

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE,

Now ENLARGED and IMPROVED;

B E I N G

A Complete Treasury of Divine Knowledge.

For JANUARY, 1784.

CONTAINING

An Enlarged and Improved Variety of Original and Select Pieces, in
Prose and Verse, wholly of an Evangelical Nature, viz:

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. An Account of the Life and Death of
Mr. Henry Jessey, M. A. formerly
of St. John's College, Oxford 13 | ✱ collection of its Espousals to the
heavenly Bridegroom - - - 159 |
| II. Memoirs of the Life of Mr. Samuel
Fairclough, many years Minister
of Keddington, in Suffolk - 143 | ✱ VIII. The Pleas of Nature for Life,
and against Dissolution - - - 161 |
| III. On Universal Redemption - 145 | ✱ IX. The Pleas of Faith in behalf of
Death - - - - - 162 |
| IV. Experimental Observations - 146 | ✱ X. On Perseverance - - - - - 163 |
| V. Memoirs of the Life and Sufferings
of Mr. James Pinetou de
Chambrun, formerly Minister of
the Gospel at Orange - - - 152 | ✱ XI. On Eternity, and the comparative
Vanity of temporal Enjoyments 166 |
| VI. On the Shameful Prophanation of
the Lord's Day - - - - - 158 | ✱ XII. Review of new Publications in
Divinity - - - - - 169 |
| VII. The renewed Soul's grateful Re- | ✱ XIII. Articles of Intelligence, with
serious Reflections thereon—Mar-
riages and Deaths - - - 170, &c. |
| | ✱ XIV. Poetry—from page 173 to - 176 |

Embellished with the Head of Mr. HENRY JESSEY; likewise a Portrait of Mr. FAIR-
CLOUGH, many years Minister of Keddington, in Suffolk.

THE WHOLE DESIGNED TO PROMOTE

EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION.

BY A FRIEND TO THE GOSPEL,

Assisted by the Correspondence of many Persons, whose sole Aim is to promote Truth
and Holiness from sound Scriptural Principles.

L O N D O N:

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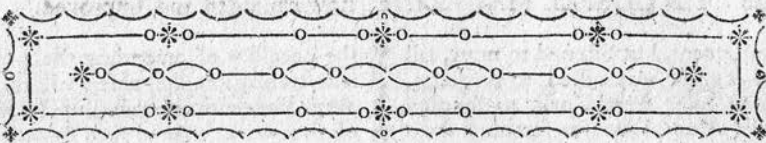
CORRESPONDENTS and the PUBLIC.

C ELEDON—J. R.—W. W.—J. J. &c. are received.

It would be esteemed a favour, if J. R. would annex the proper titles (by a line at top) to the printed pieces he is so kind as to favour us with.

* * In order to prevent unnecessary trouble and disappointment, it is judged necessary to declare, with respect to this periodical work, that on the repeated sollicitations of several worthy correspondents, we were induced at length to enlarge and improve the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, in order to render it more extensively useful, and which we trust has in some measure answered the end proposed.—But as the greater part of our friends seem to have had a predilection for the NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE (which we presume will, of itself, be amply sufficient to promote the cause of true religion and virtue in the strictest sense); and as we are unwilling to prove burthensome to the generous public, by obtruding upon them at the same time two religious publications of similar tendency; they are respectfully informed, after a due acknowledgment for past favours, that the GOSPEL MAGAZINE will close with the present Number; and that those productions, in prose and verse, which may hereafter be conveyed to the proprietors for admission therein, will, in proportion to their evangelical nature, and superior merit in other respects, compose a part of the NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, now publishing by Mr. HOGG, at No. 16, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

N. B. As therefore the WHOLE CORRESPONDENCE of the *Gospel Magazine* will in future be included in the NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, an *Alphabetical INDEX* to this *improved Volume*, will be given in the NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, No. 9, for *February*.



THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE,

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B E I N G

A Complete Treasury of Divine Knowledge.

For JANUARY, 1784.

An Account of the Life and Death of Mr. HENRY JESSEY, M. A. formerly of St. John's College, Oxford.

[*With his Head, elegantly Engraved.*]

THIS eminent divine was born Sept. 3, 1601, at West Rowton in Yorkshire, near Cleveland, where his father was minister. He was carefully educated by his parents till he was seventeen years of age, when he went to the University of Cambridge; where, after four years diligent study, it pleased God to work a renewing change upon his heart, by the ministry of the word, whereby he was fitted for the employment for which God designed him, and to which he himself was greatly inclined. Upon the death of his father, who had supplied him according to his ability, he was so straitened, as not to have above three-pence a day; and yet so did he manage this small pittance, as to spare part of it for buying books. He continued six years in the University, and often used to re-

* collect the benefit of his well-spent
* time there, with great thankfulness
* to God. He became well versed
* in the Hebrew tongue, and the writings
* of the rabbies: he also understood
* Syriac and the Chaldee.

* In 1624 he removed from Cambridge
* (though he often went at Term time,
* till he took his degree of A. M.) and
* was first entertained by Mr. Brampton
* Gurdon, of Aylington in Suffolk. He
* continued about nine years in his family,
* improving his time well; and, among
* other studies, applied himself to
* physick. In 1672 he took orders from
* the bishop, but was afterwards troubled
* by the engagements he came under. He
* preached about the neighbourhood as he
* was invited, and distributed a number of
* good practical books among the poor.
* He had several offers of a

settlement, but listened to none, till in 1633 he was called to Aughton, nine miles from York, to succeed Mr. Alder, who was removed from thence for nonconformity. Mr. Jessey was not likely to continue there long, since he durst not conform so far as Mr. Alder had done. Accordingly, the next year he was removed for not using the ceremonies, and for taking down a crucifix; but he was not useless in God's vineyard, for Sir M. Boynton, of Barneston in Yorkshire, entertained him to preach there and at Rowsby, a place not far distant.

He removed with Sir Matthew to London in 1635, and the next year to Hedgeley-house, near Uxbridge, where he had not been long, before he was earnestly importuned to take the charge of that congregation, of which Mr. Henry Jacob and Mr. John Latherp had been pastors; which was gathered by Mr. Jacob in 1616. After much consideration and prayer, he answered their call about Midsummer 1637, and continued among them till his death.

He divided his labours in the ministry according to the extensiveness of his principles. Every Lord's day afternoon he was among his own people. In the morning he usually preached at St. George's church, Southwark; once in the week days at Ely-house, and to the maimed soldiers in the Savoy. Besides his constant labours in the ministry, he took great pains for many years in making a new translation of the Bible, in which he called in the assistance of many learned men at home and abroad. This he made the master-study of his life, and would often cry out, "Oh, that I might see this done before I die!" It was almost completed; but the great turn to public affairs at the Restoration caused this whole design to prove abortive. To shew

the necessity of amending the present translation, he observed, that Abp. Bancroft, who was supervisor of the work, altered it in fourteen places, to make it speak the prelati- cal language.

Mr. Jessey chose a single life, that he might be the more intirely devoted to his sacred work, and the better enabled to do good. Besides his own alms, he was a constant solicitor and agent for the poor with others, who he knew were able to supply their wants. For this end, he always carried about with him a list of the names of the greatest objects of charity known to him, with their afflictions, necessities, and characters affixed. About thirty families had all their subsistence from him. Nor did he limit his charity to those of his own congregation or opinion; he did good to all: and where he thought it no charity to give, he would lend, without interest or security. One of the most remarkable instances of his charity, which was perhaps without precedent, was that which he shewed to the poor Jews at Jerusalem, who by reason of a war between the Swedes and Poles (A. D. 1657,) were reduced to great extremity; their chief means of subsistence from their rich brethren in other countries being hereby cut off. Mr. J. collected for them 300*l.* and with it sent letters with a view to their conversion to christianity; the copies of which may be seen in his life published in 1671. It is easy to suppose that a man of his character must be crowded with visiting of various kinds. He resolved, however, to have time for his devotions and studies; and as he hated idle talk and fruitless visits, he took all possible means to avoid them. One was this: he put over his study-door, where he usually received his visitors, this writing:

Amice, quisquis huc ades;
Aut agito paucis; aut abi;
Aut me laborantem adjuva.

Whatever friend comes hither,
Dispatch in brief, or go,
Or help me busied too.

While episcopacy was laid aside in England, Mr. Jessey was in high esteem, and free from the persecutions which the Baptists too generally suffered; but before and after that period, he shared the sufferings of the non-conformists. On Feb. 21, 1637, he and a number of others being met together to worship God, the greatest part of them were seized, and carried away from Queen-hithe by the bishop's pursuivants; and they met with the like disturbance in May following in another place. In Nov. 1639, he was sent by the congregation into Wales to assist old Mr. Wroth, Mr. Cradock and others, in gathering a church in Llanvaches in Monmouthshire. On April 21, 1640, he with a great number of the rest of the members of several congregations, being met together upon Tower-hill, to seek God by fasting and prayer, were interrupted by the pursuivants, and imprisoned in the tower by Sir W. Balfore, who soon released them; they being bound over by Archbishop Laud to answer at the next sessions. They appeared there, but none were called; the prosecutors not thinking it adviseable to proceed.

Mr. Jessey, with five of his congregation, were seized, on Aug. 20, 1641, by order of the lord mayor, and committed prisoners to Woodstreet Compter, when they appealed to parliament, and were soon released. Upon the restoration, he was ejected from his living at St. George's, silenced from his ministry, and committed to prison, where (according to Dr. Crosby's history of the Baptists) he died, full of peace

and joy. Dr. C.'s account goes on as follows: On Nov. 27, 1661, he was seized, and kept in the messenger's hand, but released by the privy-council after a month's wrongful restraint. Aug. 30, 1662, he was again apprehended (upon an information) and secured six months in the messenger's house, till by an order of council he was again released, in Feb. 20th following.

"About five or six months after his release, he fell into his last sickness, but neither he nor they that were about him apprehended his death to be so near as it really was. However, the good man fell presently to the trimming of his lamp, as diligently as if God had expressly told him. He spent his last days and nights in searching his heart, humbling his soul, extolling free grace, and exhorting all about him to keep close to God, to persevere in the faith, and prepare for trials; adding, for encouragement, the long experience he had of the goodness of the Lord in all times and conditions.

"The last evening but one before his departure, having a mind to walk, he was led about the room, and often repeated this expression, God is good: he doth not lead me whither I would not, as he did Peter: good is the Lord to me." Being soon tired, he sat down on the bed, and one who sat by him said, "They among whom you have laboured can witness, that you have been a faithful servant of Christ, making his glory your utmost end for the good of their souls." He replied, "Say no more of that; exalt God, exalt God." He spent the first part of his last night in blessing God and singing praises to his name, and fell asleep about eleven o'clock. Waking again between two and three, he fell into a wonderful strain of self-abasement, and admired the love of God, "that he should chuse the vilest, the un-

worthiest, and the basest;" which last word he repeated many times, and then cried out, "Oh the unspeakable love of God, that he should reach me, when I could not reach him!" And when the cordial ordered for that night was brought, he said, "Trouble me not, upon your peril; trouble me not." He was then as if he had seen some glorious vision, or had been in a rapture. He was mindful also, in this his last night, of those who were his daily care, viz. the widows and fatherless, whom he spoke of with pity, in a low lamenting voice, and the by-standers judged he was praying for them. Then he desired one present to pray with him, during which time he was still, and seemed afterwards much refreshed. He repeated Joel ii. 28, and bid them turn to several other texts that he mentioned; and as he lay, he often called out, "More jaleop;" meaning more scriptures; for he drank in much consolation from the exceeding great and precious promises therein contained, and continued to his last gasp praising God. The last words he was heard to speak were, "He counted me worthy;" and when the sound of his words ceased, his lips were observed still to move, and he seemed to be inwardly adoring that God whom in his health he served, feared, and praised, and made his boast of continually, whose law he preached, and whose goodness he proclaimed. He died Sept. 1, 1663, aged 63, lamented by persons of different persuasions, several thousands of whom attended his funeral.

Mr. Obadiah Wills, who wrote

with great warmth against his particular opinions, speaks of him in the following terms: "That man of God, Mr. Jessey, an anti-pædobaptist of long standing; as holy I conceive as any; of good learning and a very tender conscience; of an healing and uniting spirit;—I wish there were more such anti-pædobaptists as he."

He was so great a scripturist, that if one began to rehearse any passage, he would go on with it and name the book, chapter, and verse where it might be found. The original languages of the Old and New Testament were as familiar with him as his mother tongue.

His EPITAPH:

Po st varios casus et per dispen-
dia vitæ
Plurima, devictis hostibus, ille
jacet.
Sub tumulo, invictus victor, sub pace
triumphans,
Præmia virtutis possidit ille suæ.
Cymba fides, ramique preces, suspiria
venti,
Cum quibus Elysiis per stygia fer-
rur agris.

The most noted of his works are, The Glory and Salvation of Jehudah and Israel, to reconcile Jews and Christians to the faith of the Messiah; and a Description of Jerusalem.—A Storehouse of provision in sundry cases of conscience,—The Lord's loud Call to England—An easy Catechism for Children—A Looking-glass for Children --- The exceeding Riches of Grace in Mrs. Sarah Wright,

Memoirs

Memoirs of the Life of Mr. SAMUEL FAIRCLOUGH, many years Minister of Kedington in Suffolk.

[*With his Head, elegantly Engraved.*]

MR. Samuel Fairclough, sen. was born April 29, 1594, at Haveril in Essex, where his father was minister, who came from Lancashire, where the family is ancient. This his son had his school learning under the famous Mr. Robotham, who sent him at 14 to the university of Cambridge, with this character: "That he was the best scholar he had ever sent forth in the thirty years time he had been a master. He received serious impressions sometimes, under the ministry of Mr. S. Ward, Lecturer of Haveril.

When he had spent two years in the college, in which he made a good improvement of his time, by the recommendation of Dr. Tyndal, the master, he became sub-tutor to Spencer Lord Compton, eldest son of the Earl of Northampton. He became an intimate acquaintance of Dr. Preston, Mr. Davenant, Mr. Hilderham, and many others who were eminent for piety and learning. Being accomplished in the sciences beyond the common rate, when he was only B. A. the Earl of Northampton offered him the honour of travelling with his son into France and Italy. He was much inclined to it, but waved it in obedience to his mother.

After some time, he retired from the college into the family of Mr. R. Blackerby, of Ashen in Essex, an eminent divine, greatly skilled in Hebrew, and reputed one of the holiest men on earth. With him Mr. Fairclough perfected his studies in all parts of human literature and divinity; and in the mean time preached about occasionally, at the most noted towns in Essex and Suffolk, with great acceptance. At length he was fixed Lecturer at Lynn in Norfolk, the magistrates al-

lowing him fifty-pounds per ann. and the people of the town as much. But his popularity stirred up envy: Bishop Harpsnett turned upon him, for neglecting the sign of the cross, and he was cited before the Chancellor, and met with so many other difficulties, that he desired the magistrates to dismiss him; which they at length yielded to, tho' not without regret.

He fixed afterwards in a smaller lecture at Clare in Suffolk, where he had not been long before that ornament of his country for piety and integrity, Sir Nath. Barnardiston, who was his frequent auditor, sent him, without his at all seeking it, the presentation to the living of Barnardiston, become vacant by death; with a promise under his hand, if he accepted that for the present, he should have any of the greater livings he had in his gift, which he liked best, upon a vacancy. Mr. Fairclough accepted it, and preached twice every Lord's day, once upon every festival day, and once a month a preparation sermon for the Lord's Supper. He catechised young and old, visited all in his parish once a month, inquiring into the state of their souls, counselling and directing them, as there was occasion.

While he was thus employed in doing good, he met with a troublesome opposition. Preaching one Lord's day at Sudbury on occasion of the sickness of a minister there, and in the evening repeating his sermons in the family where he lodged, the minister of the other parish exhibited articles against him as a factious man, in the Star-chamber; upon which he was convened before the lords of the high commission, and forced to attend upon them.

them at times for two years together; so that his fees and journies together swallowed up the whole profit of his living. At length, the matter being referred to his diocesan and ordinary at Norwich, a good number of jacobuses procured a certain lady of that city to gain such a certificate from the bishop as obtained a full discharge.

Sometime after this, Dr. Gibson, the incumbent of Keddington, dying, Sir Nathaniel, his patron, sent him the presentation of that living also, and procured him institution into it from the Bishop, without his personal attendance, and taking the oath of canonical obedience, or subscribing to the three articles. In this place he continued near thirty-five years, preaching four times a week, twice on the Lord's day, a Thursday lecture (which was attended by all the ministers for many miles about), and on the Saturday evening in his own house; and all the country people around flocked to him. When he first came to this place, he found it ignorant and profane, not one family in twenty calling upon the name of the Lord; but when he had been there some time, there was not a family in twenty but professed godliness, and offered up to God their morning and evening sacrifice. Mr. Fairclough and his parson acted in concert, to advance true godliness. Both joined together to promote catechising; both endeavoured to hinder the visibly profane from approaching the Lord's table.

When the book of Spots came out, and other innovations were introduced, Mr. Fairclough was often cited to appear before the archdeacon and commissary at Bury, to answer for his neglect; but he was disabled from riding by a weakness occasioned by a fall, which was his excuse for not appearing. Whereupon the commissary adjourned the court to the parsonage house of Keddington, when it was

feared he would have been suspended; but there was little more done than taking notice of his bodily lameness, and he had liberty given him to go on in his work as before. He was one of the assembly of divines, but got himself excused from attending. He absolutely refused the engagement. He was offered the mastership of Trinity-college, Cambridge, but declined it from his love of retirement.

When the times turned, he could not turn with them. It was his fixed determination not to do what he apprehended sinful, to gain ever so much good, or avoid ever so much mischief. He was no enemy to episcopacy, but desirous of Bishop Lester's reduction. However he could not declare an assent and consent, where he knew his heart would not go with his lips; and therefore left a valuable living, a pleasant parsonage-house, a fine glebe, a great auditory, a loving people, and a kind neighbourhood. Dr. Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) was by the patron presented to the living, upon his ejection; and it was no small satisfaction to him, that a man of such worth succeeded him.—The Oxford act, which forced him from his people, grieved him more than the loss of his living; but he had comfort of living some time in the same house with two of his sons, and two of his sons-in-law, who were ministers, and had left their livings; and, being scattered before in five counties, were brought together in the time of this storm. Father and son preached by turns in the family, the neighbours coming in.

When they had continued thus four or five years, the badness of the air, and some other reasons, caused them to disperse. The father went and lived with his youngest son, who was a conforming minister at Kennet in Cambridgeshire. Here he went every Lord's day to church,

church, and preached in the evening to the family. After some time, he removed to the habitations of his daughters, successively, and spent the residue of his life in solitude and sacred exercises, patiently waiting in expectation of his change, which he at last cheerfully welcomed, when he was eighty-four years of age.

A conforming clergyman gives him this character: "He was a Bonanerges in the pulpit; an admirable preacher, both very judicious and moving; a man of great gravity, tempered with a surprising sweetness; very exact in family discipline. He was mighty in the scriptures, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord night and day with incessant prayer. He was one of a most deep and solid judgment, and an eminent peacemaker; of great temper and moderation as to the differences among

us. On consulting him about conformity, he answered, he must be excused from giving a positive resolution; but that if a man lived holily, and walked humbly with God, he should ever love him, notwithstanding his conformity; but if he were proud, contentious, and profane, he could never think well of him for his non-conformity."

After his removal from Kedington, he was always cheerful, and complained of nothing but the profaneness and iniquity of the times, and divisions of the church of God, and loved all who had any thing of goodness in them. It is observable, that he and his family parted with above 1000l. per ann. for non-conformity. He died Dec. 14, 1677. His works were not very considerable, consisting chiefly of funeral and thanksgiving sermons.

On UNIVERSAL REDEMPTION.

THE doctrine of Universal Redemption may be admitted as far as is consistent with truth: my sentiments concerning it are, That, in a restrained sense, Christ tasted death for every man; has redeemed the whole world, and is the Saviour of all men, with respect to their temporal enjoyments; their natural life, with all outward mercies on this earth, being given and continued to them as a fruit of Christ's death.

And further, as an effect of Christ's dying for sinners, the gospel is to be preached to all the world, to every creature; and that there is not a man on this habitable globe, who is excluded from God's salvation by the gospel declaration, provided he is made willing to accept of the proffered Saviour, and

to embrace a whole Christ, so as to answer all the ends of grace; to the glory of God, in and by him in this life, and to his own joy and glory, in and with God, both here and to all eternity.

To say that Christ died for all men, so as to redeem them from everlasting destruction, and make them partakers of eternal salvation, must needs be inconsistent with the scriptures of truth; for if Christ bore the sins of every man, why do any live and die in sin? Has Christ so taken away sin, as to bear it for ever away, on behalf of all those he died for? If he so died for all, how is it possible that any man should afterwards bear his own sin, and be punished for it? If Christ, by his death for all those whom he redeemed, finished transgression, and made

an end of sin, how is it possible that sin should remain upon any man; and that any man, for sin, should incur eternal perdition, and be punished with eternal destruction?

Such is the glory of God's justice, that he will not take double payment, first of Christ the surety, and then (as if he had nothing paid him) of the original debtor. No, those whose sins Christ bore, he was to justify: he was bound, that they might be set free: he suffered, that they might be saved. His redemption was not conditional, but absolute: he finished the work the Father gave him to do, and obtained for his redeemed ones eternal redemption. When his soul was made an offering for sin, he was to see his seed, and the travail of his soul, and be satisfied with their salvation through his redemption.

All the elect are saved from eternal destruction, and obtain eternal salvation, by the Saviour's blood and righteousness; but it is evident that some only are in this sense redeemed, by the blood of Christ, out of every kindred, tongue, and nation, and made kings and priests unto God. And though it is true, from the free offer of the gospel, that, without exception, all men may be saved if they will; yet many, by reason of their natural enmity, will not come unto Christ, that they may have life. Who makes the difference between those that have a

will and desire to come to Christ, and accordingly come willingly; and those who, though called, will not come? Is it not God, that works in the one to will and to do of his good pleasure? while he leaves the others to the freedom and perverseness of their own will, who, notwithstanding all the means of grace, and call to life, yet not having the grace of the means, and spiritual life, in order to life eternal, bestowed on them by God's special favour, chuse the ways of sin, the wages of which are death, and so perish for ever.

The truth is, every man's destruction is of himself; and every man's salvation is of God: for though salvation is unto every one that willeth, or that is made willing to embrace Christ, who is God's salvation to the ends of the earth; and unto every one that runneth, that is, follows the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; yet it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth by his own power, but of God that sheweth mercy; for who hath given unto God, that he should repay him? Or where is the man that can stand forth, and say, I have made myself to differ? As salvation, therefore, is of God's free grace, he must and shall have the whole and eternal glory.

Dec. 2d, 1783. MICHAELUS.

EXPERIMENTAL OBSERVATIONS.

[Concluded from p. 108.]

HOW shocking must be the reflection, that not only the illiterate part of mankind, but even professors of the gospel, amidst all the inconsistent conduct which a

criminal attachment to the vanities and customs of this degenerate world ever was and ever will be productive of, presumptuously rely on the merits and mercy of Christ:

and

and tho' they too evidently neglect the indispensable duty of crucifying their lusts and affections on the cross of Christ, yet are determined at every hazard to risque the welfare of their immortal souls on the groundless supposition, that all will be well at last!

Oh generation of self-deceivers! on whom in the end will the deadly effects of your presumption recoil? Who but yourselves must suffer for the shocking, but willing deception? What! after all your pretended knowledge of religion, can you thus act with all the inconsistency which the worst species of reprobate frenzy is able to suggest? Too certainly it is not only a faint probability, that professors may be imposed upon by their cunning adversary the devil, to embrace such horrid, such soul-killing notions of the clemency of God, (as are diametrically repugnant even to the principles of a Jewish profession) but a melancholy truth. If then this be your delusive knowledge, permit me to ask this honest question, To what purpose or end does our knowledge of religion contribute, whether to salvation or damnation? Perhaps you will be ready to answer, We cannot call that knowledge which teaches us to look upon God and the scheme of salvation in the before-mentioned light; no no, we know better; we are not so infatuated, as to think that Christ came into this lower world, to die the shameful death he did, from no other motive than to compose a church of such rotten and profligate members as you have been describing: this, instead of knowledge, would be the grossest ignorance.

We will then suppose, that, as you seem to affirm, you are taught better things; but what do your actions say? That religion and knowledge which lies dormant in the head, and never operates so as

* to make the most distant appearance
* in our lives and conversations, is
* nothing less than the blindest igno-
* rance, madness, and bigotry, which
* human degeneracy is able to con-
* tain. Well then, brother head-chris-
* tians, but heart-heathens, where
* is the room for boasting of our ill-
* acquired knowledge, if misconduct
* teaches us no better manners than
* to glory in our shame, and even to
* deviate from the dictates of heathen
* modesty? Where is the benefit we
* derive from having been many years
* in the school of theory speculations,
* since, alas for us! we have never
* yet been one minute in the school of
* conversion, in which we must either
* have a classical edification, or suffer
* the irreparable loss of our preci-
* ous souls!

* The practical and experimental
* part of vital godliness, through di-
* vine assistance, is what we are bound,
* at the peril of our souls, to be tho-
* roughly acquainted with; and no-
* thing else will stand us in any stead.
* If we wish to walk in the path of
* safety, let us tremble to set another
* foot in the filthy track of vice and
* degeneracy; since we cannot but
* be sensible of the deadly effects
* thereof. Besides, if we are so infatu-
* ated as to persist in wallowing in
* the mire of sensuality, what present
* content can we enjoy? what plea-
* sure or present happiness can there
* be in the criminal pursuit? since
* our convictions will gall us with
* fresh stings of remorse at every step;
* most of which we should never
* have felt, had it not been for those
* scanty scraps of head knowledge we
* boast so much of; and in fact this is
* all the unhappy distinction that can
* be made betwixt knowing and not
* knowing our duty to God. For the
* illiterate part of mankind, who,
* knowing no more of religion than
* the ox or ass, are apparently happy
* and composed in the arms of pro-
* fligacy, because they have their eyes
U 2 shut

shut with ignorance, and therefore see nothing of the ruin which will (notwithstanding their present content) open its flood-gates upon them; consequently the happiness they derive in sinning against God is distilled from ignorance, and not from the corrosive poison of sin; since it is a moral impossibility to extract that from a thing, it neither does nor ever did contain. Hence it follows, that those madmen who know any thing of their duty towards God, but resolutely take every liberty to deviate therefrom, distil a present hell of irresistible tortures from a corroding conscience; for a proof of this I need only refer to that which exists in the breast of every profligate professor.

It is impossible for us to enjoy a tenth part of the delusive pleasures sin falsely pretends to administer to its votaries, as those really do, who, alas! have never been taught any more of religion than the bare light of nature suggests. Since this is too evidently the case, our folly even in this respect appears too monstrous to need any exaggeration; for conscience, ever faithful to its trust, will never fail to sting, when, by one sinful proceeding, we foolishly furnish it with venom. Where then can the perverseness of confessing unbelievers be paralleled? Not, I presume, in the rolls of heathen inconsistency. Shall we then, amidst so many checks of an awakened conscience; I say, shall we continue to gape and thirst for the gilded doses of what we have already, by awful experience, found to be corrosive heart-revolting bitters? If we do, who can set forth the deplorable frenzy we must be captivated by, in taking so fatal a step! Let us not cherish any hopes of a future heaven, whilst we resolutely indulge ourselves in attempting to gratify every lawless propensity, by which

we ensure to ourselves a present hell of convictions, whose thunder-bolts will incessantly dart into our every wished-for sinful pleasure.

These resolutions bring to my mind a shocking narrative I once read concerning Constantius the blood-thirsty emperor, who, by pride and cruelty, was tempted to exercise every tyrannical power he unhappily became invested with; insomuch that he could not let his brother Theodosius alone, but, after having forced him, contrary to his will, into holy orders, he, savage and Cain-like, would, notwithstanding the consequence, wash his cruel and proud hands in his brother's blood. He did so; and after having committed the bloody deed, he instantaneously found himself assaulted with the most tremendous horrors, darting their excruciating stings through his agitated body, to his inmost soul.

The frightened murderer, finding himself in this dreadful situation, instead of falling prostrate upon the ground, and intreating his offended Maker to forgive him the cruel deed, betakes himself to the poor fragment of this world, in order, as he thought, to silence the clamours of his conscience. But oh! how fruitless every such effort! for, instead of lessening the guilt, they had a direct tendency to multiply his already too insupportable torments. Willing, however, to try every remedy but the right one, he now quits his apartment, changes his former delightful, but now insipid palace, and, after having made known his intentions to the court, he commanded a numerous train of gaudy attendants to accompany him in search of that content and peace of mind, he had enjoyed previous to the atrocious deed of butchering his own dear brother. But oh happiness! thou ever desirable, though

though much despised object ! how dost thou disdain to enter the breast, or to take up thy abode where all is filth and corruption. Too nice and faithful art thou, in maintaining thy sacred character, to dwell amongst rebels and miscreants. However, the despotic monarch being driven to the last excess of reprobate frenzy, foolishly endeavours as it were to out-run his present enraged, and tormenting conscience ; but how unsuccessful is the miserable wretch ! still the idea of a murdered brother haunts him, and every-where he is assaulted by the tortures of a restless conscience ; the magnifying optic of which now begins to swell the most harmless of things into frightful objects of terror and dismay, inasmuch that his chamber and bed, that were wont to administer calm repose, now deny their wished-for ease, forbidding the bloody monarch to expect any thing from thence but the terrifying appearance of ghostly objects : and no sooner had the gloom of night hung over her black curtain, but the horrors of an assassinated brother began to exhibit the shocking scene of the death-pale ghost, when, with a cup in hand filled to the brim with his reeking blood, he began in groaning accents to call upon the already agitated and guilty criminal in words to this effect, “ Rise, brother, rise ; why durst thou venture to lay thee down amidst so many sulphurous flames of hellish convictions ? I am sure thou must be parched with thirst, in order to assuage which I have brought thee this bloody cup, out of which I conjure thee to drink thy fill.” At these alarming sounds, the poor unhappy creature endeavoured to jump from his resplendent bed of down, and began to retire in haste ; but, regardless of any future danger, being already overwhelmed with dew-like sweats and hellish convulsive tortures, staring all around with wild amazement, the

words “ drink brother, drink !” echo such thundering clamours as distract the mighty heaven-defying monarch to the last degree. How then was it possible for poor Constantius to enjoy one single nod ! How does his pride begin to be stung ! how willing to exchange stations with the meanest of his subjects, and to embrace the nauseous dunghill instead of his gorgeous palace, if haply he might enjoy an approving conscience ! But oh serenity, what worldly riches can purchase thee ! When thou takest thy flight, what worldly pomp is able to entice thee back ! Regardless of age, sex, or party, thou deniest the proud king thy wished-for homage ; notwithstanding the outward pomp of the dazzling structure, thou scornest the filthy apartment. Oh Constantius ! Constantius ! how heedless of thy name and ill acquired dignity ! Where now is thy manly fortitude ? What ! canst thou, who art a soldier and terror-spreading sovereign, canst thou thus tremble at a shadow ? at a shadow of a deceased brother too ?

Well might the heroic monarch shudder at the roarings of his exasperated conscience ; for oh conscientious guilt ! how powerful a tormentor art thou even in this life ! but how vast and ravenous will thy corroding stings be at the awful day of judgment, when standing upon the hill of impartial justice ! Then, to his inexpressible consternation, like a bursting torrent thou wilt pour down upon the ungodly prodigious inundations of terror and dismay. Then, alas for such ! thou wilt return with double force every blow, by their licentious lives they ever gave thee in this world. How cutting will be the thought, to have wilfully neglected the free offers of mercy and happiness, in order to gratify our damnable lusts, and please a wretched perfidious world !

See, my fellow sinners, how poor
Constantius

Constantius was tormented, even on earth, in the bloom of life, and earthly pomp! How did the bold warrior's courage fail at the sound of those common words, "drink, brother, drink!" tho' I am inclined to think they were not uttered, but suggested. However, this I will venture to affirm, that every person will, in proportion to his knowledge of christianity, be tormented, if he imprudently deviates from its dictates. If this be the case, we had better have been totally ignorant of the way of life, than at such a hazard enjoy present pleasure and content in sensual gratifications. Ignorance, at least in a christian country, will expose us to the tortures of a wounded conscience in the other world. While here, guilty pleasures are not so much embittered, because they who pursue them are not conscious of their heinous consequences.

Those who know any thing of religion, tho' it be only in the theory, cannot be happy in the indulgence of any vice whatever: we might as well expect to distil pure water from burning fire, as to attempt to derive the least content from an attachment to the sinful vanities of this world.

Well then, ye thoughtless profligates, can ye still be in love with sin? and hanker after present misery as well as future damnation! Oh the dreadful infatuation! Too certainly we have done it, and that with too fatal success. If, therefore, such reflections as these will not blunt the edge of our carnal inclinations, I know not what will: but I must draw towards a conclusion:—and oh! methinks what real happiness experimental godliness invites us to partake of; and what a heaven the corruptions of our carnal hearts and the false pleasure of this ever deceitful world stimulate us to reject! Well may the happy souls, who have been washed in the laver of gene-

ration, nauseate the bitters of sinful pleasure.

Happy, thrice happy who have an interest in Christ's precious blood; well may ye break forth in raptures of joy, and songs of jubilee, since you have already had a ravishing foretaste of the animating joys of heaven. Well might the blessed apostles of old, after having been treated with every unmerited abuse, instead of mourning, rejoice that they were accounted worthy to suffer ignominy for the sake of Christ, since one drop of his blood would render their souls invulnerable by the enchanting of a pain-defying and heaven-possessing union and communion with the almighty Jehovah. Well might St. Paul say, that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the good things which God hath prepared for those who love him;" since even the capacious heart of man is not able to contain the ecstatic joys that are inspired by one single glimpse of the heavenly land, while in the flesh. So delightfully and sweetly sings Dr. Watts:

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly
fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

What a happiness this! to anticipate the inexpressible joys of the heavenly mansion; to have only a few drops of the inexhaustible fountain of untold sweets. Oh happy recipients! How is it possible for human eloquence to describe the transcendent joys you will hereafter be partakers of, when incbricated with the plenty of God's upper house!

Well

Well then, my dear fellow mortals, can we with any degree of content sit under the same minister with such, who, feeding upon an experimental persuasion of the gospel, have their souls satiated as with marrow and fatness; and are daily deriving the most blessed comforts from an interest in Christ's blood; which causes such a redundant swell of joy, as animates the soul to take wing, and, by faith, to soar aloft into the upper regions; there to reconnoitre the promised land, which they, by adoption, are made heirs of? I say, can we see these to be the happy effects of experimental godliness, and still cherish our miseries, and cling to them? still run after the intoxicating and pernicious poisons of worldly pleasures! It is a lamentable consideration that professors should be so much affected with the contagion, as thereby not to be distinguished from Turks and Infidels, except by the unprofitable rotten mask of hypocrisy, with which they are so industrious in disguising themselves. Oh that we did but see our matchless folly in these abominations! that we were but wise in reflecting on the consequences of an ill spent life! Happy in a great measure would it be for us; for then there would be some probability of feeling an abhorrence of the ways of sin and profaneness in our breasts; for not only murderers, robbers, drunkards, whoremongers, and such like abominable reprobates, are to be found in the pit of destruction; but there are, it is greatly to be feared, nominal lukewarm professors too: this I hope none of my readers will deny. Now, my fellow sinners, let us no longer say to conviction as Felix did to St. Paul, "Go thy way for the present, and when it is a convenient season I will call for thee." But on the contrary, let us instantly welcome it as a sincere friend; for if we wait for conveniencies, we

may stay till we are shut up in that place of torment, where neither hope nor help can ever come. There ever were and ever will be three obstacles in the way to a holy life and conversation; namely, the world, the flesh, and the devil; these enemies to religion will continue to the end of time; and to out-live them, is to out-live time itself; therefore if conviction is so kind as to pay us a visit now and then, let us not on any pretence, whatever despise its friendly company; and whilst it speaks, though in terrifying accents, let us be all attention, and not, like Constantius, earnestly strive to stop its mouth by drinking large draughts of presumption; nor, like Herod of old, who, after hearing St. John, was willing to part with some sins, but not others: for tho' we cannot, whilst in the flesh, be intirely divested of corruption, yet thro' the grace and assistance of God, we should either part with the love of them here, or eternal destruction will never part with us hereafter. If therefore we wish to be happy, let us wish to be holy: if so, we shall no longer be almost, but altogether real, sound, sincere christians.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

—————previous to which,

Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temperance, truth,
and love,
Our inward piety approve.

WATTS.

Thus being born again, old things will be done away, and all things will become new; we shall then no longer be imposed upon by the world, but shall say to it as Ephraim of old, "What have I to do any more with idols?" In short,

our filial fear of God will daily bud forth in every christian virtue, till at last we are happily made meet and ripe for translation, by death, into the garden of endless, unbound-

ed; never-failing joys; which God of his infinite mercy grant for his dear and lovely name's sake! even so, Amen and Amen.

T. TOAPHER.

Memoirs of the Life and Sufferings of Mr. JAMES PINETON DE CHAMBRUN, formerly Minister of the Gospel at Orange.

[Concluded from p. 128.]

MR. DE CHAMBRUN strove to free himself from this dejected state, and seek for consolation; wherefore he often caused the scriptures to be read, that he might use its spiritual armour against the horrid temptations he felt in his soul; but alas! in every portion of God's word he read his condemnation; it was no more to him a favour of life, but a letter that killeth, by the knowledge it gave him of his sin. He often thought of the vision of St. John, which represents Jesus Christ holding seven stars in his right hand, and his eyes appeared to him as a flame of fire. These thoughts, striking his imagination, caused him to fall at his feet as dead; saying, "Ah wretched man! Thou art no more one of those bright stars that shine in the firmament of the church. Thou wast one of the first order in the principality of Orange; but thy light is eclipsed, and thou art become darkness itself. Hast thou any share in the precious promises that are made to those stars. No, thou shalt not eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God. Thou hast not been faithful unto death, therefore thou art excluded from the crown of life: the hidden manna shall not be food for thee, and thou shalt not have the white stone, with a new name written thereon: the bright and morning star will rise no more for

thee; and thou shalt not have white garments on, in token of triumph. How couldst thou be a pillar in the temple of God, thou who art weakness itself! Wretched pillar, thrown down! the name of my God cannot be written on thee; and as thou hast not overcome, thou shalt not be raised to that degree of glory, which he has allotted to them that overcome.

With these, and many other considerations, he continued a long while between hope and despair (in so much that the dejection of his soul almost made him forget the pains he felt in his body), bemoaning and lamenting continually before God, for that cursed word (as he termed it) which he had pronounced, and which made the Romanists to rejoice over him. In this extremity, he received great spiritual consolation by the prayers and visits of many of his pious friends, who endeavoured to slip secretly into the prison where he was confined, and particularly by the Sieur Sauvage, a merchant of Valence, and also by his spouse. This pious woman helped him a whole sabbath day, and his soul was much comforted by her prayers, her savoury conversation, and by the psalms and spiritual songs she sung at his bedside. Hearing his groans, and seeing his tears, she said to him, "Sir, God has chastised us in you; for we looked up-

on you as the pillar of the church of God; and if you had not said the word you did, we should have gloried too much in your perseverance; but God has been pleased to teach us by your fall, that we should glory in, and depend only upon him." It is true, said Mr. de Chambrun, they who appear to be the strongest, are often the weakest; God caused me to be beloved of all our brethren; but what consolation can I now find, having laid so great a stumbling block in their way? What will they say of me now?" "They will say, said she, that you was a man, and subject to the same infirmities as we are."

He was afterwards many times visited by the bishop of Valence, who made him promises of large pensions, riches, and honours, if he would but sign his recantation, but all in vain; for Mr. de Chambrun said, he would rather suffer death, than it should be said, that he sold his religion and conscience for money and worldly honours. Having been two months and a half at Valence, he was led to Romeyer, near Die, as an exile. The air was very healthful in this desert place, where he remained five months in a very dejected state, during which he ceased not to pray, sighing and pouring out his soul before God, imploring his mercy and favour; and when at times he was taken out of bed, and carried into the garden, seeing the horrid mountains round about him, he often cried out with David in the 121st psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."

Being a little recovered from the dejected state he was in, he would sometimes say, with the prophet of old, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy; If I fall, I shall rise; and though I walk in darkness, the Lord

will be a light unto me."

As he ardently desired to glorify God either by flight, prison, or death, so God had clearly shewn him that he must not dishonour him by any act of idolatry. With this view he wrote to the bishop of Valence, to let him know, that he could no longer endure being so horribly tormented with the stone, and he desired in his letter he would obtain permission for him to go to Lyons to be cut; and in truth, during several days he had been much troubled with a supression of urine, and suffered extreme pain, till he had voided a stone of the bigness of a bean. This prelate, who had never seen Mr. de Chambrun but in bed, (to which he was almost wholly confined, both from dejection of soul, and the continual pains he felt in his body) answered him very civilly, that he would make it his business to provide for his ease and rest. He spoke this without intending to do him any real service; but the permission he obtained was the cause of Mr. de Chambrun's deliverance, and freed him from a stone he had in his mind a thousand times heavier than any that can afflict the body of a person labouring under that painful disorder.

In the month of July, the bishop of Valence went through his diocese of Die, where he exercised much cruelty against those who would not submit to the church; after which, he visited Mr. de Chambrun, and began to tell him he had obtained a permission for him to go to Lyons, which he so much wished for; "but before you go (said he) you must consent to sign your recantation, and take the sacrament." Mr. de Chambrun thanked him for the care he had taken, and desired he might let him go to Lyons in peace, where he might probably die under the operation, and in that case would give them no farther trouble. But the bishop said, the king will not

be mocked so; I have written to court, that you were converted, and re-united to us; and what would be said of me, if I did not oblige you to perform your duty? Mr. de Chambrun said, he did not mean to mock any body; and that, if he was a reasonable man, he would not force a person to act against conscience, and earnestly supplicated him again to let him go to Lyons.

After this, they entered a controversy concerning the real presence of the body of Christ in the sacrament, wherein he confuted the bishop; and there afterwards came a Jesuit, who tried all means possible to make him sign a recantation, but in vain; and after several other attacks to no purpose, seeing he was unmoveable, the bishop gave charge to a friend of Mr. de Chambrun, to tell him, he might go to Lyons when he thought proper. Mr. de Chambrun herein admired the wonderful providence of God on his behalf; that a bishop, who was one of the protestants' most bitter persecutors, should permit him to go out of his diocese in the manner he did; he who prayed aloud night and day, sung psalms in company, and exhorted every one to perseverance; all which was not unknown to the bishop; neither could he ever make him do any thing against conscience, having disputed with him, his curate and others, and explained to them his sentiments. Mr. de Chambrun saw in all this something very extraordinary and divine; and concluded, that God had made use of the vanity of that bishop to deliver him from misery and confinement. He had written to court, that he had converted him, and he could not retract what he had said, for he would then pass for an ignorant man. The thoughts of the bishop were probably these: "People in general think this man is converted and re-united to the church; I have noised it abroad throughout the

kingdom; if we cast him into prison, we shall belye what we have published; it is better to let him go to Lyons, where he will infallibly die under the operation, and we shall be delivered of him, and may say what we please of him after his death." But here God tells us from heaven, "Your thoughts are not as my thoughts, nor your ways as my ways." The prelate would never have imagined that Mr. de Chambrun was capable of doing the action he did; he had been eye witness to all his sufferings, and knew he looked more like a corpse than a living man, and therefore he had no suspicion of what Mr. de Chambrun had so much at heart.

No sooner had Mr. Chambrun liberty to go to Lyons, than he quitted his diurnal abode on the first of August, 1686, being carried on a litter by twelve peasants; and, among many other spectators, Mr. de Chambrun's people perceived that curates and others were sent by the bishop of Valence to watch him on his way. An honest man near the city of Crest intimated this, and told him, that certainly he would be stopped in the way. However he pursued his way, without seeming to regard what was said to him, and arrived in safety at Lyons on the 5th of the same month, and lodged at the great inn there, to prevent all suspicion. The next day, that he might induce them to believe that he came thither to be cut for the stone, he sent for one named L'Hermite Litotome, to inquire of him when he could be cut. After examining his case, he told him, it would be very difficult to perform the operation in the state he was in, and he would consider of the most proper means to effect it. The great inn where Mr. de Chambrun lodged, not being a proper place for him to put his design into execution, a more convenient house was procured, where he was no sooner settled, but he sent for the most skilful physician of Lyons, named

named Mr. Falconnet, who was the archbishop's physician. Mr. de Chambrun told him the symptoms of his imaginary illness; and the physician concluded he had the stone, and that he must be probed; that he might be assured of it.

A few days after, the physician visited the archbishop, and in conversation told him, he attended a gentleman he did not know, who was very ill. It is without doubt, said the archbishop to him, a minister of Orange; I have orders from court to take care of him, and thereupon he communicated the order to the physician, directing him to let Mr. de Chambrun know the contents of it: the substance of it was, that he should not let Mr. de Chambrun go out of Lyons, and that he should take care he held no meetings there. To which Mr. de Chambrun answered, that with respect to having meetings there, he was not capable of it; and as for going out of Lyons, they need only view his afflicted body, to convince them of the impossibility of it.

Perceiving that he was closely watched, and apprehending he would soon be conveyed to the prison of Pierre Cise, if he did not speedily carry his design into execution; wherefore having well weighed the matter, he judged his attempt could not fail, if he could set out in a flying post-chaise with the retinue of a nobleman; but his great infirmities obstructed his designs, and he saw he could not succeed in his enterprise without extraordinary help from God, and the people of his acquaintance also laughed at his project. However, notwithstanding their objections, he bought a flying post-chaise, which was brought to his house; and to try whether he could bear that carriage, he was put into it, and went on the Quay of the Sone, where he saw Pierre Cise, at the sight of which he wept much,

as well from the love and compassion he had for the dear children of God who were there imprisoned, as from the recollection of his own sin, which deprived him of their company. After having remained there a little while, and not being gone thirty steps on his return, an exempt appeared at his heels, to bid him get home, which he did immediately.

Finding he was so closely watched on going out of his own house for the first time (and his servants had told him before, that they saw men saunter about his house, whom they suspected to be part of the Marshal's guard) Mr. de Chambrun thereupon said to his wife, that he saw he was narrowly watched, but that he would so contrive the time as to elude the sight of his guards. And the more effectually to succeed in his enterprise, he called his physician, and told him, his pains were so violent, he could bear them no longer. The physician came with his son, and the operator, who probed him on the fifth of September; but finding no stone, said, for excuse, that lying on his bed, he was not in a proper posture for the operation, and that he must be probed on a chair. Mr. de Chambrun desired his physician to leave this second operation for another time, for he had suffered so much by the first, that he feared he had not strength to endure a second operation, and that the coolness of the month of October might be more favourable to him. This they approved of, and thus he got rid of his physician.

After having passed two very restless nights, from the pain this operation caused him, he prepared every thing for setting off on Sunday the eighth of the same month. A person of distinction lent him two servants, whom he dressed very elegantly, and Mr. de Chambrun equipped

equipped two others in the same manner. The nick names of the two first were Parisien and Champagne, and the two latter La Fleur and La Riviere; and Mr. de Chambrun had on him a coat trimm'd with gold, a gold-laced hat, a white wig, a neck-cloth with Venitian needle work, tied with a scarlet ribbon; and the horses he was to use being got ready, he sent them out of the city, and kept but one of the servants with him.

Having spent some time in prayer to God with his spouse, he embraced her with many tears, beseeching her to quit the house instantly, until she could conveniently follow him. He was put into the chaise prepared for him, and went off at seven o'clock in the evening, at which time all the people of the city were walking; and he rode through that great city amidst an incredible number of people, calashes and coaches, and arrived on full trot at the end of the bridge of Rhone, where a person, who had followed him closely, to observe whether there was any danger of a discovery, told him, all was well; whereupon Mr. de Chambrun shook hands with him, and bid him farewell; and immediately ordered his servant to mount the horse, and to drive on with the utmost expedition. Night overtook them, when he found the other servants, that waited for him with five horses, behind an old wall; they put a second horse to his chaise; and all his people being mounted, they went on with incredible speed. Mr. de Chambrun was tied to his chaise with two leather straps, which kept him so closely bound to the machine, that it was impossible to perceive he was either lame or indisposed. The order given to Parisien, who was a very witty lad, was to go before and get post-horses ready, and to speak of him in no other terms but that of

his lordship, who was coming thither about urgent affairs. This precaution succeeded extremely well, and Mr. de Chambrun found horses ready as soon as he arrived, and was every where accosted with the appellation of my lord; which, together with the presents he made the postillions, induced them to make such dispatch, that at break of day they found themselves at the bridge of Beauvoisin; and Mr. de Chambrun passed the night in singing the praises of God as he went along, beginning with the 91st Psalm.

After crossing the bridge, he found but two horses, the others had been hired for some particular business; and Mr. de Chambrun found Parisien speaking to the post-master, and saying, "My lord will not put up with it."—The honest man upon this, came directly to Mr. de Chambrun, and giving him the appellation of My lord, asked him a thousand pardons for not being able to furnish him at present with proper horses, but said, he would soon procure some that would suit him very well. Mr. de Chambrun pretended to be angry, and told him, that the king's service admitted of no delay. The post-master pressed him to go to an upper room, where he should have proper accommodations and refreshments. Mr. de Chambrun answered, he could not, for he had yet a great way to go. While they were conversing together, the citizens, who now began to rise, came gazing round Mr. de Chambrun's chaise, and took great notice of his attendants. They saluted him very respectfully, thinking he was some great lord; and Mr. de Chambrun used his utmost endeavours to keep them in the dark concerning his business. Thus he quitted the quality of a minister of the gospel, to assume that of a great and resolute warrior;

warrior; insomuch that the guards of the bridge, and the commissioners of La Forraïne, asked his nephew, whether he was not the commander of the regiment of guards belonging to the duke of Savoy.— It is very probable, said he. We believed so, replied these commissioners; for we have formerly seen him pass this way, he has a very agreeable aspect.

During all this dialogue Mr. de Chambrun was very uneasy, and waited near two hours before the horses came. When all was ready, the postilion asked Mr. de Chambrun whether he would go a good pace? I certainly must, said he, to regain the time I have lost. He passed the bridge with great speed, amidst twelve guards, who open'd to him on the right and left hand. His joy being inconceivable, to find himself out of a kingdom where he had suffered so much, he then lifted up his soul to God, and sung the 125th Psalm.

But when he thought himself entirely escaped from the hands of his enemies, another thing befel him, which he did not expect. At the entrance of that inaccessible rock, through which the duke of Savoy had cut a high road, and where an inscription is to be seen to the memory of that prince, Mr. de Chambrun found a guard of seven men. The postilion told him they were going to stop him. Drive your horses over the bodies of these rascals, said he to him; but one of the guards presented his firelock to the horses, and made one of them prance up in such a manner, that it almost overthrew Mr. de Chambrun. He then made the guard come near him, and asked why he stopped him? He said, he had orders not to let any body pass without a passport. How is it, rascal, said Mr. de Chambrun, do I not carry it in my countenance? Is it

thus you hinder the king's service? As soon as I arrive at Chamberi, I'll order you to be put in a dungeon. The guard pulled off his hat, saying, My lord, I beg your pardon. By this Mr. de Chambrun saw that he did not properly know his duty, and therefore increased his threatenings, telling him, that if he came down to him, he would thrust his sword through his body. He then asked him who and where his commander was? The guard said, his commander's name was Favier; and that he was lower down eating grapes. Mr. de Chambrun said, he deserves to be put in a dungeon, as well as you; call him hither to me, said he: but whether these threatenings intimidated the commander or no, he contented himself with calling out to his men, "Let my lord pass on." This word rejoiced the heart of Mr. de Chambrun, which began to fail him; and the word was no sooner pronounced, but he commanded the postilion to drive hastily on.

He passed through Chamberi very swiftly; and, by the mighty protection of God, at six o'clock the next morning he arrived at Geneva, where he felt as it were his heart melt within him, for the great deliverance he had experienced, and stood astonished at it, praising and blessing the God of his salvation, who had so wonderfully and miraculously preserved and supported him through the many fatigues and dangers he had undergone.

He was no sooner arrived at Geneva, but the faithful people of that place came by crowds to congratulate him on his escape. he was also visited by many excellent servants of God, who gladly received him, contrary to his expectation; for he imagined he should be looked upon as a dog, as he thought he deserved, for having uttered that faithless word, of which

he repented the remainder part of his life. He was reinstated in the work of the ministry at Geneva, on the 12th of September, 1686; whereby he received much spiritual comfort, and heavenly consolation. Afterwards he set out for Holland with his spouse, who had also got safe to Geneva. He arrived there the 28th of March, 1687, where he was admitted into the presence of his great, good and beloved master, his royal highness the prince of Orange, and her royal highness the princess Mary, who permitted him to speak to them in a very free and courteous manner, while he related the many trials and dangers God had been pleased to carry him through.— This great and pious princess told Mr. de Chambrun, that she had had a fellow-feeling for him, and his flock, under their sufferings; that her heart was much rejoiced to see him delivered; and that it was a kind of miracle that he had thus escaped, and also his spouse; and she afterwards gave him many tokens of her kindness and love.

The prince spoke to him likewise, in a very familiar way, and expressed to him the joy he felt in seeing him; no subject ever received a more kind reception from his sovereign, than Mr. de Chambrun did from their royal highnesses.

On the first of June, 1687, he preached a sermon at the Hague, on his being restored to the work of the ministry, from John xv. 15, in which he aggravated his crime, and discovered himself to be a true penitent, and a zealous, faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

He afterwards wrote a book, intitled, "The Tears of James Pincaton de Chambrun," that all the world might know he had fallen, but by the grace of God was now raised up again, and that the Lord had healed his backsliding, and restored to him the light of his countenance; and having continued the remainder of his life a true and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, he now without doubt is admitted to reign with him for ever in glory.

To the Editors of the Gospel Magazine.

On the Shameful Prophanation of the LORD'S DAY.

"Remember to keep holy the Sabbath Day."

G O D.

ALTHOUGH this injunction was given by the Jewish legislator, yet it is still in full force, and no ways abated, but rather strengthened, since the christian dispensation.

The flagrant and notorious prophanation of the Lord's day is so very prevalent, that it must be highly provoking to all serious per-

sons, and much more to Almighty God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity with complacency in any of his creatures; yet how often is that holy day perverted to the basest of purposes, and the most abominable acts of villainy, especially in cities and great towns! It is indeed too much neglected in the country, tho' I always think that

that a country sabbath is far more decent than a city one, in many respects.

How often is this blessed day spent in drunkenness, lewdness, debauchery, and in every species of villainy and immorality! By some, it is called a day of rest, and so it literally is, being a day on which they sleep most part of their time away. By others, it is called a day of pleasure, on which they pay their unprofitable visits, and chat away their precious time in railery, calumny, and slander. By some, again, it is made a convenient day for travelling, in going to fairs at a distance, that they may be there in time. Now these men think they are cunning, by striving to cheat God, and deprive him of his own day. Alas! poor deluded mortals! shall not God visit for these things? Surely yes. O ye sabbath-brakers! how will you meet Almighty God at his tribunal (and meet him you must), if you have so wilfully profaned his holy sabbath!

Those who are sabbath-brakers are generally guilty of every other unchristian practice, and when they seem to have no reverence upon their minds for that day, we may reasonably suppose, that they do not care how they spend the rest of their precious time. This practice cannot be called redeeming time, but murdering and destroying it; but it is not destroying it only to themselves, by depriving themselves of all the advantages that might result from a wise improvement of it; in

hearing the word of God read and preached, in meditation and prayer, in visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, and such like duties, that we are required to perform, as christians.

It hath been an observation of many, that where the sabbath is most profaned, there God's judgments are visibly seen, in various ways; yet we are not to deceive ourselves by vainly imagining, that our religious observance of the Lord's day will intitle us to heaven, and eternal happiness. Many think, if they are but religious enough to appear at church or meeting, they are in no danger, and that they have ballanced accounts with God, and therefore may go on with their immoralities.—No, this is not sufficient to recommend us to God; but when it is joined to a constant course of perseverance in our duty, it must be well-pleasing to him, who delights to see his creatures humble before him.

We must, like the amiable, pious bishop Beveridge, be as pious, holy, just, temperate, charitable and good, as if our whole salvation depended upon it, though they can merit nothing; but we must depend upon Christ alone, for acceptance of our best endeavours with Almighty God, in whom he is only well-pleased.—May God grant his blessing to these few broken hints!

MEARS-ASHBY,
Nov. 10th, 1783.

W. C.

The renewed Soul's grateful Recollection of its Espousals to the heavenly Bridegroom.

THEY who are in any degree sensible of the infinite value and importance of the salvation the blessed Jesus has procured, by all he

has done for wretched sinners; who are so far enlightened as to be able to reflect, from the unerring testimony of God's word, on the depths

of

of intense and complicated misery, which they, as believers in Christ, are rescued from, and the glorious heights of felicity they are privileged to participate and enjoy:—these happy persons will naturally be led to adore the divine benignity for such distinguishing love and mercy in their behalf, and review, with unspeakable delight, the ever-memorable period when first the blessed change took place; each of those highly favoured ones, will be apt to break out in the rapturous language of a dear departed saint, and say, “I bless a thousand times the happy day, when first a beam of heavenly light broke in upon my soul: when the day-star from on high visited me, and the celestial light began to dawn, I welcomed its cheerful lustre, and felt the sacred influence; the flames of holy love awoke, and holy joys were kindled. The earth, and all its pageantry disappeared like clouds before the morning sun: the scenes of paradise were opened, seraphic pleasures, and unutterable lights. All-hail, I cried, you unknown joys, you unexperienced pleasures! Compared to you, what is all I have relished till now: I knew no more than the name of happiness till now: I have been in a dream during all the days of my folly and vanity: but now I awake to the life of heaven-born spirits, taste the joys of angels, and have a new song put into my mouth, even thanksgiving to our God!”

But while the transported spirit attempts to celebrate the marvellous loving-kindness of the Lord, in effecting its recovery and restoration, it would not wish to be unmindful of its former awful distance from the center of happiness, that it may lay us in the dust of humility and self-abasement before him, confessing with shame and confusion of face, its numberless departures and

backslidings from the God of all mercy and grace, who still holds out the golden sceptre of his love, and with-holds the rod of his wrath, because his compassions fail not.—The quickened soul, once the willing captive and bond-slave of sin and Satan, stands astonished at the change almighty grace has wrought, and, deeply impressed with a taste of that love which was exerted in its deliverance, soars heaven-ward in her desires and affections, and relies on the power, faithfulness, and truth of a covenant God to carry on and complete the glorious work. Convinced of the odious nature of sin, and affected with self-abhorrence on the consideration of its being still too often the unhappy subject thereof, it cries out with one of old, “Other lords besides thee have had dominion over me; but by thee only will I make mention of thy name,” Isa. xxvi. 13.

Happy, thrice happy am I, will such a one reflect, that ever Jesus should look on me with a propitious eye, snatch me from the jaws of the devouring lion, and pluck me as a brand from the burning. For ever blessed be God, whose voice awakened me when sleeping upon the verge of a dreadful precipice. “Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name, unto thy rich sovereign, discriminating grace, be all the glory!” For ever praised be the Lord the Spirit, who inclined my ear to hear the voice of the heavenly charmer; gave me to taste that the Lord is gracious; enabled me to look to Jesus as my atonement, and all-sufficient Saviour; brought me to handle the good word of life, and to follow my beloved by the favour of his precious ointments. I who might, if left to my own wicked will, have run to the same excess of riot with others! What am I, Lord, that thou shouldst distinguish me, while I behold many around me, yea,

yea, several of my friends and relatives, who yet live without hope, and without God in the world! What multitudes of my fellow-sinners are permitted to walk after the course of this present evil world, till inevitable and endless destruction overtake them, while I, who am equally unworthy, am spared to adore redeeming grace and dying love for ever! How is it that thou shouldst make such a rebel as I am the partner of thy throne, and an heir of thy glory! It is because thou

wilt have mercy on whom thou wilt have mercy, let their demerits be what they may.

What shall I therefore render unto thee, O Lord, for all thy benefits? O help me to take the cup of salvation, and call upon thy name! O that by every thought, word, and action, I may be excited to shew forth the praises of that precious Saviour, who hath called me (once miserable, but now happy) out of darkness into marvellous light!

The PLEAS of NATURE for Life, and against Dissolution.

THE doleful voice of nature laments, pleads, and bemoans itself to the willing soul, in some such terms as these:

“O my soul, what dost thou mean by these thy desires to be dissolved? Art thou in earnest, when thou sayest thou art willing to leave thine own body, and be gone? Consider and think again, ere thou bid me farewell, what thou art to me, and what I have been, and am to thee; thou art my soul, that is, my prop, my beauty, my honour, my life, and, indeed, all that is comfortable to me. If thou depart, what am I but a spectacle of pity, an abhorred carcass in a few moments! a prey to the worms! a captive to death! If thou depart, my candle is out, and I am left in the terrors of darkness and despair. “I am thy house, thy delightful habitation, the house in which thou hast dwelt from the moment of thy creation, and never lodgedst one night in any other: every room in me hath, one way or other, been a banqueting room for thy entertainment, a room of pleasure; all my senses have contributed to thy delight; my members

have all of them been thine instruments, and servants, to execute thy commands and pleasure. If thou and I part, it must be in a storm; thou shalt feel such pains, such travelling throes, such deep emphatical groans, such sweats, such agonies, as thou never didst feel before: for death hath somewhat of anguish peculiar to itself, and which is unknown, tho’ guessed at by the living. Besides, whenever thou leavest me, thou leavest all that is and hath been comfortable to thee in this world: thy house shall know thee no more, Job vii. 10. Thy lands, thy money, thy trade, which have cost thee so many careful thoughts, and yielded thee so many refreshments, shall be thine no longer: death will strip thee of all these, and leave thee naked.

“Thou hast also, since thou becamest mine, contracted manifold relations in the world, which I know dear to thee; I know it by costly experience: how hast thou made me to wear and waste myself in labours, cares and watching for them! but if thou wilt be gone, all these must be left exposed. God

JAN. 1784.

Y

knows

knows to what wants, abuses, and miseries! for I can do nothing for them, or myself, if once thou leave me." Thus it charms and pleads, thus it layeth as it were violent hands upon the soul, and saith, "O my soul, thou shalt not depart." It hangs about it as the wife and children of good Galeacius Caracciolus did about him, when he was leaving Italy to go to Geneva (a lively emblem of the case before us). It saith to the soul, as Joab did to David, "Thou hast shamed my

face this day, in that thou lovest thy enemy (death), and hatest me, thy friend.—O my soul! my life! my darling! my dear and only one! let nothing but unavoidable necessity part thee and me?" All this the flesh can plead, and a great deal more than this, and that a thousand times more powerfully and feelingly than any words can express: and all its arguments are backed by sense, sight and feeling, to attest what nature speaks.



The PLEAS of FAITH in Behalf of Death.

LET us now weigh the pleas and reasons, which, notwithstanding all this, overpower and prevail with the believing soul to be gone, and quit its own body, and return no more to the elementary world. And the power of faith enables it thus to reply:

"My dear body, the companion and partner of my comforts and troubles, in the days of my pilgrimage on earth, great is my love, and strong are the bonds of my affections to thee, Thou hast been tenderly, yea, excessively beloved by me; my cares and fears for thee have been inexpressible, and nothing but the love of Jesus Christ is strong enough to gain my consent to part with thee; thy interest in my affection is great; but great as it is, and much as I prize thee, I can shake thee off, and thrust thee aside, to go to Christ.

"Nor will this seem absurd or unreasonable, when it is considered that God never designed thee for a mansion, but only a temporary tabernacle to me. It is true, I have had some comfort, during my abode in thee; but I enjoyed those comforts only in thee, not from thee;

and many more I might have enjoyed, hadst thou not been a snare and a clog to me.

"Thou hast eaten up my time, and distressed my thoughts, ensnared my affections, and drawn me under much sin and sorrow: however, tho' we may weep over each other, as accessaries to the sins and miseries we have drawn upon ourselves; yet in this is our joint relief, that the blood of Christ hath cleansed us both from all sin.

"I can therefore part the more easily and unreluctantly from thee, because I part in hope to receive and enjoy thee in a far better condition than I leave thee.—It is for both our interests to part for a time; for since I shall thereby be freed and delivered from sin and sorrow, and immediately obtain rest with God, and the satisfaction of all my desires in his presence and enjoyment, which there is no other way to obtain, but by separation from thee: and why should I live a groaning, burdened, restless life always, to gratify thy fond and irrational desires? If thou lovest me, thou wouldst rejoice, and not repine, at

my

my happiness. Parents willingly part with their children at the greatest distance, for their preferment, how dearly soever they love them; and dost thou envy or repine at mine? I lived many months a suffocating, obscure life with thee in the womb, and neither thou nor I had ever tasted or experienced the comforts of this world, and the various delights of sense, if we had not struggled hard for an entrance into this world. And now we are here, alas! though thou art contented to abide, I live in thee; but, as we both lived in the womb, an obscure, uneasy, and unsuitable life; thou canst feed upon material bread, and delight thyself amidst the vanity of sensible objects, thou findest here; but what are all these things to me! I cannot subsist by them; that which is food to thee, is but chaff, wind, and vanity to me: if I stay with thee, I shall be still sinning, and still groaning; when I leave thee, I shall be immediately freed from both, and arrive at the sum and perfection of all my hopes, my utmost desires, and whatever I have aimed at, and laboured for, in all the duties of my life. Let us therefore be content to part.

“Shrink not at the horror of a grave; it is indeed a dark and solitary house, and the days of darkness may be many; but to thee, my dear companion, shall be a bed of rest, yea, a perfumed bed, where thy Lord Jesus lay before thee; and let the time of thy abode there be ever

so long, thou shalt not measure it, nor feel the tediousness of it; a thousand years there shall seem no more in the morning of the resurrection, than the sweetest nap of an hour long seemed to be, when I was wont to lay thee upon thy bed to rest. “The worms in the grave shall be nothing to thee, nor give thee the thousandth part of that trouble that a flea was wont to do; and though I leave thee, Jesus Christ shall watch, in the meantime, over thy dust, and not suffer a grain of it to be lost, and I will return assuredly to thee again at the time appointed: I take not an everlasting farewell of thee, but depart for a time, that I may receive thee for ever. To conclude, there is an indispensable necessity for our parting; whether willing or unwilling, we must be separated; but the consent of my will to part with thee, for the enjoyment of Jesus Christ, will be highly acceptable to God, and greatly sweeten the bitter cup of death to us both.”

This, and much more, the gracious soul hath to say for its separation from the body; by which it is easy to discern where the gain and advantage of death lies to all believers, and consequently how much it must be every way their interest to be disembodied, and delivered from the burden of flesh, that they may be in joy and felicity with the blessed spirits and angels in heaven.—See FLAVEL on the soul, fol. edit. p. 522, 523.

ON PERSEVERANCE.

“NOTHING shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus,” Rom. viii. 38, 39. The declaration

of Jesus Christ, the shepherd of the flock, is, “I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out

out of my hand," John x. 28. He also affirms, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee," Isa. liv. 12.

We are warranted, by the word, to pray for what is freely promised; and what is promised, has been purchased for believers; and, being purchased for them, will be surely given to them, else the purchase were in vain. Pardon of sin, grace, and perseverance, are all covenant-gifts, and, as such, bestowed on believers. 1. Pardon of sin is promised, Jer. xxxi. 33, 34. "I will forgive their iniquities, and remember their sins no more;" therefore I may ask for pardon. 2. Grace is promised to subdue our evil nature: "Sin shall not have dominion over you," Rom. vi. 14. "He will subdue our iniquities," Micah vii. 19. therefore I may ask for sanctifying grace. 3. Perseverance too is promised, Jer. xxxii. 40. "I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me;" therefore I may ask for persevering grace, and should ask with confidence, as David did, Ps. cxxviii. 8. "The Lord will perfect that which does concern me;" therefore he prays, "forsake not the works of thine own hands."

The promises of God are the foundation for our prayers; and were designed, not to make the means of grace needless, but to stir men up to a diligent use of them. A gracious heart maketh this use; but a corrupt heart turns the grace of God into wantonness, and no legal terrors would prevent it. Nothing but the grace of God can set the heart right, and keep it steady. The doctrine of perseverance lends

no wanton cloak to corrupt hearts, but affords a stable prop to upright minds. It brings a cordial to revive the faint, and keeps a guard to check the froward. The guard, attending on this doctrine is serjeant I F; low in stature, but lofty in significance; a very valiant guard, tho' a monosyllable; of whom kind notice has been taken by Christ and his apostles. Pray listen to his speech:

"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed," John viii. 31. "If ye do these things, ye shall never fall," Pet. i. 10. "If what ye have heard shall abide in you, ye shall continue in the Son and in the Father," John ii. 24. "We are made partakers with Christ, if we hold stedfast unto the end," Heb. iii. 14. "Who so looketh and continueth, (that is, if he that looketh does continue) in the perfect law of liberty, that man shall be blessed in his deed," James i. 25. "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who (or if they) walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," Rom. viii. 1.

This little respectable serjeant I F is of christian, not of Jewish parentage: he tells no idle tales, that the sheep of Christ may perish; and a child of God mistake his way, while his guide is fast asleep, and ramble down to hell: but knowing there are various works, which are but enemies of a work of grace, he kindly standeth on the king's highway of faith, producing peace and holiness; and telleth passengers, if you continue walking in this way, your perseverance proves your faith is true: for faith, which comes from God, endures, and brings men safe to God and glory.

Now we must observe, that perseverance makes us not in Christ, but shews we are so; unites no branch unto the vine, but proves

it is united ; merits not the crown of heaven, but shews our walk is heaven-ward. A persevering walk, is an evidence that we are blest with persevering grace ; and “ we are not of them who draw back unto perdition, but of them who believe to the saving of the soul,” Heb. x. 39. Bad effects ensue when this little serjeant is neglected, and appears to be scouted. Chaffy hearers, resting on a shallow work, are dancing after all new doctrines, and stirring up confusion ; upright people often grow remiss, and through a fauntering foot are apt to trip, and lose their evidences : hence those who watch for believers’ halting, may take occasion to revile the doctrine they profess.

The perseverance of the saints is thus expressed in the Old Testament : “ They that are planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God : they shall bring forth good fruit in old-age ; they shall be fat and flourishing,” Ps. xcii. 13-15. to shew that the Lord is upright, that is, faithful to his word, and does not scuffle his people.—Perseverance is described, in the New Testament, by the “ good ground, which hears the word, and keeps it, and brings forth fruit with patience,” Luke viii. 15. From all which it appears, that this doctrine yields no real shelter to licentiousness or laziness, for if perseverance is promised to the saints, then I must be found persevering in the path of duty and the means of grace, else the doctrine not only condemns me, but destroys my evidence likewise.

Christians in general are exhorted, by St. Peter, “ to make their calling and election sure ; not taking up this matter on light grounds, but using all diligence to be assured of it, by “ adding unto faith courage, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness,

and charity.” His meaning is, prove your grace by a growth in grace : where heavenly seed is sown, it brings a harvest. And there is no need of such an exhortation.

Appearances of grace and faith are often found, which flash and sparkle for a while, like meteors in the sky, and then vanish quite away.—Some, like the foolish virgins, bear a lighted lamp, and keep up christian fellowship, yet have no oil in their vessels, no grace in their hearts : some, like Judas, preach the gospel word, and cast out devils from the hearts of others, but remain themselves the devil’s bond-slaves : some, like stony ground, receive the word with eagerness, and find refreshment from it ; yet having got no root, they take offence at persecution, and take their leave of Jesus : to some God gives *another* heart, as he gave to Saul, 1 Sam. x. 9. but not a *new* heart ; and such may prophesy as Saul did, for a season ; and taste the joy which prophets taste ; yet be rejected from the kingdom, as Saul was.

These are awful evidences of that solemn and repeated word, Matt. xx. 16.—xxii. 14. “ Many are called, but few are chosen ;” and that no dependence can be placed upon a present reformation, nor on short-lived impressions from the word of joy or sorrow : but a “ growth in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus,” must be sought, as the crowning evidence of all the rest. The vineyard, which the Lord planteth, will be kept and watered by him every moment,” Isa. xxvii. 3. kept by him, that none may hurt it ; watered by him, that it may thrive, and bear fruit.

With regard to backsliders, those who live and die in a course of sin, without repentance, are lost undoubtedly ; but such final backslid-

ing is the case of all the stony and thorny ground hearers, and shews the heart was never brought truly to God. Men may seem to be religious, walk in righteous paths for a season, and be called righteous men, to distinguish them from the openly profane, and yet be unconverted men. By a sober and virtuous education they may walk a while decently, though not devoutly; be civilized, though not evangelized; or they might hear the word from a Samuel's mouth, as Saul heard; and become *another* man, as Saul became, but not a *new* man, 1 Sam. x. 6. 2 Cor. v. 17.

If backsliders had been real children, God would have scourged them well with scorpions, and broken all their bones, as David's were, and fetched them home with streaming eyes and bleeding hearts, Psalm xxxix. 31, 33. When repentance is afforded after heinous backsliding, a few examples are recorded in the scripture, to encourage such to call on God, and hope for mercy; and when Jesus breaks an heart for sin, his blood will heal it: but if backsliders presumptuously fancy they must all be restored to repentance, because David and Peter were, they might as well suppose they must all be translated into heaven without dying, because Enoch and Elijah were thus favoured.—

To sin, presuming on repentance and a future call, is such a devilish motive, and carries such a cloven foot, as shews a case is horrid bad indeed: the most alarming thunder in the book of God is levelled at such horrible presumption. (See Deut. xxix. 19, 20.) This was not the case of David or Peter.

Whatever offence the world, or the advocates for free-will, may take at the scripture doctrine of perseverance, and how much soever they may lothe and vilify the preachers and professors of it; yet truth will not be thrust out of doors, though often put to the blush; she may change her countenance; but cannot change her nature, nor will ever desert her post. It must, however, be confessed, that if religious truth meets with lewd opposers, she has sometimes also wanton advocates, who hang upon her skirts, claim acquaintance with her, and bring disgrace upon her, though she disdains them utterly; and would employ her every exertion, in evidencing, to the sincere and unprejudiced, both by precept and example, that the

“Glory of God, man's good, are the fix'd poles,
On which the sphere of true religion rolls.”

On ETERNITY; and the comparative Vanity of temporary Enjoyments.

Is it in time to hide eternity?
And why not in an atom on the shore
To cover ocean; or a mote, the sun?—
In an eternity, what scenes shall strike!
What webs of wonder shall unravel these!
What full day pour on all the paths of
heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!

How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind at once the labyrinths of fate,
And straiten its inextricable maze!
YOUNG.

THE apostle Paul tells us, that the main scope of his actions was things invisible; and gives the reason

reason of it, "for the things that are seen are temporal; but the things that are not seen are eternal," 2 Cor. iv. 18. To insist upon the vast difference between temporal and external, may seem needless; for the first notions of things are of such self-evident clearness, that an attempt to prove them, is to light a candle to discover the sun. Yet this principle drawing after it such powerful consequences for the government of our hearts and lives; and conscience being so remiss, and the sensual affections so rebellious; it is needful to consider this seriously, that what is really assented to in speculation, may not be contradicted in practice.

Now who can unfold the infinite volume of ages in eternity? The understanding of an angel can no more comprehend what is incomprehensible, than the mind of a man. A snail will pass over that immense space as soon as a eagle: for tho' one dispatches more way than the other, yet both are equally distant from arriving to the end of what is endless. But that the conception of eternity may be more distinct and affecting, it will be useful to represent it under some temporal resemblances, that sensibly, though not fully, express it.

Suppose that the vast ocean were distilled drop by drop, but so slowly, that a thousand years should pass between every drop; how many millions of years would be required to empty it! Suppose this great world, in its full compass, from one pole to another, and from the top of the firmament to the bottom, were to be filled with the smallest sand, but so slowly, that every thousand years only a single grain should be added; how many millions would pass away, before it were filled! If the immense superficies of the heavens, wherein are innumerable stars, the least of which equals the mag-

nitude of the earth, were filled with figures of numbers without the least vacant space, and every figure signified a million, what created mind could tell their numbers, much less their value! Having these thoughts in my intellectual view, I reply, The sea will be emptied drop by drop, the universe filled grain by grain, the numbers written in the heavens will come to an end; and how much of eternity is then spent? Nothing; for still infinitely more remains: may we not say (with an elegant writer on this subject) it will then be but beginning to begin. In short, whatever is temporal, extend the continuance of it to the utmost possibility of conception, is infinitely short of eternity. A day, an hour, a minute, has some proportion with a thousand years; for that duration is determined by a certain number of days and hours and minutes; but millions of ages have no proportion to eternity, because it is an indeterminable duration. The mind is soon tired and lost in searching after numbers to represent it: 'tis confounded and struck with amazing horror, and can only direct the eye upward or downward to the two habitations of eternity, the glorious and the miserable heaven and hell.

Now let us compare the things of the present world with those of the future state. The first are measured by flying time, the other remain in an immoveable eternity. The comforts that spring from the earth, suddenly wither and fall to it: the tree of life flourishes only above. Frequent changes from prosperity to adversity, are the properties of this mortal state. As those who are in voyages at sea, sometimes are in a calm, and presently suffer a storm, and are forced to alter their course by the changing of the winds; so it is with us in our passage here. But upon the first entrance into another world,

world, all the variations of this are at an end. "Verily every man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity: surely every man walks in a vain shew; surely they disquiet themselves in vain." The felicity of man is of no continuance.

We may frequently observe in the evening, a cloud, by the reflection of the sun, invested with so bright a lustre, and adorned with such a beautiful variety of colours, that, in the judgment of our eyes, it were a fit matter for an angel, were he to assume a body correspondent to his glory. But in walking a few steps, the sun is descended beneath the horizon, and the light withdrawn; and of all that splendid, flaming appearance, nothing remains but a dark vapour, that falls down in a shower. Thus vanity is the shew of felicity. Thus vanishing is the shew of all sublunary bliss:

- - - he stoops too low,
Who seeks for happiness beneath
the sun.

In this, sense assists faith; for the appearance of every day verifies what the scripture declares, that the fashion of this world passeth away;" and therefore the guilty folly of men is aggravated, "to set their eyes and hearts upon that which is not."—To see one passionately dote on a face ruined and deformed with age, to be enchanted without a charm, raises wonder, and exposes to contempt: yet such is the stupidity of men, who embrace with their most intire affections the withered vanities of the world, that are hastening to their period!

It was a stinging reproach to idolaters from God, "None considers in his heart, neither is there knowledge nor understanding, to say, I have burnt part of it in the fire; yea, I have also baked bread upon the coals thereof: I have roasted

flesh, and eaten it; and shall I make the residue an abomination? Shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?" And are not sensual men equally of such monstrous folly? For tho' universal experience convinces them, that all things under the sun are fading, and that many times their dearest comforts are snatched away from their embraces; yet who does advisedly consider, and say to himself, Shall I give my heart to transient shadows? Shall I cherish vain hopes, vain aims, and desires of obtaining happiness in a perishing world? Although the worshipping a stock be idolatry of grosser infamy, yet it is as foolish and destructive to set our chief love and joy, that is only due to God, upon the creature. And what follows in the prophet, is justly applicable to such persons: "he feedeth on ashes (that not only afford no nourishment, but are very hurtful to the body); a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lye in my right hand?" Thus carnal men are so blinded by setting their affections on these short-lived unsatisfying pleasures, that they cannot take the true liberty of judging and reflecting that they are deceived and delighted with empty shadows, that will suddenly end in disappointment and sorrow!

To conclude: A due consideration of eternity will both enlighten and counsel us: but the false joys of time and sense cannot please without an error in the mind that will last but a little while. And the blessedness above is unchangeable as God, the author it, eternal as the soul that enjoys it. If then a spark of true reason be left, we shall count all things but dung and dross, that we may gain Christ, and have an abundant entrance administered unto us into his kingdom of glory.

REVIEW of NEW PUBLICATIONS in DIVINITY.

An Enquiry into the Causes of the Infidelity and Scepticism of the Times. By John Ogilvie, D. D. 8vo. 6s.

THIS work is extremely well calculated to serve the cause of truth. Its author has been at great pains to investigate the sources of infidelity, and that proneness to doubt or cavil at divine things, to which the generality of mankind are but too much addicted. He ascribes them to, 1. A love of singularity or an inordinate desire to attract novelty from every subject, and in particular from points to which have been formerly canvassed. 2. A propensity to reject whatever bears the stamp of vulgarity, and to conform our principles, in the same manner as our dress, to the prevailing taste and fashion of the times. 3. A desire of imitating the manners of men, whom we have been taught to esteem very highly, and of appearing to adopt their opinions. 4. Natural inclination to reject those tenets as false, to which our actions are irreconcilable, and to adopt the contrary. 5. Certain charges of a very dangerous tendency, respecting either the general scheme of Christianity, or its peculiar doctrines, the nature of its evidences, or the character of its teachers; of which the effect is heightened, in the writings of its adversaries, by all the arts of plausible reasoning, insinuation, ridicule, and abuse.

Though the Doctor has treated his subject with great accuracy, and has made several judicious reflections in confutation of the deistical writings of Voltaire, Bolingbroke, Hume, &c. It is, however, devoutly to be wished, that in all inquiries of this interesting nature, writers of this line would advert to the grand origin of this and every other natural and moral evil, to wit, SIN,

whether we consider it as operating, 1. by a total disregard or perversion of the scriptures of truth, which blind and wretched sinners are called upon to believe in, adhere to, and rest upon, invoking for that end the illumination of the Holy Spirit, who dictated them;—or, 2. whether we consider it as springing from that bitter root of unbelief, which, by not giving credit to the infallible word, and therein to the record which God hath given of his Son Jesus; by which horrid act of the depraved mind sinners, as much as in them lies, endeavour to make the God of truth a liar—Hence, all arguments and speculations will be vain and ineffectual, if not backed and enforced by the authority of sacred writ, which is the only revelation or transcript of the divine mind and will that ever has, or ever will be given to mankind, and by which they will be judged at the last day, how much soever they may slight it now—and, if well applied, it is sufficient; for, “if they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe, though one rose from the dead.”

The young and unexperienced cannot be too much guarded and cautioned against the delusive efforts of crafty infidels who lie in wait to mislead and deceive; so far, the labours of this and every other pious writer and advocate for truth are certainly commendable: but at the same time let us remember, that the fatal impressions which the ignorant and unwary are constantly exposed to must be eradicated from the mind by the teaching of the word and spirit of God; to which we may add, that the preciousness of Christ, the glory and completeness of his salvation, the beauty of holiness, together with the detestable nature and awful consequences of sin, should always be exhibited in the most striking points of view.

ARTICLES of INTELLIGENCE with SERIOUS REFLECTIONS thereon.

January 1.

A Private letter from Paris says, that the court of France, finding it impossible to bring about a peace with the Russians, and the Turks, has sent orders for those French officers who are gone into the Turkish service to return home immediately, and are determined, that if the Turks will enter into

war with the Russians, that they shall have no assistance from France—*The court of heaven, after passing by Satan and the fallen angels, who by their unprovoked rebellion, malice, and enmity had precluded themselves from the least prospect of peace with the Almighty for ever, has issued orders to his heralds, that they warn apostate sinners of mankind to quit the service of his*

adversary and his allies, Gog and Magog, and return to their allegiance; promising them, that whosoever confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall obtain mercy; which gracious offer if they are determined to disregard, the irrevocable decree will then take place, namely, that "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people who forget God."

Jan. 3. Underneath is the copy of a singular letter, lately received by post by Mr. Stone, postrieve of Modbury, Devon:

"Sir, Exeter, Nov. 12, 1783.

"The inclosed spoon was stolen out of a house on the hill, going from Modbury. I think it was the last house in Modbury; and as some of the servants, or any person who is innocent, may be charged with the theft, I have sent it to you, as I don't know the person's name who lost it; it was taken in the last house on the hill going from Modbury to Plymton; by

Your humble servant,

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

P. S. I hope, Sir, you will take care that the right owner has it; I am certain it will never do me any good to keep it, but at that moment I was forsaken by my just and good God, and guided by the devil.—There is in man a conscience, which as a witness for God, either accuses or excuses, according to the deeds done.—Happy they who are enabled to obey its friendly dictates, and to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man—therefore, "let him that stole, steal no more; but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing that is good."

Jan. 6. By an account from Copenhagen, dated Nov. 18. we are told, that a peasant, digging in his field, discovered an antient sepulchre, in which were some bones, and a gold ring weighing 63 ducats. It is thought to be the tomb of a Danish monarch, named Svend, who gave his name to the village of Svendstrup.—"The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which, when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field," Matt. xiii. 44.

Jan. 9. A remarkable account of the preservation of a boy from perishing in the snow, by the intense frost of Friday night, Jan. 2. John Bunkin, aged fifteen years, servant to Joseph Ainsworth, of Little Glen, in the county of Leicester, gardener, having obtained leave of his master to go to see his mother, a poor woman at Sytton, on Wednesday the 14th ult. he went thither, and on Friday set out on his return. He left Sytton about twelve o'clock, but the snow having fallen remarkably heavy, and in many places drifted, he was not able to reach home by day-light. After passing the turnpike at the end of Leicester-fields, going for Blaby, he followed, for some time, the track of a horse which had come from Glen; but that path filling up from the fresh snow that

fell in great abundance, the unfortunate boy became baffled, benighted, and lost; at length he reached the covering of a hedge, under which he determined to stay, and try if he could make himself heard by crying out. He was then three quarters of a mile from his master's house, who supposing from the badness of the weather the impossibility of the boy's return, went to bed as usual; but about five o'clock in the morning he was awakened with a hooting (as he imagined) pronouncing Lost, lost, lost; upon which he got up, ordered a fire to be lighted, and listened again for the voice, which he repeated as before. He was convinced it was some fellow-creature in distress, and determined, if possible, to relieve him. He accordingly hooted to give notice to the unfortunate, that his cries were heard, and set out for the spot he conceived the sound came from. The distress continued to be uttered as before, but more faintly, and the master pursued his route, sometimes in snow drifts up to the neck. At this time it was not dark, the northern star (as he reports) appeared like a large globe of fire, and the northern lights most remarkably luminous: by this assistance, with infinite difficulty, he reached the place from whence the sound proceeded; where, to his great surprize, he found his own servant with his feet froze fast in the ditch, and his cloaths to the ground, himself nearly exhausted, and his senses gone. At intervals, with some difficulty, he tore him from the ground, got him on his legs, endeavouring by action to get him the use of them: he then took the boy on his back, and by carrying and dragging him through the snow, he reached home about eight o'clock. Ainsworth, the master, in this situation of the boy, whose whole body was frozen, applied friction, with flannels, and kept him from the fire, till, in some degree, he recovered a little the use of his limbs; he then gave him some hot ale, and put him into a warm bed, where he fell fast asleep; and in five or six hours awoke quite recovered.—*Bliss'd are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. All the frailties of the human mind are naturally benumbed and inactive to any spiritual purpose, till the benign Sun of righteousness arises to its relief, invigorates the soul, enlivens its torpid powers, inspires it with a sensibility both of its disease and remedy, and then brings life and immortality to light by the gospel of reconciliation.*

Jan. 13. They write from Constantinople, that they have had lately several accidents of the plague; but they now flatter themselves, that the cold weather may put a total stop to the contagion, which hath cost that city at least eighty thousand inhabitants since last June.—*The pestilence destroys its thousands, but sin its tens of thousands: the former causes a temporal death of the body, but the*

the latter, unrepented of, and unatoned for, the everlasting perdition of both body and soul in hell.—May the Lord work in us an utter baird to sin in all its various and complicated forms.

Jan. 16. The following experiment was made on the 31st of December last, in the morning, in order to determine the extremity of the cold, by a gentleman at St. Alban's:—A stage was erected in a northern aspect ten feet high, on which were placed three bottles slightly corked; in one was an equal quantity of brandy and water; in the second two-thirds brandy and one of water; and in the third three-fourths brandy and one of water; they were taken down the next morning at day-light, when one was cloudy and a little conglutated; the other bore the appearance of frozen oil; and the last was a congealed mass of ice. On being placed at equal distances from a coal fire, the first was one hour and a half in being reduced to its original state; the second three hours and twenty minutes in dissolving; and the last, which was fully frozen, after continuing six hours, was not wholly dissolved. From this experiment it is supposed by the gentleman who made the trial (having made similar ones in every frosty season for forty years) the frost was at that time more intense than ever before felt here, and within a degree and a half of the cold in the Greenland seas.

Shiv'ring ague of the air,
Charlith colony, send forth
From your inhospitable north,

Rugged companions of the Polar Bear:
Cold, whom like a beast of prey,
Oft by fire we chase away,
Cold, whose searing breath between
Hills of trees, and trees of leaves,
Yet, which atones for all the ills you do,
With trees and leaves you sweep diseases too:
Bless HIM, whose gracious wisdom stores
The north with fuel, and with furs,
(Furs that defensive armour make
Soft bastions, which your forces cannot
shake)

Who for each ill, which here on earth we see,
Provides a fitly-suited remedy.

Jan. 20. Authentic letters, from the factory at Senegal advise, that some English gentlemen have been near 150 leagues up the country, in search of natural curiosities; and that they had brought specimens of very valuable plants; among others, that called the Vireck, or white gum-tree, which the Moors and Arabs, who neither know how to sow or reap, live upon, during their long journeys. This gum is likely to prove a valuable article of commerce, being of great use in giving a body to silks, cottons, &c. The French have lately imported great quantities of it; and it has been calculated to be an object of 262,555l. per ann. to Europe; and therefore of more consequence than the negro or gold

trade.—Natural wisdom is a special gift of God, as it administers the comforts of life, makes useful resolutions into nature, thereby rendering man a beneficial member of society, and should therefore excite his thankfulness.—But divine grace exalts us above ourselves, sublimates the faculties of the souls leads to the right knowledge of the only true God, in his dear Son, which is the sum of wisdom—hence we love God, are made profitable both to the souls and bodies of our fellow-mortals, and (thro' divine grace) tread the path that leads to substantial and permanent bliss.—But alas!

Search all the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!

MARRIAGES.

Lord Viscount Valentia, to Miss Caven-
dish.

Tho. Boothby Parkins, to Miss James.
Capt. Will. Chambers, to Miss Mead.
John Peachy, Esq. to Miss Jennings.
Mr. Wm. Edwards, jun. to Miss Ley.
Mr. J. S. Bart, printer, to Miss Anne
Macklew.

Tho. Ludley, Esq. of Harley-street, to
Miss Evans.

Mr. William Bromet, druggist in Fleet-
street, to Miss Beale, of Windsor.

Sir John Read, Bart. to Miss Hoskyns,
sister of Sir Hungerford Hoskyns.

DEATHS.

Mr. Henry Farrol, of Tanfield-court,
Inner Temple.

The Hon. Wm. Parker, youngest son of
the Earl of Macclesfield.

Miss Brown, daughter of Mr. Brown, of
King-street, Drury-lane.

Mrs. Heaton, of Spital-square.

Mrs. Mary Nash, of Lambeth.

Wm. Aikman, Esq. of Broomleton, Scot-
land.

Mr. Thomas Blake, formerly a baker in
Little Britain.

Abel Collinson, Esq. at Chelmsford.

Mr. Thomas Slack, printer, at Newcastle
upon Tyne.

Rob. Francis, attorney at law, in Surry-
street.

Sir George Savile, bart.

Fred. Bull, Esq. alderman and member of
parliament.

Rob. Nightingale, Esq. of Kneelsworth,
near Royston.

Wm. Amery, Esq. brewer, in St. John-
street.

——— Dickenson, Esq. brewer, in Gold-
en-lane.

Right Hon. countess dowager of Home,
aged 79.

P O E T R Y.

AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THOU Triune God! supremely blest!

Thou cause uncaus'd of all!

Incline thine ear to my request,

And hear me when I call.

Say, while the Muse attempts to sing,

And mercy sweet implores;

Say, shall she mount on Jesse's wing,

Or scud along the shores?

Suffice it, that, in humblest lays,

My Muse invokes her God;

Suffice it too, she sings his praise,

Amidst her own abode.

The swift revolving dying years

In long succession run;

Whilst GOD unchangeable appears,

Th' Eternal Three in One!

Grant me to live the coming year,

And ready keep thy word:

May I in goodness persevere,

Jehovah! Jesus! Lord!

Parent of ALL, erase my crimes;

My country's sins forgive;

And let the present, 'boding times

Convince us how we live!

The plague and famine, mighty Lord!

Keep clear from these our coasts;

And in distress thine aid afford,

O God, thou Lord of Hosts!

Thy Servant, GEORGE, puissant Sire!

Enrich with length of days!

For thee, may fervent zeal inspire

His works, and all his ways!

May foreign wars no more molest,

Or civil broils, his reign:

But, blest in peace, in plenty blest,

Those blessings long maintain!

And my dear soil, my native home,

My country, my abode,

Defend from error, and from Rome,

Bless it, almighty God!

CELEDON.

E B E N - E Z E R:

Or a divine Soliloquy.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped," 1 Sam. vii. 12.

"Therefore my heart is glad," Psal. xvi. 19.

"I will sing of thy power, yea I will sing
aloud of thy mercy," Psal. lix. 16.

I FEEL divine sensations rise, O lend
Thy sacred lay, my Father, God, and
friend;

Assist the theme: while by reflection led
I backward trace the year's past o'er my head:

As far as my frail memory can trace,

I find vestiges of thy love and grace;

Through every period of my life I see

Thy saving providence attending me;

There's not a day throughout the fleeting year,

But I behold some token of thy care;

The sense of which hath often bow'd my mind,

Humbled my heart, and made my soul re-

sign'd.

Frequent I cry'd, while on my bended knee,

"Draw me, O God, and I'll run after thee."

And if thou wilt but food and raiment give,

Thee I'll adore, and rev'rence while I live;

And when I die, admitted to thy throne,

In endless praise my gratitude I'll own.

Thou God, who know'st the secrets of each

heart,

And view'st at once the whole and every part;

Know'st this to be the language of my soul,

Confirm'd by groans—and tears which fre-

quent roll;

Yet be thy mercy to my soul apply'd,

For tho' I vow'd, yet I have slept aside;

Broke thy commands, thy statutes disrever'd,

And the first nature has too much appear'd;

So that I must this just confession make,

"The Spirit's willing, but the flesh is weak."

Therefore I beg, O let thy grace subdue

Each wayward passion, and my heart renew;

That I may in a testimonial give,

Like that good man * *I'm dead, and yet I live!*

And now the soul that animates this clod,

Lives by the faith of thee, the Son of God.

W.

ON MERCY.

"Not by works of righteousness which we
have done, but according to his mercy he
saved us," Tit. iii. 5.

HAIL glorious attribute! how could lost
man,

When he does o'er his numerous failings scan,

Dare lift his eyes up to JEHOVAH's throne,

Or ask the JUST to reign his blessings down;

Didst thou not intercede, and plead his cause,

Hold back the sword, and mitigate the laws!

Essence of LOVE! O attribute the first!

Without thy aid, the best of men are curs'd.

W.

ON WORSHIP.

"Ye worship ye know not what," John iv. 22.

"God is a Spirit; and they that worship him,
must worship him in spirit and in truth,"

John iv. 24.

THE worship heav'n with approbation
crowns,

Does not consist in cringes or in sounds; *

* The Apostle Paul.

In

In ceremonies, or in cut of coat,
Nor in long prayers express'd all by rote;
'Tis not perform'd with tuned instrument,
In costly domes—houses magnificent—
Which strike the senses, and th' affections
draw

Into a superstitious lifeless awe;
But unreforms, and leaves the soul as poor,
As impotent and filthy as before.

No: genuine worship is a nobler thing,
Loves its original and only spring;
It is perform'd in spirit and in heart,
By the ability God doth impart;
And it consisteth in an holy living,
In prayer, in praises, and in true thanksgiving.

W.

THE PETITION.

"I know that in me (that is, in my flesh)
dwelleth no good thing," Rom. vii. 18.

LORD, crucify this wayward flesh of
mine,
Subdue the will, that I no more incline
To sin or passion—I have oft essay'd
To steer by REASON, but am still betray'd
And brought to condemnation, by thy
LIGHT,

So lame is reason, and so dim her sight:
Therefore I earnest beg, and humbly press,
That thou'lt dethrone this *ignis fatuus*.
This bold usurper, this erroneous guide,
And let thy grace over my will preside;
Subject the factious powers, direct, controul,
And take the guidance wholly of my soul:
So shall I answer the great end design'd,
And have thy peace transplanted in my mind:
A certain evidence within my breast,
That when I die my soul with thee shall rest.

W.

On the Bishop of CLOYNE's Treatise on the
Virtues of TAR WATER.

WHY do the Critics wage eternal
war
'Gainst their good Bishop, for prescribing
Tar?

He a true shepherd proves himself from hence,
Both in a moral and a lit'ral sense;
Thanks from the Flock, and not rebuke is
due,

Who saves the soul, and heals the body too.

W.

The Divine Monitor.

CELESTIAL Silence, ever dear,
Awe roving thoughts to rest;
Calm and collected let me hear
Thy preacher in my breast.

O let him speak, and I'll attend
The text he best explains:
My raptur'd soul delights to bend
Submissive to his strains.

He flatters not earth's lofty sons,
By stings of life unweav'd;
He bids them quarrel with this world,
Then wrestle for the next.

He, like a faithful mirror, shows
What state my soul is in:
He turns the volume of my life,
And points out ev'ry sin.

For which, when doubts oppress my soul
And make her hang the wing;
Some cordial drop he from the book
Of holy writ doth bring.

And if I turn to the right hand
Or on the left do stray;
He whispers softly in my ear,
This, this is the right way.

O glorious guide,—A guide more old
Than that prophetic fire,
Who took the law, by heav'n enroll'd,
Midst thunder, smoke, and fire.

"Those things, says he, that God commands,
Do not in secret lie;
Thou need'lt not go to lands remote,
Or fetch them from the sky."

"The word is near, it's in thy mouth,
And stamp'd upon thy heart;
That thou may'lt hear, yea, and obey
The truths it doth impart."

This is th' anointing Paul declares
The antients did receive:
Which taught them all th' essential points
A Christian should believe.

Who truly prize it will not need
The teachings now of man:
Since this speaks more demonstrative
Than any mortal can.

O more and more incline thine ear
To this internal voice;
And may the path he leads into
For ever be my choice!

That whensoever my body falls,
And turns to native dust;
My soul may live to praise thy name
In mansions of the just.

W.

A Hymn.

HOW vain this world! its glitt'ring toys
Shall ne'er subjeet my mind:
My soul pants for unbounded joys,
In regions unconfin'd.

Here by gradations wisdom grows,
And, prest with doubts, we pine:
No being in perfection knows,
Nor how their systems join.

Our boasted reason, tho' it strives
To solve each knotty theme;
Scarce ever to the bottom dives
Her demonstration's dream

But

174 The GOSPEL MAGAZINE, now Enlarged and Improved.

But when, disrob'd of cumb'rous clay,
The soul shall quit this ball;
Rapt to the scenes of endless day,
The scales of ignorance fall:

There, lost in wonder, love, and praise,
Explore in sweet fruition;
See wisdom in all nature's ways
Know truth by intuition.

Ah then, dear God, recall my breath,
My shackled pow'rs free;
I'll gladly meet that stroke of death
Which joins my soul to thee.

A Hymn.

WHAT tribute shall a son of earth
Pay to the Lord of heaven,
Whose ample hand has to his birth
All other blessings giv'n!

God is immense and opulent,
All nature is his store;
But man is finite, impotent.
In soul and body poor.

Nothing he has to sacrifice,
Or offer as his own;
No incense that can reach the skies,
No merit to atone.

To pray and praise his poor return
For goodness unconfin'd;
And these in grateful souls would burn,
Were no command enjoin'd.

What mortal to the full can sing
His great Creator's praise;
Or in perfection touch the string,
And equal anthems raise!

E'en seraphs fail, when they essay
The wond'rous depths divine;
Then how remote the human lay,
Tho' wit with judgment join!

What tho' affluence swallow deep,
Tho' surges o'er me roar;
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah, saith,
I'm landed and adore!

SELF-ABASEMENT.

A Soliloquy.

WILL the supreme Jehovah condescend
To be my guide, my father, and my
friend?

Dared self-conscious once presume to claim,
Or hope protection from thy sacred name:
I who have been a rebel to thy laws,
And shar'd thy gifts, unmindful of the cause!
Tho' grace my reason to correct is lent,
How frequent I its overtures prevent!
Oh! boundless mercy—unexampled love!
No inbred virtue could thy notice move;

No charities or humane acts of mine;
No;—ere the world, 'twas a decree of thine:
If I have ought that can be deemed good,
It must derive its worth from Jesus' blood.
For us he dy'd, to purchase bliss above;
For us poor sinners, he display'd his love;
Exalted by his merit, hence my claim
To seek protection—and implore his name:
O for his sake, deny not special aid,
While I the devious paths of life pervade;
And when my wand'rings o'er permit my
soul
To reach those courts above the starry pole,
There—with the heav'nly host my voice I'll
raise,
To sing thy wonders, and exalt thy praise.

W.

A SOLILOQUY.

ALmighty Father, Lord of earth and
sky,

Press'd down with gloom, to thee I lift mine
eye;

Thou know'st my cries; and thy repleted
hand

Contains the blessings both of sea and land:
Whete'er thou wilt it is done—O do but
speak,

Each doubt shall vanish, and each cloud shall
break;

Sunshine the evening of my days attend,
Happy in peace, and happy in a friend.

If on the sparrows thou dost glance an eye,
Or hear'st the hungry ravens when they cry;

O let me (small like them) thy care engage,
Protect me, guide me on this mundane stage;

No useless riches to my portion deal,
Avert that poverty that prompts to steal;

The mean that Agur chose, O make it mine,
A state that doth to no extreme incline!

Or Jacob's blessing, food and raiment sent,
With liberty, will give my soul content.

Thankful for these, I'll travel down life's
road,

And grateful blest thy name, and hail thee
God.

W.

A HYMN.

COME, gratitude, inspire the lay;
Devotion, aid the flame;

My grateful heart will homage pay
Unto Jehovah's name.

His favours call aloud for praise,
My utmost thanks are due;

To him I dedicate my days,
And solemn vows renew.

He fills my soul with ev'ry good,
Infills life-giving peace;

Hands daily to my body food,
And cloaths me with his fleece.

A.

An earnest gives, when death shall close
With icy hand these eyes;
My soul shall find a sweet repose
In mansions of the skies.

What chosen periods can explain
The fervors of my mind,
Rising ideas crowd in vain,
Nor can deliv'rance find.

One comfort yet remains, the heart
Lies open to his eye;
His word pervades the inmost part,
And marks integrity.

A REFLECTION.

AMID the various troubles here below,
Where shall the mind, afflicted, fly to know

Internal comfort, but to thee, O God;
Thy mercy soothes the anguish of thy rod,
Softens each trial, blunts misfortune's dart,
Drops lenient oil into the bleeding heart;
Makes what we feel supportable—or who,
These dreary regions else could travel thro',
Life's utmost point with combating obtain,
When all's prevented by a moment's pain!
But an eternity! that vast profound,
Reverb'rates on the ear, an awful sound!
A judgment-day we can't obliterate;
The tribune's fix'd—and none can baffle fate.
Let's boldly against sin unceasing fight,
A lasting crown the conquest shall requite.
Had we not hoped, said the seers of old,
The goodness of Jehovah to behold;
In the blest land where living waters flow,
Our souls had fainted, and that long ago.

A SUPPLICATION.

CREATOR and Redeemer of my soul,
Rebuke those troubles that impetuous roll:

Surrounding gloom has press'd my spirits low,
My soul is delug'd and seems lost in woe.
Who gave her being, must her life sustain,
Or all her struggles to survive are vain.
If thou recall'st thy influence nature dies;
What power on earth the want of thine supplies!

The mountains nod beneath thy angry hand,
What human being then can hope to stand!
'Tis thou preserv'st each part, and binds the whole,

O bound the sorrows that oppress my soul!
Mercy's thy darling attribute, O shed
Its gracious influence on my clouded head!
Remove each meteor, clear the lowering sky,
And O reveal thy sacred presence nigh
Reviv't my sad soul; thy gracious ray,
Will renovate and crown with peace my day,

Thy lodging room mourns her departed guest,
And longs the banquet once she shar'd to taste.

Ah then return, my Saviour, God, and King,
The Paraclete can every blessing bring.

To those under Affliction.

POSSESS your souls in patience, Christ
doth reign,
And by his power Satan shall be slain;
What tho' great dangers lie before your view,

And goading sorrows pierce you thro' and thro';

What tho' no friend to your assistance move,
Iron below and all like brass above;

Yet eye that hand that once deliv'rance wrought,

When Jacob's sons to the Red Sea were brought,

In fear they cry'd, his power did then surround,

Op'ning a passage thro' the depth profound.
Is he less mindful now—of those that are

His chosen and adopted—No! his care
For them is great—and he at length will bring

His children on the banks, where they shall sing

As Moses did—when the Egyptian host
Sunk in the waves or on the billows tost.

A CONCLUSION.

"The Lord is gracious and full of compassion,
slow to anger and of great mercy," Psalm
cxlv. S.

"For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth
that we are dust." Psalm ciii. 14.

THAT man who can, upon a strict survey,

Turn o'er the leaves of his past life and say,
With uprightness, integrity and truth,

Thou, Lord, who know'st the secrets of my youth,

Th' various states in which I have been prov'd,

Dost know, that thee above all things I've lov'd;

Thy holy fear, being plac'd within my heart,
Preserv'd my soul, and did such strength impart,

That in some measure I've withstood the evil
Presented by the world, the flesh, and devil.

But when thro' frailty and for want of care,

I've broke this law, and drop'd into a snare,
Thy grace begot deep penitence and pain,

And constant care not to offend again:

The Christian that to this can set his seal,
And thus to his omniscient Judge appeal,
However censur'd, I am bold to say,
The God of Love will never cast away;
But when he dies, will land him on that
shore
Where no storms beat, or billows ever roar.

W.

THE ASYLUM.

LET envious tongues my character de-
fame,
Backbite, detract, and persecute my name,
Let rogues and knaves concert their wicked
measures,
To rob my house and rifle all my treasures;
On thy strong arm, O God, I firmly trust;
'Tis thou that guard'st the innocent and just.

W.

*The unequal Distribution of Providence cleared
up.*

BEHOLD the sons of pride,
And see their wealth increase;
Riches flow in on ev'ry side,
And all their days are peace:

While God's own children are
The objects of their scorn;
Crosses and trials daily bear,
And fear, and fight, and mourn,

This sight confounds our sense,
And puzzles human wit;
But faith the mystery explains,
And bids the saints submit.

Poor silly soul! to grudge
The lunatic his mirth,
And to arraign the sovereign Judge
And Lord of all the earth.

What if Keturah's brat
Their portion first receive,
And take their march away; at that
Shall Isaac pine and grieve?

Ere supper-time comes on,
If he who rules the house,
To break their teeth therewith, a bone
To hungry mastiffs throws;

Leave them alone to tear
Each other and to fight;
'Tis like if they without it were,
Your heels they'd oftener bite.

Let then the bastards boast
Their freedom from the rod;
That he to mend you is at cost,
Proves, you are sons of God.

T, R. j.

F I N I S.

N. B. An Index to this Volume will be given, gratis, in the New
SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE for February.

*Occasioned by a Sermon preached by Mr. J.
Webb, on the late Fire, Nov. 5. 1783.*

"Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord
bath not done it," Amos iii. 6.

WHAT various ways the Lord pursues
To win our fallen race!
With mercy's ways how oft he woo's
Us to accept his grace!

But when mankind are careless grown,
Nor heed th' avenging rod;
In ways of judgment he makes known
Himself a pow'ful God.

He bids a plague go thro' a land,
And strike its thousands dead;
Or takes the sword into his hand,
Or bids a famine spread.

Or else he sends devouring fire;
The flames obey his word;
And come the tokens of his ire,
And bid us fear the Lord.

No evil's in the city found
Unknown unto the Lord;
'Tis he who deals those judgments round,
To make us learn his word.

To shew his right to all we have,
He strikes our comforts dead;
But he that takes, is he that gave,
So let his praise be spread.

When men are lock'd in silent sleep,
He bids a fire reign;
To shew, unless his arm doth keep,
All human care is vain.

But when the flames are seen to spread,
What terror reigns around!
And, Oh, how great will be the dread
When the last trump shall sound!

Then all who now the Lord despise,
Shall dread to meet his face:
In vain to rocks they raise their cries,
To yield a hiding place.

Since life's alone the day of grace,
Improve it while you can;
For but a short, a trifling space,
Is the frail life of man.

Then fly to Christ, his mercy crave,
His pard'ning grace implore;
'Tis he alone can sinners save,
And our lost race restore.

Let holiness your lives employ,
While yet your life remains;
So shall you meet your death with joy,
Nor fear eternal pains.

W. HOLLAND.