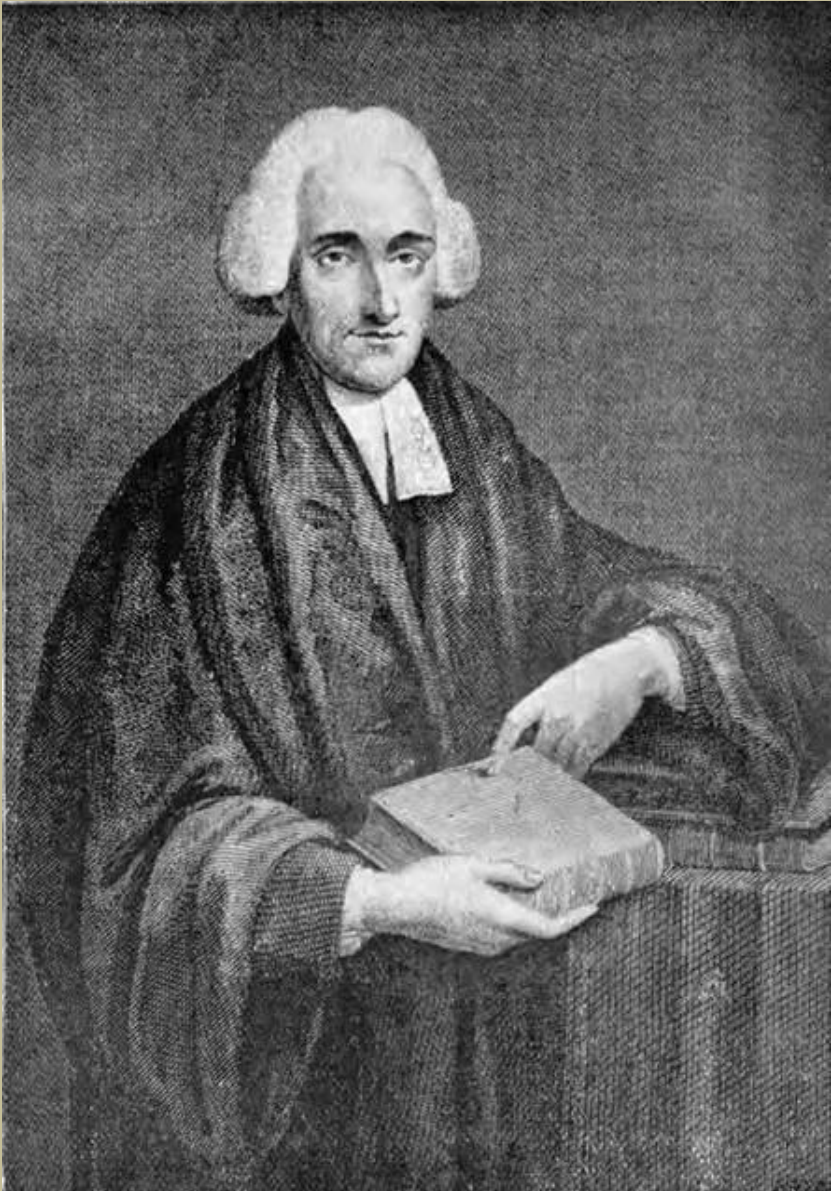


THE WORKS OF



AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

VOLUME 6

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

NEW EDITION,
WITH AN ENLARGED MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. 6

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM BAYNES AND SON,
PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND H. S. BAYNES, EDINBURGH

1825

Contents:

Book VI - Works of Augustus Toplady

The Scheme of Christian & Philosophical Necessity
Asserted; in Opposition to Mr. John Wesley's Tract
A Dissertation Concerning the Sensible Qualities of
Matter

Collection of Letters

An Answer to the Following Question, "Whether
Popular Applause Can Yield
Solid Satisfaction To A Truly Great Mind?"

An answer To The Following Question, "Whether a
Highwayman or a Cheating Tradesman is the Honester
Person?"

Poems on Sacred Subjects

Excellent Passages from Eminent Persons

The Scheme of Christian & Philosophical Necessity Asserted;...
THE SCHEME OF CHRISTIAN AND PHILOSOPHICAL
NECESSITY ASSERTED;
IN OPPOSITION TO MR. JOHN WESLEY'S TRACT ON THAT
SUBJECT.

"Adeo stat et permanet invicta sententia, omnia necessitate fieri. Nee est hic ulla obscuritas, aut ambiguitas. In Esaia dicit [Deus] consilium meum stabit, et voluntas mea fiet. Quis enim puer non intelligit quid velint haec vocabula, consilium, voluntas, fiet, stabit?" *Luther, de servo Arbitrio, sect. 19.*

"Quae nobis videtur contingentia, secretum Dei impulsumfuisse agnosceret fides." *Calvin, Institut. I. I. c. 19.*

"Quid igitur, inquires, nullane est in rebus, ut istorum vocabulo utar, contingentia? Nihil casus? Nihil fortuna? - Omnia necessario evenire Scripturae; decent." *Melancthon, Loc. Com. P. 10. Edit. Argentor. 1523.*

"There is not a fly but has had infinite wisdom concerned, not only in its structure, but in its destination." Dr. Youngs Cent, not fab. Letter II.

PREFACE.

YESTERDAY'S post brought me a packet from London, including, among other papers, a small tract, recently published by Mr. John Wesley, entitled, "Thoughts upon Necessity." I had no sooner perused those "Thoughts," than I resolved to bring them to the test: and am now setting about it.

During some years past, I have, for the most part, stood patiently on the defensive against this gentleman. It is high time that I take my turn to invade and carry the arms of truth into the enemy's own territory.

Mr. Wesley's tract above mentioned was sent to me by a well-known, and very deserving, London clergyman; so much of whose letter as relates to the said tract shall, for the amusement of my readers, be submitted to their view.

"I went last night to the (a) Foundry, expecting to hear Pope John;

but was disappointed. After hearing a Welshman for an hour and twenty minutes, on Ps 84:11, preach up all the heresies of the place, a man who sat in the pulpit told him to 'give over;' for he seemed to bid fair for another half hour, at least. But he came to a conclusion as desired. Then this man, who seemed a local preacher, stood up with a pamphlet in his hand, and addressed the auditory in the following manner:

(a) Mr. Wesley's principal meeting-house in London.

"I am desired to publish a pamphlet upon Necessity and Free-will; the best extant that I know of, in the English tongue (b); by Mr. John Wesley, price three pence. I had purposed to have said a good deal upon it, but the time is elapsed. But in this three-penny pamphlet, you have all the disputes that have been bandied about so lately. And you will get your minds more established by this three-penny pamphlet, than by reading all the books that have been written for and against. It is to be had at both doors as you go out.

(b) Query. Does the said lay preacher, whoever he may be, know aught of any other tongue?

"I beg leave" (adds my reverend friend) "to transmit you this here said three-penny wonder."

Upon the whole, this must have been a droll sort of mountebank scene. Attended, however, with one most melancholy and deplorable circumstance, arising from the unreasonable and unseasonable prolixity of the long-winded holderforth; which cruelly, injudiciously, and despitefully, prevented poor Zany from puffing off, with the amplitude he fully intended, the multiplex virtues of the doctor's three-penny free-will powder.

Never do that by delegation, says an old proverb, which you can as well do in *propria persona*. Had Dr. John himself got upon the stage, and sung,

"Come, buy my fine powders, come buy dem of me,
Hare be de best powders dat ever you see;"

Who knows but the three-penny doses might have gone off, "at both doors," as rapidly as peas from a pop-gun?

My business for a few spare hours shall be to amuse myself by

analyzing this re-doubtable powder. The chemical resolution of so inestimable a specific into its component parts (a specific,

"The like whereto was never seen,
Nor will again, while grass is green,")

may, moreover, be of very great and signal use. It were pity that the *materia medica* of which it is made up, should remain a secret, especially as the good doctor designed it for general benefit. To make which benefit as universal as I can, I do hereby give notice unto all philosophers, divines, and others, who have poisoned their entrails by unwarily taking too deep a draught of Necessity: that they may at any time, by help of the following decomposition, have it in their power to mix up, for their own immediate recovery, a competent *quantum* of the famous Moorfields powder: whose chief ingredients are,

An equal portion of gross Heathenism, Pelagianism, Mahometism, Popery, Manichaeism, Ranterism, and Antinomianism; culled, dried, and pulverized, *secundem artem*: and, above all, mingled with as much palpable Atheism as you can possibly scrape together from every quarter.

Hae tibi erunt artes. Follow the above prescription to your life's end, and you will find it a most pleasant, speedy, and infallible antidote against every species and effect of the baneful necessitarian nightshade. It is the *felix malum*,

-----Quo non presentius ullum
(Pocula si quando saevae infecere novercae,
Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba)
Auxilium venet, ac membris agit atra Venena. (c)

(c) Georgic 1. 2. 127.

But though Mr. John Wesley is the vender and the ostensible proprietor of this efficacious three-penny medicine; the original discovery of the nostrum is by no means his own. He appears to have pilfered the substance, both of his *arcana medendi*, and of his cavils against the true philosophy of colours, from the refuted lucubrations with which a certain North-British professor hath edified and enriched the literary public. Let the simple, however, be on their guard lest Mr. Wesley's spiritual medicines have as

pernicious influence on their minds as the quack remedy which he (d) recommends for the gout, had on the life of Dr. T__d, the late worthy dean of N_____ch.

(d) In Mr. Wesley's book of Receipts, entitled "Primitive Physic," he advises persons who have the gout in their feet or hands to apply raw lean beef steaks to the part affected, fresh and fresh every twelve hours. Somebody recommended this dangerous repellent to Dr. T. in the year 1764, or early in 1765. He tried the experiment. The gout was in consequence driven up to his stomach and head, and he died, a few days after, at Bath; where I happened to spend a considerable part of those years; and where, at the very time of the Dean's death, I became acquainted with the particulars of that catastrophe.

I am far from meaning to insinuate, because I do not know that the person who persuaded Dr. T. to this fatal resource, derived the recipe immediately from Mr. Wesley's medical compilation. All I aver is, that the recipe itself is to be found there. Which demonstrates the unskilful temerity wherewith the compiler sets himself up as a physician of the body. Should his quack pamphlet come to another edition, it is to be hoped that the beef steak remedy will, after so authentic and so melancholy a probatum est, be expunged from the list of specifics for the gout. It is, I acknowledge an effectual cure. Cutoff a man's head, and he will no more be annoyed by the tooth, ache. Alas, for the ingenium velox, and for the audacia perdita, with which a rash empiric, like Juvenal's Graeculus esuriens, lays claim to universal science!

Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aleptes, Augur, Schaenobates, Medicus, Mapus! Omnia novit!

By way of direct introduction to the following sheets, allow me to premise an extract from the commentary of a very great man, on those celebrated lines of Juvenal:

"Nullum numen habes si sit pudentia; sed te nos facimus, fortuna, deam, coeloque locamus.

"Dicit autem hoc poeta, ob fortunam: quae non solum nullum numen est, sed nusquam et nihil est. Nam cum sciamus omnia in mundo, maxima et minima, providentia, Dei gubernari; quid restat de fortuna, nisi vanum et inane nomen? - Unde recte dici ur tolle

ignorantiam e personis, fortunam de rebus sustuleris. Quia enim homines rerum omnium causas non perspicimus, ut est mortalium caecitas; fortunam nescio quam vagam, irritam, instabilem, nobis fingimus. Quod si causas rerum latentes et abditas nobis inspicere daretur; non modo nullam esse talem fortunam videremus, verum etiam omnium minima, singulari Dei providentia, regi. Et sic fortuna nihil aliud est, quam Dei providentia, sed nobis non perspecta. Et recte divinus ille Seneca: fortuna, fatum natura, omnia ejusdem Dei nomina, varie sua potestate utentis." (e) i.e. "The poet, in this place, levels his arrows at fortune or chance: which is not only no goodness, but a mere nothing, and has no existence any where. For since it is certain that all things in the world, both little and great, are conducted by the providence of God; what is chance, but an empty and unmeaning name? Hence it has been rightly observed, Take away man's ignorance, and chance vanishes in a moment. The true reason why any of us are for setting up chance and fortune is our not being always able to discern and to trace the genuine causes of events: in consequence of which we blindly and absurdly feign to ourselves a supposed random, unreal, unsteady cause, called luck or contingency, whereas, were we endued with sufficient penetration to look into the hidden sources of things, we should not only see that there is no such power as contingency of fortune, but so far from it, that even the smallest and most trivial incidents are guided and governed by God's own express and special providence. If, therefore, the word chance have any determinate signification at all, it can mean neither more nor less than the unseen management of God. In which sense, the admirable Seneca makes use of the term: Fortune (says that philosopher), and Fate, and Nature, are but so many different names of the one true God, considered as exerting his power in various ways and manners." But, with Seneca's good leave, as the words fortune, chance, contingency, &c., have gradually opened a door to the grossest Atheism; and as they require much subtilty and prolixity of explanation, in order to their being understood in any other than an atheistical sense, it is more than expedient that the words themselves should be totally and finally cashiered and thrown aside.

(e) Lubini Comment in Juvenal, Sat 0 p 454. Edit. Hanoviae, 1619.

I have only to add that if, in the succeeding Essay, any reader should

imagine I express my meaning with too much plainness, it may suffice to observe, that there is no end to the capricious refinements of affected and excessive delicacy.

Quod verum, atique decens, curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

Language, like animal bodies, may be physicked until it has no strength left. We may whet its edge, as the fool sharpened his knife, and as some are now for reforming the Church, until we have whetted the whole blade away.

Broad Hembury, Jan. 22, 1775.

CHAP. I.

NECESSITY DEFINED: AND ITS CONSISTENCY WITH VOLUNTARY FREEDOM PROVED.

Aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis. The man who concerns himself in every thing bids fair not to make a figure in any thing.

Mr. John Wesley is precisely this *aliquis in omnibus*. For is there a single subject in which he has not endeavoured to shine? - He is also as precisely a *nullus in singulis*. For has he shone in any one subject which he ever attempted to handle?

Upon what principle can these two circumstances be accounted for? Only upon that very principle at which he so dolefully shakes his head: viz., the principle of necessity. The poor gentleman is necessarily an universal meddler: and as necessarily an universal miscarrier. Can he avoid being either the one or the other? No. "Whv, then, do you animadvert upon him?"

1. Because I myself am as necessary an agent as he: - 2. Because I love to "shoot folly as it flies:" - 3. Because as, on one hand, it is necessary that there should be heresies among men, 1Co 11:19; it is no less necessary, on the other, that those heresies should be dissected and exposed. Mr. Wesley imagines that, upon my own principles, I can be no more than "a clock." And if so, how can I help striking? He himself has several times smarted for coming too near the pendulum.

Mr. Wesley's incompetence to argument is never more glaringly conspicuous than when he paddles in metaphysics. And yet I

suppose that the man who has modestly termed himself, and in print too, "The greatest minister in the world;" does, with equal certainty consider himself as the ablest metaphysician in the world. But his examinations are far too hasty and superficial to enter into the real merits of subjects so extremely abstruse, and whose concatenations are (though invincibly strong, yet) so exquisitely nice and delicate. One result of his thus exercising himself in matters which are too high for him is, that, in many cases, he decides peremptorily, without having discerned so much as the true state of the question; and then sets himself to speak evil of things which, it is very plain, he does not understand. Or (to borrow the language of Mr. Locke), he "knows a little, presumes a great deal, and so jumps to conclusions. "

I appeal, at present, to his "Thoughts upon Necessity," thoughts which, though crude and dark as chaos, are announced, according to custom, with more than oracular positiveness: as though his own *glandula pinealis* was the single focus wherein all the rays of divine and human wisdom are concentrated.

His thoughts open thus:

1. "Is man a free-agent, or is he not?" - Without all manner of doubt, he is, in a vast number and variety of cases. Nor did I ever, in conversation, or in reading, meet with a person, or an author, who denied it.

But let us, by defining as we go, ascertain what free-agency is. All needless refinements apart, free-agency, in plain English, is neither more nor less than voluntary agency. Whatever the soul does, with the full bent of preference and desire, in that the soul acts freely. For *ubi consensus, ibi voluntas, et ubi voluntas, ibi libertas*.

I own myself very fond of definitions. I therefore premise what the Necessity is whose cause I have undertaken to plead.

It is exactly and diametrically opposite to that which Cicero delivers concerning *fortuna*, or chance, luck, hap, accidentality, and contingency; invented by the poets of second antiquity, and during many ages revered as a Deity, by both Greeks and Romans. "*Quid est aliud sors, quid fortuna, quid casus, quid eventus; nisi quum sic aliquid cecidit, sic evenit, ut vel non cadere atque evenire vel aliter cadere atque evenire, potuerit (f)?*" i.e. Chance, fortune, accident,

and uncertain event, are then said to take place, when a thing so comes to pass as that it either might not have come to pass at all, or might have come to pass otherwise than it does.

(f) Cic. De Divinat. L. 2.

On the contrary, I would define necessity to be that by which whatever comes to pass cannot but come pass (all circumstances taken into the account); and can come to pass in no other way or manner than it does. Which coincides with Aristotle's definition of necessity (though, by the way, he was a free-willer himself): Το μη ενδεχόμενον ΑΑΑΩΣ εχειν, αναγκαιον φαιεν (g): We call that necessary which cannot be otherwise than it is.

(g) Apud Frommenium, Lib. 2. cap. 9.

Hence the Greeks term necessity Anagkh: because anassei it reigns, without exception, over all the works of God; and because anasxei, it retains and comprises all things within the limits of its own dominion. The Romans called it *necesse et necessitas; quasi ne cassitas*, because it cannot fail, or be made void, *et quasi ne quassitas*, because it cannot be moved, or shaken, by all the power of men (h).

(h) The immediate parent, or *causa proxima*, of necessity, is fate; called by the Greeks, *eimarwmenh*: because it invincibly distributes to every man his lot. They termed it also *peprwmenh*, because it bounds, limits, marks out, adjusts, determines, and precisely ascertains, to each individual of the human race, his assigned portion both of active and passive life. Fate was likewise sometimes metonymically stiled *moira* or the lot, i.e. the *res ipussimas*, or very actions and felicities and sufferings themselves, which fall to every man's share.

The Latins called fate, *fatum*: either from *fiat*, i.e. from God's saying, Let such and such a thing come to pass: or simply, a *fando*; from God's pronouncing the existence, the continuance, the circumstances, the times, and whatever else relates to men and things. If we distinguish accurately, this seems to have been the order in which the most judicious of the ancients considered the whole matter. First, God: - then, his will: - then, fate; or the solemn ratification of his will, by passing and establishing it into an unchangeable decree: - then creation: - then, necessity; i.e. such an

indissoluble concatenation of secondary causes and effects as has a native tendency to secure the certainty of all events, *secut uuda impellitur unda* . - then, Providence; i.e. the omni-present, omni-vigilant, all-directing superintendency of divine wisdom and power, carrying the whole preconcerted scheme into actual execution, by the subservient mediation of second causes, which were created for that end.

I acquiesce in the old distinction of necessity (a distinction adopted by Luther, and by most of, not to say by all, the sound reformed divines), into a necessity of compulsion, and a necessity of infallible certainty. - The necessity of compulsion is predicated of inanimate bodies; as we say of the earth (for instance) that it circuits the sun, by compulsory necessity: and, in some cases, of reasonable beings themselves; viz. when they are forced to do or suffer any thing, contrary to their will and choice. - The necessity of infallible certainty is of a very different kind; and only renders the event inevitably future, without any compulsory force on the will of the agent. Thus, it was infallibly certain that Judas would betray Christ: he was therefore a necessary, though a voluntary, actor in that tremendous business.

2. "Are a man's actions free, or necessary?" - They may be, at one and the same time, free and necessary too. When Mr. Wesley is very hungry, or very tired, he is necessarily, and yet freely, disposed to food or rest. He can no more help being so disposed than a falling stone can help tending to the earth. But here lies the grand difference. The stone is a simple being, consisting of matter only: and consequently can have no will either to rise or fall. - Mr. Wesley is a compounded being, made up of matter and spirit. Consequently, his spirit, soul, or will (for I can conceive no real difference between the will and the soul itself) is concerned in sitting down to dinner, or in courting repose, when necessity impels to either. And I will venture to affirm, what he himself cannot deny, that, necessarily biased as he is to those mediums of recruit, he has recourse to them as freely (i.e. as voluntarily, and with as much appetite choice, desire, and relish) as if necessity was quite out of the case; nay, and with abundantly greater freedom and choice, than if he was not so necessitated and impelled.

It would be easy to instance this obvious truth in a thousand

particulars; and in particulars of infinitely greater moment than relate to common life. Let me just, *en passant*, illustrate the point, from the most grand important topic which the whole compass of reasoning affords.

It was necessary (i.e. absolutely and intrinsically inevitable), 1. That the Messiah should be invariably (k) holy in all his ways, and righteous in all his works: - 2. That he should die for the sins of men.

(k) I never knew more than one Arminian who was so tremendously consistent as to maintain, explicitly and in words, that it was possible for Christ himself to have fallen from grace by sin, and to have perished everlastingly. I must, however, do this gentleman the justice to add that he has, for some years past, been of a better judgment. - But the shocking principle itself is necessarily involved in, and invincibly follows upon the Arminian scheme of contingency; whether the asserters of that scheme openly avow the consequence or no.

Yet Christ, though, 1. necessarily good (so necessarily, that it was impossible for him to be otherwise), was freely and voluntarily good: else he could not have declared with truth, My meat and drink [i.e. my choice, my appetite, my desire] is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work (Joh 4:34) – 2. Though he (m) could not avoid being put to death as a sacrifice for sin, yet he died voluntarily, and therefore freely. Else he would not have affirmed that he was even straightened until it was accomplished (Lu 12:50): i.e. he wished and longed for the consummation of his obedience unto death.

(m) To deny the necessity of Christ's sufferings, i.e. to consider them as unpredestinated, and as things which might, or might not, have happened, is to annihilate, at one stroke, the whole dignity and importance of the Christian religion. Scripture is therefore extremely careful to inculcate, again and again, in the strongest and most explicit terms which language can supply that the whole of Christ's humiliation, even his death itself, was infallibly and inevitably decreed. See, among many other passages, those which occur in the 5th chapter of this Essay.

Need I add any thing more to prove that freedom and necessity are

not only compatible, but may even coalesce into absolute unisons with each other?

But "How do they thus coalesce?" - By the wise appointment of God, who is great in counsel and mighty in working, (Jer 22:19) A Christian will be satisfied with this answer, and philosophy itself cannot rise to an higher.

CHAP. II.

THE NECESSITY OF HUMAN VOLITIONS PROVED FROM THE NATURE OF THE CONNECTION SUBSISTING BETWEEN SOUL AND BODY.

Mr. Wesley asks, 3. "Is man self-determined in acting; or is he determined by some other being?" - I scruple not to declare, as my steadfast judgment, that no man ever was, or ever will, or ever can be, strictly and philosophically speaking, self-determined to any one action, be that action what it may.

Let us examine this point. It is neither unimportant, nor unentertaining.

There is (p) no medium between matter and spirit. These two divide the whole universe between them. Even in man's present complex state, though body and soul constitute one compositum; yet are the two component principles not only distinct, but essentially different, from each other. Their connection, though astonishingly intimate, occasions no mixture nor confusion of this with that.

(p) I am obliged here to take these two particulars for granted: as the adhibition of the abundant proofs by which they are supported and evinced would lead me too far from the object immediately in view.

Notwithstanding which the nature (or, if you please, the law) of their junction is such that they reciprocally act upon each other. A man breaks a limb, or is wounded in a duel. The body, and the body alone receives the injury: but the injury is no sooner received than it operates upon the soul. For it is the soul only which feels pleasure or pain, through the medium of the bodily organs. Matter can no more feel, or perceive, than it can read, or pray. To suppose otherwise were to suppose that a violin can hear, and a telescope see.

If, therefore, the soul is the feeling principle, or sole seat of

perception' it follows, as clear as day, that the soul is no less dependent on the body for a very considerable portion of its [i.e. of the soul's own] physical happiness or misery than the body is dependent on the soul, for its [i.e. for the body's] instrumental subserviency to the will. Consequently, the soul is (not self-determined, but) necessarily determined, to take as much cure of the body as it [the soul] in its present views deems requisite: because the soul is conscious of its dependence on that machine, as the inlet and channel of pleasing or of disagreeable sensations. So that, in this very extensive instance, man's volitions are swayed, this way or that, to the right hand or to the left; by considerations drawn from the circumstance of that necessary dependence on the body which the soul cannot possibly raise itself superior to, while the mutual connection subsists.

An idea is that image, form, or conception of any thing, which the soul is impressed with from without. (q) How come we by these ideas? I believe them to be all, originally, let in through the bodily senses only. I cannot consider reflection as, properly, the source of any new ideas: but rather as a sort of mental chemistry, by which the understanding contemplatively analyses and sublimates, into abstract and refined knowledge, some of those ideas which result either from experience, or from information, and which were primarily admitted through the avenues of sense. Without the sense of hearing, we could have had no just idea of sound: nor of odours, without the sense of smelling, any more than the foot can taste, or the hand can hear.

(q) Are not the powers of fancy an exception to that doctrine which maintains that all ideas originally accede, ab extra, to the mind? - Not in the least Though I may form (for instance) an uncertain, or at best an incomplete, idea of a person I never saw; yet that idea is either drawn from description, or, if purely imaginary, is a combination of conceptions, every one of which came at first into the mind through the senses, and which it associates on principles of real or supposed similitude.

The senses themselves, which are thus the only doors by which ideas, i.e. the rudiments of all (r) knowledge, find their way to the soul; are literally, and in the fullest import of the word, corporeal. Hence the soul cannot see, if the eyes are destroyed; nor feel, if the

nervous functions are suspended; nor hear, if the organs of that sense are totally impaired. What learn we from this? That the soul, or mind, is primarily and immediately indebted to the body, for all the ideas (and consequently for all the knowledge) with which it is furnished. By these ideas, when compared, combined, or separated, the soul, on every occasion, necessarily regulates its conduct: and is afterwards as dependant on the body for carrying its conceptions into outward act, as it was for its simple reception of them at first.

(r) The reader will observe, that I am here speaking of no other than of natural and artificial knowledge. Spiritual knowledge, divinely impressed on the soul in its regeneration by the Holy Ghost, comes not, hitherto, within the compass of the present disquisition. Though to me it seems extremely probable that this most adorable agent often condescends to make the senses themselves (and especially the sense of feeling; to which single sense, by the way, all the other four may, sub diverso modo, be reduced) the inlets of his blessed influence. There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Job 32:8.

Thus the soul is, in a very extensive degree, passive as matter itself.

Whether the fibres of the brain do no more than simply vibrate, or whether they be also the canals of a vital fluid agitated and set in circulation, by the percussions which it receives from the senses, the argument comes to just the same point. The senses are necessarily impressed by every object from without, and as necessarily commove the fibres of the brain: from which nervous commotion ideas are necessarily communicated to, or excited in, the soul, and by the judgment which the soul necessarily frames of those ideas, the will is necessarily inclined to approve or disapprove, to act or not to act. If so, where is the boasted power of self-determination?

Having taken a momentary survey of the soul's dependance on the body, and of the vast command which the body has over the soul (so great, that a disease may quickly degrade a philosopher into an idiot; and even an alteration of (s) weather diffuse a temporary stupor through all the powers of the mind), let us next enquire, on what the body itself depends, for the sources of those innumerable ideas, which it is the vehicle of transmitting to the intellects; and without which transmission, the intellect, implunged in a mass of clay, could

have no more idea of outward things than an oyster has of a tinder-box. An unactive consciousness of mere torpid existence would have been the whole amount of its riches, during its inclosure in a prison without door, window, or crevice.

(s) Lord Chesterfield's remark is not ill founded. "I am convinced that a light supper, a good night's sleep, and a fine morning, have sometimes made a hero of the same man who, by an indigestion, a restless night, and a rainy morning, would have been a coward." Letter 117. - Again: "Those who see and observe kings, heroes, and statesmen, discover that they have head aches, indigestions, humours, and passions, just like other people: every one of which, in in their turns, determine their wills in defiance of their reason." Letter 173. Human excellence truly has much to be proud of! and man is a sovereign, self-determining animal! an animal whom too rarified or too vicious a texture, too rapid or too languid a circulation of blood; an imperfect secretion of spirits from the blood, through the cortical strainers of the brain; or an irregular distribution of the spiritous fluid, from the secreting fibres to the nervous canals which diffuse themselves through the body: - these and a thousand other involuntary causes can at any time, in less than a moment, if Cod please, suspend every one of our sensations; stagnate us into stupidity; agitate us into a fever; or deprive us of life itself!

Yet let it be observed that thought and reason are, at all times and amidst all circumstances what ever, essentially inseparable from the soul: whether it dwell in a well organized and duly tempered body, or in a body whose construction is ever so unfavourable, and whose mechanic balance is ever so broken and impaired. But in the latter case (especially in swoons epilepsies, &c.) the soul cannot unfold and exercise its faculties, as when the material machine is in right order. Thus we cannot say, with metaphysical propriety, that a person in a fainting fit, or that even the most absolute idiot on earth, is an irrational being: but only that he has not the service of his reason. Nor can we say of a madman that he has lost his understanding: but only that the proper use or direction of it is perverted.

It is true, indeed, that, as idiotcy seems to be rather a quid deficiens than a to positivum, and may therefore be immediately occasioned by the bad mechanism (i.e. by a vitiated arrangement and motion) of

the corporeal particles, whether fluid or solid: - So, on the other hand, madness seems to have more in it of the *to positivum*; and, consequently, to be the effect of an higher and more absolute cause. What can that cause be? I am strongly and clearly of opinion, with Mr. Baxter (not Baxter the puritan, but Baxter the great modern philosopher), that all madness whatever proceeds from the powerful and continued agency of some separate spirit, or spirits, obtruding phantastic visions on the soul of the insane person. If the majority of dreams are but the madness of sleep, what is madness, properly so called, but a waking dream? For, as that most accomplished metaphysician very justly reasons, "The soul in itself is an uncompounded, simple substance, and hath no part, and therefore properly no constitution: neither is it liable to any change, or alteration, in its own nature. The inert matter of the body could never affect it thus [i.e. could never so affect the soul as to occasion madness]. That could only limit the faculties of the soul, farther and farther, or deaden its activity: but not animate it after such a terrible manner. Hence there is no other way for its being affected in this manner, but the cause I have already assigned. - There is indeed a great difference and variety in the phenomena of reason disturbed. But universally the disease could not be lodged in the soul itself: nor could the matter of the body affect it any other way than by deadening (i.e. by impeding) its activity; which, I think, is never the case in these appearances. In short, the disorder of matter might make a man a stupid idiot; subject him to sleep, apoplexy, or any thing approaching to its own nature: but could never be the cause of rage, distraction, phrensy, unless it were employed as an instrument by some other cause: that is, it cannot of itself be the cause of these disorders of reason. If the inertia of matter infers any thing, it infers thus much." Baxter's *Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul*. vol. ii. p. 141, 142. - I no more doubt that mad persons, at this very day, are daemoniacs, or influenced and agitated by incorporeal and invisible beings, than I can doubt that some people were so possessed, at the time of our Lord's abode on earth. Such an assertion will, probably, sound romantically strange to a prejudiced and to a superficial ear. But (let the fact itself really stand how it may) I think I can venture to pronounce that the philosophy of opinion, as stated and argued by Mr. Baxter, is irrefragable. - Examine first, and then judge.

Unembodied spirits, both friendly and hostile (endaimonev et kakodaimonev), holy and unholy, have more to do with us in a way both of good and evil than the generality of us seem to imagine. But they themselves are all no more than parts of that great chain which depends on the first cause, or uncreated link; and can only act as ministers of his will.

Luther relates several uncommon things concerning his own converse with some of the spiritual world: which, however fanciful they may, prima facie, appear, are by no means philosophically inadmissible. For so saying, I am sure to incur a smile of contempt from pertlings and materialist; the former of whom sneer when they cannot reason; and wisely consider a grin, and a syllogism, as two names for the same thing. When it can be solidly proved that the gums are the seat of intellect, I will then allow that a laughter shews his understanding and his wit every time he shews his teeth. Was ridicule the legitimate test of truth, there could be no such thing as truth in the world; and consequently there would be nothing for ridicule to be the test of: as every truth may be, and in its turn actually has been, ridiculed, by some insipid witling or other. So that, to borrow a lively remark from Mr. Hervey, "The whim of making ridicule the test of truth seems as suitable to the fitness of things as to place harlequin in the seat of lord chief justice." More over ridicule itself, viewed as ridiculously usurping the office of a philosophical touchstone, has been ridiculed, with much poignancy, and strength of sense, by the ingenious pen of the late Dr. Brown, in his Essay on Satire:

"Come, let us join awhile this titt'ring crew,
And own, the idiot guide for once is true:
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
Who therefore smiled, because they saw a fool.
Sublimier logic now adorns our isle:
We therefore see a fool, because we smile?
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
Lo, gay she sits in laughter's dimple cheek:
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce free-thinker and the beau.
No more shall reason boast her pow'r divine:
Her base eternal shook by folly's mine.

Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And coxcombs vanquish Berkley by a grin!"

The human body is necessarily encompassed by a multitude of other bodies; which other surrounding bodies (animal, vegetable, &c.) so far as we come within their perceivable sphere, necessarily impress our nerves with sensations correspondent to the objects themselves. These sensations are necessarily (and, for the most part, instantaneously), propagated to the soul; which can no more help receiving them, and being affected by them, than a tree can resist a stroke of lightning.

Now, (1) if all the ideas in the soul derive their existence from sensation; and (2) if the soul depend absolutely on the body, for all those sensations; and (3) if the body be both primarily and continually dependent on other extrinsic beings, for the very sensations which it [the body] communicates to the soul; - the consequence seems, to me, undeniable: that neither the immanent nor the transient acts of man (i.e. neither his mental nor his outward operations) are self-determined; but, on the contrary, determined by the views with which an infinity of surrounding objects necessarily, and almost incessantly, impress his intellect.

And on what do those surrounding objects themselves, which are mostly material (i.e. on what does matter, in all its forms, positions, and relations), depend? Certainly not on itself. It could neither be its own creator, nor can it be its own conserver. In my idea, every particle of matter would immediately revert into non-existence, if not retained in being, from moment to moment, by the will of Him who upholds all things by the word of his power, (Heb 1:3) and through whom all things consist. (Col 1:17)

Much less does matter depend on the human mind. Man can neither create nor exterminate (x) a single atom. There are cases wherein he can alter the modes of matter: so as to form (for instance) certain vegetable fibres into linen, linen into paper, and paper into books. He can also throw that linen, or paper, or books, into a fire; and thereby dissolve the present connection of their particles, and annihilate their modal relations. But notwithstanding he has all this in his power (though, by the way, he will never do either one or the other, except his will be necessarily determined by some effectual

motive), still the seeming destruction amounts to no more than a variation. Not an individual particle of the burnt matter is exterminated; nor even its essential relation to the universe superseded. There would be precisely the same quantity of solid substance which there now is, without the loss of a corpuscular unit, were all the men and things upon the face of the earth, and the very globe itself, reduced to ashes. Consequently, matter is absolutely and solely dependent on God himself.

(x) To all her other anti-philosophical absurdities, Arminianism adds the supposed defectibility of saving grace; by giving as her opinion that the holy principle in a renewed soul is not only a corruptible and perishable seed, but that it frequently and actually does suffer a total extinction and a final annihilation. Or, as Mr. Wesley and his fraternity vulgarly express it, "He who is, today, a child of God, may be, tomorrow, a child of the devil." As if the principle of grace were less privileged than a particle of matter! And as if man, who cannot annihilate a single atom, were able to annihilate the most illustrious effect of the Holy Spirit's operation! *Credat Judaeus, &c.*

Thus have we briefly traced the winding current to its source. The soul, or intellect, depends on its ideas for the determinations of its volitions: else it would will, as a blind man walks, at a venture and in the dark. Those ideas are the daughters of sensation; and can deduce their pedigree from no other quarter. The embodied soul could have had no idea of so much as a tree, or a blade of grass, if our distance from those bodies had been such as to have precluded their respective forms from occurring to the eye. The senses, therefore, are the channels of all our natural perceptions. Which senses are entirely corporeal: as is the brain also, that grand centre to which all their impressions are forwarded, and whence they immediately act upon the immaterial principle. These corporeal senses receive their impressions from the presence, or impulse, of exterior beings (for all our sensations are but modes of motion). - And every one of those exterior beings is dependant for existence and for operation on God Most High.

Such is the progression of one argument (and it is but one among many) for the great doctrine of philosophical necessity: a chain concerning which (and, especially, concerning the determination to action, by motives arising from ideas) Mr. Wesley modestly affirms,

that "It has not one good link belonging to it." Seriously, I pity the size of his understanding. And I pity it, because I verily believe it to be a fault which he cannot help; any more than a dwarf can help not being six feet high. Lame in deed are all his commentations:

"But better he'd give us, if better he had."

I shall close this chapter with submitting a few plain and reasonable queries to the reader.

1. How is that supposition which ascribes a self-determining will to a created spirit, less absurd than that supposition which ascribes self-existence to matter?

2. In what respect, or respects, is the Arminian supposition of a fortuitous train of events less atheistical than the epicurean supposition of a fortuitous concourse of atoms?

3. If man be a self-determining agent, will it not necessarily follow there are as many first causes (i.e. in other words, as many gods) as there are men in the world?

4. Is not independence essentially prerequisite to self-determination?

5. But is it true in fact, and would it be sound philosophy to admit, that man is an independent being?

6. Moreover, is the supposition, of human independence and self-determination sound theology? At least does it comport with the Scriptural account of man? For a specimen of which account only cast your eye on the passage or two that follow. - The way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps. Jer 10:23. - Without me [i.e. without Christ] ye can do nothing; Joh 15:5. - In him [i.e. in God] we live, and are moved (kinoumeqa), and have our existence; Ac 17:28. - It is he who worketh all in all; 1Co 12:6. - It is God who worketh in you both to will; and to do; Php 2:13. - Of him, and to him. and through him are all things; Ro 11:36.

7. May we not, on the whole, soberly affirm that the scheme of necessity is philosophy in her right mind? And that the scheme of contingency is philosophy run mad?

CHAP. III.

SEVERAL OBJECTIONS TO THE SCHEME OF NECESSITY

ANSWERED

IT seems most agreeable to the radical simplicity which God has observed in his works to suppose that, in themselves, all human souls are equal. I can easily believe that the soul of an oysterwoman has naturally the (unexpanded) powers of Grotius, or of Sir Isaac Newton: and that which conduces to raise the philosopher, the poet, the politician, or the linguist so much above the ignorant and stupid of mankind, is not only the circumstance of intellectual cultivation, but (still more than that) his having the happiness to occupy a better house, i.e. a body more commodiously organized, than they.

The soul of a monthly reviewer, if imprisoned within the same mud walls which are tenanted by the soul of Mr. John Wesley, would, similarly circumstanced, reason and act (I verily think) exactly like the bishop of Moorfields. And I know some very sensible people who even go so far as to suppose that, was a human spirit shut up in the skull of a cat, puss would notwithstanding move prone on all four, pur when stroked, spit when pinched, and birds and mice be her darling objects of pursuit.

Now though I can, by no means, for my own part, carry matters to so extreme a length as this, yet I repeat my opinion, that much, very much, depends on corporeal organization. Whence the usual remark that a man is (I would rather say, appears to be) sensible and ingenious, according to his dimension and solid content of brain. That is, as I apprehend, the soul is more capable of exerting its powers, when lodged in a capacious and well-constructed vehicle. I dare believe that the brain of Dr. Thomas Nowell is, to that of Mr. John Wesley, as two to one, at the very least. And yet all this is the result of absolute necessity. For what is brain but matter peculiarly modified? And who is the modifier? Not man, but God.

I just now hinted the conjecture of some that a human spirit, incarcerated in the brain of a cat, would probably both think and behave as that animal now does. But how would the soul (y) of a cat acquit itself, if inclosed in the brain of a man? We cannot resolve this question, with certainty, any more than the other. We may, however, even on this occasion, address every one of our human brethren in those words of that great philosophic necessitarian, St. Paul: and ask, who maketh thee to differ from the lowest of the brute

creation? Thy Maker's free-will, not thine. And what pre-eminence hast thou, which thou didst not receive from him? Not the least, nor the shadow of any. - Now, if thou didst [not acquire, but] receive it as a distinguishing gift of his free and sovereign pleasure, why earnest thou thyself proudly (Kauxasai), as though thou hadst not received it; 1Co 4:7.

"He, who through vast immensity can pierce;
See worlds on worlds compose one universe;
Can tell how system beyond system runs;
What other planets circle other suns;
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star;
May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are."

(y) Let not the reader start, at that expression, "The soul of a cat." For though the word, so applied, may seem strange to those who have not weighed both sides of the question (it would have seemed very strange to me, about fifteen years ago), yet, on giving the cause an impartial hearing, the scale of evidence will, in my judgment, strongly decide for an immaterial principle in brutes.

I mean not here to discuss the argument. But let me hint, that one principle hinge on which the enquiry turns, is: Do those inferior beings reason, or do they not? If they do (be it in ever so small a degree) they must consist of something more than body; i.e. they must be compounded of matter and spirit. -- If they do not reason at all (and we may as well doubt whether they can feel at all), we may set them down for mere material machines. -- He, however, who seriously thinks, that even birds, or insects, are watches; may, with equal ease, while his hand is in, advance a few steps higher, and suppose that men are clocks, i.e. larger watches of the three.

What the poet could not tell, the Bible does: -- "Why are we made as we are?" Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight. Which is answer enough to satisfy me.

I take the truth of the matter to be this: All the intellectual distinctions which obtain throughout the whole scale of animated existence, from the brightest angel down to man, and which give advantage to one man above another; which intellectual distinctions descend, likewise, in just gradations, from man to the minutest animalcule; are distributed, to each individual, in number, in

measure, and in weight. Wisdom xi. 20, by the sovereign will and the unerring hand of God the only wise. The uses to which those intellectual powers shall subserve; the term of their duration; and, in short, every circumstance relative both to them and their possessors; I consider as failing under the regulation of God's determining and permissive decree before time, and of his ever-present and ever-acting providence in time.

According to this scheme of things (a scheme which, when fairly weighed, will be found the most cheerful to men, and the most worthy of God, which was ever proposed to the human mind), that melancholy, that absurd, that atheistical fiction, whose name is Chance, has nothing to do with God or with his works. On the contrary, the golden chain of necessity, providence, or fate (it is no matter which you term it), is let down, from the throne of the supreme through all the ranks of animated and of unanimated creation: guiding and governing every individual spirit, and every individual atom, by such means, and in such a manner, as best comport with the dignity, the efficacy, the wisdom, and the love, of him who holds the chain, and who has implicated every link.

Thus, he doth according to his will, in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou (Da 4:35)? Hence it is, that the (Mt 10:29-30) very hairs of our heads are all numbered in his book; and not one of them can fall from its pore, with out the leave of Heaven. He is the guardian of sparrows; and will not let what we account the meanest insect expire, until the point of time, divinely destined, is come. He not only tells the number of the (Ps 147:4) stars, and call's them each by name; but notices and directs the very particles of (Is 40:12) dust, which float in the atmosphere. The (Job 9:7) sun shines not, but at his command; nor can a (Ps 130:7) wind blow but by authority from him. May we not say of necessity, what the Psalmist says of the central luminary round which our globe is wheeled; that there is nothing hid from the heat thereof?

And yet there are those who think that necessity makes no part of the Christian system!

Mr. Wesley is, or pretends to be, of that number. Let us give a concise hearing to the difficulties which, in his estimation, clog the

scheme of evangelical and philosophical fate: though they are such as have been refuted again and again.

1. "There can be no moral good, or evil; no virtue, and no vice."

So thought (f) Aristotle; and his disciples, the Peripatetics. Hence they defined moral virtue to be an elective habit, flowing originally from free-will, and rendered easy by repeated acts.

(f) And yet Aristotle, though a vehement, was not (any more than his disciple at the Foundery) a consistent, free-will man. Hence Aristotle being asked, "Who can keep a secret?" made this odd answer: He that can hold red hot coals in his mouth. - Surely, Free-will must be very feeble, and Necessity irresistibly potent, upon this principle! Not to ask: If Free-will cannot, on a proper occasion, shut the mouth of the man that has it, how can it bring him virtue, and save his soul?

It is no wonder that proud heathens should thus err, seeing they know not the Scriptures, nor the power of God. But Mr. Wesley should remember that he has read, and professes to believe, a book which tells him that a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven; (Joh 3:27) that we cannot even think a good thought (2Co 3:5) unless God breathe it into our hearts; and that it is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who must work in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight, (Heb 13:21)

Nor should his lordship of Moorfields forget that he has solemnly subscribed (to omit all present mention of articles and homiles) a certain liturgy; in which liturgy, among a thousand other passages equally excellent, God himself is addressed as the sole being from whom all holy desires, all good counsels [or sincerely devout intentions], and all just works, do proceed. The supreme is, likewise, in the same "Calvinistical and Antinomian Prayer-book" declared to be the almighty and everlasting God, who maketh us both to will and to do those things that be good and acceptable to his divine majesty. And in absolute harmony with this necessitating principle, the said book beseeches the blessed Father and governor of men, that by his holy inspiration we may think those things that are good; and that we may, by his merciful guidance, faithfully perform the same. If this is being what Mr. Wesley terms, "a fine piece of clock work;" I heartily wish and pray that I may, every hour of my life, be

so wound up.

But still, says the objector, "moral good, or evil, cannot (k) consist with necessity. I, on the contrary, say that it both can and does. Mr. Wesley does not consider the tremendous consequences which unavoidably now flow from his position. For, if necessary virtue be neither moral nor praiseworthy; it will follow that God himself (who, without all doubt, is necessarily and unchangeably good) is an immoral being, and not praiseworthy for his goodness! On the same horrible Arminian principle it would also follow, that Christ's most perfect obedience (which was necessary: for he could not but obey perfectly) had no morality in it, was totally void of merit, and entitled him to neither praise nor reward! The axiom, therefore, which dares to affirm that "necessity and moral agency are irreconcilable things;" lays, at once, the axe to the root both of natural and revealed religion, and ought to be hissed back again by all mankind to the hell whence it came.

(k) "The hacknied objection to the doctrine of necessity, from its being [pretendedly] inconsistent with the idea of virtue and vice, as implying praise and blame, may be fully retorted upon its opponents. For, as to their boasted self-determining power (were the thing possible in itself, and did not imply an absurdity) by which they pretended to have a power of acting independently of every thing that comes under the description of motive; I scruple not to say, that it is as foreign to every idea of virtue or vice, praise or blame, as the grossest kind of mechanism, that the most blundering, writer in defence of liberty ever ascribed to the advocates for moral necessity."

Dr. Priestly's Exam, of Beattie, &c. p. 178.

The crucifiers of the Son of God perpetrated the most immoral act that ever was, or ever will be, committed. And yet, I am expressly assured, by the written testimony of the Holy Ghost, entered on a record which will continue to the end of time, that Herod, and Pontius Pilate, and the people of the Jews, were gathered together against Jesus, for to do whatsoever God's hand and God's counsel had fore-determined to be done. (Acts 2:23;4:28) So that, upon Christian principles at least, necessity and moral evil (by the same rule, also, necessity and moral good) may walk (m) hand in hand

together. If Mr. Wesley prefers Aristotle and the other gentlemen of the Lycaeum to the inspired writers, and chooses the peripatetic scheme of free-will rather than the Bible scheme of necessity; he must, for me, go on to hug an idol that cannot save.

(m) I have largely canvassed this point in a former tract, entitled, "More Work for Mr. John Wesley."

The whole cavil amounts to precisely this. If God is the alone author and worker of all good, virtue ceases to be virtue; and, if God is the permitter of evil, vice ceases to be vice. Can any thing be, at once, more impious and more irrational, than the letter and the spirit of those two propositions?

In one word: those modes of actions called virtue and vice do not cease to be moral, i.e. to affect our manners, as creatures of God and as members of society, be those modes occasioned by what they may. Acts of devotion, candour, justice, and beneficence, together with their opposites, are, to all intents and purposes, as morally good or evil if they flow from one source as from another; though no works can be evangelically good and pleasing to God which do not spring from his own grace in the heart. But this latter circumstance is entirely of spiritual consideration. It has nothing to do, off or on, with the mere (n) morality of actions. Good is morally, i.e. religiously excellent, or socially beneficial, and evil is morally, i.e. religiously bad, or socially injurious, whether men be self-determining agents or not. Light is light, and darkness is darkness, flow they from the right hand or from the left.

(n) Morality is, I think, usually, and very justly, defined to be that relation, or proportion, which actions bear to a given rule. - Consequently, neither necessity, nor non-necessity has any thing to do with the morality of action.

2. We are told that, on the hypothesis of necessity, man is "neither rewardable nor punishable; neither praise nor blame worthy."

No objection can be more unphilosophical than this, because it quite loses sight of the very point in debate; viz. of necessity itself by which certain causes inevitably produce certain effects, and certain antecedents are inevitably concatenated with certain consequences. It is sufficient, therefore, to answer: that the will of God has established a natural connection between virtue and (o) happiness,

vice and misery. This divine established connection is so indissoluble that, even in the present state of things, happiness never fails to enter at the same door with virtue; nor does misery ever fail to tread upon the heels of vice.

(o) I here speak of intellectual happiness or misery.

Some sensualists, however, profess otherwise; and affirm that their own deviations from the moral path are neither attended, nor followed, by any pungent briar, or grieving thorn. Their draughts are all balmy and nectarious, without a drop of wormwood or of gall, to allay the sweetness, or to embitter the remembrance.

Those gentlemen must, however, excuse me from taking their word for this. I do not believe one syllable of it to be true. Both Scripture, and the nature of the case, and the observations I have made, unite to render me quite positive that the way of transgressors is hard, Pr 13:15: that even in the midst of laughter they have a tinge of sorrow in their hearts, as well as that the end of their mirth is heaviness, Pr 14:13. They may, for a time, like the Lacedaemonian boy, conceal the wolf that is eating out their very entrails; and set the gloss of an outward Sardonian smile, on the inward pangs they endure; but the great law of necessity, from which neither the virtuous nor the licentious are exempt, assures me that this pretended ease is mere dissimulation and grimace.

One of the most sensible men I ever knew, but whose life, as well as creed, had been rather eccentric, returned me the following answer not many months before his death, when I asked him, "Whether his former irregularities were not both accompanied at the time, and succeeded afterwards by some sense of mental pain?" Yes, said he; but I have scarce ever owned it until now. We [meaning, we infidels, and men of fashionable morals] do not tell you all that passes in our hearts.

The fact, then, plainly is, that rectitude of manners saves people from much uneasiness of mind; and that the perpetration of moral evil involves in it a Trojan horse, whose hidden force puts their comforts to the sword. I have seen instances of this in very high, as well as in more humble, life: notwithstanding all the labour and art which have been obtained to veil it from the eye of man. They who plough iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same, Job 4:8: the

crop is always, more or less, similar to the seed. The wicked man travellet with pain all his days; and a dreadful sound is in his ears, Job 15:20-21; let him say what he will to the contrary. So that we may almost assert, with (p) Seneca, "*prima et maxima peccantium poena est, peccasse:*" i.e. the very commission of sin is its own primary and capital punishment.

(p) Epist. Lib. 16. Eph 2. - When St. Paul speaks (Eph 4:19.) of some who were aphi ghkotev, which we render, past feeling (though it may better be rendered, quite sunk in indolence and idleness; totally enervated, and dissipated, enemies to all honest, manly, and laborious employ), there is no necessity for supposing even the English phrase to import, that those wretched people were void of inward honor and tormenting anguish; but that they were quite void of outward decency, and had no feelings of delicacy: for there is a sort of refinement (though bad is the best) which even vice itself is capable of.

When the same apostle speaks, elsewhere (1Ti 4:2.) of the kekauthriasmewn, or persons whose consciences have been seared as with a hot iron; the word (not to canvass here the several critical senses which it will admit of) may be fairly considered as importing neither more nor less than this, that they carry a fearful brand, or mark of condemnation, in their own minds; though they may endeavour to toss off matters, outwardly, with an air of seeming unconcern.

God himself has joined the chain together: no wonder, therefore, that its links cannot be put asunder. Hence I conclude that, let what seeming consequences soever now from the position of necessity, God would have tied moral and natural evil together into one knot, if moral evil were not justly punishable. And while facts, indisputable facts, say, Aye: facts I will still believe, though ten thousand imaginary inferences were to say, No.

I must likewise add that, if we shut out the doctrine of necessity, which asserts the inseparable connection of moral evil with intellectual (and, often, with external) infelicity; men will want one of the most rational motives (q) which can possibly induce them to a hatred of vice. And so great is the depravation of human nature that, were it not for the thing necessity, virtue neither would nor could

have any sort of existence in the world.

(q) Should any be so pitifully undiscerning as to ask. "What can necessity have to do with rational motives?" - I answer, That there are numberless cases wherein certain motives appear so very rational to the mind as to be absolutely cogent, and incline the will effectually. For the finally predominant motive constantly and infallibly determines the will, and the will thus necessarily determined as constantly and infallibly (all extrinsic impediments removed) determines the actions of the willer *Non est intelligentis causae, sine fine sibi proposito agere.*

If motives did not so operate on the mind, and if the mind, so operated upon, did not give the law to the will, and if the will, so biased and conciliated, did not (*positis omnibus ponendis*) necessarily influence the conduct, actions and volitions would be uncaused effects: than which ideas it is impossible for any thing to be more absurd and self-contradictory.

As for that mixture (or rather interspersion) of good and evil which obtains through out our sublunary planet; this likewise I acknowledge to be the consequence of actual and reigning necessity. But this, in a philosophic eye, reflects no more blame on necessity itself, than the two contrary powers of attraction and repulsion can reflect dishonour on the wisdom of him who, for good reasons, endued matter with those opposite properties.

Cousin german to the second, is Mr. Wesley's

3rd Objection: namely, that if universal necessity determine all the thoughts and actions of man, "there can be no judgment to come;" i.e. God cannot, in the last day, judge and sentence mankind according to their works. I have (r) elsewhere amply refuted this empty cavil. But, as it is now hashed and served up again in a different dish, I will give it another examination, before we dismiss it from the table.

(r) More Work for Mr. John Wesley.

The objector forgets one main circumstance of no small importance to the argument; viz. that the judgment-day itself, and the whole process of the grand transaction, together with every thing that relates to it, directly or indirectly; are, upon the Christian scheme, no

less necessary and inevitable, than any intermediate event can be. An oak is not more the daughter of an acorn, than absolute necessity will be the mother of that universal audit wherewith she is already pregnant.

But observe: the scriptural is not a blind necessity, or a necessity resulting (as some of the grosser Stoics believed) either from the planetary positions, or from the "stubbornness of matter." I no where contend for these kinds of necessity; which, even admitting them to have their respective degrees of physical influence, in subordination to providence; still can never by any Christian (nor, I should think, by any man of refined understanding) be considered as exercising the least dominion over God himself, by inferring any sort of casualty on his interior purposes, or extrinsic operations.

On the contrary, necessity in general, with all its extensive series of adamantine links in particular, is in reality what the poets feigned of Minerva, the issue of divine wisdom; deriving its whole existence from the free-will of God, and its whole effectuosity from his never-ceasing providence.

Thus I affirm the day of judgment, to be necessary; to wit, because God has absolutely appointed it, Ac 17:31. For his counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure, Isa 46:10. It is also necessary that there should be conscious beings on whom to pass sentence; and there should be both good and evil actions, on which the sentence of the judge should turn. We must, I think, admit this; or at one stroke deny the certain futurity of a judgment-day. And for my own part I would much rather believe and maintain so important an article of revealed religion, though upon the principle of necessity, than I would virtually deny it, as an Arminian, by imagining either the great day itself, or the decisions of the day, to be things of unfixed chance, lying at sixes and sevens, and which, consequently, may or may not take effect at all.

It is the doctrine of uncertain self-determination which, by representing events to lie at hap-hazard, stamps absurdity on the sure expectation of a judgment to come. It is the doctrine of absolute necessity alone which, by refusing to hang any one circumstance on a peradventure, affixes the seal of infallible futurity to the day itself, to the business of the day, and to all the antecedents, concomitants,

and consequences of the whole.

That side-face of Arminian free-will which we have hitherto surveyed, carries no more than a squinting aspect on the day of ultimate retribution, by only leaving the day and its retributions at the uncertain mercy of a may-be. Look at the other profile (i.e. view the blind side) of the Arminian goddess, and you will immediately perceive that, according to her scheme of metaphysics, it is utterly impossible there should be any day of judgment at all. For,

He alone can be called "a self-determining agent" who is quite independent on any other agent or agency whatever. If I may depend, for my being, for my ideas, and for my operations on another; my being, and ideas, and operations are and must be influenced and affected by that dependance. Consequently, I am neither self-existent (s) nor self-determined. But, if I am an independent animal, I am also, necessarily, (t) self-existent: and I not only may be, but absolutely must be (view what side of the argument we will, necessity stares us in the face!) I absolutely must be a self-determinant. Thus self-existence and independence necessarily enter into the basis of self-determination, i.e. of Arminian or Methodistical free-will.

(s) See p. 173, of a performance already quoted, namely, Dr. Priestley's masterly "Examination of Dr. Reid's Inquiry into the human mind, Dr. Beattie's Essay on Truth, and Dr. Oswald's Appeal to Common Sense." - I cannot help observing, what, by this time, almost every person knows, and every impartial judge must acknowledge; viz. the energy and success with which Dr. Priestley has battered the free-will lanterns (the Inquiry, the Appeal, and the Essay,) in which the three northern lights had respectively stuck themselves and hung themselves out to public view. It lay peculiarly in Dr. Priestley's department to examine the theory of those new lights and colours. And he has done it to purpose. Though I am apt to think that the luminous triumvirate, like AEsop's one-eyed stag, received the mortal shot from a quarter whence they least expected it.

(t) An independent creature is a contradiction in terms. To ask, "Whether the Deity might not endue created beings with philosophical independence?" is to ask whether one God might not

make millions of others. I answer, No. And yet I do not, by so saying, "limit the Holy One of Israel." His power is still infinite. For, as some have well expressed it, an essential contradiction is no object of power.

Let us for a moment imagine ourselves to be what Mr. Wesley supposes us.

Lord of myself is essentially connected with accountable to none. Farewell then to the very possibility of a judgment-day. Shall an independent being, who can have no superior, hold up his hand as a felon at the bar? Shall a potent self-exister deign to be punished for the evanid crimes of an hour? Shall a sovereign self-determiner submit to receive sentence from the lips of another? Impossible. Paul was a knave for asserting it. And Felix was a fool for trembling at the empty sound.

What a truly Christian tenet therefore is that of free-will! How patly it squares with the Bible! and with how good a grace does orthodox Mr. John introduce his

4th Objection, that "the Scriptures can not be of divine original," if the doctrine of necessity be true.

1, *e contra*, scruple not to declare that no man can consistently acknowledge the "divine authority of the Scriptures" without believing their contents: i.e. without being an absolute necessitarian. I will even add, that all the intentional defenders of Christianity in the world, who encounter Deism, or Atheism itself, or any but necessitarian principles; such defenders ever will, and inevitably must have the worst end of the staff: for the Bible will stand on no ground but its own; nor can the cavillings of its doctrinal gainsayers (flimsy as their cavillings are) be hewn effectually in pieces, by any weapons but those which the Bible itself supplies. Among others, it supplies us with the invincible two-edged sword of predestination and necessity (which two edges, by the way, terminate, sword-like, in one common (u) point), a weapon, peculiarly formed and tempered to penetrate the best mail of modern unbelieving Philistines; most of whom have sense enough to laugh (and laugh they may in perfect safety) at

"The pointless arrow and the broken bow;"

equipped with which Arminianism comes limping into the field of battle.

(u) People do not see all things at once. The rising of truth upon the mind is commonly gradual; like the rising of the sun on the world. Hence, some philosophers, who are rooted necessitarians, either do not yet perceive, or forbear to acknowledge the coincidence of Scripture predestination with physical and metaphysical necessity.

But all in good time. The more these doctrines are examined and compared together, the more clearly and strongly will they be found to suppose and support each other. The Aniiinians are aware of this, and pelt both predestination and necessity with equal rage, and with the self-same cavils.

Not without reason. For what is predestination, but *necessitas imperata*; or the free and everlasting determination of God, that such and such a train of causes and effects should infallibly take place in time? - And what is philosophical necessity, but *predestinatio elicita*; or, God's determination drawn out into act, by successive accomplishment, according to the plan pre-conceived in the divine mind? - Necessity (i.e. fate or providence, to whose ceaseless agency all the laws and modes, and the very being of matter and spirit incessantly subserve) this necessity is, as a valuable person phrases it, "a strait line," however crooked it may sometimes appear to us; "a strait line, drawn from the point of God's decree." And as predestination is the point itself from which the strait line is drawn, so it is also the point into which the line progressively, but infallibly, reverts.

The *caput vivum* of a dexterous infidel is absolutely invulnerable by the *caput mortuum* of free-will nonsense, though the asinine jaw-bone were wielded by the arm of Samson.

CHAP. IV.

SPECIMENS OF SCRIPTURE ATTESTATIONS TO THE DOCTRINE OF NECESSITY.

REFERENCES have already been made, in the course of the present essay, to several Scripture passages, wherein necessity is invincibly and decisively asserted. I will add a few others: and then leave the reader to judge whether necessitarians or chance-mongers give most

credit to the "Divine original of the Scriptures."

I withheld thee from sinning against me. Ge 20:6.

It was not you that sent me hither, but God. Ge 1:5,7-8.

I will harden his heart, that he shall not let the people go. Ex 4:21.

It was of the Lord to harden their hearts, that they should come against Israel to battle; that he might destroy them utterly. Jos 11:20.

The stars, in their courses, fought against Sisera. Jg 5:20.

The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low, and lifteth up. 1Sa 2:7.

They hearkened not to the voice of their Father; because the Lord would slay them. 1Sa 2:25.

Thus saith the Lord: Behold, I will raise up evil against thee, out of thy own house; and I will take thy wives, before thine eyes, and give them to thy neighbour, and he shall lie with thy wives in the sight of this sun. - What was the consequence? - So they spread Absalom a tent upon the top of the house; and Absalom went in unto his father's concubines, in the sight of all Israel. 2Sa 12:11 with 2Sa 16:22.

The Lord hath said unto him [to Shimei] Curse David. 2Sa 16:10.

And be [i.e. the evil spirit] said, I will go for!h, and I will be a lying spirit in the month of all his [Ahab's] prophets. And he [God] said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth, and do so. - Now, therefore the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these, &c. 1Ki 22:22-23.

Both riches and honour come of Thee, and Thou reignest over all. 1Ch 29:12.

Then rose up the chief of the Fathers of Judah and Benjamin, &c.; whose spirit God had raised to go up, to build the house of the Lord. Ezz 1:5.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Job 1:21.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upwards. Job 5:7. And I am apt to think sparks ascend by necessity!

He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise. Job 5:12. Be men ever so shrewd, their

utmost dexterity will not avail, unless the Great Superintending Creator stamp it with efficiency.

Behold he taketh away. Who can hinder him? Who will say unto him [i.e. who has a right to say unto God], What doest thou? Job 9:12. - For he is not a man, as I am, that I should answer him, and that we should come together in judgment. Job 9:32.

Vain man would be wise [and the puny prisoner of a clod would be an independent, self-determining free-willer!] though man be

born as a wild ass's colt. Job 11:12. What a thunderbolt to human pride! To the to antecousion. To autodespoteia. To the ta ef 'hmin. To antokratoria. To *liberum arbitrium*. To *ipseitas*. To the Arminian herb called self-heal. To independency, self-authority, self-determination, self-salvation, innate ideas, and other pompous nothings, with which man's ignorance and conceit seek to plat a wreath for the enrichment of his brows. Vain man, born as a wild ass's (x) colt! "How keenly," says a fine writer, "is this comparison pointed! - Like the ass': an animal remarkable for its stupidity, even to a proverb. Like the ass' colt: which must be still more egregiously stupid than the dam. Like the wild ass' colt: which is not only blockish, but stubborn and intractable; neither possesses valuable qualities by nature, nor will easily receive them by discipline. The image, in the original, is yet more strongly touched. The comparative particle like is not in the Hebrew. Born a wild ass' colt. Or, as we should say in English, a mere wild, &c.?" (Hervey's Theron and Aspasio, dial. 13.)

(x) And we should remain, to our dying day, nearly on a level with the animal to which we are compared, were it not for the care of those about us, and did we not necessarily become parts of a society antecedently formed to our hands. In what a state would the present generation be, had they not dropt (if I may use the expression) into a house ready built! i.e. if we had been cut off from all means of profiting by the wisdom, the experience, the discoveries, the inventions, and the regulations, of those who lived before us. - It is a circumstance of unspeakable convenience, to be the children of Time's old age.

Our mental powers, like a chicken in the shell, or a plant in its semen, are no more than virtual and dormant, unless elicited by

cultivation, and ripened by experience, attention, and reflection. Civil society, dress, articulate language, with all other useful and ornamental polishings which result from domestic and political connection, are, in themselves, things purely artificial and adventitious. If so, will it not follow that (ever since the fall) man is, naturally, a wild animal? Some very able reasoners have gone so far as peremptorily to pronounce him such. The late Dr. Young, in his "Centaur not Fabulous," appears to have thought that the greater part of the human species profit so little by their accessory opportunities of improvement, as to go off the stage semi-savages, at last; notwithstanding the inexhaustible and omnipotent deluge of free-will, which that ingenious writer imagined every man to bring into the world with him. Strange that so immense a reservoir, inherent in the soul, should yet leave the soul so dry!

With regard to the natural wildness of man, supposed and asserted by some philosophers; thus much I think must be fairly admitted; that the hypothesis derives much subsidiary force from various pertinent and well authenticated facts. For if any credit be due to human testimony, there have been instances of exposed infants, who were nursed by forest animals; and, when grown up, went prone on all-four, with a swiftness greatly superior to that of the nimblest running footman; but totally unable (and no wonder) to form the least articulate sound. It is added that, like any other wild creature, they would fly from the human sight (i.e. from the sight of their own species refined), with a roar of fear and hatred, into the thickest recesses of the woods.

Civilization, though a very poor succedaneum for that divine image originally impressed on our immortal part, and lost by Adam's transgression, is, however, of very great secular importance. Nay, its importance is, with regard to millions of us, more than secular; for it is often a providential means of qualifying us to receive and understand that blessed gospel which, when made the vehicle of divine power to the heart, issues in our recovery of God's image, and in the salvation of the soul.

After all, let the instruments of our refinement, and of our knowledge (whether in things temporal, or in things sacred) be who or what they may; and let us profit ever so deeply by our intercourse with the living, by converse with the recorded wisdom of the dead,

by the perceptions we receive from external objects, and by reflecting on the ideas of which those perceptions are the source; still, no advantages are any thing more to us than divine Providence makes them to be. Let him, therefore, that glories, glory in the Lord. - For it is God who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven. 1Co 1:31. Jo 35:11.

He [i.e. God] is in one mind, and who can turn him? and what his soul desireth, even that he doth. He performeth the thing that is appointed for me. And many such things are with him. Job 23:13-14. Query: Who is self-determiner? Man or God? Surely, God. Nor is he only the self-determiner, but the all-determiner likewise; throughout the whole universe both of spirits and of matter.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven: to make a weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure. He made a decree for the ram, and a way for the lightning of the thunder. Job 28:25-26.

When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and, when he hideth his face, who then can behold him? whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only. Job 34:29. Absolute necessity still.

By the breath of God frost is given; and the breadth of the water is straitened. Also, by watering, he wearieth the thick cloud: he scattereth his bright cloud. He causeth it to come; whether for correction, or for his land, or for mercy. Job 38:10,13. We see from this, as well as from a preceding and from two or three subsequent quotations, that the air cannot be compressed into a current of wind; nor rain find its way to the earth; nor exhalations kindle into thunder and lightning; nor a river overflow its banks; nor suspended vapours condense into snow or hail; nor water freeze; or, when frozen, thaw; without the express appointment of God's will, and the hand of his particular providence. Second causes are but effects of his decree: and can operate no farther than he, from whom they derive their whole activity, condescends to make use of them as mediums of his own agency.

The kingdom is the Lord's; and he is the governor among the nations. Ps 22:28.

O Lord, thou preservest man and beast. Ps 36:6.

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. Ps 127:1.

Whatsoever the Lord pleaseth, that did he; in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and in all deep places. He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth: he maketh lightnings for the rain; he bringeth the wind out of his treasuries. Ps 135:6-7.

He covereth the heaven with clouds, he prepareth rain for the earth, he maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. He giveth to the beast his food; and to the young ravens, which cry. He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest wheat. He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold? he sendeth out his word, and melteth them; he causeth his winds to blow, and the waters flow. Ps 147:8-9,14,18. What so variable and uncertain, humanly speaking, as the weather? And yet we see all its modes and changes are adjusted and determined from moment to moment, by divine impression, i.e. by a necessity, resulting from the will and providence of the Supreme First Cause. Fire and hail; snow and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling his word! Ps 148:8.

Neither is material nature alone thus (y) "bound fast in fate." All other things, the "human will" itself not excepted, are no less tightly bound, i.e. effectually influenced and determined. For,

(y) See Pope's Universal Prayer

The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, are from the Lord. Pr 16:1. That is, men can neither think nor speak; they can neither resolve, nor act, independently of Providence.

The Lord hath made all things for himself; for the manifestation of his own glory, and for the accomplishment of his own designs: even the wicked, for the day of evil. Pr 16:4. If so, he has endued none of his creatures with a self-determining power, which might issue in counteracting and defeating the purposes of his infinite wisdom.

A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps. Pr 16:9. Yea there are many devices in a man's heart, nevertheless, the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand. Pr 19:21.

The lot is cast into the lap: but the whole disposing thereof is of the

Lord. Pr 16:33.

Even the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: and he turneth it whithersoever he will. Pr 21:1. Odd sort of self-determination, this!

Enemies and evil-minded-men are under the absolute control of God; nor can their enmity or their wickedness do a jot more hurt than he gives leave. O Assyrian, the rod of my anger. Isa 10:5. Thou art my battle-axe and weapons of war: for with thee will I break in pieces the nations, and with thee will I destroy kingdoms. Jer 51:20. Very extraordinary declarations these, if men are self-determining agents! a self-determining rod, for instance: a self-determining battle-axe; a self-determining hammer! Arminianism does that which God, by the prophet, satirizes in the following lively terms: Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith? or shall a saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it? As if the rod should shake itself against them that lifted it up! or as if a staff should lift up itself as though it were no wood! Isa 10:15. - What! is that noble free-willer, man, comparable to an axe, to a saw, to a rod, and to a stick; not one of which can operate, or so much as move, but in proportion as it is acted upon? This is worse than being likened to Mr. Wesley's clock-work! But who can help it?

The prophet goes on, elsewhere. The Lord of hosts hath sworn [i.e. hath solemnly and immutably decreed], saying, Surely, as I have thought, so shall it come to pass: and as I have purposed, so shall it stand. This is the purpose which is purposed upon the whole earth; and this is the hand that is stretched out upon all nations. For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? And his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back? Isa 15:9,9,9. Grand and conclusive questions! Questions, however, which lordly Arminianism can solve in a moment. Who shall disannul God's purpose? Why human free-will to be sure! Who shall turn back God's hand? Human self-determination can do it with as much ease as our breath can repel the down of a feather!

I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil. I the Lord do all these things. Isa 45:7.

Who is he that saith, and it cometh to pass; when the Lord commandeth it not? La 3:37. The highest angel cannot.

Wisdom and might are God's. He changeth the times and the seasons. He removeth kings, and setteth up kings. He giveth wisdom to the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding. Da 2:20-21.

Locusts, and other ravaging insects, cannot afflict a land, without a commission under the great seal of Providence. The locust, the canker-worm, the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm; my great army, which I sent among you. Joe 2:25.

Shall there be evil in a city [viz. any calamitous accident, as it is commonly called], and the Lord hath not done it? Am 3:6. - Impossible.

I caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it not to rain upon another city. - I have smitten you with blasting, and mildew. - I have sent among you the pestilence. - Your young men have I slain with the sword. Am 4:7-10.

They [Paul and Timothy] were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia. - They essayed to go into Bithynia: but the Spirit suffered them not. Ac 16:6-7. Had self-determination any thing to do here?

A certain woman, named Lydia, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, so that she attended to the things that were spoken by Paul. Ac 5:14.

As many as were ordained unto eternal life believed. Ac 13:48.

I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do os ginwskw, I am far from approving: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. To will is present with me: but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. When I would do good, evil is present with me. I delight in the law of God, after the inner man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then, with the mind, I myself serve the law of God: but with my flesh, the law of sin. Ro 7:14,25. According to the account which St. Paul here gives of himself, he no more dreamed of his being a self-

determiner, than of his having attained to sinless perfection. No wonder that some flaming Arminians have a peculiar spite against this Apostle!

In whom [i.e. in Christ] we also have obtained an inheritance: being predestinated, according to the purpose of him who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will. Eph 1:11.

Speaking of affliction and persecution, the apostle comforted himself and his fellow-sufferers, by resolving all into necessity; that no man should be moved by these afflictions; for ye yourselves know that we are appointed thereto. 1Th 3:3.

What idea St. James entertained concerning free-will and self-determination, fully appears from the following admonition: Ye know not [much less can ye be the disposers of] what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. Ye ought to say, if the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that. Jas 4:14-15. - Why did St. James reason in this manner? Because he was endued with grace and sense to be a necessitarian.

So was St. Peter. Hence he tells the regenerated elect, to whom he wrote, Ye also, as lively stones, are built up, a spiritual house. 1Pe 2:5. This is giving free-will a stab under the fifth rib. For can stones hew themselves, and build themselves into a regular house? no more, in this apostle's judgment, can men form themselves into temples of the Holy Ghost. It is the effect of necessitating grace.

The prophecy came not, in old time, by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. 2Pe 1:21. - Necessity again.

There shall come, in the last days, scoffers, walking after their own lusts. 2Pe 3:3. - But the apostle could not have been sure of this, without taking necessity into the account, or, as himself expresses it, unless they who stumble at the word were appointed to disobedience, 1Pe 2:8

There are certain men crept in unawares who were before, of old, ordained to this condemnation. Jude 1:4. If so, were not the sin and condemnation of those men necessary and inevitable?

CHAP. V.

PROOFS THAT CHRIST HIMSELF WAS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITARIAN.

LEST any who may not, hitherto, have considered the subject with the same attention that I have done, should be startled at the title of this chapter, I shall adduce the larger evidence, in order to make good what the title imports. The reader will not, however, expect a synopsis of the whole evidence by which this great truth is authenticated; for, were I to attempt that, I must transcribe well-nigh all the 89 chapters of the four evangelists.

It should seem that our blessed Lord began his public ministrations with his sermon on the Mount, recorded Mt 5; 6 and Mt 7. In that discourse are the following passages.

One jot, or one tittle, shall in no wise pass from the law, until all be fulfilled.

Thou canst not make one hair white or black.

Your Father, who is in heaven, maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Surely, man can neither promote nor hinder the rising of the sun and the falling of the rain!

Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. - How can a free-willer say the Lord's Prayer?

Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature? The word 'hlixia signifies both stature and age. As we have no single term in English which comprises both those ideas together, the passage should be rendered periphrastically: which of you, by being anxious, can either make addition to his stature, or prolong the duration of his life?

Be not tormentingly distressed concerning futurity: for futurity shall take care of its own things. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof: i.e. commit yourselves, in a believing and placid use of reasonable means, to the will and providence of him who has already lain out the whole plan of events in his own immutable purpose. The appointed measure of supposed evil is infallibly connected with its day, which no corrodings of imaginary

anticipation can either stave off, or diminish.

"Reasonable means! are not all means, hereby, shut out of the case?"
No. Not in any respect whatever. For we know not what means God will bless, until we have tried as many as we can. But, when all tried, the result still rests with him.

I shall only quote one other passage from the sermon on the Mount.
- The rain [of affliction] descended, and the flood [of temptation] came, and the winds [of persecution] blew, and beat upon that house [the house of an elect, redeemed, converted soul]: but it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. That is, in plain English, it could not fall. It stood, necessarily: or, as the sense is yet more forcibly expressed in St. Luke, when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it, Lu 6:48.

In other parts of the gospels, we find Christ reasoning and acting on the highest principles of necessity.

I will; be thou clean: said he, to the poor leper. What was the consequence? And immediately his leprosy was cleansed. Mt 8:3. The effect necessarily followed. The leper could not but be healed.

And, indeed, what were all the miracles wrought by Jesus, but effects of his irresistible and necessitating power? Let the Christian reader examine and weigh each of those miracles with this remark in his eye; and he will soon become a convert to the doctrine of necessity. Was it possible for those miracle not to have taken effect? i.e. was it possible for Christ's miracles not to have been miracles? Was it chance which armed his word with ability to heal and to destroy? It so, farewell to all Christianity at once. I can perceive no shadow of medium between necessity and rank infidelity.

Neither can I make any thing of the prophecies of Christ, unless those prophecies be considered as infallible: i.e. as inferring a certain, or necessary, accomplishment, in every part. For if a single predicted circumstance can possibly happen, otherwise than it is foretold, the entire argument for the truth of divine revelation, drawn from the topic of prophecy, moulders into dust.

Nor is the Arminian self-determining hypothesis more compatible with (what is the essential basis of prophecy) the foreknowledge of God. If, for example, it so lay at the free-will of Christ's betrayer and

murderers that they might, or might not, have betrayed and crucified him; and if it so lay at the free-will of the Romans as that they might, or might not, have destroyed Jerusalem; it will follow that those events were philosophically contingent: i.e. there was no certainty of their taking place, till after they actually had taken place. The self-determining will of Judas might possibly have determined itself another way. So might the self-determining will of every person concerned in the crucifixion of Christ. And so might the self-determining wills of those Romans who besieged and razed Jerusalem. Consequently (on that principle), divine foreknowledge could not, with certainty, know any thing of the matter. For that which is not certainly future, is not certainly foreknowable. It may be emptily considered as possible: or (at the very utmost) be uncertainly guessed at as not improbable. But knowledge must be left out of the question, for knowledge will stand on none but (z) certain ground. God does not foreknow, but afterknow (i.e. he is never sure of a thing's coming to pass, until it does or has come to pass), if it be in the power of his creatures to determine themselves to a contrary point of the compass.

(z) There are four links which all the art of men can never separate; and which proceed in the following order: Decree--Foreknowledge--Prophecy--Necessity. Let us take a short Scripture view of those sacred links, and of their connection with each other.

I am God, and there is none else: I am God, and there is none like me: declaring the end from the beginning; and, from ancient times, the things that are not yet done: saying, my counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.--Yea, I have spoken: I will also bring it to pass. I have purposed: I will also do it. Isa 46:9-11. I admit that this sublime passage had immediate reference to the certainty of Babylon's capture by Cyrus. But not to that only. "The things which are not yet done," as well as that in particular, are all known to Jehovah; and many of them explicitly predicted likewise. And on what is God's absolute and all comprising knowledge grounded! On the "counsel," or decree; and on the "pleasure," or sovereign and almighty determination, of his will.--By the same rule that God had predestinated and did foreknow the exploits of Cyrus, he must have predestinated and foreknown the exploits of every other man. Since, if any one being, or any one fact, incident, or circumstance, be

unknown to God; every being, fact, incident, and circumstance, may be equally unknown by him. But, putting matters upon the best footing on which Arminianism can put them; the divine knowledge can neither be eternal, nor infinite, nor infallible, if aught is exempted from it, or if aught can happen otherwise than as it is foreknown.

How great a stress God lays on this attribute of complete and unmistakable prescience; and how he claims the honour of it, as one of those essential and incommunicable perfections by which he stands distinguished from false gods; may be seen, among other places, in Isa 41:21-23; 42:8-9; 43:9,12; 45:21.--Well, therefore, might St. James declare in the synod of apostles and elders held at Jerusalem, known unto God are all his works, ap' aiwnov, from eternity. Ac 15:18.

The late excellent Mr. William Cooper, of Boston in New England (I say the late, because I suppose that good man to be, ere this time, gathered into the assembly of saints made perfect) observes, in the second of his Four Discourses on Predestination unto Life, that it was the Scripture doctrine of God's omniscience which proselyted our famous Dr. South to Calvinism. "I have it," says Mr. Cooper, "from very good authority," [appealing in the margin to Dr. Calamy's Continuation, vol. i. p. 146] "that some time after the restoration, Dr. South being in company, at Oxford, with several persons of note, and among the rest with Mr. Thomas Gilbert, who was afterwards one of the ejected ministers; they fell into a conversation about the Arminian points.--On Mr. Gilbert's asserting that the predestination of the Calvinists did necessarily follow upon the prescience of the Arminians; the doctor presently enraged, that if he [Gilbert] could make that out, he [Dr. South] would never be an Arminian as long as he lived. Mr. Gilbert immediately undertook it; and made good his assertion to the satisfaction of those present. And the doctor himself was so convinced as to continue to the last a very zealous asserter of the reformed [i.e. of the Calvinistic] doctrine, against its various opposers.'

"Oh, but God foreknows to what particular point of the compass they certainly will determine themselves." Pray leave out the word certainly; and likewise the word will; for they stab poor self-determination to the heart. If you retain these words and their ideas,

you give up the very essence of your cause. For what certainly will be is no longer uncertain. And what is not uncertain is necessary, or will surely come to pass, and cannot but do so: else the certainty evaporates into nothing.

When Christ sent his disciples for an ass' colt, which he foreknew and foretold they would find exactly at such a place, he added, that the owner of the animal, on their saying the Lord wants it, would immediately permit them to lead it away. They went to the village, and made up to the very spot; where every thing fell out precisely as their heavenly Master had predicted. Let me ask: Was the man's consent to part with his colt necessary, or was it uncertain? All circumstances considered, had he power to refuse, and might he actually have refused to let go his property? If (which was certainly the case) he could not possibly withhold his assent, Christ's foreknowledge was real; and the man himself what the ingenious Mr. Wesley would term, "a fine piece of clock work;" but what I should term a necessary free-agent. If, on the other hand, he might have denied complying with the disciples' request, and could have dismissed them without success; it will necessarily follow that our Lord shot his arrow at a venture, sent his messengers on a blind errand, and that his own foreknowledge was not fore-knowledge, but random conjecture and surmise. "Oh, but our Lord foreknew that the man certainly would do as requested." Then the man could not help doing it. His volition was inevitable. It could not have been infallibly known that he certainly would comply, if that compliance was antecedently uncertain, and if it could so have happened that he might not have complied.

Thus does Scripture-prophecy (not one only, but every individual prophecy in God's book) demonstrate, 1. The absolute foreknowledge of the three divine persons: and, 2. The unalterable necessity, or indefeatable futurity, of things foreknown.

Either God is ignorant of future events, and his understanding, like that of men, receives gradual improvement from time and experience and observation (a supposition blacker, if possible, than atheism itself), or the whole train of incidents, even to the rise and fall of a mote in the air, ever was, now is, ever will be, and ever must be, exactly that, and no other, which he (a) certainly knew it would be. Foreknowledge, undarkened by the least shadow of

ignorance, and superior to all possibility of mistake, is a link which draws invincible necessity after it, whether the Scripture doctrine of predestination be taken into the account or no.

(a) Properly speaking, it cannot be affirmed of God, that he either did know, or that he will know; but simply, that he knows. For in *Deum non cadunt prius et posterius*: there is no past, nor future, to him. All is present, and unsuccessive. The distributions of things, into those that have been, those that are, and those that shall be; is, indeed, suited to the flux condition, and to the limited faculties of beings like ourselves, whose estimates of duration are taken from the periodical journies of an opaque grain round a lucid speck termed the sun: but can have no place in him, of whom it is declared, that a thousand years are with the Lord, as one day, and one day as a thousand years. And even this declaration, magnificent as it is, falls infinitely short of the mark.

When, therefore, I speak of foreknowledge as an attribute essential to Deity; I speak, as St. Paul says, after the manner of men. The simple term, knowledge, would be more intrinsically proper; but then it would not so readily aid the conceptions of ordinary persons. Though, for my own part, I would always rather call the divine knowledge omniscience, than give it any other name.

Let me just hint, that if all things without exception and without succession are eternally present, as an invisible point, to the uncreated view; necessity comes in with a full tide. For that which is always a philosophical now, can be no other, nor otherwise, that it is.--Not to add: that the Deity, whose view of all things is thus unchangeably fixed and perpetual, and intransitory, must have within himself a constant and irremediable source of standing uneasiness, if any thing can happen in contrariety to his will, and so as to cross or defeat the wisdom and goodness of his designs. He must certainly interest himself, and very deeply too, in the accomplishment of a will which is all holy, and all right, and all wise. Consequently, could such a will (and his will is precisely such) be frustrated, though but in one single instance: that frustration would necessarily be a calamity on God himself, and inflict essential and never ending pain on the divine mind. Another (I think, irrefragable) proof, that nothing is left to contingency.

Take a few more evidences of our Lord's necessitarianism.

When they deliver you up [to be tried as religious criminals at the Jewish and Heathen tribunals], take no thought how or what you shall speak. For it shall be given you, in that same hour, what you shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father, who speaketh in you. Mt 10:19-20.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hair's of your head are all numbered. Mt 10:29-30.

O Father, thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Mt 11:25.

It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; but to them it is not given. Mt 13:11.

Without a parable spake he not unto them: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet. Mt 13:34-35.

Flesh and blood have not revealed unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven. Mt 16:17.

Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Mt 16:18.

The Son of man must go to Jerusalem, and suffer many things, and be killed, and rise again the third day. Mt 16:21.

It must needs be (Anagkh esi, there is a necessity) that offences come. Mt 18:7. Or, as St. Luke has it, it is impossible (anendekton, it is not expectable) but that offences will come: Lu 17:1. Our Lord not only asserted the thing which we mean by necessity, but even made use of the word itself. And so we find him doing, in three or four other parts of the gospels. Nor is the sense in which he used the term left ambiguous; as appears from comparing the two above passages together. Necessity is that by which things cannot without the utmost folly and absurdity, be expected to come to pass any otherwise than just as they do. But Arminianism pays very slender regard to Christ's authority.

Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take the fish that first cometh up, and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money. Mt 17:27.

All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given. He that can receive it, let him receive it. Mt 19:11-12.

To sit on my right hand and on my left, is not mine to give, except unto them for whom it is prepared of my Father. Mt 20:23.

Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward, for ever. And presently the fig-tree withered away. Mt 21:19.

Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder. Mt 21:44.

Many are called, but few are chosen. Mt 22:14.

Fill you up the measure of your fathers. How (b) can you escape the damnation of hell? Mt 23:32-33.

(b) Monsieur Le Clerc (who would have thought it?) has a passage, so full to the sense of this observable text, that one would almost imagine he designed it for the very purpose. "Posito, hominem peccato deditum esse; nec per totam vitam id habere, quod necessario postulatur ad habitum peccati exuendum, inde colligimus, necessitate consequentiae, hominem in peccato mansurum, nec ulla ratione vitaturum paenas peccatori debitas impaeni tenti." *Ontolog.* cap. 13.

I really wonder at the above writer's expressing himself thus. But I do not wonder to hear the excellent Luther remark as follows. "Nonne clare sequitur, dum Deus opere suo in nobis non adest, omnia esse mala quae facimus, et nos necessario operari quae nihil ad salutem valent? Si enim non nos, sed solus Deus operatur salutem in nobis; nihil, ante opus ejus, operamur, salutare, velimus, nolimus." (*De Servo Arbitr.* Sect. 43.) i.e. It is clearly evident that, until God is present in us by his own gracious influence, whatever we do is evil: and we necessarily do those things only which have no tendency to salvation. For if it is God alone who worketh salvation in us, and not we in ourselves, we can do nothing salutary, will we or nill we, until he himself actually doth so work in us. Well said, honest Martin. To God's blessing upon the bold and faithful assertion of such noble truths as this, we owe our reformation from Popery. And nothing will finally preserve us from being carried captive into the Popish Egypt again, but the revival and prevalency of the same noble truths which at first led us forth from that house of

bondage.

I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify, and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues; and persecute them from city to city; that upon you may come all the righteous bloodshed upon the earth. Mt 23:34-35.--Say not, "Where is the justice of this?" Justice belongs to another argument. We are not now treating of justice, but of necessity. Keep to the point.

Two men shall be in the field: one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill: one shall be taken, and the other left. Mt 24:40-41.

This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. Mt 26:34. Might Peter not have denied him? and might Christ have proved mistaken?

If it be possible, let this cup pass from me. Mt 26:35.--But it was not possible.

Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, &c.? but how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? Mt 26:53-54.

All this was done, that the Scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled. Mt 26:56.

And they crucified him, and parted his garments, casting lots; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken, &c. Mt 27:35. Nothing but mere necessity, from beginning to end!

My appeals to the other three evangelists shall be extremely concise.

He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would, and they (c) came unto him. Mr 3:13.

(c) It is precisely the same in the spiritual conversion of the soul to God. None can come until effectually called: and they who are called effectually cannot but come. For, as the profound and judicious Mr. Charnock unanswerably argues, "If there be a counsel [i.e. a display of godlike wisdom and design] in framing the lowest creature, and in the minutest passages of providence; there must needs be an higher wisdom in the government of creatures to a supernatural end, and in framing the soul to be a monument of his

glory." [*Charnock on the Attributes*, p. 373].--I have met with many treatises on the divine perfections; but with none which any way equals that of Mr. Charnock. Perspicuity, and depth; metaphysical sublimity, and evangelical simplicity; immense learning, and plain, but irrefragable, reasoning; conspire to render that performance one of the most inestimable productions that ever did honour to the sanctified judgment and genius of a human being. If I thought myself at all adequate to the task, I would endeavour to circulate the outlines of so rich a treasure into more hands, by reducing the substance of it within the compass of an octavo volume. Was such a design properly executed, a more important service could hardly be rendered to the cause of religion, virtue, and knowledge. Many people are frightened at a folio of more than 800 pages, who might have both leisure and inclination to avail themselves of a well-digested compendium.

If any man hath ears to hear, let him hear. Mr 7:16.

With men it is impossible: but not with God. Mr 10:7.

Except the Lord had shortened those days, no flesh should be saved. But, for the elects' sake, whom he hath chosen, he hath shortened the days.--False prophets should seduce, if it were possible, even the elect. Mr 13:20,22.

One of you, that eateth with me, shall betray me. Mr 14:18.

All ye shall be offended, because of me this night. Mr 14:27.

The hour is come: the Son of man is betrayed, &c. Mr 14:41.

But the Scriptures must be fulfilled. Mr 14:49.

Many widows were in Israel, but to none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, to a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel, in the time of Eliseus the prophet: but none of them were cleansed, save Naaman the Syrian. Lu 4:26-27.

I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also: for therefore am I sent. Lu 4:43.

Not one of them [i.e. not a single (d) sparrow] is forgotten before God. Lu 12:6.

(d) "Oh blindness to the future, wisely giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n!
Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall."

All things that are written by the prophets, concerning the Son of man, shall be accomplished. For he shall be delivered to the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, &c. Lu 18:41.

There shall not an hair of your head perish. Lu 21:18.--i.e. before the appointed time.

Truly, the Son of man goeth [to crucifixion and death] as it was determined: but woe unto that man by whom he is betrayed. Lu 22:22.--What a different view did Christ entertain of predestination. and necessity from that which the Arminians profess to have! The Son of God connects two ideas, which those gentlemen are for setting at an infinite distance: namely, the determining decree of his Father, by which moral evil is effectually permitted; and the penal woe, justly due to the persons who, in consequence of that effectual permission, are necessarily evil agents. I shall just touch again upon this particular, when we come to Joh 19:11.

This, that is written, must yet be accomplished in me, and he was reckoned among the transgressors: for the things concerning me have an end [i.e. they shall every one come to pass]. Lu 22:37.

This is your hour, and the power of darkness. Lu 22:53.

Ought not Christ to have suffered these things? Lu 24:26.--i.e. Was there not a necessity for those very sufferings, and were they not inevitable? Certainty itself is not more certain. The entire chain of his humiliation proceeded just as it should, without one circumstance deficient, or one redundant. It all fell out precisely as it ought: and ought to have fallen out precisely as it did. Why? Because God had decreed it, and because man's salvation (which was no less decreed) required it. It was predestinated that Christ should be delivered up to death, even to the death of the cross, and there make his soul an offering for sin. But he could not have been betrayed without a betrayer: nor crucified without crucifiers. The means, therefore, no less than the end, were necessarily included (as they always are) within the circle of divine pre-appointment.

But I go on.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh: and that which is born of the Spirit, is spirit. Joh 3:6.--What is this but saying, Man, in his natural state, is necessarily corrupt: man, in a regenerate state, is necessarily biased to God.

If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him. Joh 4:11.--But she did not know him, and therefore could not so pray to him. Our Lord, however, knew her to be one of his elect, and that the time of her conversion was very near. And, that she might be converted precisely at the very time appointed, he must needs go through the territory of Samaria. Joh 4:4.

The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead [elect souls, but hitherto unregenerated, and of course dead to God] shall hear the [converting] voice of the Son of God; and, hearing, they shall live. Joh 5:25--All true conversion is wrought by invincible power. The dead necessarily continue so, until they are necessarily raised to life. A dead soul, no more than a dead body, can neither quicken itself, nor hinder God from doing it. Whoever goes to Christ and heaven goes thither by gracious necessity: a necessity so powerful that it even makes him willing to go.

All that the Father giveth me, shall come to me. Joh 6:37--They come necessarily: i. e. they cannot but believe with the faith which is of the operation of God.

This is the Father's will, who sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing; but should raise it up again at the last day. Joh 6:39.--God's will is necessity itself.

No man can come to me, except the Father, who hath sent me, draw him.--It is written in the prophets, and they [i.e. my people] shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard and hath learned [i. e. who has been drawn] of the Father cometh unto me. Joh 6:44-45.--Necessity on both sides! until drawn, none can come: and, when drawn, none can stay away.

Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it be given to him of my Father. Joh 6:65.

They sought to take him; but no man laid hands on him, because his

hour was not yet come. Joh 7:30.--Until then, their hands were tied and bound with the invisible, but adamant chain of necessity. And yet I suppose, because they did not see nor feel the chain, they looked upon themselves as self-determining free-agents!

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant [doulov, the slave] of sin. Joh 8:34. But, according to the Arminian view of things, it is such a slavery as was never heard of before; the slave is at perfect liberty all the while! I cannot believe this. On the contrary, I believe what follows:

If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. Joh 8:36.--Observe, until Christ make us free from the guilt and dominion of sin, we are necessarily in thralldom to both. If he deliver us, we are necessarily emancipated from each.

Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye cannot hear my word. Joh 8:43.--A plain, pertinent, decisive reason.

He that is of God heareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God. Joh 8:47.--Either not chosen, or, at least, not yet drawn and taught of him.

I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day. Joh 9:4. Christ was under a necessity of doing so. He could not do any other.

Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world; that they, who see not, might see; and that they, who see, may be made blind. Joh 9:39.--Can any thing be more strongly expressed than this?

A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers. Joh 10:5.--i.e. The converted elect disapprove of false teachers, as necessarily as sheep run away from a strange man they are afraid of.

Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice. Joh 10:16.--I must, and they shall. What is this but double necessity?

Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. Joh 10:26.--Consequently, faith hangs not upon man's self-determination, but on God's own self-determined election.

I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish. Joh 10:28 - i.e. Their salvation is necessary, and cannot be hindered.

Lazarus, come forth! Joh 11:43.--Was it in Lazarus's power not to awake and rise up?

Though he had done so many miracles before them, yet they believed not on him; that the saying of Esaias the prophet might be fulfilled, which he spake: Lord, who hath believed our report? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? Therefore they could not believe, because Esaias said again, he hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their heart; that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them. Joh 11:37,40. If an Arminian can extract free-will and self-determination from these flowers, he possesses a very different alembic from any which I am master of.

One of you shall betray me:--he it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it. And, when he had dipped the sop, he gave it Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon. And after the sop, Satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly. Joh 13:21,26-27.--Awful process!

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter,--whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him. Joh 14:16-17.

Because I live, ye shall live also. Joh 14:19.--Christ lives and reigns in glory, necessarily: and so must his people.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you; that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain. Joh 15:16.

They have both seen and hated both me and my Father: but this cometh to pass, that the word might be fulfilled which is written in their law; they hated me without a cause. Joh 15:24-25.

Father, the hour is come. Joh 17:1. The predestinated season of my crucifixion and death.

None of them [none of my apostles] is lost, but the Son of Perdition, that the Scripture might be fulfilled. Joh 17:12.

The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Joh 18:11.--A cup, all whose ingredients were mixed in the Father's decree, and administered by Providence, though wicked men were

the instruments of accomplishing God's counsel. *Qui vult finem, vult etiam media ad finem.*

Pilate said unto them, Take ye him, and judge him according to your law. The Jews therefore said unto him, It is not lawful for us to put any man to death. That the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which he spake, signifying by what death he should die. Joh 18:31-32.-- God had decreed, and Christ himself had foretold, that he should die by crucifixion. But had the Jews accepted of Pilate's overture, Christ could not have been crucified, for that was no Jewish punishment: he must have been stoned. To fulfil both decree and prophecy, they were divinely overruled, to let the Romans be his executioners: in consequence of which, he was affixed to the cross.--Necessitation throughout!

Pontius Pilate was a free-will man. He did not believe necessity. He was a sturdy (not self-determiner, for no man can be really and truly that; but a) self-determinationist: i.e. he thought himself a self-determining agent. Hence his speech to Christ: Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee? To which the Lamb of God replied, Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee, hath the greater sin. Joh 19:10.--Here, I presume, Mr. Wesley will step in with his favourite universal demonstration, "Not so. --If the power both of the betrayer and of the crucifier was given them, and from above too, i.e. from God himself; Judas and Pilate could have no sin at all in acting as they did, so far from having the greater sin by that means." The methodist must excuse me if I believe the testimony of Christ in preference to any cavil that can originate in Moorfields.

Again. I assert, that the Roman soldiers had it not in their power to break the Messiah's legs. For that Scripture was necessarily to be fulfilled which had said, A bone of him shall not be broken. Joh 19:33,36.

On the other hand, I assert that the soldier who penetrated the Messiah's side, did it necessarily. Because another Scripture had said, They shall look upon him whom they pierced; Joh 19:37. So sure is that axiom, *nihil est in effectu, quod non fuit in causa.*

It was my intention to have produced, at much greater length than I

have done in the close of the foregoing chapter, the suffrages of the Apostles, also, on behalf of this doctrine who offer their evidence from every part of the inspired epistles. But, at present, I waive this advantage: and, for brevity's sake, refer the reader, indiscriminately, to any portion whatever of those writings which he may first open, or on which he may first cast his eye. Dip where you will, your own reason (abstracted from all consideration of grace) must instantly perceive that the illuminated penmen were as radicated necessitarians as their divine Master.

And now, what can a fair and capable examinant think of the Arminian self-determination doctrine? A doctrine which would impiously graft such a monster as contingency on the religion of Jesus Christ-- a religion which, from its Alpha to its Omega, presents us with one grand, unbroken, and indissoluble system of necessity!

Is it any wonder that men who consider the incarnation, miracles, prophecies, perseverance, sufferings, death, and salvation of the Messiah himself, as things of chance, should likewise maintain all other events to be equally fortuitous?

Hence, the alertness and rapidity with which many of our modern Arminians (more consistent, but at the same time more atheistical, than the generality of their predecessors), not content with trampling on God's decrees, are now verging towards a flat denial even of God's absolute and unlimited knowledge. Justly sensible that their whole fairy scheme of chance, uncertainty, and contingency, is quite untenable, on the position of infallible prescience; they make no scruple to rob (if they were able) the Deity himself of a perfection essential to his very being, rather than not stick the feather of free-will in the cap of man.

CHAP. VI.

AN ARGUMENT FOR NECESSITY, DEDUCED FROM THE BALANCE OF HUMAN LIFE AND DEATH.

WAS it not for that universal necessitation which results from the effective and permissive will of God, all things would be, in a moment, unhinged, disjointed, and reversed. Endless confusion, wild irregularity, and the most horrible disorder (to which the

materia prima, chaos, was harmony itself), would prevail throughout the natural and the moral world.

The property of attraction, by which the earth, and every other mass of matter, cohere respectively into one body, and be come capable of the most rapid motion, without dissipation of their constituent particles, is one happy effect of physical necessity. Analogous to which, but of incomparably greater importance, is that *ineluctabilis ordo rerum*, or unalterable contexture of antecedents and consequents, wisely pre-established in the uncreated mind: through the concealed energy of whose unerring appointment every finite intelligent being both is and does, precisely, neither more nor less, than the said unerring wisdom of the Creator designed, or resolved to permit. And this, is what I should choose to call moral necessity.

Supposing that calculation to be just which estimates the adult inhabitants of our own globe at about one hundred and fifty millions; or let their real amount be what it may, who can possibly conceive the boundless distractions and desolations which must everywhere ensue were so great a number of fallen beings (like ramping horses turned loose into a field) endued with a liberty of self-determination, and left at large to the exercise of it! For we must take the exercise, and the outward operations consequent upon it, into the account: else mere self-determination would answer no other end than that of tantalizing and tormenting its respective possessors.--It is well for us that, notwithstanding our wild and licentious arrogations of sovereignty, the same Almighty Parent who, without asking our consent, whirls our planet and our persons round the sun, does, with equal certainty, and with as little ceremony, roll us and the inhabitants of all the worlds he has created on the central axis of his own decree.

We have been gravely told that this representation of things is heathenism. You should rather call it Bibleism. For that fate, or necessity, which the ancient vulgar thought proper to worship as a goddess, was, in their idea, the daughter of a blind, fickle princess, called Fortune, or Chance: who was, herself, the fabled daughter of a no less fickle old gentleman, named Oceanus. To which blind lady and her unsteady father the scheme of Christian necessity is not in the least related, either by consanguinity or alliance.

I must, however, acquit the wiser of the heathens from the absurdity of looking upon chance, or fortune, as a reality. Sensible men knew better, and laughed at the unphilosophical chimera. Nor is the antiquity of the word itself extremely high. It is acknowledged, on all hands, that Tuxh (whence the Romans took their *fortuna*) was a term invented long after the times of Hesiod and of Homer (in whose writings it no where occurs); and was spawned by the atheistical imagination of subsequent poets, from whom (I think) Ancus Martius adopted it, and, by building a temple to its honour, introduced it, as a deity, among the Romans.

It ill becomes the Arminians to talk of heathenism. Let them draw a solid line, if they can, between fortune and contingency. Let them shew us how the result of self-determination differs from chance. Let them reconcile their imaginary autecousion with the necessary dependency of created beings, and with the never-ceasing agency of an universally (e) particular Providence. When they have wrought these and a few other similar impossibilities, I will then absolve their scheme from heathenism. I will even acquit it of atheism.

(e) Mr. Pope asks:

"When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, 'cause you go by?"

I answer, Yes. Either gravitation shall cease, while I go by, or I shall, in some way or other, be secured from suffering by its effects; unless the will of God, to which all second causes are absolutely subordinate, commission the "loose mountain" to do me an injury. I am of the great Mr. Charnock's mind, that "There is understanding in every motion: and an eye in the very wheel that goes over us and crushes us." (*Charnock on the Attributes*, p. 419.)

Birth and death are the aera and the period whose interval constitutes the thread of man's visible existence on earth. Let us examine whether those important extremes be, or be not, unalterably fixed by the necessitating providence of God. If it appear that they are, we may the more easily believe that all the intercurrent events are under the control and direction of the same infallible hand.

I have heard it affirmed that Descartes, the French philosopher, was so consistent a free-willer as to have believed that death itself is absolutely subject to human self-determination: that he consequently

imagined he had it in his power to protract his own age to any extent he pleased, or to cut it precisely as short as he himself chose: and would very liberally call any of his departed friends, who died with reluctance, fools, for consenting to a change they did not wish to experience. The ancient Romans, notwithstanding the adulterations with which the doctrine of free-will (and its natural attendant, scepticism) debased and corrupted their theology, were yet, in general, so decent as to acknowledge that death lay at the disposal of a Deity, less capricious than fortune, and more powerful than any created will. Hence, their occasional reciprocation of *mors* and *fatum*. To intimate that men cannot die, until God pronounces their doom; and that when he *fatus est*, or issues the word of summons, the earthly vehicle can detain its guest no longer.----Poor Descartes, with all his dreams of free-will, found himself obliged to die at the age of fifty-four!

I take the *ratio formalis*, or precise nature of death, to be neither more nor less than the effect of separation. The separation of Spirit from matter is the immediate cause, and seems to exhaust the idea of animal death. Now only the same power which at first joined, can afterwards sever, the two principles. Let the permitted means of dissolving the union be what they may, the dissolution itself is an act of God.

Whoever considers the relative alterations, the domestic revolutions, the circulation of property, and a multitude of other negative and positive consequences which, either directly or remotely, follow on the decease of the meanest human individual, must soon perceive that was not the sceptre of death swayed by the determinations of Infinite Wisdom, such partial inconveniences must ensue as would, in their complicated amount, materially affect, if not entirely reverse, the whole system of sublunary events. Some people (for instance) would live too long. Others would die too soon. Some would leave their assigned work unfinished: whence the Deity would be disappointed of his views, and surprised with a chasm in his administration of government. Others would survive to do more than their allotted business. Whence the Divine plan would be disconcerted; the well-compacted web become loose, broken, and entangled; and the administration of providence degenerate into a jumble of confusion, perplexity, and absolute anarchy. In one word:

God could not say to any of his creatures, what he really does say to all and each of them, Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther.

Our entrance into life is determined and adjusted by the same disposing hand which fixes and regulates our departure. Necessity brings us into the world: and necessity carries us out of it. What man upon earth could help his being born at the very time and place he was? or could hinder himself from being the son of such and such parents? or alter a thousand concurring circumstances, by which his subsequent state, and his very cast of mind were effectually and necessarily stamped? How absurd, then, must it be to imagine that the line, though spun at first by the hand of necessity, is afterwards conducted, and at last cut off by the no-fingers of contingency! For it is impossible to conceive any thing so absolutely contingent and uncertain as the operations and the exit of a self-determining actor. Especially if we suppose him (and the Arminian scheme does so suppose him) to live in a world where all about him is as precarious as himself; and where the great sheet of events, instead of being letdown by the four corners from heaven, is only a fortuitous complication of flimsy threads, much of which is still liable to unravelment, and the whole of which might never have been woven at all.

Might Charles the First have been the son of Cromwell's parents? And might Cromwell have been born legal heir to the English crown? Was it possible for Sir Robert Walpole to have been prime minister to queen Elizabeth; and Sir Francis Walsingham to have been secretary of state to king George the Second? Yet all these impossibilities, and millions of others, might have happened, upon the Arminian scheme of chance. A scheme which, if admitted, turns every thing upside down, and knocks every thing out of joint:

"Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis."

Why was friar Bacon, and not Sir Isaac Newton, born in the thirteenth century? Why were not the living ornaments of the present generation born an hundred, or five hundred, years back? or reserved to ages as remotely future? Arminianism may tell me, that "All this is casual: and that it was a chance, not only when and where the present race of men might be born, and what departments they should fill; how they should act, and how and when they shall

die; but whether they should so much as exist at first." I, on the contrary, discern such incontestible traces of wisdom, propriety, and design, in the distribution of particular men through successive periods of time, and in the whole connection of event with event; that, for my own part, I necessarily conclude so regular a chain could not possibly be hammered in the Cyclopaean den of contingency: but that every depending link is fitted and fixed into each other by the Supreme Intelligence himself; the disposals of whose providence, like the covenant of his grace, are ordered in all things, and sure.(f)

(f) 2Sa 23:5.--Those of us who go to Church, profess ourselves to be "tied and bound with the chain of our sins." Why, then, should we deem ourselves too grand to be tied and bound, with the good, though not always perceivable, chain of providential necessity?

As lightly as some people think of the Bible, that book is the fountain of true metaphysics. A book no less weighty with the treasures of philosophic wisdom than bright with the healing beams of evangelical consolation. To this blessed oracle I now refer the question; whether human birth and death be not the effects of divine necessitation?

I shall not be very prolix. Two or three plain and pertinent testimonies will answer the same purpose as two or three hundred. Let us begin with the article of birth.

Rachel said unto Jacob, give me children, or else I die. And Jacob's anger was kindled against Rachel: and he said, am I in God's stead? Ge 30:1-2.

Joseph said unto his father, they are my sons, whom God hath given me in this place. Ge 48:9.

Thy hands have made me, and fashioned me together round about. Job 10:8.

Thou art he who took me out of the womb. Ps 22:9.

Who holdeth [better rendered, who putteth] our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved. Psalm 66:9. i.e. God gave us life at first, and keeps us alive, until it is his pleasure to untie the knot that binds us to the body.

Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord. Ps 127:3. Or, as the liturgy translation reads, Lo, children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.

And the case speaks for itself. The birth of every single infant is productive of no less than everlasting consequences. Every infant (even supposing him to die such) is an immortal being. But supposing he lives to bear an active part in life, society is very materially concerned in his behaviour. Each adult individual makes important movements in the grand circular scale of events. The alteration of a single birth, or of a single death, from the first period of time until now, would have occasioned such a difference, that neither the visible nor the invisible world would have been as it is: i.e. something would have been wrong, either in defect, or in redundancy. None of us can tell what may hang on the nativity of the meanest infant that is born of woman. But the Creator knows; for he is acquainted with his own decrees, and orders matters accordingly.

Thou hast covered me [i.e. clothed my soul with a material body] in my mother's womb: in thy book [of decree and providence] all my members were written. Ps 139:13,16.

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: [i.e. God has fixed an exact point of time for the accomplishment of all his decrees; among which fixed and exact points of time are] a time to be born, and a time to die. Ec 3:1-2.

Who (g) formed the spirit of man within him? Zec 12:1.

(g) This text, and many other of similar import, seem to intimate, that the body is first made, and that the soul, commanded into existence for the purpose, is united to the body thus previously provided for its reception. The direct source, however, of the soul, is an enquiry attended with great metaphysical difficulties; whether we suppose it to be of God's immediate creation, or to originate from parental transmission. Much may be said for each hypothesis: and several weighty objections lie against both. It becomes us to confess that Scripture has not clearly decided the point: and of course, that we know very little of the matter. In talibus questionibus, as Witsius says on another mysterious occasion, magis mihi placet haesitantis in genii modestia, quam inconsiderata determinandi pervicacia.

(*Dissert de Michaele.*) This only we are sure of, that God himself, and not chance, is (either mediately or immediately, according to the good pleasure of his own will) the formator and the governor of every spirit, and of every body, in the universe.

God, who separated me from my mother's womb. Ga 1:15.

Does it not appear, even from these few passages, that the doctrine of fortuitous nativity is as false and ridiculous as that of equivocal generation?

And the doctrine of fortuitous death is like unto it. Witness the following evidence.

The time drew near that Israel must die. Ge 47:29. Observe, I. A time for Jacob's death was prefixed of God; and it is therefore called, the time; meaning, that precise time, and no other. II. The time drew near; and the holy man was like a racer in view of the goal, or like a mariner in sight of the haven where he would be. III. He must die: which expression does not denote any unwillingness in Jacob; but the certainty of his departure when the destined moment should arrive.

Can any incident be more seemingly fortuitous than what we commonly call homicide., or one man's undesignedly killing another? And yet this, when it comes to pass, is according to the secret will of God: who is positively affirmed to deliver the slain party into the hand of the slayer. Ex 21:13.

He [i.e. God] is thy life, and the length of thy days. De 30:20. The author of that and the measurer of these.

The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. 1Sa 2:6. Which exactly comports with what God says of himself: I, even I, am he; and there is no God with me: I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand. De 32:39.

Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? Are not his days also like the days of an hireling? Job 7:1. The stipulated hours of an hireling's labour are ascertained beforehand; they consist of so many, and no more.

Thou hast granted me life and favour; and thy visitation hath

preserved my spirit. Job 10:12.

In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. Job 12:10.

Man's days are determined; the number of his months is with thee; thou hast appointed his bounds, which he cannot pass. All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come. Job 14:5,14.

Thou prevailest for ever against him [i.e. man cannot possibly extend his own life a single moment beyond thy decree]: thou changest his countenance [by death], and sendest him away. Job 14:20.-- Sendest his body to the grave, and his soul to another world.

Lord, make me to know my end, and the measure of my days, what it is. Ps 39:4. But, unless God had fixed David's end, and had determined the measure of his days, the Psalmist would here have asked a question to which God himself could only have answered, "O son of Jesse, I know no more of the matter than you do. You have started a problem which I am unable to resolve; for there is no measuring in the case."

Thou turnest man to destruction. Ps 90:3.

There is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit [i.e. to retain the soul in the body beyond the time divinely prefixed]; neither hath he power in the day of death. Ec 8:8.

Behold, I will add unto thy days fifteen years. Isa 38:5. Hezekiah thought that his lease was just expiring, and that his soul must almost immediately turn out of its earthly cottage. No, says God, you have fifteen years to be added to those of your days which are elapsed; and the said future years are of my adding, no less than were the years that are past. "Oh, but God said to Hezekiah, I have heard thy prayer, and have seen thy tears." True. And what does this prove? Not that God's decree is a (h) weathercock, shifting, and changing, and veering about, just as the breath of man's free-will happens to blow; but that the Scriptural axiom is right, which says, Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the afflicted; thou preparest their heart to pray for such things as thou hast decreed to give, and thine ear hearkeneth thereto. I must farther observe; that, if there be any meaning in words, Hezekiah could not die until the remaining

fifteen years had run out; and could not but die when they were.

(h) "Prayer moves God, and overcomes him, not by causing any change in the divine will: for God is immutable; and what good he does in time for his people, he purposed before any time was. But prayer is said to overcome him, because he then gives what, from eternity, he purposed to give, upon their praying to him. For when God decreed what he would do for his saints, he also purposed that they should pray for the same. Eze 36:37.--Prayer's midwifery should be used to deliver the mercies which God purposeth and promiseth. God's purpose to give doth not discharge us from our duty to ask." Gurnall's Christian Armour, vol. iv. p. 17

Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit prov 'hlikian autov to his term of life? Let us hear the reflections of that learned, pious, and truly respectable Arminian, Dr. Hammond, on this text. After observing that 'hlikia sometimes denotes "the quantity or stature of the body," he adds: "so also doth it ordinarily signify age (and so doth XXXX, which the Syriac here uses); and may possibly do so here: 1. Be cause the dehortation which this (question of Christ's) is brought to enforce was particularly that concerning solicitude for the life: and to that, this will be very proper, of our not being able to add, by all our solicitude, the least proportion to our age, and to enlarge the period of life phxun 'ena one cubit, i.e. one smallest measure or proportion beyond what God hath sent us. 2. It will be observable that one cubit being here set down as a very small measure, would yet be a very great proportion, being applied to the stature of the body. Nay, such as are come to their full growth (as the far greater part of Christ's auditors were) could not thus hope to add one thousandth part of a cubit to their stature. On the other side, a cubit will seem but a small part to the many years of a long life. And he that is of the fullest growth may yet hope to enlarge the period of life, and to that generally men's solicitude is applied; by diet, physick, &c., to acquire long life, not to increase their stature. 3. The word phxuv, cubit, is ordinarily a measure of longitude of any space, and particularly of a race to which man's life is compared; Job 9:25. 2Ti 4:7.

This truth may be farther argued from another passage, cited also in a preceding chapter, viz., Mt 10:29-30. For, if not a sparrow can die without God's express commission, much less can a man. And if the

very hairs of our heads are numbered, much more our days.

God giveth unto all life and breath and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the times, before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation. For in him we live and are moved, and have our being; Ac 17:25-26,28. Observe: 1. God is the giver of animal life as well as every thing else.-- 2. He has multiplied us all from one stock, viz. Adam.--3. The times, i.e. the proper seasons of our birth and death, and of all that we shall do or suffer between the starting-post and the goal, are determined, or marked out with certainty and exactness by himself.--4. This determination or adjustment of our times is not a modern act of God, arising *'e re natu*, or from any present emergency of circumstances and situation of affairs; but a determination inconceivably ancient. The time was fore appointed, even from everlasting: for no new determination can take place in God without a change, i.e. without the destruction of his essence. *Quaevīs mutatio mors est.*--5. The very places which people inhabit are here positively averred to be determined and fore-appointed of God. And it is very right it should be so. Else some places might be overstocked with inhabitants, and others totally deserted: which would necessarily draw after it the most pernicious consequences: as stagnation of agriculture, famine, pestilence, and general ruin to the human species. Whereas by virtue of God's having fore-appointed and determined the bounds of our habitations, we are properly sifted over the face of the earth, so as to answer all the social and higher purposes of providential wisdom.--6. If Deity has condescended to determine in what particular places our bodies shall dwell, why should it appear strange that he should also determine how long our souls shall dwell in their bodies? Adverbs of time are no less important than adverbs of place. Nor, indeed, could omnipotence itself determine the *ibi* without likewise determining the *quando* and the *diu*.--Especially, when we consider, 7. That in him we every moment live, and are moved, and do exist.

Moreover, if Christ's own testimony will have any weight with self-determinationists, the following text, exclusively of all others, will set the point above dispute: where our Lord roundly affirms that he himself keeps the keys of hell and of death, Re 1:18. Which declaration holds true, in every sense the words are capable of. He

openeth, and no man can shut: and shutteth, and no man can open, Re 3:7.

Nor is Divine Providence the distributor of death to man alone. The very beasts themselves, which are, by many, supposed to perish utterly, are immortal until God cut their thread. Thou hidest thy face: they are troubled: thou takest away their breath: they die and return to their dust; Ps 104:29. It should be remembered, that this is more directly spoken concerning those small and great beasts, and creeping things innumerable, which inhabit the sea. So that fishes themselves, from a whale to a perriwinkle, have the Creator himself for the disposer of their lives and the determiner of their deaths!

From the evidence alleged, concise and superficial as my allegations have been, we may fairly (and I think unanswerably) conclude that contingency has nothing to do with births or burials; and consequently, that chance never yet added, nor ever will add, (i) "a single unit to the bills of mortality."

(i) For this phrase, a single unit to the bill of mortality, see Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Letter 336.

If therefore, the initial point whence we start, and the ultimate goal which terminates our race, be thus divinely and unchangeably fixed; is it reasonable to suppose that chance, or any free-will but the free-will of Deity alone, may fabricate the immediate links of a chain whose two extremes are held immovably fast in the hands of God himself?--Impossible.

CHAP. VII.

THE SUPPOSED GLOOMINESS OF NECESSITY
CONSIDERED.--THE ORIGIN OF NECESSITY.--CONCISE
VIEW OF MANICHAËISM.--THE NATURE OF EVIL
ENQUIRED INTO.--CURIOUS CONVERSATION-PIECES OF
THREE MODERN PHILOSOPHISERS.--SEVERAL
ASSEMBLIES OF DIVINES VINDICATED.--ARMINIANS
THEMSELVES ULTIMATELY FORCED TO MAKE
NECESSITY THEIR REFUGE.--CONCLUSION OF THE
PRESENT ESSAY.

1. GREAT declamatory pains have been taken to set the system of necessity in very "gloomy" point of view: and to misrepresent it as

made up of nothing but clouds, and shades, and thick darkness. The same has been said of religion at large, and of virtue itself. But are virtue and religion therefore deformed and black because their beauty and lustre do not strike a libertine eye? No more is the scheme of necessity tinged with real gloom on account of a proud or prejudiced free-willer's being pleased to assert it.

"I have sometimes beheld," says an elegant writer, "a ship of war, several leagues off at sea. It seemed to me a dim, cloudy something, hovering on the skirts of the horizon; contemptibly mean, and not worthy of a moment's regard.--But as the floating citadel approached the mast arose. The sails swelled out. Its stately form, and curious properties struck the sight. It was no longer a shapeless mass, or a blot in the prospect: but the master-piece of human contrivance, and noblest spectacle in the world of art." Hervey's *Theron and Aspasio*, Dialogue 5.

Arminianism, if you please, is a region of darkness: but necessity, a land of (k) light. For I should be glad to be informed wherein consists the cheerfulness of believing that the greater part, if not the whole, of sublunary events, even those of endless concern not excepted, are delivered over to the management of an imaginary goddess, called Chance; the mere creature of a poetic fiction, and the most unmeaning sound that was ever admitted into language? "Oh, but we deny chance, and maintain free-will." Be so good as to shew me how you can maintain self-determining free-will, without setting up the blind daughter of Oceanus upon her pedestal? If the will of man be free, with a liberty ad utrum libet, and if his actions be the offspring of his will, such of his actions which are not yet wrought, must be both radically and eventually uncertain: as depending for their futurity on an uncertain cause, viz., on the uncertain volitions of an agent who may or may not incline himself to the performance of those actions. It is therefore a chance whether they shall ever be performed or no. For chance and uncertainty are only two words for the same idea. So that every assertor of self-determination is, in fact, whether he mean it or no, a worshipper of the heathen lady, named Fortune, and an ideal deposer of Providence from its throne.

(k) The pretended gloominess of necessity is urged, with most appearance (and it is but appearance) of plausibility, against that branch of Scripture-metaphysics which relates to the decree of

reprobation. Let me for a moment weigh the pretended horror of this principle; a principle which occurs so positively and repeatedly, again and again, in almost every page of the Bible, that the existence of God does not admit of more strong and explicit proof from the inspired volume, than does the awful reality of non-election. What I here mean to observe on this subject, I shall give in the words of part of a letter, which I lately sent to a very eminent Anti-Calvinian philosopher, Dr. Priestley. "Why are Calvin's doctrines represented as gloomy? Is it gloomy to believe that the far greater part of the human race are made for endless happiness? There can, I think, be no reasonable doubt entertained, concerning the salvation of very young persons. If (as some, who have versed themselves in this kind of speculation, affirm) about one-half of mankind die in infancy;-- And if, as indubitable observation proves, a very considerable number of the remaining half die in early childhood;--And if, as there is the strongest reason to think, many millions of those who live to maturer years, in every successive generation, have their names in the Book of life: then what a very small portion, comparatively, of the human species, falls under the decree of preterition aud non-redemption!

"This view of things I am persuaded, will, to an eye so philosophic as your's, at least open a very, cheerful vista through the 'gloom'; if not entirely turn the imaginary darkness into sunshine. For with respect to the few reprobate, we may, and we ought to, resign the disposal of them implicitly to the will of that only king who can do no wrong: instead of summoning the Almighty to take his trial at the tribunal of our speculations, and of setting up ourselves as judges of Deity."

I might have added that the purpose of God according to election is not restrained to men either of any particular country, or age of time, or religious denomination. Undoubtedly, there are elect Jews, elect Mahometans, and elect Pagans. In a word, countless millions of persons whom Christ hath redeemed unto God, by his blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. Re 5:9.

Only take a fair and dispassionate survey of the matter as it is; and the Arminian outcries will be found a vox, et praeterea nihil. For who can count the dust of Jacob, or the number of the fourth part of God's elect Israel?

Could Providence be really dethroned with as much ease as its influence is denied, dreadful indeed would be the state of things. For my part, I think that all the cheerfulness lies on the side of necessity. And for this plain reason: because that infinite wisdom which made or permitted us to be what we are, and to be circumstanced as we are, knows better what to do with us than we can possibly know how to dispose of our own selves.

It is my happiness to be convinced that my times are in God's hand; Ps 31:15 and that his kingdom ruleth over all, Ps 103:19. If any others can extract comfort from considering themselves as vessels sailing over a dangerous ocean, without pilot, without chart, without insurance, and without convoy, to a coast unknown; much good may their comfort do them. I desire none of it.

Gloomy as the doctrine of Christian necessity is ignorantly affirmed to be, it is the only principle upon which any person can truly and consistently adopt that animating apophthegm so perpetually in the mouth of St. Chrysostom, Blessed be God for every thing that comes to pass!--Whereas the genuine language of an afflicted free-willer is, Alas! alas! what an unlucky accident was this! The very exclamation which might be expected to issue from the lips of a melancholy, desponding atheist.

If unreserved resignation to the wise and fatherly disposals of God; if contentedness and complacency within our several spheres and stations; if thankfulness for the blessings we enjoy; if the exercise of candour, lenity, and compassion toward our mistaken, our offending, and our afflicted fellow-creatures; if humility, and a deep sense of our absolute dependence on the arm of omnipotent love for preservation or deliverance from evil, and for the continuance or increase of good; if the pleasing conviction that nothing can hurt us except God's own hand first sign the license; if a just confidence that he will never sign any such license but to answer the best and wisest ends; if an unshaken persuasion that whatever he does is, and must be, absolutely and directly right, and that whatever he permits to be done is, and must be, relatively, conducively, and finally right:--If these lovely virtues, and felicitating views (virtues and views which no necessitarian can consistently be without) have any thing gloomy in them; it will follow that the sun is made up of darkness, and that beauty itself is a complication of deformity and horror.

When Mr. Pope penned the following verses (in which the philosophic inferences from the doctrine of necessity are summed up with equal truth and elegance), I cannot bring myself to suppose that the poet was in a cheerless, melancholy frame of mind. So far from being able to observe the remotest vestige of gloom, I see nothing in them but the lustre of unmingled light, and the triumph of exulting joy.

"Submit.--In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear.
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see
All (I) discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear; whatever is, is right."

(I) All discord, i.e. all the seemingly irregular and contrariant dispensations of Divine Providence.

If, together with the philosophic, we view necessity through the evangelic medium; nothing will be wanting to render the survey complete. Christian necessitarians, having sung with Mr. Pope, can also sing as follows in those cheerful lines of the late excellent Mr. Hart:

"This God is the God we adore;
Our faithful, unchangeable friend:
Whose love is as great as his power.
And knows neither measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home
We'll praise him for all that is past;
And trust him for all that's to come."

And so much for the pretended gloominess of necessity. Or in other words for the AETHiopic complexion of that dismal, melancholy doctrine which most dolefully asserts that all things, without excepting the worst, work together for the glory of God, and for good to them that love him. Ro 8:28. "Dri-plorabile news indeed," as

an old lady once expressed it.

2. To shew his skill in history and genealogy, Mr. Wesley traces the origin of necessity. And thus he makes out the pedigree.

"That man is not self-determined; that the principle of action is lodged not in himself, but in some other being; has been an exceeding ancient opinion: yea, near as old as the foundation of the world. It seems, none that admit of revelation can have any doubt of this. For it was unquestionably the sentiment of Adam, soon after he had eaten of the forbidden fruit. He imputes what he had done, not to himself, but another: the woman whom thou gavest me. It was also the sentiment of Eve: the Serpent he beguiled me, and I did eat. It is true I did eat, but the cause of my eating, the spring of my action, was in another."

Waiving all notice of the grammatical and the logical inaccuracies which adorn this paragraph, I shall with its author's leave carry the antiquity of necessity somewhat higher up.

God himself is a necessary being. He existed, and could not but exist, without beginning. He exists, and cannot but exist, without end. Necessity, therefore, is co-eval with, and inseparable from, Deity; i.e. it is truly and properly eternal: as all his other attributes are. I would term necessity, in this view of it, *necessitas prima*.

With regard to Adam, he was sufficiently instructed in the doctrine of necessity during the state of innocence. He could not but know that he existed necessarily, and that every circumstance of his situation was necessarily determined by a superior hand.

For example. When he was well awoke from that deep sleep into which he had been necessarily cast, without his own consent first had and obtained: was not that single incident (especially when he adverted to the important effect of it) more than enough to impress a reflecting mind with the idea of necessity? The very missing of his rib which he had involuntarily lost on the occasion, must have made him a necessitarian, supposing him to have been, what I make no doubt he was, a man of common understanding.

Eve, likewise, could not but know that she was necessarily made, necessarily placed in Eden, and necessarily consigned to Adam.

I conclude, therefore, that the first man and his wife were

necessitarians, antecedently to their fall. And if they afterwards endeavoured to account for their fall upon the principle of necessity, I must declare that, for my own part, I see neither the impiety of the attempt, nor the lameness of the reasoning.

"Oh, but this makes God the author of their falling." By no means in the world. It is the Arminian hypothesis which represents Deity as either unseasonably absent from the place, or as looking unconcernedly on, while his feeble creature Eve was chopping unequal logic with a mightier and more artful being than herself. It is the free-will scheme which lays original sin at the divine door, by supposing that God stood neuter throughout the whole affair; though he knew (if Arminianism will allow him to have foreknown) that no less than the ruin of all mankind would be the consequence of that neutrality.

When we say that the fall of man came necessarily to pass, it is only saying that Satan is neither too strong nor too wise for God; and that Satan would not have proved too strong or too wise for Eve herself, had it been the will of God *posuisse obicem*, i.e. to have hindered Satan from succeeding. Now, if it was not the divine will to bar the enemy from succeeding, and if it was really foreknown that without such bar the enemy would succeed; and if God could, without injustice, actually forbear at the very critical time, to put an effectual bar in the way, though he certainly had power to do it: the inference is invincible, that Adam and Eve fell necessarily.

Nor is God's decree to permit the fall liable to any one cavil which will not hold, with equal, or with stronger force, against the actual permission itself. "But why did God decree to permit the fall, and permit the fall according to his decree?" For reasons, the whole of which he has not thought proper to communicate. He giveth not account, to any, of his matters. Job 33:13. And this is too good an answer to so daring a question.

Let me give our free-willers a momentous hint, viz., That the entrance of original sin was one of those essential links on which the Messiah's incarnation and crucifixion were suspended. So that if Adam's fall was not necessary (i.e. if it was a precarious or contingent event), it would follow, that the whole Christian religion, from first to last, is a piece of mere chance-medley: and

consequently cannot be of divine institution. Arminians would do well to consider whither their principles lead them.

3. The true necessity is, *toto caelo*, remote and different from Manichaeism: as indisputably appears on comparing the two systems together. Not to observe that St. Austin (who in his earlier part of life had been (m) entangled in the Manichaeian net) was ultimately confirmed in his resolution to renounce those heresies, by reading the epistles of that illustrious necessitarian St. Paul.

(m) "The Manichaen scheme," says Mr. Wesley, "was formerly espoused by men of renown: St. Augustin in particular." But I will do St. Austin that justice, which this gentleman withholds, by adding, that God converted him from Manichaeism while yet a young man; and several years before he was so much as baptized into the Christian Church. The Methodist goes on: "Manichaeism is now so utterly out of date, that it would be lost labour to confute it." Herein he is, to express it as tenderly as I can, utterly mistaken in his reckoning. I shall clearly prove a page or two hence, that he himself is, in one respect as much, and in another respect, abundantly more, a Manichoe, than either Scythian, Budda, or Manes.

Mr. Wesley, by a very singular mixture of Manichaeism, Pelagianism, Popery, Socinianism, Ranterism, and Atheism, has, I believe, now got to his ultimatum. Probably he would go still farther if he could. But I really think he has no farther to go.--Happy settlement, after forty years infinity of shiftings and flittings hither and thither!

"Thus weathercocks, which for a while,
Have turned about with every blast:
Grown old, and, destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last!"

Manes, from whom Manichaeism is (though very inaccurately) denominated, was by birth a Persian, and flourished toward the close of the third century. His original name was Cubric, which he afterwards dropped for that of Manes.

One Scythian, an Arabian merchant, who had made himself master of the oriental philosophy and theology, committed the substance of his collections to writing: and bequeathed his books, which were four in number, to a proselyte of his named Budda-Terebinthus. This

Budda, settling afterwards in Persia, resided in the house of a widow, who had bought Manes for a slave.

On Budda's decease, the books of Scythian fell into Manes' hands: whence he drew the generality of those tenets which pass under his name, and moulded them into a system. In this odd manner did Manes come to distinguish himself as an Haeresiarch.

The amount of his system was this:

"There are two co-equal, co-eternal, and independent Gods, or infinite principles, *viz.* God, properly so called, *alias* light: and matter, *alias* darkness.

"The first is the author of all good: the second of all evil.

"The light God inspired the penmen of the New Testament; the dark God inspired the writers of the Old Testament. Consequently the Old Testament is worth nothing.

"These Gods are real substance; the one a good substance, the other a bad.

"In the work of creation, the good being wrought part, and the bad being wrought part.

"The good being is the maker of human souls.

"The good being united himself to the elements of air and fire; the bad being took possession of earth and water.

"The evil God made the world, and the human body, and sin, and magistracy.

"There is a Trinity; but it consists of Scythian, Budda, and Manes. Scythian's seat is in the sun; Budda's in the moon; and Manes' in the air.

"The sun in the firmament is Christ.

"Christ did not assume a real, but only a seeming body.

"The elect are those in whom the evil principle is quite done away.

"Matrimony does but unite us more closely to the evil God.

"Water-baptism is worth little.

"The souls of my auditors" [i.e. of those who constantly attended his

assemblies, and imbibed his doctrines] "are thereby changed into elect souls; and so return, quite purified, to the good being.

"The souls of other people transmigrate at death into beasts, and trees, and all other kinds of vegetables.

"Inward concupiscence is a person. It is never healed, but it may be totally separated from men. In the day of judgment, each concupiscence shall be shut up in a globe, and there live in perpetual imprisonment.

"The good God and the bad God wage implacable and never-ceasing war against each other: and perpetually clog and disconcert one another's schemes and operations.

"Hence men are impelled by the forcible constraint, to good or to evil, according as they come under the power of the good Deity or the bad one."

Such is a sketch of what I have been able to collect with certainty of the absurd and execrable tenets of Manes: which form a medley of Pythagorism, Gnosticism, and almost every other ism, both Pagan and Heretical, which that and preceding ages could supply. It is probable that Buddha improved upon Scythian, and that Manes improved upon both. Though, in reality, neither of the three, nor all the three together, were authors of the monstrous opinions which constituted the jumble. The opinions were taken from a variety of other sources; and the pilfering triumvirate, contrary to the practice of thieves in general, seemed resolved to steal the worst of everything they could lay their hands on.

I believe it is absolutely impossible to trace quite up to its source, the antiquity of that hypothesis which absurdly affirms the existence of two eternal, contrary, independent principles. The other oriental nations seem to have adopted it from Egypt. But whence the Egyptians had it, and when they first entertained it, we know not: at least I could never find out.

What led so many wise people, and for so great a series of ages, into such a wretched mistake were chiefly, I suppose, these two considerations: (1.) That evil, both moral and physical, are positive things, and so must have a positive cause. (2.) That a being perfectly good could not, from the very nature of his essence, be the cause of

such bad things.

But (1.) Evil, whether physical or moral, does not, upon a narrow inspection, appear to have so much of positivity in it as it is probable those ancients suppose.

A man breaks his leg: i.e. the continuity or co-hesion of parts, natural to that limb, ceases to be integral. This is followed by the evil of pain. And what is pain? the absence, or privation of sensible ease antecedently enjoyed. A man's house is burnt down. The consequence is a loss, or privation of property. He does not possess as much as he possessed before. Thus (not to multiply needless instances), sickness is a privation of health: and is thence very properly termed disease. Poverty is a deficiency of wealth and conveniences. Death itself a cessation of animal life.

God forbid that I should even wish to extenuate the malignity of sin. The omnipresent Reader of hearts and Hearer of thoughts, knows that, next after his own awful displeasure, I dread and deprecate sin, in all its forms, as the greatest of possible calamities. Let us, however, with cautious and timid hand put moral evil itself into the philosophic scale.

When I was a boy, and began to read Watts's Logic, I well remember the surprise it gave me, to find that so good a man should venture to treat of sin, in the 6th Section (pt. i. chap. 2.) under the title of Not-Being. And I confess I partly wonder at it still.

But let the Doctor speak for himself. "The sinfulness of any human action is said to be a privation: for sin is that want of conformity to the law of God which ought to be found in every action of man. I think," adds the doctor, and in truth I think so too, "we must not reduce such positive beings as piety, and virtue, and truth, to the rank of non-entities, which have nothing real in them. Though sin, or rather the sinfulness of an action, may be properly called a Not-Being: for it is a want of piety and virtue. This is a most usual, and perhaps the most just way of representing these matters.

Very happily we have a fine definition of sin given us by a Logician who could not err. *Pav o hoiwn thn amartian, kai thn anomian hoiei kai h AMARTIA estin h ANOMIA.* 1Jo 3:4. Every man who committeth sin, doth also commit illegality, for sin is illegality.-- Whence I conclude in the first place, that sin, strictly considered, has

more of negation in it than of positivity; else it could not have been properly definable by a merely negative term. For illegality imports no more than a non-commensuration to the law, as a rule or measure of length and breadth.--But, secondly, I infer that, unless sin had something of positivity in it, the illegality of it could not be said to be commissable: "Every man who committeth illegality." And yet, after all, I do not clearly discern how that can be, without the assistance of Dr. Watts' distinction (a distinction which is, I believe, admitted by most, if not all, metaphysical writers) between actions themselves, and the sinfulness of them.

Critics explain XXXX one of the Hebrew words for sin, by the Greek word *aqesia* which imports unsettledness, and, in particular, a not standing to articles before agreed upon. XXXX, the most usual word for sin, properly signifies a not walking in the right road, and a not hitting the proposed mark. XXXX is obliquity or crookedness, i.e. a want of straightness.

The Greek *amartia* most certainly conveys a negative idea, and signifies, like the second Hebrew word above mentioned, a falling short of the mark.

The Latin *peccatum* (which some are for deriving from XXXX) is also explained by *delictum*, i.e. a failure in duty. *Iniquitas*, *culpa*, *nox*, *injuria*, *impietas*, *scelus*, *vitium*, and a multitude of others are, in strictness, terms of negation.

But (2.) in what light soever we consider those modes of being and action, called natural and moral evil; whether we view them as positive qualities, or as negative, or as mixed; still the question returns, whether the great First Cause, who is infinitely and merely good, can be, either efficiently or deficiently, the author of them?

In my opinion, the single word permission solves the whole difficulty, as far as it can be solved in the present beclouded state of human reason. Certainly God is not bound to preclude evil from among his works. It is equally certain that he can permit it, not only to obtain but even to reign. And it is as certain, that he actually does so permit it. Why? Not for want of knowledge to perceive it. Nor for want of power to hinder it. Nor for want of wisdom to counteract it. Nor for want of goodness, to order all for the best. But because it was and is his unsearchable (o) will (and the will of God is rectitude

itself), to allow the entrance and the continuance of that seeming foil to the loveliness of his works.

(o) And a step, or an inch, beyond this we can not go. That God willed to permit evil, cannot be doubted, but at the expense, either of his wisdom, or of his power. The reasons why he willed it are, perhaps, among those arcana which angels themselves have not yet been allowed to see into.

I think I may venture to assert that the Scriptures throw hardly any degree of light upon the divine motive, or motives, to this permission. And it appears incontestibly plain from the writings, and from such authentic memorials as remain, of the most sagacious philosophers of preceding ages, and of every civilized clime, the Chinese themselves included; that all their various hypothesis (some of which were extremely subtil and ingenious) by which they strained both judgment and imagination, to account for the primary existence and introduction of moral and physical ataxy; terminated universally in the point whence they set out, viz., we cannot tell.

Whoever desires to see, at one view, as much as needs to be known concerning the speculations of the greatest sages among the ancients on this inextricable subject, will enjoy a most refined amusement (but attended, I think, with no feasible solution of the difficulty immediately in point) by perusing the second part of that concise, elegant, judicious, and faithful sketch of antique philosophy, entitled, *A Discourse upon the Theology and Mythology of the Ancients*. Written by the Chevalier Ramsay; an author, who, though, in my opinion, extremely fanciful and erroneous on some metaphysical questions, yet deserves to be loved and admired as one of the most ingenious, polite, candid, and entertaining reasoners that ever added the enchantments of beauty to the dignity of virtue and to the riches of learning.

But still, our utmost investigations leave us precisely where they began. We know scarce any of the views which induced uncreated goodness to ordain (for, where infinity of knowledge and power and of wisdom unite in the permitter, I see no very great difference between permitting and ordaining) the introgression, or, more properly, the intromission of evil. For my own part I can with unrepenting cheerfulness give God credit (and that to all eternity,

should it be his pleasure to require me) for doing- every thing well.

"I know but this, that he is good,
And that myself am blind."

Can any body bring the matter to a more satisfactory issue? Si non, hoc utere mecum.

It might have been happy for that fine, but too excursive Theorist, Dr. Conyers Middleton, if he had not, with more rashness than good speed, endeavoured to overleap that boundary which God himself has fixed to the present extent of human knowledge. Were we even to grant the doctor his favourite hypothesis, *viz* , that the whole Mosaic account of the fall is merely allegorical; the origin of evil would still remain as dark, and as deep at the bottom of the well as ever. For to what does this boasted allegory amount? Dr. Middleton shall give it us in his own words (Works, Quarto. Vol. II. p. 149.) "By Adam, we are to understand reason, or the mind of man. By Eve, the flesh, or outward senses. By the Serpent, lust, or pleasure. In which allegory we see clearly explained the true causes of man's fall and degeneracy: that, as soon as his mind, through the weakness and treachery of his senses, became captivated and seduced by the allurements of lust and pleasure, he was driven by God out of Paradise, i.e. lost and forfeited the happiness and prosperity which he had enjoyed in his innocence."

With all the respect due to so very superior a pen, I would offer an observation or two on this passage.--1. If Adam, and Eve, and the Serpent, and the Trees of Knowledge and of Life, and the very Paradise where they grew, were all allegorical (i.e. fabulous and unreal); might not an atheist suppose, with equal reason, that the adorable Creator; whom this same history terms God, is as allegorical a being as the rest!--2. If the fall itself, as related in Scripture, be no more than a piece of moral fiction; what security have we that the Scriptural account of redemption is not equally fictitious? Indeed, where is the necessity, or so much as the propriety and reasonableness of imagining that an allegorical ruin requires more than an allegorical restoration?--3. Among a multitude of other objections, which clog the wheel of this unsatisfactory scheme, the following is one; that the difficulty of accounting for the rise of evil still subsists in all its primitive and impenetrable

obscurity. For, (1.) How came the "allurements of lust and pleasure" to exist at all? especially, in a state of absolute innocency? (2.) How came man's "outward senses "to be so very easy of access as to fly open like the doors of an enchanted castle, at almost the first appearance of this said gigantic lady called "Allurement?" (3.) How came the human mind to yield itself so tame a "captive" to those seducing senses? Not to ask, (4.) Why the senses themselves were originally indued with that "weakness, and treachery," and power of "seduction," which the doctor so freely places to their account? I think myself warranted to conclude, that this masterly allegorizer has not "clearly explained," nor so much as thrown the least glimmering of explanation upon "the true causes of man's fall and degeneracy." What, then, do we gain by reading Moses through the doctor's allegoric spectacles? So far from gaining, we lose the little we had. The man who pulls down my house, and builds me a better in its place, deserves my thanks. But the man who takes down my dwelling under pretence that it is not sufficiently ample and elegant for a person of my dignity to inhabit, and after all his parade leaves me to sleep in the open air, unsheltered by any roof at all, does me a material injury. When infidels can raise a more commodious fabric (i.e. propose a more unexceptionable system of principles; than that the Bible presents us with, we will cheerfully remove from our old house. But, until then, let those gentlemen sleep sub dio by themselves.

Arminianism (which represents moral and natural evil as entering and as reigning in defiance and contrariety to the will and wish and endeavours of the Divine Being) coincides so patly with the Manichaen dream of two almighty conflicting principles, who reign in spite of each other, and catch as catch can; that I really wonder at the reversed modesty of those free-willers who are for shifting off the charge of Manichaeism from themselves to other folks.

Nay, were I disposed to make the most of my argument, I might add, and very fairly too, That the old Manichaeism was a gentle impiety, and a slender absurdity, when contrasted with the modern Arminian improvements on that system. For, which is worse? To assert the existence of two independent beings, and no more; or to assert the existence of about one hundred and fifty millions of independent beings, all living at one time, and most of them waging successful

war on the designs of him that made them?

Moreover, if so very minute a crumb of the creation as this terraqueous planet which we at present occupy, can furnish out such a formidable army of independent principles (i.e. of self-determiners: in which number, infants and children themselves must be virtually included, which will swell the catalogue with about seventy millions more); the aggregate number of independent and possibly conflicting agents, contained in the universe at large, may exceed the powers of all the angels in heaven to compute. But, even confining ourselves to our own world; it will follow that Arminian Manichaeism exceeds the paltry oriental quality, at the immense rate of 150,000,000 to 2! And this, at the very lowest and most favourable computation, i.e. without taking infants into the account; and without reckoning the adult self-determiners of past generations, nor of those generations which are yet to come.

Poor Manes! with how excellent a grace do Arminians call thee an heretic! And above all, such Arminians (whereof Mr. John Wesley is one) as agree with thee, in believing the attainability of sinless perfection here below; or, to use the good old Manichaeian phrase, who assert that the evil principle may be totally separated from man in the present life!

"Oh, but Manes held necessity also." But what sort of necessity? Such a necessity as a child would be under, if the Dragon of Wantley was pulling him by one arm, and Moore of Moore-hall by the other. Christianity and philosophy have nothing to do with this necessity, except to laugh at it.

4. Mr. Wesley seems much displeas'd with a brace of gentlemen, whose names he has not communicated to the public; but who appear, from his account of them, to be in no very fair way towards sinless perfection.

One of these, we are told, deliver'd his mind to this effect! "I frequently feel tempers, and speak many words, and do many actions, which I do not approve of. But I cannot avoid it. They result, whether I will or no, from the vibrations of my brain, together with the motion of my blood, and the flow of my animal spirits. But these are not in my own power. I cannot help them. They are independent on my choice." Thus far I totally agree with the

gentleman unknown. Every one of his premises is true. But the conclusion limps most miserably. Which conclusion (if Mr. Wesley have represented it fairly) is this: "Therefore I cannot apprehend myself to be a sinner." And pray what does the gentleman apprehend himself to be? A saint, I presume. Should this tract ever fall into his hands, let me intreat him to cry mightily to God for that supernatural influence of grace which alone is able to convince him of his sinnership; to bring him to Christ; and to save him from the evil effects which must otherwise continue to result from "the vibrations of his brain, the motion of his blood, and the flow of his animal spirits."

The other anonymous gentleman, according to Mr. Wesley's account of him, believes the omnipotence, but doubts the wisdom, and flatly denies the goodness of God. From the peculiar complexion of this creed I should have imagined that its compiler had picked up the two last articles of it at the Foundery; but Mr. Wesley precludes this surmise by giving us to understand that the gentleman is not a free-willer. For thus the creed goes on: "All the evil in the world is owing to God. I can ascribe it to no other cause. I cannot blame that cur for barking or biting; it is his nature, and he did not make himself. I feel wrong tempers in myself. But that is not my fault, for I cannot help it; it is my nature; and I could not prevent my having this nature; neither can I change it."

No man in the world is more prone to put things in people's mouths which they never said, or thought of, than Mr. J. W. I therefore lay very little stress on the testimony which supports the authenticity of this creed. It may be genuine. But it is more probable that it was forged and dressed up for the occasion.

However, I will bestow a few concise annotations on this confession of faith, be it real, or be it fictitious.

"All the evil in the world is owing to God." Nothing can be more false. For, as the great and good (p) Mr. Edwards observes, "It would be strange arguing indeed, because men never commit sin but only when God leaves them to themselves, and necessarily sin when he does so; that therefore their sin is not from themselves, but from God: and so, that God must be a sinful being. As strange as it would be to argue, because it is always dark when the sun is gone, and

never dark when the sun is present, that therefore all darkness is from the sun, and that his disk and beams must needs be black." (*Enquiry*, p. 364, 365.)

(p) *Viz.* the late Rev. Mr. Jonathan Edwards, of North America, whose *Enquiry into the Freedom of the Will* is a book which God has made the instrument of more deep and extensive usefulness (especially among deists, and persons of science,) than almost any other modern publication I know of. If such of my readers as have not yet met with it wish to see the Arminian sophistry totally unravelled and defeated, let them add that excellent performance to their literary treasures. A more nervous chain of reasoning it would be extremely difficult to find in the English language. Consequently it is not one of those treatises that can be run through in a hurry. It must be read deliberately, and weighed with attention; else you will lose half the strength of the connection.----A spruce Maccaroni was boasting one day that he had the most happy genius in the world. Every thing, said he, is easy to me. People call Euclid's *Elements* a hard book; but I read it yesterday from beginning to end in a piece of the afternoon, between dinner and tea-time. "Read all Euclid," answered a gentleman present, "in one afternoon? How was that possible?" "Upon my honour I did: and never read more smoother reading in my life." "Did you master all the demonstrations, and solve all the problems as you went?" "Demonstrations! and problems! I suppose you mean the a's, and b's, and c's, and 1's, and 2's, and 3's; and the pictures of scratches and scrawls. No, no. I skipt all they. I only read Euclid himself, and all Euclid I did read; and in one piece of the afternoon too."--Mr. Edwards must not be read so genteely.

There are, it seems, two eminent defences of necessity which I have never yet seen: *viz.* Dr. Hartley's *Observations on Man*; and an anonymous *Essay on Liberty and Necessity*, published some years since, at Edinburgh. I hope I have a feast of pleasure and instruction in reserve. And it shall not be my fault if I do not soon enjoy it.

Mr. Wesley's necessitarian adds: "I cannot blame that cur for barking and biting." But did the gentleman never so much as once in his lifetime beat a cur for barking and biting? I dare say he has; and would again if a cur was to fly at him with open mouth. It should seem, therefore, that a cur, though he bark and bite necessarily, is

liable still to blame; else how could he be justly entitled to blows?

"It is his nature." Most certainly. And yet you will beat him for it!

"He did not make himself." Who thinks he did?

"I feel wrong tempers in myself." I dare say you do.

"But that is not my fault." Certainly the fault is in yourself; and consequently the fault is your's. How you came by it is another matter; and belongs to the question of original sin.

"I cannot help it." Right: you cannot. But there is One that can. Apply to him.

"It is my nature." Very true.--"And I could not prevent my having this nature." I never imagined you could.--"Neither can I change it." I am very clear you cannot. The AEthiopian might as soon change his skin, or the leopard his spots, Jer 13:23. And yet what will become of you if you die unchanged? May the Almighty put that cry into your heart, Turn thou me, and I shall be turned! for thou art the Lord my God. Jer 31:18. Then will you know what this meaneth: We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord; are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord. 2Co 3:18.

5. Mr. Wesley's wrath is not confined to the two gentlemen above mentioned. It strides back into the last century, and prosecutes "the assembly of divines who met at Westminster." For what offence are they thus dug out of their graves? For saying that "Whatever happens in time, was unchangeably determined from all eternity."--I beg leave to acquaint the court that there is a flaw in the charge. Mr. Wesley cannot quote even a single proposition, without mangling and altering!

In the confession drawn up by those divines, they express the matter thus: God, from all eternity, did, by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatever comes to pass. Yet so, as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, &c. (q) --In their larger catechism they phrase it with no alteration of sense, as follows: God's decrees are the wise, free, and holy acts of the counsel of his will; whereby, from all eternity, he hath for his own glory unchangeably fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass in time:

especially concerning angels and men.--In the shorter catechism they say: The decrees of God are his eternal purpose according to the council of his will; whereby, for his own glory, he hath fore-ordained whatever comes to pass. God executeth his decrees in the works of creation and providence. I shall only observe, concerning all and each of these paragraphs, that if they be not true, the whole Bible is one grand string of falsehood from the first verse to the last.

(q) Humble advice of the assembly, &c. p. 10, 11 Edit. Lond. 1658. Quarto.

While Mr. Wesley's hand was in, I wonder he did not arraign another assembly of divines, some of whom were mitred. I mean the famous assembly of bishops and others who met together, not many bow-shots from Westminster, on the Surrey side of the Thames, in the year 1595, at a certain place of rendezvous, called Lambeth Palace; where, says Dr. Fuller, "archbishop Whitgift, out of his Christian care to propagate the truth, and suppress the opposite errors, caused a solemn meeting of many grave and learned divines;" among whom, besides the good archbishop himself, were Bancroft, bishop of London; Vaughan, bishop of Bangor; Tindal, dean of Ely; Whitaker, Divinity Professor of Cambridge, &c., which said assembly of divines drew up the celebrated Lambeth articles; whereof I shall here cite but one for a specimen, having treated at large of this assembly and its determinations elsewhere; (r) "*Praedestinatorum praefinitus et certus est numerus; qui nec augeri, nec minui, potest; i.e.* The number of the predestinated is fore-determined and certain, so that it can neither be increased nor diminished.

(r) In a Tract, entitled the Church of England vindicated from the Charge of Arminianism; and in my Historic Proof of the Doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England.

There have also been still larger assemblies of divines, composed of all the bishops, deans, and delegates of the clergy in England. Witness the assembly who drew up the XXXIX Articles, to which Mr. Wesley has, indeed, over and over again, set his hand; but with the same simplicity and godly sincerity, 2Co 1:12, which seem to have actuated Dr. Reid, Dr. Oswald, and Dr. Beattie, when they subscribed the confession and catechism of the Westminster

assembly.

There's such a thing as holy tricking;
Tests are but pie-crust, made for breaking.
Our own conveniency, and gains,
Are sweetmeats, which that crust contains.
To come at these, what man so foolish,
But would a thousand crusts demolish?

Moreover, what shall we say concerning that most reverend, right reverend assembly, who put that woeful collect into the liturgy beginning with, O God, whose never-failing providence ordereth all things in heaven and earth? Can any breathe more strongly the whole of what we mean by necessity? A providence, a never-failing providence, that ordereth not only some, but all things.--Yea, all things both in heaven and earth! In that one passage (and the church has very many others quite like unto it), "see necessity drawn at full length, and painted in the most lively colours."

6. It is curious to behold Arminians themselves forced, by stress of argument, to take refuge in the harbour of that necessity which, at other times, they so vehemently seek to destroy. "It is necessary," say they, "that man's will should be free; for without freedom the will were no will at all."

I pity the distressful dilemma to which they are driven. Should they say, it is not necessary for man's will to be free, they give up their whole cause at once. If they say (and say it they do) that it is necessary, yea, absolutely necessary for the will to be free, and that in its very nature it cannot but be free;--then, say I, upon that principle, these good people are free, with a liberty of necessity, and sheer necessity itself is the root and sap of all their boasted free-agency. In other words free-agency, themselves being judges, is only a ramification of necessity!

7. Though I have mentioned the following anecdote in a preceding publication, yet, by way of recompensing Mr. Wesley for the amusement he has afforded me, in publishing the conversation of the two necessitarian gentlemen, whereof I have just given the reader an account: I also, in my turn, shall refer him to a very remarkable conversation which passed between a free-will gentleman and myself, June 21, 1774, in the neighbourhood of London, and in the

presence of my friend, the Rev. Mr. Ryland.

"God does all he possibly can," said the Arminian philosopher, "to hinder moral and natural evil. But he cannot prevail. Men will not permit God to have his wish."--Then the Deity, answered I, must certainly be a very unhappy being.--"Not unhappy in the least." What! meet with a constant series of crosses; thwarted in his daily endeavours; disappointed of his wishes; disconcerted in his plan of operations; defeated of his intentions; embarrassed in his views; and actually overpowered every moment of every day by numberless of the creatures he has made; and yet be happy under all this incessant series of perplexing and mortifying circumstances? "Yes: for he knows that in consequence of the free-will with which he has endued his rational creatures, he himself must be disappointed of his wishes, and defeated of his ends; and that there is no help for it unless he had made us mere machines. He therefore submits to necessity, and does not make himself uneasy about it." (s)

(s) See a note subjoined to p. 5 of a Sermon, lately published by me, entitled, Free-will and Merit brought to the Test; or, Men not their own Saviours: where some of the horrible consequences, and of the gigantic inconsistencies, inseparably from this gentleman's theory, are pointed out.

Can any thing be more shockingly execrable than such a degrading and blasphemous idea of the ever blessed God; and consequently is not the doctrine of human self-determinability the most daring, the most inconsistent, the most false, the most contemptible, and the most atheistical tenet that ever was spawned by pride and ignorance in conjunction? A doctrine which, in running away from the true necessity, coins an impossible necessity of its own inventing; and, while it represents men as gods, sinks God far below the level of the meanest man!

Is not the adorable Creator of the world the Governor of it too? Or has he only built a stage for fortune to dance upon? Does Almighty providence do no more than hold the distaff while contingency (i.e. while nothing) spins the threads, and wreathes them into a line for the first cause (very falsely so called if this be the case!) to wind upon his reel and turn to the best account he can? Arminians may affirm it: but God forbid that I should ever believe it.

For my own part I solemnly profess before God, angels, and men, that I am not conscious of my being endued with that self-determining power which Arminianism ascribes to me as an individual of the human species. Nay, I am clearly certain that I have it not. I am also equally certain that I do not wish to have it; and that, was it possible for my Creator to make me an offer of transferring the determination of any one event from his own will to mine, it would be both my duty and my wisdom to entreat that the sceptre might still remain with himself, and that I might have nothing to do in the direction of a single incident, or of so much as a single circumstance.

Mr. Wesley laments that necessity is "The scheme which is now adopted by not a few of the most sensible men in the nation;" I agree with him as to the fact; but I cannot deplore it as a calamity. The progress which that doctrine has of late years made, and is still making, in this kingdom, I consider as a most happy and prominent symptom that the divine goodness has yet abundant mercies in reserve for a church, the majority of whose reputed members have long apostatized from her essential principles; and for a country whose (t) morals have degenerated in proportion to the corruptions of its faith.

(t) Take a specimen of the vitiated state to which the free-will gangrene has reduced the moral taste of this Christian and reformed country, in the following admired lines, which are part of a very applauded entertainment, lately introduced on the English stage:

"With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wisdom all happiness sours;
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let us strew the way over with flow'rs."

Was a religious and sensible foreigner, whether Protestant or Popish, Jew, Mahometan or Heathen, to be informed that such equally detestable and despicable sentiments as those are heard with rapture at the British theatres, and chorused with delight in numberless private companies in every part of the kingdom, would he not be inclined to set us down in general for a nation of epicurean Atheists, fit only to wallow in the Circean sty; quite lost to all religion, philosophy, virtue, and decency; and no otherwise entitled to the

name of man, than by perpendicularity of shape, connected with the art of speaking?

"If prone to thought, our stature is our shame;
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies."

May the, Ps 102:13, set time be nigh at hand for our national recovery to the gospel and to virtue! Then shall God, even our own God, give us his blessing.

A Dissertation Concerning the Sensible Qualities of Matter;...
A DISSERTATION CONCERNING THE SENSIBLE QUALITIES
OF MATTER; MORE ESPECIALLY CONCERNING COLOURS.

Judge not (kat' OYIN) according to sight. Joh 8:24.

WHEN I wrote the foregoing chapters, it was my intention to have taken no notice of Mr. Wesley's weak and puerile objections to the well established doctrine of sensible qualities; partly because what he observes (or rather what he has picked up from Dr. Reid and others) on this subject is so contemptibly frivolous as hardly to justify any serious animadversion, and partly, because I did not consider the subject itself as directly connected with the article of necessity.

But, on my reflecting that the aptitude of perceivable bodies to impress our senses with certain motions called sensations, and that the sensations so produced, together with the correspondent ideas which those sensations impart to, or excite in the mind; are all the result of necessary relation, and form an indissolubly combined chain of cause and effect: I determined to subjoin some enquiries concerning a branch of knowledge which, in this view of it, is not altogether foreign to the main argument of the preceding disquisitions.

By the senses, I mean those conduits or avenues to the brain through which the soul receives its ideas of objects extraneous to itself. No person need be reminded that these senses are five, viz. those of feeling, hearing, seeing, smelling, and tasting. It may perhaps be solidly affirmed, that in absolute strictness we have but one sense, precisely so called, viz., that of feeling, or perception at large; of which the remaining four are but so many exquisite modifications, or affections. I acquiesce, however, in the popular division of the senses into five.

The sensible qualities of extraneous objects are, properly, no more than "powers," as Mr. Locke justly terms them, viz., powers of producing such particular motions in our animal organs as have a native tendency to occasion correspondent perceptions in the soul, through the mediation of the nerves and brain: that is to say, extraneous objects have this effect when duly presented to the senses, and when the senses are in such a state as duly to receive the

impressions naturally arising from the presence or application of those objects.

These powers, inherent in extraneous bodies, of producing such sensations in us, indisputably result from the figure, size, arrangement, and motion of the particles which constitute the bodies themselves. Which appears, among other considerations hence, that the same body, under different modes of corpuscular size, arrangement, motion, and figure, occasions different sensations in the organs, and conveys different ideas to the mind.

Now, these modal differences of arrangement, &c., are undoubtedly resident in their respective subjects, and may easily be conceived of as existable independently on us; i.e. they might be just what they are whether the bodies themselves, in which they obtain, were objected to our senses or not. But the effects of those combined modes (as colour, sound, flavour, scent, pleasure, and pain) are things purely relative; and absolutely require the concurrence of sense, in order to their having any kind or degree of positive existence. They are but potentially in their peculiar subjects, until those subjects become objects, by being actually exposed to, and by actually operating upon, the organs of a percipient being.

Thus there might have been tremulations in the atmosphere, through the impulse of one mass of matter upon another (primarily set in motion by the divine will), if no animal or sentient being had been created. But in that case, it is utterly inconceivable how those tremulations, though ever so violent, could have occasioned what we call sound. Again.--The disposition of certain surfaces to reflect, refract, and absorb the incident rays of light, might have been just what it now is, independently on the optic nerves of animals: but then no surface, however disposed, i.e. be its texture, reflections, refractions or absorptions, what they will, could have occasioned that ideal result which we term colour, without being opposed to the visual organ of an intelligent substance. And so on, through every species of sensible quality.

Hence there is nothing hyperbolic or extravagant; but all is no less strictly and soberly philosophical, than sublimely and elegantly poetical, in the following lines of Dr. Young:

"The senses, which inherit earth and heavens,

Enjoy the various riches nature yields:
Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy,
Give taste to fruits, and harmony to groves;
The radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire:
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wond'rous world they see.
But for the magic organ's pow'rful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.
Objects are but th' occasion: our's th' exploit.
Our's are the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draw,
And beautify creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image, man admires."

This is provable, not only by reason, but by numberless experiments. Do but artfully vary the medium through which you see it, and you may make the surface of any body whatever assume, in appearance, any colour you please, and that in the most rapid succession, and in every mode of possible diversity. A certain sign that colour is only a sensible quality, and not a real property of matter.

But let us hear Mr. Wesley: who wildly thinks himself no less qualified to demolish the fundamental axioms of natural philosophy, than to overturn the first principles of natural and revealed religion.

"Colour," says he, "is a real material thing. There is no illusion in the case, unless you confound the perception with the thing perceived (a). And all other secondary qualities are just as real, as figure, or any other primary one." With regard to colour (for I have neither room nor leisure to run through all the other secondary qualities), its non-existence is certain, not only from the preceding considerations, but likewise, in general, from the natural darkness of matter. Every atom (even those not excepted, which constitute that exquisite fluid, called light; though it is the most attenuated and subtil body with which we are acquainted) is intrinsically dark, and consequently colourless. Light itself, by whose intervention other bodies become visible, seems to depend greatly, if not entirely, for that power, on the exility, the extreme rarefaction, and on the incomparably rapid motion, expansion, and protrudibility, of its

component particles: by which properties it is peculiarly fitted to act upon the instruments of animal sight; as these are likewise reciprocally fitted to admit that sensation, which Providence designed they should receive, in consequence of being so acted upon.

(a) The plain natural meaning of this is, that "the thing perceived," viz. colour, considered as resident in bodies, "is real," but that our "perception "of that "real "colour is a mere "illusion!"--Without any "illusion" at all, may we not pronounce Mr. Wesley to be the lamest, the blindest, and the most self-contradictory waster of ink and paper that ever pretended to the name of reasoner? It is almost a disgrace to refute him.

"All colours," says Mr. Wesley, "do as really exist without us, at trees, or corn, or heaven, or earth." He is welcome to enjoy a delusion which (like most of his other opinions) has not one sound argument for its support. But hear him again: "When I say that cloth is of a red colour; I mean, its surface is so disposed as to reflect the red; i.e. the largest rays of light. When I say, the sky is blue, I mean, it is so disposed as to reflect the blue, i.e. the smallest rays of light. And where is the delusion here? Does not that disposition, do not those rays, as really exist, as either the cloth or the sky? And are they not as really reflected as the ball in a tennis-court?"

What, in the name of wonder, could induce Mr. W. to make these concessions? Concessions which cut the throat of his own hypothesis from ear to ear! for I appeal to any competent reader whether the following conclusions do not necessarily flow from those premises:

1. That colour is the mere creature of sensation: which sensation is occasioned (not by any real tinge inherent, either in the object, or in the rays of light, but occasioned) by the "disposition," i.e. by the texture or configuration and connection, of the superficial particles, and by the "largeness" or "smallness," i.e. by the size of the "reflected rays." This is all very right so far as it goes.

2. That "redness" and "blueness" (for instance) are mere ideas, resulting from the peculiarly "disposed surfaces" of the reflecting bodies, and from the magnitude or minuteness of the "rays" which those surfaces either strike back, or refract in various directions.

And what is this but the very doctrine against which Mr. Wesley professedly draws his wooden sword? For,

3. As to the real existence of bodies, and their surfaces, and rays of light; it is not questioned by any I know of, except by the few followers of Bishop Berkeley; and they are very few indeed. Not three dozen, I suppose, in the three kingdoms.

4. It follows, that Mr. Wesley's inconsistent assertion cannot, even on his own principles, be true; viz., that "colour is a real material thing." No: it is an ideal thing; generated in our minds by the "disposition" of "surfaces," and by the reverberation, &c. of "rays."

The Methodist goes on. "It is true, that when they" [i.e. when irradiated surfaces] "strike upon my eye, a particular sensation follows in my soul. But that sensation is not colour: I know no one that calls it so." Nor I neither. The sensation only gives at first, and repeatedly excites afterwards, the idea of colour. For, properly speaking, there is no such thing as absolute colour, either in the bodies themselves, or in the rays which they reflect, or in the eye, or in the soul. Yet is the idea founded on a complication of realities. For both the bodies, and the rays, and the eye, and the soul, have a positive existence.

But Mr. Wesley has a dreadful peal of thunder in reserve; which he thus rattles over the head of natural philosophy "Take it altogether" [i.e. believe the sensible qualities to be no more than sensible], "What a supposition is this! Is it not enough to make one's blood run cold? The great God, the Creator of heaven and earth, the Father of the spirits of all flesh, the God of truth, has encompassed with falsehood every soul that he has made! Has given up all mankind to a strong delusion, to believe a lie! Yea, all his creation is a lie! You make God himself, rather than the devil, the father of lies!"--Mighty pious, mighty rhetorical, and mighty philosophical.

I shall leave the horrid criminality of this indecent passage to the cognizance of the adorable Being it blasphemes: and only observe that Mr. Wesley's heat and profaneness (of which he has elsewhere given innumerable samples) are such, that he dares to scold his Maker with as little ceremony, and with as much scurrility, as an enraged fish-woman would bedin the ears of a 'prentice wench.

But let me ask: "Is God (I tremble even to put the question!)

therefore "the father of lies," because he has not furnished us with acuteness of sight sufficient to take in the real magnitudes of the sun and other celestial bodies? Or can he be said to "encompass us with falsehood," because we do not perceive the annual and diurnal motions of the earth? Our senses tell us (and the far greater part of mankind, upon the credit of their senses, live and die in the belief) that the sun is not so large as a coach-wheel; that the moon is less than the dial of St. Paul's clock; that the diameter of the largest visible star is inferior to that of a tea-cup; and that the earth is absolutely quiescent, instead of constantly travelling (as in reality it does) at the rapid rate of about 60,000 miles an hour, exclusively of its diurnal rotation round its own axis. The illusions of colour, taste, and smell, are nothing when compared with the immense difference between appearances and facts, in these and other points of so much greater consequence. And hence it becomes the office of reason and science to rectify, so far as they can, the frequent mistakes of sense.

I shall add to these remarks a sketch of what Mr. Locke has observed, concerning the qualities called sensible. And I do this with some extent, because that profound and masterly genius has cultivated this part of science with a perspicuity and solidity equalled, I believe, by few other writers on the subject.

"It being manifest that there are multitudes of bodies, each whereof are so small, that we cannot, by any of our senses, discover either their bulk, figure, or motion, as is evident in the particles of air and water; and others extremely smaller than those, perhaps as much smaller than the particles of air and water, as the particles of air and water are smaller than peas or hail-stones; let us suppose, at present, that the different motions and figures, bulk and number, of such particles affecting the organs of our senses, produce in us those different sensations which we have from the colours and smells of bodies. Let us suppose, for example, that a violet, by the impulse of such insensible [i.e. invisible] particles of matter, of peculiar figures and bulks, and in different degrees and modifications of their motions, causes the ideas of the blue colour and sweet scent of that flower to be produced in our minds. It being no more impossible to conceive that God should annex such ideas to such motions with which they have no similitude, than that he should annex the idea of pain to the motion of a piece of steel dividing our flesh, with which

that idea hath no resemblance.

"What I have said, concerning colours and smells, may be understood also of tastes and sounds, and other sensible qualities: which, whatever reality we by mistake attribute to them, are in truth nothing in the objects themselves, but powers to produce various sensations in us; and depend on the primary qualities, viz., bulk, figure, texture and motion of parts.

"Flame is denominated hot and bright; snow, white and cold; manna, white and sweet, from the ideas they produce in us. Whoever considers that the same fire which, at one distance, produces in us the sensation of warmth, does, at a nearer approach, produce in us the far different sensation of pain; ought to bethink himself what reason he has to say that his idea of warmth, which was produced in him by the fire, is actually in the fire; and his idea of pain which the same fire produced in him is not in the fire. Why are whiteness and cold in snow, and pain not; when it produces both one and the other of those ideas in us, and can do neither, but by the bulk, figure, number, and motion of its solid parts?

"The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion of the parts of fire or snow, are really in those bodies, whether any one's senses perceive them or no: and may therefore be called real qualities. But light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, are no more really in snow or fire, than sickness or pain is in manna. Take away the sensation of them; let not the eye see light or colours, nor the ear hear sounds; let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell; and all colours, tastes, odours, and sounds, as they are such particular ideas, vanish and cease, and are reduced to their causes, viz., bulk, figure, and motions of parts.

"Let us consider the red and white colours in porphyry [marble]. Hinder light but from striking on it, and its colours vanish; it no longer produces any such ideas in us. Upon the return of light it produces these appearances again. Can any one think that any real alterations are made in the porphyry by the presence or absence of light; and that those ideas of whiteness and redness are really in porphyry in the light, when it is plain it has no colour in the dark?

"It has, indeed, such a configuration of particles, both night and day, as are apt, by the rays of light rebounding from some parts of that

hard stone, to produce in us the idea of redness, and from others the idea of whiteness; but whiteness and redness are not in it, at any time; but only such a texture as has power to produce such a sensation in us.

"Pound an almond, and the clear white colour will be turned into a dirty one; and the sweet taste into an oily one. What real alteration can the beating of a pestle make in any body, but an alteration in the texture of it?

"He that will examine his complex idea of gold, will find several of the ideas that make it up to be only powers: as the power of being melted, but of not spending itself in the fire; and of being dissolved in aqua regia. Which are ideas as necessary to make up our complex idea of gold, as its colour and weight: which, if duly considered, are nothing but different powers. For, to speak truly, yellowness is not actually in gold, but is a power in gold to produce that idea in us, by our eyes, when placed in a due light. And the heat which we cannot leave out of our idea of the sun, is no more really in the sun than is the white colour which it introduces into wax. These are both equally powers in the sun, operating by the motion and figure of its insensible parts, so on a man as to make him have the idea of heat; and so on wax, as to make it capable to produce in a man the idea of white.

"Had we senses acute enough to discern the minute particles of bodies, and the real constitution on which their sensible qualities depend, I doubt not, but they would produce quite different ideas in us and that which now [seems] the yellow colour of gold would then disappear, and instead of it, we should see an admirable texture of parts of a certain size and figure.

"This microscopes plainly discover to us. For what, to our naked eyes, produces the [semblance of] a certain colour, is, by thus augmenting the acuteness of our senses, discovered to be quite a different thing: and the thus altering, as it were, the proportion of the bulk of the minute parts of a coloured object to our sight, produces different ideas from what it did before.

"Thus sand or pounded glass, which is opaque and white to the naked eye, is pellucid in a microscope. And a hair, seen this way, loses its former colour, and is in a great measure pellucid, with a

mixture of bright, sparkling colours, such as appear from the refraction of diamonds, and other pellucid bodies. Blood, to the naked eye, appears all red: but by a good microscope, wherein its lesser parts appears, shews only some few globules of red, swimming in a pellucid liquor. And how those red globules would appear, if glasses could be found that could magnify them yet 1000, or 10,000 times more is uncertain." (b)

(b) Locke's Essay, book 2. chap. 8, and Chap. 23.

No dishonour will accrue to this great man, now so largely quoted, by observing, that in what he so ably delivered concerning the secondary or sensible qualities of matter, he stood on the shoulders of his illustrious fore-runner in science, Mr. Boyle.--Permit me, at once, to enrich the present appendix with a few paragraphs from this last-mentioned philosopher; and to confirm its general drift by the sanction of so exalted an authority.

"I do not deny that bodies may be said, in a very favourable sense, to have those qualities [potentially] which we call sensible, though there were no animals in the world. For a body, in that case, may have such a disposition of its constituent corpuscles, that, if it were duly applied to the sensory of an animal, it would produce such a sensible [effect], which a body of another texture would not. Thus, though, if there were no animals, there would be no such thing as pain; yet a [thorn] may, upon account of its figure, be fitted to cause pain, in case it were moved against a man's finger: whereas, a blunt body, moved against it with no greater force, is not fitted to cause any such perception. So snow, though if there were no lucid body nor organ of sight in the world, would exhibit no colour at all (for I could not find it had any in places exactly darkened); yet hath it a greater disposition than a coal or soot to reflect store of light outwards, when the sun shines upon them all three. We say that a lute is in tune, whether it be actually played upon or no, if the strings be all so duly stretched as that it would appear to be in tune, if it were played on.

"Thrust a pin into a man's finger both before and after his death. Though the pin be as sharp at one time as at another; and makes, in both cases alike, a solution of continuity; yet, in the former case, the action of the pin will produce pain: and not in the latter, because in

this, the pricked body wants the soul, and consequently, the perceptive faculty.--So, if there were no sensitive beings, those bodies, which are now the objects of our senses, would be no more than dispositively endued with colours, tastes, and the like: but actually with only the more catholic affections of bodies, as figure, motion, texture, &c.

"To illustrate this yet a little farther. Suppose a man should beat a drum at some distance from the mouth of a cave, conveniently situated to return the noise he makes. People will presently conclude that the cave has an echo; and will be apt to fancy, upon that account, some (c) real property in the place, to which the echo is said to belong. Yet, to speak physically of things, this peculiar quality or property which we fancy to be in the cave, is in it, nothing else but the hollowness of its figure, whereby it is so disposed as, when the air beats against it, to reflect the motion towards the place whence that motion began. And what passes on the occasion is indeed but this: the drum stick, falling on the drum, makes a percussion of the air, and puts that fluid body in an undulating motion; and the aerial waves, thrusting on one another, until they arrive at the hollow superficies of the cave, have by reason of its resistance and figure, their motion determined the contrary way: namely, backward, towards that part where the drum was when it was struck. So that in that which here happens, there intervenes nothing but the figure of one body and the motion of another: though if a man's ear chance to be in the way of these motions of the air forward and backward, it gives him a perception of them which he calls sound.

(c) Real properties it undoubtedly has; and it is impossible that any portion of matter should be without them. But Mr. Boyle means, that the particular effect which we term sound, is not of the number of those real properties, but merely sensitive and ideal; and become so, when matter, under certain modes and circumstances of figure and motion, is objected to, and operates upon the suitably disposed organ of a perceiving animal.

"And whereas one body doth often seem to produce in another, divers such qualities as we call sensible; which qualities therefore seem not to need any reference to our senses; I consider that, when one inanimate body works upon another, there is nothing really

produced by the agent, in the patient, save some local motion of its parts, or some change of texture consequent upon that motion: but by means of its effects upon our organs of sense, we are induced to attribute this or that quality to it. So, if a piece of transparent ice be, by the falling of some heavy and hard body upon it, broken into a gross powder that looks whitish; the falling body doth nothing to the ice but break it into very small fragments, lying confusedly upon one another: though by reason of the fabric of the world and of our eyes, there does, in the day-time, upon this comminution, ensue such a kind of copious reflection of the incident light to our eyes as we call whiteness. And when the sun, by thawing this broken ice, destroys its whiteness, and makes it become diaphonous, which it was not before; the sun does no more than alter the texture of the component parts, by putting them into motion, and thereby into a new order: in which, by reason of the disposition of the intercepting pores, they reflect but few of the incident beams of light, and transmit most of them.

"When you polish a rough piece of silver, that which is really done is but the depression of the little protuberant parts into one level with the rest of the superficies: though, upon this mechanical change of the texture of the superficial parts, we men say, that it hath lost the quality of roughness and acquired that of smoothness; because, whereas the extances did before, by their figure, resist a little the motion of our finger, our finger now meets with no such offensive resistance.

"Fire will make wax flow, and enable it to burn a man's hand. And yet this does not argue in it any inherent quality of heat, distinct from the power it hath of putting the small parts of the wax into such a motion as that their agitation surmounts their cohesion. But though we suppose the fire to do no more than variously and briskly to agitate the insensible parts of the wax, that may suffice to make us think the wax endued with a quality of heat; because, if such agitation be greater than that of our organs of touch, it produces in us the sensation we call heat: which is so much a relative to the sensory which apprehends it, that the same luke-warm water (i.e. water whose corpuscles are moderately agitated by the fire) will seem hot to one of a man's hands, if that hand be very cold, and cold to the other, in case it be very hot; though both of them be the same

man's hand. Bodies, in a world constituted as our's now is, being brought to act upon the most curiously contrived sensories of animals, may, upon both these accounts, exhibit many different sensible phaenomena: which, however we look upon them as distinct qualities, are but the consequent effects of the often-mentioned catholic affections of matter, and deducible from the size, shape, motion (or rest), posture, order, and the resulting texture of the insensible parts of bodies. And therefore, though, for shortness of speech, I shall not scruple to make use of the word qualities, since it is already so generally received; yet I would be understood to mean it in a sense suitable to the doctrine above delivered." (d)

(d) Boyle's Origin of forms and Qualities, p. 31 - 38. Edit. Oxf. 1667.

But there is one consideration which, in my view of it, decides the question absolutely and irrefragably. To wit, the essential sameness of matter in all bodies whatever.

The opinion that what are commonly termed the four elements (*viz.*, earth, water, air, and fire) are so many simple and essentially different principles, or absolute and first rudiments, seems to me an exceedingly erroneous supposition. For I take those elements, as they are usually styled to be, themselves, but so many various modifications of that same simple matter, whereof all body or extended substance, without exception, consists. (e)

(e) Without entering either deeply or extensively into the considerations which determine me to this belief, I would barely offer the following hints.

1. To imagine that Infinite Wisdom would multiply essences without reasonable cause, were to foster an hypothesis directly contrary to that beautiful simplicity which so evidently, and so universally, characterises the variegated works of God. Nature (*i. e.* Omnipotence behind the curtain) is radically frugal, though its phenomena exhibit almost an infinity of modal diversification. Two essences only (*viz.* spirit and matter) are fully sufficient to account for every appearance, and to answer every known purpose of creation, and of providence. What occasion, then, for five? or, as some suppose, for no fewer than seven? *viz.*, earth, water, air, fire, light, ether and spirit)? Might we not just as rationally dream of

seventy, or even seventy millions of essences?

Sir Isaac Newton's rule for philosophising, and the argument on which he grounds it strike me with all the force of self-evidence: *Causas rerum naturalium non plures admitti debere, quain quae et vera sint, et earum phaenomenis explicandis sufficientiant. Dicunt utique philosophi: Natura nihil agit frustra; et frustra fit, per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora. Natura enim simplex est, et rerum causis superfluis non luxuriat.* If this be just, the admission of more essences than two would be totally inconsistent with a first and fundamental principle of all natural knowledge.

2. The four classes of matter, commonly called Elements, are in reality not simple, but exceedingly compound bodies; and partake very much of each other. Which circumstance forms no inconsiderable branch of that atacia, or confusion, literally so termed, introduced by original sin. Thus,

Earth associates to itself all the solvable substances that are committed to its bosom. Which substances, after the time respectively requisite for their solution, and for their co-alesceuce with the earth, are not distinguishable from original earth itself.

Water is known to comprehend every species of earthy particles; as well as to include no small portion of air: and to be capable, by motion, of assuming that quality which we term heat; even in such a degree as to be no less intolerable by animals than flame itself.

Air is constantly intermingled with an immense number of dissimilar particles. With household dust (for instance), which is, in fact, the wearings of almost every thing. Not to mention the countless effluvia, with which the atmosphere is charged, incessantly flying off from animal bodies both sound and putrescent; and from the whole world of vegetable substances both fragrant and foetid. These particles, through the continual attrition occasioned by their motion and interference with each other, and by the ambient pressure of the air upon them all, undergo, it is probable, a gradual atomic separation: and, when sufficiently comminuted, become, at last, a genuine part of that aerial fluid in which they only floated before. -- Could we breathe nothing but pure unmixed air, human health and life would, probably, extend to an extreme length.

Fire, or more properly a fiery substance, will burn (i.e. communicate

a portion of its own motion to) and assimilate all other contracting bodies, whose corpuscular co-hesion is not sufficiently close and firm to resist the subtil agency of that insinuating power. But, when its force is exhausted (i.e. when the intestine agitation of its parts has forced off all that was volatile, and ceases in consequence of having no more to do), what remains? A quantity of particles equally capable (for ought that appears to the contrary) of being condensed into earth, or expanded into water, or rarified into air. ----Which reminds me,

3. Of the continual transmutation of one modified substance into another, by the chemical process of nature; sometimes assisted, but oftener quite unassisted, by art; which literal metamorphosis seems to be a grand and fundamental law of this lower world; and if admitted, furnishes me with an additional argument for the sameness of matter under all its vast variety of modes and forms.

We may, for example, ask with the poet:

"Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, and plough, disturb our ancestors:
From human mould we reap our daily bread:
The moist of human frame the sun exhales:
Winds scatter through the mighty void, the dry:
Earth re-possesses part of what she gave."

And thus the mysterious wheel of nature goes round; the vast mechanic circulation is kept up; and by a wonderful but real emperixwrhsiv, well-nigh every thing (I speak of matter only) becomes every thing in its turn.

So thoroughly persuaded am I, in my own mind, that all the atoms, particles, and larger portions of matter are primarily and intrinsically and essentially homogeneous; that I make no doubt but a millstone is physically capable of being rarified into light, and light physically capable of being condensed into a millstone. By the way, light is, perhaps, no more than melted air; and air is, perhaps, the never-failing reservoir which supplies the sun with materials for its rays. Air is, incontestibly, a necessary pabulum of sublunary, and why not of solar, fire?

I shall conclude this excursive note with a pertinent passage from Mr. Boyle, in which that profound and judicious naturalist informs

us, on the authority of an experiment made by himself, that even water is ultimately convertible into oil, and into fire.

"Since the various manner of the coalition of several corpuscles into one visible body is enough to give them a peculiar texture, and thereby fit them to exhibit divers sensible qualities, and to become a body, sometimes of one denomination, and sometimes of another; it will very naturally follow, that from the various [but providential] occurrences of these innumerable swarms of little bodies that are moved to and fro in the world, there will be many fitted to stick to one another, and so compose concretions: and many (though not in the self-same place) disjoined from one another, and agitated apart. And multitudes also that will be driven to associate themselves, now with one body, and presently with another.

"And if we also consider, on the one side, that the sizes of the small particles may be very various, their figures almost innumerable; and that if a parcel of matter do but happen to stick to one body, it may give it a new quality; and, if it adhere to another, or hit against some of its parts, it may constitute a body of another kind; or if a parcel of matter be knocked off from another, it may barely by that, leave it, and become itself of another nature than before: if, I say, we consider these things on the one side, and on the other side, that (to use Lucretius's comparison) all the innumerable multitude of words which are contained in all the languages of the world, are made of the various combinations of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet; it will not be hard to conceive that there may be an incomprehensible variety of associations and textures of the minute parts of bodies, and consequently a vast multitude of portions of matter endued with store enough of different qualities, to deserve distinct appellations, though, for want of heedfulness and fit words, men have not yet taken so much notice of their less obvious varieties, as to sort them as they deserve, and give them distinct and proper names.

"So that, though I would not say that any thing can immediately be made of every thing; as a gold ring of a wedge of gold; or oil, or fire, of water; yet since bodies, having but one common matter, can be differenced but by accidents [i. e. by modes and circumstances not essential to their nature as parts of matter at large,] which seem, all of them, to be the effects and consequents of local motion: I see not why it should be absurd to think that (at least among inanimate

bodies), by the intervention of some very small addition or subtraction of matter (which yet, in most cases, will not be needed), and of an orderly series of alterations, disposing, by degrees, the matter to be transmuted, almost of any thing may at length be made any thing.

"So, though water cannot, immediately, be transmuted into oil, and much less into fire; yet if you nourish certain plants with water alone, as I have done, until they have assimilated a great quantity of water into their own nature, you may by committing this transmuted water (which you may distinguish and separate from that part of the vegetable you first put in) to distillation in convenient glasses, obtain, besides other things, a true oil, and a black combustible coal (and consequently fire); both of which may be so copious as to leave no just cause to suspect that they could be any thing near afforded by any little spirituous parts, which may be presumed to have been communicated by that part of the vegetable that is first put into the water, to that far greater part of it which was committed to distillation." *Origin of Forms, &c.* p. 61 – 63.

Now, if it be allowed that all matter is essentially the same, under every possible diversity of appearance: it will follow, that what we call sensible qualities are rather modal discriminations than real differences.

Let us apply this doctrine to colours.

Several necessary pre-requisites must concur to impress my mind, at first, with an idea of colour. 1. There must be the presence of a visible object: 2. The surface of that object must have a certain disposition, texture, or construction of parts: 3. Rays of light must fall towards, and be returned from, that surface: 4. My organs of sight must (1.) be of such a structure, and (2.) be in so sound a state, as duly to admit the impression naturally resulting from the above complication of circumstances. Who that considers all this, can doubt a moment, whether the idea of colour, with which my mind is affected, on its perception of an object, depend as absolutely on the structure and on the state of my eyes, as on the superficial disposition and illumination of the object itself? Yea, it depends much more on the former than on the latter. For, as it has lately been well argued, "If all mankind had jaundiced eyes, they must have

been under a necessity of concluding that every object was tinged with yellow: and indeed, according to this new system" [viz., the system which supposes that bodies are of the colour they seem to be of], "it would then have been so; not in appearance only, but also in reality!" (f)

(f) Dr. Priestly's Exam. Of Beattie, &c. p. 143.

Besides, was it to be granted that "colour is a real material thing;" such concession would naturally engender a farther mistake, viz., that at least those seven colours which are denominated original ones, and which appear so very different from each other, are in fact so many different essences. But as this conclusion, though forcibly deducible from the premise, would be fraught with absurdities neither few nor small, we may fairly suspect the premise itself to be untrue.

An objection was lately started in private company against the doctrine which maintains the universal sameness of matter, as if, upon this hypothesis, it would follow that, "All bodies and all qualities of bodies are equally estimable." Nothing, however, can be more frivolous than such a supposition. It might as plausibly be alleged that "Because all actions, considered as actions, are exertions of power, therefore all actions are equally good." Whereas the modes and effects of action occasion such vast relative differences in actions themselves, that a man of common understanding and virtue cannot long hesitate what species of action to approve. Thus it is with regard to bodies and semblances. For,

"Tho' the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze;
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r."

If a philosophic lady visits a mercer's shop with a view to select the brightest silk it affords, the fair customer will be naturally led to fix her choice on that whose colourings appear, to her, the most elegant and vivid; though she knows that those colourings are illusive, and that, in reality, there is no such thing as absolute colour at all.

In short, we are so constituted as to receive much more delectable ideas from some semblances, and from some combinations of semblances, than from others. And we, with very good reason, like

or dislike accordingly. Though were our organs contrarily fabricated to what they are, the same objects which now give us pleasure, would be sources of pain; and what we now relish as desirable, and admire as beautiful, would strike us as disgusting and deformed.

How often are pleasures and pains generated by imaginary considerations! and yet those pains and pleasures are as real, and sometimes still more poignant and exquisite than if they were justly founded.

Dr. Dodderidge has some concise observations on the secondary qualities of bodies, much to the purpose of my general argument. "The same external qualities in objects may excite different ideas in different persons.

"1. If the organs of sensation be at all different, the ideas of the same object must be proportionably so while the same laws of nature prevail.

"2. It is probable, there may be some degree of difference in the organs of different persons. For instance: in the distance of the retina and crystalline humour of the eye; in the degree of extension in the tympanum of the ear; in the acrimony of the saliva, &c. And the variety which is observable in the faces, the voices, and the bones of men, and almost through the whole face of nature, would lead us to suspect that the same variety might take place here.

"3. Those things which are very pleasing to one, are extremely disagreeable to another.

"4. Those things which are, at one time, very agreeable, are, at another, very disagreeable, to the same person, when the organs of his body are indisposed, or when other disagreeable ideas are associated with those that had once been grateful. (g)

(g) Dodderidge's Lectures, p. 15.

Thus, as Mr. Boyle remarks, "some men whose appetites are gratified by decayed cheese, think it then not to have degenerated, but to have attained its best state, when, having lost its former colour, and smell, and taste, and, which is more, being in great part turned into those insects called mites; it is both, in a philosophical sense, corrupted, and, in the estimation of the generality of men, grown putrid." (h)

(h) Origin of Forms, &c. p. 59.

It is well known that some persons have literally fainted, not only at the continued sight of the above-mentioned viand, whether decayed or sound; but (which evinces the antipathy to be unaffected) even when the offending substance has been totally concealed from the view of the unsuspecting guest by those who have purposely tried the brutal and inhospitable experiment.--Others will be convulsed at the approach of a cat.--And I have heard of a gentleman who would swoon at the presence of a cucumber, properly cut and prepared for the table.

Now whence is it, that what eminently gratifies the senses of one individual shall thus have a reverse effect on those of another? Certainly not from any difference in the object: for both the substance and the attributes of that remain precisely the same, whether the perceptions which they occasion in us be pleasing or offensive. Consequently, if one and the same object operate in so contrary a manner on the sensitive organs of various people, the diversity of effect, where it really obtains, must be owing to a modal variation in the mechanical structure of the sensitive organs themselves.

I consider it, therefore, as equally ungenerous and absurd, when particular aversions, seem they ever so odd, are hastily blamed and ridiculed. They may be, and very frequently are, constitutional and insuperable.

The elegant sex, especially, are often savagely censured on these accounts. If a lady turn pale when it thunders, or start from a spider, or tremble at a frog, or shriek at the night appearance of a mouse; I can not in common justice laughingly exclaim with Dean Swift,

"If chance a mouse creep in her sight,
She finely counterfeits a fright:
So sweetly screams, if it come near her,
It ravishes all hearts to hear her."

Such antipathies are not always to be classed under the article of affectation, nor even of prejudice. They frequently arise, particularly in females, and in very young persons, from the extreme delicacy of their nervous and organic systems.

I smiled, indeed, on a lady's once saying to me, I have just paid a morning's visit to Mrs. G; and really thought I should have fainted away, on seeing the cloth laid for dinner at so shocking an hour as one o'clock. This, I confess, struck me at first, as the language, not of real, but assumed, elegance, and I treated it accordingly, by hoping that "in all her future visits to Mrs. G _____, she would previously arm herself with a smelling bottle, for fear of consequences." I will not, however, be too peremptory in denying that the sight of a table-cloth, displayed at an hour deemed so "shockingly"unseasonable, might literally excite some, though not an insupportable degree of painful vibration in the nerves of so refined a person.

A few other familiar illustrations of our main point shall close the present disquisition.

We will imagine a gentleman to be, as we commonly phrase it, violently in love. That is: the charms, or assemblage of sensible qualities, in a particular lady, are exactly adapted to strike with rapture a system of senses so fabricated as his, and, of course, to fall in with his ideas of beauty, merit, and accomplishment.--What is the consequence? He becomes her captive, and can no more avoid becoming such, than an aspin leaf can resist the impulse of the zephyr. Hence she is necessarily considered by him as a Helen, a Venus, a Pansebia.

"Grace is in all her steps: heaven in her eye;
In every gesture, dignity and love."

And yet this self-same lady may appear far less attracting, or but barely passable, or perhaps in some respects, even homely and disagreeable, to the eyes of another man.--Why? Because our ideas depend upon our senses: and our senses depend upon their own interior conformation for the particular cast and mode of every perception which is impressed upon them from without. Hence it is a common phrase, concerning a man who has never been in love, that he has not seen the right object. And nothing can be more philosophically true.

A lady too, may be totally and inextricably captivated. When this is the case, the happy swain shines, in her estimation, a Narcissus, an Adonis, a Phoebus. Nor are the virtues of his mind distanced by the

charms of his person. Other gentlemen may have their moral excellencies: but he, the incomparable he, is

"More just, more wise, more learned, more everything."

While, perhaps, a great part of her acquaintances shall unite to wonder, very seriously, what she could possibly see in this imaginary sanspareil; and even lift up their hands at her monstrous indelicacy of taste.

Parental affection, likewise, affords obvious and striking proof of the theory for which I have been pleading.

"Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
No child is half so fair and wise!
She sees wit sparkle in its eyes."

Very probably. And it is also very possible that she may be the only person in the world who is able to discern any such thing. An acquaintance, or an occasional visitant, so far from agreeing with the enraptured parent, would perhaps cry out, if politeness did not prohibit, concerning the sweet little dear who passes for the "very image of his papa and mama,"

"Where are the father's mouth and nose?
And mother's eyes as black as sloes?
See here a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks the fool in every feature!"

Different people see the same things differently.--And thus, us Mr. Melmoth writes to his friend: "Though we agree in giving the same names to certain visible appearances; as whiteness, for instance, to snow; yet it is by no means demonstration, that the particular body, which affects us with that sensation, raises the same precise idea in any two persons who should happen to contemplate it together. I have often heard you mention your youngest daughter as being the exact counterpart of her mother. Now she does not appear to me to resemble her in any single feature. To what can this disagreement in our judgments be owing, but to a difference in the structure of our organs of sight?" (i)

(i) Fitz-Osborne's Letters, Vol. I. Let. 34.

What shall we say of self-love? How many noble and delightful sensible qualities does a man of this cast really believe himself to possess; most, if not all, of which are absolutely invisible to every other being.

"What fine fingers I have!" said a lady once, in my hearing, "how beautifully the joints are turned!" Undoubtedly she thought so. But doctors differ. Not only the articulation of her fingers, but the construction of her whole hand, seemed to me rather clumsy than elegant. The same lady, by the way, actually thought herself sinless. But herein, likewise, I could not help dissenting from her judgment.

A vain man is, generally, still vainer than the vainest female. Mr. John Wesley, for example, declares himself to be "the greatest minister in the world." I do him the justice to believe that, in permitting this declaration to pass the press, his avowed vanity was the honest trumpeter of his heart! But how few others will subscribe to his opinion! There is more learning in one hair of my head, said the self-enamoured Paracelsus, than in all the universities together. Who ever questioned herein the sincerity of that prattling empiric? But who does not more than question the reality of those great qualities on which he so extravagantly and so ridiculously valued himself?--When a bookseller, desirous to prefix an engraving of Julius Scaliger to one of that critic's publications, requested him to sit for a likeness, Julius modestly answered, If the artist can collect the several graces of Massinissa, of Xenophon, and of Plato, he may then be able to give the world some faint idea of my person. If Scaliger was in love with his own outward man, Dr. Richard Bentley was no less so with his own intellectual improvements. Mr. Wasse, said the doctor very gravely, will be the greatest scholar in England when I am dead.--Peter Aretin had a medal struck, at his own expense, exhibiting his own profile; encircled with this humble inscription: *il divinno Aretino*, i.e. the divine Aretin. (k) When I reflect on such instances of self-idolatry as these, they remind me of Congreve's observation:

"If happiness in (l) self-content is plac'd
The wise are wretched, and fools only blest."

(k) In setting Mr. Wesley at the head of these self-admiring gentlemen, I by no means intend to insinuate that he stands on a

level with the lowest of them in any one article, that of vanity and conceit alone excepted. Mistake me not, therefore, as though I meant to put him absolutely into the company of such men as Paracelsus, Scaliger, Bentley, and Aretin.

(l) "True happiness, however, is not placed in "self content," but arises from a comfortable apprehension of our reconciliation to God by the blood and righteousness of his Son. Hence, a good man shall be satisfied [not with, but] from himself: Pr 14:14. viz. from within: or from the inward testimony of the Holy Spirit witnessing to his conscience that he is a child of God. Ro 8:16.

We have taken a survey of love in more of its terminations than one. Let us for a moment advert to its opposite.

In revolving the description which the celebrated Dr. John Ponet, Bishop of Winchester, has given us of his Popish predecessor in that see, I have been prone to surmise that the latter might really appear as hideously frightful, in the eyes of the former, as the following written picture represents him to have done. "This doctor," says Bishop Ponet, speaking of Stephen Gardiner, "has a swart colour, hanging look, frowning brows, eyes an inch within his head, a nose hooked like a buzzard; nostrils like a horse, ever snuffing into the wind; a sparrow mouth, great paws like the devil's, talons on his feet, like a gripe [i.e. like a griffin], two inches longer than natural toes; and so tied to with sinews that he cannot abide to be touched, nor scarce suffer them to touch the stones. And nature, having thus shaped the form of an old monster, gave him a vengeable wit, which, at Cambridge, by labour and diligence, he made a great deal worse; and brought up many in that faculty."(m) Such was Bishop Gardiner, according to Bishop Ponet's view of him. Notwithstanding which, this identical Gardiner might seem, in his own eyes, and in the eyes of Queen Mary and others of his friends, a portly personable prelate.

(m) Biog. Dict. vol. v. p. 307. Article, Gardiner.

To be serious. Let me, by way of needful and sincere apology, for a disquisition which has extended to an unexpected length, observe that, in sifting the question, it was necessary to recur to first principles, and to survey the argument in various points of view. Let me, moreover, add: that in all I have delivered on the subject, I do

but express my own sense of it, without the least aim of dictating to others, or of presumptuously seeking to obtrude my philosophic (any more than my religious) creed on such persons as may honour these pages with perusal.

Upon the whole, I conclude with Mr. Locke; (n) that the infinitely wise Contriver of us, and of all things about us, has fitted our senses, faculties, and organs, to the conveniences of life, and to the business we have to do. Such a knowledge as this, which is suited to our present condition, we want not faculties to attain. But, were our senses altered, and made much quicker and acuter, the appearances and outward scheme of things would have quite another face to us: and, I am apt to think, would be inconsistent with our being, or at least well-being in this part of the universe which we inhabit."

(n)Essay on Und. book ii. chap. 23.

Collection of Letters
COLLECTION OF LETTERS.

THE following Letters were written by the author without the least view to publication, but soon after his decease, by the advice of friends, some of them were deemed proper to be printed. It should have been notified at the time, that they were sudden thoughts committed to paper without correction. For in a book that the rough draught of the letters "were inserted, a memorandum was made verbatim, as follows:

"In looking among some old papers, I met with the copies of a few letters, which I had formerly written, and which I designed to enter, either in this or some other plain paper book, by way of preserving them, for my own future satisfaction, if Providence should please to preserve my life.

"The finding of those suggested to me the hint of taking foul copies of such letters as are any way interesting. I may, hereafter, write to particular friends, before I draw them out fair for the post. If I live, they may be of use to myself; if not, they can do me no hurt."

A. T.

Broad Hembury, Oct. 1. 1772.

The chief value of this collection lies in the exhibition it gives of the distinguished merit, and pious occupation that followed the writer of them in his private correspondence. They are interspersed with several observations on religion and human life, and shew a heart penetrated with truth endeavouring to persuade others, accompanied with sprightliness of wit, solidity of judgment, extent of knowledge, and elegance of taste, joined with all the undefinable ease and familiarity off the most unreserved conversation, which takes off that insipidness of a laboured stiffness that often attends the epistolary intercourse of many very sensible persons.

EDITOR.

LETTER I.

MR. E.

Fen Ottery, March 6, 1767.

EVER DEAR SIR,

WILL my honoured friend forgive me if, from a kind impatience to be informed of his welfare, I take the liberty to enquire how he does? Though writing letters is one of the things which, in general, I am least fond of, yet I cannot forbear, dear sir, to present you and Mrs. _____ with my respects, and to wish you the joys of believing, and the comforts of the Holy Spirit. I have been returned into Devonshire about a fortnight: Mr. _____ is at London, attending the service of Parliament; so that I cannot very readily get my letter franked. I am glad, notwithstanding, that he is absent, as he was one of the two hundred and six members who, this day se'nnight, carried the vote for the reduction of the land tax, in opposition (as he writes me word) to one hundred and eighty-eight, who were for keeping it up to four shillings. But, to come to matters of infinitely greater importance, I hope, sir, you are enabled to trust your soul to Christ, and to cast your care on God. Satan, no doubt, will be ever ready to bring in the indictment, and conscience cannot help pleading guilty to a great part of the charge: but remember that your Judge is at the very same time your Advocate and Saviour. He is a lover of your soul, and was the propitiation for your sins; they cannot be too numerous, nor too heinous, for mercy like his to pardon, nor for merit like his to cover. Only flee to him for refuge, fly to the hiding place of his righteousness, death and intercession, and then the enemy can have no final advantage over you, nor the son of wickedness approach to hurt you in your everlasting interest. Assault you he may, in your way to the kingdom of God; overcome you he cannot, if you look, or desire to look, to Jesus for safety; lie at his blessed feet for protection, lay hold on his victorious cross for salvation, and then you shall find him gracious to relieve, mighty to deliver, and faithful to uphold. Cast anchor on his love, and be happy, rely on his omnipotence, and be safe. He knows that you are very near my heart, that not a day passes in which I do not beseech him on your behalf: may his Holy Spirit diffuse his heavenly peace throughout your soul; make you be joyful with his holy visitations, and while he comforts you from on high, sanctify you to the uttermost! In life, in death, in eternity, may he be your light, your strength, and your exceeding great reward! I know that your health is so bad you can not read much, but you can pray; you can send up your desires, as incense, to the throne of God, almost every moment.

As you sit, as you walk, as you take an airing, you may cultivate an intimacy with heaven; you may carry on a correspondence with God, you may hold silent intercourse with the Spirit of grace. Every sigh, if directed to him, is a prayer; every tear shed for sin is a sort of oblation, acceptable to him in Christ, and shall be noted in his book. Yet not the sighs we breathe, nor the tears we pour, are our justifying merit; but the sigh, the tears, the obedience, the death, of his co-eternal Son; his are the propitiations, ours are the memorial, and the proof of the work of grace which his Spirit begins in the soul. Resign yourself to his will in every dispensation; lie passive in his hand, stir not from his footstool, take all your spiritual distresses as commissioned from him. The cup, the medicinal cup, is of his mixing; the chastisement is the chastisement of a father, who loves while he strikes, and whose seeming wrath is real mercy. May his everlasting arms be spread beneath you; may his grace (as I doubt not it will) be sufficient for you, may his presence be with you, with yours, and with your affectionate servant in him,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. From my earnest desire to have you manage every one of your affairs in such a way as may most conduce to the peace of your own mind and the welfare of your family; I cannot help requesting leave to suggest a hint which, was my regard for you less than it is, I should certainly suppress; it is, my dear sir, in relation to Mrs. _____, and your two youngest sons: with respect to Mrs. _____, God forbid that you should leave her dependent, either for habitation, or for maintenance, on your children, or any body else. If you are not quite clear as to these two points, do let me beseech you to revise your papers, and if there is any deficiency in either of these respects, set it right while providence, by prolonging your life, continues it in your power. Indeed, and indeed, you will not discharge your duty without it; nor can you expect to depart in peace if you omit it. With regard to your two youngest sons, let me entreat you to leave them equally; they have both the same right to your affection, and to what you may design to give. Their aunt's kind intentions ought to make no difference as to this point: it is incumbent on you, my dear sir, to do your duty, and by that means Mrs. _____ will be left (as she ought to be) at full liberty to bestow her favours on the most deserving. Weigh what I have said,

and may the Lord God give you a right judgment in all things. It is not from motives of impertinence that I have presumed to mention these particulars, but from the sincere affection I have for you and your's. Adieu, my dear friend, and fo give me if my regard has carried me too far. My best respects, when you write next to Bath, and my kind compliments to the young gentlemen. Do not neglect to take the air every day. Once more, adieu.

LETTER II.

To MR. MORRIS.

Broad-Hembury, near Honiton,

Devon, Sept. 2, 1768.

IT is now above eight years since I saw or heard from my ever dear Mr. Morris. The Lord knows you are near my heart, and are often present to my thoughts. God grant that this letter may find my valued friend as well in body, and as lively in soul, as when I saw him last.

I have been in orders between six and seven years; and now write to you from my living. The Spirit of God has kept me steadfast in his glorious truths, and given me much joy and peace in believing. I trust, too, that my labours, as a minister, have been owned from above, to the calling in of some chosen vessels, and to the consolation of others who were, before, quickened from their death in trespasses and sins; which I mention to the praise of the glory of his grace, who vouchsafes to make use of the meanest, the feeblest, and the unworthiest instruments to accomplish his designs of love towards those he delights to save.--Whilst I am writing, the fire kindles in my soul: may it reach your heart when this letter reaches your hands. I am at present high on the mount of divine love, and can sing with the Church, Isa 61:10. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord," &c.--How is it with you? Are you as zealous for Christ, and for souls, as when God made you the means of my conversion twelve years ago? O that the Lord would rend the heavens, and come down and set you all in a flame for himself! Permit your spiritual son to remind you of the sweet, the memorable days and months that are past. Indeed, and indeed, I love you tenderly, in the bowels of Jesus Christ. How has my heart burnt within me, and how have my tears flowed, like water from the smitten rock, when I have

heard you preach the unsearchable riches of his grace, blood, and righteousness! The word came with power, and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. And is it true, can it be possible, that you should cease from your work of calling sinners to repentance? Do you withdraw your hand from the gospel plough, after God has made it prosper so long in your hands? I am told so; but I cannot believe it. O man of God, stir up the gift that is in thee: let it not rust and moulder by lying useless. The Lord hath often spoke to me by your mouth: Oh, that he would now speak to you by my pen! Do, at my request, meet the dear people of C., and who knows but there may once more be showers of blessing? Blow the trumpet in Zion, as heretofore. While life and health and strength continue, let your feet stand upon the mountains, and the law of gospel-kindness dwell upon your tongue, to the very last: yea, let your lips feed many.-- Adieu. I scarce know how to leave off when I write to any of my brethren in the faith. If even the poor, feeble, mortal saints below, love one another so well; no wonder that the love of an infinite God to his own dear elect should be from everlasting to everlasting.-- Electing, justifying, regenerating, sanctifying, and persevering grace, have been, and are, the subjects of my ministry: and, I hope, will be, to my latest breath. If a messenger of Christ is under the lively, experimental influence of these glorious truths; the word of his master will be as fire in his bones: yea, he will be in pangs, as it were, like a woman in travail, until Christ is formed in the hearts of them that hear. God Almighty pour out such a spirit of fervency on my dear Mr. Morris, and on his ever affectionate friend,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER III.

To MR. PHILIPS.

Broad Hembury, Sept. 6, 1768.

SIR,

I BELIEVE I shall go to town by way of Salisbury; in which case I will certainly do myself the pleasure of calling on you. I wish I

could fulfil your request in the other particular, concerning which you write; but the times will not allow it. Every one that knows me, knows that I have the greatest and most cordial regard for the evangelical dissenters. I am exactly the same, in that respect, as when you knew me first: and most heartily wish that the wall of partition was so far pulled down, as to admit all gospel ministers to occupy each others' pulpits, without distinction of party and denomination. But, as this is a happiness we cannot expect to see, I am under a necessity of foregoing the satisfaction it would give me to hold forth the word of life to those Christians who are beyond the pale of the establishment: except (which in the course of my ministry many hundreds have done) any of them are so condescending as to attend on me who, they know, am tied up from waiting on them.--I am well acquainted with Mr. Elliot; and an excellent man he is: but he has set himself more at liberty than I can be, by absolutely renouncing all connection with the church of England; which, I freely own, conscience will not suffer me to do: and I am clear, more over, that it would be going out of bounds, and over-leaping those limits which Providence hath prescribed me, was I to attempt it.

Pray make my affectionate compliments acceptable to your people, and let them know that it is neither bigotry, want of respect, nor want of love, that hinders me from complying with the request they have done me the favour to make. Lawful in itself, I am convinced it would be: but, all things considered, far from expedient. As matters at present stand, it is a great blessing, never to be sufficiently valued and acknowledged, that there are some faithful ministers of every Protestant denomination among us so that no denomination, unless particularly circumstanced, need go beyond their own tents, in order to gather the gospel manna: by which wise and gracious dispensation of things, God's elect of every name are fed and nourished up to life eternal, notwithstanding the nominal distinctions which bigotry, prejudice, and human laws, have fixed. I am concerned to hear of Mr. H____'s defection. If he was ever of us in reality, God will, in due time, bring him to us again. A truly gracious man, like a thorough good watch, may deviate, and point wrong, for a season; but, like the machine just mentioned, will after a time come round, and point right as before. In the meanwhile, let such instances teach us to be jealous over our own corrupt hearts; make

us dependent, sensibly and increasingly dependent on the power and faithfulness of the Holy Ghost: stir us up to prayer, that we may be kept from being carried away with the error of the wicked; and put a song of thanksgiving into our mouths, to that God whose free, invincible grace hath enabled us to stand, when others (in appearance stronger than we) have fallen, and become as water that runneth apace. You enquire about my usefulness, acceptance, and number of hearers. My parish is very large, and considerably populous. My church, I suppose, will hold six hundred at least. Strangers, I apprehend, usually make one-third of my auditory; and the word has been signally blest to some, both in the parish and out of it. I have the greatest reason to believe that, within the course of the last twelvemonth, God has owned my ministry more than ever. May my master's feet go on to sound behind me; and may the last works be continually more and greater than the preceding!
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER IV.

To MR. RUTTER.

Broad Hembury, Oct. 3, 1768.

REV. AND WORTHY SIR,

SLENDER as our acquaintance is, I yet can not forbear requesting leave to express the real concern I feel, on being informed of the afflictive visitation you lately experienced: if that may be termed afflictive, which is the result of God's unerring providence, who does all things well. May he vouchsafe to sanctify this, and every subsequent dispensation which may yet befall you! May the light of his gracious countenance, the comforts of his Spirit, and the cheering intimations of his favour, be your strength, and your portion, when heart and flesh fail! You have, I trust, a merciful and faithful High-Priest above, who bears you on his heart, and is touched with the feeling of your infirmities. To him let us look; on him let the anchor of our reliance be cast. The merit of his blood and righteousness, like the waving of Elijah's mantle, shall smite the

waters of death; so that the stream shall part hither and thither, and open a way for his redeemed to pass over on dry ground. Doubt not, dear sir, but he will send forth his light and his truth to lead you to his holy hill, and to his dwelling-place, that land of rest, and that city of habitation, where the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick. I beg an interest in your prayers, and remain, with much respect and esteem, Rev. Sir, your affectionate brother,
and most humble servant,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER V.

To MR. BOTTOMLEY.

New-Way, Westminster, Dec. 3, 1768.

WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE read attentively the paper you condescended to put into my hands, and which I return, because I apprehend you meant I should only peruse it. I not only approve, but admire, the modesty with which you write. I pray God I may be enabled, more and more, to adopt the same truly Christian spirit. And I verily hope and believe that that most gracious Being who has led you thus far, will go on to translate you farther and farther into the light and liberty of his children.--As I once took occasion to tell you, it is much the same with mistakes in matters of judgment, as it was with the two disciples in the dungeon of Philippi: first the prison shakes; and next the doors fly open. I am heartily glad that you are shaken as to the system you have long embraced; and trust that it is prelude to your deliverance from it. I do not trouble you with my thoughts on the substance of your paper: though I must own there is not, in the whole of it, any single exception against the doctrine of predestination, which will not admit of a very easy solution. But I omit attempting this, as the person to whom that letter was particularly addressed is abundantly more capable than myself of obviating your doubts. Suffer me, dear sir, to repeat, with all humility, the request I made to you some time ago. Be not hasty in

determining your judgment on this most important point. View the question on all sides. Chiefly keep your eye fixed on the Scriptures; and derive by humble, earnest, waiting prayer, all your light and knowledge thence. One thing I am very clear in, that if you reduce your ideas to the standard of Scripture, and make this the model of those; suffering the unerring word of revelation to have the casting vote, and turning your mind into the gospel mould; you must and will eventually throw the idol of Arminianism, in all its branches, to the moles and to the bats; you will no longer dwell with Mesech, nor have your habitation among the tents of Kedar. Having tasted the good old vine of distinguishing grace, you will no longer have any relish for the new scheme of grace without a plan, and of a random salvation; for you will both know and acknowledge that the old is better. Hoping to see that happy time, I remain, with great esteem, dear sir,

Your affectionate brother in Christ, AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

LETTER VI.

MR. N_____

Broad Hembury, Oct. 5, 1772.

DEAR SIR,

You need not trouble yourself to send me the pamphlet you mention, entitled, A Philosophical Survey of Nature. It is already in my possession. I remember to have read it several years ago, when it first came to my hands: and since my receipt of your last favour, I have given it a fresh perusal. The author is, undoubtedly, a professed materialist. His system therefore is atheistical, to all intents and purposes. He is, I should imagine, a person of too much sense to be an absolute atheist himself: but he seems to wish he could. The two grand principles which enter into the very basis of his scheme, viz., That matter may have existed from all eternity; and that matter may, by organization,, be refined into intelligence; are positions which, if admitted, would lay the axe to the very root of all existence purely spiritual; and, consequently, render the being of God impossible.

To such horrid lengths of absurdity and impiety are men, even those of the brightest talents, liable, when they unhappily shut their eyes against that written revelation which so kindly holds the lamp to benighted reason. One would almost think that writers of this cast are purposely raised up by Providence to shew mankind the necessity of superior illumination, and to demonstrate the utter insufficiency of mere reason, genius, and philosophy, to guide us either to happiness or truth.

This is the only principle on which I can account for the glaring inconsistencies which never fail to disgrace the reasonings of infidels. The very author now under consideration, though he attenuates his theory to a very nice and plausible texture, is yet guilty of departing from an axiom which he professes heartily to adopt, and from which more than a few of his own deductions are spun. The axiom is, that every effect must result from some prior, producing cause. If so (and surely, if this be not true, we have no evidence of anything), how is it possible for matter to be eternal? Matter must be either the first cause, or an effect. Should the ingenious writer affirm matter to be the first cause: he would only beg the question, by taking for granted what (I am bold to say) he will never be able to prove: and on a point of this consequence, wherein both religion and philosophy are so essentially concerned, the bare opinion and unsupported assertion even of this able speculator will never carry the force of demonstration. On the other hand, if matter, in all its diversity of modes, cannot be proved to be the first cause [i.e. to have caused its own existence] unprejudiced reason will immediately conclude that matter must, originally, have been the effect of a superior intelligent power, which intelligent power could be no other than that adorable agent whom we call God.

If the whole system of material nature be (as this author himself acknowledges) a regular succession of causes and effects; will it not follow that the eternity of matter is a matter of absolute impossibility? Let us instance in a horse. Who was Lightfoot's father? Turk.--Who was father to Turk? Sweepstakes.--Who got Sweepstakes? Hazel. Were we capable of tracing back the pedigree of Lightfoot to its original source, we should not stop until we came to the very first horse that ever existed. Being arrived so high as that,

another question would yet remain: how came this first horse to exist at all? Certainly by the will and power of some superior being.

Would not reason laugh at the man who should affirm that there never was a first horse, but that horses existed eternally?

There must, therefore, in all our ascending enquiries, be some *ultimatum*, some given point at which to stop. This given point, this first cause, is God.--The same analysis which has been applied to Lightfoot, will hold equally true, when applied to any material thing whatever. All must terminate somewhere: for there is "no effect without a cause." Consequently matter is not eternal.

"But may not matter be so organized and refined as to rise into what we call intelligence?" The plain English of this question is, "May not matter (such as a cabbage, a marble statue, a candle, or a chest) be able to hear, see, feel, taste, smell, reason, speak, read, write, and walk?" If any individual of the human species can coolly and in earnest suppose this; let his next of kin (if the insane man's possessions will recompense the trouble) sue for a statute of lunacy, and transmit him to his proper apartment in Moorfields.

I confess myself ashamed to encounter such a position with any degree of seriousness. Suffer me, however, to ask: Is there no essential, but only a modal difference, between the writer of the Philosophical Survey of Nature, and the pen with which he committed his ideas to writing.

A correspondent less polite than yourself would tell me, perhaps, that instead of enquiring into the capacities of our author's pen, it is time I should lay down my own.

I cannot, however, do this without first repeating the affection and respect with which I am yours, &c.,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER VII

To B. S., ESQ.

Broad Hembury, Nov. 9, 1772.

SIR,

ACQUAINTED as you are with the leading objects of my thoughts, you still would not easily conjecture on what speculation they lately turned.--I have been comparing my own situation (not, as some philosophers advise, with persons of inferior rank to myself, but) with that of those whom the world calls great. Every great man I know has passed before me in a kind of intellectual review: and the result is that, if it were even in my power, I would not make an exchange of condition with any one of the twenty-seven.

To be happy we must be virtuous; and in order to our becoming truly virtuous, we must experience the grace of God, which bringeth salvation.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER VIII.

To AMBROSE SERLE, ESQ.

Broad Hembury, Nov. 20, 1772.

SIR,

CONTRARY to my wishes, and by a sort of fatality for which I find myself unable to account, I am usually least regular in writing to those whom I most regard. Though incapable of forgetting them, experience proves that I am but too capable of seeming to neglect them: and none has more reason to be displeas'd with me on this account than my dear, my very dear friend, to whom I am now, after a long interval of silence, addressing myself at last.

How many defects have I for your candour to excuse! Prove yourself candid indeed, by excusing them all. Thus you will lay me under still deeper obligation, and shame me, by your condescension, into a more punctual acknowledgment of your favours.--Your favours, dear sir, eminently deserve the name. They have followed

me at home and abroad, ever since I saw you, and if I had, by a deadness to all gratitude, been even disposed to forget you, they would have constantly reminded me of you, whether I would or not.

In justice however to myself as well as to you, I must repeat my long intermitted assurances, that the person does not breathe whom I love and respect more than yourself. If I do not tell you so as often as I ought, impute the omission to any cause except the want of those two.

The goodness of God still continues to surround me on every side. Oh that my thankfulness and improvements in grace bore some little proportion to his exuberance of mercies! But in vain do I look within myself for that excellence which I shall never find there, until death is swallowed up in victory. God enable me, in the meanwhile, to see my own nothingness more and more; and to trust in that great Fulfiller of all righteousness, who

"Toiled for our ease, and for our safety bled.

To those who believe he is [timh] preciousness in the abstract. And the more we see of his preciousness, the more humbling views we have of our own vileness. Indeed self-renunciation is the grand central point of the spiritual life. It is the *ratio formalis*, the very essence of true religion. Oh, for a larger measure of it! We are then happiest and safest, when we lie lowest, and feel that Christ and grace are all in all.

But I am, unawares, almost preaching to one at whose feet I wish to sit. May you take the best revenge, and preach largely to me in return! The longer your sermon, the better I shall like it: like him who thought the longest of Demosthenes' orations the best. I greatly desire to hear from you: and hope you are too forgiving to follow the bad example of delay which I have set you.

Commend myself to the continuance of your affection I need not. Commend my self to your prayers I ought, and humbly do. Every blessing be with you. Above all, the best of blessings, the peace and love of God in Christ.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.



LETTER IX.

To MRS. G ____.

Broad Hembury, Nov. 20, 1772.

WILL good Mrs. G. permit the most unworthy, but not the least sincere, of her well-wishers, to enquire after her health; and at a considerable distance of place, and after a long interval of time, to repeat his thanks for her many instances of politeness and condescension?

Above all, Madam, how is it with your soul? What are your views of God and Christ and heaven? Lively, I trust, and full of glory. Yet if our views are dim and languid, still He abideth faithful, and cannot deny himself. Not upon our frames, but upon the adorable Giver of them, is all our safety built. If we cannot follow him in the light, God help us to follow him in the dark: and if we cannot follow him so, to fall down at his feet, and sink into nothing, under the feelings of our own vileness. They who are enabled thus to fall, shall be raised in due time. I know not why, but I could not forbear writing to you. May the Spirit of the living God write his consolations on your heart, and cause your triumphs in Christ to abound more and more. Impute this liberty to respect and esteem; and believe me to be with a great share of both, Madam,
your obliged and obedient servant,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER X.

To MR. SAMUEL NAYLOR.

Broad Hembury, Nov. 27, 1772.

[Extract]

I AM informed that that inveterate troubler in Israel, Mr. J. W_____, has lately published a fourth squib against Mr. Hill; I should be glad to see it. What a mercy it is that the enemies of the gospel, amidst all their plenitude of malice, have little skill and less power! Mr. W_____, considered as a reasoner, is one of the most contemptible writers that ever set pen to paper. O that he, in whose hand the hearts of all men are, may make even this opposer of grace a monument of his almighty power to save! God is witness how earnestly I wish it may consist with the divine will to touch the heart and open the eyes of that unhappy man. I hold it as much my duty to pray for his conversion as to expose the futility of his railings against the truths of the gospel.
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XI.

To MR. B. E_____.

Broad Hembury, Dec. 4, 1772.

[Extract]

I AGREE with you that the expression [viz., That one drop of Christ's blood would have sufficed to the redemption of sinners] has been used by some very pious and well-meaning persons. Yet I can by no means look upon the idea itself as true, or on the expression as warrantable. If an individual drop had been sufficient, we might indeed well ask, Why all this waste of sufferings and of love? The overplus was, according to this supposition absolutely shed in vain. But I cannot bring myself to believe that any part of Christ's most precious humiliation was superfluous and unnecessary. His ineffable dignity as God, and his absolute innocence as man, forbid me to imagine that the Father would inflict a single grain of punishment on his co-equal and immaculate Son, beyond what was absolutely requisite to the plenary payment of our infinite debt. If it be a rule even in the operations of nature, *frustra fit per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora*; much more strongly will it hold in the present argument. What idea should we have of that man's wisdom who

should lavish a million of guineas to procure what a shilling might purchase!

As to the second question, "Whether sinners might not have been saved in some other way, than by the incarnation, righteousness, and death of Christ?" I make no scruple to give it as my judgment that there was no other possible way of salvation for the lost sons of Adam. If there had, Infinite Wisdom and Goodness would certainly have fixed upon it, in preference to the sorrows and agonies, the wounds and death of him who had done no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. His own prayer, If it be possible, let this cup (the cup of pain and death) pass from me, would most infallibly have been granted (for the Father heareth him always), and Christ could no more pray than he could bleed in vain, if anything short of the oblation of himself could have obtained eternal redemption for the people of his love.--Ought not Christ to have suffered these things? Ouxi tauta edei paqein; was there not a must be, a necessity for it? Yes, there was. And, upon any other hypothesis, I see not how it could please the Father to bruise the sinless Messiah and put him to grief, without forfeiting every claim to justice, wisdom, and goodness.

Neither is this "fettering and limiting the omnipotence of God." It is a received maxim in metaphysics, and no maxim can be more just and reasonable, that an essential contradiction is no object of power. Now the pardon of sin, without an adequate expiation; the justification of sinners without a perfect righteousness; and, in a word, the salvation of the guilty without a complete redemption; would have essentially contradicted every attribute of God, and every declaration of his will. It is therefore putting no more limitation on the divine power to believe that fallen men could not possibly be restored but by the intervention of Christ's obedience, atonement, and intercession; than to believe that God cannot possibly cease to be wise and holy, just and true. Infinite exemption from all possible imperfection is a proof, not of defective power, but of such inconceivable greatness, as more than dazzles the keenest view of man, and utterly absorbs the most extended comprehension of all created intellect.

I feel the overwhelming glory of the subject too forcibly to proceed.--May the adorable, the ever-blessed God, who only hath

independent immortality, dwelling in the light which no man, in the present state of unspiritualized nature can approach unto; may he, my dear sir, shine into our hearts, and inspire us with "wonder, love, and praise!" Soon will mortality be swallowed up of life: and then with what holy contempt shall we look back, and look down on the littleness, the comparative nothingness, of our puny reasonings when below! An angel of light is not more superior in knowledge, dignity, and bliss, to an infant in the cradle, than the souls of the elect, when death transmits them to the throne of God, differ from what they are while plunged, I had almost said, while buried, in the living sepulchre of a mortal body.

"Minors of yesterday we are;
Nor into manhood rise,
Till death pronounces us of age,
And crowns us for the skies."

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XII.

To RICHARD HILL, ESQ.

Broad Hembury, Dec. 11, 1772.

[Extract]

THE farther my thread of life is extended, the more clearly I see, and the more deeply I feel, the infinite importance of those inestimable doctrines of which God has made you so able an assertor. Go on, sir, in the strength of Him who hath placed you foremost in this blessed warfare; and doubt not that he will enable you to be more than conqueror through his love. Certainly this is not a time for any who have his cause at heart, to hold their peace. Fond as I suppose most men naturally are, of ease and quiet; there is still a blessing incomparably superior: even the honest and indefatigable avowal of those truths which lie at the foundation of all that can render us happy in time and eternity; truths, in which the glory of God, the consolation of his saints, and the interests of holiness, are

so eminently and essentially involved. I pray God that you may never, as Dr. Young expresses it, "unbuckle your armour, until you put on your shroud."

I have never seen Mr. W___'s Remarks on the *Farrago*, nor Mr. F's *Logica Genevensis*. But, if I may conjecture of those by what I have already seen in time past, you have abundantly more than even the goodness of your cause in your favour. May your smooth stones of the brook, slung by the hand of faith, continue to pierce those foreheads of brass, which oppose themselves to the living God.

I admire and bless his providence, which has put you on entering the lists, not only against the declared adversaries of the gospel but also against its pretended friends: who, under the mask of spirituality, affect to promote the religion of Jesus: while, in very deed, they are labouring to cut it up by the roots. Two or three years ago you seemed to think that I was rather excessive in forming such a judgment of them. Themselves have since given you ample reason to be of my mind.

May the Holy Spirit keep you lively, and humble, and richly comfortable in your own soul, while you wield the spiritual sword, which, as matters now stand, you cannot sheathe without sin. And let me presume to drop a hint which, by the way, I ought to have impressed upon myself; namely, consult not your own ease at the expense of God's cause. Be not weary of, and God will keep you from being weary in, well doing. Forgive my freedom, and know, that if I had not the highest opinion of your candour, I should not express my wish with so little ceremony. Dr. Dodderidge was strengthened and comforted at a time when he was greatly straitened in soul, by only hearing (as he was riding through a country village) a child reading at a door to his school mistress, those words, Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as is thy day so shall thy strength be. May this hasty scribble, though coming from me, who am in all things a child, except in years, be condescendingly accepted: and may my utmost prayers and expectations concerning you be answered.--Believe me to be, Ever your's,
in him who died for us and rose again,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

LETTER XIII.

To MRS. BACON.

Broad Hembury, Dec. 11, 1772.

I HOPE I stand too fair in dear Mrs. B.'s opinion to be suspected of levity in friendship, only because I do not trouble her with my respects quite so often as I ought. However appearances may be against me, realities are not. I shall always remember you, madam, with high esteem: and consider myself more than a little interested in whatever refers to your spiritual or secular happiness.

For this reason, on my receipt of your last favour, I deeply felt for the writer. That spirit of grief and that turn of dejection by which it was so strongly marked, made me, whether I would or no, sigh on your behalf at the throne of God.

Oh, let faith dry your tears: and know that what he wills and does, is, and must be, not only right but best. Afflict not yourself with uneasy apprehensions concerning the state of him whom you mourn as a husband, and I regret as a friend. Leave his soul with him who, I humbly trust, redeemed it with his own most precious blood; blood which cleanses from all sin; and sprinkled with which, any and every sinner who is enabled to trust in it, may lift up his head with boldness and joy, in the presence of him who chargeth even the angels with folly. Blessed be God, that dear Mr. Bacon pleaded that availing blood, as the basis of his supplications for mercy.--I have read, concerning good Mr. Fox, the martyrologist, that "he could never refuse giving pecuniary relief to any who asked him in the name and for the sake of Christ." Much less will the Great Father of mercies reject the petitions of those whom his blessed Spirit hath stirred up (and none can stir us up but his own Spirit) to intreat his favour, on account of what the agonizing friend of sinners has done and suffered for the unworthy, the guilty, the hell-deserving. It is a plea that cannot fail, while God is God. May the plea be your's and mine, both in life and death.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XIV.

To AMBROSE SERLE, ESQ

Broad Hembury, Dec. 18, 1772.

DEAR Mr. Serle's most obliging favour of the 28th ult. calls for an affectionate acknowledgment on my part. I must, however, enter an exception to the ceremonious passages which occur in his much esteemed letter; and beg leave to file a protest against all future declarations of that high respect with which my valued friend vouchsafes to honour me. I know, my dear sir, that your politeness is not a mere complaisance, like that of the world. If I considered it in such a view, I could dispense with it readily enough. But your transparent sincerity, which adds weight and seriousness to the elegance with which you write, is the very circumstance that humbles and abashes me. Certain I am, that you condescend to allow me a place in your regard; and, by that regard, I intreat you to consider me, and to address me, as (what indeed I am) less than the least of all saints. The highest character to which I aspire (God grant I may be entitled to it) is that of an elect sinner, redeemed with blood, and saved by grace.

I rejoice unfeignedly on your behalf that you are favoured with a calm and settled comfort from on high. I said from on high: for that peace and joy which lay us in the dust, at the footstool of free-grace, do and must come from God alone. To be absorbed and melted as into nothing, under the over-whelming radiance of his unmerited love; to sit in holy silence and stillness of soul, beneath the shadow of the cross; to derive, by the ministration of his Spirit, all our hope, happiness, and tranquillity, from the inestimable merits and intercession of the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne; to cast anchor on the covenant favour and covenant faithfulness of Father, Son and Spirit;--are the grand and only sources of holiness and joy.

I admire your excellent motto. It is more than a motto: it is a maxim, an axiom, certain as certainty itself. *Deo duce omnia bona*, is the language of reason no less than of faith. It is a text on which eternity itself will be an everlasting comment. God enable us to live under

the cheerful influence of that great principle, until mortality is swallowed up of life.

I did not apprehend that your knowledge of _____ amounted to an intimacy. I thank you for informing me of it, as it gives me a double pleasure. You may easily guess that I mean the pleasure of congratulating you on such a connection; and the pleasure of knowing that so worthy a personage has the happiness of so valuable a friend. Had I the honour of being acquainted with his _____, I should felicitate him on his acquisition: an acquisition which rarely falls to the portion of the great. God, I doubt not, will enable you to wait with implicit confidence, and with the most passive serenity, the issue of his own all-wise purposes. He that believeth shall not (at least he should not) make haste.

You condescend to enquire after my projected Life of Archbishop Laud. I cannot say that I have not began it. But I am in doubt whether I ought to proceed in it. Ecclesiastical matters wear a very different aspect among us from what they did when I first formed the design. We bid fair, at present, not for having a high church, but for having no church at all. A review of the life and times of that prelate, pregnant with the most horrid detail of civil and religious tyranny, would hardly be seasonable at present, when every unfledged ignoramus has a stone to fling at the establishment. I may perhaps seem to speculate too minutely, but I assure you it is a speculation which has considerable weight with me.

It is time, however, that my speculations should cease to intrude on the attention and valuable moments of my dear friend; else he may be induced to suppose that my motto is,

Scriptus et in Tergo, necdum finitus, Orestes.

I shall therefore, with affectionate compliments to Mrs. S. and your family in general, subscribe myself, dear sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XV.

To REV. DR. B. of Salisbury.

Broad Hernbury, Feb. 4, 1773.

YOUR late favour, dear sir, arrived in due course; and as your letters never fail to be fraught with friendship, politeness, and good sense, I cannot but lament that so few of them find their way hither. If you had my excuse to plead, I could not with any tolerable propriety expect you to write oftener to me, than I to you. But as you have hitherto found no employment for the printers, you are the more at leisure to entertain and improve me by manuscript.

Accept my condolences on the loss of your uncle at Bullbridge: the qualities of whose heart rendered him more truly amiable and respectable than, without them, the brightest talents could possibly have done.

Your account of your own health is such as I ever wish to receive. Next to the plea sure of enjoying your conversation, I value every information that assures me of your welfare. As to myself, in consequence of being well, I have for some months past been far from idle: though, that industry might not make me ill, I keep (as you rightly conjecture) to my old custom of intermixing labour with occasional relaxation. I could wish, indeed, to be ever on the wing, ever on the stretch: but it is impossible in the present state. We must wait for every species of perfection until we enter a superior world.

What think you concerning the archi-episcopal scheme of "reforming" the liturgy and articles? Such a plan is certainly on the carpet; and it as certainly originated at Lambeth. The ostensible pretext is, to expunge some exceptionable passages which are "offensive to thinking men and hurtful to tender consciences." The new Lambeth Articles (if Providence do not render the design abortive) will be of a very different cast from the old ones of 1595.

I am much obliged to you for your kind invitation., in my way to London, if I should have occasion to go thither. The truth is, I ought to have seen the capital long ago. But I really dread to do so. The sight of places, and the conversation of persons, where and with

whom I have enjoyed so many happy hours in the company of my late honoured parent, will naturally recal her so strongly to my remembrance, that I fear my nerves will hardly bear it. I am thankful that she never accepted any of my invitations into Devonshire; as it would now have only tended to revive those ideas which I should be happier never to recollect. The higher a departed satisfaction has been, the more painful (supposing the departure to be final) is its remembrance. Philosophy may censure these feelings as a weakness; but they are such a weakness as I cannot help. Resignation is one thing, insensibility is another.

I have unawares extended these reflections to too great a length. If I was not writing to a friend, I should certainly, on a review, cancel this letter, and substitute a more revised half-sheet. But, as the case stands, I will avail myself of your candour. Believe me to be,

Rev. and dear sir, ever your's,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

LETTER XVI.

To MRS. S. H.

Broad Hembury, Feb. 5, 1773.

MADAM,

MY parishioner, Mrs. H. H., desires me to present you with her most respectful and affectionate thanks for your late kind and obliging letter. Indeed, as the good woman told me, with tears of gratitude, your many instances of friendship and regard are such as plainly indicate the particular hand of Providence which alone could raise up so valuable and disinterested a supporter of her old age. She is inexpressibly sensible of the kindness of your offer, respecting your readiness to send her some additional assistance on account of her present illness. But she desires most thankfully to decline putting you to that trouble: as, through the goodness of God, she can hitherto defray the expenses of her sickness by means of your stated

supply. I hope she recovers, though slowly, her pain and feebleness continuing very great.

She requests me to inform you, that any advantages of outward situation which might attend her removal to Columpton, would not, in her judgment, compensate for the spiritual want of such a ministry as she could sit under with comfort.

Permit me now, madam, to apologize for my taking upon myself to acquaint you with these particulars. The truth is, Mrs. H. has now no near neighbour in whom she can venture to confide, but myself. She knows I love her dearly, to which I am induced by the grace which is given her of God. I may safely express myself so unreservedly of one who cannot be less than ninety. And I own there are very few in my parish, large as it is, whom I so tenderly esteem. Her many doubts and fears respecting the safety of her soul, and the certainty of her acceptance with God, are, to me, so many proofs that she is indeed chosen, redeemed, and justified. And I am persuaded that the Lord will not take her hence, until he has shone her doubts and fears away. At least, it is a remark, to which I never remember to have met with a single exception, that such of God's people as are most exercised with fear and trembling on their journey through life, are the most comfortable and triumphant in the hour of death. Like Mr. Ready-to-halt, in the Pilgrim's Progress, they are usually the first to fling away their crutches, when they actually come in view of Jordan.

It would be needless to inform you that Mrs H. begs you to accept her best respects and most grateful acknowledgments. To which I add the sincere compliments of, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

P. S. If Providence should prolong all our lives until summer, and you should have leisure and inclination to see Mrs. H. before she goes to heaven, I have a part of the vicarage house at your service.

LETTER XVII.

To AMBROSE SERLE, ESQ.

Broad Hembury, March 5, 1773.

EVER DEAR SIR,

GOD, I trust and believe, will himself be the giver of that support and consolation, which I, with all my sympathy, can only wish and pray that you may experience. Having premised my hope, permit me to thank you for your letter: the only one of your's that ever gave me pain.

With melting heart, and lifted eye, I bless the Lord for his having pointed the late providential shaft with gold: in other words for his having softened your unspeakable loss of dear Mrs. Serle (dearer as an angel than when only a saint) with such undoubted and just assurance of her eternal rest in Christ. May those foretastes of the joy that shall be revealed, with which she was so eminently favoured, be our strength and song, during the appointed course of our remaining pilgrimage, until the Spirit of God have matured us for the inheritance of the saints in light.

I have long observed that such of his people as are least on the mount, while travelling to heaven, are highest on it, and replenished with the richest discoveries of divine love, in the closing scene of life. When they come in actual view of that river which parts the church below from the church above, the celestial city rises full in sight. The sense of interest in the covenant of grace becomes clearer and brighter. The book of life is opened to the eye of assurance. The Holy Spirit more feelingly applies the blood of sprinkling, and warms the soul with that robe of righteousness which Jesus wrought. The once feeble believer is made as David. The once trembling hand is enabled to lay fast hold on the cross of Christ. The sun goes down without a cloud.

Those lines of Dr. Watts are as weighty as they are beautiful:

"Just such is the Christian. His race he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears. Then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way.
But, as he draws nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace;

And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array."

On occasions of this kind, I never offer to condole. I would wish to conceal even my own feelings. Officious lenitives generally operate as corrosives, when tendered to a heart that bleeds under so exquisite a loss; and do but irritate the wound they are meant to assuage. Rather let me wish you to take down your harp from the willows, and to adore the unerring wisdom of him who is daily "accomplishing the number of his elect, and hastening his kingdom."

You have my thanks, dear sir, for your polite and obliging invitation. Should business force me to London this year, I certainly shall, were it only for my own sake, pay my respects to you, as usual; though I shall hardly prevail with myself to take full advantage of your kind and friendly offer.

Our meeting together again on earth is, humanly speaking, precarious. Not so our meeting in heaven. We are by no means sure of the former; but I am fully assured of the latter.

Grace, mercy, and peace, be with you and your's. So prays, from the inmost of his heart, dear sir,

Your obliged, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XVIII.

To RICHARD HILL, ESQ.

Broad Hembury, March 12, 1773.

[Extract]

I AM told that Mr. Fletcher has it in contemplation to make an attack on me too. He is welcome. I am ready for him. Nor shall I, in that case, altogether imitate the amiable examples of yourself and your brother; unless Mr. Fletcher should treat me with more decency than he has hitherto observed towards others. Tenderness, it is very

evident, has no good effect on Mr. Wesley, and his pretended family of love. Witness the rancour with which Mr. Hervey's memory and works are treated by that lovely family. For my own part, I shall never attempt to hew such millstones with a feather. They must be served as nettles: press them close, and they cannot sting. Yet have they my prayers, and my best wishes, for their present and future salvation. But not one hair's breadth of the gospel will I ever (God being my helper) offer up at their shrine, or sacrifice to their idol.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XIX.

To MR. RYLAND, Jun.

London, April 30, 1773.

MANY and best thanks to dear Mr. R. for his two valuable and much esteemed letters; as also for the several pamphlets with which the latter of his two favours was accompanied. Mr. Richard Hill had shewn me Wesley's second remarks immediately on my coming to town: I am, however, greatly obliged to you for forwarding it.

Heartily I wish that I could avail myself of your dear father's invitation to Northampton. But it is a pleasure which my time, at present, will not suffer me to enjoy. I must, *volente Deo*, leave town next week. Should life be spared, and opportunity granted, in future, I know not the family with whom I could spend a week or two more profitably and agreeably than your's.

The word of God runs and is glorified in London. Cobler Tom laments, it seems, publicly from his preaching-tub (mis-named a pulpit) that such an Antinomian as myself should have crowded auditories, while the preachers of the pure gospel (by which you know he means free-will, merit, and perfection) are so thinly attended.

The envy, malice, and fury of Wesley's party are inconceivable. But, violently as they hate me, I dare not, I cannot, hate them in return. I

have not so learned Christ.--They have my prayers and my best wishes for their present and eternal salvation. But their errors have my opposition also: and this is the irremissible sin which those red-hot bigots know not how to forgive.

You desire to be informed of the title to my intended publication now in the press. It runs thus: "Historic Proof of the doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England: including a brief Account of some eminent Persons, famous for their Adoption of that System, both before and since the Reformation; with Specimens of their Testimonies."

I fear it will extend to a four or five shilling volume. But the facts and evidences are so numerous, and drawn from such a multiplicity of sources, that I could not possibly bring it into less compass. Acquaint your good father, that his grand favourite and mine, archbishop Bradwardin, makes a very eminent figure in the chapter which relates to our English heroes.

Though I have for fifteen years past (i.e. for very near half my life), been solidly and clearly convinced of the original and intrinsic Calvinism of the established Church; still I did not know that the subject was supported by such a vast confluence of positive authorities until the furious opposition of the Methodists forced me to take a nearer and more exact view of the argument. Thus far, at least, I am obliged to that virulent sect. And, on a retrospective survey of the whole matter, I myself stand astonished at that profusion of evidence which pours from every quarter in favour of the main point. My own collections (to go no farther), viewed in the aggregate, absolutely surprise me. And yet the argument is far from being exhausted.--But if that is not exhausted, my paper almost is. I must therefore conclude: having but just room to salute you and your family, to commend me to your prayers, and to subscribe myself, ever dear sir,

Your's most affectionately

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.



LETTER XX.

To THE REV. MR. P.

London, May 3, 1773.

[Extract]

You were not mis-informed as to my having had an interview with Thomas Oliver. It happened thus:

On Saturday, the 8th of last month, I was going to see good Mr. Hitchin of Hoxton. On my way, passing by the Foundry, it occurred to me that I had now an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity by purchasing Wesley's last printed Journal. I therefore went in and found a man reading, in what is called the Book-room, i.e. the room where Wesley's publications are sold. The man, on my telling him what I wanted, answered, "Sir, I am not the person that sells the books, but I will step and call him." He left me for two or three minutes, and returned with (I think) two other men and three women. Having paid for the Journal and taken my change, I was coming away, when one of the men, who proved to be Mr. Joseph Cownlry, asked me, "whether my name was not Toplady?" My answer was, "Yes, sir, at your service." All present immediately assumed an air of much civility. I stopped and chatted with them for, I believe, ten minutes. In the course of my stay I took out, my snuff-box. Mr. Cownley asked for a pinch. As I held it to him, I said, with a smile, "Is it not against the law of this place for a believer to take snuff?" Mr. Cownley huddled the matter up, by alleging, that he was troubled with the head-ach. Immediately on which one of the good women (whom I afterwards found to be the wife of Mr. Thomas Oliver) said, directing herself to me, "O sir, Mr. Wesley has no objection to people's taking snuff' medicinally." I answered, "I am glad you are allowed some latitude: I thought you were tied up by an absolute prohibition, without any loop-hole of exception." Our chat (which, though humourous, was extremely civil on all sides) being over, I took leave of the company.--I should have told you before that, no sooner was my name authenticated than one of the women slipped out of the room. Who she was, I know not: but she was sufficiently corpulent: as broad, comparatively, as she was long. The reason of her decampment, I suppose, was to announce the tidings to cobbler Tom, of the unexpected visitant in the book-room.

As I was going out of the said room, the fat lady stood on the right hand, and a man in black on the left, withoutside the door. In passing I moved my hat. "Sir," cried the corpulent sister, pointing to the other side of me, "That is Mr Oliver."--I said, smiling, "What, my famous antagonist?" Oliver smiled and bowed. "Mr. Oliver," added I, "give me your hand: cudgel-players shake hands, though they mean to break each others' heads." He made me no verbal answer, but repeating his bow, shook me by the hand, and seemed pleased. As I was not willing to have quite a silent meeting on his part I began afresh: "Your complexion, Mr. Oliver, seems to indicate too close an intensesness of thought. Do not study too hard, lest the sword be too sharp for the sheath." He then began to open: "Oh, sir, I do not study too closely. I do not hurry myself. I take my time." On which I told him, "As you are thrown in my way, I should be glad of a quarter of an hour's conversation with you, if you are at leisure." He answered, "With all my heart, sir: I shall be very glad:" and calling for a key, up-stairs we went to his apartment.

On entering it I saw a small table covered with printed pamphlets and written papers. Among the pamphlets was Mr. Hill's *Logica Wesleiensis*.--To avoid the frequent repetitions of said I, and said he; I shall throw as much of our conversation as I can recollect, dialogue-wise, under the initials of our respective surnames. Premising one remark, viz., that he strove much to draw me into a pitched debate on the Arminian points, which I was as much determined to avoid; and that for this reason, because, as none were present but himself and his wife, what I might have said would have lain at the mercy of their misrepresentation afterwards. I therefore parried him at arm's length, and was rather a hearer than a speaker.

After reconnoitering his table at my first going up, I observed to him, "So here is the whole polemical apparatus, ready to fire off. When do you intend to publish against us?"

O. It seems, sir, that you too are going to publish a book against Mr. Sellon.

T. Perhaps so; and I will give you a friendly hint. Do not be too hasty in printing your next attack. If you will have patience to wait, you may have an opportunity of killing two or three birds with one stone. You know, if we write a folio, it is but your printing a penny

sheet, and we are answered at once. Nay, write but a single page, and call it an answer and we are knocked down flat.

O. Mr. Richard Hill is a very bitter abusive writer.

T. If you knew him, you would pronounce him as amiable a man as lives.

O. We once thought you the bitterest of Mr. Wesley's opposers: but, upon my word, Mr. Hill's scurrilities exceed every thing

T. How partial are most men to themselves and to their own party! Had Mr. Hill written for Mr. Wesley, instead of writing against him, he would have been cried up by the gentlemen on your side of the question, as one of the meekest and most candid authors that ever put pen to paper, had he written ten times more smartly than he has.

O. I believe the time will come, when both you and Mr. Hill will be grieved in your minds for what you have published against Mr. Wesley.

T. Mr. Wesley, if you please, has abundant reason to be grieved for what he has published against the truths of God. I hope, for his own sake, that divine grace will make him grieve soon, and grieve deeply.

O. Mr. Wesley is a very good man, and a very honest one.

T. He has amply shewn himself so. Forgery, for instance, is honesty all over.

O. He only drew such plain inferences from Zanchy, as necessarily flow from Zanchy's principles.

T. He ought to have given the inferences as his own; and not to have fathered them upon another man.

O. Do you not think I have demonstrated that those inferences are just?

T. Do not you think that I have refuted every one of them?

O. Mr. Wesley is certainly an honest man.

T. Mr. Wesley's honesty, Mr. Fletcher's meekness, and Mr. Sellon's politeness, are very fit to go together

O. O sir, surely you will not talk about meekness!

T. Certain I am, that your writers have no more title to arrogate meekness to themselves, than many of your preachers and perfectionists have to set up for a monopoly of holiness.

O. Sally, [or Nanny; I am not sure which]--do fetch a bottle of wine. Mr. Toplady, perhaps, will drink a glass.

Mrs. Oliver went, and returned in half a minute.

T. To shew you that I bear you no enmity, I will drink your health in a single glass.

O. I have read logic, and I have read metaphysics, and I have read natural philosophy.

T. Doubless your reading has been very extensive.

O. Oh, sir, I am no more than a cobbler, you know. You have bid me get away to my stall.

T. Certainly you are a Crispinian, though not a Crispian. Do you remember one William Gay, of Uffculm, in Devonshire.

O. Gay? Gay? Let's see. What is he?

T. A master mason. He remembers you, if you do not remember him. You lodged at his house, some years ago: and like St. Paul, preached and worked at your trade by turns.

O. It is a good many years since I was at his house.

T. I beg pardon for breaking the thread of metaphysics.

O. Why sir, I was going to say, that some metaphysical writers think the will takes the lead of the understanding. Others suppose the understanding leads the will.

T. You have read logic too.

O. Yes, indeed.

T. Mr. Wesley's three-penny cut?

O. O, much more than that. I have read several systems.

T. The poor predestinarians had need look about them.

O. Before I would be a predestinarian, I would suffer myself to be tied hand and foot, and carried through this window to yonder mad-

house.

T. Should you stand in need of confinement, there would be no occasion for removing you out of your present quarters. The Foundery would answer all the purposes of a mad-house, without conveying you out at the sash. I should vote for keeping you where you are.

O. Ha, ha, ha! Well: But smartness is not argument.--Pray, sir, have you read the Assembly's Catechism?

T. Yes, sir.

O. The position with which it sets out, is, that "God hath from all eternity unchangeably ordained whatever comes to pass." I suppose, sir, you agree with those learned divines as to this particular.

T. You may possibly have seen some of my pamphlets; and, as you are remarkably pat at drawing inferences, you may from my writings infer pretty nearly how far I do or do not agree with those learned divines.

O. But, sir, their doctrine destroys all free-agency.

T. What may your idea of free-agency be?

O. Why--why--free-agents are them that can act or not act, just as they please.

T. You do not suppose that men are free, with a freedom of independency.

O. I acknowledge that men are dependent on God, as creatures. He made them, and he can put an end to their lives whenever he thinks fit.

T. But are man's volitions independently free?

O. Most undoubtedly.

T. Men, in determining their own wills, are independent on their Maker himself?

O. They must be so, or the will would cease to be free.

T. Do not let me misunderstand you.--You hold, that men are absolutely independent on God, so far as relates to the management and actings of their own wills?

O. I believe it firmly.

T. You are honest, and consistent: but I cannot call you orthodox. You suppose man to possess a degree of independence and self-command which not an angel in heaven can dare lay claim to.-- Absolute independent self-determination is an attribute truly and properly divine. If I thought you possessed of it, I should immediately fall down and worship you as a God.

O. You have it, and I have it, and every man has it, except he sins away his day of grace.--If I should say to this cane [taking up my walking cane, which happened to lean near him] O cane, repent, believe, and obey the gospel, would not you think me out of my senses?

T. That I should indeed.

O. If man has not free-will, to what end are exhortations?

T. Among other useful ends, they are made instrumental, under the influence of God's Spirit, to convince men that they have, by nature, neither will nor power to do what is good.

O. I have many strong objections against that doctrine.

T. Then put your strong objections into the book you are going to publish, and we will consider them at leisure. In the meanwhile, let me put one question to you, which a valuable friend, now with God, once put to me.--When I was a lad of 15 or 16 years old, I was haranguing, in company, on the doctrine of free-will, as you are now. A good old gentleman rose from his chair, and coming to mine, held me by one of my coat buttons while he spoke as follows: "My dear sir, you have been talking largely in favour of man's free-agency. Allow me to leave argument and come to experience. How was it with you when God first laid hold on you by effectual grace? had you any hand in procuring it? Nay, would you not have resisted and baffled God's Spirit, if he had left you to your will?" I was more embarrassed with this question than I was willing to shew. Yet I had then too much pride to confess how much I was *non-plust* by this calm and single interrogation. However, before I was eighteen, God was graciously pleased to enlighten me into that precious chain of truths which, through his good hand upon me, I still abide by.-- Permit me, Mr. Oliver, to put the above question to you. I trust you

have experienced something of a work of God upon your heart. What say you? Did you choose God, or did God choose you? Did he lay hold on you, or did you lay hold on him?

O. I must own to you that, before my conversion, I was one of the most abandoned swearers and drunkards in England. I received my serious impressions from Mr. Whitefield. On the day of the evening in which I first heard him preach, I suppose I had not sworn so few as forty profane oaths.

T. Then it is very clear that your conversion, at least, was not conditional.

O. I will not say that I procured grace of myself. Nor will I say how far I might have resisted it.

T. I plainly perceive that you are not disposed to return a direct answer to my first question. But if you will not answer it to me, let me request you to take an early opportunity of answering it on your knees before God in prayer. Go to your closet, and pour out your heart in his presence, and beg him to shew you whether you were converted by free-will, or by free-grace alone.--To this he gave little or no reply.

At my coming away, I said: "I am going to mention a circumstance, of no importance in itself, but of some consequence to your own reputation as a man of integrity. I should have deemed it no sort of blot, had I been, what you have rashly represented me in print, a native of Ireland. Thousands have been born in that country whose shoes' latchet I am unworthy to loose. With regard to myself, however, your conjecture was a mistaken one. If you doubt it, consult the register book at Farnham in Surrey. My sole motive for setting you right in so insignificant a particular is, that you may for the time to come, be more cautious of publishing uncertain anecdotes.

He very civilly attended me downstairs, to the Foundry door. As we passed through the preaching-place, I observed, "This, I presume, is looked upon as your cathedral." He answered, "We have lately had it repaired. We are not without thoughts of building it anew." "A good scheme," said I: "new doctrines deserve a new place."--"Our's," he rejoined "are the true old doctrines." I added, "There we differ; but let it be our mutual prayer, that we may

experience the efficacy of God's word in our hearts, and evidence the power of it by the holiness of our lives." On which we shook hands, and parted.

Upon the whole, this was a curious interview. To say the truth, I am glad I saw Mr. Oliver: for he appears to be a person of stronger sense and better behaviour than I imagined. Had his understanding been cultivated by a liberal education, I believe he would have made some figure in life.

What pleased me most, was that appearance of honesty by which he is so greatly distinguished from the old fox, Mr. John Wesley.--In person he is rather low of stature, of a full make, pale and broad faced, and considerably disfigured by the smallpox. His wig was fitter for a bishop than for a shoemaker.

I am not without hope that God will lead him into the way of truth. He is, I believe, extremely sincere, and the promise runs, "them that are upright will he learn his way." Not that I suppose man's uprightness, or sincerity, is conditional of divine guidance, but where God has given sincerity, I look upon it as a token for good, and am in hopes of his graciously giving something more. As I told Mr. Oliver, in the course of our chat, "I have known as stubborn free-willers as he brought to lick the dust at God's footstool."

The Wednesday after this conversation, his curiosity led him to hear me preach at Blackfriars. My text was, Mt 12:21. I thought I glimpsed him; but being near sighted, was not certain. However, lest it should be he, I threw out some things in course of my sermon which I should not have mentioned if I had not thought him present. A friend of mine, Mr. Flower, of Cannon-street, happened to sit in the same pew with him. When sermon was ended, Oliver turned to Mr. Flower, and said, with much rancorous emotions, "Believe this, and be damned." Mr. Flower answered, "No sir, believe this, and be saved." Mr. Flower himself was the person from whom I afterwards learned this particular. He added that, during sermon-time, Oliver was in such uneasiness and agitation that he seemed hardly able to contain his rage. Poor dear man, if God has a set time for opening his eyes, the enmity of his free-will shall not be able to steel him against the gospel when the set time comes.

Another intimate friend of mine went, shortly after, to hear Mr.

Oliver preach at one of Wesley's meeting-houses. The preacher had not forgot the penance he underwent at Blackfriars, in hearing a whole sermon on free-grace and finished salvation. "I went," said he to his auditory, "last Wednesday morning, to a famous Antinomian church in the city, to hear one of the Antinomian clergymen. I expected to have seen but very few people there. But, alas! though it was on a week-day, and a rainy morning, and though the church is large, the church was quite full. What a shame is it, my brethren, that an Antinomian preacher should have so many people to hear him, when I, who preach the pure gospel, was forced, but now, to wait a considerable time for my congregation, and after waiting long, to begin to eighteen or twenty people! I never talked to you about election, and perseverance, and imputed righteousness. I never tell you of a finished salvation. I preach the pure gospel. And yet, how backward are you to hear it! You discourage your ministers." I cannot omit one passage in the sermon, which was as follows: "My brethren, if man's free-will is nothing, there can be no room for praise or blame. If I stick a candle into this socket" (pointing to the sconce at or near the preaching desk) "am I to thank the sconce for receiving and holding the candle? nay, verily, for the socket, not being a free agent, cannot help admitting the candle that is thrust into it; and it is the same with man and grace, if grace be given irresistibly."

And so say I. Man is no more to be thanked for the grace which is given him of God, than a sconce is to be thanked for the taper which it holds. But here lies the difference; man in regeneration is made willing to receive grace, and made happy by receiving it, neither of which can be said of Oliver's sconce.

I wish, my dear sir, you may not be as tired with reading this long letter, as the enraged shoemaker was with hearing what he calls my Antinomian sermon. I must, however, do myself the justice to say, that I have not written so prolix an epistle these many years; nor are there many persons in the three kingdoms to whom I would have written a letter of half this length. I wish you would make retaliation, and revenge yourself in kind.

Every blessing be with you and your's.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXI.

To MRS. MACAULAY.

Broad Hembury, June 11, 1773.

DEIGN to accept my best acknowledgments, madam, for your very obliging letter, which you told me awaited me in Devonshire; and which I accordingly found on my return. You do me infinitely too much honour, in condescending to solicit my opinion of the merits of your last publication. But, as my judgment is asked, I will give it without reserve. I think its merits are unspeakable, both as to substance and composition. That sedulous attention to truth, that undeviating zeal for the rights of mankind, and that nervous refinement of thought, which so eminently mark and adorn your character and writings, shine with full force in your fifth volume. Be it so that your political theory is too sublimely virtuous to be universally adopted by an age of such a cast as the present; yet are you secure of the affections and the admiration of the honest and discerning; who, though they have, in all periods of times, constituted far the smaller part of society; yet is their esteem of more weight and value, than the disgraceful applause of the weak or the interested multitude.

As greatly, madam, as I revere your uncommon talents, and as sincerely as I regard your public and private virtues, there are two or three minutiae on which I respectfully dissent. It is not, for instance, clear to me, that the levellers were a "brave and virtuous party:" nor that Cromwell was so utterly destitute of conscience and principle, as to you he seems to have been. That he was a traitor to the liberties of his country can admit of very little dispute. Yet can I perceive, in various features of his mental character, some striking symptoms of magnanimity and virtue, which leaves me in suspense as to the total corruption of his heart. You, who have penetrated into the recesses of history, with more attention than I have had opportunity of applying, and with far greater judgment than I am capable of exerting, may wonder, perhaps, at the freedom with which I venture

to mention any thing relative to a province so peculiarly your own. But you must place the liberty, madam, which I have presumed to take, to the account of your own condescension, which commanded me to present you with my genuine thoughts.

I wish my honoured friend may, in her turn, prove as obedient to my request, as I have to her command. If so, you will not fail to revisit, Devonshire in the course of this summer. My neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, long impatiently for the happiness of enjoying your company again. And for myself, I hope I need not assure you that I reap too much pleasure and improvement from the privilege of your conversation, to be distanced in the desire of seeing you, by the warmest of your admirers. Though this is a species of avarice which I deem it an honour to avow, I have still another argument to urge, infinitely superior to any motive deduced from my own self-interest as an individual. I saw, with pain, when last in London, that the closeness of that over-grown town, your want of exercise, and your intense literary application, appear to have had an unfavourable effect on your health. Consider, madam, that, notwithstanding all your past meritorious services, you are still a debtor to society. You owe yourself to your country. If you do not take care of its best citizen, you will be guilty of the highest injustice to the public. Say not, "How does this advice comport with your doctrine of predestination?" For I hope you are predestinated to take the advice; and that a predestinated old age will be the result. Our friend, Mr. Northcote, sometimes says, "Mr. Toplady believes absolute predestination; and yet he is loth to ride on horseback, for fear of breaking his neck." I answer, "True:" and, perhaps, that very fear may be an appointed means of preserving my neck unbroken. The corollary from the whole is; let Mrs. Macaulay, by coming down soon into Devonshire, consult her health, gladden her friends in the west, and shew herself just to the community. We set too high a value on the productions of your pen, to wish you to lay it aside entirely, while you are with us. We will allow you to devote your mornings to study; and I am pretty certain that Mr. N. and myself together can furnish you with most, if not with all, the books which you may wish to consult, relative to the period on which you are now employed. If invitation will not prevail, I shall have recourse to threats. I told you, when I saw you last, that I would so pester you with letters, that you should be glad to visit us in your own defence:

and I mean to be as good as my word. The present piece of prolix expostulation is a disagreeable sample of what you have to expect, from, madam,

Your's, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXII.

To MRS. MACAULAY.

Broad Hembury, July 13, 1773.

LET a lady alone for dexterity. The king has lost by you. Your late much esteemed favour, madam (doubly valuable for being double in size), was so ingeniously folded, as to elude the vigilance of the post-office, and be charged only as a single letter. The circumstance, however, of postage, is an article that I shall never think of, when Mrs. Macaulay's improving favours are the freight. It is in obedience to your own desire, that I trouble you with an incident, in all other respects, too trivial for notice. But, as I am on the subject, I must request you, once for all, never to let a deficiency of franks lay the shortest embargo on your correspondence hither. I imagine them to be (what, considered in this relation, they indeed are) mere things of nought.

Of all the letters, madam, with which you have vouchsafed to honour me, I set the highest value on your last. Should you ask why? My answer would be, because it is the longest. That a person of your eminence, and engaged by so many avocations of usefulness and importance, should oblige me with so much of your time and attention, is an instance of condescending friendship, which reflects as much honour on your own politeness as I can receive from its effects.

Doubtless, the character of Cromwell, when contrasted with the shining benevolence and exemplary disinterestedness of Antoninus Pius; or with that gentleness, yet steadiness of wisdom, that self-

denying simplicity, that discreet but noble liberality, that unrelaxing adherence to justice, truth, and equity, which (still more than even his writings) have stamped greatness and immortality on the name of Marcus Aurelius; the maxims and conduct of the English usurper, when weighed against such characters as those, cannot but appear, on the comparison, black as darkness, and lighter than emptiness itself. Much less will Cromwell's measures bear to be paralleled with the humane, the just, the wise, the improving administration of our own Alfred: who, perhaps, both as an individual and as a chief magistrate, came the nearest to moral and political perfection, of any regal character which adorns the page of secular history. I know of but one prince who would probably have out shone Alfred, I mean, Edward VI.

Yet, after all, I question if it be strictly fair to bring Cromwell to the test of such very exalted standards. Antoninus Pius, Antoninus the philosopher, Nicocles of Salamis, Alfred and Edward VI. of England, Louis XII. of France, and (perhaps) one or two more individuals, who were formed for the good of mankind, and for the honour of monarchy, are examples too severely bright for Cromwell's competition. Inexcusable as many of his principles seem to have been, and unjustifiable as the main of his conduct undoubtedly was, the peculiar exigencies of his situation might still, in some degree, oblige him to avail himself of maxims he detested, and to pursue a course of action which his heart might disapprove. In short, much allowance must be made for the times in which he lived; much for the situation in which he was gradually placed; much for that teeming train of events which appear to have drawn him in step by step; much for the embarrassment arising from those distressing alternatives to which public persons are sometimes reduced, and which frequently pose the shallowness of human wisdom; and much for the depravity of human nature itself, which it is sufficiently plain was not less operative in Cromwell than in the rest of the species. To which we may add, that persons who are actually parties in the busy scenes of political transaction are often hurried and perplexed into measures which the cool speculative politician would justly condemn: and at either the prospect or the retrospect of which the delinquents themselves would shudder. But to close this amicable controversy with a single question: What a figure would the generality of English historians (though many of

them have great merit) make, if set in competition with Mrs. Macaulay's noble and spirited performance? Or, to vary the query; how should I dwindle to a span, to an inch, to a point, to nothing, if compared with a Witsius, a Turretin, a Spanhemius, a Gurnall, a Hervey! Think on this when you are for contrasting Cromwell with the two Antoninus's and Alfred.

Sorry I am to learn that your health is not improved since I had the honour of seeing you in the spring. But, though deeply concerned, I cannot wonder. The heat of the season, for some time past, has been intense, even at Broad Hembury. At London, it must be scarce supportable. You, whose constitution is almost as delicate as your mind is elegant, must have suffered much by it, aided, as I fear it has been, by confinement and application. Would to God you would receive, with your usual attention in other matters, the hint I took the liberty to give you at our last interview, viz. Write little, that you may write much.

If no entreaties can prevail with you to see the west this summer; yet be so kind to your friends and to the world as to spare yourself all you can. When you perceive fatigue and languor approaching, lay down your pen for that day; and imagine that I am at your elbow, requesting and adjuring you with all the earnest importunity of respectful friendship, to be tender of that exquisite machine which providence has formed into the distinguished tenement of so much exalted reason and virtue. Nothing exhausts the spirits and impairs the health more than the continued labour of deep historical researches. It engages for a time, all the powers of the soul, and engrosses the whole collective force of the nerves. What can be more dangerous, what more pernicious to the human fabric? Timotheus the Athenian is justly admired for having said, that, "being at the head of an army, he took care not to expose himself rashly to danger: for the life of a general is of too much consequence to be needlessly thrown away." Valuable as your history is, it is not of equal value with the historian. Besides: should the historian fail, what would become of the remainder of the history? I fear I should be the means of detaining you too long from the exercise and relaxation I recommended, were I not to cut short this free lecture, by subscribing myself with great respect,

Madam,

Your obliged, and most obedient servant,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

LETTER XXIII.

To THE REV. DR. GIFFORD.

Broad Hembury, July 14, 1773.

I AM often reminded of my much valued and respected friend, by the highly esteemed plates of English coins with which he favoured me. I consult them very frequently; and partly on their own account, but more on his, I deservedly number them amongst my choicest literary keimhlia.

I hope, dear sir, you have long since received the Danish sword (for Danish it more probably was) which I left for you at Mr. R.'s, when I was last in London. It was given me the first time I was in Ireland, in the year 1755, by counsellor Harding, on whose estate (in the county of Limerick, if I rightly remember) that, and some hundreds more of the same make, were dug up. I have, first and last, shewn it to many virtuosi: not one of whom could form any judgment of the metal it is of. It certainly is a very ancient weapon: and if admitted to be Danish, or Norwegian, it cannot be less than 800 or 900 years old. But you, who are so consummate an historian, know, much better than I can pretend to do, about what period those Northern plunderers ceased to infest Ireland.

Permit me to enquire into a matter of incomparably greater importance. How is your health? Have you got rid of your cough? Is your appetite returned? I expect a full and distinct answer to each of these questions.

May our gracious covenant God in Christ cause you to renew your strength, in every sense of that promise. Remember me in your petitions; let me hear from you without delay; and believe me to be, what, *ab imo pectoris*, I am.

Dear and Rev. sir,

Your affectionate and obedient servant,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXIV.

To REV. MR. B. P. of New York.

Broad Hembury, Sept. 6, 1773.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

YOUR very obliging favour of July 17 arrived here by the last post. Accept my thanks for the regard it breathes; and permit me to shew my sense of it by sincerely beseeching God to crown you with those important mercies, which you so affectionately wish to me, the unworthiest of his messengers.

It gives me unspeakable pleasure to perceive that you are a clergyman of the church of England. I should have received so valuable a letter as your's with respect and with joy, of what denomination soever the writer had been. But I confess I am so far partial to our own hill in Sion as to rejoice peculiarly when I hear of faithful, spiritual, well-principled watchmen being stationed on her walls. I know not how it is in America; but sure I am that here their number is, comparatively, exceeding few. Yet has God favoured us, of late years, with a manifest revival: and I had the satisfaction, when last in London (*viz.*, about three months ago) of seeing six or eight evangelical clergymen, lately ordained, whom I had not, until then, so much as heard of. May the little leaven, in God's due time, leaven the whole lump.

Your idea of Mr. J. W. and his associates exactly tallies with mine. Abstracted from all warmth, and from all prejudice, I believe him to be the most rancorous hater of the gospel-system that ever appeared in this island. I except not Pelagius himself. The latter had some remains of modesty; and preserved in the main some appearances of decency: but the former has outlived all pretension to both.--Have two pieces, written by my learned and religious friend, Mr. Richard

Hill, found their way to America? The one is entitled, "A review of all the Doctrines taught by Mr. J. W." The other, "*Logica Wesleyensis*." If you have not seen them, they will give you unspeakable satisfaction.

I am glad, for the truth's sake, to hear that my translation of Zanchius was so well received, and has been reprinted, on your side of the Atlantic. God bless it there, as he has graciously vouchsafed to do to many in England.--It was quite a juvenile exercise; accomplished about a year and half before I entered into orders, by way of filling up a few supernumerary hours. I remember shewing the manuscript, one day, to the late Dr. Gill, when he did me the favour of a visit. He advised me to publish it: but, to say the honest truth, I was then not sufficiently delivered from the fear of man: and it slumbered by me from 1760 to 1769. I literally fulfilled Horace's direction (though from a motive not at all allied to that for which he recommends it)

— nonumque prematur in annum.

I can never sufficiently bless God for giving me to see the day when I can truly affirm that I care not whom I displease when the inestimable truths of his gospel are at stake. His providence has rendered me independent on any but himself; and his grace enables me to act accordingly. I must likewise add, as a still further motive to my gratitude, that the bolder I am in his cause, the more he gives me the affections of those to whom I minister, and with whom I am connected. Where I have lost one friend by standing up for Christ, I have gained a multitude.

The anonymous pamphlet to which you refer is the production of one Mr. W— S—; who was originally, it seems, a baker by trade; he then became a lay-preacher of Mr. W.'s; and in process of time Lady Huntingdon got him into orders. She is now extremely sorry that she did so: for her ladyship is convinced, at last, that her tenderness for Mr. W. was sadly misplaced.

Though, as you justly observe, Mr. S— 's low libel is not, in any respect whatever, a real answer to my Vindication of the Church of England from Arminianism; yet have I taken the opportunity which his virulence has afforded me, of setting the essential and absolute Calvinism of the Church established, in a still fuller and stronger

point of view. My piece, which is now far advanced in the press, is entitled, Historic Proof of the Doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England. If Providence spare me to see it out of the press, I will direct my bookseller, pursuant to your request, to leave a copy for you with our friend Mr. Gardner; and which I shall desire your acceptance of, as my present.

There is but one paragraph, dear sir, in your much esteemed letter, which gave me uneasiness. I mean the passage relating to your state of health. I cannot help feeling a most tender concern that so valuable a person, as you appear to be, should labour under the disadvantages of too delicate a machine. And yet, why do I permit such a remark to escape my pen? God best knows what he has to do with us. If brotherly affection compels me to sympathise with you; faith on the other hand, bids me leave you without fear, and without complaint, to the paternal the unerring disposal of Him who does all things well.

Be so kind as to indulge me with a line, by the first opportunity, after your receipt of this. One reason for which request is that I may know what pamphlets of mine you have met with, which I beg the favour of you to enumerate; that I may, by the channel you have pointed out, send you such of them as are in print, and which you may not already have seen.

Grace be to you, sir, and love, with faith from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ. May the enlightening, the comforting, the sanctifying, the sealing, influences of the eternal Spirit be your strength, your song, and your ever-present portion, all through the course of your pilgrimage.--Excuse this inaccurate acknowledgment, written *currente calamo*; and believe me to be

Your obliged, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

P. S. Why do you express so much diffidence of publicly taking up your pen in the cause of God? He seems to have strongly breathed the desire into your heart: and your letter fully convinces me that he has endued you with abilities for such a work. I hope (and I assure you it will be in the meanwhile an article in my prayers to God) that you may be effectually inclined, and powerfully enabled, to bear your testimony against error, in a day of such rebuke and blasphemy

as this. Up then, and be doing: and the Lord crown your endeavours with his blessing. Adieu.

Pray for me as I also for you.

LETTER XXV.

To the REV. MR. ROMAINE (then at Tiverton).

Broad Hembury, Sept. 11, 1773.

MANY thanks to dear and honoured Mr. Romaine, for his obliging favour of today, just received from Tiverton. I bless God for bringing him safely thither, and for the expectation of hering him at my church, both parts of the day, on the 19th instant: of which I shall gladly give notice tomorrow.--Mrs. R. and yourself will, I hope, give me the pleasure of accommodating you both, as well as my bachelor's house will permit, as many days next week as you conveniently can, antecedently to the Sunday above mentoned. For which purpose I shall take care to be at home; or at the utmost within call.

God's Holy Spirit come with you, and speak by you, and bless you to this people. You will sow on ploughed ground: and cannot offend the generality of my hearers, preach free and finished salvaion as strongly as you will. May you be enabled to readh their hearts.

With affectionate respects to dear Mr. Romaine, I subscribe myself, *ex animo* (as all my subscriptions are) ever yours,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

LETTER XXVI.

To AMBROSE SERLE, ESQ.

Broad Hembury, Oct. 1, 1773.

MY having spent part of the week at Exeter will account for this late

acknowledgment of dear Mr. S.'s favours, which I found at my return.

You have my particular thanks, ever valued sir, for the transmission of your learned and ingenious manuscript concerning the Origin of the Human Soul. (a) I waited with some degree of impatience, for this completion of your kind promise, made when we were travelling together from Honiton to Exeter: and I must own that, though I am not proselyted, I am considerably staggered by the arguments you bring. The strongest of which, in my idea, is that drawn from the eternal generation of God the Son. This, certainly, if anything, bids fairest for turning the scale in favour of the hypothesis you so heartily adopt, and so ingeniously defend. Nor can I answer to the inference you deduce from that topic.

(a) The manuscript here alluded to has since been published in a series of some of the first numbers of the Theological Miscellany, by the ingenious and respectable gentleman unto whom this letter is addressed; who is held in high estimation for his integrity, piety, and benevolence, but particularly for his profound and critical researches evinced in his exhibition of divine truth. EDITOR.

I must, however, with all the respect and tenderness so justly due to my excellent friend, suspend my judgment concerning the whole matter: as I have hitherto been always forced to do; and as no less a man than St. Austin did to the end of his life. Yet, though not determined to either side of the question (*non nostrum est tantas componere lites*) I own myself inclinable to believe that souls are of God's own immediate creation and infusion. Difficulties, both many and great, do, without doubt, clog the wheels of this opinion. But those which embarrass the yuxogonia, seem at present to me both more and greater. I know not, for instance, how to reconcile it to such Scriptures as Ec 12:7; Zec 12:1; Heb 12:9. Nor can I conceive how soul can generate soul, without supposing the soul to have *partes extra partes*: and if we once grant its divisibility, what becomes of its absolute immateriality, together with its essential incorruptibility, and its intrinsic immortality? Neither can my dear friend ascertain from which of the two parental souls a third is educed: whether from the father's only, or from the mother's only, or by a *decisione utriusque*. As little can it be explained how one or two souls can produce many. The usual simile of "candle being

lighted by candle," will here give us no light at all. One candle, it is true, is able to light up a hundred others: but not *sine intercisione materiae propriae*. It actually communicates some of its own luminous particles to the candle or candles which it enflames. But can we say this of the soul, and at the same time maintain its spirituality? These, my dear sir, are a specimen of the difficulties which will not allow me to adopt the yuxogonia; and which induce me to consider the yuxoktisiv as the less exceptionable scheme of the two.

After all, it may perhaps be best for us, as humble Christians, not to launch too far into the immense ocean of too curious speculation. God's word is the believer's chart, God's Spirit is the believer's pilot. Where the former ceases to describe our path, and the latter to shape our course, it will more conduce to the simplicity and joy of faith, to limit our enquiries, to leave with God the secret things which belong to him, to keep within sight of land, and wait for all unnecessary eclairsissements until our disimprisoned souls shall ascend on angels' wings to the presence of him whose are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

And yet I wish to see your modest and elegant disquisition in print. I hope you will give it to the public; for, whether the hypothesis it asserts be intrinsically right or wrong, you treat the argument with such purity of diction, with such refinement of reason, and with such transparent piety, that it must please the philosophic, and can not possibly offend the Christian reader.--Permit me to detain it from you a week or two longer, as I am very desirous of giving it several perusals more.

After putting your patience to so long a trial, I must not aggravate my prolixity by apologizing for it. Nor can I conclude without reminding you that you are still my debtor, by promise, for a sight of those compositions in verse, in which (by the few samples you have formerly indulged me with) I know you to possess so refined a taste. Lay me, soon, under this obligation also; though no obligations which even you are able to confer, can make me, more than I already am,

Your affectionate and devoted

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXVII.

To MR. M. POLLARD.

Broad Hembury, Oct. 1, 1773.

DEAR SIR,

I FEAR you have long ago set me down for little less than a monster of incivility, on account of my permitting your letter to lie so long unacknowledged. I am really ashamed to review its date. You wrote it, Oct. 1, 1772. I am answering it Oct. 1, 1773. Such a seeming failure in common decency needs much candour in you to excuse it; and requires a very sufficient apology from me to extenuate it.

The truth is, your favour was, by some means or other, mislaid: and was not retrieved until a few days ago, when I was hunting among my papers. I often recollected with pain and regret that I was your epistolary debtor; but was forced to continue so, until, by recovering your address, I could know with certainty how to direct my answer.

I read that rancorous and paltry libel on the Church of England, compiled by Cornish, of Culliton, which you were so obliging as to send me: a performance raked together from a variety of ancient and modern dunghills; and exhibiting such a jumble of scurrility as was never, I believe, before crowded into so small a compass.

I cannot agree with you that it deserves a public animadversion. It is, moreover, by this time, dead and buried, in great measure. It was pity to recal it into life. Let it sink and be forgotten. The church has nothing to fear from the efforts of such an indecent scribbler, who has started nothing new; but deals in stale, borrowed cavils, which have been refuted again and again, times without number. Besides, an answer would only conduce to render both the man and his pamphlet conspicuous. It would set the former on a pedestal, and diffuse the latter into a greater number of hands.

Mr. Addison somewhere observes, there are insects so exceedingly minute that we can not examine them without magnifying them: and

compares persons who enter the lists with contemptible writers to the traveller in the fable; who, being incommoded with the noise of grasshoppers, "alighted from his horse, in great wrath, to kill them all. Which was troubling himself to no purpose; for, had he pursued his journey, without taking notice of them, they would have died of themselves in a very few weeks."

This is my chief reason for declining the task you wish me to undertake. To which I must add that my business, for several years past, has lain in another department. My call from Providence seems to be, not the assailing of those who honestly separate from a church, which (unhappily) they do not approve; but to expose the treachery, and to obviate the interested sophistry, of too many among us who, for causes sufficiently notorious, pretend to revere the church, and actually live by her breasts, while they hate her doctrines in their hearts, and labour, with all their might, to stab her under the fifth rib.

With affectionate wishes for your welfare, both here and ever, I remain,

Sir, your obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXVIII.

To MR. BURGESS.

Broad Hembury, Oct. 22, 1773.

[Extract.]

I HAVE seen so much of the religious world, and have so largely experienced how little stress is to be laid on fair appearances, that I prize with redoubled esteem the graces and the friendship of the genuine few; in which number, I am thoroughly satisfied, my valued Mr. B. stands. I am led to this remark by the recent conduct of a very naming professor (R____, of Lyme), who has at length dropped the mask, and, with equal dishonour to the gospel and

himself, proves, I fear, No other than a whited wall, and a painted sepulchre.--In short, one hardly knows whom to trust, or of whom to entertain a good opinion. But the great Head of the Church knows them that are his; and blessed be the riches of his faithful love, he will take care of his own to the end.

Mrs. W., I am afraid, will think my silence a mark of disrespect. But I am so thoroughly certain that all Zion's children shall be taught of the Lord, that I am the less solicitous to obviate her scruples respecting the doctrines of grace. God has already begun to do great things for her. He will, doubtless, go on to make her path brighter and brighter. There is no need of my holding a lantern to her steps. She is in a fair way for the kingdom: and I would have as little of human teaching enter into her experience as possible. Pray present her with my Christian salutations: and assure her of an interest in my unworthy addresses at the throne of our common Father.

The blessings of Providence and of grace continue, through mercy, to surround my path. I have no cause of personal uneasiness, but the remains of unbelief and unthankfulness. And even these shall be done away, totally and for ever, when mortality is swallowed up of life.

The richest blessings of God's covenant love be with you. I affectionately salute our friends in general, particularly good Captain T., Mr. and Mrs. S____r, Mr. and Mrs. S____y, and Miss B. Write to me as often as you can. And though my many engagements may not always permit me to return you letter for letter; yet believe me to be, what I most sincerely am,

Your affectionate brother in the Lord our righteousness,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXIX.

To AMBROSE SERLE, ESQ.

[Extract] Broad Hembury, Oct. 22, 1773.

I FEEL my utter inability to debate so abstruse a point with so potent and masterly an antagonist. We are, however, both agreed, that we have souls. And blessed be God for giving us cause to believe that they are redeemed to himself, by the precious blood of his co-equal Son.

Allow me, dear sir, to repeat my request, relative to the publication of your thoughts on a subject which has exercised so few pens of eminence, and which your own is so peculiarly qualified to discuss. In short, I shall never cease teasing you until my wish is granted.

You are too generous to blame me for the slowness with which I recede from my own opinion concerning the question in dispute, or rather, for my suspense between the two opinions. I well remember that, in 1758, when I first began to discern something of the absurdities and impieties of Arminianism, my mind was in a similar state of fluctuation for many succeeding months. Dr. Manton's Sermons on the 17th of St. John, were the means through which my Arminian prejudices received their primary shock: a blessing, for which an eternity of praise will be but a poor mite of acknowledgment to that God whose Spirit turned me from darkness to light. But it was a considerable time (and not until after much prayer and much reading on both sides of the argument) ere my judgment was absolutely fixed.--I shall, when in heaven, remember the year 1758 with gratitude and joy: as I doubtless shall the year 1755, in which I was first awakened to feel my need of Christ. (b)

(b) Was then 15 years of age. See his Life—Born 1740. EDIT.

The origin of the soul, though not of equal importance with the doctrines of grace, yet requires much disquisition, in order to our coming at any satisfactory and solid ground whereon to rest the sole of our foot. At least, I find it extremely difficult. I see not any thing by intuition. *Veritas in puteo*. It most times requires much labour to draw it up: and very frequently eludes our utmost skill and pains at last. It is a comfort after all that the soul may be happy here, and saved for ever: though ignorant at present of her own immediate source.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXX.

To MRS. MACAULAY.

Broad Hembury, Oct. 22, 1773.

As we live at a period when to be in debt, and to be in the fashion, are almost inseparable ideas, I offer no apology for the length of time during which my honoured friend's obliging letter has passed without acknowledgment.

I will go farther still, and even value myself on an omission which has, perhaps, contributed something to the public benefit. In writing to me you please and improve a grateful individual. But, as an historian, you convey pleasure and instruction to multitudes. Was I to return you an immediate answer to the favours I receive, your friendship and politeness would not fail to balance the epistolary account with equal exactness. A consideration which induces me now and then (contrary to the general maxim of the age) to consult my country's advantage, though at the occasional expense of my own.

With regard, madam, to Oliver Cromwell, on whom our correspondence has of late chiefly turned, I find myself silenced, though not entirely convinced, by the force of your observations. I must resign my client to your better judgment, and superior powers: unless you will permit me to compromise matters in the language of Lord Lyttleton: "By an uncommon appearance of zeal, by great address, and great valour, Cromwell first enflamed the spirit of liberty into extravagance; and afterwards duped and awed it into submission. He trampled on the laws of the nation, but he raised the glory of it; and it is hard to say, which he most deserved, a halter or a crown."

From a person whose public merits were thus equivocal, I revert with pleasure to one whose patriotic deserts no honest and capable judge can dispute. To be informed, and from so good authority as your own, that your health and strength are improved, give me far greater and solidier joy than any other information you were able to convey. I hope to be an eyewitness of their continuance, if, as I have

some thoughts of doing I should spend a fortnight in London, during the ensuing winter.

I learned another piece of good news, a few days since, at H——, where our friend Mr. N____ acquainted me, on Mr. D_____'s authority, that your sixth volume will appear early in the spring, This will be the most valuable amends you can make us for depriving us of your company, this year, in the West.

Your old acquaintance and admirer, Mr. H., has, I am told, received some disgust at L——, and is very seldom there, Lord C., however, still professes to affect that romantic seaport; though it does not promise to yield him (as, if fame say true, he once hoped it would) a second Sir W. P., it were pity a second should ever fall to his share.

With every wish of happiness, and with the utmost sincerity of respect, I remain, Madam, your most obliged and obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXXI.

To AMBROSE SERLE, ESQ.

Broad Hembury, Nov. 23, 1773.

WHEN favours received distance all power of equal return, the receiver can but barely acknowledge his receipt of them, and confess his incompetency to repay them. Your instances of friendship to me are of the above kind, both as to number and value. My returns to you, are, and must ever be, as last described.

Allow me, dear sir, so far to revive our late amicable contest, as to intreat you not to suppress the publication of your Thoughts *De Origine Animae*. Were they to appear, they might open a way for other learned and ingenious persons to ventilate the subject: which is one reason why I take the liberty to urge the request.--If I have detained your valuable manuscript too long, you may draw on me for it whenever you please; though the longer I am indulged with it, the more your debtor I shall be.--Pray have you seen Mr. Charles

Crawford's Remarks on Plato's Phaedon? I am told, that performance is not destitute of fire and genius, though very eccentric from the point of orthodoxy. Possibly, the perusal of it might give you occasion to enlarge your papers, on the subject we have debated, should you be prevailed with to give them to the public: in which case, the random shots of the sanguine and romantic West Indian may be of service to the church of God, by being turned into a contrary direction. Do think of this seriously.

I reckon myself so interested in whatever relates to you, that I cannot help intimating a wish, which dwells much upon my mind, concerning the treatise you have in hand, on the proper divinity of our adorable High Priest and Saviour. My wish is, that you would take occasion, in the course of that work, to vindicate and establish the personality and divinity of the Holy Spirit: points which were never more necessary to be asserted and elucidated than at present; when the poison of *Sabellianism* begins to pour in, as a flood, even among some spiritual professors themselves.

Let me tease you with yet another request. It is, that I may be indulged with a sight of those compositions, which you mentioned on our way between Broad-Hembury and Honiton. You see, I am already so deeply in your debt for obligations received, that, like a professed bankrupt, I care not how many fresh debts I incur. Nay, I wish to sink deeper and deeper.

God give us to sink deeper into his love, and to rise higher and higher into the image of his holiness! Thoroughly persuaded I am, that the more we are enabled to love and resemble him, the more active we shall be to promote his glory and to extend his cause, with our lips, our pens, our lives, our all. Be this our business, and our bliss, on earth. In heaven we shall have nothing to do, but to see him as he is, to participate his glory, and to sing his praise; in delightful, in never-ending concert with angels, with saints who are got home before us, and with those of the elect whom we knew and loved below. I would hardly give sixpence for a friendship which time and death are able to quench. Our friendship is not of that evanid species. I can, there fore, subscribe myself.

Ever and for ever yours,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXXII.

To AMBROSE SERLE, ESQ

Broad Hembury, Dec. 8, 1773.

I CANNOT but smile at the ease and readiness with which we cut out work for each other. My dear friend's politeness, in so condescendingly hearkening to my solicitations for the public appearance of his masterly thoughts, should induce me, by every tie of respectful gratitude, to meet his wishes with equal facility. But I am really unqualified for the department assigned me by his partiality of esteem. My acquaintance with the fathers is too slender, and my general compass of reading far too contracted, for the undertaking you recommend. I should be master of at least Irenaeus, Epiphanius, and Austin, to write, in a manner tolerably satisfactory, on so complicated a subject as a review of heretics and heresies. I have, it is true, many subsidiary helps; but I ever wish, where the nature of the case will possibly admit, to derive my informations, not at second hand, but from the fountain's head. Allow me, dear sir, to recommend the proposal to the proposer himself. The work would be as complete as any human performance can be, if you were to oblige and improve the world with the projected looking glass for heretics.

Glad I am to be informed that your Defence of the Messiah's Divinity is almost finished. My admiration is sure to be excited by every thing you write: nor shall my most sacred wishes be wanting, that God would stamp general usefulness on all your attempts for the glory of his name.

Your design of honouring and gratifying me with the first perusal of your treatise, calls for more acknowledgment than I am able to express. Next to your conversation, I can receive no higher intellectual feast than that which results from a perusal of your writings. Though self-interest, therefore, operates, in this matter, too strongly on my mind to admit of my declining so decisive a proof of your affectionate friendship; yet, that I may not be too greatly

indulged at the public expense, I cannot help intimating a desire that my enjoyment of the first fruits may not prejudice the harvest; I mean, that the advanced parts of your work may be transmitted hither so seasonably as not to delay the publication of the whole.

Accept my thanks, likewise, for the promised sight of what you are pleased to style the *Versus inertes*. If they "give me the head-ach," I will let you know it: and, by the same rule, if they charm me into admiration, your delicacy must dispense with my telling you so.

* * * *

The subject of ordination revives my wish that you would submit to the imposition of hands. The church would then (a very uncommon thing in this age) be a gainer at the expense of the state

LETTER XXXIII.

To MRS. MACAULAY.

Broad Hembury, Jan. 11, 1774

LAST Saturday I returned from a short excursion to Dorsetshire. Though you can be no stranger to the loss which the public have sustained in the decease of Mr. Hollis, yet it is possible you may not have been apprised of the particulars by an authentic hand.

That friend of the British empire and of mankind was, early in the afternoon of New Year's Day, in a field, at some distance from his place of residence at Corscombe, attended by only one workman, who was receiving his directions concerning a tree which had been lately felled. On a sudden, he put one of his fingers to his forehead; saying, "Richard, I believe the weather is going to change: I am extremely giddy." The words were scarce off his lips, when he dropped. He fell on his left side: and, being near a hedge, his head was received by the subjacent ditch. The man (I know not whether a carpenter, or a common labourer) sprung to his assistance; and raising him from that sad situation, administered what little relief he could. The expiring patriot was still sufficiently himself to say,

"Lord, have mercy on me; Lord, have mercy on me; receive my soul:" which were the last words he was able to pronounce. His lips moved afterwards: but no sound was formed. In a few seconds more his spirit was dis-imprisoned.

The frightened assistant lost no time. Leaving the corpse on the grass, he hastened away for superior help. But in vain. The lancet, when applied, was without effect.

It seems, Mr. Hollis always wished that his death might be sudden. Providence was pleased to grant his request. Was I qualified to choose for myself, and were it lawful to make it a subject of prayer, I would wish for the same indulgence whenever my appointed change may come. It is, I think, the most desirable mode of departure, where the person is in a state of grace. How happy, to be surprised into heaven! And, to surviving friends, it is but a single shock, once for all.

At the time of his decease, Mr. Hollis was ready booted, intending to ride that day to Lyme Regis. When I was there, it was my melancholy lot to occupy the chamber in which he always slept, during his occasional stay in that town, and which had been prepared for his reception, two or three nights before. It was at the Three Cups: an inn which he purchased a few years ago.

How black is the ingratitude of human nature! Though this valuable man lived entirely to the benefit of others, and may be classed with the most public-spirited worthies that ever breathed; yet I have seldom known a death so little regretted by the generality. An eminent foreigner was of opinion that "there is no such thing as friendship in the world." Had he said, "there is not much," he would have hit the mark.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows:
The man that makes a character makes foes."

Very exalted virtue is often admired: but not often loved. What is the reason? Because few are truly virtuous. And we must have some virtue ourselves, ere we are capable of loving it in others, or of loving others for it.

You knew and esteemed Mr. Hollis' virtues; nor (which is one of the highest encomiums his memory can receive) was he unworthy even

of your friendship.

Allow me, madam, to express my wish, that the precious blood and the imputed righteousness of the adorable Messiah, who lived and died for sinners, may present you, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, faultless and complete before the uncreated Majesty. But for the sake of those whom, in virtue and in knowledge, you so greatly surpass; may you be long detained from receiving that crown of life, to which, I trust, the Son of God has redeemed you by the atonement of his inestimable death.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXXIV.

To AMBROSE SERLE, ESQ.

Broad Hembury, Jan. 11, 1774.

I WAS in Dorsetshire when dear Mr. S—'s favour, of the 4th instant, arrived here: else my thanks had waited on him much earlier than they now do, for his repeated obligations. I never was master of so useful a pocket-book as that which your last packet conveyed. Nor have I often met with compositions so pleasing and so profitable as those which your friendship was so good as to communicate under the same inclosure. But how could my dear friend (whose judgment rarely fails, unless when his own pieces are the objects of its criticism) ever think of submitting such finished performances to my corrections? No. To preserve their excellence, they must continue as they are. I must say of them, as Handel said concerning the old tune of the 100th Psalm, when he was asked to improve that consummate piece of noble music: "Was I to alter a note, I should spoil the whole."--Make your obligation complete, by favouring me with more of those elegant and devout productions. If you have copies of those already sent, I shall beg leave to keep them. If not, I shall solicit your permission to transcribe them, before they are returned.

I was once in company with Mr. McGregor, of Woolwich, whom you have honoured with your pious, benevolent, and judicious

animadversions. I believe him to be a good man: but he is, certainly, a very ignorant one. If you suffer yourself to be at the beck of every conceited nibbler who dreams himself qualified to contest the plainest truths, you will have work enough upon your hands.--My best thanks are due for your valuable tract. Though, perhaps, it may conduce to render both your antagonist and his antecedent scrawlation (forgive a homely Devonshire term) more conspicuous than they might other wise have been.

I am happy in the expectation of soon receiving your introduction to your great work. Do not suspect me of complaisance, for styling it great before I have seen it. I give it that epithet, on account of the unutterable consequence of the subject on which it treats. What my unworthy judgment may be of the manner in which you have treated the argument, shall, as usual, be transmitted to you, *ex animo*, when I have had the long wished-for indulgence of perusing the welcome packet.

Some considerable time ago, I requested my ever dear friend to restrain the overflowings of his kind partiality towards not the least grateful, but the least important, of his obliged confidants. Talk no more of a "giant" and a "dwarf," unless you will allow me to assume all title to the latter denomination. If you love me, treat me as (what I am) an ignorant, feeble, dying sinner. And, if you are so benevolent as to entertain a favourable idea of my wishes for the cause of God, keep that favourable idea to yourself in time to come.

The holidays, I suppose, will hardly be expired when this reaches your hands. Commend me, therefore, to your dear little folks. And may the children of my inestimable friend be the children of the living God!

Mr. Fletcher may fire off as soon as he pleases. The weapons of his warfare can never wound the truths of God, any more than a handful of feathers can batter down my church tower. I shall, however, be glad to see his performance when it appears. Mr. Shirley told me, when I was last at Bath, that Fletcher is to succeed pope Wesley, as commander in chief of the societies, if he should survive his holiness. No wonder, therefore, that the cardinal of Madely is such a zealous stickler for the cause. One would think that the Swiss were universally fated to fight for pay! Adieu.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXXV.

To the REV. Mr. ROMAINE.

Broad Hembury, Jan. 11, 1774.

ACCEPT my thanks, honoured and valued sir, for the welcome present of your three precious volumes. May the life of faith be more and more operative in my heart, and may the walk of faith be displayed in every part of my conversation; until the great Author and Finisher of faith give me an abundant entrance into the land of sight and of glory.

I wish it was in my power to render you an acknowledgment adequate, in worth, to the kind favour you have conferred. When the printer will give my intended publication leave to appear, a copy of it, such as it is, will solicit your acceptance.

The God, whose you are, and whom you serve, lend you long to his church; multiply his mercies toward you, and cause your path to shine, with increasing brightness, to the perfect day. You give me your friendship; give me also your prayers, and consider me as

Your affectionate and obliged,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

My best remembrance waits on dear Mrs. Romaine. Miss L _____ expresses much concern and surprise at your having passed through Wellington without calling on her, and wishes to know the reason.

LETTER XXXVI.

To MR. _____

Broad Hembury, Feb 9, 1774.

DOCTOR Young has an observation, which discovers, as much as any he ever made, his knowledge of human nature: "It is dangerous," I think he says, "to dive into most men deeper than the surface; lest closer acquaintance should abate our good opinion of them."

You, my dearest friend, are *primus e paucis*, eminent among the rare exceptions to that rule. The person who knows you best will be sure to value you most: and the longer he has the happiness of knowing you, the more must he regard and respect you. His esteem will resemble the progressive enlargements of a river, which widens and increases as it flows. I am led to this remark by a repeated perusal of your valuable manuscript. Pardon the delay, if no part of it wait on you by the present packet. Were your papers less excellent, they would be dismissed hence with greater expedition.

I did not doubt of your approving Gale's Court of the Gentiles. It is indeed a treasure. Though I think, in some cases, the learned and devout author winds up his darling hypothesis too high, in supposing that the Jews, during the very infancy of their nation, were the sole *lumina terrae*, or the fountains from whom the Egyptians and other eastern literati derived the substance of their erudition. I likewise agree with you, that he might have displayed more judgment in arranging his materials: which (like what Mr. Addison observes concerning Solomon's Proverbs) resemble a superb amassment of pearls, rather piled into a magnificent heap, than regularly strung and artificially disposed. However, it is easy to criticise. But to compile such a performance was not attended with equal facility: *hic labor, hoc opus*.

Did you ever meet with a tract, written by Witsius, and entitled (to the best of my remembrance) *De Trinitate Judaica*? It is the only part of his Latin works which I have never been able to procure. I dare believe it would be worthy of your perusal: as every thing of his is peculiarly learned, elegant, and judicious. Possibly, if you enquire among your literary friends, some of them may get you a sight of that very scarce dissertation. Marcius mentions it, in his Oration at Witsius' interment.

Thanks to you, dear sir, for the newspaper extraordinary, which

contained several particulars deserving of attention. The anecdotes related of Richard III's, illegitimate son, are so curious, and wear such an aspect of probability, that I thought them worth cutting out, and have pasted them on a blank leaf of Walpole's Historic Doubts. The minutes of Dr. Samuel Johnson's Tour to Scotland are perfectly in character. He is the very original there delineated. I have some personal knowledge of him: and, however I dissent from various of his principles, nor can avoid smiling at some of his not unpleasing oddities, he still passes with me for one of the ablest and honestest men who now adorn the republic of letters. Mr. Hollis' character is, I think, prodigiously overcharged, and the panegyric beyond measure excessive: though he certainly was a very valuable member of society, and his decease awakened in me much of that painful sensibility which I heartily wish I could divest myself of. I stood obliged to him for a number of scarce and curious tracts relative to the time of Charles I., and he would have favoured me with incomparably more solid tokens of his esteem, had I been capable of feigning myself a republican, and of dissembling my sincere attachment to the Scriptures and to our ecclesiastical establishment.

I tremble, with you, for the event of things in America. But the kingdom of Providence rules over all. This is as much of politics as I almost ever ventured to write. *Vox audita perit: Litera Scripta manet.* Adieu.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.



LETTER XXXVII.

To MRS. MACAULAY, at Bath.

Broad Hembury, Feb. 18, 1774.

HAD I not lived long enough in the world to cease from wondering at any thing, I should have more than wondered at the incident of which you so justly complain. If almost any pen, except your own, had informed me of Mr. _____'s ingratitude and injustice, I should have questioned the reality of the fact. I am sorry, still more for his

sake than for your's, to find it so authentically attested. Well may Scripture (a book which you, madam, are too wise and too virtuous to despise) say, What is man!

Pity it is, that, on such occasions as the present, you are not divested of that exquisite sensibility which, at your own expense, adds too much honour to the remembrance of a social delinquent. Forget it all, and, as you are more than female in understanding, be more than masculine in fortitude. Triumph over the irritating savageness of the cynicism which has requited you so ill, by opposing to it the iron apathy of the portico.

Do more, rise into a still nobler revenge, namely, by centering your expectations in Him, who never disappoints those desires of which his Spirit is the gracious Inspirer.

"Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart:

At best, a broken reed; but, oft, a spear.

On its sharp point, peace bleeds, and hope expires."

Only the experienced favour and the felt possession of God in Christ can fill the vast capacities of a soul like yours. Enjoy his communicated smile:

"Then bid the earth roll; nor feel the idle whirl."

May Bath have a happy effect on the health of a person so important to the community. You tell me your stay there will be of considerable duration. I think to see London some time in April. Should you continue at the Western Bethesda, until the Litter end of that month, or until the beginning of May, I will take Bath in my return to Devonshire, by way of seeing how the waters have agreed with you.

Let me submit a single caution to your candour, viz. Be careful not to renew your acquaintance with the dapper doctor; and, above all, beware of being seen with him in public.

-----Hic niger est: hunc tu, Romana, caveto.

He would derive lustre from you; but like a piece of black cloth, he would absorb the rays, without reflecting any of them back. The world is very malicious: and a character so eminently conspicuous as yours is a mark at which envy and censure delight to seize every

opportunity of discharging their arrows.

As you give me hopes of seeing you in this country, during the course of the ensuing summer, who knows but I may have the honour of escorting you hither, through the whole length of Somersetshire? But I must not detain you from the pump-room, by my tedious speculations. So, for the present, farewell. God give you good spirits; for where they lead the van, good health generally brings up the rear.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P.S. I could wish you acquainted with Mrs. Derham, of Green Street, Bath. You would find her one of the most sensible and amiable women in that city. She has all the genuine ease, without any of the affected grimace, of politeness; her husband is a wine-merchant, and she has a lovely daughter, nearly the age of your's.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To THE REV. MR. DE COETLOGON

Broad Hembury, April 5, 1773.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your late favour; and am much your debtor, as well for your obliging partiality to my humble efforts in behalf of God's truths, as for the politeness with which you express it.

Were I situate near the capital, I should with much readiness accede to your request, by contributing my assistance towards carrying on the Gospel Magazine: but I find it so very inconvenient to have any concern with printing at so remote a distance, that I shall probably, in future, publish no more, in any way whatever, than absolute occasion may require. With best remembrance to your most amiable bride,

I remain your affectionate servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XXXIX.

To MR. G. F.

Broad Hembury, April 8, 1774.

LONGER time is usually allowed for the payment of large debts than of trivial ones. By parity of argument, a delay of correspondence on the side of him who has received great epistolary obligations is the more venial on that very account. If my valuable and valued friend will not admit this reasoning to be fair, I must own that I have nothing better to urge in extenuation of my having so long omitted to thank him for his last welcome and much esteemed favour. Yet, as some degree of imperfection is connected with every thing human, I must likewise confess, that I cannot extend my thanks for those strokes of undue panegyric with which, dear sir, your kind partiality so profusely honours me. Sincerely I say it, (and it may be said, once for all) that I would much rather be told of my real faults than of those supposed excellencies which the extreme benevolence of my friends is so ready to place to my account. Candour and politeness, like your's, first illuminate every object on which they shine; and then ascribe to the object itself, those communicated rays of which it is no more than the humble and obliged receiver.

Let me now advert to a superior subject: and thank you for the improving particulars, so kindly forwarded, concerning the lamented decease of our honoured and deserving friend, the late truly excellent Mr. Hitchen; that amiable and precious man of God, whose grace was as solid, as his parts were shining. His steady faith, and his calm unruffled departure, amidst such circumstances of bodily pain, can only be attributed to that everlasting love, and to that atoning blood, which made him more than conqueror. Looking, the other day, into my book of occasional collections, I found two remarks, which dropped from Mr. Hitchen, in a conversation I had with him, July 18, 1769; and which were well worthy of being preserved from oblivion. They run, *verbatim*, thus:

"The greater our sanctification is, and the more advanced we are in holiness, the more we shall feel our need of free justification."

"An architect cannot say to his rule, to his line, or other instrument, 'Go, build a house.' He must first take them into his own hand, ere the wished-for effect will follow. What the ministers of God, but mere instruments? And if ever they are useful in building up the church of Christ, it is his own hand must make them so."

Such improving observations as these; such valuable relics of saints indeed; are too precious to be lightly forgot. May they be engraven on our hearts!

I rejoice to hear of dear Mr. Ryland senior's liberty and sweetness in his ministrations to Mr. H___'s widowed flock. Our Northampton friend is an Israelite without guile; and he is among those who stand highest in my regard. He blames me for seldom writing to him: but, was I to correspond regularly, even with my first rate favourites, I should do nothing more than write letters from morning till night. In heaven we shall be all together, for ever and ever.

Make my affectionate respects acceptable to dear Mrs. F____, &c. Grace, mercy, and peace; bright evidences, sweet experiences, and growing holiness; be your portion, their portion, and the portion of

Your affectionate servant in Christ,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XL.

To MR. H.

Tichfield-street, London, May 23, 1774.

[Extract]

YESTERDAY afternoon, being Whitsunday, curiosity led me to hear Mr. Theophilus Lindsey, who lately resigned the vicarage of Catterick. I took care to be there before any of the service began, in order to hear what that gentleman calls the reformed liturgy: but

what may more truly be termed, the liturgy deformed. It is a wretched skeleton of the old Common Prayer, shorn and castrated of its evangelical excellencies.

He preached, or rather read, a poor, dry, ungraceful harangue on Mt 25:14-15. So wretchedly was he tied and bound by the chain of his notes, that if by accident he happened to take his eye from his papers (and it happened several times) he was sure to blunder, and endeavoured, in an exceedingly confused and embarrassed manner, to gather up the broken thread as well as he could. He is a palpable Arian in his ideas of Christ's person; and appears to be a thorough-paced Socinian, as far as concerns the doctrine of atonement. Yet God forbid that I should judge and condemn him. To his own master he must stand or fall. But I must observe two things: 1. I bless the grace of God for giving me eyes to see, and a heart to value, the inestimable truths of his holy gospel: 2. I never prized our good old liturgy, and the precious doctrines of the reformation, more than on hearing Mr. Lindsey's liturgy and sermon yesterday. No man (as our Lord observes) having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new: for he saith, the old is better.

Mr. Lindsey's Arian meeting is held in Essex-street, up one' pair of stairs, in the house called Essex-house. It is a long narrow room (which, if filled, would hold about two hundred people) where auctions (particularly for books) used to be held. He seems to be a man of much personal modesty and diffidence; and, I verily believe, acts upon principle. But he has no popular talents: no pathos, no dignity, no imagination, no elegance, no elocution. He must unavoidably soon sink into obscurity, when the novelty of his secession begins to subside, and when his Arian friends are weary of puffing him off in the newspapers. Take my word for it (and I am very glad I can truly have it to say) the church of England has nothing to fear from a gentleman of Mr. Lindsey's slender abilities. He can neither thunder nor lighten; but crawls on, quite in the humdrum way; and is no more qualified, either by nature or attainments, to figure at the head of a party, than I am to undertake the command of a navy. One of my company (for a whole coachful of us went) said to me, after service was over; "Well, I suppose you will call Mr. Lindsey's discourse a piece of arrant Lindseywoolsey." No indeed, replied I: it was mere Lindsey throughout: absolute

Arianism, Socinianism, and Pelagianism, without one thread of the contrary from first to last.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XLI.

To MRS. MACAULAY.

Broad-Hembury, July 8, 1774.

[Extract]

I ARRIVED here, from London, no longer ago than this day se'nnight; and though I was not able to take Bath in my way home, through the unavoidable length of my stay in town, I hope, madam, to be soon amply recompensed for that loss, by seeing you, safe and well, in this part of the world. Favour me with a line: and God grant it may import these two things: 1st, That all your complaints are completely annihilated by the Bath waters; and, 2ndly, That you have begun to take the previous measures for your intended two months' excursion to Devonshire.

I left good Mr. Ryland behind me in London. He desired his best remembrance to you: and wishes (in his lively manner) "that you may be a perfect idiot once in every twenty-four hours, and incapable of writing, reading, thinking, or conversing, viz., from ten at night, until six or seven in the morning:" that you may not impair your health by sitting up late. No friend, I verily believe, has more respect and esteem for you than he: not even your obliged and obedient

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. One day, when Mr. Ryland and I went to Islington, to dine with Mrs. Bacon, he took that opportunity of introducing me to Mr. Burgh, author of the "Political Disquisitions." I saw him to great disadvantage, as he was in much pain, and in a very ill humour. The interview, on the whole, was a curious one. I was hardly seated, when he said to Mr. Ryland, concerning me, "This gentleman, I

apprehend, is an antagonist of Mr. Lindsey's." I answered for myself, No, sir; I am not, indeed, of Mr. Lindsey's principles, but I look upon him, with all his mistakes, to be an honest man: and I respect an honest man, be his opinions what they will. By degrees, our conversation grew rather engaging: and Mr. Burgh seemed, for a while, to feel a truce from the torments of the stone, and assume some degree of good-nature. But I should have had a sharp onset, if he had been in perfect health. Even as it was, he could not forbear feeling my pulse, on the article of free-will. In the course of our debate, I drove him into this dreadful refuge, viz., that "God dees all he possibly can [these were Mr. Burgh's own words] to hinder moral and natural evil, but he cannot prevail; men will not permit God to have his wish." Lest I should mistake his meaning, I requested him to repeat those terms again: which he did. Then the Deity, said I, must needs be a very unhappy being. "Not in the least," replied Mr. Burgh. "What!" (rejoined I) disappointed of his wishes, embarrassed in his views, and defeated of his schemes, and yet not be unhappy?" "No," rejoined Mr. Burgh: "for he knows that he must be so disappointed and defeated, and that there is no help for it: and therefore he submits to necessity, and does not make himself unhappy about it." A strange idea this, of the Supreme being! At coining away, I told Mr. Burgh, that however he might suppose God to be disappointed of his will, I hope the public would not be disappointed of the remaining volumes of the Political Disquisitions yet unfinished. And, in very truth, madam, your friend Burgh is much better qualified for political disquisitions than either for theological or for metaphysical ones. Adieu.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XLII

To THE REV. MR. MADAN.

Broad Hembury, July 8, 1774.

[Extract]

ENOUGH of business. Now for chit-chat. My few *horae subsicivae*, since my return hither, have been devoted chiefly to the perusal of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. I should think the better of my own judgment if it should be so happy as to coincide with your's. Mine is, in general, that they are not only, what his lordship terms, "letters written from one man of the world to another;" but, many of them, such as might well be expected from a decent civilized fornicator to his favourite bastard. Do you not also complain of his negligence, in point of style, composition, and connection; really to be wondered at, in even the running productions of so masterly a hand? It is true, letters are but conversation committed to paper: yet, I believe, the generality of well-bred people would blush to converse in a style equally inaccurate and desultory, with that in which Lord Chesterfield sometimes wrote.

I own myself, however, on the whole, extremely entertained and improved by this publication. There are almost an infinity of rules and remarks, respecting both men and *les manieres*, founded on the deepest worldly wisdom and truth; yet, so intermixed with dross and refuse, that, had I the care of a young person, I would not venture to put those letters into his hands, without the precaution of an *index expurgatorius*.

But was any thing ever like his portrait of the female sex, in letter 129? Where he traduces them all, without making a single exception. I know but one way to bring him off; and that, I fear, will be far from doing it effectually: viz., by supposing that, when he sketched that caricature, his mind was acidulated by a recent fracas with Lady Chesterfield, and that, in revenge, he instantly libelled the whole sex.

I never heard of Mr. Wesley's Sinai-Covenanters until you were pleased to mention them. Poor creatures! to meet once a year, and solemnly bind themselves to keep the whole law! I wish I had known this particular some months ago. Can you tell, whether they have a written form of covenanting, or whether it be all *ore tenus*? and, if the former, whether it be possible to procure a sight of it? This is a matter well worth enquiring into.

You once favoured me with a more critical explication of Pet. i. 19. than I had before met with. I wish you would condescend to give it

me in writing.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XLIII.

To THE REV. MR. ROWAINE.

Broad Hembury, July 8, 1774.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

As it is possible that our valuable and valued friend, Mr. _____, may not hitherto have had an opportunity of acquainting you with the polite manner in which Lord _____ received your late favour; and as Mr. _____ has been so good as to communicate to me, in a letter received here yesterday evening the substance of what passed, permit me without delay,

1. To inform you, in general, that your kind application appeared to have a very favourable effect: and that his lordship was so obliging as to say he would "try the ground" with the Lord Chancellor.
2. To thank you, under providence, for the very friendly intervention of your good offices: which, whether crowned with ultimate success, or not, I shall ever most affectionately remember.--And,
3. To request an exertion of your interest with that blessed and only Potentate, who has all power both in heaven and earth, that he would graciously give such an event to this whole matter, as he will be pleased to bless most to the glory of his own name.

I returned hither, from London, this day se'nnight: and, last Tuesday, attended the bishop's visitation at Tiverton. The sermon was preached by Mr. Laud: and, upon the whole, a very excellent one it was. Among its few flaws was the classing of Hutchinson with Clarke, Shaftesbury and Hume: the former of whom, if living, would have been very sorry at being put among such company. The Strand divines were, rather severely than smartly, taken to task: and, as I was afterwards told, old Whitter and young Wood held down their heads in some confusion.

The episcopal charge, though extremely concise (i.e. dispatched in about 12 or 14 minutes), was the very best I ever heard. It chiefly turned on the excellency of the XXXIX articles: the expediency of subscription, and the peculiar duties, more than ever, at this time, incumbent on the clergy, relative to their morals, manners, dress, and abstractedness from the world. The whole of his lordship's behaviour, both in the church, and afterwards at dinner, gave much satisfaction to the generality, and peculiar pleasure to me.

Adieu, honoured and dear sir. Kindest respects to yourself, and to Mrs. Romaine, from

Your obliged and affectionate

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XLIV

To AMBROSE SERLE, ESQ.

Broad Hembury, July 8, 1774.

SHALL I attempt to thank my ever dear and ever respected friend for his polite and obliging favour of the 30th ult., or for the kind services which preceded that favour, and to which it refers? No. It is a duty to whose performance I feel myself unequal. Your friendship, therefore, like what some say concerning virtue at large, must be its own reward. Yet think me not insensible. My sensibility is the very cause of the omission. Were the obligations under which you lay me more moderate, I could with ease thank you for them: but as the case stands, I must follow Horace's direction, *consule quid valeant humeri*; and not aim at impossibilities.

Sure I am, that God will incline the scale (and not this only, but every other, to the end of time) so as shall conduce to his own glory, and to the accomplishment of his own purpose. It is ours to use the means, in a dependance on his absolute providence; to bless the means used, is his. With him, all events must be ultimately rested: and I trust I can say, *ex animo*, with him I ever wish and desire to

rest them; nor would I have a single incident removed out of his hand, were I possessed of all power both in heaven and earth.

You kindly remind me "To strike while the iron is warm." In answer to which I must observe, that I have written, today, to Blackheath and to Epsom. Can you suggest any other advisable steps? You will find not only my ear, but my heart, ever open to the least hint suggested by a friend of your wisdom and faithfulness, whether the subject relate to my own interest or not.

You are so good as to enquire after my safe return into the West. I bless God, my journey was both safe and pleasant. The slightest mercies ought to be thankfully received and noticed: for they are as absolutely undeserved as the greatest. We can no more merit a moment's ease, or safety, or happiness, in our going out and coming in, or on any other occasion whatever, than we can merit the kingdom of heaven.

I travelled with a very old (or rather, with a very early) acquaintance; an officer of the 21st regiment: with whom, at our first setting off in the coach from London, I had an hour or two's controversy, concerning the lawfulness of duelling. Your friend was on the negative side of the question: the captain on the affirmative. During the amicable skirmish (a duel against duelling), and for many hours after, we were quite ignorant of each other's names. And no wonder; for we had not met since the year 1757, when we were both lads; and time has made such an alteration in each, that neither knew the other. We travelled to Bridport (i.e. 138 miles) before we found out who was who: and I have seldom known an eclairsissement which gave more pleasure on both sides. 'The captain very politely invited me to see him, if I should ever go to Plymouth: and, on my asking for whom I should enquire, the discovery was made.

On a review, I am really ashamed of trespassing on your patience and time by such petty chit-chat. It is high season for me to apologize; not by prolific excuses, but by cutting matters short at once. Only observing that, if the unexpected sight of an old and valued friend on earth gives a heart felt joy, which none but a breast formed for friendship can experience: what far more exceeding and exalted blessedness must result from that "Communion of saints"

made perfect, which will obtain in the kingdom of glory!--Until then, and when there, I am, and shall ever be,

Your affectionate friend,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

LETTER XLV.

MR. O_____.

Broad Hembury, July 29, 1764.

BEST thanks to you, ever dear sir, for your kind and obliging letter of the 19th instant. From what I felt in reading it, I cannot help believing that your soul was much alive to God when you wrote it. May your holiness and comforts resemble the flow of some mighty river, which widens and enlarges more and more, in proportion as it advances nearer the ocean into which it falls.

I rejoice at what you say concerning the happy frame of soul in which the Rev. Mr. Green ascended to Abraham's bosom. It is delightful to live and walk in the shinings of God's countenance: but to die in the light and consolations of his presence, is (next to heaven itself) the crowning mercy of all. How gracious is the Holy Spirit of promise thus to shine away the doubts and fears of his people, and put them to bed by daylight! O may we taste the sweetness of his love, rise into a nearer conformity to his image, enjoy closer communion with him, both in and out of ordinances, and experience an increasing sense of his never-failing faithfulness; till we receive the end of our faith, even the full and ultimate salvation of our souls. I bless the Lord I cannot doubt of his making all this our portion. He sometimes enables me to look, as it were, into his heart of everlasting love; and to catch a glimpse of that page in the Book of Life, where he has written my unworthy name: and in the strength of that comfort and travel many days.

I am very glad that dear Mr. _____ has broken the ice at Westminster. Would to God that the nasty party walls which separate the Lord's

people from each other below were every one of them thrown down. Sure I am that, in heaven, all God's house will be laid into one. Ephraim shall then no more envy Judah; nor Judah vex Ephraim.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. M_____ for what he did me the honour to say of me, and of my late publication, in the pulpit. But I desire at the same time to be (and I bless God I am) humbled and abashed, instead of elevated and puffed up, by the unmerited obligations which I continually receive from the excellent of the earth. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but to thy name, be the undivided glory of every gift, and of every grace ascribed.

Present my affectionate respects to dear Mrs. _____, who, I hope, has, by this time, added to your family, without danger to herself. Let me know this particular: for I bear her much upon my heart.

While your dear little daughter continues as little as she is, I may venture to send my love to her. And I wish also, to be kindly remembered to all in your house, who love your Lord and mine.

How is Miss _____? Christian salutations to her and all that family; and to as many as condescend to enquire after

Dear sir, your obliged and very affectionate servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XLVI.

To MR. _____

Broad Hembury, Sept. 30, 1774.

EVER DEAR SIR,

THOUGH your kind politeness has desired me never to thank you by letter for the many instances of the regard with which you are continually obliging me; yet I must, for once, violate the prohibition, by acknowledging my safe receipt of the _____, &c., which you have lately added to my _____, and for which I request you to accept my cordial thanks. I wish that you and dear Mrs. _____

were here, to help to use them.

I greatly admire the elegant _____ and _____, in particular, and I pray the Father of mercies, that the sweet sentences with which the former is decorated and inscribed may be written indelibly on the hearts both of the donor and of the receiver.

Next let me thank you for your much esteemed letter of the 15th instant, and for the kind trouble you were so good as to take, in calling on Mr. _____. Whatever course the Northamptonshire affair may take, it will be in consequence of that "never-failing Providence which orders all things, both in heaven and earth." Blessed be God for enabling me, in some measure, not only to acquiesce but to rejoice in the unerring disposals of his will; and to adore with thankfulness that Infinite Wisdom which alone is able to choose our heritage and our lot.

I have not been on the mount for some days until now. The Lord warm your heart with a ray of that fire which, through the free grace of his Spirit, he at present gives me to experience. Oh, what treasures are in the blood of Christ; what safety in his righteousness! what sweetness in his fellowship! Lord, enlarge our souls to receive of his fulness more and more. If the scanty vessel of imperfect faith can draw such water of comfort from the wells of salvation; what will be the blessedness of God's elect, when they are taken up into glory, and there walk with him,

"High in salvation and the climes of bliss!"

The clearer views God gives us of interest in his covenant, and in the unsearchable riches of Christ, the deeper we sink into a humbling sense of our own vileness and unfruitfulness. The same candle of the Holy Spirit, which shews us God's love, and our part in the Book of Life, discovers to us the exceeding hatefulnes of sin, and convinces us that we are hell-deserving sinners. It also fires us with an inextinguishable wish and thirst for conformity to Christ in holiness, and effectually causes us to cry out with David, "Make me go in the path of thy commandments, for therein is my desire."

Doubt not, my dear sir, but the Lord will go on to take care of us in all these respects, and in every other; even beyond the utmost we are able to ask or think.

My best remembrance wait on the amiable and deserving partner of your heart: and I do, with truth and love in Christ Jesus, subscribe myself her and you

Affectionate servant in him,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY,

P. S. Be so good as to present my respectful salutations to Mr. _____, whom I request to accept my thanks for the intended token of his esteem; which, when it arrives, I hope ever to preserve and value for the sake of the giver.

I shall be happy to hear from you as often as you can find leisure. Is Mrs. _____'s hour of danger past? She has my earnest prayers. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

To MRS. B_____

Broad Hembury, Nov. 11, 1774.

ON my receiving a letter, franked by Lord Sandwich, I immediately conjectured to whom I stood indebted for the contents: and on breaking the seal found my hope most agreeably realized. Your friendship and politeness, dear madam, are great indeed: which not only induced you to forgive my omissions, but even prevailed on you to be yourself the renewer of that correspondence which both your merit and my own promise required me to re-commence. Happy in the continuance of your esteem, and signally obliged by the accumulated favours you confer, I should be totally inexcusable, were I to persist in putting your condescension to those trials, whereof our truly valuable friend, Mr. Ryland, so loudly complains.

But what can I say relative to the profuse encomiums with which you deign to honour my late publication? Your probity is unquestionable. Your discernment in every other instance unimpeachable. I am thankful for not having displeased so refined a judge. May that adorable Being, whose Spirit alone is able to enlighten the darkness of the human mind, command his gracious blessing on every attempt which has his glory and the illustration of

his truths for its objects!

A person whom we both deservedly admire has just left Devonshire, after a residence in it of no less than three months. I mean Mrs. Macaulay: who wisely intermitted her historical pursuits for the sake of pursuing that without which the former would soon come to a final period; namely, health. I left her very weak and languid (as I believe I told you) when I parted from her last May, at Bath, on my way to London. But she has quitted this part of the west in all the vigour and alacrity of health. She is returned to Bath, where she has taken a house on St. James' Parade; and where, if business or inclination should call you to that city, she will be, I doubt not, extremely glad to see you. I have promised to make an excursion thither, for a month or two, before winter is over, provided my studies will any way give leave: and should be happy, if you could, with convenience to yourself, contrive to visit Bath at the same time.

You tell me you have been amused at London, or rather shocked, by those vehement exertions of female zeal which, in peeresses, are no less violations of law than of delicacy. I too, was, last Wednesday, amused here in my own parish, by a scene much humbler than that which your electioneering ladies exhibited: viz., by what is called, in this country, a Skimmington; a procession, which is very accurately described in Hudibras, and not with more humour than the real sight conveys. A most uneasy pair, whose constant jarrings, and whose frequent skirmishes (in which, however, the heroine, not the hero, generally came off victorious) have long been the talk of the parish, and a nuisance to their immediate neighbours, were mimicked and ridiculed to the life in this rustic exhibition: but accompanied with much better and softer music than the squabbles of the original couple usually afford.

I have heard you remark, and no remark was ever more just, that, let me be where I will, I am sure to meet with instances of connubial infelicity. They really occur to me on every hand, just as "the graces" bolt from every corner on the perusers of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. And yet (you will smile, if not triumph, at such a declaration from me) I am really and literally tired of being a bachelor; not unwilling to try a certain hazardous experiment; though half afraid to venture.

After giving such a voluntary and decisive proof of my sincerity, I cannot be suspected of duplicity, if I subscribe myself, what in very truth I am,

Dear madam, your obliged friend, and most obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. Good Mrs. Ch. has my respectful and affectionate remembrance. God loves her, and will take care of her, even to the end, and without end.--Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII

To THE REV. DR. B. of Sarum.

Broad Hembury, Nov. 18, 1774.

As I suppose you are, by this time, returned from Freshford, it is incumbent on me, dear sir, to acknowledge your favour of the 9th ult., which arrived here a day or two after my last to you was forwarded to Sarum. I should have been extremely happy to have enjoyed your and Mrs. B.'s company in Devonshire, but cannot wonder at my disappointment when I consider the superior attractions of which Freshford and its environs have to boast. Another year, I hope, will make me amends.

Mrs. Macaulay has lately left us, in a more vigorous state of health and spirits than I ever yet remember to have seen her enjoy. Notwithstanding the many local and social charms of Freshford, you have really sustained a loss by not being here during her long residence in this neighbourhood.

I shall be extremely obliged to you for communicating the Jamaica epitaph on Bradshaw. Though, before I see it, I must inevitably set it down for a mere *lusus ingenii*; the person from whom you had it being most egregiously misinformed, if he in earnest believes that the subject of it died in that island where the epitaph was born. Certain it is that Bradshaw died at London, in November, 1657, the year before Cromwell expired: and that he [Bradshaw] was interred

in Henry VIIIth's chapel; Mr. Rowe, the famous Puritan minister, preaching his funeral sermon, in Westminster Abbey, from that text in Isaiah, The righteous perisheth, and no man lays it to heart. Moreover, Bradshaw's remains were, soon after the Restoration, dug up, and buried under the gallows, with those of other partisans in the same cause. So that your West Indian correspondent is totally mistaken in every point of view. But pray let me see the epitaph: which is no more the worse for the mis-information with which it was introduced to your acquaintance, than the intrinsic merits of Mr. Drelincourt's excellent Treatise on Death are impaired by the fabulous legend prefixed to it, concerning Mrs. Veal's apparition.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER XLIX.

To THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Broad Hembury, Dec. 9, 1774.

MADAM,

I WAS, in due course, honoured with your ladyship's letter of Nov. 24; and, had its contents been less weighty, should have sooner acknowledged my receipt of it.

After so condescending and so explicit a display of your views of divine things, I should be criminally inexcusable, were I not, with all possible respect, but yet with the most naked and undisguised simplicity, to submit the result, both of my prayers and of my reflections, to your ladyship's judgment and candour.

I consider the true ministers of God as providentially divided into two bands: viz., the regulars, and the irregulars.

The former may be compared to centinels, who are to keep to their stations: or to watchmen, whose attention is immediately confined to their respective districts. The latter, like troops of light-horse, are to carry the arms of their sovereign wherever an opening presents or occasional exigence may require. Both these corps are useful in their

distinct departments; and, in my opinion, should observe the same harmony with each other as obtains among the stationary and planetary stars, which are fixed and erratic in the regions above us.

Hitherto, I have considered myself as a regular: and have been very cautious not to overstep that line into which, I am persuaded, Providence has thrown me; and in which, I can thankfully affirm, divine grace has been pleased to bless me. Ought I not to see the pillar of divine direction moving before me, very visibly, and quite incontestibly, ere I venture to deviate into a more excursive path?

I remember that, in one of my last conversations with dear Mr. Whitefield, antecedently to his last voyage to America, that great and precious man of God said as follows: "My good sir, why do not you come out? Why do not you come out? You might be abundantly more useful, were you to widen your sphere, and preach at large, instead of restraining your ministry to a few parish churches." My answer was to this effect: that "The same Providence which bids others roll at large seems to have confined me to a particular orbit."

And, I honestly own, I am still of the same mind. If there be, for me, a yet more excellent way, God, I trust, will reveal even this unto me. I hope I can truly say, that I desire to follow his guidance with a single eye.

As to the doctrines of special and discriminating grace, I have thus much to observe: that, for the first four years after I was in orders, I dwelt, chiefly, on the general outlines of the gospel, in the usual course of my public ministry. I preached of little else but of justification by faith only in the righteousness and atonement of Christ; and of that personal holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. My reasons for thus narrowing the truths of God were (with humiliation and repentance I desire to speak it) these two: 1. I thought these points were sufficient to convey as clear an idea as was absolutely necessary, of salvation. And 2. I was partly afraid to go any farther.

God himself (for none but he could do it) gradually freed me from that fear. And as he never, at any time, permitted me to deliver, or even insinuate, any thing contradictory to his truths; so has he been graciously pleased, for between seven and eight years past, to open my mouth to make known the entire mystery of his gospel, as far as

his Spirit has enlightened me into it. The consequence of my first plan of operations was, that the generality of my hearers were pleased: but very few were converted. The result of my latter deliverance from worldly wisdom and from worldly fear (so far as the Lord has exempted me from those snares) is, that multitudes have been very angry: but the conversions which God has given me reason to hope he has wrought have been at least three for one before. Thus, I can testify, so far as I have been concerned, the usefulness of preaching predestination: or, in other words, of tracing salvation and redemption to their first source.

Your ladyship's goodness will pardon the unreserved freedom and plainness with which I have taken occasion to open my mind. Nor will you, I hope, disbelieve me when, with the same simplicity and truth, I assure your ladyship that I love and revere you for what God has made you, and for what he has effected through you. Let me have, as you kindly promise, an interest in your prayers.

Should I visit my Bath friends this winter, as I have some thoughts of doing, I will avail myself of your ladyship's invitation, by paying my respects to you; and the rather as it is now between ten and eleven years since I had an opportunity of presenting you with them in person. Whenever I have been in Bath, during this long period, your ladyship never happened to be there.

Wishing you, not the compliments of the ensuing season, but an encreasing enjoyment of the realities which it brings to our remembrance, I remain, madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient, and most humble servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. May I take the liberty to wish that, when you next write to Lord Moira, your ladyship would condescend to make my respects acceptable to him. Mr. Shirley, if at Bath, has my affectionate salutations.

LETTER L.

To THE REV. DR. PRIESTLEY.

Broad Hembury, Dec. 23, 1774.

CONDESCEND to accept the thanks of a person who has not the honour of being acquainted with you, for the pleasure and improvement recently received, from a perusal of your spirited (and, for the most part, just) Animadversions on the three Northern Doctors. Allow me also to thank, in an especial manner, the good providence of God which has raised up no less a man than yourself, to contend so ably for the great doctrine of necessity: a doctrine, in my idea, not only essential to sound and rational philosophy; but abstracted from which I could not, for my own part, consider Christianity itself as a defensible system.

Greatly as I admire the main of your performance, I should, probably, not have taken the liberty to trouble you with my acknowledgments, but for the following circumstance.

In your successful assault and battery of the new Scotch fortification, you have occasionally fired some random shot on a very numerous set of men who, so far as concerns the article of necessity, are your actual friends, and your natural allies. Permit me, therefore, sir, to offer you, in this private manner, a few plain, but not intentionally disrespectful, strictures on some rash and exceptionable passages; which serve as foils, to render your penetration and candour, on some other occasions, the more conspicuous.

I shall confine myself to your Introduction.

1. Are you certain that "The common Arminian doctrine of free-will is founded on Scripture, and pre-supposed by the philosophic doctrine of necessity?" Is it not very possible, and often actually matter of fact, that men have not "the power of doing what they please, or will" to do? The triumvirate of doctors (for instance) are, I doubt not, very willing to beat you off from their intrenchments, and to give you a total defeat. But I am much mistaken if they have "the power of doing it."

2. Why are "Calvin's notions " represented as "gloomy?" Is it gloomy to believe that the far greater part of the human race are made for endless happiness? There can, I think, be no reasonable

doubt entertained concerning the salvation of very young persons. If (as some, who have versed themselves in this kind of speculation, affirm) about one half of mankind die in infancy, and if, as indubitable observation proves, a considerable number of the remaining half die in early childhood; and if, as there is the strongest reason to think, many millions of those, who live to maturer years, in every successive generation, have their names in the Book of Life: then, what a very small portion, comparatively, of the human species, falls under the decree of preterition and non-redemption! This view of things, I am persuaded, will, to an eye so philosophic as yours, at least open a very cheerful vista through the "gloom;" if not entirely turn the imaginary darkness into sunshine. For, with respect to the few reprobate, we may, and we ought to, resign the disposal of them, implicitly, to the will of that only King who can do no wrong: instead of summoning the Almighty to take his trial at the tribunal of our own speculations, and of setting up ourselves as the judges of Deity.

3. I must confess, I see nothing "wonderful," nor to be gazed at "as a strange phenomenon," in the coincidence of "philosophic necessity" with the Calvinistic theology and metaphysics. I should rather "wonder," if they did not coincide: since (according to the ideas formed by me, who live in a Christian country, and believe the Christian revelation) they mutually suppose and support each other. For what is Calvinism but a scriptural expansion of the philosophic principle of necessity? or, if you please, a ramification of that principle into its religious parts? It is possible, indeed, for a person to be a gross necessitarian, or a necessitarian at large, without being fully a Calvinist (witness many of the ancient, and some modern, philosophers;) but it seems impossible, to me, that any person can be fully a Calvinist without being a necessitarian.

Moreover, every Christian necessitarian is, so far, a Calvinist. Have a care, therefore, Dr. Priestley: lest, having set your foot in the Lemaine lake, you plunge in *quantus quantus*. A catastrophe which, for my own part, and for your own sake, I sincerely wish may come to pass, and of which I do not wholly despair.

4. There is, I apprehend, no shadow of reason for supposing that, had the great and good Mr. Edwards "lived a little longer, he would have been sensible that his philosophy was much more nearly allied

to Socinianism than to Calvinism." That deep and masterly reasoner would rather have rejoiced at seeing so important a branch of the Calvinistic philosophy (viz. the doctrine (if necessity) so warmly adopted by a Socinian divine.

Seriously, I think you have admitted a Trojan horse into your gates: whose concealed force will, probably, at the long run, display the banner of John Calvin on your walls, and master your capitol, though at present garrisoned by the confederate forces of Pelagius, Sozzn, and Van Harmin.

5. Nor was it any "piece of artifice in Mr. Edwards to represent the doctrine of philosophical necessity as being the same thing with Calvinism, and the doctrine of philosophical liberty as the same thing with Arminianism." This suggestion, sir (which, by the way, is more than a little ungenerous, when we consider how upright and valuable a man Mr. Edwards by all accounts proved himself, in every part of his conduct) seems to have been started merely as a salvo for yourself. You are, on the article of necessity, the reverse of an Arminian. And you are terribly afraid of being dubbed a Calvinist. I must own you are in some little danger. But cheer up. Your case is not yet desperate. Poor Janssenius was in a situation somewhat similar to yours. He, indeed, swam farther into the Geneva lake than you have ventured to do: and, to elude the name of heretic, assured as many good people as would believe him, that he was, all the while, bathing in the Tiber.

So far as I can judge, Mr. Edwards gave the naked and genuine sentiments of his heart to the public. And I am likewise of opinion that the fact stands, simply and literally, just as he represents it. Arminianism, when stripped of its sophistical trappings, contends for such an absolute and inviolable freedom, *en amfirrepei*, as is independent, in its exercise, on any thing but the will itself. Consequently, the Arminian scheme is no less incompatible with the religion of reason, than with the religion of the Bible and directly contravenes the whole current, both of natural and of revealed truth.

6. It is, certainly, a very unguarded assertion, that "the modern question of liberty and necessity" is what the Calvinism divines "never understood, nor, indeed, so much as heard of." The contrary is evincible from their writings. The question, so far from being

purely "modern," has exercised some of the ablest Protestant pens, from the reformation quite down to the present day. It has been agitated, with no little zeal, *pro et contra*, even among the Papists, long before, but more frequently since, the Protestant aera. And it was the subject of no small debate among some of the heathen philosophers themselves.

7. Mr. Edwards, therefore, was not the "first Calvinist who ever hit upon the true philosophic doctrine of necessity." A vast number of the greatest reformed divines, both foreign and English, touched the self-same key. And it is extremely evident that Mr. Edwards himself received much light from them into the subject; and even availed himself, very frequently, of phrases, distinctions, and arguments, which those grand luminaries had, with success, made use of before him.

8. "Zealous Calvinists," you tell us, "regard your writings with abhorrence." It would have been candid, sir, to have expressed this with more restriction, and with less vehemence. Many very "zealous Calvinists" regard your writings, on some subjects, not only without "abhorrence," but with honour and admiration. Dark and "gloomy" as you have represented us, we still have sufficiency, both of eye-sight and of day-light, to discern the lustre of your genius, and the improvements which your equally profound and refined researches have added to the stock of philosophic knowledge.

9. Nervous (and, I think, irrefragable) as Mr. Edwards' treatise is, you still are much too sanguine in asserting that the Calvinists "boast of it as the strongest bulwark of their own gloomy faith." We never boasted of it under any such character. We have, in my apprehension, some hundreds of "bulwarks" no less "strong" than this American one, whose towers I concur with you in deservedly admiring. Exclusively of which numerous bulwarks, we have a citadel (the Bible) against which no weapon can possibly prevail. I pass over your favourite epithet "gloomy," which you so repeatedly prefix to Calvinistic "faith." When you have attended as minutely to the philosophy of Scripture-vision, as you have to that of animal optics, you will perceive the district of Calvin to be, not a Cimmerian region, but a very land of Goshen.

10. You think proper, sir, to suppose that "zealous Calvinists will be

surprised to hear" (it is well we are not deaf and blind too) "you so full and earnest in the recommendation of Mr. Edwards' book." I much question whether their wonder will mount to "surprise." There are so many weaknesses, contradictions, and inconsistencies in philosophers as well as in ordinary men, that few people who know much of the world and of human nature will be greatly "surprised" at any thing.

11. You, however, are of a different opinion. Perhaps, because "zealous Calvinists," like moles and bats, live in a thick and perpetual gloom with hardly a single ray of truth or of common sense to gild their midnight darkness. People in so melancholy a situation are doubtlessly very apt to take fright. If your charity will not pour daylight on our gloomy abodes, it would at least be compassionate in you to mitigate the woeful "surprise" with which you think your treatise calculated to impress us.

No! You will no more deign to alleviate our "surprise" than to dissipate our gloom. It is rather cruel, though, first to shut us up in the dark, and then to scare us. It seems, we "must still continue to wonder." Wherefore? Because "It would be to no purpose for you to explain to" the zealous Calvinists "Why they ought not to wonder at the matter. What I should say on that subject," adds the high and mighty doctor, "would not be intelligible to them." Inexpressibly candid and polite! The plain English of the compliment is this:

"Every zealous Calvinist is a fool, or a dunce, at best. I will therefore waste no time on such incurable asses. All my philosophic apparatus itself would not afford them a gleam of knowledge: nor all my consummate skill in language and in reasoning make them comprehend the lowest of my sublime ideas. I therefore leave them to stumble on in their impenetrable gloom: and to knock their blockish heads against tables, doors, walls, and posts, amid the tremor of their surprise."

Our case is pitiable indeed. But why will not the illuminated and illuminating doctor direct a few of his rays, by way of experiment, toward our dark and dreary habitations? Be honest, good sir: and fairly tell us, that your reason, for huddling the matter up and for not descending to particulars was not our stupidity, but your fear of the consequences that would result to yourself, had you gone to the

bottom of the subject, an unfolded all that was in your heart. To screen yourself, you affect to give us over as incurable before you have so much as tried what you can make of us. If you set about it, who can tell but, stupid as we are, some of us may recover our sight and sense, and be emancipated from our gloom and from our surprise together? Electricity, under your auspices, may work miracles.

However lightly I may occasionally have expressed myself, I assure you, on the word of an honest man, that I have the honour to be, with seriousness and truth,

Reverend sir,

Your admirer,

and very humble servant,

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

P. S. On reviewing this letter, I deem myself obliged, in some measure, to apologize for that vein of freedom into which the supreme and insulting contempt you express of the Calvinists, has unwarily betrayed me. Your last quoted paragraph, sir, appears to carry an implication of extreme prejudice and of sovereign pride. Nothing can be no more supercilious, more rude, and more unjust, than the letter and the spirit of that whole passage. I would willingly, if I were able, frame an excuse for you, by supposing that it escaped you *volante calamo*; and that it is to be imputed, not so much to malice, to haughtiness, or even to your unacquaintedness with the people you traduce, as to the hurry and precipitation with which your treatise was apparently written.

Believe me to be, sir,

Most respectfully, yours.

LETTER LI.

To MR. _____.

Broad Hembury, Dec. 29, 1774.

No congratulations wait on my ever dear friend from Broad-Hembury on account of his new connection. The reason is, because no change of state on his part can make me love and wish him better than I did before. Nor do I transmit you those compliments which usually reverberate from friend to friend at this particular season of the year: because you have my very best wishes, without intermission, all the year round. And so, I doubt not, will the new partner of your heart, when I have the honour and the pleasure of knowing her. In the meanwhile, I request you to inform her, that she has my respectful salutations.

I take the liberty to trouble you with the inclosed packet for Mr. M. It contains only the sermon on Ps 115:1; which owes its transmission to the press entirely to your condescending desire, signified when I was last in London. You see I am not all disobedience to your commands; though I must, for once, run counter to some of them: I mean, so far as concerns the principal subject of your last kind and obliging letter. Some nephritic complaints, to which I have long perceived myself liable, warn me to ply my pen no more than necessity may require.

I am, with great affection and respect, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. I Lost poor Mr. Lane about a fortnight ago: who, at the age of seventy-six, preserved all the strength and gaiety of a boy at sixteen, until within a few days of his decease. He was the second of my domestics whom God has removed by death in the compass of two months. Mrs. Lane (who, by the way, continues as lively at seventy-seven as she could be at thirty) still keeps my house; and supports the loss of her husband not only philosophically, but heroically. An estate, however, of twenty-five pounds per annum, which died with him, is, I believe, very sincerely, though not inconsolably, regretted. Mr. Lane had not been dead a quarter of an hour, when his relict addressed me thus: "Sir, I have been thinking that it will be to no purpose to lay out money for a tine shroud, to he hid in a coffin; nor for a fine coffin, to be hid under the earth." This was natural philosophy, literally so called. It is really a happiness, on irremediable occasions, to have little on no feeling. I envy insensible

people, because they are ignorant of mental pain, the keenest species of any.

Adieu

LETTER LII

To THE REV. MR. RYLAND.

Broad Hembury, Dec. 29, 1774.

WHEN my dear friend's letter (whose date I am quite ashamed to recollect) arrived, our valuable Mrs. Macaulay was present. Her countenance brightened at learning from whom it came. She, on all occasions, testifies a singular esteem of you: which is in other words saying, that she really has you in very great estimation; for she is too magnanimous, and too upright, to dissemble. She gives your name as a favourite toast of yours and mine, in public and mixed companies. And she has, moreover, so high an opinion of your judgment in physic, no less than in metaphysic, that she makes it a constant rule, and did so during the whole of her three months, stay in Devonshire, to retire to her chamber at ten o'clock.

Though I love and respect you as much as that extraordinary lady can do, still I cannot say that I have carefully followed your advice relating to that early hour of repose with the same implicit obedience. We often regard the physician, and yet transgress his prescriptions. I am, however, reforming very fast in this particular. As a proof of which I must tell you, that if I prolong my studies at any time until two or three in the morning, I begin to think I am sitting up late. For the most part, I rarely exceed twelve or one.

Had the Northamptonshire living fallen to my lot, I should have been a very troublesome neighbour to you. Not a sixpenny pamphlet would I have sent to the press, without previously soliciting your corrections and amendments. You may be thankful that I am only your friend, and not your neighbour. Let me, in a religious view, seriously add that I myself am thankful, and very thankful, that I continue where I am. And I say this, not because I should not have

preferred your county to this, but because it was the will of God, as the event has clearly proved, that I should remain in this county, and not be transplanted to yours.

Your thoughts concerning the "Directions to Young Divinity Students" are so just, so forcible, and so vivid, that I must absolutely lay aside all view of engaging in such a book myself. The department is eminently and exclusively yours. Let Homer, therefore, write his own Iliad. As to me, I feel my incompetence to so difficult and important a task, and must follow the old, sensible advice: *Consule, quid saleant, &c.*

My best thanks attend you for that valuable paper transmitted to me, some time ago, from Wells, under Mr. Tudway's enclosure; enumerating the passages in the Old Testament wherein Christ is styled Jehovah. You may judge how poorly qualified I am to accommodate young divines with rules for study, when I assure you that I did not know, until you informed me, that the blessed Mediator between God and man is called Jehovah almost two hundred times in the course of the first Testament.

If you wish your letters to Mr. S____ may arrive free of postage, you must enclose them to _____. Mr. S_____ is one of the most learned, most devout, and most valuable men I know. With all his choir of respectable and of amiable qualities, he possesses this crowning one, viz., a heart, like yours, capable of friendship.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LIII.

To AMBROSE SERLE, ESQ.

Broad Hembury, Jan. 25, 1775.

EVER DEAR SIR,

I WRITE to request that you will condescend to present Mr. M. with my thanks for his packet lately sent: and to inform him that, though I was by no means well when it arrived, yet the perusal of Mr.

Wesley's "Thoughts upon Necessity" (which were part of the packet's contents) put my spirits into such a pleasing flow that I instantly resolved to attack those thoughts, and in half an hour afterwards actually set about it. I have, at three sittings (or rather standings, for I generally write upon my feet), got midway through my intended pamphlet; which will, if Providence please to continue health and leisure, be a Defence of Christian and Philosophic Necessity.

I design writing to Mr. M. myself, so soon as I have finished my tract: and thanking him for the kind conveyances with which he has favoured me. But, to say the truth, I am at present so absorbed in the subject on the tapis, that I am willing to pursue it while my ideas are warm; and warm ideas, if not speedily seized and arrested, are very fugitive.

Every happiness be to yours.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LIV.

To MRS. MACAULAY.

Broad Hembury, Feb. 10, 1775.

DKAR MADAM,

YOUR favour of Jan. 27th arrived in due course. Had you deferred penning it but three days longer, it would have borne the date of a certain anniversary on which no person living is so well qualified to write as yourself.

I have had too much ill health this winter to be, as you suppose me to have been, very assiduously engaged "in deep researches after philosophical and religious truth." The principal result of my few researches in that way has been a tract (begun and finished within a fortnight) in explication and defence of Christian and philosophic necessity. But, I believe, I shall not commit it to the press until I go to London; the printers being a very teasing set of people to be

concerned with at so great a distance from the scene of action.

As I know not how much longer my supposed researches may be impeded by want of health, I must beg that you will not, in time to come, forbear writing hither from an imaginary fear of "interrupting" researches which have little or no existence.

I will reduce you to a dilemma on the occasion. Either I am, or I am not, engaged in the said researches. If the former, then do you write by all means, and the oftener the better; for I know no pen more capable of assisting a philosophic enquirer than your own. If the latter, still write; for, in that case, the very reason under which you shelter yourself ceases to exist.

To tell you the truth, I am quite of opinion that, by your polite apology for being so bad a correspondent, you have only wedged yourself fast in a cleft stick, from which nothing can extricate you but your directing as many letters to Broad Hembury as possible.

I have not been at Honiton since I took leave of you there. But your host, Mr. N., I have seen twice; once at my own house, and once at Mr. Drewe's.

Many thanks to you, dear madam, for the purse which, you tell me, you have condescended to knit for me. I would rather, however, defer receiving it until I have the pleasure of seeing you at Bath; which I hope will be within these two months; either in my way to, or in my return from, London.

I have a very extraordinary letter to shew you; sent me by my respectable friend, Dr. Baker, vicar of St. Martin's, in Salisbury, relative to Bradshaw's interment in Jamaica. I own I am partly staggered, though not proselyted, as to that matter. I set it down under the class of "Historic Doubts."

But, without any shadow of doubt at all I have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your much obliged

and very obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. Compliments to Miss Macaulay. I observe you do not say a

syllable concerning our common favourite, Mr. Lytton. On second thoughts, I will not (as I at first designed) defer shewing you Dr. B's letter until we meet, but shall enclose it in this. The circumstance of double postage is not to be considered. Adieu.

LETTER LV.

To MR. L. C.

Broad Hembury, Feb. 13, 1775.

[Extract]

IT is Dr. Samuel Johnson whom Lord Chesterfield terms "a respectable Hottentot:" and whom his lordship, by a caricature abundantly too severe and overcharged, represents as the living essence of awkwardness and ill-breeding. I can testify, upon my own knowledge, that the shades are too deepened, and the line, too distorted. But the doctor is pretty even, it seems, with the noble defamer; and styles those letters, "A system of morals for a whore, and a system of manners for a dancing-master." I totally agree with the doctor as to the morals, and partly agree with him as to the manners. Seriously, poor Mr. Phil. Stanhope was greatly to be pitied for falling under the management of such a father: a father who was at once capable of guiding a son into the ruinous paths of vice, and of pretending, at other times, to give him a few squeamish cautions against it. Like some hypocritical prostitute who entices with an air of affected modesty, and assumes that air of modesty only to render her enticements the more effectual. Moreover, after all his lordship's attention to the "graces" of his disciple, the poor young gentleman lived and died almost as great a stranger to the graces of politeness as to those of the Holy Spirit. So that the disappointed father had the mortification of perceiving that he had only been raining upon a rock. Few men of education and high connection were ever more clumsy and ungainly in their devoir than Mr. Stanhope.

I fake the true original of Lord Chesterfield's disgust against Dr. J_____ to have been, the doctor's having too much Christianity for his

Lordship's taste. Not but what Johnson has, on some occasions, a great deal of positiveness about him: and Lord C___ was so much of the fine gentleman as to think that nothing, either in religion or philosophy, was worth contending for, in opposition to whatever genteel company a person might happen to be with. It would be committing an act of hostility "on the graces," were a man not to swim implicitly with the current, whether good or bad. Johnson, I believe, was never guilty, so much as once in his life, of such mean, cowardly dissimulation. And I honour him for it. If he likes his company, no man is more affable and communicative. If he meets with a coxcomb, he is sure of taking him down without mercy. Or, if people of sense affront him, he discovers very great and quick sensibility, and generally makes them pay dear for their temerity; for his reproofs are weighty with sentiment, and his repartees cuttingly smart. It must have been pleasant to have seen him and Lord Chesterfield together.

The smooth dissimulation of the latter extended, in some measure, even to me. The year after I was in orders (viz., 1763), I asked his lordship for a scarf. "I am extremely sorry, sir," replied he, "that you did not mention it early enough. Had you asked me two days sooner, a scarf should have been at your service: but no longer ago than yesterday I gave away my only vacant one." I answered that I should be glad to hope for the honour of the next that fell. He replied, "The very next is already promised: but you shall certainly have the next after that." You can discern, without my pointing it out, the flat self-contradiction of these two plausible speeches.--I never asked him again: but looked upon him as a finished courtier from that day forward. When I was a boy, he used to give me a guinea now and then: and generally prefaced his donation (which to me was then a capital sum) with some such proper advice as this: "Now, do not buy too many apples, or nuts, or oranges, to make yourself sick." He certainly had a great fund of good nature at bottom, though it was half smothered and corrupted by art and finesse.

Have you read Mrs. Macaulay's Address to the People? I am greatly pleased with the strength of sense which appears in that concise but solid performance. Alas, too solid! Would to God that the facts which it censures were ill founded. But his providence governs and orders all. No thanks to them that they are involuntarily and

unknowingly accomplishing the decree of heaven. "Leeches," as a good man somewhere observes, "when they draw blood of a patient, do it to gratify themselves: they know nothing of the wise end for which the physician ordered them to be applied."

The mention of my valuable friend Mrs. Macaulay reminds me of the aforesaid Dr. Johnson, whose high principles, both political and ecclesiastical, are very different from those of the fair historian. A few years ago, Mrs. M. and the doctor (who never had a very cordial esteem for each other) met at the house of a third person, who had invited them to spend the day. Before dinner the conversation turned on the nature of civil government. Johnson, as usual declared, in very strong terms, for monarchy, Mrs. M. for a republic. Some sparring passed on both sides: and Johnson, happening to cite some passage of Scripture, which he thought spoke in favour of his own system, Mrs. M. undertook him on the Scriptural score, and (as I was told, for I was not present) was rather more potent and pertinent in her quotations than he. Johnson, who does not easily digest contradiction, grew rather sour, and he well knows that he acquits himself better in a political, a historic, or a philosophic war, than in a holy one. The announcement of dinner occasioned a truce to debate. But the doctor, with more ill manners than I ever heard authentically placed to his account, except in this instance, took occasion, when the company were all seated at table, to renew hostilities with his amiable antagonist. Mrs. M.'s footman was standing, according to custom, at the back of his lady's chair; when Johnson addressed him thus; "Henry, what makes you stand? Sit down, sit down. Take your place at table with the best of us. We are all republicans, Henry. There is no distinction here. The rights of human nature are equal. Your mistress will not be angry at your asserting your privilege of peerage. We are all on a level. Do take your chair and sit down." This was very indelicate and rude. Nor was it arguing fairly: for a master or mistress (let the natural rights of mankind be, originally, ever so equal) has not only a just claim to superiority, but a title to the services of every person who, by voluntary stipulation, engages to render those services for a consideration agreed upon. Mrs. Macaulay, it seems, coloured a little, and drew up her head, but made no answer. If I had been there I should not have let the doctor off so easily for this savage piece of spurious wit. It is true, his great parts are entitled to proper respect: but, as Mrs. Macaulay was

observing to me when she was last in Devonshire, with reference to this very doctor Johnson, "A learned man is not so miraculous a phenomenon in this kingdom that he should expect to be honoured with divine worship." Though, it must be owned, there are very few Johnsons in any kingdom, or in any age.

It is, however, this great man's foible to look for more homage and attention than every body will give him. How little he brooks opposition may be inferred from the droll (but which might have been a very serious) adventure between him and Osborne, the Lincoln's-Inn bookseller. Osborne called upon him one morning, soon after the publication of his Dictionary. The particulars of the conversation I have forgot: but in the course of it, some reference was had to a passage in that work. The doctor was for consulting the particular place itself; and, ascending a set of moveable steps, reached down his Dictionary from one of the highest shelves. While Johnson was thus mounted, and holding the Dictionary in his hands, Osborne, who was standing beneath, happened to say some saucy thing that the doctor did not relish: on which, without further ceremony, he hurled the massy folio at the poor bookseller's head, who fell to the floor with the blow, but soon recovered his feet again. "An impertinent puppy," said Johnson to him, "I will teach you to behave with insolence to me; I will." But surely this was not acting very philosophically.

One more anecdote, while my hand is in, and then I will release you. I knew this Osborne, and, by the way, a very respectable man he was. In the spring of 1762, a month or two before I took deacon's orders, I was cheapening some books of him. After that business was over, he took me to the farthest end of his long shop, and, in a low voice, said thus: "Sir, you will soon be ordained. I suppose you have not laid in a very great stock of sermons. I can, supply you with as many sets as you please. All originals, very excellent ones, and they will come for a trifle." My answer was, "I certainly shall never be a customer to you in that way: for I am of opinion that the man who can not or will not make his own sermons is quite unfit to wear the gown. How could you think of my buying ready-made sermons? I would much sooner; if I must do one or the other, buy ready-made clothes." His answer shocked me: "Nay, young gentleman, do not be surprised at my offering you ready-made

sermons; for, I assure you, I have sold ready-made sermons to many a bishop in my time." My reply was: "Good Mr. Osborne, if you have any concern for the credit of the Church of England, never tell that news to any body else, henceforward, for ever."

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LVI.

To FRANCIS TOPLADY, ESQ.

Broad Hembury, March 19, 1775

VERY DEAR SIR,

You are one of the last persons on earth in whose breast I would wish to occasion pain. Consequently it gives me much concern to find, from your favour of Feb. 21, that the subject mentioned in my last "touched you to the quick." Let it resemble a drawn stake on each side; and let both of us consider the matter as if it had never been started.

Your kind solicitude for my health merits my affectionate acknowledgments. Though I cannot entirely agree with you in supposing that intense study has been the cause of my late indispositions; I must yet confess that the hill of science, like that of virtue, is in some instances climbed with labour. But when we get a little way up the lovely prospects which open to the eye make infinite amends for the steepness of the ascent. In short, I am wedded to those pursuits as a man stipulates to take his wife: viz., for better, for worse, until death us do part. My thirst for knowledge is literally inextinguishable. And if I thus drink myself into a superior world I cannot help it; but must say, as some report Aristotle to have said, when he threw himself into the sea (if it be true that he did so throw himself), *quod non capere possum me capiet*.

Since I wrote to you last, my complaints have been crowned, or rather shod, with a short, but smart touch of the gout. On this

occasion I have been congratulated until I have lost all patience. Therefore I do by these presents enter an express caveat against your wishing me joy. I am glad, however, that I know at last what is the matter with me: for I have not been right well these two years; and was unable, until seized by the foot, to ascertain the radical cause. It is really one of the last disorders to which I should have suspected myself liable. If the strictest temperance could have saved me from the gout, I most certainly had been exempted: for I never knew what it was to be the reverse of sober so much as once in my whole life. On a review, I am quite ashamed to perceive that I have made myself the sole hero of my letter. But, notwithstanding the self-important pronoun I has already occurred too often, I must yet repeat it again; by assuring you that I am, with tender and respectful compliments to yourself, to my aunt, and to my cousin Charlotte,

Dear sir, your affectionate nephew,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LVII.

To THE REV. MR. _____.

Broad Hembury, April 5, 1775.

VERY DEAR SIR,

I AM, both literally and figuratively, your debtor, for the welcome packet with which you favoured me toward the close of last January.

Friendship and politeness less indulgent and extensive than your own would tell me that I ought to blush for having delayed my acknowledgments so long. The truth is, I had been extremely ill for several weeks before the parcel arrived; and continued so for some weeks afterwards: which, added to the numerous avocations that have since demanded my attention, obliged me to postpone, until now, the pleasure of tendering my affectionate thanks to your condescending acceptance.

I have not been able to devote many hours to the perusal of Dilly's

astrology. But I must frankly own that I have read enough to deter me from falling very deeply in love with that real or supposed science. Judge, my dear sir, how exalted an idea I must needs entertain of your candour, ere I could presume to testify, in such blunt terms as these, my opinion of a study which, in the eyes of your superior estimation, appears to be recommended by so many solid and alluring charms.

Among others, two observations in particular strike me with great force on this occasion.

1. Either we can, or we cannot, learn from the stars the train of future events. If we cannot, the whole business evaporates at once into a laborious delusion, and an ingenious nothing. If we can, it seems unwarrantable to pry into "the times and seasons which the Father hath put in his own power," and which the highest authority assures us "are not for us to know." The least that can be said is that it is more humble, and more safe, to leave the evolution of futurity to Providence; to pray instead of erecting a planetary figure: and, instead of consulting the stars, to cast all our care on him that made them.

2. Without doubt, many different infants are born into the world at the same precise point of time; and consequently under the self-same aspects of the heavenly orbs. From which leading circumstance it would follow, on astrological principles, that the cast of mind, the actions, the felicities, the adversities, and, in short, the whole lives and deaths of persons so born, should exactly, in every punctilio, resemble those of each other. Their nativities being common, their fates would be the same. But are there any two men upon the stage of the earth, though they entered it at the same instant, whose minds and fates are perfectly similar and uniformly correspondent throughout?

Notwithstanding these free sceptical remarks, I value Lilly's Book as a very curious one: and shall, with many thanks, reimburse my dear friend for its cost.

Though you have not set me to work as an astrologer, you have as a polemic. Mr. Wesley's Thoughts on Necessity, which made a part of your obliging packet, determined me to represent that grand theological and philosophic article in its true point of view. Though

I was then so ill that I could scarcely hold my pen, Providence enabled me to begin my Essay almost immediately on my receiving Mr. John's Tract, and to finish it within a fortnight. I should not, however, have made such haste, had I not apprehended that, if I did not avail myself of the present hour, I might probably be in another world before my treatise was completed. But God has extended my reprieve; may I live, and speak, and act, to his glory!

May I congratulate you on your success as candidate for the lectureship of St. * * * * *? If not, I shall still wish you joy. You and all your concerns are in the hand of him whose will is wisdom, whose heart is love, and whose providence is omnipotence itself.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LVIII.

To THE REV. DR. GIFFORD.

Broad Hembury, April 6, 1775.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

IN obedience to your wish, I shall concisely present you with my extemporaneous thoughts concerning the Arminian cavil against personal election and reprobation, drawn from that relationship of God to men by which he is denominated and considered as the father of the whole human race.

Properly speaking, paternity and filiation are correlatives, resulting from the production of a similar intelligent being, *ex etsentia pruductoris*. Where this agency and effect obtain, the producer is strictly styled a father, and the produced is strictly styled the offspring of that father.

Consequently, when any of mankind, or when all of them together, are termed sons, or children of God, the phrase is, necessarily and apparently, figurative. For no being less divine than God himself can, according to the precise ideas of paternity and filiation, be literally termed his Son.

Hence, when this predicate, sons of God, is affirmed, concerning angels or men; the affirmation neither is, nor can be, philosophically strict. Because there is no communicated sameness of essence from the producing party to the party produced.

Over and above which metaphysical observation, holy Scripture explicitly ascertains the sense in which God is represented as the Father of men. Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

Mr. Toulmin therefore, in his controversy with Mr. Hooker (a controversy, by the way, whose merits I have not looked into), should have stated his objection thus: "Can the common Maker of mankind put an arbitrary difference between the men he has made, consistently with infinite goodness and justice?"

However, we will let Mr. Toulmin have his own way, and clothe his argument in his own terms.

He observes,

1. That "Our Lord has taught us to argue from the paternal character" of God.--True. And that paternal character is neither less nor more than the creative character. The passage, Mt 7:11. to which Mr. Toulmin refers, plainly establishes this remark: for it is tantamount to saying, How much more shall your Maker, who is in heaven, &c. [Let me digress, *en passant*, by observing that, in the 21st verse of the above chapter, Christ uses the word Father in its true and absolute signification. For the first person in the Godhead is, properly, literally, and physically, the Father and the immediate source of the second *per communicatonem essentiae*.]

2. Mr. T. asks Mr. R. "Would you, sir, who are a parent, secretly resolve, before your children were born, and could have done either good or evil, to disinherit any of your children?"

On which I observe,

(1.) That Mr. Rooker may, in his turn, ask Mr. Toulmin, And would you, sir, after your children are born, actually permit any of them to be very wicked and very miserable, if it was in your power, by a single nod of your will, to make them good and to render them happy? Now God certainly is able to endue all mankind, and the very devils themselves, with holiness and felicity. He could both

have saved them from falling, and can still reclaim them though fallen. And yet he, knowingly and willingly, permits many of the former, and the whole number of the latter, to be the subjects of sin and pain. And if the real, positive, continued permission of this be not inconsistent with the "paternal character;" why should that "character" be supposed to restrain God from secretly resolving, beforehand, on that permission? For, surely, the resolution to do or to permit a thing can no more clash with the "paternal character," than the actual doing or the actual permitting of the thing itself.-- But, after all,

(2.) God and an earthly parent are not parallels in any one respect whatever. When a human father becomes possessed of the same numerical nature and attributes as God is, in all their infinity and perfection, it will then (but until then it cannot) be an admissible position, that the Deity is and must be such as one as ourselves, and ought to regulate his conduct by the example we set him. I remember, in the year 1759, while I was a student at college, a gentleman asked me (with reference to this very doctrine which Mr. T. opposes), Would you, if you were God, create any being to misery? My answer was, When I am God I will tell you. Surely, Arminians must be at a dismal loss, ere they could thus think of setting up the human passions, and parental affection in particular (which is, usually, the blindest affection of any), as the standard, and model, and archetype, from which God himself must form his estimate of right and wrong, and in conformity to which he is bound (for the plea supposes this if it supposes anything) to accommodate his purposes and shape his moral conduct! As if his ways were not higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts!

(3.) The cavil is very unhappily stated. For the most material part of it is phrased in the very words of Scripture. With this essential difference, however, that the said Scripture phrases positively affirm the identical proposition which the cavil is framed to deny. So directly and totally contrary is the judgment of Mr. T. to that of St. Paul.

(4.) It is monstrously inaccurate to insinuate that God has "secretly resolved to disinherit some of his children." We utterly reject the very shadow of such an idea, as involving in it both a religious and a philosophical impossibility. To disinherit is to cut off from

succession to a patrimony or other property, one who before was actual heir. Men may do this: because men are liable to change, and to mistake, and to be chagrined or disgusted by unforeseen incidents. But this can never be the case with God. Consequently, he cannot be said to disinherit the reprobate, who never were heirs. And, for the elect, he will never disinherit them: seeing, nothing shall be able to separate them from that unchangeable love, which hath graciously made them heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ himself.

(5.) I suppose Mr. Toulmin meant to ask: "Would God resolve not to invest some of his creatures with a title to the heavenly inheritance?" To which I answer, Yes. God not only justly might, but he actually has so resolved: unless the Bible is false from end to end. But as to disinheriting, the Bible knows nothing of that. It is Arminianism which represents the immutable God as the capricious disinheritor of his children; not we, who believe that whom he did predestinate, them he also glorified.

(6.) To make the objection square with the thing objected to, the objection should run thus: "Would you, Mr. Hooker, who are a creator, secretly resolve, before your creatures were formed, to exclude any of them from felicity, for wise and just reasons best known to yourself?"--But this phraseology, which alone comes up to the point in debate, would not suit Mr. Toulmin's fallacious views. It would not suffice to raise a sophistical mist before the eyes of the unwary, which are apt to be caught by superficial appearances, and to be dazzled by the trappings of undue metaphor artfully put on. To make a straight stick seem crooked, you must look at it through a denser medium than air: i.e. hold it slantingly under water, and the business is done. Unguarded spectators may be seduced by the stratagem; but careful observers perceive the trick.

In one word: the question, as stated and phrased by Mr. Toulmin, argues *a diverso ad diversum*: and consequently is totally illogical, and proves nothing.

I am, with great esteem, &c.,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LIX.

.To MESSRS. VALLANCE AND SIMMONS.

Plymouth, July 7, 1775.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM here on a short visit previously to my setting out for Bath and London: and now write to you, on occasion of a report which prevails here, that Mr. J. W ____ died lately in Ireland.

You, who dwell at the mart of intelligence, know, probably, the real state of that matter with more certainty than I can yet attain to at this distance. But, should my information be true, I must signify to you my hearty wishes that my Essay on Necessity, if not yet actually published, may be suppressed for the present: until I can throw it into a new form, by cancelling all the passages which have any personal reference to my old antagonist: and by retaining only so much of the Treatise as relates to the naked argument itself.

I hope this intimation will reach you time enough to answer the desired purpose. If it be too late, I cannot help it. But I do not wish to prosecute my war with that gentleman, if he be really summoned to the tribunal of God, and unable on earth to answer for himself. In that case, let my remembrance of his misdemeanors die and be buried with him.

Direct your answer, to me, at Mr. D ____'s in G ____ street, Bath. I have only time to add that I am, with esteem,

Gentlemen, yours, &c.,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LX

To LADY HUNTINGDON.

Brighthelmstone, Sept. 22, 1775.

MADAM,

BEST thank to your dear ladyship for the honour of your much esteemed letter from Bristol, of the 8th instant. You were so ill when I left you there, that the receipt of a letter which carries in it the evident traits of your recovery was peculiarly welcome, and furnished me with additional matter of thanksgiving to that God who, in mercy to his church, has been graciously pleased to protract a life so transcendently useful and valuable. It would be far better for your ladyship to be dissolved and to be with Christ: but it is more needful for his people below that you remain in the body. On their account, may it be very long ere you exchange your coronet for a crown.

It would have given me much joy to have been present on a late happy occasion, at Bristol: our friends Mr. and Mrs. _____, when they had the honour of waiting on your ladyship there, presented my message, I suppose, and assigned the reason; I bless the Father of mercies, that the power of the Spirit was experienced, and that he continues to speed your gospel plough.

I have been at this place a week today; and mean, if the Lord please, to overstay the 1st Sunday in October: here is a very considerable gathering of people to the standard of the cross. I have found much union with them, and the unction of the Holy One has given me much comfort and enlargement among them hitherto, in our public approaches to God. By a letter from dear Mr. P_____, who is now at Chichester, I find that a new chapel at Petworth, and another at Guildford, are to be opened the 1st of October. May they receive that true consecration which arises from the presence and power of the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. I trust God will enable me and the people here, who are now of the most clearly enlightened, most judicious, most harmoniously united, and most lively congregations I ever was with, to pour out our souls in prayer on that day, for a blessing on your ladyship's labour of love in general, and on those two new encampments in particular.

I am informed, that Lady M_____ 's zeal for God has been considerably blest to many of her neighbours at or near Ealing. She has frequent preaching in her house; and it seems there is good hope

that Lord R___ himself begins to have the hearing ear, and the feeling heart.

Has your ladyship seen the corrected copy of dear Mr. R_____ 's Treatise on Psalmody? If you have, you must have perceived that the very exceptionable passages, which laid that great and good man open to such just reprehension, are happily expunged. I asked him for a copy, soon after my arrival in London. He answered, that in its present state, he did not acknowledge it for his: but, I should have one as soon as published. He was as good as his word, and shortly after gave me his book. I examined it very carefully; and find that the faulty pages have been cancelled. We now no longer read of Watts's Hymns being Watts's whims, nor of the Holy Spirit's being always present where psalms are sung, and never present where hymns are sung. I am glad that my valuable friend was under a necessity of striking out these and such like violent and unguarded positions. I never met with so much as one spiritual person who did not censure them most severely; but as he has been so humble and so just to truth as to displace them from his Essay, I hope he will meet with no farther slight and mortification on their account.

God go with your ladyship into Cornwall, and shine on all your efforts for the glory of his name, and for the transfusion of his salvation into the hearts of sinners. Open your trenches, and ply the gospel artillery. And may it prove mighty, through God, to the demolition of every thought and every error, and every work, which exalts itself against the knowledge, the love, and the obedience of Christ!

Your affectionate servant in him,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. L_____ .

Brighthelmstone, Sept. 25, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me to condole with you and with dear Mrs. _____ on the loss of our valuable and valued friend, Mrs. _____, the oldest, and one of the most esteemed acquaintance I had on earth. I rejoice, however, that through the precious blood and the imputed righteousness of Christ she is exalted to that place of glory and of rest where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick.

Let me give you the true apology for my having no sooner acknowledged the receipt of your obliging letter, which you will not wonder at, when I inform you that I was five or six weeks in travelling from Broad Hembury to London, occasioned by the many interjacent friends I had to visit; and by their condescending importunities, which detained me much longer with each of them than I expected or designed.

On my arrival in town, I found your letter, and would have answered it while there, but for the multiplicity of engagements in which the affection of my London friends involved me. I had not been long in the capital, when I received a pressing invitation to this place, where I have stayed near a fortnight, and whence I return to London next week.

May the late affecting breach which Providence has made in your domestic connections be sanctified to you both, and excite you to seek an interest in that Saviour who is the certain and only deliverer of his people from the wrath to come.

In him I remain, dear sir, your and Mrs. _____'s very sincere friend and servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXII.

To MR. N_____.

Brighthelmstone, Sept. 26, 1775.

If you should ever stand in peculiar need of very violent exercise,

come down hither, by way of Ryegate and Cuckfield; and before the present stage coach is worn out. The road from the former of these towns to this is the roughest, the country the coarsest, and the vehicle the uneasiest that can well be imagined. I never yet had so complete a shaking: and, though much used to travelling, was literally sore from head to foot for twenty-four hours after my arrival here, occasioned by such a series of concussions (I had almost said contusions), as I really thought it impossible for any carriage to impart. But I have had ample amends, at my journey's end. For though, in my opinion, our western seaports have generally many local charms greatly superior to those of this; yet the inhabitants here seem to have received a much higher polish from their intercourse with strangers. But, above all, the serious people of Brighthelmstone are, so far as I can hitherto judge, peculiarly amiable and estimable; extremely judicious, and well informed in the things of God; and all alive to him. In short, I know of no congregation any where who seem to be more entirely after my own heart. Their union, likewise, and fellowship with each other, are uncommon, considering their number. The great master of our assemblies, God the Holy Spirit, has given us some comfortable opportunities in public; and deigned, I trust, several times, to be eminently present. To free and covenant grace be all the praise.

I am as well as I usually find myself when plunged in a sea air. The salts, I apprehend, with which these kind of atmospheres are charged, together with the large quantity of vapour, exhaled by so great an expanse of water, by considerably increasing the weight of the element we breathe, make it at once more externally compressive, and require a stronger force of interior effort and resistance, to respire with due vigour.

Last Wednesday we were saluted by a continued series of lightning, from eight at night until one in the morning. Not a moment's interval obtained between the flashes; which formed absolute sheets of the most vivid flame, succeeding each other with a rapidity I never was witness to before. As it played on the sea (for I spent the evening at a gentleman's who lives on the East Clift) it resembled a grand, regular cascade of fire, falling on a vast reflecting mirror. There was rain during a small part of the time; and some audible thunder. I have heard louder claps; but never such long extended peals. How

happy is it to feel that the God of nature is also God of all!

I am,

Your affectionate servant in him,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXIII.

To DR. WILLIAM DODD.

New-street, March 17, 1777.

REV. SIR,

BELIEVE me when I assure you that the liberty which I now take results neither from want of tenderness nor of respect; but from a humble wish of being serviceable to a person who is recommended to me as a very deserving individual, and whose circumstances are, it seems, considerably narrowed and embarrassed, through the unsuspecting confidence which she reposed on your veracity, justice, and honour.

The lady to whom I allude is Mrs. G____. I need not state the merits of a case with which you, sir, are so thoroughly acquainted. Only permit me to conjure you, by every sacred and moral consideration, and by all your feelings as a man of sensibility, not to depart this world without repaying as much of that iniquitous debt as you possibly can.

I say, before you depart this world. For it is but too indubitable that there is not a single ray of hope from any one quarter whatsoever, of your avoiding the utmost effect of the terrible sentence which impends. Let me, therefore, importune you, for God's sake and for your own, to devote the remainder of your time to more important employ than that of writing notes on Shakespeare. Indeed, and indeed, your situation is such as should confine your attention to objects of infinitely greater moment. The Searcher of hearts knows that I thus plainly address you from motives of absolute humanity, and from an anxious solicitude for your everlasting welfare.

I am,

With unassembled sympathy and respect,

Sir,

Your well-wisher in time, and eternity,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

You will oblige me, sir, if you favour me with a line (by the gentleman who delivers this to your hands) relative to the business respecting Mrs. G_____

LETTER LXIV.

To THE REV. MR. BERRIDGE.

New-street, March 19, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

THE paper to which you refer in your favour of today, is, I apprehend, the Public Ledger of the 5th instant. As you inform me that you have not seen it, I inclose it to you, for your perusal, under the present cover: together with a subsequent Ledger of the 9th, containing my answer. When you have read them, I request you to return them, so soon as convenient: for I reserve every thing of this kind, lest it may prove necessary to appeal to them in future.

If I was not certain that the glorious and gracious Head of the Church orders all things for the good of his mystic body, and that not a hair can fall without his leave; I should deeply lament the continuance of your cough. But, when I recollect who it is that sits at the helm, I can, in a spirit of prayer and of faith, commit you and all that relates to you to the unerring disposal of infinite wisdom, love, and power. In whose covenant-bonds I remain,

Dear and Rev. Sir, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.



LETTER LXV.

To Mr. T_____.

London, April 4, 1776.

SIR,

IT gives me unspeakable pleasure to find that you design to republish the Abridgment of Fox's Martyrology; which I consider as a faithful and judicious compendium of the most valuable ecclesiastical history extant in our language.

We live at a time when the generality of professed Protestants appear to have lost sight of those grand and essential principles to which the Church of England was reformed, and in defence of which her martyrs bled.

Religious ignorance, and a general un-concernedness about divine things, together with the most profuse dissipation, and a growing disregard of moral virtue, are the reigning characteristics of the present age.

In a country thus circumstanced, Popery (ever on the watch for advantages) will, and must, and does, gain continual ground. Ignorance, infidelity, and licentiousness, naturally terminate in superstition, as their ultimate refuge: and Rome too often reaps what profaneness and immorality have sown.

To stem so dangerous a torrent no means are more likely (under God) than the republication of such a work as this: a work eminently calculated to display and to guard us against the principles and the spirit of Popery; to perpetuate the holy lives, the faithful testimonies, and the triumphant deaths, of those evangelical worthies who resisted error, even unto blood: to exalt the standard of Christ: to exhibit the loving-kindness of the Holy Ghost, who gave such grace and power unto men, and to stand as the best commentary on those inestimable truths, which (through the good hand of God upon us) still continue to shine in the liturgy, articles, and homilies, of our Established Church.

I wish this performance much success, in the name of the Lord. May its diffusion be very extensive, and its usefulness very great. May it

prove mighty, through God, to make the Protestant Churches in general, and our own national Church in particular, remember whence they are fallen; stir them up to doctrinal and practical repentance, and bring them back to their first principles, and to their first works! With this prayer, breathed from the inmost of my heart,

I remain, Sir,

Your affectionate well-wisher,

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

LETTER LXVI.

To MR. HUSSEY

Broad Hembury, Sept. 9, 1776.

VERY DEAR SIR,

A STUDENT of Lady Huntingdon's, whose name is Cottingham, and from whom I parted at Bristol on my return from Wales, promised me to wait on you and Mrs. Hussey in London, to inform you how gracious the Lord has been to me ever since I saw you last.

The night I left town, the Worcester coach in which I went, broke down: but not one of us received the least injury. I have a still greater deliverance to acquaint you with; even such, as I trust, will never be blotted from my thankful remembrance. On the Anniversary Day in Wales, the congregation was so large that the chapel would not have contained a fourth part of the people, who were supposed to amount to three thousand. No fewer than one thousand three hundred horses were turned into one large field adjoining the College; besides what were stationed in the neighbouring villages. The carriages, also, were unusually numerous. A scaffold was erected at one end of the College-court, on which a bookstand was placed, by way of pulpit: and thence six or seven of us preached, successively, to one of the most attentive and most lively congregations I ever beheld. When it came to my turn to preach, I advanced to the front; and had not gone more than

half through my prayer before sermon, when the scaffold suddenly fell in. As I stood very near the highermost step (and the steps did not fall with the rest), Providence enabled me to keep on my feet, through the assistance of Mr. Winkworth, who laid fast hold on my arm. About forty ministers were on the scaffold and steps when the former broke down. Dear Mr. Shirley fell undermost of all, but received no other hurt than a very slight bruise on one of his thighs. A good woman, who, for the conveniency of hearing, had placed herself under the scaffold, received a trifling contusion on her face. No other mischief was done. The congregation, though greatly alarmed, had the prudence not to throw themselves into outward disorder: which, I believe, was chiefly owing to the powerful sense of God's presence, which was eminently felt by most of the assembly.

Such was the wonderful goodness of the Lord to me, that I was not in the least disconcerted on this dangerous occasion: which I mention to the praise of that grace and providence without which a much smaller incident would inevitably have shocked every nerve I have. About half a minute after the interruption had commenced, I had the satisfaction to inform the people that no damage had ensued: and removing for security to a lower step, I thanked the Lord, with the rejoicing multitude, for having so undeniably given his angels charge concerning us. Prayer ended, I was enabled to preach: and great grace seemed to be upon us all.

If God permit, I hope to be with you, in London, soon after the middle of this month. I deem it one of the principal felicities of my life, that I have the happiness and the honour to minister to a praying people. We should not have had so much of the Lord's presence in Orange-street if he had not poured upon us the spirit of supplication. Go on to pray, and God will go on to bless. Remember me most respectfully and most tenderly to as many of our dear friends in Christ as you are acquainted with. And particularly inform Mr. and Mrs. Willett, and Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, that I have not forgot my promise to write to them; and that I will perform my promise, unless they are so kind as to dispense with it: which I am very sure they would most willingly do if they knew how little time I have to myself.

Farewell. Grace be with you, and with dear Mrs. Hussey. Grace

comprehends all we want, in time, and in eternity.

I remain,

My valuable friend, ever, ever yours,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. I had the happiness to see dear Lady Huntingdon (who is the most precious saint of God I ever knew) well, both in body and soul.

The Lord, I trust, still continues with you at Orange-Chapel. I shall be much obliged to you for informing me how things go on, by a line directed to me, at Mr. Derham's, in Green Street, Bath: for which place I intend to set out, from Devonshire, on Monday next, the 16th instant.

I have the unutterable satisfaction to find several more awakened people at Broad Hembury than I formerly knew of. The Lord never sends his gospel to any place in vain. He wilt call in his own people; and will accomplish his own work. There is really a very precious remnant in and about this parish. Thanks to free grace for all.

LETTER LXVII.

To MR. _____.

MUCH LAMENTED SIR,

IN consequence of your desire, communicated to me by Mr. _____, I signified my intention of waiting on you: but, on reflection, I more than fear that I have not sufficient firmness of nerves to sustain so trying an interview. My feelings are (unhappily for myself) so terribly keen, that I should only receive material injury, without being able to render you the least good. My tears can be of no service to you. My prayers are frequently ascending to God for you, both in public and in private. May the uncreated angel of the covenant take them, warm as they rise from my unworthy heart and lips; and make them his own, by presenting them with the much incense of his ever effectual intercession.

If I am rightly informed, you have formerly sat under the sound of the gospel. Let me beseech you, sir, to cry mightily to him who is able to save, that the Holy Ghost may realize to your departing soul those precious truths of grace which have, it seems, been often brought to your ears. Nothing short of experimental religion will stand you in any stead. The Lord Jesus enable you, by the operation of his spirit, to come to him as a lost sinner; throwing yourself on the righteousness of his life, and on the atonement of his death, for your free pardon and full justification with God! In which case, though your transgressions be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; and, though deep as crimson, they shall be made as wool.

I have too much reason to apprehend that all application in your behalf to the powers of this world will be totally without avail. Consider yourself, therefore, dear sir, as absolutely a dying man.

My earnest supplications shall not cease to be poured out at the footstool of the throne of grace, until death sets you beyond the reach of prayer. Several congregations of God's people bear you deeply on their hearts.

Jesus bless you with the manifestations of his favour; and grant you to sing his praises, for ever and ever, in concert with that innumerable assembly of fallen sinners, whom he has loved, and wash from their sins in his own blood. So prays, with bended knees and weeping eyes, he who is, sir,

Your unknown,

but not less affectionate well-wisher,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXVIII

To A. B. _____.

Knightsbridge, Aug. 12, 1777.

If A. B.'s favour of June 16 had not been mislaid, it would have been answered long before. I hope the polite and ingenious writer

will pardon the delay

In reply to the question stated, I am most deeply and clearly convinced that the saints in glory know each other: and more particularly those with whom they took sweet counsel when on earth, and with whom they walked in the house of God as friends. Our Lord himself, I apprehend, gives us to understand as much, where he tells us that the elect shall be, in the future state, isaggeloi, or equal to the angels. Now it seems impossible that the unfallen angels who have lived together in heaven for (at least) very near 6000 years, should not be perfectly acquainted with each other. And the same privilege is requisite in order to our being, in every respect, on an equality with them.--The departed soul of the rich man knew Lazarus, when he beheld him afar off: and likewise, at sight, knew Abraham, whom he could never have seen in the present life. Much more do Abraham and Lazarus, and all the glorified family above, rejoice in that communion of saints which obtains in their Father's house. St. Paul, speaking of the spiritual children whom, God had given him among the Thessalonians, says, that they would be his "glory and crown of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord Jesus." But how could this be, and how could they mutually congratulate each other on the grace bestowed upon them below if all personal acquaintance was to cease? Surely there are no strangers in that land of light and love!

The three apostles who attended our blessed Lord on the mount of Transfiguration, knew Moses and Elijah when they appeared in glory. To add no more: that remarkable text, I think, fully establishes the point, where our adorable Saviour bids us make to ourselves friends, by the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when we fail, they may receive us into the everlasting habitations. As if he had said: "While you are on earth, take care to conciliate the affections of my indigent disciples, by bestowing on them a proper portion of the wealth which God has lent you, and which is too often perverted to purposes of unrighteousness by them that know not me. So, when your bodies die, and when your souls ascend to heaven, the souls of those poor afflicted saints whom your bounty relieved below, and who were got to glory before you, shall be among the first exulting spirits, who shall meet you on your arrival above, and congratulate you on your safe and triumphant entrance into the

world of joy." But they could not do this unless they knew us, and we them.

May the precious blood and righteousness of our Incarnate God, and the faithful leadings of his eternal Spirit, bring you and me to that general assembly and church of the first-born! where we shall both see him as he is; and likewise know each other, even as we shall then be known. With this prayer and in this hope I beg leave to subscribe myself, whosoever you may be.

Your affectionate well-wisher in Christ,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXIX.

To THE REV DR. B. of Sarum.

Knightsbridge, August 12, 1777.

You pay me a compliment I do not deserve in supposing that I am industriously employed on some useful work. For a long while I have been unusually idle, both as a preacher and as a writer. But my indolence was and is the result of obedience to medical prescription. I have been, at best, in a most fluctuating state of health for a year and a half past: and several times was in a near view of landing on that coast where the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick. At these times, I bless God, my cheerfulness never forsook me; and, which calls for still infinitely greater thankfulness, my sense of personal interest in his electing mercy, and in the great salvation of Jesus, was never darkened by a single cloud. For the last two months I have been abundantly, and almost miraculously, better. Whether my remaining days be few or many, I only pray and wish that they may be consecrated to the glory of the great Three-One.

And now to descend to the affairs of this world. The accounts of the extravagant and ridiculous manner in which, as you observe, my friend Mrs. M_____ 's birthday was celebrated at Bath, gave me extreme disgust; and have contributed to reduce my opinion of her

magnanimity and good sense. Such contemptible vanity, and such childish affectation of mock-majesty, would have disgraced a much inferior understanding; and have sunk even the meanest character lower, by many degrees. If I live to see her again, I will rally her handsomely.

I must agree with you in feeling for the advancing miseries of our unhappy country. We are already become the jest and the contempt of all Europe. Never, surely, was a great and important empire so wantonly thrown away; and never was nation so infatuated before! However, when we recollect who it is that presides, invisibly, at the helm of all human affairs (see Da 4:32,35) we are reconciled to every appearance, melancholy as appearances may seem; and adore the infinite wisdom which secretly, but irresistibly, overrules even the vices, and follies, and the madness of men, to the accomplishment of its own designs.

I am happy to hear that yourself and family are well; and, if you were not a very particular friend, I should almost have grudged you the felicity you must have enjoyed in your late excursion to our much esteemed friends at Freshford.

More than compliments to you and your's conclude me

Your affectionate servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

LETTER LXX.

To MRS. A. G _____.

Knightsbridge, Lord's-day Evening, Nov. 2, 1777.

MADAM,

YOUR letter quite distresses me, because it places excellencies to my account which I feel myself to be totally unpossessed of. Among all the weak and unworthy servants of Christ, I am the unworthiest and the weakest. If you knew me as well as I know myself, you would be entirely of my mind.

For the Lord's sake let us look to Jesus only, and learn to cease from man. Christ is all in all. Every other person and thing are vile, and wretched, and hateful, but so far as he deigns to smile and bless. "Less than nothing and vanity" is the only motto that belongs to me. If he vouchsafe to wash me in his blood, and to save me by his infinitely free and glorious redemption; a more worthless and helpless sinner will never sing his praises in the land of glory.

Instead of commending me, pray for me; that I may be kept from evil, and devote my few days (in humble and earnest attempt at least) to the honour of his name.

If I wished you to retain your exalted opinion of me, I should, in my own defence, wave the honour of your acquaintance, which you so politely offer me. But, as I desire to undeceive you, and to appear just what I am, I shall be extremely happy to see you here any day in the forenoon after the present week is elapsed; which latter, viz., the remainder of the present week, I am to pass at the house of a friend who lives nine miles hence.

God have you in his keeping, and make you a partaker of the graces and consolations of his Spirit.--I am, with much respect,

Madam, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXXI.

To MR. E. K _____.

Knightsbridge, Nov. 22, 1777.

MY FRIEND AND BROTHER IN CHRIST,

BY a letter which I have this moment received from Mr. Lake, I am informed that you are apprehensive of the speedy approach of death: and that you are particularly desirous of seeing me; or, if that cannot be, of at least hearing from me, before the great change comes.

As I am not certain of being able to wait on you so soon as I could

wish, considering the long extent of way that interposes between us, and being willing to lose no time in assuring you how much I love you, and how earnestly I commend you to God, I seize the immediate opportunity of writing to you. Nor shall I cease to remember you in my worthless address at the throne of grace, both publicly and in private.

The time, however, is perhaps arrived, which eminently calls upon you to cease entirely from man. Forget me; forget even your family; forget all your earthly friends, so far as to lose sight of them: and look only to Jesus, the glorious Author and faithful Finisher of salvation. Repose your confidence on his alone blood, righteousness, and intercession. He represented you on the cross; he bears your name on his breast, and on the palms of his hands, in heaven; he sympathizes with you in all your pains and sorrows; and will take care of you, unto death, through death, and to all eternity. May his comforting Spirit make these blessings clear to your view, and powerfully seal upon your heart a sense and enjoyment of your personal interest in them.

Leave Providence to take care of your wife and children. And leave the covenant-grace of Father, Son, and Spirit, to take charge of you. Nor do I doubt that, whether we meet again or not in this valley of tears, we shall sing together for ever, in the Jerusalem above. So believes, and so prays, your old friend and ransomed fellow-sinner,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. I shall hold myself greatly indebted to Mr. Lake for informing me, from time to time, how the Lord deals with you.

LETTER LXXII.

To MR. F.

Knightsbridge, Nov. 27, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

IF I rightly understood you yesterday, the case of conscience

proposed by your friend, is this:

"He lives in a part of England, where the gospel is not preached by the clergy of the established church. But the gospel is preached in a neighbouring congregation of dissenters. He is compelled, therefore, either not to hear the gospel preached at all, or to hear it at a dissenting meeting-house.--Query: Is it his duty to communicate with the dissenters as well as to hear them? Or may he, with a safe conscience, continue only to hear them, and still maintain his communion with the Church of England?"

For my own part, I am most clearly of opinion,

(1.) That, if he cannot hear the church of England doctrines preached in a parish-church (which is terribly the case in some thousands of places), he is bound in conscience to hear those truths where they can be heard: was it in a barn, in a private house, in a field, or on a dunghill.--But,

(2.) I am no less clearly convinced that he is not under the smallest necessity of breaking off from the communion of the Church established.

Some of my reasons are these:

1. Your friend's love to the Church-doctrines (i. e. to the gospel of grace) is the very thing that forces him to forsake the church-walls as a hearer. But this need not force him from communicating there. It should rather bind him more closely and firmly to a Church whose doctrines and sacraments are holy, harmless, and undefiled; and alike remote from error, superstition, and licentiousness.

2. Our blessed Lord himself communicated with the established Church of Judea; though its ministers and people were as deeply degenerated from the purity and power of God's truths as the present ministers and people of the Church of England are, for the most part, now.--That our Lord actually did thus communicate in the Jewish church (fallen as its professors were) is evident, from his celebration of the passover antecedently to his institution of the Holy Supper, in the evening of the very night wherein he was betrayed.

3. The goodness or badness of a parish minister neither adds nor detracts from the virtue and value of the sacraments he dispenses.

Judas appears to have preached the gospel, and to have wrought miracles. Was the gospel, or were those miracles, at all the worse on his account? No: in no wise.--"But the minister of my parish does not preach the gospel." Be it so. You do right, therefore, in not hearing him. Nevertheless, though (in this respect) he out-sins Judas himself, why should that unhappy circumstance make you quarrel with, and absent yourself from, the communion service of the Church?

4. I ran set my own *probatum est* to the conduct I am now recommending. For several years after I was made acquainted with the grace of God, I chiefly resided in a place where I was obliged either to starve my soul by never sitting under the ministry of the word, or to go for it to a dissenting meeting house. I made not a moment's hesitation in choosing the latter; and would again pursue the same line, if Providence was again to place me in similar circumstances. But, though I heard the gospel constantly at meeting (because I could hear it no where else), I constantly and strictly communicated in the church only. I know that this was pleasing to God, by the many happy soul seasons I enjoyed, both at the Lord's table, and in the separate assembly. And yet (as you may judge from my leaving them as preachers) the clergymen, at whose hands I received the memorials of Christ's dying love knew no more of the gospel than so many stocks or stones.

5. Let a parish minister be ever so spiritually blind and dead, the liturgy remains the same. Blessed be God, the clergy are forced to read it; and to administer the Lord's supper, and other offices, according to its admirable and animating form of sound words.

6. While your friend communicates in the Church of England he is at full liberty to hear the gospel elsewhere: But,

Should he communicate with a dissenting church, he must first so far become one of them as to hear the gospel in great measure, if not entirely, among them only. Such a transfer of communion, therefore, would resemble tying himself by the leg (or rather nailing himself by the ear) to a single tree, in preference to enjoying the full range of God's garden. I have seen so very many instances of this, in a course of more than two-and-twenty years observation, that no antecedent promises, professions, or protestations to the contrary (made to a

new convert, by any of those religious assemblies), would have the least weight on my judgment of this matter.

Thus I have, agreeably to your desire, signified a few of those reasons which have long had great influence in determining my own mind. Influence so very great and decisive that, I am thoroughly persuaded, was the glorious company of apostles to live again on earth at this very time, and to live in England, not one of them, I verily believe, would be a dissenter from our established church: though they would all deeply lament the dreadful state of spiritual, of doctrinal, and of moral declension, to which the greatest part of us are reduced. May God inform and teach your friend the way in which he ought to go, and for ever guide him with his eye! With which prayer for him, for you, and for myself, I remain,

Sir, your servant in Christ,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXXIII.

To MR. VALLANCE.

Knightsbridge, Dec. 1, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

ON the cover of last month's magazine I read the following notice: "Thanks to Minimus for his pious meditation." Now, as I am the only person who ever appeared in your magazine under the signature of Minimus, and as I never sent you any meditation, whether pious or impious, since I surrendered my editorship of the said magazine (in July last], and, as it is generally known that the papers signed Minimus were written by me;--it will be both using me extremely ill, and also look like a desire, on your part, to palm a deception on your readers if you permit any future paper, of which I am not the author, to bear the signature above-mentioned.

Not doubting that, on further consideration you will see the justice and propriety of this hint, and act accordingly; I remain, sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXXIV.

To J. W_____, ESQ.

Knightsbridge, Dec. 30, 1777.

SIR,

I THROW myself on your candour and politeness for your pardon of the present freedom, taken by a person who has not the honour of being known to you. The favour which I presume to solicit is, that you would be so obliging as to communicate to me such leading particulars as you may recollect concerning a late friend of yours, who was one of the greatest, and yet (by a fate peculiarly strange) one of the obscurest men whom this island ever produced. I mean Mr. Baxter, the metaphysician, who dedicated the 3rd volume of his chief work to you. I have a very cogent reason for wishing to acquire authentic and exact information of the times and places of his birth and death; and of such other principal circumstances, as may merely suffice to perpetuate the outlines of his personal history; which, in point of diffusiveness, need not be more prolix than is the letter I now address to you. I am, &c.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXXV.

To THE REV. DR. PRIESTLEY.

Knightsbridge, Jan. 20, 1778.

I AM much your debtor, sir, for your late polite favour from Calne; but especially for the obliging present of your Disquisitions

concerning Matter and Spirit; and of the Appendix, concerning necessity. I have read them with great attention; and, as you condescend to request my opinion of those ingenious pieces, you shall have it, with the most transparent unreserve.

I need not say anything as to the article of necessity, because you well know that I have the honour to coincide, almost entirely, with your own view of that great subject. Permit me, however to ask, *en passant*, in what part of any printed work of mine I "seem to think that the torments of hell will not be eternal?" You yourself, dear sir, I doubt not, will, on a calm review, be the first to condemn your own temerity, in having publicly advanced a conjecture totally unwarranted on my part: and I am equally disposed to believe that this will be the last liberty of the kind which you will venture to take, either with me or with any other man. You must be sensible that not a word on the nature or the duration of future punishment ever passed between you and me, either in writing, or in personal converse. Consequently, you must be entirely unacquainted with my ideas of that awful subject: and, as such, were totally unqualified to advance the insinuation of which I have such just reason to complain.

With regard to your "Disquisitions," &c., I would observe,

1. That I can subscribe to no more than to one moiety of them. I still consider materialism as equally absurd in itself, and atheistical in its tendency.

- But, 2. The perusal of your book gave me no surprise; because I have for a considerable time past viewed you as a secret materialist: whose favourite principle, like the workings of a subterraneous fire, would at last break forth into open birth.

3. Nor has this publication lessened, in the smallest degree, my respect and esteem for its author. You have a right to think for yourself; and to publish the result of your thoughts to the world. If my own brother was of a different judgment as to this point, I should set him down for an enemy to the indefeasible prerogatives of human nature

4. I revere and admire real probity, wherever I see it. Artifice, duplicity, and disguise, I cannot away with. Transparency is, in my opinion, the first and the most valuable of all social virtues. Let a

man's principles be black as hell, it matters not to me, so he have but integrity to appear exactly what he is. Give me the person whom I can hold up, as I can a piece of crystal, and see through him. For this, among many other excellencies, I regard and admire Dr. Priestley.

5. I must acknowledge, sir, that, in the foregoing part of your "Disquisitions." you throw no small quantity of light on the nature of matter at large. My apprehensions concerning visible substance are, in several important respects, corrected and improved by your masterly observations on that subject. I wish you had stopt at matter, which you evidently do understand, and better, perhaps, than any other philosopher on earth, and not meddled with spirit, whose acquaintance, it is very plain, you have not cultivated with equal assiduity.

6. Bishop Berkeley tells me that I am all spirit, without a single particle of matter belonging to me. Dr. Priestley, on the other head, contends that I am all body, untenanted and unanimated by any immaterial substance within. Put these two theories together, and what will be the product? That my sum total, and that of every other man, amounts to just nothing at all. I have neither body nor soul. I have no sort of existence whatever. Here it may be alleged "That the two systems cannot be thrown together, as being totally incompatible." I answer: Why may not Bishop Berkeley's word go as far as Dr. Priestley's, and the doctor's as far as the bishop's? Though, when all is done, the best way, in my opinion, is to cease from both, and to believe neither.

7. The arguments for absolute and universal materialism, drawn (or rather pretendedly drawn) from rational and philosophic sources, appear to me prodigiously forced, lame, and inconclusive. And, if we take Scripture into the account, not all the subtilty nor all the violence of criticism will ever be able to establish your system on that ground. What wretched work do you yourself make with those few texts which you venture to quote and strive to obviate, wherein, *plena et prima facie*, man is spoken of as a being compounded of matter and spirit!

Can you bear this plain dealing? If you can, give me your hand. And I most heartily wish that all who differ from you, and especially that

all who may commence your public antagonists, may treat you, as I ever desire to do, with the respect due to your virtues and your talents.

How is your health? Beware of too close application, and of too intense exertions of mind. I, for my own part, can most heartily subscribe to these remarks of the apocryphal writer: "The thoughts of mortal men are miserable, and our devices are but uncertain. For the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthy tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth on many things. Hardly do we guess aright at things that are upon earth; and with labour do we find the things that are before us; but the things which are in heaven who hath searched out? And thy counsel who hath known, except thou give wisdom, and send thy Holy Spirit from above?--May that Holy Spirit shining on his written word, and shining into our hearts, be a light to the paths of the much-esteemed friend to whom I am writing; and the paths of his

Obliged and humble servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

LETTER LXXVI.

To MRS. FOWLER.

Knightsbridge, Feb. 20, 1778

DEAR MADAM,

KNOWING that the officious zeal of numerous visitants, however well meant, occasions more trouble than relief during the first impressions that result from so trying a dispensation as that under which God is now exercising you; I, for this reason, wave presenting you with my personal condolences, and request yourself and your amiable family to accept my written respects.

You and yours are deeply on my heart, before the mercy-seat. Has the Holy Spirit yet brought you to that point whither faith invariably tends, and in which it will always ultimately rest? viz., "It is the

Lord; let him do as seemeth him good." That your husband's God is and will be your God, even to the end, and without end, I believe with the fullest assurance. May he likewise be the God of all your offspring! It is a great, an unspeakably great thing, to be born again. How far that most momentous work has taken place on their souls, I know not. But may they ever tread in the religious footsteps of their deservedly honoured father; and never forget that the same blessed and triumphant consolations which enlivened his last hours will also felicitate their lives, and brighten their deaths, if effectual grace render them partakers of like precious faith with him, in the righteousness of our God and Saviour.

The presence of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Remember, that "your Maker is your husband:" a husband who never dies, and who changes not. My kindest and most sympathising respects attend the two young ladies, and both the gentlemen. Adieu, until I have an opportunity of assuring you by word of mouth, how much

I am, &c.,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

LETTER LXXVII.

To MR. HUSSEY.

Broad Hembury, March 19, 1778.

VERY DEAR SIR,

THE hospitable kindness of my old friend at Salisbury detained me at that place until Monday last; in the afternoon of which day I set forward for my own parish, and arrived here on Tuesday.

I cannot boast of any great effects produced by the journey, and by change of air. If my hoarseness abates, my cough comes on with redoubled violence; and if my cough grows favourable, the hoarseness returns. But welcome, ten thousand times welcome, the whole will of God. I trust, his Spirit has begun to render me passive in his blessed hand, and to turn me as clay to the seal. I am enabled

to be more than resigned: I am thankful for his every dispensation, knowing them to be all ordered in faithfulness and love.

I was unable to preach, while at Salisbury; and begin to apprehend that I must not attempt to preach at my own church here next Sunday. But though such absolute uselessness is the most afflictive part of my present visitation, yet even this I can leave with God my Saviour, who is the governing head of his family both in heaven and earth, and orders all things well.

It is still my hope and my intention to return to town in the course of next week. I am to have a sale of my furniture in my house here on Monday and Tuesday next; and I trust the whole of that business will be accomplished in those two days, without detaining me longer. But, if otherwise, may I not venture to defer my return until Monday the 30th, or Tuesday the 31st of this present month? I am never fond of worldly business, and am now particularly disqualified for managing it well: but when once undertaken, I deem it my duty to go through with it, in the best manner I am able.

Dear Mrs. Hussey, yourself, and all the flock of Christ who worship with us at Orange-street, are much and deeply on my heart. And if I, a sinful, dying worm, feel such glowing affection for the people of God: oh, with what intenseness must the Almighty Father love those whom he ordained to eternal life, before all worlds; and whom he gave to his Son to save, and for whom he gave up the Son himself to the death of the cross! How astonishingly, also, must Jesus have loved his people, when he consented to discharge their two fold debt of perfect obedience and penal suffering! And how are they loved by the most holy and blessed Spirit of grace, who converts, comforts, sanctifies, and seals them to the day of redemption!

May that three-fold love, the three-fold cord that can never be broken, be the present and eternal rejoicing of my much valued Mr. and Mrs. Hussey, and of their

Obliged and affectionate servant,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P. S. I hope you had my letter from Sarum, dated the 11th instant. It would rejoice me to have one from you.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To MR. HUSSEY.

EVER DEAR SIR,

GOD'S good providence brought me hither yesterday, early in the afternoon, quite unfatigued by my journey, and rejoicing in spirit before him. It can hardly be expected that so short a time should have any very salutary effect on complaints so fixed as mine: my voice, however, has been much better today than for three weeks past.

My mind is quite at rest. All my affairs, respecting both this world and a better, are completely settled. My salvation was provided for in the covenant of grace, from all eternity, and sealed by the finished redemption of my adorable Saviour. My temporal business is all settled to my satisfaction, by the completion of my last will and testament, before I left London. So that I have, at present, nothing to do, but to sing in the ways of the Lord, that great are the glory and the goodness of the Lord.

I am uncertain whether I shall see Broad Hembury late in this week, or early in the next. When you favour me with a line be so good as to direct to me, simply, at Broad Hembury, Honiton.

As an old friend whom I have not seen for many years has just now called at Dr. Baker's in order to see me, I am obliged to be very concise. I shall depend, if the Lord permit, on hearing from you when I am in Devonshire. And it gives me great happiness to be able to inform you that I fully design, with the leave of my heavenly father, to be in town again before the last Sunday in this month. God only can tell how deeply my Christian friends, and the dear people at Orange-street in particular, dwell upon my heart. May they pray for me, as I also for them. Remember me, most kindly and respectfully, to dear Mrs. Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, of Westminster, and all others who condescend to inquire after the meanest of my Lord's redeemed sinners. I have not room to mention a quarter of the persons by name whom I love in the Lord: but all our names are

written on his breast.

Adieu, dear sir,

am deeply and ever yours,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

An Answer to the Following Question, "Whether Popular Applause Can Yield Solid Satisfaction To A Truly Great Mind?"

AN ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION,

"WHETHER POPULAR APPLAUSE CAN YIELD SOLID SATISFACTION TO A TRULY GREAT MIND?"

REAL greatness of mind includes whatever is noble, worthy, and exalted: of course, independency is essential to it. If the postulatam be granted (and I see not how it can be denied), the next inquiry will be, Whether a person, whose satisfaction, in whole or in part, is suspended on the applause of others, can be called an independent man? If he may, it would follow, that greediness of popularity does not infer dependence; if he cannot, it will follow, that a person who drudges for popular applause is not possessed of a truly great mind. Add to this that all motives to public usefulness which arise from principles merely selfish are very far from being indicative of magnanimity. This exalted quality, soaring superior to all the little arts of self-recommendation and personal aggrandizement, shuts self out of the question: and regards only the welfare of others, not their praise. Thus, for instance, a truly patriotic statesman, or a truly conscientious minister of Christ, aims not at the evanid applause, but at the solid benefit of those for whom he labours: nay, one actuated by these elevated views would, to serve mankind substantially, even run the risk of doing good to them against their wills, though he was sure of suffering in their estimation for doing it. Such disinterested benevolence and such heroic beneficence are as shining and conclusive marks as can be given for a mind truly great. Besides, it puts a truly magnanimous man on too low and despicable a footing to suppose him capable of sinking into the meanest of all pursuits, by commencing an angler for fame, and building any part of his mental happiness on the unstable basis of popular breath. A really great person does not live, as the camelion has been vulgarly supposed to do, on air, but on that which will yield sure and solid support, when every exterior happiness fails. The sense of divine favour, universal and disinterested love to mankind, uncorrupt intention, and integrity of action, in a word, the *mens conscia recti*, are what constitute the felicity of one who deserves the name of man. Add to this, that real magnanimity is absolutely inconsistent

with pride. Of all vices, pride is the meanest, and the most truly contemptible. But pride is the very basis of that wretched ambition which terminates in the affectation of applause; consequently, a mind truly great cannot degenerate into this inverted ambition; unless meanness and magnanimity are terms synonymous. That just praise which usually attends characters and actions truly great and good, is a deserved consequence of those actions, but ought not to be the motive to performing them. Depraved as mankind are, I yet hope and believe that we have many useful persons, both in the learned, civil, and religious world, who disdain so base a principle of action: and that the love of fame is a passion not quite so universal as a late ingenious satirist imagined. The love of truth, the love of beneficence, and the love of justice, or, in other words, the love of God and the love of man, are the predominant and exciting principles in every breast which genuine greatness warms. I would mention one argument more.

The mind whose satisfaction is at all founded on popular eclat must be in itself extremely fickle; and a mere Proteus, ready, on every occasion, to vary its determinations, and to shape its measures, according to the mutability of the multitude, in order to preserve the applause already gained. A person under the unhappy influence of so base and paltry a passion must alter with the times, and swim with the stream, right or wrong, and, like the camelion just mentioned, assume any colour next him, for fear of losing that estimation which his past compliances had acquired him. Now a truly great man can never be a voluntary slave; but the man whose leading passion is love of praise makes himself a voluntary slave for life; therefore, it is impossible for one under so despicable a bias to be a truly great man. To descend from argument to plain matter of fact. If any person doubts whether popular applause be that unsatisfactory thing which I have described it, he need only go a few miles out of town, to a place called Hayes, and there he will see, with his own eyes, that popular applause, however it may tickle a man's vanity for a while, will, if he has not something more solid for his mind to feed on, leave him, sooner or later, miserable, contemptible, and unsatisfied. I know but of one truly great man who was a professed lover of popular applause, and that was the illustrious Cicero: but it should be remembered that that consummate statesman, patriot, and philosopher flourished in the

very dregs of the Roman commonwealth; when public virtue and public liberty (which will always, at the long run, stand or fall together) were expiring. At such a time, to love Cicero and to love virtue, to love Cicero and to love liberty, were the same thing. Of this that most accomplished man could not but be conscious, and, it may be, he was ambitious of popular estimation, at the critical time, in hopes of being able, by the credit he sought and deserved, to give a happy turn to the public affairs, and make the scale preponderate in favour of his sinking country; all which, he well knew, it would be impossible for him to effect by any counsels he could give, or any measures he could take, unless he could previously secure the approbation of the people he wished to save. So that Cicero's unbounded thirst of praise seems to have arisen purely and solely from the love he bore to the noblest republic that ever subsisted, and he coveted popularity, not for his own sake, or for any solid satisfaction it yielded to himself as an individual; but, as matters then stood, he considered the acquisition of universal esteem as the medium of his country's welfare, and the only possible expedient which could retrieve it from the ruin which then threatened, and with which it was soon after actually over-whelmed, notwithstanding the manifold and almost supernatural efforts of that great man to avert the blow. Or even supposing that Cicero, with all his philosophy and virtue, had some remains of vanity in him, which he sought to gratify, by standing a perpetual candidate for praise (which, however, his character and conduct in all other respects forbid us to believe); yet even on this hypothesis it would not follow, that "popular applause can yield solid satisfaction to a truly great mind." For the gratification of vanity is one thing; satisfaction of mind is another. Vanity may be qualified, and yet the mind go unsatisfied; and *vice versa*. Besides, were it otherwise, we are not to adopt the foibles even of a great man, for they are foils and blemishes, in what character soever they are found. Though, for reasons already hinted, I cannot persuade myself that Cicero's was mere love of praise: it had the noblest of motives, and was directed to the best of ends. It was founded on love to his country, and a passionate ardour for her preservation. But admitting the reverse to be probable, it would not follow that because Cicero, the most shining person heathen antiquity has to boast of, deserved, and from consciousness of that desert (which we could not justly wonder at, in

one who had not the advantage of gospel revelation to humble him) coveted applause; that therefore others have a right to claim the same privilege, since Cicero was so transcendant and peculiar a character that what was lawful for him to aspire to would be inexcusable in the rest of mankind. For though succeeding ages will, without doubt, give many millions of men to the world, yet possibly no age nor country will ever produce a second Cicero.

An answer To The Following Question, "Whether a Highwayman or a Cheating Tradesman is the Honester Person?"

AN ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION,

"Whether a Highwayman or a cheating Tradesman is the honester Person?"

I SUPPOSE most persons will allow that plain dealing is one very important branch of honesty. Taking this for granted, the next inquiry will be, Who is the plain dealer? The highwayman, who openly avows his design, and says to you, frankly and above-board, Your money or your life! Or the sharking, shuffling tradesman, who, in a sly clandestine manner, abuses the confidence you repose in him, and cheats you, under the fictitious appearance of a fair dealer? Is not such a person as much a robber, to all intents and purposes, as the man who privily steals any part of your property out of your dwelling-house, or takes it from you by force on the highway?

Mutual confidence, such as is supposed to obtain between buyer and seller, is one main band of society; and every illicit practice that tends to render that confidence precarious is a step toward dissolving those social connections of which reciprocal confidence is the basis. Here again, I apprehend, the scale turns in favour of the highwayman. When he presents his pistol at the coach window (or it may be something that looks like one, merely to inspire terror, without even a possibility of doing real mischief), he gives you your alternative; he lets you know what you have to expect in case of refusal. You are not betrayed under a pretext of honesty, but expressly left to your own option, whether you will resign your purse, or stand to the consequence. I grant this to be a breach of the peace, and a breach of integrity: but then it is an open declared one, and you know what you have to do. And, let it be a breach of what it will beside, it is plainly no breach of trust: confidence is utterly disavowed on both sides, and therefore, though forced to part with some of your money, in order to secure your personal safety (and he, I think, is a fool who would not), yet you are not cheated of it. And though force of this kind, if universal, would be no less subversive of society than fraud; yet, since, by the care of the legislature, instances of the former are infinitely fewer than instances of the latter; going on the highway is not, upon the whole, and as matters

now stand, either so general an evil, or so pernicious to the community, as cheating behind a counter.

Add to all this, that when I exchange my money for some certain commodity in lieu of it, I justly expect, and my tradesman professes to let me have, an equitable equivalent for the money so paid. But if, instead of such an equivalent, there is, in reality, no due proportion between the price I pay and the article I purchase; I am as much robbed by that insidious salesman as if he was to stop me on Hounslow Heath. I mean not to justify the gentlemen of the road. I am truly sensible that before a person can take that desperate and unlawful method of repairing his fortune, he must have bid adieu to virtue, and be lost to principle; we are not now exculpating villainy, but only weighing and comparing it.

In common life it is usual to distinguish between theft and robbery. But I apprehend these, though nominally and circumstantially different, are, in fact, one and the same.

The man who unjustly deprives another of his property, robs him: and there are but two ways of doing this; either privately or publicly. But, in this case, the thing itself suffers very great alteration, from the mode of doing it. I therefore set down the unfair tradesman, and the professed highwayman, for robbers. Only one conducts his scheme in an open manner; the other adds treachery to dishonesty. Robbery is robbery, either way: if there is any difference, it seems to consist in this: that robbery on the public road is robbery barefaced; whereas robbery in a shop is robbery disguised: which only makes it a worse species of the same genus.

One thing more deserves consideration. There have been instances of men who have robbed others on the highway, and some years after sent the persons they robbed anonymous letters, including bank bills to more than the amount of what they took: thus repaying, with interest, what they had formerly borrowed on the Heath. But I never yet heard of a cheating tradesman who made the same return to the customers he had defrauded: and, indeed, if a tradesman of that stamp was afterwards to act on this noble principle of recoiling integrity, he would have enough to do, and after all his unjust gains, have little or nothing to bequeath to his own family. However, as the instances of reimbursing the party robbed are rare, and as general

conclusions cannot be formed from particular premises, I lay no great stress on the last observation: but for the reasons alleged before I must and do give it as my opinion, that though the cheating tradesman and the highway robber are both rogues, and great ones, yet that, upon the whole, the highwayman is the honester rogue of the two. And as of two evils, prudence bids us choose the least, so, of the two villains, justice tells us that the least is to be preferred.

Poems on Sacred Subjects,...
POEMS ON SACRED SUBJECTS,

WHEREIN THE FUNDAMENTAL DOCTRINES OF
CHRISTIANITY, WITH MANY OTHER INTERESTING
POINTS, ARE OCCASIONALLY INTRODUCED.

WRITTEN BETWEEN FIFTEEN AND EIGHTEEN YEARS OF
AGE.

En, sanctos Manibus punset sumeret
Ignes Vestatem se Musa facit; bene libera
Curis Libera Deliciisque, Jocisque et Amore profano.

PREFACE.

THE following pieces are not recommended to the patronage of the Public on account of any excellency in themselves, but merely for the importance of their subjects; for, however defective the superstructure may be, its foundation is unquestionably good. All the doctrines here advanced, deducing their authority from the Sacred Scriptures, and their faithful epitome, the Homilies, and the Articles of the Established Church.

That the dignity of truths so momentous might be impaired as little as possible by the manner of expressing them, they are often introduced in the very words of the inspired writers, and our venerable Reformers; as every reader who is intimate with the invaluable books just mentioned cannot fail of observing.

Since all the essentials of religion are comprised in these two--sound faith, and a suitable course of obedience, every thing that may give offence to Christians dissenting from each other in points merely indifferent, is studiously avoided, and no particular tenets any where struck at, except one or two, which apparently tend to invalidate the authority of revelation, and, by consequence, to subvert the whole system of Christianity.

The Author wishes it was in his power to do justice to the sublime doctrines here treated of; but, until death is swallowed up in victory, the glorious privileges and ineffable benefits redounding to believers from the manifestation of God in the flesh cannot be perfectly conceived, much less properly expressed.

Lest a continued sameness should pall, and want of method confuse the reader, the metre is occasionally varied, and the whole presents itself to his view, digested as follows:

I. Petitionary Hymns.

II. Hymns of Praise.

III. Paraphrases on some select portion of Holy Writ.

IV. A few Pieces occasioned by the Death of Friends. And,

Lastly, several pieces, not properly referable to any of the preceding heads, thrown together by way of Appendix.

PETITIONARY HYMNS.

To Mente pura et simplici

Te Voce te Cantu pio,

Rogare curvato genu,

Flendo et canendo discimus. PRUDENTIUS.

Oratio est Oris Ratio, per quam intimae Cordis

Nostri manifestamus Deo.

POEM I.

1 REFINING Fuller, make me clean,

On me thy costly pearl bestow:

Thou art thyself the pearl I prize,

The only joy I seek below.

2 Disperse the clouds that damp my soul,

And make my heart unfit for thee:

Cast me not off, but seal me now

Thine own peculiar property.

3 Look on the wounds of Christ for me,

My sentence graciously relieve:

Extend thy peaceful sceptre, Lord,

And bid the dying traitor live.

4 Tho' I 've transgress'd the rules prescrib'd,

And dar'd the justice I adore,

Yet let thy smiling mercy say,

Depart in peace, and sin no more.

POEM II. At entering into the Church.

1 FATHER of love, to thee I bend
My heart, and lift mine eyes;
O let my pray'r and praise ascend
As odours to the skies.

2 Thy pard'ning voice I come to hear,
To know thee as thou art:
Thy ministers can reach the ear,
But thou must touch the heart.

3 O stamp me in thy heav'nly mould,
And grant thy word apply'd
May bring forth fruit an hundred fold
And speak me justify'd.

POEM III. When Service is ended.

1 LORD, let me not thy courts depart,
Nor quit thy mercy-seat,
Before I feel thee in my heart,
And there the Saviour meet.

2 Water the seed in weakness sown,
And ever more improve:
Make me a garden of thine own;
May ev'ry flow'r be love!

3 O send my soul in peace away;
For both my Lord hath bought:
And let my heart, exulting, say,
I've found the pearl I sought!

POEM IV. For the Morning.

1 JESUS, by whose grace I live,
From the fear of evil kept,
Thou hast lengthen'd my reprieve,
Held in being while I slept.
With the day my heart renew;
Let me wake thy will to do.

2 Since the last revolving dawn
Scatter'd the nocturnal cloud,
O, how many souls have gone,

Unprepar'd, to meet their God
Yet thou dost prolong my breath,
Nor hast seal'd my eyes in death.

3 O that I may keep thy word,
Taught by thee to watch and pray!
To thy service, dearest Lord,
Sanctify th' present day:
Swift its fleeting moments haste,
Doom'd, perhaps, to be my last.

4 Crucify'd to all below,
Earth shall never be my care
Wealth and honour I forego,
This my only wish and care,
Thine in life and death to be,
Now and to eternity.

POEM V. For the Evening.

1 GOD of love, whose truth and grace
Reach unbounded as the skies,
Hear thy creature's feeble praise,
Let my ev'ning sacrifice
Mount as incense to thy throne,
On the merits of thy Son.

2 Me thy Providence has led
Through another busy day:
Over me thy wings were spread,
Chasing sin and death away:
Thou hast been my faithful shield,
Thou my footsteps hast upheld.

3 Tho' the sable veil of night
Hides the cheering face of heav'n,
Let me triumph in the sight
Of my guilt in thee forgiv'n.
In my heart the witness feel,
See the great Invisible.

4 I will lay me down to sleep,
Sweetly take my rest in thee,

Ev'ry moment brought a step
Nearer to eternity:
I shall soon from earth ascend,
Quickly reach my journey's end.

5 All my sins imputed were
To my dear, incarnate God;
Bury'd in his grave they are,
Drown'd in his atoning blood
Me thou wilt not now condemn,
Righteous and complete in him.

6 In the Saviour's right I claim
All the blessings he hath bought;
For my soul the dying Lamb
Hath a full redemption wrought;
Heaven through his desert is mine;
Christ's I am, and Christ is thine!

POEM VI. There is Mercy with Thee.

1 LORD, should'st thou weigh my righteousness,
Or mark what I have done amiss,
How should thy servant stand?
Tho' others might, yet surely I
Must hide my face, nor dare to cry
For mercy at thy hand.

2 But thou art loth thy bolts to shoot;
Backward and slow to execute
The vengeance due to me:
Thou dost not willingly reprove,
For all the mild effects of love
Are center'd, Lord, in thee.

3 Shine, then, thou all-subduing light,
The powers of darkness put to flight
Nor from me ever part:
From earth to heaven be thou my guide,
And O, above each gift beside,
Give me an upright heart.

POEM VII. In Sickness.

1 JESUS, since I with thee am one,
Confirm my soul in thee,
And still continue to tread down
The man of sin in me.

2 Let not the subtle foe prevail
In this my feeble hour:
Frustrate all the hopes of hell,
Redeem from Satan's pow'r.

3 Arm me, O Lord, from head to foot,
With righteousness divine;
My soul in Jesus firmly root,
And seal the Saviour mine.

4 Proportion'd to my pains below,
O let my joys increase,
And mercy to my spirit flow
In healing streams of peace.

5 In life and death be thou my God,
And I am more than safe:
Chastis'd by thy paternal rod,
Support me with thy staff.

6 Lay on me, Saviour, what thou wilt,
But give me strength to bear:
Thy gracious hand this cross hath dealt,
Which cannot be severe.

7 As gold refin'd may I come out,
In sorrow's furnace try'd;
Preserved from faithlessness and doubt,
And fully purify'd.

8 When, overwhelm'd with sore distress,
Out of the pit I cry,
On Jesus suffering in my place
Help me to fix mine eye.

9 When * marr'd with tears, and blood, and sweat,
The glorious Sufferer lay,
And in my stead sustain'd the heat
And burden of the day.

* Referring to his agony in the garden.

10 The pangs which my weak nature knows
Are swallow'd up in thine:
How numberless thy pond'rous woes!
How few, how light are mine!

11 O might I learn of thee to bear
Temptation, pain and loss!
Give me a heart inur'd to prayer,
And fitted to the cross.

12 Make me, O Lord, thy patient son;
Thy language mine shall be:
"Father, thy gracious will be done,
I take the cup from thee."

13 While thus my soul is fixt on him
Once fasten'd to the wood,
Safe shall I pass through Jordan's stream,
And reach the realms of God.

14 And when my soul mounts up to keep
With thee the marriage feast,
I shall not die, but fall asleep
On my Redeemer's breast.

POEM VIII. Joh 14:17. He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quick'ning Spirit give,
The unction from above;
Shew me, Lord, how good thou art,
My soul with all thy fulness fill:
Send the witness in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Dead in sin 'till then I lie,
Bereft of power to rise;
Till thy Spirit inwardly
Thy saving blood applies:
Now the mighty gift impart,
My sin erase, my pardon seal:

Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

3 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thy own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my every lust depart,
And with me O vouchsafe to dwell;
Faithful witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

4 Let me in thy love rejoice,
Thy shrine, thy pure abode;
Tell me, by thine inward voice,
That I'm a child of God:
Lord, I choose the better part,
Jesus, I wait thy peace to feel;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

5 Whom the world cannot receive,
O manifest in me:
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live in thee
Now impute thy whole desert,
Restore the joy from which I fell:
Breathe the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

POEM IX. *On War.*

1 GREAT God, whom heav'n, and earth, and sea,
With all their countless hosts, obey,
Upheld by whom the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command.

2 Beneath thy long suspended ire
Let papal Antichrist expire;
Thy knowledge spread from sea to sea,
'Till every nation bows to thee.

3 Then shew thyself the prince of peace,

Make every hostile efforts cease; All with thy sacred love inspire,
And burn their chariots in the fire.

4 In sunder break each warlike spear;
Let all the Saviour's liv'ry wear;
The universal Sabbath prove,
The utmost rest of Christian love.

5 The world shall then no discord know,
But hand in hand to Canaan go,
Jesus, the peaceful king, adore,
And learn the art of war no more.

POEM X. Desiring to be given up to God.

1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And lov'd thee with a perfect love!
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!
Jesus, remove th' impending load,
And set my soul on fire for God!

2 Thou seest I dwell in awful night
Until thou in my heart appear;
Kindle the flame, O Lord, and light
Thine everlasting candle there:
Thy presence puts the shadows by;
If thou art gone, how dark am I!

3 Ah! Lord, how should thy servant see,
Unless thou give me seeing eyes?
Well may I fall, if out of thee;
If out of thee, how should I rise?
I wander, Lord, without thy aid,
And lose my way in midnight's shade.

4 Thy bright, unerring light afford,
A light that gives the sinner hope;
And from the house of bondage, Lord,
O bring the weary captive up;
Thine hand alone can set me free,
And reach my pardon out to me.

5 O let my prayer acceptance find,

And bring the mighty blessing down;
With eye-salve, Lord, anoint the blind,
And seal me thine adopted son:
A fallen, helpless creature take,
And heir of thy salvation make.

POEM XI. Mt 8:25. Lord, save us, we perish.

1 PILOT of the soul, awake,
Save us for thy mercies' sake;
Now rebuke the angry deep,
Save, O save thy sinking ship!

2 Stand at the helm, our vessel steer,
Mighty on our side appear;
Saviour, teach us to descry
Where the rocks and quicksands lie.

3 The waves shall impotently roll,
If thou'rt the anchor of the soul:
At thy word the wind shall cease,
Storms be hush'd to perfect peace.

4 Be thou our haven of retreat,
A rock to fix our wav'ring feet,
Teach us to own thy sovereign sway,
Whom the winds and seas obey.

POEM XII. O that my ways were made so direct, &c.

1 O THAT my ways were made so strait,
And that the lamp of faith
Would, as a star, direct my feet
Within the narrow path!

2 O that thy strength might enter now,
And in my heart abide,
To make me as a faithful bow
That never starts aside!

3 O that I all to Christ were given,
(From sin and earth set free)
Who kindly laid aside his heaven,
And gave himself for me!

4 Not more the panting hart desires
The cool, refreshing stream
Than my dry, thirsty soul aspires
At being one with him.

5 Set up thine image in my heart;
Thy temple let me be,
Bid every idol now depart
That fain would rival thee.

6 Still keep me in the heavenly path;
Bestow the inward light;
And lead me by the hand till faith
Is ripened into sight.

POEM XIII.

1 FATHER, to thee in Christ I fly,
What tho' my sins of crimson dye
For thy resentment call?
My crimes he did on Calv'ry bear,
The blood that flow'd for sinners there
Shall cleanse me from them all.

2 Spirit divine, thy pow'r bring in,
O raise me from this depth of sin,
Take off my guilty load:
Now let me live through Jesu's death,
And, being justified by faith,
May I have peace with God!

3 Foul as I am, deserving hell,
Thou can'st not from thy throne repel
A soul that leans on God:
My sins at thy command shall be
Cast as a stone into the sea--
The sea of Jesu's blood.

POEM XIV.

1 SUPREME High Priest, the pilgrim's light,
My heart for thee prepare,
Thine image stamp, and deeply write
Thy superscription there.

2 Ah! let my forehead bear thy seal,
My arm thy badge retain,
My heart the inward witness feel
That I am born again!

3 Thy peace, O Saviour, shed abroad.
That every want supplies:
Then from its guilt my soul renew'd,
Shall, phoenix like, arise.

4 Into thy humble mansion come,
Set up thy dwelling here:
Possess my heart, and leave no room
For sin to harbour there.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, the single eye,
Which aims at nought but thee:
I fain would live, and yet not I--
Let Jesus live in me.

6 Like Noah's dove, no rest I find
But in thy ark of peace:
Thy cross the balance of my mind,
Thy wounds my hiding-place.

7 In vain the tempter spreads the snare,
If thou my keeper art:
Get thee behind me, God is near,
My Saviour takes my part!

8 On him my spirit I recline,
Who put my nature on;
His light shall in my darkness shine,
And guide me to his throne.

9 O that the penetrating sight,
And eagle's eye were mine
Undazzled at the boundless light,
I'd see his glory shine!

10 Ev'n now, by faith, I see him live
To crown the conquering few;
Nor let me linger here, but strive
To gain the prize in view.

11 Add, Saviour, to the eagle's eye,
The dove's aspiring wing,
To bear me upwards to the sky,
Thy praises there to sing!

POEM XV. Self Dedication.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, fill my heart
With nothing else but thee;
Now thy saving pow'r exert,
And more than conquer me:
Each intruding rival kill,
That hinders or obstructs thy reign:
All thy glorious might reveal,
And make me pure within.

2 Through my soul in mercy shine,
Thine Holy Spirit give;
Let him witness, Lord, with mine
That I in Jesus live;
Set me free from Satan's load,
The gift of Liberty dispense,
In my heart O shed abroad
Thy quick'ning influence.

3 Let the gifts bestow'd on me,
Live to thy praise alone;
Lord, the talents lent by thee
Are thine and not my own:
May I in thy service spend
All the graces thou has given,
Taken up, when time shall end,
To live and reign in heaven.

POEM XVI. In Temptation.

1 COMPASS'D by the foe, on thee
Feebly I presume to call;
Get thyself the victory,
Hold me, and I shall not fall:
On thy creature mercy shew,
Thine I am by purchase too.

2 Guard of my defenceless heart,
Wherefore hidest thou thy face?
Mercy's fountain head thou art,
Ever full of truth and grace;
Quell the roaring lion's pow'r,
Father, save me from this hour.

3 Sun of righteousness, arise,
Shed thy blisful rays on me;
Kindly listen to my cries,
Try'd by him who tempted thee:
Thou my helpless soul defend,
Keep me blameless to the end.

4 Rise in vengeance from thy seat,
Jesus, Lord, make haste to save;
Me to sift my soul as wheat,
Satan hath desired to have:
Let him not too far prevail,
Suffer not my faith to fail.

5 Try'd, afflicted, and distrest
By temptation's searching flame,
Tho', beneath its load oppress'd,
Now in heaviness I am,
I shall soon at freedom be,
More than conqueror in thee.

6 This affliction shall work out,
(Light and transient as it is)
When I am to Sion brought,
Everlasting joy and peace:
Here but for a moment try'd,
There for ever glorified.

POEM XVII.

1 O may I never rest
Till I find rest in thee;
'Till of my pardon here possess'd
I feel thy love to me!
Unseal my darken'd eyes,
My fetter'd feet unbind,

The lame shall, when thou say'st "Arise,
Run swifter than the hind.

2 O draw the alien near,
Bend the obdurate neck,
O melt the flint into a tear,
And teach the dumb to speak:
Turn not thy face away,
Thy look can make me clean;
Me in thy wedding robe array,
And cover all my sin.

3 Tell me, my God, for whom
Thy precious blood was shed;
For sinners! Lord, as such I come.
For such the Saviour bled:
Then raise a fallen wretch,
Display thy grace in me!
I am not out of mercy's reach,
Nor too far gone for thee.

4 Thou quickly wilt forgive,
My Lord will not delay;
Jesus, to thee the time I leave,
And wait the accepted day:
I now rejoice in hope
That I shall be made clean:
Thy grace shall surely lift me up
Above the reach of sin.

5 Hast thou not died for me,
And call'd me from below!
O help me to lay hold on thee,
And ne'er to let thee go!
Though on the billows toss'd,
My Saviour I'll pursue:
Awhile submit to bear his cross,
Then share his glory too.

POEM XVIII.

1 FROM Justice's consuming flame,
Saviour, I fly to thee;

O look not on me as I am,
But as I fain would be.

2 Deserted in the way I lie,
No cure for me is found:
Thou, good Samaritan, pass by,
And bind up every wound.

3 O may I in the final day
At thy right-hand appear!
Take thou my sins out of the way,
Who didst the burden bear.

4 What though the fiery serpent's bite
Hath poisoned ev'ry vein--
I'll not despair, but keep in sight
The wounds of Jesus slain.

5 My soul thou wilt from death retrieve,
For sorrow grant me joy,
Thy power is mightier to save
Than Satan's to destroy.

POEM XIX. After being surprised into Sin.

1 AH! Give me, Lord, myself to see.
Against myself to watch and pray,
How weak am I, when left by thee,
How frail, how apt to fall away!
If but a moment thou withdraw,
That moment sees me break thy law.

2 Jesus, the sinner's only trust,
Let me now feel thy grace infus'd!
Ah! raise a captive from the dust,
Nor break a reed already bruis'd'
Visit me, Lord, in peace again,
Nor let me seek thy face in vain.

3 O gracious Lord, now let me find
Peace and salvation in thy name;
Be thou the eye-sight of the blind,
The staff and ancles of the lame;
My lifter up whene'er I fall,

My strength, my portion, and my all.

4 Let thy meek mind descend on me,
Thy Holy Spirit from above:
Assist me, Lord, to follow thee,
Drawn by th' endearing cords of love;
Made perfect by thy cleansing blood,
Completely sav'd and born of God.

POEM XX. Christ the Light of his People.

1 I LIFT my heart and eyes to thee,
Jesus, thou unextinguished light:
My lantern, guide, and leader be,
My cloud by day, my fire by night.

2 Glory of Israel, shine within,
Unshadow'd, uneclips'd appear;
O let thy beams dispel my sin,
Direct me by a friendly star.

3 The world a maze and lab'rinth is,
Be thou my thread and faithful clue;
Thy kingdom and thy righteousness
The only objects I pursue.

4 Light of the Gentiles, thee I hail!
Essential light, thyself impart!
Spirit of light, his face reveal;
And set thy signet on my heart.

5 Thy office is to enlighten man,
And point him to the heavenly prize;
The hidden things of God t' explain,
And chase the darkness from our eyes.

6 Shew me I have the better part,
The treasure hid with Christ in God;
Give me a perfect peace of heart,
And pardon through my Saviour's blood.

POEM XXI.

1 CHAIN'D to the world, to sin ty'd down,
In darkness still I lie;

Lord, break my bonds, Lord give me wings,
And teach me how to fly.

2 Instruct my feeble hands to war,
In me thy strength reveal,
To put my ev'ry lust to death,
And fight thy battles well.

3 Rend ev'ry veil that shades thy face,
Put on thine helmet, Lord;
My sin shall fall, my guilt expire,
Beneath thy conqu'ring sword.

4 Thou art the mighty God of hosts,
Whose counsels never fail;
Be thou my glorious chief, and then
I cannot but prevail.

POEM XXII.

1 O WHEN will thou my Saviour be,
O when shall I be clean,
The true, eternal sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin!
Jesus, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from my heart,
look for rest in vain.

2 The consolations of thy word,
My soul hath long upheld,
The faithful promise of the Lord,
Shall surely be fulfill'd:
I look to my incarnate God,
'Till he his work begin;
And wait 'till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.

3 His great salvation I shall know,
And perfect liberty:
Onward to sin he cannot go,
Whoe'er abides in thee;
Added to the Redeemer's fold,

I shall in him rejoice:
I all his glory shall behold,
And hear my shepherd's voice.

4 O that I now the voice might hear,
That speaks my sins forgiv'n;
His word is past to give me here
The inward pledge of heav'n:
His blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify the unclean;
The grace that saves from future hell,
Shall save from present sin.

POEM XXIII.

1 JESUS, thy light impart,
And lead me in thy path;
I have an unbelieving heart,
But thou can'st give me faith.

2 The work in me fulfil,
Which mercy hath begun;
I have a proud rebellious will,
But thou canst melt it down.

3 Sin on my heart is wrote,
I am throughout impure;
But my disease, O Lord, is not
Too hard for thee to cure.

4 The darkness of my mind
Lies open to thy sight;
Jesus, I am by nature blind,
But thou canst give me light.

5 Send down thy Holy Ghost,
To cleanse and fill with peace;
For O, mine inward parts thou know'st
Are very wickedness.

6 Thy love all power hath,
Its power in me exert;
And give me living active faith,
That purifies the heart.

7 Unrival'd reign within,
My only sovereign be,
O crucify the man of sin,
And form thyself in me.

8 Thy blood's renewing might,
Can make the foulest clean;
Can wash the Ethiopian white,
And change the Leopard's skin.

9 That, Lord, can bring me nigh,
And wipe my sins away;
Can lift my abject soul on high,
And call me into day.

10 Fulfil thy gracious word,
And shew my guilt forgiv'n;
Bid me embrace my dying Lord,
And mount with him to heav'n.

POEM XXIV. The Christian's Wish.

1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,
The world, myself, and all but thee;
Only reserved for Christ that dy'd
Surrender'd to the crucify'd.

2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life.
For heav'n alone my heart prepare,
And have my conversation there.

3 O may I the Redeemer trace,
Invested with his righteousness!
This path, untir'd, I will pursue,
Nor slack while Jesus is in view.

4 Nothing save Jesus may I know,
My Father and companion thou!
Lord, take my heart, assert my right,
And put all other loves to flight.

5 My idols tread beneath thy feet,
And enter'd once, maintain thy seat;

Let Dagon fall before thy face,
The ark remaining in its place.

6 O lend me now a two-edg'd sword,
To slay my sins before the Lord;
With Abraham's knife, before thine eyes,
Each favourite Isaac sacrifice.

POEM XXV. [Before Meat.] 1Co 10:31.

1 LORD, we invite thee here,
Vouchsafe to be our guest;
Jesus, do thou appear
The master of the feast;
Thy quick'ning presence let us prove,
And banquet on thy hidden love.

2 With manna from on high
Feed thine inheritance,
And come and sanctify
Our outward sustenance:
With it the inward food be giv'n,
The bread of life, the wine of heav'n.

POEM XXVI. For the Morning.

1 MY soul, can'st thou no higher rise.
To meet thy God, than this?
Yet, Lord, accept my sacrifice,
Defective as it is.

2 Tune all my organs to thy praise,
And psalmist's muse impart;
And, with thy penetrating rays,
O melt my frozen heart.

3 Give me thyself the only good,
And ever with me stay;
Whose faithful mercies are renew'd
With each returning day.

4 Ah! guide me with a Father's eye,
Nor from my soul depart;
But let the day-star from on high

Illuminate my heart.

5 This day preserve me without sin,
Unspotted in thy ways;
And hear me while I usher in
The welcome dawn with praise.

6 Far as the East from West remove
Each earthly vain desire,
And raise me on the wings of love,
'Till I can mount no higher.

POEM XXVII. For the Evening.

1 THOU unexhausted mine of bliss,
From whence all comforts flow;
Inspire me with that perfect peace,
Which only Christians know.

2 The curtains of thy love extend
Around my calm abode,
As I began, so may I end
My ev'ry day with God.

3 My life unhurt, thine hand hath kept,
Accept the praise I pay;
For all the dangers I've escaped,
And mercies of the day.

4 Far, far away the tempter chase,
My soul from terror keep;
Let angels fill this hallow'd place,
And guard me as I sleep.

5 O wash out ev'ry sin whereby
This day I have transgress'd;
And seal my pardon ere I give
My slumb'ring eye-lids rest.

6 Prepare me for the bed of death,
Be that my hourly thought,
That when I yield my latest breath
I may be found with God.

POEM XXVIII. He is the Propitiation of our Sins.

1 O THOU, that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffer'd once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4 The King of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unclog'd by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount upon his sable wings
To everlasting day.

POEM XXIX. Hab 2:14. For the Earth shall be filled, &c.

1 BRING the kingdom, Lord, make haste,
Bring on the glorious day,
From the greatest to the least,
When all shall own thy sway:
When the convert world, with grief,
Shall see the error of their ways,
Lay aside their unbelief,
And yield unto thy grace.

2 In thy gospel-chariot, Lord,
Drive through earth's utmost bound;
Spread the odour of thy word
Through all the nations round:

Fill the darken'd earth with light,
Thine own victorious cause advance;
Take the heathen as the right
Of thine inheritance.

3 In our day expose to view,
The standard of the Lamb:
Bid the nations flock thereto,
Who never knew thy name;
Let them quit the downward road,
Compell'd thy gospel to receive;
Turn'd from Satan unto God,
With one consent believe.

POEM XXX.

1 REDEEMER, whither should I flee,
Or how escape the wrath to come?
The weary sinner flies to thee
For shelter from impending doom:
Smile on me, gracious Lord, and shew
Thyself the friend of sinners now.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy cross,
The heavy-laden soul finds rest:
Let me esteem the world as dross,
So I may be of Christ possess'd!
I borrow ev'ry joy from thee,
For thou art life and light to me.

3 Close to my Saviour's bloody tree,
My soul, untir'd, shall ever cleave;
Both scourg'd and crucified with thee,
With Christ resolved to die and live.
My pray'r, my grand ambition this,
Living and dying to be his.

4 O nail me to the sacred wood,
There hold me by the Spirit's chain,
There seal me with thy fast'ning blood,
Nor ever let me loose again:
There may I bow my suppliant knee,
And own no other Lord but thee!

POEM XXXI.

1 LORD, stand not off, come nearer still,
Illuminate my darken'd soul,
Renew my heart, correct my will,
Make the polluted leper whole.

2 Behold my struggles, Lord, and set
My sin-bound soul at liberty:
Give me thine hand to break the net,
And bid the fetter'd slave be free.

3 My own desert I cannot plead,
My purest silver is but dross:
Let Jesus' merits intercede,
O nail my errors to the cross.

4 Fain would I mount to thee, my crown,
And gain the realms of endless light
But fett'ring earth still keeps me down,
And sin impediates my flight.

5 Father, to me impart thy bread,
To me thine healing manna give;
On life eternal let me feed,
That my diseased soul may live.

6 Unworthy to intreat thy grace,
Unworthier still thy grace t' obtain,
I plead my Surety's righteousness,
Nor shall my plea be urg'd in vain.

POEM XXXII. Where two or three are gathered together in my name, &c.

1 JESUS, God of love, attend,
From thy glorious throne descend;
Answer now some waiting heart,
Now some harden'd soul convert:
To our Advocate we fly,
Let us feel Emanuel nigh;
Manifest thy love abroad,
Make us now the sons of God.

2 Hover round us, King of kings,
Rise with healing in thy wings;
Melt our obstinacy down,
Cause us to become thine own:
Set, O set the captives free,
Draw our backward souls to thee;
Let us all from thee receive
Light to see and life to live.

3 Prostrate at thy mercy seat
Let us our Beloved meet;
Give us in thyself a part,
Deep engraven on thine heart;
Let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
Bid the broken bones rejoice;
Condemnation do away,
O make this the happy day!

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Join to seek and save the lost:
Raise some sinner to thy throne,
Add a jewel to thy crown!
Are we not, without thy light,
Darken'd with Egyptian night?
Light of light, thy pow'r exert,
Lighten each benighted heart!

5 Prayer can mercy's door unlock;
Open, Lord, to us that knock!
Us the heirs of glory seal,
With thy benediction fill:
Holy Spirit, make us his,
Visit ev'ry soul in peace;
Give our vanquish'd hearts to say,
Love divine has won the day!

6 Give the heavy-laden rest,
Christ make known in ev'ry breast,
Void of thee we quickly die,
Turn our sackcloth into joy:
Witness all our sins forgiv'n,

Grant on earth a glimpse of heav'n;
Bring the joyful tidings down
Fit us for our future crown.

7 Let us chaunt melodious hymns,
Loud as those of cherubims;
Join with heart and tongue to bless
Christ our strength and righteousness.
All our praise to Him belongs,
Theme of our sublimest songs;
Object of our choicest love,
Thee we laud with hosts above.

8 Thee we hail with joint acclaim,
Shout the glories of thy name;
Ever may we feel thee thus,
Dear Immanuel, God with us!
Prince of peace, thy people see,
All our thanks we aim at thee;
Deign our tribute to receive,
Praise is all we have to give.

POEM XXXIII.

1 COME from on high, my King and God,
My confidence thou art;
Display the virtue of thy blood,
And circumcise my heart.

2 From heav'n, thy holy place, on me
Descend in mercy down;
Water of life, I thirst for thee,
To know thee for my own.

3 Rend, O rend the guilty veil,
That keeps me from my God;
Remove the bar, and let me feel
That I am thine abode.

4 O might this worthless heart of mine
The Saviour's temple be!
Empty'd of ev'ry love but thine,
And shut to all but thee!

POEM XXXIV. I know that in my Flesh dwelleth no good Thing.

1 LORD, is not all from thee?
Is not all fulness thine?
Whate'er of good there is in me,
O Lord, is none of mine.

2 Each holy tendency
Did not thy mercy give?
And what, O Saviour, what have I
That I did not receive?

3 I cannot speak a word,
Or think a thought that's good,
But what proceedeth from the Lord;
And cometh forth from God.

4 Jesus, I know full well,
What my best actions are;
They'd sink my grievous soul to hell,
If unrefin'd they were.

5 Myself and all I do,
O sprinkle with thy blood;
Renew me, Saviour, ere I go,
To stand before my God.

6 I of myself have nought,
That can his justice please;
Not one right word, nor act, nor thought,
But what I owe to grace.

POEM XXXV. Refuge in the Righteousness of Christ.

1 FROM thy supreme tribunal, Lord,
Where justice sits severe,
I to thy mercy seat appeal,
And beg forgiveness there.

2 Tho' I have sinn'd before the throne,
My Advocate I see:
Jesus, be thou my Judge, and let
My sentence come from thee.

3 Lo, weary to thy cross I fly,

There let me shelter find:
Lord, when thou call'st thy ransom'd home,
O leave me not behind!

4 I joyfully embrace thy love
To fallen man reveal'd;
My hope of glory, dearest Lord,
On thee alone I build.

5 The law was satisfy'd by him
Who flesh for me was made:
Its penalty he underwent,
Its precepts he obey'd.

6 Desert and all self-righteousness
I utterly forego;
My robe of everlasting bliss,
My wedding garment thou.

7 The spotless Saviour liv'd for me,
And died upon the Mount;
Th' obedience of his life and death
Is placed to my account.

8 Can'st thou forget that awful hour,
That sad, tremendous scene,
When thy dear blood on Calvary
Flow'd out at ev'ry vein?

9 No, Saviour, no; thy wounds are fresh,
Even now they intercede;
Still, in effect, for guilty man
Incessantly they bleed.

10 Thine ears of mercy still attend
A contrite sinner's cries,
A broken heart, that groans for God,
Thou never wilt despise.

11 O love incomprehensible,
That made thee bleed for me!
The Judge of all hath suffer'd death
To set his prisoner free!

POEM XXXVI. For Pardon of Sin.

1 JESUS, thy feet I will not leave,
Till I the precious gift receive,
The purchas'd pearl possess:
Impart it, gracious Lord, while I
With supplication's humblest cry,
Invest the throne of grace.

2 Baptize me with the Holy Ghost;
Make this the day of Pentecost,
Wherein my soul may prove
Thy spirit's sweet renewing power,
And shew me, in this happy hour,
The riches of thy love.

3 Thou canst not always hide thy face,
Thou wilt at last my soul embrace,
Thou yet will make me clean:
My God, is there not room for me?
I'll wait with patience, Lord, on thee,
'Till thou shall take me in.

4 Remember, Lord, that Jesus bled,
That Jesus bow'd his dying head,
And sweated bloody sweat:
He bore thy wrath and curse for me
In his own body on the tree,
And more than paid my debt.

5 Surely he hath my pardon bought,
A perfect righteousness wrought out
His people to redeem:
O that his righteousness might be
By grace imputed now to me:
As were my sins to him.

POEM XXXVII.

1 THOU Sun of righteousness, arise,
Shine, glorious morning star,
Enlighten my benighted soul,
And make the Ethiop fair.

Confus'd and blind though now I am,
And prone to go astray,
Bid me receive my sight, and I
Shall clearly see my way.

2 The captive at thy word shall be
From every chain released;
The broken heart shall sing for joy,
The troubled sea shall rest:
Enflame me with a ray of heaven,
Pure, fervent love inspire;
And let thy dove-like Spirit aid
And fan the holy fire.

3 Be thou my light, for light thou art,
O crucify each doubt;
Sweep every corner of my heart,
And turn the tempter out:
Let not my hopes be overcast
With shadows of despair;
Dart through my soul thy quickning beams,
And build an altar there.

4 Redeem me from temptations rage,
Break down the holds of sin;
Give me to stand in crooked ways,
And keep my garments clean:
Transplant me, Saviour, from myself,
And graft me into thee;
Then shall the grain of mustard-seed
Spring up into a tree.

POEM XXXVIII. Php 2:5. Let this mind be in you which was also
in Christ Jesus.

1 LORD, I feel a carnal mind
That hangs about me still,
Vainly though I strive to bind
My own rebellious will;
Is not haughtiness of heart
The gulf between my God and me?
Meek Redeemer, now impart

Thine own humility.

2 Fain would I my Lord pursue,
Be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jesus bid me do,
And think as Jesus thought:
But 'tis thou must change my heart,
The perfect gift must come from thee;
Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

3 Lord, I cannot, must not, rest,
'Till I thy mind obtain,
Chase presumption from my breast,
And all thy mildness gain;
Give me, Lord, thy gentle heart,
Thy lowly mind my portion be:
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

4 Let thy cross my will control;
Conform me to my guide;
In thine image mould my soul,
And crucify my pride;
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,
A heart that always looks to thee:
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

5 Tear away my ev'ry boast,
My stubborn mind abase;
Saviour, fix my only trust
In thy redeeming grace:
Give me a submissive heart,
From pride and self-dependance free;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility

POEM XXXIX. For all the mind of Christ.

1 HAIL, faultless Model, sinless Guide,
In whom no blame was seen
Able thou wert, and none beside,

To ransom guilty men.

2 I want my happiness below
In thee alone to find;
Surely thou wilt on me bestow
Thy pure, thy heav'nly mind!

3 Active for God I fain would be,
And do my work assigned:
Jesus, look down, implant in me,
Thy zealous fervent mind!

4 While here, it was thy constant aim
To benefit mankind.
O give me, dear redeeming Lamb,
Thy loving, gracious mind!

5 Stiff is my neck, and proud my heart,
Unbroken, unresigned:
When wilt thou, blessed Lord, impart
Thy patient, humble mind!

6 My sins how slowly do I leave,
To earthly things inclin'd;
But wean me, Lord, and let me have
Thy self-denying mind.

7 O might I walk with faithful heed,
And look no more behind,
Possess'd of what I chiefly need,
Thy serious steady mind.

8 Still may my ev'ry grace increase,
'Till I in heaven appear:
On earth like thee in holiness,
Like thee in glory there.

POEM XL. For Pardon.

1 Now, Lord, the purchased pardon give,
Nor e'er the grant revoke,
But bend my stiff obdurate neck
Beneath thine easy yoke.

2 O might I as a faithful sheep,
My Shepherd ne'er forsake:
O might I now for heaven set out,
And never more turn back!

3 Christ in his resurrection's pow'r,
Within my heart reveal:
Forgive my deep revoltings, Lord,
And my forgiveness seal.

4 Thou only hast the words of life,
My spirit upward draw,
Me to thy kingdom, Lord, instruct
And teach me in thy law.

5 Apollos waters but in vain,
Paul plants without success:
The prophets' labours fruitless are
Except thou give increase.

POEM XLI. *The Same.*

1 SHOULD'ST thou be strict to mark our faults,
Who could acquitted be?
Who, unrenewed, could stand the search,
Or bear the scrutiny?

2 Lord, at thy feet I meekly fall,
Held in contrition's chain:
Thy gracious hand that cast me down,
Shall raise me up again.

3 O speak the word thy servant hears,
Pronounce me pardon'd now:
Lord, I believe, increase my faith,
And let me know thee too.

4 Thou only, Saviour, as the key,
Unlock the prison door:
Though yet I cannot fly to thee,
I'll send my heart before.

5 The blood of sprinkling now apply,
And that shall make me clean;

Weigh not my worthless works, O Lord,
But O, forgive my sin!

6 Take now away whate'er obstructs
Thine intercourse with me:
And may I cheerfully leave all
I have to follow thee!

POEM XLII.

1 JESUS, thy pow'r I fain would feel,
Thy love is all I want:
O let thine ears consider well
The voice of my complaint.

2 Thou seest me yet a slave to sin,
And destitute of God;
O purify and make me clean
By thine all-cleansing blood.

3 Far off I stand, O bring me nigh,
And bid me sit up higher:
Immanuel, now in love pass by,
And answer my desire.

4 O Jesus, undertake for me,
Thy peace to me be given:
For, while I stand away from thee,
I stand away from heav'n.

5 I will not my offence conceal,
I will not hide my sin,
But all my crimes with weeping tell,
And own how vile I 've been.

6 Lord, will thy wrathful jealousy
As fire for ever burn?
And wilt thou not a succour be,
And comfort those that mourn?

7 Reject not, Lord, my humble pray'rs,
Nor yet my soul destroy:
Thine only Son hath sown in tears
That I might reap in joy.

EUCCHARISTIC HYMNS.

"Immensa Beneficia Laudibus immensis celebranda."

PRIMAS

-----O thou Patron God,
Thou God and Mortal, thence more God to Man,
Man's Theme eternal, Man's eternal Theme!
Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our Praise.

NIGHT THOUGHTS. NIGHT IX

HYMNS OF THANKSGIVING.

HYMN I. Praise for Conversion.

1 Not to myself I owe
That I, O Lord, am thine;
Free grace hath all the shades broke through,
And caus'd the light to shine.
Me thou hast willing made
Thy offers to receive;
Call'd by the voice that wakes the dead,
I come to thee and live.

2 Why am I made to see,
Who am by nature blind?
Why am I taken home to thee,
And others left behind?
Because thy sov'reign love
Was bent the worst to save;
Jesus, who reigns enthron'd above,
The free salvation gave.

3 Tho' once far off I stood,
Nor knew myself thy foe,
Brought nigh by the Redeemer's blood,
Myself and thee I know:
No more a child of wrath,
Thy smiling face I see;
And praise thee for the work of faith
Which thou hast wrought in me.

4 With me thy Spirit strove,
Almighty to retrieve;

Thou saw'st me in a time of love,
And said unto me, Live.
By thee made free indeed,
I felt thy gracious words;
Thy mantle over me was spread,
And I became the Lord's.

5 Jesus, thy Son, by grace,
I to the end shall be;
Made perfect through thy comeliness
Which I receiv'd from thee.
I drink the living stream
To all believers giv'n,
A fellow citizen with them,
Who dwell in yonder heav'n.

6 With all thy chosen band
I trust to see thee there,
And, in thy righteousness, to stand
Undaunted at thy bar.

HYMN II. The Heavens declare the Glory of God.

1 The sky's a veil, the outward scene
Proclaims the majesty within;
Which boundless light, tho' hid behind
Breaks out, too great to be confin'd.

2 The heav'n thy glorious impress wears,
Thy image glitters in the stars:
The firmament, thine high abode,
Seems too the spangled robe of God.

3 Whene'er its beauty I admire,
It's radiant globes direct me higher,
In silent praise they point to thee,
All light, all eye, all majesty!

4 Glory to Him who studs the sky,
(Earth's variegated canopy)
With lamps to guide us on our way,
Faint emblems of eternal day.

5 Yes, Lord, each shining orb declares

Thy name in dazzling characters;
As precious gems they dart their rays
And seem to form a crown of praise.

HYMN III. On Ascension Day.

1 Lo! the Lord by whom salvation
Is to fallen man restor'd,
Now resumes his blissful station,
Shews himself th' Almighty Lord;
Slow ascending,
Bids us, for a while, farewell.

2 Who his heavenly state suspended,
And for man's atonement dy'd,
By unnumbered hosts attended,
Rises to his Father's side;
Borne by angels
Back to his eternal throne.

3 Seraphs, chaunt his endless praises,
Guard him to his ancient seat;
Open wide, ye heavenly places,
Your returning God admit:
Heav'nly portals,
Let the King of Glory in!

4 Christ his kingdom re-inherits,
His before the world began;
Myriads of admiring spirits
Hover round the Son of man
Wrapt in wonder
View the wounds he bore for us.

5 "Worthy thou of exaltation,"
Lost in sweet surprise they sing;
"Mortals, with like acclamation,
Hail your great redeeming King:
Let your voices
Emulate th' angelic choir."

6 Yes, O Christ, from ev'ry creature,
Praise shall to thy name be giv'n;

Worthy thou of more and greater,
King of saints and king of heav'n!
Kindling transports
Swell our hearts and tune our tongues!

7 Though our Lord is taken from us,
Present but in Spirit now,
This his faithful word of promise
Made while sojourning below;
"Where I enter,
Thither shall my servant come."

8 Him we praise for his ascension,
Conqueror of sin and death;
Gone up to prepare a mansion
For his ransom'd flock beneath:
They shall quickly
Reign with him in glory there.

9 There already is our treasure,
There our heart, our hope, our crown;
Thence on sublunary pleasure,
We with holy scorn look down:
Earth hath nothing
Worth a moment's transient thought.

10 We shall soon in bliss adore thee,
Gain the realms of endless day;
Soon be gather'd home to glory, All our tears be wip'd away:
There, for ever,
Sing the Lamb's new song of love.

HYMN IV. To the Trinity.

1 GLORIOUS union, God unsought;
Three in name and one in thought,
All thy works thy goodness show,
Centre of perfection thou!

2 Praise we, with uplifted eyes,
Him that dwells above the skies:
God who reigns on Sion's hill,
Made redeem'd, and keeps us still.

3 Join th' angelic hosts above
Praise the Father's matchless love,
Who for us his Son hath giv'n,
Sent him to regain our heav'n.

4 Glory to the Saviour's grace,
Help of Adam's helpless race;
Who, for our transgressions slain,
Make us one with God again.

5 Next the Holy Ghost we bless;
He makes known and seals our peace,
Us he cleanses and makes whole,
Quickens ev'ry dying soul.

6 Holy, blessed, glorious Three,
One from all eternity,
Makes us vessels of thy grace,
Ever running o'er with praise.

7 Thee we laud with grateful song,
Sever'd from the guilty throng,
Ransom'd by the Son who died,
By the Spirit sanctified.

8 All the persons join to raise
Sinners to a state of grace;
All unite their bliss t' insure,
In the glorious work concur.

9 O that we his love might taste!
Bless us, and we shall be blest.
Cleanse us, Lord, from sin's abuse,
Fit us for the Master's use!

10 In our hearts, thy temples dwell;
With the hope of glory fill:
Be on earth our guest divine,
Then let heav'n make us thine.

HYMN V. *Another.*

1 FATHER, Creator of mankind,
Thee we attempt to sing;

With thy Son and Spirit join'd,
Our everlasting king;
Us thou dost in Christ receive,
Cloth'd with Christ we come to thee:
Him thou did'st for sinners give
Their substitute to be.

2 All our sins, dear Lamb of God,
Are for thy sake forgiv'n,
Jesus, thy restoring blood
Entitles men to heav'n:
Self-existent, Lord of all,
Uncreate with God the same,
Bought by thee, on thee we call,
Exulting in thy name.

3 Spirit of Jehovah, write
Thy nature on our heart,
Us unto the Lord unite,
As thou united art;
Make us meet his face to see,
Jesus' righteousness apply:
Holy Ghost, our leader be,
And guide us to the sky.

4 Three in One, before thy feet
Our inmost souls we bend,
Glorious mystery, too great
For worms to comprehend:
We can ne'er, on this side death,
Bring the Deity to light;
Reason here must yield to faith,
'Till faith is lost in sight.

HYMN VI.

1 JESUS, thou tried foundation stone,
From whose prevailing blood alone
Thy saints expect salvation,
My robe thou art, I feel thy grace,
And triumph in thy righteousness,
Made mine by imputation.

2 Exulting in thy strength I go,
My allotted work rejoice to do,
For love divine constrains me:
Supported inwardly by this,
Through ev'ry obstacle I press
While thy great arm sustains me.

3 By thy free grace 'till now upheld,
My future hopes on thee I build,
Nor are my hopes ill-grounded:
Thy promises are on my side,
And safe to glory, lo! I ride,
By countless death surrounded.

4 Before I from the body fly,
He who forgave shall sanctify
And perfectly renew me;
Stronger than Satan Jesus is;
Sin shall not always wound my peace,
Nor finally subdue me.

5 Who wash'd me from its deadly stain,
Shall here cut short its guilty reign,
And weaken its dominion;
From height to height my faith shall rise
Until I gain my native skies,
On love's seraphic pinion.

6 Unmov'd, till then, on Christ I stand,
And Satan from the Saviour's hand
In vain attempts to stir me:
On Jesus I for strength depend;
My omnipotent redeeming friend,
Prepare my way before me.

HYMN VII.

1 PRAISE the Lord, my joyful heart,
With the elders bear thy part:
Stand with them around the throne,
Singing praises to the Son.

2 Strive with them in rapture lost,

Who shall laud the Saviour most:
Join with angels to proclaim
All the mercies of the Lamb.

3 Praise his great humility,
Long as life remains in thee,
By thy pray'rs and praises given,
Make on earth a little heav'n.

4 Jesus, I the theme renew,
Endless praises are thy due:
Anthems equal to thy grace,
Saints and angels cannot raise.

5 I my worthless mite cast in,
Here the song of heav'n begin:
I th' eternal chorus join,
Echoing the love divine.

6 Ever may I worship thee,
Praise my sole employment be;
Sing the virtues of thy blood;
Every moment thank my God.

HYMN VIII.

1 MY soul with blessings unconfi'd,
Thy tender care supplies;
Thyself the fountain head from whence
Those blessings first arise.

2 Let me thy gracious gifts receive
With gratitude and joy,
And in thy just and ceaseless praise,
Each thankful hour employ!

HYMN IX.

Ro 8:16. The Spirit itself bears Witness with our Spirit that we are
the Children of Grace.

1 EARNEST of future bliss,
Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail;
Fountain of holiness,
Whose comforts never fail,

The cleansing gift on saints bestow'd,
The witness of their peace with God.

2 With our perverseness here,
How often hast thou strove,
And spar'd us year by year,
With never-ceasing love!
O set from sin our spirits free,
And make us more and more like thee.

3 What wonderous grace is this,
For God to dwell with men;
Through Jesus' righteousness,
His favour we regain.
And feeble worms, by nature lost,
Are temples of the Holy Ghost!

4 Tho' Belial's sons would prove
That thou no Witness art,
Thanks to redeeming love,
We feel thee in our heart;
Continue, gracious Lord, to bear
Thine inward testimony there!

5 By thee on earth we know,
Ourselves in Christ renew'd,
Brought by thy grace into
The family of God:
Of his adopting love the seal,
And faithful Teacher of his will.

6 Great Comforter, descend
In gentle breathings down,
Preserve us to the end
That no man take our crown:
Our Guardian still vouchsafe to be
Nor suffer us to go from thee.

HYMN X. Thanksgiving for the divine faithfulness.

1 IMMOVEABLE our hope remains,
Within the veil our anchor lies;
Jesus, who wash'd us from our stains,

Shall bear us safely to the skies.

2 Strong in his strength, we boldly say,
For us Immanuel shed his blood;
Who then shall tear our shield away,
Or part us from the love of God?

3 Can tribulation or distress,
Or persecution's fiery sword?
Can Satan rob us of our peace,
Or prove too mighty for the Lord?

4 Founded on Christ, secure we stand,
Sealed with his Spirit's inward seal;
We soon shall gain the promis'd land,
Triumphant o'er the pow'rs of hell.

5 The winds may roar, the floods may beat;
And rain impetuous descend;
Yet will he not his own forget,
But love and save them to the end.

6 Jesus acquits, and who condemns?
Cease, Satan, from thy fruitless strife:
Thy malice cannot reach our names,
To blot them from the book of life.

7 This is eternal life to know,
God and the Lamb for sinners giv'n,
Nor will the Saviour let us go,
His ransom'd citizens of heav'n.

8 Us to redeem his life he paid,
And will he not his purchase have?
Who can behold Immanuel bleed,
And doubt his willingness to save?

9 Surely the son hath made us free,
Who earth and heav'n and hell commands;
Our cause of triumph this--that we
Are graven on the Saviour's hands.

10 To Him who washed us in his blood,
And lifts apostate man to heav'n,

Who reconciles his sheep to God,
Be everlasting glory giv'n.

HYMN XI. On the Birth of Christ.

1 AMPLEST grace in thee I find,
Friend and Saviour of mankind,
Richest merit to atone
For our sins before the throne.

2 Born to save thy church from hell,
Once thou didst with sinners dwell;
Was to earth a prophet giv'n,
Now our Advocate in heaven.

3 Well might wond'ring angels cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will to men,
Lost mankind is found again."

4 Join, my soul, their holy song,
Emulate the brighter throng,
Hail the everlasting word,
Welcome thy descending Lord?

5 Grace unequall'd! Love unknown!
Jesus lays aside his crown,
Clothes himself with flesh and blood,
Takes the manhood into God.

6 Harden'd rebels tho' we are,
Lo, he comes to sojourn here:
See him lie where oxen feed,
This his chamber, hay his bed!

7 God (O hear it with surprise!)
For a manger leaves the skies,
By assuming flesh beneath,
Render'd capable of death.

8 From their Maker turn'd aside,
As in Adam all have died,
So whoe'er his grace receive,
Shall in Christ be made alive.

HYMN XII. Thanksgiving for general Mercies.

1 GRACIOUS Creator, thy kind hand
In all thy works I see;
Resistless pow'r and mildest love
Are blended, Lord, in thee.

2 When thou art wrath and hid'st thy face,
The whole creation mourns;
Thou art the attractive pole to which
Thy ransom'd people turns.

3 O let my heart be wholly thine,
Thy property alone!
No longer let me think it mine,
Or call myself my own!

4 Without reserve I quit the claim,
And give up all to thee,
For thou, my all-sufficient Lord,
Art more than all to me.

5 Only do thou refine my dross,
And cleanse me with thy blood,
To make th' imperfect sacrifice
Acceptable to God.

6 Nor shall I fear, if Jesus pleads,
Unworthy as I am,
Being excluded from the feast
And supper of the Lamb.

HYMN XIII. Thanksgiving for the Righteousness of Christ.

1 FOUNTAIN of never-ceasing grace,
Thy saints' exhaustless theme,
Great object of immortal praise,
Essentially supreme;
We bless thee for the glorious fruits
Thy incarnation gives;
The righteousness which grace imputes,
And faith alone receives.

2 Whom heaven's angelic host adores,

Was slaughter'd for our sin;
The guilt, O Lord, was wholly ours,
The punishment was thine:
Our God in flesh, to set us free,
Was manifested here;
And meekly bare our sins, that we
His righteousness might wear.

3 Imputatively guilty then
Our substitute was made,
That we the blessings might obtain
For which his blood was shed:
Himself he offer'd on the cross,
Our sorrows to remove;
And all he suffer'd was for us,
And all he did was love.

4 In him we have a righteousness,
By God himself approv'd
Our rock, our sure foundation this,
Which never can be mov'd.
Our ransom by his death he paid,
For all his people giv'n,
The law he perfectly obey'd,
That they might enter heav'n.

5 As all, when Adam sinn'd alone,
In his transgression died,
So by the righteousness of one,
Are sinners justify'd,
We to thy merit, gracious Lord,
With humblest joy submit,
Again to Paradise restor'd,
In thee alone complete.

6 Our souls his watchful love retrieves,
Nor lets them go astray,
His righteousness to us he gives,
And takes our sins away:
We claim salvation in his right,
Adopted and forgiv'n,

His merit is our robe of light,
His death the gate of heav'n.

HYMN XIV. Thanksgiving for the Sufferings of Christ.

1 O THOU who didst thy glory leave
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall;
Me thou hast purchased with a price,
Nor shall my crimes in judgment rise,
For thou hast borne them all.

2 Jesus was punished in my stead,
Without the gate my Surety bled,
To expiate my stain;
On earth the Godhead deign'd to dwell,
And made of infinite avail,
The sufferings of the man.

3 And was he for his rebels giv'n?
He was: th' incarnate King of heav'n
Did for his foes expire;
Amaz'd, O earth, the tidings hear
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.

4 Ye saints, the man of sorrows bless,
The God for your unrighteousness
Deputed to atone:
Praise him till, with the heavnly throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see him on his throne.

HYMN XV. The General Thanksgiving in the Liturgy paraphrased.

1 ETERNAL God, the thanks receive,
Which thine unworthy servants give;
Father of ev'ry mercy thou,
Almighty and all gracious too!

2 In humble yet exulting songs,
Thy praises issue from our tongues,
For that incessant boundless love,
Which we and all thy creatures prove.

3 Fashion'd by thy creating hand,
And by thy providence sustain'd,
We wish our gratitude to shew,
For all thy temporal blessings due.

4 But O! for this we chiefly raise
The incense of admiring praise--
Thy love unspeakably we own
Which sent the willing Saviour down.

5 For him, of all thy gifts the best,
Th' exceeding gift which crowns the rest,
Chiefly for him thy name we laud,
And thank thee for a bleeding God.

6 Nor should we fail our Lord to praise,
For all the assisting means of grace;
Th' appointed channels which convey
Strength to support us on our way.

7 To thee let all our thanks be giv'n,
For our well-grounded hope of heav'n,
Our glorious trust, that we shall reign
And live with him who died for man.

8 And O! so deep a sense impress
Of thy supreme, unbounded grace,
That anthems in full choir may rise,
And shake the earth and rend the skies!

9 Make us in deed, as well as word,
Shew forth the praises of the Lord,
And thank him still for what he gives
Both with our lips, and in our lives!

10 O that, by sin no more subdu'd,
We might devote ourselves to God,
And only breathe to tell his praise,
And in his service spend our days!

11 Hail, Father! Hail, eternal Son!
Hail, sacred Spirit, Three in One!
Blessing and thanks, and pow'r divine,
Thrice, holy Lord, be ever thine!

PARAPHRASES ON SELECT PARTS OF HOLY WRIT

Sanctos ausus recludere Fontes.

PARA. I. Ps 148.

1 GEN'RAL praise to God be giv'n;
Praise him in the height of heav'n:
Him, ye glorious hosts, proclaim,
Saints and angels, bless his name!

2 Sun his lofty praise display,
His who made thee king of day:
Moon, adore the God of light,
God, who made thee queen of night.

3 Stars, your tribute too be giv'n,
Spangles in the robe of heaven:
God, your awful sovereign own,
Bright forerunner of the morn.

4 Praise, thou curtain of the sky,
(Hiding heav'n from mortal eye)
Him that spreads thy wat'ry clouds,
Celebrate the God of gods.

5 Highest heav'n, his dwelling place,
Lift thy voice, resound his praise.
Hymn "the dweller ev'ry where,"
Present more supremely there.

6 Sun, and moon, and stars, and light,
Heav'n and sky, and clouds unite:
Verbal creatures of the Lord,
Swift existing at his word.

7 'Stablish'd firm by his command,
Lo, immoveable we stand;
Him, th' ineffable adore,
Own his regulating pow'r.

8 Womb and sepulchre of man,
Join, O earth, the grateful train:
Praise, 'till in the last great fire,
Thou and all thy works expire.

9 Ocean, with thy numerous brood,
Swell to magnify thy God:
Roll his praise from shore to shore,
Lift his name and sound his pow'r.

10 Praise him, fire, and hail, and snow,
Praise him, all ye winds that blow:
Cold and heat--let each extreme
Join to render praise to him.

11 Storms dispensing waste and death,
Dreadful messengers of wrath;
Spread his fear and praise abroad,
Weapons of an angry God.

12 Mountains, vales, and hills, and trees,
Tell how good your Maker is;
His exalted praise declare,
Feather'd songsters of the air.

13 Beasts of prey, where'er ye prowl,
Join to make the concert full:
Cattle, low Jehovah's fame;
Meanest insects do the same.

14 Kings and people, rich and poor,
Celebrate creating pow'r;
Who are ransom'd by the Lamb,
Join to praise the great I AM.

15 Female, male, of every age,
From the suckling to the sage,
All conspire with one accord,
Chaunt the glories of the Lord.

16 Worthy praise can ne'er be giv'n,
'Till his saints arrive at heav'n,
There, with all the glorious ones,
Sing his praise and cast their crowns.

PARA. II. Names of Christ, expressive of his Offices, taken from various parts of Scripture.

1 Low at thy feet, O Christ, we fall,

Enabled to confess,
And call thee by the Holy Ghost,
The Lord our Righteousness.

2 God over all Immanuel reigns,
With his great Father one:
The brightness of his glory thou,
And partner of his throne.

3 Author and Finisher of faith,
In all that know thy name,
A lion to thy stubborn foes,
But to thy friends a lamb.

4 Sceptre of Israel, Prince of peace,
Immortal King of kings:
The Sun of Righteousness, that shines
With healing in his wings.

5 The gift of God to fallen man,
The Lord of quick and dead:
A well of life to fainting souls,
And their sustaining bread.

6 Foundation of thy people's joy,
Their pardon and their rest:
On earth our sacrifice for sin,
In heav'n our great High Priest.

7 The Lord of life who suffer'd death
That we might heav'n regain;
The source of blessing, who on earth,
Was made a curse for man.

8 Was poor that Adam's needy sons
Treasure in thee might find;
Repairer of the dreadful breach,
Restorer of mankind.

9 Through thy desert a fallen race
To God may gain access;
With thy fine linen deck our souls,
Thy perfect righteousness.

10 With that celestial robe endued,
We ev'ry foe defy;
On earth it shall our armour be,
Our glory in the sky.

PARA. III. The Prayer of King Manasses paraphrased.

1 AUTHOR of all in earth and sky,
From whom the stars derive their light,
When thou art wroth the planets die,
And melt as nothing in thy sight.

2 Measur'd by thine Almighty hand,
Unfathom'd seas of liquid glass
Obedient, own thy high command,
And keep the bounds they cannot pass.

3 Shut up by their restraining Lord
They in their proper channels flow:
Obey Jehovah's sovereign word,
"Here, and no farther, shall ye go."

4 Thy terrors, as a blazing flame,
Devour and weigh the sinner down:
The mighty tremble at thy name,
And nations quake beneath thy frown.

5 Tremendous as thy judgments are,
Thy pity too no limit knows;
Thine arm is stretch'd the meek to spare,
And terribly consume thy foes.

6 With shame, great God, I own with me,
Thy waiting mercy long hath borne,
Yet would I not come back to thee,
Proudly refusing to return.

7 When mercy call'd, I stopp'd my ear,
How did I from the Saviour rove,
And, bent on death, refuse to hear
The voice of thy inviting love!

8 Blind were my eyes, and hard my heart,
And proof against thy striving grace:

I would from thee, my strength, depart,
And cease to walk in wisdom's ways.

9 But lo! on thee I fix my hope;
Be thou my friend and Advocate;
Gracious Redeemer, lift me up,
And raise me to my first estate.

10 Faith in thy merit is thy gift
By which thou dost backsliders heal:
Impart it, gracious Lord, to lift
My abject soul from whence I fell.

11 Destruction shall not seize the just,
Whose sin already is forgiv'n,
Whom thou hast rescu'd from the lost,
And number'd with the heirs of heav'n.

12 To sinners, of whom I am chief,
Thy healing promises pertain;
Who fell from thee through unbelief,
By faith may be restor'd again.

13 Of boundless mercy I have need,
My sins have took deep hold on me;
In number they the grains exceed
That form the margin of the sea.

14 Meek on the earth thy servant lies,
And humbly makes his sorrows known;
Unworthy to lift up my eyes
To heaven, my injur'd Maker's throne.

15 Bow'd with my sense of sin, I faint,
Beneath the complicated load;
Father, attend my deep complaint,
I am thy creature, thou my God!

16 Tho' I have broke thy righteous law,
Yet with me let thy Spirit stay;
Thyself from me do not withdraw,
Nor take my spark of hope away.

17 Mercy unlimited is thine,

God of the Penitent thou art;
The saving power of blood divine,
Shall wipe the anguish from my heart.

18 Then let not sin my ruin be,
Give me in thee my rest to find:
Jesus, the sick have need of thee,
The great Physician of mankind.

19 In my salvation, Lord, display
The triumphs of abounding grace:
Tell me my guilt is done away,
And turn my mourning into praise.

20 Repriev'd so long from hell's abyss,
Thou wilt not hurl me there at last,
But cheer me with the smile of peace,
Nor look at my offences past.

21 Then shall I add my feeble song
To theirs who chaunt thy praise on high,
And spread, with an immortal tongue,
Thy glory through the echoing sky.

PARA. IV. *The 20th Psalm.* (Ps 20)

1 BELOV'D of God, may Jesus hear
The ardent breathings of thy pray'r,
And cancel thy transgressions;
Be with thee in affliction's day,
Redeem thee from thy fears, and say
Amen to thy petitions!

2 Thy ev'ry need he will supply;
His saints shall surely find him nigh,
The God whom they rely on;
He will not turn away his face,
But save thee from his holy place,
And send thee help from Sion.

3 Thy feeblest pray'r shall reach his throne,
Thy ev'ry pang is noted down,
And thou shall be forgiv'n;
He loves thee, troubled as thou art;

And all the pantings of thy heart
Are treasured up in heav'n.

4 God is our triumph in distress;
His children's privilege it is
To smile at tribulation:
Jesus, to thee we lift our voice,
By grace enabled to rejoice,
In hope of thy salvation.

5 Ready to hear, O Lord, thou art,
Mighty to take thy people's part,
And help them in affliction:
Creation kneels to thy command,
The saving strength of thy right hand,
Shall be our sure protection.

6 In chariots some repose their trust,
Of horses others make their boast,
But we in God are stronger:
Who on the arm of flesh rely,
Trembling before our face shall fly
When we shall more than conquer.

7 Still may the palm to us be giv'n,
Thy saints, O mighty King of heav'n,
Continue to deliver:
Support us with thy strength'ning grace,
'Till we, in yon celestial place,
Sit down with thee for ever.

PARA. V. **Ps** 119:169-176.

1 CONSIDER, Lord, my just complaint,
Wisdom divine is what I want;
From lack of knowledge, Lord, I groan:
O when shall I my God put on?

2 O let my supplication rise,
As fumes of incense to the skies,
Enter Jehovah's high abode,
The presence chamber of my God.

3 When I am truly taught thy ways,

My lips shall only speak thy praise;
My tongue shall sing of thee alone,
And tell the wonders thou hast done.

4 Assist me in thy love to stand,
And hold me by thy guardian hand:
Help me to choose the lot of grace,
The way of life, the path of peace.

5 Lord, I have long'd thy will to know,
And, knowing, all thy will to do:
My meat and drink is thee to please,
And know the Saviour as he is.

6 Tho' as a sheep I went astray,
And wander'd from thy holy way:
The way that Christ my master trod,
The narrow way that leads to God.

7 Sought out by grace, brought back I am,
Sav'd by the merits of the Lamb,
And now, O Christ, myself I see,
In Adam lost, restor'd to thee.

PARA. VI. *The 121st Psalm.* (Ps 121)

1 MY heart, whene'er I lift my eyes
To heaven's exalted sphere,
Wing'd with impetuous ardour flies,
To meet thee in the air.

2 Jesus, by faith I ever see,
Who for the sinner pleads,
And every moment look to thee,
From whom my help proceeds.

3 The great Artificer of heav'n,
My guard and keeper is,
Who, by his Spirit inly giv'n,
Assures me I am his.

4 Where'er I go he guides my steps,
Nor suffers me to fall:
Israel's defence, who never sleeps,

Surrounds me as a wall.

5 In my Redeemer's watchful sight,
Secure I ever stand;
My guard by day, my screen by night,
My shield on either hand.

6 Knit to my condescending God,
I dwell with the Supreme;
Nor open force nor secret fraud,
Shall sever me from him.

7 His light, his peace, his heav'n is mine,
And mine his mighty pow'r;
My faithful centinel divine,
Preserves me ev'ry hour.

PARA. VII. *The 134th Psalm.* (Ps 134)

1 YE friends and followers of God,
With robes made white in Jesus' blood,
Approach the throne of grace:
His temple's hallow'd court draw nigh,
By day and night renew the cry,
And sound the trump of praise.

2 With ardour lift your hearts and hands;
In yonder heav'n Immanuel stands
To offer up your pray'rs;
From Sion he your souls shall bless;
Builder of heav'n and earth he is,
And dwells above the stars.

PARA. VIII. *The 4th Chapter of Amos.* (Am 4)

1 YE Kine of Bashan, who devour
The needy, and oppress the poor,
Who drown in wine your ev'ry sense,
And drink the spoil of violence.

2 God by his holiness hath sworn
(The awful God whose law ye scorn)
Your foes, whom more than him ye dread,
Your destined borders shall invade.

3 The Lord hath ratify'd your doom,
Yourselves and yours he will consume.
Aliens his instrument shall be
To scourge your vile idolatry.

4 Your stately buildings then shall fall;
His vengeance shall destroy them all.
Your palaces shall be a prey,
And stalls for oxen in that day.

5 Shall guilty hands and wanton eyes
Be lifted up in sacrifice?
Cease to transgress, and then my ear
Shall meet the incense of your pray'r.

6 In vain my judgments are abroad,
Tokens of an offended God;
Nor wrath nor mercies can prevail,
Nor love of heav'n, nor fear of hell.

7 I gave you in your greatest need,
Cleanness of teeth through want of bread;
Each face was pale, and weak each knee,
Yet have ye not returned to me.

8 Have I not marr'd the rip'ning grain
With scorching heat and want of rain?
And frustrated your rising hopes,
By wither'd trees and blasted crops?

9 Your water fail'd, your wells were dry,
Your thirst ye could not satisfy;
Your fainting cities yet sinned on,
And drew my fiercer judgments down.

10 Your figs and olive trees I smote,
Your vineyards I consumed with drought;
Mildew and palmer-worms bereft
The earth of what the drought had left.

11 Contagious sickness next I sent:
(Infatuate Egypt's punishment)
My fury next in blood I pour'd,
And gave your children to the sword.

12 Horses (the ruin who can tell?)
Promiscuous with their riders fell:
Caus'd by their stench, the infectious air
Increases'd the havoc of the war.

13 Obdurate, still, ye felt mine ire
Reveal'd from heav'n in flames of re;
The blazing ruin swept away
Men, towns and cities in a day.

14 Hear then the message of the Lord,
The awful thunder of his word:
Since all my judgments strive in vain,
To kindle fear in stubborn man.

15 Myself in judgment shall appear,
And call thee, Israel, to my bar:
As harden'd Pharaoh, blind and proud,
Prepare to meet thy hostile God.

16 Prepare to meet your dreadful foe,
Omniscient and Almighty too;
Whose terrors heaven and earth proclaim,
The God of glory is his name.

PARA. IX. Ps 119:161-164, (&c.) & the 169th.

1 Princes have persecuted me,
But, Lord, my trust is still in thee;
Me from my hope they sought to move
But could not stir me from thy love.

2 I fly for refuge to my Lord,
For comfort to his healing word:
From Saul my safe retreat he is,
And all the troublers of my peace.

3 Each passing hour displays his care;
He saves me from the latent snare:
His love with wonder I survey,
And praise him seven times a day.

4 Jesus, my mind from earth withdraw
Great peace have they that love thy law:

No precept there which thou hast giv'n
Is hard to them who strive for heav'n.

5 I too have look'd thy health to see,
And taste the peace that comes from thee:
Each inward lust have strove to kill,
And walk in all thy perfect will.

6 My soul hath lov'd thy ways and thee,
Thy word is life and health to me:
Exceedingly thy word I prize,
The fund where heavenly treasure lies.

7 Thy testimonies are my food,
The saving oracles of God:
Studious of them on earth I'll be,
And then fly up to reign with thee.

PARA. X. Salvation recovered for man by Jesus Christ. Isa 3:1-3; 9-11; 15.

1 ZION, awake, put on thy strength,
Resume thy beautiful array:
The promis'd Saviour comes at length,
To chase thy guilt and grief away:
Thee for his purchase God shall own,
And save thee by his dying Son.

2 Jerusalem, be holy now,
Satan no more shall dwell in thee;
Wash'd from thy sin, and white as snow,
Prepare thy God-made-man to see;
Prepare Immanuel to behold
And hear his peaceful message told.

3 Shake off the dust, arise with speed,
Too long hast thou a captive been;
Redemption's near, lift up thine head,
And cast away the chains of sin;
Forth from thy prison come, and shake
The yoke of bondage from thy neck.

4 Tho' ye have sold yourselves for nought,
And forfeited your claim to heaven,

Accept the Saviour's love unbought;
Your treason now is all forgiv'n;
My blood the fallen race restores,
And saves without desert of yours.

5 Ye desert places, sing for joy;
Lost man, your hymns of wonder raise;
Let holy shouts invade the sky,
And ev'ry altar flame with praise;
For I, Almighty to redeem,
Have comforted Jerusalem.

6 My arm's made bare for your defence,
To save my Church from Satan's power,
Depart, depart, come out from thence,
Defile yourselves with sin no more:
Be pure, ye priests, who preach my word,
And bear the vessels of the Lord.

7 Look out and see Immanuel come,
Myriads to sprinkle with his blood;
He many nations shall bring home,
And save them from the wrath of God:
And earth's remotest bounds shall see
The great salvation wrought by me.

PARA. XI. The 8th Chapter of Hosea. (Ho 8)

1 SET the loud trumpet to thy mouth,
Let all the final warning hear;
My everlasting word of truth,
To high and low alike declare.

2 Swift as the rav'nous eagle flies,
And darts impetuous on her prey,
Shall their victorious enemies
Fill Israel's land with pale dismay.

3 Then shall they cry to me in vain;
Tho' ask'd with tears, no aid I'll grant,
Because they did my words disdain,
And trample on my covenant.

4 Me for their God they will not have,

Therefore I give them to the sword:
Your foes commission shall receive
T' avenge my quarrel, saith the Lord.

5 Sin is the God whom they adore,
And hell-born lusts their rulers are:
Th' apostate land shall feel my pow'r,
The fury of destructive war.

6 Go, to your gods, O Israel, go!
Samaria, to thy calf apply!
Thy idols cannot help thee now,
Nor save thee when distress is nigh.

7 When wilt thou turn to me, thy God?
When wilt thou seek my injur'd face?
'Till then my wrath shall drench in blood
The harden'd, unbelieving race.

8 Ye fools and blind, consider this,
Can they be gods which hands have made?
On you and on your images,
I'll hurl the ruin I have said.

9 Who sow in sin shall reap in pain;
My word shall surely come to pass:
Unnumber'd mischiefs yet remain
For those despisers of my grace.

10 To punish their apostacy,
The corn shall perish ere it rise;
Or what comes up shall only be
A portion for their enemies.

11 For Israel waxes worse and worse,
Nor quakes at my tremendous frown,
Famine and war unite their force,
To bring a sinful people down.

12 Before the heathen Israel flies,
His boasted strength is weakness found:
As when a broken vessel lies,
Slighted and useless on the ground.

13 Ephraim is up to Syria gone,
In all the confidence of pride:
Alas, he goes to war alone,
Jehovah is not on his side.

14 Ephraim in vain the King of kings
With condescending pity woo'd:
The fatal love of earthly things
Has drawn him from the love of God.

15 The fierce invaders to repel,
Tho' they have foreign aid obtain'd,
Yet shall the ungrateful nation feel
The weight of my avenging hand.

16 Since Ephraim hath disguis'd his sin
Beneath religion's specious form,
His very prayer shall be unclean,
And hasten to bring on the storm.

17 In vain I gave my gracious law,
The treasure of my written word;
No beauty there the worldlings saw,
Nor priz'd the message of the Lord.

18 Wherefore their cry I will not hear,
Nor yet accept their sacrifice;
Unpardon'd sin pollutes their pray'r,
Nor lets it penetrate the skies.

19 In Egypt they again shall weep;
I'll visit their iniquity:
Their sins I will in mem'ry keep,
Because they have forgotten me.

20 In vain they fence their cities round,
In forts and ramparts put their trust:
Their lofty spires shall kiss the ground,
By light'ning levell'd with the dust.

PARA. XII. *The 125th Psalm.* (Ps 125)

1 WHO, Lord, confide in thee,
And in thy faith endure,

Shall as Mount Sion be,
Immoveable and sure:
As Christ their rock, unshook, unmov'd;
Of God eternally belov'd.

2 The rising mountains stand
Around Jerusalem;
So God's almighty hand,
Guards us who trust in him:
We never will of safety doubt,
While he shall compass us about.

3 Ye souls who stand in God,
Whom Jesus' blood hath bought,
The guilty sinner's rod
Shall never be your lot:
Ye shall not fall, upheld by grace,
Nor put your hands to wickedness.

4 The upright men in heart
Jehovah will defend;
Will not from them depart,
But love them to the end:
He will do well, O saints, to you,
The Lord will never let you go.

5 But such as will forsake
The happy path of peace,
Deceivers, that turn back
To their own wickedness,
The double wrath of God shall feel,
And sink unpardon'd into hell.

6 While they who hear his call,
And plead a Saviour's blood,
Shall reign in joy with all
The ransom'd ones of God
Peace upon Israel shall come,
To endless glory gather'd home.

PARA. XIII. Lord's Prayer. Mt 6:9-13.

1 OUR holy Father, all thy will

We fain would perfectly fulfil;
But each has left thy law undone,
Unworthy to be call'd thy Son.

2 Who art in heaven, enthron'd on high
Diffusing glory through the sky;
Reigning above, on earth rever'd,
By saints belov'd, by sinners fear'd.

3 For ever hallow'd be thy name,
The Triune God, the bright I AM;
At which seraphic choirs and all
The hosts of heaven adoring fall.

4 Thy kingdom come; e'en now we wait
Thy glory to participate:
Rule in our hearts, unrivall'd reign,
Nor e'er withdraw thyself again.

5 Thy will, thy law, thy precept giv'n,
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven:
Faithful as Angels, fain would we
With cover'd faces wait on thee.

6 Great God, on whom the ravens cry
For sustenance, our wants supply:
Give us this day, and evermore,
Our daily bread from hour to hour.

7 Forgive whate'er we do amiss,
Our wilful sins and trespasses,
As we forgive (reward us thus)
All them that trespass against us.

8 And lead us not by bounty's tide,
Into temptation, lust or pride:
But what by mercy we obtain,
Let pow'r omnipotent restrain.

9 And O! deliver us thine own
From evil and the evil one,
Who fain his darts in us would sheath,
And bind us with the chains of death.

10 Thou, Lord, can'st vanquish his design,
Thine is the kingdom, only thine;
The pow'r, th' eternal majesty,
And glory, appertain to thee!

PARA. XIV. *Ps 63.*

1 O GOD, my God thou art,
My Father too by grace;
I dare not from my hope depart,
Or cease to seek thy face:
My thirsty spirit pants
Thy plenitude to prove,
And comprehend with all thy saints,
The fulness of thy love.

2 In this dry, barren land,
Where water is not found,
I fain would fly to thy right hand,
Where living streams abound:
Thee, thee, I long to know,
Athirst for God I am,
And come to thee as needy now
As when at first I came.

3 Thy glory and thy pow'r
I long again to see,
To have again, as heretofore,
Sweet fellowship with thee;
Again to feel thy peace,
Again thy name to praise:
Better than life thy favour is,
To all that know thy grace.

4 With persevering hope,
Thy mercy I'll proclaim,
My hands in steady faith lift up,
And magnify thy name.
Thy praises I'll reveal,
'Till I from earth remove,
My mouth with joyful lips shall tell
The wonders of thy love.

5 Surely I reason have
On thee, my God, to trust;
My life thou liftest from the grave,
My spirit from the dust:
Thy grace and boundless might
My theme by day shall be,
My glory in the silent night,
To meditate on thee.

6 My succour thou hast been
When ev'ry helper failed,
Or I, ere now, had fell by sin,
And Satan had prevail'd;
My soul, redeem'd from death,
To thee her off'ring brings,
And hides her helpless head beneath
The covert of thy wings.

7 Thou keep'st my steady feet
In thy appointed road;
By all the pow'rs of hell beset,
I follow after God:
In Jesus I am safe,
My castle of resort;
His hand is both my shield and staff,
My shelter and support.

8 The men who seek to tread
Thy faithful people down,
And persecute, in them, their Head,
And crucify their Son,
Thou, Lord, will surely foil
In thy avenging day,
And give their bodies for a spoil
To ev'ry beast of prey.

9 But me, and all who love
Thy worship and thy ways,
Thou far from danger wilt remove,
And hide us in thy place:
Who speak the words of truth,

Thou, Lord, on them shall smile,
But thou wilt stop the liar's mouth,
And slay the sons of guile.

PARA XV. Ps 119:40-49.

1 LET thy loving mercy, Lord,
Come also unto me;
Now according to thy word,
My present Saviour be:
Unbelievers then no more
Shall against my hope blaspheme;
Forc'd to own, "The mighty pow'r
Of God hath rescu'd him."

2 In thy word my trust I place,
And humbly urge my claim,
'Till I of thy saving grace,
A living witness am:
Give me, Lord, thyself to know,
Then in me thy word fulfil,
To walk in all things here below,
According to thy will.

3 Seeking now in steadfast faith,
I wait a word from thee;
Bring my feet into the path
Of perfect liberty;
Then, when I the path have found,
Un-asham'd thy truth I'll shew:
Kings shall hear the joyful sound,
And seek salvation too.

4 My delight is in thy word
Which I have lov'd of old,
Dearer is thy promise, Lord,
To me than mines of gold:
Up to thee my hands I lift,
'Till I of thy grace receive;
Give the never changing gift,
Thy full redemption give.

OCCASIONAL PIECES ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

Joh 11:26. Whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.

-----Quid sibi saxa cavata,
Quid pulchra volunt monumenta,
Nisi quod res creditor illis
Non mortua, sed data somno? PRUD

EPITAPH I. ON MRS. E. B.

IF candour, merit, sense, or virtue dies, }
Reader, beneath thy feet dead virtue lies; }
Yet still she lives, if worth can eternize. }
Lives far above the reach of death: But where?
In heav'n, and ev'ry heart that knew her here.
Vain are encomiums; praise is idly spent
On them whose actions are their monument.
Thrice sacred tomb, be loyal to thy trust,
And guard, till Christ revives her hallow'd dust
Then, as a faithful steward, safe restore
The precious treasure thou must kept no more.

EPITAPH II. or MR. G. WALTON.

1 THE debt of nature I have paid,
Which thou must shortly pay:
To learn instruction from the dead,
Thou breathing taper, stay.

2 Swifter than thought thy years depart,
My verse proclaims their haste:
A moment nearer death thou art,
Than when you read the last.

3 Soon must thy earth to earth be giv'n,
Soon must thou disappear:
Say, reader, is thy heart in heav'n,
And is thy treasure there?

4 Like thee the prostrate dead I view'd,
While in the flesh detain'd:
How differ we? thou 'rt on the road,
I've reach'd my journey's end.

EPITAPH III. ON THE DEATH OF MRS. F. T.

June 3, 1754. Heb 4:9. There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.

1 THE robes of light our sister wears,
Which emulate the sun,
Should cause us to suspend our tears,
And make our anthems rival theirs
Who stand before the throne.

2 Glory to Him whose love constrains,
And saves us by his blood:
By virtue of his dying pains,
She finds the rest that still remains,
For ev'ry child of God.

3 In fiery trials day by day
Unshaken did she stand;
To glory sweetly made her way,
Meek and resign'd as passive clay,
In her great potter's hand.

4 Her woes their period have found,
They cannot now enslave,
Nor come where endless joys abound,
Nor haunt her peaceful soul beyond
The limit of the grave.

5 Victorious she assumes the wreath
For conquerors design'd,
The end of persevering faith;
And leaves her cares releas'd by death.
Eternally behind.

6 No more by Satan's rage pursu'd,
Affliction shall thou see;
Secure of heav'n for thine abode,
Blest with the presence of thy God,
To all eternity.

7 The happy change that life deny'd,
Assisting death affords;
Behold her at Immanuel's side,
Unutterably glorify'd,

Immutably the Lord's!

8 O may we too maintain our ground,
From faith to faith go on!
At the last day in Christ be found,
And form the circles that surround
His everlasting throne!

EPITAPH IV. ON THE DEATH OF MR. ENOCH WILLIAMS,
August, 1757.

Ge 5:24. And Enoch walked with God, he was not, for God took him.

1 HEARKEN! the Saviour's voice at last
Invites his sufferer home,
And tells thee all thy toil is past,
But thy reward is come.

2 Till meet for bliss on earth detain'd,
The conquest thou hast won;
Through much temptation thou hast gain'd,
The prize, and reach'd the crown.

3 While shouting angels chaunt their joys,
And tune their notes the higher,
And clap their wings, for O! thy voice,
Is added to the choir.

4 Of his inheritance above
They hail a saint possess:
Made meet, by his Redeemer's love,
To be Jehovah's guest.

5 Swift as an arrow through the air,
The tow'ring spirit flies,
Intrusted to a seraph's care,
And convoy'd to the skies:

6 On the expanded wings of love,
He seeks his high abode,
To meet the happy souls above,
That are brought home to God.

7 Him they salute with lifted cry,

As soon as enter'd there,
"But for thy favour'd ministry,
Or we had not been here.

8 From pain to glory summon'd forth,
Thrice welcome from below,
Our fellow-sufferer on earth,
Our fellow angel now!"

9 While humbly he draws near the throne,
The Saviour's crystal seat;
Gives him the praise, and casts his crown
At his redeeming feet.

10 Lifted above the reach of pain,
We soon shall change our place;
And join Immanuel's shining train,
And see his blissful face:

11 Rejoicing in that glorious hope,
We bear his cross below;
We quickly shall be taken up,
Sublimer joys to know.

12 For our arrival into bliss,
Our friends in glory wait:
Cut short thy work in righteousness,
And make their joys complete!

13 The happy soul whom Jesus gives
In him to live and die,
Its blest transition scarce perceives
Into eternity.

14 A sight of him that conquer'd death,
In our last moments giv'n,
Shall elevate our languid faith,
And charm us into heav'n.

15 Christ when expiring Stephen view'd,
He scorn'd death's utmost pow'r,
And calmly fell asleep in God,
Amidst the stony show'r.

16 Assist us, Lord, to walk and live,
In Sion's heavenly road,
And then our souls to thee receive,
When call'd to meet our God.

17 A little while, and we shall soar
To yonder promis'd land,
And meet our brethren gone before,
Enthron'd at thy right hand:

18 Thy praise shall actuate each tongue,
Thy love our hearts enflame;
And we with them shall sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

EPITAPH V. ON MASTER EUSTACE BATEMAN.

1 HAIL, happy youth, so early taken home,
Caught up to Jesus from the ill to come:
By thy Redeemer sweetly order'd hence,
Ere vice had marr'd thy lovely innocence

2 When twice six winters he had scarcely seen,
His heav'n-born soul disdain'd to dwell with men:
Ardent the crown eternal to receive,
And ripe for heav'n, he only died to live.

EPITAPH VI. ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. R. B.

Nu 23:10. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

1 THRICE happy they who sleep in God,
Securely wafted o'er the flood,
To Canaan's peaceful shore!
Whose lives were as a daily death,
Who walk'd with God, and liv'd by faith,
And now shall die no more!

2 Such, gracious Lord, we wish to be;
Such was our pastor, now with thee,
Our candlestick below;
A burning and a shining light,
He liv'd awhile to bless our sight,

But shines in glory now.

3 A prophet hallow'd from the womb,
To seek and bring the wand'ers home,
Anointed, set apart:
Enabled, by the searching word,
To set the message of the Lord,
Home to the sinner's heart.

4 His ev'ry pow'r devoted was
To further his Redeemer's cause;
Nor did his talents hide:
A beacon set upon a hill,
He liv'd to do his Master's will;
He did his will, and died.

5 A faithful messenger he stood,
The trumpet and the mouth of God,
To make his counsel known:
His life one constant voice hath been,
Inviting sinners to come in,
And ask th' eternal crown.

6 May I, like him, my hours employ,
Finish, like him, my course with joy,
And sleep to wake in bliss!
Like him be number'd with the blest!
Jesus regard my one request,
Make my last end like his.

EPITAPH VII. ON THE DEATH OF MR. R. V.

Heb 6:12. Be not slothful, but followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.

1 THE crown of righteousness is giv'n,
Our friend is landed safe in heaven:
His warfare now accomplish'd is,
And face to face his Lord he sees.

2 For ever now redeemed from pain,
He did not run nor strive in vain;
With triumph from his clay releas'd,
Translated to his place of rest.

3 Ear hath not heard, nor eye beheld,
What to the saints is there reveal'd;
Blissful experience only knows
The glories of the upper house.

4 Far, far from all distress remov'd,
They know the God whom here they lov'd:
Temptation, sickness, grief and care,
Shall never gain admission there.

5 Then let us seek, in steadfast faith,
A city that foundations hath:
Our bright immoveable abode,
Whose glorious architect is God.

6 There we shall all our pain forget,
And only songs of praise repeat;
In knowledge, happiness, and love,
To all eternity improve.

7 There we shall as the angels shine,
The martyrs' noble army join;
And see the Lamb (thrice blissful sight!)
Encompass'd with his saints in light.

8 When shall we to our joy be giv'n:
O, when exchange this earth for heav'n?
And cast our crowns before the throne,
And worship him that sits thereon?

9 When shall we hear th' inviting word,
And be for ever with the Lord?
A day with Christ in glory there,
Is better than a thousand here.

10 Holy and true, call in thine own,
Accomplish, Lord, their number soon:
Us to thy second coming seal,
And with thyself for ever fill!

AN APPENDIX, CONSISTING OF SEVERAL PIECES, NOT
PROPERLY REDUCIBLE TO ANY OF THE PRECEDING
HEADS.

I.

1 LOOK back, my soul, and take a view
Of Christ expiring on the tree:
Behold thy Saviour breathe his last
To buy eternal life for thee!
Thy Jesus faints,--'Tis finished, cries,
Reclines his sacred head, and dies.

2 Shadows and types are done away,
The temple's veil is rent in twain:
Vanish, ye emblematic rights,
The real victim now is slain;
Is slain for sinners to atone,
The priest and sacrifice in one.

3 Methinks I see the purpled earth,
Startle to feel its Maker's blood;
The sun retires, and from their graves,
Saints rise to hail their dying Lord:
Each sympathising rock appears
More tender than his murderers.

4 And did the Saviour thus exchange
His throne of glory for a cross?
Left he for this th' ethereal court
To die a painful death for us?
For us he bled at ev'ry vein,
And, slain by man, for man was slain.

5 Obdurate heart, shall mountains heave,
And nature mourn her best belov'd,
Shall the rocks tremble at his voice,
And I alone abide unmov'd!
Shall I not weep his death to see,
Who wept in tears of blood for me?

6 O, Prince of martyrs, touch my heart.
There at thy mighty standard rest;
Burn purifying incense there,
Fit it for so divine a guest:
There let thy pow'rful cross reside,
'Till every lust is crucified.

II. To a friend who asked what God is.

1 Is there a man whose daring hand
Can number ev'ry grain of sand?
Can count the drops that fill the sea,
Or tell how many stars there be?

2 Who, then, shall strive to comprehend
Infinity that knows no end?
Who shall set bounds to boundless pow'r, }
Restrain omnipotence, or low'r }
Eternity to one poor hour? }

3 Believe me, friend, thou canst no more
The vast designs of God explore
Than thy short arm can touch the skies,
Or fathom ocean's deep abyss.

4 Who shall disclose his Maker's plan,
Or dare his secret will to scan?
Shall feeble, guilty, finite man?

5 None but perfection, such as his,
Can know th' Almighty as he is;
His glory never can be brought
Adapted to a mortal's thought.

6 Consider what thou art, and fear
This unseen witness always near.
Dive not into his deep decree, }
The object's too elate for thee; }
Thou must not ask, nor wish to see. }
Cast each presumptuous doubt away; }
Remember thou'rt, at best, but clay, }
Whose only province is t' obey. }

III. Isa 49:16. Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands.

1 REDEEM'D offender, hail the day
That sees thy sin forgiv'n:
Jeus hath borne thy guilt away
And pleads for thee in heav'n.

2 Imprinted on his hands thou art

In characters of blood;
The stream that issu'd from his heart
Shall waft thee safe to God.

3 For me vouchsaf'd the unspotted Lamb
His Father's wrath to bear:
I see his feet, and read my name
Engraven deeply there.

4 Forth from the Lord his gushing blood
In purple currents ran:
And ev'ry wound proclaim'd aloud
His wondrous love to man.

5 My faith looks back and sees him bleed;
A thorny crown he wears
To set upon the sinner's head
A shining crown of stars.

6 Saviour, I fain would take the wreath,
To thee, my centre, move,
In all the lowliness of faith,
In all the heights of love.

7 Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy bitter death my hope:
For my offence upon the tree
My Lord was lifted up.

8 For me the Saviour's blood avails,
Almighty to atone:
The hands he gave to piercing nails
Shall lead me to his throne.

IV. Php 4:5. Be careful for nothing.

1 CAN my heav'n-born soul submit
To care for things below!
Nay, but never from the feet
Of Jesus may I go.
Anxious, Lord, for nothing here,
In ev'ry strait I look to thee;
Humbly cast my ev'ry care
On him that cares for me.

2 Godliness is greatest gain,
For that alone I pray;
Lord, I never would complain,
Give thou or take away:
Never would I grieve for ought,
So Christ is mine and I am his;
I would ne'er, by taking thought,
Obstruct my inward peace.

3 He shall dwell in perfect rest
Whose mind is stay'd on thee,
Whom to keep within my breast,
My only care shall be;
View the lilies of the field,
They grow, but neither toil nor spin,
By their Maker's arm upheld,
Who clothes the earth with green.

4 See the ravens, day by day,
Their Maker gives them food,
Lions, roaring for their prey,
Do seek their meat from God:
Lean thou on his faithful word,
Nor by distrust provoke his wrath,
Cast thy burden on the Lord,
O thou of little faith.

5 Will the Saviour (who thy peace
At such a price hath bought)
From his work of mercy cease,
And sell thy life for nought?
Doubting soul, to him look up,
His ears are open to thy cry;
God shall recompense thy hope,
And all thy need supply.

6 Thou hast promis'd help to thine
And I believe the word;
I will never ask a sign,
Nor dare to tempt the Lord:
'Tis enough for God to say,

I'll feed my people with my hand
Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
But his decree shall stand.

V. Judgment.

1 BEHOLD, the awful day comes on,
When Jesus on his righteous throne
Shall in the clouds appear:
With solemn pomp shall bow the sky,
And in the twinkling of an eye
Arraign us at his bar.

2 But first th' archangel's trump shall blow;
Our scatter'd dust its voice shall know,
And quicken at the sound;
The sea shall then give up her dead,
And nations, starting from their bed,
Shall cleave the op'ning ground.

3 Who shall sustain his righteous ire,
When Jesus sets the clouds on fire,
And makes the earth retreat?
In vain shall sinners then repent,
When each expiring element
Shall melt with fervent heat.

4 The dead in Christ shall first awake,
The faithful few, who, for his sake,
On earth were justify'd:
Guarded by a seraphic band,
Aloft they mount to his right-hand,
In whom they liv'd and died.

5 See next the guilty crowd arise,
Beholding, with reluctant eyes,
The glories of the Lamb,
While taunting fiends impatient wait
To hurl them from the judgment seat
To hell's eternal flame.

6 Hark! as they mount, by devils borne,
To meet their Judge, on earth their scorn,

Despairingly they cry,
"Fall on us, rocks, with all your load,
And screen us from the wrath of God,
And hide us from his eye."

7 In vain on rocks and hills ye call,
The rocks shall from their basis fall,
And know their place no more:
The hills shall melt when God comes down,
And mountains crumble at his frown,
And groan beneath his pow'r.

8 What thought can paint their black despair
Who this tremendous sentence hear,
Irrevocably giv'n,
"Depart, ye cursed, into hell
With everlasting burnings dwell,
Remote from me and heav'n?"

9 But, O thou Saviour of mankind,
Display thy pow'r, and to the blind
Effectual light afford:
Snatch them from unbelief,
And now compel them to come in,
And tremble at thy word.

10 Methinks I hear thy mercy plead,
The voice of Him that wakes the dead
Doth over sinners mourn:
"Why do ye still your God forget,
And madly hasten to the pit
From whence is no return?"

11 "Ye reasoners, make the wisest choice
Listen in time to reason's voice,
Nor dare Almighty ire:
Turn, lest my hottest wrath ye feel,
And find, too late, the flames of hell
No metaphoric fire."

VI. Contempt of the world.

1 CAN ought below engross my thought?

Or am I to the world confin'd?
Nay, let my pure affections soar
To objects of a nobler kind!

2 I know I'm but a pilgrim here,
That seeks a better, promis'd land.
Then may I run and never tire,
Till that celestial home's obtain'd.

3 Resolv'd to tread the sacred way
That Jesus water'd with his blood,
I bend my fix'd and cheerful course
Through that rough path my master trod.

4 Contemptuous of the world I live,
A daily death rejoice to die:
And, while I move and walk below,
My absent heart mounts up on high.

5 O light of life, still guide my steps,
Without thy friendly aid I stray:
Lead me, my God, for I am blind,
Direct me, and point out my way.

6 Let the vain world applaud or frown,
Still may I heaven's path pursue:
Still may I stand unshook, and keep
The centre of my hopes in view!

7 Tho' Satan, earth, and self oppose,
Yet, thro' thy help I'll persevere;
To Canaan's hills my eyes lift up,
And choose my lot and portion there.

8 The way that leads to glory lies
Through ill-report, contempt, and loss:
Assist me to deny myself,
To follow thee and bear thy cross.

9 Let Satan never come between,
Nor separate my God from me;
But may my soul, in ev'ry storm,
Find a sure resting place in thee.

VII.

1 DYING Redeemer, slaughter'd Lamb,
Thou poured'st out thy blood for me!
O may I, kindled by thy flame,
As freely give myself to thee!
My heart to thee I now resign,
For, Lord, it cost the blood of thine!

2 To save my falling soul from death,
Th' immaculate Redeemer died;
Lord, my offences drove the nails,
The soldier I, that pierc'd thy side:
For this my restless eye runs o'er,
Because I can lament no more.

3 How gladly should my head have worn
The crown of thorns to hinder thine!
Have suffer'd in my master's stead,
And made thy dying sorrows mine!
Have stretch'd my arms upon the tree,
And died myself to rescue thee.

4 But O! no other sacrifice,
The Father's justice could appease;
Ten thousand worlds had died in vain,
Thy blood alone could buy our peace:
The God offended must be slain,
To expiate the offence of man.

5 And shall I not his cross take up
Who died upon a cross for me?
Jesus, through good and ill report,
I, in thy strength, will follow thee.
My master liv'd despis'd, abhorr'd,
And I am not above my Lord.

VIII. Life and Immortality brought to light by the Gospel.

1 How blest am I! no snare I fear,
While Jesus keeps his dwelling here:
His presence chases death away,
Enliv'ning with continual day.

2 By Satan's rage I stand unshook,
My hopes are founded on a rock:
Christ is the stone on which I build,
My castle, guardian, helmet, shield!

IX. To the Rev. Mr. E. W. March, 1757.

1 SOLDIER of the living God,
Steward of the mystic word,
Use the gifts on thee bestow'd
To the honour of thy Lord.
Free thou didst from him receive,
Man of God as freely give.

2 Clad with zeal as with a cloak,
Boldly urge thy rapid way;
Firmly grounded as a rock,
Faithful in the trying day:
Stand in Christ thy sure abode,
Safely hid with him in God.

3 In Immanuel's strength go forth,
Loud his dying love proclaim,
Dare the feeble sons of earth,
Conquer in his saving name:
March with Jesus for thy guide,
Go, for God is on thy side!

4 Bear the standard of the Lord,
Fight thy captain's battles well;
With the Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
Put to flight the hosts of hell:
Single thou thy foes shall chase,
Arm'd with all the strength of grace.

5 Satan and the world may join,
Hell and death with thee engage;
Strong thou art in strength divine,
Safe amidst their blackest rage:
Jesus shall thy soul confirm,
Lift thee up above the storm.

6 Vainly shall the blinded crew

Strive thy progress to withstand;
Thee they never shall subdue,
Guarded by the Saviour's hand:
God hath said concerning thee,
"As thy day thy strength shall be."

7 But if Jesus should depart,
For a season cease to smile,
Proving what is in thine heart,
Leave thee to thyself awhile,
He again thy stay will prove,
Bear thee in his arms of love.

8 When thou dost in secret pray'r
Find a ready, free access,
When thou tellest all thy care,
Sweetly at the throne of grace,
Me to Jesus then commend,
Think upon thy distant friend!

9 Dauntless thou his word proclaim,
Tell his message to mankind;
Bid them, in thy master's name,
Ask the pearl for those design'd:
Tell them, Jesus will redeem
All that come to God by him.

10 Faithful to thy sacred trust,
Thus from strength to strength go on;
Stay the weak, bring back the lost,
Labour 'till thy work is done:
Fight and conquer, end the strife,
Enter on eternal life.

X. 1Th 5:24. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.

1 FICKLE and changeable man,
Terrestrial joys are just as vain,
And perish in the tasting;
But Jesus' truth I cannot fear,
His gifts without repentance are,
His love is everlasting.

2 Mercy unchangeable is his,
Eternal as himself it is,
Nor will his promise fail me:
I own the token he has given,
And steadily press on to heav'n,
Tho' fiends and men assail me.

3 He never will from me remove;
For me the Saviour pleads above,
Still making intercession:
I hear his pray'r, I feel his blood,
Kept by the mighty pow'r of God,
Through faith unto salvation.

4 His Spirit for that end is giv'n,
To bear unhurt, unstain'd, to heav'n,
The soul of each believer;
Deputed by the Lamb he is,
To comfort, guard, and strengthen his,
And stay with them for ever.

5 Through him united to the Son,
Unalienably sealed his own,
Nor earth, nor hell, shall move me:
From conqu'ring I to conquer go;
Jesus hath lov'd me hitherto,
And to the end will love me.

6 Bent to devour the serpent stands,
But Christ from his own mighty hands
Will never let him force me:
My Maker is my Husband now,
Nor heights above, nor depths below,
Shall from my Lord divorce me.

7 If, for a season, Satan's chain
Be lengthen'd, Jesus will sustain
Me in the sore temptation;
Will frustrate the accuser's hope,
And bear my ransom'd spirit up
Above the inundation.

8 His name assuredly I prove

Essential faithfulness and love;
Shall I, by doubting, grieve him?
My soul he with a price hath bought,
His law within my heart is wrote,
And I shall never leave him.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT,

MODERNIZED FROM THE OFFICR FOR ORDINATION.

HYMN I. To the Holy Spirit, &c.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And warm with uncreated fire!
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gift impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer us all our days,
With the abundance of thy grace;
Our foes convert, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee; a Trinity in one:
That, thro' the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;
Praise to thy eternal love,
Father, Son, and mystic dove!

HYMN II. A contemplation, suggested by Re 7:9-17.

1 I SAW, and lo! a countless throng
Th' elect of ev'ry nation, name, and tongue,
Assembled round the everlasting throne;
With robes of white endu'd
(The righteousness of God;)
And each a palm sustain'd
In his victorious hand;
When thus the bright melodious choir begun:
"Salvation to thy name,

Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb,
In pow'r, in glory, and in essence, one!"

So sung the saints, th' angelic train,
Second the anthem with a loud Amen.
(These in the outer circle stood,
The saints were nearest God;)
And prostrate fall, with glory overpow'r'd,
And hide their faces with their wings,
And thus address the King of kings:
"All hail, by thy triumphant Church ador'd!
Blessing, and thanks, and honour too,
Are thy supreme, thy everlasting due,
Our triune sovereign, our propitious Lord!"

While I beheld th' amazing sight,
A seraph pointed to the saints in white,
And told me who they were, and whence they came:
"These are they, whose lot below
Was persecution, pain, and woe:
These are the chosen, purchas'd flock,
Who ne'er their Lord forsook;
Through his imputed merit, free from blame;
Redeem'd from ev'ry sin;
And, as thou seest whose garments were made clean,
Wash'd in the blood of yon exalted Lamb.

Sav'd by his righteousness alone,
Spotless they stand before the throne,
And in th' ethereal temple chaunt his praise;
Himself among them deigns to dwell,
And face to face his light reveal:
Hunger and thirst, as heretofore,
And pain, and heat, they know no more;
Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays,
Immanuel, here, his people feeds,
To streams of joy perennial leads,
And wipes, for ever wipes, the tears from ev'ry face."

2 Happy the souls releas'd from fear,
And safely landed there!
Some of the shining number, once, I knew,
And travell'd with them here:
Nay, some (my elder brethren now)
Sat later out for heav'n; my junior saints below;
Long after me, they heard the call of grace,
Which wak'd them unto righteousness.
How they have got beyond!
Converted last, yet first with glory crown'd!
Little, once, I thought that these
Would first the summit gain,
And leave me far behind, slow journeying thro' the plain!

Lov'd, while on earth; nor less below'd, tho' gone;
Think not I envy you your crown;
No; if I could, I would not, call you down.
Tho' slower is my pace,
To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way.
Who, now-and-then, lets fall a ray
Of comfort from his throne.
The shinings of his grace
Soften my passage thro' the wilderness,
And vines, nectareous, spring where briers grew
The sweet unveilings of his face
Make me, at times, near half as blest as you.
O might his beauty feast my ravish'd eyes,
His gladd'ning presence ever stay,
And cheer me all my journey thro'!
But soon the clouds return; my triumph dies
Damp vapours from the valley rise,
And hide the hill at Sion from my view.
Spirit of light, thrice holy dove,
Brighten my sense of int'rest in that love
Which knew no birth, and never shall expire!
Electing goodness, firm and free,
My whole salvation hangs on thee,
Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity.
Redemption, grace, and glory too,

Our bliss above, and hopes below,
From her, their parent fountain flow;
Ah, tell me, Lord, that thou hast chosen me
Thou, who hast kindled my intense desire,
Fulfil the wish thy influence did inspire,
And let me my election know!
Then, when thy summons bids me come up higher,
Well-pleas'd I shall from life retire,
And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now.

HYMN III. Happiness found.

1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, O tell me where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, "It is not here:"
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies,
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus crucify'd for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if though thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die;
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
Ev'ry object teems with joy;
Here O may I walk with thee,

Then into thy presence die!
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness!
Real bliss I then shall prove;
Heav'n below, and heav'n above.

HYMN IV. *Affliction.*

1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,
Thy presence is fair to behold;
I thirst for thy Spirit with cries
And groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep;
While harass'd, and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
"The Lord hath forsaken thee quite,
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah tell me, how is it I find
Some sweetness in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my only resource;
If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,

Thy Spirit must take it by force.

HYMN V. The Method of Salvation.

1 THE Father we bless,
Whose distinguishing grace,
Selected a people to shew forth thy praise;
Nor is thy love known,
By election alone;
For O, thou hast added the gift of thy Son.

2 The goodness in vain
We attempt to explain,
Which found and accepted a ransom for men;
Great Surety of thine,
Thou didst not decline
To concur with the Father's most gracious design.

3 To Jesus our friend,
Our thanks shall ascend,
Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the end;
Our ransom he paid;
In his merit array'd
We attain to the glory for which we were made.

4 Sweet Spirit of grace,
Thy mercy we bless,
For thy eminent share in the council of peace;
Great agent divine,
To restore us is thine,
And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.

5 O God, 'tis thy part,
To convince and convert,
To give a new life, and create a new heart;
By thy presence and grace
We're upheld in our race,
And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.

6 Father, Spirit, and Son,
Agree thus in One,
The salvation of those he has mark'd for his own;
Let us too agree

To glorify thee,
Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three.

HYMN VI. The evil Heart.

1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN VII. Thy kingdom come.

1 O WHEN shall we, supremely blest,
Enter into our glorious rest!
Partake the triumphs of the sky,
And, holy, holy, holy, cry!

2 With all thy heav'nly hosts, with all
Thy blessed saints, we then shall fall;
And sing in extacy unknown,
And praise thee on thy dazzling throne.

3 Honour, and majesty, and pow'r,
And thanks and blessings evermore;
Who dost through endless ages live,
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive.

4 For thou hast bid the creatures be,
And still subsist to pleasure thee;
From thee they came, to thee they tend,

Their gracious source, their glorious end!

HYMN VIII. The Propitiation.

THY anger, for what I have done,
The gospel forbids me to fear;
My sins thou hast charg'd on thy Son;
Thy justice to him I refer:
Be mindful of Jesus and me!
My pardon he suffer'd to buy;
And what he procur'd on the tree,
For me he demands in the sky.

HYMN IX. Assurance of Faith.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is, Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace;
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heav'n.

HYMN X. To the Blessed Spirit.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night,
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious show'r descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send;
O thou glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
Come with unction and with pow'r;
On our souls thy graces show'r;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Known to thee are all recesses
Of the earth, and spreading skies;
Every sand the shore possesses,
Thy omniscient mind descries:
Holy fountain, wash us clean,
Both from error, and from sin!
Let us fly what thou refusest,
And delight in what thou choosest.

5 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our reliever;
Guard, and teach, support, and guide:
Let thy kind, effectual grace,

Turn our feet from evil ways;
Shew thyself our new creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

6 Be our friend on each occasion;
God, omnipotent to save!
When we die, be our salvation;
When we're buried be our grave:
And, when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies;
Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore thee.

HYMN XI. Divine Breathings.

1 I GROAN from sin to be set free,
From self to be releas'd;
O take me, take me unto thee,
My everlasting rest!

2 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend:
No longer from thy creature stay;
My author, and my end!

3 The bliss thou hast for me prepar'd
No longer be delay'd:
Come, my exceeding great reward,
For whom I first was made.

4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of ev'ry virtuous thought
And righteous work is thine.

5 'Tis not of him that wills or runs,
That labours or desires;
In answer to my Saviour's groans,
Thy love my breast inspires.

6 The meritorious cause I see,
That precious blood divine;
And I, since Jesus died for me,
Shall live for ever thine.

HYMN XII. Ps 147:1.

'Tis pleasant to sing
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in the valley we move:
'Twill be pleasanter still,
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour above.

HYMN XIII. Heb 10:19.

We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.

1 O PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,
By which the sinner lives!
When stung with sin, this blood we view,
And all our joy revives.

2 We flourish as the water'd herb,
Who keep this blood in sight,
The blood that chases our distress,
And makes our garments white.

3 The blood that purchas'd our release,
And washes out our stains,
We challenge earth and hell to shew
A sin it cannot cleanse.

4 Our scarlet crimes are made as wool,
And we brought nigh to God:
Thanks to that wrath-appeasing death;
That heav'n-procuring blood.

5 The blood that makes his glorious Church
From ev'ry blemish free;
And, O the riches of his love!
He pour'd it out for me.

6 Guilty and worthless as I am,
It all for me was giv'n;
And boldness, through his blood, I have
To enter into heav'n.

7 Thither, in my great Surety's right,
I surely shall be brought!

He could not agonize in vain,
Nor spend his strength for nought.

8 He wills that I, and all his sheep,
Should reign with him in bliss;
And pow'r he has to execute
Whate'er his will decrees.

9 The Father's everlasting love
And Jesus' precious blood
Shall be our endless themes of praise;
In yonder blest abode.

10 In patience let us then possess
Our souls, 'till he appear:
Our head already is in heav'n,
And we shall soon be there.

HYMN XIV. A propitious gale longed for.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, sweet Spirit, come,
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

HYMN XV. All in all.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see:
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of our expiring love,
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow; for thee alone,
My all in all, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore
More than thyself I cannot crave;

And thou canst give no more.

4 Love of my God, for him again,
With love intense I'll burn:
Chosen of thee 'ere time began,
I'll choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consist not with thy love,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

HYMN XVI. Weak believers encouraged.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry string awake.

2 Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Fasten'd within the vail,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale,
That wafts you smooth along.

5 Or, should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come;
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

6 The people of his choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's Mount to stay.

7 When we in darkness walk,

Nor feel the heav'nly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

8 Soon shall our doubts and fears,
Subside at his control!
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

9 No wonder, when God's love
Pervades your kindling breast,
You wish for ever to retain
The heart transporting guest.

10 Yet learn, in ev'ry state,
To make his will your own;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone.

11 By anxious fear depress'd,
When from the deep ye mourn,
"Lord, why so hasty to depart,
So tedious in return!"

12 Still on his plighted love,
At all events rely:
The very hidings of his face,
Shall train thee up to joy.

13 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour:
Wait till the bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals his love with pow'r.

14 The time of love will come,
When thou shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But that it flow'd for thee.

15 Tarry his leisure then,
Altho' he seem to stay:
A moment's intercourse with him
Thy grief will overpay.

16 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN XVII. Christ the light of his people.

1 I LIFT my heart and eyes to thee,
Jesus, thou unextinguish'd light,
My guardian stay and leader be,
My cloud by day, my fire by night.

2 Glory of Israel, shine within;
Unshadow'd, uneclips'd appear:
With beams of grace exhale my sin;
Break forth, thou bright and morning star.

3 The earth a trackless lab'rinth is;
Be thou my thread and faithful clue!
Thy kingdom and thy righteousness.
The only objects I pursue.

4 Light of the Gentiles, thee I hail;
Essential truth, thyself impart!
Spirit of light, his face reveal,
And set thy signet on my heart.

5 Thy office 'tis t' enlighten man,
And point him to the heav'nly prize;
The hidden things of God t' explain,
And shine the darkness from our eyes.

6 Witness of Christ within my heart,
My int'rest in his love display;
My int'rest in that better part,
Which never can be torn away.

7 In bondage 'till thou set me free,
Fain would I know my part in him:
The brightness of his rising see,
And bask in thy meridian beam.

8 Shine then, thou uncreated ray!
If but a moment thou withdraw,

That moment sees me go astray,
That moment sees me break thy law.

9 The word and Spirit both conspire
To tell thy Church she is forgiv'n;
And lift her daily high'r and high'r,
'Till all her joys are crown'd with heav'n.

10 To that bless'd realm of bright repose,
Thou wilt conduct my weary feet;
Where peace no interruption knows,
And where my sun shall never set.

HYMN XVIII. Leaning on the Beloved.

1 COURAGE, my soul, Jehovah speaks;
His promise is for thee:
"I never will forsake nor leave
The soul betroth'd to me."

2 The cheering word, as heav'nly dew,
My thirsty soul drinks in:
Jesus commands me to rejoice,
Who bore away my sin.

3 My Saviour's ever watchful eye,
Is over me for good:
What will he not on me bestow,
Who hath himself bestow'd?

4 Me to enrich, himself he made
Poor, and of no esteem:
The source, the true foundation, this,
Of all my love to him.

5 Dear Lord, into thy faithful hands,
My welfare I commit;
And to thy righteousness alone,
For safety I retreat.

6 Sorrows and agonies and death,
Thou didst endure for me,
When all the sins of God's elect
Were made to meet on thee.

7 Tho' worthy, in myself, of hell
And everlasting shame;
I cannot dread the frown divine,
Accepted in the Lamb.

8 Still on thy merit, gracious Lord,
Enable me to lean:
Ever in thee may I be found
My hiding-place from sin!

9 Exult, my soul; thy safety stands
Unshaken as his throne:
His people's everlasting life
Is founded on his own.

HYMN XIX. Before hearing.

1 SOURCE of light, and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine;
Lord, behold thy servant stands,
Lo, to thee he lifts his hands:
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lip with holy fire:
Source of light, and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine.

2 Breathe thy Spirit, so shall fall
Unction sweet upon us all;
'Till, by odours scatter'd round,
Christ himself be trac'd and found;
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy depart:
Source of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine.

HXMN XX. A Morning Hymn.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Son of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day spring from on high be near,
Day star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
'Till thy mercy's beams I see:
'Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN XXI. A Chamber hymn.

1 WHAT tho' my frail eye-lids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep;
A sov'reign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save:
Almighty to rule and command.

2 From evil secure and its dread,
I rest if my Saviour is nigh,
And songs his kind presence indeed
Shall in the night season supply;
He smiles and my comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

3 Kind Author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee, for my God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast help'd me 'till now;
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd,
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally lov'd.

4 Inspirer and hearer of pray'r,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign,
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

5 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep,
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep;
Bright seraphs, despatch'd from the throne,
Repair to the stations assign'd,
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

6 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing:
And, while they protect my repose,
They chaunt to the praise of my king.
I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever will join:
And love and adore without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

HYMN XXII. A Prayer, living and dying.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow;
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Foul I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death;
When I soar to worlds unknown;
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN XXIII. To the Trinity.

1 ETERNAL hallelujahs
Be to the Father giv'n,
Who lov'd his own
Ere time begun,
And mark'd them out for heav'n.

2 Anthems of equal glory,
Ascribe we to the Saviour;
Who liv'd and died,
That we, his bride,
Might live with him for ever.

3 Hail, co-eternal Spirit,
Thy Church's new Creator!
The saints he seals,
Their fear dispels,
And sanctifies their nature.

4 We laud the glorious Triad,
The mystic one in essence;
Till call'd to join
The hosts that shine
In his immediate presence.

5 Faithful is he that promis'd,
And stands engag'd to save us:
The Triune Lord

Has pass'd his word,
That he will never leave us.

6 A kingdom he assign'd us,
Before the world's foundation:
Thou God of grace,
Be thine the praise,
And our's the consolation.

HYMN XXIV. 2Ti 1:9. "Who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling; not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us before the world began."

1 How vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess,
Sav'd from the guilt of sin we are,
And call'd to holiness.

2 But not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do,
Hath God decreed on sinful worms
Salvation to bestow.

3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone;
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.

4 Our glorious Surety undertook
To satisfy for man,
And grace was giv'n us in him,
Before the world began.

5 This is thy will, that in thy love
We ever should abide,
And lo, we earth and hell defy,
To make thy counsel void.

6 Not one of all the chosen race,
But shall to heav'n attain;
Partake on earth the purpos'd grace,
And then with Jesus reign.

7 Of Father, Son, and Spirit, we

Extol the three-fold care,
Whose love, whose merit, and whose pow'r,
Unite to lift us there.

HYMN XXV. He hath borne our griefs, &c.

1 SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne,
Weeping soul no longer mourn:
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy ev'ry sin he bore,
Weeping souls lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid,
See upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Wounded in our stead, he is
Bruis'd for our iniquities.

3 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes,
On the atoning sacrifice:
There th' incarnate Deity,
Number'd with transgressors see!
There his Father's absence mourns,
Nail'd and bruise'd, and crown'd with thorns.

4 See thy God his head bow down,
Hear the man of sorrows groan!
For thy ransom, there condemn'd,
Stripp'd, derided, and blasphem'd;
Bleed the guiltless for th' unclean,
Made an offering for thy sin.

5 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem:
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

6 Lord, thy arm must be reveal'd,
Ere I can by faith be heal'd,

Since I scarce can look to thee
Cast a gracious eye on me;
At thy feet, myself I lay,
Shine, O shine my fears away.

HYMN XXVI. Faith in the promises.

1 WHAT in thy love possess I not,
My star by night, my sun by day;
My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.

2 From all eternity with love
Unchangeable thou hast me view'd;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursu'd;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

3 In suffring be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my pow'r:
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour;
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

HYMN XXVII. *Divine aid.*

1 THE pow'r of hell, the strength of sin,
My Jesus shall subdue:
His healing blood shall wash me clean,
And make my spirit new.

2 He will perform the work begun,
Jesus, the sinner's friend,
Jesus, the lover of his own,
Will love me to the end.

3 No longer am I now afraid
The promise shall take place,
Perfect his strength in weakness made:
Sufficient is his grace.

4 When thou dost in my heart appear,
And love erects its throne;
I then enjoy salvation here,
And heaven on earth begun.

5 Lord, I believe, and rest secure
In confidence divine;
Thy promise stands for ever sure,
And all thou art is mine.

HYMN XXVIII. Almighty power.

1 WHAT tho' I cannot break my chain
Or e'er throw off my load;
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

2 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
Or match Omnipotence;
Unfold the grasp of thy right hand,
And pluck the sinner thence.

3 Faith to be heal'd I fain would have,
O might it now be giv'n;
Thou canst, thou canst the sinner save,
And make me meet for heav'n.

4 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

5 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

HYMN XXIX. Mercy experienced.

1 JESUS, what hast thou bestow'd
On such a worm as me;
What compassion hast thou shew'd,
To draw me after thee:
Mindful of thy mercies past,

Still I trust the same to prove,
Still my helpless soul I cast,
On thy redeeming love.

2 Hast thou not revers'd my doom,
Thou hast, and I believe;
Yet I still a sinner come,
That thou may'st still forgive!
Wretched, miserable, blind,
Poor, and naked, and unclean,
Still that I may mercy find
I bring thee nought but sin.

3 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And make my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice:
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secrets of thy love.

4 Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ will build me up:
I shall certainly be made,
Partaker of my hope;
Author of my faith he is,
He its Finisher shall be,
Sov'reign grace has sealed me his,
To all eternity.

HYMN XXX. Fervent Desire.

1 FATHER, I want a thankful heart,
I want to taste how good thou art.
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me;
The length, and depth, and breadth, and height
Of love divinely infinite.

2 Jesus, my great High Priest above,
My friend before the throne of love!
If now for me prevails thy prayer,

If now I find thee pleading there,
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

3 O sovereign love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die;
Save me from death, from hell set free,
Death, hell, are but the want of thee;
My life, my crown, my heav'n thou art!
O may I find thee in my heart!

HYMN XXXI. Written in Illness,* Ps 104:34.

*The late Countess of Huntingdon had the original of this mellifluous piece of poetry sent her by the Author. The right honourable Lady Anne Erskine gave herself considerable trouble to procure it for the Editor, for which obliging politeness and condescension he returns this public acknowledgment.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love:
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid.

5 Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience day by day,

His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

9 There shall my disimprison'd soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfy'd,
And grieve and sin no more.

10 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As tho' but newly slain.

11 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickn'ing sound;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

12 These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me;
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee?

13 If such the views which grace unfolds
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesu's presence know!

14 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,

Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee.

15 O may the unction of these truths,
For ever with me stay;
'Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd
My spirit flies away.

HYMN XXXII. The dying believer to his soul.

1 DEATHLESS principle, arise;
Soar thou native of the skies.
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne;
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood;
Thine the righteousness of God.

3 Angels, Joyful to attend,
Hov'ring, round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal giv'n,
And escort thee quick to heav'n.

4 Is thy earthly house distrest?
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die:
Fly, celestial tenant, fly.
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe myself away:
Singing, to thy crown remove;
Swift of wing, and fir'd with love.

5 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and pow'r
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave;

Gentle as a summer's eve:
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.
See the haven full in view?
Love divine shall bear thee through.
Trust to that propitious gale:
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

6 Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore.
Mount, their transports to improve:
Join the longing choir above:
Swiftly to their wish be giv'n:
Kindle higher joy in heav'n.
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

Excellent Passages from Eminent Persons

EXCELLENT PASSAGES FROM EMINENT PERSONS [1]

NOTE: Topics with the writer at the end are “Excellent Passages from Eminent Persons” – those without the author at the end are by Augustus Toplady.

[1] In the course of various readings, these judicious extracts are professedly transcribed by our author from the writings of several Protestant divines of the last (and a few of the present) age; they will be perused with pleasure and peculiar advantage by those who have a prevailing regard for dignity of sense and plain truth, delivered in honest and open language, unlike the delicate race of our refined preachers, who “scorn to mention hell to ears polite.” These selections are a specimen of the subjects that employed the tongues and pens of those intrepid champions in the cause of God who, having fought the good fight, and exemplarily executed the commission received from their Lord and Master, are now set down in the kingdom of heaven, crowned with glory and immortality.
EDITOR.

Observations and Reflections

OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS. [1]

NOTE: Topics with the writer at the end are “Excellent Passages from Eminent Persons” – those without the author at the end are by Augustus Toplady.

[1] These considerations by Mr. Toplady, and the extracts, are arranged under their respective heads. Diamonds never appear so splendid as when set in a crown. However, when thrown in confusion, they are still jewels: and, therefore, worth the gathering. From these brilliants a bouquet is made up, for the gratification of the reader. EDITOR.

Abasement

THE sweetest seasons on this side heaven are, when the soul sinks as into nothing before the face of God, and is absorbed in the sight of Christ and the love of the Spirit: when we feel the presence of Deity, and silently wait on him, at the foot of the cross, with weeping eyes, melting affections, and bleeding hearts.

When Christ entered into Jerusalem, the people spread their garments in the way. When he enters into our hearts, we pull off our own righteousness, and not only lay it under Christ’s feet, but even trample upon it ourselves.

Acceptance

What coming and what returning sinner need despair of acceptance? No man can be worse than St. Paul was before his conversion; and no man can be worse than St. Peter was after his conversion.

Acceptance 2

IT is a fallacy of Satan’s, to argue, from the sinfulness of our duties, to the non-acceptance of them. “Will God,” says he, “take such broken groats at thy hand? Is he not a holy God?”---Learn, here, to distinguish. There is a two-fold acceptance. 1. A thing may be accepted as a payment of a debt; or, 2. As a proof of love.---God, who will not accept of broken money in a way of payment will, nevertheless, kindly accept of it from his friends as a testimony of gratitude.

It is true, O Christian, the debt thou owest to God must be paid in good and lawful money: but here, for thy comfort, Christ, and Christ only, is thy pay-master. Send Satan to him; bid him bring his charge against Christ, who is ready at God's right hand to produce a clear account, and shew his receipt in full for the whole debt.---As to thy performances and obedience, they fall under a quite contrary class; as mere tokens of thy love and thankfulness to God. And so gracious is thy heavenly Father, that he accepts thy bent sixpence, and will not throw away thy crooked, broken mite. Love refuses nothing that love sends. *Gurnall.*

Actions

Where scripture is totally silent concerning the lawfulness or unlawfulness of any action, consult the book of your own conscience, and follow its dictates. Observe also, what does, or does not, tend to take off from your mind that exquisite sense of divine love which a believer would ever wish to cultivate and cherish.

Activity

Industry on our parts is not superseded by the greatness and freeness of God's grace. As when a schoolmaster teaches a boy gratis, the youth cannot attain to learning without some application of his own; and yet it doth not therefore cease to be free, on the teacher's part, because attention is required from the learner; so it is here. *Arrowsmith.*

Affections

A believer's affections are, too often, like a cascade, or waterfall, that flows downward; instead of being like a fountain, which rises and shoots upwards toward heaven.

Afflictions

If you thoroughly exhaust a vessel of the air it contains, the pressure of the air on the outside will break that vessel into (perhaps) millions of pieces; because there is not a sufficiency of air within to resist and counteract the weight of the atmosphere from without. A person who is exercised by severe affliction, and who does not experience the divine comforts and supports in his soul, resembles the

exhausted receiver above described; and it is no wonder if he yields, and is broken to shivers, under the weight of God's providential hand. But affliction to one who is sustained by the inward presence of the Holy Ghost, resembles the aerial pressure on the outer surface of an unexhausted vessel. There is that within which supports it, and which preserves it from being destroyed by the incumbent pressure from without.

Some persons are apt to walk in their sleep. They are said to be effectually cured of this dangerous habit by only once horse-whipping them soundly until they awake. God's people are apt to dose, and run themselves into danger; on which Providence takes the horsewhip of affliction, and brings them to themselves. Was he to spare the rod, his children would be spoiled.

The world is a sea of glass, affliction scatters our path with sand and ashes and gravel, in order to keep our feet from sliding.

In a long sunshine of outward prosperity, the dust of our inward corruptions is apt to fly about and lift itself up. Sanctified affliction, like seasonable rain, lays the dust, and softens the soul, and keeps us from carrying our heads too high.

The earth must be ploughed, and sown, and harrowed, and weeded, and endure many frosty nights and scorching days, in order to its being made and preserved fruitful. Gentle showers, soft dews, and moderate sun-shine will not suffice always. So it is with the soul of a fruitful Christian.

A person was lately observing of some fine ornamental china on his chimney-piece, that the "elegance of its figures, and the perpetuity of its colours were owing to its having been consolidated by passing through the fire." Is not the same remark applicable to the afflicted people of God?

Afflictions 2

Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions. *Dr. Dodd of the last cent.*

There is no affliction so small but we should sink under it if God upheld us not: and there is no sin so great but we should commit it if God restrained us not. *ibid.*

A good old Scotch minister used to say to any of his flock when they were labouring under affliction, "Time is short: and, if your cross is heavy you have not far to carry it."

When the grace of an afflicted saint is in exercise, his heart is like a garden of roses, or a well of rose-water, which, the more moved and agitated they are, the sweeter is the fragrance they exhale. *Anon.*

As no temporal blessing is good enough to be a sign of eternal election; so no temporal affliction is bad enough to be an evidence of reprobation: for the dearest Son of God's love was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. *Dr. Arrowsmith.*

Afflictions scour us of our rust. Adversity, like winter weather, is of use to kill those vermin which the summer of prosperity is apt to produce and nourish. *ibid.*

Every vessel of mercy must be scoured in order to brightness. And however trees in the wilderness may grow without culture; trees in the garden must be pruned to be made fruitful: and corn-fields must be broken up, when barren heaths are left untouched. *Dr. Arrowsmith.*

The Church below is often in a suffering state. Christ himself was a man of sorrows; nor should his bride be a wife of pleasures. *ibid.*

God may cast thee down, but he will not cast thee off. *Mr. Case.*

Afflictions are blessings to us when we can bless God for affliction. *Dyer.*

God had a Son without sin, but none without sorrow; he had one Son without corruption, but no Son without correction. *ibid.*

Christian, hath not God taught thee, by his word and Spirit, how to read the shorthand of his providence! Dost thou not know that the saint's afflictions stand for blessings? *Gurnall.*

Those whom God loves he takes to pieces; and then puts them together again.

Anon.

Through Christ's satisfaction for sin, the very nature of affliction is changed, with regard to believers. As death, which was at first the

wages of sin, is now become a bed of rest (they shall rest upon their beds, saith the prophet); so afflictions are not the rod of God's anger, but the gentle physic of a tender Father. *Dr. Crisp.*

All the afflictions that a saint is exercised with are neither too numerous nor too sharp. A great deal of rust requires a rough file. *Mr. Moses Browne, in conversation, Oct. 24, 1769.*

If we have the kingdom at last, it is no great matter what we suffer by the way. *Dr. Manton.*

Nothing can reconcile the soul to afflictive allotments, but looking on them as covenant-dispensations. *Mr. William Mason.*

David's pen never wrote more sweetly than when dipt in the ink of affliction. *ibid.*

When you see the refiner cast his gold into the furnace, do you think he is angry with the gold and means to cast it away? No. He sits as a refiner. He stands warily over the fire, and over the gold, and looks to it, that not one grain be lost. And when the dross is severed, he will out with it presently; it shall be no longer there. *Crisp.*

Crosses and afflictions are God's call to examine our hearts and our lives. *Richardson.*

No affliction would trouble a child of God, if he but knew God's reason for sending it. *ibid.*

Afflictions are as needful for our souls as food is for our bodies. *ibid.*

The Lord's wise love feeds us with hunger, and makes us fat with wants and desertions. *Rutherford.*

It is a good sign when the Lord blows off the blossoms of our forward hopes in this life, and lops the branches of our worldly joys to the very root, on purpose that they should not thrive. Lord, spoil my fool's heaven in this life, that I may be saved for ever! *Rutherford.*

All-Mighty

"Esto diabolus magnipotens; nunquam erit omnipotens," saith Luther: I confess the Devil is mighty, but he will never be all-mighty, as my God and Saviour is.

Arrowsmith.

Antinomians

Christ is still crucified between two thieves; Antinomianism and Pharisaism.

Arminians

I much question whether the man that dies an Arminian can go to heaven. But certainly he will not be an Arminian when he is in heaven. The employ of the blessed is to cast their crowns at the feet of God and the Lamb, and to sing, "Not unto us, O Lord."

Should it be thought harsh to question the salvation of one who dies under the blindness of Arminianism ; as if a man who only robs God in part might miss of glory ; let it be considered that, even on earth, if a person robs me only of my watch, or of a single guinea, he has forfeited his life to the law, as much as if he had robbed me of all I am worth.

The old Arminians mentioned in scripture are blamed for thinking wickedly that God was such an one as themselves; but our new Arminians out-sin their predecessors, and actually represent God as a being in many respects considerably inferior to themselves. They suppose him both to form schemes with less wisdom, and to execute them with less power, spirit, and success, than a prime minister of common sense forms and executes his. They dare ascribe to God such impotence, blunders, imperfections and disappointments, as they would blush to ascribe to a Ximenes, or a Sully.

Arminians consider the grace that is inspired into a true believer's heart, as a text of scripture written upon a pane of glass, liable to be demolished by the first hand that flings a stone at it.

All the disputes between us and the Arminians may be reduced to these two questions: 1. Is God dependant on man, or is man dependant on God? 2. Is man a debtor to God, or God a debtor to man?

When the Arminians foolishly affirm concerning the will of an unregenerate man, viz., that "its liberty consists in an indifferency to good or evil, like a balance in equal poise ;" holds true of a

regenerate man in some circumstances, and in some respect, *viz.*, that a person who is happily resigned to God's providential disposals, may (in point of absolute acquiescence) be said to have his will in *equilibrio*, *i. e.* he wishes to be quite conformed to the divine pleasure, and to incline neither to prosperity nor adversity, life nor death, but is desirous that God's own hand may incline the scale. We are never truly contented, nor of (course) truly happy, until God and we have but one will between us.

The Arminians think, that in conversion God does little or nothing for men, but gives them a pull by the elbow, to awake them from their sleep. Rather, he acts as maritime officers do by their sailors; he cuts down the hammock of carnal security in which the elect are; down they fall, and the bruises and surprise they receive awaken them from their death in sin, and bring them to themselves whether they will or no.

According to Arminianism, grace has the name, but free-will has the game.

Arminians suppose God to give us heaven, as the king grants a brief for building a church. The brief runs, "We have granted our most gracious letters patent." But these same most gracious letters are amply paid for before they are granted. No fee, no brief.

Some people (especially the Arminians) seem to speak of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Established Church, as if those articles were like Mr. Van Bushel's newly-invented elastic garters, which are so contrived by springs, that they will accommodate and fit themselves to any leg that should wear them.

Arminians will ask, "Where's the use of preaching the doctrines of grace, even supposing them to be true? since we may go to heaven without a clear knowledge of them." And a man may go to heaven with broken bones; yet it is better to go thither in a whole skin. A man may get to his journey's end, though it rain and thunder all the way; yet it is more comfortable to travel in fair weather. You or I might make a better shift to live upon a scanty allowance of bread and water; yet, surely, an easy fortune, and a decent table are, in themselves, abundantly preferable to poverty and short commons. Who would wish to go upon thorns when his way may be strewed with roses?

Where is the difference between Arminianism and Epicurism? To suppose a fortuitous concurrence of incidents is no less Atheistical than to suppose a fortuitous concurrence of atoms.

I can compare some ranting Arminian preachers, who represent salvation as a matter of chance, and press men to help forward their own conversion, upon pain of damnation, to none so well as to auctioneers; who, with the hammer in their hands, are always bawling out, "Now is your time ; now is your time: a-going, a-going, a-going."

Such a method is equally inconsistent with the analogy of faith, and subversive of the majesty of the gospel. Shall I order a dead soul to awake, and raise itself to life? Let me rather address the living God, and say, "Awake, and put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord! Breathe on these slain, that they may live!"

Arminians 2

Arminians represent the universe as the governess of God, instead of representing God as the governor of the universe. *Mr. R. Hill, in con. March 6, 1770.*

The Pelagians and Arminians are for making nature find its legs. They persuade man that he can go alone to Christ; or, at least, with a little external help of a hand to lead, or an argument to excite, without any creating work in the soul. Alas, for the blindness of nature! How false is all this stuff, and yet how glibly it goes down!

Gurnall.

Assurance

It is not deemed presumptuous for the favourites of an earthly king to know and be conscious that they are so; and why should it be deemed presumptuous for the favourites of God to be assured of his love?

Assurance 2

Assurance of pardon is a free gift of God, as much as faith, or pardon itself.

Arrowsmith.

Nothing more inflames a Christian's love to God than a firm belief of his personal election from eternity; after he hath been enabled to evidence the writing of his name in heaven by the experience of a heavenly calling and of a heavenly conversation. When the Spirit of God (whose proper work it is to assure, as it was the Father's to elect, and the Son's to redeem) hath written the law of life in a Christian's heart, and caused him to know assuredly that his name is in the book of life, he cannot but melt in sweet flames of holy affection. *ibid.*

Attraction

The loadstone draws all the iron and steel that comes near it, and also communicates of its own virtue to the iron it draws. Such a loadstone is Christ. He draws many after him, and when he has drawn them communicates his own virtue to them, so that they become useful to others; as a magnetic needle attracts other needles, by virtue of the power itself has received.

Unknown.

Avenge

When true grace is under the foot of a temptation, it will even then stir up a vehement desire of revenge, like a prisoner in the enemy's hand, who is thinking and plotting how to get out; waiting and longing every moment for an opportunity of deliverance, that he may again take up arms. "O God, remember me," saith Samson, "this once, I pray thee; and strengthen me, that I may be avenged on the Philistines for my two eyes," Jg 16:27. Thus prays the gracious soul, that God would spare him and strengthen him, that he may be avenged for his pride, unbelief, and all those sins by which he has dishonoured God. *Gurnall.*

Banishment

There goes a rumour that I am to be banished. And let it come, if God so will. The other side of the sea is my Father's ground as well as this side. *Rutherford.*

Believer

A truly enlightened believer (i. e. one who has a clear view of gospel

privileges, and makes conscience of gospel duties), stands between two fires; the pharisees call him an Antinomian, and the real Antinomians call him a pharisee.

There is a true and sound sense in which we may say that a true believer may live as he will ; for it is the prevailing will and desire of every real believer to live only to the glory of God. He is not a Christian who doth not delight in the law of God, after the inner man.

Believer 2

The weakest believer shall partake of such hidden things, such excellencies of Christ, as all the world shall never be able to dive into, reach, nor comprehend. *Crisp.*

A believer, in a poor condition, resembles a fine and valuable picture in a broken frame. *Jenkin.*

Men are believers because they are elected; not elected because they are believers. *Sladen.*

[Believers do, in general, wish to experience little else but the sweetness and comforts of religion; whence Mr. Rutherford says of himself,]

I am like a child that hath a golden book, and playeth chiefly with the ribbons, and the gilding, and the picture in the first page; instead of reading the more profitable contents.

Believing

To believe the gospel is but to give God credit for being wiser than ourselves. *Madan.*

Believing is the most wonderful thing in the world. Put any thing of thy own to it and thou spoilest it. *Wilcox.*

Bestowment

God is not only the rewarder, but is himself the reward of his. A king may enrich his subjects with gratuities; but he bestows himself upon his queen. *Cripplegate Lecture.*

Bible

To unconverted persons, a great part of the Bible resembles a letter written in cypher. The blessed Spirit's office is to act as God's decypherer by letting his people into the secret of celestial experience, as the key and clue to those sweet mysteries of grace, which were before as a garden shut up, or as a fountain sealed, or as a book written in an unknown character.

Whenever I preach from any passage in the Book of Canticles, or in the Book of Revelation, I consider myself as standing on ground peculiarly consecrated and mysterious. The scripture in general may be considered as the temple at large: but these two books as the holy of holies.

The most convincing argument, and most infallible demonstration that the scriptures are indeed the word of God, is to feel their enlivening, enlightening, and transforming power in our hearts.

Bible 2

When a believer is in a state of comfort and prosperity, he can read other books beside the Bible: but when he is in temptation, or burdened with distress, he betakes himself to the Bible alone. He wants pure wine without any mixture of water.—This shews the worth of the Bible above all other books. *Mr. Searl in con. at B. Hamb. Idem. Aug. 28.*

When you experience on your soul the happy energy of the Scriptures, every attempt to stagger your belief, or withdraw your veneration from the Bible, will be like an attempt to shatter the rock in pieces with a bubble, or to pierce the adamant with a feather. *Mr. Hervey.*

The page, of Scriptures like the productions of nature, will not only endure the test but improve upon the trial. The application of the microscope to the one, and a repeated meditation on the other, are sure to display new beauties and present us with higher attractives. *ibid.*

Without the powerful agency of the blessed Spirit to enlighten our understandings and to apply the doctrines of the Bible to our hearts; we shall be, even with the word of light and life in our hands,

somewhat like blind Bartimaeus sitting amidst the beams of day; or like the withered arm with invaluable treasures before it. *ibid.*

By the blessed influences of God's holy Spirit, our understandings are opened to know, and our hearts opened to receive, the Scriptures; to understand them in all the fulness of their heavenly meaning; to receive them in all the force of their transforming power. *ibid.*

Of most other things it may be said, "Vanity of vanities ; all is vanity:" but of the Scriptures, "Verity of verities, all is verity." *Arrowsmith.*

In the Scriptures, there are Ewinikia, songs of victory; but such as exalt not the prowess of man, but the glory of God. So Ex 15.

Ewikhdia, or funeral songs; but such as celebrate Christ's death, and the good-will of God therein. So Ps 22. and Isa 53.

Erwtika, songs of love : but such as set forth the love of Christ to his spouse the Church, and her mutual affection to him. So Ps 45. and the Book of Canticles. There are also

Boskolika, sacred pastorals: but such as magnify no other shepherd but God alone. Yea.

Georgika too, or songs relative to husbandry: but such as ascribe all to him. Let Virgil be asked, "*Quid faciat laetas segetes,*" or what makes a good harvest? And he will wholly insist on this or that secondary cause of fertility.—Ask David, he presently falls in his georgics, upon praising God as the author of all fruitfulness: "Thou visitest the earth and blessest it; thou makest it very plenteous. Thou makest it soft with the showers of rain, and blessest the increase of it. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy clouds drop fatness," Ps 56. *ibid.*

The two Testaments, Old and New, like the two breasts of the same person, give the same milk. *ibid.*

[Grace is the same as to principle in all God's children, how various soever it may seem]. If you draw water out of one and the same well, with vessels of different metal; one of brass, the other of tin, a third of earth; the water may seem at first to be of a different colour; but when the vessels are brought near the eye, this diversity of

colour vanishes, and the water in each, when tasted of, has the same relish. —The same remark may likewise be accommodated to the several styles in which the penmen of Holy Scripture have respectively written. *Arrowsmith.*

Let such as choose it make their boast of other things, for which England is famous; as fine churches, bridges, wool, &c. If I was asked, "What advantage have Englishmen, and what profit is there of living in this island?" My answer should be, "Much every way: but chiefly because to us are committed the oracles of God, and liberty to read our Father's mind in our mother's-tongue." *ibid.*

We are generally desirous to have fair and well-printed Bibles: but the fairest and finest impression of the Bible, is to have it well printed on the reader's heart. *ibid.*

Quaint notions, philosophical speculations, and strains of wit, if set in competition with the oracles of God, are but as so many spiders' webs to catch flies; fitter for the taking of fancies than the saving of souls. *ibid.*

Other books may render men learned unto ostentation; but the Bible only can make them really wise unto salvation. *ibid.*

The dust or the finery about your Bibles is a witness now, and will at the last day be a witness of the enmity of your hearts against Christ as a prophet. *Boston.*

Do not you teach the Bible, but let the Bible teach you. *A saying of the late Mr. Fanch, of Romsey, Hants.*

Bigot

For wolves to devour sheep is no wonder; but for sheep to devour one another, is monstrous and astonishing. *Anon*

Bigots

Bigots are stiff, straitened, and confined; like Egyptian mummies, which are bound round with thousands of yards of ribbon.

Bigots are like some trees that grow by the sea shore, which do not spread their branches equally on all sides, but are blown awry, and stand entirely one way.

Bigots (like Nebuchadnezzar), if you fall not down at the word of command, before whatever image they set up, consign you at once to the burning fiery furnace.

Blasphemous Suggestions

[Blasphemous suggestions] will be charged on the tempter alone, if they be not consented to; and will no more be laid to the charge of the tempted party, than a bastard laid down at a chaste man's door will fix guilt upon him. [It may indeed give him trouble and vexation, but still he is not the father.] *Anon.*

Blood of Christ

The fountain of Christ's blood is always open. We sin daily; and every day we sue out our discharge in Christ's name. The best of God's children make but too much work for pardoning mercy. We contract new filth by walking up and down in a dirty defiling world. *Dr. Manton.*

It is said of the diamond;

Incidit gemmas, sed non inciditur ipse:
Hircino tantum sanguine mollis erit.

i. e. "It cuts other jewels; but is itself cut of none: nothing will soften it but steeping it in the blood of goats."

Nor will man's adamantine heart be softened to purpose, until steeped in the blood of Christ, the true scape-goat. *Arrowsmith.*

Nothing but the blood of God can satisfy the justice of God, or calm the awakened conscience. *A saying of the Rev. Mr. Walter Chapman's.*

If thou hast not the blood of Christ at the root of thy profession, thy profession will wither and prove but painted pageantry to go to hell in. *Wilcox.*

Without the blood of Christ upon thy conscience, all thy services are dead. *ibid.*

I may be ashamed to think that, in the midst of so much profession, I know so little of the blood of Christ, which is the main thing in the gospel. *ibid.*

[The works of men], without the blood of sprinkling will be but as a withered leaf amidst the inextinguishable burning. *Hervey*.

Happy the people on whom the blood of Christ is sprinkled! this will screen and protect them like the mark which the man, clothed with linen, set on the foreheads of God's chosen ones, Eze 9:6. or, like the line of scarlet thread, which Rahab bound to the window of her house, Jos 2:18-19. *ibid*.

Body

My soul, thou art now as a bird in the shell; in a shell of flesh which will shortly break and let thee go. This feeble vessel of the body will certainly ere long be split on the rock of death; and then must thou, its present pilot, forsake it, and swim to the shore of eternity. Therefore, O everlasting creature, see and be sure thou content not thyself with a transitory portion. *Arrowsmith*.

Call

The largeness of the gospel (more properly termed, the ministerial) call does by no means imply the universality of grace. A fisher throws his net into the sea at large; not from an expectation of catching all the fishes that are in the sea, but with a view of catching as many as he can. And this is the end of indefinitely preaching to all.

Calling

God's gracious biddings are effectual enablings. *Wilcox*.

Captious Hearers

Wherever there is a Paul to preach, there will be a Tertullus to find fault.

Caution

Were saints their own carvers they would soon cut their own fingers. *Dyer*.

When thou art enlarged in duty, supported and most assisted in thy Christian course, remember that thy strength lies in God, not in thyself. When thou hast thy best suit on, thy best suit of spirituality

and strength, remember who made it, who paid for it, and who gave it thee. Thy grace, thy comfort, is neither the work of thy own hand, nor the price of thy own desert. Be not therefore proud of that which belongs to another, even God. Divine assistance will be suspended if it becomes a nurse to pride. *Gurnall*.

Strong affections make strong afflictions. *Dr. Owen*.

High professor, despise not weak saints. Thou mayest come to wish to be in the condition of the meanest of them. *Wilcox*.

Cavilling

Some people can no more help cavilling at the doctrines of grace, than some dogs can help howling at the sound of a trumpet.

Characters

Every man has two characters: a good one from his friends; and a bad one from his enemies. The best way perhaps for us to form a just estimate of any person whatever, is by mixing his two characters together and making one of both.

My uncle, Francis Toplady, in Conversation at Rochester, May 18, 1770.

Children

I write my blessing to your child. You have borrowed him from God: for he is no heritage to you but a loan. Love him as folks do borrowed things. *Rutherford*.

[To one who had lost several children, Mr. Rutherford writes]

They are got into the lee of the harbour before the storm comes on. They are not lost to you, but laid up in Christ's treasury above. You shall meet them again. They are not sent away but sent before.

Christ

Whoever hath Christ, cannot be poor; whoever wants him cannot be rich. *Dyer*.

If Christ be not thy Jacob's staff, to guide thee to heaven, he will never be thy Jacob's ladder, to lift thee thither. *ibid*.

The Lord Jesus is as a strong arm that draws a bow. The greater the strength of the arm is, the swifter is the flight of the arrow, and the farther the arrow goes. Christ being the strength of all believing souls, he draws the bow for them with a mighty arm. *Dr. Crisp*

Though men of the lowest stations have generally the fewest troubles; yet it was not so with Christ. His case was alike remote both from the grandeur of princes and from the tranquillity of the vulgar.

Pre-eminence in the vast multitude of his sorrows, and the first place among the afflicted and oppressed was his distinction. *Unknown*

Christ a Foundation

If we are for setting buttresses to the house that is built upon a rock, what is this but a disparagement to the foundation? If the foundation be already firm and good, why are you for endeavouring to strengthen it? So far as you set up any props unto Christ the foundation, who is to bear up all by himself, so far you disparage Christ, so far you bring him down, and give him not the pre-eminence. *Dr. Crisp.*

Christ is a sure foundation. So sure that lay what load you can upon him, he stoops not: and therefore he was excellently typified by the pillars of brass in Solomon's Temple. They were made of brass to shew their strength, whereon the whole weight of the porch of the temple lay. *ibid.*

Christ a Gift

Hast thou but a mind to Christ? Come and take the water of life freely. It is thine. It is given to thee. There is nothing looked for from thee, to take thy portion in Christ. Thine he is as much as any person's under heaven. *Dr. Crisp.*

Dost thou thirst? that is, hast thou a mind really to Christ, that Christ should say really to thy soul, I am thy salvation? It may be thou art suspicious of thyself, and thy heart is apt to say, "Christ is not my portion; I am not fit for Christ; I am a great sinner; I must be holy first." Alas! this is bringing a price to Christ. But you must come without money and without price. And what is it to come without money or price? It is to take Christ, and the waters of life, merely

and simply as a gift. *Dr. Crisp.*

These are the sure mercies of David, when a man receives the things of Christ only because Christ gives them; and not in regard to any action of our's as the ground of taking them. *ibid.*

Christ a Rock

If thou ever sawest Christ, thou sawest him a rock higher than self-righteousness, Satan and sin. And this rock doth follow thee: and there will be a continual dropping of honey and grace out of this rock to satisfy thee. *Wilcox.*

Christ a Shelter

The obedience and atonement of Christ are as sufficient to secure perfectly all sinners that fly by faith under the covert of his wings, as the immeasurable circuit of the sky is roomy enough for a lark to fly in, or as the immense brightness of the sun is lightsome enough for a labourer to work by. *Hervey.*

When the thunders roar and the lightnings flash; when the clouds pour down water, and a horrid storm comes on; all that are in the open air retire under the branches of a thick tree, or fly to some other commodious shelter. [So] the blood and righteousness of Christ are a covert. Hither we niii fly and be screened; hither we may fly and be safe. Safe as was Noah, when he entered the ark, and God's own hand closed the door, and God's own eye guided its motions. *Hervey.*

Christ Alone

The house that is built partly on a rock, and partly on the sand, will fall ; and the sinner who rests his hope of salvation partly on Christ, and partly on his own works, will be damned.

You may as well trust in the supposed merits and pretended intercession of the Virgin Mary, or other saints departed, as trust in your own good works, prayers, or any thing you can do and suffer, either as a compensation to God's justice for your sins, or as conducive toward your acceptance and salvation.

Christ in the Heart

Let men be ever so great enemies to Christ, yet as soon as he sets up himself in their hearts they will love him, own him, serve him, and suffer for him. *Dyer.*

Christ the Head

You that are believers and are under some particular trial; if you run to any inherent grace, or temper of spirit that is in yourselves, or any qualifications, or any performances that you can tender, and look after all or any of these, as that which will bring you the comfort, the support, or the supplies you want; while you look faintly and coldly upon Christ, and on the freeness and sureness of the grace which Christ brings along with himself; so long you deny unto Christ that pre-eminence which God has given him above all beside. *Dr. Crisp.*

Christ the Only Saviour

Do not legalise the gospel; as if part remained for you to do and suffer, and Christ were but a half-mediator: or as if you were to bear part of your own sin, and make part satisfaction. Let sin break thy heart, but not thy hope. *Wilcox.*

Christ will be a pure, total Redeemer and Mediator, and thou must be an undone sinner, or Christ and thou will never agree. *Unknown*

Christ the Saviour

Christ the law-giver will always speak in vain without Christ the Saviour. *Venn.*

Christ the Way

Merchants go to sea. The end of their voyage is it may be the Indies: but they have also business in France, Holland, Spain, or Turkey; and they accordingly put in there. Now their business is not their way to the end; but it is something they have to do in the way before they come to their journey's end. Thus all our obedience and righteousness are but so many several businesses here, which we are to dispatch while we are in Christ (who is our only way) towards heaven: and Christ himself being our way, he so provides for us that our business goes on. *Crisp.*

Believers must and will serve God, in duty and obedience; but they must not expect that their duties and obedience will bring them any thing. It is Christ brings every thing you get. While you look to get by what you do, you will but get a knock; because of so much sinfulness in your duties. If you would have any good, you must get it by Christ. Your obedience is that wherein you are to walk in the world, and before the world, that you may [shew forth the power of faith and] be profitable unto men. But as for getting any thing, assure yourself, that while you labour to get by your duties you provoke God, as much as lies in you, to punish you for such presumption, and for the filthiness of the things which you perform. *ibid.*

When men would have any favour from a king, they do not apply to a scullion in the kitchen, but to the favourite; by whom the king has declared he will grant and deliver all things. When the people came to Pharaoh, Pharaoh sent them to Joseph; and as Joseph said, Pharaoh would do. So would you have anything of God, go to Christ; and by Christ, go to the Father. *ibid.*

Christian Graces

Wrap up ever so good a flint in silk or satin, and not a spark of its latent fire will appear. But bruise it with a hammer, or strike it with a steel, the dormant sparks will shew themselves. In prosperity the graces of a saint too often lie hid. In adversity they shine forth with light and heat, like a flint in collision with a steel.

Christians

Thou, who hast seen Christ all, and thyself absolutely nothing; to whom Christ is life, and who art dead to all righteousness besides; thou art a Christian, one highly beloved, and who has found favour with God. *Wilcox.*

None can make a Christian but he that made the world. *Hart.*

The sons of God have much in hand, and more in hope. *Manton.*

God's people are too touchy in looking so much for respect from men. It argues a secret leaven of pride if they murmur when the world doth not esteem them. A Christian is an unknown man in the world, and therefore should not take it ill if he finds himself

slighted. *ibid.*

A Christian that roweth against the stream of the flesh and blood is the world's wonder and the world's reproof. *ibid.*

The best of Christians are found in the worst of times.

Christ's Care

A true friend divides the cares and doubles the joys of his brother in affection. Christ does more; for he takes the cares of his people entirely on himself; and not only doubles their joys, but makes all his joys their own. *Anon.*

Suppose a king's son should get out of a besieged city, and leave his wife and children behind, whom he loves as his own soul; would this prince, when arrived at his father's palace, delight himself with the splendour of the court, and forget his family in distress? No: but having their cries and groans always in his ears, he would come post to his father, and entreat him as ever he loved him, that he would send all the force of his kingdom to raise the siege, and save his dear relations from perishing. Nor will Christ, though gone up from the world, and ascended into his glory, forget his children for a moment that are left behind him. *Gurnall.*

Christ's Company

While Christ was upon earth, he was more among publicans and sinners, than among scribes and pharisees; for these were self-righteous [and so, not fit company for him who came to seek and to save the lost]. *Wilcox.*

Christ's Cross

Seeing Christ hath fastened heaven to the far end of the cross, and he will not loosen the knot himself, and none else can (for when Christ ties a knot, all the world cannot undo it); let us then count it exceeding joy when we fall into divers temptations. *Rutherford.*

The noise and expectation of Christ's cross are weightier than the cross itself. *ibid.*

Christ and his cross are two good guests worth entertaining. Men would fain have Christ by himself, and so have him cheap: but the

market will not come down. *ibid.*

The cross of Christ is so sweet and profitable, that the saints (such are its gain and glory) might wish it were lawful either to buy or borrow his cross. But it is a mercy that they have it brought to their hand for nothing. *ibid.*

The cross of Christ (or suffering for his sake), is a crabbed tree to look at; but sweet and fair is the fruit it yields. *ibid.*

Welcome the cross of Christ and bear it triumphantly: but see it be indeed Christ's cross, not thy own. *Wilcox.*

A believer studies more how to adorn the cross than how to avoid it. *Dyer.*

Christ with his cross is better than the world with its crown. *ibid.*

Christ's Exaltation

Christ's exalted state in glory does not make him neglectful of poor sinners, nor scornful to them: no, he has the same heart in heaven that he had on earth. He went through all thy temptations, dejections, sorrows, and desertions. He drank the bitterest of the cup, and left the sweet. The condemnation is out. He drank up all the Father's wrath at one draught, and nothing but salvation is left for thee. *ibid.*

Christ's Intercession

Christ commands in heaven as he does upon earth. There is nothing he can ask of the Father but it is answered. He never has a nay. If any come to be a suitor to him to put up a petition for him, he is sure to speed. *Crisp.*

If you would pray but cannot, and so are discouraged, see Christ praying for you, and using his interest with the Father for you. *Wilcox.*

Christ's Liberality

Christ is not more rich himself, than he is liberal to contribute of his treasures. He makes his people sharers to the uttermost of all that he has. *Crisp.*

Christ's Love

It is a peculiar kind of expression Eph 3:19. where the apostle prays that, they might "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." We may know that experimentally which we cannot know comprehensively; we may know that in its power and effects which we cannot comprehend in its nature and depths. A weary person may receive refreshment from a spring, who cannot fathom the depth of the ocean whence it proceeds. *Dr. Owen.*

I have seen the white side of Christ's cross. How lovely hath he been to his oppressed servant. *ibid.*

How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! as little do I take away of my great sea, the boundless love of Christ. *Rutherford.*
[Written from Aberdeen prison by *Rutherford.*]

My Lord Jesus is kinder to me than ever he was. It pleaseth him to dine and sup with his afflicted prisoner. The king feasteth me, and his spikenard casteth a sweet smell. Put Christ's love to the trial, and throw all your burdens upon it, and then it will appear love indeed. We employ not his love, and therefore we know it not. *Unknown*

Christ's Necessities

Why was the bread of life hungry, but that if he might feed the hungry with the bread of life? Why was rest itself weary, but to give the weary rest? Why was the prince of peace in trouble, but that the troubled might have peace? None but the image of God could restore us to God's image. None, but the prince of peace, could bring the God of peace, and the peace of God, to poor sinners. *Dyer.*

Christ's Presence

I know the sun will overcloud and eclipse, and I shall again be put to walk in the shade. But Christ must be welcome to come and go as he thinketh meet. Yet his coming would be more welcome to me than his going. *Rutherford.*

Christ is ever present in and with his people: and while he is on board, the ship cannot sink. He may, indeed, seem to sleep, for a time; and to disregard both the vessel and the storm. Do you awake him by prayer and supplication? *Dr. Giffard, Dec. 24. 1775.*

Christ's Purchase

It is a common saying, that "He who buys land, buys stones," and all the weeds and rubbish which belong to the soil.---When Christ accepted of us in the decree of election (when the Father gave and made us over to him), and when he bought us afterwards with his blood; he took us with all our imperfections and wretchedness, for better for worse, as a bridegroom takes his bride, and as a purchaser buys an estate.

Christ's Purchase 2

The whole election of grace, all the children of God scattered about in the world; all the Lord's people that ever have been, are, or shall be; may truly be said to be the pearl of great price, which Christ came into this world to seek for, and found: and finding it, sold all that he had, shed his blood, parted with his life, and gave himself for it, and bought it. *Dr. Gill.*

Christ's Righteousness

Sin has stripped man of his moral clothing. Man's own righteousness will not cover his nakedness; and whoever is destitute of Christ's righteousness, is a naked person. *Dr. Gill.*

Christ's righteousness is called, The righteousness of the law, Ro 8:4. For though righteousness does not come by our obedience to the law, yet it does by Christ's obedience to it as performed by man, no flesh living can be justified; yet by the deeds of the law, as performed by Christ, all the elect are justified. *ibid.*

Christ's righteousness is also called The righteousness of faith, Ro 4:13; not as if faith were our righteousness, either in whole or in part, but because faith receives the righteousness of Christ, puts it on, rejoices in it, and boasts of it. *ibid.*

Christ's righteousness is called The best robe, Lu 15:22; or, as the Greek text hath it, the first robe, thv zolhv tnv prulhv. For though Adam's robe of righteousness in innocence was the first in wear, this was first provided in the covenant of grace: this was first in designation, though that was first in use. *ibid.*

We must be declared free from guilt, and invested with a

righteousness that will stand before the law of sinless perfection and entitle us to the kingdom of heaven. And if we have it not in ourselves, where must we look for it but as existing solely in the person of Jesus Christ? Dependence therefore upon that righteousness, as wrought out by him for believers, and appointed of God for sinners to trust in, is the gracious faith of the gospel by which the soul is justified.

Satan and the world may ask us, "How can ye be justified by a righteousness which is not your's?" We answer, "The righteousness of Christ is our's, and our's by as great a right as any other thing we possess to wit, by the free gift of God; for it hath pleased him to give us a garment who were naked, and to give us, who had none of our own, a righteousness answerable to justice." *Bp. Cowper.*

Men generally think that, besides Christ and his merits, there is something more in the way that leadeth to life, namely, a man's own righteousness, to act in conjunction with Christ: "these together," say they, "are the way to salvation." Alas for such! Christ alone is the way to heaven; and he himself has declared that way to be a narrow one. It is, among other respects, narrow in this regard; that all a man's own righteousness [as a ground, cause, or condition of justification and eternal life] must be clean shut out. It is so narrow that there can be nothing in the way but the righteousness of Christ. When a man's own righteousness is supposed to be a part of the way, we make the way broader than God will allow. *Dr. Crisp.*

Whatever comes in when thou goest to God for acceptance, besides Christ, call it antichrist; bid it be gone; make only Christ's righteousness triumphant. All besides that is Babylon, which must fall if Christ stand; and thou shall rejoice in the day of the fall thereof. *Mr. Wilcox.*

Do as much as thou wilt, but stand with all thy weight upon Christ's righteousness. Take heed of having one foot on thy own righteousness and another on Christ's. *ibid.*

It is the hardest thing in the world to take Christ alone for our righteousness. Join any thing to him of your own, and you unchrist him. *ibid.*

Whatsoever is of nature's spinning must be all unravelled before Christ's righteousness can be put on. *ibid.*

Nothing can kill sin but the beholding of Christ's righteousness. *ibid.*

Christ's Sufferings

We cannot [fully] understand the sufferings of Christ. God only knows what is in the curse of the law. God alone knows what is the true [and utmost] desert of sin. How, then, do we know what Christ suffered, when the punishment due to our sin, when all our iniquities met on him, [and he had] the curse of the law upon him! God only knows what is in these things. *Dr. Owen.*

Christ's Willingness

It is less injurious to Christ, to doubt even of his existence, than to doubt of his willingness to save a wounded, broken hearted sinner. *Ryland.*

Christ's Work

If you have been looking at works, duties, and qualifications, instead of looking to Christ, it will cost thee dear. No wonder you go complaining. Graces are no more than evidences: the merits of Christ alone, without thy graces, must be the foundation for thy hope to bottom on. Christ only is the hope of glory. *Wilcox.*

He that builds upon duties, graces, &c. knows not the merits of Christ. This makes believing so hard, and so far above nature. If thou believest thou must every day renounce (from being any part of thy dependance) thy obedience, thy baptism, thy sanctification, thy duties, thy graces, thy tears, thy meltings, thy humblings; and nothing but Christ must beheld up. *Wilcox.*

When we come to God, we must bring nothing but Christ with us. Any ingredients or previous qualifications of our own will poison and corrupt faith. *ibid.*

In the highest commands look at Christ, not as an exactor to require, but as a debtor by promise, and as an undertaker to work. *ibid.*

As water, falling on a rocky way, glides off as fast as it falls; whence the way is hard as before the rain fell, and a man may stand as firmly there as before; so all our sinfulness, while we are in the way of Christ, as thick as it falls, passeth off from us to him, and from him also, by virtue of that satisfaction which he hath made to

the justice of God. *Crisp.*

As the payment of a great sum all at once, and at a day, is a better payment than by a penny a year, until a thousand years be out; so Christ's satisfying the Father at once, by one sacrifice of himself, is a better satisfaction, than if we should have been infinite days in paying that which his justice requires, and his indignation to sin doth expect. *ibid.*

Let it be observed, that Christ's active obedience to the law for us, and in our room and stead, does not exempt us from personal obedience to it; any more than his sufferings and death exempt us from a corporal death, or suffering for his sake. It is true, indeed, we do not suffer and die, in the sense he did, to satisfy justice and atone for sin; so neither do we yield obedience to the law, in order to obtain eternal life by it. By Christ's obedience for us we are exempted from obedience to the law, in this sense; but not from obedience to it, as a rule of walk and conversation, by which we may glorify God, and express our thankfulness to him for his abundant mercies. *Dr. Gill.*

It is Christ's work, to take every present sin off the conscience of the believer, by the application of his blood and sacrifice. — Hence he is said to be the Lamb of God that taketh away, that continues to take away, the sins of the world. *ibid.*

Before God enlightened me into the righteousness of Christ, and justification by it; I used to wonder how it was that, seeing Christ lived thirty-three years and six months upon earth, only his death, or at most, the last week of his life, should be of any avail for the salvation of sinners. But blessed be God, I have long seen that Christ was all that time working out a perfect obedience for my acceptance with the Father. "By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous," is a text that amply accounts for his having spent above thirty-three years below previous to his crucifixion; and is a truth by which my soul is nourished and fed to life everlasting. *Mr. Romaine, in conversation, July 18, 1769.*

If I had the righteousness of a saint, says one, O how happy should I be! If I had the righteousness of an angel, says another, I should fear no evil. But I am bold to say, that the poorest sinner, who believes in Christ, has a righteousness infinitely more excellent than either

saints or angels. If the law asks for sinless perfection, it is to be found in Christ, my divine Surety. If the law requires an obedience that may stand before the burning eye of God, behold, it is in Jesus my Mediator. Should the strictest justice arraign me, and the purest holiness make its demands upon me, I remit them both to my dying and obedient Immanuel. With him the Father is always well-pleased ; and in him the believer stands complete. *Mr. Hervey.*

Jesus says concerning his people, "If they have sinned, I have taken their sins upon myself. If they have multiplied transgressions as the stars of heaven, my Father hath laid on me the iniquities of them all. They are my redeemed ones; I have bought them with my blood; I cannot lose my purchase. If they are not saved, I am not glorified." *ibid.*

Church Militant

While Israel marched through the wilderness, the blackest night had a pillar of fire; and the brightest day a pillar of cloud. So in this world, things never goes so well with God's Israel, but they have still something to groan under; nor so ill but they have still comfort to be thankful for. In the Church militant, as in the ark of old, there are both a rod and a pot of manna. *Arrowsmith.*

Circumspection

Persons who make a peculiar profession of godliness should be peculiarly circumspect in their moral walk, else they hurt not only their own character, but, above all, the cause of religion itself; and resemble a man *who carries fire in one hand and water in the other.* *Mrs. Bacon, Feb. 16, 1770.*

Comforts

Of all created comforts God is the lender. You are the borrower, not an owner. *Ruthcrford.*

God's comforts are no dreams. He would not put his seal on blank paper, nor deceive his afflicted ones that trust in him. *ibid.*

If comfort fails, God's faithfulness does not. What though your pitcher is broke? The fountain is still as full as ever. *The Rev. Mr. Williams.*

I had rather be a means of comforting one of God's dear children than gain the applause of a nation. *Ryland*

Communion with God

Though a gracious soul may not always enjoy sensible communion with God in the ordinances, yet it has always this good sign, that it cannot be easy and satisfied without it. *Dr. Giffard.*

Have you any reason to believe that you have at any time had communion with God, in private or in public, in your closet or in the family, or in the house of God, under any ordinance, either the ministry of the word, or prayer, or the supper of the Lord? Then you may be assured Christ has made satisfaction for you, or you would never have enjoyed such communion. *Anon.*

Company

Better is it to go with a few to heaven than with a multitude to hell, and be damned for the sake of company. *Parr*

Comparison No Criterion

Sometimes perhaps thou hearest another Christian pray with much freedom, fluency, and movingness of expression, while thou canst hardly get out a few broken words in duty. Hence thou art ready to accuse thyself, and to admire him. As if the gilding of the key made it open the door the better. *Gurnall.*

Take heed of judging thyself unconverted, because thou mayest not have felt so much horror as some others in thy first convictions. O believer, that has not heard so much, it may be, of the rattling of the chains of hell, nor, in thy conscience, so much of the outcries of the damned, as to make thy very flesh tremble; but hast thou not seen that, in a bleeding Christ, which hath made thy heart melt, and mourn, and loathe thy lusts? It is strange to hear a patient complain of the physician (when he finds his prescriptions work effectually) merely because the operation did not affect him so violently as in some others. Soul, thou hast the more reason to bless God, if the convictions of his Spirit have wrought so kindly on thee, without those extremities of terror which have cost others so dear. *ibid.*

It may be thou seest another abound with that joy which thou

wantest, and art therefore ready to think his grace is more, and thine less, than it really is; while perhaps thou mayest have as much real grace as he, only thou wantest a light to shew thee where it lies. *ibid.*

Complaining

Complaining of God is one thing; complaining to God is another. *Mr. Caser.*

Conceit

There is a strong resemblance between a pert, overbearing, conceited opinionist and a drunken man. You may see him reeling to and fro; now entertaining this odd conceit, tomorrow that, and the next day a third: unstable in all. Vomiting, too, and casting out scornful reproaches against such as differ from him. Talkative, as drunkards commonly are; prating, and obtruding his own opinions on everybody. Self-sufficient, and boasting himself and his party as too hard for all their opposers. Thus, as our proverb saith, "one drunkard is forty men strong."—Whoever attempts to reason with such a dogmatist will soon find him as incapable of conviction as Nabal was of Abigail's narration, until his wine was gone out of him. *Dr. Arrowsmith.*

Confidence

If a merchant of incontestible opulence and honesty gives me his note of hand binding himself to pay me so much money; I have no reason to fear a failure of payment. "Mr. _____ is a person of vast wealth, and of as great integrity: my money, therefore, is as sure as if I had it in my pocket." Thus we reason concerning human things.

Give the same implicit credit to God's promises. We have it in his own writing, under his own hand and seal, that "Every one who believeth shall have everlasting life;" and "Whoso cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," &c. &c. Do not dishonour God's note of hand, by letting unbelief question either his ability or his veracity. Do not withhold from the God of heaven and earth that confidence which, in many cases, you cannot withhold from man.

Confidence 2

Even when a believer sees no light, he may feel some influence; when he cannot close with a promise, he may lay hold on an attribute, and say, "Though both my flesh and my heart fail, yet divine faithfulness and divine compassions fail not. Though I can hardly discern at present either sun, moon, or stars, yet will I cast anchor in the dark, and ride it out until the day break, and the shadows flee away. *Arrowsmith*.

Consequences

I am resolved, in the strength of grace, to preach all the truths of the gospel so far as I know them; and leave God to take care of consequences.

Consolations

Divine consolations are the nearest to us when human assistances are furthest from us. *Cave*.

Constitution Sins

Watch against constitution sins. See them in their vileness, and they will never break out into act. *Wilcox*.

Contempt

To expose ourselves to worldly contempt and persecution for Christ's sake, is like going into the cold bath. At first it gives us a shock; but it grows easier and easier every time; until, by degrees, it ceases to be disagreeable.

Contentment

Be willing to want what God is not willing to give. *Dyer*.

Contentment without the world is better than the world without contentment. *ibid*.

Be contented with a mean condition. This is not the time for the manifestation of the sons of God. Though others that are wicked may have a larger portion and allowance than you, yet God doth not misplace his hands (as Joseph thought his father did, Ge 48.), but

puts them upon the right head, and assigns temporal blessings to the right persons. Ephraim is not preferred before Manasseh without reason. *Manton*.

Brown bread with the gospel is good fare. *Dodd*.

When the heart is full of God, a little of the world will go a great way with us. *Mr. Storer, in conversation Dec. 15, 1769*.

Content is all we aim at with our store:
"If that be had with little, what need more?"

Contrast

As the wicked are hurt by the best things so the godly are bettered by the worst. *Unknown*

Controversy

It is in the Church as it is with nations: war must sometimes be carried on, in order to establish a sound and durable peace at last.

One moment's communion with God is worth all the controversial volumes in the world.

Conversation

A daily conversation in heaven is the surest forerunner of a constant abode there. The Spirit of God, by enabling us hereunto, first brings heaven into the soul, and then conducts the soul to heaven. *Arrowsmith*.

Converse

A Christian too conversant with people of the world, resembles a bright piece of plate too much exposed to the air: which though in reality it continues plate still, yet grows tarnished and loses its fine burnish, and needs a fresh cleansing and rubbing up.

Conversion

It is a greater act of grace, for God, to work conversion in a sinner than to crown that conversion with glory. It is more gracious and condescending in a prince to marry a poor damsel, than having married her, to clothe her like a princess. He was free to do the first

or not; but his relation to her pleads strongly for the other. God might have chosen whether he would have given thee grace, or no; but having done this, thy relation to him, and his covenant with thee in his Son, do oblige him to add more and more, until he hath fitted thee as a bride for himself in glory. *Gurnall*.

If Satan seeks to puzzle thee about the time of thy conversion, content thyself with this, that thou seest the streams of grace, though, perhaps, the exact time of thy first receiving it (like the head of Nilus) may not easily be found.

You may know the sun is up, though you did not observe when it rose. *ibid*.

Conversion of the soul to God is like changing a kennel of mud into a river of crystal. *Mr. Engleheart, in conversation at London, May 14, 1776*.

Since Christ looked upon me in conversation, my heart is not my own: he hath run away with it to heaven. *Mr. Rutherford*.

Conviction

Happy conviction of guilt! which performs the same beneficent office the Baptist discharged of old; it prepares the way of the Lord, and renders his salvation inestimably precious to the soul. *Venn*.

The greatness of Christ's merit is not known but to a poor soul at the greatest loss. Slight convictions will occasion but slight prizings of Christ's blood and righteousness. *Anon*.

Correction

God's corrections are our instructions; his lashes our lessons ; and his scourges our school-masters. Whence both in Hebrew and Greek, chastening and teaching are expressed by one word, XXXX and paideia. *Brookes*.

It is of the Lord's mercy that our affliction is not execution, but correction.

He that hath deserved hanging may be glad to escape with a whipping. *Brookes*.

"If we run away from the Lord, he has a covenant-rod for our backs;

but it is a rod in the hand of a *father*." A dying Saying of my friend, Mr. Lovett, who went to Heaven, September 4, 1775.

The correction which you at present consider as an argument of wrath, may be an evidence of love and an act of mercy. God will prune thee, but not hew thee down. The right of his clemency knows what the left hand of his severity is doing. Better for thee to be a chastened son than an undisciplined bastard. *Arrowsmith*.

Creature Comforts

Creature comforts are often to the soul what suckers are to a tree; and God takes off those that these may thrive. *Mr. Ryland, in conversation, Dec. 23, 1769.*

Criterion

When thou gettest no comfort in hearing, nor ease to thy spirit in praying, and yet growest more eager to hear, and art more frequent in prayer; Oh soul, great are thy faith and patience.

Blessed is your condition if you have this testimony in your conscience; that, acknowledging your own natural ignorance and blindness, you call upon the name of the Lord Jesus, to enlighten your mind, to make his way plain before you, and to give you a strong and distinct perception of the great things that concern your eternal peace.

Blessed is your condition if, feeling your utter incapacity to procure the favour of God by the best of your duties, reformations, or performances, and confounded in your own sight, for your great defects, you build all your hope of acceptance with God, on what Christ has done and suffered for you. Blessed is your condition, if afflicted with the exceeding great vileness of your natural affections, and longing for victory over them; for a more spiritual mind, and for a farther progress in love both to God and man; you depend on the renewing, sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit, to work this divine change within you.

This is to believe in the only begotten Son of God without partiality and without hypocrisy. This the word of God pronounces to be that dependance on Christ which shall never be confounded. *Venn*.

Darkness

When a saint is in darkness all his expedients for delivering himself out of it are vain: they are literally dark lanterns, and will not afford him a single gleam to see by. The day will not dawn nor the shadows flee away until the sun of righteousness arises with healing in his wings. And we can no more command the rising of the spiritual sun within, than we can that of the natural sun without. We can only, like Paul's mariners, cast anchor and wish for day.

Darkness of Soul

If you are under darkness of soul, first go to God with it; and then go to some experienced saint of your acquaintance. It is good sometimes to light your candle at a neighbour's fire. *Anon.*

Dead in Sin

Great was the cry in Egypt when the first-born in each family was dead; but are there not many families where all are dead together? *Boston.*

Death is a friend of grace, and the enemy of nature. *Dodd.*

Mankind are like sheep grazing on a common: the butcher comes continually and fetches away one, and another, and another; while the rest feed on unconcerned, until he comes for the last. *Mr. Herne, formerly Hector of Blagdon, Somerset.*

The dread and dislike of death do by no means prove that a person is not a child of God. Even a strong believer may be afraid to die. We are not in general, fond of handling a serpent or a viper, even though its sting is drawn, and though we know it to be so. *Mr. John Martin, London, May, 1774.*

Though a believer may have his darkness, doubts, and fears, and many conflicts of soul while on his dying-bed; yet usually these are all over and gone before his last moments come, and death does its work and office upon him. From the gracious promises of God, to be with his people even unto death; and from the scriptural accounts of dying saints; and from the observations I have made through the course of my life; I am of opinion, that generally speaking, the people of God die comfortably; their spiritual enemies being made

to be as still as a stone, while they pass through Jordan, or the stream of death. *Dr. Gill.*

The consideration of the state of the dead as of persons asleep, should moderate our sorrow for the loss of departed friends. What master of a family can be uneasy at finding his family, his wife, his children, his servants, in a sound fast sleep at midnight? May he not expect that they will rise in the morning well and healthful, and ready to go about any service that may be proper for them? When Christ said, concerning Lazarus, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth;" "Lord," said the disciples, "if he sleep, he shall do well." The saints, who are fallen asleep, must needs do well. They cannot do otherwise than well, who not only sleep but sleep in Jesus. *ibid.*

As a man that takes a walk in his garden, and spying a beautiful full-blown flower, crops it, and puts it into his bosom; so the Lord takes his walks in his gardens, the churches; and gathers his lilies, souls fully ripe for glory, and with delight takes them to himself. *ibid.*

There is no way to live with God, in glory, but by dying. Christians would be clothed with a blessed immortality, but they are loathe to be unclothed for it: they pray, thy kingdom come; and, when God is leading them thither, they are afraid to go. What is there in this valley of tears, that should make us weep to leave it. *Cripplegate Lect.*

Death

Believers should not have a slavish dread of death. Where is the infant that is afraid to go to sleep in its nurse's arms?

In those countries that are the seat of war, it is common to see a fine field of standing corn flourishing one hour and laid waste the next; when a party of the enemy have cut down, with their swords, what was ripening for the sickle, and given that to their horses for fodder which the husbandman hoped would repay him for his toil.---So does death, sickness or unforeseen disappointment, frequently disconcert our worldly schemes; and blast our expectations in a moment. Man turneth to his dust, and then all his thoughts perish.

To a true believer, death is but going to Church: from the Church below to the Church above.

A man would not be sorry to be ejected from a cottage in order to his living in a palace: and yet how apt we are to fear death, which to a child of God is but the writ of ejection that turns him out of a prison, and transmits him to his apartments at court!

I have known many a believer go weeping to the river of death; but I never knew a believer go weeping all the way through it.

Even an earthly parent is particularly tender and careful of a dying child. Much more will the great and gracious Father of the elect support, cherish and defend his own children in the hour of death.

The world is a nursery of elect sinners. At death God transplants them, one by one, into the garden above; and fills up their places below with a fresh succession of spiritual trees.

The Church of the elect, which is partly militant on earth, and partly triumphant in heaven, resembles a city built on both sides of a river. There is but the stream of death between grace and glory.

Death to God's people is but a ferry boat. Every day and every hour the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns for more.

Decrees of God

A cockle-fish may as soon crowd the ocean into its narrow shell, as vain man ever comprehend the decrees of God. *Anon.*

Defamation

How harmless is defamation from a fellow-creature, when the great Creator smiles! *Anon.*

Deism

We can never expect to see Deism decline, whilst those principles which support it, are maintained by [professing Christians] themselves. But would Protestants return to their ancient Protestant doctrines, and live and practise accordingly, then would religion nourish; and Atheism, Deism, Arianism, and every other ism sink apace. *Dr. Gill.*

Denominations

You may have seen the children of some fruitful family walking to

church all clothed in a different colour. Yet are they all children of one parent; all brothers and sisters. So the various denominations of God's believing people.

Dependence

The best watchfulness I know of is a continued looking to, and dependence on the grace of God's Holy Spirit, from moment to moment.

Dependence on Christ Alone

A lively dependance on the Lord Jesus Christ implies an intimate and most interesting connection between him and the soul; a knowledge of him, affecting to the heart, and full of influence; an application to him, daily and persevering. So that a man who is living in such dependance on the Son of God, might as reasonably call in question the reality of transactions passing between himself and his friends on earth, as whether he is indeed a believer on Jesus. *ibid.*

A Judas may have the sop; the outward privileges of baptism, the Lord's supper, Church-membership, &c. But like John, to lean on Christ's bosom, is the gospel ordinance posture in which we should hear, pray, and perform all duties. *Wilcox.*

Nothing but lying on Christ's bosom will dissolve hardness of heart, and make thee mourn kindly for sin, and humble thee indeed, and make thy soul cordial to Christ, yea, transform the ugliest piece of hell into the image and glory of Christ. *ibid.*

Looking at the natural sun weakens the eye; but the more you look at Christ, the sun of righteousness, the stronger and clearer will the eye of faith be. Look but on Christ, and you will love him and live on him. *Wilcox.*

See Christ, and you see all. Keep your eye steadily fixed on his blood and righteousness; and only look at your graces in the second place. Else, every blast of temptation will shake you. *ibid.*

If you would so see the sinfulness of sin, as to loathe it, and to mourn for it; do not stand looking upon sin, but first look upon Christ as suffering and satisfying. *ibid.*

He who looks upon Christ through his graces, is like one that sees the sun in water; which wavers and moves as the water doth. Look upon Christ, only as shining in the firmament of the Father's grace and love; and there you will see him in his own genuine glory and unspeakable fullness. *ibid.*

He who sets up his sanctification to look at to comfort him, sets up that which will strengthen his doubts and fears. Do but look off Christ, and presently, like Peter, you begin to sink into distress, discouragements, and despondency. *ibid.*

A Christian seldom wants comfort, but by breaking the order and method of the gospel; *i. e.* by looking upon his own righteousness, instead of looking off to the perfect righteousness of Christ. What is this, but choosing rather to live by candle light, than by the light of the sun? *ibid.*

Depravity

Nature is so corrupted as not to understand its own depravation. *Dr. Owen.*

If we trace man's forgetfulness of God up to its real source, it will afford us the most afflicting evidence of his natural depravity, and prove that he is a despiser of the Lord God Omnipotent. *Venn.*

Deserts

Thy deserts are hell, wrath, rejection; Christ's deserts are life, pardon, acceptance. If God hath shewn thee the former, he will give thee the latter. *Wilcox.*

Desire

Of a small handful of outward things, I am ready to say, it is enough. But that, which I long passionately for, is, a large heart-ful of God in Christ. *Arrowsmith.*

I would rather utter one of those groans the apostle speaks of, Ro 8:26. than shed Esau's tears, have Balaam's prophetic spirit, or the joy of the stony-ground hearer. *Boston.*

Dignity of the Children of God

God's people below are kings incog. They are travelling disguised like pilgrims to their dominions above.---Once a king unto God always so: God does not make kings for the devil to unmake at his pleasure.---If you are spiritual kings, be holy. Should I meet a person all in dirt and rags, I should be mad was I to take that person for a king or a queen. Nor can I believe you to be royally descended, or crowned for the skies, unless you carry the marks of royalty in your life and conversation.---If any of God's anointed kings so far forget their dignity as to live in sin; their throne will shake; the crown will tremble on their heads; they will be driven from their palace for a time, like David, when he fled from Absalom, and went weeping over the brook Kidron. But like David, they shall be brought back again to Jerusalem (for Christ will not lose the purchase of his blood): though not until they have severely smarted for it.

God's people are kings and priests, Re 1:6.

As kings they are (1.) ordained to a kingdom of glory; and in the meanwhile, have an internal kingdom of holiness and happiness. (2.) They are anointed with the Holy Ghost. (3.) They are crowned. The doctrines of the gospel are the Church's crown and ornament – Re 3:11 and Re 12:1. (4.) They have the sceptre of God's strength to lean upon. (5.) And a globe also. They only truly enjoy even present life. Earthly kings hold a globe in their hands; but the spiritual kings have the globe under their feet. (6.) They have robes. The inner robe of sanctification; and the outer robe of Christ's righteousness for justification before God, Ps 45. (7.) They have their guards: angels, grace, providence.

Before conversion they are *reges designati*, kings elect; after it *reges de facto*, actual kings.

2. As priests, they are devoted to God, and set apart for his service by a spiritual ordination. Here is a truly indelible character conferred: when the Holy Ghost lays the hand of his grace, not only upon the sinner's head, but upon the sinner's heart.---They offer up spiritual and moral sacrifices.---They pray.---They are blessers both in will and in act.

Inward holiness and eternal glory are the crown with which God

adorns and dignifies his elect. But they are not the cause of election. A king is not made a king by the royal robes he wears, and by the crown that encircles his brow: but he therefore wears his robes, and puts on his crown because he is a king.

Disappointments

When I have been asked to spend an afternoon with gentlemen of learned education and unquestionable ingenuity, I have fancied myself invited to take a turn in some beautiful garden, where I expected to have been treated with a sight of the most delicate flowers, and most amiable forms of nature: when to my surprise, I have been shewn nothing but the most worthless thistles, and contemptible weeds. *Mr. Hervey.*

Is a father to be blamed, for striking a cup of poison out of his child's hand? Or God, for stripping us of those outward comforts which would run away with our hearts from him? *Mr. Madan.*

Discretion

If discretion sit not in the saddle, to rein and bridle in thy zeal, thou wilt soon be hurried over hedge and ditch, until thou fallest down some precipice or other, by thy irregular acting. *Gurnall.*

Discriminating Grace

Many pharisaical censures have been passed on such of God's ministers and people as have rejoiced at the indubitable, though late, conversion of Mr. D____s. [1] Let those unfeeling professors who carp and murmur at that, and similar displays of the Holy Spirit's condescending goodness and power, remember that they themselves, with their entire mock trappings of imaginary excellence and inherent perfection must be unfrocked of all, and trust in the above righteousness of Jesus with brokenness of heart, or they will never enter the paradise of God; the holiest saint stands exactly on the same level with the vilest of mankind, in point of merit, and has just as much righteousness (i. e. absolutely none at all) to qualify him for an interest in Christ, and for justification with the Father.

May not God have mercy on whom he willeth to have mercy, without asking leave of men or angels? Is not his grace totally and

infinitely free? and may not he bestow his own blessing when and where he pleases? Let not our eye then be evil and envious because his is gracious? Away, then, with these anti-christian bickerings, and let none who call themselves believers, be sorry for that which makes angels glad.

[1] A person executed for forgery.

Discriminating Grace 2

By nature, there is no difference between the elect and reprobate. Paul was as bloody a persecutor as Domitian, or Julian; Zaccheus as unconscionable and covetous a worldling as was that rich glutton damned to hell. The elect and reprobate, before converting grace make the difference, are like two men walking in one journey, of one mind, and one heart. They resemble Elijah and Elisha, walking and talking together, when, lo! a chariot of fire suddenly severs them; and Elijah is rapt up into heaven, while Elisha is left behind upon earth.—So is it when God's effectual calling, quite unlooked for, comes and separates those two who before were walking together, yea, running to the same excess of riot. The one returns back to the Lord, from whom he was fallen; while the other, being himself untouched by God, marvels that his former companion hath forsaken him, and walks on still in the old course of his sins, to his final condemnation. *Bishop Cowper*

When God called Paul, he found him a persecutor. Saul was seeking his father's asses when Samuel came to call him to the kingdom. Peter and Andrew were mending their nets; Matthew was sitting at the receipt of custom; when Christ called them. So, when we do inquire of our own consciences how we were employed when the Lord called us by his grace; we shall find that we were employed either in vain, wicked, or worldly things: so that we had no mind to his kingdom. Let the praise therefore of our calling be reserved to the Lord only. *ibid.*

What are all the visible impieties in this world but so many comments on the depravity of our fallen nature? A converted person may say, "Lord, such a drunkard, such an adulterer, such a sodomite, or murderer, &c. was cut off from the same piece that I was; and only free-grace came between us." O Christian, if grace hath made thee white paper, thou wert by nature as very a dunghill-rag, as the

filthiest sinner. *Cripplegate Lectures*.

Dispositions

Some believers are very rude and very ignorant. Grace, in the hearts of sour, unpolished people, resembles a jewel of gold in a swine's snout.

Disputants

Disputing, captious, bigotted people, do but pump themselves dry.

Unfair disputants are ever for dwelling on the most unfavourable side of an argument; like the blundering painter, who being to take the profile of a lady that had lost an eye, very injudiciously drew her blind side.

Cavilling publications are not always to be regarded. Who would be at the pains to kill an insect of a day? Let the poor creature alone, and it will soon die of itself. Do not make it considerable by taking notice of it. If a child of four years old comes against me with a straw, that is no reason I should knock him down with the poker.

Disputes

In glory, all religious differences and disputes will forever cease. There will be an universal shaking of hands in heaven. *Mr. S. Wilkes, in conversation. Dec. 23, 1769.*

Divine Goodness

Created goodness, being limited, may be liable to fall short. Esau might have somewhat to plead for saying, "Hast thou but one blessing, O my father?" — But divine goodness is an ocean that hath neither bank nor bottom. Our heavenly Father hath blessings reserved, as well as bestowed. *ibid.*

Divine Help

Divine help is the nearest when our misery is at the greatest. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. When Mordecai is thoroughly humbled, Haman shall be hanged. *Dyer.*

Divine Justice

To the humble, self-emptied, self-renouncing sinner, even the sword of Divine Justice is a curtana, a sword of mercy, a sword without a point.

Divine Light

The things which the Holy Ghost discovers are no other for substance but those very things which are contained in the written word: only he affords regenerate persons clearer light to discern them by, than they had before conversion.—Turn a learned man to the same author which he perused when a young student; he will find the self-same matter, but see a great deal further into it, because he hath now got further light and knowledge. *Arrowsmith.*

Divine Love

The terrors of the law have much the same effect on our duties and obedience as frost has on a stream: it hardens, cools, and stagnates. Whereas, let the shining of divine love rise upon the soul; repentance will then flow, our hardness and coldness thaw and melt away, and all the blooming fruits of godliness flourish and abound.

Divine Power

Zion's king gets no subjects but by stroke of sword in the day of his power. None come to him but such as are drawn by a divine hand. *Boston.*

Divine Sovereignty

We are, in God's hand, as clay in the hand of the potter. Did you ever know a potter thank a vessel of his own making for its beauty or usefulness? Surely the praise is due, not to the pot, but to the potter. In a still infinitely higher degree is the whole praise due to God for the graces and the good works which he has given us.

Mr. R. Hill, London, August 30, 1775.

Doubts

Oh trembling believer! if Satan should at any time move thee to doubt of thy election, answer him by telling him that he was never

of God's cabinet-council. *Anon.*

Who had more testimonies of God's favour than David? Yet was he some times at a loss, not only to read, but even to spell his evidences. *Gurnall.*

Unbelief may, perhaps, tear the copies of the covenant which Christ hath given you; but he still keeps the original in heaven with himself. Your doubts and fears are no parts of the covenant; neither can they change Christ. *Rutherford.*

I have questioned whether or no I ever knew any thing of Christianity, save the letters which make up the word. *Rutherford.*

Doublings are your sins: but they are also the drugs and ingredients which Christ, the good physician, makes use of for the curing of your pride. *ibid.*

Dust

Art not thou the son of Adam? And was not he the son of dust? And was not that dust the son of nothing? "Why art thou proud, O dust and ashes? says the son of Sirach, Ecclesiasticus. x. 9. And Bernard puts this excellent question: "Cum sis humillimus, cur non es humillimus? *Arrowsmith.*

Duties

Take up all duties in point of performance; and lay them down in point of dependance. Duty can never have too much of our diligence, nor too little of our confidence. *Dyer.*

Be serious and exact in duty, having the weight of it upon thy heart: but be as much afraid of taking comfort from thy duties themselves as from thy sins. *Wilcox.*

They who act in the path of duty and depend on the power of God, are equally safe at all times and in all circumstances: no less safe when surrounded by enraged enemies, than when encircled by kind and assiduous friends. *Mr. Newton.*

Dying

As the setting of the sun appears of greater magnitude, and his beams of richer gold, than when he is in his meridian; so a dying

believer is usually richer in experience, stronger in grace, and brighter in his evidences for heaven, than a living one.

When a person is going into a foreign land where he never was before, it is comfortable for him to consider, "Though I am embarking for an unknown country, yet it is a place where I have many friends, who are already settled there: so that I shall be, in fact, at home the instant I get thither."---How sweet for a dying believer to reflect that, though he is yet a stranger in the world of spirits, still the world of spirits are no strangers to him. God, his Father, is there. Christ, his Saviour, is there.---Angels, his elect brethren, are there. Saints, who got home before him, are there; and more will follow him every day. He has the blood and righteousness of Christ for his letters of recommendation, and the Holy Spirit for his introducer. He also goes upon express invitation from the King of the country.

Dying Beds

Visit dying beds [especially of saints] and deserted souls, much. They are excellent scholars in experience. *Wilcox*.

Go to dying beds; there you will learn the true worth of deliverance from damnation by the death of Christ. Ask some agonizing friend: he, and he alone, can tell you what a blessing it is to have the king of terrors converted into a messenger of peace. *Hervey*.

Early Conversion

If I could lawfully envy any body, I should envy those that are converted to God in their youth. They escape much sin and sorrow; and resemble Jacob, who carried off the blessing betimes. *Anon*.

Effectual Calling

Effectual calling is the middle link in the undividable chain of salvation: he that hath it, is sure of both the ends [i. e. of his past predestination to life, and of his future glorification]. Our calling is the manifestation of our secret election, and a sure forerunner of glory: being, in effect, the voice of God telling us beforehand that he will glorify us. *Bp. Cowper*

As the best way when you are on the main land to find out the sea is

to walk by a river that runneth into it; so he that would proceed from election to glorification, let him trace his calling, which is, if I may so express it, a river flowing out of the brazen mountains of God's eternal election, and running perpetually upward until it enter into the heaven of heavens. *ibid.*

There is much the same difference between election and effectual calling, as between a private manuscript and a printed book. In election God, as it were, wrote and entered us in his heavenly register: but it is still kept by him, and none know the contents but himself: whereas in effectual calling God, as it were, prints off a sheet of the book of life, and publishes it and makes it known to the soul. *Gurnull.*

Efficacy

The least sight of Christ is saving; the least touch of him is healing. *Wilcox.*

Election

The book of life, or decree of election, is the marriage-register of the saints; in which their everlasting espousal to Christ stands indelibly recorded by the pen of God's free and eternal love.

As the bullion of which money is made is the king's property even before it is struck into coin, and before it visibly bears the royal image and superscription; so the unregenerate elect are God's own heritage, though they do not appear to be such, until the Holy Spirit has made them pass through the mint of effectual calling, and actually stamped them into current coin for the kingdom of heaven.

The elect were betrothed to Christ from everlasting in the covenant of grace; they are actually married to him, and join hands with him, in conversion; but they are not taken home to the bridegroom's house until death dismisses them from the body.

Election 2

Election depends on God alone; all other blessings upon election: saith Heinsius. "Catera pendent ab electione; electio a Deo." *Arrowsmith.*

Election having once pitched upon a man, it will find him out and

call him home, wherever he be. It called Zaccheus out of accursed Jericho; Abraham out of idolatrous Ur of the Chaldeans; Nicodemus, and Paul, from the college of the Pharisees, Christ's sworn enemies; Dionysius, and Damaris, out of superstitious Athens. In whatsoever dunghills God's jewels are hid, election will both find them out and fetch them out. *ibid.*

Prove your conversion, and you need not doubt of your election. *Mr. Joseph Allein.*

It was well said by Sir Francis Bacon, that "old wood is best to burn; old friends best to trust; and old books best to read." What vast value do scholars put upon an ancient manuscript! Doubtless, the oldest of all manuscripts is the book of life; and the writing our names therein, the first born of all God's favours. If God sets a value on the first-fruits of our services, how careful should we be to magnify the first-fruits of his goodness? If old charters be of so great esteem as they are in the world, what an immense estimate should we set upon the most ancient magna charta of our eternal election, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his! *ibid.*

It is a good saying of Austin, "Intra mundum facti sumus, ante mundum electi sumus:" We were made within the world, but chosen before it. *ibid.*

The Lamb's book of life (so named because Jesus stands there enrolled at the head of it, as the head of all the elect, and as the captain of that salvation to which they were chosen) is a book of love. "Behold my servant whom I have chosen; my beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased." It was so said of Christ, and may be applied to all the elect, in their measure. Hence Paul styles the Thessalonians, "Beloved of the Lord; because God had chosen them unto salvation." And God himself expresses the election of Jacob, by "Jacob have I loved:" to shew that free love on God's part is the source and foundation of this favour. *Mr. Joseph Allein.*

If that saying of the Stoics be true, "In sapientum decretis nulla est litura," i. e. in the decrees of wise men there can be no blotting nor blurring; how much more may it be asserted concerning the decrees of the infinitely wise God? If it became Pilate to say, what I have written, I have written; it would certainly misbecome the great and immutable God to blot so much as any one single name out of the

Lamb's book of life, written by himself before the world was. We may rest assured that this book will admit of no deleatur, nor of any expurgatory index. *ibid.*

As, in military affairs, commanders have their muster rolls, wherein are contained the names of all the soldiers they have listed: whence the phrase, "conscribere milites;" and in commonwealths, there are registers kept, wherein are recorded the names of such as are chosen to offices of trust and preferment; whence the title of *patres conscripti*, given to the Roman senators: so the condescension of Scripture, which speaks of God after the manner of men, ascribes to him a book of life, wherein it represents a legible writing and registering of the names of all those persons whom he hath irreversibly predestinated to life everlasting. *ibid.*

Your election will be known by your interest in Christ; and your interest in Christ by the sanctification of the Spirit. There is a chain of salvation: the beginning of it is from the Father; the dispensation through the Son; the application by the Spirit. In looking after the comfort of election, you must look inward to the work of the Spirit in your hearts; then outward to the work of Christ on the cross; then upward to the heart of the Father in heaven. *Mr. Samuel Clark.*

By a work of grace in thee thou mayest as surely know thou art elected as if thou hadst stood at God's elbow when he wrote thy name in the book of life. *Gurnall.*

Before you go to the university you ought to go to school. Do not meddle with election and predestination until you have experienced something of divine grace in your effectual vocation. *Ascribed to Mr. Bradford, the martyr.*

Let us take those words, Ro 8:30. which way we will; let us read them backwards or forwards; they tell us that election and salvation, both initial and final, are undivided, and inseparably united together. *Mr. Sladen.*

In every congregation where the faithful word is preached, there are some who belong to the election of grace, [and are either to be called or comforted]. *ibid.*

The evidence of our election is in time; the decree itself is from eternity. *ibid.*

Employment

Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all: the mind will contract a rust, and an unfitness for every good thing; and a man must either fill up his time with good, or at least innocent business, or it will run to the worst sort of waste, to sin and vice. *Anon.*

Encouragement

In all doublings, fears and storms of conscience, look at Christ continually. Do not argue it with Satan; but send him to Christ for an answer. *Wilcox.*

There are in heaven many thousands of as rich monuments of mercy as ever thou canst be. The greatest sinner did never surpass the grace of Christ. *ibid.*

Throughout the whole Scripture there is not one ill word against a poor sinner who is stript of his self-righteousness. Nay, the Scripture expressly points out such a man as the subject of gospel-grace, and none else. *ibid.*

Enjoyments

To a lively believer, who enjoys continual fellowship with God, every day is a sabbath, and every meal a sacrament. *A saying of the late Mr. Hervey.*

Envy

Poor people envy the rich, and rich people envy the poor. Why? Because neither of them are privy to the troubles of the other. Unconverted persons (i. e. the far greater part of mankind) go on envying each other's imaginary happiness, and smarting under their own crosses. And so the world goes round.

Epitaph

Little more can be said concerning the generality of men, than that they lived, and sinned, and died. But concerning all God's people it may be said that they lived, were converted, preserved to the end, and went to heaven.

Error

Believers are not afterwards the worse for having been once Arminians. They are the better qualified, when God has brought them out of darkness and bondage, to discern and defeat the sophistry of those errors wherewith they themselves have been deluded. Just as a person who has been prisoner in an enemy's country can, when he gets away, turn his knowledge to the advantage of himself and the better annoyance of his adversaries. *Mr. Tozer in conversation, Oct. 22. 1769.*

Estimate

A ragged saint is dearer to God than a glittering emperor that is without grace. *Anon.*

Eternity

No worldly thing seems great to him that minds eternity. *Richardson.*

Evangelical Obedience

The law [rightly understood] will not suffer you to consider the most conscientious course of obedience in any other light than as a testimony that you believe, with godly sincerity, the delightful truth that Jesus purged away your sins by the sacrifice of himself: for which unspeakable benefit, you love him, you keep his commandments, you abhor those iniquities which made him groan and bleed and die. *Venn.*

Events

Duties are our's: Events are the Lord's. When we go to meddle with events, and to hold a court (as it were) upon God's providence, and to ask him, "How wilt thou do this or that?" Faith then begins to lose ground. We have nothing to do there. It is our part to let the Almighty exercise his own office, and steer his own helm. There is nothing left us but to see how we may be approved of him, and how we may roll the weight of our weak souls (in well doing) upon him who is God omnipotent: and when what we thus pursue miscarries, it shall neither be our sin nor our cross. *Unknown*

Evidence

Many of the enemies to God's truths, when they are silenced by the force of evidence, do, like a snail provoked, draw in their horns and spit.

Evidences

File up thy old receipts which thou hast had from God, testifying the pardon of thy sins. There are some festival days when God comes forth, clothed with the robes of his mercy, and holds forth the sceptre of his grace more familiarly to his children than ordinary; bearing witness to their faith, &c. Then the firmament is clear, and not a cloud to be seen to darken the Christian's comforts. Love and joy are the soul's repast and pastime while this feast lasts. Now when God withdraws and this cheer is taken off, Satan's work is how to wear out the remembrance and certainty of these sweet evidences. It behoves thee, therefore, to lay up thy writings safely. Such a testimony may serve to nonsuit thy accuser many years hence. One affirmative from God's mouth for thy pardoned state carries more weight, though of an old date, than a thousand negatives from Satan's. *Gurnall*.

If Satan haunts thee with fears of thy spiritual estate, ply thee to the throne of grace, and beg a new copy of thy old evidence which thou hast lost.

The original is in the pardon-office in heaven, whereof Christ is master. Thy name is on record in that court. Make thy moan to God. Hear what news from heaven, rather than listen to the tales which are brought by thine enemy from hell. Can you expect truth from a liar, or comfort from an adversary? Did the devil ever prophesy well of believers? *ibid*.

Evil Men

It is better to have the praise of evil men's hatred than the scandal of their love and approbation. *Manton*.

Examination

It is of the highest importance that you examine yourself, where the stress of your dependance, for the good of your soul is placed. To

what fountain are you looking for pardon and strength, for comfort, sanctification [and salvation]? Whether to your own good purposes and endeavours, to your own prayers, meditation and good qualities; or to that inexhaustible treasury [of grace and glory which] God has provided for poor helpless guilty men in the person [blood, righteousness and intercession] of the Lord Jesus Christ? *Venn*.

Measure not thy graces by the attainments of others, but by Scripture-trials. *Wilcox*.

Example

A believer's holy deportment often gives a check to the sins of others. The profane stand in awe, when grace comes forth, and sits like a ruler in the gate, to be seen of all that pass by. *Gurnall*.

Expectation

He in whom ye trust, O believers, is a great God, and loves to do all things like himself. Wherefore look for great things from him; great assistances; great enlargements; great deliverances; yea, the forgiving of great sins, and the great gift of a great salvation. *Arrowsmith*.

We often come off better than we expect, and always better than we deserve. *Mrs. Green (of Chelsea), March 8, 1770*.

The Christian hath such a harvest of glory and happiness coming, as will never be fully got in. It will be always reaping-time in heaven. *Cripple-gate Lectures*.

Experiences

If a person who has been long in possession of a large estate comes, in process of time to have his title disputed, he rummages every corner of his scrutore, and of his strong boxes, to find the original deeds; which, having found, he appeals to as authentic vouchers.

Thus past experiences of the grace of God, though not proper to be rested in, may yet be recollected with comfort, and referred to with advantage, by a deserted saint in an hour of doubt and darkness.

We cannot heartily love the distinguishing truths of the gospel, without experiencing them, and we cannot experience them without

loving them.

Experiences 2

In all the experiences of the saints there is a universal oneness, and yet a beautiful variety.

Mr. David Fernie, Aug. 7, 1769, in conversation.

When a pump is dry a pail of water thrown into it will fetch it again. If your soul is in a dry cold frame, get a lively Christian to tell you his experience: the fire will probably catch from his heart to your's.

Mr. Ryland July 7, 1769.

Extremity

When thou art at the greatest pinch, strength shall come. When the last handful of meal was dressing, then was the prophet sent to keep the widow's house. *Gurnall.*

Faith

Faith in God's promises may be compared to a bank note; full and felt possession of the blessings promised is like ready cash. The man who has bank-notes to any given value, looks upon himself as possessed of so much money, though, in reality, it is only so much paper. Thus faith is as satisfied, and rests with as great complacency in the promises of Jehovah, as if it had all the blessings of grace and glory in hand. In faith's estimation, God's note is current coin.

Weak faith says, "God can save me if he will." Strong faith says, "God both can and will save me." See Da 3:17.

What can be more feeble than the ivy, the jessamine, or the vine? Yet these, by the assistance of their tendrils, or claspers, rise and are supported until they some times mount as high as the tree or the wall that sustains them. So the weak believer, laying hold on Jesus by the tendril of faith, rises into the fulness of God, defies the invading storm, and becomes as a fruitful vine upon the wall of an house.

Under the influence of the blessed Spirit, faith produces holiness, and holiness strengthens faith. Faith, like a fruitful parent, is plenteous in all good works; and good works, like dutiful children, confirm and add to the support of faith.

Faith is the eye of the soul, and the Holy Spirit's influence is the light by which it sees.

Faith 2

It is the proper nature of faith to issue itself in the admiration of that which is infinite. *Dr. Owen.*

Faith is thought of its object, who is Christ, with trust in him, or dependance upon him for life and salvation, under a conviction of our misery and helplessness in ourselves. *Mr. Brine against Johnson.*

Pride and unbelief will put you on seeing somewhat in yourself first: but faith will have to do with none but Christ. *Wilcox.*

Faith takes God at his word, and depends upon him for the whole of salvation. God is good, and therefore he will not, he is true and faithful, therefore he cannot, deceive me. I believe that he speaks as he means, and will do what he says: for which reason let me be strong in faith, giving honour to God, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. *Ryland.*

Vigorous faith is not governed by sensible appearances. It looks through all the terrifying aspects of things to an invisible ever present God; a God who has left nothing to an after-thought in his decrees, nor is ever a moment too late in his actions. *ibid.*

Happy man, whosoever thou art, that can'st look by an eye of faith at the gospel as the charter of thy liberties; at the condemning law as cancelled by thy Surety; at the earth as the footstool of thy Father's throne; at heaven as the portal of thy Father's house; at all the creatures in heaven and earth, as an heir is wont to look at his father's servants, and which are therefore his, so far as he shall need them: according to that, "All are your's, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." *Arrowsmith.*

Faith can support when nature shrinks; faith can call God father when he frowns, and make some discovery of a sun through the darkest cloud. *ibid.*

Faith and love are the two arms and the two eyes without which Christ can neither be seen nor embraced. *ibid.*

Faith only can find out God, though not to perfection, yet to salvation. *ibid.*

Sin is that which interposeth itself between the soul and the light of God's countenance. But whether it be a slender mist or a thick cloud, an infirmity or a rebellion, the sun of righteousness, eyed by faith, can and will dispel it, so as to make it vanish. *ibid.*

The two conduits of faith and love, being lain from the Christian's soul to the fountain of living waters, fetch in from thence a daily supply of such grace as will certainly end in a fulness of glory. *ibid.*

Faith is the soul's going out of itself for all [it wants]. *Boston.*

Faith empties the heart of sin, and fills it up with grace. *Anon.*

It is grace, the grace of faith in the heart, that puts a difference between the Abba Father of the saint and the Ave Mary of a Papist. *ibid.*

Presumption is heart-whole; but faith hath a sense of sickness, and looketh to the promises, and looking to Christ therein is glad to see a known face. *Rutherford.*

The use of faith now (having already closed with Christ for justification) is to take out a copy of your pardon, and so you come to have peace with God. For since faith apprehends pardon, but never pays a penny for it, no marvel that salvation does not die and live, ebb or flow, with the working of faith. *ibid.*

The Christian must trust in a withdrawing God. The boldness of faith ventures into God's presence as Ahasuerus's, when no smile is to be seen on his face, no golden sceptre of the promise perceived by the soul. Yea, faith trusts not only in a withdrawing, but in a killing God. Now for a soul to make its approaches unto God by a recumbency of faith, even while God seems to fire upon it, and shoots his frowns like envenomed arrows into it, is hard work, and will try the Christian to purpose. Yet such a masculine spirit we find in that poor woman of Canaan, who (as it were) took up the bullets which Christ shot at her, and with a humble boldness of faith sent them back again to him in her prayers, Isa 50:10 —Job 13:15. *Gurnall.*

True faith is of a working, stirring, lively nature. *Fides pinguescit*

operibus, saith Luther. Faith is, in some sort, nourished by a holy life. As the flesh which clothes the frame of man's body, though it receives its heat from the vitals within, yet conduces to preserve the very life of those vitals [by a kindly reciprocation of influence], so works evangelically good, and actions truly gracious, though they have their life from faith, are yet powerful helps to maintain the liveliness of faith. We sometimes see a child nursing the parent that bore him, and therein he performs but his duty. *ibid.*

Faith in Jesus is the trust and alliance of the heart on him for help and deliverance. *Venn.*

The essence of faith is an unfeigned, humble dependance upon, and submission to, the righteousness of God, as accounted or given to us; and that not of debt, but of grace.

ibid.

A base suspicion of salvation by faith being prejudicial to the interests of virtue, is hardly ever to be rooted out of the minds of men until they experience the power of faith in some degree themselves. *ibid.*

Faith, though it may be weak and imperfect, instead of exalting itself against the justice of God, and standing before him in the confidence of a lie, puts all from itself, and gives the whole glory of our salvation where it is due. *Venn.*

Fear

Herod feared John, and did many things. Had he feared God, he would have laboured to have done every thing. *Gurnall.*

He that lives without fear shall die without hope. *Dyer.*

Fears

In the hands of a skilful husbandman even weeds are turned to good account. When rooted up and burnt, they are good manure, and conduce to fertilize the land they annoyed before. So the doubts and fears, and the infirmities of the elect are overruled by Almighty grace, to their present and eternal good: as conducing to keep us humble at God's footstool, to endear the merits of Jesus, and to make us feel our weakness and dependance, and to render us watchful

unto prayer.

I have known several wealthy persons who, contrary to all sense and reason, have teased and harassed themselves with a fear that they should at last come to want. Equally, nay, infinitely more absurd and groundless, are the doubts of those who have fled to the righteousness and blood of Christ for salvation. Such must be in a state of grace; they must and infallibly are accepted of God; and they certainly shall persevere to the end. They who think themselves the poorest in spiritual things, are immensely rich, without knowing it. But such is the state of man below, that if God does not lay crosses upon us we are sure to create crosses for ourselves.

Felicity

Such is the omnipotency of our God, that he can and doth make to his elect sour sweet, and misery felicity. *Mr. Philpot, the martyr.*

Fellowship with God

Although believing souls have here fellowship with God in Christ sufficient to stay their stomachs as at a breakfast, yet that degree of fruition is wanting which will satisfy them fully as at a feast superior to that of ordinances. *Arrowsmith.*

Flattery

Flattery is nectar and ambrosia to little minds. They drink it in, and enjoy it, like an old woman sucking metheglin through a quill.

Fool

Give me a man as full of policy as was Achitophel, as eloquent as Tertullus, and as learned as the Athenians were in St. Paul's time; yet if, with Achitophel, he plot against the people of God; if, with Tertullus, he have the poison of asps under his lips; and, with the Athenians, be given to superstition, for all his policy, eloquence, and learning, I am bold to call him, in Scripture language, a fool. *Arrowsmith.*

Forbearance

As I would not throw away my watch for varying a few minutes

from the exact point of time; so neither would I disclaim a regenerate person for his not in every thing exactly thinking with me. Christians are no more infallible than watches.

Forbearance 2

If a dog bark at a sheep, the sheep will not bark again at the dog.
Dodd.

Forms of Prayer

Sense of want makes us eloquent. The true reason why books of prescribed forms of prayer pass through so many editions is, because the convincing influence of God's spirit passes through so few hearts. *Mr. Madan, Dec. 28, 1769.*

Frailty

It is man's frailty to fall; but it is the property of the devil's child to lie still.

Mr. Philpot, the martyr.

Free Gifts

If a person of exalted rank and vast opulence desires you to make his house your home, and you avail yourself of the invitation, would it not affront him, if you was to offer at paying him for the accommodations? What greater affront can be offered to the majesty of God, than to imagine that he sets his favours to sale, and that you must pay him for admitting you into the kingdom of grace and glory?

Christ has received gifts for men, and bestows the gifts he has received. God grant, that we may, if I may so speak, give him continual receipts for these gifts, from time to time, in large returns of love and duty, thankfulness and obedience!

"Get grace---get faith---get an interest in Christ," say the Arminians. When, in truth, grace is not of man's getting, but of God's giving; nor is faith of man's acquisition, but of God's operation.

Free Grace

Every thing is within the reach of free grace, but nothing is within the reach of free-will.

Mr. Ambrose Serle, in conversation, at Broad Hembury Aug. 27, 1773.

Free Will

A man's free-will cannot cure him even of the tooth ache, or of a sore finger; and yet he madly thinks it is in its power to cure his soul.

The greatest judgment which God himself can, in the present life, inflict upon a man is, to leave him in the hand of his own boasted free-will.

Look where you will, and you will generally find that free-willers are very free livers.

Free-Will

In its best estate free-will was but a weather-cock which turned at the breath of a serpent's tongue. It made a bankrupt of our father Adam; it pulled down the house and sold the land, and sent all the children to beg their bread. *Rutherford*.

That Saviour which natural free-will can apprehend is but a natural Saviour, a Saviour of man's own making; not the Father's Christ; not Jesus, the Son of the Living God, to whom none can come without the Father's drawing, Joh 6:44,46. *Mr. Wilcox*.

The opinion of free-will, so cried up by some, will be easily confuted (as it is by Scripture) in the heart which has had any spiritual dealings with Jesus Christ respecting the application of his merits and subjection to his righteousness. *ibid*.

Friendship

Most men look upon their friends as they do upon their sun-dials—only when the sun shines. *Dyer*.

Friendship is an union of spirits, a marriage, as it were, of hearts; and virtue is the golden hinge on which it turns. *Anon*.

Full Assurance

The full assurance of faith consists in a feeling application to Christ, or taking Christ to myself; being persuaded that, by God's free gift, Jesus Christ is mine; that I shall surely have life and salvation by him, a life of holiness and a life of happiness; and that whatever Christ did and suffered for the redemption of any one of the human race, he did the same for me; he did and suffered as much for me as for any soul in all the creation of God. *Mr. Ryland.*

The full assurance of faith triumphs over all base suspicions of God's fidelity to his promises. It disdains the vile imagination of God's being fickle in his purposes, or false to his word. Faith meets God in the Bible eye to eye and heart to heart. The actings of the believer's soul correspond to the tender and generous actings of God's soul in Scripture promises. *ibid.*

Generosity

Even among men, if a generous antagonist has his adversary down, he will spare his life. If God, O sinner, has humbled thee, and thrown thee down, he will not kill thee, but spare thee, and give thee quarter, raise thee up, and save thee.

Gifts

A believer has not so much to boast of as a common beggar. He that gives to a beggar gives him a bare alms only; whereas God gives his people both Christ's righteousness to justify them, and also the hand of faith by which they receive it. *Parr.*

God can give us no greater gift than himself. We may say, as one said to Caesar, " This is too great a gift for me to receive." "But it is not too great for me to give," answered Caesar.

Dyer.

Glorification

There are three degrees of glorification. The first is in this life, and that is our sanctification, or transformation into the glorious image of God.—The second is in the hour of death, when our souls are beginning to be brought to a nearer union with Jesus.—The third will be the last day, when both soul and body shall be glorified

together, which is the highest step of Solomon's throne, and to which we must ascend by the former degrees. *Bp. Cowper.*

Glory of God

Such as do not truly know God can never sincerely aim at the glory of God in what they do. For what I do not know I cannot love; what I do not love I cannot desire; what I do not desire I can never intend. And, therefore, if I do not know God, I can never intend his glory in my actions; and if I do not intend his glory in my actions, I sin upon that very account, because I do not intend his glory. *Anon.*

God

Small Jacob shall arise, Am 7:6. and that because Jacob's God is great. *Arrowsmith.*

O God, thou art my sun: the best of creatures are but stars, deriving the lustre they have from thee. Did not thy light make day in my heart, I should, amidst all things else, languish in a perpetual night of dissatisfaction. *ibid.*

God is called a rock, to teach us that as this continues steadfast and immoveable while the whole surrounding ocean is in a state of perpetual fluctuation, so, though all the creatures of God, from the lowest to the very highest of the intelligent kind are subject to change, capable of new additions with respect to their knowledge, their power, or their blessedness, God alone is absolutely the same yesterday, today, and for ever. *Mr. Venn.*

God a Supporter

God brings his grace into the heart by conquest. Now, as in a conquered city, though some yield and become true subjects to the conqueror; yet others plot how they may shake off the yoke: and therefore the same power which won it at first is requisite to keep it. The Christian hath an unregenerate part, which is discontented at this new supernatural change in the soul; so that if God should not continually reinforce this his new-planted colony of graces in the heart, the very natives (I mean the corruptions) that are left would come out of their dens and holes where they lie lurking, and eat up all the grace which the holiest person on earth is possessed of: it

would be as bread to these devourers. *Gurnall*.

Whence come the sweet consolations of grace? What friend sends them in? They are derived, not from my own cistern, nor from any creature. It is my God that hath been here, and left this delightful perfume of comfort behind him in my bosom: my God, who has unawares to me filled my sails with the gales of his Spirit, and brought me off the flats of my own deadness, where I lay aground. O! it is his sweet Spirit, that held my head and stayed my heart, in such an affliction, or such a temptation; else I had sunk away in a fainting fit of unbelief. How can this choose but endear God to a gracious soul. *ibid*.

He that hath God's heart shall not want his arm. [Whom God loves he sustains, protects, and guides.] *ibid*.

The Christian, when fullest of divine communications, is but a glass without a foot; he cannot stand nor hold what he has received, any longer than he is held in the strong hand of God.

ibid.

Indwelling grace is, in this life, but weak, like a king in the cradle; which gives advantage to Satan to carry plots more strongly, to the disturbance of this young king's reign in the soul. Yea, he would put an end to the war, in the ruin of the believer's grace, did not God take the Christian into his own guardianship and protection. *ibid*.

As a father, when the way is rugged and difficult, gives his child his arm to hold by, so doth God reach forth his Almighty power, for his saints to exercise their faith upon. *ibid*.

As when a child travels in his father's company all is paid for, but the father himself carries the purse; so the expenses of a Christian's warfare and journey to heaven are paid and discharged for him by the Lord, in every stage and condition. Hence the believer cannot say, this I did, or that I suffered: but God wrought all in me and for me. *ibid*.

God himself is the stability of our spiritual strength. Were the stock in our own hands, we should soon prove broken merchants. *ibid*.

Our heavenly father knows that we are but leaking vessels; when fullest of grace, we could not hold it long, if left to ourselves: and,

therefore, to make all sure, he set us under the streamings-forth of his own strength. *ibid.*

The rock followed the Israelites. Every believer has Christ at his back, following him with strength as he goes for every condition and trial. *Gurnall.*

The power of God is that shoulder (Lu 15:5.), on which Christ carries his sheep home rejoicing all the way he goes. The everlasting arms of his strength are those eagle's wings, on which the saints are both tenderly and safely conveyed to glory. *ibid.*

God All Sufficient

We will suppose that some opulent person makes the tour of Europe. If his money falls short, he comforts himself with reflecting, that he has a sufficient stock in bank, which he can draw out at any time by writing to his cashiers. This is just the case, spiritually, with God's people. They are travellers in a foreign land, remote from home. Their treasure is in heaven, and God himself is their banker. When their graces seem to be almost spent and exhausted, when the barrel of meal and the cruise of oil appear to be failing; they need but draw upon God by prayer and faith and humble waiting. The Holy Spirit will honour their bill at sight; and issue to them, from time to time, sufficient remittances to carry them to their journey's end.

God All Sufficient 2

What can we wish for in an heritage, that is not to be found in God? Would we have large possessions? He is immensity. Would we have a sure estate? He is immutability. Would we have a term of long continuance? He is eternity itself. *Arrowsmith.*

God is a portion, of which his people can never be robbed. Impoverished you may be, but not undone; discouraged, but not disinherited. *ibid.*

God as a Father

God, who knows the unfaithfulness of the human heart, will not trust his grace to the keeping of his own people; if he did, they would soon make havock of it, like the prodigal son. He therefore acts by them as a prudent father would make provision for an extravagant

child, *viz.* not by giving them the stock to manage for themselves; but by leaving it in trust, to be dealt out to them, from time to time, by stated allowance.

God for a Portion

A Christian cannot say, I have an estate in the world, and I shall have it for ever; but every Christian may say, I have God for my portion, and I shall have him for ever. *Anon.*

God the Chief Good

There are within me two great gulphs: a mind desirous of more truth, and a will capable of more good than finite beings can afford. Thou only canst fill me, who art the first truth and the chief good. In thee alone shall my soul be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, while my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips. *Unknown*

God's Choice

God did not choose the eagle or lion for sacrifice; but the lamb and the dove.

Mr. Jenkins.

God's Deed

When the Lord doth any great thing, he puts his I to it. I, even I am he, &c. I will make a new covenant, &c. I will write my law in their hearts. I will pardon their sins: I will do them away as a thick cloud. *Mrs. Wright.*

God's Designs

To suppose God to perform any work which he did not at first design to perform, is to charge him with a degree of folly, and with acting below an intelligent agent.— [On the other hand], to suppose him to design to do a thing which he does not effect, is to tax him with impotence. If it is an instance of the wisdom and power of man first to design a work, and then to perfect it; the great God, who is infinite in both these perfections, must design what he effects, and effect what he has designed. If we consider him as infinite in wisdom, and of almighty power, there cannot be a more rational way

of arguing than from his acts to his designs. *Sladen*.

If God hath designed to save any persons, then they must be saved; otherwise God must repent, and change his mind concerning them; or be overpowered by some superior agency of theirs. To suppose either of which is not only to degrade, but to deny, the divine perfections. *ibid*.

Purposes are actions decreed; actions are purposes executed. As the promises of God are the revelations of his purposes of good will, so the actings of God upon his creatures are the execution of his purposes and the fulfilment of his promises. *ibid*.

God's Love

It is foolish in us to muse upon vanity when we have the love of God to think of; to let the mill grind chaff when there is such plenty of corn at hand. *Manton*.

Nothing can do us good but the love and favour of God in Christ; and that we shall have if we can seek it. *Anon*.

Do you ask, why were God's people elected to salvation? Why were they redeemed, why justified, called, preserved, and sanctified? And why they shall all be infallibly glorified? That passage of St. John is an answer to every one of these questions: " God is love."

Mr. Madan, Dec. 24, 1769.

God's love makes a net for elect souls, which will infallibly catch them and haul them to land. *Boston*.

The heart of God, if I may so speak, is the ocean, the first rise of all love to his saints. Christ is the spring which first receives from God the Father; and then through him is all love diffused to them. All passes through Christ's hands. *Crisp*.

God's Presence

If God is with you, you will want neither company and comfort. Said to me many years ago, by my late Rev. and dear friend, Mr. James Rutherford

God sets the Christian at work, and then meets him in it. *Gurnall*.

God's Sovereignty

A Practical Discourse, by ELISHA COLES.

It would be entirely needless, to say any thing in favour of a book which has given such profitable and universal satisfaction to God's people, of all denominations, for almost a century past: it will, and must ever be considered, as one of the choicest treasures which the God of infinite wisdom has vouchsafed to his Church. Since the days of the Apostles, it is a work calculated for the instruction, establishment, and consolation of little children, of young men, and of fathers in Christ. Would the newly awakened penitent, the advanced convert, and the repenting saint, wish to read merely for the sake of seeing the light of truth, of feeling the warmth of grace, and of rising into the holy image of God, let them make Elisha Coles their companion, their guide, and their own familiar friend.

O ye believers in Jesus, whom God has intrusted with any thing above a bare sufficiency of this world's good, seize the opportunity of furnishing the poor and needy with a book, the best calculated of almost any other to extend the knowledge of gospel salvation, to diffuse the fragrance of gospel comfort, to elevate the glorious standard of gospel grace, and to promote the vital interests of gospel holiness and good works.

God's Throne

God has two thrones: one in the highest heavens, the other in the lowest hearts.

Wright.

God's Word

Nothing is more cheerful and pleasing to eyes that are strong and sound than light; on the other hand, nothing more painful or disagreeable, to eyes that are weak and distempered. As different is the effect of God's word on them that believe, and on them that believe not.

Parr.

Good Works

Good works, like the golden ear-rings of the Israelites, are valuable in themselves; but if once exalted into a golden calf, to be worshipped and relied upon, are damningly pernicious.

Good Works 2

Our works of obedience, conning immediately out of our hands, would be unfragrant to God: wherefore Christ intercepts them in their passage, and so they are perfumed in the hands of a Mediator. *Dr. Manton.*

As every good work comes from God's Spirit, so it passes through thy heart, and there it is denied. "Partus sequitur ventrem:" our good works have more of the mother than of the father in them. Hence they are [in point of merit and of perfection] but dung and filthy rags. *ibid.*

Gospel

The bite of the tarantula (an Italian spider) can only be cured by music. Nor can any thing heal the wounds which sin and Satan have made in the soul, but the music of the gospel; the sweet, harmonious, and joyful sound of free salvation by the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ alone.

Gospel 2

It is a great mercy to enjoy the gospel of peace, but a greater to enjoy the peace of the gospel. *Dyer.*

All the altars of the law were but so many steps to the cross of the gospel. *ibid.*

Every person that sits under the sound of the gospel should ask himself these three questions: "Do I know anything of the excellency of the gospel? Do I feel the power of it? And do I live according to the rules of it?" *The late Mr. Fanch.*

The gospel is a box of most precious ointment; by preaching it the box is broken and the fragrance diffused. *Mr. Romaine.*

It is a difficult thing for us to keep the doctrines of the gospel always in view; and harder still to make use of them, and live up to them,

when we want them most. *Dr. Gill.*

The gospel is a sovereign plaister; but Christ's own hand must make it stick.

Manton.

Grace

A true believer lives upon free grace as his necessary food. And, indeed, he who has really tasted the sweetness of grace, can live upon nothing else.

There is no difference between the brightest archangel in glory and the blackest apostate spirit in hell, but what free-grace has made.

If I might not have both, I would rather have grace without learning, than learning without grace. I would infinitely rather be a Bunyan than a Grotius.

Grace cannot be severed from its fruits. If God gives you St. Paul's faith, you will soon have St. James's works.

The graces of God's Spirit in our hearts resemble, during the present life, the citrons and other noble fruits imported from abroad: we have them, but not in perfection. Our graces will ever be defective, until we get to heaven, the country where they grow.

Gifts may differ: but grace, as such, is the same in all God's people. Just as some pieces of money are of gold, some of silver, others of copper; but they all agree in bearing the king's image and inscription.

The way to heaven lies, not over a toll-bridge, but over a free-bridge: even the unmerited grace of God in Christ Jesus.

We may not be proud of grace, but we ought to be glad of grace.

Good works cannot go before regeneration. Effectual grace is that which builds the soul into an habitation of God. Holy tempers and holy obedience are the furniture of the house. And a house must be built before it can be furnished.

Grace finds us beggars, and always leaves us debtors.

Grace 2

It is the peculiar glory of gospel grace to humble every believer in the dust, to fill him with the most dreadful apprehensions of sin, to raise him from his dead state, to establish him in the truth of obedience from a root of thankfulness and love to God, from holy admiration of his perfections, and from an earnest desire to be partaker of his blessedness. *Venn*.

Saving grace is a portion that can never be spent or run out. The more we live upon it, and the more use we make of it, the greater are our abundance, comfort and enjoyment.

Mr. Walker (of Horsington), July 14, 1769, London.

Grace is that never-failing spring to which all the fortitude and perseverance of the saints are owing. On its uninterrupted supply from moment to moment, our faithfulness to God depends. Had Paul been left to himself for an instant, when he was about to suffer martyrdom, he would in the very article of execution have saved his head at the expense of his soul, and to preserve his life, denied and abjured the Son of God (like Peter) with oaths and curses.

Ryland.

Grace is not effectual because free-will willeth; but free-will willeth because grace is effectual. *Mr. Parr*.

A man may as truly say that the sea burns, or fire cools, as free grace and mercy can make a real believer do wickedly. *Brooks*.

The doctrine of grace may be abused; but the principle cannot. *Dr. Owen*.

A penitent, though formerly as bad as the worst of men, may by grace become as good as the best. *Bunyan*.

Great grace and small gifts are better than great gifts and no grace. It doth not say, "The Lord gives gifts and glory;" but "The Lord gives grace and glory." Blessed is such an one to whom the Lord gives grace; for that is a certain forerunner of glory. *ibid*.

If grace were (the sole) ministerial qualification, all the Lord's people would be what Moses wished they were, even all of them, prophets.

God, who enables sinners to thirst after grace, will surely give them the grace they thirst after. *Dr. Arrowsmith.*

Nothing but free grace makes any difference between me and the devil.

Mrs. Wright.

Either exercise thy graces, or Satan will exercise thy corruptions; as one bucket descends the other rises. *Gurnall.*

Little grace cannot die. It is immortal, because a child of God's everlasting covenant and promise. *ibid.*

True grace when weakest is stronger than false when strongest. *ibid.*

Grace is of a stirring nature; and not a dead thing (like an image) which you may lock up in a chest, and nobody know what God you worship. No; grace will shew itself; it will walk with you and talk by you in all places and companies; it will buy with you and sell with you, and have a hand in all your enterprises. It is too much alive to be smothered. *ibid.*

There is not a round in the ladder to heaven which does not give every one that steppeth upon it just occasion to sing, Grace, grace! *Arrowsmith.*

When God overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, it overwhelmed and drowned the greatest Egyptian commanders no less than the meanest foot soldier. The vast ocean overflows the lowest sands and the highest rocks. So does pardoning grace cover every transgression of every penitent believer. *ibid.*

As when we see a flame we know there is fire, though perhaps we know not how nor when it began; so that the truth of grace in us may be discerned, though we know not how or when it was dropt into our hearts. *Boston.*

As seed virtually contains in it all that afterwards proceeds from it, the blade, stalk, ear, and full corn in the ear; so the first principle of grace, implanted in the heart, seminally contains all the grace which afterwards appears, and all the fruits, effects, acts and exercises of it.

Dr. Gill.

Be not afraid for little grace. Christ soweth his living seed, and he

will not lose it. If he have the guiding of my stock and state it shall not miscarry. Our split works, losses, deadness, coldness, wretchedness, are the ground which our good husbandman laboureth.

Rutherford.

Happy are they who are withheld from sin, (not merely as the unregenerate are) by God's restraining power; but (as the saints are) by God's restraining grace!

Miss Southgate, in conversation at Hampstead, Sept. 6, 1769.

Grace is the silver link that draws the golden link of glory after it.
Dyer.

As paper receives from the press letter for letter; as the wax receives from the seal print for print; or as the glass receives face for face; so do believers receive from Christ grace for grace: i. e. for every grace that is in him there is a measure of the same in them. *ibid.*

Men dote upon establishing a righteousness of their own to bring them to Christ, and think it is presumptuous or licentious doctrine that Christ may be theirs, and they receive him, considered simply as ungodly and as enemies. But such are abominably injurious to the faith of Jesus Christ, and to the exceeding bounty of his grace, which saves from sin without respect of anything in the creature, that he himself might have the praise of the glory of his own grace.
Crisp.

Grace, properly so called, is nothing else but God's mere favour and bounty and loving-kindness itself. Consequently sanctification is not so properly grace itself as the fruit of grace. God first casts his favour and loving-kindness upon a person, and then, out of his favour, issue the several fruits of his loving-kindness; which fruits are those fruits of the Spirit frequently mentioned by the apostle.
ibid.

God neither looks to any thing in the creature to win him to shew kindness, nor yet any thing in the creature to debar him; neither righteousness in men that persuades God to pardon sin, nor unrighteousness in men that hinders him from giving this pardon and acquitting them from their transgressions. It is only and simply for his own sake that he pardons men.

ibid.

The sanctifying principle of grace in the heart may be compared to a candle in a lantern, which transmits its light through the lantern, though in and of itself the lantern still continues (what it was before) a dark body.

Lady Huntingdon, in conversation at Trevecka, Aug. 29, 1776.

I know no sweeter way to heaven than through free grace and hard trials together. And where grace is, hard trials are seldom wanting.
Anon.

Grace embellished with gifts is the more beautiful; but gifts without grace are only a richer spoil for Satan. *ibid.*

As some believers exercise grace more than others, so in the profane world there are greater traders in sin than others, who return more wrath in a day than others in a month.

Gurnall.

Grace and Glory

Inherent grace below resembles silver in the ore, which, though genuine silver, is mingled with much earth and dross: glory above resembles silver refined to its proper standard, and wrought into vessels of the most exquisite workmanship.

Grace and Glory 2

If it should be said, "How shall we know that this is the case of our departed friends?" let the following question be put: "Is there any reason to believe that the grace of God was bestowed on them?" If this is a clear point, their safety is beyond all doubt; for nothing is more certain than that to whom God gives grace he also gives glory. We may be assured of the happiness of our friends in the next world, from their having tasted that the Lord was gracious to them in this.
Gill

Grace is glory militant, and glory is grace triumphant; grace is glory begun, glory is grace made perfect; grace is the first degree of glory, glory is the highest degree of grace.

Dyer.

Graces

He that hath clothes will surely wear them, and not be seen naked. Men talk of their faith, repentance, and love to God: these are precious graces; but why do not such persons let us see those graces walking abroad in their' daily conversation? Surely if such guests were in thy soul, they would look out sometimes at the windows, and be seen abroad in this duty or in that holy action. *Unknown*

Gratitude

The actings of gratitude to God are not only fruitful in every good work, but productive of the truest satisfaction. Somewhat like the fragrant steams of consecrated incense which, while they honoured the great Object of worship, regaled with their pleasing perfumes the devout worshipper. *Hervey.*

Grave

There is a vileness in the bodies even of the saints (Php 3:21.) which will never be removed until it be melted down in the grave, and cast into a new mould, at the resurrection to come forth a spiritual body. *Boston.*

Greek Testament

The Greek Testament is, beyond all competition, the most important volume in the world. The inexhaustible richness of its contents, and its unequalled beauties as a composition, are such as must for ever exalt its worth infinitely above that of all other books which have appeared, or which will appear, while heaven and earth remain. Every judicious attempt, therefore, to lead us into a deeper and clearer acquaintance with this inestimable magna charta of our salvation, and to unlock its heavenly treasures, has a direct tendency to advance the glory of God, by promoting the knowledge, the happiness, and the sanctification of men.

Grief

[Christian grief is not forbidden.] Abraham came to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her. Joseph made a mourning for his father seven days. The children of Israel wept for Moses, in the plains of Moab, thirty days. David lamented the deaths of Saul, Jonathan, and Abner.

Christ wept over the grave of Lazarus. Devout men, who carried Stephen to his burial, made great lamentation over him. And the apostle Paul signifies concerning his friend Epaphroditus, who had been sick nigh unto death, that if the Lord had not had mercy on him he should have had sorrow upon sorrow. *Gill.*

Happiness

The greatest happiness of a creature is not to have the creature for its happiness.

Dyer.

Enquire of saints yet militant on earth wherein their happiness consists? Their answer will be, "In having fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."

Again, could we ask those saints whose spirits are now glorified and triumphant in heaven, what it is that renders their heaven so glorious, and their glory so incomprehensible? They would answer, that it is because they have now attained a complete enjoyment of that all-sufficient, all-satisfying, ever-blessed, and ever-blessing object, God in Christ.

Arrowsmith.

Healing

Nature can afford no balsam fit for soul-cure: healing from duties, and not from Christ, is the most desperate disease. *Wilcox*

Hearing

Some people hear the gospel as a butterfly settles upon a flower, without being at all the better for it. Others hear the gospel as a bee settles upon a flower; they enjoy its fragrance, they imbibe its honey, and return home richly laden with its sweets. And some hear the gospel as a spider visits a flower: they would, if possible, extract poison from the rose of Sharon.

Heart

If the very idea of having a hard heart makes you tremble, it is a certain sign that your heart is not hard.

St. Bernard, if I mistake not

Thy corrupt heart is like an ant's nest, on which, while the stone lieth, none of them appear; but take off the stone, and stir them up but with the point of a straw, you will see what a swarm is there, and how lively they be. Just such a sight would thy heart afford thee did the Lord but withdraw the restraint he has laid upon it, and suffer Satan to stir it up by temptation. *Boston.*

The heart of man is as passive in its first reception of God's image in regeneration as the canvas upon which a painter lays on his colours, nor is it more able to resist the operation of the agent. *Mr. Mogg, March 8, 1770.*

"My heart," says David, "shews me the wickedness of the ungodly." As face answers to face in a glass, so the heart of man to man. When a believer considers the vileness of his own heart by nature, he does not wonder so much that others fall, as that he himself is kept from falling.

Mr. Madan.

God hears the heart, though without words; but he never hears words without the heart.

Bp. Hopkins.

All the angels in heaven cannot subdue the heart of a sinner. Heart-work is God's work. The great heart-maker must be the great heart-breaker. *Dyer.*

There are some inns which are never empty, but as fast as one guest goes out another comes in. Such is the heart of an unregenerate man; as soon as one lust is served, another is calling for attendance. *Gurnall*

Heaven

Even on earth the "joy of harvest" is great; but what infinite joy will ensue when the number of the elect is accomplished,---when the bodies of the saints are all retrieved from the grave, and Christ celebrates his "harvest-home!"

The kingdom of heaven is elective, to which men are chosen by God; and yet, at the same time, it goes by indefeasible, hereditary

right: it proceeds in the line of election and the line of regeneration.

Heaven 2

Heaven is worth dying for, though earth is not worth living for. *Hall.*

The head and members are glorified together with the same kind of glory. God has not one heaven for his Son and another for his saints, but one and the same for both.

Dyer.

To be in Christ is heaven below; and to be with Christ is heaven above. *ibid.*

There is no believer goes to heaven but goes in the arms of angels. *Ibid.*

Heavenly Mindedness

The higher a bird flies the more out of danger he is; and the higher a Christian soars above the world the safer are his comforts.

Mr. Sparke, in conversation, London, May, 1774.

Heavenly Treasurer

There is this difference between rich and poor Christians: where a Christian is poor, his heavenly Father keeps the purse; but the rich keep the purse themselves. And it often falls out that it is better to have the purse in our Father's hands than our own.

Dodd.

Holiness

The progress of holiness is sometimes like the lengthening of daylight after the days are past the shortest. The difference is for some time imperceptible, but still it is real, and in due season becomes undeniably visible.

In one of Mr. Pope's letters (if I mistake not) mention is made of an eastern fable to this effect:---"On a time the owls and bats joined in a petition to Jupiter against the sun, setting forth that his beams were so insufferably troublesome that the petitioners could not fly abroad with comfort, but were kept prisoners at home for at least twelve

hours out of the twenty-four. Jupiter seeing Apollo shortly after, informed him of the application he had received, adding, I shall, however, take no notice of the petition; and for you, do you be revenged by shining." O believers, when Papists and Arminians charge the doctrines of grace with a tendency to licentiousness, let your lives be a confutation of the falsehood. Be revenged by shining.

Holiness 2

Say not that thou hast royal blood in thy veins, and art born of God, except thou canst prove thy pedigree by daring to be holy in spite of men and devils. *Gurnall.*

Gospel holiness includes a heart broken for sin, a heart broken off from sin, and a perpetual conflict with sin. *Mr. Medley.*

To be holy is to put on Christ, Ro 13:14., to resemble Christ in your spirit and carriage, as one man resembles another when he puts on his dress or imitates his manners.

Hervey.

As musk lying among linen perfumes it, so the real in-dwelling of God's Spirit imparts the sweet fragrancy of holiness to the believer's heart, and tempers words and works.

Cripplegate Lect.

Holiness No Condition

Christ will make his people holy, and put his Spirit within them to change their hearts and to work upon their spirits. But this is not a condition required in order to partake of Christ. Christ himself gives himself; and then he bestows these things when he is given.

Crisp.

Holy Spirit

When the rays of the sun fall on the surface of a material object, part of those rays are absorbed, part of them are reflected back in strait lines, and part of them refracted, this way and that, in various directions. When the Holy Ghost shines upon our souls, part of the grace he inspires is absorbed to our own particular comfort, part of it reflected back in acts of love and joy and prayer and praise, and part

of it refracted every way, in acts of benevolence, beneficence, and all moral and social duty.

The most correct and lively description of the sun cannot convey either the light, the warmth, the cheerfulness, or the fruitfulness which the actual shining of that luminary conveys; neither can the most laboured and accurate dissertations on grace and spiritual things impart a true idea of them without an experience of the Holy Spirit's work on the heart.

In vain do the inhabitants of London go to their conduits for supply, unless the man who has the master-key turns the water on. And in vain do we seek to quench our thirst at ordinances, unless God communicates the living water of his Spirit.

Scripture can be savingly understood only in and by the inward illumination of the Holy Ghost. The gospel is a picture of God's free grace to sinners. Were we in a room hung with the finest paintings, and adorned with the most exquisite statues, we could not see one of them if all light was excluded. Now the blessed Spirit's irradiation is the same to the mind that outward light is to the bodily eyes.

As the sails of a ship carry it into the harbour, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God. But as the sails cannot of themselves speed the progress of a vessel, unless filled with a favourable breeze, so the Holy Spirit must breathe upon our hearts, or our prayers will be motionless and lifeless.

An excellent divine of the last century, Mr. Thomas Cole, compared "the Scriptures to a seal, and the heart of man to wax." I would add that the Holy Ghost is the fire that warms, and penetrates, and softens the wax, in order to its becoming susceptible of impression.

The word of God will not avail to salvation without the Spirit of God. A compass is of no use to a mariner unless he has light to see it by.

A house uninhabited soon comes to ruin; and a soul uninhabited by the Holy Spirit of God verges faster and faster to destruction.

Home

On earth God's people have their respective homes and particular places of residence; but when we come to heaven one home shall

hold us all.

Mr. Holmes, in conversation with me, London, July 10, 1769.

Humility

It is a great thing to have gospel humility. If you know you want it, it is a sign you are not quite without it.

Children much indulged are apt to take liberties. To keep us humble, God must sometimes seem to frown.

Humility 2

Ever carry self-loathing about thee, and regard thyself as one fit to be trampled on by all saints.

Saints increase in humility as they draw nearer to heaven. Unworthy to be called an apostle, said Paul, concerning himself, some years after his conversion. As he advanced still farther in years he cried out, Less than the least of all saints. A little before his martyrdom his cry is, The chief of sinners.

Observed by Mr. Watts, at London, Nov. 15, 1775.

As soon as pride is humbled enough not to enter into controversy with God about the justice of his own declarations, every man confesses himself a guilty sinner in danger of eternal ruin. *Venn.*

The nettle mounteth on high, while the violet shrouds itself under its own leaves, and is chiefly found out by its fragrance. Let Christians be satisfied with the honour that cometh from God only. *Manton.*

Generally speaking, those that have the most grace and the greatest gifts, and are of the greatest usefulness, are the most humble, and think the most meanly of themselves. So those boughs and branches of trees which are most richly laden with fruit bend downwards and hang lowest. *Dr. Gill.*

Husbands

Many husbands are like some members of parliament, all complaisance, humility, and fair speeches beforehand, but no sooner in possession of the desired object than the supple candidate becomes a haughty master.

Hypocrisy

Joseph was alive though his coat was brought bloody to Jacob; and so are the sins of a hypocrite after all his mortified looks in duty, and all his outcries against iniquity.

Gurnall.

In addresses from man to man hypocrisy is detestable; how much more in addresses from man to God! *Venn.*

Woe is me that the holy profession of Christ is made a stage-garment by many to bring home a vain fame, and Christ is made to serve men's ends; which is, as it were, to stop an oven with a king's robes. *Rutherford.*

Hypocrites

There is sometimes on trees and flowers what florists call a false blossom: how many such do we see in the world of professing Christians!

Different members of the body have different offices and are some of greater, others of less importance; but they all belong to the body. Hypocrites are not real members, but excrescences of the Church, like falling hair, or the parings of the nails.

Ideas

Definitions, or accurate ascertainments of the precise ideas which we mean to convey, by particular terms and phrases, are of great consequence in disembarassing a question, and in shortening a debate.

Idolatry

That which is now our idol may quickly become our burden, and we know not how soon we may be sick of what we were lately sick for. *Mr. Henry.*

"All the prayings, teachings, and actings of men," saith Luther, "are, out of Christ, idolatry and sin in the sight of God." *Arrowsmith.*

Ignorance

Men adopt vice and error for want of knowing the true deformity of both: as in Russia, where unmarried women constantly wear veils, it is frequent for the bridegroom never to see his wife's face until after marriage.

Ignorance 2

Ignorance of the purity of God, of the extent and spirituality of his law, and of the total depravation of their own hearts, is that which makes any persons commence Arians or Socinians. Were they duly convinced of sin, they would need no other arguments to convince them that the Saviour, whose blood is able to expiate its guilt, is and must be very God.

Mr. Haweis, Sept. 6, 1769.

Quantum est quod nescimus! says the learned Gilb. Voetius. "How exceeding much is there of which we know nothing at all!" *Arrowsmith.*

Illumination

The Holy Ghost must shine upon your graces, or you will not be able to see them; and your good works must shine upon your faith, or your neighbours will not be able to see it.

Image of God

As great men are sometimes wont to erect stately buildings, and then cause their own picture to be fixed up in the principal apartments, so when God had made the fabric of the world, the last thing he did was to set up his own picture in it, by forming man after his own blessed image and likeness.

The elect when converted are living images of God, but not in that high, strict, and peculiar sense in which Christ is so called, Col 1:15. Heb 1:3. The king's image is on his coin and in his son, but after a different manner. On his coin there may be likeness and derivation, but not identity of nature. In the saints are the two former; in Christ are all three. *Unknown*

Imitation

The more we know of God, the more we shall desire to resemble him in holiness. Whoever truly loves another will desire to be like the person he loves, and to do what that person likes. *Madan*.

Impatience

A soul impatient under affliction is like the devil in his chains, who rages against God while he is fettered by him. *Unknown*

Imperfection

If I build a house, it is ten thousand to one if I do not afterwards find it defective in some respect or other: there is continually something to add, or something to alter, and something that may be improved for the better.---If I write a book, I find it imperfect. Some errata of the printer, some defects in the language, something to add, or something to retrench. So it is with all human works. The work of Christ's righteousness and redemption is the only finished, the only perfect work that ever was wrought among men. God give me faith in it!

Imperfections

There will be mistakes in divinity while men preach, and errors in government while men govern. *Sir Dudley Chorleton, Biographical Dictionary*.

Impotency

When you desire, and in earnest endeavour to live obedient to the spiritual commandments of God, without which a course of external religion is vain; you will immediately feel your own impotency, just as Samson did the loss of his strength, when he was rising to combat the Philistines. *Venn*.

Imputed Righteousness

The form of salutation in some countries is by respectfully touching or lifting up the corner of the person's garment you would address; but to kiss his vest is the highest token of reverence.---And the highest in stance of regard you can show Christ is by embracing the

robe of his imputed righteousness.

Inability

God will confound the language of those sons of pride who cry up the powers of nature; as if man with the slime of his own freewill, and the bricks of his own self-righteousness, was able to rear up a building whose top might reach to heaven itself. *Gurnall*.

Mankind lie covered beneath the ruins of their lapsed state, and no more able to raise themselves from under their weight of guilt than one buried under the ponderous rubbish of a fallen house is able to free himself. The Holy Spirit finds sinners in as helpless a condition, as unable to repent, or believe on Christ for salvation, as they were to purchase it. *ibid*.

By nature, man is utterly void of all strength and ability of doing any thing of himself towards his own salvation.

If a ship launched, rigged, and with her sails spread, cannot stir until the wind come fair; much less can the timber that lies in the carpenter's yard hew and frame itself into a ship.

If a living tree cannot grow but by a communication of sap from the root; much less can a dead stake in the hedge, which has no root nor vegetating principle, live of its own accord.

In a word, if a Christian who hath the spiritual life of grace in him from God, cannot even exercise that life without the continual influx of strength from above; then surely one, void of this new life, and dead in trespasses and sins, can never be able to beget grace in himself, or concur in the production of it. *ibid*.

Though the righteousness of a man's person can never make a bad action good; yet the wickedness of a man's person doth always make a good action bad: and therefore, though a good man may do a bad act, yet a bad [i. e. an unregenerate] man can never do a [spiritually] good act [and such as is pleasing to God]. *Bp. Beveridge*.

After our creation, and before our corruption, we had power to do everything pleasing unto God: but after our corruption, and before our regeneration, we have power to do nothing pleasing to him. *ibid*.

Incentive

Did Christ die, and shall sin live? Was he crucified in the world, and shall our affections to the world be quick and lively? Oh, where is the Spirit of him who by the cross of Christ was crucified to the world, and the world to him? *Owen*.

Be not ashamed because of your guiltiness. Necessity should not blush to beg. You are in the utmost want of Christ; therefore knock and cry. *Rutherford*.

Ten lives of black sorrow, ten deaths, ten hells of pain, ten furnaces of brimstone, and all exquisite torments whatever, were all too little for Christ, if our suffering could be a hire to buy him. And therefore faint not in your sufferings and hazards for him. *ibid*.

O believer, what matters it if God denies thee a kid to make merry; when he says, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine?" Hath a son any cause to complain that his father denies him a flower in the garden, when he makes him heir of his whole estate?

Anon.

Incompetency

Man, even in his most enlightened state, can no more form a competent idea of the wisdom that lies at the bottom of God's effective and permissive decrees, than an earth-worm or a beetle can enter into the political views which actuate the movements of a prime minister.

Inexhaustible Supplies

For these six thousand years God has been multiplying pardons, and yet free grace is not tired—Christ undertook to satisfy, and he hath money enough to pay. It were folly to think that an emperor's revenue will not pay a beggar's debt. Mercy is an ocean, ever flowing yet ever full. The saints carry loads of experiences with them to heaven. Free grace can shew you large accounts and a long bill cancelled by the blood of Christ. *Manton*.

Inflexibility

Have we sat down and reckoned what true religion cost us? Have we

resolved, through the power of divine grace, to own Christ when the swords and staves are up? And to sail with him not only in a pleasure-boat, but if need be in a man of war? *Cripplegate Lect.*

Innovation

I have known an unskilful weeder pull up and destroy flower-roots and herbs under the notion of their being weeds. Just such would be the conduct of the present restless enemies to the Church of England, if their innovating wishes were to take effect. (1772.)

Insolvency

Penitent sinners are then said to buy the wine and milk of spiritual comforts without money and without price, when being conscious that they have nothing of their own to answer divine justice with, nothing of their own wherewith to fetch in pardon, peace, and righteousness; they wholly disclaim all self-sufficiency, and come to Christ as to one that expects not to receive anything from them, but to be himself received by them. All that he looks for from us at our coming to him by faith is that we be nothing in ourselves, but desirous to have all from him, and to partake of his fulness, grace for grace. *Arrowsmith.*

Interest in Christ

Our interest in Christ does not depend on our sanctification, but our sanctification depends on our interest in Christ.

Intrepidity

Go to heaven boldly, let men say what they will. Use yourself to the weather: a little rain will not melt you. The more you wrap up, the more liable you will be to take cold;

Intrinsic Value

The world is glorious without, but the church is glorious within: its splendour lieth not in large possessions and great revenues, but in a plentiful effusion of gifts and graces. *Manton.*

Invitation

All the conditions of the new covenant are fulfilled by Christ. Come then and partake of the heavenly blessings, as you partake of a marriage feast, when the entertainment is all prepared, and the bridegroom bids you welcome. *Hervey*.

Jealousy

Self-jealousy well becomes Christians. Lord, is it I? They that know the deceit of their bow will not be very confident that they shall hit the mark. *Unknown*

Joy

Some have written to me, that I am possibly too joyful in the cross which God hath laid upon me. But my joy overleapeth the cross and terminates on Christ himself. *Rutherford*.

Pearls are not gotten but from the bottom of the water; and gold is digged not from the surface, but from the deep entrails of the earth. So the joy of God is not to be found but in the inward recesses of a broken and contrite spirit. *Bp. Cowper*.

The saints enter into God's own joy, Mt 25:21. They have not only the joy which God bestows, but the joy which God himself enjoys. *Cripplegate Lect*.

The common proverb is most certainly true in a spiritual sense; "Some men for joy do weep, others for sorrow sing." Believers weep for joy, and never mourn more kindly than when they taste the joy of the Holy Ghost, in the freeness and fulness of the Lord Christ poured out upon them. There is never a more kindly mourning for sin than when the soul is satisfied of forgiveness. *Crisp*.

There is more joy in the penitential mournings of a believer than in all the mirth of a wicked man. I appeal to you that have had melted hearts, whether you have not found a secret content and sweetness in your mourning? So far from wishing to be rid of your meltings, you rather fear the removal of them. *ibid*.

Justice

Some harbours have bars of sand which lie across the entrance and

prohibit the access of ships at low water.---There is a bar, not of sand, but of adamantine rock, the bar of Divine Justice, which lies between a sinner and heaven. Christ's righteousness is the high-water that carries a believing sinner over this bar, and transmits him safe to the land of eternal rest. Our own righteousness is the low-water, which will fail us in our greatest need, and will ever leave us short of the heavenly Canaan.

Justification

Antiquarians set an inestimable value on uniques, *i. e.* on such curiosities of which there is but one of a sort in the world. Justification is in the number of the believer's uniques. There is but one justification (properly so called) in the whole universe, and it equally belongs, through grace, to all the children of God, and the Christian wishes to be viewing it every moment.

Christ's sheep do not contribute any part of their own wool to their own cloathing. They wear, and are justified by, the fine linen of Christ's obedience only.

Justification 2

Justification is an act of God's free grace, whereby he clears his people from sin, discharges them from condemnation, and reckons and accounts them righteous, for the sake of Christ's righteousness which he has accepted of and imputes unto them. *Dr. Gill.*

The testimony of the Spirit, [witnessing our acceptance in Christ to our consciences], is not so properly justification itself, as an actual perception of justification, before granted by a kind of reflex act of faith. *ibid.*

Justification by Christ's imputed righteousness is the centre arch of that bridge by which we pass out of time into a blissful eternity. *Mr. Ryland, July 3, 1769.*

Knowledge

Sagacity and knowledge are then only truly useful when joined with grace, meekness, discretion and benevolence. The serpent's eye does best in the dove's head.

Gurnall.

Knowledge of gospel doctrines is the candle without which faith cannot see to do its work.

ibid.

Moses was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians: yet, not content herewith, he became an humble suitor to God for more and better knowledge than that: "I beseech thee shew me thy glory." Other notions may fill the head of a moral man: nothing short of the knowledge of God can satisfy the heart of a saint. Wherefore in answer to this request the Lord gave him a promise saying, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." *Arrowsmith.*

Learning in religious persons, like the gold that was in the Israelites' ear-rings, is a most precious ornament: but if men pervert it to base ends, or begin to make an idol of it (as they did a golden calf, of their ear-rings) it then becomes an abomination. *ibid.*

Knowledge and good parts, under the management of grace, are, like the rod in Moses's hand, wonder workers; but turn to serpents when they are cast upon the ground, and employed in promoting earthly designs. *ibid.*

Knowledge in Theory

I am acquainted with a lady who is a thorough mistress of music as a science, and can play the harpsichord with great judgment; but though she understands it, she does not love it, and never plays if she can avoid it. Too strong a picture of some who know the gospel in theory, but neither love it in sincerity, nor practice its precepts with a good will!

Language

It were to be wished that the advocates for the best of causes would, with Solomon, seek out acceptable words. I acknowledge that genteel drapery adds nothing to the value, but it adds much to the agreeableness of truth, which is not the better received for appearing in dishabille, much less for being attired like a sloven. If we do not decorate her with what Lord Chesterfield terms "lace and embroidery," that is, with rich metaphors and refinement of style, yet an author should not permit her to walk abroad either in sluttish negligence, or in the garb of a shabby old gentlewoman fallen to

decay.

Law

The terrors of the law have much the same effect on our duties and obedience as frost has on a stream; it hardens, cools, and stagnates. Whereas, let the shining of divine love rise upon the soul, repentance will then flow, our hardness and coldness thaw.

Law of God

When you consider the law of the Ten Commandments in this light [namely as designed to manifest our guilt, convince of sin and drive us for justification to the righteousness of Christ], what a striking propriety appears in that ancient custom of placing the two tables over the communion table in our churches! By this means every intelligent receiver of the Lord's Supper, in the very act of receiving, is awfully reminded of the purity of that law which he has transgressed; of that law from whose insupportable curse no less a sacrifice than that of God's only begotten Son could possibly redeem him! *Venn*.

Know your guilt and weakness, your desert and danger; think what you are bound to by the law, [even sinless obedience from the first to the last moment of your life], and what you have to trust to, if left under its [condemning] power [even everlasting punishment]; then view the loving kindness of God in giving his Son to fulfil all righteousness [in our stead], and then tell me, if it be possible [while under the lively sense of his mercy] to sin against so much goodness? *ibid*.

By ignorance of the law, even that virtuous character which has, perhaps, gained you much esteem among men, will prove a greater obstacle in the way of your salvation than [even] gross and long-indulged sins proved to others: since these last carry with them their own [glaring, palpable] condemnation; they have a tendency on the first lucid interval of consideration to excite strong confessions of guilt and cries for mercy. Whereas a behaviour more regulated in externals by the commands of God, when the law is not understood, does but administer fuel to self-sufficiency and self-applause. *ibid*.

The whole law is imprint on the gracious soul: every part of it is

written over upon the renewed heart. And though remaining corruption makes such blots in the writing that often times the man himself cannot read it; yet he that wrote it, can read it at all times: it is never quite blotted out nor can be. What he has written he has written; and it shall stand.

Boston.

For a sinner who has broke the law, to expect to be saved by the law he has broke, i. e. by works of his own, is just as if a capital malefactor, under sentence of death, shall endeavour to sue out his pardon upon the footing of that very act of parliament by virtue of which he stands condemned. *Madan, June 28, 1769.*

I would run away from the law (considered as a covenant of works), as fast as I would from my sins. *A frequent saying of Lady Huntingdon's.*

Legal Terrors

Faith is the eye of the soul. This eye beholding the sin of the soul in having pierced Christ, and Christ pardoning its sin affects the heart: whence the heart sends forth affecting sighs. All this is done when there is no tempest of terror on the Spirit, but a sweet serenity of love and peace. See therefore, O believer, how Satan misinforms thee, when he would persuade thee that thou art not humbled enough, because thy sorrow is not attended with legal terrors. *Gurnall.*

Life

What is life, but a warfare? And what is the world but a thoroughfare? *Dyer.*

The slow motion of a living man (though so feeble perhaps that he cannot go a furlong in a day), yet coming from life, imports more strength than is in a ship, which (though it sails swiftly) hath its motion from without. Thus possibly a hypocrite may exceed a true Christian in the bulk and outside of a duty; yet because his strength is not from spiritual life, but from some wind and tide abroad that carries him on, while the Christian is from a divine principle within: therefore the Christian's weakness is stronger than the hypocrite in his greatest enlargements. *Gurnall.*

Life of Christ

The life of Christ on earth may be compared to the garden of Eden before Adam fell, in which was no plant growing but such as were beautiful and salutary, none that was either useless or hurtful.

Little Graces

I have rather smoke than fire; and guessings rather than assurances of Christ's love. I have little or nothing to say, but that I am as one who hath found favour in his eyes.

Rutherford.

When a peal or a diamond is defiled with dust or mire, its lustre cannot be discerned until it is washed. When corruptions are great and experiences small, a little grace can hardly be discerned: as a needle is more difficult to be discovered than a staff. *Manton.*

Little Truths

Omitting little truths against light may breed hell in the conscience, as well as committing the greatest sins against light. *Wilcox.*

Lord's Day

It is certainly no small point gained to prove, that what is now generally considered as the first day of the week is, in, reality, and in order of rotation from the beginning, the seventh or primeval Sabbath, and that God incarnate rose from the tomb on that very day in succession on which God absolute ceased from the works of creation. Indeed, the compilers of our Liturgy seem to have had some light into this matter, else they would hardly have engrafted the fourth commandment (which expressly and peremptorily enjoins the sanctification of the seventh day) into the communion service, and directed all the members of the Church to unite in prayer to God for grace to keep that law.

Love

The Spirit of Christ sweetly calms the soul of a suffering believer, not by taking away all sense of pain, but by overcoming it with the sense of his love. *Gurnall.*

Do Christ this one favour, for all his love to thee: love all his saints; even the poorest, the meanest, and the weakest, notwithstanding some slight differences in judgment. As the names of the children of Israel were graven on Aaron's breastplate; so are the names of all God's saints engraven on the heart of Christ. Let them be likewise so on thine. *Wilcox.*

Every man can love his friend; but only a godly man can love his enemy. *Parr.*

It was a notable saying of a holy man, "Quench hell and burn heaven, yet will I love and fear my God." *Dodd.*

Other lovers, beside Christ, are in suit of you, and your soul hath many wooers: but let your soul be a chaste virgin, and love but one. Most worthy is Christ alone of all your love, were your love higher than heaven and broader than the whole world.

Proportionable to the renovation of the image of God, and the likeness of God upon our souls, is our love to Jesus Christ.

Owen.

When we love God most, our duties run on the most freely and sweetly: and when our thoughts are most steeped in the love of God to us, we are then most likely to love him abundantly in return. *Manton*

Love to God

The people of Christ are not merit-mongers. Love to the captain of their salvation ranks them under his banner. They are not like the Swiss, who fight for pay.

As fruits artificially raised or forced in a hot-house, have not the exquisite flavour of those fruits which grow naturally and in their due season; so that obedience which is forced by the terrors of the law, wants the genuine flavour and sweetness of that obedience which springs forth from a heart warmed and meliorated with the love of God in Christ Jesus.

If Christ has your good will, he will certainly have your good word. If you truly love him, you will not be ashamed to speak for him.

Lukewarmness

It is sad, when after spiritual enlargements, and the performance of spiritual duties, believers are off their guard and negligent in honouring God by good works in the sight of all men: when, like Moses, they no sooner come down from the mount than they turn, and break the tables of the law. Oh Christians, either vindicate the name of Christ (whose banner you would seem to march after), by the holiness of your conversations, or honestly throw away your profession of godliness and your seeming zeal for Christ, by which you have drawn the eyes of the world upon you. *Gurnall*.

Lusts

Our lusts are cords. Fiery trials are sent to burn and consume them.
Unknown

Magnanimity

Happy are they who dare venture out into the open streets with the name of Christ upon their foreheads; at a time when so many are ashamed of him, and hide him (as it were) under their cloaks, as if he were a stolen Saviour. *Rutherford*.

Malice

Such as rake up the old sins of saints (sins which God hath forgiven and forgotten), merely to grieve their spirits and to spatter their names, shew their malice indeed; who can take such pains to travel many years back, that they may find a handful of dirt to throw in a saint's face. Thus Shimei twitted David, 1Sa 1:6-7. Come out, thou bloody man.

When you, who fear God, meet with such reproaches, answer them, as Beza did the Papists, when, for want of other matter, they upbraided him for some wanton poems, penned by him in his youth: "Hi homunciones invident mihi gratiam Dei," said he; "These men grudge me the pardoning mercy of God." *Gurnall*.

Man Unrenewed

Easy, good-natured, affable men, whose hearts are nevertheless unrenewed by divine grace; may be compared to ripe plums and

apricots, which, however soft and smooth on the outside, yet have a hard stone within. *Anon.*

The natural man is a spiritual monster. His heart is where his feet should be, fixed upon the earth: his heels are lifted up against heaven, which his heart should be set on. His face is towards hell; his back towards heaven. He loves what he should hate, and hates what he should love; joys in what he ought to mourn for, and mourns for what he ought to rejoice in; glories in his shame, and is ashamed of his glory; abhors what he should desire, and desires what he should abhor. *Boston.*

None of Adam's children naturally incline to receive the blessings in borrowed robes; but would always, according to the spider's motto, owe all to themselves: and so climb up to heaven on a thread spun out of their own bowels. For they desire to be under the law, Ga 4:21 and go about to establish their own righteousness, Ro 10:3. *Boston.*

The affections of the unrenewed man are as an unruly horse, that either will not receive, or violently runs away with, the rider. *ibid.*

Manifestations

After great manifestations of God's love, it is usual for the tempter to be unusually busy.—So weak is the constitution of grace below, that we cannot, of ourselves, bear either the smiles or the frowns of God, without some degree of danger.—If God smile, and open himself familiarly to us, then we are prone to grow high and wanton: if he frown, then faith sinks and hope sickens. Thus exalted manifestations, like bright weather and warm air, are followed by the weeds of corruption; and the other, like a sharp, intense frost, nips and almost kills the flowers of joy, peace, and comfort. *Anon.*

That the blessed God can impress on the mind so strong a sense of pardon as to leave a repenting sinner beyond all question satisfied of its coming from him, none can doubt but those who are for limiting the power of the Almighty, and for prescribing to the wisdom of the All-wise. And that, in many instances, God is most graciously pleased, in this manner to manifest himself and his love, none can dispute, who have been happily acquainted with the lives and deaths of the excellent of the earth. *Venn.*

Manners

Is the faith of Christ fatal to refined manners, as the rod of Moses was to the counterfeit miracles of the magicians? No. It is rather like the influence of the sanctuary on the rod of Aaron: which, while it remained at a distance from the tabernacle, was a dry, sapless, and barren stick: but when deposited before the ark, was quickened into vegetable life, was adorned with a milk-white bloom, and enriched with full-grown fruit: or, as the sacred historian expresses this surprising fact, it " brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." Nu 18:8. *Hervey*.

Man's Life

Man lives by death. His natural life is maintained by the death of the creatures; and his spiritual and eternal life are owing to the death of his Saviour. *Dyer*.

Man's Obedience

Ye that go to the Father, and think to set yourselves in his presence, and stand as the objects of his delight, on the footing of your own righteousness; shame and confusion of face will cover you before you are aware. Paul durst not be found in it, but looked upon it as dung; and dung you know is both offensive in itself and unable to support the man that stands upon it.—Let a man venture upon Christ, as the way to the Father, and he shall not sink. *Crisp*.

All the righteousness of man is not able to uphold him; nay, there is that in man's righteousness which will sink him; [if rested upon and trusted to] for he that hath broken the law but in one point is guilty of all. Christ therefore is the only rock on which sinners can build their hope. *ibid*.

I know some places that are as green and fair to the eye as the best way man ever set foot into: yet if you venture upon them, you sink up to the neck.—Whilst men make their own righteousness and obedience their way to God's favour, they seem to be in a fair and green path, which promiseth safety and firmness: yet he that dares trust himself in the way of his own righteousness, as his way to God and heaven, will find himself sink so fast that, if Christ come not and pluck him out, he will sink over head and ears. *ibid*.

In the way of works a man loses himself presently. There is not one work he does but he commits sin in it: and God will never let the soul come near to him that conies with any sin whatever. I speak this of the righteousness of man, while he makes that his way to God.

ibid.

Marriage

When a believer marries an unbeliever, what is it but reviving the old cruel punishment of tying the living and the dead together?

Marriage 2

I think it a greater sin to marry on the Lord's day than to yoke a plough: inasmuch as the work and concern is greater. The sinful continuance of this I judge to be a provoking profanation of the Sabbath: and I seldom see those marriages blest which were celebrated on that day. *Mr. James Frazer's Memoirs.*

Means

When-God discovers himself by means, we know no more of him than can be represented by those means. If a pipe should be put to a great ocean or river, the cistern or conduit can receive no more than the pipe can convey. *Manton.*

It is a greater mercy to have a spiritual appetite for the means of grace, and to be providentially debarred from enjoying them, than to have opportunities of attending them without an appetite for them.

Mr. William Gay, in conversation at Broad Hembury, March 15, 1774.

Meekness

Passionate reproofs are like medicines given scalding hot; the patient cannot take them. If we wish to do good to those we rebuke, we should labour for meekness of wisdom, and use soft words and hard arguments. *Dodd.*

Memento

Remember thy sins and Christ's pardonings; thy hell-deservings and

Christ's merits; thy weakness and Christ's strength; thy pride and Christ's humility; thy many infirmities and Christ's restorings; thy guilts and Christ's new applications of his blood; thy fallings and Christ's raisings-up; thy wants and Christ's fulness; thy temptations and Christ's tenderness; thy vileness and Christ's righteousness. *Wilcox.*

Memory

Many of God's people lament the badness of their memory. And yet, after all, a heart-memory is better than a mere head-memory. Better to carry away a little of the life of God in our souls, than if we were able to repeat every word of every sermon we have heard.

Mercy

To exercise mercy is God's great prerogative; an act not of debt but of royal bounty; which he exercises when and to whom it seemeth good in his sight. I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, is his high and holy resolve. *Harvey.*

Dr. Bates has an observation to the same effect:

"As at the deluge the waters covered the highest mountains as well as the lowest hills; so pardoning mercy cancels the greatest sins as well as the least." *Arrowsmith.*

The sun is glorious and beautiful; but if the moon and every star had as much brightness, it would not be so peculiarly admired. Thus the mercy of God towards his elect is so much the more admirable by being contrasted with his wrath against the reprobate. *Parr.*

Let us learn to run up all the mercies we are partakers of to the proper spring---"Who loved me, and gave himself for me." *Dr. Owen.*

Special mercies call for special duties; as they that hold the largest farms must pay the largest rent. *Dyer.*

To bless God for mercies is the way to increase them; to bless him for miseries is the way to remove them. No good lives so long as that which is thankfully improved; no evil dies so soon as that which is patiently endured. *ibid.*

Merit

Free-will establishes merit; free-grace checks it. The sun is not beholden to us because we borrow light from it; or the fountain, because we draw water. *Manton*.

Ministers

Gospel ministers should not be too hasty and eager to wipe off every aspersion that is cast on them falsely for Christ's sake. Dirt on the character (if unjustly thrown), like dirt on the clothes, should be let alone for a while, until it dries; and then it will rub off easily enough.

Ministers then only draw the bow successfully, when God's Holy Spirit sharpens the gospel arrow, and wings it to the hearts of them that hear.

Gregory Nazianzen says, in his eulogium on Basil, *Bronth seio logov azerowh de Biov*; "thy word was thunder and thy life was lightning." Such should the preaching and the conversation of every minister be.

The weight of opposition will always fall heaviest on those who sound the gospel trumpet loudest.

Gospel ministers do, indeed, in some sense, turn the world upside-down. The fall of Adam has turned human nature up side-down long ago; and converting grace must turn us upside-down again, in order to bring us right.

Gospel ministers are usually, in will and desire at least, employed for God to the last moment of their lives. Their work being accomplished, they are called from labour to heaven; as Cincinnatus was found at the plough when he received his call to the dictatorship of Rome.

Among the great variety of preachers, some give the pure gospel wine, unadulterated and undashed. Others give wine and water. Some give mere cold water, without a drop of wine among it.

Were evangelical preachers and writers to stop, and give a lash to every spiteful noisy cur that yelps at them in their way to the kingdom of God, they would have enough to do before they got to

their journey's end.

Next to being a true believer, it is the hardest thing in the world to be a faithful minister.

Ministers are the bow: the law is the arrow. God must bend the bow by the impulse of his own arm, and wing the arrow, or it will never hit a sinner's heart.

I have read of some harbour abroad, where salt water and fresh run together in one amicable stream, but without mingling. Such should be the case of God's ministers. They are to preach both law and gospel; but without mixing or confounding them together.

The best clock in the world will be spoiled, if you are perpetually moving the hand backwards and forwards, and altering it in order to make it keep time with a variety of other clocks; it will hardly ever go regularly and well. So a minister, who shapes and accommodates his sentiments and discourses to the tastes and humours and opinions of other people, will never be happy, respectable, or useful.

Different ministers are sent of God to different persons. Just as a great man who keeps many servants, sends them with letters or messages to such or such particular people.

A minister can only lay on the caustic; God alone can make the hearers feel it

Ministers 2

If one workman should tell you that "your house must be pulled down, that the beams are all rotten, and new materials must be prepared;" and another should say, "No; the house will stand firm enough with a little repair, such a beam is good, such a spar may continue, and a trifling post will serve the turn:" you would probably listen to him who is for putting you to the least expense and trouble.

An honest and faithful minister of Christ comes and tells sinners from the Scriptures that man is, by nature, in a dangerous condition; that his house is tumbling about his ears; that his natural state is corrupt and rotten; that nothing of the original frame will serve; that old things must be done away, and all things become new.—Next, in steps an Arminian and blows up the sinner's pride, by telling him that he is neither so weak, nor so wicked, as the other represents

him; that a little patching and whitewashing will set all to rights, without taking any part of the building down. "If thou wilt," says he, "thou mayest repent, believe, be good, and endure to the end: or, at least, by exerting thy natural abilities, thou wilt oblige God to lend a helping hand to thy endeavours, and superadd what thou hast not." This is the workman that will please proud men best. *Gurnall*.

If a minister be erroneous, how should the flock be sound? No readier way to destroy a whole town than by poisoning the cistern at which they draw their water. *ibid*.

How shall the prophane be hardened in their sins? Let the preacher but sow pillows under their elbows, and cry peace, peace; and all is done. How may the worship of God come to be neglected? Let Hophni and Phineas be scandalous in their lives, and men will soon come to abhor the offering of the Lord. *ibid*.

The Devil hath his ministers as well as Christ. *Dyer*.

Too many modern preachers resemble auctioneers, who put up heaven to the highest bidder.

Mr. Serle, at London, June 3, 1774.

Under the law, the priest had part of the sacrifices assigned to himself and his own peculiar use.—Under the gospel, Christ's ministers, when they are made instruments of spiritual comfort to others, generally come in for a share of the consolation themselves. God often waters the preacher while the preacher is watering the people. *Mr. Ryland*.

The shoulder (which is the working part of the ox) was the priest's portion; to shew that God's ministers should labour for what they receive, and not eat the bread of idleness. *ibid*.

That minister is worth nothing who cannot make the Devil roar. *ibid*.

A judicious minister will accommodate his labours to the apprehensions and peculiar cases of his people; as the prophet Elijah adapted his own size to that of the child he raised to life.

ibid.

A good man was observing to me, today, that "many ministers speak so sparingly and so coldly of the gospel privileges of the saints, that

one would imagine they thought themselves no more than scare crows, set up on purpose to frighten God's people from the corn."

May 7, 1770.

What recompense did the prophets receive (from the world) for all their labours and expense of spirits (in preaching), but saws, and swords, and dungeons? It is almost as much the character of a minister to be much in afflictions; as to be much in spirit, and much in labours. "To preach," said Luther, "is only another name for deriving and entailing the world's hatred upon ourselves." But we may justly suspect that we are not true to our master when we are dandled on the world's knees. *Dr. Manton.*

Some people are apt to blame Christian ministers for dealing too faithfully with their hearers. But was I to see a blind man walking towards a gravel-pit two or three hundred feet deep, and I was to beg him for his own sake not to go on; would it not be very absurd in him to be angry, and to answer, What is my danger to you? Pray, mind your own business!

Mr. Wallis, in conversation, at London, May 10, 1776.

Ministers are in general apt to make too wide a distinction between seekers and believers; a man must have some degree of saving grace, and of true faith, before ever he can seek Christ in earnest. *Mr. Madan, in conversation, July 18, 1769.*

We [ministers] should not [only] be like dials on a wall, or like watches in our pockets, to teach the eye; but like clocks and alarms, to ring to the ear. Aaron must wear bells as well as pomegranates. The prophet's voice must be a trumpet, whose sound may be heard afar off.—A sleeping centinel may be the loss of a whole city.

Bishop Hall, in a Sermon before King James. — See the Bishop's Remains, p. 2, 3.

An architect cannot say to his rule, his line, or other instruments, "Go, build a house." He must first take them into his own hand ere the wished-for effect will follow. What are ministers of God but mere instruments? And if ever they are useful in building up the Church of Christ, it is his own hand must make them so. *Mr. Hitchen, in conversation, July 18.*

Herod was a wonderful gospeller for a while, until John told of him of his incest. So a minister is a mighty good man with his people, until he lay the axe of his ministry to their favourite sins and errors.
Parr

Men are bunglers who are taught by any other but God. We that are ministers of the gospel leave you but dunces in Christian experience and Christian practice, till the Lord Jesus Christ breathes with our ministry, and by his Spirit Teaches your spirits. *Gurnall*.

One capital error in men's preparing themselves for the sacred function is that they read divinity more in other books than in the Scriptures. *Bishop Burnet*.

Ask yourselves often [says the bishop, addressing himself to the clergy of our church] would you follow that course of life if there were no settled establishment belonging to it, and if you were to preach under the cross, and in danger of persecution? For, till you arrive at that, you are yet carnal, and come into the priesthood for a piece of bread. *ibid*.

I have lamented during my whole life that I saw so little true zeal among our clergy. The main body of our clergy has always appeared dead and lifeless to me. Instead of animating one another, they seem to lay one another asleep. Without a visible alteration in this, you will fall under a universal contempt, and lose both the credit and the fruits of your ministry.

ibid.

I say it with regret; I have observed the clergy in all the places through which I have travelled, Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Dissenters: but of them all, our clergy are much the most remiss in their labours, and the least severe in their lives. *ibid*.

Morality

To amuse fallen sinners with lectures on morality is like going to an hospital and haranguing to a company of sick folks on the advantages of health. Rather let us labour to cure them of their diseases, and then they will know the value and comforts of health without our giving them a dissertation upon it. Lead sinners to Christ and to the Holy Spirit, and then they will love and practise

morality as naturally as sparks fly upward.

Morality not flowing from faith in Christ resembles an artificial flower; which has the appearance, but neither the life, the beauty, nor the fragrance of a real one.

I have no more conception of a true believer without morality, than of a river without water, or of a sun without light and heat.

Mysteries

The doctrinal mysteries of Christianity are bones to philosophy, but milk to faith.

Howell's Letters.

Name of God

The name of God is the believer's harbour; where he may betake himself as boldly as a man steps into his own house when overtaken by a shower. *Gurnall.*

Almighty power, made lovely by an essential union with perfect wisdom, justice, and mercy, makes up the name of God, and demands the heart-felt adoration of his creatures. *Anon.*

National Concerns

National matters at present carry a very gloomy aspect. But it is in things civil as well as spiritual; and I regard my country and myself in a similar view. Considered in myself, I am a most unworthy and sinful creature; considered in Christ, I am without fault before the throne of God. Consider the state of public affairs as they are in themselves; and hardly anything can be more threatening, cloudy, or unfavourable. Consider them in a providential view, and whatever is, is right. This is my sheet anchor, concerning that black and dismal storm which now seems to be bursting over the English empire. A. T. Bath, Aug. 4. 1775.

Nature

We are for bringing to Christ; and that must not be. Not a penny of nature's highest improvements will pass in heaven. *Wilcox.*

When nature is hard put to it by guilt or wrath, it will fly to its old

haunts of self-righteousness, self-goodness, &c. Only God's infinite power can cast down these strong holds. *Wilcox*.

Nature would do any thing to be saved rather than go to Christ alone, and close with him. Christ will have nothing; and yet the soul will force something of its own on Christ.

ibid.

Nature cannot endure to think that the gospel is only for sinners. It would, if left to itself, rather choose to despair than go to Christ upon such terms. *ibid.*

It is a terrible stroke to nature to think of being stripped of all, and not to have a rag of duty or self-righteousness left to look at. *ibid.*

Such is the natural propensity of man's heart to the way of the law in opposition to Christ, that, as the tainted vessel turns the taste of the purest liquor put into it, so the natural man turns the very gospel into law, and would transform the covenant of grace into a covenant of works. *Boston*.

Nearness to Christ

It is but a small thing to see Christ in a book, as men see the world in a map: but to come near unto Christ, to love him and embrace him, is quite another thing. *Rutherford*.

Let Diotrephes say, it is good for me to have the pre-eminence. Let Judas say, it is good for me to bear the bag. Let Demas say, it is good for me to embrace the present world.---But do thou, O my soul, say with David, it is good for me to draw near to God! *Arrowsmith*.

Need

It is now twenty-three years since I was awakened to know the work of God upon my heart: and I feel my need of Christ more deeply at the end of these three and twenty years, than I even did when I was first drawn to him.

Good Mr. Joss, in conversation, at Bristol, this day, August 23, 1775.

Was it not for needy, helpless, thirsting sinners, Christ would have

no customers. The blessings of grace and glory would, as it were, lie upon his hands. *Arrowsmith*.

Negligence

When persons loiter on a journey they are sometimes benighted afterwards: and when believers are not diligent in the use of ordinances, and in the performance of good works, no wonder if they walk in darkness.

Negligence 2

Christians are too negligent, and do not live like those that are born of God. As it was said of Hannibal, when he was melting himself away in the pleasures of Capua, that "there was fire in him, but it needed blowing;" so, in true believers, there is grace at the bottom, but it needs a little stirring and quickening. *Manton*.

New Birth

All God's children are still-born. They come spiritually dead into the world. And dead they continue till they are born again of the Holy Ghost.

Every believer has four births. A natural birth into the world; a spiritual birth into the kingdom of grace, at regeneration; a birth into glory at death; and a new birth of his body from the grave at the resurrection.

No man can remember the day of his natural birth; but most of God's people can remember the day when they were born again.

New Birth 2

If thou art not born again, all thy [outward] reformation is naught. Thou hast shut the door, but the thief is still in the house. *Boston*.

New Covenant

There is no condition in the new covenant. It is the freeness of God's love, and the greatness of his compassion, that undertakes (and accomplishes) all. *Mrs. Wright*.

Obedience

Obedience is necessary to our comfort and assurance, though not to pardon. *Richardson*.

Obloquy

The times are such that it is almost impossible for a man to go to heaven without getting a nickname by the way. But it is better to go to heaven with a nick name, than to go to hell without one. If I must either give up the truths of God, or lose my character; then farewell character, and welcome the truths of God.

Observations

Some observations of the excellent Mr. Thomas Cole [i] in an account of his own experience.

[i] Author of that valuable Treatise on Regeneration.

"I liken the word of God to a seal, and the heart of man to wax; and I must say I have often seen what has been engraven on the seal, when, to my sorrow, I have not found full and suitable impressions upon my own heart. But yet, as in some old coin, some worn groats, there appears here and there a little, here and there a stroke that discovers the value of the piece, and makes it current money; so, when I have said the best I can of my case, though I cannot present you with grace in as desirable characters as I could wish, yet, what I am, I am by grace: and if God should never do more for me in this world, I have reason to bless his name to all eternity for what he hath already done.

"Before I had considered the grace of God, I was afraid of my own convictions. I durst not scrape too deep in that dunghill which lay before my door: there was enough already apparent that I knew not well what to do with. But the general consideration of the grace and mercy of God encouraged me to look farther. I thought thus: there is a remedy to be had, let things be as bad as bad can be; there is a Physician, and many promises of pardon and assistance. Whence I concluded that I might safely venture to know the worst of myself.

"I was convinced I could be saved no other way but by grace, if I could but find grace enough; but at that time I saw more in my own

sin than in God's mercy. But this put me on a farther inquiry after the grace of God, because my life lay upon it; and thus I was brought to the gospel.

"When I came to the gospel I met with the law in it: i. e. I was for turning the gospel into law. I began to settle myself upon gospel duties, as repentance, humiliation, believing, praying, &c. And, I know not how, I forgot the promise of grace which first brought me to the gospel. But as I had before found that I could not answer the strictness of the law because my duties fell short of the rule; so I came to discover that I could not answer the [spirituality] of the gospel, for I pressed after acts of grace upon a legal footing, making works of them all. I found I could neither believe nor pray as the gospel required.

"While I was in this plunge, it pleased the Lord to direct me to study the person of Christ, whom I looked on as the great undertaker in the work of man's salvation. And truly here I may say, according to my measure, as Paul did, "It pleased God to reveal his son in me." God overcame my heart with this. I saw so much mercy in his mercy, so much love in his love, so much grace in his grace, that I knew not what to liken it to. And here my heart broke, I knew not how.

"Belief of salvation must be grounded on some inward transaction between Christ and the soul. I began to consider whether any such thing had passed between Christ and me; and while I was looking this way, the Lord Jesus drew me; and took hold of me, in raising me up to a sensible reliance on him.

"I never had a more lively sense of my acceptance with God through Christ, than when I was sensible of the greatest recumbency on him; when I laid most stress upon him, I always found most strength in him.

"Before this faith came I knew not how to secure myself against past, present, and future sins: but there was that largeness of grace, that all-sufficiency of mercy, that infinity of righteousness, discovered to me in Christ, that I found sufficient for all the days of my life. I closed with Christ for acceptance throughout the whole course of my life. I dealt with him for all at once.

"Though new guilt puts me under a necessity of making fresh application to Christ, yet still it is upon the old footing. I cannot put

Christ upon doing that for me which he hath not already done. I daily apply to Christ for cleansing; which I call living by faith: and I never was under the power of this faith, but I found a greater disposition in my spirit to practical holiness than at any other time."

Some things said by the same Mr. Thomas Cole on his death bed. (Obiit Sept. 16, 1667.)

"Many plead for those opinions and notions upon which they would be loth to venture their souls in a dying hour. I value more the judgment of a dying saint about justification than all the wrangling disputes of learned men.

"It would be miserable dying if we had not something every way adequate to the demands of the law to ground our hopes of eternal life upon. We have an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God, by the way of Christ's righteousness. The devil and the law may meet us; yet cannot hinder us from entering into heaven by that righteousness.

"Christ can defend his own truths when his poor creatures and ministers, who contended for them as well as they could, are laid in the silent dust.

"I wait for a peaceable dismission. I long to see his salvation. The Spirit saith, come; and the bride saith, come. Come, O come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!

"My desire is, that God would do his own will, and glorify his own name, by my life or death; which is the best disposal of me that God himself can make."

[When rising, he said] to rise for a little time is but a sorry rising: but to rise so as never to go to bed more, is a glorious resurrection. Then we shall be forever with the Lord.

"It is well for us that our souls do not stand upon the same terms with God as our bodies do; for they must die; but eternal life possesseth the soul, and will never leave it."

[To one who said, "Sir, your death will be a great stroke; I know not any likely to stand up in your room:" He answered.]

"God can make the want of ordinances the greatest ordinance to you.

"If God keeps his truths alive in the hearts of some few serious Christians, they will preach one to another.

"I bless God for what he hath done for my soul. I give up my body to him; let him do with it what he pleases.

"How soon is nature upset by the God of nature, if the God of grace doth not stand by to support it! A finite creature could not endure, if the everlasting arms were not underneath.

"Though they would not suffer me to preach the gospel of free grace quietly, yet God suffers me to die in the comfort of it.

"As for my going, God can make it no loss to you. God can take off and set on his own workmen when he pleases.

"I have done with all other satisfaction but what God in Christ can give.

"We live but dying lives in the body. They are but short recoveries which we have at any time, until mortality is swallowed up of life."

[When he was removed to the other side of the bed he said], "This is but turning from one side to another: but I would fain turn from the dark side to the light side. One turn more, and then I shall be at rest."

Old and New Man

Old Adam never was a saint yet, and never will be; Ro 7. On the other hand, the new man, or principle of grace in the heart, never sinned, and never can; Ro 7; 1Jo 1ff

Omnipotence

My hopes from appearances are cold. My faith has no bed to sleep upon but God's omnipotency. *Rutherford*.

Omniscience

If conscience be as a thousand witnesses, the all-seeing God is as a thousand consciences. *Arrowsmith*.

One Church

Take a mass of quicksilver, let it fall to the floor, and it will split

itself into a vast number of distinct globulas. Gather them up, and put them together again, and they coalesce into one body, as before. Thus God's elect below are sometimes crumbled and distinguished into various parties, though they are all, in fact, members of one and the same mystic body. But, when taken up from the world, and put together in heaven, they will constitute one glorious undivided church, for ever and ever.

In North America have been lately reckoned no fewer than seventy-five religious denominations. And were there seventy-five thousand it would not signify seven pins heads. Denomination is nothing.--- Grace is grace in every converted person. There is but one Church after all.

One Way

You must be going either to heaven or hell. You cannot go two ways at once.

In point of acceptance with God, there is but one and the same way for the saint and the sinner, the oyster-woman and the philosopher; even the blood and obedience of God's co-equal Son. *Mr. Ryland, July 4, 1769.*

Opposition

A believer hath so much opposition in his way to glory, that he had need be well locked into the saddle of his profession, or he will be soon dismounted. *Gurnall.*

Whence is it that the doctrines of special election, of efficacious grace in regeneration and conversion, of justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ, and of the infallible perseverance of the saints, though so clearly revealed and so strongly proved in the word of God, are, notwithstanding, so generally denied, opposed, and ridiculed? Because they give all the glory to God, and will not allow man so much as to boast a little. *Anon.*

Ordinances

Men often go to God in duties with their faces towards the world; and when their bodies are on the mount of ordinances, their hearts will be found at the foot of the hill, going after their covetousness.

Boston.

Attend diligently on ordinances; yet beware of putting ordinances in God's stead. Hath not thy heart said, "I will go and hear such a man, and get comfort, and get strength?" No wonder that you find your self weak, barren, and unfruitful. How should means and ministers help thy soul, except the Lord help? Christ himself keeps the key of his wine-cellar. His ministering servants cannot so much as make you drink when you come to his house, and therefore, poor soul, stop not short of Christ; but press through all the crowd of ordinances, and ask to see Jesus, to speak with Jesus, and to touch him: so will virtue come out from him to thee. *Gurnall.*

Original Depravity

Evil tempers are but the symptoms of our spiritual disease; and evil works are but the scales of the leper. Hateful as they are, they only indicate that inward, moral leprosy of original depravation which hath vitiated and corrupted the whole mass of our fallen nature. *Mr. Haweis, Sept. 6, 1769.*

The power of original sin is not always very discernible in children and young persons; but sometimes lies hid under the cover of decent civility, and seeming innocence. But, alas! all the offspring of Adam are deeply infected. They are like young lions, which do not discover much of their native fierceness at first. But if they live long enough for time to let their teeth and claws grow, they will quickly give proof of the savage nature they brought into the world with them. *ibid.*

Adam's sin corrupted man's nature, and leavened the whole lump of mankind. We putrified in Adam as our root. The root was poisoned, and so the branches were envenomed. *Boston.*

As a whole nest of venomous creatures must needs be more dreadful than any few of them that come creeping forth, so the sin of thy nature, that mother of abominations, must be worse than any particular lusts that appear stirring in thy heart and life. *ibid.*

Original Sin

Before the fall, man's will was free to good, and burned with a pure celestial flame. Original sin acted as an extinguisher; and leaves the

soul in the dark, until lighted again by the fire of God's Spirit.

Pardon

You may have heard of some persons condemned to execution, who at the scaffold have been so obdurate and stiff-necked that not a cry nor a tear came from them; yet, just as they have been going to lay their necks upon the block, when a pardon has come, and they were at once discharged from guilt, imprisonment and death; they that could not weep a tear before, no sooner see the pardon sealed, and themselves acquitted, than they dissolve into tears of joy, thankfulness, and surprise. So it is with believers. The more they see Christ in the pardon of sin, and the love of God in Christ to receive and embrace them, the more they melt. *Crisp.*

First, souls look to Christ, by faith, for pardon through his blood; and then they mourn for sins pardoned: and never do they mourn better and more kindly, or are more ashamed and confounded because of their sins, than when they are most satisfied that God is pacified towards them for all that they have done. *Dr. Gill.*

Parsimonious

To be over-thrifty in our expenses upon God [whether of time, money, or labour] is the worst piece of husbandry in the world. *Arrowsmith.*

Pasture

The grass and pasture are so sweet that Christ hath put a believer into, that though there were no bounds to keep in such a soul, yet it would never go out of this fat pasture to feed in a barren common. *Dr. Crisp.*

Paul

We have lately repaired or rather erected anew the church dedicated to St. Paul's name: but some of us have pulled down and demolished his doctrines. Our church celebrates that apostle's conversion; but many of us seem to renounce what he hath delivered concerning grace, conversion, and regeneration. *Dr. Edwards against Whitby.*

Paul was Nero's prisoner, but Nero was much more God's: and while

God had work for Paul, he found him friends both in court and prison. *Gurnall*.

Peace

When peace is concluded between nations that were before at war, trading is revived. So will it be between God and you: commerce will be revived, and you will be trading into heaven [by prayer and repeated acts of faith], and bring away rich treasures of grace and comfort. *Manton*.

A man that is at peace with God will be often in God's company. *ibid*.

Perfection

Some do in this life conceit that they are already perfect. The way by which God cures this phrensy of pride, we have in these days seen to be somewhat like that in Nebuchadnezzar, namely, to give them the heart of a beast; I mean, by suffering them for a time to fall into gross, bestly practices; herein shewing them how far they are from that perfection they dreamed of so vainly. *Gurnall*.

Permission

What need a child fear though the whole house be full of rods, seeing not one of them can move without the father's hand? *Dodd*.

If evil had never been permitted, the wisdom of God could not have appeared in over-ruling it, nor his justice in punishing it, nor his mercy in forgiving it, nor his power in subduing it. *Dr. Gifford, in conversation at London, Oct. 27, 1775*.

Persecution

Some harbours are fenced with massy chains of iron, reaching from side to side, to obstruct the access of shipping. Similar is the profession of Christ and his cause in persecuting times. But as a ship has often been able to force its way into the port, and burst the chains that oppose its entrance by the aid of a favourable tide and a strong breeze, so persecution is nothing to a believing soul whose sails are filled with the breathings of the Holy Ghost, and the full tide of whose affections is turned by grace to God and Christ and

heaven.

Persecution 2

The cold water of persecution is often thrown on the Church's face to fetch her to herself when she is in a swoon. *Unknown*

Pharisee

Humanly speaking it is harder to work savingly on a pharisee than on a libertine. The former hath more to forego than the latter. The profane person hath but his lust to deny; the other hath his duties to renounce, and a long train of seeming graces. Oh how difficult is it to persuade such an one to alight and hold Christ's stirrup whilst he and all his patched up performances are made as dust under Christ's footstool! *Gurnall*.

If a pharisee can but get a few husks of outward duties to feed upon, and muster up a few rags of self-righteousness to throw over his back, he is presently as proud as Lucifer.

Dr. Gill, in a sermon I heard him preach, Dec. 11, 1768.

Pharisees

Pharisees are pharisees in all ages and all countries. What is the difference between a pharisee in Judea and a pharisee in England?

Nothing but the lancet of God's law in the hand of the Spirit can let out the proud blood of a pharisee, and reduce the swellings of self-righteousness.

Philanthropy

We should despise none, but honour all; and be as ready to do them good as the hand is ready to sooth the eye when it smarts, or ease the head when it aches. *Unknown*

Pilgrim's Progress

Some time after the commencement of the 17th century, a singularly ingenious piece of spiritual allegory was published under the following title: "The Isle of Man, or the legal Proceeding in Manshire against Sin." The author was the Rev. Mr. Richard Bernard, rector of Batcombe, in Somersetshire. This performance

seems to have had a great run: my copy is of the eighth edition, printed at London, A. D. 1632.

The above work, in all probability, suggested to Mr. John Bunyan the first idea of his "Pilgrim's Progress," and of his "Holy War." The former of these is, perhaps, the finest allegorical work extant, describing every stage of a believer's experience, from conversion to glorification, in the most artless simplicity of language, yet peculiarly rich with spiritual unction, and glowing with the most vivid, just, and well-conducted machinery throughout: it is, in short, a master-piece of piety and genius, and will, I doubt not, be of standing use to the people of God so long as the sun and moon endure. It has been affirmed, and I believe with truth, that no book in the English tongue has gone through so many editions, the Bible and Common Prayer alone excepted.

Pollution

I live upon forgiveness, and stand in need of washing every moment.
Anon.

Poor Persons

If our Lord was upon earth, and there were in the same street two persons, the one rich and the other poor, but both equally desirous of his company, I verily believe that he would visit the poor man first.

Portion

God lets the wicked have their portion beforehand, i. e. in the present life: Ps 17. Lu 6:24. and Lu 16:25. A wicked man may give God an acquittance, and write upon it "Received in full." "But the saint's reward is in reversion; the robe and the ring are yet to come."
Unknown

Poverty of Riches

The richest are oftentimes the poorest, and the poorest are oftentimes the richest. Oh how many thread-bare souls are there to be found under silken coats and purple robes! *Dyer.*

Power

It is a saying that kings have long hands. This is eminently true of Christ, the king of saints. He has a long hand to reach his enemies in a way of judgment, and a long hand to lay hold on his elect, and to bring nigh those who once stood afar off from him and his righteousness.

Power of God

I have sometimes thought that that change which passes upon the hearts of God's people at the instant of death, or will pass upon living saints at the time I speak of (i. e. the time of Christ's second coming), when hearts so full of sinful lust, pollution, and all wickedness will be at once cleared of all, is a greater evidence and display of the power of God than the change that passes upon their bodies, either at their resurrection or at this time. *Dr. Gill.*

Prayer

The longer we neglect writing to an absent friend, the less mind we have to set about it. So the more we neglect private prayer and closet communion with God, the more shy we grow in our approaches to him. Nothing breeds a greater strangeness between the soul and God than the restraining of prayer before him. And nothing would renew the blessed intimacy if God himself, the neglected party, did not, as it were, send us a letter of expostulation from heaven, and sweetly chide us for our negligence. Then we melt, then we kindle, and the blissful intercourse gradually opens as usual.

David would not have been so often upon his knees in prayer if affliction had not weighed him down.---There are, I believe, more prayers in the writings of David and of Jeremiah than in any other portion of Scripture.

The longer you are with God on the mount of private prayer and secret communion with him, the brighter will your face shine when you come down.

We may pray spiritually by a form, and we may pray formally and coldly without one.---Suppose I was to say to a converted dissenter, "Sir, you do not sing the praises of God spiritually." He would ask, "Why not?" Was I to answer, "Because you sing by a form: Dr.

Watts's psalms and hymns are all precomposed: they are forms in the strictest sense of the word ;" the good man would reply, "True: they are precomposed forms; but I can sing them very spiritually for all that." I should rejoin, "And I can pray in the words of the Liturgy as spiritually as you can sing in the words of Dr. Watts."

Prayer 2

The longer a believer hath neglected prayer the harder he finds it to pray, partly through shame; for the soul having played the truant knows not how to look God in the face; and partly through the difficulty of the work, which is doubly hard to what another finds who walks in the exercise of his graces. It requires more time and pains for him to tune his instrument when all is out of order than for another to play the lesson. *Gurnall*.

Prayer, like Jonathan's bow, returns not empty. Never was faithful prayer lost at sea. No merchant trades with such certainty as the praying saint. Some prayers, indeed, have a longer voyage than others, but then return with the richer lading at last. *ibid*.

Who can express the powerful oratory of a believer's prayer? This little word (father) lisped forth in prayer by a child of God, exceeds the eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, and all the most famous orators in the world: we knock at heaven, and the heart of God flies open. *ibid*.

The Christian is compared to a tree, Ps 1; and those trees flourish most and bear the sweetest fruit which stand most in the sun. The praying Christian is (as they say of Rhodians) *in sole positus*: he stands nigh unto God, and hath God nigh unto him in all that he calls upon him for: you may therefore expect his fruit to be sweet and ripe. When another that stands, as it were, in the shade, and at a distance from God, through neglect of prayer, will have little fruit found on his branches, and that but green and sour. *ibid*.

In trading, he gets most by his commodity that can forbear his money the longest; so does the Christian that can with most patience stay for a return to his prayer. Such a soul shall never be ashamed of its waiting. *ibid*.

The gift of prayer may have praise from men, but it is the grace of prayer that has power with God. *Dyer*.

Pray for them thou lovest. Thou wilt never have any comfort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray. *Parr.*

Prayer is a key which, being turned by the hand of faith, unlocks all God's treasures. *Cripplegate Lect.*

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart. *Bunyan.*

To say, in compliment, "I am a sinner," is easy; but to cry with the publican indeed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," is the hardest prayer in the world. *Wilcox.*

"God be merciful, in Christ, to me a sinner," are fit to be the last dying words of the greatest saint that lives. *Col. Gallatin, Oct. 19, 1769.*

A good woman used to say that "A family without prayer is like a house without a roof, exposed to all the injuries of weather, and to every storm that blows." *Told me by her son, Mr. Lyon, at London, Nov. 29, 1776.*

Prayer is the breath of a regenerate man. *Gill.*

What we win by prayer we shall wear with comfort. *Dodd.*

Either praying will make a man leave off sinning, or sinning will make him leave off praying *Dodd.*

Preaching

Mere moral preaching only tells people how the house ought to be built. Gospel preaching does more, for it actually builds the house.

Was I a layman, and Providence was to cast me in a place where I could not possibly hear the gospel preached, but should be forced to hear either an Arian or an Arminian ministry if I heard any at all, I should much rather choose to spend my Lord's days at home in reading and praying privately. By the same rule that I would rather stay within, and take such a dinner as my own house affords, than go abroad to dine where I should be sure of sitting down (at best) to a dish of gravel or sand, if not of arsenic.---See Eze 11:16.

Preaching 2

Sometimes, when I have thought I did no good [by the sermons I

have preached], then I did the most of all; and at other times, when I thought I should catch people, I have fished for nothing. *John Bunyan*.

The word preached is like Samson's riddle; we cannot unfold it without God's heifer. *Gurnall*.

My preaching is not like sending an arrow from a bow (to which some strength of arm is requisite), but like pulling the trigger of a gun ready charged, which the feeblest finger can do. *A saying of the late Rev. Mr. Hervey*.

Mr. Owen, on being lately told that he had not talents for preaching, made answer, "I preach the good gospel if I am not a good gospel-preacher." *Told me by Miss Russel, at Brighthelmstone, Sept. 26, 1775*.

Predestination

The Book of Life, like the tree of life in the garden of Eden, hath a tree of knowledge growing hard by, which cannot with safety be tasted of. There are some nice and needless questions started concerning election, which questions ought to be forborne. But these lofty walls and aspiring sons of Anak should by no means prevail with us to act as the unworthy spies sent by Israel to explore the land of Canaan. We ought not to bring up a bad report, or give credit to any brought up by others, on a land that flows with so much milk and honey as the doctrine of predestination doth. Not to insist on this doctrine were to stop up those walls which the prophets, the apostles, and our Lord Jesus himself have digged in their writings (and ministrations) for the refreshment, of thirsty souls; yea, it would be endeavouring to cancel the first great charter of our salvation. *Arrowsmith*.

Presence of God

If you go to Court, you know whether you have seen the king, and whether he has spoke to you or not. And when you attend an ordinance, you know whether you have enjoyed the presence of God or not.

Preservation

If God had not chosen thee in his Son, he would not have called thee by his Spirit; and he that called thee by his Spirit will preserve thee to his kingdom.

If a coach or waggon be likely to run over us, we exert all our strength and speed to get out of its way. If a storm overtakes us, we look out for a place of shelter. O that we were equally sedulous to flee from the wrath to come!

Preservation 2

The very hairs of your head, says Christ, are all numbered: fear ye not. On which Austin hath this sweet and pertinent remark: "Thou that cannot lose a single hair, how comes it to pass that thou art afraid of losing thy soul?" *Arrowsmith*.

It is not with God as with carpenters and shipwrights, who build houses for others to dwell in, and vessels for others to sail in, and afterwards take little or no thought about them. God, who made all things for himself looks to the preservation of all. *ibid*.

Presumption

The Deity and the sun are in this respect similar; they cheer and refresh humble, cautious beholders, but put out the eyes of such as are too daring, prying, and inquisitive. *Arrowsmith*.

Pride

A proud heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful. *Gurnall*.

If once (like Hezekiah) we call in spectators to see our treasure, and grow proud of our gifts and comforts, then it is high time for God, if he loves us indeed, to send some messengers to carry those away from us which carry our hearts away from him. *ibid*.

Pride stops up the conduit of divine communications. If the heart begin to swell, it is time for God to hold his hand and turn the cock; for all that is poured on such a soul runs over into self-applauding, and so becomes as water spilt in regard of any good it doth the creature, or any glory it brings to God. *ibid*.

Luther well observes that "proud men require God to act *jure*

humano, i. e. according to their conceptions of what is right and just. Haughty flesh cannot vouchsafe the God of heaven so much honour as to believe anything to be good and right which is spoken or acted above what the Codex of Justinian, or the fifth book of Aristotle's Ethics defineth to be just."— Luth. de Serv. Arb. cap. 173. *Dr. Arrowsmith*

Professor

O loose professor! be not angry if we at least question whether we ought to style thee a Christian. The name of Christ is too holy and sacred to be written on a rotten post. *ibid.*

None will have such a dreadful parting from Christ in the last day as they who by profession went half way with him and then left him. *Gurnall.*

Professors

People who profess to believe the doc trines of the gospel, and yet do not experience the power of those doctrines unto sanctification, resemble a man who looks over a hedge into a garden without going into it.

Some professors pass for very meek, good-natured people until you displease them. They resemble a pool or pond which, while you let it alone, looks clean and limpid, but if you put in a stick and stir the bottom, the rising sediment soon discovers the impurity that lurks beneath.

As the most florid people do not always enjoy the firmest state of health, so the most shewy professors are not always the holiest and most substantial believers.

There is a set of fellows in the present age jocosely called Jessamies and Maccaronies, who affect to dress as fine as butterflies, and to be squeamishly delicate and elegant; so that you would almost take a maccaroni to be a Semiramis or a Cleopatra in men's clothes. But there are spiritual maccaronies as well as worldly ones. And who are those? Your self-righteous people, and perfectionists above all; who surveying themselves, not in the unflattering glass of God's law, but in the delusive mirror and through the false medium of self-conceit, fall in love with their own image (like Narcissus), and think

themselves to be spiritually rich and beautiful, though all the while they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. Christ's imputed righteousness constitutes the best dress, and sanctification by his Spirit constitutes the real beauty of the soul. And if we have not his righteousness to wear, and his grace to make us holy, we are but paltry maccaronies, be our profession ever so splendid.

Promises

All the promises of man to man ought to be conditional. It is only for God to make absolute promises, for he alone is unchangeable and omnipotent.

Promises 2

God is wise to conceal the succours he intends thee in the several changes of thy life, that so he may draw thy heart into an entire dependance on his faithful promise. Therefore, though thou perhaps might not see thy God in the way, thou shall surely find him in the end. *ibid.*

Judge not of God's love by providences but by promises. *Wilcox.*

When a believer is in darkness and endeavours to reason away his unbelief, he will find all his reasonings but lost labour. There is only one thing he can do to purpose, and that is, simply to cast anchor on God's naked promise. *Mr. Madan, Aug. 11, 1769.*

Looking to the promises quickens us in our religious course. It is like the rod of myrtle in the traveller's hand, which (as some tell us) revives his spirits and makes him walk without weariness. *Anon.*

God's promises shall as surely receive their Accomplishment in due season as that of Christ's incarnation did when the fullness of time was come, Ga 4:4. And that of bringing the people of Israel out of Egypt at the end of four hundred and thirty years, which was most exactly performed on the self-same day in which that number of years was expired. Ex 12:41. *Arrowsmith.*

Proposal

"If God," says Mr. Hooker, "should make us an offer thus large: 'Search all the generations of men since the fall of our first father

Adam; find one man that hath done one action which hath past from him pure, without any stain or blemish at all; and for that one man's only action neither man nor angel shall feel the torments which are prepared for both.' Do you think that this ransom to deliver men and angels could be found to be among the sons of men?" *Unknown*

Prosperity

Too much wealth, like a suit of cloths too heavily embroidered, does but encumber and weigh us down, instead of answering the solid purposes of usefulness and convenience.

Generally speaking, the sun-shine of too much worldly favour weakens and relaxes our spiritual nerves; as weather too intensely hot relaxes those of the body. A degree of seasonable opposition, like a fine dry frost, strengthens and invigorates and braces up.

Protection

The pillar by which the Israelites were conducted through the wilderness may be looked upon as an emblem of that safe conduct which the Church in all ages may expect from Jesus Christ. As in that pillar there were two different substances, the fire and the cloud, yet but one pillar, so there are two different natures in Christ: his divinity shining as fire; his humanity darkening as a cloud, yet but one person. As that pillar departed not from them by day or by night all the while they travelled in the desert, so, whilst the Church's pilgrimage lasts in this world, the safe conduct of Christ, by his Spirit and ordinances, shall be continued. But as at their entrance into Canaan, a type of heaven, the pillar is thought to have been removed (because not mentioned in the sequel of the history; and because, when Israel passed over Jordan, we read not of the pillar, but of the ark going before them); so when the Church shall arrive at heaven, her resting-place, the mediatorial guidance of Christ is to cease, and the ordinances, which are here of use, shall disappear. *ibid.*

Providence

What we term the course of nature is the incessant administration of Providence. *Hervey.*

He that eyes a providence shall always have a providence to eye. *A saying of the late venerable Mr. Thos. Hall.*

God, who feeds the ravens, will not starve his doves. *Charnock on Providence.*

A Christian hath two things to relieve him against all his distrustful fears and cares; adoption and particular providence. God is his father; and such a father as is not ignorant of his condition, nor mindless of it. And therefore though a believer may have little or nothing in hand, it is enough that his father keepeth the purse for him; whose care extendeth to all things and persons: who hath the hearts of all men in his hand; and who worketh all things according to his own will. *Manton.*

If God be your father, you can want no thing that is good: but the determination of what is good must be left to his wisdom; for we are not so fit to judge of it nor to discern our own good. We should therefore commit all to his fatherly care and wise providence. Indeed, he chuseth rather to profit us than to please us, in his dispensations; and it is our duty to refer all to his wisdom and faithfulness. *ibid.*

If we trust God for our heavenly inheritance, we may well trust him for our daily maintenance, which he vouchsafeth to the birds of the air, to the beast of the field, and even to his enemies. He that feedeth a kite, will he not feed a child? He that supplies his enemies, will he not take care of his family? You would think that person monstrously cruel who would feed his dogs and starve his children. This cannot, without blasphemy, be imagined of our gracious and heavenly Father. *ibid.*

The divine providence which is sufficient to deliver us in our utmost extremity, is equally necessary to our preservation in the most peaceful situation. *Mr. Newton.*

The providence of God is one straight line drawn from the point of his decree. A straight line it is in itself; however crooked it may appear through a false medium. God will do whatsoever he pleases; and what pleases him ought to please us. It is above nature, it is contrary to nature, to make a full surrender of ourselves to his sovereign and absolute will. Grace alone can enable us to say from the heart, "Thy will be done." *Rev. Mr. Winter, in a letter to me,*

Dec. 22, 1769.

In a musical instrument, when we observe a number of strings set to harmony, we conclude that some skilful musician has tuned them.

When we see thousands of men in a field marshalled under their respective colours, all yielding exact obedience; we infer that there is a general to whose orders they are subject.

In a watch, when we observe springs and wheels, great and small, each so fitted as to concur to an orderly motion, we acknowledge the skill of an artificer.

When we come into a printing-house, and see a vast variety of different letters, so regulated and disposed as to make a book, we are at once convinced that there is some composer by whose art they were brought into such a frame.

When we behold a fair building we conclude it had an architect; and, When we see a stately ship completely fitted out, and safely conducted to the port, we know that it had builders and a pilot.

The visible world is such an instrument, army, watch, building, book, and ship, as undeniably proves that God was and is the tuner, general, and artificer, the composer, architect, and pilot of it. *Arrowsmith.*

Zachary Ursinus was wont to say, "I had often lain in the streets had not the providence of God been my hostess and provided me with a lodging." *ibid.*

Provocation

Saints, when provoked, are too often so like sinners that it is hard to discern any difference. *Anon.*

Prowess

It requires more prowess and greatness of spirit to obey God faithfully than to command an army of men; to be a Christian than to be a captain. *Gurnall.*

Pusillanimity

I have no notion of a timid, sneaking profession of Christ. Such

preachers and professors are like a rat playing at hide and seek behind a wainscot, who pops his head through a hole to see if the coast is clear, and ventures out if nobody is in the way, but slinks back again when danger appears. We cannot be honest to Christ except we are bold for him. He is either worth all we can lose for him, or he is worth nothing.

Pusillanimity 2

A cool and cowardly defence of Christian principles will always embolden the enemies of the gospel and discourage its friends. Be resolute for God, or give up his cause. *Mr. Ryland, June 22, 1770.*

It is no wisdom to shuffle with God, by denying his truths, or shifting off our duty to keep correspondence with men. He is a poor fencer that lays his soul at open guard to be stabbed and wounded with guilt, while he is lifting up his hands to save a broken head. *Gurnall.*

Reason

Reason is God's candle in man. But as a candle must first be lighted ere it will enlighten, so reason must be illuminated by divine grace ere it can savingly discern spiritual things.

Reason 2

A million of torches cannot shew us the sun. It can only be seen by its own light. Nor can all the natural reason in the world discover, either what God is or what worship he expects, without divine and supernatural revelation from himself. *Arrowsmith.*

Though faith may look upon God, and that with much comfort; yet for reason to stare too much upon him is the way to lose her sight. *ibid.*

When reason hath tired and wildered herself in searching after God, the result must be, "non est inventus;" he is not to be found, at least not by me. *ibid.*

Reconciliation

The gospel is a doctrine according to godliness; and true holiness is the health, is the happiness of the soul. These duties issuing from

faith, and recommended by the intercession of Christ, are acceptable to the divine majesty. But these are not your Saviour. God hath not reconciled the world to himself by their own pious practices, but by his Son Jesus Christ. *Unknown*

Redemption

The covenant of redemption, which is a covenant of absolute grace to us, was to Christ a covenant of works and a covenant of sufferings.

Reformation

Mere reformation differs just as much from regeneration as white-washing an old rotten house differs from taking it down and building it anew.

Reformation of Manners

If ever a [true and lasting] reformation [of manners] is produced; it must, under the influences of the eternal Spirit, be produced by the doctrines of free grace and justification through the Redeemer's righteousness. Until these doctrines are generally inculcated, the most elegant harangues from the pulpit, or the most correct dissertations from the press, will be no better than a pointless arrow and a broken bow. *Mr. Hervey.*

Refuge

A heathen could say, when a bird (scared by a hawk) flew into his bosom for refuge, "I will not kill thee, nor betray thee to thy enemy, seeing thou fliest to me for sanctuary." Much less will God either slay or give up the soul that takes sanctuary in his name! *Unknown*

Regeneration

Some people laugh at regeneration by the Spirit of God, and think there is nothing in it. A plain sign that they themselves are quite without it. If a man was to come and tell me that there is no such thing in the world as money, I should take it for granted that he therefore thinks so because he himself never had any.

Regeneration 2

There are two principles in a man that is born again; a principle of corrupt nature and a principle of grace; the one is called the old man, and the other the new. The old man continues unregenerate to the last. No part in him is regenerated. He remains untouched, and is just the same he was, only deprived of his power and dominion. The new man is wholly regenerate. There is no unregenerate part in him. There is no sin in him, nor done by him: "he cannot sin because he is born of God." "The king's daughter is all glorious within." [See Ro 7:17.] *Dr. Gill.*

Regeneration does not come by the will of man, Joh 1:13. As gracious persons did not regenerate themselves, so neither can they convey regenerating grace to others. If they could, a good master would regenerate every servant in his family; a good parent would regenerate every child of his; and a minister of the gospel would regenerate all that sit under his ministry. But they can do no more than pray, and use the means. God only can do the work. *ibid*

A child as soon as born, having all its limbs, is a perfect man, as to parts, though they are not yet at their full growth and size. So the new man, or gracious principle infused in regeneration, is a perfect man at once as to parts; though as yet not arrived to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. *Dr. Gill*

As Christ's resurrection was a declaration of his being the Son of God, so regeneration is an evidence of interest in the adoption of children. Likewise as the resurrection of Christ was by the almighty power of God, so is the regeneration and quickening of a dead sinner. And as Christ's resurrection was the first step to his glorification, so is regeneration, to seeing and entering into the kingdom of God. *ibid.*

Regeneration is an irresistible act of God's grace: no more resistance can be made to it than there could be in the first matter to its creation; or in a dead man to his resurrection; or in an infant to its generation. Whatever aversion, contrariety, or opposition there may be to it, in the corrupt nature of man, it is all speedily and easily overcome by the power of divine grace, when the stony heart is taken away, and a heart of flesh given. *ibid.*

Rejoicing

When the flowers in a man's garden die, yet he can delight in his lands and money. Thus a gracious soul, when the creature fades, can rejoice in the unsearchable, the inalienable and the inexhaustible riches of Christ. *Anon.*

Reliance

Adhering to, and glorying in the cross of Christ, you shall enter the harbour of eternal rest; not like a ship-wrecked mariner, cleaving to some broken plank, and hardly escaping the raging waves; but like some stately vessel, with all her sails expanded and riding before a prosperous gale. *Mr. Hervey.*

As in a pair of compasses one foot is fixed in the centre while the other wanders about in the circumference; so must the soul stay on Christ while we search after evidences and additional comforts. *Dr. Manton.*

(May not the same thought be accommodated to the contrary propensities of the old man and the new?) Thou sayest, perhaps, that thou canst not believe, that thou canst not repent. Go to Christ with thy impenitency and unbelief, to get faith and repentance from him. Tell Christ, "Lord! I have brought no righteousness, no grace, to be accepted for or justified by. I am come for thy righteousness, and I must have it." *Wilcox.*

Religion

The word religion is derived *a religando*, signifying to tie or bind: because by true religion men's souls are tied and fastened to the Supreme being. *Arrowsmith.*

To maintain, as most unconverted men do, that any person may be saved in an ordinary course (for I meddle not with extraordinary dispensations, but leave the secrets of God to himself) by any religion whatever, provided he live up to the principles of it, is to turn the whole world into an Eden, and to find a tree of life in every garden as well as in the paradise of God. *Arrowsmith.*

Remedy

There is no part of our dreadful disease and misery as sinners for

which there is not an all-sufficient remedy, in the perfections which Jesus possesses, and the offices he sustains for the salvation of his church. *Venn*.

Renunciation

Had I all the faith of the patriarchs, all the zeal of the prophets, all the good works of the apostles, all the holy sufferings of the martyrs, and all the glowing devotion of the seraphs; I would disclaim the whole in point of dependance, and count all but dross and dung, when set in competition with the infinitely precious death and in finitely meritorious righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. *A saying of Mr. Hervey*.

As blind Bartimaeus threw away his cloak when he came to Christ; so must we throw off, i. e. disclaim, renounce, and withdraw every degree of confidence from our own righteousness, if we would be justified in the sight of God. *Mr. Parr*.

Repentance

The difference between true and false repentance is as great as that between the running of water in the paths after a violent shower, and the streams which flow from a living fountain. A false repentance has grief of mind and humiliation only for great and glaring offences, or until it supposes pardon for them obtained: true repentance is a continued war against sin, a permanent inward shame for its defilements, until death sounds the retreat. *Venn*.

There is no coming at the fair haven of eternal glory without sailing through the narrow strait of repentance. *Dyer*.

It is Christ that grants repentance unto life, Ac 5:31. And if ever you will repent with a kind repentance, you must either have it from Christ or go without it. *Crisp*.

Repentance includes self-abhorrence: as a man not only loaths poison, but the very dish or vessel that smells of it, Eze 29:21. *Brookes*

Reproach

The reproaches of Christ are precious. It is better to be preserved in brine than rot in honey *Dyer*.

Reproach is the soil and dung whereby God makes his heritage fruitful. *Manton.*

Reprobate

As the sun freezes and congeals the water, not by infusing coldness into it, but by not imparting heat, and by forbearing to shine upon it; so God hardens the reprobate, not by imparting malice, but by not imparting grace. (*from St. Austin*)

Resolution

There are two C's which I will never sacrifice to any man; my conscience and my constitution. *Dr. Baker, Sarum, July 13, 1770.*

Know that he who sent me to the west and south, sends me also to the north. I will charge my soul to believe and to wait for him. I will follow his providence; and neither go before it nor stay behind it. *Rutherford.*

Good resolutions (as some call them), without grace, are like breath upon steel; which quickly flies off and vanishes away. *Cripplegate Lectures.*

Retaliation

The best way to be even with Satan and his instruments, for all their spite against us, is by doing as much good as we can, wherever we come. *Gurnall.*

Revelation

I am no more surprised that some revealed truths should amaze my understanding, than that the blazing sun should dazzle my eyes. *Hervey.*

Revilers

If a man strike his hand upon the point of a spear, he hurts not the spear, but his hand: or if he spurn at a stone, he hurts not the stone, but his foot. So is it with the despisers of Christ, and the revilers of his gospel. *Parr.*

Revival of Religion

The revival of evangelical religion in a nation is often like a summer-shower; which does not fall equally, but waters and refreshes one place, and leaves another dry. *Rev. Mr. Sloss (of Nottingham) in conversation, Dec. 18, 1769.*

Riches

If riches have been your idol, hoarded up in your coffers, or lavished out upon yourselves, they will, when the day of reckoning comes, be like the garment of pitch and brimstone which is put on the criminal condemned to the flames. *Hervey.*

"I cannot be poor," saith Bernard, "so long as God is rich; for all his riches are mine. *Cripplegate Lectures.*

Riches and Poverty

Are you rich? If you die unconverted you will be damned.—Are you poor? If you are converted you are truly rich.—A poor man without grace is twice poor, and completely miserable: a rich man who is a believer hath a double portion. *Anon.*

Righteous Overmuch

This is properly to be righteous over much, when we pretend to correct God's law, and add supplements of our own to his rule. *Gurnall.*

Righteousness of Christ

A celebrated heathen said, *Med virtute me involvo*; "I wrap myself up in my own virtue." A true believer has something infinitely better to wrap himself up in. When Satan says---thou hast yielded to my suggestions---when conscience says, thou hast turned a deaf ear to my admonitions---when the law of God says, thou hast broke me---when the gospel says, thou hast neglected me---when justice says, thou hast insulted me---when mercy says, thou hast slighted me---faith can say, all this is too true; but *Christi justitid me involvo*, I wrap myself up in the righteousness of Jesus Christ.

The gates of heaven fly open before the righteousness of Christ, as certainly as the door of Lydia's heart flew open under the hand of

God's regenerating Spirit.

By nature we are all weavers and spinners. We shut our eyes against the garment ready wrought: and, like silk worms, we shall die and perish in our own web, if the Spirit of God does not unravel it for us, and lead us to the righteousness of Christ.

Sabbath

Make the Sabbath the market-day for thy soul.

Sunday is not a day to feast our bodies, but our souls. *Unknown*

Safety

We may safely go as far as the candle of God's word goes before.

Saints Imperfect

Learn to distinguish between pride in a duty, and a proud duty; between hypocrisy or formality in a person, and a hypocrite or a formalist; between wine in a man and a man in wine. The best of saints have the stirrings of such corruptions in them, and a mixture of them in their services: these foul birds will light upon an Abraham's sacrifice. God beholds them as the weaknesses of thy sickly state here below: and pities thee, O believer, as thou wouldst pity thy lame child. *Gurnall*.

Salvation

We should be in a bad condition indeed, if our salvation was suspended on conditions of our own performing.

God's everlasting love, his decree of election, and eternal covenant of redemption, are the three hinges on which the door of man's salvation turns. When man fell from God, infinite justice put a lock upon the door: a lock which nothing but the golden key of Christ's blood and righteousness can open. The Holy Ghost (if I may venture to use so familiar a comparison) is, as it were, the omniscient keeper of the door; and he lets no souls in but such as he himself has washed and justified and sanctified in the name of our Lord Jesus, and by his own efficacious grace.

I should as soon expect to be saved by my sins as to be saved by my

good works.

Salvation 2

The grand controversy between corrupt nature and Almighty God, is not whether any or all of the human race shall be saved; but who shall have the glory of salvation ascribed to him? God or the creature? The pride of man prompts him to say, "the glory of salvation is due to me; for I save myself." But the great Jehovah justly challenges the glory of salvation to himself and says, "I will have all the glory thereof; for it is by my sovereign and efficacious grace that men are saved." *Mr. Sladen.*

Is it possible for us to imagine that Christ came into the world at random, that he died at sixes and sevens, and that the efficacy of what he did and suffered depends on a peradventure? No, he died for elect persons; and all shall be saved for whom he died. Was the business of salvation suspended on the will of man or of the devil, not a single soul would ever get to heaven. *Mr. Madan, in conversation, July 18, 1769.*

You may as well think of adding whiteness to snow, or brightness to the sun, as of adding any thing to the merit of Christ's perfect atonement, consummate righteousness and finished salvation. *Rev. Mr. Townshend, Nov. 8, 1769.*

The souls of the elect were saved upon trust for four thousand years. The Father gave credit to Christ, and glorified his saints, on the footing of a sacrifice not then offered up, and of a righteousness not then wrought. Christ also, in the days of his flesh, went on credit with his Father every time he said to a sinner, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," previous to his offering himself on the cross. *Mr. Ryland, July 11.*

Sanctification

We were abominably filthy in the eye of God. He entered into covenant with his powerful and gracious Spirit, concerning our sanctification; a spirit who meets us in all our forms of misery, with all possible ways and modes of mercy. *Mr. Ryland.*

There is an internal dignity in sanctification which is attended with a satisfaction, fortitude, and greatness of mind which the wicked know

nothing of. *Anon.*

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue. *Dyer.*

The greater our satisfaction is, the more advanced we are in holiness, the more we shall feel our need of free justification. *Mr. Hitchen, in conversation, July 18.*

This is sound religion; to bottom all only upon the everlasting mountains of God's love and grace in Christ, and to live continually in the sight of Christ's infinite righteousness and merits. They are sanctifying; without them the heart is carnal. *Wilcox.*

Labour after sanctification to thy utmost: but make not a Christ of it to save thee. Christ's infinite satisfaction, not thy sanctification, must be thy justification before God. *ibid.*

Satan

Against whom doth Satan multiply his malicious assaults? Against those in whom God hath multiplied his graces. Satan is too crafty a pirate to attack an empty vessel: he seeks to rob those vessels only which are richly laden. *Bp. Cowper.*

If Satan cannot please a sinner with his naked state of profaneness; he will endeavour to put him off with something like grace, with a pharisaical profession, and a Pharisaical round of duties; such as shall neither benefit the sinner, nor do Satan any hurt. Too many are persuaded to sit down content with this; like children that cry for a knife or a dagger; and are as well pleased with a bone knife, or a wooden dagger, as with the best of all. *Gurnall.*

Many have yielded to go a mile with Satan, who never intended to go with him twain; but, when once on the way with him, have been inveigled further and further, until they know not how to leave him. Thus he leads poor creatures down into the depths of sin by winding stairs, so that they see not the bottom and end of that to which they are going. *ibid.*

Satan's temptations on Christ were like the motions of a serpent on a rock (Pr 30:19.); which make no impression, and leave no dent nor trace behind them. But on us they are as the motions of a serpent on sand or dust: they make a print and leave a stain on the imagination at least, if not on the heart. *ibid.*

There were two remarkable periods in Christ's life, his intrat, and his exit; his entrance into his public ministry, upon his baptism, and his departure out of life by crucifixion. At both seasons we find the devil most fiercely encountering him. The more public thy place, O Christian! and the more eminent thy services for God, the more thou mayest expect the grand adversary will plot against thee. *ibid.*

When a Christian is about some notable enterprise for God's glory, then will Satan lie like a serpent in the way, or as an adder in the path, to bite the horse's heels, that the rider may fall backward. *ibid.*

If thou wouldest be guarded from Satan as a troubler, take heed of him as a seducer. The haft of Satan's hatchet (with which he chops at the Christian's comfort), is made of the Christian's wood. First he tempts to sin, and then for it. *ibid.*

When the coat of a saint is cleanest, the devil is most desirous to roll him in the mire. *Gurnall.*

Beware of yielding to Satan's motions. A saint's flesh heals not so easily as others. *ibid.*

Satan is never likely to do more mischief than when he puts on Samuel's mantle. *ibid.*

There are three kinds of straits wherein Satan aims to entrap the believer; nice questions, obscure Scriptures, and dark providences. *ibid.*

Many saints are troubled with blasphemous and atheistical suggestions, so slyly conveyed into their bosom that they begin to fear such motions could never have risen there, if they were not natives of the heart; whereas, indeed, the cup was of Satan's own putting into the sack. The Christian thinks that these are his sin, as well as his burden; but I can tell him of a greater sin than all Satan's suggestions put together, and that is, when they make the believer doubt whether he is a child of God, because harassed by Satan. *ibid.*

Satan knows that an arrow out of God's quiver wounds the believer deep; and, therefore, when he accuses, he comes sometimes in God's name. He forges a letter; he, as it were, counterfeits God's hand; and then gives the writing to a poor disconsolate child of God, threatening him with banishment from his father's house, and loss of his inheritance. The Christian, conscious of his unworthiness,

weakness, and many miscarriages, takes it all for gospel; sets himself down for an alien and an outcast; and builds; to himself a prison of real distress, on false imaginary ground. *ibid.*

Endeavour to deal with Satan's base suggestions as you used to serve those vagrants and rogues that come about the country; though you cannot keep them from passing through the town, yet you take care not to let them settle there, but whip them and send them to their own home. *ibid*

When you find your sins so represented and aggravated to you as exceeding either the mercy of God's nature, or the grace of his covenant, or the merit of Christ's blood, or the power of his Spirit; *hic se aperit diabolus*, you may be assured that this comes from hell and not from heaven; you may know where it was minted. It is one of the devil's lies. *ibid.*

So also as to the willingness of God to save you. If you think that the Lord is indeed good and gracious, but not for so great a sinner as you; that he is strong and powerful, but not to save you; know most assuredly, that this is one of Satan's false whispers. Answer them with "Get thee hence, thy speech betrayeth thee." *Ibid.*

Satan is very busy with all good men; especially with ministers; he desired to have Peter in his hands; he buffeted the apostle Paul; he levels his arrows at those that are the most fruitful, flourishing, and useful; as the archers that shot at Joseph, that fruitful bough, by a well, and grieved him; though his bow abode in strength, the arms of his hands being made strong by themighty God of Jacob. *Dr. Gill.*

The sinner is the devil's miller, always grinding; and the devil is always filling the hopper, that the mill may not stand still. *Unknown*

Saying

An old proverb says, "They who are not handsome at twenty, will never be handsome: they who are not strong at thirty, will never strong: they who are not wise at forty, will never be wise: and they who are not rich at fifty, will never be rich." How ever this may generally be, yet the grace of God is free, and not bound to time or place. Some come to Christ in childhood; some in youth; some in maturer age; and some who go unconverted to a dying bed, rise converted from a dying bed to heaven. Happy they who are

effectually caught by grace; whether at the first, the third, the sixth, the ninth, or the eleventh hour! Our law says, *nullum tempus occurrit regi*: and I am sure it is the case with God.

Scribblers

When I have been in a post-chaise, I have often seen a dog pursue it with much noise and self-importance. The poor animal thought the carriage was running away from him; whereas, in truth, it was going at an equal rate long enough before he appeared, and continued to do so long after he was out of hearing. When public persons are attacked by wretched scribblers too mean to answer; the scribblers affect to think that the omission is owing to their own superiority in argument. While, in fact, they are too scurrilous and unimportant to be noticed.

Seat of Grace

The heart of a true Christian is always the seat of grace, though he may not always be actually able to discern it. A sun-dial is a sun-dial; and the characters are strongly marked upon it; though we cannot see which way it points, but when the sun shines upon it. *Ascribed to Mr. Gwennap.*

Second Causes

God hides himself and his providence behind second causes. *Ascribed to Mr. Rollin.*

Self

All temptations, all Satan's advantages, and most of our own complainings, are laid in self-righteousness and self-excellency.—God pursueth these by setting Satan upon thee as Laban pursued Jacob for his images. These must be torn from thee, how unwilling soever thou art. These hinder Christ from coming in; and until Christ come in guilt will not go out. *Wilcox*

Self is the principle, motive, or end, of every action done by a natural man. *Dr. Gifford, in conversation, July 14, 1769.*

If I could but be master of that house-dol, myself, my own, mine; my own wit, will, credit, and ease; how blessed were I! Alas, we

have more need to be redeemed from ourselves than from the devil and the world. *Rutherford*.

The honey that you suck from your own righteousness will turn into gall; and the light which you take from this to walk by will darken into black night upon the soul. *Wilcox*.

Many who have escaped the rocks of gross sin have been cast away on the sands of self-righteousness. *Dyer*.

God taught our first parents to make coats to cover their naked bodies: but it was the devil that taught their posterity to weave false coverings of their own, to hide the nakedness of their souls. *Gurnall*.

When thou believest and comest to Christ, thou must leave thy own righteousness behind thee, and bring nothing with thee but thy sins. You must leave behind all your holiness, duties, humblings, &c., and bring nothing but your wants and miseries; else Christ is not fit for thee, nor thou for Christ. *Anon*.

A disposition to establish our own righteousness [as a ground, cause or condition of our acceptance with God], is a weed that naturally grows in every man's heart. *Anon*

Some people, it is to be feared, follow the gospel, as a shark follows a ship;—for a dinner. *Dr. Madan, Dec. 25, 1769*.

Self-Righteous

Self-righteous people are like a man who has run up a very slight house for his own residence; in which, while he sits or sleeps securely, a sudden storm arises, and blows down the whole fabric, and buries the builder in the ruins. God will either bring us out of our self-righteous castle, or crush us with its fall.

Sense of Sin

The sense of your own sin, manifested by the law, will excite in you an intense desire to live to God who took pity on your deformity; who loved you when not one single feature of comeliness was about you; and loves you still, though much depravity is remaining in you. *Venn*.

Sensible Comfort

A believer, with regard to spiritual enjoyments, resembles a barometer. As the silver in this instrument rises when the sun shines and the weather is fine; but sinks when the air is heavy and loaded with damps; so the Christian's sensible comfort rises when the Holy Spirit's countenance shines upon his soul, but subsides when left to the evil workings of his own heart.

Servant of God

The greatest and truest nobility is to be a servant of the great God. He is nobly descended who is born from above. *Dyer.*

Service

In all the duties which God requires of a believer, the strength of Christ is made perfect in the weakness of him that is to do them. Christ does not call off believers from doing, but takes away the heaviness and task. The service of Christ is a yoke and a burden to any person who attempts to perform it without Christ, and to carry all by himself; but the yoke and burden are both light and easy when Christ bears the weight of them. *Crisp.*

Shame

Many stop short of heaven because they are ashamed to go thither in a fool's coat; for believers are always fools in the world's account. *Gurnall.*

Sight

It is in grace as it is in nature. Some have a sharp sight, some are near-sighted. Some can clearly see their interest in Christ; some can hardly discern it at all. Some have likewise a clear view of gospel doctrines: some a confused one.

Sight of Christ

Our senses have their happiness as well as our souls; and in heaven, after the resurrection, we shall have a glorified eye as well as glorified minds. Many out of curiosity desired to see Christ, in the days of his flesh; and some choice apostles were admitted to see him

at his transfiguration. But, hereafter, it shall be the common privilege of all the faithful. They shall then see him, of whom they have heard so much, and of whose goodness they have tasted, and whose laws they have obeyed, and on whose merits they have depended. *Manton.*

Similarity

It is a peculiar happiness to observe, that in matters of spiritual concern, the philosopher and ploughman (if truly regenerate) have the same feelings, and speak the same language; they all eat of the same spiritual meat, and drink of the same spiritual rock which follows them, and that rock is Christ. Hence that similitude of experience, or to speak figuratively, that strong and striking family likeness which obtains among the converted people of God, in every period of time, and in every nation under heaven. They all, without exception, feel themselves totally ruined by original sin; they all, without exception, take refuge in the righteousness and cross of Christ, and unite in ascribing the whole praise of their salvation to the alone free grace and sovereign mercy of Father, Son, and Spirit.

Similarity 2

As the Holy Ghost is first a sanctifier and then a comforter, so, on the other hand, Satan is first a tempter and then a troubler: when he has seduced he falls to accusing. *Unknown*

Simplicity

It is one thing to be child-like, another to be childish. *A Saying of the late Rev. Mr. Thomas Jones.*

Sin

Suppose a loving and beloved husband dies a violent death. Can his widow love and admire and value the sword or the pistol by which her husband lost his life? As little can true believers love sin; for by it Christ, the bridegroom of their souls, was put to death.

If a person fall and break his leg, or be burnt out of his house, most people pity and sympathize with him. But if a man live in sin, where are the neighbours that feel for his danger and labour to reclaim him? Or, if a believer be overtaken by a fault, how few

professors will commiserate his case, and endeavour to restore him in the spirit of meekness?

Our corrupt hearts are like gunpowder, apt to kindle at every spark of temptation. The Spirit of God must be continually throwing water upon the soul in order to preserve it from taking fire.

Sin 2

If our sins lie heavy at our hearts God will not lay them to our charge. *Case*.

Nothing can hurt us but sin; and that shall not hurt us if we can repent of it. *Dodd*.

The word, sacraments, and prayer, do indeed weaken sin, but only death kills it. *ibid*.

Every sin is an imitation of the devil, and creates a kind of hell in the heart. *Hervey*.

No sin can be little; because there is no little God to sin against. *Brookes*.

No sin can be little, because it is committed against the great God of heaven and earth. To commit little sins the sinner must find out a little God. *Bunyan*.

I cannot commit sin, but I must set my foot on the law of my Maker. I cannot gratify my lusts, but I must go over my bleeding Saviour. Therefore away, foul tempter: I hate both thee and thy motions. *Gurnall*.

My friend, Mr. William Mason, lately told me that, on seeing a tree which had been lately felled, he observed a number of young shoots springing up from the root; which reminded him of the body of sin in a believer being cut down and destroyed by grace; yet while the root remains within, corruptions will be continually sprouting, until we get home to glory.

While we are under the law, and have no better help, sin reigns in us: the law cannot bridle it in. But when we come under grace by Christ, the dominion of sin, which the law cannot restrain, is captivated and subjected by Christ. I will subdue your iniquities, as it is spoken by the prophet Micah. *Crisp*.

If God's people fall at any time into sin, it is not while they are eying the perfection of Christ's righteousness, but when they lose sight of it. *Mr. Miller, in conversation with me, June 20, 1769.*

When Satan charges sin upon the conscience, then for the soul to charge it upon Christ, this is gospel-like. Christ serves for this very end. *Wilcox.*

Those sins shall never make a hell for us which have been a hell to us. *Dyer.*

Sin has brought many a believer into suffering; and suffering has kept many a believer from sinning. *ibid.*

Though it is impossible for a true believer so to sin as to fall into hell, yet wilful sin will bring a hell into his heart. *Mr. Madan, June 21, 1769.*

It is not possible that any Antinomian can be a truly converted person; for a man cannot be truly converted without having been first divinely awakened, and no man can be divinely awakened without feeling the evil and bitterness of sin. *ibid.*

As a thorn in the hedge is a fence, but an offence in the midst of a garden, so sin in the memory may do well to (humble us and) keep us from relapsing; but is a grievance in the conscience. Hence Austin, after he had received assurance of his forgiveness, blessed God that he could now call his sins to mind, without being affrighted at them. *Arrowsmith.*

The old ashes of the sins of my youth are now fire of sorrow to me. I have seen the devil, as it were, dead and buried, and yet rise again and be a worse devil than ever he was. *Rutherford.*

Sincerity

If a person was to attend the levee of an earthly prince every court day, and pay his obeisance punctually and respectfully, but at other times speak and act in opposition to his sovereign, the king would justly deem such a one a hypocrite and an enemy. Nor will a solemn and stated attendance on the means of grace in the house of God prove us to be God's children and friends if we confine our religion to the church walls, and do not devote our lips and lives to the glory of that Saviour we profess to love. *Rowland Hill, Aug. 30, 1775.*

Sincerity in a man's professing that which is agreeable to the real sentiments of his mind is certainly a very laudable thing, but it can never take away the guilt of a man's not conforming the sentiments of his mind to the objective, revealed truth. *Dr. Gill.*

Our fear commonly meets us at that door by which we think to run from it. He that will save his life shall lose it. As you love your peace, Christians, be plain-hearted with God and man: keep the king's highway, the plain, honest way of God's commands and Christ's doctrines. *Gurnall.*

Either take Christ into your lives or cast him out of your lips. *Dyer.*

Sinner

Nothing but Christ will do for a dying sinner; and why should we dream that any thing else will do for a living sinner?

Sin cannot enter into heaven; but a sinner may.

Sinner 2

If you have to do with a stupid, hardened, unawakened sinner, set the terrors of the law before him without mercy; endeavour by corrosives to eat down the proud flesh of his heart. But when you meet with a sinner whose soul is pierced, humbled, and touched to the quick with a pungent sense of sin, set before him the love and tenderness, the blood and righteousness, of the compassionate and almighty Jesus. No thing but the balm of Gilead and the lenitives of the gospel belong to such a person. Whom did Christ die for? For sinners. For the greatest sinners. For the chiefest of sinners. A dying Christ for a denying Peter! A crucified Christ for a crucified thief! *Mrs. Sarah Weight.*

Social Intercourse

I am particularly delighted with such social interviews as serve to enlarge our knowledge and refine our affections; such as have an apparent tendency to render us more useful in our present stations, and to ripen us for future happiness. This is a feast of reason, a feast of truth, and, I must own, has charms for me infinitely superior to all the impertinent amusements of modish chat, or the mean gratifications of the bottle. *Unknown*

Socinian

Let the judgment of charity enjoy its true latitude; but, for my part, I would not for a thousand worlds have a Socinian's account to give at the end of this. *Arrowsmith.*

Sorrow

Sorrow, and all the extravagant forms of it, are forbidden. Even Seneca, the heathen, may shame us out of such a conduct, who, having some notion of the immortality of the soul, though not of the body's resurrection, expresses himself thus in a consolatory letter to Lucilius, occasioned by the death of his friend Flaccus: " The thought of deceased friends is sweet and pleasant to me; for I have enjoyed them as one that was about to lose them, and I have lost them as one that may have them again." *Dr. Gill.*

Horrible dread is sometimes preparatory to evangelical sorrow, as austere John went before meek Jesus; but yet, the more and greater the terrors are, the less is the genuine sorrow for sin while they remain. As John went down when Christ went up; as his increase was John's decrease; so, as truly godly sorrow goes up, their terrors go down. As the wind gathers the clouds, but those clouds seldom melt into a set rain till the wind falls that gathered them; so these terrors raise the clouds of our sins in our consciences, but when we melt into godly sorrow the storm begins to be laid. And, indeed, as boisterous winds blow away the rain, so these legal terrors keep off the soul from this gospel sorrow. While the soul is making an outcry, " I am damned, I am damned," it is so much taken up with the fear of hell that sin, as sin (which is the proper object of godly mourning), is little looked on or mourned for. A murderer, condemned to die, is so possessed with dread of death and the gallows that it may be the slain body dies before him unlamented; but when his pardon is brought, then he can bestow tears freely on his murdered friend. They shall look on him whom they have pierced, and mourn. *Gurnall.*

A true Christian by his godly sorrow shews himself a conqueror of that sin by which he was overcome; while the hypocrite by his pride shews himself a slave to a worse lust than that he exclaims against. While a Christian commits a sin he hates it, whereas a hypocrite loves it while he forbears it. *Anon.*

Soul

If your bones were broken, or you were brought to death's door by the force of some violent disease, you would seek out for the best advice. If your wives were in hard labour; if the children were come to the birth, and there was not strength to bring forth, you would not spare to ride for the most experienced midwife. O be as prudent and careful for the salvation of your souls, which endure for ever, as you are for the life of your bodies, which is but as a vapour! *Mr. Hervey.*

When nobility stoops to the office of teaching, nothing of less dignity than the heir of a kingdom must be the scholar. How, then, shall we fully conceive the excellency of the soul, which has the Spirit of God for its appointed teacher and continual guide! *Venn.*

Whatever it be, except the soul, that you are careful about, it has still this most degrading circumstance attending it: it has the condition only of an annuity for life; each successive year makes a considerable decrease in its value; and at death the whole is at an end for ever. *ibid.*

Sick persons are often sent by physicians to their native soil that they may again breathe their original air they drew when born at first. The spirit of man was first breathed into him by the Father of spirits, and heaven is the believer's native place; nor can sick souls be cured until God is enjoyed and heaven in him. *Arrowsmith.*

Our souls were at first fashioned after the image of God, and nothing short of him who is styled The brightness of his Father's glory and the express image of his person can replenish them. Just as when there is a curious impression left upon wax, nothing can adequately fill the dimensions and lineaments of it but the very seal that stamped it. *ibid.*

God would not rest from his works of creation until man was framed; nor can man rest from his longing desires of indigence until God is possessed. *ibid.*

None can render our souls happy but God who made them, nor can give satisfaction to them but Christ who gave satisfaction for them. *ibid.*

As soon may a trunk be filled with wisdom as a soul with wealth; and as soon might bodily substances be nourished with shadows as

rational spirits be fed with bodies. *ibid.*

Other things may cumber the mind; only the knowledge and love of God in Christ can content it. *ibid.*

The motion of immortal souls is, like that of the celestial bodies, purely circular: they rest not without returning back to the same point whence they issued, which is the bosom of God himself. *ibid.*

Spirit of God

A man must have the Spirit of God before he can have true faith; for the Spirit does not first find faith in us and then come himself to us, but he first cometh himself to us and then worketh faith in us. So that he that believes must needs have the Spirit; for unless he had the Spirit he could not believe. *Bp. Beveridge.*

Where the Spirit of God is, there is the spring of goodness, whence the streams of goodness must needs flow. So that he who sayeth a man may believe and yet not have the Spirit, or that a man may have the Spirit in him, and yet good works not be performed by him, [says what] cannot be; for in that he (the Holy Ghost) is a Spirit, he is an active principle, always doing; and in that he is the Spirit of God, he is a holy principle, and therefore must always be doing good. *Bp. Beveridge.*

Observe some beautiful and copious river. How it exhilarates the country and fructifies the soil through which it passes. Bestows a thousand conveniences, and gives birth to a thousand delights. So the Comforter, dwelling in the heart, gives such charming views of Christ and his unsearchable riches as gladden the conscience and make us truly happy. Hence, as from an inexhaustible source, true holiness flows and every spiritual good. This will raise our desires far above earthly, sensual, transitory things, even as David's thoughts were raised far above the shepherd's scrip when he sat exalted on the throne of Israel. *Hervey.*

Was it possible for an unregenerate sinner to die, go to hell for a time, and return to the world again, he would continue after his return as great a sinner and as great a lover of sin as he was before. And why so? Because affliction, death, and hell itself cannot work a saving change on the soul of man. Nothing can renew us till God takes our hearts into his own hand, and converts us by the

efficacious grace of his invincible Spirit. *Mr. Ryland, of Northampton, in conversation, June 22, 1769.*

The Spirit of God can convert men without the Bible; but the Bible cannot convert without the Spirit. *Mr. Shirley, in conversation, at Trevecka, this day, Aug. 29, 1776.*

Whence must fire descend to thaw the iciness of the heart but from heaven? The Holy Spirit must breathe upon the soul (as the prophet stretched himself upon the dead child), and then the soul will come to some kindly warmth and heavenly heat in its affections. He helps us to those sighs and groans which fill the sails of prayer. *Anon.*

While the opening of the prison to them that are bound is proclaimed in the gospel, the Spirit of God comes to the prison-door, opens it, goes to the prisoner, and by the power of his grace makes his chains fall off. *Boston.*

Let men tear and tire themselves night and day with a multitude of prayers, yet if a work of the Spirit of God, in teaching the nature and guilt of unbelief, the nature, efficacy, and use of faith in Christ Jesus, go not with it, all will be lost and come to nothing. *Dr. Owen.*

The Spirit will not take a believer and lead him by the hand and set him into the way (as a friend doth to lead one a mile out of town), and then leave him alone to go the rest of the way by himself; no: but the Spirit will be the companion of the soul to secure it; a conductor to the very harbour and haven itself. *Crisp.*

It is a privilege of this nation that merchants may have a convoy, a navy royal it may be, to go out with them; but it will hardly come in with them: therefore there is not absolute security in this convoy. But whoever takes Christ hath the Spirit to go in and out before him and with him; to go forth, to come back, to go all the way with him, for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. *ibid.*

Spiritual Advantage

Want of spiritual comfort is often attended with spiritual advantage. A person who walks in the dark is usually the more cautious and careful where and how he treads.

Spiritual Blessings

Abraham might give Ishmael a bottle of milk, but Isaac had the inheritance. *Dyer.*

Spiritual Life

Sometimes the breathings and desires of the soul are only expressed by sighs and groans. Yet these are signs of spiritual life. If a man groans it is plain he is alive. *Unknown*

Spiritual Numbness

It is with our souls as it is with our bodies; we sometimes catch cold we know not how.

Stability

Though you get strokes and frowns from your Lord, yet believe his love more than your own feeling. The world can take nothing from you that is truly yours; and death itself can do you no hurt. It is not your rock that ebbs and flows, but your sea. *Rutherford.*

Strickness

How many people deceive themselves under a profession of extraordinary strictness! The Capuchin friars make a vow never to touch any piece of money whatever while they live. Offer them a shilling, or a guinea, they will refuse to take it; but wrap it up in a bit of paper, and they will receive and pocket it without scruple.

Submission

God knows best what to do with us. We are not qualified to choose for ourselves. The patient ought not to prescribe for the physician, but the physician for the patient.

Submission 2

In vain ye bow your knees at the name of Jesus, unless your souls bow [and submit] to his righteousness. *Mr. Jenks.*

Succession

I know but of two uninterrupted successions. 1. Of sinners, ever

since the fall of Adam. 2. Of saints; for God always had, and will always have, a seed to serve him.

Sufferings

Oh how sweet are sufferings for Christ! God forgive them that raise an ill report on the sweet cross of Christ. Our weak and dim eyes look only to the black side of the cross; and this occasions our mistakes concerning it. They that can take it cheerfully on their backs shall find it just such a burden as wings to a bird or sails to a ship. *Rutherford*.

Christ is strong, even when lying in the dust, in prison and in banishment. Losses and disgraces are the wheels of Christ's triumphant chariot. In the sufferings of his saints he intends his own glory and their good; this is the two-fold mark he aims at, and he does not shoot at random, but always touches the point he purposeth to hit. *ibid*.

Sufferings are comfortable when they overtake us in the way of duty. *Manton*.

There is as much difference between the sufferings of the saints and those of the ungodly as there is between the cords with which an executioner pinions a condemned malefactor and the bandages wherewith a tender surgeon binds his patient. The design of the one is to kill; of the other to cure. Believers undergo many crosses, but no curses. *Arrowsmith*.

Supplies

When Hagar was quite disconsolate with fatigue of body and distress of mind, there was a fountain by her, though she knew it not. So the weeping believer has relief at hand which he cannot see. God's word, God's Spirit, and God's ministers, are the angels that direct and lead his afflicted people to the fountain opened.

The acts of breathing which I performed yesterday will not keep me alive to-day. I must continue to breathe afresh every moment, in order to my enjoying the consolations, and to my working the works of God

Supplies 2

Every son and daughter of God shall be provided for. *Anon.*

Whither should we go for water, but to the spring? Whither should we go for strength, but to the fountain of strength? Is it not a derogation from Christ that, when all fulness is in him alone, we should forsake the fountain of fulness, to go unto broken cisterns that will hold no water? Mark it well: as often as ever you run to any creature, in any necessity of exigence, either before you go to Christ, or instead of going to Christ; so often you rob Christ of that pre-eminence which God hath given him, and we should pay him. *Crisp.*

Support

A child of God may be cast down, but he cannot be cast off. *Dr. Gifford, in preaching, London, Dec. 24, 1775.*

God's people are never in a more thriving state of soul than when they are carrying the cross. It is the delight of the Holy Spirit to pull down the pride of self, and to build up the glory of free grace. The lightest feather of affliction that can be laid on the back of our patience will break us down, if God's Spirit is not by to support us. Christ's righteousness is the only worthiness of a sinner. Go to him every moment, as a poor sinner to a rich Saviour. I hope it will be my prayer, when I come to die (and I am sure it will, if I am then in my senses), God be merciful to me a sinner. *Mr. Romaine in his Sermon (on 2Th 1:11-12.) this Evening, January 7, 1776, at St. Dunstan's.*

Sympathy

As in two strings of an instrument rightly tuned, if one string be touched the other trembles, so if one believer suffer the rest suffer with him. *Mr. Jenkins.*

Tempers

Saints are not always so meek as they ought: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall," said the apostle to the high priest. But, as they draw nearer to heaven, their tempers are generally more heavenly: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," said dying Stephen. *Mr. S. Wilkes, Dec. 23, 1769*

Temporal Mercies

Bread, and all other outward mercies a man may receive from an angry God: whereas pardon of sin never cometh but from favour and special love. *Arrowsmith*.

Temporizing

He is a bad Christian who cuts the coat of his profession according to the fashion of the times, or the humour of the company he falls into. *Gurnall*.

Temptation

Worms and other insects take up their habitation under the surface of the earth. A plat of ground may be, outwardly, verdant with grass, and decorated with flowers. But take a spade in your hand, and turn up the mould, and you soon have a sample of the vermin that lurk beneath. Temptation is the spade which breaks up the ground of a believer's heart, and helps to discover the corruptions of his fallen nature.

Temptations

Temptations should send a saint to his castle, as the sight of a dog frightens the rabbit to her burrow. *Gurnall*.

If you would not fall into sin, do not walk or sit by the door of temptation. Naomi sent her daughter to lie at Boaz's feet; well knowing that, if he endured her there, there would be hope of his taking her to his bed at last. If a Christian permits a sinful object to come too near him, Satan is in a fair way of gaining all he wants. *ibid*.

No sooner is the new creature born, no sooner is a sinner converted, than the old dragon throws out a flood of temptation after him. *ibid*.

Well may God suffer thee to lose thy locks, when thou darest wilfully to lay thy head in the lap of temptation. *Gurnall*.

When a founder has cast his bell, he does not presently fix it up in the steeple; but first tries it with his hammer, and beats it on every side, to see if there be any flaw in it.

Christ doth not, presently after he has converted a man, convey him

to heaven; but suffers him first to be beaten upon by many temptations, and then exalts him to his crown. *Arrowsmith.*

Temptation is the fire that brings up the scum of the heart. *Boston.*

Put a low value on the world's clay, and put a high value on Christ. Temptations will come; but if you do not make them welcome, they will turn to your advantage. *Rutherford.*

Terrors

Many persons have been overwhelmed with hurtful terrors, and led to pass sentence on themselves, as though they were concluded in unbelief, and without Christ in the world, at the very time they were seeking his help and grace, and consequently, in the Scripture sense of the word, were true and sincere believers. *Anon.*

Thought

One thought of Jesus Christ, reaching the heart, is more to be valued than all creature-contentments whatsoever, though they should be enjoyed in their fulness for a thousand years, without interruption. *Mr. Thomas Ball, in Clarke's Lives.*

Time

Was a man, every day, to throw a purse of money, or even a single guinea, into the sea, he would be looked upon as a mad man, and his friends would soon confine him for such. But a man who throws away that which is of more value than gold, than mines, than the whole world; even his health, his peace, his time, and his soul; such a one is admired, esteemed, and applauded by the greater part of mankind.

Time 2

O, how little is your hand-breadth and span-length of days here! your inch of time is less than when you and I parted. Eternity is coming, posting on with wings: then shall every man's blacks and whites be brought to light. *Rutherford.*

Title to Heaven

From justification arises our title to heaven; from sanctification

arises our meetness for it. A king's son is heir apparent to his father's crown. We will suppose the young prince to be educated with all the advantages, and to be possessor of all the attainments, that are necessary to constitute a complete monarch. His accomplishments, however great, do not entitle him to the kingdom; they only qualify him for it: so the holiness and obedience of the saints are no part of that right on which their claim to glory is founded, or for which it is given; but a part of that spiritual education, whereby they are fitted and made meet to inherit the kingdom prepared for them before the foundation of the world. *Madan*.

Transgressions

God blotteth out transgressions, aggravated and innumerable, as easily and as completely as the wind sweeps away a floating cloud from the face of the sky, Isa 44:22. *Hervey*.

Transplantation

None are transplanted into the paradise above but from the nursery of grace below. *Unknown*

Trials

Suppose, Christian, the furnace be seven times hotter; it is but to make you seven times better.—Fiery trials make golden Christians. *Dyer*.

I never had in all my life so great an inlet into the word of God as now [*viz.* as during his twelve years imprisonment]: insomuch that I have often said, "Were it lawful, I could pray for greater trouble, for the greater comfort's sake." *Bunyan*.

When Abraham's knife was at Isaac's throat, God provided a ram for a burnt offering. And in all trouble, the Lord will either provide deliverance for his people, or provide strength for them to bear it. *Dr. Gifford, in conversation with me, June 20, 1769.*

True Gain

We may be losers for God, but we shall never be losers by him. *Cripplegate Lect.*

Trust

Trust the promise, and God will make good the performance.

We can never be truly easy and happy until we are enabled to trust God for all things: and the more we are enabled to trust him, the more gracious and faithful we shall find him.

A good king carefully observes the law. Christ, the king of Zion, kept the divine law in all respects; and his converted subjects first trust in him as a law-fulfiller ere they can obey him acceptably as a law-giver.

Many turnpike-gates bear this inscription in large capital letters, "No trust here." This is the very language of our own unbelieving hearts. We do not trust God. We do not give him credit. Hence all murmurings, anxiety, &c.

Trust 2

I never trusted God, but I found him faithful; nor my own heart, but I found it false. *Dyer.*

Truth

Truth is the bond of union among saints. *Mr. David Fernice, in conversation.*

Sometimes, by the force of truth, the outer door of the understanding is broken up; while the inner door of the will remains fast bolted. *Boston.*

Truth does not depend on the power, wisdom, or faithfulness of men: but remains constantly the same, though Peter deny and Judas betray. *Mr. Hitchin, in conversation, Feb. 6, 1770*

Truth and Error

Christ compares the errors of the Pharisees to leaven. Why so? Because of its secret mixture with the wholesome bread. You do not make your bread all of leaven; for then none would eat it: but you mingle it skilfully, and by that means both go down together. Thus our Lord intimates that the Pharisees mixt their errors with many truths; and therefore directed them to beware, lest, with the truths, they swallowed the errors also. *Unknown*

Unbelief

Unbelief gives a dash to the glory of Christ, but not to our salvation.
Rutherford.

Unconverted

Whilst thou art unconverted, thy body is but the living coffin of a dead soul. *Anon.*

Undeterminate

People of fluctuating principles resemble what is fabled of Mahomet's iron coffin suspended in the air between two large load-stones, but without touching either of them.

Unfruitful

It is a common thing in London, when a house is uninhabited and shut up, for boys to write in chalk on the window-shutters and door "Empty." When a person professes godliness, and does not bring forth good works in his practice, we too may write the word "Empty" on all the profession he makes.

Union to Christ

Union to Christ may be considered either as secret or open. God's elect had a secret union to Christ, from all eternity: for they were chosen in him before the foundation of the world; and were as early blessed in him with all spiritual blessings; grace was given to them in him, before the world began. On account of this union they were preserved in him, in time, notwithstanding the fall of Adam [for, though they fell from the image of God, they did not fall out of his favour]: they were represented in him and by him, when he was crucified and slain, buried and rose again; whence they are said to be raised up together [with him], and made to sit together, in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus.

Now this secret union to Christ becomes open and manifest in conversion. "I knew a man in Christ," says the apostle, "above fourteen years ago:" meaning himself, who was converted so many years before the time of his then writing. In the same sense are we to understand those words of the same apostle, where he says, that

"Andronicus and Junia were in Christ before him: which cannot be said of their election in Christ, and foederal relation to him; which commenced together. With respect to these things, one person cannot be said to be in Christ before another: but one man may be converted before another, and so appear to be in Christ before the other does; which is what the apostle means. *Dr. Gill.*

Universal Language

Some have entertained a chimerical idea of a universal language. There is, indeed, spiritually speaking, a language common to all the converted, of every age and country. The language of Canaan is understood all the world over, by every one who is taught of God.

Universal Redemption

Dr. Owen's argument against universal redemption.

"I propose to the universalists this dilemma.

The Father proposed his wrath, due unto, and Christ underwent punishment for, either

All the sins of all men;

Or, all the sins of some men;

Or, some sins of all men.

If the last, then all men have some sins to answer for: and so no man shall be saved.

If the second (which is the proposition we lay down as truth), then Christ, in their stead, suffered for all the sins of all the elect in the whole world. If the first, why are not all freed from the punishment due unto their sins?" You answer, "Because of their unbelief."---I ask, is this unbelief a sin, or not? If not, why should they be punished for it? If it be, then Christ suffered the punishment due unto it, or he did not. If he did, why must that hinder them more than their other sins for which he died? If he did not, then he did not die for all their sins.

Let them [i. e. the Arminians] take which part they please.

From Mr. Sheppard's Abridgment of Dr. Owen's "Death of Death in the Death of Christ."

Universality

"Universality," say the Papists, "is a mark of the true Church. There are some Catholics in every country under heaven." But if this be a just mark, the Jews will bid the fairest of any for being the true Church. For they are sifted among all nations.

Unpardonable Sin

He that fears he has committed the sin against the Holy Ghost may be certain that he has not committed it. *Dodd*.

Unregeneracy

It is said of the original Indians of Florida that, when they could not pay their debts, they took a short method of settling the account by knocking their creditors on the head. Sinners, in a state of unregeneracy, though partly sensible that they do not keep the law of God, yet think to knock God's justice on the head by pleading absolute mercy.

An unregenerate man is absolutely dead in a spiritual sense. He has no hearing of the promises; no sight of his own misery, of the holiness of God, of the purity of the law, nor of Christ as covenanting, obeying, dying, and interceding; no taste of God's love in Christ, and the sweetness of communion with him by the Spirit; no feeling of conviction in a way of grace, humiliation, and self-renunciation; no scent after God and glory; no hungerings and thirstings after spiritual consolations and assurance; no motion toward divine enjoyments and evangelical holiness.

Unregenerate

Our hearts, by nature, are like the load-stone, which refuseth gold and pearls, and only attracts rust and iron. Unregenerate people fly from God as if they were afraid of salvation. *Cripplegate Lectures*.

What wise man would bring fishes out of the water to feed in his meadows: or send his oxen to feed in the sea? As little are the unregenerate meet for heaven, or heaven meet for them. *Boston*.

An unregenerate man is equally dead to God, whether he be buried in a sink of vice, or under a fair monument of natural virtue. *Count Dohnau, in conversation, this day, at Clifton, August 11, 1775*.

An unrenewed person, while you please him, resembles the sea-coast at high water: all the filth that lies beneath is concealed by the incumbent tide. But when that same person is tempted, or provoked, he is like the beach at low water: and the rubbish and stones, and dead dogs and cats, become visible presently. *A Remark of my worthy Friend, the late William Lunell, Esq.*

Unsettledness

Many are soon engaged in holy duties, and easily persuaded to take up a profession of religion; and as easily persuaded to lay it down: like the new moon, which shines a little in the first part of the night; but is down before half the night is over. *Gurnall.*

Seek for an established judgment in the doctrinal truths of God. Some persons are so unsettled that every wind blows them down, like loose tiles from the house-top. Blind zeal is soon put to a shameful retreat; while holy resolution, built on fast principles, lifts up its head like a rock in the midst of the waves. *ibid.*

Vicissitude

God's people are travellers. Sometimes they are in dark lanes and deep vallies; sometimes on the hills of joy, where all is light and cheerful.

Vicissitude 2

Christ's children must not expect always to lean upon his bosom. He sometimes sets them down on the cold, frosty side of the hill, and makes them walk, barefooted, upon thorns. Yet does he keep his eye of love upon them all the while.—Our pride must have winter-weather to rot it. *Rutherford.*

Volunteers

Other sinners serve the Devil for pay; but cursers and swearers are volunteers [who get nothing for their pains]. *Boston.*

Waiting

Wait for Christ's appearing. He shall come as certainly as the morning; as refreshing as the rain. *Wilcox.*

Wait patiently on God, it is becoming of a dutiful child, when he hath not presently what he writes for to his father, to say, "My father is wiser than I; his own wisdom will tell him what and when to send to me." Oh, Christian! thy heavenly Father hath gracious reasons which hold his hands for the present; or else thou hadst heard from him ere now. *Gurnall*.

Walking

He that would walk aright must have one eye upward to Jesus Christ and another inward to the corruption of his own nature. *Boston*.

Watchfulness

A believer's watchfulness is somewhat like that of a soldier on guard. A centinel posted on the walls, when he discovers a hostile party advancing, does not attempt to make head against them himself; but informs his commanding officer of the enemy's approach, and leaves him to take the proper measures to repel the foe. So the Christian does not attempt to fight temptation in his own strength: his watchfulness lies in observing its approach, and in telling God of it by prayer. *Mr. Tozer, in conversation, Dec. 1, 1769*.

Weak Faith

It may be thou art a poor trembling soul: thy faith is weak, and thy assaults from Satan strong; thy corruptions great, and thy strength little; so that in thy opinion they rather gain ground on thy grace than give ground to it: yea, every now and then thou art apt to dread that thou shalt one day be cast as a wreck on the Devil's shore. And yet to this day thy grace lives. [Thou art still longing, panting, desiring, wishing, and groaning for God.] Is it not worth while to turn and see this strange sight? A broken ship with roasts and hull rent and torn, full of leaks, yet towed along by almighty power, through a tempestuous sea (nor tempestuous only, but thick set with armadas of sins, afflictions, doubts, and temptations), safely into God's harbour! To see a poor rush candle in the face of the boisterous winds, and liable to the frequent dashes of quenching waves, yet not blown out! In a word, to see a weak stripling in grace held up in God's arms until all enemies are under his feet! This is the

Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. *Gurnall*.

It is from the devil that weak Christians make a rack to themselves of the attainments of the strong: and to yield to this temptation is as unreasonable as for a child to dispute away his relation to his father because he is not of the same stature with his elder brethren. *Boston*.

A soul may truly go to Christ, though with a trembling heart; and may truly receive Christ, though with a trembling hand. *Pike's and Hayward's cases of conscience*.

God may sometimes communicate less of his assisting strength, that he may shew the more of his supporting strength in upholding weak grace. *Gurnall*.

Weakness

It is an advantage, not a discouragement, to be weak in ourselves. When a bucket is empty it can be the better filled out of the ocean. *Manton*.

Wealth

Oh, that ever so rich an heiress as the soul of man should run away with so servile a thing as money is, or give the least consent to a match so far below her birth and breeding! *Arrowsmith*.

Wealth is an accessory good, but no necessary blessing. A Christian may be completely happy without it. *ibid*.

Wealth and worldly possessions are often a hurt and sore pull-back to Christian professors: like some soldiers who, when they once meet with a rich booty at the sacking of some town, are spoiled for fighting ever after. *Gurnall*

Weeping

Christ suffers his loving and beloved people to weep; because there is nothing better in this life than a heart afflicted for the sake of Christ: nor does anything prepare us more for the visitations and graces of our blessed Saviour, than those tears which flow from our grief at the heavenly bridegroom's absence, and from our ardent desire to possess him. *Mons. Quesnel*.

Wicked Men

The wicked dwell more on the faults of God's children than on their graces: as the flies settle on a sore place; and as vultures fly over the gardens of delight, to pitch on a carrion. *Dr. Manton.*

We should not be with wicked men as their companions, but physicians.

Wisdom

Take God into thy counsel. Heaven overlooks hell. *Gurnall.*

Among men, a little science will make a great shew: but he only is wise in God's esteem who is wise unto salvation. *Arrowsmith.*

Wish

Seeing the saints must have a Devil to keep them waking, I wish for a troublesome Devil, rather than for a secure and sleepy one. *Rutherford.*

Works

Mount Sinai, or the hope of being saved (in part at least) by our own works, may be compared to a dreary rock. Satan is the monster that gapes to devour. Christ is Perseus, who, by the sword of his Spirit, slays the monster's power, breaks the legal chain, and sets the awakened soul at liberty.

Mount Sinai (i. e. salvation by works), is labour-in-vain hill. Do all you can, you will never get up to the top of it, not so much as half way up.

The business of Christ's blood is to wash our bad works out, and to wash our good works clean.

Works Before Grace

We are apt to suppose that God is such a one as ourselves. If we wish to enjoy the patronage of a great man, we very naturally think we must say or do some thing that may acquire his esteem and recommend us to his notice. Thus would we also treat with God: when alas! the plain truth is, we can have, and say, and do nothing that he approves, until he himself gives it of his free grace and

works it in us by his Spirit. *Col. Gallantin, Oct. 19, 1769.*

Works in Part

What grosser contradiction can you conceive than to confess yourself guilty, and to implore pardon, while at the same time, you cherish a hope of being favourably regarded on your own account? For to implore pardon implies that you lie at the feet of mercy without any plea, but what is entirely drawn from God himself: whereas to trust in your own obedience or virtue, as a co-adjutor with Christ, certainly implies a very high degree of worth in what proceeds from yourself. *Venn.*

According to this scheme [viz. of acceptance with God on the footing of works in part], you make the glorious Redeemer undertake our ransom only to render our deficient duties meritorious, and our sins inoffensive. You make his sinless life, his meritorious death, and his mediatorial undertakings, serve no other purpose than that of a mere pedestal, on which human worth may stand exalted, and appear what it is not. According to this scheme, the pardon of rebels against the Most High, and the reception of leprous sinners into the bosom of heaven, are owing to the works of our own hands, and to the virtues of our own character, in conjunction with Christ. Now what greater affront can be offered to that divine goodness which interposed to save us when we were lost, than thus to divide the cause [of our justification and salvation] between Christ and ourselves. *ibid.*

World

I could not help being affected with that noble passage in a Christian writer; "If all the enjoyments in the world were to be sold together in one lot, they would not be worth even the labour of a man's opening his mouth to say, I will not buy them." *Arrowsmith.*

Time was when Satan shewed our Saviour all the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them. Oh, Christian! if ever the world appear to thee temptingly glorious, suspect it for one of Satan's discoveries. *ibid.*

As for those saints whose wings are still somewhat clogged with the bird-lime of the world, let them consider how ill it becomes the

offspring of heaven to go licking up the dust of this earth; the woman's seed to content itself with the food of the serpent. *ibid.*

The creatures, like deceitful streams, frustrate the thirsty traveller's expectation. They delude us (like the monument of Semiramis) with many a promising motto, as if they would give us peace and ease of heart: but when we come to look within, instead of contentment, they afford us nothing but conviction of our folly in expecting satisfaction from them or from anything short of God. *ibid.*

As Jonah's gourd withered in the morning, when he hoped for most benefit by it against the ensuing heat of the day; so the blessings of this world frequently wither, when we expect to find most freshness in them, and to receive most refreshment from them. *Arrowsmith.*

We must not expect more from any thing than God hath put into it. He never intended to put the virtue of soul-satisfying into any mere creature: but hath reserved to himself, Son and Spirit, the power of satisfying the souls of men, of contenting and making them happy, as a principal branch of his own divine prerogative. To such as expect it elsewhere, that person or thing they rely upon, may say to them as Jacob to Rachel, Am I in God's stead. *ibid.*

When the worldly-wise have dived into the bottom of nature's sea, instead of coming up laden with pearls of price, they return with nothing but handfulls of shells and gravel. *ibid.*

The two sons of the first man carried in their names a memorandum of what they and their posterity were to expect. Cain signifies possession, and Abel signifies vanity or emptiness. All worldly possessions are at once empty and vanishing; unsatisfactory while they continue, and liable to a speedy decay. *ibid.*

As when an army of men come to drink at some mighty river, there is no want, but all go satisfied away; whereas, had they come to a paltry brook, they would not have found water enough to quench the thirst of each: so created things are narrow brooks, or rather broken cisterns; from which immortal souls cannot but return empty, dissatisfied and disappointed. But Christ hath a river of love and joy and peace, whereof he gives his followers to drink; and drinking whereof they are easy, safe and happy. *ibid.*

See the vanity of the world, and the consumption that is upon all

things; and love nothing but Christ. *Wilcox*.

The world will be burnt up in the day of Christ's appearance. And why should night-dreams, and day-shadows, and water-froth, and May-flowers, run away with your heart in the meanwhile? When we come to the water side, and set our foot in the boat, and enter on the river of death, we shall wonder at our past folly. *Rutherford*.

Earth, earth is what worldly men never think they have enough of, until death comes and stops their mouth with a shovelful of earth digged out of their own grave. *Gurnall*.

Writings

Some mens' writings resemble a dark night, enlivened by a few occasional flashes of lightning.

I was lately asked what my opinion is of Mr. John Fletcher's writings: my answer was, that in the very few pages which I had perused, the serious passages were dulness double condensed; and the lighter passages impudence double distilled.

Young Converts

Young converts are generally great bigots. When we are first converted to God, our brotherly affection too often resembles the narrowness of a river at its first setting out. But as we advance nearer to the great ocean of all good, the channel widens, and our hearts expand more and more, until death perfectly unites us to the source of uncreated love.

Young Converts 2

Glowings of affection are usually wrought in young converts, who are ordinarily made to sing in the day of their youth, Ho 2:14. While the fire-edge is upon the young convert, he looks upon others reputed to be godly; and not finding in them such a [lively] temper and disposition as in himself, he is ready to censure them, and to think that there is far less religion in the world than indeed there is. But when his own cup comes to settle below the brim, and he finds that in himself which made him question the state of others, he is more humbled, and feels more and more the necessity of daily recourse to the blood of Christ for pardon, and to the Spirit of Christ

for sanctification: and thus grows downwards in humiliation, self-loathing and self-denial. *Boston.*

Zeal

Young zeal, and old knowledge, make that Christian both happy and useful in whom they meet. *Mr. Russell, July 19, 1769.*

