbath: nor did he violate this rule even when he was called to attend the royal court. If business, or other providences, cast his lot occasionally where the word was not preached; he would ride many miles to some other place, at the proper seasons, rather than defraud his soul of spiritual food. Immediately after sermon, he would seclude himself from company for about half an hour, in order, by prayer and meditation, to digest what he had heard. After evening sermon, two of his servants repeated in the family, before supper, the substance of that and the morning discourse, from notes which they had written at the times of preaching; and so great was his memory, that he himself would usually repeat more than they

had committed to writing. He then entered the heads and principal passages of each sermon, in a plain paper book. which he kept for that purpose; and afterwards dismissed his domestics with prayer, in which he had a very extraordinary gift.

By way of preparation for the Sabbath, he called his soul to a strict account every Saturday night; and, with confession, supplication, and thanksgiving, committed himself to the grace of God in Christ. On the Lord's-day morning, rising as usual, very early; he repeated to the attendants who waited on him while he was rising, a summary of the two sermons which they had heard the Sunday before.

Every month he received the holy communion; and sanctified the preceding day, as a solemn private fast: reviewing the memoirs of his experiences and conduct in the month before, and spending the whole day in prayer, meditation, and self-examination. He carefully noted on this occasion, how it had been with him since his last appearance at the holy table; what progress he had made in piety; how he had throve in grace, and what additional strength the Lord had given him over his corruptions. Thus he spent his monthly fast (beside which, he frequently kept other days of private humiliation); not coming out of his study until about supper-time. On the sacrament morning he constantly read, 1Co 11. wherein the institution of that holy ordinance is treated of; and to his servants who were to communicate with him, he read part of a spiritual treatise upon the same subject.

He was deeply attentive to the word preached, sensible that it was, then, eminently in the presence of God; and demonstrated by the awfulness and circumspection of his behaviour, that he came to hear not the preacher, but Christ speaking in his word.

To avoid all appearance of ostentation, it was his custom not to admit any visitant or acquaintance either to his prayers, or to the repetition of sermon, in and with his family, except one intimate friend only, who used to be indulged in bearing a part in these heavenly devotions. How far lord Harington judged exactly right, in this extreme scrupulousness, is not for us to enquire. But it certainly resulted from a very high sense of modesty and religious delicacy.

He is now engaged in still more exalted family worship, and sings with angels and glorified saints, the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Reader, be not slothful in the works of God, but a follower of them,
who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises!

Some Account of the Life of Herman Witsius,...
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF HERMAN WITSIUS, D. D.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN ORATION WHICH
MARCKIUS DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF
LEYDEN, AT HIS INTERMENT.

ENCHUYSEN is a noted and considerable city of West Friesland, and remarkable for being one of the first towns in the United Provinces, which, *A. D.* 1572, shook off the Spanish yoke. It was eminent, moreover, on another account; namely, that having embraced the pure faith of the gospel, this city was inflexibly tenacious of the truths it had received, and made a most strenuous and successful stand against the insolent innovations and incroachments of the Arminians, at a time when that pestilent sect was newly started up, and had rendered itself by the number of its adherents, very formidable to the whole reformed interest in Holland. And although this city, from the convenience of its situation (being a seaport), had been for a long series of ages, famous for its extensive commerce; yet it has been so happy as to produce many very learned men, and able ministers of the gospel: and perhaps amidst all its advantages, it has not more reason to boast of any thing, than for being the birth-place of our Hermannus Witsius; who was born here on the 12th of February, 1636. Which same month and year were rendered further memorable, by the erection of the famous school of Utrecht into an university.

His father, Nicolas Witsius, served the church of Enchuyzen, first as deacon, and then as presbyter; and in course of time, being advanced to civil honours, he was made treasurer and chief magistrate of the city: in all which stations, his piety, integrity, and humility, exceedingly endeared him to all his fellow-citizens. He also composed a book of sacred poems and hymns: which were, in their matter, so evangelical; and in their manner, so accurate and lively; that they seemed dictated by heaven, to inspire devout affections, and cultivate holy joy and spiritual mindedness.

The mother of our Witsius, was Joanna, daughter of Herman Gerardus; who, suffering greatly in his own country on account of his religious principles, after sustaining many losses, and running various hazards, got safe to Enchuyzen; where he settled with his

family, and became an eminent minister in the church. Here he continued preaching the gospel, for upwards of thirty years, and discharged his important trust with singular faithfulness and zeal; admired by all, no less for his eloquence than learning. And so hearty were his attachments to his flock in this place, that he refused many invitations sent him from several churches in Holland of greater dignity and much larger revenues than his own.

Witsius, thus descended on both sides from such worthy persons, looked upon himself as under an additional obligation so to behave and adjust his conduct, throughout the course of his life, as, by the blessing of divine grace, to bring no stain or dishonour on a family thus happily distinguished by their extraordinary love to God and reverence for his laws.

Before he was born, his pious parents made a vow to the Lord, that, if they had a male child, they would, from his earliest years, endeavour to devote him to the ministry and service of the sanctuary. At length, a son came; and they called him after his pious grandfather, Hermannus: beseeching God at the same time, that the spirit of that holy man, whose name he bore, might, as it were, revive in this his grandson; and that their infant offspring might not only equal, but, if possible, even go beyond him, in Christian graces and ministerial abilities. And their prayers were indeed signally answered.

I must not forget to inform the reader, that Witsius came (as it is called) before his time: and this premature birth had well nigh cost both mother and son their lives. In consequence of this, he was, when born, so uncommonly small and weakly, that the midwife, and the other women present, concluded he must die in a few hours. But, herein God disappointed their fears, and (for what can make void his purposes?) raised this puny infant, afterwards, into a very great man (not in body, for he was always spare and thin): a man of vast intellectual abilities, brightened and improved by deep study, and whose fame diffused itself throughout the whole Christian world, by his useful, numerous, and learned labours.

His parents, after this danger, took particular care of his education, and were obliged to be extremely tender of his health. Above all, they endeavoured (and their endeavours were crowned with success

equal to their largest wishes) to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord: teaching him, ere he could speak distinctly, to lisp out the praises of God, and unfold his wants in prayer before the throne of grace.

In the sixth year of his age, he was entered at the public school of his native town, to learn the rudiments of Latin. There he continued three years; at the end of which space, his mother's brother, Peter Gerardus, took him to his own house, and under his own immediate tuition. This worthy person was a great master of philosophy and the learned languages; but chiefly devoted his time to the study of divinity: and, not being then in any public employment, enjoyed a comfortable and useful retirement, addicting himself much to the instruction and improvement of his nephew, whom he loved as his own son.

Under the care of his good uncle, Witsius made so rapid a progress in learning, that, before he was fifteen years old, he could not only speak and write the Latin language correctly, and with some degree of fluency; but could also readily interpret the books of the Greek Testament, and the orations of Isocrates, and render the Hebrew commentaries of Samuel into Latin: at the same time giving the etymology of the original words, and assigning the reasons of the variations of the pointing grammatically. He had likewise, now, acquired some knowledge of philosophy; and had so far made himself master of logic, that, when he was removed to the university, he needed no preceptor to instruct him in that art. He learned also, while he continued with his uncle, Walaeus' and Burgersdicius' Compendiums of Ethics: which latter author he plied so diligently, that he could at any time, repeat by heart the quotations cited by him from any of the ancient writers, whether Greek or Latin. He acquainted himself too, with the elements of Natural Philosophy and Metaphysics; and, as his uncle always kept him usefully employed, he was likewise master, and that almost by heart, of Windelin's Compendium of Theology: the good man deeming it an essential and special part of his duty, to make his nephew, from his earliest youth, intimately versed in matters of divinity.

His uncle himself had, from his own childhood, been inured to sanctify the ordinary actions and offices of life, by sending up

ejaculatory aspirations to God, suitable to the business he was about: in order to which, he had made his memory the storehouse of some more eminently useful and familiar texts of scripture, both of the Old and New Testament, which related or might be accommodated to every part of common life: so that, when he lay down, rose up, dressed, washed, walked abroad, studied, or did anything else, he could repeat apposite passages from the holy scriptures, in their original languages of either Hebrew or Greek; thereby, in a very eminent manner, acknowledging God in all his ways, and doing whatsoever he did to his glory. This same excellent practice he recommended to his nephew: which had so happy an effect, that very many portions, both of the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament, were, in his youth, so deeply impressed on Witsius' memory, that even in his old age, he never forgot them. Were all, who are intrusted with the education of others, equally diligent in forming the minds of their pupils betimes, to piety and learning; and were all young men equally attentive and obsequious as Witsius; they would be better scholars at their entrance into the university, than the generality of them now are when they leave it.

Having made so swift and deep a progress in most kinds of learning, Witsius began to think of removing to some university; and fixed on that of Utrecht, which was very eminent for the excellency of its course, the strictness of its discipline, the reputation of its professors, and the number of its students. What chiefly recommended this place to him, were the advantages he hoped to gain from the lectures and conversation of those very famous divines, who, at that time, flourished there: especially Maatsius, Hoornbeek, and Gisbert Voetius. Hither, therefore, he came, A. D. 1651, and in the fifteenth year of his age. But, just before he reached Utrecht, Maatsius was gathered to his fathers; so that on his arrival, he had only the melancholy satisfaction of hearing the great Hoornbeek pronounce the funeral oration over his much loved friend and colleague.

Being thus entered at the university, he assiduously applied himself to metaphysics; using, for that purpose, the *Manuductio* of Paul Voetius: and, being greatly taken with the Oriental languages, he studied them under the ever memorable John Leusden, then professor and teacher of those tongues there. Under the direction of

that eminent linguist, he went through the greater part of the Hebrew Bible; as also made himself master of the Hebrew commentaries of R. Jarchi, Aben Ezra, and Kimchi, on Hosea; Jonathan's Chaldee paraphrase on Isaiah; and the Onkelos, on part of the Pentateuch. He likewise, under the tutorage of Leusden, acquainted himself with the mysteries of the Massora, and the intricacies of the Talmud, as set forth by Cocceius and L'Empereur. Through his instructions, he acquired the knowledge of Syriac, and the rudiments of Arabic. He very early gave a specimen of his great proficiency in the Hebrew tongue by composing a most elegant and masterly oration in that language, *De Messia Judaeorum et Christianorum*: which, at the request of his master Leusden, he pronounced with great applause, before the university, A. D. 1654, and in the eighteenth year of his age.

Though he was thus devoted to matters of literature, he nevertheless, set apart the major portion of his time for the study of divinity: to which, as he rightly judged, the others were to act in subserviency. In order to proceed properly in this greatest and best of sciences, he put himself under the guidance of such theological professors as were most eminent for profound learning and the exactest skill in the sacred volumes; and who might consequently, be most serviceable to him in the prosecution of such studies. These were Gisbert Voetius, John Hoornbeek, Walter Bruinius, and Andrew Essenius. Assisted, therefore, with such preceptors, and adding to their instructions indefatigable labour on his own part, and both being crowned with the grace and blessing of God; the reader may form some judgment, how vast a proficiency such a student, with such advantages, must needs make.

About this time he had a great desire of repairing to Groningen; chiefly with a view to see and hear the celebrated Maresius, then professor of divinity in that university. Hither, therefore, he repaired, toward the latter end of the year 1654. Being arrived, he devoted himself entirely to divinity, under the sole guidance of Maresius; and entered on the exercises previous to preaching. These he performed in the French tongue; and, so well did he acquit himself to the satisfaction of his tutor Maresius, that, notwithstanding that great man was so much taken up with various business of importance, he nevertheless condescended to look over, and with his

own hand to correct, Witsius' declamations, before he pronounced them in public.

Having spent a year at Groningen, and obtained ample testimonials of his good behaviour and great abilities from the college of divines, he determined for Leyden; but, having received information that the plague was making great havock in that city, he changed his mind, and resolved to revisit his beloved Utrecht, that he might there perfect himself in divinity, in which he had already made such large and happy advances.

On his return to Utrecht, he not only as formerly attended all the divinity lectures, both public and private, of the several professors; but entered into a strict and thorough intimacy with that very excellent divine Bogaerdtius; than whom, Witsius was of opinion, a greater man never lived. From his lectures, conversation, example, and prayers, through the blessed energy and grace of the divine Spirit, Witsius was enlightened into the mysteries of the Redeemer's kingdom, and led into the comfortable, heart-felt enjoyment of inward, spiritual, and experimental Christianity. Through his means, he first learned how widely different that knowledge of divine things is, which flows from mere learning, study, and acquisition; from that sublime and heaven taught wisdom, which is the result of fellowship with Christ by the Holy Ghost; and which, through his own powerful influences on the heart of his elect, gloriously conforms the believing soul more and more to the blessed image of its divine Saviour.

Witsius always humbly and thankfully acknowledged, that Bogaerdtius was the instrument God made use of, to lead him into the innermost temple of holy love and gracious experience; whereas, until then, he stood only in the outer court: but, from thenceforward, disclaiming all vain wisdom and self-dependance, he was happily brought to sit down at the feet of Jesus, simply to learn the mysteries of his grace from his blessed teachings alone, and to receive his kingdom as a little child.

Nor yet was he so taken up with these delightful and sublime matters, as to omit or slight his academical studies; which appeared from his Theses concerning the Trinity, written about this time: wherein, with great learning and singular dexterity, he proved that

important doctrine from the writings of the ancient Jews, and showed how very far the modern ones were degenerated in that article, from their rabbis and forefathers. These Theses he debated publicly in the University, under the presidency of Leusden: and although they were opposed by some of the oldest standers and ablest disputants in the college, yet Leusden was of opinion, that his young pupil defended his positions so well, and maintained his ground in so firm and masterly a manner, as to stand in need of no assistance from him: wherefore he sat by the whole time, without interposing one word, but left Witsius entirely to it himself. And it being customary there, when disputations are over, for the defendant to return thanks to the president, for his care and assistance; when Witsius did this, the president replied, with equal truth and politeness, "You have no reason, sir, to make me such an acknowledgment; since you neither had, nor stood in need of, any assistance from me." This was in the year 1655, and in the nineteenth year of his age.

Being, by this time, very famous in the two universities of Utrecht and Groningen, it was thought high time for him to enter on an office, wherein he might be made of general service to the church. In order to this, it is expected there that all candidates for the ministry give some previous specimen to the church, of their knowledge in divine things, and of their abilities for so important an undertaking. Wherefore he presented himself, for his preparatory examination, at Enchuyzen, A. D. 1656. Here he was admitted to preach publicly; which he did, with extraordinary reputation and universal applause. So great was the satisfaction he gave, that there were scarce any country churches in North Holland, which were without a pastor, that did not put down his name in the list of the candidates, out of whom the choice was to be made.

At the instigation of that reverend man, John Boisius, minister of the French protestant church at Utrecht, Witsius, though naturally exceedingly bashful and diffident, was prevailed with to solicit the assembly of French divines convened at Dort, for licence to preach publicly, and in the French language, in their churches. This he easily obtained; partly by the influence of the celebrated Anthony Hulsius, to whom, at the request of Boisius, Witsius had written a very elegant epistle in Hebrew.

From that time forward he often preached in French, both at Utrecht and Amsterdam; as, in the course of his ministry he had done a considerable time before out of the French pulpit at Leuwarden. But, thinking himself not quite perfect in that language, he proposed taking a journey into France for that end; as also, that he might have an opportunity of seeing the many eminent divines and university professors, who then flourished in the protestant parts of that kingdom. But divine providence was pleased to order matters otherwise: for, in the year 1657, and the twenty-first of his age, he had a regular call from the church of Westwouden to be their minister; and into this office he was initiated, on the 8th of July, in the same year. Westwouden is a town situate between Enchuysen and Hoorn, at about an equal distance from both: and, in ecclesiastical matters, is united to the adjoining parish of Binne Wiisent. Here he waited on God and his church, for upwards of four years; and being in the prime of life, was the better able to discharge the duties of his function with activity and diligence. He had the satisfaction to see his labours succeed, especially among the younger sort, whom he very frequently catechised, with great sweetness and condescension, accommodating himself to their understandings: insomuch that both the children and youth of the place, who, at his first coming there, were quite ignorant of everything, could not only give a judicious account of the principal heads in divinity, but could also confirm and support the account they gave with numerous and pertinent quotations from scripture; and, when they came home from church, and were, at any time questioned as to the sermon they had heard, they could without any trouble, recapitulate the chief particulars of the discourse, its subject, divisions, doctrines, and improvements.

When the fame of our learned and able pastor began to reach far and wide, he received an invitation from the church of Wormeren, in the same province of North Holland, to be their minister; a church famous for its numbers, but, at that time, sadly harrassed with intestine jars and divisions; and who, therefore, thought they could not possibly choose a pastor more capable of edifying his flock, and of calming their dissensions, than Witsius. To this call of theirs he acceded, and undertook the ministry of that church in the month of October, 1661, and the 25th year of his age. Here he stayed four years and a half; so reconciling all parties, and building them up in

the knowledge of Christ, and the obedience of faith, that, on one hand, he had the comfort to see himself the object of his people's most affectionate regard; and, on the other, that his pious and pacific labours were not in vain in the Lord. This being his situation, he could not be prevailed with to change it, by complying with the earnest and repeated invitations sent him by the inhabitants of Sluys, a town in Flanders, to take on him the pastoral care of that place, and to preach to them alternately in French and Dutch. However, being afterwards invited to Goes in Zealand, he thought it adviseable to accept the call; and, repairing thither, about Whitsuntide, A. D. 1666, was universally admired for his purity of doctrine, depth of learning, diligence in his office, and holiness of life. Here he had three pious and learned co-adjutors: two of whom, being considerably older than himself, he revered as parents; and the third, being much about his own age, he loved as his brother; maintaining with them all, a most pleasing harmony and profitable intimacy. While he continued here, he enjoyed such opportunities of study and retirement, and was in all respects, so comfortably situated, that he would often declare afterwards, he never spent his time with greater pleasure and improvement, and could have wished to have passed his days in a connection so agreeable.

But these wishes were superseded, by the inhabitants of Leeuwarden, the capital of Friesland; who, in November, 1667, invited him to their metropolis; that so burning and shining a light might, by being fixed in so conspicuous a place, diffuse its useful rays in a manner over the whole province. Hither, therefore, he came, in April, 1668; the church at Goes having dismissed him with great reluctance and concern, and contrived all the methods they could devise, if not to prevent, yet at least to retard his journey, and detain him with them as long as they could.

During his stay at Leeuwarden, it can scarce be conceived with what vigilance, faithfulness, and prudence, he laid himself out for the edification, comfort, and discreet guidance of that church; which was a matter of the greater difficulty, as the public affairs were in a very critical and precarious situation; the United Provinces being at that time engaged in a dangerous war, and the enemy making frequent inroads into their territories. At this season of exigence and distress, I much question if there ever lived a man, whose labours,

for the good both of church and state, were more remarkably successful; and who, by his great talents, as well in civil as religious matters, rendered himself more useful and pleasing to persons of all ranks and stations. One signal proof of the high esteem in which he was held, was his being made tutor to Henry Casimir, prince of Nassau, and hereditary governor of the province of Friesland. He was also singled out to be the religious instructor of Amelia, the fore-mentioned prince's most illustrious sister; and who was afterwards married to the duke of Saxony Eisenach. Witsius was made very useful to the soul of this excellent princess, by his prudent and pious informations; and, about this time, he had the framing and drawing up of the Confession of Faith, published by that princess and her brother (with the approbation and concurrence of their mother, Albertina, princess of Orange), to the no small joy and edification of the churches in their dominions.

In the year 1675, that very reverend and learned divine, John Melchior Steinberg, professor of theology in the university of Franeker, departed to a better world; and, that they might the better repair so great a loss, it is no wonder that that university made choice of Witsius to fill up the vacant professorship; especially, as they had abundant experience of his integrity and great abilities, during his seven years residence in their province of Friesland. And, which seemed to add still greater weight to their invitation, and made it appear yet more providential, the church at Franeker, being about the same time deprived of one of their pastors, embraced the present occasion of calling him to be over them in the Lord.

Witsius, on the offer of these two important charges, repaired to Franeker; and, after the university had conferred on him the degree of doctor in divinity, he was solemnly invested with the professorship on the 15th of April, 1675; having first, as is customary, delivered a most beautiful oration *De vero Theologo*, to the great satisfaction of a vast auditory, who flocked to Franeker, on this occasion, from all parts of the province.

During his presidency, the university was remarkably thronged with students, many, who were designed for the ministry, repairing thither, on his account, from various parts of Europe; who, having finished their studies under his tutorage and direction, returned back to their own several countries, equally built up in piety, and

advanced in learning, And, that he might be defective in no part of his duty, but every way answer the large expectations of those who promoted him, he had scarce entered on his professorship, before he began (surrounded as he was with business of great importance, both public and private, all which he faithfully and ably discharged) to set about writing; and published, in a very short space (beside some select academical disputations, and a smaller discourse), two learned and pretty large treatises in Latin: to wit, his immortal book on the Economy of the Covenants, and his Exercitations on the Apostle's Creed. These had a prodigious sale, being soon vended throughout Holland and all Europe; and, going through several editions, were read with great applause and admiration of their author.

About this time, he became acquainted with the famous John Marckius (afterwards his colleague): who, being originally a native of Friesland, though educated at Leyden, after he had finished his studies there, now returned to his own country; and Witsius, having, by authority from the ecclesiastical synod, examined him as to his abilities for the ministry, solemnly set him apart as pastor of the church at Midluman, situate between Franeker and Harlingen. Soon after, Marckius commenced D. D. and was, by Witsius' influence with the prince and senate, made ordinary professor of divinity in Franeker, A. D. 1676.

Friesland, thus happily possessed of so inestimable a treasure as Witsius, began to be the envy of the neighbouring states and universities, who were each desirous of enjoying so eminent a man themselves. The university of Groningen was the first, that invited him to leave his settlement at Franeker; for, having lost their great professor, James Altingius, they scarcely knew where to avail themselves of a successor equally capable of discharging the several weighty duties of theological and philological professor, and likewise that of being pastor of the university church. Wherefore, in the latter end of the year 1679, they deputed a reverend and learned member of their society, to wait on Witsius at Franeker; who, being arrived, offered him very advantageous terms, if he would remove to Groningen.

Witsius immediately communicated the proposal to the prince, and to the heads of the university of Franeker, and desired their advice. They with one voice, testifying the great esteem in which they held

him, and uniting in a most earnest request, that he would not think of leaving them; he very modestly and respectfully excused himself to the university of Groningen.

In the beginning of the year 1680, the university of Utrecht (their professor, Burmannus, being dead) looked out for some eminent person to make up his loss; and, without much hesitation, fixed their eyes on Witsius for this purpose. In order to prevail with him to accept the overture, they dispatched an honourable deputation to Franeker, by whom they importuned him to come over to Utrecht, and adorn that church and university with his residence.

Although Witsius was cordially attached to Friesland, as being the place of his nativity, and where he had spent the major part of his life; yet, from the love he bore to Utrecht, the place of his education, the messengers had not much difficulty in gaining his consent. Therefore being with great reluctance on their part, dismissed by the university of Franeker, he repaired to Utrecht, where he and the famous Triglandius were jointly invested with the ministry of that church, on the 25th of April, 1680; and, four days after, he commenced divinity professor: having first delivered a most elegant oration (afterwards printed), *De Praestantia Veritatis Evangelicae*.

In this elevated station, he continued more than twenty-two years; during which time, it is incredible with what application and success he guided the affairs both of the church and university; each of which flourished exceedingly, under his faithful and laborious administration.

He was singularly happy in his colleagues; having for his assessors in the university, those illustrious divines, Peter Mastricht, Melchior Leidecker, and Herman Halenius. For his assistants in the church, he had many, equally eminent for piety, learning, zeal, and moderation: among whom were Peter Eindhovius, and John Ladstrager, formerly his colleagues in the church at Leeuwarden. He had likewise in the university, beside those already mentioned, that immortal linguist, John Leusden, formerly his tutor; together with Gerard Uriesius, and John Luitsius, both very eminent in philosophy, and to whose care, for instruction in matters purely literary, those youth were committed, who were designed for the ministry.

His congregation at Church consisted chiefly of the magistrates and

inhabitants of the city; who were all no less edified, than astonished, at the energy which accompanied his preaching, and the masterly freedom and propriety of his elocution.

As a public and private tutor, he had a most numerous circle of excellent youths, who flocked on his account to Utrecht, from every part of the protestant world; and who hung, with no less rapture than improvement, on his learned, pious, and eloquent lips. Even his private lectures were attended daily, not only by these his pupils, but likewise by great numbers of doctors in divinity, and professors of the several sciences.

This great man, therefore, seeing his labours crowned with such abundant success, spared no pains nor fatigues, whereby he might advance the interests, and diffuse the knowledge of religion and learning. In consequence of this, he would spend many nights totally without sleep: nor was he content with serving the church and the university, by preaching, lecturing, conversing, and disputing in the public halls; but committed his treasures of knowledge to writing, and published many books truly invaluable, which will transmit his name with renown to succeeding generations: nor can they ever sink into oblivion, so long as true religion, unaffected elegance, and profound literature have a friend left in the world.

The people of Utrecht, from the highest to the lowest, were thoroughly sensible of the worth of such a man: whence we find them heaping all the honours upon him, which, being a minister, he was capable of receiving. He had always the preference given him in their synods, and was twice honoured with the supreme government and headship of the university; namely, in the years 1686, and 1697. Nor must we omit, that when, in the year 1685, the states of Holland sent a splendid embassy to James the Second, king of Great Britain, who at that time was pursuing measures, which at last justly ended in his total ruin; and Wassenaar, lord of Duvenwarden, and Weedius, lord of Dykeveldt, and Cittersius, were the persons nominated to execute this sumptuous commission; the second of these noble personages easily convinced the other two, that none was so proper to attend them to England, in quality of chaplain, as Witsius; who might not only, by his uncommon knowledge in religious and civil matters, be of great service to them in both respects; but, also, be no small credit to the reformed churches of Holland, by letting the

English nation see what great divines flourished there. The design being intimated to Witsius, he cheerfully closed with it; though he was at that time very ill and weak in body. After some months' stay in England, he confessed, on his return, that he had conversed with the (g) archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London (h), and many other divines, both conformists and dissenters: "by which conversations," he would say, "I was much furthered in learning, experience, and moderation." From that period forward, the principal prelates and clergymen in England did not conceal the respect and esteem in which they held this great man; especially, as he came to be more and more known to them.

(g) Dr. William Sandcroft.

(h) Dr. Henry Compton.

By this time, there were few places in the Christian world, which the fame of Witsius had not reached. And now it was that the commissioners of the university of Leyden, and the magistrates of that city, resolved on inviting him thither; and the rather, as the very eminent Spanhemius, junior, was judged to be ill, past recovery; and it pleased that most excellent prince, William, king of great Britain, and governor of Holland, to ratify their choice with his royal approbation. The professorship of Leyden being tendered to Witsius in form, he accepted it. Though the people of Utrecht were loth to part with so great an ornament, he had solid and sufficient reasons for removing; as he judged he might be more useful, if, for the few remaining years of his life (which, according to the course of nature, could not be many), he should desist from preaching, and devote himself entirely to university business. He was the more confirmed in this resolution when he received information from Heinsius, the illustrious administrator of Holland, that king William heartily concurred in his removal. Some time afterwards, that truly great monarch, having admitted Witsius to a personal conference, was pleased with his own mouth to ratify the same, in terms very affectionate and obliging: assuring him, "how highly agreeable it was to him, that he obeyed the call to the professor's chair at Leyden, of which call he [*i.e.* the king] himself was the first mover; and that for the future, he might depend on his omitting no opportunity of testifying the favour he bore him, and the reverence in which he held him." And the king was ever after, as good as his

word.

On his entrance upon the professorship at Leyden (i. e. on the 16th of October, 1698), he delivered his fine oration *De Theologo modesto*. And with what integrity he discharged his high office, for the remaining ten years of his life; how incessant his labours were; with what wisdom and skill he taught; with what resistless eloquence he spoke; with what alacrity he went through the academical disputations; how holily he lived; with what nervous beauty he wrote; with what sweetness of address, with what humility, candour, and benignity of demeanor he behaved in common life; and what an ornament he was to the university; were almost impossible, and altogether needless to say.

He had scarce been a year at Leyden, when the states of Holland and West Friesland, at the recommendation of the governors of the university, made him regent of their Theological College, in the room of their lately deceased regent, Marcus Essius; which he could superintend, without omitting any part of his duty as professor; having for his associate in the professorship, the famous Antony Hulsius. When he was invested with this new office of trust and dignity, that illustrious nobleman, Hubert Rooseboomius, president of the supreme court of Holland, principal of the university of Leyden, and lord of Sgrevelsrecht, made a most elegant oration (registered in the college acts, and worthy of being universally read); wherein, in the name of the heads of the university, he not only largely set forth the just praises of the new regent, but likewise fervently exhorted the Fellows of the Divinity College, to show him all due veneration, and give him every other mark of becoming duty and esteem.

Witsius entered with great reluctance, on this new stage of action; and it is well known that he would have absolutely declined it, had he not considered himself bound in duty and gratitude, both to accede to the pleasure of the states, and to spend and be spent in the service of the church. However, he went through this weighty office, with fidelity, and indefatigable zeal: and his care for the youth under him, was rendered easier from the affection he bore them; and from the apparent success, with which his instructions were attended. At the same time he was equally attentive to his duty as professor.

Thus usefully he went on, till upon the 8th of February, 1707, partly on account of his advanced age, and partly through infirmities of other kinds (his strength being almost exhausted by heavy and frequent sicknesses for some years back), he with great modesty resigned his important charge as regent, in a full assembly of the university heads and governors; who with one voice, and without intermission, even stooped to intreat his continuance in that office: but in vain; for Witsius, well nigh worn out with a series of years and labours, was as deaf to their intreaties, as to the consideration of the very great revenues he must forego by quitting that exalted post. At the same time, he was at his own particular request, favoured with a discharge from the public exercise of his office as university professor; for the execution of which, with his usual accuracy and diligence, his great feebleness of body rendered him less able. And he declared on the occasion, to an intimate friend, that "he had much rather desist altogether from the exercise of his function, than not go through with it in a becoming manner."

It would have been impossible for Witsius to have undergone so many and incredible fatigues for the public benefit, had he met with domestic troubles and family disquiets. To prevent these, A. D. 1660, he married Aletta Van Borchorn, the daughter of Wessalius Van Borchorn, a wealthy citizen and merchant of Utrecht. She was a woman happy in the singular sweetness of her temper; and, indeed, excelled in every Christian grace and social virtue. It was hard to say, whether she more loved, or revered her husband: between whom subsisted an uninterrupted harmony until her death, which happened in the year 1684, after living together 24 years. She was always the companion of his travels; having lived with him in North Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and Utrecht. Her last illness was very long and painful; which, however, she bore with fortitude and resignation truly Christian; and at last departed in great peace and comfort of soul.

He was no less happy in his children. For, not to mention two sons who died young, he had three most pious and accomplished daughters: Martina, who afterwards married Henry Dibbetsius, an eminent doctor of divinity in the church of Leyden; Joanna, married to Luke Walckier, a judge and senator of Utrecht; and, lastly, Petronella, who would never leave her father, but always stayed

with him; and who, a little before his last sickness, was herself almost brought to the gates of death. So great were his trouble and concern on her account, that, in all human appearance, his grief would have been too much for his feeble spirits, had not providence been pleased to recover her.

From the little that has been related concerning this great man, we may form some idea of his vast abilities and singular virtues. How great the force of his genius was, in tracing, comprehending, and illustrating the abstrusest matters; how solid and how quick his judgment, in the careful separation, determination, and disposition of them; how tenacious his memory, in retaining, and readily suggesting what was once committed to its trust; his elocution, how captivating, how powerful to explain, set off, establish, and enforce; they who have heard him speak, whether in public or private, can testify. How complete a master he was of the Latin tongue, they well know who have conversed with him personally, or read his writings. And, as he was thoroughly versed in the Dutch, wherever he spoke, or preached, his apposite and becoming gesture, his justly modulated voice, aided by all the exactest propriety and harmony of language, crowned with the power and presence of the Holy Ghost, sweetly established the faith of God's people, and struck the unbelieving and the unholy with astonishment, shame, and fear.

As no person whatever composed a more just and finished encomium on king William's queen, than he, in a sermon occasioned by the death of that princess, and afterwards published; so was he also very happy in his talent at sacred poetry; having presented the world with many spirited, elegant, and devout hymns. Indeed, what excellency, befitting the most accomplished divine, was wanting in him? He was a most accurate philosopher; absolute master of Hebrew, Greek and Latin; a very considerable Orientalist; perfectly versed in the history of all nations, ancient and modern, sacred and profane; and, for his consummate knowledge of theology, in all its branches, it would be superfluous to speak. How happy he was, at asserting and vindicating the truths of the gospel, every one knows. With the holy scriptures he intimately conversed, night and day; and so perfect was his familiarity with these, that he could at once, and on any occasion, quote by heart, any text of either Testament, in its original language; and solve, extempore, with the utmost skill and

propriety, the critical and theological difficulties of any passage, how nice or intricate soever.

With respect to his temper, it was as sweet, humble, and benevolent, as can be imagined. Hence arose, both his aversion to all unreasonable novelties in doctrine, and, at the same time, his great moderation toward such persons as differed from him. He neither chose to be dictated to by man, nor yet to dictate: his favourite maxim being always this, *In necessariis unitas; in non-necessariis, libertas; in omnibus, prudentia & charitas.* (k) He foreboded the sad declension, in doctrine and experience, which was coming on the protestant churches of Holland; and blessed God, that he was too old to live long enough to see it. And, though he could not help (such was his zeal for truth) taking notice of such of his reverend brethren, as were desirous of striking out, and introducing into the church, unscriptural novelties, and forced constructions of scripture; yet, so far had he drank into the mind of Christ, that he did this with all tenderness, deference, and caution: and if any were angry at the freedom of his remarks, he received their resentment in a spirit of meekness, and either took no notice of those who reproached him; or repaid their slanders, by giving them those commendations, which were due to them on account of their commendable qualities in other respects.

(k) Agreeable to which was the motto upon his seals, *Candide.*

Nor can it be wondered at, that a man so learned, holy, humble, and diligent, should, wherever he was, be attended with a vast concourse of pupils, from every part of the reformed world; from Holland, Germany, France, Poland, Prussia, Switzerland, Great Britain, and even from America (among which last were some native Indians too); and that his acquaintance should be sought for, by the most eminent scholars and divines, throughout Europe. To mention his learned works, which are so well known, would be superfluous. I cannot, however, help observing, that, in the year 1660, he published, 1. his *Judaeus Christianizans circa principia fidei & S. S. Trinitatem:* and, 2. A. D. 1665, at Wormeren, he published, in Dutch, *The Practice of Christianity, with spiritual representations, first, of what was laudable in the unregenerate, and then, of what was blameworthy in the regenerate:* 3. At Leovarden he set forth an *Explanation of the Parable of God's Controversy with his Vineyard.*

- At Franeker, he published, besides several lesser treatises, 4. his *Oeconomia Faederum*; afterwards translated into Dutch, by the Rev. Mr. Harlingius; as also, 5. his *Exercitationes in Symbolum*, which were also translated into Dutch, by Mr. Costerus, at Delft. At Utrecht, he set out, 6. *Exercitationes in Orationem Dominicam*: 7. his *Egyptiaca*, with several lesser pieces annexed: and, 8. his first volume of *Miscellanea Sacra*: and at Leyden, he, 9. published his second volume of *Miscellanea Sacra*, complete; and likewise, 10. his *Meletemata Leidensia*.

We now draw near to the last scene of this great man's life: for as, from his childhood his thin weak body had often struggled with many severe disorders; from whence most people were apprehensive he would die young; so now, being far in years, he advanced apace to the house appointed for all living. However, he constantly retained, under all his sickness, his senses and intellects in full vigour; insomuch that, until within a little before his death, he could with all readiness, read the Greek Testament of the smallest type, by moonlight. But, as he advanced farther in life, he suffered the most dreadful tortures from the gout and stone; and, so far back as six years before he died, he was seized for the first time, with a temporary dizziness, accompanied with a suspension of memory, and absence of thought: and this too, as he was sitting in the professor's chair, and delivering an academical lecture. By the help of an able physician, these evils were a little mitigated; but, returning by degrees, they threatened future and more violent attacks. His last illness was ushered in by a reeling, and universal languor. On the 18th of October, 1708, he was seized with a fever, about one o'clock in the morning: which suddenly subsiding, a total feebleness and relaxation diffused itself over his body, and a torpor over his mind. The holy man, considering these symptoms, told, with great serenity and composure, some friends who attended him, that "he knew they would issue in death." He slept much, and had very pleasing dreams: and departed, in much peace and tranquillity, on the 22d day of October, 1708, about noon; and was interred at Leyden, on the 29th of the same month.

An Account of the Reverend Mr. Alsop
AN ACCOUNT OF THE REVEREND MR. ALSOP.

VINCENT ALSOP, A. M. the admired author of *Anti-Sozzo*, was born in Northamptonshire; and received his academical education at St. John's college, Cambridge, where he took the two first degrees in arts. On quitting the university, he removed to Okeham, in Rutlandshire; and became, for a time, assistant to the master of the free school at that place.

His genius being very quick and brilliant, and his disposition remarkably cheerful, he was, before his conversion, what the world calls, a lively, entertaining companion. After effectual grace had formed him anew, his wit and humour were consecrated to the service of the sanctuary; and his acquired parts, which were not inferior to his natural talents, were also devoted, as an whole burnt-offering, to the glory of God and the salvation of men. His politeness and affability, his engaging sweetness and vivacity of temper, never deserted him to the last. They were not extinguished, but refined and sanctified, and rendered still more lovely and respectable than before, by his being born again of the Holy Ghost.

Mr. Benjamin King (an eminent puritan minister, at or near, Okeham) seems to have been in God's hand, the instrument of Mr. Alsop's conversion; who, soon after, married Mr. King's daughter, and removed to Wilbee, in his native county of Northampton, where he was fixed as parish minister, and where we hear little of him until 1662, when he was ejected from Wilbee by the act of uniformity. An act, which (through the cruel and unprotestant manner of its first enforcement) gave the true church of England so severe a bleeding, that she has never entirely recovered herself, from that time to this.

On being displaced from Wilbee, Mr. Alsop and his family settled at Wellingborough; where, and likewise at Okeham, he sometimes ventured to preach, notwithstanding the rigorous execution of the then persecuting laws. Justice compels me to own, that Charles the Second stood partly indebted for his restoration, to the zeal and activity which the protestant dissenters had exerted in his behalf. And he rewarded them well! Among other effects of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny in conjunction, Mr. Alsop suffered six months imprisonment, for having dared to pray by a sick person.

In 1674, Dr. William Sherlock (afterwards dean of St. Paul's, London) published a treatise, entitled, "A Discourse, concerning the Knowledge of Jesus Christ." The Dr. was an Arminian; and, as such, could not avoid Socinianizing, on many important articles: Socinus and Arminius being the two necessary supporters of a free-willer's coat of arms. Good Mr. Alsop would not suffer a performance, so horrid and so shameless as that of Sherlock, to walk abroad, without chastisement. He therefore, in the year 1675, published a confutation of it; which he entitled, *Anti-Sozzo* (i. e. a book in opposition to Socinus: the real, unlatinized name of Socinus, who was an Italian, being Sozzo).

The editor (such an editor as he was) of Mr. Hervey's letters, observes, very properly on this subject, that "In the reign of Charles the Second, the Socinianism tenets were gaining ground in England." And no wonder. For Arminianism is the head, and Socinianism the tail, of one and the self-same serpent; and, where the head works itself in, it will soon draw the tail after it. In the above-mentioned critical days of the unmartyred Charles, the said editor goes on to inform us, "Mr. Alsop, one of the wittiest, as well as one of the best men in that age, wrote this book, called, *Anti-Sozzo*. He [i.e. Mr. Alsop] and Dr. Sherlock had been pupils at college under the same tutor. And [now], when he saw that Sherlock had no more reverence to the majesty of God, no more regard to the authority of scripture, than to write as above; he was determined to attack him, and to plead for Christ and his truth here at the footstool, who pleads for us, according to his truth at the throne.

"Nor was any man better qualified than himself, either to give a check to a man of Sherlock's talents and imperious disposition; or to the growing petulancy of the then daily encroaching profaneness. On grave subjects, he appeared as he was, the truly reverend Mr. Alsop; and wrote with a becoming seriousness. But, where wit might properly be shown, he displayed his to great advantage, as may be seen in his *Anti-Sozzo*."

Controversy, when either frivolously or captiously founded seldom brings any advantage or honour to the cause of God. But the controversies which have from time to time taken place, between the orthodox on one hand, and the Arminians and Socinians on the other, have been attended with the most important utility to the

church and visible interests of Christ. "If," as Mr. Alsop observes, "the Socinians oppose, every true Christian should defend, the gospel of Jesus Christ. For the dispute is not now about decency and order, about fringes and phylacteries, about the tything of mint, anise, and cummin; but about the influence of the righteousness of Christ's life, and the sacrifice of his death upon our acceptance with God; about the influence of the blessed Spirit in the glorious work of the new creation. Whether Christ be a proper priest, or not? Whether, as a priest, he offered himself as a proper sacrifice to God, or not? Whether God and man are reconciled, and we redeemed from the curse of the law by the blood of Jesus, or not? Whether we are justified before the just and holy God by our own righteousness, or by the righteousness of a mediator? In which the concerns, and all the eternal hopes of every Christian are wrapt up."

The excellent Mr. Hervey's character of this work, in a letter which he wrote, not quite seven weeks before his departure to eternal rest, deserves to be admitted here. "I could wish, methinks, at this critical juncture, that Alsop's *Anti-Sozzo*, which made its first appearance in 1675, was judiciously abridged; and, in the neat Glasgow type, reprinted in a duodecimo volume. Though it is almost pity to abridge it (unless it were well executed), as the whole is so interesting. It is, I can assure you, a very smart book; and one of the best defences of the evangelical doctrines I ever saw, or ever expect to see; even if my life which now draws very near its end, could be prolonged to the next century. In short, I think it an unanswerable performance; and divines of every denomination, would do well, to make themselves thoroughly masters of this spirited and entertaining writer; as they would then be able to defend the truth as it is in Jesus, against all kinds of opponents, how witty, keen, subtle, or malignant soever the attack might be. I would therefore beg you to recommend this book, as a specific against Socinianism."

The learned, pious, and candid Dr. Edmund Calamy bears a testimony no less honourable to Mr. Alsop. "Dr. Sherlock's affecting to treat the most sacred things of religion in a jocular way, gave no small offence to a number of persons, famous for piety and prudence; and was the very inducement to Mr. Alsop, to draw his pen against him. And though, in his management of the controversy with him, he treated serious matters with abundance of gravity; yet,

where that gentleman [viz. Sherlock] was upon the merry pin, he [viz. Alsop] being an ingenious and facetious man, so wittily and sharply turned the edge upon him, that he beat him at his own weapon; so that that celebrated author never cared to answer him, nor was he ever fond of that way of writing afterward. Though Mr. Wood endeavoured to pour contempt on him; yet Dr. South, who was as famous for his wit and drollery as any one of the age, and as bitter an enemy of dissenters as any one whatever, acknowledges that Mr. Alsop obtained a complete victory."

The merits of this book against Sherlock, induced Mr. Cawton, who had the pastoral charge of a congregation in Westminster, to cast his eye on our author, as a proper person to succeed him in the spiritual care of that people. Mr. Cawton dying soon after, Mr. Alsop left Northamptonshire, to settle in London, where he was very assiduous, both as a preacher and a publisher. "His living in the neighbourhood of the court," say the compilers of a celebrated work, "exposed him to many inconveniences. However, he had the good fortune to escape imprisonment and fines, by an odd accident; which was, the informers not knowing his Christian name; which, for this reason, he studiously concealed. His sufferings ended with the reign of Charles II. or, at least, in the beginning of the next reign; when Mr. Alsop's son, engaging in [what were termed] treasonable practices, was freely pardoned by king James. After this, our divine went frequently to court; and is generally supposed to have been the person who drew the address to that prince, for his general indulgence. After the revolution, Mr. Alsop gave very public testimonies of his affection for the government; yet, upon all occasions he spoke very respectfully of king James; and retained a very high sense of his clemency, in sparing his only son. The remainder of his life he spent in the exercise of his ministry, preaching once every Lord's day; had a Thursday lecture, and was, besides, one of the lecturers at Pinner's Hall. He lived to be a very old man, and preserved his spirits to the last."

Dr. Calamy, whom we have already quoted, gives the following instance of that intellectual vigour, which Mr. Alsop was so happy as to retain even to old age. "I was," says the doctor, "very strictly examined by him before my ordination; at which time it falling to my lot to make and defend a Latin thesis upon this question which

he himself gave me, *An Christus officio sacerdotali fungatur in caelis tantum?* he (for argument sake, as is the way of the schools) opposed me with all the vigour, smartness, and fluency of a young man, though he was then considerably advanced in years. This was in the year 1694."

At length, this great and good man, full of days and of renown, slept in Jesus, on the 8th of May, 1703, at his house in Westminster.

It may not be unacceptable to the religious reader, if we acquaint him, that the place of worship, where Mr. Cawton, Mr. Alsop, and Dr. Calamy, were successive pastors, was very lately repaired and enlarged, by the pious munificence of an elect lady, aided by the zeal and liberalities of other devout persons. So that the glorious gospel of the blessed God is again preached with power and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, on that spot, and within those walls.(q)

(q) The late Countess Dowager of Huntingdon. Some time previous to her ladyship's decease, the concerns of the above chapel were transmitted into the hands of others. It continues to the present, supported by the assistance of eminent evangelical ministers in the establishment, and of the dissenting community. EDITOR.

Some Account of the Right Rev. Dr. Thomas Wilson,...
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. THOMAS
WILSON, LATE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

FEW as the modern instances have been of sanctity in lawn; even the present century has seen a prelate, whose purity and simplicity of manners would have done honour to the primitive ages.

He was born, December 20, 1663, at Burton Wirral, near Chester; and, having received his school education in England, was sent, A. D. 1681, to perfect his studies in the university of Dublin; where he continued about eight years, and, at the stated periods, took his two first degrees in arts with singular reputation, on account of his literary attainments, and the unblameable regularity of his life. When of age for holy orders, he was ordained deacon, A. D. 1686, by the then bishop of Kildare; and priest, A. D. 1689.

Not long afterwards he quitted the university, on being appointed travelling tutor to lord Strange, eldest son to the earl of Derby. But before the young nobleman had completed the tour of Europe, he died in Italy, at the end of three years from their first setting out; and good Mr. Wilson returned with an heavy heart to England. He had, however, acquitted himself so faithfully, and so well in his care of his deceased pupil, that the earl nominated him to the bishopric of Man; and king William approving the choice, our bishop was admitted to a Lambeth degree of Doctor in Laws, and received his episcopal consecration at the Savoy chapel in London, on the 16th of January, 1697, from the hands of Sharp, archbishop of York; assisted by Moore, bishop of Norwich, and Stratford, bishop of Chester.

From his first acceptance of this see, he determined to reside with his flock, that he might watch over them, as one that must give a speedy and solemn account of his spiritual stewardship. Repairing, therefore, to the Isle of Man, he took possession of his bishopric, with the usual formalities (which, there, are very peculiar); and, by the strictness of his life and conversation, soon began to shine as a light in a dark place.

The year after, *viz.* in October, 1698, he gave his hand to Mrs. Mary Patten, daughter of Thomas Patten, Esq. of Warrington, in Lancashire; who was directly descended from the elder brother of

William Patten (commonly called, from the place of his nativity, William Wainfleet), the devout and munificent bishop of Winchester, who founded Magdalen College, in Oxford, and who died A. D. 1486. This great prelate was hardly more distinguished by his works of piety and liberality, than by his invariable gratitude to his patron, king Henry VI; to whom he stedfastly adhered, and for whose sake he suffered many mortifying inconveniencies, when that prince was deposed, and the house of York became the reigning family. Wainfleet's monument is still remaining, in the cathedral of Winchester. He lies over against cardinal Beaufort; and his tomb, which does not appear to have received any injury during the civil wars, is one of the most elegant and majestic pieces of Gothic architecture in England.

If a bishop ever merited the title of Right Rev. Father, it was Dr. Wilson; who might truly be styled the father of his clergy, and of the whole island. His benevolent care to augment the revenues, to improve the knowledge, and to regulate the lives, of the parochial incumbents; his care to put the various schools, in his diocese, on such a footing as to render them seminaries of strict morals and of sound learning; the zeal he showed, and the expences he sustained, in causing the Bible, the liturgy, and other useful books, to be translated into the Manks language, and distributed through the country; together with many instances of piety and liberality, not confined to his own immediate connections, but extending to England, and even far beyond the boundaries of Europe; demonstrated, that, where the heart is fully bent on promoting the glory of God, great things may be done, without the assistance of extraordinary opulence.

He rightly judged, that to employ the young and healthy poor, was rendering them a more substantial service, than by giving them small pecuniary supplies. Hence, he constantly found something for a considerable number of them to do. His method was to assemble all his workmen and domestic servants, in his chapel belonging to his palace, before they entered on the various business of the day, at six in the morning, during the summer season; and, in the winter at seven. On these early occasions, he hardly ever failed being his own chaplain; making it a rule to read the whole service himself, and to dismiss his domestics and his labourers with his blessing, which he

pronounced in the true spirit of prayer, with peculiar solemnity and affection. At meal times, his hospitable table was open, not only to his friends and neighbours, but also to his (r) meanest workmen, and to such of the honest poor as he was not able to employ.

(r) How different his conduct, from that of a certain great churchman, now living in Ireland! Not long ago, he was repairing his palace there, and the labourers were allowed a moderate quantity of small beer daily. But when his lordship paid them off, they found themselves obliged to abate part of their wages, in proportion to the quantity of small beer which they had respectively drank. One of the men, more arch and less ceremonious, than the rest, addressed him as follows: "I believe, your lordship is the first b____p that ever sold small beer. I have a good mind to prosecute you for presuming to sell malt liquor without a license. This anecdote is authentic.

His concern for the whole people of his charge reached even to their secular interests. He studied physic, and distributed medicines with success. He imported the finest cattle; and procured the best grain of every kind for seed. And it appeared, that, by the year 1744, he had expended more than ten thousand pounds, in acts of charity and beneficence. Nor did he forget to take thought for the welfare of his successors in the bishopric: of which, when he first took possession, the episcopal demesne was rented at no more than thirty pounds a year; but, through his long and many improvements of the soil, he left it fairly worth four hundred pounds per annum.

His tempers, words, and works, all tended to promote the temporal and moral benefit of his diocese. His unaffected gravity of demeanour was softened and brightened by the most amiable and condescending affability. Everybody had free access to him: and very few, who had been once admitted to his conversation, were so lost to virtue and the fine feelings, as not to love and admire him.

On one occasion, indeed, his lordship experienced, for a time, the iron hand of savage insult and oppression. I shall relate the circumstances, first, in the words of another; and then add some additional particulars, exactly as they were related to me by a person of high rank, who is still alive, and who well remembers the whole transaction.

"The person who was governor of Man, from 1713 to 1723, having a

difference with his lordship, about some matters of right, which the bishop conscientiously denied to give up; that ruler stretched forth the hand of power, and committed his diocesan to the damp and gloomy prison of Castle-Rushin, where he remained many weeks, until the affair was determined, by king George I. and his privy-council, in favour of the bishop. - This treatment of their patron and benefactor so affected the Manks, that they came from all parts of the island, to Castle-Town, at least once every week, to express their concern about him; and, with tears and lamentations, kneeling down before the castle walls, they had their pious pastor's prayers and blessings from the grated loop-hole."

What was communicated to me by the noble person above mentioned, is as follows. After the good bishop had been a considerable time in confinement, his hard usage was reported (seemingly by accident) to one of the two Turks, whom king George I. then retained about his person. The honest Mahometan gave his majesty an account of the unmerited severities, under which the pious prelate laboured; and the king ordered his lordship to repair to London, and stand on his defence against the allegations of the governor. The bishop was soon acquitted, on being heard; and, the next court day, attended the royal levee, to thank his majesty for the equity that had been shown him. His appearance, in the drawing-room, struck every body with veneration and surprize. He came, in his usual manner, very simply habited; with his grey locks, a small black cap on the crown of his head, and leather thongs in his shoes; which last he constantly wore, in lieu of buckles. A number of English bishops were in the circle; but the king, passing by them all, walked up to the bishop of Man, and, taking him by the hand, said, "My lord, I beg *your* prayers:" laying a particular emphasis on the word *your*. - Nor must the disinterestedness of the worthy Turk be forgot. A near relation of the bishop's pressed the generous Mussulman to accept of 50 guineas, as a testimony of that person's gratitude for the kind services he had rendered to the suffering prelate: but no arguments could induce the Mahometan to accept the offered acknowledgment. "I will have no return," said he; "for it is reward enough, to do good to a good man."

Mr. Whiston accounts for bishop Wilson's commitment to prison, in a different manner from the authors of *Biographia Britannica*.

Probably both he and they were equally in the right. The offence taken by the governor's lady was, perhaps, the real, and the civil claims of the governor himself might be the pretended, cause of that brutal and unwarrantable persecution. Mr. Whiston's own words deserve to be transcribed. - "About this year, it might be, that Dr. Wilson the bishop of Man, was heard before the privy council, in a cause wherein he had been put in prison, by the earl of Derby's governor of the Isle of Man; for executing, as tenderly as he could, the ecclesiastical law, for defamation of an innocent woman by the governor's wife. I heard the cause; and, with Dr. Nathaniel Marshal, did the bishop what good offices I could. He carried his cause: but was almost ruined by the suit; the charges were so great. The bishop had long been my acquaintance; and had, many years before, given me the first, or rather the only book then printed in the Manks language; being an Explication of our Church Catechism. - He has always appeared to me, as one of the best bishops of our modern ages: and so much the better, as he is clear of the snares and temptations of a lord of parliament. His great worth has been principally acknowledged, in the plentiful provision made for his (u) son; who told me, very lately, that his father still preaches, every Lord's day, at eighty-three years of age. May the Divine Providence" [adds honest Whiston] "send forth more such labourers, as this bishop, into his vineyard: which, perhaps, never stood in greater need of them, than at this day." What would Mr. Winston have said, had he lived to our day, 1776?

(u) The present venerable and munificent Thomas Wilson, D. D. prebendary of Westminster, minister of St. Margaret's in that city, and rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London.

Having seen the bishop honourably and happily extricated from the principal difficulty that ever befell him, we will attend him back to the Isle of Man; where, on his return from London, he was received with the most affectionate demonstrations of joy. The iniquitous hardships, which he himself had experienced under colour of legal authority, made him, thenceforward, peculiarly attentive to the due execution of equitable law, for in that island, the bishop has some share in the public administrations of justice.(x)

(x) The two principal judges, in the Isle of Man are called deemsters: whose oath, at their admission is, You shall do justice between man

and man, as equally as the herring bone lies between the two sides of that fish. - Herrings were the chief food of the ancient inhabitants; and the tithe of them is still a good part of the bishop's revenue. Biog. Britann.

To all his other great and useful talents, he added the cultivations of learning; and, in particular, a deep acquaintance with history and antiquities. He was the person, who furnished bishop Gibson with those (y) particulars concerning the Isle of Man, which that prelate inserted into the second edition of his Camden's Britannia.

(y) "To have rendered this little history as complete as possible, Dr. Wilson addressed an elegant Latin epistle, dated May 1, 1710, to the archbishop of Drontheim in Norway (*episcopo Nidresensi*), to which see the bishopric of Man had formerly been a suffragan; desiring to have copies of such abstracts, papers, &c. relating to the bishopric of Man, as were in the archives of that metropolitan: but was answered, that the old register proofs of Drontheim had been burnt." Biog. Britann.

The high esteem in which bishop Wilson was held may appear from the following instance. As queen Caroline, consort of his late majesty, was once in conversation with several of our English bishops, his lordship of Man came in to pay his respects. She no sooner glimpsed him at a distance, than she said to the prelates who were present, "My lords, here comes a bishop, whose errand is not to apply for a translation; he would not part with his spouse (his diocese), because she is poor."(z)

(z) The queen seems to have taken this phrase from the usual saying of Fisher, bishop of Rochester, whom Henry VIII. beheaded: who, in the days of his prosperity, was more than once offered a translation to a richer see; but his answer constantly was, I will not forsake my little old wife, to whom I have been married so long, for a wealthier. And to his friend, bishop Fox, he wrote thus: If other bishops have larger revenues, I have fewer souls to take care of: so that, when I give up my account for both to God, which I must soon do, I shall not wish my condition to have been better than it is. - Biog. Brit. vol. iii. p. 1929.

No pastor could be more intensely vigilant. Scarcely a Sunday passed, without his preaching himself, either at his own cathedral, or

in some of the parochial churches. Exclusive of his general visitations of his whole diocese (which visitations he constantly held four times in every year); he privately visited each parish church, occasionally, that he might judge how both clergy and people went on. With regard to the rights of conscience in others, he exercised the most candid and benevolent moderation. He admitted dissenters to the holy communion; and administered it to them, either sitting *or standing, as they themselves approved.* Such amiable and uniform moderation had so favourable an effect, that, a few years after his settlement in the island, not a single dissenting congregation of any kind was to be found in it. Never was episcopal authority (which he knew how to maintain, when occasion required) more happily blended with paternal mildness. Nor was the learned lord chancellor King at all beyond the mark, in declaring, that, under this bishop, the true form of the primitive church, in all its purity, might be found in the Isle of Man.

At length this excellent prelate, having served his generation, by the will of God, all the days of his appointed time, was translated to heaven, the beginning of March, 1755, in the ninety-third year of his age, and the fifty-eighth of his episcopate. He died of a cold, which he caught by taking an evening walk in his garden, after having read prayers in his domestic chapel.

Some Outlines of the Life of Dr. Isaac Watts

SOME OUTLINES OF THE LIFE OF DR. ISAAC WATTS.(a)

(a) Dr. Gibbons, in his Memoirs of Dr. Watts, attacks the validity of two anecdotes, and the date of a piece of poetry, which was printed in Mr. Toplady's Outlines of Dr. Watts, with a disposition bordering on asperity; the littleness of criticism upon such trifles are certainly derogatory to the dignity of a biographer. They may be false, or imperfect, from mistake or misinformation. To whatever cause they may be ascribed, it cannot be deliberate misrepresentation; they do not, in the least, affect to take one flower from the wreath which encircles the doctor's brow, whose name is enrolled in the tablet of literary merit, by the united suffrages of the public. The hints derived from them, were made use of as a palliative for that eminent character's defalcation, respecting the Trinity, which the doctor published to the world. These few incidental remarks, which are exhibited to the reader, and delineated with a bold and masterly hand, has received no alteration except the expunging of the objectional parts.

THIS great and good man was born at Southampton, July 17, A. D. 1674, of eminently religious parents; who being conscientious non-conformists, had suffered much by those persecuting measures which dishonoured the reign and will for ever disgrace the memory of Charles II.

It is unspeakably beneficial to a man, that he bear the yoke in his youth. Whoever is entrusted with the education of a young person, and wishes him to excel in solid literature, should take particular care, to initiate him betimes. By which just precaution, useful knowledge becomes insensibly familiar, and almost natural to the mind; before the poisonous habits of ease, idleness, and trifling (so hostile to every manly and valuable pursuit), have entirely and irradicably overspread the soil.

Dr. Watts enjoyed the full advantages of this early cultivation. He began to learn Latin at four years of age; and at a proper interval the Greek; under the care of Mr. Pinhorne, a clergyman of the church of England, to whom we find a Latin ode addressed by the doctor in his lyric poems. His progress in the languages, though rapid, was solid. He ran fast; but (which was of far greater consequence) he mastered

every inch of ground as he went.

The precise time when effectual grace laid hold of his heart, and spiritually converted him to God, I am not at present able to find. But that great event (abstracted from which all besides is of little value), appears to have taken place in an early period of his life. Some tender and beautiful fruits of the Holy Spirit's work upon his soul appear in several of the doctor's juvenile productions, as well as in those of a later date: and warrant us to believe, that (to use the phraseology of a divine long since with God) the "old angel" had been a young saint.

About the sixteenth year of his age, and A. D. 1690, he was sent up to London, that the academy might finish an education so happily begun. His tutor, Mr. Thomas Rowe (to whom also the doctor inscribed an ode, extant in his lyric poems), has been heard to declare, that he never had occasion to reprimand Mr. Watts, so much as once, during the whole time of his residence in the academy: on the contrary, that his behaviour was so correct and exemplary, that he often proposed Mr. Watts to the other pupils, as a pattern worthy of their imitation.

In the year 1693, when he was but nineteen, he was admitted as a communicant by the congregation of which his tutor had the pastoral charge.

Having completed his academical studies at London, he returned (about A. D. 1694,) to his father's house; where he spent two years in the private spiritual exercises of reading, meditation, and prayer, by way of humble prelude to his entrance on the work of the ministry; a work to which he believed providence had called him, and which he justly considered as the most sacred and momentous of all human undertakings.

Hardly any thing can be of more important consequence to individuals, to families, and to society at large, than the wise and virtuous education of young people. Instruction, it is true, cannot impart the saving grace of God; but it is no less true, that God often blesses human cultivation to very valuable purposes; and sometimes even deigns to make the religious efforts of Christian tutors and ministers, the channels, or means, through which he imparts his saving grace. The husbandman's duty is, to plough and dress and

sow his lands; and though, after all his efforts, their success depends on the blessing of heaven; and notwithstanding the crop may not constantly, and in every respect correspond to the utmost of his wishes and his labours; yet some valuable fruits seldom fail to crown his industry, even if the seasons prove inclement, and the soil untoward. Sir John Hartopp, baronet, a gentleman of distinguished piety and erudition, was sensible of the importance of putting his son under the conduct of a wise, a learned, a polite, and a truly Christian tutor. Swayed by this view, it was no wonder that he should cast his eye on Mr. Watts, as one of the fittest persons in the world to discharge so arduous a trust. Witsius, in Holland; Rollin, in France; and Watts, in England; were, perhaps, of all the elegant scholars who then flourished, indued with the happiest powers to form young people to science and virtue, and to insinuate the delicacies of learning, without its thorns, into tender and unexperienced minds. Most young persons have a certain key, on which, if you touch discreetly, you may manage them as you please, without the usual methods of harsh severity and disingenuous punishments. To discern that key, but without letting your pupil perceive you discern it; and to touch it with judgment; are the great test of a sagacious tutor. Plutarch, in his Life of Alexander the Great, observes, concerning that prince, that he was from a child, of an ardent and impetuous temper, incapable of being forced to any thing, but susceptible of persuasion, and easily won over by gentleness and reasoning. His father, king Philip, had sufficient penetration to perceive the key of Alexander's mind, and wisdom to provide him a suitable preceptor in Aristotle: who, by a judicious address to the finer passions of his royal charge, subdued the future conqueror of the world; and the prince being made to fall in love with knowledge, became a considerable proficient in the belles lettres, because he apprehended himself to be a perfect volunteer. I should, as a well-wisher to mankind, deeply lament the want of such tutors as Aristotle, Witsius, Rollin, and Watts; if providence in the present day, had not given us a Ryland. *(b)*

(b) This friend to religion, literature, and mankind, breathed his last at Enfield, July 24, 1792, in the 69th year of his age. EDITOR.

Pursuant to his friend's invitation, Mr. Watts accepted the care of young Mr. (afterwards sir John) Hartopp, with whom he resided four

years, in the family-house at Stoke-Newington. And it appears, from the dedication prefixed to our author's admirable Treatise on Logic, that the young gentleman's advancements in literature were such as might be expected from the happy pupil of so accomplished a superintendant.

While he was thus discharging the duties of a pleased and pleasing preceptor, with that meekness of wisdom (c), which gave charms to science, and with that sweetness of the lips which increaseth learning;(d) he sedulously attended no less to his own literary improvements, than to those of his promising disciple. It is with diligent tutors, as with faithful and laborious ministers; to both of whom that encouraging word is frequently made good, he that watereth, shall be watered himself (e). But, amidst all his other profound and important attentions, he never lost sight of that grand mark to which he made every human attainment subserve; *viz.* the edification of his own heart in faith and holiness. Hence he devoted much of his time to God; and carefully studied the inspired volume in its original languages, and with the assistance of the best ancient and modern expositors.

(c) **Jas** 3:13. (d) **Pr** 16:21 (e) **Pr** 11:25

He preached his first sermon on his birthday, *viz.* July 17, 1698; when he completed his four and twentieth year; and was shortly after chosen assistant preacher to that independent congregation of which Dr. Isaac Chauncey was the pastor. His pulpit exertions, supposed to be more zealous and vehement than his constitution could well sustain, were soon followed by a severe and menacing illness of five month's duration. But the ambassador of Christ had not yet finished his appointed course, nor fulfilled the work which was given him to do. He recovered, and determined through grace, to spend and be spent for God, he plied his ministerial labours with as great intensesness as before.

On the decease of Dr. Chauncey, he was ordained (March 18, 1702, N. S.) to the pastorship of that church; presently after which event, another long confinement by sickness threatened the extinction of his valuable life. His recovery was so gradual, that it was deemed necessary to lessen his public fatigues, by appointing Mr. Samuel Price to be his assistant, in the summer of 1703.

Men of the finest talents have frequently the infirmest bodies. Mr. Watts was of that number. His health, for some years after the above mentioned period, continued extremely precarious. Yet he appears to have spared himself as little as possible; and to have intermitted his private studies and public ministrations, no more than necessity obliged.

To increase, and to perpetuate as far as he was able, the life and power of godliness among the younger part of his spiritual charge, he formed them into a society, for the excellent purposes of prayer, and conference on religious subjects. When his health would permit, he met them himself: and to his instructive and pious oversight of these young people, we owe the occasion and the rudiments of his treatise, entitled, a Guide to Prayer.

In September, 1712, when he had little more than entered his 38th year, a violent fever (occasioned, probably by too devoted application to study) almost quite broke him down. From the effects of this visitation, he never totally recovered. His nerves continued more or less in a shattered state, from that time forward, until his spirit returned to God. A sad proof, that the famous sir Francis Walsyngham's maxim (viz. knowledge cannot be bought too dear) is to be adopted with very considerable limitation.

Notwithstanding those severe constitutional shocks, this faithful servant of God had not, at the time last specified, measured much more than half the race he was to run; for his life was extended to an additional period of six and thirty years. But he could truly say, with the apostle before him, We, who are in this tabernacle, do groan, being burdened. Yet, though he could not help feeling his bodily infirmities, he was preserved by grace from murmuring under them. He does not appear to have entertained one hard thought of God; but lay, at the divine footstool, passive as blank paper to the hand of the writer, or as softened wax to the impressing seal.

In the year 1728, the university of Edinburgh, and also that of Aberdeen, did honour to themselves by conferring on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity; not purchased for five pounds, nor even solicited: but transmitted to him entirely without his knowledge. Learned seminaries would retrieve the departing respectability of their diplomas, were they only presented to (I will not say, such men

as Dr. Watts; for few such men are in any age to be found; but to persons of piety, orthodoxy, erudition, and virtue.

The good doctor, though frequently, and for long seasons together, restrained by illness from the public exercises of his ministry, strictly so called, was an hard student, almost to the very last. At length, exhausted by a progressive, but deep decay, his mortal body was forsaken by its deathless inhabitant, Nov. 25, 1748; after an union of seventy-four years, four months, and eight days. - His funeral sermon (which has supplied me with the foregoing facts and dates) was preached by the learned Dr. David Jennings, on the latter clause of Heb 11:4. And a concise, but not very animated oration was spoken over his grave, at the time of his interment, by Dr. Samuel Chandler.

I have been told, by the late excellent Mr. Whitefield (between whom and Dr. Watts a long and very tender friendship subsisted), that, for several years together, the doctor was so grievously and frequently afflicted with insomnia, or continual wakefulness; and his health, strength, and spirits, were thereby reduced to so low an ebb; that he might on the whole, rather be said to gasp, than to live. Very often, he could obtain no sleep for two or three nights successively, but what was procured by art; i. e. by dint of medicinal preparations. Sometimes, even opiates failed to win the courted repose: and our modern Job might sing, like him of Chaldea, wearisome nights are appointed unto me. When I lay down, I say, when shall I rise, and the night be gone? I am full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day. Job 7:3-4.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Grata laboratae referens obliviam vitae

is a visitant, which, like every other blessing, is the gift of God, and comes not but at his command. He giveth to his beloved, sleep: Ps 127:2. And, when he gives it not, faith will acknowledge the finger of Jehovah's providence, and say, Thou holdest mine eyes waking. Ps 77:4.

But the divine will operates through the medium of second causes. Too intense and unintermitted exertions of mind in the pursuit of knowledge, and in the communication of it to others by writing, were the direct occasions of unhinging Dr Watts' intellectual

powers, and of shattering a constitution naturally firm.

"With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on itself and is destroyed by thought.
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out its powers, and leaves the blank behind."

If grandeur, elegance, and poignancy of genius; - if a strong, extensive, and highly cultivated understanding; - in a word, if the richest native and acquired talents of the head, added to the most amiable virtues of the heart; - could have secured to an human being the felicity of calm and constant self-possession, Dr. Watts had never written his unhappy Dissertations on the Trinity.

Gladly would I throw, if possible, an everlasting veil over this valuable person's occasional deviations from the simplicity of the gospel, relative to the personality and divinity of the Son and Spirit of God. But justice compels me to acknowledge, that he did not always preserve an uniform consistency with himself, nor with the scriptures of truth, so far as concerns that grand and fundamental article of the Christian faith.

"How narrow limits are to wisdom giv'n!
Earth she surveys, and thence would measure heav'n.
Through mists obscure, now wings her tedious way,
Now wanders, dazzled with too bright a day.
And, from the summit of a pathless coast,
Sees infinite - and in that sight is lost."

The inclusiveness (to call it by the tenderest name we can) of his too wanton tamperings with the doctrine of the Trinity, has been largely and irrefragably demonstrated by more hands than one. Among others, by the learned Dr. Abraham Taylor, in a masterly tract, entitled, *The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity vindicated, in Opposition to Mr. Watts' Scheme of one divine Person and two divine Powers*. The great Mr. John Hurrion, one of the most evangelical men, and ablest reasoner that have added lustre to the present century, has likewise totally demolished Dr. Watts' fanciful and dangerous surmises, in his [i. e. in Mr. Hurrion's] set of admirable discourses, entitled, *The Scripture Doctrine of the proper Divinity, real Personality, &c. of the Holy Spirit, stated and defended*. Both the above performances were published many years

before the Doctor's decease; and consequently, while he was able to answer for himself. Notwithstanding this declension, I am happy in believing, that the grace and faithfulness of the Holy Ghost did not permit our author to die under the delusions of so horrible and pernicious an heresy.

Among many instances which redound exceedingly to the honour of the Doctor's heart, must be numbered the cordial and uninterrupted friendship, which obtained between him and his co-partner in the ministry, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Price. Aulus Gellius used to wonder how two such elegant and magnanimous philosophers, as Plato and Xenophon, could ever descend to the meanness of depreciating and envying each other's talents and success. What would he have said, had he been witness to the low competitions, the dirty jealousies, the narrow self-seekings, and the envious treachery, visible in the spirit and conduct of some, who pass for Christian ministers? No such roots of bitterness had any place in the benevolent and disinterested bosom of Dr. Watts. Like the master he served, he took pleasure in the excellencies, the usefulness, and the prosperity of others. It was by his own request, that Mr. Price was associated with him as co-pastor, in the year 1713. And, in his last will, he styled that gentleman, his "faithful friend and companion in the labours of the ministry;" and bequeathed him a legacy, as a "small testimony of his great affection for him, on account of his services of love, during the many harmonious years of their fellowship in the work of the gospel."

Dr. Jennings has preserved a few of Dr. Watts' dying sayings. It is to be wished, that he had recorded more of them. "I bless God," said the ripening saint, "I can lay down with comfort at night, unsolicitous whether I wake in this world or another!" His faith in the promises was lively and unshaken: "I believe them enough to venture an eternity on them!" Once, to a religious friend, he expressed himself thus: "I remember an aged minister used to say, that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises for their support as the common and unlearned. And so," continued the Doctor, "I find it. It is the plain promises of the gospel that are my support; and, I bless God, they are plain promises, which do not require much labour and pains to understand them: for I can do nothing now, but look into

my Bible, for some promise to support me, and live upon that." On feeling any temptations to complain, he would remark, "The business of a Christian is to bear the will of God, as well as to do it. If I were in health, I could only be doing that; and that I may do now. The best thing in obedience is a regard to the will of God; and the way to that, is to get our inclinations and aversions as much mortified as we can."

The following little incident, I lately had from a person of quality, *(f)* who has long shone (and much longer may she continue to shine) the principal ornament of the great and of the religious world. The anecdote, though not important in itself, is worthy of being preserved from oblivion, as a small monument of the refined politeness which distinguished the mind and manners of another elegant and devout female long since with God. The first mentioned of these ladies, being on a visit to Dr. Watts, at Stoke-Newington, the doctor accosted her thus: "Madam, your ladyship is come to see me, on a very remarkable day." Why is this day so remarkable? answered the countess. "This very day thirty years," replied the doctor, "I came hither, to the house of my good friend sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under this friendly roof; and I have extended my visit to the length of exactly thirty years." Lady Abney, who was present, immediately said to the doctor, "Sir, what you term a long thirty years visit, I consider as the shortest visit my family ever received."

(f) The late countess of Huntingdon, who deserves the highest panegyric that can be given to a woman. She closed a life of the most extensive usefulness, unbounded intrepidity, and intrinsic excellence in the cause of Christ, on Friday, June 17, 1791. Unequivocally may it be said that her character has never been surpassed or equalled in any age, or in any nation. EDITOR.

Some Account of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe
SOME ACCOUNT OF MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

THIS elegant and devout female was the daughter of Mr. Walter Singer, a dissenting minister, of good family, and possessed a competent estate, near Frome, in Somersetshire: who being imprisoned at Ilchester, for non-conformity in the reign of Charles II. was there visited by Mrs. Elizabeth Portnel, of that town, from principles of mere benevolence and compassion. The acquaintance thus commenced, terminated, however, in marriage: and the lady, a summary of whose memoirs we are now going to give, was the first fruit of the alliance; being born, September 11, 1674, at Ilchester, in which town her father continued to reside, until the death of his wife induced him to return into the neighbourhood of Frome.

On his re-settlement there, his piety, prudence, integrity, and good sense, recommended him to the friendship of lord Weymouth; and to that of Dr. Ken, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, who (after the Revolution) lived with that nobleman at Long Leat. Though the bishop was in principle, a very high churchman; and Mr. Singer, a radicated dissenter; still, such were the candour and moderation of these excellent men, that they cordially esteemed, and constantly visited each other. Dr. Ken would sometimes ride, to see his worthy and valued non-conforming neighbour, so frequently as once a week.

Mr. Singer's chief happiness, however, lay within the pale of his own family. Beside our authoress, he had two daughters; one of whom died in her childhood, and the other survived to her twentieth year. The latter seemed to be the very counterpart of her elder sister, in devotion, virtue, accomplishments, and amiableness of temper. She had the same invincible thirst for knowledge; and consequently, the same extreme passion for books. The lovely sisters frequently prolonged their studies, in concert, until midnight.

But it was Miss Elizabeth, whom providence reserved to be an ornament, not only to her family and to her sex, but to the human species. Her uncommon talents and exalted piety, which dawned even in her infant years, gave her religious father a satisfaction not to be expressed. He himself had received his first effectual convictions, in about the tenth year of his age: from which time, he

was remarkable for having never neglected prayer. God was pleased to visit our poetess with strong impressions of grace, at a still less advanced period. My infant hands (says she, in her manual, entitled, "Devout Exercises of the Heart") were early lifted up to thee; and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers. Her relative affections were so lively and delicate, that we find them mingling even with her most solemn addresses to the Deity. In particular, her love and veneration for her father resembled the vestal fires, which were strong, bright, and inextinguishable. As a specimen of her fine feelings, in this respect, we may recur to the following passage: Thou art my God, and the God of my religious ancestors; the God of my mother, the God of my pious father. Dying, and breathing out his soul, he gave me to thy care. He put me into thy gracious arms, and delivered me up to thy protection. He told me, Thou wouldst never leave me, nor forsake me. He triumphed in thy long experienced faithfulness and truth; and gave his testimony for thee with his latest breath.

At twelve years of age, she began to write poetry: and it is no wonder, the same elegant turn of mind was connected with a fondness for music and painting; in the former of which, she particularly delighted, and became a very able proficient. But that walk in music, which she chiefly cultivated, was of the most serious and solemn kind; such as best comported with the grandeur of her sentiments, and the sublimity of her devotion. As to painting she was more than an admirer of that beautiful art. She took up the pencil, when she had hardly sufficient strength and steadiness of hand to guide it: and, almost in her infancy, would press out the juices of herbs, to serve her in lieu of colours. Her father, perceiving her propensity to this accomplishment, provided a master to instruct her in it; and it never failed to be her occasional amusement to the end of her life.

It was her excellence in poetry which first introduced her to the attention of the noble family at Long Leat. She had written a small copy of verses, with which they were so highly charmed, that they conceived a strong curiosity to see the authoress: and, in this visit, there commenced a friendship, which subsisted ever after. She was not, then, twenty.

Her paraphrase of the 38th chapter of Job, was written at the request

of bishop Ken; and added to the reputation she had already acquired. She had no less a tutor for the French and Italian languages, than the Hon. Mr. Thynne, son to lord Weymouth, who voluntarily took that office upon himself; and had the pleasure to see his fair scholar improve so fast under his lessons, that, in a few months, she was able to read Tasso, with great facility. She seems to have been entirely unacquainted with the learned languages. Her father, indeed, took the greatest care of her education: but he confined it to the acquisition of those accomplishments only, which he considered as falling most properly within the sphere of female improvement.

In the year 1696, which was the 22d of her age, a collection of her poems on various occasions was published, at the request of two distinguished friends.

Her shining merit, and the charms of her person and conversation, had procured her a great many admirers. Among others, the celebrated Mr. Matthew Prior is said to have been a candidate for her heart: and, from several tender passages, relative to this lady, in his printed poems, it plainly enough appears, that she had the deepest interest in his affections. But Mr. Thomas Rowe was the person, destined by heaven to make happy, and to be made happy by the most amiable female then existing.

This gentleman had a fine genius, adorned with an uncommon share of profound and polite learning. His talent in poetry, though not invariably equal to his wife's, was yet very considerable. He was the son of Mr. Benoni Rowe, a dissenting minister, eminent as a preacher and a scholar; and descended of the same family, from which Mr. Nicholas Rowe, the dramatic poet, derived his pedigree: *viz.* the Rowes of Lamberton, in Devonshire. Our Mr. Thomas Rowe was born at London, April 25, 1687; and was married to Miss Singer, in 1710. On which occasion, a friend of Mr. Rowe wrote the beautiful Latin epigram inserted (h) *below*.

(h) In nuptias THOMAE ROWE et ELIZABETH AE SINGER.

Quid doctum par usque tuum, sociosque labores,
FABRAE et DACERII, Gallia vana, crepas?
Par majus gens Angla dedit, juvenem atque puellam,
Quos hodie sacro faedere junxit amor.
Namque ea, quae nostri Phoebos cecinere docente,

Explicuisse tuis gloria summa foret.

Thus translated, by a young gentleman:
"No more, proud Gallia, bid the world revere
Thy learned pair, Le Fevre and Dacier.
Britain may boast, this happy day unites
Two nobler minds in Hymen's sacred rites:
What these have sung, while all th' inspiring Nine
Exalt the beauties of the verse divine,
Those (humble critics of th' immortal strain)
Shall bound their fame to comment and explain."

Mrs. Rowe's exalted merit and captivating qualities could not fail to inspire the most pure and lasting passion: and Mr. Rowe knew how to value that treasure of piety, elegance, and wit which Divine Providence had given him in such a partner. He made it his business to repay the felicity with which she crowned his life. A considerable time after marriage, he addressed to her, under the name of Delia, that delicate and beautiful ode, of which the following lines are part:

-----Long may thy inspiring page,
And great example, bless the rising age!
Long, in thy charming prison, may'st thou stay;
Late, very late, ascend the well known way;
And add new glories to the realms of day!

At least, Heav'n will not, sure, this pray'r deny:
Short be my life's uncertain date,
And earlier far than thine, the destin'd hour of fate!
Whene'er it comes, may'st thou be by;
Banish desponding nature's gloom;
And make me hope a gentle doom;
And fix me all on joys to come!

With swimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
And clasp thee, dying, in my fainting arms:
Then, gently leaning on thy breast,
Sink in soft slumbers to eternal rest.
The ghastly form shall have a pleasing air,
And all things smile, while Heav'n and thou art there.

As Mr. Rowe had not naturally, a strong constitution, his intense application to study (which his marriage connection did not in the

least abate) is supposed to have sown the seeds of that ill health, which allayed the happiness of his connubial state; and threw him into a decline, about the latter end of the year 1714. Having little more than finished his twenty-eighth year, his consumption put a period to his life, on the 13th of May, 1715. He had formed a design, to compile the lives of all the illustrious persons of antiquity omitted by Plutarch. He was enabled to accomplish part of his intent (i): for which no man, perhaps, was better qualified, both by genius, judgment, and erudition. History was his favourite pursuit: and he had studied that part of it, which relates to Jewish antiquities, under the tuition of the great Witsius, at Leyden.

(i) He finished nine of those omitted lives; of which, eight were published after his decease, by the late Dr. Samuel Chandler. The ninth (viz. that of Thrasylbulus), having been put into the hands of sir Richard Steele, for his revision, was unhappily lost.

During her husband's long illness, Mrs. Rowe hardly ever quitted his chamber; and alleviated, by all the tender offices of sympathy and assiduity, the pains she was unable to remove. She partook his sleepless nights; nor could be persuaded to relinquish her kind but melancholy station at his bed-side. When death had performed its commission, she was with difficulty torn from his breathless clay: and devoted her future years to his memory, by a resolution (which she inviolably kept) of perpetual widowhood. He died, at Hampstead, near London; where he had resided some time, for the benefit of the air; and was buried in a vault, belonging to his family, in Bunhill-Fields. On his tomb were only marked his name, with the dates of his birth and decease. But an inscription of greater pomp was rendered unnecessary, by Mrs. Rowe's fine Elegy on his Death; in which she relates the thoughts that follow, as a part of his dying conversation:

"How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,
Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel.
But haste to meet me on those happy plains,
Where mighty love in endless triumph reigns.
He ceas'd. Then gently yielded up his breath,
And fell a blooming sacrifice to death."

She survived him, almost 22 years, and, to the last, retained, without

abatement, that extreme affection and veneration for him, which had constantly animated her breast during life. A very little time before her own departure to heaven, she was observed to shed tears at but hearing the mention of his name.

Soon after the commencement of her widowhood, she quitted London (where, in complaisance to Mr. Rowe's inclination, she usually spent the winter season); and indulged her unconquerable love of solitude, by retiring to Frome, where the greater part of her estate lay. It was in this retreat, that she composed the most celebrated of her works, entitled, *Friendship in Death*; with the Letters moral and entertaining. How fond she was of obscurity, appears from that beautiful passage, among many others, where she thus sings in prose:

“Such a retreat as disengages the mind from those interests and passions, which mankind generally pursue, appears to me, the most certain way to happiness. Quietly to withdraw from the crowd, and leave the gay and ambitious to divide the honours and pleasures of the world, without being a rival or competitor in any of them, must leave a person in unenvied repose. - Ye vain grandeurs of the earth, ye perishing riches, and fantastic pleasures, what are your proudest boasts? Can you yield undecaying delights, joys becoming the dignity of reason, and the capacities of an immortal mind? Ask the happy spirits above, at what price they value their enjoyments. Ask them, if the whole creation should purchase one moment's interval of their bliss. No: one beam of celestial light obscures the glory, and casts a reproach on all the beauty this world can boast.”

In 1736, some of her acquaintances, who had seen the *History of Joseph* in manuscript, prevailed on her, though with difficulty, to let it be made public. She had written it, in the early part of life; and had carried it on, no farther, than to Joseph's marriage. Through the importunity of friends (especially, of the countess of Hertford, to whom Mrs. Rowe could scarcely refuse any thing), she added two books more: the composing of which is said to have been the labour but of three or four days. This additional part, which was her last work, was published a few weeks before her death.

That crowning event befel her, according to her wish, in her beloved retirement. She was favoured with uncommon strength of

constitution; and had past a more than short life, with scarce any indisposition severe enough to confine her to her bed. But, about six months before her decease, she was attacked by a visibly dangerous complaint; and lamented, to an intimate friend, that, on the near approach of death, she did not find herself so serene as she could wish. Her doubts and fears, though sharp, were short. The holy Spirit, after a little season, filled her with gladness unspeakable, by witnessing to her soul, the interest which God's free grace had given her in the atonement and mediation of him who died for sinners. Under these assurances, she experienced such repose and triumph, that she acknowledged, with tears of joy, that she had never felt any consolations equal to these. She repeated, on this happy occasion, Mr. Pope's verses, entitled, "The dying Christian to his Soul," with such exalted transport, as evidenced, that she really felt all the holy ecstasies, which breathe in that (k) exquisite piece of sacred poetry.

(k) I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, Oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying:
Oh the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife;
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper. Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

III.

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?

After this threatening illness, Mrs. Rowe recovered her usual good state of health: to which, it is extremely probable, the happy state of her soul, and her blessed foretastes of eternal life, might chiefly contribute. Communion with God, and the assurance of his favour, are frequently known to promote health of body, no less than of mind. The fellowship of the Holy Ghost is the grand cordial of human life; and sometimes operates as a sovereign restorative, even to the mortal house of clay.

On the day in which Mrs. Rowe was seized with that distemper, which, in a few hours, carried her off, she seemed to those about her, to be in perfect vigour. About eight in the evening, she conversed with her usual sprightliness; and not without laughter. Afterwards, she retired to her chamber. About ten, her maid-servant hearing some noise in her mistress' apartment, ran immediately in, and found her fallen on the floor, speechless, and in the convulsions of death. A physician and a surgeon were instantly sent for; but all applications proved fruitless. She expired, a few minutes before two o'clock, on Sunday morning, February 20, 1736-7. Her disease was judged to be an apoplexy. A devout book was found, lying open just by her: it contained some meditations on spiritual subjects, but was afterwards lost; nor could the title be exactly remembered by those who were with her at the time of her death. She often wished, and prayed, for a sudden dissolution; and God was pleased to grant her the request of her heart. Mr. Grove (who, by his mother's side, was related to Mrs. Rowe) expressed himself thus, in a letter to a friend, occasioned by the decease of this extraordinary lady: "Though her death," says he, "be universally lamented, yet the manner of it is rather to be esteemed a part of her happiness. One moment, to enjoy this life; the next, or after a pause we are not sensible of, to find ourselves got beyond, not only the fears of death, but death itself; and in possession of everlasting life, and health, and pleasure: this moment, to be devoutly addressing ourselves to God, or employed in delightful meditations on his perfections; the next, in his presence, and surrounded with scenes of bliss, perfectly new, and unspeakably joyous, is a way of departing out of life, to be desired, not dreaded, by ourselves; and felicitated, not condoled, by our surviving friends. When all things are in a readiness for our removal out of the world, it is a privilege, to be spared the sad ceremony of parting, and all the pains and struggles of feeble nature." Dost thou

ask, O converted reader, Which is best? To be snatched to heaven, in a moment or two; or to be thrown on a lingering bed, and so (if the Lord please) be able to bear some testimony to his love, power, and faithfulness? I answer: leave the whole matter to him. If possible, do not entertain a wish, either one way, or the other. Be this your petition:

"Only receive my soul to thee;
The manner, and the time, be thine."

She was buried, by her own desire, under the same stone with her father, in the Meeting-house, at Frome; and her funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Bowden, to whom she left a particular charge, that he should not say one word about her in the whole of his discourse.

In her cabinet were found letters, to the countess of Hertford, the earl of Orrery, doctor Watts, and some others of her most intimate and most valued friends. These farewell epistles she ordered to be, immediately after her death, transmitted to the persons they were directed to. They have since been published. An extract from that to her bosom-confident, the countess of Hertford (afterwards duchess of Somerset), may stand for a sample of the rest. "This is the last letter you will ever receive from me; the last assurance I shall give you on earth, of a sincere and stedfast friendship. But when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and ecstasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the first glad spirit, to congratulate your safe arrival on the happy shore. What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages, of which we shall find ourselves eternally possessed! To him that loved and washed us in his blood, we shall ascribe immortal glory, dominion, and praise, for ever. This is all my salvation, and all my hope. That name, in whom the Gentiles trust is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence. In his merits alone, I expect to stand justified, before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes, if I depended on those works, which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good! The best actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the test of that unblemished holiness, in whose sight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement! How desperate, how undone my condition! With the utmost advantages I can boast, I should start back, and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemished majesty. O Jesus,

what harmony dwells in thy name! Celestial joy and immortal life is in the sound. Let angels set thee to their golden harps. Let the ransomed nations, for ever, magnify thee. Adieu, my most dear friend, until we meet in the paradise of God."

All truly great minds entertain the most elevated ideas of friendship: and, indeed, without some greatness of soul, no man is capable of the sublime virtues and the refined attachments«comprised in that lovely term. Such a spirit, as ennobled and warmed the breast of Mrs. Rowe, was susceptible of that generous and exalted flame. Witness the following paragraph, in her farewell letter to Mr. Theobald: "The converse I have had with you, has been very short: but, I hope, the friendship, begun by it, will be transmitted to the regions of perfect amity and bliss. It would not be worth while, to cherish the impressions of a virtuous friendship, if the generous engagement was to be dissolved with this mortal life. Tell Mrs. Theobald, I hope to meet her in the shining realms of love and unmingled bliss."

As to her person, Mrs. Rowe was not what is called, a regular beauty: yet she possessed a large measure of the charms of her sex. She was of a moderate stature. Her hair of a fine auburn colour. Her eyes, of a darkish grey, inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was very fair, and a lovely blush glowed in her cheeks. She spoke gracefully: her voice was harmoniously sweet, and perfectly suited to that gentle language which always flowed from her lips. The softness and benevolence of her aspect, together with the strength of understanding which appeared in her countenance, exceed the powers of description.

Her acquaintance with the great, added to her own natural delicacy and good sense, had insensibly formed her to all the ease and accomplishments of the most engaging politeness. Without any degree of stiffness or affectation, she practised, in a distant solitude, all the address and fine behaviour of a court.

The labours of the toilet consumed very little of her time. She despised the arts of dress and ornament; yet without falling into the opposite extreme of improper negligence.

She led a recluse life, but without austerity; and was as exemplary for sweetness of temper, affability, meekness, and every social

virtue, as for the exact sanctity of her manners.

God had given her such absolute command over her passions, that it has been questioned, whether she was ever angry, so much as once, in her whole life.

Though she possessed an uncommon share of wit, no one had reason to fear its edge, or to wish it had been less. For, together with the most manly genius, she possessed all that gentleness, which completes the charms of the tender sex. Next to profane and lewd writings, she expressed the strongest aversion to satire; as being usually replete with uncandid invective. No strokes of this kind can be found in her works: and her conversation was not less innocent of every appearance of ill-nature, than her writings. Scandal and detraction were considered, by her, as extreme inhumanity, which no embellishments of wit and liveliness could render tolerable.

She had few equals in her admirable turn for conversation. Her wit was inexhaustible; and she expressed her thoughts in the most beautiful and flowing style. Though she had, even from her youth, been accustomed to receive the deserved tributes of compliment and praise, from such judges of worth, as might have made some degree of vanity almost pardonable in a lady and an author; yet, she retained all the humility of the meanest and most obscure person.

She was perfectly untainted with the love of pleasure; and was even ignorant of every polite and fashionable game. She had no relish for novels and romances, and entirely abstained from the entertainments of the theatre. The grandeur of her mind set her above every species of luxury. She was always pleased with whatever she found on her table; and neither the nature of her food, nor the manner of dressing it, gave her any uneasiness. She despised visits of ceremony, and had a contempt of riches, that has been rarely equalled. She wrote no dedication to great persons, nor is the name of any minister of state to be met with in her productions. She solicited no favours, and never saw a court.

Filial piety was a remarkable part of her character. She loved the best of fathers, as she ought; and has been heard to say, that she would rather die than displease him. In a memorandum, relating to his last sickness and death, are these words: "My father often felt his pulse, and complained that it was still regular. He smiled at every

symptom of approaching death; and would be often crying out, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Come, ye holy angels, who rejoice at the conversion of a sinner: come, and conduct my soul to the skies, ye propitious spirits! And then would add, but thy time, Lord, not mine, is best. When shall I awake, and be satisfied with thy likeness?" The anguish she felt at seeing him in so much pain, gave her, during the time of his illness, a kind of habitual convulsion: a disorder, from which she was wholly free, in every other part of her life. Her father died, April 18, 1719, and was indulged with some delightful prelibations of heaven, before he ascended thither.

She was a gentle and kind mistress to her dependents; and a warm and generous friend. It was observed, that none of her domestics ever quitted her service, unless they married off. Nor was there a friend of hers, though in ever so high a station, who did not experience her beneficent disposition, in presents of books, pictures, or something elegant and valuable, as marks of her esteem.

Her charities to the poor were literally amazing. The first time she accepted of a gratification from a bookseller for any of her works, she bestowed the whole sum on a family in distress. She solemnly consecrated half of her yearly income, to charitable uses; and employed her own hands, in providing clothes for the necessitous. She extended her liberalities, not to the poor only, but also to the farther relief of those who were raised above absolute want; and would frequently observe, that one of the greatest temporal benefits we can render to our fellow-creatures, is, to free them from the cares and anxieties which attend a narrowness of fortune. In these cases, she knew how to heighten every favour, by the delicate and obliging manner in which she conferred it. She studied to spare their blushes, while she softened their adversity. Thus, when one of her worldly acquaintances was in known distress, she contrived to lose at play, a sum of money, sufficient to answer the exigences of the case; and this was, probably, the only time she ever touched a card in her life.

It was matter of wonder, how so moderate an estate as she possessed, could supply such various and extensive benefactions; and her own sense of this once broke out to an intimate friend. I am surprized, said she, how it is possible my estate should answer all these things. And yet I never want money!

She affected no kind of singularity, or appearance of severity; nor ever presumed to censure those, whose piety and morals were less exalted than her own. Her serenity and cheerfulness of temper were so perpetual, that (except on the loss of her father and of her husband, and when she was witness to any case of distress in others) her whole life seemed to be a constant calm; or, rather, an uninterrupted sunshine: and every hour of it sparkled with good humour, and inoffensive gaiety.

With regard to her religious principles, she was a doctrinal Calvinist: and shone an eminent trophy of that distinguishing and efficacious grace, which she so richly experienced, and which diffused its sanctifying power throughout her practical walk. Agreeably to the scriptural views of the divine sovereignty, we find her thus expressing herself, to him whom her soul loved: "Why did thy watchful providence perpetually surround me, crossing all the methods I took to undo myself? Why didst thou pursue me with the offers of thy favour, when I fled thee with such aversion; and had fled thee for ever, if thou hadst not compelled me to return? Why wast thou found of one that sought thee not? Oh why, but because thou wilt be merciful to whom thou wilt be merciful?" [Devout Exerc. Medit. VIII.] - Again: "I lay a wretched slave, pleased with my chains, and fond of my captivity; till love, almighty love, rescued me. Blest effect of unmerited grace! I shall stand, for ever, an illustrious instance of boundless mercy. To that I must entirely ascribe my salvation: and, through all the ages of eternity, I will rehearse the wonders of redeeming love; and tell to listening angels, what it has done for my soul." [Ibid.] - "Thy kingdom ruleth over all, O Lord; and thou dost according to thy will, in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. I confess and acknowledge thy providence. The ways of man are not at his own disposal, but all his goings are ordered by thee." [Ibid. Med. IV.]

The holy doctrine of final perseverance was, through the application of it to her soul by the blessed Spirit, the comfort and rejoicing of her heart. Hence those fine passages, which occur in Medit. X. of the above work. "Shall a soul, consecrated to thee, fall a sacrifice to hell? Shall the temple of thy spirit be profaned, and the lips that have so often ascribed dominion and glory and majesty to thee, be defiled with infernal blasphemy and the execrations of the damned?"

Shall the sparks of divine love be extinguished, and immortal enmity succeed? And shall I, who was once blest with thy favour, become the object of thy wrath and indignation? It is all impossible; for thou art not as man, that thou shouldest lie; nor as the son of man, that thou shouldest repent. Thou art engaged by thy own tremendous name, for my security. Transporting assurance! What further security can I ask? What security can I wish, beyond eternal veracity? The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but thy kindness shall not depart, nor the covenant of thy peace be broken."

A Concise Character of the Late Rev. Mr. Whitefield
A CONCISE CHARACTER OF THE LATE REV. MR.
WHITEFIELD.

I DEEM myself happy in having an opportunity of thus publicly avowing the inexpressible esteem, in which I held this wonderful man; and the affectionate veneration, which I must ever retain, for the memory of one, whose acquaintance and ministry were attended with the most important spiritual benefit to me, and to tens of thousands beside.

It will not be saying too much, if I term him, The apostle of the English empire: in point of zeal for God, a long course of indefatigable and incessant labours, unparalleled disinterestedness, and astonishingly extensive usefulness.

He was a true and faithful son of the church of England; and invincibly asserted her doctrines to the last; and that, not in a merely doctrinal way, (though he was a most excellent systematic divine), but with an unction of power from God, unequalled in the present day.

He would never have quitted even the walls of the church, had not either the ignorance, or the malevolence of some who ought to have known better, compelled him to a seeming separation.

If the most absolute command over the passions of immense auditories be the mark of a consummate orator, he was the greatest of the age. If the strongest good sense, the most generous expansions of heart, the most artless but captivating affability, the most liberal exemption from bigotry, the purest and most conspicuous integrity, the brightest cheerfulness, and the promptest wit, enter into the composition of social excellence, he was one of the best companions in the world.

If to be steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the works of the Lord; if an union of the most brilliant, with the most solid, ministerial gifts, ballasted by a deep and humbling experience of grace, and crowned with the most extended success in the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints, be signatures of a special commission from heaven; Mr. Whitefield cannot but stand highest, on the modern list of Christian ministers.

England has had the honour of producing the greatest men, in almost every walk of useful knowledge. At the head of these are, 1. Archbishop Bradwardin, the prince of divines. 2. Milton, the prince of poets. 3. Sir Isaac Newton, the prince of philosophers: and 4. Whitefield, the prince of preachers.

Bishop Benson was the prelate who had the distinguished honour of ordaining the greatest, the most eloquent, and the most useful minister that has, perhaps been produced since the days of the apostles.

It appears from a passage in one of Mr. Whitefield's own letters, published since his decease, that he was the person, whom the gracious Spirit and providence of God raised up and sent forth, to begin that great work of spiritual revival in the church of England, which has continued ever since, and still continues, with increasing spread, to replenish and enrich the evangelical vineyard by law established. In the remarkable passage, to which I refer, Mr. Whitefield expresses himself, verbatim, thus, to Mr. John Wesley: "As God was pleased to send me out first; and to enlighten me first; so, I think, he still continues to do it: my business seems to be chiefly in planting. If God send you to water, I praise his name." (l) On the whole, he was the least imperfect character I ever knew; and yet, no person was ever more shockingly traduced and vilified, by those, who either were unacquainted with him, or who hated him for his virtues, and for his attachment to the gospel of Christ. But the pen of faithful history, and the suffrages of unprejudiced posterity, (m) will do justice to the memory of a man, of whom the present generation was not worthy.

(l) See the Collection of Mr. Whitefield's Letters, in three volumes, octavo. Vol. i. Let. 214. p. 205.

(m) Already has this been exemplified by the testimony of several eminent persons, particularly by the inimitable pen of Cowper, whose poetical characteristic is truth and taste. The following lines are transcribed, as descriptive of that invaluable man, and by being inserted in proximity with the above, it is presumed cannot fail of being interesting to the reader. EDITOR.

"Leuconomus (beneath well sounding Greek,
I slur a name a poet must not speak)

Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age;
The very butt of slander, and the blot
For ev'ry dart that malice ever shot.
The man that mentioned him at once dismiss'd
All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd;
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
And perjury stood up to swear all true;
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common sense:
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,
And when by that of reason, a mere fool;
Th' world's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd;
Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last.
Now, truth, perform thine office; waft aside
The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride;
Reveal (the man is dead) to wond'ring eyes
This more than monster in his proper guise.

He lov'd the world that hated him: the tear
That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere;
Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life:
And he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's int'rest in his heart!
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbrib'd,
Were copied close in him, and well transcrib'd.
He follow'd Paul - his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same.
Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease:
Like him, he labour'd, and like him, content,
To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went.

Blush, calumny! and write upon his tomb,
If honest eulogy can spare thee room,
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
Which, aim'd at him, have pierc'd th' offended skies;
And say, blot out my sin, confess'd deplor'd,
Against thine image in thy saint, oh Lord!"

Anecdotes, Incidents, and Historic Passages

ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, AND HISTORIC PASSAGES.

IT appears from a little account book, wherein that great man of God, the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, minuted the times and places of his ministerial labours, that he preached upwards of eighteen thousand sermons, from the aera of his ordination, to that of his death.

DR. GROVENOR'S first wife was a most devout and amiable woman; the Sunday after her death, the Doctor expressed himself from the pulpit, in the following manner: "I have had an irreparable loss, and no man can feel a loss of this consequence, more sensibly than myself. But the cross of a dying Jesus is my support; I fly from one death, for refuge to another.

SOME years ago, a friend of a clergyman now living, (n) said to him, "Sir! you have just as many children as the patriarch Jacob." - True, answered the good old divine: and I have also Jacob's God to provide for them.

(n) The late venerable Mr. Moses Brown. Editor.

A SPARK of red hot iron flew into a gentleman's eye, several eminent surgeons tried in vain to extract it; at last, a lady of the patient's acquaintance thought of holding his eye-lid quite open, and of extracting the grievance, by the application of a load stone. The experimēt succeeded. How similar is the holy Spirit's virtue, in extracting the love of sin from the heart of a saint.

KING CHARLES II. once said to that great man Mr. John Milton, "Do not you think your blindness is a judgment upon you, for having written in defence of my father's murder ?" - Sir, answered the poet, it is true I have lost my eyes; but, if all calamitous

providences are to be considered as judgments, your majesty should remember that your royal father lost his head.

THAT excellent man the late Rev. Mr. Joseph Hart, made it his inviolable rule, not to let an Arian, an Arminian, or any unsound preacher, occupy his pulpit, so much as once. His usual saying on those occasions, was, I will keep my pulpit as chaste as my bed.

Monsieur de Voltaire forgets all his infidelity, on two occasions; *viz.* when he is sick, and when it thunders and lightens. He is so particularly afraid of stormy weather, that, if he happens to be writing when the "clouds pour down their torrents, the air thunders, and the arrows of the Almighty flash abroad," he will call out, in an agony of horror, for a bottle of holy water, and sprinkle himself with it from head to foot, and plentifully bedew the floors and walls of his apartments into the bargain. Immediately after which precaution, he orders mass to be said in his chapel; and the masses go on briskly, one after another, until the thunder and lightening cease. But no sooner is the tempest hushed, than a clear sky and placid elements settle him into a laughing Infidel again; and, resuming his pen, he writes against Christianity with as much acrimony, zeal, and want of argument as ever. - This behaviour reminds me of an old proverb:

"When the devil was sick,
The devil a monk would be;
But, when the devil grew well,
The devil a monk was he."

A SHORT time before the demise of queen Anne, as bishop Burnet was riding slowly in his coach, round that part of Smithfield, from whence so many blessed martyrs ascended to heaven, he observed a gentleman, standing on the distinguished spot, in a musing, pensive attitude, and, seemingly, quite absorbed in thought. His lordship

ordered the carriage to stop, and sent his servant to the person, with a request that he would come to his coach side. He did so, and proved to be Dr. Evans, a very eminent dissenting minister, of whom the bishop had some knowledge; "Brother Evans" said the prelate, give me your hand, and come up hither, I want to ask you a question." The doctor being seated, and the coachman ordered to continue driving round as before, the bishop asked the doctor, "what it was that directed his steps to Smithfield? And what he was thinking of, while standing there ?" - "I was thinking," answered the other, "of the many servants of Christ, who sealed the truth of their lives in this place. I came purposely, to feast my eyes, once more, with a view of that precious spot of ground. And as public matters have, at present, a very threatening aspect, I was examining myself, whether I had grace and strength enough, to suffer for the gospel, if I should be called to it, and was praying to God, that he would make me faithful even to death, if it should be his pleasure to let the old times come over again." - " I myself came hither," replied the prelate, "on the same business; I am persuaded, that, if God's providence do not interpose, very speedily, and almost miraculously, these times will, and must shortly return. In which case, you and I shall probably be two of the first victims that are to suffer death at that place," pointing to the paved centre.

But it pleased God to disappoint their fears, by giving a sudden turn to national affairs; within a few weeks queen Anne was gathered to her fathers, and king George I. was proclaimed.

King William being once advised to take more care of his safety, and not to hazard his person too much in the field of battle, answered, "Every bullet has its billet; meaning, that not a bullet flew at random, but was directed by a particular providence, whom to injure, and whom to spare. So the preaching of the gospel is equally under divine direction. God's Spirit takes care that the word of truth shall be a savour of life unto life, to this man; and a savour of death unto death, to that.

An ingenious foreigner was, this week, observing to me, That, "of all the nations of Europe, in which he had been, the English were the most afraid of death." I fear, the reason is, because the English have less religion than other nations.

Archbishop Potter wrote a letter to lady Huntingdon, to this effect; and, as nearly as she can remember (for she repeated it to me by memory,) in these terms:

"Dear Madam,

"I have been very ill since I last saw you. I hope soon to hear from you, that your health is better for your being at Bath. Continue to pray for me, until we meet in that place, where our joy shall be complete. I am, as ever,

Your affectionate friend,

John Cant."

After the good prelate had written the above letter, he was walking with it to his scrutoire, and (as his son, Mr. Potter, acquainted lady Huntingdon), being seized with a sudden syncope, dropped upon the floor, and expired with the letter in his hand.

A VERY remarkable circumstance is related, concerning Monsieur Huet, the learned bishop of Avranches. During the latter years of his life, his genius and memory gradually failed: but, two or three hours before his death, being then in the ninety-first year of his age, his genius revived, his memory returned, and he enjoyed all his intellectual faculties in their original vigour. So, with the people of God, faith, hope, love, joy, and other gracious fruits of the Spirit, may seem to decline; but, before a saint expires, they all flourish again, in as great or greater liveliness than ever. God does not take away his children, until he has given them a lightening before death.

THALES, the Miletian, one of the seven sages of Greece, while he resided in Egypt, measured the exact height of the pyramids there, by the shadows they cast. So, one way of attaining to the knowledge of doctrinal truths, is, by considering the consequences of the opposite errors.

SOME gentlemen and ladies were a Sunday or two ago, refused admittance into the Magdalen Chapel, though they showed their tickets. On asking the door-keeper, "Why he objected to their going in?" he answered, that he had orders to admit no persons but such as were in full dress. - Surely, this is a very ridiculous regulation.

There is, however, a church, where this regulation is indispensable, and most strictly right. I mean, the church above. No admittance there for any souls that are not in full dress. You must put on Christ for your wedding garment, and wear his resplendid righteousness, by imputation; if ever you mean to shine at God's right hand, and to have a seat in the church triumphant.

THE late king of Sweden was, it seems, under great impressions of spiritual religion, for some time before his death. A peasant being once on a particular occasion, admitted to his presence, the king, knowing him to be a person of singular piety, asked him, "what he took to be the true nature of faith?" The peasant entered deeply into the subject, and much to the king's comfort and satisfaction. The king, at last, lying on his death bed, had a return of his doubts and fears, as to the safety of his soul; and still the same question was perpetually in his mouth, to those about him, "What is real faith?" His attendants advised him to send for the archbishop of Upsall; who, coming to the king's bedside, began, in a learned, logical manner, to enter into the scholastic definition of faith. The prelate's disquisition lasted an hour. When he had done, the king said with much energy, "All this is ingenious; but not comfortable: it is not what I want. Nothing, after all, but the farmer's faith will do for me."

Told me by Mrs. Gallatin, Oct. 1769.

I had the following anecdote from the late worthy Mr. Davis of Hatton Garden, London; whose father had it from one who lived during the plague, and who was well acquainted with the nobleman to whom it refers.

Lord Craven lived in London, when that sad calamity raged. His house was in that part of the town, since called (from the circumstance of Craven House being situated there) Craven Buildings. On the plague growing epidemic, his lordship, to avoid the danger, resolved to go to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, his baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through the hall, with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro (who served him as a postillion) saying to another servant, "I suppose, by my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing a plurality of gods. The speech, however, struck lord Craven very sensibly; and made him pause. "My God," thought he, "lives every where, and can preserve me in town, as well as in the country. I'll even stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached an useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief, and that distrust of thy providence, which made me think of running away from thy hand." He immediately ordered his horses to be taken off from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He continued at London; was remarkably useful among his sick neighbours; and never caught the infection.

I likewise think it worth preserving, that (as the same person assured my friend Davis' father), the out-pouring of God's Spirit was uncommonly great, during the whole time of the plague. Such spiritual consolations, and such rich communion with God, were seldom experienced, as were felt and enjoyed by the Lord's people, from the first commencement to the final cessation of that tremendous visitation. So that the time of destruction was, in another respect, a time of peculiar and most transcendent refreshing to the church of Christ.

A VERY poor, but a very good woman, who died in Yorkshire, not far from Ledstone, the seat of the excellent lady Betty Hastings, said, a little before she expired, "I will not die without leaving dear lady Hastings a legacy; and I bequeath her the 17th chapter of St. John; with my prayers that that sweet chapter may be made as great a blessing to her heart, as it has been to mine."

The preceding anecdote was told me, by the countess of Huntingdon, at Clifton, this day, August 12, 1775.

ONE Mr. Simon Brown, an eminent dissenting minister, who lived about forty years ago in London, became at one time so low spirited, as actually to believe that his soul was annihilated, and that he had no more soul than a stock or a stone. And yet he wrote, and preached, and prayed, and reasoned, with so much power, liveliness, and good sense, that he was more like a man with two souls, than like a man with none. Some of the Lord's people, who are disposed to question the truth of their conversion, live so conscientiously, feel their imperfections so deeply, prize Christ so highly, and long for his presence so ardently, that they demonstrate themselves to be converted persons; just as Mr. Brown, who persuaded himself that he had no soul, proved that he had one, by the very arguments which he brought against it.

CYRUS said to Croesus, "The chests I keep my riches in, are the hearts and affections of my subjects." The hearts of the saints are the repositories in which God lays up the riches of his grace. His best treasure is in the souls of his people; for there himself resides.

SIR JAMES THORNHILL was the person who painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, London. After having finished one of the compartments, he stepped back, gradually, to see how it would look

at a distance. He receded so far (still keeping his eye intently fixed on the painting) that he was got almost to the very edge of the scaffolding, without perceiving it: had he continued to retreat, half a minute more would have completed his destruction; and he must have fallen to the pavement underneath. A person present, who saw the danger the great artist was in, had the happy presence of mind to suddenly snatch up one of the brushes, and spoil the painting, by rubbing it over. Sir James, transported with rage, sprung forward, to save the remainder of the piece. But his rage was soon turned into thanks, when the person told him, "Sir, by spoiling the painting, I have saved the life of the painter. You was advanced to the extremity of the scaffold, without knowing it. Had I called out to you, to apprise you of your danger, you would naturally have turned to look behind you; and the surprize, of finding yourself in such a dreadful situation, would have made you fall indeed. I had, therefore, no other method of retrieving you, but by acting as I did."

Similar, if I may so speak, is the method of God's dealing with his people. We are all naturally fond of our own legal performances. We admire them to our ruin, unless the holy Spirit retrieve us from our folly. This he does, by marring (as it were) our best works, i. e. by showing us their insufficiency to justify us before God. When we are truly taught of him, we thank him for his grace, instead of being angry at having our idols defaced. The only way by which we are saved from everlasting destruction, is, by being made to see, that "by the deeds of the law no flesh living shall be justified."

WHILE Dr. Doddridge was at Bath, in his way to Falmouth (from which latter place he was to embark, and did embark for Lisbon), lady Huntingdon's house at Bath was his home. In the morning of the day on which he set out from thence for Falmouth, lady Huntingdon came into his room and found him weeping over that passage in the prophet Daniel (Da 10:11-12), O Daniel, a man greatly beloved, &c. "You are in tears, sir," said lady H. "I am weeping, madam," answered the good doctor, "but they are tears of comfort and of joy. I can give up my country, my relations, and friends, into the hand of God. And, as to myself, I can as well go to heaven from Lisbon, as from my own study at Northampton."

Told me, by lady Huntingdon, at Clifton, this day, August 19, 1775.

SHE also said, that Dr. W_____n (the present bishop of Gloucester) came to see her the evening before the day above-mentioned. Dr. Doddridge, and Dr. Oliver (the physician), and Dr. Hartley, (author of the Observations on Man), were in the room at the time. W_____n, who never knew any thing of politeness or refined behaviour, ran out very furiously against what he called enthusiasm; and observed, however, that "all enthusiasts were honest, though extremely warm and extravagant in their zeal." Shortly after, Oliver Cromwell's name came on the carpet; and W_____n termed him "the greatest enthusiast and the greatest rogue that ever existed." Lady Huntingdon pointed out the inconsistency of such a remark, from the gentleman who had said, just before, "enthusiasm and honesty always went together:" but W_____n (who I believe was never known either to blush, to retract, or to apologize) brazened it out very lamely.

KING RICHARD I. in one of his battles with the French, took Philip de Dreux, bishop of Beauvais, prisoner. The pope interceded for his liberty, in a letter, wherein he styled the fighting prelate, "his dearly beloved son." The king, by way of answer, sent the bishop's suit of armour, stained with blood and covered with dust, to the pope, and asked him, "Whether he knew his son's coat or no?" The pope was ashamed at the sight, and left the bishop to Richard's mercy. We call ourselves Christians. Are our conversation-garments such as may be expected from the children of God?

Broad Hembury, Sunday, Nov. 11, 1770. I told my people from the pulpit, that, as I was walking to church this morning, I could not help observing, how different the trees looked to-day, from what they did this day se'nnight. They were then covered with almost an infinity of leaves: they are now half stript, and their verdant ornaments lie consuming on the ground. Just such an alteration does

death make in a country, a parish, or a family. Providence shakes the tree, and down fall the human leaves. But though the leaf drops, the tree remains; though the body dies, the soul survives.

KING WILLIAM RUFUS, being once about to embark for France in a storm, the mariners advised him not to endanger his person, but postpone his voyage until the tempest was over. But his answer was, "Push off, push off; for I never yet heard of a king that was drowned." And, if we never yet heard of a king that was drowned, I am sure we shall never hear of a saint that was damned.

I HAVE been told, that, when our princes touched people for the evil, the form of words pronounced at the time, was, "I touch, but it is God that heals." The same may be said concerning ministers, ordinances, providences, &c. they touch and affect our outward senses, but it is God alone who by his effectual grace heals the soul.

DR. D_____'s besetting sin seems to have been an excess and laxness of complaisance. Being to preach one Sunday at a country town, where were two different meetings, the one Calvinistic, the other Arminian; the doctor provided himself with two sermons, as opposite in their plan, as were the congregations he was to preach to. When arrived at the place, he mounted the Calvinist pulpit in the morning. He gave out his text, and began his discourse; but had not got far, before he perceived he had pulled out the wrong sermon. He could not, however, recede, but went through with it; with much uneasiness to himself, and to the great dissatisfaction of his auditory. Having but two sermons with him, and knowing that many of his morning hearers would follow him to the other meeting in the afternoon, he was under the necessity of preaching his Calvinistic discourse to the Arminian synagogue: where he gave as much discontent, as he had done to the others before. The doctor lamenting his mistake, shortly after, to an intimate friend, received this mortifying answer: "Never mind it, sir; you only happened to put your hand into the wrong pocket."

Such are the fruits of men-fearing and men-pleasing. Told me, some

time ago, by Captain Clunie.

THE late earl of Portsmouth told my uncle, Francis Toplady, as they were one day walking in a park of his lordship's, which commanded a view of the parish church; that he [the earl] had asked leave of the churchwardens to plaister and whitewash the church all over, at his own expense; to which the answer he received was, "That they would give his lordship leave to repair and beautify the church, upon condition of his presenting it with a new ring of bells." As if his conferring one favour on the parish, could lay him under an obligation to confer more!

In this very manner do pharisees and merit-mongers treat the Creator himself. Told me, by my uncle, Francis Toplady, May 19, 1770.

WE have had praying kings in England: such as Alfred, Edward III. Henry V. Edward VI. and king William III. Christ himself is a praying king, who ever lives to make intercession for his people. He prays for his subjects, that they may be glorified eternally; and he prays for his elect rebels (those of his mystic body, who are yet unconverted) that they may be called effectually.

EDWARD VI. (at a time when sir John Cheek, one of his tutors, was sick) asking, one morning, "how his tutor did?" was answered, that "He was supposed to be near death; and had been absolutely given over by his physicians." "No," replied the king, "he will not die this time; for I have been wrestling for him to-day, with God, in prayer, and I have had an answer of peace; I know he will recover." And the event corresponded. Christ also prays for the spiritual and eternal life of his people; nor prays only, but prevails.

June 19, 1774. As my uncle Francis Toplady and I were walking near the Lock, he was admiring the elegant row of houses, lately built opposite the garden wall of the queen's palace: "What a fine series of building is this, to rise out of what was lately a dirty brick-field!" - I could not help observing, how infinitely greater is the blessed difference which God's Spirit occasions, by his regenerating power, in the souls of them that are born of him!

WHEN Philip of Macedon besieged Methone, an archer (whose name was Aster, and who assisted in defending the town) took his stand on one of the turrets; and, being a very exact marksman, wrote upon an arrow, "To Philip's right eye." He shot the arrow, and it deprived Philip of the eye it was meant to destroy. Did an ancient warrior take his aim with such certainty, or shall a modern American rifle-man hardly ever miss his mark; and the Spirit of God fall short of his design, and try in vain to pierce a sinner's heart with the arrow of saving grace? Impossible.

A YOUNG man was recommended to Diogenes for a pupil; and his friends, thinking to give Diogenes a good impression concerning his intended disciple, were very lavish in his praises. "Is it so?" answered the old philosopher: "If the youth is so well accomplished to my hands, and his good qualities are already so numerous, he has no need of my tuition. Even keep him to yourselves." As little are self-righteous people fit for Christ.

WISE, learned, and magnanimous, as the ancient Romans were, they still had a foolish custom, when the moon was eclipsed, of rattling and making a noise with brass vessels, in order that the sound might bring the moon to herself again: and in hopes of making her shine, they lighted up torches, and threw firebrands into the air. Just as much efficacy have human reason, and human works, to discover the way of salvation, and reconcile lost man to the favour of God.

KING PHILIP of Spain, calling queen Elizabeth's ambassador to him, pulled a small map of the world out of his pocket; and covering the spot designed to represent England, with his little finger, jeeringly asked the ambassador, "where was England?" On comparing the pomp of the present world, with the glory that shall be revealed; we may justly ask, "Where and what is the present life, when set in competition with the bliss that flows at God's right hand?"

XENOCRATES of Chalcedon, while pupil to Plato, was often reproached by his master, for his want of politeness and good nature. Some of Xenocrates' pretended friends endeavoured to prejudice him against Plato, for making so free with him. "Hold your tongues," answered Xenocrates; "I neither love nor respect Plato the less, for using me thus; he does it for my good." O afflicted Christian, remember this! and know, that God troubles thee for thy good.

AT Worcester, there was (and perhaps still is) an idiot, who was employed at the cathedral there, in blowing the organ. A remarkable fine anthem being performed one day, the organ-blower, when all was over, said, "I think we have performed mighty well to-day." "We performed?" answered the organist; "I think it was I performed; or I am much mistaken." Shortly after, another celebrated piece of music was to be played. In the middle of the anthem, the organ stops all at once. The organist cries out in a passion, "Why do not you blow?" The fellow, on that, pops out his head from behind the organ, and said, "Shall it be we then?"

What are all our pretensions to free-will, spiritual strength, and self-righteousness; but the pride of our hearts, realizing the idiot's question, "Shall it be we?"

WHEN Matthew Prior was secretary to king William's ambassador in France, A. D. 1698, he was shown, by the officer of the French king's household at Versailles, the victories of Louis XIV. painted by Le Brun; and, being asked whether the actions of king William were likewise to be seen in his palace? Prior answered, "No: the monuments of my master's actions are to be seen every where but in his own house."

So the good works of a true believer shine every where, except in his own esteem.

IT was remarked concerning the present sir Peter Warren (who in the war before the last, had only the command of a twenty-gun ship), that he did more execution on the Spaniards (who therefore nicknamed his ship the Infernal), and that he took more prizes than any captain of a first-rate man of war. So ministers of the fewest gifts, are sometimes more eminently owned of God, to the conversion of souls, than those of the brightest abilities and highest attainments.

A GOOD woman (Mrs. Eagle) was saying to me, today (at London, Sept. 14, 1775), that she never desired to be in a sweeter frame than Mary Magdalen was, when she washed our Saviour's feet with tears. I answered, that Mary Magdalen had two frames; her weeping frame, when she bedewed the feet of Christ; and a rejoicing frame, when he said to her "Go in peace." Sooner or later, all God's people know what both these frames mean.

CHARLES the XIIth's first exploit was the siege of Copenhagen. He had never till then, heard the report of muskets loaden with ball; which were now firing on him from the fortifications. Asking a gentleman who stood near him, "What whistling it was that he heard?" was answered, "It is the noise of the muskets, which they

are firing upon your majesty." "Right," replied the king; "from henceforward it shall be my music." [Biogr. Diet. vol. XII.] When a Christian, or a minister, renders himself conspicuous in the defence of gospel truths, noise and malice, slander and opposition, are the music he is to expect from the world, and from that day forward.

A happy death, no less than an holy life, is the gift of God. Hence the late truly good Dr. Guise never prayed in public, without thanking God for all who were departed in faith. And so does the church of England, in the Communion Service, None but the Holy Ghost can give the euqanasia.

WHEN the magnanimous and heroic Caractacus, a British king, was sent prisoner to Rome, he could not forbear crying out, on surveying the grand and elegant buildings of that superb capital, "How is it possible, for the owners of such magnificent structures as these, to envy the poor cottages of the Britons!" Much more may we wonder, how it is possible for a regenerate soul, who has God and heaven for its portion, to pant after the honours, wealth, and pleasures, of a wretched, perishing world.

I AM told, that there is at Brighthelmstone, on the sea-shore, a spring of fresh water; which spring continues fresh, though constantly covered with the sea when the tide is in. How strongly does this resemble the principle of grace in the heart of a believer! a principle which still exists, though amidst a sea of corruptions; and remains distinct, even when those corruptions conceal it from view, and debar it (for the time being) from actual use and exercise.

PLATO, in his youth, had wrote several tragedies. But he no sooner heard Socrates lecture upon virtue, than he burnt them all, and devoted himself to the pursuit of wisdom and morality. So when the

soul has been savingly taught of God, its vanities fall off, and its desire is to be made wise and happy to salvation.

A YOUNG gentleman, whose sensual propensities were extremely violent, desired the Sexton of St. Olave's, Southwark, to get him an entire female skull. The man gave him one, and received half a crown for his pains. Every morning, for a considerable time, the gentleman spent some minutes, in surveying this skull, before he went out; from an expectation that the sight of so unpleasing an object would operate as an antidote against the power of that temptation to which he was so subject. But all in vain. His corrupt inclinations still prevailed, and he sinned as frequently as ever. At last, he found that the skull did him no service; and he made a present of it to Mr. Wilson, of Bath; who, this day, (at Bath, Sept. 18, 1776), gave it to me, at my request.

Afterwards, it pleased God to convert the above-mentioned gentleman; and vital grace did that for him which a dead skull was unable to effect. His easily besetting sin had no more dominion over him, from the day that the Holy Ghost laid effectual hold on his heart.

GOOD Mr. Rogers, the martyr, on the morning he was burnt, put on his clothes very carelessly; cheerfully saying, that "it mattered little how they were put on, seeing they were so soon to be put off for ever." Such should be our attachment to all worldly things.

IT was said of Edward the black prince, that he never fought a battle which he did not win; and of the great duke of Marlborough, that he never besieged a city which he did not take. Shall that be said of men, which we deny concerning the most high God? Is he less successful than some human generals? Shall these invincibly prevail, and grace be liable to defeat? Impossible.

I REMEMBER to have seen an humorous print, of a miller grinding old people young. The idea, religiously considered, is not without reality. In regeneration, the holy Spirit puts us into the mill of the law, and grinds us small, and we come out new creatures.

PROCOPIUS says, that when Misdates, king of Persia, was dead without issue, but had left his queen pregnant, the Persian nobility set the crown on the queen's belly, before she quickened: thereby acknowledging her unborn offspring for their future sovereign. So that Sapores (which was afterwards the child's name) [was not only crowned before he was born, but even] began his reign, before he began to live. If such acts, done by men, seem not irrational; why should any think it strange for the only wise God to set the crown of election upon the heads of his people, when as yet none of them had any being, save only in the womb of his own purpose and decree?

THE late lord B____ke (*viz.* the celebrated infidel and tory) was one day, reading in Calvin's Institutions. A clergyman (o) of his lordship's acquaintance coming on a visit, lord B. said to him, "You have caught me reading John Calvin. He was indeed a man of great parts, profound sense, and vast learning. He handles the doctrines of grace in a very masterly manner." - "Doctrines of grace (replied the clergyman)! the doctrines of grace have set all mankind together by the ears." I am surprised to hear you say so," answered lord B.; "you who profess to believe and to preach Christianity. Those doctrines are certainly the doctrines of the Bible: and, if I believed the Bible, I must believe them. And, let me seriously tell you, that the greatest miracle in the world is, the subsistence of Christianity, and its continued preservation, as a religion, when the preaching of it is committed to the care of such unchristian wretches as you."

(o) Mr. Church, who died curate of Battersea.

Told me, this day, at Bath, July 30, 1775, by lady Huntingdon, who had it from lord B_____'s own mouth.

How fruitless is anxiety for worldly things! My friend, the late Mr. Paul Greenwood, when on his death-bed (about two years ago), was under some distress, as to his mother, to whose support he used to contribute. - The good man was no sooner dead, than a messenger was dispatched to let his mother know it. The messenger of the son's death was met, on the road, by another messenger, who was coming to bring the news of the mother's death to her son. - Thus, she lived not to miss her son's kindness; but both mother and son met in heaven together, about the same time.

I write this, October 30, 1769.

I cannot help adding a saying the above good man made use of, in his plain, simple manner, on being told, that some people thought his sermons too long. "I sometimes preach," answered he, "half an hour, before God comes: and when he is come, I can do no less than preach half an hour, or three quarters of an hour afterwards."

FOR some few years before the death of the great Mr. Hervey, he visited very few of the principal persons in his neighbourhood. Being once asked, "Why he so seldom went to see the neighbouring gentlemen, who yet showed him all possible esteem and respect?" He answered, "I can hardly name a polite family, where the conversation ever turns upon the things of God. I hear much frothy and worldly chit chat; but not a word of Christ. And I am determined not to visit those companies, where there is not room for my master, as well as for myself."

DR. OLIVER, the celebrated Bath physician, had been a very inveterate infidel, till within a short time before his death. In his last sickness, the arrows of spiritual conviction stuck fast in him. Lady Huntingdon never saw a person more thoroughly humbled, distressed,

and broken in heart. Coming to him about two days before he died, he lamented, not only his own past infidelity, but the zeal and success with which he had endeavoured to infect the minds of others. "O that I could undo the mischief I have done! I was more ardent," said he, "to poison people with the principles of irreligion and unbelief, than almost any Christian can be to spread the doctrines of Christ." - Cheer up (answered lady Huntingdon); Jesus, the great sacrifice for sin, atoned for the sins of the second table as well as for those of the first. - "God," replied he, "certainly can, but I fear he never will, pardon such a wretch as I." - You may fear it at present, rejoined she; but you and I shall most certainly meet each other in heaven. - The doctor then said, "O woman, great is thy faith. My faith cannot believe that I shall ever be there."

Soon after, the Lord lifted up the light of his countenance on Dr. Oliver's soul. He lay, the rest of his time, triumphing and praising free grace; and went off, at last, as happy as an angel.

Told me, by lady Huntingdon, at Clifton, August 19, 1775.

-----MR. MR. MACCAIL, a Scotch preacher, was tortured to death, in Scotland, some time after the restoration of Charles II. His dying words were glorious and triumphant, notwithstanding the extremity of his bodily pain: "Farewell, sun, moon, and stars! farewell, world, and time! farewell, weak and frail body! welcome, eternity! welcome, angels and saints! welcome, Saviour of the world! welcome, God the Judge of all!" He died by the torture of the iron boot.

-----A A PERSON, who had heard much concerning Scanderbeg's victories, was very desirous of seeing the sword with which that famous general had wrought such celebrated exploits. Scanderbeg sent it to him; and, on seeing it, the person spake to the following effect: "Is this the weapon which has made so great noise in the world? I can see nothing in this short, mean looking sword, answerable to the majestic idea I had entertained of it." This being told to Scanderbeg, he ordered the messenger to remind the other, that "Scanderbeg's victories depended, not on the grandeur of his sword, but on the strength and skill of the arm that

wielded it: not the weapon, but Scanderbeg himself was the conqueror." So, it is not the gospel, nor gospel ministers, by whom souls are subdued to Christ; but the power of Christ's own spirit, acting by these, which brings sinners in subjection to the obedience of faith.

THE late lady L___d___y, on being asked, by lady Huntingdon, "whether she knew any thing of that holy Spirit by whom the Bible was inspired?" made answer, in the following words: "Yes, my lady, I am well acquainted with the name of Socrates, and of all the other philosophers, that composed the Bible."

Told me, at Epping place (in Essex), by lady Huntingdon, April 2, 1776.

A GODLY minister, being in a consumption, came to Ashby (near Fawsley, where Mr. Dod lived), for the benefit of Mr. Dod's counsel and conversation. He was much bowed down with doubts and fears; and, a little before his death, asked Mr. Dod, "What will you say to me, who am going out of the world, and can find no spiritual comfort?" Mr. Dod answered, "And what will you say to Christ himself, who, when going out of the world, found no comfort, but cried out, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This speech much refreshed the dying minister a little before he went to his heavenly inheritance.

A MINISTER was recovering of a dangerous illness; when one of his friends addressed him thus: "Sir, though God seems to be bringing you up from the gates of death; yet, it will be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strength, and regain vigour enough of mind, to preach as usual." - The good man answered: "You are mistaken, my friend; for this six weeks' illness has taught me more divinity, than all my past studies, and all my ten year's ministry, put together."

Related by Mr. Medley, in preaching, at London, this evening, May 11, 1776.

PUBLIC controversy from the press, may be of standing use to the present and to future times. But wrangling altercations in private company, seldom have much good effect: they resemble the pope's interview with an English quaker, where neither received any good from the other. - The quaker visited Rome, in order to convert the pope. Being admitted to his presence, the quaker thus accosted his holiness: "Friend, I come to tell thee, that thou art antichrist, and the scarlet whore of Babylon." - The pope, who was a man of humour, answered; "Friend, I am glad thou art come, as it gives me an opportunity of telling thee, that thou art a most egregious heretic. Thou mayest think thyself well off, that I do not put thee into the inquisition, and burn thee to ashes. So, get thee back to thy own country, while thou art safe and sound." - Thus, each left the other, as he found him. The pope would not believe himself to be antichrist, nor the quaker deem himself an heretic.

Mr. William Gay (of Uffculme), in conversation, at Broad Hembury, April 2, 1775.

LEWIS I. of France, died of vexation, occasioned by the revolt of his son, Lewis of Bavaria. The broken-hearted father said, as he expired, "I forgive Lewis; but let him know he has been the cause of my death." - The sins of God's elect were the cause of the Messiah's death; yet, in dying, he declared, "Father, forgive them," &c.

MY late revered friend, the truly reverend and useful Mr. George Whitefield, was preaching one time at Exeter. A man was present who had loaded his pockets with stones, in order to fling them at that eminently precious ambassador of Christ. He heard his prayer, however, with patience: but no sooner had he named his text, than the man pulled a stone out of his pocket, and held it in his hand,

waiting for a fair opportunity to throw it. But God sent a word to his heart, and the stone dropt from his hand. After sermon, he went to dear Mr. Whitefield (whose name I can hardly think of without tears), and told him, "Sir, I came to hear you this day, with a view to break your head; but the Spirit of God, through your ministry, has given me a broken heart." The man proved to be a sound convert, and lived an ornament to the gospel. Such power belongeth unto God!

MY old and valuable acquaintance, the late Mr. Thomas Chorlton (who died, at Southwark, Dec. 19, 1774), who absolutely fell a martyr to frequent and excessive preaching, was very comfortable on his death-bed. "When will the happy hour arrive?" was one of his dying sayings. And, when some of his friends were taking their last farewell of him, he said, "Friends united to Christ shall meet again." He compared himself to a weary child, whom his father was putting to bed; and was deeply refreshed by that sweet promise in the last verse of Isa 35. "The ransomed of the Lord," &c. - His funeral text was, by his own particular desire, Ac 2:28. "Thou hast made known to me the ways of life; thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance."

LADY HUNTINGDON was once speaking to a workman who was repairing a garden wall, and pressing him to take some thought concerning eternity and the state of his soul. - Some years afterwards, she spoke to another, on the same subject; and said to him, "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Christ for salvation." - "Your ladyship is mistaken," answered the man: "I heard what passed between you and James, at such a time; and the word you designed for him took effect on me." - "How did you hear it?" - "I heard it on the other side of the garden, through an hole in the wall; and shall never forget the impression I received." - Thus will the blessed Spirit even make his way through the hole of a wall, rather than an elect sinner shall die unconverted.

"How does your ladyship" (said the famous lord Bolingbroke once to lady Huntingdon) "reconcile prayer to God for particular blessings, with absolute resignation to the Divine Will ?" - Very easily (answered she): just as if I was to offer a petition to a monarch, of whose kindness and wisdom I have the highest opinion. In such a case, my language would be, I wish you to bestow on me such a favour; but your majesty knows better than I, how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itself, to grant my desire. I therefore content myself with humbly presenting my petition, and leave the event of it entirely to you.

A GENTLEWOMAN at Lambeth, (if I mistake not, her name is B___e) being lately asked to read some of W___y's Arminian tracts, answered thus: "I have not yet done with the Bible: when I have thrown aside the Bible, I will read Mr. W___y."

Told me, at Knightsbridge, by Mr. Petty, in June, 1777.

THE late Dr. Guyse lost his eye-sight in the pulpit, while he was in his prayer before sermon. Having finished his prayer, he was, consequently, forced to make no use of his written papers, but to preach without notes. - As he was led out of the Meeting, after service was over, he could not help lamenting his sudden and total blindness. A good old gentlewoman, who heard him deplore his loss, answered him, "God be praised that your sight is gone. I never heard you preach so powerful a sermon in my life. Now, we shall have no more notes. I wish, for my own part, that the Lord had took away your eye-sight twenty years ago, for your ministry would have been more useful by twenty degrees."

THE truths of the gospel are to be introduced with discretion and propriety. - A person once harangued on the strength of Samson: "I affirm," said he, "that this same Samson was the strongest man that

ever did or ever will live in the world." - "I deny it," replied one of the company: "yourself are stronger than he." - "How do you make out that?" - "Because you just now lugged him in by head and shoulders."

THE duke of Alva having given some prisoners their lives, they afterwards petitioned him for some food. His answer was, that "he would grant them life, but no meat." And they were famished to death. Fuller's Worthies, Part III. p. 39.

The deniers of final perseverance represent the Deity in a similar view. "God promises eternal life to the saints, if they endure to the end : " but he will not, according to this wretched Arminian doctrine, secure to them the continuance of that grace, without which, eternal life cannot be had!

MR. HERVEY was once travelling in a stage-coach with a lady, who was totally immersed in dissipation, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. "I have comfort," said she, "before my pleasurable plans take place, and when they do take place, and after they have taken place. I expect them with satisfaction, I enjoy them with high gratification, and I reflect on them with happiness when they are past." You have forgot to mention one comfort, madam (replied Mr. Hervey), which such a life is productive of. - " How so?" answered the lady. I have specified the pleasures I receive before the time, at the time, and after the time; and surely, I cannot have made any omission. - "Yes: you have forgot the principal joy of all; viz. the comfort which the review of these things will give you on your deathbed." - The lady was struck: and, growing serious from that time forward, she became an eminent Christian.

Told me, at Broad Hembury, March 15, 1775, by good Mr. Pitts, of Chard.

SIMILIS, captain of the guards to Adrian, got leave to quit that

emperor's service, and spent the last seven years of his life in rural retirement. At his death, he ordered the following inscription on his tomb: "Here lies Similis, who lived but seven years, though he died at sixty-seven."

Our true age, and our real life, are to be dated from the time of our abstraction from the world, and of our conversion to God.

ONE time, when I was at Glastonbury, I went to see the Torr, which is a tower seated on the top of a very high hill. The ascent was so steep, that I was forced, in some places, to climb up, on my hands and knees. Would we enjoy God's presence? We must (through the efficacy of his influence) use our hands and knees: i. e. we must be found in the way of obedience, humility, and prayer.

A PERSON was preaching in Norfolk, some time ago, and, among other observations, made the following: "If king George was to come and knock at your doors, you would all strive who should let him in first: why do not you, with at least equal readiness, let Christ into your hearts? One of his auditory took occasion to ask him, when sermon was over, "What if king George should knock at the door of an house in which all the people were dead? Who, I wonder, would rise and let in the king then?"

THERE are merit-mongers, among the most abandoned sinners. - Two women were, some time since, admitted into the Lock Hospital, in order to be cured of a very criminal disease. Mr. Madan, who visited them during their confinement, laboured to convince them of their sin and spiritual danger. "Truly," said one of them, "I am by no means so bad as some of my profession are; for I never picked any man's pocket in my life." - The other said, "I cannot affirm that I never picked a man's pocket; but I have this in my favour, that I never admitted any man in my company, on a Sunday, until after nine at night."

WHEN captain David Gam fell in the battle of Azincourt, king Henry V. knighted him as he was expiring on the ground. - What are all earthly distinctions, but honours conferred on dying men. - And what superior glory does Christ confer on his expiring saints! He crowns them kings in the very article of death.

A GOOD woman (Mrs. Whitby, of Columpton) said, when under great bodily pain, "God has an end to answer by every afflicting dispensation; and, until God's end is answered, I would not wish this affliction to be withdrawn."

AUG. 18, 1769, Dr. G _____ told me, that, some years ago, when he had been for a long time together, under great darkness of soul, he was complaining to good Mr. Walker, Truro, that "he could compare himself to nothing else but to a raven, an unclean bird, bringing bread and flesh to God's people, without tasting any himself." - To which Mr. Walker answered; "Be contented and thankful, that the Lord makes you a feeder of his heritage." - "Ah, but," added the doctor, "it seems hard to act merely as a cook, and serve up rich provision for others, while I myself am famishing." - Mr. Walker rejoined, "Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?"

MR. Fox, the martyrologist, tells us, of one Mr. Crow an English seaman, who, being shipwrecked, lost all his property, and was obliged, when shifting for his own life, to throw what little money he had, which was five pounds, into the sea. But he would not part with his New Testament; and therefore, having tied it round his neck, he committed himself to a broken mast; On which, having floated for four days, he was at last discovered, and taken up alive; all the rest of the ship's crew being drowned.

SOME time since, I was reading of a good woman, who, being on her death bed, was asked, whether she wished to live or die? "I desire," said she, "to have no wish about the matter; except it be, that the Lord may perform his own will." But, replied the person, which would you choose, if the Lord was to refer it to yourself?" Why truly," rejoined she, "I should in that case beg leave to refer it back to him again?"

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS once said to a friend of his, "I have passed through many places of honour and trust, both in church and state; more than any of my order in England, these seventy years before: yet, were I but assured, that by my preaching, I had converted but one soul to God, I should take therein more spiritual joy and comfort, than in all the honours and offices which have been bestowed upon me."

THE old duke of Bedford (grandfather of the late duke) used to say, "I consider the prayers of God's ministers and people, as the best walls round my house."

Told me, at Woburn, by Mr. R. Oct. 12, 1775.

MR. WINTER was lately in company with an Arminian, who ran out violently against the doctrine of election. "You believe election," said Mr. Winter, "as firmly as I do." "I deny it," answered the other: "on the contrary, it is a doctrine I detest." "Do you believe that all men will be saved in the last day, or only some?" Only some. "Do you imagine that those some will be found to have saved themselves?" No, certainly; God in Christ is the only Saviour of sinners. "But God could have saved the rest, could he not?" No doubt. "Then salvation is peculiar to the saved?" To be sure. "And God saves them designedly, and not against his will?" Certainly.

"And willingly suffers the rest to perish, though he could easily have hindered it?" It should seem so. "Then is not this election?" It amounts to much the same thing.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN having preached one day, with particular warmth and enlargement; some of his friends, after service was over, took him by the hand, and could not help observing what a sweet sermon he had delivered: "Aye," said the good man, "you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit."

THE late Dr. Grovesnor, being at the funeral of Dr. Watts, a friend said to him, "Well, Dr. Grovesnor, you have seen the end of Dr. Watts; and you will soon follow: what think you of death?" "Think of it," replied the doctor, "why, when death comes, I shall smile upon death, if God smiles upon me."

Told me, by Mr. Ryland, July 11, 1769.

THE late lady Stormont, sen. mother of the present lord chief justice Mansfield, upon being complimented by another lady, that "she had the three finest sons in Scotland to be proud of;" made answer, "No, madam; I have much to be thankful for, but nothing to be proud of."

Told me, by lady Grierson, at London, this day, January 10, 1776.

WHEN Thales was young, his mother asked him why he did not marry? "It is too early," answered the philosopher. When he was advanced in years, the good woman repeated her question : to which he answered, "I am now too old." So satan is perpetually suggesting, that it is either too soon, or too late, to return to God.

A PERSIAN king, willing to oblige two of his courtiers, gave to one, a golden cup; and, to the other, a kiss: and he that had the former, complained to the king, that his fellow's kiss was more to be valued than his golden cup. Christ does not put off his people with the golden cup; but he gives them his kiss, which is infinitely better. He gives his best gifts to his best beloved ones; he gives his best love, his best joy, his best peace, his best mercies.

SOME of Mr. Thomas Jones' last words [viz. he who was chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark] were, "A sinner saved, a sinner saved!" Similar will be the everlasting song of the saints, in heaven itself.

Mr. RICHARD BAXTER, when on his death-bed, was visited by a friend, who reminded him of the glory to which he was going, and that his many good works would attend him into a better state. The old gentleman, lifting up his dying hand, and waving it, replied, "Do not talk to me about works; alas! I have dealt too much in them already."

MRS. ROMAINE was, last week, in company with a clergyman, at Tiverton, who ran out with no little zeal against what he called "irresistible grace;" alleging, that "such grace would be quite incompatible with free-will." Not at all so, answered Mrs. Romaine: grace operates effectually, yet not coercively. The wills of God's people are drawn to him and divine things, just as your will would be drawn to a bishopric, if you had the offer of it.

Told me at Broad Hembury, by Mr. Romaine, Sept. 18, 1773.

A GENTLEWOMAN went, some time ago, to hear Dr. F_____ preach, and, as is usual among dissenters, carried a pocket-bible

with her, that she might turn to any passages the preacher might happen to refer to. But she found she had no use for her Bible there: and on coming away, said to a friend, "I should have left my Bible at home today, and have brought my dictionary. The doctor does not deal in Scripture, but in such learned words and phrases, as require the help of an interpreter, to render them intelligible."

EDWARD the Black Prince, having conquered and taken prisoner king John of France, nobly condescended to wait on his royal captive, the same night, at supper. Christ, having first subdued his people by his grace, waits on them afterwards to their lives' end.

MR. DOD, being at Holmby-house, and invited by an honourable personage, to see that stately building erected by sir Christopher Hatton; he desired to be excused, and to sit still, looking on a flower which he held in his hand: "for," said he, "I see more of God in this flower, than in all the beautiful edifices in the world."

DR. GILL was preaching some years ago, on the natural depravity and spiritual inability of man. A gentleman, who heard the sermon, was greatly offended; and, taking an opportunity, some time after, calling on the doctor, told him, that, in his opinion, he had degraded that noble being, man, and laid him much too low. "Pray, sir," answered the doctor, "how much do you think can men contribute toward their own conversion and salvation?" Man can do such and such things replied the gentleman; reckoning up a whole string of free-will abilities. "And have you done all this for yourself?" said the doctor. Why no, I cannot say I have yet, but I hope I shall begin soon. "If you really have these things, in your power," replied the doctor, "and have not done them for yourself, you deserve to be doubly damned; and are but ill qualified to stand up for that imaginary free-will, which, according to your own confession, has done you so little good. However, after you have made yourself spiritually whole (if ever you find yourself able to do it), be kind

enough to come and let me know how you went about it: for at present, I know but of one remedy for human depravation, namely, the effiacious grace of Him who worketh in men both to will and to do, of his own good pleasure."

DR. GILL preaching a charity sermon, some years since, concluded thus: "Here are present, I doubt not, persons of divided sentiments; some belieying in free-will, and some in free grace. Those of you who are free-willers and merit-mongers, will give to this collection of course, for the sake of what you suppose you will get by it. Those of you on the other hand, who expect salvation by grace alone, will contribute to the present charity, out of love and gratitude to God. So between free-will and free grace, I hope we shall have a good collection."

A PERSON called some time ago on Mr. Romaine, and complained of being grievously distressed and bowed down in soul, without one ray of comfort from God. Mr. Romaine's answer was, "Do you think then, that no persons go to heaven, but those that have comforts?"

Told me by Mr. Willett, Nov. 14, 1769.

THE Virgin Mary is applied to by papists, as the giver of children. I should rather have thought them more consistent, if they considered her as the patroness of maids and batchelors.

EUCLID (the disciple of Socrates) having offended a brother of his, the brother cried out in a rage, "Let me die, if I am not revenged on you, one time or other." To whom Euclid replied, with a sweetness next to Christian, "And let me die, if I do not soften you by my kindnesses, and make you love me as well as ever."

THE learned Salmasius said, when on his death bed, "Oh, I have lost a world of time! If one year more was to be added to my life, it should be spent in David's Psalms and Paul's Epistles."

A FRIEND of Mr. Dod's being raised from a mean estate to much worldly greatness; Mr. Dod sent him word, that "This was but like going out of a boat into a ship; and he should remember, that while he was in the world, he was still on the sea."

GOOD Mrs. Wicks of Cambridge, when on her dying-bed, requested her family to pray that God would stay his hand: "I am so full of consolation," said she, "that the frail vessel of my heart can hold no more. I cannot sustain the divine manifestations, with which I am favoured. Beg of the Lord to moderate them, until I get out of the body."

A little before her departure, she said, "All the promises, that, during the time of my pilgrimage below, have been sent home to my soul at different seasons, are now given me together in a cluster."

Told me by her daughter, Mrs. G. sen., Sept. 19, 1769.

MR. HERVEY, being in company with a person who was paying him some compliments on account of his writings, replied, laying his hand to his breast, "O sir, you would not strike the sparks of applause, if you knew how much corrupt tinder I have within."

THE Rev. Mr. Cochlan asking a lady, in the neighbourhood of Norwich, "Whether she knew anything of Christ?" She answered, "Yes, sir; I remember that I once saw his picture."

Told me at Norwich, by Mr. Cochlan, April 5, 1776.

A GENTLEMAN having lost a favourite son, said, when some friends offered their condolences, "I would be content, was it possible, to lose a son every day in the year, might I but be favoured with such manifestations of God's presence and love, as I have experienced on the present occasion."

Told me by Dr. Gifford, Sept. 22, 1769.

MR. GRIMSHAW (of Yorkshire), a little before he expired, said to Mr. Venn, "I am as happy as it is possible for me to be on earth; and am as certain of my salvation, as if I was already in heaven."

A MARTYR was asked, whether he did not love his wife and children, who stood weeping by him? "Love them! yes," said he, "if all the world were gold, and at my disposal, I would give it all for the satisfaction of living with them, though it were in a prison. Yet, in comparison of Christ, I love them not."

BROMIARDUS mentions an apprentice who had served an hard master, by whom he had often been severely beaten. These blows and rigorous treatment the Lord made a means of the young man's conversion. - Sometime after, lying on his deathbed, he got hold of his master's hands, (who stood by), and kissing them, said, *Hae manus perduxerunt me ad paradisum*; i. e. "These hands have been instrumental in bringing me to heaven."

GOOD old Mr. Peter Higgins, who lately departed to glory, dwelt much in the light of God's countenance, and walked in the full assurance of faith. Being asked, whether he had any doubt of his salvation? He answered, in his plain, simple manner; "I was

bargained for in eternity, and the price of my redemption was paid above 1700 years ago: then why should I doubt? I have nothing left to doubt of."

LUTHER had this passage in his last will and testament: "Lord God, I thank thee, for that thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth. I have neither house, nor land, nor money, to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children: whom I now restore to thee. Lord, nourish, teach, and preserve them, as thou hast me."

MR. FISHER, of Norwich, being some time ago dangerously ill, and recovering again, said to a friend, "I have been in full view of the harbour, and, alas! am blown back again."

Told me by Dr. Hunt, of Norwich, Dec. 10, 1769.

"I KNOW myself to be a child of God, and an heir of glory," said Mr. Hart, on his death-bed; adding, "Judas was lost, that the scripture might be fulfilled: but the scripture would not be fulfilled, if I should not be saved."

THE famous Mr. Bulstrode Whitlock (Lord Chancellor, ambassador to Sweden, and historian) used to say, after his retirement from the world and from public business; "My religion is, to have the good Spirit of God in my heart."

PAULINUS, when they told him that the Goths had sacked Nola, and plundered him of all he had; lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "Lord, thou knowest where I have laid up my treasure."

To say that a man, now in a state of grace, may hereafter perish eternally; is to say, that God serves his saints, as Edward IV. served the bastard of Falconbridge. Edward first pardoned him, and then cut off his head.

IN returning from St. Nicholas' church, Bristol, where I preached this afternoon; lady Huntingdon said to me, "You have dressed the pharisees to purpose." - I answered, "My wish, madam, is not to dress them, but to undress them."

HENRY I. made the length of his own arm a standard measure [since called a yard] throughout England. Do not bigots act much the same part in matters of religion?

WENCESLAUS, king of Bohemia, after the defeat and flight of his army, being himself taken captive by the enemy, was asked, how he did? His answer was, "Never better. While I had all my army about me, I could find but little time to think on God: whereas, now, being stript of all earthly dependencies, I think on God alone, and betake myself wholly to his providence."

A GOOD woman, in much pain of body, lately said, "Though I groan, I do not grumble."

"I HAD rather do the least truly good work," said Luther, "than obtain all the conquests of Caesar and Alexander."

ANAXAGORAS, the Ionian, being asked, to what end he[^]vas born, replied, "To contemplate the sun, moon, and skies." - Had he been a Christian, he would have answered, "To glorify God, and to be glorified by him."

A PAINTER, going to take the picture of Helena, finding himself not able to draw her beauty to the life, drew her face covered with a veil. - Much more, when we speak of God's excellencies, must we draw a veil.

A GOOD man, who died some years ago, at Cambridge, said, in his last hour, "I used to fear the river of death; I thought it deep, but I find it shallow; and it is no burden to me to go over."

SOME of Dr. Doddridge's last words were, "The best prayer I ever offered up in my life deserves damnation."

Told me by Mr. Ryland, at London, June, 1774.

DOCTOR COTTON MATHER, on his death-bed, expressed himself thus: "I am not afraid to die: if I was, I should disgrace my Saviour. I am in his hand, where no ill can befall me."

A CERTAIN philosopher once asked a Christian, "Where is God?" - The Christian answered, "Let me first ask of you, where he is not?"

A CERTAIN Jew had formed a design to poison Luther; but was

happily disappointed by a faithful friend, who sent Luther a picture of the man, with a warning to take heed of such a person, when he saw him. By this, Luther knew the murderer, and escaped his hands. - Thus the word of God, O Christian, shows thee the face of those lusts, which satan employs to butcher thy comforts and poison thy soul. Hereby, saith David, "is thy servant warned," Ps 19:11.

THE Rev. Mr. William Law, who was a professed and very able mystic, and who had gone great lengths in asserting the anti-christian doctrine of justification by works; was, so far as concerns that article, brought to a better mind by the grace of God, before he was taken hence. Being on his death-bed, and the turn of the conversation leading him to speak about confidence in good works, he delivered himself in these words, a very short time before he expired: "Away with those filthy rags! A fire is now kindled in my soul" [laying his hand to his breast], "which shall burn to the praise of Jesus Christ, to all eternity."

GOOD Mr. Wilcox [author of "A Word to Saints and Sinners,"] used to wish, if it were God's will, that his death might be sudden: and the Lord gave him his desire. His usual saying was, "Sudden death, sudden glory." Which words were his epitaph, on his tomb in Bunhill Fields.

ONE Mr. Barber (an ancestor of that Mr. Barber who, about the year 1720, officiated as minister of a dissenting congregation at Burntwood, in Essex), being a protestant, was, in the reign of bloody queen Mary, condemned to the flames. The morning of execution arrived. The intended martyr walked to Smithfield, and was bound to the stake. The faggots were piled round him, and the executioner only waited for the word of command to apply the torch. Just in this crisis, tidings came of the queen's death; which obliged the officers to stop their proceedings, and respite the prisoner's sentence, until the pleasure of the new queen [Elizabeth] should be known.

In memory of so providential a deliverance, by which the good man was literally, as a brand plucked from the burning; he was no sooner released from his imprisonment and troubles, than he had a picture made, of queen Elizabeth, decorated round with significant ornaments: and ordered in his will, that the picture should be transmitted down, for a memorial to future times, in the eldest branch of his family; where (says Mr. Whiston, from whom the above account is extracted) it is preserved to this day. See Winston's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 295.

THE late duke of Newcastle (viz: the old Whig duke) had been the instrument of making more bishops, than any other courtier of that time. On his being discarded by a succeeding sovereign, it was remarked to his grace, by a nobleman who was intimate with him, that "all his bishops, except one" [viz. Dr. Johnson late bishop of Worcester], "had forsaken his levee." To whom the duke answered, "I do not wonder at it, my lord; for, of all people in the world, no men are so apt to forget their Maker as the bishops." - How smart! (but at the same time, how palpably unjust), was the profane remark!

MR. DODD having preached from that text, "O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt;" he afterwards told some women, who were at dinner with him, "It is an usual saying, let a woman have her will, and she will be quiet. Now, the certain way for a woman to have her will, is to have a strong faith, and to pray as the woman did in the gospel."

ARISTIDES, a professed heathen, would lend but one ear to any who accused an absent party, and used to hold his hand on the other; intimating, that he reserved an ear for the party accused.

See Mrs. Sarah Wight's Experience, p. 68.

IN the late war between Russia and the Porte, a small fleet of the former was met in the Black Sea by a much larger one belonging to the latter. The Turkish commander, observing his own superiority, sent a polite message or summons to the Russian, advising him to surrender, since all resistance would be rash and fruitless. To which the gallant officer made this reply: "That surrendering was not in his commission, but fighting; and that he might come on as fast as he pleased, for he was ready for him." This resolute answer being seconded by a suitable conduct, the Turkish fleet, after a short but smart engagement, was obliged to sheer off with loss. Christian reader, an useful animating hint to you and me: let us go and do likewise. Jas 4:7; 1Ti 6:12.

IN the reign of Charles II. one Blood attempted to steal the crown; and, instead of being hanged for it, had a pension settled upon him by that prince.

Naturally, we are all crown-stealers. We rob God of the glory, freeness, and unchangeableness of his decrees; we are for robbing Christ, as much as in us lies, of the praise of our salvation; and rob the Spirit of his efficacy, by exalting our own free-will. Yet many rebels who have done this; many, who have done all they could to uncrown and dethrone the whole Trinity; are endued, afterwards, with grace, and made partakers of God's kingdom.

I HAVE heard of a man, who, being in Wales, went out of mere whim, to hear a Welsh sermon. He did not understand a single sentence that was spoken; and yet the power of God's Spirit was so eminently present, that the man was converted under that discourse. Can there be a stronger proof, that the work of conversion is the work of God only?

IN the last century, an Asiatic Jew, named Sabbatei-Sevi, pretended to be the Messiah, and to work miracles. Being brought before the

Turkish emperor, that prince told him, "he would have him stripped naked, and shot at with arrows; and if he proved invulnerable, he would acknowledge him for the person he pretended to be." The impostor fell on his knees, and begged he might not be put to so violent a test. Arminianism professes itself to be the true system. But stripped and shot at with the arrows of reason and God's word it soon appears to be an imposture.

SOMETIMES, there were more kings than one at Sparta, who governed by joint authority. A king was occasionally sent to some neighbouring state in character of a Spartan ambassador. Did he, when so sent, cease to be a king of Sparta, because he was also an ambassador? No: he did not divest himself of his regal dignity; but only added to it that of public deputation. So Christ in becoming man, did not cease to be God; but, though he ever was and still continued to be king of the whole creation, acted as the voluntary servant and messenger of the Father.

THE late elector and bishop of Cologne was particularly addicted to hunting, and kept a great number of fine horses and excellent dogs. An intimate friend took the freedom one day, to represent to him, "that it was rather unbecoming a bishop to devote so much of his time and affection and revenues to the sports of the field." - "I hunt" (replied the elector), "not as bishop, but as prince of Cologne." - "Be it so" (rejoined his friend): "but if the prince should break his neck, what would become of the bishop?"

I would give this hint a farther improvement. If a professing minister of Christ should go to hell, what would become of the man?

A GENTLEWOMAN who lived a little way out of Brighthelmstone, dreamed, that a tall lady, dressed in such and such a manner, would come to that town, and be an instrument of doing much good. - About three years after this dream, lady Huntingdon went down

thither (on account of her younger son's health, who was ordered by his physicians to bathe in the sea). One day her ladyship met this gentlewoman in the street; who, seeing the countess, made a full stop, and said, "O madam, you are come!" Lady H. was surprised at the oddity of such an address from an absolute stranger, and thought at first, that the woman was not in her senses. What do you know of me? said the countess. - "Madam," returned the former, "I saw you in a dream, three years ago, drest just as you now are:" and related the whole of what she had dreamed. - This very person was in consequence of this acquaintance with lady H. converted in a few weeks; and died in the triumph of faith, about a year after. - The result of lady Huntingdon's visit to Brighthelmstone was the founding of that chapel there, which has been since blest to the conversion of so many souls.

Told me, by lady Huntingdon, at Trevecka, this evening, August 30, 1776.

OUR Henry IV. used to keep his crown by him on his bolster, while he slept. Being once very ill, and falling into a deep sleep, his attendants supposed him dead; on which, his eldest son came and took the crown away. The king waking unexpectedly, missed his crown, and enquired what was become of it; when his son brought it again, and restored it on his bended knee.

Man is by nature in a deep sleep; a sleep of spiritual insensibility and death. He knows not that the crown is fallen from his head; but, when awakened by the Spirit of God, he at once misses his crown, and enquires after it at the throne of grace. And, as surely as he feels his loss of it, and beseeches God to restore it, so surely shall it be given him again.

THE late lord Huntingdon (who was remarkable for having hardly ever dreamt in his life) dreamed one night, that death, in the appearance of a skeleton, stood at the bed's foot; and, after standing a while, untucked the bed clothes at the bottom, and crept up to the top of the bed (under the clothes) and lay between him and his lady.

His lordship told his dream in the morning to the countess, who affected to make light of it; but the earl died in about a fortnight after.

Told me, by the countess, at Rumford, Essex, April 12, 1776.

I WAS this evening, after preaching at St. Bride's, in company with one Mr. Richards; who, in the course of the conversation, told me, that some years ago, when he was under his first awakenings, and had but an imperfect view of the gospel plan, he had been for a considerable time, exercised with various doubts concerning the absolute freeness of salvation; his unbelief perpetually suggesting, that he must do something, as a condition of justification. While in this state of embarrassment and legal distress, he dreamed one night that he was in company with Mary Magdalen, and that she addressed him to this effect: You are in doubt, whether salvation is absolutely free. Look at me. Consider my case. And then doubt the absolute freeness of salvation if you can. This dream had so happy an effect, that Mr. Richards waked perfectly satisfied about this great point; and has not had a doubt concerning it since. London, Dec. 31, 1775.

ZEUXIS is said to have painted a picture of an old woman so very humorously, that, when finished, it threw him into such an excessive fit of laughter as proved his death. - How many pharisees have fallen in love with their own supposed works of righteousness (as Narcissus with himself), and descended to everlasting death, amid all the false complacency of self-admiration! See Isa 1:11.

A FELLOW-TRAVELLER of mine (one Mr. Fry), with whom I went last month through Dorsetshire, and who has been several voyages to China; told me of a people called Lascars [by a slight transposition, rascals], who are extraordinary good seamen in fine weather, and out of an engagement; but, if once a storm arises, or

the yessel is attacked by an enemy, down these Lascars go into the hold, and under the hatches; and will suffer themselves to be sunk, killed, or taken, rather than either fight, or work the ship. No threats or entreaties will induce them. - Such are half the professors of the Christian name. Broad Hembury, Aug. 18, 1770.

MR. OHM (born near Riga) told me today, that he loves England better than his native country, because he had only his natural birth there; whereas, here, he was born again of the Holy Ghost.

London, July 13, 1776.

MR. CHORLTON, who returned to town from the North last night, called on me this morning (Oct. 25, 1769), and told me, that he has reason to think that his ministry has been blest to awakening his aged father. Preaching very lately on Eze 37:9. the old man was so affected under his son's discourse, as to acknowledge with tears, "I have been eighty-six years in the world; and have never lived to God a moment of the time." - Thus grace can make a father the spiritual son of his own child!

MR. HEARD very lately heard Dr. M _____ preach. Afterwards, the doctor asked him how he liked his sermon ?" Like it," said Mr. Heard, "why sir, I have liked and admired it these twenty years." The doctor stared, "Upon that shelf," added Mr. H. "you will find it verbatim. Mr. Boehm was an excellent preacher."

Told me by Mr. Heard, Oct. 1769.

My friend Heard is a bookseller; and booksellers are sometimes dangerous hearers, when a preacher deals in borrowed sermons.

MY friend, Mr. Thomas Walsh, who died in the year 1759, had been

during his health, a great asserter of free-will and perfection. In his last illness (which was a very long one) I saw him frequently. It was hardly possible for any created being to suffer, on this side eternity, more pain of body, or more dreadful darkness and distress of soul. His bowels literally came away from him by piece-meal. And the Lord did not give him so much as one ray of spiritual comfort, for eight or nine months. He was indeed led through a most tremendous wilderness of horrors. In this awful and disconsolate state (though he had for many years before, been favoured with assurance of interest in Christ) he continued until about half a minute before his death. All was darkness, even darkness that might be felt. "I now feel," said he, "the truth of our Lord's words, Without me ye can do nothing." But, just before he expired, the Holy Ghost shined in upon his soul. His last words were, "He is come, he is come, he is come! My beloved is mine, and I am his."

THERE is a remarkable fish called the torpedo, which, the moment it touches the bait, communicates such a numbness to the fisherman's arm who holds the rod, that he has hardly any command of it. - What the torpedo is to the fisher, that the world is to a child of God.

I HAVE read of a great commander, who being extremely tormented with thirst, sold himself and his army into the enemies hands, for a draught of cold water: which when he had drank, he repented, and said, "*O quantum ob quantillum!*" i. e. "How very little is that, for which I have parted with so very much!"

Believers may adopt the same words, though in a far different sense: "Oh, how much grace and happiness have I got, by a little thirsting, a little trusting in Jesus Christ!"

MR. CHASTANIER was some years ago, in great temporal difficulties and distresses. One night, falling asleep with an heavy

heart, he dreamt that he was walking over a very rough country, exceedingly fatigued. At last his progress was stopped by a wide river, whose waves were agitated by a violent storm. Pass over it he must; but how he knew not. After walking up and down the side of the boisterous stream, in hope of being able to find a fordable place, he at last discovered a very old and battered boat, with a grave man sitting in it; who said to him, "Young man, you are in great distress about passing this river; step into this boat, and I will engage to convey you safely over." In he accordingly went. The stream immediately grew smooth and placid, and they got soon and safe to the other side. On quitting the boat, he thought he turned and looked very earnestly on the person that had done him this kindness; and it struck him, that it must be Christ. "Lord," said he, "is it thou ? - " "Yes," answered his friend, "it is I; and be of good cheer, for I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." - On waking, it was so impressed upon his mind, that the boat was emblematic of his faith; which, for a considerable time before, had been very weak and battered indeed. - Soon after, divine providence gave a prosperous turn to his affairs.

Told me, by Mr. Chastanier himself, at London, this day, May 11, 1776.

THE famous Dr. Manton was appointed, on some public occasion, to preach before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London. His sermon was learned, ingenious, and eloquent. As he was returning home, a plain old gentleman pulled him by the coat, and desired to speak with him. The doctor stopt, and the stranger began: "I was one of your auditory today; I went to be fed with the gospel as usual; but have returned empty. Dr. Manton was not Dr. Manton this morning. There was indeed much of the doctor, of the florid and learned man, in the discourse; but little or nothing of Jesus Christ: it was in short, no sermon to me " - " Sir," answered the doctor, "if I have not preached to you, you have now preached a good sermon to me; such as, I trust, I shall never forget, but be the better for as long as I live." Told me by Dr. Gifford, Oct. 21, 1769.

DURING the Auto-de-Fe's at Lisbon, the priests who attended used to chaunt a number of psalms; which occasioned the following remark of Voltaire, in the character of a Jew; "These pretended Christians add to their hardship of our persecution, by singing our own psalms while they are burning us to death." - May not the observation be accommodated to those base professors, or rather disgracers, of the Christian name, who confess Christ with their mouths, and, as far as in them lies, put him to open shame in their practice?

MR. NORTHCOTE'S uncle served, as an officer under king William, at the battle of Landen, in 1693; when the English and Confederates being overpowered by numbers, were forced to retreat: at which time, my friend's gallant kinsman above-mentioned, forded the river (the river Geet, if I mistake not) with his Bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. - In much such a manner do the faithful ministers of God pass through life.

Told me, by Mr. Northcote, at Broad Hembury, August 17, 1770.

ZEUXIS painted some grapes in so natural a manner, that the birds flew to the picture, and pecked at the fruit. What are the pleasures of sin, but painted grapes, which, beheld through the delusive medium of satan's colouring, appear to be real, while in fact, they are empty, and void, and waste?

LADY HUNTINGDON, being once at Tunbridge, asked a poor man's daughter, "whether she took any thought for her soul?" The young woman answered, "I never knew that I had a soul." "Bid your mother call on me today," replied the countess. When the old woman came, my lady said to her, "How is it that your daughter is sixteen years of age, and does not know that she has a soul?" The woman answered, "In truth, my lady, I have so much care upon me, to find my daughter in food and clothes for her body, that I have no

time to talk to her about her soul."

Told me, by lady Huntingdon, at Norwich, April 5, 1776.

To the above instance, I add two others, which occurred to me myself; and both at Blagdon, in Somersetshire, which was my first curacy. Old farmer Vouls once said to me, "Sir, you preach about faith, and say a great deal concerning it; pray what is faith?" I answered, "What is your idea of it?" He replied, "I suppose it to be the ten commandments."

Old Mr. Robert Clarke, on my mentioning to him (in his last sickness) the necessity of the Holy Ghost's influence, answered, "I suppose, sir, that the Holy Ghost was a good man, who lived a great while ago."

WHEN Dr. Gill first wrote against Dr. Abraham Taylor, some friends of the latter called on the former, and dissuaded him from going on; urging, among other things, that Gill would lose the esteem, and of course, the subscriptions of some wealthy persons who were Taylor's friends. "Do not tell me of losing," said Gill; "I value nothing in comparison of gospel truths. I am not afraid to be poor." Told me by Mr. Ryland.

KING DARIUS (in a message to Alexander the Great) is said to have styled himself, "brother to the sun and moon, and partner with the stars." Yet were these swelling words of vanity, downright humility, when compared with the spiritual madness and pride of those, who trusting in their own righteousness, set themselves up for partners and coadjutors with the Son of God in the business of justification.

LADY HUNTINGDON once asked another lady, in Leicestershire, "Whether she knew who it was that redeemed her?" received for answer, "Yes, madam, I know very well, who it was that redeemed me: it was Pontius Pilate."

Told me by lady Huntingdon, at Norwich, April 5, 1776.

Mr. Christopher Love's Prophecy
MR. CHRISTOPHER LOVE'S PROPHECY.

[Communicated to me, at London, this day, Dec. 23, 1775, by Dr.
Gifford.]

How far the predictions are just, I cannot take upon me to say; but I insert them here, on account of their being very remarkable, and the production of so sensible and devout a man as Mr. Love.

"A short work of the Lord's in the latter age of the world. Great earthquakes, and commotions by sea and land, shall be in the year 1779.

"Great wars in Germany and America, 1780.

"The destruction of Popery, or Babylon's fall, in 1790.

"God will be known by many, in 1795. This will produce a great man.

"The stars will wander, and the moon turn as blood, in 1800. Africa, Asia, and America, will tremble, in 1803.

"A great earthquake over the whole world, in 1805.

"God will be universally known by all. Then general reformation and peace for ever. The people shall learn war no more. Happy is the man that liveth to see this day."

Omnia penes Deum.

Omens OMENS,

Or at least incidents which carry that appearance, are not always regardable. The gallant Epaminondas, a little before the battle of Leuctra, on being told, that several inauspicious omens seemed to portend bad success; nobly answered, in a celebrated Verse of Homer, '*Env oiwnov apizov amunesqai weri watren*: i. e. The best omen we can have, is, to fight manfully for our country. When William the Norman, commonly termed William the Conqueror, was landing on the Sussex coast, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground. One of his soldiers gave the incident, a very courtly turn, by crying out with a loud voice, "Joy to you, sir! you have already taken possession of England." A short time after, when the same prince was arming himself for the battle of Hastings, he perceived, that, in his hurry, he had put on his coat of mail the lower side uppermost: but, instead of showing any symptoms of superstitious discouragement, he cheerfully said to his attendants, "By this I prognosticate, that my dukedom is turned into a kingdom. Julius Csesar (if I rightly remember the person) is reported to have fallen, in landing on the shore of Africa: and lest his followers should be disheartened by so unfavourable a beginning, he turned it off with saying, "Thus, Africa, do I embrace thee." When our king William III. while prince of Orange, sailed the first time with a large Dutch fleet, to restore the church and the civil constitution of England to a state of safety and vigour, the commencement of that important expedition was accompanied by some very unpromising circumstances. A violent storm arose which dissipated the whole fleet, and drove the shattered ships into various harbours. William, though by no means exempt from superstitious feelings, yet was not disanimated by this disaster. The dispersed vessels were recollected, and refitted. He ventured to sea again. Scarce had he made the coast of Devonshire, when a contrary wind put his firmness once more to the trial. A council was held, and several expedients were proposed. It was even deliberated, whether it might not be prudent to steer back for Holland. But *fleBILE principium melior fortuna secuta est*. In the very crisis, that God, whom every element obeys, commanded the wind to shift; and a sudden, unexpected gale, from the south, wafted the fleet with all its precious freight into Torbay. On this occasion, well might William ask the Arminian Dr. Burnet

(afterwards bishop of Salisbury), "Will you not now believe the doctrine of predestination?"

But though it be true, that all omens are not worthy of observation; and though they should never be so regarded, as to shock our fortitude, or diminish our confidence in God; still they are not to be constantly despised. Small incidents have sometimes been prelusive to great events; nor is there any superstition, in noticing these apparent prognostications; though there may be much superstition, in being either too indiscriminately, or too deeply swayed by them.

A MOST singular chain of uncommon circumstances preceded the assassination of that excellent monarch, Henry IV. of France. In the morning of the day, on which he was murdered by Ravaillac (viz. Friday, May 14, 1610), his majesty was exceedingly pensive. In hope of composing his spirits, he threw himself on his bed, but was unable to rest. Thrice he rose; and thrice he fell on his knees in prayer. Soon after, repairing to the presence chamber, his attendants endeavoured to divert the melancholy which preyed so deeply on his mind. Being naturally amiable and cheerful, he tried to fall in with the well meant pleasantries of his nobles, and attempted to smile; but concluded thus: "We have laughed enough for Friday: there will be weeping on Sunday."

His queen (Mary Medicis) had been crowned but the day before his murder. One La Brosse, a physician, is, by some, reported to have said to the duke de Vendome, on the evening of that day, "If the king survives a mischief which threatens him at present, he will live these thirty years." The duke entreated the king to grant this physician an audience: and repeated what the old gentleman had been saying. His majesty, with unusual asperity and hastiness, replied, "He is an old fool, for telling you such things; and you are a young fool, if you believe him." The duke's rejoinder was firm, respectful, and sensible: "Sire, one ought not to believe such things, but one may fear them." (q) The same day, as the king and queen were walking through an apartment of the palace, the king stopped to speak with somebody present. The queen stopping at the same time, he said to her, as by a spirit of involuntary prophecy, *Passez, Passez, madame la regente*, i. e. "Go on, go on, madam the regent."

(q) It is proper to apprise the reader, that Bayle has endeavoured to

shake the credit of this whole story about La Brosse and the duke of Vendome. But I am still inclinable, for reasons too numerous to mention here, to question the decisiveness of the evidence he alleges. See his 3d volume, under the article of Henry IV.

A few nights before the catastrophe, the queen dreamed that all the jewels in her crown were changed into pearls; and that she was told, pearls were significative of tears. Another night, she started and cried out in her sleep, and waked the king: who asking her, what was the matter? she answered, "I have had a frightful dream; but I know that dreams are mere illusions." "I was always of the same opinion," replied Henry, "however, tell me what your dream was." "I dreamed," continued she, "that you was stabbed with a knife, under the short ribs." "Thank God," rejoined the king, "it was but a dream."

I have already noted, that on the morning of the fatal day, his majesty was unusually chagrined; and he said more than once to those about him, "Something or other hangs very heavy on my heart." Before he went to his coach, he took leave of the queen no fewer than three times; and then stepping into his carriage, had not passed through many streets, ere Ravailac gave him that fatal stab, which deprived France of one of the most generous and humane sovereigns she ever had.

WHEN Charles I. of England, opened the civil war, by erecting his standard on Nottingham castle; it was soon blown down by an high wind; and the weather continued so boisterous, that the standard could not be refixed for several days. Some years after, while the same calamitous prince was taking his trial, before what was called the High Court of Justice; the silver head fell off from his cane: nor did the head of its owner remain many days longer upon his shoulders.

AT the coronation of James II. the crown, not having been properly fitted to his head, was several times likely to have fallen off; which occasioned Mr. Henry Sidney (afterwards earl of Romney), who was standing near the coronation chair, and who once prevented the crown from slipping, to remind the king, facetiously, "Sir, this is not the first time the Sidney family has supported the crown." On the same day, as James was walking under the canopy of state, it broke;

and the royal arms, which occupied part of a painted window in one of the London churches, fell to the pavement (without any visible cause, and the rest of the window standing entire), and were dashed in pieces.

The prince of Orange having landed in the west, James repaired to Salisbury, in order to review a part of the army on which he so vainly depended. Shortly after his arrival in that city, he was seized with a sudden bleeding at the nose; and a stone crown, which almost terminated the spire of the cathedral, was blown down by a sudden storm. The next day, when the review began, he was seized with a more violent bleeding of the nose than before; and it was not a little happy for this endangered nation, that a few spoonfuls of blood, spouting from the royal nostrils, were the only blood which the accomplishment of the ensuing revolution cost.

Let the reader observe, that I nakedly relate the above facts, without wishing to build any theory upon them, or to deduce from them any superstitious inferences. It is, however, my own private opinion, that absolutely to cashier all omens, without distinction or exception, would be to fly in the face of ancient and modern wisdom, as well as of ancient and modern history.

WHEN Paulus AEmilius was appointed to the command of the forces designed against Persius, king of Macedon, the former, seeing his little daughter Tertia in tears, enquired the reason of her distress. The child throwing her arms round his neck, answered, "that she was crying for the death of Persius which was the name of her favourite dog, who had just breathed his last. I cannot think that AEmilius discovered any mental weakness, in replying as follows: "An auspicious circumstance, my daughter! I embrace the favourable omen."

BEFORE the incomparable Timoleon sailed on his glorious expedition to Sicily, he visited the oracle of Delphos, and sacrificed to Apollo. It was customary at that place, for rich and religious visitants to leave some valuable or elegant donation behind them, which was thenceforward appropriated to decorate the walls or ceiling of the temple. One of the votive presents which had been thus suspended, and which represented a triumphal wreath, suddenly fell from the place where it was fixed, directly on Timoleon's head.

"So that," (says Plutarch) "Apollo himself seemed to crown the hero for his future triumphs."

PYRRHUS the celebrated king of Epirus, had been forewarned by an oracle, that, "When he should see a wolf and a bull engaged in fight, his death would quickly ensue." Many years after, he attempted to take the city of Argos by storm, and actually penetrated into the town. Among the consecrated statues which decorated the market-place, were the figures" in brass, of a wolf and a bull in combat. The prediction immediately occurred to his mind, and filled him with all the gloom of anxious distress. He took off the regal diadem, which adorned his helmet, that his person might not be noticed and exposed by so dangerous a distinction: when, in a few minutes, one of the meaner citizens pierced him in the breast with a spear. The wound being but slight, Pyrrhus turned with redoubled fury on his assailant; whose mother (a very old and a very poor woman) beholding from the top of an house, the imminent peril her son was in, made shift with the help of both hands, to hurl a massy tile on the head of Pyrrhus, who immediately sunk from his horse to the ground, where he was soon completely dispatched by some Argive soldiers that knew him.

THE prophecy respecting Pyrrhus, reminds me of a similar one, recorded in our own English history. King Henry IV. had been told that he would finish his days at Jerusalem. He supposed the meaning of this prediction to be, that he was destined of God to emancipate the city of that name from the Turkish dominion, and should terminate his life there, amidst the flattering glories of conquest. But he received the omen of his death, much nearer home. "While paying his devotions at the shrine of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, he was seized with his last illness, and borne from thence to the abbot's apartments. On coming to himself, he asked where he was? "In the Jerusalem chamber, sir," replied his attendants. On which, he recollected the intimation given him so long before, and resigned himself to his fate.

MANY inauspicious portents ushered in, and accompanied the terrible commotions which desolated Rome, under the conflicting interests of Marius and Sylla.

MITHRIDATES king of Pontus, had been long and remarkably

successful in his efforts to stem the torrent of the Roman power. Being at Pergamus, the inhabitants of that city, desirous to pay him a very elegant compliment, contrived, that a statue of victory, holding a triumphal crown in its hand, should (by pulleys) descend over him as he sat, and deposit the crown on his head. Just as the image had almost reached him, it suddenly burst asunder into several pieces! and the crown, falling likewise to the ground, strewed the area with its fragments. From that period, Mithridates' affairs began to decline; though they had, until then, been signally flourishing and prosperous.

FOR my own part, I cannot smile at the prodigies and omens, which are affirmed to have preceded the assassination of Julius Caesar: nor even at the crows, that fluttered at the outside of Cicero's chamber window (and one of which birds found its way into the room, and proved extremely troublesome), on the morning of the day in which he was murdered by Marc Anthony's soldiers.

CRASSUS' invasion of the Parthians (an invasion, the sole motives to which, were lust of money and lust of power) was attended by various unfavourable symptoms, strongly pre-noting the loss of glory which should result to Rome, from that ill concerted, unjust, and calamitous expedition. Two thunderbolts fell on the place, which had been marked out for the army's encampment. An horse of Crassus', sumptuously caparisoned, broke with sudden violence from the man who was holding him; and plunging into the Euphrates, was no more seen or heard of. Part of a bridge, which Crassus had thrown across that river, was broke down by a storm: on which occasion, he was so unguarded as to tell his troops, that the loss of the bridge was no misfortune, for not one of them should go back again that way. This speech was deemed ominous by the army; and Crassus was advised, but in vain, to compose their apprehensions, by explaining himself in a favourable sense. At one of the last sacrifices, the priest according to custom, offering the entrails of the victim to the general, he took them, and they fell from his hand: This comes said he laughingly, of my being an old man! but I will take care to grasp my sword sufficiently fast. On the morning of the day of battle he appeared not habited in scarlet, as was usual with the Roman generals; but (through inadvertency) in black. And it proved to him the blackest day he had ever seen; for it

ended in the total ruin of the most rapacious and unprincipled man that then disgraced the Roman name.

MR. COLLINS in his "Peerage of England," relates, concerning an Irish nobleman (an ancestor of the Kildare family) that, being concerned in treasonable practices against king Henry VIII. himself and five of his sons were sent prisoners to England. The young gentlemen in the course of their passage hither, enquired the name of the ship: and, on being informed, that it was called the Cow, expressed a dread of the consequence; a prediction having formerly been current, that, when five sons of a certain earl should sail to England in a cow's belly, none of them would return. How far so vague a prophecy was worthy of credit, I will not venture to decide: but that it was followed by a corresponding result is undeniable; for the unhappy brothers were all executed at Tyburn, February 2, 1535-6.

AFTER Alexander the Great had made himself master of Sardis, he was undetermined for a while, whether he should push, or delay his designed attack upon Darius. During this state of suspense, a stream suddenly overflowed its banks, without any apparent cause; and the water having receded to its channel, left behind it on the ground, a plate of copper, engraved with very old characters, importing, that a period would ensue, when Persia should be overthrown by Grecians. - I only mention this, as a remarkable circumstance; for I have my doubts, as to what is commonly called) the accidentally of it. It might be an artifice of Alexander's own contrivance, to keep up the spirits of his men, and to inspire them with an expectation of certain victory.

On the whole: what a very celebrated and no less ingenious (s) traveller remarks, concerning omens in general, fully speaks my humble sentiments of that subject. "I know not what to say. This I know, that many rash and ignorant people disregard and laugh at these things; and that men of great wisdom and learning speak of them with diffidence, and strive rather to encourage others to slight them, than show any real contempt of them themselves."

(s) Viz. The person, who published his Travels (one of the most sensible and entertaining books in the English language), under the name of Edward Browne, Esq. See p. 38. of that work.

Extraordinary Dreams

EXTRAORDINARY DREAMS.

Though it be true, that, in the multitude [of major part] of dreams, there are diverse vanities, Ec 5:7; though it be likewise acknowledged, that whoso regardeth [‘o epexwn, he that leaneth, or layeth great stress upon] dreams in general, is like him that catcheth at a shadow, and followeth after the wind, Eccles 34:2; forasmuch as dreams have deceived many, and they have failed that put their trust in them; yet, the same wise writer, from whom the two last passages are quoted, guards his remarks by the following caveat (v. 9.): Set not thy heart upon them [i. e. upon dreams], if they be not sent from the Most High in thy visitation. And we have it from an incomparably superior authority, that, in a dream, in a vision, when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon the bed; then God openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, Job 33:15-16.

EXAMPLES of supernatural dreams, occur so frequently in the sacred volume, that no man can explode all dreams as vain, without exploding the Bible at the same time. God came to Abimelech, in a dream, Ge 20:3. - The angel of God spake to Jacob, in a dream, Ge 31:11. - Very remarkable was Jacob's dream at Bethel, Ge 28. - Joseph's two dreams were evidently prophetic, Ge 37. - So were those of king Pharaoh, Ge 41. - And of the Jewish soldier, Jos 7:13. - When God took away the spirit of prophecy from Saul, it is said, that the Lord answered him not by dreams, 1 Sam. 28:6. - At Gibeon, the Lord appeared to Solomon, in a dream, by night, 1Ki 3:5. - Nebuchadnezzar's predictive dreams were undeniably from God, Da 2 and Da 4. - As was Daniel's, concerning the four universal monarchies, Da 7.

YOUR old men shall dream dreams, is a promise belonging to gospel times, Joe 2:28. And it began to have its accomplishment in Joseph, the espoused and nominal husband of the virgin Mary. It was in a dream, that the angel of the Lord appeared to this holy man, and forbade him to suspect the purity of his unsullied bride. In the same dream, it was revealed to Joseph, that he should give to the Messiah the name of Jesus, because that blessed person was to save his people from their sins, Mt 1. - A short time after, Joseph was warned by an angel, in a dream, to flee with Jesus and Mary into Egypt: and, in the same manner, he received notice of Herod's death,

and was commanded to return to Judea, Mt 2. - Nor can it be doubted, that the dream of Pontius Pilate's wife was from above, Mt 27.

WITH regard to the cause of dreams, one of the most able and most rational (t) philosophers, whom the present age, or any nation has produced, demonstrates, absolutely demonstrates, that dreams, even all dreams whatever, proceed, and can proceed only from the agency of unembodied spirits on the human mind. Strange as this theory may at first seem, the great author solidly proves his point, and solves (unanswerably in my opinion) every objection that is, or that perhaps ever can be alleged to the contrary. To him I refer the speculative reader: and shall conclude the present article, with several very observable, but very authentic instances of extraordinary and significant dreams.

(t) Viz. The late Mr. Baxter. See the second volume, of his unequalled Enquiry into the Nature of the human Soul. It is astonishing, that so great a man should have lived and died in such obscurity; and that (so far as I can find) not the least memoir of him has hitherto been published. What a disgrace to this generation! a generation that prides itself on its love of science, and on the respect it pays to elevated merit! - Even bishop Warburton acknowledges the surprising excellence of this extraordinary person; on whom, the right reverend critic bestows the following just encomium: "He was truly a great genius. And a time will come, if learning ever revive amongst us, when the present inattention to his admirable Metaphysics, established on the physics of Newton, will be deemed as great a dishonour to the wisdom of this age, as the neglect of Milton's poetry is to the wit of the past." Notes on Pope, vol. iv. p. 320.

ALCIBIADES, a little before his assassination, dreamed that an event of that kind had taken place. The ultimate ruin of Pompey was pre-discovered to Petitiu in a dream.

ABOUT 332 years before Christ, Jaddua the high priest of the Jews, refused to take the required oath of allegiance to Alexander the Great, who was then besieging Tyre. Alexander had no sooner made himself master of that city, than he bent his course toward Jerusalem; with full determination to destroy both place, priest, and

people; and to enrich his forces by the free plunder of the Jewish capital. Jaddua, on receiving notice of this design, was in great perplexity. He appointed a day of public and solemn humiliation before God; and was that same night, relieved from his anxiety, by the following dream. He thought that "the Almighty exhorted him to dismiss his fears; to adorn the city as on festive occasions; to set open the gates; and, when Alexander drew near to give him the meeting, at the head of an ecclesiastical procession, robed in their sacerdotal habits." The next morning, Jaddua publicly declared his dream; regulated his measures agreeably to the suggestions he had received; and placidly waited the event.

So soon as Alexander came within sight of Jerusalem, the procession from the city began to move. The high priest took the lead, superbly arrayed in scarlet and purple, and wearing the mitre, which bore the name of GOD engraved on a plate of gold. Next him, followed the inferior priests, habited in fine linen. A multitude of citizens clothed in white, closed the rear. When the venerable train came up, Alexander commanded his own soldiers to halt: and, advancing foremost and alone, respectfully accosted Jaddua, and adored the incomprehensible name with which his mitre was adorned. The Jews uttered their salutations in shouts; and the hostile army stood astonished, at the unexpected behaviour of their prince. Parmenio, who was Alexander's particular friend and favourite, could not help expressing his surprise; and ventured to ask him, How is it, that you who are worshipped by all mankind, are now become a worshipper of the Jewish pontiff? - "I worship not the high priest," returned the king, "but the God, whose name he bears. When I was at Dios in Macedon, concerting the plan I should pursue, in order to subject Asia to my dominion, I saw in a dream, this very person habited exactly as he now stands, who exhorted me to undertake the expedition without delay, and promised me infallible success. I now am certain, that, under the divine patronage, I shall subdue Darius, and be master of Persia." (y)

(y) Josephus, *Antiq. b. xi. ch. 8.*

POLYCARP bishop of Smyrna, was martyred for the Christian faith, A. D. 167. Three days before he was apprehended by the heathen officers, he dreamt that "his pillow took fire, and was burnt to ashes." The holy man told his friends, that he considered this

dream as significative of his being burnt to death for Christ's sake. And the event was answerable to the presage.

THOMAS BRADWARDIN archbishop of Canterbury, who went to heaven, A. D, 1349, was author of that admirable treatise, written against the Pelagians, and most justly entitled, "*De-Causa Dei*." As a masterpiece of invincible reasoning, and as a treasury of evangelical doctrine, it is equal to any performance of St. Austin's: nor can I refer the learned reader to a more suitable book (next after the holy Scriptures), if he wish to see the very sinews of Pelagianism, and of modern Arminianism, totally and irrecoverably demolished.

This admirable prelate acquaints us in his preface to that immortal work, that he was encouraged to undertake it, by a very singular dream. I had long lamented (says he) the atrocious errors of Pelagius, and the general infection occasioned by the extensive spread of the free-will heresy. One night, after having spent some considerable time in weeping and supplication before God, beseeching him, for his glory's sake, to arise and maintain his own cause; I at last fell asleep, and dreamed as follows. "*Videbar nempe mihi videre, diurno lumine circumfuso, me multum supra terram in aere sublevatum, sicque ab oriente versus partes occiduas ascendendo intrepidum proficisci: quodque Pelagius veniens ex adverso, apprehensa sinistra mea, consertisque digitis, tota me violentia ad terram detrahere conabatur. Cui et, proprii roboris accinctus fiducia, plurimum reluctabar: talisque lucta, non mediocriter anxia, diutius perduravit. Sed et Pelagio continuo praevalente, et me paene ad infima detrahente, ipse in meipso responsum desperationis accepi; tota tamen virtute renitens, ad divinum confugi auxilium toto corde: statimque Pelagius, soluta manu, praeceps detruditur, et fracta cervice corrui super terram, clausisque oculis mortuus jacuit resupinus. Ego autem super terram remansi, in aere ascendens et progrediens, sicut ante, gratulando jucundius, et mirando. Hinc ergo, spiritu fortitudinis confortatus, spem hausit, quod de superbo Pelagio, principe Pelagianorum pestifero, quare et de universo ejus exercitu, Christi parvulus triumpharem.*" i. e. I imagined myself to be ascending, high and fast, through the air, from east to west, in broad day-light, and without being in the least afraid. Pelagius, methought, met me in a hostile

manner; and, laying hold of my left hand, implicated his fingers strongly with mine, and strove with all his might to check my ascent, and to drag me down again towards the earth. Confident in my own imaginary strength, I resisted and opposed him to the utmost: and the conflict was warmly continued for some time. But Pelagius seemed to be getting the better, and to be pulling me more and more downward. Then it was, that I began to despair of my own strength, and cried with my whole heart to God for succour; taking care, however, still to resist the enemy with all the force I could exert. Immediately, I thought the tables began to turn; and Pelagius, unclenching his grasp of my hand, fell headlong to the earth, and there lay, a breathless corpse, with his neck broken, and his eyes closed. I still seemed to remain above the earth, mounting and advancing as before, but with additional wonder and rejoicing. - From the tenor of this dream I conceived some hope, that I, though a mere infant in Christ, might be enabled to triumph over the insolent Pelagius, that pestilent ring-leader of the sect which bears his name; and over his whole army of followers and adherents.

I will take upon me to say, that Bradwardin was not mistaken, as to his interpretation of this dream. Pelagianism has indeed lain extended on the ground, a breathless corpse, with closed eye-lids and a broken neck, ever since the publication of the great and good archbishop's volume. Arminians worship a demolished dagon, which all their zeal and efforts will never be able to quicken, or set up again on its legs; seek they to collect the shattered pieces ever so carefully, and to put them together ever so artfully.

Sketch of Natural History - Birds SKETCH OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BIRDS.

THERE are two kinds of birds which I shall consider: *viz.* birds of retreat, and birds of passage. The former pass the winter in their chambers (if I may use the expression); *i. e.* in sleep and retirement. The latter migrate at stated seasons, from one climate to another.

I. Of the first sort are bats, (if they may be classed with birds) swallows, and (as is generally believed) the cuckoo.

1. The bat, as every body knows, is a very ugly animal, and holds a kind of middle rank between bird and beast. As it seems to subsist on what nocturnal insects it can meet with, and as this supply can only be had during the warmer months, providence has wisely and kindly ordained, that sleep shall answer to this creature, every purpose of food, until the return of summer supersedes the famine occasioned by the long absence of the sun.

In men, that fine chemical process of nature, which we term perspiration, is twice as great during the hours of sleep, as when we are awake. But in those of the lower animals, who are to sleep for whole months successively, and who would literally starve but for that succedaneum, perspiration either totally ceases, during the period of rest, or is so extremely trivial, as to occasion no sensible waste of spirits, nor diminution of parts.

2. Swallows likewise, live on insects, which they catch flying: and when their summer repast fails, betake themselves, in October, to holes and shelves, under the banks of rivers, &c. where they very comfortably sleep away the winter; and, with a more than philosophic insensibility, bid absolute defiance to their poverty, by quite forgetting it. Nor are they at all incommodated, much less injured, by the coldness and the dampness of their situation. The unctuous matter, which transudes from the vanous pores of their feathers, preserves their delicate skins from any hurtful access of water; and a sufficient circulation of the blood is kept up within, to maintain life, and counteract the cold, until the breath of April again awakens them to the businesses and pleasures of perceptive existence. Until this little resurrection takes place, the manner in which they arrange themselves is said to be very curious. They lie

clustered together in great numbers; their beaks and claws locked and interlinked with those of one another. - No improper emblem of the strict unity and friendship, which ever ought to obtain among God's people; but especially, when under afflictive circumstances! - An humble type, moreover, of the universal harmony, which never fails to reign among the elect, when death has extinguished the petty animosities which too often divided them below. Swallows, which perhaps amidst the hurries and the self-regards of active life, might quarrel for a gnat, or chatter and peck at each other for a bit of straw, bid adieu to their differences, when the time of retiring comes: and, during the whole of their quiescent state, sleep in the social embraces of each other. - Neither let us despair of divine assistance and deliverance, even when pressed by the severest weight of tribulation. He that supports the swallows during their winter recess, and renews their strength, and calls them forth at the return of spring, will not forsake the people of his love and the purchase of his blood. - Moreover, he that raises the swallows from the temporary graves, will much more quicken the mortal bodies of his saints, when he descends in person to call his sons and daughters from the ends of the earth. Therefore, O believer, lay down thy flesh with joy, at the call of God; and let it rest in hope, until thy Saviour comes, and the archangel's trumpet sounds.

3. The cuckoo, once thought to be a bird of passage, is now, by general acknowledgment, numbered among those of retreat.

Here, in England, it salutes us commonly in April; and bids us good night in June: so that this hasty visitant obliges us with very little of its company. Having dispatched the short business of its waking hours, it again betakes itself to rest; and enjoys a long nap of about nine months. - Emblem of the sluggard, who, instead of redeeming, sleeps away his time! - And, in respect of its unvaried sameness of note, no unstriking counter-part of lazy preachers, who deliver one discourse, and of talkative people in general, who often repeat the same things over and over again.

II. Birds of passage are many; whose map is nature, and Providence their pilot: as the stork (though it never visits our island), the crane, the quail, the woodcock. To which some add, the nightingale, the fieldfare, and the martin.

The quail comes to see us in April; the woodcock, about October. Nobody need be told that we treat those beauteous travellers very inhospitably. And yet, enough of them survive the sportsman's havock to return to the far countries from whence they came, and to preserve their species from extinction: that, notwithstanding our ill usage of them, they may continue to favour us with their company again. - Learn from the amiable conduct of these gentle preachers, to be patient under affliction; to be meek under every provocation; to be kind even to the ungrateful; and to overcome evil with good.

The excellent Mr. Derham takes notice of two stinking particulars, for which the conduct of migrating birds is remarkable: 1. That these creatures "should know the proper times for their passage. And, 2. that they should know so exactly, how and which way to steer their course." To which we may add, the wonderful unanimity, with which they assemble, and concert matters for their intended expeditions; the neat and regular order into which they dispose themselves, like a regiment of foot, or a squadron of horse, where each individual knows his place and keeps to it; and the prudent secrecy, with which they set off, or rather steal their march, *viz.* in the night time, when they are in the least danger of annoyance. Doubtless, the pretty itinerants have a common language which they understand; a president of their council, who takes the lead in deliberative affairs; and a general, who, by mutual consent, heads each of the excursive legions, and superintends their flight for the good of the whole.

Admirable are the works of the Creator! In wisdom has he made them all. The earth is full of his riches. Through him, the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming, Jer 8:7. May our attendance on every mean of grace, and our attention to the regular discharge of every moral duty, be equally punctual and exact! - Let us, in the strength of the Holy Spirit, set out in affection, from earth to heaven, from self-righteousness to Christ, and from sin to holiness; like birds of passage, when they shift their clime. So at death, shall we pass like them, to a better country, from whence we shall never wish to return; and fly, not on the wings of eagles, but on the wings of angels, to Jesus the mediator of the covenant, and to the company of elect souls made perfect; there to be for ever with the

Lord, and with each other.

Sketch of Natural History - Meteors

METEORS.

LEAVING the birds of retreat to enjoy their peaceful slumbers; and congratulating the birds of passage, on their safe arrival in milder climes; we will turn our meditations to that elegant and useful meteor, whose fleeces now decorate the leafless branches, and whiten the face of the ground.

The whole world of nature, no less than those of grace and of glory, is under the absolute dominion and the never ceasing direction of God. Every wind that blows is of his breathing; and every drop whether fluid or condensed that falls from the sky, is of his sending. At this very time, must the adoring nations confess, that he giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes; he casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold? Ps 147:16-17. - He saith to the snow, be thou on the earth: likewise to the small rain, and to the great rain of his strength. Job 37:6.

Let the same question be put to my readers, which speaking Omnipotence once put to Job (Job 38:22.) "Hast thou entered into the treasures of snow? "Hast thou considered its nature, its properties, and its uses?

Dew, mist, rain, snow, hail, and clouds, are no, more than coalitions of watery vapours, which have been partly forced towards the surface of our terraqueous globe, by the latent fires with which its bowels are fraught; and partly drawn up from it, by the insinuating, attractive agency of the sun. The humid particles thus exhaled, naturally ascend; as being, in their uncombined state, lighter than the surrounding air; and persist to soar, until they arrive at a region of the atmosphere, where their flight is stopt by other preceding vapours, already exhaled and condensed into clouds. Thus arrested and detained, they unite (like coalescing spherules of quicksilver, or like the contacting globules of water in a containing vessel) into floating masses; and remain in a state of literal suspense and fluctuation, until by accumulated compression, and by their own collected weight, they become specifically heavier than the sustaining air, and fall in larger or smaller drops to the earth and ocean from whence they sprung. Striking representation of man, in his best estate of mortal excellence! Are you rich, or exalted, or

prosperous, or gay? remember, that you are under as absolute obligation to providence for these glittering distinctions, as a rising vapour is indebted for its transitory elevation to the action of the solar beams. And, vapour-like, you too must fall, after having hovered your few destined moments: for, Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. An inspired pen has both started and resolved the question: What is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away, Jas 4:14. If so,

Why all this toil, for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame!
Earth's highest glory ends in, "here he lies!"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

Be wise therefore, to slip the cable of your affections from the world's evanid shore. Supplicate the holy Spirit to make you rich towards God. And, under the sweet breezes of his gracious influence, set sail in good earnest for the kingdom of heaven.

When the watery treasures of the sky descend to their native earth, more like respectful visitants, than like rude invaders, i.e. in moderate quantities, and with not too impetuous force, we call them showers. When they greatly exceed in those two particulars, we give them the hostile name of storms. Thus the human passions, if rectified and regulated by supernatural grace, are instruments of happiness, and productive of the most beneficial effects. But, if unrestrained by providence, and unrefined by the Holy Ghost, they operate like the deadly Egyptian tempest, which smote both man and beast, and destroyed every herb, and brake all the trees of the field. Ex 9:25.

While the middle regions of the air are impregnated with frost, the falling drops catch cold (if the expression may be allowed), and are congealed in the course of their descent. Hail and snow, are but other names for different modifications of frozen rain. Hail is rain consolidated into an hard and heavy mass. Snow is a multitude of small hooked icicles, which, interfering with each other in their fall, become mutually entangled and interlinked, and cohere in delicate but irregular flakes, of very light, because of very expansive and superficial texture. If snow is no more than particles of water, congealed in their passage to the earth, it affords but too just an

emblem of our affections, when, instead of aspiring to God in Christ, they subside and gravitate towards a perishable world. Under such spiritual declension, our comforts are chilled, and our graces benumbed: until a fresh rising of the sun of righteousness upon our souls dissolves the moral frost, and again warms us into the meltings of penitential love. His beams strike upon the rock, and then the waters flow.

Sketch of Natural History - Sagacity of Brutes

SAGACITY OF BRUTES.

I HAVE often wondered, that no ingenious observant has hitherto (so far at least as I can find) favoured the world with a professed treatise on the sagacity of brutes. Many curious and remarkable instances are, indeed, occasionally interspersed through the writings of various naturalists. But I could wish to see the rays collected to a point; and should be happy, if the hint now suggested, might set some competent hand in motion, to supply the lovers of nature with so amusing and instructive a desideratum.

My own reading, I honestly confess, is too scanty to administer any very significant quota towards such a stock of valuable entertainment. I will, however, present the reader with a few specimens or scraps of a subject, which an abler and more intelligent pen might easily enlarge into a plentiful and pleasing feast. Let us then, briefly advert to some examples of that sagacity, which it has been the Creator's will to distribute with sufficient, though not with equal hand, through the different tribes of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects.

I. Instances of Sagacity in Beasts.

The elephant is supposed to be the largest of any quadruped in the known world; and seems to be the wisest also. The observation is Cicero's: whose words (*De Nat. Deor. l.*) are, "*Elephanto belluarum nulla providentior. At figura quae vastior?*" All the amiable, and all the furious passions, are to be found in this animal: and its docility is wonderful; for, when properly tamed, he is capable of being instructed and disciplined into a vast variety of entertaining and useful qualifications.

Do him a material injury, and he will act as if he had been tutored by the late lord Chesterfield: i. e. if it be in his power, he will immediately revenge the affront; but if restrained for the present, either by motives of prudence, or by inability to wreak his resentment, he will retain the offence in his memory, for years together, and take care to repay it with interest, the first favourable opportunity. I have heard or read of a boy, who wantonly struck the proboscis, or trunk of an elephant; and then courageously secured himself, by running away. Seven years afterwards, the lad was

playing near the side of a river; and had, probably, forgot his past misdemeanor. But the elephant had a better memory; and making up to the young delinquent, grasped him with his trunk, and very sedately carried the sprawling captive to the water, where he ducked him once or twice over head and ears, and then quietly setting him down again on terra firma, permitted him to walk off without further hurt.

It is said, that in those countries where elephants abound, such of them as are tame, go about the streets like any other domestic animal: and it is common for people to give them fruit as they pass. In time they commence absolute beggars, and will put in the extremity of their trunks at doors and windows, in hope of receiving the little benevolences which custom has inured them to expect. After waiting a short while, if nothing is given them, they withdraw their trunks, and pass on to the next accessible house. It is related, that some tailors were at work on a board, withinside of a window, whose casement stood open. A passing elephant stopped, and put in his trunk. One of the men, instead of conferring a douceur, gave the animal's trunk a scratch with his needle. The injured party took no present notice of the provocation, but patiently walked away. He repaired to a neighbouring stream; and, having filled his capacious trunk-with a large quantity of water, returned to the window, where he coolly avenged himself, by spouting the fluid artillery on the aggressor and his comrades, for their late breach of hospitality. If we do not relieve the indigent, they at least have a right not to be insulted. And, very frequently, the meanest are able, sooner or later, to retaliate with usury the contempt they undeservedly receive.

Every beggar is not honest. Nor are all elephants actuated by a strict sense of moral delicacy. Their smell is very acute; and if a person has any fruit or cakes about him, they show, by the quick and judicious application of their trunks to the proper part of his dress, that they are adepts in the art of picking pockets, with excellent dexterity.

Elephants, like men, have (if I may be allowed the expression) their virtues and their vices; though, to the honour of the former be it observed, the vices of an elephant bear but small proportion to his virtues. There have been instances of these creatures, who, in the first hurry of rage for ill treatment, have killed their keepers. But

their subsequent remorse has been so insupportably keen, that they have refused to take any sustenance, and literally starved themselves to death. A lesson to persons of violent passions; who, if hurried away by the impetuous torrent, either of excessive and unguarded anger, or of head strong and irregular desire, are liable to the commission of irreparable evil, and may in a single moment lay the foundation of irremediable ruin. He that hasteth with his feet, sinneth. O believer, if thou art by nature hasty, vehement, and easily inflammable, call in superior aid. He who in the days of his flesh, rebuked the raging of the winds, and stilled the tossings of the sea, can, by the sweet composing influence of his gracious Spirit, restrain thee within the bounds of holiness, and speak the storm into a perfect calm. I have read of an heathen, who, when he found himself unduly fermented by the kindlings of inward wrath, would never utter a single word, until he had first deliberately run over in his mind all the letters of the alphabet. I have read of a Christian, who, when endangered by similar temptation, would not suffer himself to speak a syllable, until he had silently repeated the Lord's Prayer. Go, and do thou likewise. Repeat that prayer to God, in the spirit of supplication; and thy victory over passion will be more than probable.

Elephants are singularly grateful, and have a very deep sense of friendship. They have been known to lay the death of a brother elephant, or of a kind keeper, so much to heart, as to pine away from that time forward. Even virtue, if strained beyond a certain pitch, degenerates into a fault. Nor is it right for us to love, with too much ardour, any perishable good. Dr. Owen somewhere remarks, that "strong affections make strong afflictions." Confine, therefore, your absolute regards, to Father, Son, and Spirit; the three glorious friends who never die, and whose loving-kindness is immortal as themselves.

In some countries, we are told, elephants supply the place of executioners. They are trained, at a given signal, to lay hold on the criminal with their trunks, by a strong suction; and either dash him violently against the ground, or toss him aloft in the air, until repeated contusions put a period to his life. Mankind are very prone to value themselves on their supposed civilization; and yet, by artful practising on the ferocity of inferior animals, they sometimes teach

brutes themselves to be still more brutal.

Clumsy as elephants are, they may be taught to dance, both singly and in companies; and they move, on these occasions, with singular exactness and order. They are not insensible to the harmony of music; and if properly inured, keep time with their feet, in a manner which discovers great powers of judgment. If I rightly remember, bishop Burnet informs us in his travels, that he saw an elephant play at ball, with all the ease and expertness of a man. But Plutarch, in his Life of Pyrrhus, mentions a much nobler instance of elephantine understanding and adroitness; accompanied by such magnanimous courage and fidelity, as would have redounded to the honour of a Sertorius, or of an Alexander. When Pyrrhus stormed the town of Argos, a number of accoutred elephants (according to the custom of those times) formed a part of his military apparatus. One of these creatures, perceiving that his rider was fallen, invited him, by every effort in his power, to remount. But finding soon after, that he [viz. the rider] was dead of the wounds he had received; the animal, in a transport of grief and rage, rushed furiously on friends and foes, without distinction: and, taking up the body with his trunk, made good his retreat, and rescued the remains of his breathless master from further violation, by faithfully and heroically conveying them from the scene of action.

With all his magnitude and strength, an elephant (if not soured by unkind usage) may be rendered so passive and gentle, as to be led and governed by a child. Just representation of that amiable meekness and humility, wherewith Christians of exalted rank condescend to men of low estate; and persons eminent for superior grace, or for distinguished learning, bear with the infirmities, and are courteous to the ignorance of the weak. It was in this spirit, that the excellent Dr. Watts descended from the regions of philosophy, and stooped from the heights of more elevated poetry, to compose his admirable hymns for children, and teach infant warblers to lisp the praises of the great Three-one.

The method by which wild elephants are taken, deserves to be noticed. A narrow inclosure is made; one end of which is left open for entrance; and, at the extremity of the other, several tame female elephants are placed. Between both (i. e. between the entrance and the extremity where the females are fixed) a large pit is dug, whose

surface is lined with a slight bridge-work, so neatly turfed, that it has all the appearance of firm ground. Allured by the females, the male elephants make towards the place, but are suddenly intercepted by the unsuspected snare. Proper persons, who are stationed to watch the event, start from their concealments; and, with exulting shouts, mock the indignant distress of their unweildy prisoners. Striking picture of the deceitfulness of sin; the unthinking folly of heedless minds; and the terrible effects of successful temptation.

Elephants are tamed chiefly by hunger, and by blows. Providence hides pride from man, and bends his stubbornness to obedience, by graciously afflictive dispensations.

Elephants are said to be extremely fond of pomp, and to receive very pleasurable ideas from the exhibitions of splendor. Hence the natives of East India, who hold the doctrine of transmigration, imagine, that these animals are animated by the souls of departed princes. For this reason, they are treated (especially in the kingdom Of Siam) with distinguished respect; and some of the handsomest are decorated with rich ornaments, and even dignified with titles of honour. An elephant of quality is known by the rings of gold, silver, or copper, with which his tusks are adorned. There is something very humiliating to the pride of human reason, in conduct so extravagantly absurd as this. Absolute good nature is absolute folly. And yet, the fanciful surmise of the transmigration of souls from one body into another, is attended with peculiar felicities to the poor beasts who live in countries where that doctrine obtains. It is our duty to adopt the humanity of those heathens, without its absurdities; and to be scrupulously tender of the life, and happiness of every inferior animal entrusted to our care: knowing, that the sovereign providence, which has made them subservient to our wants, has given us no charter for the exercise of unnecessary cruelty or wanton tyranny.

Elephants are extremely long lived. It is affirmed, that they will reach to one, two, or even three hundred years of age. If this be fact (and it rests on very respectable testimonies), it is probably true of those elephants only, which are permitted to live according to nature, unspoiled by the artificial and false refinements of our management. It will admit of little doubt, that, on the sum total, those beasts are happiest who have least connection with man. Not a

single brute, from an elephant to an animated speck, but is eventually the worse, if it fall within the circuit of human government. Let us endeavour to make our male-administration as easy and as little mischievous to them as we can.

Man is supposed to have been originally indebted for several leading hints in points of considerable usefulness and importance, to the birds of the air, and to the beasts of the field. Nor is it beneath the dignity of human rank, to derive instruction from nature [i. e. from infinite wisdom at second hand], under whatever mode or form, her exertions may appear. Unerring authority bids us, on some occasion, learn of insects themselves: Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.

It seems extremely probable (for instance) that spiders and silk worms, gave the primitive housewives a notion of spinning. That birds and fishes, suggested the practicability of sailing, in vessels constructed similarly to the shape of those animals. And that the hippopotamus, or river horse (which, when overcharged with too great a quantity of blood, strikes himself against the point of a sharp reed, until he has bled sufficiently; and then rolls in a particular kind of mud, until the bleeding is stanch'd), supplied the ancients with the original idea of phlebotomy. One of our best cosmographers observes, that the cynocephalus, a species of monkey very common in Africa, is said to have furnished the first hint of dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours; this creature having been observed to make water with a mechanical exactness, twenty-four times regularly, and at equal intervals in the course of a day and night, when the sun is in the equinox.

A goat is by no means considered as an animal of bright intellects. And yet some things are related of him, which indicate no small share of rationality. Luther's story is well known: who relates, that two goats meeting on a narrow plank over a deep river, it being impossible for them to pass abreast, one of them very prudently couched; that so the other walking over him, neither of them might be in danger of falling into the stream. A memento, to men of precipitate dispositions; who, by a discreet self-restraint, and by well timed moderation, meekness, and condescension, may prevent much inward and outward evil from accruing to themselves and to the church of God.

If a goat knows how to conduct himself with prudence, when cases of difficulty and danger call for the exercise of that talent; he can also prove himself no contemptible adept in the art of war, when either his own safety, or that of his family and friends, requires him to repel force by force. An instance of this occurs, in the narrative of Lord Anson's Voyage; nor can I better express it, than in the words of that authentic and well written performance: premising only, that the theatre of the following unsuccessful invasion was the island of Juan Fernandez, in Spanish West India: - "We once had an opportunity of observing a remarkable dispute betwixt an herd of these animals [i. e. of goats], and a number of dogs. For, going in our boat into the eastern bay, we perceived some dogs running very eagerly upon the foot; and being willing to discover what game they were after, we lay upon our oars some time to view them, and at last saw them take to an hill; where, looking a little further, we observed upon the ridge of it, an herd of goats, which seemed drawn up for their reception. There was a very narrow path, skirted on each side by precipices, on which the master of the herd posted himself, fronting the enemy: the rest of the goats being all behind him, where the ground was more open. As this spot was inaccessible by any other path, excepting where this champion had placed himself, the dogs, though they ran up hill with great alacrity, yet, when they came within about twenty yards of him, they found they dared not encounter with him (for he would infallibly have driven them down the precipice): but gave over the chace, and quietly laid themselves down, panting at a great rate." Could any commanding officer on the face of the globe have displayed more military skill, in taking all possible advantage of his ground; and more resolute prowess in maintaining it, than this Leonidas of the herd? And, on the other hand, were not the invaders equally judicious in sounding a timely retreat, and in not attempting to storm a fortress, which both the nature of the place, and the discreet valour of the defendants, concurred to render impregnable? It is no impeachment of courage, but an argument of superior wisdom, to desist in due season, from designs that are found to be impracticable.

Plutarch relates in his Life of Themistocles, that, when the Athenians, in order to avoid falling into the hands of Xerxes the first, were forced to quit their city, and embark on board their ships; even the domestic animals were evidently sensible of the public

distress. They read calamity and sorrow in the faces and conduct of their masters; though it was impossible for them to understand the cause. The melancholy notes of the fowls, the disconsolate mewing of the cats, and the universal howlings of the dogs, attracted the observation, and heightened the grief of the departing inhabitants. It is particularly added concerning a dog which belonged to Xantippus the father of Pericles, that no sooner did the vessel in which his master sailed push from shore, than the faithful animal who had been left behind, plunged himself into the sea, and swam by the side of the ship, until he reached the isle of Salamis: where, quite exhausted with fatigue, he fell down and expired. Fidelity and gratitude are virtues, in whatever rank of beings they appear: and the ancients (to their honour be it said) were famous for setting a just value on the good qualities of brutes. Xantippus' dog received a respectful interment; and his grave communicated its name to the adjoining part of the island; which, so low down as the time of Plutarch (who flourished about six hundred years afterwards), retained the appellation of "the dog's burying-place."

Plutarch, that nice observer of nature, in his entertaining dialogue concerning the different wisdom of aqueous and of land animals, adduces many pertinent examples, strongly tending to corroborate his hypothesis, that an inward intelligent principle of action is by no means the exclusive prerogative of men. I shall here select some of the most striking instances he brings; not marshalling them according to the exact routine of methodical arrangement, but introducing them (for the most part) just as they occur in the disquisitions of the Greek philosopher; taking the liberty, however, for the sake of connection, and of spiritual or moral improvement, to intersperse a few occasional remarks, obviously suggested by the instances themselves.

1. The cock-pigeon may stand as a pattern to husbands, of a far more exalted species. This amiable bird does, in his way, give honour and assistance to his wife, as to the more elegant and more tender vessel. During the session of the hen upon her eggs, he has no objection to alleviating the rigours of her confinement, by kindly brooding on the nest in her stead, as often as want of exercise, or of refreshment, inclines her to fly abroad. Nor will he quit his trust, until his mate's return: when he recommits the future family to her patient and

affectionate care. After the young are hatched, he is very diligent in providing for his household. While the female keeps guard at home, he goes to market, or, if you please, sallies out in search of forage; which he distributes with much impartiality and discretion, among his hungry offspring. Sometimes the business of seeking provision devolves, by mutual consent, on the hen: in which case, if she happen to tarry out longer than necessity seems to require, the male bird will go in quest of her; and express his displeasure by a significant chattering, and by mildly chastising her with his bill. As much as to say: I know how to temper my tenderness, with a few grains of gentle authority. Why are you thus gadding about, and carelessly taking your pleasure, when you ought to be thinking on household affairs, and to be collecting a breakfast or dinner for the little folks at home? The female generally takes these conjugal expostulations very patiently: and, after softly chattering for a moment or two, in her own vindication, either pursues the business for which she set out; or flies back to the nest, if her husband choose to take the office of caterer on himself. When they meet a few minutes after, they salute as affectionately as ever, and all their petty differences are forgot.

2. The swallow is an excellent housewife, and has an high sense of cleanliness and decency. Hence, as her modest ambition aspires but to one apartment, which serves her

For chamber, and parlour, and kitchen, and hall;

she is very solicitous to preserve it extremely neat and unsullied. She therefore teaches her offspring so to arrange themselves at certain times, as that every thing indelicate may fall over the outside of the nest, without any annoyance to the purity of the common habitation. The care she takes of her house, is the less to be wondered at, when we remember she was at the pains of building it herself. And her skill as an architect, is admirable. Aware how much depends on laying a solid foundation, she places the larger and stronger stubble at the bottom of the intended edifice; and disposes the slenderer and slighter materials upon that. The interstices are plastered up with mud: which, when hardened by the air and sun, is quite inoffensive to any of the senses, and answers every purpose of comfortable warmth. If the season proves so dry, that ready prepared mud cannot be obtained; she remedies this inconvenience, by

dipping the edges of her wings in some adjacent pond or brook, and then shaking off the drops upon the ground, mixes the moistened dust into mortar with her bill, and conveys it to the place of destination. The style or form of the structure is nearly spherical: which figure is at once the most capacious, and the most durable. And she contrives the entrance with so much judgment, as equally to guard against the access of enemies and of cold.

3. If the wisdom and goodness of providence are so eminent in the endowments of smaller animals; it may be reasonably expected that creatures of larger size, and whose wants are consequently greater, should discover a proportionable extent of acuteness and sagacity. Hence the wild boar will whet his tusks before a combat: and the bull, when going to encounter an adversary, previously throws himself into such an attitude, either of attack or defence, as may give him the best advantage over his antagonist. - The lion seems to be sensible, that the track of feet so remarkable as his own, would expose him to a double inconvenience: it would serve the huntsmen as a clue to his haunts, and put inferior beasts on their guard from coming in his way. The former might be ruinous to his personal safety; the latter would greatly curtail his means of subsistence. To obviate both those difficulties, he sheaths his claws when he walks on a yielding soil; and contracts his feet into as narrow a compass as he can. This artful precaution frequently sets the hunter at a loss; and betrays many an unsuspecting quadruped into a false and fatal security. - The ichneumon, in order that he may become more hateful and formidable to his natural enemy the crocodile, will roll himself all over in mud; which often proves a better defence from the fury of so unequal a foe, than if the ichneumon was armed with weapons, or clad in a coat of impenetrable mail.

4. Of the following incident, Plutarch affirms that he himself was an eye-witness. Being once on ship-board, he observed a jar which was about half filled with oil. A dog was very desirous of paying his addresses to the contents; but the oil was too low in the containing vessel, for him to get at it. The seamen were all engaged different ways: and the dog, willing to make the most of the favourable opportunity, took up successively, a number of stories which were stowed in that part of the ship, and, dropping them one by one, into the jar, the oil at last rose within his reach, and he lapped as much of

it as he pleased. I was astonished, says Plutarch, by what means the dog could know, that the immission of heavier substances would cause the lighter substance to ascend. - After this, we need hardly be surprised at what is related concerning the cranes of Lybia: viz. that, when impelled by thirst, if they can meet with no water high enough to be conveniently reached by their bills, they will drop in a sufficient quantity of stones, until it rises to the height they wish. Plutarch, indeed, expresses some doubt, as to the certainty of this instance; but, I think, without sufficient reason. Especially, as he admits that similar artifices were, in cases of similar exigency, known to be made use of by the geese of Cilicia, and by the bees in Crete. Nor are the prudence and foresight of the last mentioned species, confined merely to matters of subsistence. The Cretan bees, conscious of their natural inability to fly, with due steadiness and equipoise, when the wind is boisterous, have been observed to clasp a small piece of gravel on each side, under their wings, that their light and slender bodies, thus judiciously ballasted, might preserve a due weight, and maintain a power of self-command. - The heights and recesses in Mount Taurus are said to be much occupied by eagles, who are never better pleased, than when they can pick the bones of a crane. Cranes are very prone to cackle and make a noise (Isa 38:14): and particularly so while they are flying. The sound of their voice rouses the eagles; who spring at the signal, and often make the talkative itinerants pay dear for their imprudent loquacity. The older and more experienced cranes, sensible of their besetting foible, and of the peril to which it exposes them, take care before they venture on the wing, to arm themselves, each with a stone large enough to fill the cavity of their mouths, and consequently to impose inevitable silence on their tongues.

Self-distrust is an infallible mark of wisdom, and (under the efficacy of providence and of grace) the truest ground of security. To know our weak side, and there to plant the strongest guard; to shun so far as in us lies, the very possibility of temptation; and to put it out of our own power to transgress, by avoiding the remotest occasions and opportunities of evil; are among the means which God vouchsafes to bless, for the preservation of his frail and fallible people in the path of duty and happiness. I could mention the name of a late very opulent and very valuable person, who, though naturally avaricious in the extreme, was liberal and beneficent to a proverb. He was

aware of his constitutional sin; and God gave him victory over it, by enabling him to run away from it. Lest the dormant love of money should awake and stir in his heart, he would not, for many years before his death, trust himself with the sight of his revenues. He kept indeed, his accounts, as clearly and exactly as any man in the world; but he dared not receive, because he dared not look at that gold which he feared would prove a snare to his affections. His stewards received all, and retained all in their own hands until they received orders how to dispose of it. From the same excellent motive, Scipio refused to see a beautiful princess, whom the event of war had subjected to his power; lest her charms might prove either a source of uneasiness, if he had fortitude enough to resist them; or a source of guilt, if his fortitude should relax. Generally speaking, they are the most virtuous, who dread to put their virtues to too severe a trial. He that trusteth his own heart, is a fool; but whoso walketh wisely, he shall be delivered. Prov 38:26.

5. In fine serene weather, cranes (like professing Christians in a time of worldly sunshine) are not very observant of social ceremony; but will fly abroad singly, without paying much attention to each other. The case is different if necessity oblige them to make excursions under a lowering sky, and to cut their way through boisterous, opposing winds. They then form themselves into regular companies, and fly in large flocks of triangular figure; whose sharp point moves foremost when they sail against the wind; in order that they may more easily penetrate the tempestuous air, and preserve their ranks unbroken. - Sometimes they will sleep all night on the ground. To prevent surprise, a competent number of them are stationed, by way of advanced guard to the camp, because of fear in the night. These, on the first approach of danger, sound the note of alarm; and the whole regiment, starting from their slumbers, soar into the air without delay. Lest the centinels should sleep when they ought to watch, each stands (says Plutarch) on one leg, and grasps a stone in the claw of the other foot. The uneasiness of which situation has a tendency to keep them awake; and, if they happen to dose, the noise made by the falling of the stone, admonishes them to be less negligent. Let men learn of cranes, to be vigilant in their stations, and faithful to their trust. Above all, let ministers of Christ not sleep, as do others; but watch, as those that must give account of their stewardship to the Judge of quick and dead. It is said of Aristotle,

that, lest he should impede his progress in his philosophical studies, by over-sleeping himself, he usually slept with one hand out of bed, and held a brass ball in it, over a vessel of the same metal; that the noise which the ball must occasion when it fell from his hand, might awake him to what he deemed the principal business of human life. In how many respects may heathen diligence put Christian slothfulness to the blush!

6. The ant seems of all others to have been Plutarch's favourite insect. He even pronounces her a wise and virtuous animal; and, in my opinion he proves his point. Friendship, fortitude, continency, patience, justice, and industry, are among the moral qualities which he deservedly places to her account.

A company of these creatures (says this philosopher) visited a neighbouring ant-hill, carrying with them a dead ant, which evidently seemed to have been an inhabitant of the colony to which his remains were now conveyed. On the arrival of so many strangers, several emmets ascended from their holes, and, after a short communication, returned into the hill, to apprise the community below, of the business on which the unexpected visitants were come. After two or three passings and repassings in this manner, the negotiation appeared to be finally settled. A deputation of ants from within the hill, at last lugged up a worm from their under-ground stores, which the others accepted of; and, delivering the dead emmet to his friends, went away highly satisfied with the recompence they had received.

When a loaded ant is met by others which have no burden, they courteously stand on one side, or move another way, that they may not incommode an individual who is toiling for the public good. If a labouring ant is carrying or dragging an heavier load than she is well able to manage, this is no sooner perceived by the rest, than as many volunteers as are necessary run to her assistance, and cheerfully set their mouths or shoulders to the work. If the material be very cumbersome, and will conveniently admit of a partition, they will bite it into several pieces; and each moves homewards with as much as he is able to carry. After their subterraneous magazines are sufficiently stored with provisions, they carefully select such as begin to putrify or decay; and, bringing them out to the surface of the hill, expose them to the air, or sun, until properly dried; taking

care to turn them regularly, and to re-convey them into the common repository on the appearance of rain, or at the approach of night. Lest their hoarded corn should germinate, and so defeat the purpose for which they lay it up, they carefully bite off those parts of the grain from which the root strikes, and the blade shoots.

Plutarch's humanity does honour to his philosophy. He laments the cruelty of those, who, for the sake of gratifying their own speculations, exceedingly distress, if not totally ruin, whole societies of these (f) harmless and laborious insects, by digging up their hills. Certainly this is buying information, and indulging curiosity at too dear, because at a very unmerciful rate. They, however, who have examined the interior structure of their residence with the utmost nicety of attention, tell us that the passages into it are not perpendicular, but sloping; and, like a labyrinth, are intersected by many cross paths, and diversified with many turnings and windings. These terminate in three principal halls, or cavities. In one the members of this perfect republic, who have all things in common, assemble to feed and converse. The second is the grand repository, where the hope of the year (i. e. their food) is laid up. And the third is the vault, where they deposit their dead.

(f) I call them harmless, because I have been assured, that, on the nicest observation, they are not found to injure the fruit-trees on which they frequently climb. They are it seems, allured thither, not by the fruit, which they never hurt; but by a sort of sweetish dew, which they are very fond of, and which we are rather obliged to them for diminishing; as the particular dew, which they are most desirous of, is deemed very detrimental both to leaves and fruit.

7. The ancient Thracians, when they were desirous of passing a frozen river, but were dubious whether it was sufficiently firm, used, among other experiments, to turn a fox loose upon the ice: it being the custom of this shrewd and wary animal, to move very cautiously on such hazardous ground, laying his ear to the ice every step he went; that, if the surface began to crack, or if the frost was so moderate as to admit of his hearing the water flow beneath, he might be able to retreat back in due season. If, after the most exquisite observation, he perceived no danger, his fears would gradually wear off, and he advanced with boldness to the opposite bank. Plutarch's reflections on this conduct are extremely just. Here is, says he, no

less than a syllogistical conclusion, from premises furnished by the senses. And the fox's chain of argumentation amounts to no less than this: "There can be no noise without motion. That which is easily moved, cannot be firmly frozen. Water not firmly frozen, retains a degree of fluidity. And a fluid cannot support a body heavier than itself.

8. The stupidity and obstinacy of mules are proverbial. But, when Pericles was building a temple in Athens, one of these animals entitled himself to what he received, *viz.* the applauses and rewards of the public. This creature, who had been an old and useful servant to his employers, was exempted from farther toil, on account of his age and past services. While the above-mentioned temple was erecting, stones were continually brought from a considerable distance, in carriages drawn by mules. The old mule, though dismissed from work, took every opportunity of attending the carts, as a voluntary spectator; and cheerfully ambled, both to and from the keramicon, by the side of his harnessed brethren, as though he meant to encourage and quicken them in the duty they were performing. The people were surprised and pleased at the zealous attachment which the merry old quadruped showed to his former occupation; and, by an unanimous vote, ordered him to be maintained, during life, at the public expence.

A company of elephants were brought to Rome, to entertain the populace with an exhibition of the various and uncommon postures into which they had been taught to throw themselves. One of these creatures, who was not so ready at these difficult exercises as the rest, received, in recompence of his dullness, continual and severe chastisement from his keeper. The poor animal soon gave proof, that his slow proficiency was the effect rather of natural unwieldiness, than of idleness or obstinacy; for he was observed by night, when the moon shone, and when nobody was with him, to be carefully practising the lessons which had been given him; that he might escape farther correction, by acquitting himself with more agility and expertness on the morrow.

A Syrian elephant was entrusted to the care of a dishonest servant, who usually gave him but half his allowance of corn. One day, the elephant's owner happened to come into the stable at feeding time; and the servant, in consequence, poured out to the animal his full

measure of barley. But, instead of falling to, the elephant divided the heap into two equal parts, with his trunk; and, by the significancy of his motions, gave his master to understand, that, if he had not been present, his servant had not proved so liberal.

The keeper of an elephant used sometimes by way of frolic, to mix stones and dirt with his provender. This ill natured jest was seriously, though humourously, revenged. For one day, the elephant, being within reach of a vessel in which his keeper's dinner was boiling, repaid him in his own coin, by filling his trunk with ashes, and discharging them into the pot.

When a number of these animals (in their untamed state) are desirous of passing a river, they very prudently sound the depth of the stream, by deputing the least elephant to take the lead, before any of the larger ones venture from the bank; knowing, that, if the water be so shallow that the smallest of the company can wade across, the rest may follow without danger. If the harbinger who tries this experiment, begins to lose his footing, and to be higher than his neck in the water, he immediately turns back again, and the adventurers go in quest of a more fordable place.

When Porus, one of the kings of India, gave battle to Alexander, the former received several wounds by the missive weapons of the enemy. An elephant, on which he sometimes rode, and which attended him with all the affectionate solicitude of a bosom friend, perceiving his royal master occasionally wounded, watched every opportunity of drawing out (with his trunk) the darts that fastened: and the faithful creature performed these operations, with all the judgment and tenderness imaginable. At last, finding that Porus was sinking to the ground (though he soon recovered, and was afterwards restored to his dominions), through fatigue and loss of blood, the elephant gave another proof of his sympathy and care, by so supporting the king with his trunk, as to break the force of his fall, and to let him gently down.

We have noticed in a foregoing page, that it is usual with those who employ themselves in taking elephants, to trepan them into deep pits, whose surfaces are so disguised as to resemble firm ground. On these occasions, the ensnared elephant sets up a lamentable cry. If the coast is clear, his wild associates, on hearing him roar, hasten

(but with cautious tread) to the edges of the pit; and, if any such materials are at hand, will assist to facilitate his deliverance, by throwing in a large quantity of timber and stones; which the prisoner erecting into a sort of stair-case below, he is thus sometimes able to accomplish his escape. - I was of opinion, that these additional examples, adduced by so excellent a writer as Plutarch, and which obviously suggest so many moral lessons to man, deserved to stand as a supplement to what has been already observed concerning elephants.

The dead body of a Roman soldier, who had been killed in a domestic tumult, was carefully watched and guarded by his dog; who would not permit any person to touch the remains of his departed master. Pyrrhus king of Epirus, happening to pass that way, took notice of so striking a spectacle, and enquired into the circumstances of the case. On being informed that the man had been slain three days before, and that the dog in all that time, had neither stirred from the body, nor taken any food, the king ordered the corpse to be interred, and the dog to be taken care of and brought to him. The creature soon grew fond of Pyrrhus; who, shortly after, ordering his forces to be mustered, the soldiers past before him in review. During this ceremony, the dog for some time, lay quietly at his feet; until seeing those soldiers march by, who had murdered his late master, he sprung at them with such rage and fierceness, and turned himself to Pyrrhus, with such meaning in his looks and gestures, that the men were sent to prison, on suspicion of having committed the crime with which the dog seemed to charge them. Being strictly examined, they confessed themselves guilty, and were accordingly executed.

The temple of AEsculapius, at Athens, was furnished with many rich ornaments and utensils of gold and silver. A robber, who was desirous of paying his compliments to some of this wealth, accomplished his design with such art and secrecy, that he supposed all discovery of the offender to be impossible. A dog, indeed, belonging to some of those whose office it was to watch the temple, had done his duty by barking incessantly: but the sextons either did not, or would not take the alarm. The honest animal, faithful and steady to his purpose, pursued the thief, who in vain attempted to keep him at bay. He pelted him with stones; but the dog still

followed. He tried to bribe him, by throwing him pieces of meat; but the dog refused to touch them. The pursuer still kept the criminal in view, nor lost sight of him, until he had watched him to his place of habitation (which was at some distance from Athens), where he posted himself as centinel at the door. Whenever the culprit ventured from home, Cipparus (for so the dog was called) still haunted him. The news of the robbery was soon made public, but the robber still remained undetected: until information being given, that Cipparus, the temple dog, was at such a place, and perpetually harassing such a person, though fawning on every body else; proper officers were dispatched, who took the suspicious man into custody. While they were conducting him to examination, the dog, conscious of the distinguished part he had borne, in bringing the miscreant to justice, ran before them all the way, jumping, and giving every demonstration of joy. The Athenian people recompensed the zeal, faithfulness, and assiduity of Cipparus, by assigning him to the care of the priests who officiated in the AEsculapian temple, and by voting him a supply from the public stores, for his maintenance.

Among the many useful inferences, deducible from such instances as these, one which Plutarch himself suggests, must not be omitted. "They," says this valuable philosopher, "who suppose, that there are no such things as gratitude and justice due from us, to animals of inferior rank; must be understood, in reference to such animals, only, as are absolutely untameable; and, particularly, to those that live in the sea, and occupy the recesses of the deep. For the sea produces no creature that is capable of contracting friendship with man, and all its inhabitants are incurably wild. But the person who insists, that moral obligation has nothing to do in regulating our treatment of land animals (especially, domestic ones); proclaims himself to be no better than a savage and a brute, in the worst sense of those terms. Was no respect due to the Hyrcanian dog, who, when he saw his master's corpse burning on the funeral pile, jumped into the flames, and was consumed with it? Nor to the dog of one Pyrrhus (not the king), who gave his deceased master the same testimony of affection?"

Sketch of Natural History - Solar System

SOLAR SYSTEM.

1. IN the centre of our mundane system, and at a just distance from the circumvolving planets, is fixed that most magnificent and beneficial orb of fluid fire, the sun; designed and formed by gracious and Almighty Wisdom, to be the grand, unfailing dispenser of light and heat, to the animal, the mineral, and the vegetable worlds.

So essentially important are its communications, to the earth and her sister planets; that the adorable Saviour of sinners is in scripture, figuratively shadowed forth to our conceptions, by an idea taken from this brightest of visible objects. "The Lord God is a sun and shield; he will give to his chosen people, the light and warmth of grace below, and crown that grace with perfection of glory, in the heaven of heavens above (Ps 84:11.)" And the Father's endearing promise, made and fulfilled to each spiritually awakened sinner, is, "To you that fear my name, shall the sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his beams. Mal 4:2."

2. How extremely small the material sun appears, in comparison of its real (g) magnitude! Who, that is guided merely by his naked eye, would suppose that luminary to be, what in fact it is, not less than a million of times larger than our whole extensive globe of earth and seas! When purblind reason takes upon her, to sit in judgment on the mysterious nature, decrees, and dispensations of God, she resembles the short-sighted optics of an unlettered Indian, who, estimating the size of the sun by his own inadequate perceptions, imagines it to be of much less circumference than the floor of his hut; and, was a philosopher to apprise him of his mistake, would ask with an unbelieving stare, if not with a contemptuous smile, How can these things be? Between the sun's real and apparent dimensions, some, though exceeding little, proportion obtains. But, when the second person in the Godhead deigned to clothe himself with mortality, his appearance bore no proportion to his infinite and essential dignity. Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary? was the decision of unilluminated reason. The eye of supernatural faith alone, was able to see through the human veil, discern the latent Deity, and behold his glory, as the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

(g) The sun's diameter, or width from edge to edge, is no fewer than eight hundred and twenty-two thousand, one hundred and forty-eight miles; and its circumference, two millions, five hundred, and eighty-two thousand miles. The diameter of the earth is not quite eight thousand.

3. What a diminutive figure would our earth make, if seen from the sun by eyes so constructed as ours! It would appear a million of times smaller, than the sun now seems to us: i. e. it would be hardly, if at all visible. Why is the sun no larger in our sight? Because of our extreme (h) distance from it. The earth, why so large? Because we are resident upon it. And wherefore, O my soul, are the glorious things of God, and the important concerns of futurity, no greater in thy view? Because the remains of original corruption still keep thee at some distance from thy master; and hinder thee from seeing eternal realities in the momentous light they deserve. Why do the perishing interests of time appear so great? Because we are immediately conversant with them; and they have naturally, too deep a place in our vile affections. Milton represents the seraph Uriel, as dwelling in the sun. Was this in a spiritual sense our case; were our hearts right with God, and could we constantly walk in the near, uninterrupted light of his blessed countenance; how would the world dwindle in our esteem? What a speck, what a comparative nothing would it appear!

(h) A line extended from the surface of the earth to that of the sun, would be eight hundred and sixty millions, fifty-one thousand, three hundred and ninety-eight miles in length.

Mr. Derham (see his Phys. Theo. book i. chap. 4.) computes, that a bullet, discharged from a large gun, would not (even supposing it to travel with its utmost, unabated velocity) reach the sun in less time than thirty-two years and a half.

4. The presence of the solar beams constitutes day-light; and stars, which, during our recess from the sun, spangled the sable canopy of night, and glittered to the view of gazing nations, not only cease to dazzle, but even forbear to twinkle, and become quite invisible, when the lucid monarch of the sky re-gilds our hemisphere with his gladdening smile. The superior lustre absorbs the inferior; and those shining drops, which so lately attracted our admiration, are lost,

absolutely lost, in one vast, magnificent ocean of light. Such is the fate of human righteousness, when Christ, in his fulness of mediatorial beauty and grandeur, rises on the soul of a benighted sinner. In our pharisaical and unconverted state (a state of tenfold deeper than Egyptian darkness); our good works, as we are apt flatteringly to style them, charms us with their petty, evanid radiance,

"As stars, from absent suns, have leave to shine."

But no sooner is Jesus, by the internal agency of his Spirit, revealed in our hearts, and his completely finished obedience discovered to the eye of faith, than we cease going about to establish our own righteousness, and joyfully submit to the imputed righteousness of the incarnate God. Self-excellence and self-dependance vanish in that blessed moment: and the language of the soul is, "Thy merits, O thou Redeemer of the lost, are all my salvation; and an interest in thee, is all my desire."

5. The atmosphere, or that body of air which encompasses our globe 45 miles every way, is equally important to the life of animals, and to the vegetation of plants. But it would quickly cease to answer these valuable ends, were it not for the additional influence of the sun. Whereas, in subordination to that, and as a medium between that and us, it ministers every moment, to our best temporal interests. Thus the ordinances of the gospel are to be numbered among those streams, which gladden the church of God, if, and when, he makes them the vehicles of his own presence and power to the soul. Abstracted from the converting and cherishing operations of the Holy Ghost, the best means of grace would infallibly leave us (as a sunless atmosphere would leave the earth) no less cold and unanimated, than they found us.

6. To the sun are owing, the jewels and the metals, that enrich the bowels of our globe; together with every herb, flower, and tree, that beautify its surface.

"'Tis Phoebus warms the rip'ning ore to gold:"

It is the solar influence which gives brilliancy to the diamond, verdure to the leaf, tints to the flower, and flavour to fruits. So the shinings of Christ's presence on the soul give existence and gradual maturity, to the inward graces that enrich the heart, and to the

peaceable works of righteousness which adorn the life of every true believer in his name.

7. Many of the ancients supposed that the sun moves round the earth: whereas, on the contrary, nothing is more demonstrable, than that the earth is carried round the sun. The Arminians (like those mistaken people of antiquity) would persuade us that God regulates his decrees by the free-will (or, in a yet more impious phrase of theirs, by the self-determined conduct) of the creatures he has made. This is just as absurd in theology, as it would be false in philosophy, to assert, that the sun dances round the earth, instead of the earth's circuiting the sun. Scripture expressly assures us, that the way of man is not in himself; neither is it in man that walketh, to direct his own steps, Jer 10:23. God does not, like a dependent lacquey in a livery, adjust his motions by ours; but human conduct is adjusted and regulated (either permissively, or effectively, according to the nature of the case) by the wise determinations of his sovereign and undefeatable will. He, as an uncreated and all-pervading sun, is the centre of the universal system; while the whole choir of created beings, without a single exception, perform their allotted planetary revolutions, to the ultimate glory of that God "whose never-failing providence" (as the church of England finely expresses it) "ordereth all things, both in heaven and earth."

8. Though the sun constantly occupies the same part of space, and is, in that respect, fixed and immoveable; it yet turns upon its own axis, and completes its central rotation in about 25 days and 6 hours. This regular and perpetual actuosity contributes, probably, to that amazing force and swiftness, with which its rays are thrown off towards the distant worlds that revolve around. - Thus God is necessarily and essentially, fixed and unchangeable in his will. He is of one mind; who can turn him? and what his soul desireth, even that he doth, Job 23:13. This divine immutability is, however, connected with incessant, omnipotent, and universal activity: governing all beings and events, by his absolute providence; and diffusing sacred light and heat, through the entire world of his converted people, by the energy of his grace. His own sovereign decree is the axis on which he moves; and the only rule by which he regulates the whole of his effective and permissive conduct.

9. Modern astronomers have discovered what are commonly called,

maculae solares: i. e. certain spots which hover near the surface of the sun. Sometimes a considerable number of these are visible at once. And very often, none at all. Philosophers are greatly divided, as to the nature and cause of these solar spots; though it is generally agreed, that they are not adherent to the sun's disk, but suspended at some distance from it; and there is reasonable ground to believe, that, after a temporary suspension, they fall into the body of that grand luminary, and are instantaneously transmuted into one splendid mass with itself. Whether those reputed spots be really in the sun or not; thus much is infallibly certain, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all: no error, no impurity, no defect. The afflictive distributions of his providence, and the limited communications of his grace, may, to the benighted eye of unregenerated reason, appear like the transitory spots, which sometimes seems to disfigure the beauty, and to impair the lustre of the sun. "I am afflicted beyond measure, and without cause;" cries a child of unbelief, while smarting under a providential rod. "God is partial and unjust, in converting some to holiness, and leaving others to perish in their sins," say the unhumbled disciples of Arminius. On the contrary, the faith of God's elect teaches its happy subjects, to give their heavenly Father unlimited credit for being perfectly wise, and just, and good; and to wait the end of his dispensations, when every seeming spot shall vanish, and God will make his righteousness as evident as the light, and his just dealing as the noon-day.

10. Is it at all wonderful, that the sun's transcendent brightness, if too intently surveyed, should dazzle and confuse the unassisted organs of human sight? Can it be otherwise, while that is so potent, and these so feeble? Go, then, thou pretended rationalist! and say, consistently with reason, if thou canst, that "Where mystery begins, religion ends." (k) Say rather, religion ends where mystery does not begin. If thou art unable with thy naked eye, to look stedfastly at the material sun, when shining in the fulness of its strength; who among the children of men is sufficient to comprehend the nature, the purposes, and the disposals of him, before whose insufferable glory Gabriel and Raphael cover their faces with their wings?

"But fools rush in, where angels fear to tread."

(k) These are the very words of a late Arminian author.

11. How astonishingly rapid is the transmission of light, from the sun to our planet! I cannot display this so well, as in the words of the accomplished Mr. Derham. "It is a very great act of the providence of God, that such a benefit, as light, is not long in its passage from place to place. For was its motion no swifter than the motion of the swiftest bodies upon earth (such as of a (m) bullet, out of a great gun; or even of (n) sound, which next to light, is the swiftest motion we have); in this case, light would take up, in its progress from the sun to us, above thirty two years, at the rate of the first: and above seventeen years, at the rate of the latter motion. The inconveniencies of which would be, (1.) its energy and vigour would be greatly cooled and abated; (2.) its rays would be less penetrant; and, (3.) darkness would with greater difficulty and tardiness be dissipated; especially, by the fainter lights of our sublunary luminous bodies.

(m) According to the observations of Mersennus, a bullet shot out of a large gun flies 92 fathoms in a second of time; which are equal to 589 English feet, and a half: and according to the computation of Mr. Huygens, it would be 25 years in passing from the earth to the sun. But, according to my own observations, made with one of her late majesty's sakers, and a very accurate pendulum chronometer; a bullet, at its first discharge, flies 510 yards in 5 half seconds; which are a mile, in little above 17 half-seconds. And a bullet would be 32 years and a half, in flying, with its utmost velocity, to the sun.

(n) As to the velocity of sounds, I made divers nice experiments, with good instruments: by which I found, that the medium of their flight is at that rate of a mile in nine half-seconds and a quarter; or 1142 feet, in one second of time. According to which rate, a sound would be near 17 years and a half, in flying as far as the distance is from the earth to the sun." - DERHAM.

"But, passing with such prodigious velocity, with nearly the instantaneous swiftness of almost two hundred thousand miles in one second of time, or (which is the same thing) being but about seven or eight minutes of an hour, in coming from the sun to us; therefore it is, that, with all security and speed, we receive the kindly effects and influences of that noble and useful creature of God. Now, forasmuch as the distance between the sun and the earth is 860 millions, 51 thousand, 3 hundred, and 98 miles: therefore at the rate of 7 minutes and a half, or 450 seconds, in passing from the sun;

light will be found to fly above 191 thousand, two hundred, and 25 miles, in one second of time."

Truly wonderful as these considerations are, they yet afford but a very inadequate illustration of the power and swiftness, with which the convincing arrows of the Holy Ghost are often found to pierce and illuminate the soul of an elect sinner. How was the energy of his arm revealed; how mightily, and how rapidly, did the meltings of his grace catch from heart to heart; when no fewer than three thousand rebels were savingly subdued, and born again, under a single sermon! Ac 2:41. - What instantaneous and irresistible lightening issued from the eye of Jesus, when he looked his revolted apostle into repentance unto life! - And, to enumerate no more instances, how great was the glory of that light, which (in a moment; or in less time, if less can be) struck the bloody pharisee of Tarsus to the ground; transformed the furious lion into a passive lamb; and compelled a blaspheming persecutor to groan, from the inmost of his heart, Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do? Nor is less power, from on high, exerted in the soul of any man who is effectually turned to God. The same omnipotence which conquered Paul; yea, the same omnipotence which raised Jesus himself from the dead; has actually been put forth in thee, O reader, if thou hast experienced the renewing operation of the Holy Spirit, 1Ti 1:16; Eph 1:19-20.

Do we wonder at the account which philosophy gives, concerning the speedy transmission of this lovely element, from its created fountain to the earth? Let us rather value and admire that infinitely transcendent and more important blessing, which the following golden passage so charmingly describes: God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts; to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the person of Jesus Christ, 2Co 6:6.

Once more, light does not travel from the sun so swiftly as the quickened bodies of the saints shall rise into glory, honour, and immortality, when the Saviour of men shall appear, and the archangel's trumpet sound. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and, we shall be changed.

12. Summer is usually the season of (o) heat; and winter of cold. Yet nothing is more certainly true, than that the sun is much (p) nearer to

us in winter, than in summer. The annual path which the earth describes around the sun, is not exactly circular, but elliptical; i. e. of a figure somewhat oval; from whence it follows, that our distance from that luminary is not always the same. For the reasons assigned in the first note below, we do not feel the solar heat during the keener months; though, in reality, we are less remote from the great material source of light and warmth, than at those times when its influence is more sensibly enjoyed. The believer too, has his winter seasons of providential affliction, and of spiritual distress. At such periods, his views are occasionally dark, and his comforts liable to a temporary chill. Yet, if the God of love is ever peculiarly near to his people for good, it is when his arrows stick fast in them, and when his hand presseth them sore. Behold, God is in this place, and I knew it not; was the retrospective experience of Jacob. While the spiritual winter lasts, be it thy endeavour to exercise, what a late excellent person terms, "The winter graces of faith and patience." At the time appointed, thy consolations shall return as the clear shining after rain; and thy joy be as the sun when it goeth forth in its might. Then will be realized that elegant and reviving delineation of inward summer and prosperity of soul: the winter [of doubts and darkness, of pain and sorrow, of affliction and temptation, of coldness and barrenness, of storm and tossing] is past: the rain [of weeping and distress] is over and gone. The flowers [of peace and holy rejoicing] appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds [when thy graces shall be all alert and lively, and thou shalt pray and praise with enlargement] is come; and the voice of the turtle [the still, small music of the holy Spirit's voice, whispering peace to the conscience] is heard in our land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs [fruitfulness in every good word and work shall evidence thy revival in grace]; and the vines, with the tender grapes impart their fragrantcy; thy amiable and benevolent tempers, accompanied by all the other lovely effects of communion with God, shall justify thy faith to the world, and visibly adorn thy profession of the gospel of Christ. Song 2:11-13.

(o) There are two causes of the great difference between the heat and the cold in summer and winter: 1. The shorter or longer continuance of the sun above our horizon. In summer long; which increases the heat, as much as it lengthens the day. In winter short; which diminishes heat, as it shortens the day; and augments the cold, as it

lengthens the night 2. The other cause is, the oblique or perpendicular direction of the sun's rays; the oblique being weaker than the perpendicular." Astro-Theol. b. iv. ch. iv.

In summer, the rays fall more perpendicularly upon the earth, than in winter; and, consequently, with more vivid and forcible effect. In winter, they fall obliquely; and, therefore, with feebler and less sensible impression.

(p) The sun's greater proximity to us in winter is manifest, from the increment of its apparent diameter, to 32'. 47".; and the decrement thereof, in summer, to 31'. 40".

"Moreover, its swifter motion in winter, about the solstice, by a 15th part, is an argument of its being then nearer the earth. From whence it comes to pass, that, from the vernal to the autumnal equinox, there are about eight days more, than from the autumnal to the vernal." Astro-Theology, u. s.

Yet, though favoured with this happy and glorious experience, you must not expect (at least, it is not the lot of every believer) to enjoy summer all the year round. But, however this be, an eternity is coming, when thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Isa 60:20.

13. The sun may in some sense, be justly styled, *anima mundi*, or the soul of our revolving world. So universally pervading is its influence, that nothing is totally hid from the heat thereof, Ps 19:6. In a greater or less degree, it permeates the whole region of air, penetrates the inmost recesses of the earth, and distributes a competent portion of its beams through the vast expanse of waters. Hence, in and on our planet, there is no such thing as absolute darkness, truly and strictly so called. If our eyes were constructed in the same manner as those of subterraneous animals, we should like them, be able to see without artificial help, at any distance below the surface of the earth, and by night as well as day. Not less universal, than the solar agency, is the all directing providence of God. Nothing is exempted from its notice; nothing is excepted from its controul. Chance, like absolute darkness, has no real existence. If some events seem fortuitous, it is because we have not a sufficiency of knowledge, by which to trace the chain of combinations that

necessarily produced them: just as some places, and some seasons, seem totally dark to us; because our optic system is so framed and attuned, that, on various occasions, the human eye is unable to collect those scattered and proportionably expanded rays, from which no place whatever is entirely secluded.

14. In common conversation, we frequently speak of solar eclipses. But what is called an eclipse of the sun, is in fact, an eclipse of the earth; occasioned by the moon's interference, or transit, between the sun and us. This circumstance makes no alteration in the sun itself; but only intercepts our view of it for a time. From whence does darkness of soul, even darkness that may be felt, usually originate? Never from any changeableness in our covenant God, the glory of whose unvarying faithfulness and love shines the same, and can suffer no eclipse. It is when the world, with its fascinating honours, or wealth, or pleasures, gets between our Lord and us; that the light of his countenance is obstructed, and our rejoicing in him suffers a temporary eclipse.

15. Mists, and vapours, rising from the earth, sometimes operate as a veil, and hide the sun from our eyes; until the superior influence of its beams overpower the ascending nuisance, and dissipate the noxious steams. Thus do the remaining corruptions of a regenerated heart, dim the prospect of salvation, and damp the fervour of inherent grace. Nothing can again brighten the former, and warm the latter into lively exercise, but the splendor of God's repeated rising on the soul. Happy it is for his benighted people, that, as mists and clouds may seem to obscure the sun, but cannot extinguish him; nor even hinder the access of his rays, beyond a certain time; so that faithful Jehovah, who knows what is in man, and who is still greater [in mercy and power] than our hearts can be in point of sinful depravation, will finally subdue our iniquities, shine away our fears, purify us from all our dross, and perfectly conform us to the image of his holiness.

16. The sun is commonly said, to rise and set. This, however, is spoken merely in complaisance to appearances. The truth is, that, when the horizon of the earth gets below the sun, we then perceive his beams; and, when the horizon gets above it, we lose sight of them. Here remember as before, that, in all our varying frames of soul, the variations are not in God, but in ourselves. Remember too,

that you must lie low at his feet, if you would bask in the shinings of his face. Get above his word and ordinances, and no wonder if the horror of a great darkness fall upon you.

17. The sun possesses, in a very super-eminent degree, the two contrary powers of attraction and repulsion. By the former, the circuiting planets are retained, each in its proper orbit; by the latter, they are prohibited from approaching him too nearly. A faint emblem of God's paternal attributes on one hand; and of his terrific perfections on the other. Those encourage us to draw nigh to him, as the everlasting lover of our souls; these restrain us from presumptuous familiarities, and from taking undue liberties with him who is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, and whose greatness knows no limit.

18. The sun-beams, though unspeakably beneficent in their distributive capacity; yet, if collected to a point, would be almost infinitely ruinous in their operation. The power of God, considered as exerted in and for his believing people, becomes a gracious medium of their present and eternal felicity. But that same adorable attribute, when set in array against reprobate angels and men, burns as a fire which none can quench. Who knoweth the power of thy wrath? And oh, how irresistibly will that power be made manifest, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that believe not the gospel!

19. How preferable is the original, durable, and vivifying light of the sun, to the borrowed, evanid, unanimating lustre of the moon! The former, while it illuminates the eye, and uncovers the elegant scenes of creation, warms the earth, and makes it fruitful; diffuses cheerfulness, and imparts enrichment to no fewer than six primary, and ten secondary worlds. - As great is the difference between a cool historical faith, that floats in a contemplative head; and the faith of God's elect, which warms, invigorates, and purifies the heart. The former is a mere moon-light faith, which however clear, so far as it goes, yet leaves us as cold, and as barren, as it found us. The latter, like the solar communications, enlivens and fertilizes the soul; filling it with joy and peace, through the power of the Holy Ghost; and adorning it with the gems, and flowers, and fruits, of grace.

20. St. Paul finely illustrates the eternal generation of Christ, by a grand idea taken from the material sun. The passage I refer to, is Heb 1:3 where our adorable Surety is styled, *Apaugasma*, i.e. the forth-beaming of the Father's glory. Perhaps, no other object in the whole compass of nature, could have supplied the apostle with a piece of imagery, equally majestic, delicate, and just. Light proceeds from the sun, and yet the sun never existed without light. Christ is at once the begotten of the Father, and co-eternal with him. The sun's rays, or unintermitting efflux of light, are of the same nature with the sun itself: and Christ is *en morph* (Php 2.) i. e. a person in the same essence with the Father Almighty, and joint partaker of all his lovely, glorious, and infinite attributes. Could light be exterminated from the sun, the sun itself, as such, would inevitably be destroyed: and to deny the deity of Jesus is, virtually, to deny the existence of God. For whosoever denieth the Son, hath not the Father; but he that acknowledgeth the Son, hath the Father also.

Sixteen planets, or moving worlds, describe their revolutions round the sun. They are distinguished, (1.) into primary, and secondary; (2.) into superior, and inferior.

(1.) The primary planets are six; and make their circuits in the following order. Nearest to the sun rolls Mercury. Beyond the orbit of Mercury, is that of Venus; who, though she maintains her lively dance with unremitting speed, yet cannot complete her rotation in so short a time, as the first mentioned planet; because, her path being exterior to his, she has a greater portion of space to measure, than he. In the third (and consequently, in a still more extensive) circle, moves the earth; accompanied, like a genteel traveller, by a single, but faithful and steady servant, the Moon. Beyond the earth, Mars fetches a yet larger, and proportionably longer circuit. Next, Jupiter rides in state, like a person of dignity and opulence, adorned with three beautiful zones, or belts, and attended by a retinue of four obsequious moons. Lastly, Saturn, the outermost (i. e. the farthest from the sun and from the earth) of all the rest, pursues his majestic and long career; encompassed (but at a respectful distance, without touching his surface) by a magnificent arch, commonly termed his ring, and waited on by five moons. - Such are the names, which, for distinction's sake, astronomers have affixed to the primaries. - The secondary planets are the ten forementioned satellites, or attending

moons; which revolve around three of their primaries; and, at the same time, accompany their masters in their periodic journey round the sun.

(2.) Those planets are called superior, which are farther from the sun than ourselves: *viz.* Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The inferior planets are those two, which are nearer to the sun than we; i. e. whose orbits are between the sun and us: *viz.* Mercury, and Venus.

Before we give each of these revolving worlds a distinct and particular consideration; let us pause, for a moment, and view them collectively, through the scripture glass.

1. A plurality of worlds is more than intimated, by the apostle Paul. In concert with his eternal Son, God the Father made the worlds, Heb 1:2. And hence, on the credit of divine information, through faith we understand, that the worlds were framed by the word of God, Heb 11:3. Nor was the co-equal Spirit unactive on the great occasion: for as, by his agency, life was breathed into man (Job 33:4); so, by his commanding power, he garnished the heavens with beauty, grandeur, and light, Job 26:13.

2. By whom are the planets supported? and whose-hand impels them, with never-ceasing rapidity, round the central ocean of fire? They are supported, and impelled, by that very person, whose human soul was made an offering for sin; and whose hands were nailed to the ignominious tree. By him, all things consist, or are held together, Col 1:17. - He both sustains and carries [ferwn] all things, by the word of his own power (Heb 1:3): he upholds the entire universe of suns and worlds; and, by the omnipotency of his sovereign will, he carries the rolling worlds round their respective suns.

3. It has already been noticed, that some of the planets finish their rotations in much less time than others. The nearer they are to the sun, the more speedily they revolve. Mercury, for instance, is not quite 88 days, in accomplishing his year: while Saturn takes up considerably more than 29 of our years, in circuiting the same common centre. --- Thus, some of God's converted people are soon matured for glory, by their nearness to, and intimate communion with, the sun of righteousness. These are frequently known to outrun their brethren, and (like John at the tomb of our Lord) to reach the

sepulchre, finish their course, and ascend to their master's joy, at a very early period. While other saints, who either do not ripen so fast, or who have a larger field of usefulness to occupy on earth, are detained from their crown, until they are full of years and good works. Each of these is gathered, as a shock of corn, in its season. O believer, if thy God summon thee away betimes, his Spirit will first perfect that which concerneth thee; nor will providence apply the sickle, until grace has made thee white for the harvest. Or, if he lengthened thy thread, having much for thee to do, and much to suffer; he will show himself the God of thy old age, and not forsake thee when thou art grey-headed: for he hath inviolably declared, Even to your old age, I am he; and, even to hoary hairs, will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you, Isa 46:4. Remember, to thy great and endless comfort, that

"His ev'ry word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies:
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Spake all the promises." (r)

(r) Watts.

4. How amicably, and how regularly, do the various planets move! In a series of almost 6000 years, there has been no interference, no collision, no subversion of order, no deficiency of service, no cessation of activity. Each is made to comport itself, as though each knew its allotted line of duty, and were determined that nothing should divert it from its course. The secondary orbs, without weariness, and without complaint, minister to the greater; while these, without boasting and without upbraiding, as cheerfully (s) repay, with accumulated interest, the kind offices they receive. --- Thus let inferiors serve; and thus let superiors requite!

(s) The earth, for example, communicates a much greater quantity of light to the moon, than the moon can possibly reflect to the earth. Admitting the moon to be fifteen times smaller than our own planet; the latter must impart fifteen times more light to her, than she to us.

5. The primary planets take the secondaries along with them, in their passage round the sun; and the secondaries attend them, with the most perfect and unrepining readiness. --- Thus should parents, tutors, and masters of families, train their children, their pupils, and

their dependents, in the knowledge and admonition of the Lord; and labour to take as many with them to heaven, as they can. Blessed are the guides, who exert their influence, to purposes so unspeakably important; and blessed are the ears, which listen, joyfully, to the instruction that maketh wise unto salvation.

6. As all the planets perform their revolutions, without intermission; so, they make the end of one revolution the beginning of another. They are never languid, never fatigued. They renew their beauteous toil, again and again; nor will ever stop, until the archangel swears, by him who liveth from eternity to eternity, that time shall be no longer. - Equally intense, uninterrupted, and unwearied, the obedience of Adam was, ere sin profaned the temple of the soul. Such too, the obedience of the elect angels has been, and is, to this very moment. Such, moreover, the true believer, on earth, wishes (but wishes, alas, in vain) to pay his Lord. And such shall the obedience, both of saints and of angels for ever be, in the paradise of God.

"Then shall we sing, and never tire,
In that blest house above;
Where sin, and fear, and pain expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
Then not the sun shall, more than I,
His Maker's will perform;
Nor shine with brighter purity,
Nor burn with zeal so warm."

1. Of all the planets, Mercury, as already hinted, revolves nearest to the sun. His diameter amounts to 2748 English miles; and his whole globe, is to ours, as 2 to 5. The orbit or path which he describes round the sun, measures 66,621,000 English miles: and yet he moves with such prodigious velocity (viz. at the rate of almost 100,000 miles an hour; which is nearly as swift again as the motion of our earth), that he completes his year, or solar rotation, in about 7 days and 23 hours. His distance from the sun, is not quite 32 millions of miles; and he is about 18 millions of miles distant from us.

The venerable and ingenious Mr. Browne has given us a comprehensive and pleasing description of this planet, in the

compass of four lines:

"First, verging on the lucid fount of day,
Bright Mercury directs his circling way:
In three short months he rounds the solar sphere,
His seasons shifts, and ends the transient year."

2. Mercury's proximity to the sun, renders him, except at a few particular seasons, invisible to the inhabitants of our world. From the vast exuberance of light in which he is almost lost to our view, astronomers have, I believe, been hitherto unable to ascertain the period of his diurnal motion on his own axis; or even to pronounce with certainty, whether he have any diurnal motion, or not. - Similar are many secret acts of prayer, praise, faith, love, and humiliation, which true believers exercise towards their heavenly Father. Remote from the prying eye of man, they pour out their souls into the bosom of the Lord, and, wrapt in the comforts of his presence (like Mercury in the beams of the sun), the curiosity of others wishes in vain to know the whole of what passes between God and them. As, on one hand, there are occasions when it is our bounden duty, for the honour of our master, and for the edification of our neighbour, to let our light shine before men; there are at times, also, when it behoves us to enter into our closets, and to shut the door about us, and hold sequestered communion with him who sees in secret. This distinction reminds me of a little anecdote, not entirely foreign from the subject. A late prelate in the north of England, had conceived some illiberal prejudices against a clergyman of his diocese. With intent to embarrass the divine, his lordship thus addressed him, at a public visitation: "Mr. _____, you give away a great deal to the poor; but your charity is of the ostentatious kind. You are too public in the distributions of your bounty, I do not hear of any private good you do. It is all with sound of trumpet." The answer was sensible and pertinent: "My lord, I care not how much you hear of my public charities, nor how little you hear of my private ones."

3. Mercury, though rarely discernible, is sometimes seen, like a dark spot on the sun's disk, as he passes between him and us. The transit of this planet is said to have been first observed by Gassendi, in the year 1632. - Thus, the illumined side of Mercury commonly eludes our notice; but his dark hemisphere excites our attention, and strikes our view. We too frequently act a similar part by each other. A

fellow Christian, or any conspicuous character, may shine unregarded: whereas, if his brightness become, in any respect, clouded and overcast, our telescopes are up, our eyes in full employ, our tongues proclaim his defects; and it is well, if magnifying and multiplying glasses do not lend their assistance on the occasion.

4. Not a single moon, or secondary orb, accompanies Mercury in his progress. He pursues his solitary journey, without a servant, without a companion. Yet, in no wise discouraged by this circumstance, he cheerfully speeds his rapid course, and rather flies, than rolls, round the vivifying centre of light and heat. The sun is to him, in the stead of every other friend; and more than supplies the absence of a thousand attendants. - Providence may perhaps cast your lot, O Christian, in a place, or fix you in a family, where you may not find any with whom you can take sweet religious counsel, and walk in the house of God as brethren. Be not, however, disheartened; neither dejectly ask, Who will shew me any good? but make the psalmist's prayer your own: Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me! If you experience continual nearness to God, through the Spirit; and are, as Mercury, in *sole positus*, irradiated and warmed by direct communion with Christ, no matter, whether you travel to heaven in company or alone. In the best sense of the word, you are sure of not being alone; for all the persons in the Godhead, and angels who minister to the heirs of salvation, are your companions and guardians, your guides and familiar friends. Nor will they cease to watch over you for good, and to keep you in all your ways, until you enter the celestial house not made with hands; where you will, to all eternity, associate with the innumerable assembly and church of the first-born, who were written in heaven.

5. The solar light and heat are supposed to strike the surface of Mercury, with seven-fold greater intenseness, than is experienced on the surface of our earth at the hottest seasons. If this be the case, and if the inhabitants of that planet are embodied beings, their eyes must be differently constructed from ours, to sustain such excess of light; and their whole corporeal system differently constituted, to endure such extremity of heat. But shall we conclude, that Mercury is not inhabited, because, according to our present temperament, we should, probably, be unable to live there, on account of its vicinity to the sun? A Mercurian might, with equal propriety, pronounce the

earth (a) uninhabitable, because of its comparative remoteness from the grand luminary. After all, to adopt the reasoning of an elegant and profound philosopher, "As the animal constitution with respect to heat and cold, may be widely different on the same planet; so, there may not be such a difference of the degrees of heat and cold, on the planets nearer to and more distant from the sun, as we imagine. The nature of an atmosphere, and the alterations happening in it, produce sometimes sultry heat, and sometimes piercing cold, contrary to what should be the effect of the sun's rays separately considered: so that heat and cold do not absolutely depend on a planet's nearness to, or distance from, the sun; but, together with these, on some other causes. We are considerably farther from the sun in the summer months, than in the winter: yet our weather is then, generally, much warmer. - Though Saturn has but about the hundredth part of the sun's heat, which we feel; I am not sure whether the hundredth part of our heat will amount to any degree of positive or real cold, without the co-efficiency of some other positive and real cause: and it is not difficult, I think, to conceive, that the constitution of his atmosphere may be such, as to make that planet a mild and temperate clime. And, if there be any weight in this reasoning, it will not be hard to apply it to the inferior planets, Mercury and Venus. For we sometimes feel the heat of our summer as much qualified by some different cause, as the rigour of our winter."

(a) "Some fancy, should the planetary train
A race of living animals contain,
Those fix'd in Mercury's too splendid seat
Must sink, oppress'd, beneath the fervent heat;
Or, by too strong a ray, the tortur'd sight
Fail, quite o'erpower'd with unabating light.
"Allow me this, what disputants maintain:
Nor will it render our opinion vain,
The same of us, might the Mercurials hold,
A planet uninhabitably cold!
And those, reverse, in Saturn's icy seat,
Suppose us scorch'd with more than Aetna's heat.
Each by their world comparing ours, might deem
Their reasons firm, and err in wide extreme.
"But let th' objection stand. Some orbs, suppose,

Scorch'd with hot rays, or chill'd by pris'ning snows.
 No doubt, th' Almighty could his worlds replete
 With creatures suited to their various seat;
 Intense degrees of cold or heat to bear,
 Of light or gloom a pleasing, proper share:
 To them agreeable, by nature blest,
 Painful howe'er imagin'd by the rest.
 "Of this, on earth, similitude we find;
 Each place to fit inhabitants assign'd,
 The bird of Jove, with an undazzled sight,
 Kens the clear sun, and tow'rs to reach his light:
 While the benighted bat, and owl obscene,
 Attend the chariot of the shadowy queen,
 Upward the feath'ry nations all repair,
 And range at large, th' extensive fields of air;
 To firmer earth the grosser kinds adhere,
 And watery realms the finny natives cheer.
 The ant and mole their downward courses guide;
 And, deep intrench'd, a gloomy race reside:
 And bees their artful palaces contrive
 In the close cavern of their darksome hive.
 "Pleas'd, to his destin'd mansion each is prone;
 Form'd best to suit, and best approve his own."

See Browne's Essay, u. s. where the argument, for the habitability of the planets, is very ingeniously pleaded; and, in my opinion, satisfactorily proved.

6. Mercury being very considerably nigher the sun, than we, the dusk of that illustrious object, viewed by a Mercurian spectator, appears (as is computed) seven times larger, than it does to us. --- Thus, the nearer we spiritually dwell to God, the more glorious does Christ, both as a divine person, and as a Mediator, shine to the eye of faith. They, who unhappily entertain low and degrading ideas, of Jesus, give but too infallible demonstration, that they themselves are far, extremely far, removed from the light of Jehovah's truth, and from the warmth of Jehovah's grace.

7. Mercury's appearances (like those of our moon) are various, according to his situation in respect of the sun. Sometimes he seems quite dark; at others, falcated or horned; and sometimes shining

fully, or with an hemisphere entirely illuminated. - In the present stages of spiritual experience, the believer's interior comfort, and his exterior lustre, greatly depend on the position of his heart toward the uncreated sun of righteousness. How obscure and benighted are our views, and how languid our exercise of grace, when an unbelieving, a worldly, or a careless spirit, interrupts our walk with God! But, if the out-goings of our souls are to him, and if the in-pourings of his blessed influence be felt, we glow, we kindle, we burn, we shine. This may be called (to borrow an astronomical phrase) our superior conjunction with the sun : and, at those distinguished seasons of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost,

Clearly we see and win our way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquer all."

1. Next beyond the orbit of Mercury, is that of Venus: a planet, not so respectable for her magnitude, as for her beauty; arising from the brilliancy, the clearness, and the steadiness of her light. A very accomplished (d) astronomer observes, that "Venus is the brightest, when she is about 40 degrees removed from the sun: at which time, only a fourth part of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth. In this situation, Venus has been many times seen in the day-time; and even in full sunshine. This beauty and brightness of Venus are very admirable; who, having no native light of her own, and only enjoying the borrowed light of the sun, should yet break forth into so great a lustre, that the like is not to be observed in Jupiter, nor even in our moon, when she is in the same elevation from the sun. It is true, the moon's light is [to our view] much greater, on account of her apparent magnitude, than that of Venus: yet it is but a dull, and as it were a dead light; which has nothing in it of the vigour and briskness that always accompany the beams of Venus." - Thus should the ministers of Christ shine with gospel light derived from him; and irradiate the visible church, with the purest and most vivid beams of celestial truth. In allusion to this part of their character, our Lord styles his messengers, the light of the world, the candles in the midst of the churches, and the stars which he holds in his right hand. In point of steadiness and of consistency, and of communicativeness to others, they should resemble the suns or fixed stars; which never deviate from their spheres, but impart unwavering and unremitting

light to all around them. In point of zeal, and of activity, and of indefatigableness, in their holy calling, they should, like the planetary globes, without cessation and without weariness, pursue their shining course; and, conformably to the maxim of Julius Caesar,

Think nothing done, while aught remains to do.

(d) Dr. Edmund Halley. See Keill's *Astronomical Lectures*, Lect. xv.

2. In this respect Venus is a pattern, both to ministers and to private believers. She rolls round the sun, in about 225 days, which constitute her year; and at the rate of 70,000 miles an hour; which exceeds the velocity of the earth's annual motion, by about 10,000 miles an hour. Thus this exemplary planet connects the most pleasing graces of lustre and delicacy with all the ardour of diligence and rapidity: like some elegant and industrious lady, who crowns the charms of personal beauty with the still more valuable services of domestic house-wifery.

3. Besides her yearly tour around the sun, it is more than probable that Venus performs a regular revolution about her own axis. From the *maculae*; or spots, which, in the years 1665 and 1666, Cassini and Campani discovered on her surface, those two philosophers have ascertained the reality of her diurnal motion: which diurnal motion she accomplishes in about 23 days: so that one of her days is equal to 23 of ours. One duty should not be permitted to supersede another. There are personal duties which we owe to ourselves; no less than relative virtues which we ought to exercise toward our neighbours. Connect the two together in your own practice, and you will exhibit a moral exemplification of the harmony, with which Venus, and the other moving spheres, accomplish their compound (i. e. their annual and diurnal) rotations, without any shadow of competition or interference.

"On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul:
And one regards itself, and one the whole." (g)

(g) Pope's *Essay on Man*, Epist. 3.

But be it carefully remembered, that, as the sun is the ultimate and

common centre of all the planetary movements; so we shall never be able to discharge our various personal and social duties, acceptably to God, in spirit and in truth, until his glory is the grand and sole end of all the works and duties we perform, whether immediately referrible to ourselves or others. "As unto the Lord, and not [merely] unto men," least of all for the pleasing or aggrandizing of that wretched thing called self; may stand as the universal motto, to every virtue that is truly Christian and evangelical.

4. Venus, though so justly admired for her beauty, and celebrated for her lustre, still has her dark side. When this is turned toward our earth, her rays are no longer beheld, and she herself becomes invisible. - As each believer, shine he ever so brightly, is at present, sanctified but in part; need we wonder, if on some occasions, the splendor of his gifts, and the radiancy of his graces, suffer a temporary eclipse? At such times, let our candour and forbearance have their perfect work. After a certain period, Venus will emerge from the shade, and beam forth in all the loveliness of her usual lustre: and, when the declining saint has sat his appointed time in darkness, the Lord will again be a light unto him. Happy is that benighted soul, whose faith (for it is the peculiar business of faith's eye, to see in the dark) can pierce the gloom; anticipate the return of day; and long for a final approximation to the sun of righteousness, in that world of glory, where no more cloud nor darkness shall obscure our views, tarnish our graces, or damp our joys for ever.

5. The solar light and heat, on Venus, are estimated to be four times greater, than on the planet inhabited by us. Why? Because her distance from the source of both, is considerably less than ours. - In like manner, bright evidences, and warm experiences, of our interest in Christ, and of the work of his Spirit upon our souls, are generally the blessed consequences of living near to God, and of walking closely with him, in all holy conversation, prayer, and watchful godliness. The joy and liveliness of grace (though not grace itself) may be sinned away. Spiritual comfort is a tender plant, and requires much delicacy of treatment. To be triumphant and alert in the ways of God, you must take equal heed of wandering, and of slumbering.

6. Venus' orbit, or path of rotation, is, for the most part, extremely regular, hardly any point of it being more remote from the sun than another. Hence this planet is remarkable for always preserving

nearly an equal distance from that luminary. Similar is the experience of some believers. They enjoy rather an even and settled peace, than any exuberant overflowings of consolation. Their habitation is mostly on the middle region of Mount Tabor, instead of being now elevated to the summit, and anon turned down into the valley below. The manner is not always exactly the same, in which the holy Spirit trains his disciples to a meetness for their heavenly inheritance. Like a judicious and careful tutor, he wisely and condescendingly adapts his modes of instruction to the genius, and to the particular improvement, of each individual pupil: until, having taken their appointed degree in grace, they ascend, one by one, to their glorious home above.

7. Venus is in size, somewhat less than our earth; and yet contains about the same quantity of matter, though in a smaller compass. In other words, the body of Venus is denser than that of the earth, as being so much nearer to the sun. Appearances are not the invariable standard of intrinsic worth. Our globe, which is undeniably larger, or occupies more space than Venus, is not more wealthy in constituent particles, than she. Hers lie closer together than ours, and therefore make less show. Ours are less compact, or compressed, than hers, and therefore swell into a greater visible magnitude.

8. It is probable that Venus, like Mercury, has no attending satellite, or moon. Cassini, indeed, in the last century, thought he had discovered one: but he seems to have been mistaken. Venus' vicinity to the sun seems to render the services of such a companion unnecessary. Just as in the world of the blessed, the saints will need no ministry of the word, nor other means of grace; because they will then walk in the light of the Lamb, and, with open face, behold the glory of the Lord.

9. Towards the beginning of the present century, Monsieur De la Hire descried some mountains in Venus; which, on accurate investigation, he found to be considerably larger, not only than the largest on earth, but than even the largest mountains hitherto discovered in the (h) moon itself. Does any man ask, "Wherefore, and for the accommodation of what intelligent beings, is the surface of Venus, like those of the earth or the moon, diversified with mountains, vallies, and plains?" The only answer which can at present be returned, is, that the Almighty Creator both wrought, and

continues to order all things, according to the counsel of his own will: which will is but another name for infinite rectitude and unerring wisdom, operating by sovereign and omnipotent power, through the fittest means, and to the noblest ends.

(h) "The lunar mountains are much higher in proportion to the body of the moon, than any mountain upon our globe (for the geometers can take the height of them, as easily as they can find the measure of a mountain upon our earth). The height of St. Katharine's hill, in the moon, is nine miles: which is three miles higher than the tops of our highest hills on earth." Keill, Lect. x.

For the manner, by which the height of the lunar mountains is measured and demonstrated, see Keill, *ibid.* and also Derham's *Astro Theology*, book v. chap. 2. note i..

10. During part of the year, Venus smiles as a (i) morning star; considered in which capacity, she was called by the Greeks, Phosphorus; and, by the Latins, Lucifer: both which appellations signify, a brighter light. She never acts in this character, nor sustains this appellation, except when she is rather to the westward of the sun; and, consequently rises before he does. Then, and then only it is, that she sparkles as the mild and beauteous harbinger of the day. When she is to the eastward of the sun, and sets after his disappearance, she enters on her short vesperian regency, and shines by the name of Hesperus, or the evening star. Milton has given us a fine description of her, under this title: -

“-----Now glow'd the firmament
“With living sapphires. Hesperus, that led
“The starry host, rode brightest: till the moon,
“Rising in clouded majesty, at length
“Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
“And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.” (k)

(k) *Paradise Lost*, book iv.

Again:

"The sun was sunk; and, after him, the star
“Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
“Twilight upon the earth: short arbiter
“Of day and night." (l)

(l) Ibid. book ix.

Thus this lovely planet, like a ready and faithful friend, hastens to bring us the good news of approaching sunshine; and, at other times, like a disinterested brother, that is born to soften our adversity, stays with us, when the sun has left us; exerting the utmost of its light, to cheer the widowed earth, and to brighten the gloom of the incumbering shades.

11. There is another particular, whereby Venus preaches an important lesson to the followers of Christ, *viz.* that the earth was never yet known to come between her and the sun. Whence the languor and the spiritual declensions, the darkness, and the soul distresses of many a child of light? Come they not, very frequently, from giving way to earthly cares, earthly joys, and earthly pursuits? No wonder that we move heavily, and walk in the dark, while we cultivate that friendship with this world, which is enmity with God . But if, on the contrary, our affections are set on things above; if our treasure, and our hearts, are with Christ in heaven; we shall probably walk in the light, as he is in the light, and enjoy an abiding perception of interest in his precious blood, which cleanseth from all sin. With regard to our worldly accommodations, if his kind providence vouchsafes to give us such a competency as may enable us to pay turnpikes, and to do some good to others, as we travel through the wilderness; we are rich, amply rich, to all the real purposes of sublunary happiness.

Christianity Reversed,...
CHRISTIANITY REVERSED.

OR,

A New Office of Initiation for all Youths of the Superior Class.
Being a Summary of LORD CHESTERFIELD'S Creed.

I BELIEVE that this world is the object of my hopes and morals; and that the little prettinesses of life will answer all the ends of human existence.

I believe that we are to succeed in all things, by the graces of civility and attention; that there is no sin but against good manners; and that all religion and virtue consist in outward appearance.

I believe that all women are children, and all men fools; except a few cunning people, who see through the rest, and make their use of them.

I believe that hypocrisy, fornication, and adultery, are within the lines of morality; that a woman may be honourable when she has lost her honour, and virtuous when she has lost her virtue.

This, and whatever else is necessary to obtain my own ends, and bring me into repute, I resolve to follow; and to avoid all moral offences; such as scratching my head before company, spitting upon the floor, and omitting to pick up a lady's fan. And in this persuasion I will persevere, without any regard to the resurrection of the body or the life everlasting. Amen.

Ques. Wilt thou be initiated into these principles?

Ans. That is my inclination.

Ques. Wilt thou keep up to the rules of the Chesterfield morality?

Ans. I will, Lord Chesterfield being my admonisher.

Then the Officiator shall say,
Name this child.

Ans. A fine gentleman.

Then he shall say,

I introduce thee to the world, the flesh, and the devil, that thou mayest triumph over all awkwardness, and grow up in all politeness; that thou mayest be acceptable to the ladies, celebrated for refined

breeding, able to speak French and read Italian, invested with some public supernumerary character in a foreign court, get into parliament (perhaps into the privy council), and that, when thou art dead, the letters written to thy bastards may be published in seven editions, for the instruction of all sober families.

"Ye are to take care that this child, when he is of a proper age, be brought to court to be confirmed."

A Sketch of Modern Female Education

FROM the present mode of female education, one would really imagine that the people of England were Turks, and did not believe that their daughters have souls.

A lady of fashion, if she knows not God, usually brings up a daughter in the following style. Little miss, almost as soon as born, is (it may be) so straightened and pinched up in her dress (under pretence of giving her a fine shape), that her health, and, perhaps, her shape itself, are materially the worse for it during life.

As succeeding weeks and months roll on, her constitution receives still farther detriment by the pernicious kindness of a too delicate and tender method of treatment. The nursery must always be overheated in order to be well aired. Miss must never be drest nor undrest but before a large fire. Nor have her hands and face washed but in warm milk and water, corrected with elder flowers or with a decoction of tansey. Nor on any pretence be carried, except when the sun shines, out of the house.

At four or five years old she is taught to entertain false ideas of her own importance. Her mamma will not let her be contradicted. If she fall into a passion she must be soothed and humoured; not to say applauded as a child of spirit. If she in vents a falsehood, the dear little creature, instead of being punished as she deserves, is kissed and commended for her wit.

By degrees she begins to consider herself as formed of more refined materials, and cast in a more elegant mould, than the generally of other people. She is struck with the love of pomp and equipage. Grows haughty and insolent to the servants. Values herself upon dress, and admires the reflection of her own face in the looking-glass.

At six or seven years of age she looks over her papa and mamma when they play at cards; and miss has some idea of gaming, before she is thoroughly versed in her A. B. C.

In due season the care of her head is committed to a friseur; a Monsieur le Puff, from Paris. Her head-piece is also carefully cultivated by the milliner and the jeweller; who decorate with festoons the pyramid which the friseur has raised.— Perhaps the little pullet (shall I call her, or chicken) suddenly erects herself into a

gigantic pea-hen, by tufting the pyramid with plumes half a yard high.

But what is a superb roof without a well furnished front? swayed by this consideration, she begins to pencil her eye-brows, and to assume an artificial complexion. But let her not enamel. Let her also abstain from colouring her neck, her breast, and arms, lest she fall a martyr to white lead, and kill herself in a few months, as some ladies of fashion have done before her. That miss may be thoroughly accomplished from head to foot, the aid of a foreign dancing-master is called in. A French governess teaches her the language of that country, ere she is well mistress of her own, and perhaps poisons her mind with popery into the bargain. An Italian instructs her in the guitar. And a singing-master at least teaches her to squeak, if she cannot sing. She has also to attend her a monster unheard of till now, called a card-tutor, that she may know how to cheat with a genteel grace, when she goes into polite company.

By this time I take for granted she is a perfect adept in several smaller, but not unnecessary embellishments, which the late Lord Chesterfield would have called female graces. Such as to lisp, to mince some words, and to be utterly unable to pronounce some letters, to be extremely near-sighted, to toss the fan with elegance, to manage the snuff-box according to art, to kiss a lap dog with delicacy, to languish with propriety, and be just ready on some occasions to faint away judiciously.

And now for routes, balls, operas, public gardens, masquerades, card-parties, ridottos, and theatres. In a word, for every dissipation that can exhaust money, stifle reflection, kill time, gratify the lust of the eye, and feed the pride of life.

Amidst all this profusion, if miss does not inherit what is called a great fortune, she may possibly lie upon hands, and die at last without changing her name. But if she be entitled to an opulent estate, it may sell her to some rake of distinction: and they may live together without quarrelling about, three days; and prove faithful to each other for near a week. I mean she may marry a rake of distinction, if she do not previously steal a flying march to Scotland with her father's butler, or valet de chambre, or the friseur above-mentioned. In which case, the disappointed rake of distinction must

hunt for a wife elsewhere.

When the young lady becomes a mother, she gives her children an education similar to what she received from her own mamma. And thus the world goes round! Thus do unconverted people tread the same circle one after another! This is their foolishness, and their posterity praise their saying, and walk in the same steps until they drop into hell one by one. Dismal prelude to their meeting each other at Christ's left hand, in the day of judgment!

I should have observed, in its due place, that miss would have been carried within the walls of the church a few weeks after she was born if the clergyman had not been sent for to christen her at home. She would also have gone to church on her wedding-day, but for one or other of the following circumstances. Supposing she takes a trip to Scotland, going to church on the occasion is out of the question. — And if she marry with her parents' consent, it is ten to one but that the ceremony is performed in her mamma's drawing-room, by special license. I must add that she would certainly see the inside of a church once a year (to wit, after every lying-in), if it were not the fashion among people of quality to be chambered instead of churched, by having the thanksgiving-service read in their own respective apartments. And thus perhaps, miss never enters the house of God until, at her interment, she is carried in feet foremost.

Important Remarks

Is it not strange that many talk of keeping God's commandments, and never remember that this is the commandment of God, that we should believe in the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another.

How many think of rearing up a building whose top shall reach heaven itself; and quite forget to lay their foundation upon the rock, Christ Jesus!

What numbers talk of repentance, and never repent of the greatest of all sins, unbelief!

Though it is asserted in Scripture that, by the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified; yet how many professing Christianity expect to be justified no other way!

Though the intent of the law is to be as a schoolmaster to lead us unto Christ, yet many make no other use of it than to substitute it in the room of Christ.

Though God has given us the righteousness of his Son to be the garment of salvation; yet what multitudes think their own righteousness is much safer to wrap themselves in, and trample the true wedding-robe under their feet!

Though remission of sins is preached through the alone blood of Jesus; yet too many believe their sins shall be remitted by some other means, and thus turn a deaf ear to the gospel sound.

Thousands cry Peace, peace, to their own souls, who never obtained peace by Jesus Christ; and think no more of peace through his death than through that of Julius Caesar. But will such self-assumed peace stand at the bar of God?

Though the scripture saith, That with out faith it is impossible to please God; yet many think they shall please him very well without troubling their heads about faith at all, unless it be to speak evil of it.

Though Christ is the wisdom and the power of God, and the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; yet to many he is nothing but a stumbling-block, and mere foolishness.

Nevertheless, to you that believe, he is precious.

