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01 -- BIOGRAPHY

To The Editor Of The Methodist Magazine.
Dear Sir,

If you can find a place in your valuable Repository, for the following Memoir of one who deserves to be had in affectionate remembrance, its early insertion will oblige, yours respectfully, Edmund Grindrod. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Oct. 16th, 1818.

Mr. John Crosby. was born at Whitby, in the year 1755. In childhood, and early youth, he was entirely dependant on his mother for his support; she was an industrious woman, but had not pecuniary means to furnish her son even with a common education. He soon, however, evinced an eager desire after learning; and before he was eight years of age, he could, almost self-taught, read the New Testament. His natural disposition was grave, and, whilst very young, he began to entertain solemn thoughts of the eternal state. So strong was his fear of future misery, that, when he was not more than five years old, he was one day in danger of doing himself a serious injury, by a childish experiment, by which he intended to impress himself with such an idea of the torments of the damned, as might cause him ever to dread, and shun the paths of sin.

In his ninth and tenth years he frequently heard the Methodists, at Whitby, and at Robinhood's Bay. At that time, various silly and wicked reports against them were extensively circulated, and generally credited. There, as in many other parts of the kingdom, they were branded as the false prophets, whom our Lord had foretold should come in his name, and deceive many; and it became almost proverbial amongst their ignorant persecutors at Robinhood's Bay, that "there never had been any good doings since Christmas was changed, and the Methodists came up." Mr. Crosby's untutored mind believed these idle tales, and thus prejudices were induced, which, he used to say, were the causes of delaying his conversion for several years.

In 1763 he became, in an unusual degree, the subject of gracious impressions and awakenings; in reference to which he observes, "Had I then been properly instructed I should have been brought to an experimental knowledge of the goodness of the Lord." But his lot was amongst the sons of night, and his preconceived dislike to the Methodists prevented him from attending on their

ministry; in consequence of which this promising work of grace proved as the morning cloud and early dew; his good resolutions were broken; he connected himself with wicked companions, and was, by their evil example and counsel, betrayed into many fashionable follies, and into some dangerous vices. He now felt himself so abandoned of all that was good, that if he had taken up a book in which he saw the name of God, he would instantly cast it down, and say, "that is not fit for me." Still the Spirit of God continued to strive with him, and he often found it a difficult matter to resist. Once a very ungodly man reproved him for singing a profane song, whilst he was covering the backs of a prayer-book; the words of this inconsistent reprove took deep effect; and from what he said Mr. C. had a clearer discovery of the plan of salvation than he had previously conceived. He afterwards learned that this man was a fallen Methodist, from the neighbourhood of Leeds.

In the year 1774, he removed to Wilton, near Pickering, The person with whom he lived feared God, and was a hearer of the Methodists. His seriousness operated on Mr. Crosby's mind, as a restraint, and he was preserved from falling into many great temptations, to which he was much exposed. In the spring of the following year he began, occasionally, to hear Mr. King, then the Rector of Middleton, and Mr. Robinson, the afternoon lecturer at Pickering. These Clergymen were reputed enlightened and evangelical, and their preaching caused much talk in the country. In the month of July or August, that year, the Lord effectually alarmed his conscience, under a sermon preached by Mr. Robinson, to young people, from those words of Solomon, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment." Of this sermon, and his feeling whilst hearing it, Mr. C. has left the following short, account: -- In the former part of his discourse the minister spoke in pointed irony, and so grossly ignorant was I, as to think he really meant what he said. I began to take encouragement whilst he mentioned many vices, and ironically bade us walk in them; in proceeding he got hold of my favourite amusement, and besetting sin, which was dancing; and mightily pleased I was to hear him, as I thought, give us licence from the pulpit to go on, without restraint, in that fashionable folly of the age.

I now thought, when I get home I will tell my master what Mr. Robinson has said. This clergyman was greatly in favour with my master, who had often found fault with me for being so eager of dancing. By this time my attention was fixed, and I was all ear to what was to follow; and how was my expectation disappointed, when he came to enforce those solemn words, "But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Such an awful sense of that impartial and eternal Judge fastened on my mind as I have not yet shook off, and, I trust, never shall."

He now broke off all his besetments at once, and began, in earnest, to seek the salvation of his soul. Having no acquaintance with experienced Christians, of any denomination, he was left in a great measure to himself; and, for eighteen

months after he was awakened, he had none to act to him as a spiritual adviser. The Lord alone was his teacher, and by singular manifestations of the Spirit, he was soon more perfectly instructed in the way of salvation. One day, when at his usual employment in the field, a flood of heavenly light descended into his soul. "It was shewn me in a moment," says he, "that I was to believe in order to be saved, and not to be saved and then believe." Immediately he improved this display of grace, lifted up his heart to God in fervent prayer, and was enabled, with his whole soul, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, as his present and all sufficient Saviour. God set his seal to the faith of his pardoned child, by giving him the knowledge of salvation through the remission of sins. The spirit of adoption, by which he could cry. Abba, Father, was now graciously communicated, and he never, from that time, forfeited this glorious privilege of believing, but continued his close and undeviating walk with God, to the end of his earthly pilgrimage.

Six months after his conversion he became acquainted with some members of the Methodist Society, and gladly availed himself of the opportunity of joining them, which he did, from a conviction that they were eminently the people of God. When he was about 24 years of age, he began to preach the everlasting gospel to his neighbours, who, he saw, were perishing for lack of knowledge. The way in which a gracious Providence led him into this great work was somewhat remarkable: He had removed from Wilton to the vicinity of Easingwold, and lived as manservant with a Mrs. Stillingfleet. One Sabbath evening, after returning from the church, Mrs. S. said to him, "John, you must explain the Lord's Prayer in the family tonight." This surprised him, and he began to remonstrate; but finding that was of no use, she continuing to insist upon it, he retired to his room, got his Bible, meditated on the selected portion, and earnestly implored Divine assistance. When the time came, he, in much fear, made the attempt, and God followed it with extraordinary marks of his approbation. Mrs. Stillingfleet found peace with God whilst he was speaking, a son and daughter, and the servant maid, were convinced of sin. After prayer he withdrew to his room, not aware of the success which had attended his trembling effort. Mrs. S. and her son followed him; the son being in great distress, they engaged in prayer on his behalf, and in a short time God spoke peace to his soul. When they rose from their knees rejoicing, the little daughter, who had followed them unperceived, remained pleading with God for herself; they again engaged in prayer, and she obtained a sense of pardon. They then went downstairs, and found the servant maid in distress; again they pleaded with God till she received the same blessedness by believing. Several days after this interesting evening, the little girl, who had experienced the pardon of her sins, was found burning her play things; her mother told her not to burn them, for though she would use them no more, yet they might be sold, and so be the means of doing some good, to which the child made this striking answer, "So Saul thought, when he spared the best of the sheep and oxen, to sacrifice to God; but you know, mother, that Samuel condemned him for not having destroyed them all." From this time Mr. Crosby's mind began to be exercised with thoughts of preaching; and one day, when he was at his ordinary occupation, and, as his manner was, praying with his heart whilst his hands were doing his work, those words of the apostle forcibly

struck his mind, "A dispensation of the gospel is committed unto me." The impressive manner in which this portion of Divine truth was applied, caused him to retire, and to seek in prayer direction from above. He prayed, that, if it were the will of God he should engage in a work to which a consciousness of his own inability made him reluctant, he would condescend to direct him to some passage of Scripture which might satisfy him of his call; he then took out his pocket-bible, which was his constant companion, and opened on the very text which had, just before, been so powerfully applied to his mind. Providential circumstances concurring with these gracious intimations, he became a local preacher; and having acted in that capacity four years, Mr. Wesley appointed him to a circuit, at the Conference in the year 1783.

He laboured in the Lord's vineyard as an itinerant preacher 28 years, and maintained an unblemished and pious character, through the whole of his ministerial course. He travelled in the Epworth, Inverness, York, Sunderland, Thirsk, White-haven, Northampton, Stockton, Barnard-Castle, Rotherham, Dewsbury, Blackburn, Barnsley, Halifax, Keighley, Stockport, Colne, and Bradford circuits, and was generally acceptable and useful; particularly to serious minds, for to them his preaching was more peculiarly adapted; but in several instances, and one especially, he was eminently owned of God to the awakening of sinners.

I pass hastily over the years of his public life, he having left behind him no journal; two incidents, however, deserve to be recorded.

At the Conference in the year 1790, he was appointed to the Whitehaven circuit, where he remained three years. During his first year a good work was begun, and many souls were brought to God. In the early part of the year 1791, a remarkable event occurred. On account of a new drift in the coal-mines, the water, which had a long time lodged in the old works, was drawn off, and the earth fell in; this occasioned a sinking of the ground, at the surface, to a considerable extent. It was calculated that about a hundred houses felt the consequent shock, and the families were frightened out of their habitations on a dark night. The preachers' house, in which Mr. Crosby and his family dwelt, and the chapel adjoining, were greatly damaged by the sinking, and rendered uninhabitable for many months. This was a very trying event; by it the preachers were deprived of a home, and the society and congregation of the place in which they worshipped God. But the Lord, whose ways are inscrutable, raised them up a kind and efficient friend, in a quarter from which they had not the least expectation. James Hogarth, Esq. hearing that the preachers' house, and the chapel, were amongst the almost ruined dwellings, sent for Mr. Crosby, and generously offered him a commodious house, rent free; which he accepted, and occupied the remaining eighteen months of his stay at Whitehaven. This gentleman had built a church in that town, about a year and a half prior to the sinking, which he intended as a free place of worship, chiefly for the accommodation of his tenantry. Through the interference of Lord L -- -- --, the Bishop had refused to consecrate the church, and it remained unoccupied at the time of the sinking. In this season of extremity, when the Methodists were as a flock

of sheep without a fold, Mr. Hogarth gave them the use of his church, free of any charge; allowed the Stewards to let as many of the pews as they could, and gave them all the proceeds. Nor did his kindness end here: At the next Conference a second married preacher was appointed to Whitehaven; for him also he found a house and furnished it out of his own. Some time after the Methodists had taken possession of this church, the Esquire came to a love-feast, which was held in it; and having heard some of the people speak their experience, though he made no profession of experimental religion himself, yet he stood up, and to the astonishment of the preacher and society, he spoke to the following effect: "I am exceedingly pleased to see this place answering the end for which I built it. I have lately been invited to dine with Lord L_____, In the course of conversation, his lordship said, 'Hogarth, what did it cost you to build that church?' 1600l. my lord. 'I will give you that for it, (said his lordship) but I will not promise that the Methodists shall have it.' I replied, My lord, whilst the Methodists conduct themselves as they do, I will not sell the church for twice its value, and none shall dispossess them of it. Lord L -- said, 'I have often wondered what could induce me to advise the bishop not to consecrate the place:' I answered, it was not you, my lord, that prevented the bishop, but a higher power, for a better purpose." Having related this conversation, Mr. H. concluded, by saying, "You poor Methodists, that cannot pay your rents, come to me, and I will find shelter for thirty or forty of you."

Thus, providentially, was that which appeared a mysterious disaster, and an almost cureless evil, overruled to the great advancement of the cause of God, at a time when it was likely, on human calculations, to sustain a serious injury.

In the years 1805 and 1806, Mr. Crosby was stationed at Keighley. In that circuit he had the happiness to witness such a revival and extension of the work of God, as does but rarely occur. In one year, he and his good colleagues, Messrs. G. Gibbon, and J. Muff, joined 800 members to the society; many of whom, I believe, are still found in the fold of Christ. Of this extraordinary work of God, Mr. C. has left a short account in the copy of a letter which he then wrote to Mr. Walter Griffith. It is as follows:

"My Dear Brother,
Keighley, April 19, 1806.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your attention to the subject of my last. Though you did not succeed, your kindness was the same. With pleasure I give you some account of the good work, which our common Lord is carrying on in these parts. From our first coming into the circuit, the prospect was such as gave us good reason to hope there would be a revival, especially at Yeadon. Every successive time we went thither, our hope was increased. January 27, that hope was realized: small companies began to meet together for prayer, and several were brought into the liberty of the children of God. But their houses soon became too small to contain the numbers who ran at the sound of singing and prayer. The vestry was now made choice of, as more convenient; but that also being too small, they took

possession of the chapel, where from three to four hundred people attended the prayer-meeting: many were in great distress, and I think near forty found peace that week. The work still went on, and increased. Numbers were struck with deep convictions in their own houses, while at their ordinary employments, whose concern for salvation was such, that some persons were sent for to pray with them. Their neighbours hearing; the now well-known sound of either joy or sorrow, flocked in, and soon filled the house: there they continued till the close of day, when the intended dinner was found removed into a corner," or still standing before the fire. On those occasions some continued on their knees for five or six hours together, whilst others were employed in pleading with God on their behalf, till he shed his love abroad in their hearts, and turned their mourning into joy. Three, five, or seven frequently found a sense of pardon before they parted. Some fled from these scenes of confusion, as they were pleased to call them, and went to their work, at a distance: but, even there, God found them. They were seized with such horror of mind, that they threw down their tools, and returned to their neighbours in distress, requesting the prayers of the godly. The alarm was now more general; and though not all the houses, yet the greatest part became houses of prayer. The day being too short, they "borrowed the night," and continued the prayer-meetings in the chapel until twelve, sometimes two or three o'clock in the morning; and even then, though dismissed from the chapel, they gathered together in small companies, and continued their supplications to a yielding throne of grace.

"It is natural to suppose, that in such a work there would be some irregularities: one instance of which I give you. A number of men who were employed at a mill, would hold a prayer-meeting one day, at the noon-hour; which was easily begun, but not so readily concluded: for they prayed until night, a conduct by no means justifiable. Yet this gave less offence than might have been expected. The proprietor looked in, but soon returned, saying, 'I dare not disturb them, for God is among them.' You have probably heard of their love-feasts being held in a field, where I suppose 5 or 6000 people attended. I was there on the 13th inst. and remained a day or two to admit new members. I have seldom been more fully, or more agreeably employed, than in meeting them in small companies, for several hours in the day; while I received on trial 353: most of whom professed to have obtained pardon. 154 were admitted by my colleagues, 507 in the Yeadon society only. We have joined, and admitted on trial this quarter 656; most of whom there is reason to believe have found peace with God. They are at least fair blossoms; time only can determine who will bear fruit to perfection. I have just room to add, that I have never seen such a work before. 1st, where there appeared so much of God, and so little of man, 2d, where the work was so great in so small a place. 3d, where the work was seemingly so deep in so short time: nor, 4th, where the people in general were so overawed by the majesty and goodness of God, as they appear to be at Yeadon. Even the jolly huntsman blew his horn in vain: not a man durst follow the sound, though the chase had been their favourite amusement. Those who were not convinced said, 'How can we go a-hunting, when the people are praying on every hand; their prayers will follow us; we dare not go.' "I am, my dear brother,

"Yours, affectionately,
"J. Crosby."

In this great revival, Mr. Crosby was honoured with his share of instrumentality. Soon after its commencement, on a Sunday evening, when he was going to preach at Yeadon, there was a man drinking at a public house, who felt a strong and unaccountable inclination to go to the Methodist chapel; he, however, determined to drink his ale before he went. But when he attempted to do this, his mind was so powerfully impressed with those words of Paul, in his sermon in the Jewish synagogue at Antioch, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you;" that he threw down the tankard, and went to the chapel. The moment he entered, he was astonished and confounded to hear Mr. Crosby read for his text the very words, the impression of which on his mind had driven him from the public house. His soul was that night deeply awakened; and under that sermon a great number were constrained to cry to God for mercy, and afterwards joined themselves to the society.

Before I conclude this memoir, a brief sketch of Mr. Crosby's character may not be unacceptable.

He was a man of few words, and of a reserved disposition, and might be thought by strangers to be distant and unsocial: but he was remarkably open and pleasant with his intimate friends. He shone the brightest in retirement and suffering. In the relations of husband, father, and friend, his affection, sympathy, affability, and faithfulness were such, as have associated with his memory recollections the most grateful and pleasing, and will not soon be forgotten in his domestic circle. He particularly excelled in family worship: there was such a copiousness, fervency, aptness and tenderness of feeling in his prayers, as seldom failed to profit and delight every member of his household, as well as those who might occasionally be present. During the latter years of his life, he was a man of various afflictions, and at certain times his sufferings were severe in the extreme. But the slightest murmur never escaped his lips: oh the contrary, his soul was often overwhelmed with gratitude and joy, when his body was racked with strong pain. He professed entire sanctification many years; and he gave indubitable evidence of the justness of this profession, by the placidity and meekness of his temper under provocations and injuries of a very trying and irritating nature; by exemplary patience under peculiarly heavy afflictions; by uniform and habitual devotedness to God; and by a steady and persevering exemplification of all the social and Christian graces.

Mr. John Kershaw, who travelled with him two years, and lived in the same house the greatest part of that time, bears the following respectful testimony to the excellency of his character, in a letter which I received from him soon after Mr. C.'s death: -- "Your worthy father I always highly esteemed. I knew him well. I have seen

him in various situations, some of them of an appalling kind, particularly during the shake which took place at Whitehaven in 1791. But in all he was the same; calm, composed, and full of self-possession. I never saw in him any thing but the Christian and the Pastor. His righteousness will be revealed at a future day, when thousands will wish they had been born of his high pedigree. This must, I hope it does, constitute a part of the consolation of all his friends who are left behind to deplore his loss."

As a preacher he studied not to be great or popular, but to be practical, experimental, sober and useful; and his ministry was generally edifying to thinking and pious minds. To those who over-rate the ornaments of preaching, a defective pronunciation, a provincial dialect, and a method of reasoning sometimes too close and metaphysical, rendered him less acceptable than he otherwise would have been. But thousands will bless God in eternity for the profit they derived from his public and useful labours.

In the year 1809, whilst stationed in the Colne circuit, Mr. C. was visited with a most severe and long affliction: but through the whole of it his soul was exceedingly triumphant. Often, when enduring excruciating pain, he would with ecstasy bless the God of his salvation. That affliction materially impaired his general health; and the year following at Bradford, he reluctantly became a supernumerary.

November, 1814, he had several epileptic fits, and from that time his friends feared he was fast hastening to his eternal home. But he was prepared for the solemn event. His soul had long rested on a firm foundation -- Christ the Rock of Ages; and the approach of eternity did not bring with it one gloomy apprehension.

He removed to Bolton, on the 11th of January, 1816. As soon as he arrived at our house, he said to my wife, "I am come to see you, my love, and with you to 'gather up my feet, and die my father's God to meet.'" The first sabbath he spent in that town was a high day to his soul. Though not able to attend the public means of grace, he joined in spirit with the people of God, and his heart frequently overflowed with joy. The singing of the children of the Sunday School in the old chapel pleased him highly, and affected him even to tears. He was on the mount with Jesus all the day, and in the evening said, "Perhaps I may spend my next sabbath in the presence of my Saviour." But it pleased God to prolong his life a few more weeks. He was very thankful for being so near the house of God, and that he was again privileged to hear a few more edifying sermons; which privilege he eagerly embraced, when his strength would admit. He expressed himself as being greatly comforted under the preaching of the late venerable Mr. Taylor. Some time prior to his death, he went to Mr. Warr's class in the old vestry, and desired to have his name put down as a member, intending to meet there as often as possible. But that proved to be the last lime of his joining in fellowship with the militant church: after that he was entirely confined to the house.

At intervals, during his last affliction, he was uncommonly happy; and often repeated with much feeling and energy those words of St. Paul, "I know in whom I have believed." Once, when depressed by sickness, he said, "I have long desired to have a triumphant exit, but if it seem good to my Lord to appoint that it should not be so, I am perfectly satisfied; his will be done."

Several days previous to his death, his strength and his voice so far failed him, that he was not capable of much conversation; and sometimes he was delirious: but he always seemed rational when the state of his soul was the subject of his thoughts.

The day on which he died, he said in reply to a question put to him by Mrs. Crosby, "The prospect is very clear before me. I am very happy: I am only sorry I have not strength to tell you what I feel; but I have now got all I ever wished for, -- victory! victory! at the last." After this he could do no more than give short answers to questions that were put to him. He remained perfectly happy to the last: and on Friday evening, March 29th, 1816, he peacefully, closed his eyes on all earthly scenes, and went to his great and eternal reward. -- E. G.

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DIVINITY

02 -- A SERMON FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY;

Translated from the French of the Rev. Charles Bertheau, Pastor of the French Church in London. Published in 1712.

2 Cor. iv. 18. "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Nothing can be more absurd and contradictory to itself, than man, in his conduct with regard to a future state. At one time he yields to fear, as if he were only mortal; at another, his boundless ambition and aspiring hope, lead him to act as if he were wholly immortal. Is he threatened by temporal calamities? His thoughts are absorbed in the present life; he despairs of futurity: the smallest circumstance which presages the dissolution of his body, disconcerts and alarms him; he has recourse to the meanest expedients to ward off the stroke, and seems as if he considered himself only like the beast, which, when it yields up its breath, is annihilated. But the same person, who under the influence of fear thinks himself only mortal, when actuated by his aspiring hopes and boundless ambition, seems to think himself only immortal. He extends his plans as if they were for eternity; he builds as though he and his houses were to endure from age to age: he makes provision for an illimitable duration, and wishes to establish an unfading name, as if he himself should always taste its pleasures. Behold, my brethren, a mystery in the

human heart, which appears incomprehensible, which the ancient philosophers could never explain, and on which they have run into the same contradictions that are found in the heart of man itself. Some have asserted that man is merely like the beast; that he ought to confine his views within the circle of visible creatures; and that to go beyond these is ridiculous presumption. Others have maintained that he ought to trample upon and despise all earthly things, and consider himself as a god eternal and immutable. Whilst others, uniting these two considerations and unable to conceive the same nature capable of sentiments and feelings so opposite, attributed unto man two souls, the one mortal, the other immortal. This mystery would still be impenetrable, and render us a paradox to ourselves, if this contradiction of our passions and desires, of our fear and ambition, did not lead us into the truth; in shewing us that, as both are founded in our nature, man is both mortal and immortal; that he is like the beast which perishes, by sin which subjects him to the same passions, and makes him liable to the same end; but like unto God who endures forever, being created in his image, and designed for the enjoyment of him. Fear proves man's mortality and wretchedness, presumption his immortality; and the tear which teaches him that he himself and everything around him must perish, warns him not to set his affections on things of earth; whilst the presumption which inspires him with immoderate desires and boundless ambition, places him above this lower world, and teaches him that God alone can satisfy him. Thus I reconcile man with himself, and from hence I take the two heads of my discourse on the words of the Apostle, where, assigning the reason why the good and evil of the present life makes so slight an impression on the Christian, he teaches us his true character: on the one hand he feels a holy indifference towards that which is mortal and perishing, and on the other is strongly attached to the things which are eternal and unchangeable, and ardently pursues them: "Looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." This text divides itself into two parts; what we are not to look at, and what we are; we are not to look at the things which are seen, because they are temporal; we must look at the things which are not seen, because they are eternal.

Part I. By the things which are seen, the Apostle means those objects of sense or appetite, which give rise to that threefold desire which reigns in the world, the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eyes, and the pride of life: not merely that which strikes the sight, but whatever pleases the imagination, or appears desirable throughout the vast range of terrestrial creatures. We need not long insist on the proposition which the Apostle lays down: viz. that these things are temporal. It is sufficient to observe, that in every respect they are but of short duration. If we consider them in their own nature, their leading feature is instability. Divine Providence has appointed that they should be perpetuated by a continual revolution of rise and fall, production and decay; so that they are ever varying. If we consider them with regard to the change produced in them by the sin of the first man. we shall see, that in consequence of the rebellion of the head of nature against the Sovereign of the universe, the whole creation is doomed to ruin and destruction. In heinous offences vengeance is sometimes inflicted on the families and

possessions of the offender; as in the case of Korah, Dathan, and Abirarn, who for their rebellion against Moses were swallowed up, together with their servants and possessions. So the revolt of the first man has not only entailed death on his own posterity, but has also sown the seeds of corruption and death amongst all those inferior creatures which depend on him. Hence originate wars which desolate the earth, the perpetual opposition of elements, and conflict of jarring principles, which tend to dissolve the fabric of nature, and which will finally prove its total overthrow. And hence arise that vanity and changeableness, which the Apostle regards as the natural result of our first parents' sin: "The creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope."

If you consider the things that are seen with regard to particular sins, which pervert them from their proper use, you find them temporal, rendered so by a peculiar curse which withers them and hastens their end. Fruit, naturally corruptible, is sometimes prematurely destroyed by a secret worm: the human frame, which, according to the common course of nature, might endure a season longer, is sometimes, by an unexpected malady, cut off at a stroke. Just so with the things which are seen; though perishable in themselves, yet they disappear much more quickly, because the vices of men infect them with a destructive leprosy. Thus worldly splendour vanishes almost as soon as it is seen: "The glory of Ephraim shall fly away like a bird from the birth, and from the womb, and from the conception." Riches corrupt whilst the covetous man accumulates them: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you; your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten, your gold and silver is cankered." Houses built of the substance of the orphan and widow, shall be overthrown: "And I will smite the winter-house, and the summer-house, and the house of ivory shall perish, and the great houses shall have an end, saith the Lord."

If you consider the things which are seen with regard to man's attachment unto them, were these things even durable in themselves, yet they would be but temporary to us. The human heart cannot long be confined to the same enjoyment, we must have variety; one pleasure no sooner appears than it gives place to another; we weary ourselves in pursuit of vanity, and even when we feel ourselves inclined to rest in any object, a superior power separates us from it; in a little time it dies to us, or we die to it. Therefore the Sacred Writings, in describing the short duration of earthly enjoyments, represent them by objects the most fleeting and momentary. They are, say they, fading flowers, withering grass, ebbing torrents, passing shadows, and dreams that vanish; they tell us they are fleeter than the wind, swifter than a post, and more light and unsubstantial than vanity itself: were they weighed in the balance together they would be lighter than vanity, Psa. 62. But, as I have already said, this instability is felt and seen, mankind acknowledge it in general terms; but here lies the evil, whilst they acknowledge their instability in general terms, they act as if they thought them eternal: this practical illusion we must combat by the conclusion of St. Paul, "Looking not at the things which are seen."

To look at the things which are seen is, 1. To consider them with too much attention and assiduity. 2. To value them more highly than they deserve. 3. To admit them to an improper place in our affections. And, 4. To bound our views and wishes in them, resting in them as our end. And from these four particulars I take four arguments in support of the apostle's proposition.

1. Looking not at the things which are seen so as to consider them with too much attention and assiduity, because they are: temporal, and we want leisure for this purpose. The fugitive and uncertain state of the things which are seen does not admit of that careful and assiduous investigation which is required to understand them thoroughly. Properly to comprehend their nature it would be necessary to contemplate them in a fixed state, and to have leisure and opportunity to examine them on every side; yet, as they are but for a time, they elude our observation, and leave us only their shadow and external image. An ancient philosopher observed, that it is impossible to bring natural science to perfection, because the objects of the sciences should be permanent; but nature is in perpetual fluctuation, like the waters of a flowing stream, which glide away while we gaze upon them. And for this reason he thought it folly to attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature. With a little allowance we may say the same, we cannot contemplate the things of this world in a fixed point of view, because we never find them twice in the same situation, and the perpetual flux which carries them away perplexes and bewilders our ideas. In vain does the curious attempt to find out the secret causes of the different phenomena, which the world presents; the labour is long, the task is difficult, the subjects in a state of perpetual mutation, and death takes him off just at the dawn of his discoveries. In vain does the politician wish to form sound maxims from the conduct and opinions of those with whom he converses; what can he learn from man, who by the levity of his humour, the change of his passions, and diversity of his interests, is incessantly changing, and who disappears before he has time to be acquainted with him. In vain does the man of the world labour to acquire a knowledge of mankind; the world is in perpetual motion, the preceding race has succeeded to the former, and we, who occupy their places, must soon give way to those who follow us; "One generation passeth away, and another cometh." Everywhere we see only visionary phantoms, which glide before us; fleeting and unsubstantial personages, who after having acted their part on the theatre of the world, give place to others as airy and uncertain as themselves. Now I ask, what profit, what solid instruction, can we derive from these things, unless, to learn that they are a fading inheritance. And this is what God intends to teach us, by placing us in this unsubstantial world. He designs that we should look at the things which are seen, not so as to penetrate and understand the secrets of their nature, but to feel their nothingness and vanity; he hath shewn us only the surface of his works, that we, seeing their unsubstantial nature, might despise their false splendour, be raised above the power of temptation, and acknowledge that the pleasures which temporal things promise are flattering and delusive.

2. From whence I proceed to the second proof. Looking not at the things which are seen, that is, not esteeming them too highly because they are temporal,

and on this account of little value. The shortness of their duration, without any other argument, is sufficient to convince us that they are unworthy of our esteem; for had they possessed real worth, God, who has made every thing by number, weight, and measure, and who justly appreciates his own works, would have given them a duration equal to their value. It is wisdom which has proportioned the continuance of visible things to their worth; and it would have been goodness to us to have lengthened out their existence, had they been truly great and worthy of esteem. Seeing then, that God assigns them a duration so limited, judge of the worth by the rule which Sovereign Wisdom gives; judge of them, if you please, by your own conduct. Is it not true that we esteem things according to their stability and permanence, and reckon as nothing what is only lent us for a moment? The most elevated situations are not valued unless we consider them permanent; even a crown loses much of its worth when it is soon to be laid aside. Hence in the kingdom of Sparta, where a new king was elected every year, there existed as great an indifferency towards royalty as there does eagerness after it in other States, where the crown is for life. Sensible people hardly considered sovereign power an elevation, where they were so soon to return to the situation of private individuals. Ah! did we use the same good sense in estimating all terrestrial things, instead of saying, "This fortune shall pass away in a year," we should say, All will totally vanish at farthest in thirty or forty years. We should see that, greater or lesser durations, not altering the nature of these things so as to make the one less changeable than the other, they are in their whole amount but as nothing. Were we to carry our thoughts forward into futurity, and represent to ourselves this body devoured by worms, and these titles obliterated forever, we should feel ashamed at having valued them so much; our pride would be brought low, our lofty imaginations would vanish, and we should see things in their proper colours, viz. as unworthy of consideration or regard, Moses made use of the following scheme to cure the Israelites of idolatry: he ordered the golden calf to be thrown into the fire and reduced to ashes; he then took the ashes and mixed them with water, with a view that the people might reflect, the making of this idol cost us much; our wives brought their jewels, we offered our gold and our silver, but of all the wealth there remains only ashes, it is therefore for a little dust that we have exhausted our treasures. It was by this, says Philo, that he cured their attachment to idols; "What," said they, "three days ago we feasted and sung around the image, rendering it worship and adoration, but all to terminate in dust! and is this the object of our reverence, and the great divinity to which we consecrated our persons and possessions." This thought, which filled them with shame and confusion, and eradicated their idolatry. Ah! you who feast around that idol, who make it the object of your worship and adoration, were I permitted to open its tomb, what shame and confusion should I not give you. Is this the creature thou madest thy divinity? Is it this which thou thoughtest worthy of so much respect and honour? which made thy bad or good fortune? It cannot save itself either from corruption or worms. To expose it, such as it shall one day be, is sufficient to remove the vail which covers you, dissipate your blindness, and convince you that whatever is fading and perishable is but of little worth, "Looking not at the things which are seen."

3. Looking not at the things which are seen, through the medium of our affections, with covetous and eager eyes, because they are temporal, and we cannot long either possess or enjoy them. Admitting they were excellent and worthy of esteem, something more would be required to fix our hearts upon them; for whatever excellency any thing may possess, we only value it as related unto us, or connected with us, either by right or actual enjoyment; if it is not our property we cannot turn it to our advantage; and, though considerable in itself, it is nothing with regard to us. Now whatever is but temporal, cannot properly be considered ours, because the enjoyment of it must ever be uncertain, and there is little difference between possessing only for a little space and not possessing at all. What folly must it be to place our affections on that which we can never obtain; or which if obtained, we must soon part with, in deep regret for having loved it too much, and in despair for having lost it forever? If we love the things which are seen, it ought to be with a love proportioned to their nature; as they are but transitory, so ought our affection for them to be also. In one word, we should look upon them as servants, and use them for our conveniency, and not give them a place in our hearts, or seek our happiness in them. Both the righteous and the wicked are agreed that the things which are seen are temporal; but the conclusion drawn from this principle by the one, is widely different from that which is drawn from it by the other. This is the language of the wicked -- Our life is short and insipid, we cannot avoid death, and no one ever returned from the grave; we came into the world by chance, and shortly we shall be as if we had never been; the breath of our nostrils is but smoke, and our spirit is a spark produced by the motion of the heart. Come then, let us rejoice in the present, and hasten to enjoy what we have; let us drink precious wines, anoint ourselves with odoriferous ointments, and suffer not the flowers of the spring to pass away. Let us deck ourselves with garlands of roses before they wither, for this is our portion and lot. Since then, say they, our portion in this life is so limited, it behoves us attentively to improve the present moment; seeing our pleasures pass so quickly, we ought to give up ourselves unto them, that we may enjoy all they are capable of yielding, and anticipate whatever can be anticipated. St. Paul reverses the conclusion, as it regards the righteous, "But this I say, brethren, the time is short: it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and those that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use the world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away." This world is an exhibition, a play, representation, or public spectacle. This exhibition or spectacle is passing away, earthly things are leaving us; let us therefore, by a prudent foresight, detach ourselves from them, and close our eyes betimes on those deceitful objects which are about to disappear. "Looking not at the things which are seen."

Finally. We ought not to look at the things which are seen, so as to bound our views and wishes by them, and rest in them as the end which terminates our pursuits, because they are temporal. Their transitory nature teaches us that we are destined for something higher; and the shorter their duration, the more ought we to be weaned from them. Yes, my brethren, the consideration that these things are

temporal, sufficiently convinces me that man is created for nobler enjoyments; for how can we conceive that he who is endowed with powers so capacious, and gifts so eminent, shall in a few days be no more? What, shall man, whose vast mind grasps the whole world, forms immortal projects, runs through the past, the present, and the future, and reaches into eternity? Man, who penetrates and unfolds the mysteries of Providence, the wonders of nature, and the greatness of divinity itself; who, lord of the inferior creation, by his conception penetrates the intellectual world; -- Man, who after having passed the weakness of infancy, and with so much labour at length begun to live like a rational creature, that is, to love God and to adore him. -- Shall he view all his vast projects, bounded by the duration of a moment, his illimitable schemes suddenly disappear, his researches and meditations serve only to abridge his days, and all his virtues sink into eternal oblivion? God forbid, my brethren, that we should attribute to the Deity a conduct so unworthy of his wisdom! for on this supposition the beasts would enjoy a greater share of felicity than man. Therefore, from visible and temporal things we ought to raise our thoughts to an end more perfect, a state beyond the bounds of time, where our just projects shall be accomplished, our light be enlightened, and our virtues take a character more noble and sublime. The more the things of earth are transitory, the more ought we to fix our thoughts on the felicity which shall succeed them, as the shorter our time is, the nearer is eternity. In this state, penetrated by the view of the infinite blessings which we discover before us, we forget the things that are behind; far from considering the present world as our final state, we regard it merely as an inferior and subordinate means to acquire that food which our hopes place before us. What do I say? we look upon it as an obscuring cloud, which darkens and hides from our view our future felicity. We are only strangers here, far from our own country; we have here no continuing city or permanent habitation. The men of the world build; we only have tabernacles: in short, we are men who, losing sight of visible and sensible objects, turn our attention and care solely to the things that are invisible: "Looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." (To be continued.).

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03 -- THE WORD OF GOD ILLUSTRATED

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine,
Sir,

About the year 1746, Mr. Wesley received a letter from a gentleman, some of whose words are these: -- "The understanding of the true meaning and intent of the Scriptures is, understanding the mind of God in every place. A man may say abundance of serious things, which are not contained in the text from which he discourses. He may preach for a number of years to a congregation, and never explain the direct meaning of the Holy Spirit in one Scripture; meanwhile he is not increasing their knowledge in the Word of God."

I am very much inclined to coincide with this gentleman in this point: and I have often observed, that some persons, in quoting a phrase or text of Scripture, are apt to confine their ideas to an accommodated sense of it, without ever attending to the direct or primary meaning in the passage where it occurs. The first and chief business of an expositor is, to endeavour to find out the primary meaning; and then, by way of edification or instruction, he may apply it in an accommodated sense. I shall beg leave, through the medium of your Miscellany, to mention a few texts or phrases, which, though very plain when the context and scope of the writer are duly attended to, are generally misunderstood, and therefore misapplied.

"The shadow of death," is a kind of proverbial phrase, which often occurs in the Old Testament, and sometimes in the New. It generally denotes some dark or gloomy scene, accompanied with imminent danger, fear, or terror, but has no immediate reference to death: the shadow of death is not death. In Job xxiv. 17, the wicked, who had been committing their crimes during the night, are represented in the morning to be in the shadow of death: that is, they are in fear lest they should be discovered; light to them is what darkness is to others. The phrase occurs in the 23d Psalm, which David probably composed when he was persecuted by Saul, and hunted from place to place. Though he was obliged to lie concealed in caverns and dreary forests, and suffered much affliction, yet he expresses his full confidence in God, as his Shepherd, who would guide, protect, and provide for him. This phrase should not be restricted to death; though it has often been improperly so applied.

In Isaiah lxiii. 3, these words occur: "I have trodden the winepress alone," &c. which have been strangely perverted, and applied to the sufferings and death of our Lord on the cross; whereas it is the very reverse; for the prophecy refers to a time of victory, when Christ shall gain a complete conquest over all his enemies; and, like a mighty general, will trample and crush them as grapes in the winepress. Treading and trampling, are terms applicable to conquerors, not to the vanquished. So Joshua, after the victory, called his officers, and desired them to set their feet upon the necks of the kings whom they had conquered. Treading the wine-press of the wrath of Al-mighty God, is an image or figure, generally used by the prophets to describe the effects of the Divine vengeance: when the wicked, like grapes in the vintage, are fully ripe for destruction, the sickle is thrust in to cut them down; and they are cast into the "great winepress of the wrath of God." And he that treadeth them is Represented as having his "vesture dipt in blood;" not his own blood, but the blood of his enemies. Compare Rev. xiv. 19; xix. 13, 15.

That text in Amos iv. 12, "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel," has been often quoted, and generally misapplied, or restricted as if referring to the time of death, or the general judgment in the great day. It is, indeed, the business of every person to think often of, and prepare for these great events; but if we look closely at the context here, we shall perceive that the words have a very different meaning. In the preceding verses, God enumerates various kinds of judgments and calamities which he had successively inflicted upon the Israelites, to bring them to

repentance. Yet they continued stiff-necked, and persisted in their rebellion against him. He then intimates his intention to bring something upon them more dreadful than all that had gone before: therefore, he calls upon them to meet him in the way of his judgments, and to fight with him in battles, if they were able: but reminds them, who and what he is, with whom they had to contend; even Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts, the Omnipotent, who doeth what he pleaseth, who trampleth on the high and mighty potentates of the earth, (here figuratively implied by mountains,) and can crush them in a moment. Now prepare to meet him; muster all your courage and all your forces, to contend with this Almighty Conqueror.

Some persons, in quoting those words in Mark ix. 23, "All things are possible to him that believeth," have mistaken the meaning of the passage; applying to the believer what belongs to Christ, when speaking of his own power, in reply to what the man had said in the preceding verse. There is a kind of antithesis here: the man had said, "If thou cast do any thing:" Jesus replied, "If thou canst believe;" The question is not about my power, but thy faith. I can do all things: canst thou believe? Indeed the sentence is not accurately rendered here in our common version. The article to' is not translated: but it is very emphatic and important to the elucidation of the passage; and some substantive should be supplied, thus: -- "The point is, If thou canst believe; all things can be done for him that believeth."

That sentence in I Cor. xiii. 12, "Then shall I know even as also I am known," as it stands in our translation, does not appear to be intelligible. The proposition in composition renders the verb, in the latter part of the clause, more intensive or emphatic; and may be rendered thus: -- "Hitherto I know in part; but then I shall fully know, even as I shall have been made to know;" (that is, instructed or informed.) But, perhaps, the apostle here, though he wrote in Greek, adopts the idiom of his native language, in which verbs in the conjugation hiphil, were often taken in a causative or permissive sense, as the subject matter required: therefore, in imitation of this mode, he has put the Greek verb in the passive form.

"Ye are fallen from grace," Gal. v. 4, is a text that has frequently been quoted and misapplied, because misunderstood. Grace here does not mean a state of grace; but the free favour, or gracious plan of acceptance offered in the Gospel. The sense of the clause is, -- Ye have renounced or disclaimed the benefit of the Gospel dispensation, which is a free justification through Jesus Christ. The general design of this epistle is to shew that, under the Gospel-covenant, a sinner is justified freely, not by observing the ceremonies of the Mosaic law, or indeed by any works of law whatever, but by faith in Jesus Christ. And the apostle reproves those of the Galatians, who, after having embraced the Gospel, had returned to what he calls the beggarly elements; and were attempting to incorporate the laws of Moses with Christianity. he tells them here, if they sought to be justified by the law, by the observance of circumcision or any other rite of that law, they had departed from, or renounced the Gospel plan, and therefore could expect no benefit through Christ.

These few observations are here thrown out, not by way of controversy, but merely for discussion. Let every thing be fairly and candidly investigated, that may tend to establish Truth, or in any wise illustrate the written word of God. -- I am, Sir, yours, Hackney., Nov. 14, 1818. James Creighton.

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04 -- THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ASSERTED

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.
My Dear Sir,

The following Narrative of the intense suffering, and miraculous escape of a distinguished individual, (the Honourable Colonel Ponsonby) on the memorable day of Waterloo, is equally remarkable for its affecting simplicity and moral reflection; and presenting as it does a lively picture of the prominent events of that striking period, it cannot fail to prove highly interesting to many of your readers. I should feel obliged if you would give it a place in your valuable Magazine as soon as convenient. --

Yours, respectfully,
Kingsbridge, Oct. 1, 1818.
Richard Moody.

"The weather cleared up at noon, and the sun shone out a little just as the battle began. The armies were within eight hundred yards of each other; the vedettes, before they were withdrawn, being so near as to be able to converse. At one moment I imagined that I saw Bonaparte, a considerable staff moving rapidly along the front of our line.

"I was stationed with my regiment (about 300 strong) at the extreme of the left wing, and directed to act discretionally: each of the armies was drawn up on a gentle declivity, a small valley lying between them.

"At one o'clock, observing as I thought unsteadiness in a column of French infantry (50 by 20 thousands, or thereabouts) which were advancing with an irregular fire, I resolved to charge them. As we were descending in a gallop, we received from our own troops on the right a fire much more destructive than theirs, they having began long before it could take effect, and slackening as we drew nearer: when we were within fifty paces of them they turned, and much execution was done among them, as we were followed by some Belgians, who had remarked our success.

"We had no sooner passed through, than we were attacked in our turn before we could form, by about three hundred Polish lancers, who had come down to their relief; the French artillery pouring in among us a heavy fire of grape shot, which

however, for one of our men killed three of their own. I was disabled almost instantly in both my arms, and followed by a few of my men, who were presently cut down, no quarter being asked or given, I was carried on by my horse, till receiving a blow on my head with a sabre, I was thrown senseless on my face to the ground. Recovering, I raised myself a little to look round, (being I believe at that time in a condition to get up and run away) when a lancer passing by exclaimed, 'Tu n'es pas mort, coquin;' You are not dead yet, you scoundrel; and struck his lance through my back: my head dropped, the blood gushed into my mouth, a difficulty of breathing came on, and I thought all was over.

"Not long afterwards, (it was then impossible to measure time, but I must have fallen in less than ten minutes after the charge) a Gralleur came up to plunder me, threatening to take my life. I told him that he might search me, directing him to a small side pocket, in which he found three dollars, being all I had; he unloosed my stock, and tore open my waistcoat, then left me in a very uneasy posture; and was no sooner gone, than another came up for the same purpose, but assuring; him I had been plundered already, he left me: when an officer bringing on some troops, to which probably the tirailleurs be-longed, and halting where I lay, stooped down and addressed me, saying, he feared I was badly wounded, I replied I was, and expressed a wish to be removed into the rear. He said it was against the order to remove any of their own men; but that if they gained the day, as they probably would, for he understood the Duke of Wellington was killed, and that six of our battalions had surrendered, every attention in his power should be shown me. I complained of thirst, and he held his brandy bottle to my lips, directing one of his men to lay me straight on my side, and place a knapsack under my head. He then passed on into the action; and I shall never know to whose generosity I was, as I conceive, indebted for my life. Of what rank he was, I cannot say; he wore a blue great coat. By and by, another tiralleur came and knelt, and fired over me, loading and firing many times, and conversing with great gaiety all the while. At last he ran off, saying, ' Vous serez bien aise d'entendre que nous allions nous retirer; bon jour, mon ami:' -- It will give you great pleasure to hear that we are about to retreat: good by, my friend.

"While the battle continued in that part, several of the wounded men and dead bodies near me, were hit by the balls which came very thick in that place. Towards evening, when the Prussians came, the continued roar of the cannon along theirs and the British line, growing louder and louder as they drew nearer, was the finest thing I ever heard. It was dusk, when two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, both of them two deep, passed over me in full trot, lifting me up from the ground, and tumbling me about cruelly. The clatter of their approach, and the apprehensions it excited, may be easily conceived: had a gun come that way it would have done for me. The battle was nearly over, or removed to a distance; the cries and groans of the wounded all around me became every instant more and more audible, succeeding to the shouts, imprecations, and outcries of 'Vive!' Empereur!' the discharge of musketry and cannon; and now and then intervals of perfect silence, which were worse than the noise. I thought the night would never

end. Much about this time I found a soldier of the Royals across my legs, who had probably crawled there in his agony: his weight, convulsive motions, his noises, and the air issuing through the wound in his side, distressed me greatly; the latter circumstance most of all, as the case was my own. It was not a dark night, and the Prussians were wandering about to plunder; and the scene in Ferdinand Count Fathom came into my mind, though no women I believe were there. Several of them came, and looked on me, and passed on. At length one stopped to examine me: I told him as well as I could, for I could say but little in German, that I was a British officer, and had been plundered already. He did not desist however, but pulled me about roughly before, he left me. About an hour before midnight, I saw a soldier in English uniform coming towards me: he was, I suspect, on the same errand. He came and looked me in my face: I spoke instantly, telling him who I was, and assuring him of a reward if he would remain by me. He said he belonged to the 40th regiment, but had missed it. He released me from the dying man: being unarmed, he took up a sword from the ground and stood over me, pacing backwards and forwards, At eight in the morning, some English were seen at a distance. He ran to them, and a messenger was sent off to Harvey: a cart came for me; I was placed in it, and carried to a farm-house about a mile and a half distant, and laid in the bed from which poor Gordon, as I understood afterwards, had been just carried out. The jolting of the cart, and the difficulty of breathing were very painful. I had received seven wounds: a surgeon slept in my room, and I was saved by continual bleeding; 120 ounces in two days, besides the great loss of blood on the field.

"The lances, from their length and weight, would have struck down my sword long before I lost it, had it not been bound to my hand. What became of my horse I know not; it was the best I ever had.

"The man from the Royals was still breathing when I was re-moved, and was soon after taken to the hospital. Sir Dennis Pack said, the greatest risk he run the whole day was in stopping his men, who were firing on me and my men when we began to charge. The French make a great clamour in action; the English only shout.

"Much confusion arose, and many mistakes, from similarity of dress. The Belgians in particular suffered greatly from their resemblance to the French; being still in the same clothes they had served in under Bonaparte."

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05 -- THE GRACE OF GOD MANIFESTED

A Short Account Of Mr. Samuel Whitaker, Many years a Class-Leader and Local Preacher in the Methodist Society, at Keighley, in the County of York; written partly by himself, and partly by his Son.

I was born Feb. 8th, 1735, near Baildon, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, of poor but honest parents. The first years of my life passed without the knowledge and fear of God. In the midst of this darkness, I was frequently unhappy concerning a future state, and my condition in the world to come. I believed that there was a place of happiness to which good men passed, but how to secure that place I knew not, having no instructor or guide. Thus I was left to my own childish notions; and having no rational ideas of God, I foolishly thought of slipping into heaven among the crowd, unobserved by the Sovereign Judge of mankind.

About the age of thirteen, I was put apprentice to a stone-mason, at Hawsworth, in the parish of Otley, And here I swam down the stream of youthful follies, along with many others.

When I was about seventeen, a few poor despised people called Methodists, began to hold prayer-meetings in the village where I then lived. These meetings I frequently attended, but to little purpose. On these occasions, a person used to give short exhortations, from which I was lead to conclude that some one must have told him the state of my mind and my sinful practices; and his remarks were so applicable, that I frequently trembled, expecting every moment to hear my name called. But, alas! on rejoining my old companions, all my religious impressions vanquished like a vapour before the noon-day sun. At this period my life was a compendium of sin and repentance, hope and fear; and I have frequently stood astonished at the mercy of God, not only in sparing me, but also in preventing me from running those lengths in sin and folly which I often purposed, by embittering all my pleasures, and filling me with remorse of conscience.

About the age of twenty-one I was out of my apprenticeship, and promised myself much happiness in the common amusements of the place. One instance, among many others, I will take the liberty of mentioning. There was to be a horse-race on Harding-moor, near Bingley. My desire of participating in this pleasure was so very strong, that I paid a poor man his wages to accompany me to the place, rather than miss the pastime. But on reaching the ground my disappointment was great; it is true, I beheld three horses urged round the course in a cruel manner, by their mad riders, and I felt stung with remorse for my sin and folly in attending such a scene of dissipation. On returning home I met a funeral, and heard the passing bell. The solemn knell vibrated through my guilty conscience, as if a voice from the eternal world had addressed me. On the one hand I was stung with a sense of my numerous iniquities, and reflecting upon the condition of the soul just now departed, I considered that I too must shortly be cited before the great Judge of the world, and answer for all the transactions of my life.

A few weeks after this, I heard that a young man, a Methodist Preacher, was to preach in a field near Bradford. This attracted my curiosity, and I went, in company with others, to hear. On reaching the place we found a large company assembled, and after some time the young man made his appearance, ascended the temporary pulpit, and read for his text John ix. 33, 34. I remember very little of the

manner in which he treated his subject, but the Lord made a deep impression on my mind while hearing the discourse; and in returning home I was confounded with a view of my crimes and depravity. These humbling views led me, through grace, to break off all my sinful companions, and to resign myself to the service of the Lord, which resolution I have been enabled to keep unto the present period.

The Sunday following it was published, that the Rev. George Whitefield was expected to preach at Haworth church; but the place being too small, a scaffold was set up in the yard; and he preached from Zechariah ix. 12. I got among the crowd nearly under the scaffold, and it was the most affecting time I ever experienced. He spoke as if he had been privy to all my thoughts, words, and actions, from the tenth year of my age. At the conclusion of this service he published his preaching: at Leeds the day following, where I heard him; and the day after I attended his ministry at Bradford, after which I returned home on the Tuesday evening.

On reaching home I met with a trying circumstance. My mother and sister wept over me incessantly, and used every argument in their power to withdraw me from this gloomy fit of melancholy into which they supposed me fallen. And as I was just entering on the world, they concluded that my being connected with the Methodists, whom they regarded as the filth and offscouring of all things, the very dregs of the human race, my ruin was inevitable, and I should be a vagrant in the earth. And on reaching my master's he met me with a frown, and discharged me from his house and employ-ment, having supplied my place with another man. Thus I had to go in search of work. While in pursuit of labour I met with a darling pleasure, viz. an otter hunt on the water, nor could I refrain from the sport for some time. But the Divine hand interposed, and I was enabled to abandon the folly, and returned home, being unsuccessful in obtaining work. On going to my master's for the purpose of removing my tools and clothes, he was more friendly, and said that if I would promise to settle and attend my labour, and not leave without proper notice, I might go to work. I gladly embraced the offer, and returned to my place.

Soon after this I met with another difficulty from some of my former companions, and more especially a young woman, who endeavoured to rally me out of the little religion I had; but through mercy I escaped, though not without the loss of many of my friends; and thus I remained alone as a sparrow on the housetop, and like the man in the gospel, who saw men as trees walking. In this situation I communicated the feelings of my heart to a class-leader in the same village, and wishing to know if I might be admitted a member of the Methodist society; in consequence of which I was united to the people in September, 1757. By my intercourse with my friends I soon perceived that religion did not consist in a mere reformation of manners, but in an entire change of heart and mind, through Divine grace, to which I ascribe the whole of my salvation from first to last. From September to the month of February following, the state of my mind was various; sometimes I was very miserable, but God in mercy sent me some gracious visits that prevented me from sinking into black despair; and my only hope was in the merits of my dear Redeemer. But notwithstanding these visits I could not say that

my sins were forgiven till February in 1758, when I was working at a certain place, and by a tempest of rain was obliged to take shelter in the house of a neighbour, and as I sat musing I felt a strong desire to withdraw to the stable, for the purpose of prayer. Here I wrestled with God in a sort of agony, and before I rose from my knees I felt a degree of blessed comfort and peace in my heart, which till that moment I had never experienced; and that Jesus Christ shed his love abroad in my heart, as certainly as ever he was born of the virgin, or was laid in a manger in the city of Bethlehem, by applying this passage of Sacred Writ, "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Then was I enabled to believe with my heart unto righteousness, and make confession to salvation. I then began to communicate my sentiments to my friends, and could say with the Psalmist, "Come unto me all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." I walked in this happy state but a short season, as I began to doubt whether my joys might not proceed from the sparks of my own kindling, and had followed my own fancy instead of the Divine Spirit. I had been led to conclude that the new birth, which I then confounded with justification, exempted the believer from all unholy desires and the corruptions of human nature, and I began to feel something in me contrary to pure peace, spiritual joy, and Divine love. This arose from my not rightly distinguishing between justification and sanctification. But the Lord soon taught me that justification was an exemption from guilt, and an introduction into the favour of God; while sanctification is the cleansing of the soul from evil propensities and dispositions, and the renewing it after the image of God; producing holiness in it in various degrees, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. While in this situation of mind the Lord was pleased to give me conviction by such passages of the Scriptures as "My peace give I unto you, not as the world." At these times my views of the work of grace on my mind were confused, making no distinction between my animal feelings, and the nature of living faith; till at length experience of Divine truth, and conversation with pious and enlightened persons gave me a clearer understanding.

In the twenty-second year of my age, that passage of the New Testament, "Freely ye have received, freely give," came forcibly to my heart; I thought I had a small talent which might be of some service to my fellow creatures, in some small and remote places, where nothing better could be obtained. Thus was I led to become an exhorter, not without comfort to myself, nor I hope without advantage to others.

At the age of twenty-six, I became a resident in Keighley, in the county of York. Here I entered into the married state with a pious young woman, of the name of Martha Bince, by whom I had seven children. The earnings of my labour being small, my poor wife sickly, and my family large, I had to contend with many difficulties; but through the help of some kind friends I was enabled to pay my way, and support a good character in the world and the church.

There I was made the leader of a small class, which God was pleased to multiply, so that it was more than once divided. There also I was prevailed on to

appear more in public in the pulpit, to which I have been occasionally called by my brethren ever since.

The following remarks are taken from a letter written by Samuel Whitaker, jun. He says, "My father began at an early period to reprove sinners wherever he met with them; and being at one time engaged in shewing some of his fellow workmen the necessity of con-version, in order to prove the same he read some passages out of his Pocket-Bible, when the landlord of the house protested that my father's Bible was not a correct one, nor at all like his, but must be a Methodist Bible! And how much was the old man astonished, when the two Bibles were compared, and found to correspond. My father had talents for a large sphere of action; but he constantly declined every offer of that nature for the sake of holding a closer communion with God: only desiring food and raiment for himself and family, and with these he was indulged.

"He outlived all the acquaintance of his youth; and he often rejoiced in the hope of meeting them in the realms of glory. He was long engaged as a class-leader in Keighley, and as a local preacher in the circuit: yet he did not outlive his usefulness, nor was there a congregation to which he was not acceptable, even to the conclusion of his long life; and an omission on his part was always attended with uneasiness on the part of, the people. Few persons have maintained a more unblemished character, or left a better name behind them than Samuel Whitaker.

"In his natural disposition he was prompt and determined, pleasant and cheerful; and frequently a little quaint in his manner of expression, which sometimes excited a smile in the hearer. He had his portion of crosses; but amidst all his trials he never lost a sense of the Divine favour, from the time when he first found peace with God, in the year 1758. He ruled his family with parental authority, and recommended religion both by precept and example, in such a manner as will be long remembered among his children and relatives.

"The close of his life was brought on by a gradual decay of nature, which affected the whole man. He was confined to his bed about five weeks, during which time he endured great difficulty in speaking; but so long as he had strength, he frequently spoke to his family and friends, concerning the things of eternity. He often told his daughter-in-law, with whom he resided, that though the union between the soul and the body was of such a nature as to make man shudder while passing through the valley of the shadow of death, yet he possessed an unshaken confidence, that when this earthly house of his tabernacle should be dissolved, he should have a house not made with hands, a building of God, eternal in the heavens. During his confinement he manifested much patience, and great resignation to the wise disposal of his heavenly Father: for this he had earnestly prayed, and was answered. He died August 7th, 1816, in the 82nd year of his age."

"In humble walks of life he trod,
In Jesus' name he worshipped God;

All self-dependence he disowned,
And followed Christ on Scripture-ground;
In language plain, the Scripture-plan
He clearly showed to sinful man."

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06 -- OBITUARIES

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.
Sir,

Conceiving that the insertion of the following sublime Observations on Time, and its final consummation, will be no disparagement to your justly celebrated and extensively circulated Miscellany, I have transcribed them for that purpose; Hoping to see them shortly ushered forth into the Christian world under your auspices, I remain, Sir, yours &c. R. M. P.

Obituary.

Time.

How speedily will the consummation of all things commence! For yet a little while and the commissioned archangel lifts his hand to heaven, and swears by the Almighty Name, "that time shall be "no longer." Then abused opportunities will never return, and new opportunities will never more be offered. Then, should negligent mortals wish, ever so passionately, for a few moments only, to be thrown back from the opening eternity, -- thousands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant.

How amazingly great and awful is the representation of that tremendous day, as mentioned in the beginning of the 10th chapter of Revelations; which, says one, abstracted from its primary meaning, and considered only as a stately piece of machinery, well deserves our attention; and I will venture to say, has not its superior, perhaps not its equal, in any of the most celebrated masters of Greece and Rome. All that is gloomy or beautiful in the atmosphere, all that is striking or magnificent in every element, is taken in to heighten the idea. Yet nothing is disproportionate; but an uniform air of ineffable majesty, greatens, exalts, ennobles the whole. Observe the aspect of this august personage. All the brightness of the sun shines in his countenance, and all the rage of the fire burns in his feet. See his apparel; the clouds compose his robe, and the drapery of the sky floats upon his shoulders. The rainbow forms his diadem, and that which "compasseth the heaven with a glorious circle," is the ornament of his head. Consider the action; his hand is lifted up to the height of the stars. He speaks, and the regions of the firmament echo with the mighty accents, as the midnight desert resounds with the lion's roar. The artillery of the skies is discharged at the signal; a peal of seven-fold thunder

spreads the alarm, and prepares the world to receive his orders. To finish all, and give the highest grandeur, as well as the utmost solemnity to the representation, hear the decree that issues from his mouth. He "swears by Him that liveth forever." In whatever manner so majestic a person had expressed himself, he could not fail of commanding universal attention. But when he confirms his speech by a most sacred and inviolable oath, we are not only wrapt in silent suspense, but overwhelmed with the profoundest awe. He swears, "That time shall be no longer." Was ever voice so full of terror, and so big with wonder? It proclaims, not the fall of empires, but the final period of things. It strikes off the wheels of nature, bids ages and gene-rations cease to roll, and with one potent word, consigns a world over to dissolution!

Obituary.

Martha, the dutiful daughter of the late excellent Mr. John Thomas, alderman of Newport, Monmouthshire, of whom a short but interesting Memoir appeared in the 36th volume of the Methodist Magazine, and the most affectionate and beloved wife of Thomas Rowe, died September 16th, 1818, aged 34 years.

The immediate cause of the fatal disorder which terminated her valuable life, was the shock which her humane and tender feelings received, about three months before her death, at seeing a child struck down by the horses of a gentleman's carriage, as it passed rapidly along the street; for although the child was not killed, nor materially injured, yet there was every probability at the moment that it would be crushed to death. About a fortnight before her triumphant entrance into glory, she broke a blood-vessel in the lungs, which was followed by frequent emissions of blood, for three or four days. On the last, of these days, the symptoms were so alarming, that her medical attendant was apprehensive of immediate dissolution. To the inquiry how she felt, made by her afflicted husband, as he held her in his arms, though scarcely able to articulate, she replied, "Looking upward;" and shortly after beckoning unto him, exclaimed, with a lovely smile, "The Lord my righteousness." It was justly observed by one of her sisters who was present,

"A mortal paleness on her cheek,
But glory in her eye."

The same day she exultingly said, "I am happy in my heavenly Father's love."

From this period until her final departure from this world of shadows, her mind was preserved in perfect peace. "Not a wave of trouble rolled across her peaceful breast." In the night seasons, although she had scarcely any sleep, a lovely smile rested on her countenance; and she frequently said, to those who had the privilege of sitting with her, "He giveth songs in the night." "He will keep those in perfect peace whose minds are stayed upon him." To her husband's inquiry, if she had any new or peculiar views of the nature of that religion which they mutually professed and enjoyed, she answered, "No, it is all love; keep in the old paths; the

doctrine of entire sanctification is a glorious doctrine, hold it fast." One day she said, her eyes being raised with holy joy towards heaven, "There is my hope -- there is my happiness; he compasses me about with songs of deliverance!" The morning of the last sabbath she spent on earth, she said, "A transient cloud has passed over my mind, lest in consequence of the oppression on my breath I should not always continue patient; but that has been removed by the promise, 'I will be with thee in the day of trouble, and thou shalt glorify me.'" In the afternoon, she requested that the fine hymn, containing the following most consolatory lines, might be read unto her:--

"Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh,
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun."

At night, she addressed the writer of this account as follows: "I have, from the commencement of my illness, felt I was safe on the Rock of Ages, but I wanted to experience entire sanctification: I thought, what is it? Surely, it is to be totally emptied, of self, and completely filled with God. I prayed, O God, give me a clean heart! and he said, 'I will; be thou clean.' 'I then enjoyed the first part of the blessing, and, just now, the latter part has been also communicated: I am now filled with all the fulness of God!" This night she sung, "He smooths my bed and gives me sleep," the favourite anthem of her honoured father, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer," and several other pieces.

Thus did this most amiable and holy woman continue happy in the Redeemer's love until the night of the 16th, when she entered into its full enjoyment in glory. About four hours before her departure, a profuse perspiration issued from every pore, and her extremities became cold in death. In reply, to the inquiry of him whom heaven has bereft and left to sorrow, yet not without hope, how she felt? she said, "Strength in weakness." A few minutes after, observing a smile indicative of the most rapturous feelings of delight, playing on her lovely countenance, he said, "You are happy, my love." "Yes," she ardently replied, "very happy; I have great peace and joy through believing; my Jesus has done all things well. He is a mighty Saviour; he trod the wine-press alone, when of the people there was none to help, no, not one! Praise him, praise him; O, I shall have an eternity to praise him!" Then, as if desirous of affording instruction to those around her, affectionately addressing them, she said, "Religion is not a little thing; the right hand must be cut off, the right eye must be plucked out; yes, in-deed, the right hand must be cut off: religion is a great thing; it is to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. Yes, she reiterated, exerting all her mental and bodily energies, "with all thy strength." Turning her eyes, with expressions of great tenderness towards her husband, whom she loved with all that affection which the sacred Scriptures warrant and enjoin; she said, "my love, we shall meet together again, I know we shall." A little before twelve, at the request of one of her sisters, he

desired her to suspend, for a few moments, her extraordinary exertion in the utterance of praise, "What is the word," she earnestly inquired, supposing he had quoted some text, of Scripture, as he had been before doing to aid her recollection, he said, "Compose yourself, my dear, for a few moments, and you will have more strength to praise him:" with the most perfect recollection and acquiescence, she instantly complied; but, as if her enraptured spirit could not cease its song of praise, it immediately winged its way to the mansions of felicity, there to continue it through one eternal day, leaving its clay tenement without a struggle, or groan, or sigh. A balmy sweetness filled the room, and seemed to say to nature's sorrow in her surviving relatives, "It is out of place."

"Thus sung she in death, as her spirit was soaring,
In ecstasy high, in assurance of grace;
Till lost in his glory, and lost in adoring,
She flew, and left only a smile on her face."

The mortal remains of this most dutiful child, beloved and most affectionate wife, faithful, valuable, and kind friend, and truly pious and holy servant of God, were deposited under the communion, in the Methodist chapel, in Newport, on the 22d of September, the fifth anniversary of the day of her marriage, amidst the tears of hundreds who pressed into the chapel, whilst many hundreds more in vain sought for admission. The funeral service was read, and an address delivered, by Mr. W. Brocklehurst, assisted by his colleague. Mr. David Cornforth; and, in the evening, the occasion was farther improved, in a truly useful sermon, from Phil. i. 21, by Mr. G. Birley, from Cardiff. On Thursday, Oct. 1st, the funeral sermon was preached by Mr. James Buckley, from Bath, from those most consolatory words in John xiv. 1 -- 3, to a crowded congregation, whose feelings during the sermon were so much affected, that the preacher was obliged to restrain himself in the expression of his sentiments on this mournful event. Funeral sermons were preached in most of the principal places in the circuit, and also in some of the dissenting places of worship. To her afflicted husband, the seal of death seems impressed on everything below the sky, or rather, he should say, on everything that has not the tendency to lead his mind thither; for in those blissful abodes are now both his heavenly and his earthly treasure. Faith, eagle-pinioned, bears, him to the throne of the Eternal, and there he beholds his beloved Martha in the inmost circle, shining in the full radiance of his glory, and hymning his praises in sweeter and nobler strains than even she sung on earth.

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine
Dear Sir,

It is with inexpressible regret, that I have to present you with the following account, for the Obituary in your invaluable Miscellany.

I am,
Your affectionate but deeply afflicted Son in the Gospel,

J. Shaw.

It is rather more than a month since my worthy and highly esteemed Superintendent became indisposed; but in a few days he appeared better, and went on with the labours in the circuit, (though far from being well) until Wednesday the 25th of November; when he came in out of the circuit, apparently very ill of a cold. In the evening, medical assistance was obtained, but no danger apprehended until the following Sunday, when he became delirious. We then sought out for further help; but alas! physicians and medicine were in vain: every effort proved fruitless; and the fever took these rapid strides, that on Wednesday evening, December 2d, about nine o'clock, he left the earthly house of this tabernacle, for "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Mr. Andrews came out to travel in the year 1801. He was a zealous, affectionate, faithful, and laborious servant in the vineyard of his Lord. As a Christian, he was deeply pious, holy, uniform, and steadfast. The Church of God has to lament a great loss; his wife is bereaved of an affectionate, tender, and faithful husband; and his children, of a tender parent.

It is said of him, that, "during the sixteen months of his residence at Mansfield, his conduct was such, as, in the strictest sense, to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour. His loss is deeply deplored by his friends, who revered him for his piety as a Christian, and his fidelity as a minister; in every place, and on all occasions, his chief concern was, to diffuse the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ. He possessed a happy talent in preaching; was lively, zealous, and affecting." But we are early called to feel our loss, as he was only about thirty-eight years of age. But our loss is his eternal gain.

Mansfield, Dec., 12th, 1818,

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07 -- MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE

New Holland.

We stated in our last the safe arrival of Mr. Lawry in this colony. The letters received from this Missionary afford great satisfaction, both as to the useful and zealous labours of Mr. Leigh, and the extensive openings for Missionary labour, which present themselves in that country. The call for additional help has been considered by the Committee, who have voted the appointment of a third Missionary.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Lawry, dated Sydney, May, 1818.

After a prosperous voyage of above 15,000 mile, which we completed in four months and eight days, I am safely arrived at this Asiatic Isle. Goodness and mercy accompanied me all the way, and continues to be to my body and soul a wall to defend, and a portion to satisfy.

I saw many, to me, new and curious things on the voyage; the sea rose up like little hills in the Bay of Biscay, exhibiting a grandeur I had often wished to behold. The fertile islands of Palma and Teneriffe, belonging to the Canaries, excited much admiration; they rise about three miles above the level of the sea, their tops being generally enveloped in the clouds, in the tropics, 10 deg. N. lat. the air was very heavy and crowded, and the atmosphere quite hazy, by means of small insects from the coast of Africa, distant 150 miles; these quite covered all our ropes and sails, having the appearance of fine sand; they were 26 times less than mites in cheese, discernible from dust only by the microscope.

We crossed the equinox on the 22d of January. Thermometer 82 deg. But I suffered less from the heat than I expected; this was owing to the largeness of our ship, and the elevation of my cabin. In the southern hemisphere we saw only one little island before we made New Holland; this was the southernmost of islands called St. Haul's and Amsterdam, on the top of which we saw a large fire, supposed to be a volcanic eruption, as there are no inhabitants on the island. Captain Welsden, who on a former voyage landed there, says there is a hot spring at the foot of the volcanic hill, in which he boiled some potatoes.

During the voyage, I regularly preached to the prisoners on the gun-deck, some of whom heard the word with gladness, and received it in the love thereof. I have every evidence that I can expect, of the repentance and genuine conversion of several of these men. Thank God for the first fruit of a fast-coming harvest. Mr. Aylward, the captain's clerk, and Mr. Clark, a passenger, were very zealous among, and useful to the prisoners. They raised a good choir of singers, which added much to our comfort on the sea. And here they have been well rewarded for their singing, as they are taken into serious families contiguous to places of worship, that they may assist therein.

April 24th, we made the hills of New Holland. On the first of May we dropped anchor in Port Jackson, a harbour for beauty, commodiousness, and safety, excelled by a few.

The day after my arrival, brother Leigh returned from the country settlements to Sydney; our meeting was accompanied with mutual joy and gladness. And the following sabbath, meeting early, in the morning with the little church, we were refreshed together like Paul and Titus. I felt considerable enlargement while opening and applying Acts xviii. 27: and in the evening, to a very serious and attentive congregation, Acts xvii. 10, 11, 12.

I availed myself of the first opportunity of waiting on His Excellency Governor Macquarie, who received me in the most courteous and friendly manner, wishing me every blessing, and kindly promising that influence which might be desirable. I then waited on the Rev. Mr. Cooper, chaplain of Sydney, from whom I received that welcome which might be expected from a very holy minister of Christ.

As the ship, David Shaw, by which I write, sails in a few days for England, I have not had time to visit the remote parts of the colony; Paramatta, 15 miles from Sydney, is the farthest of my travels. I thank God for the prospects of good which appear there. As the Rev. Mr. Marsden resides at Paramatta, I lost no time before waiting on him, whose reception of me agreed with that missionary zeal, which is so deservedly praised in all the churches. Of the other clergymen in the colony I cannot speak, but by report, which I am happy to find is most favourable.

We meet with no opposition from men, and many there are who sincerely desire to be taught the things which belong to their peace. The greatest outward obstacle is the distance of the places from each other; but as the inhabitants are rapidly increasing, this will be obviated by your sending more missionaries. Though our society in New South Wales is small, and the number of truly pious persons comparatively few, yet the fields are white unto harvest; the number of hearers, in those places which I have visited, is by no means inconsiderable and their deep attention and earnest solicitude, while hearing the word, would be profitably imitated by many of the congregations in England. What may not we expect from a people thus prepared for the Lord?

South Africa.

Messrs. Shaw and Edwards continue their labours among the Namacquas with increasing assurances of success. The inhabitants are improving in the arts and civilization, and give great attention to the word of God. The care expended upon the Hottentot children, will, it is hoped, be attended with important effects in future. The camp forge, implements of husbandry, and other useful articles, sent out by the Committee, with Brother Edwards, but which from their weight had been left by him at Cape Town, had been forwarded. Six ploughs had been equipped by the joint labour of Messrs. Shaw and Edwards, for the use of the natives; so that some considerable improvement may be expected in agriculture, in the neighbourhood of the settlement. Mrs. Shaw had also received the kind presents of small articles, by several ladies in London, sent out by Mr. Edwards, and acknowledges them in a letter to Mrs. Howden.

The following are extracts from Mr. Shaw's Journal.

May 1. The easterly winds have begun to blow with violence: though in some parts of the colony they are accompanied with a degree of heat almost insupportable, yet with us the reverse is experienced. The winds with us blow strong and cold, and seldom fail in producing great lassitude in the European

constitution. On the ceasing of those winds, we are then generally attacked from the west, by heavy mists brought from the ocean: these thick mists bury our mountains, and the poor natives, with their skin clothing, are almost paralyzed with the cold.

"Sore pierced by wintry winds, they sink
Into the sordid hut of cheerless poverty!"

The cattle of the natives, during these misty seasons, are allowed to roam wherever their instinct may lead them. The Namacquas, (unlike the hardy English shepherd, wading through the snow) are either too idle, or too much affected with the cold, to go in pursuit of them. The cattle generally resort to the huge mountains, where they find a temporary shelter from the driving storm; many of them, however, are often found stiffened with the piercing cold, and others fall a prey to the wolf or the tiger.

Sunday 3. Endeavoured to explain, in a plain manner, the cause of the amazing agony -- the bloody sweat -- and the accursed death of Jesus. Afterwards the Lord's supper was administered to the society. Though these poor Namacquas are excluded from the tables of the people called Christians, yet the Lord invites them to his table, and feeds their souls with heavenly food.

10. Shewed our people this morning that sin is a most dreadful malady, and the very worst of plagues -- that a healing Balm has been provided as an effectual remedy -- that a Physician of infinite skill maybe applied to, who administers this balm, and restores health and vigour to the soul.

Met the children after dinner, in order to speak with them on spiritual subjects. One said, "I remember what Mr. Edwards said to us on Sunday. He told us that the pharisees were angry when the publicans and sinners came to Jesus to be taught. The pharisees, I think, thought themselves better than others, which was not good. They prayed, and did many things, only that people might see them; they even despised poor sinners, as I recollect what the pharisee said, spoken of by Jesus; he said, I am not like that publican.

Another little girl, said, "When I pray, it is almost as if someone spoke to me, and said, you must continue in prayer so long as you live. When I pray I find something very sweet, especially when I think of the heathenish woman who called after Jesus: if I can only go to him as she went, I doubt not but he will hear me."

A little boy, about six years of age, said, with great simplicity, "I often feel a desire to pray, but when I am about to go (amongst the bushes) I feel afraid, lest the tigers should come and catch me. I never prayed but once, and that is now some time since. I don't mind the jackals, but I fear the tigers." Some of the little girls complained, and said they were afraid that they had not been sufficiently convinced of sin, and had not truly repented. They should like to be baptised, and give

themselves to the Lord; but said one, about nine years of age, "I think wherefore shall I be baptized? if my heart is not changed, and I should profess to believe in Jesus, &c. I should only be as the pharisees were." They said they feared that their hearts were not right, and when they came to think of Jesus -- of what he had done and suffered for them, and how much he had loved them, they could not help weeping on that account.

12. We have actually for the two days last past been buried in the clouds, and the cold is almost insupportable. The wind has raged most tremendously, and the rain fell almost in torrents.

14. The waggon which had been sent for the iron, forge, &c. returned. Our thanks are certainly due to Mr. Peter Van Aarde, and his son Mr. David, for their great kindness in assisting us with their waggon and oxen. Likewise to Mrs. Van Aarde, in sending my wife potatoes, onions, and many little necessaries.

15. All our people were anxious to see the forge, &c. and were ready to assist in conveying them to the house appointed for their reception. When the bellows were put in action, and brother Edwards begun to exercise his hammer, they stood with astonishment: and as the Greeks bemoaned the unhappy lot of their ancestors, who by death had been deprived of the sight of Alexander on the throne of Darius: so our people seemed to mourn the fate of those Namacquas, who had not lived to see a forge erected in the midst of their camp.

17. Our people were reminded of some of the promises made respecting the heathen, from Zech. ix. 10, 11, 12, "He shall speak peace to the heathen, his dominion shall be from sea even unto sea," &c. &c. How encouraging are those promises to the Missionary in a solitary region, surrounded with people who are sitting in darkness. He believes, is comforted, and expects their fulfilment.

18. The weather is now more severe than I have ever seen before. We have not only had mist and rain, but the most bitter storms of hail and snow; the wind has also increased to such a degree that we have now a complete hurricane. This storm has had such an effect on the house of Brother Edwards (being in an unfinished state.) that it has found its way to the ground, where it must lie till the rainy season shall be over before it can be rebuilt.

19. The wind continued to increase during the night of yesterday, and blew with so much violence, that, we feared our dwelling-house would fall upon us: but we have cause to thank him, whose providence is over all, that, it stood the fury of the storm, and has suffered no material injury. We felt the cold much during the night, but our poor people felt it much more than ourselves. Many of their houses were upset by the wind, and in the silent watches of the night, they and their children were constrained, in the midst of teeming floods of rain, to seek shelter in the corn-houses, chapel, or wherever they could find a place sufficiently dry to lay their heads. On our looking out early in the morning, we were sorry to find that the

winds and the rain had sported themselves with the smith's shop, and everything appeared in the most deplorable state. Our first business was to call for the people to assist in removing the forge and appendages into the chapel; but alas, poor creatures, being so starved during the night, they were helpless as children.

28. Begun to cast our seed into the ground, hoping that the Lord will give us the increase. The service of brother Edwards to this station, and the forge and, iron sent by the Committee, have been exceedingly great. Six plows are now nearly ready for action, and we hope that the natives, having reaped the fruit of their last year's labours, will not be backward in putting their hands to them.

I have often been much tried with some; of the natives, who are amazingly idle, though many have certainly improved much in labouring for themselves and their families. -- I am often tempted and harassed by Satan, yet I am by far the most tried with myself. I am quite satisfied with respect to my providential station -- quite satisfied with respect to the conversion of some of the natives -- quite satisfied to submit to the many little privations that a Missionary in this remote region must experience -- but when I consider the numberless privileges that I have enjoyed, and the privileges that I still enjoy above many others, I am quite dissatisfied with myself, and must say, "I am an unprofitable servant."

We cannot but be grateful for the very valuable present sent by Mr. Irving, viz, a bell: we wish that the same gentleman could enjoy the sight of our little Namaquas running to school or to chapel at the sound thereof? or that he could see the old creeping out of their huts, on a sabbath morning, in the months of summer, to the place where his bell is fixed.

Mr. West, haberdasher, who has remembered us in our high station, (on the mountains far above the level of the sea) has done kindly; we shall find his present useful. I hope you will return him our hearty thanks.

June 1st. Plowed two lands of wheat, and was sufficiently fatigued, by reason of the abundance of large roots found in the ground.

6th. This morning, about seven o'clock, our dear little infant breathed his soul into the hands of him who gave it. How suddenly were our hopes blasted -- how inexpressible our grief! The flower that was yesterday living, beautiful, fairer than spring, is to-day crept by the hand of death, left to fade and wither in the field. I was ready to say, Ah, cruel death! wherefore didst thou pass by the long ripe grass, the grass withering, the grass almost dead, the grass bending under a pressure of years -- wherefore didst, thou step out of thy path to cut down this tender flower? -- But on recollecting that, "what we know not now, we shall know hereafter," I felt enabled to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." O that in this solitary land we may learn to suffer as well as to do the will of God.

7th, This morning our little infant was interred within the walls of our chapel. Brother Edwards conducted the services, and felt with us the loss of our infant.

21st. Found it good to my own soul, while speaking on the certainty of death, and the preparation necessary for that solemn moment; but, especially, while exhorting the people to seek a present salvation in Jesus, who died for them, who rose from the dead that they might be justified, and who now invited them to come to him and receive his mercy.

July 4th. The poor bastard Hottentot, who had previously spoken to us respecting a Missionary, came this evening to our settlement. He says, that the people who live by and near him, who never heard a sermon in their lives, or saw a Missionary, are longing for the Gospel. He mentioned a peculiar instance, by which he had been stirred up to endeavour to procure a teacher. "I was" said he, "one evening lying in my house, but had not closed my eyes in sleep, nor could I, that night, when supper was ready, either eat or drink. After having laid some time, there were two ships presented before me, which appeared to be sailing on the great waters. Some one then informed me, that the one ship was filled with believers, who were holy people, and on their passage to heaven; and that the other was full of impenitent and wicked sinners, who were on their passage to hell A person then asked me, in which of those ships will you go? but before I could give an answer, the ship loaded with sinners began to sink, gradually descended out of my sight, and I saw her no more. From Whence these things come, I know not; or who he was that appeared to speak with me, I know not; but I was sore afraid, and determined, as speedily as possible, to procure a Missionary, that we may be taught how we can be saved. This is the only end I have in view of coming to invite you to come to us with the Gospel."

8th. Being earnestly requested by the bastard Hottentot before mentioned, to visit his place of abode, we set out about four P. M. with our waggon drawn by oxen. My dear wife being so poorly, and so sorrowful on account of the death of our little one, was advised to visit the warm bath. The journey among these people will take us about a week out of our proper road; which, however, is a trifle, if we can be instruments of good to their souls. Just as we left our house, the mist came on, and the shadow of the evening very soon followed; on which account we cannot descend from the mountain.

9th. Slept comfortably last night in our waggon, though it was exceedingly cold, and the wind very high. This morning, the weather is fine. Our oxen having been put to the yoke, we descended from the mountain, and are charmingly pursuing our way to the Bushmen's country.

10th. Rested this evening by Platberg, where we found a few people almost wild, and sufficiently ignorant of spiritual things. We had heard of the footsteps of a lion near the road on which we have travelled; but the strong monarch did not think proper to visit us, for which we were glad.

11th. A man named Bukas, having heard we were on our way, came to meet us with ten oxen, in order that our cattle, which will have a very long journey, may go light. After dinner, some of our own people, who have been in this land with their cattle, came to visit us; they shed abundance of tears during singing and prayer, and were anxious to know when we should return.

13th. Another man brought his oxen to help us on our way: and in the evening we arrived at the old man's house who had invited us to come amongst them. Here a company of people were gathered together, desiring to hear the word of life, which, in as simple a manner as possible, was administered to them.

15th. Being helped by the Bastard's oxen, we came to Platklip, where my poor wife was ill the whole night.

17th. Reached the Bokkoved Mountain, where we enjoyed good water. During the night, we had thunder and rain; and the jackals howled so near our waggon, that we feared they had got some of our killing sheep.

18th. Came to Sackjaslery, where two farmers were sitting over a fire, roasting the egg of an ostrich: they presented two to us, which we prepared in the same way; but they were so very strong, that we could not eat them. We have now travelled four days, without seeing any human being except our own people.

19th. Arrived at a farm-house, where a schoolmaster teaches their children to read, and preaches to the slaves two or three times a week. The slaves have been flogged, for going among the bushes to pray, but they still continue. Spoke to the slaves in the evening, when some of the family were also present.

25th. Travelled in heavy rain to Teacoevally, where our good friend Mr. Van Wyk received us kindly.

26th. Kept service in his house this morning.

28th. Went to visit Mr. Marquat, at Alien Willem; he lives with Mr. Berg, the Landdrost, and speaks both to Christians and Heathens; he likewise visits some of the farmers' places, and teaches their slaves.

Aug. 2d. We had service in the house of Mr. Van Aarde: they were so delighted with the singing, of the Hottentots, that they were at different times called into the house to sing our hymns.

9th. Attended the Dutch church at Twartland; the Rev. Mr. Scholz preached a plain sermon on justification; after which I had the pleasure of dining with him: so we reached Cape Town, where we experienced the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. West, and many others.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Bellamy to Mr. Benson, dated Kingstown, St. Vincent's, Oct. 6, 1818.

Rev. And Dear Sir,

A gentleman of high respectability has recently requested me to undertake the religious instruction of his negro children; to which I replied, that I would willingly comply, and considered it as a providential event, in point of example, as well as for the moral benefit of the children, Consequently the next Sunday after this interview, he sent about sixty of his children, neatly and uniformly dressed, according to their sex. The children are healthy, pretty, active, and interesting. While I was there that morning to breakfast, he had them all assembled before the hall door of his noble house, and requested me to catechize them, which I did, in the presence of Mr. C. and many others. Sir, the sight, I am persuaded, would have gratified you, and all the real friends of missions, to have seen your missionary so properly engaged, Sixty little Negroes, forming a crescent two or three deep, about the bottom step of the front door of their master's mansion, with their eyes sparkling, and their black countenances glistening; and your missionary standing on the top step, instructing them in the principles of our most holy and beneficent religion; and the Hon. Mr. C. sitting at my left side, and the Hon. Mr. D. standing behind me, and three or four ladies in the door-way, and servants and several Negroes standing by; and all this not far from the public road. At the conclusion, Mr. C. and company manifested their gratification; I felt satisfied, and the dear children pleased, and I hope some little profited. Mr. C. continues to send them regularly to our chapel every Sunday, and we have liberty to go once a week to his house to instruct them, when he assembles them in his fine large hall. I feel a peculiar attachment to the children, (and did the first time I saw them,) and a pleasure in instructing them; they also feel an attachment to me as their teacher. As an instance: as I was riding through the cane field to visit one of my sick members, they were all busy at work, and at first did not see me. But one happening to turn his head and see me, he immediately cried out, smiling, "Massa, dere is Massa!" The rest looked, and in an instant they laid down their little hoes, and ran to me, and surrounded my horse, and bowed, and curtsied, saying, with one voice, "How do, Massa, how do, Massa?" I talked to them a few moments, and told them to work well, and be kind one to another, and to fear the great God, as he saw them; Yes Massa, yes Massa, was their reply. I told them to be good children, and said, Now all of you go, and take up your hoes; they said, yes, Good bye, Massa; and ran immediately after, making their obeisance, and took up their hoes, and went cheerfully to work. According to expectation, the example of the Hon. Mr. C, in this, has influenced other honourable gentleman to follow it.

The Hon. Mr. D. has sent forty of his children to be instructed at our chapel at Chateaubellain, on the leeward of the island. He was present while I catechized them, and gave me an invitation to his house. The Hon. Mr. D -- t, the attorney-general, also sent his children to be instructed, and gave us an invitation to see

him. So now we begin to have our hands full, and blessed be God for it. This I regard as an important door to future prosperity.

Grenada. -- The following very pleasing letter has been received from Messrs. Shrewsbury and Goy, dated Oct. 7, 1818. Our readers will remember, that it "was but lately that an additional Missionary was appointed.

Great is our cause of rejoicing, when we behold the unity and love so generally prevailing amongst our society. Peace reigns in all our borders, and prosperity within our palaces. The great enemy of God and man has endeavoured on different occasions to introduce discord and contention; but by the grace of God, every such endeavour has been frustrated, and we have still maintained "the unity of the Spirit is the bond of peace." From the distinct and intimate knowledge that we have of every member, it may be affirmed with truth, they are "growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." For that unspeakable blessing, more to be desired than thousands of gold and silver, entire holiness of heart and life, many are earnestly seeking; and in humble expectation of possessing what they so ardently desire, are already rejoicing, even with joy unspeakable. As the servants of Jesus Christ, our ministry seems to be owned of God, chiefly in the establishment of believers; and so far as it respects them, we do feel grateful to God that we have "neither run in vain, nor laboured in vain." It has pleased God also lately to bless the word to the awakening of a few souls; though such instances have not been numerous. Some who have joined us in the last quarter, are crying out in the bitterness of their souls, "What must I do to be saved?" and from what we can discover, they seem to be not far from the kingdom of God. If our members, generally speaking, are remarkable for anything that may be considered as worthy of imitation, it is for their love to the means of grace. Our early meetings every morning are exceedingly well attended; all seem desirous of getting a blessing in the sanctuary, before they engage in the worldly business of the day. There are very few of them who lounge in bed till seven or eight o'clock in the morning. It is also the custom of several of them to meet in class two or even three times in the week: that, is, they sit in the chapel while other classes are meeting, besides those to which they belong, that they may hear some advice, though not given directly to them. We had, however, to exclude three members the last quarter for neglect; for no member who is absent from class three times, without a sufficient reason, is suffered any longer to remain amongst us.

Since the appointment of brother Goy for this island, great have been the exertions of our people to meet all the expenses occasioned by the stationing of a second missionary amongst them. The Hon. John R. at whose request an additional preacher was appointed, has been very liberal, and is still disposed to aid to the uttermost the designs of our mission. He has given us a horse, for which he paid 89L. currency.

Our congregation in St. George's still continues to be very large. Every sabbath evening we have many more than the chapel can contain; and almost every

week, applications are made for pews, or at least sittings in the chapel; but we are obliged to reply, we have not got a single seat to spare; they are all occupied. Judge ye what our feelings are, when we often hear of many who say, We should be glad to attend the chapel, but we cannot find any room. We appeal, now, respected brethren, unto you: ought we not to enlarge our borders? If the place is too strait for us, should we not make it more roomy and commodious?

Nearly all the estates on which we preach are under the direction of Mr. R. whose friendly disposition towards the Missionaries is now well known in Grenada. When we visit the country to preach to the Negroes, we generally have a good number to hear the word of God. On some estates we preach to thirty, forty, or fifty; and on others that are larger, to nearly 200: and on each of the largest estates Mr. R. designs gratuitously to build us a chapel for the worship of God. When we behold the marked attention that is paid to the word, especially by some individuals, we are encouraged to hope that in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

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08 -- POETRY

Lines Written after a Visit to Studley Park and Fountaine's Abbey, near Rippon, Yorkshire.

Are sylvan shades to contemplation dear?
Can peerless beauty wake the tuneful song?
Then Studley shall thy groves the minstrel hear
As soft he pours his liquid notes along.

Yet let no muse of light fantastic air,
Unhallowed on thy solemn walks intrude;
For heaven-born Piety, divinely fair,
Has fixed her temple in thy solitude.

And if beside thy stream the wanderer stray,
Where tree's and skies placid lustre shine;
Its rising Genius, whispering, seems to say,
"Calm be thy bosom, and as pure as mine."

Here smiling nature strings the poet's lyre,
And bids its tones with hers in concert
swell: Eolian music aids the tuneful quire,
And sportive Naiades sound the murmuring shell.

A thousand graces strike the wondering sight,
And Beauty triumphs in her sylvan bower,

Queen of the spot, she marks it with delight,
Cheers the lone wood, and scents the glade with flowers

'Midst arching groves, she courts the whispering breeze,
Where zephyrs with the trembling foliage play,
Or upward views through interlacing trees,
Cerulean heaven its lucid light display.

Here rising as called forth by magic spell,
Abruptly breaks the rough rock's rugged side;
There sloping soft with undulating swell,
The rich parterre displays the garden's pride.

So, on the human destiny sublime,
Life's social charities serenely rise;
Smoothing full oft the rugged brow of time,
And breathing fragrance to their native skies,

Through darkling woods the limpid current glides,
Then spreads translucent o'er the grassy vale,
There bends the willow pensive o'er its sides,
And here the rustling poplar courts the gale.

The ash, bright-berried, and the mountain pine,
The silver beech, and firs of varied hue;
The poet's bay, the patriot's laurel shine,
With loftiest oak and elm to grace the view.

Mid copses green, fair Grecian columns rise,
Bright as Diana from a sable cloud;
There seeks the towering obelisk the skies,
Here bends the breathing statue o'er the flood.

Fair Nature! thou hast spread thy boundless
store Of charms to grace this sweet sequestered vale;
I hail thee here, nor less thy sister power,
Offspring of heaven, creative Art, I hail!

But chiefly Thee, Supreme! to whom alone,
As justly due, be all our praises given:
Whose image in thy fairest works we own,
And trace all beauty to its fount in heaven.

Present in all, but oh! more closely nigh
To the intelligent, immortal mind;
Thy converse must our richest joys supply,

'Midst nature's loveliest scenes, or friendship's sweets refined.

**With Thee through Studley's varied scenes
of grace, With Thee through life I would my way pursue;
Assured no lapse of time, no change of place,
Can change thy love, inalienably true.**

**But lo! while contemplation swift conveys
My spirit to the utmost verge of time,
In sudden pomp, the pride of other days,
Thy mouldering towers, vast fountains rise sublime.**

**Absorbing thought restrains the ready tongue,
Emotions deep extort the silent tear:
Where are the sounds which once these arches rung?
The feet that trod these cloisters are not here!**

**Nor here the Power, at whose supreme command,
The Abbey's venerable pile appeared;
Long fallen from superstition's nerveless hand,
Low lies that sceptre which the nation feared.**

**But oft beneath those solemn arches grey,
Walks the lone Genius of departed time
Sighs o'er its falling towers, and seems to say,
"How art thou wasted since thine hour of prime."**

**Dim through the vista of receding years,
A vision train in sainted stole arrayed:
Flit like the hues the passing rainbow wears,
When chased by clouds its humid colours fade.**

**The mitred Abbot leads the pensive band,
Who once within these walls his sway maintained:
Obsequious monks await his high command,
And harsh the rule where superstition reigned.**

**With looks severe, oh! how unlike the smile
Which gilds divine Religion's angel face;
She lifts the scourge, and urges fruitless toil
As penance meet for sin, and price for heavenly grace.**

**From lonely cells, through aisles of cloistered gloom,
Where the dim cresset shed its sickly ray,
At midnight hour the lorn enthusiasts come
To hold the cheerless watch, to muse and Pray.**

Bright on the altar burns the mystic chrism,
From odorous incense curling fumes ascend:
Soft swells the pealing harmony to heaven,
While low to suffering Deity they bend.

Nor there alone, for human with divine,
Their indistinguishing devotions share;
The saint revered, the martyr's holy shrine,
Attest alike the ineffectual prayer.

With wildering light the enthusiast's ardour glows,
Dense rise the flames from superstition's fire;
Lo, round the vision clouds of darkness close,
And Time beholds the fleeting shades retire.

Yes, all is fled, for Truth's Ithuriel spear
Has touched foul Falsehood to her native form:
Dispersed delusion into viewless air,
As bursts the meteor of the passing storm.

Mid the deep gloom of intellectual night,
When o'er the world thick moral darkness hung,
He spake, who at creation called forth light.
And Luther from the trackless chaos sprung,

Champion of truth, from heaven's own arsenal steeled,
In all the panoply of strength divine;
'Gainst hell and all her hosts he took the field,
And fought and conquered through the mystic sign.

Him Europe claims her bright and leading star,
Guiding the nations through the gloom of night:
But Britain, thou canst boast of names as dear,
Who shared the triumphs of that dreadful fight.

Gloucester and Oxford, honoured! ye can tell
How nobly Cranmer, Hooper, Ridley stood,
And Smithfield blazing with the fires of hell,
Can speak of martyrs firm to truth and God,

All hail! to piety, to virtue dear,
Ye holy, veteran, venerable band;
With hallowed sound on every British ear,
Fall your blest names, while Britain's self shall stand.

And oh! may Albion to her bosom bind
That sacred truth for which ye nobly bled.
Made free herself, emancipate mankind,
And to earth's utmost verge Jehovah's message spread.

O never, by deceptive lights betrayed,
Unwary may she her high charge forego;
Let the fierce wolf again the fold invade,
And guiltless blood through peaceful pastures flow.

Nor wandering pensive near this mouldering fane,
Let Genius o'er its prostrate greatness sigh;
Too loudly of that barbarous power complain,
Which bade its ruined towers in fragments lie.

For here at eve shall Wisdom oft be seen,
When the pale moon-beams gild the lonely glen,
'Midst shattered tombs and ivied turrets green,
Deep musing on the changing states of men.

Nor frequent less when morning's brilliant
rays, Tint the tall trees, and kiss the sparkling flood:
Here shall she come the choral song to raise
To him who rules o'er time and nature, God.

Whose providence, a chain too dazzling bright
For mortal eye in all its links to view,
Drew Britain forth from shades of deepest
night, To hail the sun, and drink the orient dew!

Long may her day in cloudless beauty shine!
Long may her children in its light rejoice!
Yes! till yon glorious orb his beams resign,
And earth dissolve at her Creator's voice,

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THE END