

TRUE HAPPINESS

DISPLAYED, IN

NARRATIVES REPRESENTING THE

EXCELLENCE AND POWER

OF

EARLY RELIGION,

WITH

ANECDOTES,

ILLUSTRATING THE

GUILT AND MISERY

OF

IRRELIGION AND INFIDELITY.

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&c. &c.

With Additions and Alterations.

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PREFACE.

AN eminent writer has observed, that "there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader, as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour at that dreadful season;" and that "there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner."

This observation is just, and will apply with peculiar propriety to those narratives, which describe the animating triumphs, or the calm, but not less precious consolations of a dying Christian.

A dying but immortal being on the verge of eternity, is as solemn a spectacle as the world can furnish. A hundred tender ties are then about to be severed. The delusions of the world are over; it can promise nothing more. It has done its utmost, and the total sum is vanity of vanities. Its shadowy joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, cares and possessions, are now light as a feather weighed against the universe; and, however once esteemed, can no longer pain or please, agitate or engage the immortal, who is bidding them an eternal farewell. The past is a nothing; but the future opens a tremendous, and if true support be wanting, a heart-appalling prospect. New scenes; a new and untried world;

an eternity, vast, boundless, and endless; joy without mixture, or pain without relief; the mansions of light and glory, or the dark dungeons of despair; the welcome of angels, or the yell of demons; and the smile or the frown of the infinite Judge. From a person in such a situation truth comes with double force.

To die is the lot of all; to die in real peace or holy transport, of comparatively few. Nothing can be more scriptural than triumph over death. The language of an apostle was, "O death! where is thy sting! O grave! where is thy victory! thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" As this holy triumph is scriptural, so, where a humble assurance of acceptance in Jesus is enjoyed, it is also most rational. Who, that reads of mansions prepared by the Saviour;¹ of a better, even a heavenly country, provided by the eternal God;² of being with Jesus where he is;³ of being like him;⁴ of enjoying a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;⁵ of dwelling in the presence of God, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore;⁶ of possessing treasures where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves break not through nor steal;⁷ of shining as the sun in the kingdom of our Father;⁸ of being joined to that happy family whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, who hunger no more, neither thirst any more, who are

¹ John xiv. 2. ² Heb. xi. 16. ³ John xvii. 24.
⁴ 1 John iii. 2. ⁵ 2 Cor. iv. 17. ⁶ Ps. xvi. 11;
xvii. 15. ⁷ Matt. vi. 20. ⁸ Matt. xiii. 43.

before the throne of God, and from whose eyes he shall wipe every tear away;⁹ who shall dwell with him, where there is neither death, nor sorrow, nor weeping, nor pain;¹⁰ and to complete all, who shall be FOR EVER with the Lord;¹¹ Who, that truly believes these promises, and has a scriptural assurance that they are made to himself, can help rejoicing in the view of this eternal home! It is true there are many situations, in which the devoted disciples of Christ may justly desire, if it be the divine will, a longer continuance in the present world; but that those who are truly such, do not more universally triumph in their Lord, manifests how much reason many of his faithful friends have to pray, "Lord, increase our faith." "Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief." Yet God forbid, that the remarks here made should be applied to the cases of those persons, who, though they have never manifested the influence of religion in life, profess in their last moments to embrace it, and to die in joy. Those who know the deceitfulness of the human heart, must fear that in most instances of that kind, the soul is under the influence of a ruinous delusion. Many in sickness promise fair what they will be if health should return, but few indeed afterwards regard those promises. Let those who would enjoy the comforts of religion in sickness, seek them in health; let those who would possess them in death, make it the chief business of life to obtain and to keep them, and count all things loss that they may win Christ. It is to be fear-

⁹ Rev. vii. 14-16. ¹⁰ Rev. xxi. 4. ¹¹ 1 Thes. iv. 17.

ed, that much has been done to undo the souls of men, by the injudicious conduct of sincere Christians, who thinking to exalt divine grace, have given flattering representations of the happiness of dying malefactors and others, who never showed any concern for religion, till death was in sight; and who still died strangers to true piety. Let divine grace be extolled; but care should be taken that it is divine grace which is extolled, and not a mischievous delusion bearing that name. The all-seeing God can behold grace in the heart, but we can certainly discern it, only when its fruits are manifested in the life.

In this little work are brought together numerous important testimonies given in a dying hour to the value of gospel truth. Here are depicted the solid peace, the calm delight, the heavenly joy, which that divine system of truth affords, whose sun, whose centre, is the cross of Immanuel, God with us.

But as the charms and worth of a dying Christian's piety, appear more conspicuous, when contrasted with the dismal gloom or sad despair, of those whose day has closed, while the dark stains of unpardoned guilt remained upon their souls. This small volume presents several most affecting narratives, respecting persons of the latter description.

Most of the persons to whom the pleasing narratives refer, were the possessors of youthful piety; the compiler has therefore in the title represented them as illustrations of the power of early religion.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

—
THE MARTYRS OF VIENNE AND LYONS,
A. D. 177.

PATRIOTS have toil'd, and in their Country's
cause

Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Received proud recompense.—

But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is
In confirmation of the noblest claim, [shed
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar and to anticipate the skies.

Yet few remember them. They lived un-
known

Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chas'd them up to heaven. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. COWPER.

THE divine support, which the Gospel of Jesus imparts, has been manifested most gloriously in the cheerfulness with which multitudes have undergone martyrdom itself on its account. Had Christianity been a cur-

ningly devised fable, the early Christians had the best opportunity for detecting the imposture; but so far was this from being the case, that they obtained the fullest conviction that their religion was from God. So firm was this conviction, that for the sake of the Gospel, thousands sacrificed all that was dear to them in life; and suffered such torments, that death by the stroke of an axe would have been a comparative blessing. The name of Christian was frequently enough to insure their destruction; and thus were the words of the Lord Jesus Christ fulfilled, Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. Pains, and penalties, and shame, and exile, and death, were the prospect presented to those who would embrace the Gospel; yet with this dark scene before them, did multitudes, as sensible as ourselves of earthly comforts, bid farewell to all the delights of life to meet its roughest storms, brave its severest dangers, and sink into the grave beneath them. The consolations of the Gospel yielded them support below; and the crown of glory has long since made them an ample recompense above.

So rapid was the progress of Christianity, within the first century after our

Lord's ascension, that it appears to have extended to India, and perhaps to China, eastward of the place of its origin, and to Spain, France, and Britain, westward. At Lyon's, and Vienne, in France, Christian churches were established at an early period. About A. D. 177, these churches endured a severe persecution; and the history of the sufferings of the martyrs in those cities, has been pronounced by the learned Lardner, the finest thing of the kind in all antiquity. Another celebrated scholar, Joseph Scaliger, observed, that he never met with any thing in ecclesiastical history, by which he was so transported as by this history, and that of the martyrdom of Polycarp. This history was sent in writing, by the churches at Vienne and Lyons, to the churches in Asia and Phrygia. The following translation is the verbal one of Lardner, with a few slight alterations.

"The servants of Jesus Christ dwelling in Vienne and Lyons, to the brethren in Asia and Phrygia, who have the same faith and hope of redemption with us, peace, and grace, and glory from God the Father and Jesus Christ our Lord. The greatness of the affliction in these places, and the excessive

rage of the people against the saints and what the blessed martyrs have endured, we are not able to describe in words, nor put down in writing for the enemy at the very first invaded us with the greatest violence, showing from the beginning what severe evils we were to expect. Every thing was done to exercise his ministers, and to train them to the practice of the utmost cruelty against the servants of God. We were not only excluded from houses," (of friends as it seems,) "and from the baths and the market, but we were forbidden to appear in any place whatever. However, the grace of God fought for us against the enemy; delivering such as were weak, and setting up the pillars, which were firm and stable, and able by their patience and fortitude to withstand all the force of the enemy. They therefore came to a near combat with him, undergoing all manner of reproach and suffering. Accounting the greatest afflictions small, they hastened to Christ; thus showing in fact, that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.¹ First then, they courage-

¹Rom. viii. 18.

ously endured the insults of the multitude gathered around them in crowds, their shouts, and blows, and draggings about, the pillaging of their goods, throwing of stones, confinement to their dwellings, and all those things which an enraged multitude is wont to practice against adversaries and enemies. Then, being brought into the market by the tribune and the chief magistrates of the city, they were examined before all the people: and, having made their confession, they were shut up in prison till the arrival of the president. Afterwards, when they were brought before the president, who exercised all manner of cruelty against us, Vettius Epagathus, one of the brethren, full of love towards God and his neighbour, whose course of life was so perfect, that, though a young man, he might deserve the character of old Zacharias,¹ that he walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless; and was unwearied in the performance of all good offices to his neighbour, being full of zeal for God, and fervent in spirit;² he being such a one, was not able to bear these unjust proceedings against us; but moved with indigna-

¹Luke i. 6.

²Rom. xii. 11.

tion, requested that he might be allowed to make a defence of the brethren, and show that nothing impious and irreligious was done by us. But they who were near the tribunal cried out against him, (for he was a person well known), and the president refused to grant his request, though so reasonable, and asked him whether he was a Christian. He, answering with a loud voice that he was a Christian, was put into the number of martyrs, and was called the advocate of the Christians. And indeed he had within him the advocate, the Holy Ghost, in a greater measure than Zacharias.¹ Which he also showed by the abundance of his love, being willing to lay down his own life in defence of the brethren.² For he was and is a genuine disciple of Christ, following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.³ After this, others were chosen out; and they proved to be illustrious and well prepared protomartyrs; who with all alacrity of mind accomplished the solemn confession of martyrdom. They also were manifest who were unprepared, and unexercised, and still weak, and not able to bear the shock of so great a combat; of whom, about ten in number, fell away, causing us great

¹Luke i. 67. ²1 John iii. 16. ³Rev. xiv. 4.

grief and unmeasurable concern, and damping the alacrity of those who were not yet apprehended. Of whom, however, it must be acknowledged that they kept company with the martyrs, and did not forsake them though they suffered considerably in so doing. At that time we were all in great consternation, being uncertain about the event of this confession; not *dreading the torments that might be inflicted upon us*, but apprehensive of the issue, and that some might fall in the trial. However, from day to day such were apprehended as were worthy to supply the number of those who were gone: so that the most eminent men of the two churches, by whom good order had been settled among us, were selected and brought together. Some Gentile servants of our people were also apprehended, for the governor had given public orders for making strict inquiries after us. They, at the instigation of Satan, and dreading the torments which they saw the saints suffer, the soldiers also exciting them to it, falsely charged us with having the suppers of Thyestes,¹ and the incestuous intercourse

¹ Thyestes is said to have eaten part of his own son, and Oedipus to have married his

of Oedipus, and such other things, which it is not lawful for us to mention, nor to think of, nor to believe that they were ever done among men. These stories being spread abroad, all men were incensed against us; insomuch that if there were any who before, upon account of affinity or friendship, had been civil to us, they were then much offended, and exclaimed against us. And then was fulfilled what the Lord had said, That the time would come when every one who killeth you will think that he doth God service.¹ After that the holy martyrs underwent such torments as are above all description; Satan doing his utmost to make them also say such impious things: (or to confess what had been declared by the heathen servants.) But the utmost excess of rage of the multitude, and of the president, and of the soldiers, fell upon Sanctus, Deacon at Vienne; and upon Maturus, newly mother Jocasta. The primitive Christians were loaded with slanders of this description. Their enemies said that they murdered children and committed other abominable crimes in their religious assemblies. Thus was the word of their Lord fulfilled, that all manner of evil should be spoken against them falsely, for his name sake.

¹ John xvi. 2.

baptized indeed, yet a most valiant champion, and upon Attalus, a native of Pergamus, who always was a pillar and support of the churches here; and upon Blandina, by whom Christ showed that those things which among men seem mean, base, and contemptible, are by God accounted worthy of great honour, for their love toward him, which is evidently manifested in great power and not boasted of in appearance only:¹ for when we were all in pain for her, and especially her mistress according to the flesh,² (who likewise was one of the champions among the martyrs,) "lest, upon account of the infirmity of her body, she should not be able to make an open confession, she was furnished with such strength, that they, who by turns tortured her all manner of ways from morning to evening, became feeble and faint, and acknowledged themselves overcome, there being nothing more that they could do to her. And they wondered that she had any breath left, her whole body having been torn and mangled: and declaring that any one kind of torture, used by them, was sufficient to deprive her of life, much more so many and so great. Bu

¹ 1 Cor. i. 27:28; 2 Cor. v. 12. ² Eph. vi. 5.

that blessed woman and renowned champion renewed her strength in the midst of her confession.¹ And it was a refreshment and ease to her, and an abatement of the torments inflicted upon her, to say, 'I am a Christian: nor is there any wickedness practised among us.' Sanctus likewise, in a most extraordinary manner, and beyond all human power, courageously endured all the tortures they could invent, the wicked wretches hoping, by the continuance and greatness of their tortures, to extort from him something unbecoming," (a confession of unbecoming practices among the Christians,) "he withstood them with such resolution, that he would not tell them his own name, nor his country, nor the city whence he was, nor whether he was a slave or a free man. But to all their interrogatories, he answered in the Roman tongue, 'I am a Christian.' This he declared again and again, instead of his name, and city, and country: nor did the Gentiles hear any other word from him. Upon this account the rage both of the president and the tormentors was very great. And when there was nothing more that they could do to him, they at

¹ 2 Cor. iv. 16.

last clapt red hot plates of brass upon the most tender parts of his body, and his members were burnt; yet he stood firm without yielding at all, and continued steadfast and unshaken in his confession; bedewed and strengthened with the heavenly living water which flowed from Christ.¹ His body showed what had been done, being all over wound and scar, contracted and drawn together, having lost the external shape of a man. In whom Christ suffering, performed great wonders, defeating the enemy, and demonstrating, for an example to others, that nothing is formidable where there is the love of the Father, nor any thing painful where the glory of Christ is concerned. For when those wicked men, a few days after, began again to torture the martyr, supposing that if they should make use of the same tortures whilst his body was swelled, and his wounds inflamed, they should master him, since he could not endure to be touched by the hand; or that he would die under the torments, which might strike terror into others; not only no such thing happened to him, but, contrary to the opinion of all men, his body became erect by means

¹ John vii. 38.

of those repeated tortures, and he recovered his former shape and the use of his limbs: so that by the grace of Christ, the second torture became a remedy instead of a punishment. Moreover, the devil caused one Biblias to be brought out, being one of those who had denied the faith, and whom he considered as already devoured by him; but was desirous to accumulate her guilt by compelling her to utter reproachful things against us. And indeed she had shown herself weak and timorous: but now in the midst of her torture she recovered herself, and awaked as it were out of a profound sleep, being, by these torments, which are but for a time, reminded of the everlasting torments of hell. She then contradicted the slanderous reports concerning us, saying, 'How should they eat infants to whom it is not lawful to eat the blood of brute animals?' And from that time she confessed herself a Christian, and was added to the number of the martyrs. But when these tyrannical measures were rendered ineffectual by Christ, through the patience of those blessed men, the devil tried other devices; such as imprisonment in dark and noisome dungeons; putting the feet into stocks, and

straining them to the fifth hole; and such other pains as enraged officers, and full of the devil, inflict upon those who are shut up in prison: so that many were suffocated in their confinement, even as many as it was the will of the Lord should go out of the world in that manner, thereby showing forth his glory. Some others, who had been grievously tortured, so that it was thought they could not live, though the best methods of cure had been afforded them, continued to live in prison; deprived indeed of the help of men, but corroborated by the Lord, and strengthened both in body and mind, who also animated and comforted the rest. Others who were but young, and newly apprehended, and whose bodies were not accustomed to hardships, were not able to bear the inconvenience of confinement, and expired in the prison. But the blessed Pothinus, who was intrusted with the administration of the pastoral office at Lyons, being more than ninety years of age, and very weak in body, and scarcely breathing by reason of his bodily infirmity, but strengthened in mind with a desire of the martyrdom now in view was dragged to the tribunal. His body was worn out by age and

distemper; but his soul yet remained in him, that by it Christ might triumph. Being brought before the tribunal by the soldiers, the city magistrates also attending, and the multitude hooting him all along with loud shouts, as if he had been Christ himself, he exhibited a good testimony. Being asked by the president, who was the God of the Christians, he answered, 'If you are worthy you shall know.' After that, he was dragged about in an inhuman manner, and received many blows; they who were near, struck him with their hands and feet, without any respect to his age; they who stood farther off threw at him whatever came to hand: every one thinking himself guilty of an offence against religion, if he did not offer him some abuse: for thus they thought they should avenge their gods. And when there was scarcely any breath left in him, he was cast into prison, where after two days he expired.

"And now appeared a wonderful dispensation of Divine Providence, and the boundless mercy of Jesus Christ. It was a rare instance indeed in the brotherhood, but not beyond the power or wisdom of Christ; for they who, when first apprehended, had denied the

faith, were also shut up in prison, and partook of the same sufferings with others; for their denial was of no benefit to them at that time. They who confessed what they really were, were imprisoned as Christians, no other crime being laid to their charge; but these were confined as murderers and malefactors, and, therefore, underwent a double punishment: for the joy of martyrdom, the hope of the promised happiness, and the Spirit of the Father comforted those; but the conscience of the others was a torment to them, in-somuch that, in their passage from the prison to the tribunal, the difference of their countenance was manifest to all. The others appeared cheerful, having in their countenance a mixture of gravity and pleasantness. Their fetters gave them grace and comeliness, like a bride adorned with tresses of gold, wrought with divers colours;¹ having also a sweet savour of Christ, so that some thought they were anointed with terrestrial ointment. The others appeared dejected and dispirited, and covered all over with deformity. They were also reproached by the Gentiles as unmanly and mean-spirited; having

¹Psalms xlv. 10:15.

brought upon themselves the accusation of being murderers, and lost the honourable, glorious, and reviving appellation of Christians. When the rest beheld these things, they were established. And if after this any were apprehended, they presently, without any doubt or hesitation, confessed, not admitting the least thought of a diabolical suggestion. Henceforward the martyrdoms were divided into all sorts; for, having platted one crown of different colours, they offered it to the Father: and indeed it was fit that these generous champions, who had sustained various combats, and had gloriously overcome, should receive a glorious and incorruptible crown. Maturus then, and Sanctus, and Blandina, and Attalus, were brought to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, to be a public spectacle to the inhumanity of the Gentiles: a day for combats of wild beasts having been purposely granted upon our account. And Maturus and Sanctus again underwent all sorts of torments in the amphitheatre, as if they had before suffered nothing. Or rather, having already overcome the adversary in many encounters, and being now to contend for the crown itself, they again en-

ured in the way to it the accustomed blows of the place, and the tearings of wild beasts, and whatever else the mad multitude demanded: and after all these things the iron chair, upon which, when their bodies were broiled, they yielded the offensive smell of burnt flesh. Nor were they yet satisfied, but were still more enraged, being earnestly desirous to overcome the patience of the sufferers. However, they could get nothing from Sanctus more than the confession which he had made at first. These two, therefore, (Maturus and Sanctus), having undergone a severe combat, their life having continued a long while, were at last slain, having been made throughout that day a spectacle to the world, instead of all that variety which is usually exhibited in the combats of gladiators.¹ But Blandina, having been hung upon a stake, was left for a prey to wild beasts, which were let out upon her. And, as she seemed to hang upon a cross, and prayed to God earnestly, she infused great alacrity into the combatants, they seeing with their own eyes, in the person of their sister, him who was crucified for us, that he might persuade all who

¹ 1 Cor. iv. 9.

believe in him, that all who suffer for his glory shall have everlasting communion with the living God. None of the wild beasts touching her at that time, she was taken down from the stake, and sent again to prison, being reserved for another combat; that, having overcome in many encounters, she might render the condemnation of the crooked serpent inexcusable;¹ and that she might be an encouragement to the brethren, when she, who was of little account infirm, and despicable, being clothed with the great and invincible champion, having often overcome the enemy, obtained an incorruptible crown of glory.² Now Attalus was earnestly called for by the multitude: for indeed he was an eminent person, and by reason of the clearness of his conscience, came forth as a champion prepared for the combat; for he was well exercised in the Christian discipline, and was always a witness of the truth among us. He was led round the amphitheatre with a board carried before him, upon which was inscribed in the Roman tongue: 'This is Attalus, the Christian;' the people all the while expressing great indignation against him.

¹ Is. xxvii. 1.² 1 Cor. ix:25.

The president, understanding that he was a Roman, commanded him to be taken away, and to be carried to the rest who were in prison; concerning whom he had sent to Cæsar, and was in expectation of an answer. That interval of time was not idly nor unprofitably spent by them; but through their patience the boundless mercy of Christ was manifested. By the living the dead members of the church were revived. The martyrs obtained favor of those who were no martyrs. And there was great joy to the virgin mother (the church), when she received those alive which had been cast out as dead. For by the holy martyrs many of those who had denied the faith were formed again in the womb, and had their vital heat rekindled in them, and learned to confess themselves Christians;¹ and, having recovered life and strength, came before the tribunal, that they might be again interrogated by the president. And God, who desireth not the death of a sinner, being propitious to them, put into them a better disposition.² The rescript of Cæsar was, That they who confessed Christ should be put to death; but that if any denied them-

¹ Gal. iv. 19.² Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

selves to be Christians they might be set at liberty. The public assembly of this place being now begun, at which there is a vast concourse of people from all parts, the president ordered the blessed martyrs to be brought before the tribunal, exposing them as a public show to the multitude. Having again interrogated them, as many as were found to be Roman citizens he ordered to be beheaded; the rest he sent to the wild beasts. But Christ was greatly glorified in those who before had denied the faith; but who now, contrary to the expectation of the Gentiles, confessed themselves to be Christians. They were interrogated a part, as being now to be dismissed, and set at liberty; but, making confession, they were added to the number of martyrs. However, they remained without, who never had the principle of faith nor a regard to the wedding garment, nor the fear of God in them, but who were sons of perdition, and who by their conversation had caused the way of truth to be blasphemed: all the rest were added to the church. When the question was put to them, Alexander, a Phrygian by nation, and by profession a physician, who had lived in Gaul many

years, and was known to almost all men for his love of God and boldness in preaching the word, encouraged them: for he was not destitute of apostolic grace. He, standing near the tribunal, and by nods encouraging them to confess the faith, appeared to those, who stood round the tribunal, as if he endured the pangs of child-birth. But the multitude being greatly incensed that they, who before had denied the faith, should now be admitted to make confession, cried out against Alexander as the occasion of it. Whereupon the president caused him to be set before him, and asked him who he was. He confessing himself to be a Christian, the president in a great rage condemned him to the wild beasts. The day following he came into the amphitheatre, together with Attalus; for the president, to gratify the people, delivered up Attalus again to the wild beasts. These two having undergone all the instruments of torture in the amphitheatre, which were invented to torment them, and having endured a great combat, were run through with a sword. Alexander neither sighed, nor said any thing, but in his heart conversed with God. Attalus, when he was set in the

iron chair, and was scorched all over, and an offensive smell of burnt flesh proceeded from his body, spoke to the multitude in the Roman tongue :— 'This,' says he, 'is to devour men, which is your practice. As for us, we neither devour men nor commit any other wickedness whatsoever.' Being asked, 'What is the name of God?' he answered, 'God has not a name as men have.' After all these, on the last day of the shows, Blandina was again brought in with a young man named Ponticus, about fifteen years of age: who also had been every day successively brought in to see the sufferings of the others. They now were required to swear by their idols; but as they remained firm, and set their gods at nought, the multitude was greatly incensed against them; so that they had no compassion on the age of the young man nor any respect for the sex of the other; but exposed them to all manner of sufferings, and made them go through the whole circle of tortures, at times calling out to them to swear, without being able to effect it. For Ponticus, animated and established by his sister, as the Gentiles also perceived, after having courageously endured every

kind of torment, expired. But the blessed Blandina, the last of all, having, like a good mother, encouraged her children, and sent them before her victors to the king; after having again measured over the same course of combats that her sons had passed through; hastened to them, rejoicing and exulting at her departure, as if she had been invited to a wedding supper, and not cast to wild beasts. After she had been scourged, after she had been exposed to wild beasts, and after the iron chair, she was inclosed in a net, and thrown to a bull: having been often tossed by the beast (though she was all the while insensible, by reason of hope, and a firm assent to what she believed, and familiarly conversing with Christ), she also was run through with a sword. The Gentiles themselves acknowledged that there never had been any woman among them who had undergone so many and such great sufferings: nevertheless, their cruel rage against the saints was not yet satiated. Their abuses began again in a new and peculiar manner against the bodies of the saints. They were not ashamed that they had been vanquished by them. And, as if destitute of human reason and understanding, their rage was far-

ther inflamed: and the governor and the people, like a wild beast, manifested a like degree of hatred against us, that the scripture might be fulfilled which saith, 'He that is unjust let him be unjust still; and he that is righteous let him be righteous still.'¹ Those who had been suffocated in prison they cast to the dogs, carefully watching them day and night, lest any of us should inter them. Then they laid out the remainder of the bodies left unconsumed by the fire, partly torn, and partly burnt, and the heads of the rest, with the trunks of their bodies: all these they kept unburied with a guard of soldiers many days. Some were filled with indignation, and gnashed with their teeth at the dead, as if desirous to be farther revenged upon them. Some insulted over them, and derided them, at the same time extolling their idols, and attributing to them the punishment that had been inflicted on the martyrs. Some, who were more mild, and seemed in some measure to sympathise with us, nevertheless, upbraided us, saying, 'Where is their God? and of what benefit has their religion been to them, which they have preferred above their lives? In the meantime we were greatly concerned that

¹Rev. xxii. 11.

we could not bury the bodies in the earth: for neither did the darkness of the night afford us any assistance, nor would money persuade, nor entreaties prevail; but they continued to watch the bodies very carefully, as if some great matter were to be gained by their not being buried. The bodies, therefore, of the martyrs having undergone all manner of ignominy, and having lain exposed in the air six days, were burnt: and, having been reduced to ashes by those impious men, were by them thrown into the river Rhone, which runs near, that no remains of them might be any longer visible on the earth. Thus they acted, as if they could be too hard for God, and prevent their reviviscence; or, as themselves said, 'that they might have no hope of a resurrection; trusting to which they had brought in among us a strange and new religion, and, despising the heaviest sufferings, were ready to meet death with cheerfulness. 'Let us now,' said they, 'see whether they will rise again, and whether their God is able to help them, and to deliver them out of our hands.'"

Such were the sufferings that these patient followers of the Son of God en-

dured. By faith they beheld with vivid perception an immortal crown, and welcomed the cross or the stake, the savage beasts or the burning iron chair, if by these they might be hastened to glory and to God. They fought the good fight of faith, they conquered when they fell, and leaving their mangled bodies, their triumphant spirits ascended to become the associates of angels in the kingdom of heaven. Above sixteen hundred years have rolled away since the day of their sorrows; but those sixteen hundred years are less than the twinkling of an eye compared with the eternity of blessedness on which they entered when they died. O happy they, theirs was the good part, and none shall take it away from them!

THE MARTYRDOM OF PERPETUA AND
HER COMPANIONS. A. D. 202.

THOSE who feel the value of religious blessings, behold with pleasure the triumphs of Christian fortitude over all the malice and enmity of earth and hell. While the eye of sense sees nothing beyond the dark cloud of evils which hangs over the conclusion of a martyr's course, the eye of faith beholds

the Christian sufferer the triumphant inhabitant of that world which is brighter than the noon day sun, blissful as the presence of God can make it, and lasting as eternity. There they rest from their labours, and there

"The songs of everlasting years,
That mercy will attend,
Which led through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end."

One of the most interesting records of antiquity respecting sufferers for the cause of Christ is that which describes the martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas, which appears to have taken place at Carthage, about A. D. 202, of which history the substance has been given by a modern writer as follows.

"On this occasion, three young men, whose names were Saturninus, Secundulus, and Revocatus, were apprehended on a charge of being Christians, (probably occasioned by a rumour that they were all of them about to be baptized and added to the church,) and a long with them, two females of the names of Felicitas and Perpetua; the latter a widow of the age of twenty-two, of a good family, and well educated, having a father and mother living, besides two brothers, and an infant at the

breast. The father of Perpetua, who alone of all the family continued a heathen, no sooner heard that his daughter was informed against, than he had recourse to every method of persuasion and even of compulsion, to induce her to desist from her purpose of suffering martyrdom; so that she rejoiced when he left her; and in this interval she and the rest were baptized. Some days afterwards, they were all thrown into prison, where the treatment she met with very much affected her at first, particularly the darkness of the place, the heat occasioned by the number of prisoners, the rudeness of the soldiers, and especially her anxiety about her child. Two of the deacons of the church, however, Tertius and Pomponius, who ministered to their wants, procured by the influence of money the removal of all the Christian prisoners into a more airy part of the prison, where Perpetua had the opportunity of suckling her child, which was ready to die for want thereof. In this situation, she comforted her mother, and encouraged her brother, entrusting to him the care of her infant son; and was, according to her own expression, as happy as if she had been in a palace. At

this time she had a remarkable dream, from which she inferred that she should certainly suffer; but by which she was nevertheless greatly encouraged in her resolution.

"A few days after this, a report was prevalent, that these Christian prisoners would soon be called before the governor; on which her father, overwhelmed with grief, came to her, entreating her to have compassion on his grey hairs and on her mother, brothers, and child, which he said could not survive her. This he did, kissing her hands, and throwing himself at her feet, evincing stronger affection for her than he had before done. This much increased her concern; add to which, that he was the only relative she had who would not think himself in reality, honoured by her conduct. To all his entreaties, however, she uniformly returned this answer, that she was not at her own disposal, but at that of God.

"On the ensuing day, while she and her friends were dining, they were summoned to an audience in the public forum, where a prodigious crowd was assembled. Here all her fellow prisoners confessed that they were Christians; but before Perpetua had an opportuni-

ty of doing it in the customary form, her father presented himself, holding her child in his arms, and supplicating her to have compassion upon him. In these entreaties he was joined by Hilarianus, the Procurator, who besought her to think of her aged father and her own child, and to sacrifice for the safety of the emperor. She only answered, that she was a Christian, and could not do it.

"After this the father was commanded to desist; but, showing a reluctance to retire, one of the lictors struck him with a rod, which affected her, she said, as much as if she had herself been struck. However, having all made their confession, they were sentenced to be thrown to the wild beasts; notwithstanding which they returned to the prison filled with joy. Perpetua now sent Pomponius, the deacon, to request that her child might be sent to her, that as heretofore she might have the privilege of suckling it; but that indulgence was denied her. She bore the disappointment, however, with fortitude, even greater than she herself could have expected.

"After a few days, Pudeus, the gaoler, being favorably inclined towards

them, gave permission to their friends to visit them, and when the time of exhibition drew near, the father of Perpetua also renewed his visits. He now threw himself upon the ground, tore his beard, leaving nothing either to be said or done, which he thought could tend to move her; but without any other effect than to excite her pity towards him."

The author of the narrative next proceeds to give an account of some of the other prisoners; and the case of Felicitas is almost as interesting as that of Perpetua. Being near an expected confinement, she was fearful lest her execution should be put off till another time, and that then she should die in the company of ordinary malefactors. Her companions also were affected at the reflection of going without her. Three days before the exhibition, however, she was delivered of a daughter; and being in great pain, those who were about her asked how she would be able to endure the being exposed to wild beasts, when she was so much affected with the pains she then felt. She replied, that in this case she was left to herself, but that in her other sufferings, she should have another to support her,

even him for whom she suffered. A sister of hers undertook to bring up her daughter. Secundulus died in prison; but they had been joined by another of their friends called Saturus, who, after they were apprehended, had voluntarily surrendered himself.

The day preceding the execution, they all joined in a love feast with their Christian friends who had permission to visit them, in the presence of many strangers whom curiosity had brought to the place. To those the prisoners expressed great joy in the idea of their approaching sufferings, and endeavoured to engage their attention to the great cause for which they were about to suffer. Saturus bade them observe their countenances, that they might know them all again the next day. From this extraordinary spectacle, the strangers retired with marks of astonishment, and many of them afterwards became converts.

When the day of exhibition arrived, they all went from the prison with erect and cheerful countenances, trembling, says our author, with joy rather than with fear. In particular, Perpetua walked in such a manner as struck the spectators with particular respect; and

Felicitas rejoiced that, being delivered of her child, she should accompany her friends to this glorious combat. On reaching the gate of the amphitheatre, the officers, according to custom, began to clothe the men in the dresses of the priests of Saturn, and the women in those of the priestesses of Ceres. But when they remonstrated against the injustice of being compelled by force to do that, for refusing which they were willing to lay down their lives, the tribune granted them the privilege of dying in their own habits.

They then entered the amphitheatre; when Perpetua advanced singing hymns, and her three male companions solemnly exhorting the people as they went along. Coming in view of the Propraetor, they said, "You judge us, but God will judge you." This so enraged the populace that, at their request, all the three were scourged; but in this they rejoiced, as having the honour to share in one part of the sufferings of their Saviour.

When the wild beasts were let loose, Saturninus, according to the wish which he had previously expressed, died by the attack of several of them rushing upon him at the same time;

and Revocatus was killed by a leopard and a bear. Saturus was first exposed to a wild bull; but while the attending officer was gored by the animal so that he died on the following day, he himself was only dragged about, and not materially hurt. A bear too, to which he was next exposed, would not go out of its den to meddle with him. He was, however, thrown in the way of a leopard, towards the end of the exhibition, and so much blood gushed out at one of his bites, that the spectators ridiculed him, as being *baptized with blood*. Not being quite killed, he, when the animal was withdrawn, addressed Pudeus, the gaoler, exhorting him to steadfastness in the faith, and not to be disheartened by his sufferings. He even took a ring from his finger, and dipping it in one of his wounds, gave it to him as a pledge.

Perpetua and Felicitas were first enclosed in a net, and then exposed to a wild cow. But this sight struck the spectators with horror, as the former was a delicate woman, and the breasts of the latter were streaming with milk. They were, therefore, recalled, and exposed in a common loose dress. Perpetua was first tossed by the beast; and, being thrown down, she had the pre-

sence of mind to compose her dress as she lay on the ground. Then rising, and seeing Felicitas much more torn than herself, she gave her her hand, and assisted her to rise; and for some time they both stood together near the gate of the amphitheatre. Thither Perpetua sent for her brother, and exhorted him to continue firm in the faith, to love his fellow Christians, and not to be discouraged by her sufferings.

Being all in a mangled condition, they were now taken to the usual place of execution to be dispatched with a sword; but the populace requesting that they should be removed to another place, where the execution might be seen to more advantage, they got up of their own accord to go thither. Then, having given each other the kiss of charity, they quietly resigned themselves to their fate. In walking, Saturus had supported Perpetua, and he expired the first. She was observed to direct a young and ignorant soldier, who was appointed to be her executioner, in what manner he should perform his office.

Who can behold a young and tender woman passing unmoved through these sufferings, without exclaiming

"The heroes whose bravery the world extols, are cowards compared with this patient conqueror." Yes, Perpetua is a conqueror, doubtless a conqueror in the realms of light; and could she and her fellow-sufferers descend from those bright regions to converse with man, they would represent all their tortures as not worthy of a thought compared with the glory which they now possess. O, how great is the value of that religion which was their support! how great the worth of those blessings which form their eternal reward! O, let the young readers of this volume implore grace to imitate Perpetua, and to make her God and Saviour theirs.

JOHN LAMBERT. A. D. 1538.

THE two preceding histories present a specimen of what the early disciples of the Son of God endured from their heathen persecutors. In these ways and by a multitude of other torments as dreadful as these, did immense multitudes suffer martyrdom during those ten persecutions, some of which continued for years to devastate the church of Christ. At length paganism fell,

but ere long rose again under another name,* and popery, justly described

* Dr Middleton in his letter from Rome, observes, "Since we see the present people at Rome worshipping in the *same temples*—at the *same altars*—sometimes the *same images*—and *always* with the *same ceremonies* as the old Romans, they must have more charity as well as skill in distinguishing than I pretend to have, who can absolve them from the same superstition and idolatry of which we condemn their pagan ancestors." Popery and Paganism are, in many respects, one and the same system, under different names. The old heathens worshipped images; the papists do the same; they adored souls of dead men when deified; the papists copying them, worship reputed saints, and some of infamous character, as the rebel Thomas a Becket, and Garnet the Jesuit, who was privy to the gunpowder plot: the ancient heathen temples were dedicated to their various gods; so are the popish churches to their patron saints: different countries were, by the pagans, allotted to the protection of different gods, and by papists, to that of their different saints: the aquae lustrales, or lustral waters of the heathen idolater, answer to the holy water of the papist; the household gods of the former to the patron saints of the latter: the canonization of popish saints, to the deification of heathen gods: the pope, to the supreme pontiff; and the monks and nuns of popery, to the augurs and vestal virgins of heathenism: the popish altars, to the pa-

by the late Mr. Cecil, as Satan's master piece, began to persecute the church of God. Papal Rome is represented in the Revelations as drunken with blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus. The cruelties exercised by the most bloody heathen persecutors were fully equalled, if not outdone, by those of popish ones. Those of Bonner, in our native land, are well known; but though his cruelties appeared infernal, even he did not exceed his brethren in guilt. In sober truth it may be affirmed, that popery has produced millions of Bonners, and were it again to tri-

gan ones: the incense of the pagan temples, to that of the popish churches; the perpetual fires before heathen idols, to the lamps and candles which are perpetually burning before the images and shrines of popish saints. The votive offerings to heathen idols resemble those now made to the saints of the popish calendar; and as those of the pagans were hung up in the temple of the god to whom an offering had been vowed, so those of the papists, in a similar manner, are hung up in the church of their idol saints. The processions in honour of popish saints are borrowed from those in honour of heathen gods; and as the heathens carried in pomp the images of their idols, so do the papists the images of theirs. The carnival answers to the bacchanalia; and in many other respects their systems harmon-

umph, would no doubt produce millions more. The cant of false liberality in the present day would represent this monster, drunk with the blood of martyrs, as harmless, but its harmlessness is like that of a sleeping volcano. The Rev. T. Scott observes, "No computation can reach the numbers who have been put to death in various ways on account of their maintaining the profession of the gospel, and opposing the corruptions of the church of Rome. A million of the poor Walize. That which is still more surprising is, that at Rome and other places, the very idols and temples of the heathen, by only changing the name, have been used in the anti-christian church. At Rome the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus became a St. Peter, by changing only the thunder-bolt into two keys. At Bordeaux, an old statue of Jupiter on an eagle became a Christ ascending into heaven. An antique statue of a young Bacchus was shown to Dr. Middleton, which was then worshipped as the image of a female saint. The old heathen temple named the Pantheon was dedicated to Jove and all the gods, and by a pope was reconsecrated to the Virgin Mary and all the saints. In England, Popery is not to be seen in its proper array; a principal business of popish priests in England is to hide the enormities of their anti-christian system.

denses perished in France; nine hundred thousand orthodox Christians were slain in less than thirty years after the institution of the Jesuits; the duke of Alva boasted of having put thirty six thousand to death in the Netherlands, by the hands of the common executioner during the space of a few years. The inquisition destroyed by various tortures one hundred and fifty thousand Christians within thirty years. These are a few specimens, and but a few, of those which history hath recorded; but the total amount will never be known till "the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain." Scott on Rev. xiii. 7. To these dreadful statements may be added the massacre of the protestants in France, when one hundred thousand are said to have been murdered in a few days; the news of which gave such pleasure to the pope of Rome that a jubilee was granted, the people were commanded to go to church and bless God for the success of the action, and it was decreed that the pope and his cardinals should march in procession to church, and give God thanks for so great a blessing. Afterwards followed the massacre, in the reign of Charles I.,

of the protestants in Ireland, when as many as two hundred thousand are by one computation stated to have been inhumanly murdered in a great variety of shocking ways.

Of these innumerable victims to popish cruelty, a brief notice or two will be presented to the reader, in which we shall see the value of religion and the supports of the gospel illustriously displayed.

John Lambert was born in Norfolk; he studied at the University of Cambridge, and became preacher to the English merchants at Antwerp, but being ensnared by popish cunning, was conveyed to London about 1532, and was examined before archbishop Warham, and confined in prison, from whence he was released soon after the death of the archbishop.

In 1538, through the intrigues of the infamous Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, he was, after a mock trial, before Henry VIII, condemned to the flames.

Upon the day appointed for this holy martyr to suffer, he was brought out of prison by eight o'clock in the morning, to Lord Cromwell's house, and carried to a private chamber, where Cromwell

desired forgiveness of him, for what he had done. When the hour of death came, he found much joy and comfort in his soul. Coming out of the chamber into the hall, he saluted the gentlemen, and sat down to breakfast with them, after which he was soon conveyed to Smithfield, the place of execution, where he was very cruelly treated. When his legs were burned to the stumps, the wretched tormentors withdrew the fire from him, leaving but a small fire, and coals under him: after this, two of them thrust their halberds into his sides, with which they lifted him up as far as the chain would permit. At this time of extreme misery the holy sufferer lifting up his hands, while his finger ends were flaming with fire, said, "*None but Christ! None but Christ!*" Being let down he fell into the fire, where he ended his sorrows, and his Spirit fled to the joys of his Lord.

ANN ASKEW. A. D. 1546.

Sir William Askew, of Kelsay in Lincolnshire, was blessed with several daughters. His second, named Ann, had received a genteel education, which,

with an agreeable person and good understanding, rendered her a very proper person to be at the head of a family. Her father, regardless of his daughter's inclination and happiness, obliged her to marry a gentleman who had nothing to recommend him but his fortune, and who was a most bigoted papist. No sooner was he convinced of his wife's regard for the doctrines of the reformation from popery, than by the instigation of the priests, he violently drove her from his house, though she had borne him two children, and her conduct was unexceptionable. Abandoned by her husband, she came up to London in order to procure a divorce, and to make herself known to that part of the court who either professed or were favourers of protestantism; but as Henry VIII, with consent of parliament, had just enacted the law of the Six Articles, commonly called the Bloody Statute, she was cruelly betrayed by her own husband, and upon his information taken into custody, and examined concerning her faith. The act above mentioned denounced death against all those who should deny the doctrine of transubstantiation, or that the bread and wine made use of in the

sacrament were not converted, after consecration, into the *real* body and blood of Christ; or maintain the necessity of receiving the sacrament in both kinds; or affirm that it was lawful for priests to marry; that the vows of celibacy might be broken; that private masses were of no avail; and that auricular confession to a priest was not necessary to salvation.

When apprehended for her religion she was examined before one Christopher Dare, an inquisitor, who asked her if she did not believe the sacrament of the altar to be the real body of Christ? This question she refused to answer. He then accused her of reading that God dwelt not in temples made with hands, and of having said that she would rather read five lines in her bible than hear a mass. She replied that the reason was because the one greatly edified her, and the other did not; and in answer to the former accusation, she referred to the 17th chapter of the Acts. After this she was examined by the lord mayor of London and the bishop's chancellor, and was then committed a close prisoner to the compter, where she was left to ruminate on her alarming situation. After undergoing an ex-

amination before Bonner, through the importunity of her friends, she was at length liberated upon bail.

Sometime after she was again apprehended, and carried before the king's council. The lord chancellor asked her opinion about the sacrament: she answered, that she believed that so often as she received the bread in remembrance of Christ's death, she received the fruits of his most glorious passion. The bishop of Winchester ordered her to give a more direct reply. She answered, she would not sing the Lord's song in a strange land. The bishop told her she was a parrot; after much other debate she was imprisoned till the next day, when they again inquired what she said to the sacrament: she answered, that she had said what she could say. Gardiner with some others, earnestly persuaded her to confess the sacrament, to be the flesh, blood, and bone of Christ: she told two of them, that it was a great shame for them to counsel her contrary to their own knowledge: after much other arguing they dismissed her. The sabbath following she was very ill, and seeming likely to die, she desired to speak with Mr. Latimer, but instead of granting

this small request, ill as she was, they sent her to Newgate.

She was afterwards brought to trial in Guild-hall, where she was required to recant, or be condemned as a heretic; she answered that she was no heretic. They asked her if she would deny the sacrament to be Christ's body and blood? She said, "Yea, for Christ that was born of the blessed Virgin is now in heaven, and will come from thence at the latter day." "That," said she, "which you call your god, is but a piece of bread, and after a time will grow mouldy, and turn to nothing that's good: therefore it cannot be God." They wished her to confess to a priest: she said she would confess her faults to God, for she was sure that he would hear her with favour. She was then condemned.

Soon after this she was conveyed from Newgate, and again brought before Bonner, who endeavored in vain to draw her from her God. One Nicholas Shaxton, an apostate, advised her to recant. She told him it had been good for him if he had never been born. She was then sent to the tower. It was strongly suspected that Mrs. Askew was favoured by some ladies of

high rank, and that she carried on a religious correspondence with the queen; so that the chancellor Wriothesley, hoping that he might discover something that would afford matter of impeachment against that princess, the Earl of Hertford, or his countess, who all favoured the reformation, ordered her to be put to the rack. The rack was placed in a dismal dungeon, down into which she was led, and stretched on the infernal instrument of torture. But her fortitude in suffering, and her resolution not to betray her friends, were proof against that diabolical invention. Not a groan, not a word could be extorted from her. After she had endured these horrid torments, the lieutenant of the tower was about to take her out, but the chancellor bade him rack her again, which he refused to do on account of her weakness. The chancellor threatened to complain of him to the King, and he and Mr. Rich, throwing off their gowns, with their own hands, augmented her tortures with dreadful violence. She, quietly and patiently praying to God, endured their infernal cruelty till her joints and bones were pulled out of place. When taken from the rack she

fainted away, but being recovered, passed above two hours on the bare floor reasoning with the chancellor, who advised her to renounce her faith. She said, "My Lord God, I thank his everlasting goodness, gave me grace to persevere, and I hope will do so to the end." She was returned to Newgate and condemned to the flames. While there, she wrote a confession of her faith, which she concluded with the following prayer: "O Lord, I have more enemies now than there are hairs of my head: yet Lord, let them never overcome me with vain words, but fight, Lord, thou in my stead, for on thee cast I my care; with all the spite they can imagine, they fall upon me which am thy poor creature: yet, sweet Lord, let me not set by them which are against me, for in thee is my whole delight. And Lord, I heartily desire of thee, that thou wilt of thy merciful goodness, forgive them that violence which they do and have done unto me. Open thou also their blind hearts, that they may hereafter do that thing in thy sight which is acceptable before thee, and to set forth thy truth aright, without the vain fancies of sinful men; So be it, O Lord, so be it."

The day for execution having arrived, she was carried in a chair to Smithfield, her bones being so dislocated that she was unable to walk. She was there fastened round the middle with a chain to the stake. While at it, letters were brought her from the lord chancellor, offering her the king's pardon if she would recant; but she refused to look at them, telling the messenger, "that she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master." The same letters were also tendered to three other persons condemned to the same fate, and who, animated by her example, refused to accept them: whereupon the lord mayor commanded the fire to be kindled, and with savage ignorance cried out, *Fiat Justitia*—Let justice take its course. The faggots being lighted, she commended her soul, with the utmost composure, into the hands of her Maker, and like the great founder of the religion she professed, expired, praying for her murderers, July 16, 1546, about the twenty fifth year of her age.

"I do not know," observes a good writer, "if all circumstances be considered, whether the history of this or any other nation can furnish a more illustrious example than this now related.

To her father's will she sacrificed her own inclinations; to a husband, unworthy of her affections, she behaved with prudence, respect, and obedience. The secrets of her friends she preserved inviolable, even amidst the tortures of the rack. Her constancy in suffering, considering her age and sex, was equal at least, if not superior, to any thing on record; and her piety was genuine and unaffected, of which she gave the most exalted proof, in dying a martyr for the cause of her religion, and liberty of conscience."

Here let the reader pause and admire the sufferer, adore the grace which supported her, prize the religion for which she died, and detest the antichristian, the really pagan system, whose supporters murdered her. Every well informed and consistent Christian while he pities the deluded votaries of popery, must abhor popery itself. It is abhorred by God, and shall be destroyed by the brightness of the Redeemer's coming.

JOHN JANEWAY. A. D. 1657.

AMONG the numerous instances of the cheering power of religion on the mind, in a dying hour, few have equal-

led and perhaps none ever excelled the following.

John Janeway was borne in Hertfordshire, in 1633. His parents were pious persons. Before he became acquainted with real religion, he appears to have possessed many amiable qualifications. He made considerable progress in various branches of literature; and at the age of seventeen was chosen to King's College, Cambridge.

When he was about eighteen, it pleased the ever blessed God, to lead him to an acquaintance with those things, which belonged to his everlasting peace. The change in his heart appears to have been gradual; and the conversation of a young man, in the same college, to have been one of the means employed for his conversion. At this time his views respecting some of his favourite studies changed. He saw that astronomy surveyed but a mole hill, compared with the glorious objects which the gospel discovers. He pitied those who curiously inquire into every thing but the "one thing needful;" and counted all things as dross and dung compared with Christ and him crucified. From this period of his life to its conclusion, he manifested the power of heartfelt

religion; the peace and satisfaction of his soul were discernible in his countenance; and his affections were set "on the things which are above."

As he himself enjoyed the comforts of the divine favour, he longed that others should partake of the same delights. Influenced by this desire he wrote many affecting letters to different friends; recommending their eternal interest to their care; and directing them to Christ the sinner's refuge. With prayers and tears he sought the divine blessing on these attempts to lead others to that source of consolation, whence his comforts flowed. In private conversation he pursued the same object; and his endeavors among his own relations were very successful. In his own conduct he displayed the lovely nature of real piety; and while he thus recommended the gospel to men, prayer and communion with God were his delight.

It was his custom to set apart a portion of his time daily for secret retirement and solemn meditation. This practice is warmly recommended in Mr. Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," a book which he peculiarly prized. On one of these occasions a

friend of his, unknown to him, happened to be in a situation where he observed all that passed: and his remarks on what he saw are worthy of insertion. "O! what a spectacle did I see! surely, a man walking with God, conversing intimately with his Maker, and maintaining a holy familiarity with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw one talking with God. O! what a glorious sight it was! methinks I see him still; how sweetly did his face shine! O, with what a lovely countenance did he walk up and down, his lips going, his body oft reaching up, as if he would have taken his flight into heaven! His looks, and smiles, and every motion spake him to be upon the very confines of glory. O! had one but known what he was then feeding on! Surely, he had 'meat to eat which the world knew not of!'"

He was full of love to the souls of men; and often lamented, that Christians, in their mutual converse, do no more to advance each other's spiritual welfare. He once sat silent, and wrote down in shorthand the discourse of some that professed to have a peculiar acquaintance with religion, and afterwards read it to them; and asked them whether

such conversation was such as they would be willing God should record. "Oh," said he, "to spend an hour or two together, and to hear scarcely a word for Christ, or that speaks people's hearts in love with holiness! Where is our love to God and souls all this while? Where is our sense of the preciousness of time, of the greatness of our account? Should we talk thus, if we believed that we should hear of this again at the day of judgment? And do we not know that we must give an account of every idle word? Did saints in former times use their tongues to no better purpose? Would Enoch, David, or Paul, have talked thus? Is this the sweetest communion of saints upon earth? How shall we do to spend eternity in speaking the praises of God, if we cannot find matter for an hour's discourse?"

"Doth not this speak aloud that our hearts are very empty of grace, and that we have little sense of spiritual and eternal concerns?"

He walked humbly with his God: and was favoured with so much of the divine presence, and with so bright a hope of glory beyond the grave, that, in the midst of all worldly comforts;

he longed for death; and the thoughts of the day of judgment made all his enjoyments sweeter. He earnestly desired the coming of the Lord; and when some persons were discoursing with him respecting that solemn period, he smiled and expressed his delight in the thought of its approach.

When he was about twenty-two, the symptoms of a deep consumption appeared. Words can scarcely express the triumphant state of his mind, during a great part of his last sickness. His soul was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Often would he say, "O, that I could but let you know what I now feel! O, that I could show you what I see! O, that I could express the thousandth part of that sweetness that I now find in Christ! you would all then think it well worth while to make it your business to be religious. O my dear friends, we little think what Christ is worth upon a death-bed. I would not for a world, nay, for millions of worlds, be now without Christ and pardon. I would not for a world live any longer: the very thoughts of a possibility of recovery make me even tremble."

A person who came to visit him, ex-

pressed a hope that he might yet recover: "And do you think to please me," said he, "by such discourse as this? No, friend, you are much mistaken in me, if you think that the thoughts of life, and health, and the world, are pleasing to me. The world hath quite lost its excellency in my judgment. O, how poor and contemptible a thing is it in all its glory, compared with the glory of that invisible world, which I now live in the sight of! And as for life, Christ is my life, health and strength; and I know I shall have another kind of life when I leave this. It would incomparably more please me, if you should say to me, 'You cannot possibly hold out long; before to-morrow you will be in eternity!' I do so long to be with Christ, that I could be contented to be cut in pieces, and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so that I might but die, and be with Christ. O, how sweet is Jesus! 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' Death, do thy worst! Death has lost its terrible-ness. Death it is nothing. Death is nothing (through grace) to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, or turn my head and sleep: I long to be with Christ; I long to die."

On one occasion, when his mother and brothers were in the room with him, he earnestly besought his mother not to attempt to hinder, by her prayers, his departure to eternal rest; and turning to his brothers, said, "I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more; you do me wrong, if you do. O that glory, the unspeakable glory that I behold! My heart is full, my heart is full; Christ smiles, and I cannot but smile: can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to the complete and eternal enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me; the angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom. O, did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me, how long, dear Lord; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! O, why are his chariot wheels so long a coming?"

When a pious minister had been discoursing with him on the Saviour's excellency, and the glory of the unseen world, he said, "Sir, I feel something of it; my heart is as full as it can hold in this lower state; I can hold no more here. O that I could but let you know what I feel!"

As he approached the end of his course, his mind was commonly filled with joy; yet even his happiness had some small intermissions; at such times, he said, "Hold out, faith and patience; yet a little while and your work will be done."

He used every evening to take leave of his friends, hoping not to see them till the morning of the resurrection; and he desired them to make sure of a comfortable meeting in a better world; and when he saw some of them weeping, desired them rather to rejoice than weep on his account.

Not long before his departure to eternal rest, one of his brothers, while engaged in prayer with him, besought God to continue the happiness he enjoyed, so that he might go, as it were, from one heaven to another, and from imperfect joy to eternal glory. After this, the comforts poured into his soul were so great, that words cannot express his blessedness, and the relation must fall far short of the reality.—He broke out in such words as these: "O, he is come! he is come! O how glorious is the blessed Jesus! How shall I speak the thousandth part of his praises! O for words to set out a little of that excellency! but it is inexpressible!

"O, my friends, come look upon a dying man, and wonder; I myself cannot but wonder! Was there ever greater kindness! were there ever such manifestations of rich grace? O why me, Lord; why me? Sure this is akin to heaven; and if I were never to enjoy any more than this, it were well worth all the torments that man or devils could invent, to come through even a hell to such transcendent joys as these. If this be dying, dying is sweet: let no true Christians ever be afraid of dying. O death is sweet to me. This bed is soft. The smiles and visits of Christ would turn hell into heaven. O that you did but see and feel what I do! Come and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O, Sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful, poor sorry things, compared with one glimpse of this glory, which shines so strongly into my soul! O why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad! This, this is the hour that I have waited for."

As joy was his portion, praise was his delight. When ministers or Christians came to him, he would beg them to spend all the time they passed with

him in praise. "O," said he, "help me to praise God, I have nothing else to do, from this time to eternity, but to praise and love God. I have what my soul desires upon earth; I cannot tell what to pray for, but what I have graciously given. I want but one thing, and that is, a speedy lift to heaven. I expect no more here, I cannot desire more, I cannot bear more. O praise, praise, praise that infinite boundless love that hath, to a wonder, looked upon my soul, and done more for me than for thousands of his children. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Help me, help me, O my friends, to praise and admire him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul; he hath pardoned all my sins, he hath filled me with his goodness, he hath given me grace and glory, and no good thing hath he withheld from me."

"Come, help me with praises, all is too little: come, help me, O ye glorious and mighty angels, who are so well skilled in this heavenly work of praise. Praise him, all ye creatures upon the earth, let every thing that hath being help me to praise him. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah: praise is now

my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever."

On another occasion he uttered such words as these, "Admire God for ever and ever, O ye redeemed ones; O those joys, the taste of which I have. The everlasting joys, which are at his right hand for ever more! Eternity, eternity itself is too short to praise this God in. O bless the Lord with me, come let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation. O, help me to praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever."

According to his desire most of the time that was spent with him, was spent in praise; yet still he said, "More praise still. O, help me to praise him: I have now nothing else to do; I have done with prayer and all other ordinances; I have almost done conversing with mortals. I shall presently behold Christ himself that died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood."

"I shall, before a few hours are over, be in eternity, singing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Zion, with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect,

and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst them, who shall say, Hallelujah, salvation, glory, honour, and power, unto the Lord our God; and again, we shall say, Hallelujah. And yet a little while and I shall sing unto the Lamb, a song of praise, saying, Worthy art thou to receive praise who wert slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign with thee for ever and ever."

"Methinks I stand, as it were, with one foot in heaven, and the other upon earth: methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be for ever with the Lord in glory."

A few hours before his death he called his relations together, and affectionately expressed his wishes for their eternal welfare: he concluded with saying, "And now, my dear mother, brethren, and sisters, farewell; I leave you for a while, and I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which

is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

"And now, dear Lord, my work is done. I have finished my course, I have fought the good fight; and henceforth their remaineth for me a crown of righteousness! Now come, dear Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"At length his course was completed, and he perceived death approaching. His jaws quivered, his hands and feet grew cold as clay, and a cold sweat spread over him, but he was glad indeed when he found his spirit departing. He endured some severe pangs of dissolution, and then fell asleep in Jesus. He died in June, 1657, aged 22. His mortal remains rest, till the resurrection of the just, in Kilshall Church, Hertfordshire.

JOSEPH ALLEINE. A. D. 1668.

THE scriptures assert, that the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace. Perhaps this assertion has seldom received a more striking confirmation, than when the disciples of Jesus have been seen treading a thorny, or even a bleeding way to heaven; and yet peaceful, yet

happy. Where trials for religion have peculiarly abounded, the comforts of religion seem to have been peculiarly enjoyed. The experience of the subject of this short narrative justifies this observation.

Joseph Alleine, well known as the author of that excellent publication, *An Alarm to the Unconverted*, was born at Devizes, in 1633. His father was an humble and experienced Christian, of whose death the following account has been preserved. On the morning before he died he rose at four o'clock; about eleven he went down from his closet, and called for refreshment. When this was prepared, he gave thanks, but could not eat any thing. Mrs. Alleine perceiving a sudden change in him advised him to lie down. He replied, "No, but I will die in my chair; I am not afraid to die." He sat down and said, "My life is hid with Christ in God," then closed his eyes, and breathed his last.

His son early manifested a pious and peculiarly sweet disposition. When about eleven years old it was perceived that he was constant and very devout in private prayer. From that time, the remainder of his life display-

ed the influence of religion, rendered still more amiable by his pleasing deportment. In him this best ornament of man shone with peculiar lustre. Love and joy dwelt within his heart; and from his lips flowed prayer and praise, and thanksgiving for divine mercies, especially for those most precious blessings, the Saviour, the Holy Spirit, and heaven. His sweetest comforts were divine and heavenly. His soul often took a delightful prospect of eternity, contemplating the regions of glorious bliss, and looking wishfully to his Father's house, in a comfortable persuasion that he would ere long be there.

His early love to prayer continued in after life. He had a strong affection for that sacred privilege. He often dwelt with admiration and praise, on the divine power and wisdom, in the works of creation; but particularly extolled the wonders of redeeming love. He delighted to praise God in the open air, in the private retirement of some field or wood, that the scene around and above him might impress his heart. He despised not a broken heart, nor was he negligent in confessing sin, which he did with real grief; but

praise and thanksgivings appeared more suited to the state of his soul. In some of his letters, after speaking of the grace of God, he would use such expressions as these; "I am full of the mercies of the Lord; O love the Lord for me! O praise the Lord for my sake! O help me, help me, to praise the Lord!"

Jesus Christ was his happiness. In a letter to some Christian friends he said; "My relation to Christ is above all; he is my life and my peace: my riches, and my righteousness: he is my hope and my strength, and my inheritance, and my rejoicing. In him will I please myself for ever, and in him will I glory. I esteem myself most happy, and rich, and safe in him, though of myself I am nothing. In him I may boast without pride, and glory without vanity. Here is no danger of being over much pleased; neither can the Christian exceed in overvaluing his own riches and happiness in Christ." He often commended the Saviour's love, and by it excited himself and others to holy obedience.

His views of the Saviour's love were highly exalted; "When," said he, "shall I end if I suffer my soul to run

out its length, and my running pen to enlarge according to the dimensions of this boundless field of divine love? If the pens of all the world were employed to write volumes of love; if the tongues of all the living were exercised in nothing else but talking of this love; if all the hearts that be, were made up of love; and all the powers and affections of the mind were turned into one, to wit, the power of love, yet this were no less than infinitely too little, either to conceive or to express the greatness of Christ's love."

It is not designed, in this little volume, to enlarge on all the traits in his character. It may be sufficient to add the following. A most observable feature in his piety was, a sincere and absolute consecration of himself to God, through Jesus Christ. While young he devoted himself to the ministry of the gospel. During the season of previous preparation, he studied hard. Then, and in subsequent life, he highly valued time. Four in the morning was his hour of rising; and from that time till his breakfast hour, he was employed in prayer, meditation, and singing of psalms. If he heard workmen pursuing their business before he was en-

gaged in his religious exercises, he would say, "O how this noise shames me! Doth not my Master deserve more than theirs?" and often said, "Give me that Christian that accounts his time more precious than gold." The same spirit appeared in various other expressions which he used: for instance, at the beginning of a week, "Another week is before us, let us spend this week for God!" In a morning,—“Come, now let this day be spent for God. Let us live this one day well. Could we resolve to be more than ordinarily circumspect for one day at a time, we might live at extraordinary rates.” He gave this advice to a friend, "Value precious time while time doth last, and not when it is irrecoverably lost. Know the worth of things to come before they are present; and the worth of things present before they are past. Value no mercy but as it is serviceable for God, and things eternal."

At other times he said, "O come let us make haste; our Lord will come shortly; let us prepare for him."

"If we long to be in heaven, let us hasten our work; for when that is done, away we shall be fetched."

"O this vain foolish world! I won-

der how reasonable creatures can so dote upon it! What is in it worth looking after! I care not to be in it longer than my Master hath work for me. Were that done, then farewell to the earth."

In 1655, being then 21 years of age, Mr. Alleine became assistant to an aged minister at Taunton. In this work he laboured with no small portion of assiduity and success. Besides his public services he was indefatigable in private exertions, to promote the benefit of the congregation. He taught from house to house. His practice was to spend five afternoons in the week, from about two o'clock till seven, in visiting the different families of his flock. He let them know beforehand when they might expect him, and at these interviews, by religious conversation adapted to their state, he endeavoured to instruct the ignorant, to warn the careless, to comfort the desponding, and to animate the pious. By these private labours, he thought as much good was done as by his public ministry. Mrs. Alleine perceiving that his excessive exertions were too much for his strength, besought him to spare himself; his reply was, "What have I

strength for but to spend for God? What is a candle for but to be burnt?" When she requested him to spend more of his time with her, he answered, that if he had ten bodies and souls, he could employ them all in and about Taunton; and would say, "Ah, my dear! I know thy soul is safe; but how many that are perishing have I to look after! O that I could do more for them!"

At length the day arrived which spread a black and dismal cloud over the interests of religion in England; a cloud that still darkens many parts of this favoured island. Laud's tyrannical and persecuting faction, that in the reign of Charles the First had striven to banish true piety from the land, and to introduce in its stead popish mummeries and irreligion, triumphed in the reign of that curse to England, the profligate Charles the Second. In August, 1662, upwards of two thousand conscientious ministers of the gospel were expelled from their pulpits by the act of uniformity. Mr. Wilberforce has observed, that they were shamefully ejected, in violation of the royal word, and of the clear principles of justice. Yet probably these holy sufferers would

have made few complaints of this, if they had been permitted, without further molestation, to pursue their sacred work; but fines, imprisonments, and banishment from their places of residence, with law, or without, were their subsequent portion. Yet they had a friend to uphold them, who did support them to the end, and at length rescued them from every foe. When one of them, to whom the king had a peculiar antipathy, was in danger of death, in Newgate, through close imprisonment, a petition was presented to Charles for his release. The answer was, "Jenkyn shall be a prisoner as long as he lives." He died soon after. A nobleman having heard of his death, said to the king, "May it please your Majesty, Jenkyn has got his liberty." "Aye," said the king, "who gave it him?"—"A greater than your Majesty, the King of kings." Charles appeared much struck, and remained silent. He himself was a most debauched and profligate hypocrite; professedly a protestant, probably in reality a papist, if not an infidel; the slave of lewdness and debauchery; and the dupe of wicked men, high in rank and power. Lord Clarendon, one of these, received in

this world some punishment for his cruelties; being, through righteous judgment, deprived of the king's favour, and driven into exile.

Joseph Alleine was one of the many sufferers at this time. When banished from the pulpit he had occupied, he still resolved to pursue his beloved work of preaching, and visiting from house to house, till imprisonment or exile should stop his labours; and he sold his goods to be better prepared for either event. He often expressed a desire to enjoy three months' liberty, before he went to prison; and God so gratified his desire, that though often threatened, he pursued his work without interruption from August till the following May. He was then apprehended, on a Saturday evening, and taken before three justices, who charged him with holding a riotous assembly, at a meeting, where the only employment had been prayer and preaching. Innocence being no protection where *piety was the crime*, after he had received some insulting treatment, a mittimus was made out to send him to Ilchester gaol. He passed the Lord's day in Taunton, in custody of an officer, who had orders to prevent his

preaching. Many of his friends visited him, with whom he conversed and prayed, and whom he exhorted to perseverance; assuring them that he was going to prison full of joy, being confident that the glory of God would be promoted by his trials.

Though he had been hindered preaching in the day, he invited his friends to meet him in the night. Many hundreds of the old and young did so, with whom he spent about three hours in religious exercises.

On Monday morning, accompanied by two or three friends, he set out for Ilchester; and himself carried the warrant for his commitment to prison. The streets of Taunton were lined with people, many of whom, with bitter lamentations, followed him for several miles. The scene on this occasion was so affecting that it was almost more than he could bear. When himself and his friends arrived at Ilchester, the gaoler was not at home. He therefore embraced this opportunity, and preached again before he entered the prison. He was then committed to a chamber, in which were six other ministers, and fifty quakers. His fellow sufferers in the ministry, and himself, preached

once or twice a day, and many resorted to them, even from places eight or ten miles distant. In July he was indicted at the sessions. The grand jury threw out the bill, yet he was kept in prison. In August he was again indicted on the same evidence as before. The grand jury now found a bill against him, and he was brought to trial. The indictment was that, on May 17, 1663, "he together with twenty others, to the jurors unknown, did riotously, routously, and seditiously assemble themselves together, contrary to the peace of our sovereign Lord the king, and to the great terror of his subjects, and to the evil example of others," &c. He replied that he was guilty of praying and preaching, and owned them for his duty; but that he abhorred riotous and seditious assemblies, and pleaded that he was not guilty of the charge of attending one. The jury however convicted him, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of 100 marks, (£66. 13s. 4d.) and to be imprisoned till this fine was paid. To this he replied, that he was glad that he had appeared before his country; that whatever he was charged with, he was guilty of nothing but doing his duty; that all which appeared

from the evidence, was only that he had sung a psalm, and instructed his family in his own house, while some other persons were present; and that he should cheerfully receive whatever sentence might be pronounced upon him, in so good a cause. He was remanded to prison. In the following winter, his fellow-sufferers and himself were favoured with a more convenient room, and hundreds flocked to them to hear the word of God. The justices raged, and threatened him with exile; but their threats were not put into execution. At length he was liberated; but sickness soon overtook him. When his health was in some measure restored, he again laboured to promote the sacred cause of religion. A second imprisonment speedily interrupted his labours, and contributed to the ruin of his constitution. When liberated a second time, it was not for much active exertion. His strength was weakened; his health was ruined; and his constitution broken by labours and imprisonment. During these seasons of suffering he sometimes said to Mrs. Alleine, "Though we have not such attendants as the great ones of the world have, yet we have God's blessed angels to minis-

ter to us, to watch over us while sleeping, to go with us in our journeys, and to preserve us from the rage of men and devils." He had now by his example, to teach others how to bear sickness, and encounter death. After his release he lingered on upwards of a year; his health, like an expiring taper, sometimes brightening, then declining. During this season of trial he enjoyed inward peace, and said that God had not tried him in any thing, but in laying him aside from his work, and in keeping him out of heaven. He had not those rapturous joys of which some partake, but had a sweet serenity of heart and conscience; a confidence in God grounded on the promises of the gospel, and a belief that it would be well with him to all eternity.

In his illness he had so entirely lost the use of his limbs that he could not move a finger: when asked how he could be so well contented to lie so long as he had lain, in great weakness, he replied, "What! is God my Father, Jesus Christ my Saviour, the Spirit my friend, and comforter, and sanctifier, and heaven my inheritance, and shall I not be content without limbs and health?"

Through grace I am fully satisfied with my Father's good pleasure."

When another person asked him the same question, he answered, "I have chosen God, and he is become mine; and I know with whom I have trusted myself. He is an unreasonable wretch, that cannot be content with a God, though he have nothing else. My interest in God is all my joy."

To some Christian friends who visited him, he said, "You see my weak estate. Thus have I been for many weeks, but God has been with me, and I hope with you. Your prayers for me have been answered many ways; the Lord return them into your own bosoms. My friends, life is mine, death is mine; in that covenant I was preaching of to you, is all my salvation, and all my desire. I have lived a sweet life by the promises, and I hope, through grace, I can die by a promise. The promises of God are everlasting. Nothing but God in them will stand you in stead in a day of affliction."

"I feel the power of the doctrines I preached to you. It is a shame for a believer to be cast down under afflictions, who has so many glorious privileges; justification, adoption, sanctifi-

cation, and eternal glory. O live like believers! Trample this world under your feet. Be not taken with its comforts, nor disquieted with its crosses. You will be out of it shortly." He prayed with them before they parted, and afterwards said, "Farewell, farewell, my dear friends. Remember me to all Taunton. I beseech you and them, if I never see your faces more, go home and live over what I have preached to you; and the Lord provide for you when I am gone. O let not all my labours and sufferings, let not my wasted strength, my useless limbs, rise up in judgment against you, at the great day of the Lord."

At another time when some of his former flock visited him, he said to them, "Let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ. Live what I have spoken to you. Behold me; I cannot move a finger. It is for Christ and you that I have thus spent myself. Many professors who can pray and talk well we shall find at the left hand of Christ, another day. You have your trades, your estates, your relations; be not taken with these, but with God. For the Lord's sake take heed of the world, of worldly cares, worldly comforts, worldly friends."

When he heard that warrants were out for his apprehension, on the five-miles act, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and with a cheerful countenance, he thanked God, saying, "Blessed be the Lord! I shall now give up two lives for Christ. The one in doing, the other in suffering for him. I am worn out in doing for him, and now I can do no more, shall I not suffer for his sake? I bless the Lord I look not for happiness in this world. I am content to stay for it till I come into the other world. I forgive my enemies with all my heart."

He lived sometime in expectation of death. Every night after prayer he used to bid the family farewell, observing that he might die before the morning. When he lay down to rest he often said to Mrs. Alleine, "We shall shortly be in another bed. Farewell, my dear, the Lord bless thee." When he awoke in the morning his usual expressions were, "Now we have one day more; here is one more for God; let us live well this day, for we have but few to live."

After his illness had continued several months there appeared much probability of his recovery; but the delusive appearance soon vanished; he

grew worse. Seeing some friends weeping around him, he said, "Weep not for me, my work is done." Some prospect of recovery again appeared; and he was conveyed to Bath. Here, notwithstanding his weakness, he strove to promote the interests of religion, by catechising children; distributing religious publications; and having himself carried to the houses of the pious poor, to whom he gave money, and with whom he conversed and prayed.

A visible change for the worse soon appeared in his countenance; and he observed to some friends that his time would be very short. Not many days before he died, Mrs. Alleine being present with him, he offered to God many most affectionate requests for her, and said to her, "Well now, my dear, my companion in all my tribulations and afflictions, I thank thee for all thy pains and labours for me, at home and abroad, in prison and liberty, in health and in sickness." After mentioning the places at which they had been in their days of affliction, he concluded with many holy aspirations to God in her behalf; beseeching the Most High to requite her, and never forget her; but to fill her with all manner of consola-

tion and grace; and to support her through all difficulties.

The hour of his departure now drew on apace. He was seized with strong and terrible convulsions, which continued with little intermission for two days and nights. Prayers were offered that his sufferings might be mitigated, and prayer prevailed. He again became able to converse with his sorrowing friends. "O," said he, "How sweet will heaven be." Looking upon his hands he said, "These shall be changed. This vile body shall be made like unto Christ's glorious body." "O what a glorious day will the day of resurrection be. Methinks I see it by faith. How will the saints lift up their heads and rejoice!"

At length his work was finished. His Master called, and he entered into rest. He is gone to that country where his sun will never set, and God shall be his everlasting light; and for a hundred and fifty years, the days of his mourning have ended.

ety render her a suitable subject for these memoirs.

In early life, she indulged herself in many of the follies and vanities of her time; but being awakened to a sense of their fatal tendency, she renounced them, and placed her affections on objects which alone can confer solid and durable enjoyment. We shall pass over the intermediate parts of her circumspect life, and come to the closing scene of it; when she appeared to be much raised above the love of life, and the fears of death. The following is an extract from her own expressions, at that solemn crisis. At the same time that they manifest her desire to be released from the sorrows and dangers of mortality, there can be no doubt that it was limited by a humble submission, and pious resignation to the will of Heaven.

"I desire to die," said she, "because I want while I live here, the glorious presence of God, which I love and long for; and the sweet fellowship of angels and saints, who would be as glad to see me with them, as I should be to see them about me, and who would entertain me with unwearied delight.

"I desire to die—because while I live, I shall want the perfection of my nature, and be as an estranged and banished child from my Father's house.

"I desire to die—because I would not live to offend so good a God, and grieve his Holy Spirit. For his loving kindness is better than life, and he is abundant in mercy to me; and the fear of displeasing him often lies as a heavy load upon my heart.

"I desire to die—because this world is generally infected with the plague of sin, and I myself am tainted with the same disease: so that while I live here, I shall be in danger of being infected, or of infecting others. And if this world hates me, because I endeavour to follow goodness, how would it rejoice if my foot should slip! How woeful would my life be to me, if I should give occasion to the world to triumph and blaspheme! There are in my nature so many defects, errors, and transgressions, that I may say with David, 'Innumerable evils have compassed me about; my iniquities have taken hold on me, so that I am not able to look up.' I therefore desire heaven for holiness, and to the end that I may sin no more.

"I desire to die—because nothing in this world can give me solid and durable enjoyment.

"With regard to my children I am not troubled; for that God who has given them life, and breath, and all they have while I am living, can provide for them when I am dead. My God will be their God, if they be his; and if they be not, what comfort would it be for me to live to behold it? Life would be bitter to me, if I should see them dishonour God, whom I so greatly love.

"I fear not death—because it is but the separation of the soul from the body; and that is but a shadow of the body of death: Romans vii. 24. Whereas the separation of the soul from God by sin, and of soul and body for sin, is death in deed: Isa. lix. 2.

"I fear not death—because it is an enemy that has been often vanquished; and because I am armed for it; and the weapons of my warfare are mighty through God, and I am assured of victory.

I do not fear death for the pain of it; for I am persuaded I have endured as great pain in life, as I shall find in death, and death will cure me of all sorts of

pain. Besides Christ died a terrible death, to the end any kind of death might be blessed to me. — And that God who has greatly loved me in life, will not neglect me in death; but will, by his spirit, succour and strengthen me all the time of the combat."

For her comfort in her last hours, she put into the following form some memoirs of the principal mercies and blessings she had received from God.

"How shall I praise God for my conversion? for his word, both in respect of my affection to it, and the wonderful comforts I have had from it? for hearing my prayers? for godly sorrow? for fellowship with the godly? for joy in the Holy Spirit? for the desire of death? for contempt of the world? for private helps and comforts? for giving me some strength against my sins? for preserving me from gross evils, both before and after my calling?"

In her last sickness, which was of long continuance, she was deeply sensible of the dangers and miseries that attend our progress through life, and often implored God to remove her into a better world, saying in the words of David, "Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation! Be pleased, O Lord, to

deliver me ! O Lord, make haste to help me !"—and she was relieved in the tenderest manner ; for her spirit departed from the body, when it was thought she had only fallen asleep.

JOHN OWEN. A. D. 1683.

OF the death of this eminent divine, the following anecdote is related :

Mr. Payne, who had been entrusted by him with the care of putting his last performance to the press, came in to see him in the morning of the day on which he died, and said, "I have just been putting your book, 'On the glory of Christ,' to the press." He replied, "I am glad to hear that this performance is put to the press, but," lifting up his hands and his eyes as in a kind of rapture, "O brother Payne, the long looked for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done yet, or was capable of doing in this world."

JOHN ELLIOT. A. D. 1690.

AMONG those, who have shone, in the church of Christ, with almost apostolic lustre, John Elliot, the apostle of

the American Indians, appears conspicuous. He lived beloved, he died lamented ; and doubtless now lives a far nobler life, beloved by multitudes, to whom Divine Providence made him the instrument of conveying the glad tidings of pardon, peace, and heaven.

He was born in England about the year 1604. In early life he sought his God, and, having found the way of peace, devoted himself to the ministry of the gospel. Being driven from England by that enmity to real piety, and that persecuting spirit, which have stamped indelible disgrace on the reign of Charles the First, he emigrated in 1631, to what was then the dreary wilderness of America ; with Moses, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. In America, for almost sixty years, he pursued his journey towards heaven. After the long pilgrimage of 86 years on earth, in 1690 he left that land, which had become a refuge for the Saviour's suffering church below, to go and join the happy and triumphant church, in that better, far better country, which he will never, never leave.

The piety of this eminent man was

the piety of youth; and the happy effects of his early acquaintance with religion, appeared in his becoming a burning and a shining light, as a Christian, a minister, and a missionary. Prayer was his delight; in this respect he led a life of intimate communion with God. The writer of his life observed, "Could the walls of his old study speak, they would ravish us with a relation of the many hundred and thousand fervent prayers, which he there poured out before the Lord." It was not merely his daily practice to pray to his Father in secret, but he frequently employed whole days in the exercises of devotion. He thought that when we have any great things to accomplish, the best policy is to work by an engine of which the world sees nothing. If he heard any news of importance his usual remark was, "Brethren, let us turn all this into prayer." If he visited the house of a friend, he would often say, "Come, let us not have a visit without a prayer; let us pray down the blessing of heaven on your family before we go." When associating with his brethren in the ministry, he would remind them that the Saviour takes much notice of what is done and said

by his ministers, and would invite them to pray before they parted.

He was not less eminent for a heavenly frame of mind, which he manifested amidst the common occurrences of life. On one occasion, when walking in his garden, he plucked up some of the weeds which grew there, a friend said to him, "Sir, you tell us we must be heavenly minded;" he immediately replied, "It is true, and *this* is no impediment to *that*; for were I sure to go to heaven to morrow, I would do what I do to day." On another occasion, visiting a merchant, and seeing, in his counting house, books of business only on the table, but all the books of devotion on a shelf; he said to him, "Sir, here's earth on the table, and heaven on the shelf; pray do not sit so much at the table as altogether to forget the shelf; let not earth by any means thrust heaven out of your mind." At another time in the hearing of a friend, who wrote while he spoke, he made the following striking paraphrase on those words, "Our conversation is in heaven."

"Behold," said he, "the ancient and excellent character of a true Christian; 'tis that which Peter calls holiness in

all manner of conversation; you shall not find a Christian out of the way of godly conversation. For, first, a seventh part of our time is all spent in heaven, when we are duly zealous for, and zealous on the Sabbath of God. Besides God has written on the head of the Sabbath, Remember; which looks both forwards and backwards; and thus a good part of the week will be truly a Sabbath. Well, but for the rest of our time! Why, we shall have that spent in heaven, ere we have done. For, secondly, we have many days for both fasting and thanksgiving, in our pilgrimage; and here are so many Sabbaths more. Moreover, thirdly, we have our lectures every week; and pious people will not miss them, if they can help it. Furthermore, fourthly, we have our private meetings, wherein we may pray, and sing, and repeat sermons, and confer together about the things of God; and being now come thus far, we are in heaven almost every day. But a little farther, fifthly, we perform family duties every day; we have our morning and evening sacrifices, wherein having read the scriptures to our families, we call upon the name of God, and every now and then carefully catechise those that are under our charge. Sixth-

ly, we shall also have our daily devotions in our closets; wherein, unto supplication before the Lord, we shall add some serious meditation upon his word; a David will be at this work no less than thrice a day. Seventhly, we have likewise many scores of ejaculations in a day; and these we have, like Nehemiah, in whatever place we come into. Eighthly, we have our occasional thoughts, and our occasional talk, upon spiritual matters; and we have our occasional acts of charity, wherein we do like the inhabitants of heaven every day. Ninthly, in our callings, in our civil callings, we keep up heavenly frames, we buy and sell, and toil; yea, we eat and drink, with some eye both to the honour and command of God in all. Behold, I have not now left a minute of time to be carnal; it is all engrossed for heaven. And yet, lest here should not be enough, lastly, we have our spiritual warfare. We are always encountering the enemies of our souls, which continually raises our hearts unto our helper and leader in the heavens. Let no man say 'tis impossible to live at this rate; for we have known some live thus; and others that have written of such a life, have but spun a web out of their own blessed expe-

rience. New England has example of this life; though alas, 'tis to be lamented, that the distractions of the world, in too many professors, becloud the beauty of a heavenly conversation. In fine, our employment lies in heaven. In the morning, if we ask, where am I to be to day? Our souls must answer, in heaven. In the evening, if we ask, where have I been to day? Our souls may answer in heaven. If thou art a believer, thou art no stranger to heaven while thou livest; and when thou diest, heaven will be no strange place to thee; no, thou hast been there a thousand times before."

Where the Sabbath is loved and improved, religion flourishes; where that sacred day is undervalued, religion, if it appear at all, will be found languishing and dying. Elliot loved that day; it was his endeavour that his words and thoughts should be suited to it. He improved its holy hours himself; and assisted others in doing so. Before he left England, he had promised some of his pious Christian friends, that he would devote himself to them and their service, if they should emigrate to America before he undertook the pastoral care of any other congregation.

A number of them soon afterwards did so, and settled at Roxbury, where a church was formed, of which he became the pastor; and to which he faithfully ministered for nearly three-score years. While he laboured for the eternal good of the more mature part of his flock, he was anxious for the welfare of their children. He took almost incredible pains in catechising them; and the success of his exertions was proportioned to his indefatigable industry. At the ordination of a minister he once said, "Brother, art thou a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ? Then I pray feed his lambs."

The present age is esteemed distinguished, by the intelligent and zealous spirit manifested for the diffusion of religion: it may justly be thought such, as far as exertion is concerned, but in no other view. Elliot in the west, and not long after him, Zeigenbalg in the east, pursued the very same plans for promoting Christianity, that are pursued now. They preached to the heathen; brought the printing press into action; established schools, and translated the scriptures. Had their zealous labours in the propagation of the gospel been followed by subsequent cor-

respondent exertions, none can tell what would probably, ere this time, have been the blessed result.

The former of these eminent men was even more distinguished as a missionary, than as a minister. Being anxiously concerned for the immortal welfare of those miserable savages, the Indians, in his neighbourhood, in 1646 he began preaching the gospel to them. Many were the discouragements he encountered; the hardships he endured; the dangers to which he was exposed. Yet he pursued his work till the wilderness rejoiced, and the desert was glad. Alluding to a journey among the Indians, in one of his letters, he said, "I have not been dry night nor day, from the third day of the week until the sixth, but so travelled, and at night pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. But God steps in and helps. I have considered the word of God, 2 Tim. ii. 3: Endure hardship as a good soldier of Christ." He translated the Bible, and various other books into the Indian language: among which was Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted." A young Indian prince, when he lay a dying, continued with floods of tears to read

that book while he had strength to do so. Some of the Indian chiefs became the open enemies of the gospel: and Mr. Elliot, when in the wilderness, without the company of any other Englishman, was, at various times, treated in a threatening and barbarous manner by some of those men; yet his strong Protector inspired him with such resolution, that he would say, "I am about the work of the Great God, and my God is with me; so that I fear neither you nor all the Sachims (or chiefs) in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare." They heard him, and shrunk away.

The happy conversion of many of the Indians, was the reward which God gave to such patient and persevering exertions. They learned to pray; they renounced their vices; the profligate became pious; the savage was civilized; the Ethiopian changed his skin; and the leopard his spots. The self-conceited philosopher of the present day, or in other words, the masked or open infidel, scoffs at such labours as enthusiasm; but let him know, that the truths he scorns, civilized his own ancestors, and millions of other savages; the philosophy he glories

in never civilized one. The wise man derides the gospel and its fruits, and devils, well pleased, behold their dupe swelling to the stars in the pride of fancied wisdom; but upon the change which he derides, angels gaze with joy, and see, in the converted savage a new companion for themselves, in those regions of eternal day, to which the doctrines of the cross have conducted many, but vain philosophy none.

The word of God, in a passage which, though it had a more immediate reference to one class of persons, may justly be applied to all professors of the gospel, says, "Let them learn first to show piety at home." The faithful apostle of the Indians showed it there. In 1632 he married a young English lady, who had emigrated from England; and with her, for more than fifty years, he walked with God. She was eminent for piety and usefulness, and was a rich blessing to her family and neighbourhood. When she died, her aged husband, who seldom shed a tear, weeping over her coffin, before a vast concourse of people exclaimed, "*Here lies my dear, faithful, pious, prudent, prayerful wife; I shall go to her, and she*

not return to me."* She and her beloved partner became the parents of six children. In their family the worship of God was constantly maintained. The scriptures were read; and the younger part of the family were frequently invited to make some observations of their own, on what had been read. Thus was their attention engaged, and their understandings improved. Their father made his house a school of piety. Several of the sons became ministers of the gospel; and all the six

* Perhaps the younger readers of this volume may be pleased with the following lines, which were written on passing through a village, in whose church yard several of the writer's friends lay interred. They contain the sentiment here expressed, though there was no designed reference to the words of Elliot, or those of *David*,

"Return beloved friends, to earth return;
Cheer with your love once more life's weary
day;
Come back to those, who your departure
mourn,
O come to us! and chase our griefs away."
"We cannot come," a heavenly voice re-
plies,
"Nor *would* we come to your abodes of woe;
'Tis you must seek us in the blissful skies,
Not we return to you and grief below."

gave such decided proof of their real piety, that after the death of some of them, their aged father would sometimes say, "I have had six children, and bless God for his free grace, they are all either with Christ or in Christ, and my mind is now at rest concerning them." After losing some of them, being asked how he could bear the death of such excellent children, he replied, "My desire was, that they should serve God on earth, but if God will have them serve him in heaven, I have nothing to object against it; his will be done."

His charity was eminent. He felt for those who suffered; and in various ways laboured for their relief. Though possessed of but a small estate, he gave many hundreds of pounds to the poor. Were his neighbours afflicted, he was ready to visit them, and cheer them with fraternal sympathy. He prevailed on others to keep many days of prayer and fasting with himself, for those whose distresses touched his compassionate heart. He had few enemies; and in one instance where a person, who had been one of his hearers, became such, he conquered him with kindness. If he heard ministers com-

plain of any individuals in their respective flocks, the purport of his answer still was, "Brother, compass them"—"Brother, learn the meaning of those three little words, Bear, Forbear, Forgive." On an occasion when a bundle of papers referring to some disputes, was laid before an assembly of ministers, he threw the whole into the fire and said, "Brethren, wonder not at what I have done; I did it on my knees this morning, before I came among you."

Thus he spent a long life employed in promoting the glory of God, and the temporal and eternal welfare of man. He walked in the light of God's countenance all the day long; and it was believed, for many years, enjoyed an assurance of the divine love. He had no fear of dying. When suffering from a fever and an ague, a visitor said to him, "Sir, fear not." He replied to this effect, "Fear! no, no, I am not afraid. I thank God I am not afraid to die." Age, at length, weakened his powers for usefulness. When asked how he did, he would sometimes answer; "Alas, I have lost every thing; my understanding leaves me; my memory fails me; my utterance fails me;

but I thank God my charity holds out still: I find that rather grow than fail." When he conceived himself incapacitated by old age, from promoting the welfare of his own congregation, he turned his attention to some negroes in the neighbourhood, to whom he thought he might still be useful; and when no longer able to go from his house to instruct them, he became the teacher of a poor blind boy.

For many months before he died, he would often cheerfully tell those around him, that he was shortly going to heaven; and that he would carry a deal of good news thither with him; referring to the then prosperous state of the New England churches. His frequent theme was the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Of this he talked; for this he prayed; for this he longed; and whatever might be the subject of discourse, this was sure to be introduced. At length his Lord came to fetch him home. When dying he said to a friend, "Brother, thou art welcome to my very soul. Pray retire to thy study for me, and give me leave to be gone;" meaning that he should not by prayer strive to prolong his life. Referring to the progress of the gospel among the

Indians, he said, "The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant it may live when I am dead. It is a work which I have been doing long; but what was that word I spoke last! I recall that word; my doings, alas! they have been poor and small; and I will be the man, that shall throw the first stone at them all." One of his last expressions was, "WELCOME JOY!" and he expired, saying, "*Pray, pray, pray.*" Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace! Compare with this benevolent and holy life, and this peaceful death, the life and death of a Hobbs, or a Hume, a Rousseau, or a Voltaire, or a Paine, and surely the unprejudiced mind will see so vast a contrast, that one may almost seem the life of an angel, the other that of a devil. Which will the reader imitate?

RICHARD BAXTER. A. D. 1691.

THIS great and good man passed through a life of labours, sorrows, and persecutions, to the mansions of endless repose. He lived, he wrote, he laboured as with eternity in sight, and declared respecting himself,

"I preach as if I ne'er should preach again,
And as a dying man, to dying men."

In very early life devout impressions appear to have been made upon his mind. His father said with tears of joy, "I hope my son Richard was sanctified from the womb." When a little child he would reprove other children if he heard them using profane words. When he grew up he entered on the ministry. He laboured in several places; but Kidderminster was the principal sphere of his exertions. Here his ministry was crowned with astonishing success. After a few active years, persecution drove him from the field of exertion; yet still he laboured, though not to the same extent; and suffered also. His own generation was deprived of much of the benefit they might have reaped from a man who may have had equals but seldom a superior; yet their loss has been the gain of succeeding generations; and Baxter, though dead, speaks to thousands in his invaluable writings.

Like Moses he chose affliction with the people of God; for a bishopric was offered him, which he refused. When this great and good man drew near the conclusion of life, his last hours were

spent in preparing others and himself to appear before God. He said to his friends that visited him, "You come hither to learn to die; I can assure you, that your whole life, be it ever so long, is little enough to prepare for death. Have a care of this vain deceitful world, and the lusts of the flesh. Be sure you choose God for your portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for your end, his word for your rule, and then you need never fear but we shall meet with comfort."—Never was a penitent sinner more humble in debasing himself; never was a sincere believer more calm and comfortable. He acknowledged himself to be the vilest dunghill-worm (his usual expression) that ever went to heaven. He admired the divine condescension to us, often saying, "Lord, what is man? what am I, a vile worm, to the great God?" Many times he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and blessed God that this was left upon record in the gospel as an effectual prayer. He said, "God may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did, and all my hopes are from the free mercy of God in Christ;" for which he often prayed. After a slumber, he waked and said,

"I shall rest from my labour." A minister then present added, "And your works follow you." To whom he replied, "No works; I will leave out works, if God will grant me the other." When a friend was comforting him with the remembrance of the good many had received by his preaching and writings, he said, "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"—His resigned submission to the will of God, in his sharp sickness, was eminent. When extremity of pain constrained him earnestly to pray to God for his release by death, he would check himself, saying, "It is not fit for me to prescribe:—*when thou wilt, what thou wilt, and how thou wilt.*"—Being in great anguish he said, "O how unsearchable are his ways, and his paths past finding out! the riches of his providence we cannot fathom!" and to his friends, "Do not think the worse of religion for what you see me suffer."—Being often asked, how it was with his inward man; he replied, "I bless God I have a well grounded assurance of my eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within:" but it was his trouble that he could not triumphantly express it, in consequence

of extreme pain. He said, "Flesh must perish, and we must feel the perishing of it; and though his judgment submitted, yet sense would still make him groan." The description of heaven, in Heb. xii. 22, was a most cheering passage to him; he said it deserved a thousand thousand thoughts.—At another time he said, that he found great comfort and sweetness in repeating the words of the Lord's prayer, and was sorry that some good people were prejudiced against the use of it; for that there were all necessary petitions for soul and body contained in it.—He gave excellent counsel to some young ministers that visited him, and earnestly prayed for them and for the church of Christ. He was visited the day before he died by a friend, to whom he said, "I have pain, there is no arguing against sense, but I have peace, I have peace." His friend said, "You are now approaching to your long desired home." He answered, "I believe, I believe."—He expressed a great willingness to die, and during his sickness, when the question was asked how he did, his usual reply was, "Almost well;" and sometimes, "Better than I deserve to be, but not so well as I hope to be." His joy

was most remarkable, when in his own apprehension death was nearest. The welcome hour at length arrived, and he died in peace, Dec. 8, 1691.

ELIZABETH ROWE. A. D. 17—.

In every age religion has found many of its most devoted friends among the softer sex. Women ministered to the Saviour when he had scarcely a place to lay his head; and watched beside his cross when his own disciples forsook him. They welcomed his resurrection from the grave, and to them he *first* appeared: and still wherever the gospel of salvation spreads, it will be found, that female hearts, in the largest proportion, yield to the gentle sway of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Elizabeth Rowe is one of those who adorned the gospel in life, who enjoyed its supports in death, and who doubtless shine as stars in the firmament for ever. And let the young especially consider that the piety of this amiable woman was *early* piety. She sought the path of peace in youth. Her course was like that of the sun: in the morning of life her religion appeared, and

shone more and more unto the perfect day.

Her views in the prospect of eternity are expressed in a letter accompanying her meditations, and opened after her decease. The following passage is an extract from it.

“The reflections were occasionally written, and only for my own improvement; but I am not without hope that they may have the same salutary effect on some pious minds, as the reading of the experiences of others has had on my own soul. The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than the theory of it; and if when I am sleeping in the dust, those soliloquies should kindle a flame of divine love, even in the heart of the lowest and most despised Christian, be the glory given to the great Spring of all grace and benignity!”

“I have now done with mortal things, and all to come is vast eternity! —Eternity! How transporting is the sound! As long as God exists, my being and happiness are, I doubt not, secure. These unbounded desires, which the wide creation cannot limit, shall be satisfied for ever. I shall drink at the fountain head of pleasure, and be re-

freshed with the emanations of original life and joy. I shall hear the voice of uncreated harmony, speaking peace and ineffable consolation to my soul."

"I expect eternal life, not as a reward of merit, but as a pure act of bounty. Detesting myself in every view I can take. I fly to the righteousness and atonement of my great Redeemer, for pardon and salvation: this is my only consolation and hope. Enter not into judgment, O Lord, with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified. Through the blood of the Lamb, I hope for an entire victory over the last enemy; and that, before this comes to you, I shall have reached the celestial heights; and while you are reading these lines, I shall be adoring before the throne of God, where faith shall be turned into vision, and these languishing desires satisfied with the full fruition of immortal love." Amen.

HANNAH HOUSMAN.

THIS amiable and exemplary woman was one of those who remember their Creator in the days of their youth. She

was a native of Kidderminster. In her childhood she enjoyed the advantages of a religious education; and, such was the blessing of God upon her early privileges, that she appears from her diary, to have been under lively religious impressions at thirteen years of age. For twenty-four years, she seems to have humbly and circumspectly walked with God. In her dying hours she had such foretastes of the joy to come, as richly rewarded her for all the conflicts of this probationary scene; and, in her triumphant departure, let the young behold an animating and encouraging reason for early piety. The following account of her last illness and death, was drawn up by a person who witnessed her sufferings and her comforts.

"From the time of her first seizure, she was exercised with very violent pains, without any intermission till her death; such as she would often say, she thought she could not have borne: 'But,' said she, 'God is good; verily he is good to me! Through life I have found him a good and gracious God.'

"When recovering from extreme pain, she said, 'God is good, I have found him so: and though he slay me

yet I will trust in him. These pains make me love my Lord Jesus the better. O, they put me in mind of what he suffered, to purchase salvation for my poor soul! Why for me, Lord! why for me, the greatest of sinners? Why for me, who so long refused the rich offers of thy grace, and the kind invitations of the gospel? how many helps and means have I enjoyed more than many others! yea, above most!—I had a religious father and mother; and I had access to a valuable minister, to whom I could often and freely open my mind; I have lived in a golden age; I have lived in peaceable times, and have enjoyed great advantages and helps for communion with God, and the peace of my own mind; for which I owe my gracious God and Father more praises than words can express. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all, or any of his benefits!"

"When any were weeping and mourning over her, she would say, 'Weep not for me: it is the will of God; therefore be content. If it may be for his honour and glory, he will spare me a little longer; if not, I am wholly

resigned to the will of God. I am content to stay here, as long as he has any thing for me to do, or to suffer; and I am willing to go, if it be my Father's good pleasure. Therefore be content, and say, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good.'

"To a person who came to see her, she said, 'Cousin, I think I shall die: and now what a comfort it is, that I am not afraid of death! The blood of Christ cleanses me from all sin. But mistake me not; there must be a life and conversation agreeable to the gospel, or else our faith in Christ is a dead faith. Secure Christ for your friend; set not your heart on things below: riches, and honours, and what the world calls pleasures, are all fading, perishing things.' She then threw out her hand, and said, 'O, if I had thousands and ten thousands of gold and silver lying by me, what could they do for me now I am dying!' Take the advice of a departing friend who wishes you well. Do not set your affections on riches, or on any thing here below. Remember, death will come in a little while, whether you are ready or unready, willing or unwilling. I commend you to God. I hope, in a short

time, we shall meet again in heaven, that place of perfect rest, peace and happiness.'

"The whole time of her sickness, she was in a cheerful, thankful frame of mind. When she was cold, and had something warm given her, she often said, 'Blessed be God for all his mercies; and for this comfort in my affliction.' On her attendant's warming a piece of flannel, and putting it round her cold hands, she thanked her for it, and said, 'O, how many mercies I have! I want for nothing. Here is every thing I can wish for. I can say I never wanted any good thing. I wish only for a tranquil passage to glory. It was free grace that plucked me from the very brink of hell; and it is the power of divine grace, that has supported me through the whole of my life. Hitherto I can say, the Lord is gracious. He has been very merciful to me, in sustaining me under all my trials. The Lord brings afflictions, but it is not because he delights to afflict his children; it is at all times for our profit. I can say, it has been good for me to be afflicted: it has enabled me to discern things, which when I was in health, I could not perceive. It has

made me see more of the vanity and emptiness of this world, and all its delusive pleasures; for, at best, they are but vanity. I can say, from my own experience, I have found them to be so many a time.'

"To her husband, the day before she died, she said, 'My dear, I think I am going apace; and I hope you will be satisfied, because it is the will of God. You have at all times been very loving and good to me; and I thank you for it kindly: and now I desire you freely to resign me to God. If God sees it best to prolong my stay here upon earth, I am willing to stay; or if he sees it best to take me to himself, I am willing to go. I am willing to be and bear what may be most for his glory.'

"The evening before she died, she found death stealing upon her; and feeling her own pulse, said, 'Well, it will be but a little while before my work in this world will be finished. Then I shall have done with prayer. My whole employment in heaven will be praise and love. Here, I love God but faintly, yet, I hope, sincerely; but there, it will be perfectly. I shall behold his face in righteousness; for I am thy servant, Lord! bought with

blood, with precious blood. Christ died to purchase the life of my soul. A little while, and then I shall be singing that sweet song—'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto HIM that sitteth upon the throne, and to the LAMB for ever and ever.'

"With smiles in her face, and transports of joy, she often said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Why tarry the wheels of thy chariot? O, blessed convoy! come and fetch my soul, to dwell with God, and Christ, and perfect spirits, for ever and ever. When I join that blessed society above, my pleasures will never end. O, the glory, the glory that shall be set on the head of faith and love!'

"A few minutes before her departure, finding herself going, she desired to be lifted up. When this was done, she cheerfully said, 'Farewell, sin! farewell, pains!—and so finished her course with joy.'

WILLIAM LEECHMAN.

WHEN this eminent minister lay on his dying bed, he thus addressed the son of a worthy nobleman:

"You see the situation I am in; I

have not many days to live; I am glad you have had an opportunity of witnessing the tranquillity of my last moments. But it is not tranquillity and composure alone; it is joy and triumph, it is complete exultation."—His features kindled, his voice rose as he spoke. "And whence," said he, "does this exultation spring?—From *that Book* (pointing to a bible)—from *that Book*, too much neglected indeed, but which contains invaluable treasures! treasures of joy and rejoicing! for it makes us *certain that this mortal shall put on immortality!*"

MARGARETTA KLOPSTOCK. A. D. 1758.

THE gay followers of the present world would deem it impossible to contemplate death and eternity with satisfaction, unless perhaps, they might do so whom affliction had rendered weary of life. The following narrative, however, presents a memorial of one who, in the midst of youth and comfort, looked forward with delight to the scenes beyond the grave, and who, though blessed with tender friends below, still desired that unseen world, where dearer, better friends are enjoyed.

This lady's maiden name was Moller. In 1751 she became acquainted with the celebrated German poet Klopstock, and they were married in 1754. Both of them appear to have been partakers of real religion. Klopstock, in early life, had made the bible his constant companion; not perusing its sacred pages, merely as a duty, but as a pleasure. She is represented to have been a highly amiable and intelligent woman.

The union between her and her husband, was one of the most affectionate possible; but affection thus fervent, and earthly happiness thus exalted and pure, could not bind down her soul to this terrestrial scene. She still looked forward to eternity. Among her compositions were some letters as from the dead to the living. A few passages from these may display her views of this world, and of some of the most important truths of religion. In one of these, addressed as from her husband in the eternal world to herself, sorrowing for his departure, the following thoughts occur:

"The hour was come that took me from thee, from your world *for ever*; but how short is the *for ever* of your world!"

"Fear not on account of the sins which now disturb thy peace. I will not call them trifling—what we term *failings*, are, before the HOLY ONE, *great crimes*; but the love with which he pardons is unspeakable."

In another of these compositions she represents the departed writer as saying to his living friend,

"Feel only that thou art a sinner, and that He, JESUS of Nazareth, a name so many of thy brethren in vain endeavour to debase;—He, the God whom I now worship, is thine Atoner, thy Redeemer."

Four short years of connubial happiness with her beloved Klopstock flew swiftly away, and she was not permitted to complete a fifth. In a letter to him, a little more than two months before her death, she said, "God will give us what in his wisdom he sees good, and if any thing be wanting to our wishes, he will teach us to bear that want."

In 1658, when writing to her husband, who for several weeks was absent from her, she expressed some apprehensions of being removed from the present world; he replied, "God is where you are. God is where I am."

We depend entirely on him, much more entirely than is generally supposed. We depend on him in all those things which least call our thoughts towards him. His presence preserves our breath; he has numbered the hairs of our head. My soul is now in a state of sweet composure, though mixed with some degree of sadness. O my wife, whom God has given me, be not careful—be not careful for the morrow!”

She replied, “You must not think any thing more, than that I am as willing to die as to live, and that I prepare myself for both; for I do not allow myself to look on either with certainty. Were I to judge from circumstances, there is much more probability of life than of death, but I am perfectly resigned to either; God’s will be done. I often wonder at the indifference I feel on the subject when I am so happy in this world.* O what is our religion!

* She was very grateful for this happiness, but it did not at all diminish her desire for a better world. In the last of her Confessions, which she always used to write, she prays, “May God continue to me the readiness which he has given me, to exchange a life full of happiness, for a still happier eternity.”

What must that eternal state be, of which we know so little, while our soul feels so much! More than a life with Klopstock! It does not now appear to me so hard to leave you and our child, and I only fear that I may lose this peace of mind again, though it has already lasted eight months. I well know that all hours are not alike, and particularly the *last*; since death, in my situation, must be far from an easy death; but let the last hour make no impression on you. You know too well how much the body then presses down the soul. Let God give what he will, I shall still be happy. A longer life with you, or an eternal life with him! But can you as easily part from me as I from you? You are to remain in this world, in a world without me! you know I have always wished to be the survivor, because I well know it is the hardest to endure: but perhaps it is the will of God that you should be left, and perhaps you have most strength.—O think where I am going; and as far as sinners can judge of each other, you may be certain that I go there (the humble hopes of a Christian cannot deceive); and there you will follow me. There shall we be for ev-

er, united by love, which assuredly was not made to cease."

Not long after she wrote this letter, her beloved husband returned home; but he did not long enjoy her society. The solemn event she had anticipated took place, and she entered eternity, Nov. 28, 1758.

A week after her death, Klopstock, in a letter to a friend, gave the following narrative of the affecting scene through which he had passed:

"This is my Meta's dying day, and yet I am composed. Can I ascribe *this* to myself, my Cramer? certainly not. Thanks be to the God of comfort, for all the favours he has shown me. Thank our God with me, my Cramer. I will now try to give you a more circumstantial account. Her sufferings continued from Friday till Tuesday afternoon about four o'clock; but they were the most violent from Monday evening about eight. On Sunday morning I supported first myself and then her, by repeating, that without our Father's will not a hair on her head could fall; and more than once I repeated to her the following lines from my last ode. One time I was so much affected that I was forced to stop at every line. I

was to repeat it all to her, but we were interrupted.

'Though unseen by human eye,
My Redeemer's hand is nigh;
He has pour'd salvation's light
Far within the vale of night;
There will God my steps control,
There his presence bless my soul.
Lord, what'er my sorrows be,
Teach me to look up to Thee !'

"When I began to fear for her life (as I did this sooner than any one else), I from time to time whispered something in her ear concerning God, but so as not to let her perceive my apprehensions. I know little of what I said; only in general I know that I repeated to her, how much I was strengthened by the uncommon fortitude graciously vouchsafed to her; and that I now reminded her of that to which we had so often encouraged each other—perfect resignation. When she had already suffered greatly, I said to her, with much emotion, 'The Most Merciful is with thee.' I saw how she felt it. Perhaps she now first guessed that I thought she would die. I saw this in her countenance. I afterwards told her (as often as I could go into the room, and support the sight of her suf-

ferings) how visible the grace of God was with her. How could I refrain from speaking of the great comfort of my soul!

"I came in just as she had been bled. A light having been brought near on that account, I saw her face clearly for the first time after many hours. Ah, my Cramer, the hue of death was on it! But that God who was so mightily with her supported me too at the sight. She was better after the bleeding, but soon worse again. I was allowed but very little time to take leave of her. I had some hopes that I might return to pray with her. I shall never cease to thank God for the grace he gave me at this parting. I said, 'I will fulfil my promise, my Meta, and tell you that your life from extreme weakness is in danger.' You must not expect me to relate every thing to you. I cannot recollect the whole. She heard perfectly, and spoke without the smallest difficulty. I pronounced over her the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Now the will of him who inexpressibly supports thee, his will be done!" "Let him do according to his will," said she; "He will do *well*." She said this in a most expressive tone of joy

and confidence. 'You have endured like an angel. God has been with you. He *will* be with you. His mighty name be praised. The Most Merciful will support you! Were I so wretched as not to be a Christian, I should now become one.' Something of this sort, and yet more, I said to her in a strong emotion of transport. Eliza (Mrs. K.'s sister) says, we were both full of joy.—'Be my guardian angel if our God permit.' 'You have been mine,' said she. 'Be my guardian angel,' repeated I, 'if our God permit.' 'Who would not be so!' said she. I would have hastened away. Eliza said, 'Give her your hand once more.' I know not whether I said any thing. I hastened away—then went into my own room and prayed. God gave me much strength in prayer; I asked for perfect resignation; but how was it, my Cramer, that I did not pray for her, which would have been so natural? Probably because she was already heard above all that I could ask or think!

"When I was gone out she again asked Eliza whether it was likely she might die, and whether her death was so near. Once she told her that she felt nothing. Afterwards she felt some

pain. She said to Eliza, that God had much to forgive in her, but she trusted in her Redeemer. On another occasion Eliza said to her, that God would help her. She answered, 'Into heaven.' As her head sunk on the pillow she said with much animation, 'It is over!' She then looked tenderly on Eliza, and with yet unfixed eyes listened while she thus prayed, 'The blood of JESUS CHRIST cleanse thee from all sin.' O sweet words of eternal life! After some expressions of pain in her countenance, it again became perfectly serene, and thus she died.

"I will not complain; I will be thankful, that in so severe a trial, God has strengthened me.

"At parting she said to me very sweetly, 'Thou wilt follow me!' 'May my end be like thine!' O might I now for one moment weep on her bosom! For I cannot refrain from tears, nor does God require it of me.

"My Meta left a paper with Eliza, on which, besides some other directions, she had written what she would have on her coffin. It consists of two passages from the eleventh book of the Messiah. The soul of the penitent thief speaks:

'Was this then death?
O soft yet sudden change! What shall I
call thee?

No more—no more thy name be death—
and thou,

Corruption's dreaded power, how chang'd to
joy!

Sleep then; companion of my first existence,
Seed sown by God to ripen for the harvest.'

"The soul of the thief continues speaking, while the etherial body forms around it—

'O what new life I feel!
Being of beings, how I rise! not one,
A thousand steps I rise; And yet I feel
Advancing still in glory, I shall soar
Above these thousand steps—Near and more
near

(Not in his works alone, these beauteous
worlds)

I shall behold the Eternal face to face.'

"I too wished to put something on the coffin, and I chose the following lines from the second stanza of my ode:

'Though unseen by human eye,
My Redeemer's hand is nigh;
He has pour'd salvation's light
Far within the vale of night.'

The following consolatory lines from Giesecke, one of Klopstock's friends, deserve attention on account of the sentiment with which they conclude.

"Yours is a heavy trial; but my dear

friend, God who lays it upon you will not leave you without support. A—— has given me great pleasure by the assurance, that God has already begun to glorify himself in you; for you have said, ‘She is not far from me.’ Indeed to a Christian the distance is not great between heaven and earth.”

After Mrs. Klopstock’s decease her husband appears to have striven to beguile some of the hours of his affliction, by several small compositions, in which as if writing to her, he describes what his feelings were. The consoling influence of religion is so strongly visible in some of these, that a few extracts from them are subjoined.

“I will now tell thee something of what befel me after I left thee—I had before prayed with much uneasiness; I could now pray with quite different feelings. I entreated perfect submission. My soul hung on God. I was refreshed. I was comforted and prepared for the stroke that was already so near, nearer than I thought. I believed that thou wouldst yet live some hours, that was my only hope, and that according to thy wish expressed not long before I left thee, I might once more be permitted to pray with thee; but

how often are our thoughts not as God’s thoughts—I said soon after thy death, she is not far from me, and thou wast not far from me; we are both in the hand of the Almighty.”

“After some time I wished to see what I had just before called my Meta. They prevented me—I said to one of our friends, ‘Then I will forbear. She will rise again.’”

“The second night came the blessing of thy death. Till then I had considered it only a trial. The blessing of such a death in its full power came on me. I passed above an hour in silent rapture. Only once in my life did I ever feel any thing similar, when in my youth I thought myself dying, but the moments of my expected departure then were somewhat different. My soul was raised with gratitude and joy, but that sweet silence was not in it. The highest degree of peace with which I am acquainted was in my soul. This state began with my recollecting that thy Accomplisher and my Advocate said, ‘He who loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.’”

“It is impossible to describe all the blessings of this hour. I was never

before with such certainty convinced of my salvation."

"For this world, for ever, my Meta. Yes it is short, very short, the for ever of this world. How soon wast thou taken from me!—But never, never will I complain. Not even that the for ever of this world often appears to me far from short. How can I complain! How can I forget the comfort, the gracious refreshment which restored my soul when my path was the roughest, when the wilderness of my pilgrimage most resembled that shadowy vale which thou didst pass!"

"Thou who couldst not endure a single day's absence from me, (Oh, well I know how ill thou couldst endure it), thou didst contentedly see me leave thee, and didst not send for me to return, though I had promised to pray with thee again. What a change in thee! Thou wast quite detached from this world. It was the beginning of eternal life. Though I know that thou hast never ceased to love me, yet this thought would be painful to me, had it not been for the sake of the great object of our worship, that thou didst tear thyself even from me."

Klopstock survived his amiable wife

many years, and to the end of life cherished the remembrance of her. He died in Christian triumph. In his last and severest conflict he raised himself on his bed, folded his hands, and with uplifted eyes pronounced the cheering words, "Can a woman forget her child that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb? yes, she may forget, but I will not forget thee." He sunk down, fell into a gentle slumber, and awoke in eternity, March 14, 1803.

The following pleasing anecdote may show how far he differed from the pretended philosophers of the present day, who neglect the Saviour, or at least strip him of all his glories. A Mr. Eaton, who was consul at Bassora, and who was skilled in Arabic, attempted to translate to an Arabian priest, as accurately as the difference in the languages would permit, a passage of Klopstock's in a hymn to Christ. He said it was impossible to describe the attention with which this Mahometan listened. At length the blood rose in his face; he stood up and exclaimed with vehemence, "Excellent! but Allah pardon him for having so highly exalted the Son." He then begged Mr. Eaton to proceed, and again rose ha-

tily with a sort of indignant admiration, continually repeating, "Allah pardon him for having so highly exalted the Son!"

JAMES HERVEY. A. D. 1758.

THIS eminent Christian and zealous minister was born Feb. 26, 1713, at Hardington, near Northampton. In early life, he was impressed with the importance of religion, but unacquainted with its nature. Light afterwards shone upon his mind. "The light," says he, "was not instantaneous; it did not flash upon my soul, but arose like the dawning of the day." "Now were I possessed of all the righteous acts, that have made saints and martyrs famous, in all generations, could they be transferred to me, and might I call them all my own, I would renounce them all that I might win Christ."

Being himself taught by the Spirit of Truth, it now became his delight to display the glories of the gospel to others. His pulpit no longer resounded with discourses, on mere heathen morality; but Christ crucified was the theme on which he dwelt. By his labours he was made a blessing to many during

his life; and, since his removal from this world, the God of grace has condescended, to make his writings the means of advancing the immortal good of many more.

Some time before the close of Mr. Hervey's mortal course, repeated sickness and weakness warned him, that he would soon be removed to the rest he had sought. In 1747 he was attacked with so severe an illness, that death appeared to him to be at hand. At this time he wrote to a friend, "I think we fail in our duty, and thwart our comfort, by studying God's holy word no more. I have, for my part, been too fond of reading every thing elegant and valuable that has been penned in our own language, and have been particularly charmed with the historians and poets of antiquity; but were I to renew my studies, I would take my leave of these accomplished triflers, I would resign the delights of modern wit, amusement, and eloquence, and devote myself to the scriptures of truth; I would sit with much assiduity at my divine Master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Christ, and him crucified. This is wisdom, whose fruits are peace in life, consolation in death, and ever-

lasting salvation after death. This I would seek, this I would explore, through the spacious and delightful fields of the Old and New Testaments. In short, I would adopt the resolutions of the apostles, give myself unto prayer, and to the word. With regard to my public ministry, my chief aim should be to beget in my people's minds a deep sense of their depraved, guilty, undone condition, and a clear believing conviction of the all sufficiency of Christ, by his blood, his righteousness, his intercession, and his Spirit, to save them to the uttermost. Truly my hope, my whole hope, is even in the Lord Redeemer. Should the King of Terrors threaten, I flee to the wounds of the slaughtered Lamb, as the trembling dove to the clefts of the rock. Should Satan accuse, I plead the Surety of the covenant, who took my guilt upon himself, and bore my sins in his own body on the accursed tree, on purpose that all the nations of the earth might be blessed. Should hell open its jaws, I look up to that gracious Being who says, 'Deliver from going down to the pit, for I have found out a ransom.' Should it be said, No unclean thing can enter heaven, my answer is, 'The

blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin. Though my sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.' Should it be added, None can sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb without a wedding-garment; and your righteousness, what is it before the pure law and piercing eye of God, but filthy rags? This I renounce, and seek to be found in the Lord my righteousness. It is written in the word that shall judge the world at the last day, 'By his obedience shall many be made righteous;' so that Jesus, the dear and adorable Jesus, is all my trust; his merits are my staff, when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death; his merits are my anchor, when I launch into the boundless ocean of eternity. If the God of glory pleases to take notice of any of my mean endeavors to honour his holy name, it will be infinite condescension and grace; but his Son, his righteousness and his sufferings, is all my hope and salvation."*

His last illness was of considerable length, but during its continuance, he evinced the same happy and devotional spirit. He seems to have been blessed, after he knew the grace of God, with a

* Gen. Col. Let. 40.

solid assurance of his interest in Jesus. He saw nothing in himself to recommend him to his gracious Redeemer, whether duties, endeavours, or attainments. His death-bed peace was not that of a righteous or innocent man, but of a redeemed sinner, of one who saw himself to be guilty, condemned and vile beyond all expression, but believed himself *complete in Christ*.

On the day on which he died, he complained much of a great inward conflict which he had, laying his hand on his breast, and saying, "Ah! you know not how great a conflict I have." During this time he constantly lifted up his eyes towards heaven, with his arms grasped together in a praying form, and said two or three times, "When this great conflict is over, then," but said no more, though it was understood he meant he should go to rest. Dr. Stonehouse went to him about three hours before he expired.

The doctor seeing the great difficulty and pain with which he spoke, and finding by his pulse that the pangs of death were then coming on, desired him that he would spare himself. "No," said he, with peculiar ardour, "doctor, no; you tell me I have but a few min-

utes to live; O, let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer!" He then repeated the 26th verse of the 73d Psalm, "Though my heart and flesh faileth, God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever;" and he expatiated in a most delightful manner on these words of Paul, 1 Cor. iii. 22, 23: "All are yours, whether life or death, things present or things to come," referring his friends to the exposition of Dr. Doddridge. "Here," said he, "here is the treasure of a Christian; death is reckoned among this inventory, and a noble treasure it is! How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I go to the Lord and Giver of eternal life, and as it frees me from all the misery which you see me now endure, and which I am willing to endure as long as God thinks fit: for I know that he will, by and by, in his own good time, dismiss me from the body. These afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. O! welcome, welcome, death! thou mayst well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian; to live is Christ, and to die is gain." After which, as the doctor was taking his final leave of him, Mr. Hervey expressed

great gratitude for his visits, though it had been long out of the power of medicine to cure him. He then paused a little, and with great serenity and sweetness in his countenance (though the pangs of death were upon him), being raised a little in his chair, repeated these words: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy and comfortable word, for mine eyes have seen thy most precious and comfortable salvation. Here, doctor, is my cordial; and what are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison to that which arises from the promises of salvation by Christ? This, this supports me!" About three o'clock he said, "The conflict is over;" after which he scarcely spake any other word intelligibly, except *precious salvation*.—He died, Dec. 25th, 1758, in the forty fifth year of his age.

Some pleasing lines on Mr. Hervey's death were composed by a lady; a few of them are sub joined.

"O Hervey, honour'd name, forgive the tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee
here,
Fond wish have kept thee from the seats of
bliss.

No more confin'd to these low scenes of night,
Pent in a feeble tenement of clay:
Should we not rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day?"

RISDON DARRACOTT. A. D. 1759.

THE retired village of Swanage, in Dorsetshire, was the birth place of this eminent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. There in February, 1717, he entered the wilderness of this world; and there in the same month his amiable mother departed to rest with her Lord. Some of her ancestors had counted all things loss for the sake of Christ; and had been voluntary exiles to the woods of America, but now they and she and the son, soon after whose birth she expired, form part of the blissful family in that land, "Where pilgrims never roam, and soldiers war no more."

The precise period of the conversion of young Darracott is unknown. The seeds of after piety were probably sown betimes in his heart, by his affectionate father, who was himself a minister of the everlasting gospel. Leaving the paternal roof he became a pupil, and a favourite pupil of the pious Doddridge,

in the academy at Northampton; and there his regard for religion began to be peculiarly displayed. After leaving the academy and passing through a variety of changing and even afflictive scenes, the chief Shepherd of the heaven bound flock appointed Wellington, in Somersetshire, as the field for his future labours. Here he laboured with much zeal, and was crowned with much success.

At length the time drew near when this laborious and active servant should return to give up his account to him that sent him.

The first confident expectation of death which Mr. Darracott expressed, was when a month elapsed without any addition to his church. "Now," said he, "I believe I am near my end: my work is done, and I am going home to my rest." With this impression (to him no gloomy one) he administered the Lord's supper for the last time, Dec. 3, 1758. On the evening of that day, he composed a meditation, which he enclosed in a letter to a friend in London. The meditation breathes the language of an exalted Christian on the borders of Paradise.

"Is this the voice of my dear Lord,

"Surely I come quickly?" Amen says my willing, joyful soul, even so, come, Lord Jesus! Come, for I long to have done with this poor low life; to have done with its burthens, its sorrows, and its snares. Come, for I grow weary of this painful distance, and long to be at home, long to be with thee, where thou art, that I may behold thy glory.

"Come then, blessed Jesus, as soon as thou plearest, and burst asunder these bonds of clay, which hold me from thee; break down these separating walls, which hinder me from thine embrace. Death is no more my dread, but rather the object of my desire. I welcome the stroke, which will prove so friendly to me; which will knock off my fetters, throw open my prison doors, and set my soul at liberty: which will free me (transporting thought!) from all those remainders of indwelling sin, under which I have long groaned in this tabernacle, and with which I have been maintaining a constant and painful conflict; but which all my weeping and praying, all my attending divine ordinances could never entirely cure me of; yea, will perfectly and for ever free me from all my complaints; give me the answer of all my prayers;

and put me at once in the eternal possession of my warmest wishes and hopes, even the sweet, beautifying presence of thee, O blessed Jesus! whom having not seen, I love, and in whom, though now I see thee not, yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. This world has now no more charms to attract my heart, or make me wish a moment's longer stay. I have no engagements to delay my farewell. Nothing to detain me now. My soul is on the wing. Joyfully do I quit mortality, and here cheerfully take my leave of all I ever held dear below.

"Farewell my dear Christian friends; I have taken sweet counsel with you in the way; but I leave you for sweeter, better converse above. You will soon follow me, and then our delightful communion shall be uninterrupted, as well as perfect, and our society be broken up no more for ever. Farewell, in particular, my dearest —. How has our friendship ripened almost to the maturity of heaven! How tenderly and closely are our hearts knit to one another! Nor shall the sweet union be dissolved by death. Being one in Christ we shall be one for ever. With what eternal thankfulness shall we re-

member that word, 'Christ is all and in all!' He was so then indeed, and he will ever be so. Mourn not that I go to him first. 'Tis but a little while, and you will come after. O! with what joy think you, shall I welcome your arrival on the heavenly shore, and conduct you to him, whom our souls so dearly love! What though we meet no more at Wellington, we shall, we assuredly shall, embrace one another in heaven, never to part more. Till then adieu! and now I leave you with the warmest wishes of all felicity to attend you, and the most grateful overflowings of heart for all the kindest tokens of the most endearing friendship I ever received from you.

"Farewell! thou my dearest wife! my most affectionate, delightful companion in heaven's road, whom God in the greatest mercy gave me, and has thus to the end of my race graciously continued to me! For all thy care, thy love, thy prayers, I bless my God, and thank thee in these departing moments. But dear as thou art, and dearest of all that is mortal I hold thee, I now find it easy to part from thee, to go to that Jesus, thine and mine, who is infinitely more dear to me. With him I cheer-

fully leave thee, nor doubt his care of thee, who has loved thee, and given himself for thee. 'Tis but a short separation we shall have; our spirits will soon reunite, and then never, never know separation more. For as we have been companions in the patience and tribulation of our Lord's kingdom, we shall assuredly be so in his glory.

"Farewell! my dear children! I leave you; but God has bound himself by a most inviolable promise, to take care of you. Only choose him for your own God, who has been your father's God, and then, though I leave you exposed in the waves of a dangerous and wicked world, Providence, eternal and almighty Providence, has undertaken to pilot and preserve you. With comfortable hope, therefore, I bid you my last adieu: pleading the faithful and true promise, saying as the patriarch, 'I die,' my dear children, 'but God will be with you;' praying in humble faith, that your souls, with those of your parents, may be bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord your God.

"Farewell! ye, my dear people! to whom I have been preaching the everlasting gospel, that gospel which is now all my hope, and all my joy. Many,

very many of you, are my present rejoicing, and will be my eternal crown of glory. And now I am leaving you, I bless God for all the success he has been graciously pleased to give my poor labours among you; for all the comfortable seasons of grace I have enjoyed with you.—Adieu! my dear friends! I part with you this day at the sacred table of our blessed Lord, in the confidence and hope, that though I shall drink no more with you this fruit of the vine, I shall drink it new with you in the kingdom of our heavenly Father. Only, my brethren, my dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved. But for the rest of you, I mourn to think in what a miserable condition I am leaving you; and though you will no more hear my voice, and have often, alas! heard it to no purpose, this once hear and regard my dying charge—that you do not continue in a Christless and unconverted state, nor meet me in that state at the day of judgment.

"And now, farewell praying and preaching! my most delightful work! Farewell, ye sabbaths and sacraments, and all divine ordinances! I have now done with you all, and you have done

all that was to be done for me. As the manna and the rock in the wilderness, you have supplied me with sweet refreshment by the way; and now I am leaving you, I bless my God for all the comfort and edification I have received by your means, as the appointed channel of divine communications.—But now I have no more need of you. I am going to the God of ordinances; to that Fountain of living waters, which has filled these pools below; and instead of sipping at the streams, I shall now be for ever satisfied from the Fountain-head.

“Farewell now, my poor body! Thou shalt be no more a clog to my active spirit, no more hinder me in the service of God, no more ensnare my soul, and pollute it with sin. And now an everlasting farewell to all sins and sorrows, all doubts and fears, conflicts and temptations! Farewell to earth and all terrestrial scenes! Ye are now no more! An infinitely brighter prospect opens to me!

‘ See the guardian angels nigh,
Wait to waft my soul on high?
See the golden gates displayed!
See the crown to grace my head!
See a flood of Sacred light

Which shall yield no more to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell.”

His illness continued three months, with intervals of excruciating pain, arising, as was conjectured, from stones in the kidney's producing such inflammation as extended also to many adjacent parts: yet nothing was heard from his lips but continual expressions of praise and thanksgiving. This led the apothecary to declare, in a letter he wrote to announce Mr. Darracott's death, “of all the death-beds I ever attended, I never saw such an instance of holy resignation and triumph.”

About three weeks before he died, on a Lord's day morning, he said to one that was standing by, “I am going to that Jesus whom I love, and whom I have so often preached. ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, why are thy chariot wheels so long a coming?’”

The night before he died, he said, “O what a good God have I in Christ Jesus! I would praise him, but my lips cannot. Eternity will be too short to speak his praises. He related his experience of the goodness of God to him in his sickness, and said, “if I had a thousand lives to live, I would live

them all for Christ; I have cast anchor on him, and rely on his blood, and am going to venture my all upon him." Observing friends weeping, he said to his wife, "My dear and precious wife, why do you weep; you should rejoice. Rely on the promises. God will never leave nor forsake you, all his promises are true and sure. Well, I am going from weeping friends to congratulating angels and rejoicing saints in heaven and glory. Blessed be God, all is well."

He asked, "How much longer will it be before I gain my dismissal?" it was answered, "Not long." "Well," he observed, "here is nothing on earth I desire! here I am waiting! what a mercy to be in Jesus! He then threw abroad his arms and said, "He is coming, He is coming! but surely this can't be death: O how astonishingly is the Lord softening my passage! surely God is too good to such a worm! O speed thy chariot wheels, why are they so long in coming? I long to be gone." At length he exclaimed, as if beginning a sentence, "Faith and hope;" these were his last words. About eleven o'clock in the morning he lay down, and just before twelve, fell asleep in Jesus, whom he so much loved.

Mrs. Darracott passed the rest of her life in widowhood, and spent her last years with her daughter, at Romsey. She often longed for the hour of dismissal, which she at last welcomed with calm triumph. At her particular request, her corpse was removed to Wellington, to be interred with the remains of her husband. When the tomb was opened for her, a person who had been, forty years before, deeply affected under Mr. Darracott's ministry, but had turned aside to the world, came to see what was left of her former pastor. The sight of his bones so forcibly recalled the views and feelings which his animating voice had first produced, that she burst forth into the most violent expressions of alarm and anguish. Thus the righteous man "being dead yet speaketh:" from his tomb issues a voice at once alarming to the wicked, and grateful to the believer in Jesus.

ELIZA CUNNINGHAM. A. D. 1795.

RELIGION in no situation appears more lovely than in its youngest votaries; and never are its triumphs more brilliant, than when it gilds with beams of heavenly light, the dying scenes of

those who are summoned in the prime of youth, to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Death is to nature an awful enemy; but grace, in a thousand instances, has stripped the monster of his terrors, and made him appear a gentle friend. And this has been accomplished not merely for the pilgrim, who bowed beneath the weight of fourscore years, but for those also who were only beginning the journey of life.

Many pleasing instances stand on record, of young persons who have bid an early, and yet joyful, farewell to all beneath the sun. Though youth is the season, in which the world commonly appears under its most delusive forms, yet that deluding world has had no charms for them. They have seen nothing in it sufficient to "tempt their wish to stay." They have done their business for eternity, before others begin theirs for time. Those years which are to most but a season of trifling and thoughtlessness, have been made to them the day of grace, the accepted time, the season of salvation. Ripe for immortality, meet for heaven, they have departed from this world long before

they had passed even sixteen, eighteen, or twenty years upon its surface.

Eliza Cunningham was born Feb. 6, 1771. Soon after she had completed her twelfth year, she was committed to the care of her uncle, Mr. Newton, the late faithful minister of St. Mary Woolnoth's Church, London.

Mr. N. remarks, "The excellent parents of Eliza had conscientiously endeavoured to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and the principles of religion had been instilled into her mind from infancy.— Their labours were thus far attended with success, that no child could be more obedient and obliging, or more remote from evil habits, or evil tempers; but I could not perceive, when she first came to us, that she had any heart affecting sense of divine things. When I attempted to talk with her upon the concerns of her soul, she could give me no answer but with tears. But I soon had great encouragement to hope that the Lord had both enlightened her understanding, and had drawn the desires of her heart to himself. Great was her delight in the ordinances. Exemplary her attention under the preaching. My hope was confirmed by her

whole deportment, which was becoming the gospel of Christ.

"Eliza could seldom be prevailed on to speak of herself, but as her last illness gained strength it became very desirable to hear from herself a more explicit account of the hope that was in her. Saturday, the 1st of October, 1783, presented to her aunt a convenient opportunity for intimating to her that the time of her departure was probably at hand. She appeared remarkably better, her pains were almost gone, her spirits revived, the favourable change was visible in her countenance. Her aunt began to break the subject to her, by saying, "My dear, were you not extremely ill last night?" She said, "Indeed I was." "Had you not been relieved, I think you could not have continued long." "I believe I could not." "My dear, I have been very anxiously concerned for your life." "But I hope, my dear aunt, you are not so now." She then opened her mind and spoke freely. The substance was to this effect: "My views of things have been for some time very different from what they were when I came to you. I have seen and felt the vanity of childhood and youth." Her aunt said, "I believe

you have long made a conscience of secret prayer." She answered, "Yes, I have long and earnestly sought the Lord with reference to the change which is now approaching. I have not yet that full assurance which is so desirable, but I have a hope, I trust, a good hope, and I believe the Lord will give me whatever he sees necessary for me, before he takes me from hence. I have prayed to him to fit me for himself, and then, whether sooner or later, it signifies but little."

"Her apparent revival was of short duration. In the evening of the same day, she began to complain of a sore throat, which became worse, and before Sunday noon threatened an absolute suffocation. When Dr. Benamor said, 'You are not so well as when I saw you on Saturday.' She answered, that she trusted all would be well soon. He replied, that whether she lived or died it would be well, and to the glory of God.

"On Monday the 3d she was in great pain, sometimes in agonies, unable to remain many minutes in the same position. But her mind was peaceful; she possessed a spirit of recollection and prayer. Towards eleven

o'clock, a great quantity of coagulated phlegm, which she had not strength to bring up, made her rattle violently in the throat, which we considered as a sign that death was at hand; and as she seemed unwilling to take something that was offered her, we were loath to disturb her in her last moments (as we supposed) by pressing her. She was perfectly sensible, though still unable to speak, but expressed her unwillingness to take any thing, by very strong efforts. However she yielded to entreaty, and a tea spoonful or two of some liquid soon cleared the passage, and she revived. Her pain however was extreme, and her disappointment great. I never saw her so near impatience as upon this occasion; as soon as she could speak she cried, 'Oh, cruel, cruel, to recall me when I was so happy and so near gone! I wish you had not come: I long to go home.' But in a few minutes she grew composed, assented to what the doctor said, of her duty to wait the Lord's time; and from that hour, though her desires to depart, and to be with her Saviour, were stronger and stronger, she cheerfully took whatever was offered her, and frequently asked for something of her own accord.

"When the doctor came on Wednesday, she entreated him to tell her how long he thought she might live. He said, 'Are you in earnest, my dear?' She answered, 'Indeed I am.' At that time there were great appearances that a mortification was actually begun. He therefore told her, he thought it possible she might hold out till eight in the evening, but did not suspect she could survive midnight at farthest. On hearing him say so, low as she was, her eyes seemed to sparkle with their former vivacity, and fixing them on him with an air of ineffable satisfaction, she said, 'O, that is good news indeed.' And she repeated it as such to a person who came soon after into the room, and said, with lively emotions of joy, 'The doctor tells me I shall stay here but a few hours more.' In the afternoon she noticed and counted the clock, I believe every time it struck, and when it struck seven, she said, 'Another hour and then.' But it pleased the Lord to spare her to us another day.

I was surprised on Thursday morning to find her not only alive, but in some respects better. The tokens of mortification again disappeared. This was her last day, and it was a memorable day to us. When

Dr. Benamor asked her how she was, she answered, 'Truly happy; and if this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die.' [The very expression which a dear friend of mine used upon her death bed a few years ago.] She said to me about ten o'clock, 'My dear uncle, I would not change conditions with any person upon earth; Oh, how gracious is the Lord to me! O, what a change is before me!' She was several times asked, if she could wish to live, provided the Lord should restore her to perfect health; her answer was, 'Not for all the world,' and sometimes, 'not for a thousand worlds. Do not weep for me, my dear aunt, but rather rejoice and praise on my account. I shall now have the advantage of dear Miss Patty Barham' (*for whom she had a very tender affection, and who had been long in a languishing state*), 'for I shall go before her. We asked her if she would choose a text for her own funeral sermon. She readily mentioned, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. That,' said she, 'has been my experience, my afflictions have been many, but not one too many, nor has the greatest of them been too great; I praise him for them all.' But after a pause she said, 'Stay,

I think there is another text, which may do better; let it be, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. *That* is my experience now.'

"She spoke a great deal to an intimate friend, who was with her every day. Amongst other things, she said, 'See, how comfortable the Lord can make a dying bed! Do you think you shall have such an assurance when you come to die?' Being answered, 'I hope so, my dear.' She replied, 'But do you earnestly and with all your heart pray to the Lord for it? If you seek him, you shall surely find him.' She then prayed affectionately and fervently for her friend, afterwards for her cousin, and then for another of our family who was present.

"Towards seven o'clock, I was walking in the garden, and earnestly engaged in prayer for her, when a servant came to me and said, 'She is gone.' O Lord, how great is thy power! how great is thy goodness! A few days before, had it been practicable and lawful, what would I not have given to procure her recovery! yet seldom in my life have I known a more heart felt joy, than when these words, *She is gone*, sounded in my ears. I ran up stairs,

and our whole little family were soon around her bed. Though her aunt and another person were sitting with their eyes fixed upon her, she was gone, perhaps, a few minutes before she was missed. She lay upon her left side, with her cheek gently reclining upon her hand, as if in a sweet sleep. And I thought there was a smile upon her countenance. Never surely did death appear in a more beautiful, inviting form! We fell upon our knees, and I returned (I think I may say) my most unfeigned thanks to our God and Saviour, for his abundant goodness to her, crowned in this last instance by giving her so gentle a dismissal. Yes I am satisfied: I am comforted. And if one of the many involuntary tears I have shed, could have recalled her to life, to health, to an assemblage of all that this world could contribute to her happiness, I would have laboured hard to suppress it. Now my largest desires for her are accomplished. The days of her mourning are ended. She is landed on the peaceful shore, where the storms of trouble never blow. She is for ever out of the reach of sorrow, sin, temptation, and snares. Now she is before the throne! She sees him whom

not having seen she loved; she drinks of the rivers of pleasure which are at his right hand, and shall thirst no more.

"She breathed her spirit into her Redeemer's hands a little before seven in the evening on Oct. 6, 1785, aged fourteen years and eight months."

It is one of the peculiar glories of Christianity, that it is suited to all the widely varied states of this transitory world. It cheers the cottage; and the possessor of a palace can find no true happiness without its consolations. It teaches the babe to lisp a dear Redeemer's praise; and supports the hoary head, that bows beneath the weight of years. It makes the most unlettered wise; and, compared with the true knowledge it imparts, the wisdom of the wisest is but folly. Where an acquaintance with religion has been enjoyed, the rich and the poor, the aged and the young, the man of science and the unlearned peasant, have alike found in it their chief wisdom, comfort, joy, and hope. It smooths the path of life; brightens the vale of death; and gilds with unfading glory the scenes of eter-

nity. The happy influence of religion, on the minds of its youngest votaries, has been displayed in the account of Eliza Cunningham; in the following short narrative, another instance equally pleasing is presented to view.

The young lady, whose peaceful departure into eternity, is here narrated, was placed in that rank of life, in which an opportunity is possessed, for following the gaieties of the world.

Before it pleased God to engage her attention to the great concerns of a future state, she was in some danger of being too much captivated with the fascinating splendour of gay and polite life. The death of a relation was the means, in the hand of the Almighty, of leading her to see, in a just light, the vanity of the world. This event, produced such sensations and reflections in her mind, as had the most salutary tendency. She began to be apprehensive, from the precarious state of her health, that she had no reason to expect a long continuance here. Death, at that time, appeared to her with a most dreadful aspect, because she knew herself to be a sinner, and not in a state of reconciliation, and friendship with God.

The pardon of sin, the sanctification

of her nature, and a disposition suited to the heavenly world, she was fully convinced, were necessary to future happiness. For many childish and youthful follies she stood self-condemned, and though she did not make known her inward disquietudes to any one, she had, for sometime sore conflicts in her own breast. She sought relief from God only, pouring out her requests before his throne, for that mercy, which is never denied to those who sincerely ask it, in the name of Jesus. He who hath said, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me," was pleased to manifest himself to her, in so gracious a manner, as at once to remove her disquieting fears, and establish her mind in hope and tranquillity. She was enabled to say, with humble confidence, 'I am weak indeed, but Christ is strong; I am poor, but he is rich; I am sick, but he is the Physician; I am a sinner, but he is the Saviour of sinners. I find in him every thing answerable to my needs.' His atoning sacrifice gave relief to her wounded conscience, and joy to her desponding heart. Renouncing all confidence in the flesh, she, from this period, looked for all her salvation from the Redeemer's cross.

When the disorder of which she died began to prevail, she earnestly requested Mr. Fawcett, a neighbouring minister, to visit her as often as his other concerns would permit. He soon found her intelligent and conversable upon divine subjects far beyond what he expected. Her conceptions of the way of salvation were clear, her faith in the Redeemer steady, and her hope lively. Flattering expectations were sometimes raised respecting her recovery. The ablest physicians attended her, and every method was adopted in order to restore her debilitated frame; but though she was often relieved, and the threatening symptoms checked for a season, yet, to the great distress of her affectionate parents, she visibly declined in strength, and wasted away by slow degrees.

When a minister is called to visit the afflicted, he often finds himself under great embarrassment. To discourse with them concerning death, and the necessity of being prepared for that awful event, is thought harsh and severe. He that would deal faithfully with them, and admonish them of their danger, need not expect to be often invited. But this was far, very far from

being the case with our young friend. She knew herself to be in dying circumstances, and had no wish to be told that there was hope of recovery.— Though her expectations of a temporal kind were considerable, she freely relinquished them all, and became not only indifferent to all earthly things, but actually dead to them. She might well say,

“ ’Tis finish’d now, the great deciding part,
The world’s subdu’d, and heaven has all my heart.”

When she saw her affectionate mother weeping by her, she always endeavoured to comfort her, by such words as these: “ Mamma, do not weep for me, I am quite happy; I have no wish to live; if I might have life by wishing for it, I should rather choose to die, and go to my Redeemer.”

Though she was much endeared to her friends, yet they could not but desire to see the time of her release. Her sufferings were great and long continued; but she was a pattern of sweet resignation, of dignified patience, of noble fortitude, and of entire deadness to every thing below. Her heart and her hopes were above. Death was not to

her the object of dread, but of desire. She settled every little circumstance of a temporal nature, in the prospect of her end, with the utmost composure, and talked of dying as of going some pleasant journey. "What, my dear Miss," said one of her attendants, "are you not afraid of the pains of death?" She assured her, that she felt no terror in that respect, for her merciful Saviour was able to support her. She often said, under her sharpest pains, "I am very happy; I would not change situations with any one living." The little stock of money she had in her possession, she divided into small sums, and sent them to the most needy and deserving objects she could remember.

The following is Mr. Fawcett's account of his last visit to her:

"My last visit to her was on Sunday evening, Sept. 22. I found her extremely ill, but supported amidst her agonies by a lively hope of celestial felicity, and full of heavenly comfort. A deadly coldness had already begun to seize her emaciated hand. I told her her warfare was nearly accomplished; she replied, with the sweetest composure, 'I hope it is.' She wished me once more to assist her devotions, and

particularly to pray for her release; I endeavoured to do so, in a few short petitions, commending her soul to the hands of her Redeemer, whom having not seen she loved; in which she appeared to join in the most fervent manner. After having suggested a few consolatory hints, with a view to confirm her faith in the last conflict, I took my leave, not expecting to see her again till we should meet in the world of spirits. Her cough was incessantly troublesome, her pain, in every part, very great, and her weakness not to be described.

"Soon after I left her, she desired to be moved, and feeling the springs of life begin to fail, she said to her attendants, 'It is now over,' or words to that purpose. She appeared to be perfectly sensible, calm, and composed to the last, often saying, as long as she could be heard to speak, 'Come, Lord Jesus!' At half past nine she breathed out her happy spirit into the bosom of him who had long marked her for his own.

'She in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,
And as her eyelids clos'd she smil'd in death.'

"At the early age of fifteen she thus

joyfully entered that rest which remains for the people of God."

A YOUNG WOMAN.

THE following interesting example of the power of religion on the mind of a person in humble life is extracted from a letter to a nobleman, by the late venerable Mr. Newton.

"Permit me, my lord, to relate, upon this occasion, some things which exceedingly struck me, in a conversation I had with a young woman, whom I visited in her last illness about two years ago. She was a sober, prudent person, of plain sense; she could read the bible, but had read little besides. Her knowledge of the world was nearly confined to the parish; for I suppose she was seldom, if ever, twelve miles from home. She had known the Gospel about seven years before the Lord visited her with a lingering consumption, which at length removed her to a better world. A few days previous to her death, in prayer by her bed-side I thanked the Lord, that he gave her now to see that she had not followed cunningly devised fables. When I had

finished, she repeated that expression: 'No,' said she, 'Not cunningly devised fables; these are realities indeed; I feel their truth; I feel their comfort. O, tell my friends, tell my acquaintance, tell inquiring souls, tell poor sinners, tell all the daughters of Jerusalem,' alluding to Solomon's Song, 'what Jesus has done for my soul! Tell them, that now in the time of need, I find him my Beloved, and my Friend; and as such, I commend him to them.'

"She then fixed her eyes steadfastly upon me, and proceeded, to the best of my recollection, as follows: 'Sir, you are highly favoured in being called to preach the gospel. I have often heard you with pleasure; but give me leave to tell you, that I now see all you have said, or that you can say, is comparatively but little; nor till you come into my situation, and have death and eternity full in your view, will it be possible for you to conceive the vast weight and importance of the truths you declare. O Sir, it is a serious thing to die; no words can express what is needful to support the soul in the solemnity of a dying hour.'

"When I visited her again, she said, I feel that my hope is fixed upon the

Rock of Ages; I know in whom I have believed. But the approach of death presents a prospect which is, till then, hidden from us, and which cannot be described.' She said much more to the same purpose; and in all she spoke there were dignity, weight, and evidence. We may well say, with Elihu, 'Who teacheth like the Lord!'"

MARY BUCHANAN. A. D. 1804.

THIS lady was the amiable wife of Dr. Buchanan. Her maiden name was Whish. When about 18 she went to India with a near relative, and became a wife and mother there. She was docile in disposition, of a sweet temper, attached to retired life, and averse to East Indian gaiety; yet she does not appear to have had a correct knowledge of the gospel before her acquaintance with her husband. On this account she esteemed her marriage a great blessing. Writing to a friend she said, "You have reason indeed to congratulate *me*. It is the happiest circumstance in my life that I ever came to India; where I have been united to one, whose endeavours God has been pleased to

bless in leading me to some knowledge of the everlasting gospel. It is a new gospel to me, and I seem to live in a new world, differing far more from my old world than India differs from England." What a striking testimony to the change which takes place in the views and feelings of a person whose conduct may have been amiable and moral, and who may have had some general knowledge of Christianity, when brought to the truth as it is in Jesus! Even such become new creatures.

In 1804 alarming consumptive symptoms appeared in Mrs. Buchanan; and she sailed for England, though with but little prospect of much benefit from the voyage. It is more easy to conceive than to describe what must have been her feelings at this solemn period. She was leaving a husband and child whom she tenderly loved, with little prospect of ever meeting them again in the present world. She was called to take a probably last farewell of him who had been to her not merely the affectionate relative, but the instrument in the divine hand of bringing her to a knowledge of the glorious gospel. Before her lay the wide oceans that divide India and England, and probably the far

wider ocean of eternity—but religion cheered her mind—she died on the voyage.

The following passages, extracted from the letters of her afflicted partner, and arranged in order, give some account of the conclusion of her mortal pilgrimage.

“I was visited by a fever about two months ago, and was despaired of for a day or two. But the prayers of the righteous were offered up, and my days have been prolonged. It was with a kind of reluctance that I felt myself carried back by the reflux waves, to encounter again the storms of this life: for I had hoped the fight was done. Although unprofitable had been my life, and feeble my exertions, yet I was more afraid of the trials to come, if I should survive, than of departing to my rest, if it was the will of God. In a few days afterwards, the Calcutta Indiaman brought me the news of my dear Mary’s decease.

“You will rejoice to hear that when she was preparing to leave India, she considered herself as preparing for another and better country than England. Before she went away I perceived that her affections were nearly weaned from

this world; and she often said, that she thought God was preparing her for his presence in glory.—She enjoyed latterly much communion with God in prayer; and often when she came out of her closet, the gleam on her countenance evinced her peace and acceptance; and she delighted in retirement and secret meditation.—The words of some hymn to her Redeemer were often on her lips.—She was jealous of herself latterly, when she anticipated the happiness of our all meeting in England; and endeavoured to chastise the thought.

“Her sufferings were great, but she accounted her consolations greater; and she used to admire the goodness of God to her in bringing her to a knowledge of the truth at so early an age.—She considered that the period of her sufferings (only, she said, three or four years) was very short, and wondered at the goodness of God in calling her so early to his glory. She lamented that she could never be made perfect by suffering; and therefore viewed the end of her probation with great comfort, and latterly with joyful anticipation.

“When she found her dissolution

drawing near, she solemnly devoted her two little girls to God; and prayed that he would be their Father, and bring them up in his holy fear, and preserve them from the vanities of this evil world. She said she could willingly die for the souls of her children; and she did die in the confident hope of seeing them both in glory.

"She died at the age of twenty five. In the last page of your letter to Mrs. Buchanan, you reminded her of the promise, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' These words were prophetic; you wrote them on the 18th of March, and on the 18th of June, three months after, she, I trust, received the crown."

How lovely does religion appear, when its young votaries thus gladly exchange time for eternity, and view death itself not as a dreaded foe, but as a gentle friend! Precious gospel! compared with the smallest portion of those blessings which flow from the cross of Christ, the honours and treasures of empires are lighter than vanity, and even the wealth of worlds but poverty-

HAPPY POVERTY.

"Retire and read thy bible to be gay."
YOUNG.

THE following interesting narration, respects one who was, in this world, a child of poverty and pain. A witness of his sufferings and his comforts thus describes them:

"More than twelve months ago, I went, pursuant to the request of a poor but benevolent hearted woman in my neighbourhood, to visit an indigent man deeply afflicted. On entering the cottage I found him alone, his wife having gone to procure him milk from a kind neighbour. I was startled at the sight of a pale emaciated man, a living image of death, fastened upright in his chair, by a rude mechanism of cords and belts, hanging from the ceiling. He was totally unable to move either hand or foot, having *more than four years* been entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, yet the whole time suffering extreme anguish from swellings at all his joints. As soon as I had recovered a little from my surprise at seeing so pitiable an object, I asked, 'Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?' 'No Sir,' replied he, in a

touchingly feeble tone of mild resignation (nothing but his lips and his eyes moving while he spake), '*I am not alone, for God is with me.*' On advancing I soon discovered the secret of his striking declaration; for his wife had left on his knees, propped with a cushion formed for the purpose, *a bible lying open at a favourite portion of the Psalms of David!* I sat down by him and conversed with him. On ascertaining that he had but a small weekly allowance *certain*, I inquired how the remainder of his wants were supplied. 'Why, Sir, said he, 'tis true, as you say, seven shillings a week would never support us. But when it is gone, I rely upon the promise I found in this book, *Bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure*, and I have never been disappointed yet; and so long as God is faithful to his word, I trust I never shall.' I asked him if he ever felt tempted to repine under the pressure of so long continued and heavy a calamity. '*Not for the last three years*,' said he, 'blessed be God for it!' the eye of faith sparkling and giving life to his pallid countenance, while he made the declaration; 'for I have learned from this book in whom to believe;

and though I am aware of my weakness and unworthiness, I am persuaded that he will not leave me, nor forsake me.— And so it is that often when my lips are closed with locked jaw, and I cannot speak to the glory of God, *he enables me to sing his praises in my heart.*'

"This and much more did I hear during my first visit. And in my subsequent visits I generally found him with his bible on his knees, and uniformly witnessed like resignation flowing from the blessing of God upon the constant perusal of his holy word. He died with a hope full of immortality, and is now gone to that rest which remaineth for the people of God. And gladly would I sink into the obscurity of the same cottage; gladly even would I languish in the same chair, could I but enjoy the same uninterrupted communion with God, be always filled with the same strong consolation, and always behold, with equally vivid perception, sparkling before me, the same immortal crown."

RICHARD CECIL. A. D. 1810.

THE eminent minister who is the subject of the following lines, was born

in London, Nov. 8, 1748. His mother was a dissenter, and a woman of real piety. Her family for several preceding generations were pious characters; one of them, a friend of the suffering nonconformists, used to employ his daughter, Mr. Cecil's grandmother, in conveying relief to those faithful disciples of the Son of God. How much is England indebted to them! They were those of whom the world was not worthy; learned, devout, pious, and, in the midst of sufferings, faithful unto death. They were instruments in the divine hand to preserve the sacred flame of religion from expiring in their ungrateful country. They laid the foundation of many dissenting churches, in which thousands, through subsequent generations, have been ripening for the church above. And various eminent friends of religion, not of their communion, have been their descendants. Among these was the celebrated John Wesley.

Mr. Cecil's mother laboured to impress his mind with divine truth. She furnished him with Janeway's token for children, which, at an early age, much affected him. Afterwards he broke through all the restraints of a pi-

ous education, and became almost an infidel. Yet his mother's admonitions, which he affected to scorn, were not lost. They fixed themselves in his heart, and would draw tears from his eyes as he passed along the streets, from the impressions left on his mind.* Lying awake one night, he contempla-

* Mr. Cecil, in alluding to the time that preceded his conversion, has made some observations derived from what he experienced, which are so happily illustrative of the effect of pious example and instruction, as to deserve the most serious attention from every Christian parent.

"The spirit and tone of your house will have great influence on your children. If it is what it ought to be, it will often fasten conviction on their minds, however wicked they may become. I have felt the truth of this in my own case. I said, 'My father is right, and I am wrong! O, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!' The bye conversations in a family are, in this view, of unspeakable importance.

"Arguments addressed to the heart, press more forcibly than those addressed to the head. When I was a child, and a very wicked one too, one of Dr. Watt's hymns sent me into a corner to weep. The lives in Janeway's Token had the same effect. I felt the influence of faith in suffering Christians. The character of young Samuel came home

ted his mother's case: "I see," said he within himself, "two unquestionable facts. First, my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body and mind; and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her bible. Secondly, that to me, when nothing else had any hold on my mind.

"The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when culled from time to time out of the bible. A man can very seldom get rid of these principles; they stand in his way, he wishes to forget them, perhaps, but it is impossible.

"Where parental influence does not convert, it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel, but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles, maxims, and data, spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them: like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see 'The Minor,' (a profane play). He could laugh heartily at mother Cole—I could

she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may I not attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it of God." He now rose in bed and began to pray, but was soon damped by recollecting how he had ridiculed the Saviour. He however persevered in inquiring for the way of life, and at length happily found it.

There is great reason for believing not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion—I knew better. The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none: it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration, and transubstantiation; I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harasses him: it throws itself continually in his way.

"My mother would talk to me, and weep as she talked; I flung out of the house with an oath; but wept when I got into the street. Sympathy is the powerful engine of a mother.

"It is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on conscience. Children have a conscience, and it is not seared, though it is evil. Bringing the eternal world into their view,

that pious instruction, whose effects Mr. Cecil so well describes, was a principal instrument in the divine hand; for producing that important change in his heart and life; of which he now became the subject. Though for a while the seed seemed lost, it at length sprung up and brought forth an abundant harvest. His father perceiving his serious turn, threatened to cast him off if he went among the dissenters, but offered

planning and acting with that world before us; this gains at length such a hold on them, that, with all the infidel poison which they may afterwards imbibe; there are few children, who at night, in their chamber; in the dark; in a storm of thunder; will not feel. They cannot cheat like other men. They recollect that ETERNITY, which stands in their way; it rises up before them; it goads them; it thunders in their ears. After all they are obliged to compound the matter with conscience, if they cannot be prevailed on to return to God without delay; I must be religious one time or another: that is clear. I cannot get rid of this thing. Well, I will begin at such a time, I will finish such a scheme, and then!

"After all, in some cases, perhaps every thing seems to have been done and exhibited by the pious parent in vain. Yet *he casts his bread upon the waters*. And perhaps, after he has been in the grave twenty years, his son remembers what his father told him."

to provide for him, if he chose to become a minister in the established church, which offer, after some consideration, he accepted.

When about 28 years of age, he entered on the ministry of the gospel. He laboured in various places, but the principal scene of his exertions was John's chapel, Bedford Row, London. There, for many years, he was employed in dispensing the word of life. "Faith," he observes, "is the master spring for a minister. Hell is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies—Jesus Christ stands forth to save men from rushing into this bottomless abyss—He sends me to proclaim his ability and love: I want no fourth idea! every fourth idea is contemptible—every fourth idea is a grand impertinence!"

In the latter part of the year 1798, he was attacked by a severe illness. During its continuance he found the Saviour his only support: he said, "If God should restore me again to health, I have determined to study nothing but the bible—all important truth is there, and I feel that no comfort enters sick curtains from any other quarter—I have been too much occupied in pre-

paring to live, and two little in living. I have read too much from curiosity, and for mental gratification. I was literary when I should have been active. We trifle too much. Let us do something for God. The man of God is a man of feeling and activity. I feel and would urge with all possible strength on others, that Jesus Christ is our *All in all.*"

On one occasion he said to a friend, "It has been a night of great pain, but it was a night appointed me by Jesus Christ, and sure it must be a good one that he appoints! Had I laid down my life for you, your good nights would have been my anxious care. At another time I have great peace—not a ruffled breeze—night nor day, and this is all grounded on the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Give up that and I should have no sleep to night. All is pitch darkness without it—dark as a Socinian—dark as a moralist. There is no light but what Christ brings." At another time he said to Mrs. Cecil, "It is an extraordinary statement, that though God love me much better than you do, yet he does not relieve me. I am to partake as a member of Christ, the sufferings of Christ. It pleased the Lord

to bruise him for the good of man, and he afflicts man for his good. I am now often thankful for five minutes' ease, and I wonder I was not much more so for that of fifty years."

To one who spoke of his illness, he said, "It is all CHRIST. I keep death in view. If God does not please to raise me up, he intends me better. I know whom I have believed—I find every thing but religion vanity. I am ready even on this sick-bed to preach to preachers. I ask myself, What is my hold and support? what will remain with me when every thing else is vanished away? To recollect a promise of the bible—this is substance: nothing will do but the bible."

Previously to this confinement, when writing to a friend on the conduct of God, he observed, "What can he take away that he cannot make up to me? Pain, loss, solitude—What are ye? The way home—he knows the way; that is enough—He has promised to be with me in the way; that is more than enough."

"He can make the dying and peaceful way, the way of life—the way of comfort—the way of joy as well as holiness. He has done it ten thousand

times. I have seen it done. *What child is he whom his father chasteneth not?*"

As he drew nearer to death, Jesus Christ was his only topic. His apprehensions of the work and glory of Christ, and of the unspeakable importance of a spiritual union with him, grew if possible more distinct. He spoke of his Saviour to his family with the feeling and seriousness of a dying believer.

He often repeated with the martyr Lambert, "None but Christ—none but Christ;" and a short time before his death he requested one of his family to write down for him in a book the following sentence: "'None but Christ, none but Christ,' said Lambert dying at the stake; the same in dying circumstances, with his whole heart, saith Richard Cecil." To this he affixed his signature, though through infirmity, in a manner hardly legible.

His affection to his family and hope of future happiness, are pleasingly expressed in some lines written by him on a leaf in an old common place book.

"Blessed God! how does nature leave to a family! How shall I leave

them destitute—in weakness—in sin—and in the world! Blessed be thy name, 'Thou hast overcome the sharpness of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.' There shall I find all that I wish to find—my wife, if thine, in perfect love unspeakably united—my children, if thine, without cause of anger or grief—my children that are now thine. Our views—joys—and praises—object and state eternally the same!—Our sins, sorrows, and sighings forever fled away!"

In his last hours he dictated a letter to his son in the East, in which were the following lines: "I am only able now in a dying state to send my blessing and prayers for your welfare. I wish to say, that Christ is your all in time and eternity. I have been in a most affecting state by a paralytic stroke—but Christ is all that can profit you or me—a whole volume would not contain more or so much. O, pray day and night for an interest in him!—and this is all I can say—it being more than having the Indies."

Thus regarding the Lord Jesus Christ he lived and thus he died. Mrs. Cecil, after his decease, observed, that they might say of him as he once said

in a letter to a friend after burying a pious member of his congregation: "After I had put her into the grave the rest went away. I stood looking in: every body had lamented and said, 'How sad!' I, though I cannot now write for tears, looked in again and said, *How well!*"

DYING CONVERTS FROM HEATHENISM.

TRUE religion is the same in every land, and similar are its effects upon the heart and life. Where enjoyed, "It dwells in black and white the same." Many pleasing illustrations of this truth are to be found in the histories of those, who have been snatched from the darkness and debasement of heathen superstitions, and who have been translated into the kingdom of God's beloved Son. They have endured the same conflicts, have manifested the same spirit, and enjoyed the same supports as those, who from infancy had been favoured with the light of the gospel of peace.

LENTJE was a Kaffra woman, a convert from among the uncivilized hea-

then of southern Africa. She was remarkable for integrity of life, and no less so for assiduity and fervour in prayer. In her last illness she spent almost night and day in prayer and communion with Christ. One morning she sent for Dr. Vanderkemp, requesting him to give her love to all the people of God; and desired to be placed in the open air. When he and his servant carried her out of doors, she said, "Now I will go to my God;" and died.

The following account of the dying hours of another converted native of Africa, was given by a lady who witnessed her sufferings and comforts. This aged Christian was a negro slave in Antigua.

"We often visited her and always found her cheerful and happy, and her mouth filled with blessings. She could not, she said, forget her God, for He did not forget her: she lay down upon that bed, and he came down to her; meaning by this to describe the spiritual communion which she enjoyed with her God and Saviour. She told us if it was the will of 'Jesus Massa,'* to call her

* Master or Lord.

to-morrow, she should be satisfied to go: if it was his will to spare her some time longer, she should be satisfied to stay.

"When I asked her, on another occasion, how she did, she replied she did not know: but he who made the soul and body, knew, and the best time for calling her away. She thanked me when I offered her some medicine; said she would have any thing which we gave her, and that 'JESUS MASSA' WOULD PAY US FOR ALL.

"On another visit, she said, God spared her a little, and she thanked him for it. By and bye, when he saw his time, he would come, and then she would thank him for that.

"On being asked if she did not love 'Jesus Massa,' she exclaimed, in great surprise at the question, 'Ah! Ah!' and then told us how, years ago, she had been in the habit of visiting different plantations, to hear the word of eternal life; and that when she came in fatigued with labour in the field, she did not go to seek for food to nourish her body, but went in pursuit of that *bread which endureth unto everlasting life*.—This evening, she said, 'Jesus Massa, come closer and closer to me.'

"The next evening she appeared so faint and low as to be scarcely conscious of our coming in. After a while, however, she exerted herself to speak, and told us she was in pain from head to foot: nobody had beat her, nobody had whipped her; but 'Jesus Massa' had sent the pain, and she thanked him for it. Some day, when he saw good, He would come and take it away.

"After lingering thus, for some time, still in pain, but prayer and praise ever flowing from her lips, she drew near her end. When in her greatest extremities, she said her Saviour would give her ease, when he saw fit; and if he did not give it her now, He would give it her yonder, pointing upwards.

"Thus this aged Christian fell asleep in Jesus."

Another narrative respecting a dying converted negro woman, displays a faith so strong, a hope so full of immortality, as may lead the Christian reader to exclaim, "Let my last hours be like those of this poor slave."

AGNES MORRIS, a poor negro woman, sent a pressing request to Mrs. Thwaites, a lady resident in Antigua,

to visit her. She was in the last stage of a dropsy. This poor creature ranked among the lowest class of slaves. Her all consisted of a little wattled hut, and a few clothes. When Mrs. Thwaites paid her last visit, Agnes exclaimed, "Missis! you come! This tongue can't tell what Jesus do for me! Me call my Saviour day and night, and he come." Laying her hand on her breast—"he comfort me here." On Mrs. Thwaites's asking if she was sure of going to heaven when she died, she answered, "Yes, me sure. Me see de way clear, and shine before me"—looking and pointing upwards with a smiling face. "If da dis minute, Jesus will take me home, me ready." Some hymns being sung, she was in a rapture of joy; and in reference to the words of one of them exclaimed, "For me—for me—poor sinner!" lifting her swelled hands—"what a glory! what a glory!" Seeing her only daughter weeping, she said, "What you cry for?—No cry—follow Jesus—He will take care of you;" and, turning to Mrs. Thwaites, she said, "Missis, show um de pa;"—meaning, the path to heaven. Many other expressions fell from her, of a similar nature, to the astonishment of those

who heard her. She continued, it was understood, praying and praising God to her latest breath. This poor creature was destitute of all earthly comforts. Her bed was a board, with a few plantain leaves over it. How many of these outcasts will be translated from outward wretchedness to realms of glory!

In the preceding narratives are related a few out of the innumerable instances in which a genuine belief in the doctrine taught by Jesus Christ, and a faithful practicing of its precepts, have made persons of every age and sex happy in life, and joyful in death. The following sketches describe various states of other persons, which present a striking contrast to the former. They treat, either of those who professed in some sort to believe Christ's doctrine, but did not practice its precepts; of those who entirely neglected to believe it, abandoning themselves to licentiousness; or those who avowedly rejected it as imposture and superstition. The life and death of no such persons show the happiness and joy which attend the true Christian. In the instances here selected are seen

some of the most extreme cases of misery and wretchedness to which history bears record.

SALMASIUS.

SALMASIUS was a man of most extraordinary abilities, his name resounded through Europe, and his presence was earnestly sought in different nations. When he arrived at the evening of life, he acknowledged that he had too much, and too earnestly engaged in literary pursuits: "O!" said he, "I have lost an immense portion of time; time, that most precious thing in the world! Had I but one year more, it should be spent in studying David's Psalms, and Paul's Epistles. Oh! Sirs," said he to those about him, "mind the world less, and God more; 'The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding.'"

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

THIS individual is well known as the great advocate of what has been termed Unitarianism. Though of an

amiable disposition he cherished little reverence for the scriptures; but went from error to error, till he had rejected all that is most precious in the gospel. Instead of cherishing a humble and teachable disposition, he was wise in his own conceit; and appeared determined not to believe that the adorable Jesus was more than a mere man: this is evident from his own writings.

In the beginning of the year 1804, his health rapidly declined. His son describes him as enjoying much composure and cheerfulness in his last moments; but it was not the cheerfulness which springs from knowing the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. The following memorable passage mentions so strange a kind of comfort, for the most trying hours, that had not his son given it publicity, it might almost have been imagined, that some enemy to Unitarianism had invented the relation, intending to cast odium on that delusive but baneful system.

"On Sunday (Feb. 5) he was much weaker. He dwelt for some time on the advantage he had derived from reading the scriptures daily, and advised me to do the same, saying that it would prove to me, as it had done to him, a

source of the purest pleasure. He desired me to reach him a pamphlet, which was at his bed's head, Simpson on the Duration of Future Punishment. 'It will be a source of satisfaction to you, to read that pamphlet,' said he, giving it to me. 'It contains my sentiments; and a belief in them will be a support to you in the most trying circumstances, as it has been to me. We shall all meet finally; we only require different degrees of discipline, suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness.'

NOTE. And can it be, that one who professed to have lived striving to reform what he called the corruptions of Christianity, should speak of this as his support for the most trying circumstances. A belief, that if he went to hell, he should continue there but for a limited time, and when purified by such severe discipline, should rise to final happiness. Ah, Unitarianism! is this thy solace for the hour of affliction, and the bed of death! Couldst thou afford thy great apostle no better support than this! Then let my soul be found with those, whom he would have deemed idolaters; whose unshaken hope rests on the atoning sacrifice

of the Lamb that was slain; and who leave this world not expecting purification in hell, but assured that when 'absent from the body, they shall be present with the Lord!'

A DYING FOLLOWER OF THE WORLD.

THE following affecting account of the dying hours of a man of gaiety and pleasure, is by Mr. Hervey:

"I was not long since called to visit a poor gentleman, ere while of the most robust body, and the gayest temper I ever knew. But when I visited him, O! how was the glory departed from him! When I was come up into his chamber, and had seated myself on his bed, he first cast a most wishful look upon me, and then began as well as he was able to speak:—'O! that I had been wise, that I had known this, that I had considered my latter end. Ah! Mr. ———, death is knocking at my doors: in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp; and then judgment, the tremendous judgment! how shall I appear, unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God! How shall I endure the day of his coming!'

When I mentioned among many other things, that strict holiness which he had formerly so lightly esteemed, he replied, with a hasty eagerness, 'O! that holiness is the only thing I now long for. I have not words to tell you how highly I value it. I would gladly part with all my estate, large as it is, or a world, to obtain it. Now my benighted eyes are enlightened; I clearly discern the things that are excellent. What is there in the place whither I am going but God! Or what is there to be desired on earth but religion! 'But if this God should restore you to health,' said I, 'think you that you should alter your former course?' 'I call heaven and earth to witness,' said he, 'I would labour for holiness as I shall soon labour for life. As for riches and pleasures, and the applauses of men, I account them as dross and dung, no more to my happiness than the feathers that lie on the floor. O! if the *righteous* Judge would try me once more; if he would but reprieve, and spare me a little longer; in what a spirit would I spend the remainder of my days! I would know no other business, aim at no other end, than perfecting myself in holiness. Whatever contributed to that,

every means of grace, every opportunity of spiritual improvement, should be dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver. But alas! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations? The best resolutions are now insignificant, because they are too late. The day in which I should have worked is over and gone, and I see a sad horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever. Heretofore, woe is me! when God called, I refused; when he invited, I was one of them that made excuse. Now, therefore, I receive the reward of my deeds; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me; I smart, and am in sore anguish already; and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows! it doth not yet appear what I shall be; but sure I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an everlasting destruction!"

"This sad scene I saw with mine eyes; these words, and many more equally affecting, I heard with mine ears, and soon after attended the unhappy gentleman to his tomb."

A YOUNG WOMAN.

To many who have borne the sacred name of Christian, the hour of dissolution is an hour of dismay, and would be so to every one who has reached that solemn period, negligent of the great Salvation, if the soul were sensible of its own state, and awake to the contemplation of eternal realities. Let the young and careless seriously read the impressive account that follows, and, while they read it, think of their latter end.

"Bathed in tears, a girl came about three months ago, to tell me that her sister was dying, and wished much to see me. The poor woman, who was 'arrived at life's tremendous verge,' was about 30 years of age; her circumstances were lowly; but her mind was better informed than that of most in her rank. She had been educated at a Sunday-school, and having a remarkably good voice, had attended the chapel with the singers till her marriage. At this period, she not only knew much of her bible, but also gave some hopeful symptoms of a change of mind. But, alas! she gave her hand to a young

A YOUNG WOMAN.

man who was destitute of the fear of God, and who became a snare to her. How many that in youth promise fair to be the followers of Jesus, are ruined by improper marriages! Oppressed with domestic cares, poor Mary now neglected even an occasional attendance on the means of grace. She had run well, but sin deceived her. Daily misery however preyed on a constitution at all times delicate. A dropsy threatened her with death. No sooner was she confined to the bed of affliction, than she recollected the truths which once she took delight in learning. 'She remembered God and was troubled;' and her neglect of those things, which, she well knew, belonged to her eternal peace, filled her mind with anguish.

"I had been with her the day before; how bitterly did she then lament her conduct! how hard she found the way of the transgressor! Now she was evidently dying. As I entered the room, I beheld a face distorted with pain, and heard an exclamation, distressing enough to pierce any heart—'*O! I cannot die! I want to see his face!*' Never did I enter so fully into the importance of Balaam's prayer:

‘Let me die the death of the righteous; and let my last end be like his.’ I asked her whose face she wished to see. Her reply was, ‘The reconciled face of Jesus.’ ‘Have you no hope of an interest in Christ?’ I inquired. ‘No, I have no hope; I am lost; I cannot die!’

“How I longed for some careless people whom I knew, to witness the end of one who had neglected, and that against the dictates of her own conscience, the great salvation.”

The writer of this account then endeavoured to point to her the blood of Jesus. ‘O,’ she exclaimed, ‘that I had an interest in that blood!’ He soon after left the room with feelings not to be described, and in a few minutes she expired.

O, let those who have enjoyed religious instruction in youth, and afterwards neglected the Saviour and salvation, consider what miseries they are preparing for themselves hereafter! and let them remember her whose last words almost were, “O, I cannot die! I cannot die!”

THE eternal God has taught us in his word, that “the way of transgressors is hard.” None more painfully realize the truth of this assertion, than those who have trodden this delusive path, after having been once apparently inclined to walk “in the ways of peace.” The sad account which follows, respects a young woman who acted this ruinous part.

She was born of poor but honest parents, and was taught the first principles of religion in a Sabbath-school. At the age of sixteen she engaged in service in her native village. At her first place she continued two years. In her eighteenth year she removed into a religious family; till then she had lived ignorant of the gospel, and careless about her eternal state; but during her continuance in this situation she appeared deeply impressed with a sense of her sinfulness, and made an open profession of religion. In her nineteenth year she removed to a place much superior to her former as it respects this world; but, alas! the master of the house was a lover of pleasure

more than a lover of God. Here religious duties were not only neglected, but even ridiculed. She met with no little persecution from her fellow-servants: this induced her to neglect private prayer and other means of grace. At length she was seldom seen at public worship. A Christian friend perceived her declension by her backwardness to discourse on religious subjects. She had previously been very forward to converse on the best things; but at this time was quite the reverse: yet she did not return back to the world without considerable checks of conscience. She knew that she was doing wrong, but became hardened by the deceitfulness of sin.

About the 20th year of her age, she broke a blood-vessel. On the day after the circumstance took place, she was visited by the person who had observed her departure from the way of life; who states, "On asking her how she was, she said, 'Very bad, very bad.' I then told her I understood there was no hope of her recovery, and proceeded to inquire how it was with her in regard to her eternal welfare; she exclaimed, 'That is what I want; my life I care not for, if my sins were par-

doned.' She burst into tears, and said, 'O! that I had repented when the Spirit of God was striving with me, but now I am undone!' I again visited her, and her countenance bespoke the dreadful horror of her mind, which no doubt hastened her dissolution. On asking her how she felt, she answered, 'Miserable! miserable!' I repeated some encouraging passages of scripture to backsliders, but alas! all in vain; her soul laboured under the greatest agonies; she exclaimed, 'O! how I have been deceived! When I was in health I delayed repentance from time to time; O that I had my time to live over again! O that I had obeyed the gospel! but now I must burn in hell for ever. O! I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!'

"In this manner she continued breathing out most horrible expressions.

"I reminded her that Jesus Christ would in nowise cast out those sinners who come to him, and that his blood cleanseth from all sin. She said, 'The blood of Christ will be the greatest torment I shall have in hell; tell me no more about it.' I then left her with feelings not to be described. She died next morning at six o'clock. I inquired of the woman who attended her, if

she continued in the same state to the last; she said she was much worse after I left her, and that they durst not stay in the room with her. She was heard to exclaim several times about an hour before her end, 'ETERNITY!—ETERNITY! O! to burn throughout Eternity!' Thus died, at the age of 20, this miserable mortal.

A YOUNG WOMAN.

(From Will's Spiritual Register.)

It has been said that an agonizing profligate, though *silent*, out-preaches the most celebrated that the pulpit ever knew. Among the cases of this affecting nature, that stand on record, few display more of the horrors of such a state than the following narrative.

"A young man, scarcely nineteen, and at that time an apprentice to an eminent merchant, in the city, who indulged in every kind of licentiousness, had, at one time, his whole attention engrossed, by a most beautiful young woman, not more than sixteen years of age. One Monday he went, with rapture, to the infernal house, at which she was kept; but how is it possible to ex-

press the distraction and astonishment which seized him, when he was informed, that the unhappy girl died the preceding Friday evening; and in so shocking a manner, that humanity must shudder at the bare imagination, and the bosoms of the guilty be chilled with terror at the thought! On Friday morning, with great distress, she declared, that she knew herself to be struck with death, and damned to all eternity. In her raving she frequently cried out, that the devil told her so, and that he would drag her to endless torment at six o'clock. Her agonies were inexpressible, so that even the wretches, her companions in iniquity, whom she earnestly exhorted to repent, or they would assuredly follow her to the infernal pit, were so much affected, as to mention the necessity of sending for a clergyman; but the miserable girl, with screams of horror, exclaimed, that nothing could save her, but that the fatal sentence was already pronounced, and that there was no possibility of forgiveness or escape. The wicked man who kept the house, desired earnestly to see her; but she would by no means consent to his request.—'O tell him,' said she, 'that I curse him in the bitterness

of my soul, and wish with my latest breath that he may very soon follow me to endless misery. I shall long for his arrival, that I myself may help to torment him. It is to him I owe my destruction. He first seduced me to guilt and ruin, when I was but thirteen years of age. Perdition, no doubt, will be his portion, as well as that of numbers besides, who, like him, have laboured for the destruction of innocence and virtue. She several times jumped out of bed, and, screaming in a most dreadful manner, cried out, 'You shall not have me yet! it is not six o'clock.' She continued raving thus till the hour she had so often mentioned; the clock struck six, and she expired."

ANTITHEUS.

MR. CUMBERLAND, in the *Observer*, gives us one of the most mournful tales, that ever was related, concerning a gentleman of *Infidel* principles, whom he denominates Antitheus. "I remember him," says he, "in the height of his fame, the hero of his party; no man so caressed, followed, and applauded; he was a little loose, his friends would own, in his moral character; but then he

was the honestest fellow in the world: it was not to be denied that he was rather free in his notions; but then he was the best creature living. Antitheus seemed to be at the summit of human prosperity, when he was suddenly seized with the most alarming symptoms: wife or family he had none, and out of the multitude of his friends no one happened to be near him at the moment of his attack. A neighbouring *physician* was called out of bed in the night to come to him with all haste in this extremity: he found him sitting up in his bed supported by pillows, his countenance full of horror, his breath struggling as in the article of death, his pulse intermitting, and at times beating with such rapidity as could hardly be counted. Antitheus dismissed the attendants he had about him, and eagerly demanded of the physician, if he thought him in danger: the physician answered that he must fairly tell him he was in imminent danger. 'How so! how so! do you think me dying?' He was sorry to say the symptoms indicated death.—'Impossible! you must not let me die: I dare not die: O doctor, save me if you can!' 'Your situation, Sir, is such, that it is not in mine, or any

any other man's art to save you; and I think I should not do my duty if I gave you any false hopes in these moments, which, if I am not mistaken, will not more than suffice for any worldly or other concerns which you may have upon your mind to settle.' 'My mind is full of horror,' cried the dying man, 'and I am incapable of preparing it for death.' He now fell into an agony, accompanied with a shower of tears; a cordial was administered, and he revived in a degree; when turning to the physician, who had his fingers upon his pulse, he eagerly demanded of him, if he did not see that blood upon the feet curtains of his bed. There was none to be seen; the physician assured him, it was nothing but a vapour of his fancy. 'I see it plainly,' said Antitheus, 'in the shape of a human hand: I have been visited with a tremendous apparition. As I was lying sleepless in my bed this night, I took up a letter of a deceased friend to dissipate certain thoughts that made me uneasy: I believed him to be a great philosopher, and was converted to his opinions: persuaded by his arguments and my own experience, that the disorderly affairs of this evil world could not be admin-

istered by any wise, just, or provident Being, I had brought myself to think that no such Being could exist; and that a life, produced by chance, must terminate in annihilation: this is the reasoning of that letter; and such were the thoughts I was revolving in my mind, when the apparition of my dear friend presented itself before me, and unfolding the curtains of my bed, stood at my feet, looking earnestly upon me for a considerable space of time. My heart sunk within me; for his face was ghastly, full of horror, with an expression of such anguish as I can never describe: his eyes were fixed upon me, and at length, with a mournful motion of his head—'Alas, alas!' he cried, 'we are in a fatal error!' and taking hold of the curtains with his hand, shook them violently and disappeared.—This, I protest to you, I both saw and heard; and look! where the print of his hand is left in blood upon the curtains'

"Antitheus survived the relation of this vision very few hours, and died delirious in great agonies."

What a forsaken and disconsolate creature is man without his God and Saviour!

HOBBS.

HOBBS was a well-known infidel a century and a half ago. When alone, he was haunted with the most tormenting reflections; and would awake in great terror, if his candle happened but to go out in the night.

Dr. Wallis relates of him, that discoursing one day with a lady in high life, Hobbes told her, that were he the master of the world, he would give it all to live one day longer. She expressed her astonishment, that a philosopher who had such extensive knowledge, and so many friends to gratify or oblige, would not deny himself one day's gratification of life, if by that means he could bequeath to them such ample possessions. His answer was, "What shall I be the better for that, when I am dead? I say again, if I had the whole world to dispose of, I would give it to live one day." How different is the language of the real Christian! "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better,"—far better than the highest enjoyments that can be attained in this world!

Notwithstanding all his high pretensions to learning and philosophy, his

uneasiness constrained him to confess, when he drew near to the grave, that he was about to take a leap in the dark.

EDWARD GIBBON.

EDWARD Gibbon, the author of the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, is well known to have been what is termed a philosopher, and an infidel.

He was born in 1737. In early life he became a papist; he afterwards renounced popery, and seems to have paid little attention to religion in any form; nor does it appear that he ever made it a matter of serious thought or inquiry. In his memoirs he has undesignedly presented a striking view of the cheerless nature of infidelity. "*The present is a fleeting moment—the past is no more—and our prospect of futurity dark and doubtful.*" This day may possibly be my last, but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years. I will not suppose any premature decay of mind or body; but I must *reluctantly* observe, that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of

hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life."

Having no hope for eternity, he was eager for the continuation of his present existence; he declared to a friend about twenty-four hours previous to his departure, in a flow of self-gratulation, that he thought himself a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years.—During his short illness, he never gave the least intimation of a future state of existence. This insensibility at the hour of dissolution is, in the language of scepticism, dying the death of a philosopher!

DAVID HUME.

It is an awful proof of the depraved condition of human nature, that so many persons exert their utmost efforts to sink themselves to a level with the brutes that perish, and to strip themselves of man's distinguishing honour—immortality. Infidels at the same time swell with the pride of Satan, and grovel with the reptiles of the dust. Now they exalt man so high that he needs not the instruction or care of the Deity, but soon they debase him to an equality with the worm, while they

maintain that, like the worm, he dies and is no more. Mr. Hume was one of these wise men in their own opinion. He was a philosopher. The following positions are a specimen of the gross nonsense and wickedness which he calls philosophy.

"That the universe exists in the mind, and that the mind does not exist.

"That adultery must be practised, if men would obtain all the advantages of life; that, if generally practised, it would in time cease to be scandalous; and that, if practised secretly and frequently, it would by degrees come to be thought no crime at all.

"That self-murder is but the turning of a few ounces of blood from its natural channel." Pleading in behalf of this crime he observes, that there is no crime in diverting a river from its natural course, and says, "Where then is the crime of turning a few ounces of blood from their natural channel?"

A few years ago, a feeling of horror thrilled through the nation, when the atrocious monster, Williams, murdered the Marr and Williamson families. If he were a philosopher of Mr. Hume's description, he might have pleaded he had committed no crime, for in destroy-

ing seven or eight persons, he had only turned a few pounds instead of ounces of blood out of their proper channel.

Mr. Hume appears in one respect to have differed from most infidels. His life was tolerably moral. This has been a subject of boasting among his unbelieving friends, but it has been most justly remarked, "All evil beings are not *immoral*." Satan himself "offends not in the articles of eating, wine, &c.; he is differently employed. He is employed in tempting others to offend."

As he lived and taught like a philosopher, so, Mr. Gibbon says, he died like one. His death has been the boast of infidels.

When his ghastly looks indicated the rapid approach of death, he diverted himself sometimes in the evening with a party, at his favourite game of whist.

On one occasion, when his dissolution drew near, he expressed to Dr. Smith the satisfaction he had in leaving his friends, and his brother's family in particular, in prosperous circumstances. This, he said, he felt so sensibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, he could not, among all the excuses

which are alleged to Charon, for not readily entering into his boat, find one that fitted him. He had no house to finish—he had no daughter to provide for—he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself—"I could not well imagine," said he, "what excuse I could make to Charon, in order to obtain a little delay. I have done every thing of consequence which I ever meant to do. I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them. I, therefore, have all reason to die contented." "He then diverted himself," says Dr. Smith, "with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to Charon, and in imagining the very surly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them." "Upon consideration," said he, "I thought I might say to him, 'Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time, that I may see how the public receive the alterations.' But Charon would answer, 'When you see the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so, honest

friend, please to step into the boat.' But I might still urge, 'Have a little patience, good Charon: I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public; if I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition.' But Charon would then lose all patience and decency: 'You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue.'"

He died soon after; and this was dying like a philosopher. Here the triumphs of infidelity are seen; glorious triumphs for a philosopher, a son of reason!!! Ah! if we had not learnt that the philosophy of such men is the foolishness of folly, we might have felt surprised to see a man of sense, at any time of life, amusing himself with the ridiculous heathen story of Charon and his boat. But as such men love darkness rather than light, so it is a self-evident proposition, that they prefer the most debasing folly to the most elevating wisdom, when they prefer this absurd tale to the glorious prospects of immortality. Compare Hume, dying

and jesting about Charon and his boat, and the Christian expiring with expressions of praise and gratitude to God, and of confidence in his obtaining eternal life through the merits of his Saviour, and then say is the difference between hell and heaven wider than that between the dying philosopher and the dying believer.

In the miserable deaths of Voltaire, and Tom Paine, some of the horrors of infidelity are seen; but the hardened stupidity of Hume, gives as awful a view of its dreadful influence.

Bishop Horne, in his excellent letter to Dr. Adam Smith, Hume's infidel encomiast, says, "Are you sure, and can you make us sure, that there really exists no such thing as a God, and a future state of reward and punishment? If so, all is well. Let us then, in our last hours, read Lucian, and play at whist, and droll upon Charon and his boat; let us die as foolish and insensible, as much like our brother philosophers, the calves of the field, and the asses of the desert, as we can for the life of us. But—if such things be—as they most certainly are—is it right in you, Sir, to hold up to our view, as 'perfectly wise and virtuous,' the character and

conduct of one, who seems to have been possessed with an incurable antipathy to all that is called religion?

"You would persuade us, by the example of David Hume, Esq., that atheism is the only cordial for low spirits, and the proper antidote against the fear of death. But surely, he who can reflect, with complacency, on a friend thus misemploying his talents in his life, and then amusing himself with Lucian, whist, and Charon, at his death, may smile over Babylon in ruins; esteem the earthquake, which destroyed Lisbon, an agreeable occurrence; and congratulate the hardened Pharaoh, on his overthrow in the Red Sea. Drollery, in such circumstances, is neither more nor less than

"Moody madness, laughing wild,
Amid severest woe."

Would we know the baneful and pestilential influences of false philosophy on the human heart? We need only contemplate them in this most deplorable instance of Mr. Hume."

Another writer remarks on these attempted jokes, that they were "jokes, so laboured, as to give strong cause for suspicion, that they were of the same nature, and for the same purpose, as

the expedient of a boy, on passing through some gloomy place in the night, who whistles to lessen his fear, or to persuade his companions that he does not feel it."

VOLTAIRE.

It is well known that this celebrated infidel laboured through a long life to diffuse the poison of infidelity. In life he was pre-eminent in guilt, and at death in misery. He had been accustomed for years to call the adorable Saviour, "The wretch," and to vow that he would crush him. He closed many of his letters to his infidel friends with these words, "Crush the wretch." Yet such is the detestable meanness, as well as wickedness of infidelity, that, during these efforts to destroy Christianity, he was accustomed to receive the sacrament, and to attend to some other outward acts of religion, that he might be able to deny his infidelity, if accused of it. Such was he in health, but dangerous sickness and approaching death, though they could not soften the hard heart of the hypocritic infidel into real penitence, filled him with agony, remorse, and despair.

The following awful description has been given of his last hours :

"It was during Voltaire's last visit to Paris, when his triumph was complete, and he had even feared he should die with glory, amidst the acclamations of an infatuated theatre, that he was struck by the hand of Providence, and fated to make a very different termination of his career.

"In the midst of his triumphs, a violent bleeding raised apprehensions for his life. D'Alembert, Diderot, and Marmontel, hastened to support his resolution in his last moments, but were only witnesses to their mutual ignominy, as well as to his own.

"Here let not the historian fear exaggeration. Rage, remorse, reproach, and blasphemy, all accompany and characterize the long agony of the dying atheist. His death, the most terrible that is ever recorded to have stricken the impious man, will not be denied by his companions in impiety. Their silence, however much they may wish to deny it, is the least of those corroborative proofs, which could be adduced. Not one of them has ever dared to mention any sign given of resolution or tranquillity, by the *premier chief*, during

the space of *three months*, which elapsed from the time he was crowned in the theatre, until his decease. Such a silence expresses how great their humiliation was in his death !

"It was in his return from the theatre, and in the midst of the toils he was resuming in order to acquire fresh applause, when Voltaire was warned, that the long career of his impiety was drawing to an end.

"In spite of all the infidel philosophers who flocked around him in the first days of his illness, he gave signs of wishing to return to the God he had blasphemed. His danger increasing, he wrote entreating the Abbe Gualtier to visit him. He afterwards made a declaration, in which he, in fact, renounced his infidelity. This declaration was signed by himself and two witnesses, one of whom was the Marquis de Villevielle, to whom, eleven years before, Voltaire was wont to write, 'Conceal your march from the enemy in your endeavours to crush the wretch !'

"Voltaire had permitted this declaration to be carried to the rector of St. Sulpice, and to the archbishop of Paris, to know whether it would be sufficient.

When the Abbe Gualtier returned with the answer, it was impossible for him to gain admittance to the patient. The conspirators had strained every nerve to hinder the Chief from consummating his recantation, and every avenue was shut to the priest, whom Voltaire himself had sent for. The demons haunted every access; rage succeeds to fury, and fury to rage again, during the remainder of his life.

"Then it was that D'Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others of the conspirators, who had beset his apartment, never approached him, but to witness their own ignominy; and often he would curse them, and exclaim, 'Retire! It is you that have brought me to my present state! Begone! I could have done without you all; but you could not exist without me! And what a wretched glory have you procured me?'

"Then would succeed the horrid remembrance of his conspiracy. They could hear him, the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating or blaspheming that God whom he had conspired against; and in plaintive accents would he cry out, 'O Christ! O Jesus Christ!' And then complain that

he was abandoned by God and man. His physicians, particularly Mr. Tronchin, called in to administer relief, thunderstruck retire, declaring the death of the impious man terrible indeed. The pride of the conspirators would willingly have suppressed these declarations, but it was in vain. The Marschal de Richlieu flies from the bedside, declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained; and Mr. Tronchin, that the furies of Orestes, could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire.

"In one of these visits the doctor found him in the greatest agonies, exclaiming with the utmost horror, 'I am abandoned by God and man.' He then said, 'Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months' life.' The Doctor answered, 'Sir, you cannot live six weeks.' Voltaire replied, 'Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me!' and soon after expired."

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

J. J. ROUSSEAU was one of the philosophers of the last century, and was honoured by the infidels of France with the second place in their Pantheon.

His life was a life of crime, and, considering this, his death was one of the most awful imaginable.

According to his own account, in his published Confessions, he was a thief, originally in profession a protestant, then from interested motives a papist, and again a protestant. He lived in guilty connexions with different women; and sent the children he had by one unhappy woman to the Foundling Hospital.

Such, according to his own account, was the life of uprightness and honour which was to expiate for a theft which he had committed when a young man, and laid it to a female servant, by which she lost her place and character.

After giving an account of a life thus atrocious, he says, "Whenever the last trumpet shall sound, I will present myself before the Sovereign Judge, with this book in my hand, and loudly proclaim, 'Thus have I acted—these were my thoughts—such was I.—Power eternal! assemble round thy throne the innumerable throng of my fellow mortals. Let them listen to my confessions, let them blush at my depravity, let them tremble at my sufferings, let each in his turn expose with equal sincerity

the failings, the wanderings of his heart; and if he dare, aver, I was better than that man.'"

The death of this strange man was like his life; he died with a horrid lie on his lips, accompanied by the most impious appeal that man could make.

"Ah! my dear," said he to his wife, just before he expired: "how happy a thing is it to die, when one has no reason for remorse, or self-reproach!"—And then addressing himself to the Almighty, he said, "Eternal Being! the soul that I am going to give thee back, is as pure, at this moment, as it was when it proceeded from thee: render it partaker of thy felicity."

THIS unhappy man is well known to have been one of the most malignant enemies of Christianity. He was an avowed infidel in principle, and an open profligate and drunkard in practice. He lived despised by the wise and good, and, like many other infidels, died apparently full of dread of the future, though a stranger to that repentance which is unto life.

The following account of the concluding scenes of his life, is from the pen of Dr. Manley, a respectable physician, who attended him in his last illness.

"During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular. He would not be left alone night or day; he not only required to have some person with him, but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtains to be closed at any time; and if, as it would sometimes unavoidably happen, that he was left alone, he would scream and halloo until some person came to him. When relief from pain would admit, he seemed thoughtful and contemplative, his eyes generally closed, and his hands folded on his breast, although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne. There was something remarkable in his conduct at this time, which comprises about two weeks before his death, particularly when we reflect, that Thomas Paine was the author of the Age of Reason. He would call out during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, 'O Lord, help me!—God, help me!—Jesus Christ, help me!—O Lord, help me!' &c. repeating the same ex-

pressions without the least variation, in a tone that would alarm the whole house. It was this conduct, that induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions. I took occasion during the night of the 5th and 6th of June, to test the strength of his opinions respecting revelation. I purposely made him a very late visit. He was in great distress, constantly exclaiming in the words above mentioned; when I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present—'Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large portion of the community, have been treated with deference. You must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions, as they are given to the world; what then must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ? Come, now answer me honestly—I want an answer as from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe that you will not live twenty-four hours.' I waited some time at the end of every question; he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner. Again I addressed him, 'Mr. Paine you have not answered my questions; will

you answer them?—Allow me to ask, do you believe?—or let me qualify the question—Do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? After a pause of some moments, he answered, ‘I have no wish to believe on the subject.’”

How apparent is it from the preceding narration, that the mind of Paine was convinced of the truth of that religion which he had ridiculed, and whose Author he had blasphemed; but that the stubborn pride of the hardened infidel prevented him from explicitly confessing this, when the question was solemnly put to him.

CONCLUSION.

BEFORE this little work is concluded, the Compiler would take the liberty of employing a few pages, in a friendly address to all into whose hands it may come.

My reader, this humble volume presents to you truths of infinite importance. It is appointed unto *you* to die. The path which others have trodden, *you* must tread. The scenes which others have beheld, *you* must behold. The dreams of time must quick-

ly vanish from *your* sight; and the awful realities of eternity burst upon *your* view. The joys of assurance, or torments of despair, must soon possess *your* heart; and soon must the melody of heaven gladden *your* soul, or the bitter wailings of the lake of fire fill *you* with inconceivable dismay. Ah! there is not merely a heaven or a hell, but there is a heaven or a hell for *you*.

Behold in the memorials of those who are now saints in bliss, the inexpressible value of the gospel of salvation. What was it that cheered their dying moments? What was it that took the sting of death away? What was it that opened the gates of heaven to their delighted view? What was it that made pain easy, and death desirable? Was it, as has been unscripturally said,

“The sweet remembrance of unblemish’d youth,

The inspiring voice of *innocence* and truth?”
Ah no! such delusions blinded not their eyes, nor shut their hearts against the Saviour of mankind. They talked not of *innocence*. They rested not on an unblemished life. They knew that every heart is defiled with sin; and every life blackened with iniquity; and ex-

ery human being a transgressor. Their joys were the joys of pardoned sinners. The religion of the gospel was their religion. It was not modern refinements, philosophical speculations, and heathenism, masking itself under the name of Christianity, that cheered their souls. The death and righteousness of a divine Saviour was their only boast: this was the refuge to which they fled; this was the fountain from whence their comforts flowed. Jesus was theirs; this made them rich if poor, and happy if afflicted. His righteousness clothed their souls; this prepared them to meet a holy God with comfort. Christ was their ALL IN ALL; O, is he yours? Better, far better, were it for you, to be set afloat in the midst of the wide ocean, helpless and destitute, upon a single plank, than to launch into an awful eternity, resting on the feeble reed of human merit.

But perhaps I address a follower of the Lamb. Allow me then, my Christian friend, to suggest to you, that this little volume may teach you, how insignificant those minor distinctions will soon appear, which too generally and unhappily divide the friends of the Saviour, during their abode upon earth.

Baxter and Owen, and many who differed once, are united now. They were united too in their dying experience. They trusted the same Saviour. Alike they renounced themselves, and sought a better righteousness than their own. The same were their hopes. The same were their comforts. The same was the source of all their joys; and the same is their heaven. Calvinist and Arminian, Dissenter and Churchman, are names that exist no more among them, but Christian is now the appellation of them all.

Perhaps some reader of those narratives which display the power of Christian truths, may exclaim, "These things are but the dreams of idiots and the tales of priests." Unhappy man! the time is hastening on which will discover to you your sad mistake. Is Christianity a fable? Let its bitter enemies, Voltaire and Paine, reply. They have replied. Their dying horrors, their cries to him they derided and blasphemed, have answered, "No." Which would you sooner credit, the obstinate asseverations of a malefactor to his own innocence, made before the day of trial came, or the confessions of his dying lips? If Voltaire and Paine, and others

of that impious band, would persuade you by the works they wrote in days of health and strength, that religion is a fable; turn to their dying moments, and learn from their miseries, and those of many of their disciples, that there is a hell for the enemies of God, and that a part of its horrors, in some instances, seize on the soul even upon earth.

My reader, young or old, from the widely different narratives which this little book contains, O learn that one thing is needful! needful to you, to me, to all. See its value, in the peaceful or triumphant departure of some who were its possessors. See its value, in the late remorse and deep despair of those, who died destitute of its blessings; and remember that, "now is the accepted time, that now is the day of salvation." O think, think of that eternity, to which you go; and of that Saviour, who is willing and able, to prepare you for eternity. What shadows will all the things of time shortly seem to you! O could you go into the eternal world, how might those who have done with time for ever, teach you the vanity of all below! Did not the malignity of their nature prevent them, ruined souls might

say to you, 'Avoid our folly; shun our misery. Sin and the world undid us, heart-rending thought! undid us for ever. Woe is us! the day of grace is gone! The tidings of mercy are unheard. The blood of Jesus can never cleanse us; nor the compassions of God ever reach us now.' Ah! my fellow sinner, my brother, my sister, would an address thus dismal from the spirits of the lost, awaken your attention to eternal things? O think, though they cannot come thus to address you, you, unless you are a partaker of an interest in Jesus Christ, are hastening to that world, where all the huge distresses of a wretched eternity will be yours.

Could the spirits of the just address you, might not they say, "Follow him we followed. We bowed at the feet of Jesus; and found eternal good in him. Follow our Lord, and he will be your Lord. Receive him, and he will receive you. Commit your souls to him, and all will be well with you, for time and for eternity."

The dead cannot, my friend, come to give us this advice; yet, your own heart may tell you, that such is the advice which glorified spirits would give. Such is the advice which the word of

God imparts. Come, then, unto Christ and live for ever.

My youthful reader, observe, that many of the pleasing instances of the power of religion, which this volume details, were instances of its power, over the hearts of the young. They are records of the triumphs of early piety ; and some of the painful accounts which are introduced here, show you the sad effects of youthful sins. Take one more glance at the pleasing narratives. Behold the young, as young as yourself, or perhaps younger, cheerfully resigning this world, and all in it, to go to God, and to heaven. See them passing through sickness, without one wish to recover. See them welcome death, nor "cast one longing, lingering look behind." Could you do this ? Perhaps you feel that nothing is to you more impossible. But why is it so ? Is it not because *their* Saviour is not *your* Saviour ? Were he yours the sting of death would be gone. Seek him, my young friend. Seek an interest in his death and righteousness. Pray for his strengthening, changing Spirit ; and, with Mary, choose the good part, which can never be taken away from you,