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01 -- BIOGRAPHY

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MR. JOHN LEIFCHILD (Concluded from page 48.)

On the evening of the Wednesday he found himself considerably worse. The death-like cough was now heard to escape him. "O," said he, as he was stepping into bed, "this is the worst night of all!" It was, indeed, a night of great restlessness to him, and difficulty of breathing. Early on the ensuing morning, his wife, and his other children, who were consoling themselves with the hope that he might be recovering, were sent for, to witness his end. He revived a little as the morning approached. Glad to see the light, and to cast his eyes from the chamber, to the fields, still green, he exclaimed: "Never did poor benighted traveller long for the morning more than I have done." He was unable, however, to leave his bed. It was the only day he was confined to it. He was told, on awaking, that his wife and children were sent for. "Ah," said he, "how will they be alarmed!" He then joined in prayer, and appeared deeply to feel the importance of the petitions that were offered, On being asked, if his mind was calm, he said, "O, yes; I can do nothing, but cast my soul on the faithfulness of God, I wish I had joy; but I look to his mercy, his love, to the merits of Christ. But I want my children to be animated, and to know that I am going to glory."

He expressed his acknowledgment of the benefit he had derived from the perusal of "Practical Piety, by Mrs. Hannah More;" and particularly requested, that the volumes he had borrowed on this subject might be returned.

The following were sentences that fell from him at intervals, in the course of the morning: "I have done the will of God, and I must now suffer it: but oh, it is harder to suffer than to do." "I rest on the truth and the faithfulness of God." "He has made with me an everlasting covenant: on this I rely." "What a glorious thing for the soul to escape from the body! I trust I shall see God!" "I can say to all my children - Follow me, as I followed Christ." "I wish I had attended to this complaint sooner;

but there must be something to bring us to an end. I have been too careless of myself. But, 'thy will be done.'" "I am glad I came hither. Where could I have been so comfortable? O Lord, wash me! Make me fit to see thee! Make me meet for thy glory?" "Though I tell you, I have not that rapturous joy I wished for, yet I have confidence in God. He must save me. Christ came into the world to save those who trust in him." These words were brought to his recollection --

"No guilty doubt, no anxious gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers."

He seemed to feel them as appropriate to his case, and remarked, "I have not done the work of God deceitfully; I have finished the work thou gavest me to do. The truth of God -- I am fixed upon that rock."

After some further expressions of confidence, he seemed to check himself, and said to the son who was attending him, "I hope I speak with humility, child?" He was answered, "O fear not to trust in God! You cannot speak with too much confidence of his goodness." "No," he rejoined; "but I attribute nothing to myself, I ascribe all to his grace and mercy." These words abruptly escaped him, as if musing on his state, Oh, if I had it all to do now!"

His wife and children arrived about this time; and, upon hearing of it, his countenance was lighted up with joy. He called them all, excepting his younger son, who, residing at a greater distance, was not yet arrived, to come round his bed; and, raising himself up, like dying Jacob, to whom he alluded, he first addressed himself to his aged and beloved partner, saying, "We have lived together many years -- God Almighty be your portion -- serve him fully -- and may all the blessings of redemption, in Christ Jesus, be yours! Amen." He then, in a similar manner, gave his blessing to his eldest daughter, charging her to fear God. Over his son, who sustained the office of the ministry, he uttered the most affectionate wishes; praying, that, as he had already been made useful, he might still become abundantly more so. In the same way he continued speaking to his other children, including his son's wife, whose attention he particularly acknowledged, begging of God to reward her for it. He then requested prayer to be offered up for all. As far as grief would allow of it, his own words, which he had used in blessing his children, were presented to God in the strains of supplication, and evidently received the warm concurrence of his heart. He had already made some disposition of his effects. To his wife he gave his little property. To one of his daughters he bequeathed his religious books; to another he presented an interesting volume, which had recently been purchased for him. To the child of his younger son he left a tribute of his affection; and then, as having relieved himself of a burden, he fell into a gentle slumber. Upon the arrival of his last-born son, he gathered himself up, with renewed energy, gave him his blessing, reminded him that nothing but experimental religion would make all things go on well; and, putting two volumes in his hand, which he had previously requested to be given him, upon the subject of private and family prayer, he entreated him to peruse them closely. He received

assurances from his children of compliance with all his requests; with which he seemed perfectly satisfied. He now begged to be left a little. His thoughts, which had been called down to earth, seemed to long to regain their elevation. His tranquillity, indeed, was not much disturbed, even by these exercises; but no sooner were they over, than every little agitation they had occasioned him subsided.

It was now four o'clock on the Thursday afternoon, and he composed himself to sleep as though he had lain himself down, upon some common occasion, to be refreshed by a short and easy slumber; or, rather, it was like the sleep which a weary traveller would take when near his home, to recruit himself for the remainder of his journey. His unvarying testimony, through: the whole of this day, as well as the two former days, was, that he relied upon the faithfulness of God, He had repeated, with great emphasis, those words of Scripture, as applicable to himself, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee:" adding -- "never, no, never." He had comforted himself with repeating that appropriate promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." "What! said he, on one occasion," can He who has done so much for me, and been with me so long, suffer me to perish?" He added, and his eyes beamed with animation as he spake,

"On this my steadfast soul relies, Father, thy mercy never dies."

Again he was heard to say, as if remonstrating with those who could doubt of the mercy of God, "For what did he send his Son into the world? What is the design of the Gospel? 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, might not perish, but have everlasting life;' and, 'God sent not his Son into the world, to condemn the world, but that the world, through him, might be saved. ' O, fear not!" Thus he continued, supporting himself and others; and his supplies did not fail:

"His God sustained him in the final hour; His final hour brought glory to his God."

The twenty-seventh Psalm (his favourite Psalm) was now read to him, which greatly delighted him. He said, "I can make it all my own." He repeated, as if addressed to himself, "I will make all thy bed in thy sickness." From this time, how did he long to be gone! He inquired of his son, clearly with a desire of being answered in the affirmative, if he thought his end was approaching, A determinate reply could not be given. The apothecary found his disorder so much removed, that he spake to him in a manner calculated to excite an expectation of recovery. But, though the disease was gone, its effect upon the frame was irretrievable. The storm had spent itself, but the scene of its operations exhibited a melancholy proof of its destructive power. His extremities were becoming cold, and the restlessness of dissolving nature was apparent. A friend of his son expressed a desire to see him. He said to him, "Do you now find happiness in religion? What should I do without it? Be not offended with my plainness: press after religion in its heights and depths." To

another, who, after a short interval, called upon him, he addressed a most affectionate warning;

"Fear God," said he, "and then it will be well with you. Accustom your children to go to some place of worship on the sabbath-day." Upon being assured that nothing should prevent them from following their own inclination that way, "O," said he, "this is not enough -- encourage them -- set them a good example." The person whom he addressed, observing, "You are going to a happy place," he hastily interrupted him, saying, "And why should not you? Yours has been a thorny path, but it is not too late." He was too much exhausted to proceed, and again requested to be left. After a short slumber, he desired those two hymns of Mr. Wesley's to be read to him, which begin, each, with the following lines:

"Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am;"

and,

"Come on, my partners in distress."

He could, however, bear only part of the former, much as it seemed to delight him. From this time, as the night advanced, he became exceedingly restless. It was now that he apprehended his patience would fail. "Pray," said he, "for ease." This was done with earnestness, several of his family kneeling round him. Surely, that prayer was heard! Even before it closed, his agitations had, in a great measure, ceased, and they were never renewed. It was said to him, "Hold out faith and patience a little longer." "O," he replied, "but it is hard work!"

A little afterwards he said, "Is not the Lord long? How is my pulse?" "Fainter," it was answered. "O, that," said he, "is good news! 'Why are thy chariot-wheels so long in coming?' 'Come, Lord Jesus! O, come quickly!'" He said, he had not that rapture which he had often wished he might have on his death-bed, but yet he could lean his soul on the faithfulness of God. It was observed to him, that the frame of the mind might considerably depend on the nature of the disease; that, as a fever, from which he was remarkably free, might contribute to raise the spirits, so, mere decay would naturally sink them; that the end of the upright was said, in the Scripture, to be peace, not rapture; that the resignation to the will of God, and the calm confidence of the soul in him, were, at least, as satisfactory evidences of divine grace, as ecstasy. With all this he acquiesced, but observed, that he wanted rapture, not only to give effect to his dying testimony, but to animate his children. He acknowledged, however, that the tempter had not been permitted to come near him, and that he had not suffered a moment's uneasiness of mind during the whole of his illness, if he might except what arose from the soporific medicines he had taken.

Upon his alluding to some remarkably happy seasons which he had enjoyed in the service of God, and some extraordinary exertions which he had made for his cause, it was observed to him, that still all his dependence must be on the righteousness

of Christ, he said, with great eagerness, "O, my dear, I mention not these things on my own account, but for his glory -- his glory! -- O, yes, it is for Christ's sake alone that I can be saved --

"I the chief of sinners am, But Jesus died for me."

He asked what time it was; and, being told ten o'clock, he said, "What, no more! O, how slow!" He still seemed to imagine, that he must suffer much more before he could die. That verse was now repeated to him --

"Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all, who, to the end, endure
The cross, shall wear the crown."

Some hesitation was made in repeating the second line, which he instantly removed by suggesting the forgotten words- -- "his face." The words of the Saviour were repeated to him, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." "O," said he, "I always intended those should be my dying words;" and, raising himself up in the bed for the last time, with out-stretched hands, and eyes turned towards heaven, he pronounced the above passage in the most distinct and pathetic manner. He was now wearied out with longing to be gone. How truly might those words of Solomon be applied to him, "Hope deferred, maketh the heart sick." His spirit stood, as it were, on the verge of eternity, waiting for the summons to enter. The following lines were exactly expressive of his feelings --

"Never weather-beaten sail,
More fully bent to shore;
Never tired pilgrim's limb,
Affected slumber more,
Than my weary spirit longs
To fly to my Redeemer's breast;
O, come quickly, dearest Lord,
And take me home to rest,"

"He was frequently reminded of the joys of heaven. The martyr's address to his companion in the flames was mentioned, "Cheer up, my brother, one moment of glory will make amends for all; "he said, in a low voice," O, yes, one moment!" His son repeated --

"How do the blest behold the face
Of Him that sits on high!
With what rapture do they gaze,
And sing triumphantly!

**There's no sin nor sorrow in
The glorious regions of the blessed;
What admiring, and aspiring, still desiring,
O, how do I long to be at rest."**

"That," said he, "is a sweet hymn, and I can make it my own."

He now requested that prayer might be made for his speedy departure. Hard request to those who were so unwilling to part with him! Yet, why should they have wished his continuance here? All his desires had been gratified: all his work was done. He had said of some little circumstance, that he had mentioned just before, "That is the last thing I ever wanted to speak about." The bitterness of death was past. He had gone through a great part of the valley, and was even at the gates of heaven; who could wish him to return, or to be kept waiting there? His request, therefore, that his release might be petitioned for, with submission to the Divine will, was complied with. The petition rose, and the answer was at hand. That line of Pope's was quoted to him, and seemed exactly to express his state of feeling --

"Tell me, my soul, can this be death."

Indeed, few of the Usual symptoms of death had occurred. There was none of its cold dew upon his brow; there was no convulsion of the frame. The work, however, of the king of terrors was going on silently, but not the less rapidly and effectually. One of his children asked, "Do you know me?" He seemed surprised at the question, and said, "To be sure." Shortly after, he began to breathe harder. He beckoned to his ear, the son who was feeling his rapidly declining pulse, and said, "I am dying; O, hasten, hasten!" The other son he grasped with his hand. His eyes were now turned upward, as if fixed on heaven; and, every succeeding breath becoming still more gentle, his spirit quietly withdrew to another world, at sixteen minutes past one, on Friday morning, Dec. 13, 1816. At that moment his dying charge was fulfilled, "When the conflict is over, kneel down, and give thanks to God." So soft, so sweetly impressive, was the scene, that it seemed as if angels witnessed the solemnity, and covered the suppliants with their wings.

Thus fell, in the seventy-first year of his age, one, whom to know, was to love; and who has left a testimony to his worth in the bosoms of all those who were intimately acquainted with him, that no time or change can ever obliterate.

The following extracts, taken from the letters of some who were intimately acquainted with the deceased, from the beginning of his course, will give an idea of the general estimation in which he was held.

At a village near to St. Alban's, and distant about seven miles from his own habitation, to which reference is made in the first of these letters, he was the instrument of forming a Sunday-School, (an object upon which his heart was always most anxiously fixed,) and of producing a concern among the inhabitants of

it, upon the subject of religion, which will long endear his memory to the spot. To this place, his services, on the Sabbath, were gratuitously devoted for a period of six years; and in walking to and from it, he travelled upwards of three thousand miles. The recollection of these walks cheered him in his last hours.
St. Alban's, Dec, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am thankful at having an opportunity of stating what I have known of your deceased parent for more than twenty years. The love of the Divine Being, which was the stimulating principle of his labours in the ministry, seemed to burn continually in his breast. The salvation of lost mankind was the subject that seemed to occupy all his thoughts, and was even the prevailing topic of his conversation. Frequently have I heard him speak to this effect -- ' O that I could prevail upon all the world to become acquainted with Jesus! Had I property to the amount of many thousands of pounds, it should all be devoted to the erection of places of worship, and the purchase of religious books, to be given away for the instruction of mankind. ' Whatever would most advance the glory of God, he was sure to delight in. As a preacher, he gave abundant evidence of his love to immortal souls; and that, at all times. I never once heard him preach, without perceiving this. It was not his to speak with indifference or languor on the great subjects of the Christian ministry. On the contrary, he seemed as if he thought he could never say enough to induce men to seek the salvation of their souls. As he advanced in years, he became even more than ever spiritual; and, for the last few years, his discourses to me, and many others, have been rendered eminently useful. Nothing pierced him with greater pain? than a dread of disappointing the people; and though he has laboured here more than twenty years, I do not remember him, on one single occasion, to have neglected his appointment. It was his lot to receive, in some instances, evil for good -- envy might dictate what love failed to inspire -- but he continued to repay evil with good to the very last. His labours were, however, most extensively appreciated. At this place, and at many surrounding villages, there were those who would have made any sacrifice for his comfort, so dearly did they love him, so much had they been benefited by him; and now that he is gone, their tears testify how unwilling they were to lose him, and how great they account the loss. With respect to the neighbouring village, which was the principal scene of his services, I have heard him frequently say, that he was obliged, at first, through the ignorance of the people, to use the most earnest entreaty with the parents to send their children to the school. For these children he felt, as though they were his own. Often, as he has repeatedly mentioned to me, did he beg at gentlemen's houses and boarding-schools, for left-off apparel, for these children; and, by this means, clothed many of them decently from head to foot. The vicar of one of our parishes, hearing of his benevolent labours, solicited interviews with him, and gave the most marked testimony of his approbation. He still contributes to the support of that school. The last time I saw your dear parent, was at the commencement of his recent affliction. He said to me, then, with great emphasis, "I think my work is nearly done; I have, therefore, rigorously examined what has been the moving principle of

all my labours; and, I can say, the prevailing motive has been the love of God, and compassion for immortal souls."

Another friend, from a village near St. Alban's, writes thus:

"O, my dear Sir, I have lost a spiritual guide -- a friend -- a father. I look back on the past twenty years, and recall to mind, with mingled emotions of gratitude and sorrow, the many admonitions and animating exhortations I received from his faithful lips. To many he was useful, but particularly to myself. Long will he live in their affections, but never die in mine. Oh, how do the many consolatory letters, which, for years past, I have received from him, prove how deeply he interested himself in my welfare. All breathe the same spirit, all point to the same grand source of consolation, Jesus Christ, and him crucified. When wading through the deep waters of affliction, the perusal of these letters has afforded me the greatest support and comfort--nor would I part with them for the world. How often has his entrance into my abode chased away the darkness and sorrow from my mind. He was always the same; always cheerful, always lively always pious. Forgive me, if I say__ A great man is fallen in Israel. A funeral sermon will be preached for him here, as I understand there will be in several other places, next Lord's day."

These extracts, while they give a further insight into the character of the deceased, sufficiently show the impression which his death made upon the minds of those whom his virtues had inspired with esteem and attachment.

The characteristics of his mind were ardency, affection, simplicity-

"Of manners gentle, in simplicity a child,"

to which may be added sincerity. "He was pure man" is the testimony of one who knew him well; meaning that he was free from the alloy of falsehood and deceit. He was charitable to an extreme. On his death bed it was a grief to him that he had passed a poor man a few days before, without relieving his necessities Who that knew him can fail to be struck with the justness of the application of the following lines to him, penned by the Biographer of Sir Isaac Newton? "He had such a meekness and sweetness of temper, that a melancholy story would often draw tears from him; and he was exceedingly shocked at any act of cruelty to man or beast; mercy to both, being the topic he loved to dwell upon. An innate modesty, and simplicity, showed itself in all his actions and expressions. "In him religion was divested of all gloom. His experience led him to cherish, on this, as well as on other subjects, the most cheering views. His conversation was literally "in heaven." How often did he speak of its joys! How frequently did he advert to the thought of meeting with his children there, in the presence of his Saviour! But on the "terrors of the law," and the torments of perdition, he was never heard to speak. The propriety of urging these topics in certain cases, he did not deny; but they presented a scene from which his spirit instinctively and powerfully re-coiled He

lived not for himself. His heart was not "an island cut off from others, but a continent that was joined to them." Especially did he live for his family. In them all his earthly happiness centred. From them he sought, and from them he obtained, his principal joys below. Never were children more beloved by a father; never was a father more beloved by his offspring. He was of a remarkably hale constitution of body, experiencing but little of infirmity or disease through the whole of his life. His last illness was but of a few days.

His remains are deposited in the burial ground of Mr. Wesley's Chapel, City-Road; and the following ode, furnished by the kindness of a friend, was repeated at his funeral.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear;

Feed not on thoughts so loathly horrible!
The spirit is not there,
That kindled that dead eye,
That throbb'd in that cold heart,
That in that lifeless hand
Has met thy friendly grasp.
The spirit is not there!

It is but lifeless perishable flesh,
That moulders in the grave:

Earth, air, and water's mingling particles,
Now to their elements
Resolved, their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved;
The spirit is not there!

Often together have we talked of death:
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear:
How sweet it were with eyes,
Such as the cherubim,
To view the depths of heaven,
O****, thou hast first

Begun the travel of eternity; --
I gaze amid the stars,
And think that thou art there,

Unfettered, as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said, how sweet it were,

With unseen ministry of angel power,
To watch the friend beloved, --
**** We did not err!

Sure, I have felt thy presence! thou hast given
A birth to holy thoughts!

Hast kept me from the world, unstained and pure,
* * * * We did not err!
Our best affections, here,

They are not like the toys of infancy;
The soul out grows them not;
We do not cast them off:
O! if it could be so,

It were a dreadful thing indeed to die!

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow, thy friend beloved;
But in the lonely hour --
But in the evening walk --

Think that he 'companies thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;

And if remembrance wake a tear
There Kill be "joy in grief"

1 The Rev, Mr. Jenkins, who preached one of these funeral sermons for him, (his family being present,) on the evening of Christmas-day, after an interesting comment on his text, (I Cor. xv. 55 -- 57, as applicable to the deceased, gave a public and decided testimony to the excellence of his character, from a personal acquaintance with him for many years.

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02 -- DIVINITY

**The Spiritual Employment of Christian Ministers, briefly stated, and affectionately recommended, in a Sermon on 2 Cor. iv. 5.
By JAMES SPINK.**

"We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. " 2 Cor. iv. 5.

In the writings of St. Paul, we beheld a good man bringing out of the good treasure of his heart good things, with a kind of magnificent negligence, seldom to be found in any other writer. "His works are like a wilderness of beautiful and fragrant plants, springing up promiscuously out of a happy soil; and, amidst all their seeming confusion, producing to a natural taste, a finer effect than if they were drawn out with a solicitous Care, set in the most regular figures, and cut into a thousand artificial forms." Apparently inattentive to the admired style, and methodical order, recommended by the strict rules of polite writing, he adorns his epistles with a great many lively and interesting digressions, which have a peculiar reference to our salvation by the cross of Christ, and to the things which belong to our peace; while he illustrates and enforces those grand and leading doctrines of the gospel which claim the most serious and attentive regard both of Ministers and private Christians; one of the most important of which is offered to our consideration in the words of my text, He seems, indeed, here, and in some other passages, to pass a great encomium on himself, when speaking in his own vindication, and in defence of the gospel which he preached; but the obligation under which he was laid, the important work in which he was engaged, the authority with which he was invested, the zeal and affection which he felt for the credit of the Redeemer's cause, and the salvation of a lost world, with the Christian modesty and humility which governed his spirit, and dictated his expressions, enabled him to do it without the least appearance of pride or vain glory. Indeed he speaks in the name of all the faithful brethren in the ministry? as well as his own.

And what can preserve wisdom from degenerating into craft, eloquence from sliding into flattery, learning from claiming undue honours, and superior credit from projecting schemes of interest or power? What will present us from being negligent, curious, trifling; or what will be, under God, one mean of retrieving the honour and power of religion, and rendering the office of the ministry a public blessing, but the reviving of that public and evangelical spirit which is represented in the Apostle's assertion? Surely nothing can be more obvious, than that God desireth not the death of a sinner; that he is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to him and live. And, accordingly, in his great love to precious souls, he has provided an all-sufficient salvation. He has given his only begotten Son to be their Saviour, He reveals these glad tidings in his written word, which he has stored with the most precious promises, and most gracious encouragements, But, notwithstanding all this, men are prone to neglect their souls, and to forget the one thing needful; and, therefore, to all his other gifts, God has added that of a Christian ministry. He raises up a number of men to attend peculiarly to the spiritual concerns of their fellow creatures: and upon these he

bestows a clear conviction of their duty, competent qualifications for the discharge of it, and a proper sanction to their exertions, And their language is that of St. Paul, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

Let us, in order to the elucidation of this subject, consider, first, the important office of Christian Ministers; secondly, the principal theme of their discourses; and, thirdly, the motives by which they are influenced.

Begin we then, with considering the important office of Christian Ministers. This office is two-fold; it is their business both to preach and act as your servants. But the most important part of their office is that of preaching. "We place an emphasis here, with a view to give ourselves an opportunity of noticing the import of the phrase, the ability it pre-supposes, and the exertions it requires.

(1.) There are two methods which are very commonly used by Christian Ministers in the promulgation of the gospel. One is the dead formality of reading written sermons; the other, the mere pulpit vassalage of repeating written sermons verbatim, from memory; but it requires a degree of courtesy to call either of these preaching. "The best method (of preaching, as one well observes,) seems to be that which the most popular and pious preachers use; they study till they thoroughly understand their subject; they habitually feel its truth; and they retire some time before preaching; and, in fervent prayer to God, possess their souls with a full idea of the importance of the matter of which they are going to treat." Now, whether the Apostles used this method, or spake without premeditation, is of very little consequence; the fact is, according to the literal meaning of our text, their business was, not to read or repeat sermons after the manner of some, but to preach, to preach to the reason and consciences of their hearers, and so to preach as to inform their judgment, influence their dispositions, and improve their lives. This is the special appointment of every Christian minister. "For after that, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe." And, "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name, among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem,"

(2.) This appointment evidently pre supposes ministerial ability. It would be unreasonable to expect that all Christian ministers should be equal as to ability; the nature and fitness of things require it to be otherwise. But whilst some may be capable of the profound reasoning of St. Paul, or the engaging eloquence of Apollos, or the pious simplicity of St. John, it is expedient that all of them should have a competent knowledge of the great truths they teach; a capacity to explain those truths to others; an inclination to exercise that capacity; a consciousness of the approbation and assistance of God: and a remembrance that Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but that God must give the increase.

(3.) The exertions required are considerable. And in compliance with the Divine requisition, they preach with evangelical propriety. They do not speak as the Scribes of old, to instruct men in Jewish traditions, or legal rites and ceremonies. Nor do they speak as ancient or modern philosophers and moralists, to teach the people merely what the light of reason might discover. But they speak as teachers in the school of Christ; as preachers of the New Covenant; and the important truths of genuine Christianity run through and spread their glories over all their discourses. They "preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." They preach with zeal and activity; whilst they carefully guard against that kind of zeal which is bitter and intolerant, or ignorant, blind, and misplaced, they uniformly encourage and cultivate that which is scriptural and salutary. They imitate Phineas, who obtained "the covenant of an everlasting priesthood, because he was zealous for his God." They imitate all the prophets, who were "very zealous for the Lord of Hosts;" they imitate John the Baptist, who "was a burning and a shining light." But, above all, they imitate our Lord and his apostles, who were clad with zeal as with a garment; no intensesness or contrivance of suffering could lessen its ardour; every thing served as fuel to the fire, to make their zeal burn with an increasing brightness, -- They preach with perseverance and fidelity. Having "renounced the hidden things of dishonesty," they do not "walk in craftiness," to beguile ignorant and unstable souls, nor "handle the word of God deceitfully," by corrupting the pure truth by any base alloy of their own; "but, by manifestation of the truth, they commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." They deem it indispensably necessary to distinguish between Scripture truth and human refinements -- between doctrines of greater or less importance. Their sermons are replete with the most mortifying truths, and the most awful warnings against those things which are pleasing to corrupt nature. They are careful to inculcate those truths which are essential to the edification, comfort, holiness, and salvation of their hearers. And being supported under all their infirmities, they "faint not" amidst their greatest trials, but cheerfully persevere unwearied in their glorious course. Their motto is, "Let glory consummate what grace began." -- They preach with practical and exemplary piety. They are aware, that if they could speak with the tongues of angels as well as of men, in commendation of true religion; and if they warned men against impiety and vice, both day and night, with tears, yet if their own conduct were stained by any of the works of the flesh, it would be vain to expect any happy effect to be produced by their labours. And, on the other hand, they perceive that when the goodness, which shines in the instructions of ministers, reigns in their own lives, its influence is most powerful, and their instructions have all the weight they possibly can derive from the proofs they give of their own sincerity and genuine piety. Hence their instructions are not merely theoretic; they are such as recommend and enforce the formation and improvement of holy and virtuous habits, and the regular performance of civil, moral, and religious duties; and they are "examples to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." But there is another part of the ministerial office which deserves our attention.

They acknowledge themselves the servants of those to whom they minister the word of life, and act accordingly. Yea, though they are chosen from among the people to be ambassadors for Christ, and ministers of the everlasting gospel, yet they are "your servants," and even the servants of your servants; lower than this they cannot stoop. But permit me to explain myself,

1. They are your servants as shepherds are the servants of their flocks. They consider you as the sheep of Christ's flock, and under the direction of their blessed Master, the Chief Shepherd, they lead you into the fat and fertile pastures of truth and righteousness, and guide you to the waters of consolation. They strengthen the diseased, heal that which is sick, bind up that which was broken, seek that which was lost, and are tender of that which is young, Ezek. chap. 34.

2. They are your servants as watchmen are the servants of a city or town. They protect you from your enemies, warn you of approaching dangers, lift up the voice, and feel a lively interest in your welfare.

3. They are your servants as physicians are the servants of the public. They are ever at your call, and ready to visit the sick in body, and the weak and erring in mind. They recommend moderation in all things, and prescribe whatever they think will be beneficial to your souls.

4. They are your servants as ambassadors are the servants of the state. They expostulate with you concerning your hostility to your Creator, Preserver, Redeemer, and Saviour. They propose terms of peace, and affectionately use every reasonable mean to remove the natural rebellion of your hearts. Hence the apostle, who was one of the best patterns and representatives of Christian Ministers, says, "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God, For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

**5. They are your servants in many other respects, as they serve you in a way of instruction, intercession, consolation, exhortation, caution, reproof, rebuke; and they serve you by administering the seals of the covenant unto you, with the purest affection, and on the most proper occasions. But here observe, that whilst they serve you, it is with a reference to the honour and authority of God; hence they must not flatter your vices, nor connive at your sins, but deliver unto you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
(To be concluded in the next.)**

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03 -- THE WORD OF GOD ILLUSTRATED

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

IF you think the following extract calculated to throw light on 2 Thes. ii. 3, 4, or to be any ways interesting to your numerous readers, I doubt not but you will give it a place in your useful Miscellany. I have taken it from a work entitled "A Defence of the Catholic Faith: contained in the Booke of the most Mighty and most Gracious King James the First, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Against the answer of N. Coeffeteau, Doctor in Divinity, and Vicar General of the Dominican Preaching Friars. Written in French, by Pierre Du Moulin, Minister of the word of God in the Church at Paris; translated into English according to his first Copie, by himself reviewed and corrected." Some of your readers may perhaps just need to be apprised that King James the First wrote a Confession of Faith against the Roman Catholics, which the Vicar General of the Dominican Preaching Friars, named above, attempted to answer, and that Pierre Du Moulin was employed by the King of England to answer the Roman Doctor. As the book before me was printed in 1614, it contains, of course, many words which are now obsolete. These I have exchanged, in some instances at least, for more modern terms of the same signification; which, with some necessary orthographical alterations, is the only liberty I have taken with it. I have added Du Moulin's Remarks respecting the Pope being St. Peter's successor, which, perhaps, you may think proper also to insert, though it may not bear so directly on the Scripture cited above.

I am, yours, &c.

A. WATMOUGH.

Wallington, Dec. 10, 1818.

"Of the titles of quality of the Roman Bishop, and whether he be St. Peter's Successor or not.

"Mr. Coeffeteau confesseth to the King of England, that the Pope is called GOD, and that he is a God on earth, but in the same sense that the Scriptures call kings and other potentates, gods. But this is a faint and trifling excuse, and much contrary to the meaning of his Holiness. For in the Old Testament the title of God is expressly given to princes in the plural; but to attribute to himself the name of God in the singular, is a thing that no Christian prince or prelate ever did. The bishop of Rome is the first that hath usurped this title in this latter age.

"The New Testament also attributeth the name of God in the singular to none but the Sovereign God, or else to Satan, whom the apostle calleth 'the god of this world, ' because in this world he seeketh the dominion and place of the Supreme: and the pagan emperors have also taken upon them the title of God, as Domitian and Bassian Caracalla. And so the Pope in the Canon, 'Satis,' Dist, 96. And in the gloss of the extravagant, ' Cum inter, ' he is called Dominus Deus noster, the Lord our God. And in the last council of Lateran, Sess. 2, Divinae Majestatis tue conspectus, the beholding of your Divine Majesty. And in the first book of holy ceremonies, Sect. 7, cap. 6, The seat of God, that is, the See Apostolical. And so likewise Steuchus, the Pope's library keeper, in his book of Constantine's donation,

saith, that Constantine held Sylvester for God, and worshipped him as God, In Italy, at the gate of Tolentine, there is this inscription, Paulo 3, Optimo Maximo in terris Deo, To Paul the 3d, the best and greatest God on earth. Of this there are infinite examples. Now that the Pope is not called God in the sense that kings are called gods in the Scripture, appeareth by this, that he doth not only attribute unto himself the name of God, but also those very honours and pre-eminences that belong to none but God alone; for he will be worshipped on earth as God. The last council of Lateran, Sess. 3, and Sess. 10, saith, that the Pope ought to be worshipped by all people, and doth most resemble God. And lest a man should think that it speaketh of civil worship, it expoundeth itself, and sheweth with what worship he should be worshipped, namely, with the same kind of worship that is spoken of Psalm lxxii. 11, Adorabunt eum omnes reges terrae, "All the kings of the earth shall worship him:" where the Psalmist speaketh of that adoration which is due unto Jesus Christ, as Tertullion teacheth, lib. 5, against Marcion, cap. 9. And so the Poet Mantuan, who speaketh of the Pope thus:

Ense potens gemino, eujus vestigia adorant Ceasar, and aurato vestiti murice Reges.

That is,

His power hath two swords in store, Him emperors serve and do adore: Kings in robes for princes meet, Of gold and purple, kiss his feet.

"The histories of these latter ages are full of examples of this adoration of Popes. In the second tome (book) of the Councils they would persuade the emperor Justinian that he ought to adore Pope Agapet. But the most remarkable adoration is that which is given him in the conclave presently after his election; for as soon as he is named Pope by the Cardinals shut up in the conclave, he is stripped of his ordinary robes, and others are given him: amongst other things red hose, and red shoes; having a cross of gold, a red girdle with buckles of gold, a red bonnet and rochet. And thus being armed at all points with his red cloak and triple crown, glittering with diamonds, they lift him up as a sacred body, and set him upon the altar; and there the Cardinals kiss his hands and his feet. This is vulgarly called among, the Italians Adoratione, which is the more to be noted, because they set him upon the altar, which is the place where they place their mass god, and it is the place appointed for Divine adoration. So that this manner of adoration cannot be taken for civil adoration. By this also it is evident, that as kings are more mighty and powerful than popes in civil causes, if this were a civil worship, it ought rather to be paid unto them than to popes. But so far are they from being worshipped, that themselves are obliged to worship the popes. And if a king should allege places from the Old Testament to prove himself God, among all Christians he would be counted a blasphemer: for the pope taketh this title to himself exclusively, shutting out all princes, because with him it carrieth a religious sense, and that importeth adoration. Again, princes, because they are called gods, do not arrogate to themselves a freedom from reprehension, or of being judged by any man, as the

Pope doth in the Canon Statis, dist. 96, the words whereof are these: ' It is evidently shewed that the pope can neither be bound nor unbound by any secular power; because we know he hath been called God by that religious prince Constantine before mentioned, and God cannot be judged by man. He excludeth princes from the title of gods, to reserve it to himself; and approving Constantine's calling him god, he inferreth therefrom that the pope cannot be judged of any man. But let us note by the way that Constantine said in the council of Nice, speaking to all the Bishops there present, ' You are gods; ' but he never spake this particularly to the bishop of Rome.

"In consequence of this title, the pope calleth his decrees and canons oracles: oracle signifieth the answer of God, Rom. iii. 2, and xi. 4. --With like modesty, he termeth his decretal epistles canonical scriptures, Dist. 19 in the canon, In canonicis, the inscription whereof is this, "Inter canonicas Scripturas Decretales Epistote connumerantur." -- The Decretal Epistles are numbered among the canonical Scriptures. He boasteth himself to have all power in heaven and upon earth, in the last council of Lateran, Sess. 9, and 10, and attributeth it unto himself in his book of Sacred Ceremonies, sect. 7, cap. 6; according to which power Innocent the Third, in his bull Ad libe-random, which is at the end of the second council of Lateran, giveth unto pilgrims that come from beyond the seas, an increase of glory above the rest. Among all these titles which he taketh, none is so odious as his assuming to be The Spouse of the universal church, which belongeth particularly to Jesus Christ, as St. Paul saith, "For I have espoused you unto one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ," 2 Cor. i. 2. And yet this is the quality which the pope taketh to himself in more than thirty places in his decrees and decretals, and in the last council of Lateran. And, to the lend you may know his books, in what sense he is called the spouse of the Church, Bellarmine, who wrote at Rome, 1. i. de Rom. Pont. c. 9, saith, that the pope is the spouse of the Church, etiam Christo excluso, Christ being excluded. And if Christ were not excluded, yet in matters of marriage, we are not accustomed to accept a deputy.

" Whoever would heap up places in which both the pope and his flatterers set him above all law and right, and say that he may dispense against the Apostles, nay against the gospel itself; that he hath power likewise to dispense with oaths made unto God, and a thousand things of the like nature, whereby he setteth himself above God, might easily of these things compose a great volume, and grieve the heart of the godly reader, who is touched with a zeal for God's house: but this shall suffice to show that Coeffeteau wrongeth the pope much in saying that he is called God only in that sense that princes are, that is, for civil considerations: for in all that is above said, there is not one thing said of civil respect, all is built upon consideration of religion, -- I should have said against religion. And as little grace hath he in defending the pope's triple crown, when he is driven to say, that the title of Majesty is very fit to be given to holy things. For certainly St. Peter was far more holy than the pope, and consequently ought to have had the greater Majesty: and yet neither Peter, nor any other prelate after him for many ages, did ever wear three crowns, or adorn their heads with diamonds. This lustre well be-cometh worldly

majesty, but not spiritual holiness, which ought to shine in virtues, and not in precious stones; and to appear rather in martyrdom than pomp, and to edify men's hearts instead of dazzling their eyes. Yet all the majesty of kings was never comparable to this worldly splendor of popes; for never did any of them think fit to wear three crowns. The very name of this head-tire teacheth us what to think: for in Italy it is called The Kingdom; and the book of Holy Ceremonies ordinarily calleth it so, to show that the pope weareth that crown as a king, and not as a bishop or pastor of the church.

The mark of the bishopric in the church of Rome is the pastoral staff, which they call the Crosier. But the pope carrieth none such, as Innocent the Third teacheth in his first book of the Mysteries of the Mass, cap. 42. 'Because,' saith he, ' St. Peter sent his Crosier to Eu-charius, bishop of Trevers, which is there kept for a relic. ' The first author of this fable is unknown, but it was devised to persuade the people that St. Peter having laid aside his Crosier, wore the triple crown as monarch of earth, hell, and heaven: or as governor of Asia, Africa, and Europe.

"Now it is not without cause that this crown is called the kingdom, because the Pope qualifieth himself with the titles of kings and monarchs. The last council of Lateran, Sess. 10, speaketh thus to the Pope, ' The empire of your Holiness: ' and Sess. 9, ' Regale Roman-orum Pontificum genus, ' The Royal race of the Roman bishops, and in the 3d Sess. The Pope is Priest and King: and in the first Session he is called 'Princeps totius orbis, "Prince of the whole world; and therefore he preacheth no more. Sometimes he saith Mass on some solemn day, but in that Mass he causeth himself at sundry times to be adored. If any king be present he must hold his napkin, but it must be upon his knee, as did king Charles the Eighth to pope Alexander the Sixth. "As for his better reading the Missal, he hath a Cardinal that pointeth to the letters with his fingers, as men teach young children; he then changeth his hose and shoes many times, and sucketh the chalice with a reed. At his going away he swelleth and puffeth up his cheeks, and giveth the benediction by blowing upon them, as though he gave the Holy Ghost. As touching the titles of Head of the Faith, and Supreme judge of all controversies which his majesty of England upbraideth the pope with, Coeffeteau passeth it over without a word, as thinking it not to be maintained; and he disclaimed that title of Monarch of the world, and thus condemneth the council of Lateran before alleged, which calleth him king and prince of the whole world. And we have before produced certain Theses lately disputed of at Naples, and dedicated to the pope now reigning, wherein he is called Vice-God, monarch of the Christian world.

Having examined those passages from the fathers, from which the Romanists vainly attempt to prove the pope's pretended succession to St. Peter, Du Moulin observes with respect to this point, that "It is diligently to be noted, that those among the ancient fathers who affirm that the bishop of Rome is successor to Peter, do thereby understand that he is successor in the charge of the bishop of Rome, but not in apostleship. After this sort also, the bishops of Ephesus were successors to St. John and St. Paul: the bishops of Jerusalem successors to St.

James, so far as these apostles were bishops of Ephesus and Jerusalem: but they never were successors to the apostleship, and to the government of the church universal. Nor is there any reason why the bishop of Rome should be successor to Peter in his apostleship, and the bishop of Jerusalem successor to James, only in his bishopric. Besides, the bishop of Antioch, more ancient than the bishop of Rome, has always been called the successor of St. Peter: and why should he not be as well in the apostleship and government of the universal church? If you say that Peter took away the prerogative and pre-eminence from Antioch, and transferred it to Rome, we utterly deny it, and no proof thereof worthy of reception can be brought. If they farther say that Peter died at Rome, I will also say that Jesus Christ died at Jerusalem: and why should not Christ's death at Jerusalem have in it more power and virtue to make the bishop of Jerusalem chief of the church, than the death of Peter at Rome, to confer this great dignity upon the bishop of Rome? I leave it likewise with the reader to judge, who, after the death of Peter, ought to be the chief of the universal church. For St. James lived yet at Jerusalem after St. Peter was dead. And the apostle St. John outlived him 32 years, according to the account of Eusebius and Irenaeus. Is it a thing to be believed that St. John, the disciple whom Jesus loved -- who leaned on his breast -- unto whom he recommended his mother at his death -- whose writings are divine oracles, as the Revelations in the Apocalypse prove -- that he should be inferior to Linus, the disciple of Paul? and indeed our adversaries themselves have inserted into the first tome of their councils, certain epistles, which they say were Clement's, bishop of Rome, among which there is one to St. James, bishop of Jerusalem, which begins thus: "Clemens to James, brother of the Lord, bishop of bishops, governing the holy church of the Hebrews which is in Jerusalem, yea, all the churches which are founded every where by the providence of God. " And a little after he calleth him his Lord: words which witness that Clement acknowledged James for his superior, and chief of all the bishops of the world.

"We grant then willingly, that the ancient bishops of Rome, before the corruption of doctrine and usurpation of monarchy in the church, were successors of Peter in the bishopric of Rome only, even as the bishops of Corinth were successors to St. Paul: but withal we add this, that through the corruption of doctrine which hath by little and little crept into the church of Rome, (every age having added and contributed thereto) he is now wholly and justly fallen from that succession. For he may not in any wise be called Peter's successor, who opposeth the doctrines preached by St. Peter, and who in the chair of verity doth establish a lie. The Turk cannot be called successor to the emperor of Greece, though seated in his place, seeing that he is rather his subverter. Let some show me that Peter preached another purgatory than the blood of Christ, or another satisfaction to the justice of God than his obedience, or any sacrifice propitiatory but his death; that ever he gave pardons for 100, 000 years, or drew souls out of purgatory by bulls and indulgences; that he ever degraded emperors; that he took away from the people the reading of the Holy Scriptures, or the communion of the cup; or that he commanded the worshiping of images, and public service to be said in an unknown tongue; or that he ever constrained other bishops to take from him letters of

investiture, and pay to him annats, or that ever St. Peter was called God on earth, the spouse of the church, and caused himself to be worshipped; or that ever he sung mass, or commanded the host to be adored; or that ever he left off preaching the gospel, or quitted the crosier staff to take upon him a triple diadem: If, I say, they can shew me that St. Peter ever did these things, then though the pope were bishop but of one village, I will willingly acknowledge him for St. Peter's successor, but still in the bishopric only, and not in the apostleship, which ended in his person, and is not derived to his successors in particular churches." -- After all, the Pope, by some Protestants (so called), is considered as the only channel of ministerial sanctity to those who live in the nineteenth century!! O that prejudice were done away!

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04 -- THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ASSERTED

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

TO THE EDITOR,

IT has been said of the Christian religion, that "Kings shall be its fostering fathers, and Queens its nursing mothers." How fully this has been verified it is unnecessary to relate, or produce arguments to prove, as few, if any, deny it. It is, however, with great pleasure that we see the mighty Emperor of all the Russias listed under its banners, and lending his powerful aid to spread through his vast dominions the knowledge of those Holy Oracles which are at once the foundation of the whole fabric of it, and the only sure guide to a perfect acquaintance with it, and enjoyment of it. It has often been asked, "How the Russian court, formerly the most licentious on the Continent, should now be so zealous in promoting the objects of the Bible Society?" A few particulars, lately come to my knowledge, upon this subject, may not be uninteresting to your readers. When Alexander came to the throne, few Bibles were to be found in his empire, and still fewer readers of them. The forms of religion were indeed practised, but its influence was not felt; and the term Bible-reader was only used in derision, or as an epithet of contempt. A high place in the church and state (it is said the highest) became vacant by the death of the person who had filled it. The Emperor appointed his favourite and friend, the Prince Galitzin, who had been and was his constant companion, in all his pursuits of pleasure, and who at first refused it, on the plea of his entire ignorance of religion; but this objection was over-ruled by the Emperor, who considered it of no weight. The Prince, on his first interview with the venerable Archbishop Platoff, requested him to point out some book, which would give him a concise view of the Christian religion. The Archbishop, rather surprised at the Prince's professed ignorance, recommended the Bible. The Prince said he could, not think of reading that book. "Well," replied the Archbishop, "that is the only book there is, or ever will be, that can give you a correct view of the Christian religion." "Then I must remain ignorant of it -- reading the Bible is out of the question!" was his reply. The words, however,

of the venerable Platoff' remained upon his mind, and he shortly afterwards privately bought and read the Bible. The effects were soon visible. He was not known to be a "Bible-reader," but his manners were treated with contempt. Every one was disturbed now by the threatened invasion by the French -- Galitzin was not so. His companions were ' astonished. Was he become a traitor to his prince? It was impossible: his loyalty was undoubted. At this important crisis he thought it his duty to acquaint the Emperor with the rock on which he rested unmoved at the threatened danger. He requested an interview; it was granted. The invasion was naturally the first subject of conversation; and next, as closely connected with it, the Prince's conduct. The Emperor demanded upon what principle he remained calm and un-moved, in the midst of universal alarm? The Prince drew from his pocket a small Bible, and held it towards the Emperor, who putting his hand out to receive it, it by some means or other fell, and opened at the 91st Psalm. "O that your Majesty would seek this retreat," said the Prince, as he read the words of the Psalm. They separated. A day was appointed for public prayer. The minister who preached took for his subject the 91st Psalm. The Emperor, surprised, inquired of the Prince if he had mentioned the circumstance that occurred at the interview, who assured him that he had not named it. A short time after, the Emperor having a few minutes leisure, and perhaps feeling the necessity of Christian support, sent for his chaplain, to read the Bible to him in his tent. He came, and began the 91st Psalm. "Hold," said the Emperor, "who told you to read that?" "God," replied the chaplain. "How!" exclaimed Alexander. "Surprised at your message," continued the chaplain, "I fell upon my knees before my God, and besought him to teach my weak lips what to speak. I felt that part of the Holy Word, which I Have begun to read, clearly pointed out to me. Why your Majesty interrupted me, I know not. "These circumstances made a deep impression on the Emperor's mind, and after the memorable battle of Leipsic he wrote to the Empress, (a virtuous and pious Princess, to whom he had been married soon after his accession, but from whom he was a short time afterwards separated,) to come and see what the Lord had done for him! and since which they have lived in the strictest bond of union and connubial happiness,

With congratulations for the past, and best wishes for your future success, I beg to subscribe myself yours respectfully,
R. F.

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.
SIR,

AT the Sheffield Conference of 1817, when examining the young men in the public congregation, I was greatly surprised by the extraordinary declaration of one of the preachers. The effect his narrative produced upon the audience, induced me to request him to commit to paper what he had so distinctly detailed. As it contains a well-authenticated account of what infidelity has affected to deny, and many well-informed Christians receive with suspicion and doubt, your insertion of his letter to

me will at least afford some further evidence on a question, which is of such high interest and importance to the world.

J. GAULTER.

Rochester, Feb. 4, 1818.

MR. PRESIDENT, -- HON. SIR,
Sheffield, 8th Aug. 1817.

According to your desire I take up my pen to give you the particulars of a solemn fact, which was the first grand means of leading my mind seriously to think of those solemn realities -- death, judgment, and eternity,

A sister being married to a gentleman in the army, we received intelligence that the regiment to which he belonged had orders for one of the Spanish Isles, (Minorca). One night (16 years back) about ten o'clock, as his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself, were sitting in a back room, the shutters were closed, bolted and barred, the yard door locked, when suddenly a light shone through the window, the shutters and bars, illumined the room we sat in; we looked -- started -- and beheld the spirit of a murdered brother -- his eye was fixed on his wife and child alternately, he waved his hand -- smiled, continued about half a minute, then vanished from our sight. The moment before the spirit disappeared, my sister cried "He's dead, he's dead" and fainted away. Her little boy ran to his father's spirit, and wept because it would not stay. A short time after this we received a letter from the Colonel of the regiment, sealed with black (the dark emblem of mortality) bearing the doleful but expected news, that on such a night, (the same we saw his spirit) my brother-in-law was found weltering in his blood, (in returning from the mess-room); the spark of life was not quite out. The last wish he was heard to breathe, was, to see his wife and child; it was granted him (in a certain sense) for the very hour he died in the Island of Minorca, that same hour (according to the very little difference of clocks) his spirit appeared to his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself, in Doncaster. Before this event, Sir, (though a boy of nine years) I was a complete atheist. By this solemn circumstance I was convinced of the reality of another world's existence, and by the solemn impression that it made upon my mind I was led to pray for mercy, found it at the foot of the cross, and now feel the Holy Spirit preparing my soul to enter those eternal and invisible regions, the land of spirits. I am, Sir, yours, obediently,
THOS. SAVAGE.

P. S. My sister, from the night she saw the spirit of her husband, mourned him as dead, nor could my father prevent it by any argument -- he endeavoured to persuade us we were all deceived, yet he acknowledged the testimony which the child gave, staggered him; but when the letter arrived from the Colonel of the regiment, with the awful tidings, he was struck dumb. My two sisters are yet living and can testify to the truth of this account, and at least one hundred persons beside our own family, can prove our mentioning the hour the spirit appeared, several

weeks before we received the melancholy letter; and that the letter mentioned the hour and night he died, as the same in which we beheld his spirit. T. S,

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.
SIR,

IF the following Anecdote is deemed worthy a place in your valuable and widely extended Magazine, it is much at your service. The truth of it may be relied on, as I received it from a person (yet alive) who was an eye-witness to the transaction, and who is intimately acquainted with all the circumstances of the case.

I am Sir, yours, respectfully, J. F.

Lambeth, Jan. 13, 1819.

The late pious and excellent Dr. Coke, during one of his visits to the metropolis, to solicit aid towards the support of the Missions in the West Indies, "among his black lambs," as he used emphatically to designate the poor Negroes; called, in company with a friend, upon a gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood of London. The gentleman having stepped out for a few minutes, the Doctor waited in the counting-house his return. On his arrival, and being made acquainted with the Doctor's visit, he fell into a most violent passion, called the worthy Doctor by the most opprobrious names; and insisted, in the most haughty and insulting language, that he should instantly quit the place; at the same time observing, he never suffered any beggars upon his premises. The Doctor and his friend immediately withdrew: but the gentleman, not satisfied with this outrage upon decency and politeness, called to a large yard-dog, and encouraged him to seize upon them: but providentially they both escaped unhurt. On reaching the street, the Doctor took his handkerchief from his pocket, and having carefully wiped the dust from his shoes, he turned round and shook his handkerchief, with this observation, "Naughty man, I leave this dust as a testimony against you."

Within a few years this same gentleman, who then was in high repute, became somewhat embarrassed in his circumstances, and shortly after died of a broken heart. Verily "God resisteth the proud, but he giveth grace to the humble!"

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.

REV AND DEAR SIR,

THOUGH many characters appear cold and indifferent in the pursuit of things which are spiritual, heavenly, and divine; yet in the pursuit of sinful gratifications many are all zeal and activity: they appear a perfect compound of life and ire. The fear of God, the most inestimable of all treasures, is not before their eyes, and they are led captive by the devil at his will. And yet, strange to tell, age after age passes on in this way, and the living lay it not to heart. But though hand join in hand, the wicked

shall not go unpunished. And the Lord, sometimes, moves out of his ordinary course to shew his displeasure at their impiety.

If you, Sir, judge the following instance of his justice (which you may rely on as having actually taken place) worthy of being recorded in your valuable publication, by its insertion you will oblige,

Dear Sir, yours in affection and obedience,
THOS. MEASURES.

Holbeach, Feb. 1, 1819.

About a fortnight since, two young men, one named Joseph Gowlett; a sailor, and the other a coal porter, in company at a public house at Lynn, engaged for a pot of beer, to try which could swear the most diabolical oaths (when, to the astonishment of all present) Gowlett, after using the most abominable expressions, became exhausted, and could not utter a syllable; and dreadful to relate, has remained speechless ever since, a living example to those who take God's name in vain.

* * * * *

05 -- MEMOIRS

(The following account had been mislaid, and could not be found, otherwise it would have been inserted in our Miscellany long ago.)

A MEMOIR OF JOHN AKERMAN,

Written by his Son, John Akerman.

JOHN AKERMAN was born in the parish of Broomham, Wilts, in the year 1746, and died in the same place, February 14, 1814. He was blessed with parents who feared God, and to whom he acted the part of a dutiful child. According to the accounts I have received from one who knew him while he was young, he never ran into an great excess of riot, but was, what many term a sober young man. It is certain, however, that he, like all other men, was born in sin, and undoubtedly more or less wandered from God, and therefore true repentance and a free pardon, through faith in Christ, were absolutely necessary to his salvation. This he was brought to see and feel; and these blessings he sought and found through the divine goodness, lived in the enjoyment of them for many years, and at last died rejoicing in the God of his salvation. I cannot indeed specify the exact time when his conversion to God took place, nor relate the circumstances that led to it, he having left no diary or other documents respecting it: but, blessed be God, the humble, loving, and thankful spirit which he manifested, together with the holy conduct which, for many years he maintained, proved that his conversion was real, and his religion from above. He was a steady member of the Methodist Society at the above place for

near forty years, and during the last seven years he sustained the office of a class-leader; and I understand that the friends who met with him were not only satisfied with him as such, but were often edified by his pious example, his humble prayers, and warm admonitions.

In the spring of 1813, he lost the partner of his life, with whom he had lived in the greatest harmony for more than forty years. This was a painful stroke to him; and it greatly distressed me to witness the bitter sorrow which he manifested on the occasion. He enjoyed, however, a pretty good state of health for several months after this, and it was not till December last that he began particularly to decline. I have now a letter before me, which I received from him in that month, in which he says, "I have been very poorly, but am now a little better: I feel my mind happy in the Lord, and I believe my heavenly Father will soon take me to himself. God bless you! Amen." This was the last letter I received from him: after this he felt himself going very fast, and therefore, he set his house in order. In the beginning of February he took to his bed, and afterwards conversed but little, his complaint being a nervous fever. He gave full proof, however, that his faith and hope were built on a rock; yes, the Saviour, in whom for so many years he had trusted, was with him in the valley of death. About two days before his decease, he was asked if he wished to live, and he answered, No: I wish to die, that I may enjoy the heavenly mansion prepared for me. And when informed that it was probable he might yet recover, he said, "You dishearten me;" for he longed to be with Christ.

A friend who sat up with him the last night save one before his death, observed, "It was very pleasant to watch with him, because in the night he was favoured with a little sleep, and when he awoke began to praise God, saying, 'My heavenly Father has sent me a blessing:' "Yes," replied the friend, "and he will soon take you to himself." This so affected him, that his heart seemed to be full of heavenly love, and his eyes overflowed with tears of joy. An old friend said to him, not long before his deliverance came, "Christ is precious:" "Yes," said he, "and I shall soon find him so," meaning that he should soon be with him. After the evening service at the chapel on the Lord's-Day, (February 13th, the day before he departed) Mr. Blake, a respectable local preacher, with whom he had been acquainted for many years, called to see him, and to him he said, with a clear and strong voice, "Be sure to meet me in heaven: behold now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation." Mr. Blake observed, when preaching the funeral sermon, that this dying charge rested very much on his mind. After this he said but little, though he lived and retained his senses till the next morning at eleven o'clock, when those about him saw that the weary wheels of life were about to stand still. He was then asked, "Are you happy?" to which he answered (not in words, for his voice was lost) but by lifting up his hand. Soon after this he gently fell asleep in the Lord. Thus lived and died this servant of God, not equalled by many, and excelled by few. Let my last end be like his! Before I close this account, it may be proper to mention a few traits which were conspicuous in the character of my dear father. He was a man diligent in business, strictly honest, and a strong advocate for the golden rule laid down by our blessed Lord, enjoining us to do unto others as we would they should

do to us. And as this was his practice, he was respected by his superiors, though they were not friends to the cause which he espoused. He felt for, and often pleaded the cause of the poor; and visited the sick as long as he was able. He was a lover of peace; indeed he was a peace maker, and truly a lover of the cause of God. He was one of the chief instruments in erecting a chapel at Broomham. He was a good neighbour, a loving husband, and an affectionate parent. How often have I heard him (with my dear mother, who was of the same mind) praying thus, "Lord bless our children, help them to remember their Creator, &c. May we all in Christ redemption find, and not a soul be left behind!" He has left seven children. O that we may all serve our father's God, that we may spend an eternity with him, and all the blessed company of heaven!

"Far from a world of grief and sin, With God eternally shut in." Amen.

We are happy to add, that before Mr. Akerman died, he had the comfort of seeing two of his sons engaged in calling sinners to repentance.

* * *

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN ANGRAVE,

Of Hoton, near Loughborough, Leicestershire.

ACCORDING to his own account, at a very early period of his life, serious impressions were made upon his mind, and he was often particularly affected with the thoughts of death. At such times he -- went into the church-yard and measured the graves, to see if there were any about his own length, and on observing such, he used to say within himself, "Here I find graves of all lengths, and skulls of all sizes. " Thus was a habit of reflection and seriousness produced in his mind, and the well-known, but too often suppressed truth, that we are mortal, was to him a silent and instructive monitor.

His parents occasionally attended the preaching of the General Baptists, by which both they and he received increasing light concerning the scripture way of salvation. But upon the Methodist Preachers beginning to visit the neighbourhood, curiosity induced his parents to hear them, and they approved of and invited them to their house, which was made a blessing to their family in general, but particularly to the subject of this short record, who, though conscious of having derived advantage from the preaching of the Baptists, often said he never was fully satisfied until he heard the Methodists.

He was not the subject of strong conviction or alarming fears: truth did not break in upon his mind as a flood of overwhelming light, but gradually dawned and increased, discovering to him by degrees, the fallen state of his soul, and his want of a Saviour and of reconciliation with God through faith in him. For a time, however, he so far resisted conviction, and yielded to natural propensity, as to seek

happiness in worldly pleasure, chiefly that of fox-hunting, of which he became passionately fond, and for three years followed it eagerly. But finding that it was a way of spending time which would not bear reflection, and, that properly speaking, that is not pleasure which, on retrospect, produces remorse, he relinquished the vain toil, and soon found more than an equivalent in the satisfaction arising from peace with God and the testimony of a good conscience.

In 1770 he married, and removed from East Leak, Nottinghamshire, the place which gave him birth; to Hoton, the native place of Mrs. Angrave, who had, previous to that circumstance, invited the Methodists to preach in the village; but on account of opposition from family connections, could not entertain them till her union with Mr. Angrave. After which their house became a home to the Preachers.¹ The late Mr. John Nelson was amongst the list of those servants of God, whose brethren in succession have continued their labours in the place to the present period, and of late years have been accommodated, with a chapel.

In 1783, he was made a class-leader, and soon after began to give exhortations in religious meetings; but it was not till many years after this, that he ventured to take a text, or appear in a pulpit. ² In the above offices the writer of this article has had many opportunities of witnessing his fervour, simplicity, and faithfulness, which were ever accompanied with such an evident consciousness of his own weakness, as excluded the appearance of self-importance, and proved the language of his heart to be, I am only a weak instrument. His natural temper inclined him to quietness and privacy, and to warmth upon provocation, but through grace he was enabled to bear much and long, rather than to give or take offence. He was so free from the common evil of making the faults and defects of others a subject of conversation, that it gave him authority to check those who did so in his presence. And though in some cases he forbore giving verbal reproof, a sigh, and gentle but significant, look, evinced that disapprobation which was a powerful antidote to evil-speaking.

He particularly delighted in that part of the doctrine preached by the Methodists, which points out the full privilege of the believer, with respect to experiencing a salvation from all evil tempers and propensities, as well as the commission of actual transgressions. This he believed attainable, and sometimes would speak as follows: "How is it that so few amongst us seem clearly to understand or experimentally to enjoy this full salvation? This promise of the Holy Spirit, in his abiding sanctifying influence, this dying indeed unto all sin, and living unto righteousness in all its branches and degrees, by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." This subject, whenever adverted to, roused all his mental energy; and he spoke of it in terms which indicated an interest in and acquaintance with-it beyond mere theory. Blest with the enjoyment of every temporal good, and with the still greater blessing of a heart which knew how to set bounds to its desires in things of this nature, he passed through the decline of life in a tranquil and thankful state of mind. In his last affliction he was graciously preserved from temptation, and enjoyed that confidence in God which supported him in acute and trying pains of body. On

quoting that passage, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace, " he added, "I have that peace." At another time he said, "I have no foreboding fears: for me the Saviour lived; for me the Saviour died;" and with increasing energy he exclaimed, "He ever liveth to make intercession for transgressors." The day before he died, he lifted up his hand and said to one of his daughters, "Hannah, I have a hope full blooming with immortality." It is cause of regret to his friends, that a more particular account of him cannot be recorded; but he kept no diary, and as he reached the full age of man, few survive him who, from personal acquaintance, can delineate his character; his praise however is in the church. And he will, no doubt, be recognized in the family above, by many who were united to it before, and shall be after his admission. He died June 15, 1817, aged 75 years.

1 Previous to this time the Preachers had preached in the street, not having any particular place of entertainment.

2 Mr. A. continued to act as a Local Preacher till he was completely worn out; and though his talents were not of the splendid kind, his labours were very acceptable for many years in this neighbourhood; and I believe many were profited by them.
WILLIAM DALBY

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To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Darlington, August 30, 1817.

SHOULD you deem the following brief Memoir likely to profit your readers, its early insertion would gratify the friends of the deceased. -- He was a deeply pious, and truly consistent man.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir, yours, &c.
GREEN ATKINSON.

JAMES PAXTON was born, on the 4th of June, 1770, in the city of Edinburgh. His father died while he was yet an infant; and, upon his mother's second marriage, he was left to the care of a grandmother, whose narrow circumstances subjected him in his youth to many hardships and privations. From the time of his mother's departure with her husband to America, he saw her no more till after a lapse of about 27 years.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship to the business of a dyer, and when about 20 years of age, he was enlisted by an uncle into the army. His regiment was the celebrated and gallant 42d Highlanders. In this corps he was twice upon the continent, and was engaged in several actions, under the Duke of York and Earl Moira; and afterwards in the West Indies, under Abercrombie, where, at the taking of the Island of St. Vincent, his right leg was shot away by a cannon ball, whilst in

the act of forming the men of his company, in order to attack the enemy's third and last redoubt. Two years previous to this he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant.

At this time, it does not appear that he had any saving knowledge of Christ; but was living after the course of the present world, a stranger to the covenant of promise, and an alien from the commonwealth of Israel. The loss of his limb, however, which, to a young man of robust constitution, and in the full bloom and vigour of life, might have seemed an irreparable evil, proved in his case an unspeakable blessing; for, it is highly probable, that if this event had not taken place, he might have been, in some subsequent action, suddenly snatched away in his sins; -- very few of the brave men who then fought by his side, remaining to the present day. -- As this painful circumstance procured his discharge from the army, he was sent to England; and shortly after his recovery came to reside in Darlington, where his mother had for some time lived, and was now a member of the Methodist society. Whether his affliction had in some degree prepared his mind for a speedy reception of the truth, it is not now easy to determine; but certain it is, that he had not long resided with his pious mother, before he had enlisted himself under the banner of the Cross, and united heart and hand with the people of God. From the moment that he avouched the Lord for his God, his character became decidedly pious.

It appears that he was convinced of sin under the ministry of the late amiable William Stevens, (superintendent of the Stockton Circuit, which at that time comprehended Darlington,) and very soon afterwards was made a partaker of the justifying grace of God; -- but still feeling the depravity of his heart, and his consequent need of a larger measure of sanctification, he never rested until he had obtained this inestimable blessing. With this blessing, his evidence of justification, which was not before remarkably distinct, now became clear and abiding; so that he was never known to waver concerning it to the moment of his dissolution. Three different times, however, he lost the witness of his sanctification; but as often regained it; till, at length, he became rooted and grounded in love; and "as an iron pillar strong;" knowing and defeating the devices of Satan.

At an early period of his Christian course, it was his constant practice to rise at, or before, five o'clock in the morning, and to spend one hour at least with God, before he entered upon his temporal engagements. This practice, without doubt, tended much to establish him in the grace of God; as well as to prepare him for that extensive private usefulness in the church, for which his memory will ever be blessed.

It is well known, that our departed brother was A most consistent and zealous defender of the doctrine of perfect love, as believed and taught amongst the Methodists. On this theme he ever delighted to dwell; and seldom or never dwelt without ministering grace to the hearers. He was decidedly of opinion that this doctrine is the glory of Methodism; and that wherever it is preached in its purity and fullness, and with all the earnestness its importance demands, the word must

infallibly be accompanied by the Divine unction, and become the power of God unto salvation. As he himself had not rested short of, this blessing, so he earnestly endeavoured to stimulate all with whom he conversed, to press after it; and frequently dwelt in the most edifying manner on the willingness and ability of Christ, to accomplish this great work in the heart of every believer; always insisting upon it as a present and full salvation from sin. He was firmly persuaded that it is the glorious privilege of the meanest child of God, to bear His image; and to be sanctified wholly throughout, body, soul, and spirit. But he did not merely regard this as a privilege; he considered it also as the IMPERATIVE DUTY of ALL, believers to press after holiness of heart; because God has expressly commanded it; and that none can deliberately neglect this duty, but at the peril of their souls. To those who waited for more powerful convictions of inbred sin, and their need of purity, he used to say, "Act on the convictions you have." The members of his classes, and the whole circle of his friends, can never forget, how frequently, and with what earnestness he was wont to exhort them on this momentous subject; and the whole society might bear witness to the scriptural boldness, with which, in their love-feasts, he dwelt upon his enjoyment of it; -- but neither in his classes, nor in the love-feasts, will his voice be heard any more. The silence of death sits upon his lips, and nothing is now left to his friends but the remembrance of his gracious sayings, and the influence of his holy example.

The affliction which terminated in his death, was of nine week's continuance; but during the whole of this time, whilst his heart and flesh were failing, the comforts of God so flowed in upon his soul, that, as he himself remarked to a friend, the enemy was not once permitted to assault him. A few weeks after the commencement of his illness, whilst his family were one morning expecting his immediate departure, his soul became wholly absorbed in heavenly things: "God is love!" said he, "O what a foundation! whilst He lives I shall live -- shall run parallel with eternity. O the bliss and happiness of the saints; they shall be with Him through all eternity -- eternity! praise his name. With my nobler powers I'll praise his name. Glory be to God. His will be done. I must suffer with Him here. All shall be well at the last. I shall see Him to my comfort. I hope I shall be ready; nay, I have not a doubt of it. Glory be to God. He doeth all things well: what a Saviour! what a Saviour! Bless His precious name: to a sinner's ears, 'tis life, and health, and victory! all the sinners in the world may find mercy and be saved. His name was called Jesus for this very purpose. Precious name! the penitent sinner only requires one qualification -- a sense of his need -- his wretchedness -- his pollution. This is the character the Lord justifies. He justifies the ungodly -- sanctifies the unholy -- cleanseth from every stain, however filthy. He has cleansed me, and will cleanse all that come to Him, feeling their need, and without any goodness of their own; but trusting in, and believing the word of His power. He will sprinkle clean water. O, it is clean, and it maketh clean. Praise God; there is a strong Balm of Gilead in my Saviour -- it cures every malady sin hath made. Glory be to God. Repent and believe: -- this is the way for every sinner. All are invited; and all may come and find mercy; -- may find the pearl of great price; and O, it is valuable; -- it is valuable in life and health; but more so in sickness; and will be much more so in death. Glory be to God! -- O death! where is

thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is taken away. Glory! -- Glory! -- Precious Jesus! Precious name! It is like ointment poured forth." In this manner his full soul gave vent to its feelings, till nature was exhausted, and he could say no more.

For some days before his confinement, he felt the symptoms of his approaching illness; and the last time he met his Sunday morning's class, gave out that deep hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," &c. to the end; after which he prayed, and dismissed the class under the most extreme debility of body; being unable to rise from the seat on which he prayed. All the members of his class were deeply affected, and scarcely one could refrain from tears.

On Friday evening, the 10th instant, he called his family together, observing that he would speak to them as well as he was able. He then gave out, and sung with great animation the following lines:

"I want a heart to pray; to pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay; nor wish my sufferings less:
This blessing above all; always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on Thee to call, and never, never faint."

After this, he prayed in the most earnest manner, for those who surrounded his bed; for the sick and the dying; and generally for all who were in distressing circumstances.

A relative, who was with him the Saturday evening previous to his death, at his request read to him several select hymns; and particularly that which commences with,

"Love Divine, all loves excelling."

After he had read to the end, our departed brother wished him to sing the whole over; and himself endeavoured to join him whenever his strength permitted. Afterwards he repeated the last verse with such holy delight, and heavenly feeling, as his friend can never forget,

"Finish, then this new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise."

He continued in this heavenly frame until Monday morning, the 13th of January, 1817, when, about eight o'clock, he fell asleep in Jesus, in the 47th year of his age.

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06 -- AWFUL EFFECTS OF WAR

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.
"REV. SIR,

THE following Anecdote, related by Mr. Wesley, was published in the Westminster Journal, on Saturday, Feb. 25, 1775, from which Journal, now in my possession, I have copied it; and doubt not, if you will be pleased to insert it in your much esteemed Miscellany, that it will be acceptable to as many of your readers as admire what proceeded from the pen or lips of that great and venerable man. --
With great respect, I am, Rev. Sir, yours,
JAS. HANCOCK.

Upper-Street, Islington, Dec. 26, 1818.

"Last Sunday evening, the Rev. Mr. J. Wesley preached at the Foundry an awful sermon, on the horrid effects of a civil war. Mr. Wesley observed, that of all scourges from God -- war was the most to be deprecated, because it often swept away all traces of religion, and even of humanity. He then related the following matter of fact, which drew a tear from almost every eye: 'I conversed with an officer, who was of a remarkably mild disposition; he was three years in Germany during the last war, where he was sent by the general with a party of soldiers to get provisions wherever they could find any. They first arrived at a farm-house; the master of the family having been frequently plundered, had fled, and left his wife with the care of seven small children, and only one cow for their subsistence. The woman fell at the feet of the soldiers, imploring them with strong cries and tears, that they would spare the cow for the nourishment of her helpless offspring. The officer could not forbear weeping, and forced himself from her, as she clasped his knees, with every sign of frantic grief: nevertheless the soldiers carried away her cow. This officer afterwards told me, war had rendered his heart so hard, and his mind so ferocious, that he could have even broiled the woman and her seven children.' Mr. Wesley having concluded this affecting narrative, said, O my dear hearers, should the great God suffer the hellish rage of a civil war to be let loose in England, for our idleness, deceit, luxury, and oppression, perhaps the most humane person now in London, may be equally hardened in his heart. Mr. Wesley then charged the rich to abound in good works, to be ready to communicate, as they needed only open their eyes, to see the amazing distresses of the poor! Such distress as his eyes never before held. How long we may have food to eat, and raiment to put on, and a place where to put our heads, he who is the Creator and Redeemer of mankind only knows. He selected his text from Daniel iv. 27, 'Let my counsel be acceptable to thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine

iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity."

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07 -- OBITUARIES

On the 24th of January, died, at Deal, aged 53, Mr. JOHN BASDEN. Methodist preaching first commenced (in 1798), in Mr. Basden's house, where a large room was set apart for the worship of God, till the year 1806, when a chapel was erected, which was afterwards enlarged; and Deal, (the Society of which at first consisted of two members, Mr. Basden and his wife) is now become the head of a circuit. For many hours before his death, Mr. Basden had been insensible; but, a few moments before his departure, his reason returned. To a friend, entering the room, he held out his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh! brother C. let us go." "Where shall we go?" Mr. C. replied "To heaven?" With a faint smile he rejoined, "Yes! yes!" and expired immediately.

About nine months ago, Mr. Basden witnessed the peaceful end of a dutiful son, who died of a consumption, aged 21.

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08 -- RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

TRIAL FOR RIOT AND PERSECUTION.

At the Quarter Sessions for the county of Dorset, held at Blandford, on Thursday January 14, John Bullen, Joseph Pearce, Thomas Way, and Henry Harvey were tried for a riot and persecution. The prosecutor was Mr. W. Worth Wesleyan Methodist Minister, of Weymouth.

The interest excited by this case appeared in the excessively crowded state of the Court, during the trial, which lasted more than three hours. The case was opened by Mr. Williams. After a very well-expressed eulogium on the denomination of Christians interested in this trial, he stated, that his client was not actuated by any feelings of revenge; that, consistent with his character as a minister of the gospel of peace, he had no objection to come to an accommodation, on terms that were reasonable and honourable, and that would secure him, and the people connected with him, from the repetition of such outrages; and that this proposal originated not in him, but in the prosecutor.

Mr. Glyn, for the defendants, refused to accede to any terms of accommodation which would imply that they were guilty of the offence. Mr. W. replied, that the proposal had not been made from any consciousness of the weakness of their cause, as he should now proceed to convince the Court by the evidence that should

be laid before it. Henry Harvey, who was the least offender, and under 14 years of age (which was not known when the indictment was preferred) was discharged by desire of the prosecutor. The case was then proved by the undeviating testimony of six witnesses. From their evidence it appeared, that on Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1818, when the Rev. W. Worth and his friends were returning to Weymouth, from opening the New Chapel at Tolpuddle, such noise and tumult was made, that it was with great difficulty they were able to get into their carriages, or to proceed afterwards, the horses were so much frightened; that the gates across the road, which were hung in the morning, were unhung at night; that in consequence of this, and the bad state of the roads, they were nearly an hour going two miles, during which they were pelted with stones, dirt, &c.; that three persons were struck, and one of them severely bruised, the windows and a panel of the chaise were broken, and both the carriages covered with dirt. It appeared that Pearce and Bullen were near the carriages when they started, behaving very rudely; that Pearce, accompanied by Bullen, went to a number of boys playing in a field near the road, and said, "Now lads, run and give these Methodists a good pelting;" that they went before, and the boys followed; that Pearce threw a stone at the chaise, which went in at one window and out at the other; and that, in returning to Tolpuddle, he said to the boys "Run on before, for if we all go in together the people will think something. " It also appeared that Way ran after the carriages, and threw a stone, which broke the panel of the chaise. Mr. Glyn did not call any witnesses for the defendants, but rested his defence on the difference between the facts proved, and the offences charged in the indictment. He admitted that there had been considerable evidence that the defendants were parties in the riot, but contended that there was not any to prove that they incited others to assemble in order to this riot and outrage.

The Chairman repeatedly expressed his opinion, that all they were charged with in the indictment had been fully proved. And in his charge to the jury stated that persons might incite and instigate others to riot by actions as well as by words, as by running after a carriage, and throwing stones and dirt at it; that in his opinion the indictment was properly framed, though indeed the defendants might have been charged with the riot, as well as instigating others to riot. The Jury returned a verdict of guilty against all the three.

The Chairman then pointed out the heinous nature of their offence, remarked that this was the first time, within his recollection, that the Wesleyan Methodists had applied to that Court for protection from outrage and insult; and that it was necessary for him to pass such a sentence in the hearing of that very crowded court, in which, doubtless, were many that came to hear the issue of this trial, as might deter others from committing similar offences. He then sentenced them to pay a fine of £10 each, and to give security for their good behaviour for one year, each of them himself in £50, and in two sureties of £25 each, or one of £50, and to be committed till those fines were paid, and the securities given.

The prosecutor and his friends are happy to express their high sense of the ability with which their cause was conducted by their Solicitor, Mr. Arden, of Weymouth,

and their Counsel, Mr. Williams; and also their strong feeling of gratitude to all the Magistrates, and especially to the worthy Chairman, T. Pickard, Esq. for his impartial conduct; and they are persuaded all the Wesleyan Methodists will cordially unite in these expressions of gratitude.

The friends of Methodism and of religious liberty, in Weymouth and its vicinity, have come forward in this prosecution with great zeal and liberality. It is believed that the subscriptions and collections will be equal to the expense incurred.

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09 -- MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE

CEYLON.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Newstead to the Committee, dated Negombo, Oct. 30, 1817.

Being by the indulgent Providence of heaven conducted to the station to which the brethren have appointed me on this Island, -- with a pleasure, which I am at a loss to express, I sit down to state to you my individual circumstances and experience, taking it for granted that my brethren will each of them do the same, for being now widely separated, of course our similarity of circumstances will no longer exist. Upon my arrival at Ceylon, after a long and tedious, though safe and pleasant voyage, my first feelings were those of deep gratitude to God for preservation and support through many dangers, and a renewed determination to devote all my powers to his glory.

Finding that our brethren intended to hold a Conference in June, (although it was necessarily deferred a little longer), and that it would therefore be some little time before we could be stationed, I immediately applied myself to the study of the low Portuguese language, so generally understood all round the Island; and, it being particularly easy of acquirement, I was enabled, in about five or six weeks, to read a sermon in it in public, and soon after to translate one myself with the assistance of the junior Mr. Armour, to whom I am much indebted for teaching me the pronunciation, &c. I made my first effort in extempore preaching in this language this evening, and succeeded beyond my own expectation, with the Divine blessing. While at Galle I was living with our dear brother Erskine, who shewed me every kind attention. At the time of Conference I proceeded to Colombo, where I was much encouraged by witnessing the various exertions which were making for the salvation of the heathen, by translations, printing, schools, &c. &c. and as soon as I possibly could, after the close of the Conference, I gladly repaired to my station, anxiously wishing to be again fully engaged in the work of the Lord. It is one of the most pleasing recollections that occurs to me, to know that we live particularly in your spiritual affections and care, and that our spiritual progress lies very near the hearts of our dear fathers and brethren, though we are so far from them. It is

therefore with peculiar delight and satisfaction I inform you that, ever since I left my native land to the present moment, I have been highly favoured of the Lord in my spiritual experience, and increasingly blest with his smiles. Although conscious of innumerable failings, and a great incapacity for the proper discharge of the duties of my arduous and important work; yet -- He has mercifully borne with me under all my unfaithfulness, and supported me under every discouragement!

While passing over the mighty ocean, before we arrived at the Cape I was conscious of a deepening of the work of grace in my soul -- the traces of which will, I trust, never, be worn out, -- the effects of which I rejoice to feel at the present moment. My every opportunity of preaching the word, has been a season of refreshing, at least to my own soul, and under all the disadvantages of a strange language, interpreters, &c. I still feel it to be my meat and drink to "preach among the heathens the unsearchable riches of Christ;" and I trust it will be more so when I shall be enabled in their own tongue to declare to these people the wonderful works of God. I feel a full determination not to rest, by the grace of God, without the attainment of His perfect love, which I know and feel to be my gracious and exalted privilege. May Almighty God complete in me the glorious work which he has so mercifully begun, and so graciously carried on till now! With regard to the station to which I am appointed, I feel I have every reason to say with gratitude, "What shall I render unto the Lord?" On my first appointment to it, and before I had seen the place, I felt grateful to God for giving me the desire of my heart, first in sending me to a station where no Missionary had been before, and so, opening a wider field of labour and usefulness before me; -- and secondly, because it is a station more immediately among the natives, which I had from the first particularly wished. I am every way satisfied with it, feeling as I do, a happy persuasion that it is also the appointment of God; and though my experience is but very recent, yet, I trust I shall here be made useful. I have already seen so much of the directing hand of God, and felt so much of the guiding influences of his Holy Spirit in the various circumstances of my mission, recent as it is, that it leaves me no room to doubt but I am at once the subject of His gracious and providential government, and that he looks with merciful approbation upon my present situation and engagements; and this, I scarcely need inform my dear fathers and brethren, constitutes the very essence of that peaceful and solid satisfaction which I daily feel in the blessed service of my Redeemer. Perhaps a slight descriptive sketch of my station may not be unacceptable here. Negombo is the largest village in the island, and in its situation comprehends almost every thing that is pleasant, healthful and agreeable. It is exceedingly populous, and carries on a considerable trade with Colombo, (from which it is distant only 22 miles), in fish, coffee, salt, pepper, &c. It has a small fort, and a regular pettah, or outside town, a very large bazaar, or market, and a bridge which crosses a navigable river, communicating with one of the finest lakes in the island, if not in the world. Rice, tobacco, and cotton grow here in profusion. These things afford much employment to the inhabitants, and remove generally, that appearance of indolence and apathy so prevalent in this island, to which the warmth of the climate contributes, and the productiveness of the soil so much encourages. The streets of this place are all paved by nature, (i. e.) with grass,

having a footpath in the middle of them, which the naked feet of the natives do not much wear away. A range of green fences, enclosing the cocoa-nut, and plantain gardens between the houses, form the streets; and, in general, overarching and almost meeting at the top, they afford a refreshing shade of perpetual green; besides which the place is continually cooled by the breezes from the sea and the lake, which terminates the streets at either end. The rain falls in torrents here, at the change of the monsoon, and at those times storms of thunder and lightning are very frequent, and inconceivably loud and terrific. The house in which I live was intended by the gentleman who built it, for a bungalow or country residence. It is large, and with a few trifling alterations, affords very good temporary accommodation for our preaching, till the old church, of which we have a lease from the government, can be repaired. The moral and religious state of the place, is of course not very prosperous. There are, however, a number of Roman Catholic Christians, who have a large church and two ministers, but only a few of the more respectable inhabitants pay any real regard to their profession; the lower orders of the people, (of which there are multitudes of this persuasion,) are totally uninfluenced in general, by any of the moral restraints of their religion, much less of its spiritual.. The respectable Roman Catholics invariably attend our preaching, and appear to be both pleased and profited;.. but a great part of the population round make no profession, and are mere heathens. The sins of sabbath-breaking and drunkenness, particularly abound, and in general there is no scruple made of cheating, but what arises from the fear of detection or punishment. Other vices are, to those who can behold them, no doubt equally prevalent, from the dreadfully fruitful source of corrupt nature, when unrestrained by the chastening influences of the religion of Christ. The lamentable prospect would deaden the very energies of hope, and contract the sinews of exertion; were we not illuminated by the unfailing promise of an unchanging God, that, "the heathen shall be given to Jesus for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." It is this alone which gives the cheering prospect of eventual success, and animates the breath of prayer in every Christian, but especially in every missionary's heart, that our Divine Lord would

"Take (for he did the ransom find),
The purchased souls of all mankind."

Our chief prospects of success on this station, and I believe on the island in general, lies among the rising generation; and in the formation of schools, and their vigorous support, we are assuredly warranted in looking for the most beneficial results. Under the blessing of Heaven, I hope to have a kind of circuit of schools formed round this station, which will open a wide field even for the instruction of adults, since every school will be a preaching house, where regular school lectures will be delivered in that strain of plain illustration, and simplicity of language, which is as necessary in the teaching of adults here, as of children. To these places of instruction there will be a variety of obvious inducements for the people to come and hear the gospel, arising from relative affection, &c. independent of the grand object of saving their souls.

We have a very flourishing school of between 60 and 70 boys in Negombo; many of whom are very far advanced in the common elements of English education, and some of whom display abilities and parts, which would by no means disgrace a regular English school. This school was established some time previous to my appointment here, by our Colombo brethren, and is conducted by a young Cingalese man of respectability, named Perera, who now also acts as interpreter when I preach in the country. This school, in common with all, is visited weekly, and examined monthly in all its various departments. The children are then addressed familiarly on religious subjects, and prayed with, besides the regularly beginning and ending the school with singing and prayer every day. And could you see the class papers, hear their reading, and view their writing, you would, I am persuaded, be equally delighted with the regularity of the master, and the diligence of the scholars.

With respect to my labours and studies hitherto, I feel it at once my duty and my delight to give you every information. Since my arrival here I have preached regularly three times on the sabbath, and once in the week day. On Sunday morning at ten o'clock, the fort-bell rings for our English service, at which the magistrate and his lady generally attend, and about 20 or 30 other servants of government, &c. in the town, and some of the school boys. Immediately after this service I go to one of the native churches, of which there are three within three miles of the town, and preach through the interpreter to the Cingalese. After this service there are generally persons to marry, and children to baptize. In the evening about seven, I preach in Portuguese, when we always read the scriptures, and sing our hymns, translated into that language. At this service there is the largest congregation, who are always deeply attentive, and very regular. The Thursday evening preaching is also in Portuguese. On Monday evenings I have begun to meet a very small class, but small as it is, it is purely conformable to our established discipline, and is already owned of God. Two, at least, out of the five, can rejoice in a sin-pardoning God, and are seeking holiness of heart; a third, (the interpreter), is under deep conviction of sin; and the other two are truly seeking salvation; one of these is the late Buddhist priest, Benjamin, of whom our conference letter gives you intelligence.

This I account a great mercy; it refreshes my soul to behold the power of God already beginning to work, and I humbly expect it is but the commencement of a gracious increase.

Thus, very dear fathers and brethren, I have endeavoured to give you a faithful statement of all that concerns myself and my work on this island; and I shall feel it a privilege to continue to do so, as long as I am spared to labour here, I feel my self under the most sacred responsibility to you, to the church, and to the Lord of missionary exertions, and should consider it the worst kind of sacrilege to abuse the sacred trust you have reposed in me, in common with my brethren. As an individual, I shall, I hope, ever feel it my duty to act as under your immediate

inspection in all things; and as far as local circumstances will admit of it, act in strict conformity to the letter of your instruction to us when in London, in relation to our habits of personal piety, economy, discipline, &c. &c. When I remember the great kindness shewn to us by the Committee -- when I recall to mind the prayers and tears of our revered fathers and brethren, offered up on our behalf -- when I reflect on the sanguine expectations of the people of God from our exertions, and the efforts they are making for our support, I want no other motive to strengthen the sacred obligations I feel to be wholly and faithfully given to my great work, except that which rises above all the rest, my vast responsibility to the Lord of the vineyard. TO GOD, my everlasting friend, my unspeakably gracious Redeemer!

WEST INDIES.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Mortier to Mr. Morgan, dated George Town, Demerara, Nov. 2, 1818.

You recollect when at St. Vincent, my intended journey to Mahaica, about thirty miles from Town. Shortly after my return, I paid a visit to that village, in order "to preach to those gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Instead of meeting with that opposition which is too general against the cause of God, especially in places where people live like heathens, the principal part of the inhabitants welcomed me to the village, and seemed highly pleased to find that someone "cared for their souls," I immediately set a subscription on foot for a place of worship, the success of which evinced the truth and sincerity of what they had expressed with their tongues. Very soon we obtained different sums to the amount of 100L. sterling, and since that time, something more. At length a piece of ground was offered for 60L. sterling. I immediately drew a plan of a building, 35 by 25 feet, with two rooms above for a habitation; this, without shingling the sides, the builders would not erect under 850L. sterling; and could not get it up under ten months. I began to despond in my mind; indeed, it was a day of trouble to me, because I saw thousands in the village and its vicinity, living without hope, and without God in the world, wandering as sheep without a shepherd, no one else caring for their souls. Often had I passed by a commodious building in the village, which was not quite finished, and said to my wife, O that that house was for sale, what an excellent chapel it would make for us, and the situation the best in the whole neighbourhood. To my surprise, and exactly according to my wishes, in a few days I was informed the lady that occupied it wished to go to town, and offered the house for sale. I made a purchase of the house and ground for 9000 guilders, £50. sterling, half of which is paid, and the other to be paid next July. Now we have a pretty chapel thronged with whites, coloured, and Negroes. Six months have elapsed since I first went, the chapel I opened on the 12th of July, the first place for public worship that ever has been opened in Mahaica, since Demerara has been a colony.

I left it about five weeks ago, with 22 in society. Brother Thackrah is now there. Many painful hours have I experienced, during my feeble efforts, to establish the

cause of the Redeemer there. -- Yet I have also had some pleasing anticipations, and blessed be God they have been in some measure realized. When looking out of my window sometimes on a Sunday morning, and reflecting on the violation of the Sabbath, by the free people, in selling and buying on that day, and seeing that they were determined to continue to do it, notwithstanding I was continually preaching against it, and in private endeavouring to show the evil of it; yet my hopes have been revived in seeing many little groups of slaves, and free persons too, coming from the country in various directions, to the house of God; and just before I left, the village began to wear a pleasing aspect by half past ten on the Lord's Day; the inhabitants repairing to worship God, instead of going to assemble at a dance, as was a very usual thing with them in former times. Surely such a sight must be pleasing to them who wish for the salvation of sinners; though all things are not as we could wish them, yet it is a cheering thing to hear the people saying, "O how different is Mahaica since the Minister is come." The population of slaves about that quarter is immense, and I trust already the Lord has begun a work there, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against. Truly in Mahaica "The Church is coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on her beloved."

With regard to ourselves, we are well, in the midst of general sickness. Deme-rara has been like an aceldama this summer. Whites, coloured people, and Negroes, have been swept from the stage of life in dreadful succession; while myself, wife and colleague, have been tolerably well, though we have felt the extreme heat of the summer; such heat as has not for many years been experienced. It is still very hot, no rain, scarcity of water, so that the inhabitants are badly off. I did not mention above that we have lost two very excellent leaders, who died very happy.

We strongly recommend to the perusal of our readers, a little work, just published, entitled "The Conversion of the World, or the Claims of Six Hundred Millions of Heathens, and the Ability and Duty of the Churches respecting them." It is by Messrs, Hall and Newell, American Missionaries at Bombay. It is a spirited and stirring pamphlet, and equally adapted, by its energy and its calculations, to rouse the dormant, and to excite anew the zealous, to larger efforts for the salvation of the world. To some it may appear romantic, and this will ever be the aspect under which Missionary feeling and enterprise will present themselves to a great body of Christians, when displayed in the fulness of their range and activity, until the whole church shall become as essentially a Missionary Establishment, as in the primitive ages. The work may not be ultimately accomplished exactly in the method assumed in this publication; but it must be conducted in this manner through a considerable part of its progress. Many more agents must be employed by the church before the heathen world will be able to provide its own missionaries, and the recovered part of it be put in motion, to attempt the salvation of the remainder. Whatever may be thought of the details, the principles of this excellent fruit of Missionary ardour are the only ones which can make our religion triumphant, and conduct our benighted fellow men to the light and blessings of the Gospel. The following extract is at least sufficient to shame us out of apathy. After stating the whole number of Protestant Missionaries in the world to be 357, they proceed: --

"Six hundred millions of the human race, who want the gospel, and less than four hundred Missionaries to impart it to them! It is thus, O, ye disciples of Jesus, that you repay the debt of gratitude, which you owe to your Redeemer. He died for you and all mankind. He called you by his grace, delivered you from sin and hell, restored you to God, and inspired you with the blessed hope of everlasting life. Now he calls you to his service, and requires that, henceforth you should live, not to yourselves, but to him who loved you, and gave himself for you, and washed you from your sins in his own blood. He confers upon you the singular honour, the high privilege of going as heralds before him into all the world, to proclaim his approaching reign, and call the nations to repentance. And is it so, that among the millions that bear the Saviour's name, only three or four hundred can be found who are willing to accept of this service? It cannot be. There are, there must be, if the gospel is not a fable; if religion is not a dream, here must be thousands, in different parts of the Christian world, who are ready, whenever the churches shall call them forth, to embark for any part of the world, to spend their lives in preaching the gospel to the Heathen; who are ready and willing "to endure all things for the elect sake, that they also may obtain the salvation that is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory."

"Let the churches, then, consider the part that belongs to them in the business of evangelizing the world. It is their business to send forth preachers.

"If the church should at length come to the resolution, fully and immediately, to obey the Saviour's command, to teach all nations, what number of teachers must she send forth in order to accomplish the object?

"If we allow only one Christian Missionary to every twenty thousand souls throughout the evangelized parts of the world, the claims of the different quarters of the globe will be as follow:

Heathen population	Number of Missionaries required
ASIA	498,000,000
AFRICA	24,900,000
EUROPE	87,000,000
AMERICA	3,350,000
TOTAL	600,000
	30,000

"Thirty thousand Missionaries for the whole world. Thus it appears, that the number of Missionaries now in the field is, to the number required, but little more than one to one hundred. With how much propriety may we say, "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few!" and how much occasion is there for praying the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth more labourers into his harvest."

* * * * *

10 -- POETRY

THE SABBATH.

Extracted from a Poem by J. W. Cunningham,

A. M. Vicar of Harrow,

DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And by their sacred minstrelsy
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord;
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud ' Amen, '
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the simple melody,
Sung with the pomp of rustic art,
That holy heavenly harmony,
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall;
But on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends and dries them all.

Oft, when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours are the prophet's car of fire,
Which bears us to a Father's arms.

SIR, Leicester, 20th January, 1819.

SHOULD you deem the under-written Acrostics worthy to occupy a corner in the poetic department of your excellent Magazine, their early insertion will greatly oblige.

**Yours respectfully,
JOHN GREGSON.**

**Religion, Oh! thou cheering light of Heaven,
Emancipate this heart, and shew my sins forgiven;
Lend, lend thy wings, thou cherub of mankind,
Impart thy pinions to my heaven-bound mind:
Give me thy aid in nature's painful hour,
Into my breast thy healing comforts pour;
Oh fix thy residence within my soul,
Now by thy power my inbred foes control.
Stamp on my heart thy lovely Author's name,
And let my life shew forth thy matchless fame.
Lead me through storms while on this massy ball,
Loud then I'll shout in death, "Religion's all!"**

**Descend, Oh thou celestial Dove,
On wings of faith, reveal thy love;
I then shall prove by union sweet,
Love only makes the soul complete,
On its soft pinions shall I borne
View earthly things with holy scorn,
Escape thro' life, enlivened by its charms,
Glide safe thro' death, encircled in its arms.
Oh that this genuine mark might fall,
Dwell in my breast, and rule my all.**

To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.

Dear Sir,

THE following lines were written some years ago by a lady, on seeing the late Rev. John Wesley's picture. I believe I need not apologize for transmitting them to you, and requesting their insertion in your excellent Miscellany; as they contain such a description of his character, in so few words. I am, dear Sir, yours, with great respect,

**W. B. BROWNE.
Kettering.**

**Hail, brightest Orator our nation boasts!
Hail, veteran Soldier of the Lord of Hosts!
Hail, bright Resemblance! in whose nervous lines
The saint sublime, the finished Christian shines:**

Through whom appears to each discerning eye,
The depths of learning, wisdom, piety:
All graces, human and divine, are there,
Soft tempered by the pensive mourner's air:
Mild, heavenly meekness, to the world unknown,
Unto the loved disciple given alone:
A worth so singular since time began,
But one surpassed -- and he was more than man.

LINES,

Inscribed to the Working Society belonging to the City Road Chapel.

OFT has the female hand its art applied,
While love incitement ever new supplied;
Yes, Grecian wives, and mothers, ye could say,
How many hours of bliss have passed away,
While your fair fingers anxiously have wove,
The sacred pledges of connubial love,
Or the bright scarf with tear-bedewed eyes
Destined the victor-son's most glorious prize.
But 'twas not till the meek Immanuel came,
And seraphs sang below a Saviour's name,
That woman clothed the trembling, shivering form,
Chilled by sad nipping frosts and wintry storm,
And from her duties and delights retired,
To work for poverty; by love inspired.

Oh! thou, the bright forerunner of the train,
To thee all eulogy, all praise is vain;
Thou sharest now thy full reward above,
And angels place thee near the throne of love.
And ye who now her humble path pursue,
Still keep her pure example in your view,
And if the finger ever slack its speed,
Or the tired mind encouragement may need,
Think of that radiant morn, when round shall press
The sharers of your pious tenderness,
And though in rich, immortal robes, arrayed,
Yet will they point to those your hands have made.
Then, if a Saviour's love e'er warmed your breast,
Yours is a Sabbath of eternal rest;
Where every holy deed shall add a gem,
To your encircling, brilliant diadem.

To THE EDITOR.

The following lines are from the pen of a celebrated modern poet. Their insertion in your very valuable Miscellany, at a convenient opportunity, will oblige, dear Sir, your affectionate servant,

W. YOUNG.

Woolwich, June, 1818.

2 KINGS xix. 35.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
The host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

DEAR SIR,

HAVING accidentally met with the following simple lines, if they can be admitted to occupy a place in your useful Miscellany, their early insertion will much oblige,
Yours respectfully, G. HAIR.

South Shields, Jan. 1819.

EPITAPH ON A POLITE GENTLEMAN.

Stop, passenger, and lend an ear,
The man of compliments lies here,
Who gained the world's caresses:

Whose bright accomplishments we find,
Kept him from faults of vulgar kind,
And all their sad distresses.

But ah! the fickle state of man!
View now the finished gentleman,
Amazing alteration!
Behold him trampled under feet,
Whom crowds have bowed to in the street;
And viewed with admiration.

How came this mighty change to pass?
Stay, and I'll tell thee how it was,
And as thou hearest, take warning;
What chanced to him, may chance to thee,
For such disasters oft we see
O'er take the most discerning.

Death met him in a crowd one day,
Abruptly, and would not give way,
Nor pass, as poor and great went.'
'Well,' said the beau, 'I never met'
In all my life, I vow, as yet,
'With such uncivil treatment.

'If we must have an interview,'
You might have done as others do,
'Given previous intimation;'
Surely at least you might have sent,'
Some kind of card of compliment,
'By way of preparation.'

'I've sent you many cards,' said Death,
'With me 'tis vain to spend thy breath,
'I now must stop thy nonsense:'
Must I submit to ask thy leave,'
Who to my calls hast been so deaf,
'As to the voice of conscience?

'Thou man of compliments must die!'
So saying, Death his dart let fly,
And slew him unpolitely;
A period put to all his joys,
And here his breathless carcass lies,
That used to move so sprightly.

As to his spirit, where 'tis fled,
Perhaps you'll guess from what I've said,
'Tis doomed to black perdition;
Nay, but, my friend, I never meant
To tell thee where his spirit went,
Mind thou thine own condition.

EPITAPH.

(Designed for a Country Church Yard.)

"A Memor esto brevis aevi." Ovid.

Come, gentle stranger, turn aside,
Leave where thou art intrusive pride;
On me this favour pray bestow,
Approach and read these lines below.
You're born in sin, estranged from God,
And must be washed in Jesus' blood,
Must know on earth your sins forgiven,
If you expect to enter heaven.
To this brief lecture pray attend,
That's all -- pass on, obedient friend.

* * * * *

THE END