

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. SWARTZ, THE FAMOUS DANISH
MISSIONARY.

(Taken from the Annual Accounts of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. 1801.)

“ FROM the beginning of January, to the middle of October, 1797, he pursued his labours in his ministerial office, and in his studies, with great fervour, under all the disadvantages of his advanced age. He preached every Sunday in the English and Tamulian languages by turns, and on Wednesdays he preached a lecture in the Portugueze language, for the space of several weeks, and afterwards in the German language to the privates, who had been made prisoners on the Island of Ceylon, and having taken to the service were incorporated in his Majesty’s 51st Regiment, stationed in this place.

“ He made likewise a journey to Trichinapally, and several times visited Vellam, (a town six miles from Tanjore), in order to preach the Word of God to some companies of the 51st Regiment, stationed at that place, and to invite the heathens to accept the blessings of the Gospel.

“ During the course of the week he explained the New Testament in his usual order at morning and evening prayers, which was begun and concluded by singing some verses of an hymn, and he dedicated an hour every day for instructing the Malabar school-children in the doctrines of Christianity. He was very solicitous for their improvement in knowledge and piety, and particularly for those whom he had chosen and was training up for the service of the church, for whose benefit he wrote, during the latter part of his life, an explanation of the principal doctrines of Christianity, an abridgment of Bishop Newton’s Exposition of the Revelation, and some other books.

“ Though his strength and vigour was greatly impaired, yet his love to his flock constrained him to deny a great deal of that ease and repose which his great age required, and to exert all his remaining strength for their improvement in true religion. He took a particular delight in visiting the members of his congregation, with whom he
conversed

conversed freely upon the subjects relating to their eternal interest. He told them plainly whatever was blameable in their conduct, and animated them, by every powerful argument, to walk worthy of their Christian profession. It was a most pleasing sight to see the little children flock to him with such joy, as children feel on meeting their beloved parent after some absence, and to observe his engaging and delightful method to lead them to the knowledge of God, and of their duty.

“ He heard almost every day the accounts delivered by the catechists, of their conversation with Christians, Papists and Heathens, and the effects produced by it, and embraced every opportunity of giving them directions for a wise and faithful discharge of their office.

“ His strength was visibly on the decline during the last year of his life, and he frequently spoke of his departure, to which he looked forward with joy and delight. The commencement of his illness, which happened on the 17th of October, 1797, consisted only of a cold and hoarseness occasioned by a check of perspiration. Dr. Kennedy, who was a particular friend of the Rev. Mr. Swartz, gave him an emetic to remove the phlegm which was collected in his chest; but he received no benefit from it, for after taking the emetic, he was afflicted with vomiting four or five times every day, so as to be almost suffocated by it, and which lasted till the 27th of November following. It was very afflicting to see the sufferings of our venerable father* and every remedy rendered fruitless which was tried by that humane and excellent man the late Dr. Stuart, who acted for Dr. Kennedy during his absence, and who was very attentive to Mr. Swartz during his illness. My affliction would have proved insupportable if a merciful God had not strengthened and comforted me through the unexpected arrival of the Rev. Mr. Jænicke, on the 4th of November, 1797.

“ Under all his severe sufferings, he never uttered a single expression of impatience—his mind was always calm and serene. Once, when he suffered very severely, he said, “ If it be the will of the Lord to take me to himself, his will be done.—May his name be praised !”

“ Although his strength was quite exhausted, and his body extremely emaciated through the frequent vomit-

* This account was written by the Rev. Mr. Rolhoff, at Tanjore.

ings, yet under all this calamity, he desired that the school-children, and others who usually attended the evening-prayers, should assemble in his parlour, where, after singing, he expounded a portion of the Holy Scriptures, in a very affecting manner, and concluded it with his fervent and importunate prayers. It was always his custom to hear the English school-children read to him a few chapters out of the Bible after evening-prayer, and to hear them sing some of Dr. Watts's hymns. During his illness, he seemed particularly pleased with that excellent hymn, which begins with the following words :

- “ Far from my thoughts vain world be gone,
- “ Let my religious hours alone ;
- “ Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see,
- “ I wait a visit, Lord, from thee !”

He called it his beloved song, and desired the children to sing it frequently to him.

“ He earnestly exhorted and entreated the Heathens, who visited him in his illness, to forsake their idolatry, and to consider betimes the things which belonged to their peace. When one of them began relating that wonderful things occurred in the town, our venerable father answered, “ The most wonderful thing is, that after hearing so often the doctrines of Christianity, and being convinced of the truth of it, you are notwithstanding backward to embrace and obey it.” In conversing with another Heathen of consequence, he expressed his great regret at leaving him in his idolatry, when he was entering into eternity ; and added the following words . “ I have often exhorted and warned you, but you have hitherto disregarded it : you esteem and honour the creature more than the Creator.”

“ On the 23d of November, he was visited by Serfogee, the present Rajah, then presumptive heir of the kingdom of Tanjore, and to whom the Rev. Mr. Swartz was appointed guardian by the late Tulja Maha Rajah. On being informed that Serfogee Rajah wished to see him, he let him know that he should come immediately, as he doubted whether he would survive till the next day. On his arrival, he received him very affectionately, and then delivered to him his dying charge, which, though pronounced in broken language, the Rajah seemed to be
deeply

deeply affected by it. The tenor of the speech was as follows :

“ After God has called me hence, I request you will be careful not to indulge a fondness for pomp and grandeur. You are convinced that my endeavours to serve you have been disinterested ; what I now request of you is, that you would be kind to the Christians :—If they behave ill, let them be punished ; but if they do well, shew yourself to them as their father and protector.

“ As the due administration of justice is indispensably necessary for the prosperity and happiness of every state, I request you will establish regular courts, and be careful that impartial justice be administered.—I heartily wish you would renounce your idolatry, and serve and honour the only true God. May he be merciful, and enable you to do it !”

“ Our venerable father then enquired whether he sometimes perused the Bible ? and concluded with very affecting exhortations to be mindful of the concerns of his immortal soul.

“ The resident, Mr. Macleod, who had been on a visit to Trichinapally for some weeks, hearing, on his arrival, the ill state of Mr. Swartz’s health, had the kindness to send for Dr. Street, from Trichinapally. The Doctor arrived here on the first of December, and after consulting with Dr. Stuart, he recommended the tincture of steel to be taken with an infusion of bark, which, by the blessing of God, put a stop to the vomiting, with which he had been afflicted since the 17th of October.

“ On the 3d of December, the first Sunday in Advent, very early in the morning, he sent for the Rev. Mr. Jænicke and myself, and desired the Lord’s Supper to be administered to him, which was accordingly done by the Rev. Mr. Jænicke.

“ Before he received the Lord’s Supper, he put up a long and affecting prayer. To hear this eminent servant of Christ, who had faithfully served his Redeemer very near half a century, disclaiming all merit of his own, humbling himself before the footstool of the divine Majesty as the chief of sinners, and grounding all his hopes of mercy and salvation on the unmerited grace of God, and the meritorious sacrifice of his beloved Saviour, was a great lesson of humility to us.

“ Our

“ Our joy was great on his recovery, but alas ! it was soon changed into sorrow when we observed that the severe attacks of his illness had in a great degree affected the powers of his mind, and which he did not perfectly get the better of till his last illness, a few days before his departure out of life, notwithstanding all the remedies which were tried. It was however surprising to us, that though his thoughts seemed to be incoherent when he spoke of worldly subjects, yet they were quite connected when he prayed or discoursed about divine things.

“ After his recovery he frequently wished, according to his old custom, that the school-children, and christians, should assemble in his parlour for evening prayer, with which we complied in order to please him, though we were concerned to observe that these exertions were too much for his feeble frame.

“ The happy talent which he possessed of making almost every conversation instructive and edifying, did not forsake him even under his weak and depressed state. One morning when his friend Dr. Kennedy visited him (after his return) the conversation turning upon Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, which was one of Mr. Swartz's favourite books, he observed to the doctor, that those weighty truths contained in it, were not intended that we should abandon society, renounce our business, and retire into a corner, but to convince us of the emptiness of the honors, the riches and pleasures of this world, and to engage us to fix our hearts there where true treasures are to be found. He then spoke with peculiar warmth on the folly of minding the things of this world as our chief good, and the wisdom and happiness of thinking on our eternal concerns.

“ It was highly pleasing to hear the part which he took in his conversation with the Rev. Mr. Pohle, who visited him a little after his recovery, and which generally turned on the many benefits and consolations purchased to believers through Christ. He was transported with joy when he spoke on those subjects, and I hope I may with truth call it a foretaste of that joy which he is now experiencing in the presence of his Redeemer, and in the society of the blessed.

“ On the 2d of February last year, our venerable father had the satisfaction of seeing the Rev. Mr. Gerické, Mr. Holbertz

Holtzberg, and his family. Little did we think that the performance of the last offices for him would prove a part of the duty of our worthy senior, the Rev. Mr. Gerické; and I bless and praise God for leading his faithful servant to us, at that very time, when we were most in need of his assistance and comfort.

“ On the second or third day after the Rev. Mr. Gerické’s arrival, Mr. Swartz complained of a little pain in his right foot, occasioned by an inflammation; to remove which repeated fomentations were applied; but a few days after we observed, to our inexpressible grief, the approach of a mortification. Dr. Kennedy tried every remedy to remove it, and would perhaps have effected the cure, if his frame had been able to support what he suffered. He was an example of patience under all these calamities. He did not speak, during the whole of his illness, one single word of impatience.

“ The last week of his life he was obliged to lie on his cot the greatest part of the day, and as he was of a robust constitution, it required great labour and exertion to remove him to a chair, when he would sit up. These exertions contributed to weaken him more and more.

“ During his last illness the Rev. Mr. Gerické visited him frequently, and spent much of his time with him in conversing on the precious promises of God through Christ, in singing awakening hymns, and in offering his fervent prayers to God to comfort and strengthen his aged servant under his severe sufferings, to continue and increase his divine blessing upon his labours for the propagation of the gospel, and to bless all the pious endeavours of the Society, and all those institutions established in this country for the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ.

“ He rehearsed with peculiar emphasis (whilst we were singing) particular parts of the hymns expressing the believer’s assurance of faith, and of the great love of God in Christ. His fervour was visible to every one present, whilst Mr. Gerické was praying; and by his loud amen he shewed his ardent desire for the accomplishment of our united petitions.

“ A few days before he entered into the joy of his Lord, the Rev. Mr. Gerické asked him whether he had any thing to say to the Brethren? His answer was, “ Tell them

them that it is my request that they should make the faithful discharge of their office their chief care and concern."

"A day or two before his departure, when he was visited by the doctor, he said, "Doctor, in heaven there will be no pain:"—"Very true," replied the doctor, "but we must keep you here as long as we can." He paused a few moments, and then addressed the doctor with those words, "O! dear doctor, let us take care that we may not be missing there." These words were delivered with such an affectionate tone of voice, that made a deep impression on the doctor, and on every one present.

"On Wednesday, the 13th of February, 1798, which closed the melancholy scene, we observed with deep concern, the approach of his dissolution. The Rev. Messrs. Gerické, Jænicke, Holtzberg, and myself, were much with him in the morning, and in the afternoon we sung several excellent hymns, and offered up our prayers and praises to God, in which he joined us with fervour and delight. After we had retired he prayed silently, and at one time, he uttered the following words: "O Lord, hitherto thou hast preserved me; hitherto thou hast brought me; and hast bestowed innumerable benefits upon me. Do what is pleasing in thy sight. I deliver my spirit into thy hands, cleanse and adorn it with the righteousness of my Redeemer, and receive me into the arms of thy love and mercy."—About two hours after we had retired, he sent for me, and looking upon me with a friendly countenance, he imparted his last paternal blessing in those precious words:—"I wish you many comforts."—On offering him some drink, he wished to be placed on a chair; but as soon as he was raised upon the cot, he bowed his head, and without a groan or struggle, he shut his eyes, and died between four and five in the afternoon, in the seventy-second year of his age.

"Though our minds were deeply afflicted at the loss of our beloved father, yet the consideration of his most edifying conduct during his illness, his incredible patience under his severe pains, his triumphant death, and the evident traces of sweetness and composure which was left on his countenance, prevented the vent of our sorrows for the present, and animated us to praise God for his great mercies bestowed on us through his faithful servant, and to
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intreat him to enable us to follow his blessed example, that our last end might be like his.

“ His remains were committed to the earth on the 14th of February, about five in the afternoon, in the chapel out of the fort, erected by him near his habitation, in the garden given to him by the late Tulja Maha Rajah.

“ His funeral was a most awful and very affecting sight. It was delayed a little longer above the limited time, as Serfogee Rajah wished once more to have a look at him. The affliction which he suffered at the loss of the best of his friends, was very affecting. He shed a flood of tears over the body, and covered it with a gold cloth. We intended to sing a funeral hymn, whilst the body was conveyed to the chapel; but we were prevented from it by the bitter cries and lamentations of the multitudes of poor who had crowded into the garden, and which pierced through our souls. We were of course obliged to defer it till our arrival at the chapel.

“ The burial-service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Gerické, in the presence of the Rajah, the Resident, and most of the gentlemen who resided in the place, and a great number of native Christians full of regret for the loss of so excellent a minister, the best of men, and a most worthy member of society. O may a merciful God grant, that all those who are appointed to preach the Gospel to the heathen world, may follow the example of this venerable servant of Christ: and may he send many such faithful labourers, to answer the pious intention and endeavours of the honourable Society, for the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ! May he mercifully grant it, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen!”

The Futility of an Argument against the Mosaic Chronology.

MR. BRYDONE, in his Travels through Sicily and Malta, writes thus concerning the neighbourhood of Etna—“ Near to a vault, which is now thirty feet below ground, and has probably been a burial place, there is a draw-well, where are several strata of lavas, with earth to a considerable thickness over the surface of each stratum. Recupero has made use of this as an argument to prove the great antiquity

antiquity of the eruptions of the mountain. For if it requires 2000 years, or upwards, to form but a scanty soil on the surface of a lava" (a calculation framed, it seems, from the eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Herculaneum), "there must have been more than that space of time betwixt each of the eruptions which have formed these strata. But what shall we say of a pit they sunk near to Jaci of a great depth? They pierced through seven distinct lavas, one under the other; the surfaces of which were parallel, and most of them covered with a thick bed of rich earth. Now, says he, the eruption which formed the lowest of these lavas, if we may be allowed to reason from analogy, must have flowed from the mountain at least 14,000 years ago. Recupero tells me he is exceedingly embarrassed by these discoveries in writing the history of the mountain; that Moses hangs like a dead weight upon him, and blunts all his zeal for enquiry: for that really he has not the conscience to make his mountain so young as that prophet makes the world. What do you think of these sentiments from a Roman Catholic Divine? The bishop, who is strenuously orthodox (for it is an excellent see), has already warned him to be upon his guard, and not to pretend to be a better natural historian than Moses; nor to presume to urge any thing that may in the smallest degree be deemed contradictory to his sacred authority." Vol. I. p. 140, 142. To this argument a satisfactory answer has been given; that different lavas may be mouldered into soil by the action of the air, within very different periods, proportioned to the hardness of the lava; and that those supposed beds of rich earth are nearly, or altogether beds of ashes, which might immediately succeed the lava, and be almost immediately fit for cultivation; and that it is possible that several alternate strata of lava and ashes might be formed even during the same eruption. The material parts of this answer are confirmed by the observations of Swinburne (Travels in the two Sicilies, 2d edit. vol. iv. p. 141), who incidentally says, that the smaller mountains, thrown up by eruptions on the flanks of Etna, are soon covered with wood and planted with vines; and that, while a lava which flowed in 1669 had not yet a blade of grass or a fibre of moss on its surface, another, which had flowed only 20 years ago was already in many places covered with lichens. The Sicilian bishop then seems to have had better reasons for his orthodoxy than the excellence of his see. But there is a *decisive* witness against Mr. Brydone; it is Mr. Brydone himself. Speaking of the country near Hybla (vol. i. p. 172, 173), he gives the following recital:—"It was so celebrated for its fertility, and particularly for its honey, that it was called Mel Passi, till it was overwhelmed by the lava of Etna; and,

and, having then become totally barren, by a kind of pun, its name was changed to Mal Passi. In a second eruption, by a shower of ashes from the mountain, it soon resumed its ancient beauty and fertility, and for many years was called Bel Passi. Last of all, in 1669, it was again laid under an ocean of fire, and reduced to the most wretched sterility; since which time, it is known again by its second appellation of Mal Passi. — However, the lava, in its course over this beautiful country, has left several little islands or hillocks just enough to shew what it formerly was. These make a singular appearance; in all the bloom of luxuriant vegetation, surrounded and rendered almost inaccessible by large fields of black and rugged lava.”—“The first eruption which destroyed the country of Mel Passi is of very old date. It destroyed particularly two noble churches, regretted much on account of three statues in them which were reckoned the most perfect in the island; they have been searched for in vain—p. 174. There cannot be a more complete demolition of the calculations of *Recupero* than that which Mr. *Brydone* furnishes unawares.

THE CONFESSION OF J. J. ROUSSEAU,

THE FREETHINKER.

[From his Letter to the Archbishop of Paris, Eng. Lon. 1763.
12mo. p. 63.]

“ I Will confess to you, that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our Philosophers with all their pomp of diction: how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scripture! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners? What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery? What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtilty, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the Philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato described the imagery good man loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ: the resemblance was so striking, that all the Fathers perceived it.

“ What

“ What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary? What an infinite disproportion there is between them? Socrates dying without pain, or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say therefore what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country before Socrates declared Patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people before Socrates recommended Sobriety; before he had even defined Virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example. The greatest wisdom was made known amidst the most bigotted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the vilest people on earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophising with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for: that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonising pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed indeed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a Sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God. Shall we suppose the Evangelic History a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which no body presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without obviating it: it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the Inventor would be a more astounding character than the Hero.”

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

ON DECEMBER.

MAJESTIC o'er the plains December bends,
 In flaky heaps, o'er hills and dales descends ;
 With icicles his hoary head is bound,
 The tempest shrieks, the cold winds bellow round :
 Darkness supreme in gloomy triumph reigns ;
 From time revolving, added subjects gains ;
 Wide o'er *our* world his sable mantle spread,
 The sunny hours and breezy gales are fled.
 Yet howe'er replete with *partial* wrongs,
 Still to December ceaseless praise belongs :
 Period august ! thy star-gemm'd records give
 That sacred truth which bids the mourner live ;
 On thy broad disk the splendid beam impress'd,
 Where unborn nations are supremely blest'd,
 Produced in thy train th' expected morn,
 On which a liberating God * was born :
 The general weal all potent to secure,
 To pay the forfeit and our woes endure :
 While hallelujahs should ascend the skies,
 Pæans high wrought from every tongue arise.

White bosom'd month, glad hearts thy footsteps hail,
 Sweeter thy carols than the vernal gale :
 With thee the renovating work began,
 That immortality bequeaths to man ;
 Surpris'd, he glances o'er the vast profound,
 And marks, rejoicing, thy eventful round :
 So, on the vestments of the long dark night,
 The day-star dawns, blest harbinger of light ;
 While the lorn wand'rer, erst of hope beguil'd,
 Dragg'd doubtful on through many a dreary wild,
 Shapes to the opening gleam the matin song,
 And once more mingles with the cheerful throng.

DECEMBER!—it is true thou hast been fruitful to me of misfortunes ; many a time hast thou lacerated my bosom, by ravishing from me my dearest enjoyments. Thou hast stabbed me in the tenderest part, and thy broadly wild and congealing eye hath seem'd to glut itself with my tears ; into thy frozen ear it is in vain that I have poured my sorrows ; harder than adamant, thou seemest to arrest the stream of pity, and thou regardest my lamentations with stern and unrelenting severity. Thy storms have been as a whirlwind to my soul ; and thy tempests, up-rooting my peace, have well near whelmed, beneath the barren heaths of despair, my every hope.

* The mistake concerning the time of Christ's birth is accounted for, and corrected in a following paper.—*Editor.*

Fell Despoiler I have called thee—for thy hoary visage hath still for me been marked with terror. But hark! what sweet voice is that which issues from yonder Angel of Peace?—It sooths my spirit by the most consolatory assurances—reason and religion it combines—with the Shepherd of Israel the commission originates—and, with bland and gentle pity, deep in my bosom it implants immortal Hope.

December—blest era!—thou art the natal month of the *Saviour of the world*. Let thy winds convey my individual sufferings to that oblivion to which the Redeemer hath, eventually, consigned the woes of the exonerated children of men.

To the private considerations of corroding sorrow, let me no longer listen. Let me gird up the loins of my mind, and look forward to that blissful consummation, the dawning of which was presented in thy administration.

Hail! returning period—white-garbed month! Thou shalt ever be right welcome to my devoted bosom. Every moment which constitutes thy admeasurement, should be consecrated as sacred to the most refined enjoyments of the soul.—Henceforth, waving my accumulated griefs, I will love thy flaky footsteps; I will anticipate their approach, and my spirit shall solace itself, by a confiding view of the accomplishment of that arrangement which was designated in thy apportioned round.

December—blest period!—most illustrious in the order of time!—thou containest the natal day of the Son of God, and thy broad encircling eye extendeth from the man of paradise to that infant who shall latest swell the sigh of humanity.

Yes, I will love thy flaky footsteps; darkness cannot overshadow thee; thy shades but serve to render the brightening splendors of thy course the more conspicuous. *The natal day of the Son of God!*—what records have engraven so stupendous, so salutary, so momentous a truth! Thy hours register his birth—the birth of the Prince of Peace. During thy progress the Virgin brought forth her *first-born son*; and renovated nature smiled ecstatic. Healing breezes chase the chills of winter, and celestial spirits cluster round the haunts of men.

Soft as the vernal shower his doctrine distilled—and the plant of perfection attained maturity. From the storm he is a Hiding Place; and the burning eye of Divine Justice can never pierce that invulnerable envelopement by which he hath encompassed the sons and daughters of men. Sickness fleeth before him, and imbecility dwelleth not with him. Evil shall be exterminated from his dominion; rectitude shall administer unto him; peace shall erect an immortal standard, and

innocence, adorned with chaplets of equity, shall be the gift of the Most High.

The deaf shall hear his voice; the blind shall behold his day, rejoicing: the lame shall speed before him; the dead, even the dead, shall hear the voice of the Son of God—and *they who hear shall live!*

Blest thought!—*the dead shall again be raised*—and the hour approacheth, when, in mingling with departed saints, we shall rejoin that privileged and beloved circle, over whose open graves we have poured the comfortless, unavailing, and corroding stream of sorrow. But from every eye, every tear shall be wiped away.

Such will be, *such are* the effects of his sway, who first breathed in mortality during the division of hours, which make up thy allotment. Hail, first of months! when I forget thy distinguished auspices, may I be dead to the voice of the charmer. When I cease to mark with gratulations thy annual return, may the blest sounds uttered by the tongue of our holy, sacred, and animating religion, no more vibrate upon my heavy ear.

Evangelic month!—again I repeat it—surely I will love thy days, O December! and the event produced under thy domain shall ever be right precious to my soul!

ON THE TIME OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

AS to the vulgar opinion, that the birth of Christ was on the twenty-fifth of December, there is not only no good reason for it, but the contrary.

It is certain, this day was not fixed upon in the Christian church, as the day of our Saviour's nativity till after the time of Constantine, in the fourth century; and then it was upon a mistaken supposition, that Zacharias, the father of John the baptist, was the high priest, and that the day when he burnt incense upon the altar in the temple, while the people were waiting without, was the day of expiation, or the tenth of the month Tisri, which fell out that year about the middle of September. As soon as Zacharias had fulfilled the days of his ministrations, John the baptist was conceived, that is, towards the end of September. Our Saviour was conceived six months after, that is, towards the end of March, and consequently his birth must fall out towards the end of December. This is the ground upon which the feast of our Saviour's nativity was fixed to the 25th of December.* However, that it is erroneous is

* Spanhem. Hist. Eccles. Secul. i. Sect. ii. de Nativitate. § iii. p. 523. 524. et Secul. iv. Sect. iv. de Ritibus, p. 855. edit. Lugd. Bat. 1701.

very evident; for Zacharias was not in the Holy of Holies, into which the High Priest only entered, when the angel appeared unto him; but by the altar of incense, which stood in the Sanctuary without the Veil (a). At which altar the common priest performed their daily ministry. Neither was Zacharias the high priest; for we are told, that "he was of the course of Abia," and that his lot "was to burn incense (b)." Whereas the high priest was of no course at all, neither did burning incense in the most holy place fall to him by lot, but was part of his proper and peculiar office. Accordingly there is no reason to conclude, that the day when the angel appeared to Zacharias was the day of expiation, which is the foundation of the common opinion concerning the time of the birth of Christ. I add further, that not only is the vulgar opinion of the season of his nativity destitute of any just ground, but there are good and valid arguments against it.—For instance, there was a decree from Cæsar Augustus, issued and executed at this season, that all persons, women as well as men, should repair to their respective cities to be taxed, or enrolled. This occasioned the Virgin Mary to come Bethlehem at that time; where she was delivered. But surely this decree was not executed in the middle of winter, which was a very severe season in that country, and highly inconvenient for travelling, especially for such multitudes, and in particular for women in Mary's condition; as may be inferred from what our Saviour saith in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, concerning the difficulties to which his disciples should be exposed, if their flight, previous to the siege and destruction of Jerusalem, should happen in winter (c).

Again, at the time when Christ was born, there were shepherds abroad in the fields by night watching their flocks. This, as observed by Dr. Gill and others, was certainly a very unseasonable service for the winter in Judea; if we may judge of the weather in that country, and at that season, by the Psalmist's description—"He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes; he casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold" (d)? Upon the whole, there is great probability that Christ was not born in December. But, though we do not pretend to be certain of the real time when he was born, there are, however, several reasons to incline us to believe it was at the feast of tabernacles. Again, Dr. Lightfoot has offered several arguments, to prove that Christ was baptized at the time of the feast of tabernacles. But when he was baptized he was entering on his thirtieth year (e); consequently this was the same time of the year in which he was born,

(a) Luke i. 11. (b) Luke i. 5. 9. (c) Matt. xxiv. 20. (d) Ps. cxlviii. 16. 17. (e) Luke iii. 23.

P O E T R Y.

TO THE REV. MR. * * *
AND HIS BRIDE,
On their Marriage.

ACCCEPT, on this propitious
day,
The tribute which I gladly pay,
The debt of Christian love:
May smiling peace your steps at-
tend
As in the paths of truth you tend
To brighter realms above.
The Saviour at a marriage feast
Did once vouchsafe to be a guest,
And prov'd his power divine:
The blushing water, as it flow'd,
In copious streams, confess'd the
God
Who turn'd it into wine.

Though from this sinful world
he's gone,
He pleads for us before the throne,
Till we in Heaven appear;
Still in our joys he bears a part,
Our sorrows touch his tender heart
For he is ever near.
Each others burdens may you bear,
And soften ev'ry rising care,
Till call'd from earth away:
Then, having walk'd with God
below,
To Jesus' blefsful presence go,
And live in endless days.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

ANOTHER year has roll'd
away
Its months and days and hours,
And still we dwell in mortal clay,
Still Heaven its bounty show'rs.
But, oh! how languid and how
small
Were our returns of praise!
How many sins for sorrow call!
How fruitless were our days!

All our iniquities forgive,
Thou God of boundless grace;
And for thy benefits receive
The tribute of our praise!
Nor pard'ning love vouchsafe
alone,
But purify the heart:
There, there erect thy lasting
throne,
And every grace impart.
Then through this year new life
supply,
Or stop this fleeting breath;
That we may live to God, or die,
And welcome life or death.

ON LIFE.

SAY, is there aught that can
convey
An image of its transient stay?—
'Tis an Hands-breadth; 'tis a Tale;
'Tis a Vessel under Sail;
'Tis a Courier's Straining Steed;
'Tis a Shuttle in its Speed;
'Tis an Eagle in its Way
Darting down upon its Prey;
'Tis an Arrow in its Flight,
Mocking the pursuing Sight;
'Tis a Vapour in the Air;
'Tis a Whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-lived fading Flow'r;
'Tis a Rainbow on a Shower;
'Tis a momentary Ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a Torrent's rapid Stream;
'Tis a Shadow; 'tis a Dream;
'Tis the closing Watch of Night
Dying at the rising Light;
'Tis a Landscape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling Clay;
'Tis a Lamp that wastes its Fires;
'Tis a Smoke that quick expires;
'Tis a Bubble; 'tis a sigh.—
Be prepar'd, O Man, to die!

ON ETERNITY.

WHAT is Eternity? Can aught
 Paint its duration to the thought?
 Tell every beam the sun emits,
 When in sublimest noon he sits;
 Tell ev'ry light-wing'd mote that strays
 Within its ample round of rays;
 Tell all the leaves, and all the buds,
 That crown the gardens and the woods;
 Tell all the spires of grafs the meads
 Produce, when *Spring* propitious leads
 The new-born year; tell all the drops
 The night upon their bended tops
 Sheds in soft silence to display
 Their beauties with the rising day;
 Tell all the sands the ocean laves,
 Tell all its changes, all its waves,
 Or tell, with more laborious pains,
 The drops its mighty mass contains.
 Be this astonishing account
 Augmented with the full amount
 Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
 Where'er their watry fleeces spread
 Thro' all *time's* long-protracted tour,
 From *Adam* to the present hour,
 Still short the sum; nor can it vie
 With the more num'rous years that lie
 Imbosom'd in *Eternity*.

Was there a belt that could contain
 In its vast orb the earth and main,
 With figures was it cluster'd o'er,
 Without one cypher in the score,
 And could your lab'ring thought assign
 The total of the crowded line,
 How scant th' amount! Th' attempt how vain
 To reach *duration's* endless chain!
 For when as many years are run,
 Unbounded age is but begun.

Attend, O Man, with awe divine,
 For this Eternity is thine!

NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Ezekiel xviii. 31. *Make you a new heart and a new spirit; for why will ye die, O house of Israel? Chap. xxxvi. 26, 27. A new heart also will I give you, &c.*

WHAT shall I, Lord, to thy command reply,
 That wakes despair while it forbids to die?
 In vain my soul the great attempt would dare
 No creatures thy creative glories share:
 But see the promise disallows my fears,
 And gilds with smiles the ready starting tears;
 Give then, bless'd Spirit, what shall praise thee more
 Than worlds created at thy will before.

A LIST
OF
THE BAPTIST MONTHLY MEETINGS,
FOR THE YEAR 1802.

PLACE.	TIME.	TO BEGIN.	TO PREACH.	SUBJECTS.	TO PRAY.
Dr. Rippon's	January 25	Mr. Ovington	Mr. Burnside	<i>Nature and Design of Parables</i>	Mr. Newman
Mr. Coxhead's	February 18	Mr. Burnside	Mr. Tim. Thomas	<i>The Parable of the Sower</i>	Mr. Hutchings
Mr. Burnside's	March 25	Mr. Tim. Thomas	Mr. Coxhead	————— <i>Rich Man</i>	Dr. Jenkins
Mr. Booth's	April 22	Mr. Coxhead	Mr. Hutchings	————— <i>Rich Man and Lazarus</i>	Mr. Button
Mr. Ovington's	May 20	Mr. Hutchings	Mr. Dore	————— <i>Marriage Feast</i>	Mr. Burnside
Mr. Newman's	June 24	Mr. Dore	Dr. Jenkins	————— <i>Prodigal Son</i>	Mr. Tho. Thomas
Mr. Dore's	July 22	Dr. Jenkins	Mr. Tho. Thomas	————— <i>Good Samaritan</i>	Mr. Booth
Dr. Jenkins's	August 19	Mr. Tho. Thomas	Mr. Button	————— <i>Two Debtors</i>	Mr. Ovington
Mr. Tim. Thomas's	Sept. 23	Mr. Button	Mr. Ovington	————— <i>Pharisee and Publican</i>	Mr. Dore
Mr. Hutchings's	October 21	Mr. Ovington	Mr. Booth	————— <i>Tares</i>	Dr. Rippon
Mr. Th. Thomas's*	Nov. 25	Mr. Booth	Mr. Newman	————— <i>Importunate Widow</i>	Mr. Coxhead
Mr. Button's	Dec. 23	Mr. Newman	Dr. Rippon	————— <i>Ten Virgins</i>	Mr. Tim. Thomas

* This Meeting will be held at Devonshire Square.

SERVICE TO BEGIN PRECISELY AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

THE MINISTER OF THE PLACE CONCLUDES.

The Messengers meet on *Wednesday* the 8th of *December*, Four o'clock precisely, to make a NEW LIST.

THE HAPPY END

OF

Mrs. LEEKS,

IN HER THIRTY-SECOND YEAR :

And a Letter, which was the Instrument of her Conversion.

SHE had latterly resided in the country; but, in consequence of an internal cancerous complaint, had been removed, about three months since, to a friend's house near London. In health, her dislike to religion, and to the company of her professing relatives, had caused her to seek for society among the gay and dissipated, and of course she found more pleasure in Kensington-gardens on a Lord's day—and in cards—and at the theatre—than in sitting under the sound of the gospel.

Coming to reside near London, she was visited by her brother, who found that her mind was in a state of total darkness:—she said, “ She did not recollect that she had “ done any body any harm, and therefore she hoped she “ should do very well when she came to die.”

Her brother returned to town; and having been informed by the medical attendants, that it was impossible she could recover, and that a very few weeks might probably terminate her existence, he felt extremely anxious for the soul of his poor sister; and knowing that his extensive concerns in business would not permit him often to visit her, he wrote her the following letter, for which, it is apprehended, she will have reason to bless God to all eternity.

“ MY DEAR SISTER,

October 6, 1801.

“ I have been wishing, for some time past, to write you; but to address you in your present awful situation, seemed to be a matter of so much importance, that I have in some measure been deterred from it, fearing that I might not be so faithful as I ought, or that I should omit something which it was my peculiar duty to mention to you. Were I to see a person walking on the brink of a precipice, who was stone blind, and I knew, to a certainty, that a few steps more and he would be dashed to atoms, you will easily conceive how anxious

K K K

I should

I should be, and so would you, to call out to him, and tell him of his danger:—just so, my poor sister, I am anxious to call to you, to intreat you seriously to consider whither you are going. It would be sinful and wicked in me to attempt to deceive you, by telling you that I hope you will *soon* get better in your health, or that you will *ever* get better: for, from every account I can procure from Mr. — and Mr. — there is not the most distant hope that this will ever be the case. My *affection* and my *duty* both impose this unpleasing task upon me, to give you this awful information. Well, my dear sister, you are on the borders of an eternal world: happy, happy indeed, should I be, could I add that you have a good hope, that you shall join the glorious assembly of saints above, who, through grace, are now inheriting the mansions of blessedness; but grieved indeed I am to say, that *I* have no such hope. I cannot, I will not deceive you; and was I knowingly to attempt it, I should expect my hand to wither while I write. From the conversation I had with you, I have reason to fear that you are expecting to go to heaven when you die, because you do not recollect having injured any person in your life: a more false hope you never could have embraced; because, if the thing itself were true (which I am sure it is not), it would only be saying, that because I have not robbed my neighbour of a shilling, it is the duty of the king to give me a large estate; and because I have not injured the creatures, whom it was my bounden duty not to injure, I am certainly to expect that God will, on that account, bestow upon me eternal happiness! Alas, my dear sister, you see this will not do: eternal life beyond the grave is not to be purchased in this way, indeed. Let me beg you to take a survey of your past life, and see how things have stood between God and your soul. If you expect God to bestow eternal happiness upon you, it is right to reflect upon the way in which you have treated him: and here you *must* know that you have scarce ever thought of him in all your life, though he has been every day and every hour giving you food and raiment, and bestowing innumerable benefits upon you. He has commanded you to keep his Sabbaths holy; but you have spent them with silly companions in the fields, or in the most idle conversation at home. Recollect that he is an infinitely holy

God,

God, and that he cannot be mocked or deceived; and he will not be trifled with. Think how often you have taken his name in vain; ten thousand sins might be mentioned which you have committed against him, and there are thousands which are known only to God and yourself: but if we had committed only *one* sin against him, we should have broken his law; and that one sin alone would have rendered us liable to eternal punishment. What then is your condition, when you must know you have committed so many thousands? Why, if these sins are not repented of and forgiven while you live, you must be shut up in Hell with devils and damned spirits for ever: don't, my dear sister, think that I am harsh, and want to alarm you more than is necessary: I felt a wish to speak it in milder terms; but God, who knows what I am writing at this moment, and my own conscience, forbid me to palliate the matter with you: the Scriptures of Truth declare, that living and dying with your sins unrepented of and unforgiven, where Christ is you cannot come. Now these scriptures I am living by, and I do not expect I shall find any thing better to die by; pray think of this, and, while you are in possession of your reason, read them with the utmost attention: don't lose a moment in searching them *to find out your real state*, and to see if, after all, there can be *any hope*, for one who has lived so long in the world as you have, without scarcely ever thinking about God, or Heaven, or Hell: and let me intreat you, my dear sister, to think of what you must do to be saved. You are now on a death-bed, a very little while, and *certainly* the last day—the last hour—the last moment—will arrive; and to be able then only to look back upon what has been wrong, will be miserable work indeed; to have no other expectation, but a looking for the fiery indignation of God to overtake your soul, when it parts from a painful and miserable body, is a situation—the thought of which harrows up my soul while I write; and what will your feelings be at that awful moment!—You see, my dear sister, that matters are now come to an awful crisis: it is always madness in us to be more concerned about the things of this world than we are about eternity; but it would be ten-fold madness in you *now* to be concerned about any thing but your soul which is to exist for ever: it would

be the extreme of folly in you to look forward to, or expect any thing more from this world—'tis all over—you have done with it—it will answer no purpose for you to have one anxious thought more about this world; and therefore now, my dear sister, as you must so soon enter upon an eternal world, let me intreat you to consider what is to become of your naked soul, when it launches out into the everlasting ocean. Be assured, I would not wantonly sport with your feelings: what I have written, I have done as in the sight of God; and he knows that I have written the truth. It is too late to trifle about these things now—eternity is just at hand with you; and if your soul is now trifled with, 'tis lost for ever. Oh that I could but have the happiness to hear you now cry out, What must I do to be saved? and that you were determined you would give no sleep to your eyes till you had found a Saviour. O let me point out to you in those same scriptures, by which I hope to die as well as live, that there is encouragement for the *wilest creature on earth* to come to Christ and be happy: for Jesus Christ himself has said, Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out, John vi. 37; and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool, Isaiah i. 18. And the more you feel your own vileness and sinfulness, the more anxious you will be to come, and he will receive you to himself: therefore, my dear sister, let me intreat you not to expect that any good deeds will save you; for all the good deeds you ever did will not weigh a straw in the scale of your salvation: *neither let the consciousness of your crimes be the least hindrance to come to Jesus Christ for life and salvation.* Don't lose a moment before you pray to God for pardon—tell him what a wretch you have been—that you have neglected him all your life, but that you would not *die* neglecting him for a thousand worlds—mention to him in your prayers his forgiving the thief upon the cross—and beg him, for the sake of Jesus Christ, to be merciful to your soul. And here let me have the pleasure to tell you, that he delights in forgiveness; and should you but become a sincere penitent, the angels in heaven will rejoice—your dear niece, who is now in glory, will rejoice. I think she would address her glorious companions in such language

as this—"Oh, blessed, blessed be God! My poor, dear aunt, who has all her life long been totally regardless of her soul, in having set at nought the kind invitations of salvation, has this day become a sincere penitent;" and if any thing could add to your dear niece's felicity, it would be, if she could add—"and the instrument which the Lord has been pleased to make use of on this happy occasion, has been a letter which my dear father has written to my aunt, respecting her soul."

Oh, my dear sister, Jesus is as willing to save you as he was Mary Magdalen. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. We change, but he changes not; and be as ready as you will to fly to him, he is more ready to receive you than ever you will be to go to him: but remember (and this is one of the greatest privileges of all), that you are not expected to go to him in your own strength. We are all sinners, and without strength; but you must pray that he will enable you to go to him just as you are. Death is at your door—perhaps a few days, or even hours, and it is all over—you have no time to stop till you are better, till you have more sorrow, or more joy; and if you had, it would answer no purpose: you would never be saved for being better; it is by the obedience and death of Christ alone that you can be saved from guilt. He has died to save those who see and feel themselves lost and undone by their own doings, and who are willing to be saved entirely by him, and him alone, from sin and misery. Let me intreat you, therefore, my dear sister, set about this business immediately. Pray to God to convince you of your *real state and condition*, and that he will shew you the value and preciousness of the blood of Christ to justify you, and the absolute necessity of the work of the blessed Spirit to sanctify you. Believe me, if I was now expecting to go into an eternal world, while I am writing this letter, I could not give you better advice. Let me once more beg of you, which I would do on my knees to you, if it would answer any purpose, that you do not lose another moment about your soul. While there is life there is hope; and late as it is, blessed be the name of Jesus! he now stands with open arms, at the very moment you are reading this letter. His eye is upon your bed, upon your countenance, upon your afflicted body, upon your anxious heart; and he says to

you—I came into the world to save sinners, even the very chief of sinners; don't let the magnitude of your crimes prevent you; it is not even yet too late; come to me, and be happy for ever. That you may find your mind thus anxious to fly to him is the ardent and constant prayer of,

My dear sister,
Your ever-affectionate brother,

Mrs. L. expressed herself very much pleased, and very grateful to her brother for writing this pleasing letter to her; and by reading it again and again, she was led to see it herself to be a great sinner, and seemed sensible of the efficacy of the blood of Christ to pardon and wash away her guilt; and at length, she sometimes rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

A friend said to her, “Your pain is very great.”—She replied, It is, but it might have been much worse, and have taken away my senses; but I bless the Lord it has not: and I pray to be relieved from pain *only that I may be able to pray to the Lord that he would bless me.* “Then you are enabled to pray?”—Oh, yes; prayer is my constant friend: I sometimes think my crimes are too great to be pardoned; but that passage in my dear brother's letter, *though your sins be as scarlet, &c. &c.* has much encouraged me. “Are you brought to see if God was to punish you, he would still be a just God?”—Oh, yes; but I did not see it till I had my dear brother's letter. Indeed, I scarce knew or even thought whether there was a God or not, though I made great promises in my last affliction, but I soon forgot all when I got better; but the Lord did not let me go till he brought me into *this* affliction; and I bless him for *this sick bed.* I see my sins now as I never saw them before. “Then you see you can do nothing to save yourself.”—Oh, yes; I can do nothing but pray to my blessed Saviour, for I am a sinner; but he is a God that abundantly pardons, and says in his word, *Whosoever will, let him come, &c.*—yes, he does abundantly pardon, and I want to come to him—oh! that he would bless me! No one was more fond of the world than I once was; but I find the world can do nothing for me now—nothing but the religion of Jesus will do for a dying bed—oh, I want to lay hold strong of the blessed Jesus!

A friend

A friend praying by her, and begging the Lord to give her an assurance of her personal interest in Christ; she cried out, That is what I want. The same friend wishing her nearer London, she replied, I am happy where I am, for it is where I wish to be, because I am with a pious woman. If I were in London, one person or other would be coming in and wishing me better; but I don't want that, I want my soul made better. Looking at her hands, she said, with great composure, This body will soon be food for worms in the grave—I have had a great affliction—my husband also has had a great affliction—but it has not had the effect upon him I could wish; but I must leave him, and fight for my own soul—I have but a little time to stay here.

I have, she said, sometimes feared that my crimes are too great to be pardoned; but Jesus has said, 'Though your sins be as scarlet,' &c. &c. and my dear brother says in his letter—"LET NOT THE MAGNITUDE OF YOUR CRIMES KEEP YOU FROM COMING TO JESUS."

The following lines being read to her from the Selection, Hymn 550,

" Ah, I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But, on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day!
The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown,
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone—"

she felt the power of these verses, and, with her hands clasped, her eyes fixed upward, the tears trickling down her cheeks, she seemed in fervent prayer, and said, Ah, that is what I want.

Being asked what she wished should be prayed for on her account, she said, That I may be kept going on—that I may not turn back—that I may have strong hold of Jesus.

Hearing that several Ministers in London and at Portsmouth were greatly led out in prayer on her account, she said, How shall I thank the Lord for his goodness in raising me up such friends! Oh, if I had but listened to the advice of my dear sister, I should not have gone on in sin

as I have done. Being in very acute pain, she said, Death has taken fast hold of my body, but Christ has taken fast hold of my soul.

Looking at her husband, she said, There's my dear husband—he has been very kind and attentive to me during my affliction—I thank him, and I love him—but I am very ready to leave him—my Maker is my husband now.

She frequently said, What should I have done, if it had not been for this affliction?—If I had been cut off first, I should have been sent down to the abode of devils and damned spirits; but my dear Lord has blessed me with this affliction for the good of my soul: and though I suffer great pain, yet my pain is not to be mentioned, when I think of what my dear Jesus suffered for such vile sinful creatures as me: had it not been for the Lord, I might now have been tearing my hair from my head in distraction and agony; but he who has saved my soul, gives me patience to bear it: but what a great mercy that it is not now too late! and Jesus says, He'll cast out none that come to him by faith—*I cast myself on my Saviour.*

Speaking to her husband, she said, My dear, I would not wish you to be taken away in the state you are now in—but come to Jesus as a poor sinner—throw yourself at his feet—he will not cast you out—he did not cast me out. Never mind the world and your companions jeering you—they will look at death in a different way by and by. I pray the Lord to do for you what he has done for me.

A young woman coming to see her, she said, Don't be afraid to look at me because my countenance is grim—it is what you and all must come to: yes, you must soon come to a dying bed. I am not afraid to die—I have glorious prospects. I know you don't like to talk of death, but it must come.

In speaking one day to an ungodly relative, she with emphasis said, that deferring to think about religion till we come on a death-bed, was like having to take a journey in a stage-coach; and deferring till the last moment to get ready—perhaps the stage might go off without us, but it might return and take us another day: but if we were too late in setting off for Heaven, it will be all over—here would be no opportunity of going another day.

Being

Being in great agonies, she cried, Lord, support me! support me! But why should I speak thus? he has supported me hitherto, and will not leave me to-day—thou art my shield, my hope, and my trust. Oh, if my arms were long enough to reach my Saviour, I would not be with you long; however, a little while and I shall be with him; there is a slight veil between him and me, it will soon be undrawn: till then, oh, my blessed Lord, be my strength, and guide me.

Speaking of her brother, she said, When I see him, it gives me such secret satisfaction and pleasure, as you cannot conceive of; for then I see my brother, my father, and I had almost said my saviour—not my Jesus, don't mistake me—I call him my earthly saviour, because he has instructed me in my way to the Saviour of my soul. I was so great a sinner, I was afraid to pray; but that sweet word, 'Him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out,' was very precious to me; so I persevered in praying, and the Lord hath blessed me.

A friend speaking of the safety of believers at death, she replied, My foundation is Jesus: he is my rock, my shield, my trust, my hope, my God, my all.—A little while after she said, I struggle so for breath. A friend said, I believe your struggles are nearly over—she said, I hope they are, unless they are for my good. Her friend said, You will find him a faithful God to the end of your journey. She said, He has been a faithful God to me with a witness—faithful all through: he is my strength and my support! Oh, the love of my Saviour to such a poor miserable sinner!

Rev. Mr. Fryer calling as usual to see her, he asked her, how she found herself? She replied, I am very happy, but very weak in body. He said, you are now so very weak, it will perhaps be too much for me to go to prayer with you. She replied, Oh no, Sir, your prayers have always been sweet to me—sweeter than the honey from the honey-comb. After prayer Mr. Fryer said, "He had no doubt the Lord would be with her all through the valley," and added, "I hope you have no doubt of it." She lifted up her hand, pointing to Heaven, and said, There is all my trust and support—he has been my support all the way through. She said, some time after, to her husband, Oh, my dear, I could tell you a great deal

deal about my blessed Jesus, if I had strength to speak——

Taking leave of a friend, she said, with great affection, My dear, I hope you will have the same consolations on a dying bed; but pausing a moment, as if thinking her afflictions were too closely interwoven with her mercies to be divided, she said, I hope not the same affliction; then, in a firm voice, added—But if you should have the same affliction, don't be *afraid* of it—it will be nothing, if the Lord gives you the same support and joy.

On being asked, if she had any thing to say to her brother and sister, at a distance, of the former of whom she had no reason to indulge hope, she said, almost in an agony, Yes, tell my brother Amos I am concerned for his soul; I constantly pray for him: Oh, beg him, and my dear sister Susanna, not to put off flying to Christ, till they come on a dying bed—they may not be permitted to have a bed of affliction—they may not have a moment—they may not have their senses. Oh, intreat them, from me, not to leave it till that time. Tell them I fought the Lord while he was to be found, though so late; but mine is a very uncommon case, and he has had mercy on so vile a sinner as me. He is a tried Saviour, and he is willing to save sinners, and will save them, if they seek him now; but if they don't come to Christ to be saved, we shall never meet again.

The possibility that she might recover being hinted, she said, I would not wish it now; if it is the will of the Lord, I should rather *proceed on my journey*. I find I have such a wicked heart, that if I was to go back to the world again, the Lord must put a very heavy chain on me, to keep me near to him. Oh, Lord, search me, and try me, and let me see if I have any sins unrepented of.

She said, I have sometimes a doubt runs across my mind, whether I shall reach that glorious place of bliss; but I have then been enabled to throw myself afresh at the feet of Jesus.

She was at times so weak and low, that it was with difficulty her voice could be heard. A friend observing her in prayer, bent down her head near to hers, and heard her praying in the following manner:—Oh, my blessed Jesus, thou art my only saviour and intercessor. Whom have

have I in Heaven but thee? Why didst thou have mercy upon me? Oh, my blessed Redeemer, who art all my support, my staff, guide me through this long and dark valley. O Lord, abundantly bless all my dear friends, who have been so kind, and have done so much for me. At another time in great pain she said, O Lord, thou art my physician—thou art my help—thou art my food—thou art my drink—thou art my rest—thou art my all.

The day on which she died, her voice was extremely weak, but her soul seemed almost in glory. She had been delirious for several days before, but her reason returned on this day. She said to a friend who was sitting by her, taking her by the hand, The Lord bless you, and return you an hundred-fold for all your kindness to me!—he is a good God to me—he is now with me!—Oh praise him, praise him! praise him, Mr. Leeks, praise him, praise him; I have no voice to do it myself. Her friend said, But when your voice expires in death, your soul shall praise him best. She then said, Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah to God! he is a good God, a faithful God. The pains of death were now very strong upon her. Her friend said, Though dying is hard work, yet it is safe to the believer, seeing Jesus died for him. She said, It is sweet, it is sweet, it is sweet.

Come, come, come, welcome, welcome, welcome; thrice welcome; he is come, he is come! To her husband she said, Oh, seek him; Oh, come to him; I have found a rest. Her friend said, There remaineth a rest for the people of God, where they will be eternally employed in singing hallelujah. She said, That is what I glory in—my God is all strength—Lord, help me!—this is a hard struggle to die—but, O Death, where is thy sting? O Death, where is thy sting? Now glory, glory, hallelujah, hallelujah! my dear father, my dear mother, my dear niece—my dear niece! A few minutes after this, her friend repeated the last verse of Mr. Pearce's hymn, entitled *Sweet Affliction*:

Bless'd there with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget;
But, exulting, cry It led me
To my blessed Saviour's feat.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet!

Selection, Hymn 541.

She then said, Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! These were her last words.

LIFE OF LADY HUNTINGDON,

BY DR. HAWEIS.

(Continued from page 586.)

LADY Huntingdon's heart was truly engaged to God; and she resolved, to her best ability, to lay herself out to do good. The poor around her were the natural objects of her attention. These she bountifully relieved in their necessities, visited in sickness, conversed with and led them to their knees, praying with them and for them. The late Prince of Wales, one day in court, asked a lady of fashion, Lady Charlotte E. where my Lady Huntingdon was, that she so seldom visited the circle? Lady Charlotte replied with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle, to lift me up with her to Heaven."

During my Lord Huntingdon's life she warmly espoused the cause of God and truth, though her means of usefulness were necessarily circumscribed, and her family engagements occupied much of her time and attention. On his demise, she was left the entire management of her children and of their fortunes, which she improved with the greatest fidelity. Become her own mistress, she resolved to devote herself wholly to the service of Christ, and the souls redeemed by his blood: her zealous heart embraced cordially all whom she esteemed real christians, whatever their denomination or opinions might be; but being herself in sentiment more congenial with Mr. Whitfield than the Mr. Westleys, she favoured those especially who were the ministers of the Calvinistic persuasion, according to the literal sense of the Articles of the Church of England; and, with an intention of giving them a greater scene of usefulness, she opened her house in Park-street for the preaching of the Gospel, supposing, as a peeress of the realm, that she had an indisputable right to employ, as her family chaplains,

lains, those ministers of the church whom she patronized. On the week days, her kitchen was filled with the poor of the flock, for whom she provided instruction; and on the Lord's-day, the great and noble were invited to spend the evening in her drawing-room, where Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Romaine, Mr. Jones, and other ministers of Christ, addressed to them faithfully all the words of this life, and were heard with apparently deep and serious attention.

Lady Huntingdon now became the open and avowed patroness of all the zealous Ministers of Christ, especially of those who were suffering for the testimony of Jesus. Mr. Romaine, on his being turned out of St. George's Church, received particular tokens of her favour; and, though till then unknown to her, I was honoured with her expressions of kindness and approbation, when, as yet a young man, I suffered such persecution from Bishop Hume and the University of Oxford, and was so unjustly dispossessed of my cure in that city.

Though Lady Huntingdon devoted the whole of her substance to the gospel, yet it is not a little surprising, how her income sufficed for the immensity of expence in which she was necessarily involved. Her jointure was no more than twelve hundred pounds a year; and only after the death of her son, a few years preceding her own, she received the addition of another thousand. She often involved herself in expences for building chapels, which she found it burdensome to discharge; but the Lord brought her always honourably through her engagements, and provided a supply when her own was exhausted.

To the age of fourscore and upwards, she maintained all the vigour of youth; and though in her latter years the contraction of her throat reduced her almost wholly to a liquid diet, her spirits never seemed to fail her, and to the very last days of her life, her active mind was planning still greater and more extensive schemes of usefulness, for the universal spread of the gospel of Christ.

Lady Huntingdon was rather above the middle size, her presence noble, and commanding respect; her address singularly engaging, her intelligence acute, her diligence

diligence indefatigable, and the constant labour of her thought and correspondence inconceivable. Never was creature apparently more dead to all self-indulgence, or more liberally disposed to supply the calls of the Gospel. I believe, during the many years I was honoured with her friendship, she often possessed no more than the gown she wore. I have often said, she was one of the poor who lived on her own bounty; but her most distinguishing excellence was, the fervent zeal which always burned in her bosom, to make known the Gospel of the grace of God, which no disappointments quenched, no labours slackened, no opposition discouraged, no progress of years abated: it flamed strongest in her latest moments. The world has seldom seen such a character.—Thousands and tens of thousands will have reason, living and dying, to bless her memory, as having been the happy instrument of bringing them out of darkness into marvellous light; and multitudes, saved by her instrumentality, have met her in the regions of glory, to rejoice together in the presence of God and of the Lamb.

But it may be asked, Was she a perfect character? No—this is not the lot of mortals on this side the grave. When the moon walketh in her brightness, her shadows are most visible.

Lady Huntingdon was in her temper warm and sanguine; her predilections for some, and her prejudices for others, were sometimes too hastily adopted: and by these she was led to form conclusions not always correspondent with truth and wisdom.

The success attending her efforts seemed to impress her mind with a persuasion, that a particular benediction would rest upon whomsoever she should send forth, and rendered her choice not always judicious; though seldom were there ever less offences in so extended a work.

She had so long directed the procedures of her connexions, that she too seldom asked the advice of the judicious ministers who laboured with her, and bore not passively contradiction.

I am the historian of truth, as far as I know it.—She needs no posthumous fame to blazon her worth, and she is past far beyond all human censure which can affect her.

her. The great Head of the Church hath, I have full confidence, decided her character, pitied her infirmities, pardoned her iniquities, and welcomed her to glory with, Well done, good and faithful servant.

EXTRACTS

From the Account of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, 1801.

THE *Subscribing and Corresponding* Members of the SOCIETY in *Great Britain* and *Foreign parts*, are now upwards of 2000; of which number 180 subscribing members were chosen since the publication of the last account; and 54 ladies have likewise been admitted on the list of annual subscribers.

The names of the *Missionaries* employed by the SOCIETY, with the certain annual* *Salaries* paid to them respectively.

In the EAST-INDIES.

The Rev. <i>Christian William Gerické</i> , at <i>Madras</i>	£.50
The Rev. <i>Christian Poble</i> , at <i>Tirutshinapally</i>	50
The Rev. <i>Joseph Daniel Fœnicke</i> , at <i>Palamcotta</i>	50
The Rev. <i>John Caspar Kolhoff</i> , at <i>Tanjore</i>	50
The Rev. <i>Charles William Pæzold</i> , at <i>Madras</i>	50
The Rev. <i>Immanuel Gottfried Holzberg</i> , at <i>Tanjore</i>	50

In the ISLANDS OF SCILLY.

The Rev. <i>David Evans</i> , M. A. <i>Missionary</i> at <i>Tresco</i>	100
The Rev. <i>Frederick Croker</i> , B. A. <i>Missionary</i> at <i>St. Agnes</i>	100

MADRAS.

The Rev. Mr. *Gerické*, at *Vepery*, near *Madras*, in December, 1799, was about to set out for *Tanjore*, and meant

* Besides a gratuity of £50 to each of the *Missionaries* in *India*.

meant to go beyond it, that he might visit the churches which the late Mr. Swartz had planted, and Mr. Jœnicke had watered, but which, on account of the sickness of the latter, by the hill-fever, had not for several years been visited. He journeyed by way of *Vellore, Arnee, Cuddalore, Tranquebar, and Negapatam*, in all which places he had found much to do. At *Tanjore*, he prevailed upon his sick brother, Mr. Jœnicke, to make the journey with him to *Ramanadaburam*, where a new church was to be opened. From thence they proceeded to *Tuttocorin, Manapar*, and several other places where there were congregations, catechists, chapels, and schools, as far as *Palamcotte*.

TRICHINAPALLY.

The Rev. Mr. Pohle, at *Trichinapally*, in the course of the year 1799, had baptized 36 infants, one adult, and four grown children of Roman Catholic parents. Two persons had been received from the Popish communion. Their communicants in the course of the year had been 206, marriages 13, and burials 30. Their *English* school had increased from 39 to 54 children; and in the *Malabar* school there were about 20. The *Malabar* and *Portuguese* people belonging to his mission were in number 285. His catechists often made excursions into the country to preach the Gospel to the Heathen*. The principles of Christianity many approve of, who nevertheless do not enter into the church, being scandalized by the immoral lives of many Europeans, particularly in the circumstance of keeping women, without being lawfully married to them. Mr. Pohle had recently built a new *Malabar* school-house, and expresses his earnest hope, that a succession of faithful and pious Missionaries, whose principles and morals are correct, and who are true servants of Jesus Christ, may be perpetuated.

(To be continued).

* This is a circumstance which the friends of village-preaching will be glad to hear.—EDITOR.

History of the Baptist Churches at Northampton,
by Dr. RYLAND.

(Continued from page 720.)

In 1751, Brother Samuel Lambert, a Pædobaptist member was called to the work of the ministry, who proved a useful servant of Christ, and is still pastor of a church at Isleham, in Cambridgehire, 1793.

Mr. Shepherd removed soon after this to Tu bridge Wells, where he died in June 1780, aged 60. He was an honourable godly man. Mr. Haworth and he were the only pastors of our church who were Pædobaptists.

In March 1752, Mr. William Tolley was invited to preach at College Lane, but was not ordained till June 9, 1756; when Mr. Evans, of Foxton, prayed; Mr. Deacon, of Road, gave the charge; Mr. Walker, of Olney, prayed; Mr. Kidman, of Lutterworth, preached to the people, and Mr. Brown, of Kettering, concluded in prayer.

In his time Mr. William Coles, now Baptist minister at Maulden, near Ampthill, and then a member of College Lane, first entered into the ministry.

Mr. Tolley removed from Northampton to London about 1758, and settled with Mr. Stockwell's people, in Redcross-street; he afterwards turned Sandimanian.

Our people remained destitute of a stated minister for twelve months, but were supplied by various ministers occasionally, and among the rest, by Mr. Ryland, of Warwick, whom they invited to remove to them, and become their pastor. In this request all the members united, but three or four, and a great number of hearers in the town and neighbouring villages.

1759, Oct. 5. Mr. Ryland removed to Northampton with his family and boarding-school. 1760, Feb. 17, He was received a member, by a letter of dismission from the church at Warwick, where he had preached for thirteen years, and had been pastor about nine. He was, originally, a member of the church at Bourton-on-the-Water, and baptized by the pastor,

the Rev. Benjamin Beddome; and was recommended by them to the Academy at Bristol, then under the tuition of the Rev. Bernard Foskett.

When Mr. Ryland came first to Northampton, the church consisted of about 30 members; but it was more than doubled the first year. Large additions were afterwards made, and the congregation so increased as to require the meeting-house to be twice enlarged.

1760, Sept. 18.—Mr. Ryland was settled as pastor, when Mr. Deacon, of Road, prayed; Mr. Grant, of Wellingborough, gave the charge from 1 Tim. iv. 16. Mr. Carpenter, of Middleton Cheney, prayed between the sermons; Mr. Hull, of Carleton, preached to the people, from 2 Cor. xiii. 11.; Mr. Kidman, of Lutterworth, and Mr. Clayton, of Stephenton, both prayed after the sermons. Mr. Evans, of Foxton, and Mr. Deacon, of Walgrave, were also present on the occasion.

The first enlargement of the place of worship in 1760, cost a little more than 300 l.

The second in 774, cost above 1250 l. including 100 l. the purchase of more ground.

Mr. Ryland left Northampton on Nov. 11, 1785, and died at Enfield, near London, July 24, 1792, aged almost 69 years, and was buried at Northampton, in College Lane meeting-house. From his first coming to Northampton, to the end of 1792, there were added to the church in College Lane, three hundred and twenty-three members; 145 males, 178 females. There were but two members of the old church (or of those who were in fellowship at the time Mr. Ryland came to Northampton) living at the time of his death, and one of these was excluded, Oct. 16, following, and the other died the same day.

Mr. Ryland, jun. joined the church, Sep. 11, 1767*. He first exercised on Thursday evening, May 30, 1770. Preached first on the Lord's-day, Jan. 27, 1771, two days before he completed his eighteenth

* The Rev. William Button, now pastor of the church in Dean-street, and another boy then at school, joined the church, and were baptized at the same time.

year. Was called out by the church, Aug. 4, 1771. Ordained co-pastor, June 8, 1781, when the Rev. Mr. Booth prayed the ordination prayer; Rev. Robert Hall gave the charge, and Rev. Mr. Hopper, of Nottingham, preached to the people.

STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH AT NORTHAMPTON.

As to the little church of strict Baptists* who latterly met on the Green, the following particulars may be gleaned up concerning them, from our old church book.—There was, before the year 1706, a small number of strict Baptists, who were originally a branch of Mr. Negus's church at Stephenton, that used to meet in a barn, at St. James's End. One Nathan Brown was authorized by the whole church, to preach and administer the ordinances to this people, who were advised to become a distinct church: this they refused to do at first, but afterwards broke off irregularly, upon some disagreement between Mr. Brown and Mr. Negus, the pastor at Stephenton. Toward the close of 1708, Nathan Brown was succeeded by Mr. Mawbey, supposed to be nephew to Brown, and who is referred to as still pastor in 1710. But in 1716, John Collis is mentioned as their pastor. And in 1724, they met at the house of Edward Garner, in Quart Pot Lane. After this they made themselves a meeting-house, perhaps out of a dwelling-house, and Mr. Boomer was their pastor till toward the close of 1733, when Mr. Boomer changing his judgment for mixt communion, left them, and the church formerly under his care, with Mr. Charles Rodgers, and the people who had withdrawn with him from College Lane. They took the old church book with them from College Lane, in which a new covenant for strict communion was entered, and subscribed, from first to last, by 37 men, 43 women. One old woman, of Olney, was baptized by Mr. Rodgers, in the 89th year of her age.

1733, Aug. 15.—Mr. Rodgers was ordained, I suppose, in College Lane; Mr. Brine, from London, (whose first wife was Mr. Moore's daughter,) Mr. Woolinon, of Rusden; Mr. Deacon, of Walgrave,

* It was to *this* Church the Letter was sent, of which we have given a fac-simile of Dr. Doddridge's hand writing.

and other messengers of neighbouring churches being present. But, before Aug. 20, the trustees had got possession of the meeting-house, and on Nov. 4, Mr. Rodgers's people and Mr. Boomer's people united, and met henceforward on the Green*.

1735, April 10. Mr. W. Walker, who afterwards settled at Olney, as pastor of the Baptist church, and then at Colnbrooke, where he died, was called out by the church on the Green. Mr. Rodgers removed about 1736, and settled at Rye † for some time.

1743.—Henry Davy, or Davis (father of the Independent minister at Wigston, in Leicestershire) was chosen Deacon. 1744. He was chosen elder. 1748. He was settled pastor. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Gill of London, gave the charge; Mr. Brine preached to the people. Mr. Deacon, of Road; Mr. Deacon, of Walgrave, and other messengers of the churches being present. Mr. Davis was a very worthy man, a plain, serious preacher; but the church gradually dwindled, till at last they broke up, and sold the place to the Wesleyan Methodists. After this, Mr. Davis preached for some time in his own house at Harlestone, four miles from Northampton, till he became quite infirm with age. He died in 1780, aged 80, and was buried in College Lane meeting-yard.

* In connexion with the names of Barmer and Rodgers, two proofs should be mentioned of the candour of Dr. Doddridge.

Dr. Doddridge had several Antipædobaptists who were members of his church, and when persons of that persuasion proposed themselves for admission, the minister who was invited to baptize them by immersion, had the free use of the Doctor's vestry, to pray with the candidates, and exhort them, before they went from thence down to the water. This was the case when Mr. Barmer, who was then removed to Newport Pagnell, came over to baptize Miriam Barrett, who joined the church at Castlehill in the Doctor's time, but removed to College Lane after my father came to Northampton. Her sister, and another aged member of our church, present at the time, told me they well remember this circumstance.

I have heard several aged people mention it as a well known instance of Dr. Doddridge's candid spirit, that he once was present at the river side when Mr. Rodgers baptized, and that when Mr. Rodgers came out of the water, the Doctor pulled off his own cloak, which he usually wore on the Lord's-days, and offered to put it upon Mr. Rodgers, observing, at the same time, in the audience of all the spectators, that it was a very solemn ordinance.

† He died many years after at Exeter, and we hope to give some account of him from his own papers. EDITOR.

FAC-SIMILE of the Hand Writing of the Rev.^d D. DODDRIDGE,
(in a letter to the Baptist Church at Northampton)

Whereas the Brethren here of Hannah Barret
hath been for sometime a Member of the Church of Christ under my
Pastoral Care & hath now signified her Desire of removing from our Communion chiefly
because there are those among us that practice Infant Baptism, tho we cannot
condemn our selves so far as to think this Reason sufficient yet we pretend not
to judge her Liberty & Conscience & think our selves bound in Duty to bear
our Testimony to her orderly walking amongst us & to declare our Affection to her
in our common Lord & our hearty Desire that where ever she may settle she
& those in Fellowship with her, however in their Judgement different from any of
us, may enjoy the Presence & Blessing of Christ & attain to growing Edification
in Knowledge Faith Hope & Love & every other Grace which may conduce to the
Glory of God & their own everlasting Felicity

Signed in the Name & by the Direction
of the Church at their last Meeting

D. Doddridge Pastor

North. Dec 29. 1739

MEETING-HOUSE AT ROCKBORNE, HANTS.

Nov. 19, 1801.—A small neat meeting-house was opened at Rockborne, in Hampshire, eight miles from Salisbury, The Gospel was introduced into this village a few years since, by a member of the Baptist Church in Salisbury, who preached in the street. A dwelling-house was soon obtained, and the Brethren, who are sent by the above Church to preach in the villages, have continued to go there on Lord's days, while several of the neighbouring pastors have occasionally preached lectures in the week, and a blessing has attended the word. There was considerable opposition at first; but the clergyman, who is a justice of the peace, much to his credit, interposed, and the meetings are peaceably attended. Serious objections arising to a continuance of the preaching in the house where it had been, and no other likely to be obtained, it was feared it must be given up; but the steward of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to whom the manor belongs, being informed of it, applied to his Lordship for a piece of land to build a meeting-house, which his Lordship readily granted. The house has been erected by Mr. Bain of Downton, and Mr. Saffery of Salisbury; and will cost about 200*l.* the greater part of which has been already contributed by the friends of religion, and the premises are put in trust for religious uses. At the opening, there was a crowded and attentive congregation. Mr. Moody, of Lockerly, began the morning service with reading and prayer; Mr. Saffery, of Salisbury, preached from 1 Kings, ix. 3. In the afternoon, Mr. Budden, of Downton, prayed; Mr. Loder, Independent minister of Fordingbridge, preached from Luke xiv. 23.; and Mr. Miall, of Winborn, concluded. In the evening, Mr. Hunt, a student of Mr. Bogue's, prayed; Mr. Bain, of Downton, preached from Psalm cxxxii. 15. and Mr. Baily, a General Baptist, of Downton, concluded the services of the day, which were pleasant to many.

ORDINATION

of the Rev. GEORGE ATKINSON, at Margate.

This amiable man was several years since a member of the Rev. Mr. Steevens's church, in Crown Court, London. By a very handsome letter, he was recommended to Dr. Rippon, baptized, and introduced into the church in Carter Lane. Here his gifts were exercised with a view to the ministerial office; and by the unanimous voice of the pastor, the deacons, and the people, he was sent to labour in the gospel vineyard. He was some time a student under Dr. Ryland, at Bristol, but the necessities of the people at Margate, hastened him from the seminary

feminary sooner than he could have wished. His probationary labours were highly acceptable to the best judges, both on the spot, and to others from town, who occasionally visit Margate for the sake of bathing. His steps towards a settlement were marked with deliberation. The members of the church were but few, and the state of experimental religion among them very low. The general opinion was, that if he had quitted the humble station, the church would have dwindled to nothing. Mr. Atkinson consulted his friends at a distance, and two senior respectable ministers in the vicinity, respecting his duty. He was encouraged to accept the pastoral care of the little flock. And on Thursday, October 7, 1801, Mr. Coxhead, of London, opened the service of the day. Mr. Attwood, of Folkestone, described the nature of a church of Christ, and conducted, in a very pleasing manner, the preparatory services to the ordination. The Rev. Mr. Lewis, a member of the church, represented his fellow members, in stating the providences of God respecting them. Mr. Atkinson's confession was in doctrine practical, in experience favourable, in duty evangelical; in all its parts Calvinistic, or rather eminently scriptural. Mr. Atkinson now knelt down in the midst of the pastors, and Dr. Rippon gave out this verse, which was sung by a congregation very much in tears.

With heavenly power, O Lord, defend,
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure
And make him to the end endure.

Selection 415.

He then offered up the ordination prayer, with laying on of hands, assisted by other pastors. Mr. John Giles of Eyethorn, with all the tenderness of affection, in the name of all his fellow labourers, gave the right hand of fellowship. Dr. Rippon delivered the charge. Mr. George Townsend, of Ramsgate, prayed. Mr. Giles now addressed the people in a very interesting discourse, from Exodus iv. 14. "Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well. And also, behold he cometh forth to meet thee, and when he seeth thee he will be glad in his heart."

Mr. Cramp, of St. Peter's, near Margate, concluded the service, in an earnest solemn prayer, which will not soon be forgotten. In the Evening service, Mr. Illidge prayed, and Mr. Young, of Canterbury preached, with great acceptance. In the two sermons, different brethren parcelled out the hymns, and many said it was a good day to their souls.

The beginning of the following week, Mr. Atkinson baptized two persons in the meeting-house at Shallows, near St. Peters)

Peters), who are grand daughters of two lately deceased, excellent baptist ministers; Mrs. Payne, grand daughter of Mr. Purchis, late of Margate; and Miss Peacock, grand daughter of the late Mr. Tommas, of Bristol.

TO DR RIPPON.

Portsmouth, Dec. 18, 1801.

DEAR SIR,

PLEASE to accept for your Register the particulars of the ordination of Mr. Daniel Miall to the office of co-pastor last Lord's day. In the morning, Mr. M. gave a confession of his faith, in the form of a discourse, from 1 Cor. xv. 1. *Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also you have received, and wherein you stand.* In the afternoon, Mr. Birt of Plymouth Dock read a suitable portion of scripture, sang, then spoke on the nature of a gospel church, called on the church to recognise their call of Mr. M. which I have the pleasure of saying, was done without a dissenting voice or vote of the whole church. Mr. M. also signified his acceptance of the invitation, and a prayer, confined to the circumstance, was then offered. Mr. Birt then addressed the pastor and the church from Ezra x. 4. It was a very solemn and interesting day; and although the occasion of this step was painful, yet we have abundant reason to bless God, as a church, that, in our own bosom, we found the very man we wanted, beloved by our dear pastor, and by the whole church. Mr. Horsey, I am happy to inform you, continues to get better, and we are not without hope that we may again hear his melodious voice in the sanctuary.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your sincerely affectionate,

JOHN SHOVELLER.

OBITUARY.

The Death of Miss Harrison on her Marriage Day.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

Ipswich, Dec. 14th, 1801.

IF you think the following affecting relation, and serious unexpected providential event, which has caused many here to shed a sympathetic tear, is sufficiently interesting for insertion in your useful Register, it is at your service.

Your's very affectionately,

GEORGE HALL.

On the 5th of April last, Miss Elizabeth Harrison of this town, and her elder sister Mary, were baptized and added to the Church here, of which I am pastor: their other worthy sister (Mrs. Cowell) has joined us since. On the 26th of last month, this valuable young person was married at Ipswich, to a Mr. Cooper, farmer, at Drinkstone, in this county, a serious man. Her sister was also married *on the same day*, to a Mr. Pollard, a merchant in Ipswich, and member of our church. After dinner, *on the day of their marriage* (at Mr. Cowell's, where the parties and several friends met,) Mrs. Cooper went up stairs with one of my daughters, and whilst conversing freely and cheerfully with her, in *perfect* health, was suddenly taken ill; complained of a violent pain in her head, and very soon became nearly, if not altogether, insensible. Medical assistance was called in, but, alas! all in vain; she was struck with *Death*; the blooming Bride was soon changed into a breathless corpse, *for, at midnight she died*, to the great grief of all that had the pleasure of knowing her. What a stroke!—How sudden and solemn the change!—What a lesson is here!—How precarious are all outward possessions and enjoyments!—Who could have suspected, as Mr. Hervey expresses it, that so bright a sun would go down at noon, or that the bridal feast would have been turned into a funeral solemnity!—How short her stay in this life and world! not twenty-seven years. With us, as a church, she continued not eight months, and in the marriage state, *but a few hours*.

Think, Sir, not only what the affectionate sisters, the more distant relatives and friends, that were present, and afterwards heard of the mournful providence endured; but consider what the afflicted, bereaved young man must feel, who could just call her *his own*, had prepared a house for her reception, but after anxiously watching and hoping for her recovery, saw her become a cold lump of clay, and at length her remains conveyed to the grave; and returns, affecting thought! to his habitation, never there to see the dear object of his affections. But what shall we say to these things? the scene is dark, and the providence very mysterious; yet, the Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works; infinite wisdom cannot err; what we know not now we shall hereafter.

Peace all our angry passions then,
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sovereign will,
 And every murmur die.

Our dear departed friend was an honour to her profession, a serious and diligent attendant on the house and worship of
 God

God, both before and after she was a Member with us ; and I doubt not but our loss is her unspeakable gain. But how she was in her mind (if capable of reflection), during her short illness, cannot be ascertained, for she could speak but a few sentences from the time of her being taken, to her decease. Oh ! what a mercy to be ready for death whenever the messenger comes ! May the Lord help us all to improve this providence to his glory and our good ! How necessary to *watch*, since we know not the day or the hour when the son of man cometh !—How important to improve our present precious time, to sit loose to this world, and to examine if we are partakers of grace, and prepared to die ! What a source of consolation and support must it be, for the christian to reflect that it is his privilege to be interested in Jesus, and through him possessed of durable enjoyments, and permanent possessions ! Let Saints live to his glory. On the Lord's day, after our deceased sister's interment, I preached a funeral sermon to a very numerous congregation, from Prov. xxvii. 1. "*Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*" What living, what dying comments have we of this text, and the propriety of the topics it presents to our view !—No admonition so much needed—no reason can be more cogent, and yet no advice so much disregarded ! May the Lord awaken our serious attention to the best things ! We go on increasing as a Church. Sixteen have been added since June. We have called a young man (Mr. Thos. Hoddy) to the Ministry ; he is now at Clare, in this County.

A PARAPHRASE OF OUR LORD'S PRAYER,

JOHN, 17.

By the late Dr. NEWCOME, Archbishop of Armagh.

THE solemnities of our Lord's last supper were closed by him with a devout and affecting prayer, uttered in the presence of his disciples. I shall subjoin a paraphrase of it ; which, like all paraphrases, will be found greatly to enervate the force of the original.

I. Father, the time of my departure is come ; glorify thy son by his death, and by the wonders which will ac-

Feb. 1, 1802.

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company

company and follow it, that thy son may also glorify thee, by turning many to righteousness:—2. according to the spiritual dominion which thou hast bestowed on him, that through him all the righteous subjects of his kingdom should inherit everlasting life. 3. And this is the way to everlasting life; the knowledge of thee, the only true God, and of him whom thou hast sent to declare thy will.—4. I have spread abroad thy glory on earth by my doctrine and miracles, and by discharging thus far the office assigned me:—5. and now, O Father! do thou make me perfect through sufferings, and glorify me at thy right hand with the heavenly glory which I possessed with thee before the creation of the world.—6. I have manifested thy perfections and will to the disciples whom thou hast given me out of this evil world: they were thy creatures and believers in thee, and thou hast given them to me as Messiah and King, and they have kept thy word which I have taught them.—7. Now at length have they known and professed that thou hast delegated to me every part of the office which I execute:—8. for in truth what I have taught them is thy doctrine; and they have embraced it; and have been fully convinced of my heavenly mission.—9. I pray for them; I pray not for the world, for the wicked Jews who reject thee and me, and who have too much hardened their hearts to be capable of believing and acting as they ought: but I pray for those disciples whom thou hast given me; and their relation to thee, as thy servants, is one ground of my supplication: for though thou hast given them to me, as subjects of my mediatorial kingdom, they are still thine:—10. and whatever is mine is thine, as the original giver; and whatever is thine is mine, by thy unbounded communications; and by these thy gifts I am glorified as Messiah.—11. And since I can be no longer in the world to instruct and support my disciples, and these will remain exposed to its trials, and I depart to thee; I beseech thee, Holy Father, to keep in the profession and practice of thy religion those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one in co-operation and affection, as we are one.—12. While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy true religion: I preserved those whom thou gavest me, and none of them

has

has fallen from duty so as to be everlastingly destroyed, but Judas, who deservedly inherits destruction, and whose conduct has fulfilled the scriptures, "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me."—13. But now I leave them, and depart to thee; and I offer up this prayer in their presence, that I may give them abundant joy on account of my departure to thee, who wilt grant my petitions.—14. I have taught them thy doctrine; and the evil world hath hated them, because, like me, they are not of the world, nor conformed to it.—15. I pray not that thou wouldest remove them out of the world; but that thou wouldest make them instruments of the greatest good to mankind, and heirs of salvation, by preserving them from the power of the evil one.—16. Grant that they may persevere in their present dispositions; for now they are not of this evil world, even as I am not of this evil world.—17. Sanctify their minds by thy true doctrine: for thy word, as delivered me, is true doctrine.—18. They are commissioned by me, as I was by thee:—19. and for their benefit I offer myself a holy sacrifice, that they also may be holy by my doctrine thus enforced.—20. But I pray not for these only: I pray also for all believers in me through their doctrine:—21. that they may all be united in love and good works, as thou, Father, art united with me, and I with thee: that they, being thus in union with us, may be also in union among themselves, and may confirm men in the belief of my divine mission.—22. And I have given to them the glory of spiritual gifts, of that preternatural knowledge and power which thou hast communicated to me, that they may be united, as we are;—23. I dwelling in them, and thou in me: that, I say, they may be in perfect union, and that mankind may know that thou hast sent me, and hast shewn them the distinguished love which thou hast shewn me.—24. O Father, I desire of thee that these whom thou hast given me may be with me in heaven, to see my glory which thou hast bestowed on me; for thou lovedst me of old before the foundation of the world.—25. O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee, and these also have known that thou hast sent me.—26. And I have made known to them thy perfections and thy will, and shall further make them

known by the effusion of the Spirit; that thy love towards me may rest on them, and that I may be always with them.

ASIA.

A Letter to an amiable Student who was embarrassed concerning the Doctrine of Election, written by his Pastor.

DEAR BROTHER,

From the spiritual relation subsisting between us, I shall take the liberty of a friend and brother in Christ, to drop a line or two to you, respecting an important point of divine Revelation, I mean the glorious and delightful doctrine of Election. You will read my hints candidly, examine my quotations impartially, and receive the whole in love as I send it. This will contain *so many reasons* why I firmly believe and cordially embrace this important revealed truth. I shall not cite every text at large, only the chapter and verse; then you may be the more readily induced to consult the context, and observe the scope, dependence, and connexion of every quoted passage.

But before I come directly to the point, I shall premise the following things:—1st, We are all sinners, Rom. iii, 23. 2d, As such justly deserve the wrath of God, Eph. ii, 3. Pf. cxxx, 3. 3d, Then we have no just cause of complaint, if treated accordingly, Pf. li, 4. 4th, Consequently God is indebted to none, Matt. xx, 15. 5th, He bestows his blessings freely, Rom. ix, 18. 6th, There is such a doctrine as Election revealed in Scripture, or there is not. If *not*, how shall we understand the following texts? Exod. xxxiii, 19. Deut. vii, 6, 7, 8, and xiv, 2. Pf. iv, 3, and cvi, 4, 5. Isaiah xlv, 4, and lxxv, 9, 22. Jer. xxxi, 3. Matt. xxiv, 22, 24, 31. Luke xviii, 7. Rom. viii, 29, 30, and ix, 11; xi, 5, 7, 28. Eph. i, 4, 5. Col. iii, 12. 1. Thess. i, 4, and v, 9. 2. Thess. ii, 13. 2. Tim. i, 9, and ii, 10. Tit. i, 1. 1 Pet. i, 2, *et alibi*. If any of these passages are to be understood as teaching this doctrine; then why not believed, embraced, and adhered to? Do the Scriptures teach salvation in a particular and general sense too? If they do not, I should be glad to hear their sense explained.

Election is therefore either—1st, General or particular. Not general; that is inconsistent, and a contradiction in terms,

terms. It must then be particular, of some persons, and not all.

2d, Of a certain or uncertain number. It cannot be the latter, for then it would be no Election; but the former, according to 2 Tim. ii, 19. John xiii, 8.

3d, Free or conditional. Not the latter, for then it would be dubious and of works, which is no honour to God, and contrary to Eph. ii, 8, 9. Tit. iii, 5, 6. But it is free, and consequently of grace and sure, Rom. ix, 16.

4th, An immanent or transient act in God. Not the latter, for then it would depend on the creature, and likely, yea certainly render the work of God imperfect, because contingent; which is no glory to him at all. But see Eph. i, 4. Ps. cx, 3.

5th, 'Tis alterable or unalterable. Not the former, for then it would be in the creature and not the Creator, which is the highest dishonour to him. But see Isaiah xiv, 24, and xlvi, 10. Acts xiii, 48.

Some Objections answered.

Obj. I. 1 John ii, 2.—*Ans.* Read Acts xix. 27, latter part, where the original text is more extensive and emphatical than that objected. Must that be taken for and understood of every individual? Doubtless there were multitudes of persons then existing who had never heard of Diana. Did the Apostle Paul worship her? If that admits of a restriction, then why not 1 John ii, 2, &c.? Besides, if this is taken strictly, then the propitiation is partly useless: for *all* will not partake of its advantages. Then so far it will be of no service to them, or glory to Christ. Again, if 'tis a propitiation for *all* in an unlimited sense, and yet the sins of *all* not forgiven; then the said propitiation must be either imperfect, ineffectual, or unacceptable to God; or all these. But how far such a thought is to be admitted, do you yourself judge.

Obj. II. 1 Tim. ii, 4.—*Ans.* Read Matt. iii, 5. Must this be understood of every individual? Suppose we except the chief Priests, Scribes, and Pharisees, what then? Luke vii, 30. And did infants and children go out to be baptized of him? If that text admits of a limitation, why not this before us? Again, will not the scope and context shew us, that 'tis meant of *all ranks* of men, kings, magistrates and subjects? Besides, if God is willing, according to your sentiments, why not done? Is his power deficient? Or don't his will and power agree?

Obj. III. Heb. ii, 9 — *Ans.* Read Mark xvi, 15. Has every creature heard the Gospel? Besides, you know *man* is not in the text. 'Tis *uper pantos*, for every one, for the whole. *Pantos*, you know, is only an adjective, and must refer to some substantive, either expressed or understood; and seeing 'tis not expressed, it must therefore be supplied or understood. Suppose I say, *Uios son*, or *Adelphos brother*, from ver. 10, vel 11. And is not that consistent with the analogy of faith, and the dispensations of divine grace? A learned and good writer (I don't mean Dr. Gill) says that the Greek preposition *uper*, when in connexion with sufferings, signifies *in the stead of* another. I would ask then, if Christ died or tasted death for every man, why must death be inflicted twice? Must the debt be paid, and yet the debtor arrested and imprisoned for life too?

Obj. IV. Acts x, 34.—*Ans.* Read 1 Sam. xi, 7. Rom. ix, 11, 12, 13. It is certain that God is no respecter of persons; *i. e.* whether Jew or Gentile, it matters not. But 'tis also as certain, that he has mercy on some, and not on all. Have all the Gospel preached to them? See Rom. x, 14, 17. Matt xi, 21—26.—Why was not the Gospel sent to *Sodom*; and why to *Chorazin*? Why must the Apostle continue his preaching at Corinth? Acts xviii, 9, 10.—Besides, will not the scope and context lead us into Peter's meaning very plainly? Does it not clearly point out the salvation of Gentiles as well as Jews? And is not that the whole and only design of it? Thus much for the *objections*. Now for a few *questions*.

Question I. Is not God kind and unkind, in sending the Gospel to some, and not others; in saving some, and not others?—*Answer.* Would he have been so, if he had sent the Gospel to none, seeing *all* are sinners? Is he unkind in sending the Gospel to *men*, and not to *angels*?

Question II. If his counsel *must* stand, &c. &c. how can men be chargeable with sin, and liable to punishment, for doing *only* what was decreed?—*Answer* in full,—Acts ii, 23. You would do well to consider that the decrees of God are not the cause of sin: men act voluntarily. Rom. ix, 19, The decrees of God may in some sense be called the rule of *his* proceeding, but his revealed will only is *ours*.

Question III. May not men persist in sin then, seeing all will not be saved?—*Answer.* When they are independent and free from all law, to be sure they may do as they please. But till then read Ezek. xviii, 20, *et alibi*. And when they know for certain, they are not elected, then I may give you my thoughts further on such a question.

Question IV. But is it not discouraging, seeing, if we seek, we don't know the event?—*Answer.* This is a great mistake. Read Pf. 1, 15.—Matt. vii, 7.—Luke xi, 13.—2 Pet. i, 10, *et alibi.* Besides, when a man is sick or wounded, will he not use means, because he does not know the issue? Let reason answer.

Question V. If elected, then we are safe: may we not therefore live as we please, being sure of salvation?—*Answer.* If we choose holiness and that only, we may. But to say there is liberty to sin from this doctrine, is a gross abuse of it, and a misrepresentation of God's design, because contrary to his word:—see Rom. vi, 2 and 8, 29—Eph. i. 4 and 2, 10—2 Theff. ii. 13. where you see the *means* by which are as much decreed as the *end* to which they are ordained. And the persons who so abuse this doctrine, and live and die in that temper and disposition, have their condition described in Rom. iii. 8.

Question VI. and last. But how may I know my election?—*Answer.* Among many evidences take these:—by *faith*, Tit. i. 1.—*love*, Rom. viii, 28.—*conformity* to the image of Christ, Rom. viii, 29. Thus much then for the *Questions.* Now for a few *inferences.*

1. Let us not disbelieve what is revealed in any respect, though we may not be able fully to comprehend it. 2. Let us be thankful there is an election. Now we may be saved; if none, there would be but a sandy foundation for our hope. 3. To be in the way is the only method to come to the end.

Part of a Letter from the Baptist Dover Association, Goochland County, VIRGINIA, held October 11—13, 1800.

DEAR BRETHREN,

BY the letters of correspondence received in the present Association, we find such pleasing accounts of the happy revivals in many churches, that we esteem it our duty to substitute a concise relation thereof, in the place of the circular letter.

THE revival of religion in our association has not been universal; some churches complain of coldness and sloth; others do not call it a revival, but speak of their state as comfortable; that a few are added, and that the prospects are promising: but in many churches glorious revivals are spoken of; Zion's gates are crowded with converts, and the precious Redeemer shews his stately goings in the midst of the golden candlesticks.

Of the rise and progress of these glorious revivals, we will endeavour to give you a concise account:—The set time to favour Zion being at hand, God by his divine Spirit began to impress the truths of the Gospel, with increased energy, upon the minds of his ministers. It seems to be the uniform relation of all those preachers who have been happily engaged in the revival, that for several months before it began, they enjoyed greater communications of divine favour: and in preaching they felt their spirits more enlarged, and their hearts oftener melted under a sense of the goodness of God in the salvation of sinners. These divine exercises induced ministers to be more engaged, and to be more earnest in enforcing the doctrines of salvation: their hopes were not disappointed; the Spirit of God was poured out upon the people; many cried out to know what they should do to be saved, and never rested until they rested in the arms of Jesus.

As particular accounts have not been received from every church, it will be proper to single out a few relations of the revivals among them, which will probably apply with small exceptions to all the rest.

DOVER is a church, lying in the county of Goochland, of as old a date as any in our association, and is under the pastoral care of elder William Webber. It has for many years past been a church of considerable respectability, containing many useful and pious members, and from time to time has enjoyed several revivals of religion; but for the last eight or ten years past they have complained of cold times. Some of their most useful members being removed to the church triumphant, and others much afflicted; they had many fears that the walls of their once happy Zion would be beaten down, and the city given up to the ravages of the enemy.

In the summer of 1799, some favourable symptoms began to make their appearance in this church. The meetings became more crowded, and the hearers more attentive and solemn; many began to be seriously affected, and to enquire for the way of holiness. Believers seemed to receive an increase of strength, and to travail with earnest and heartfelt desires for the salvation of their ungodly neighbours and friends. In the course of the fall many obtained a hope of eternal life, and were baptized; and many appeared to be not far from the kingdom of Heaven. The return of winter did not chill the ardent zeal of the people. The fire within enabled them to bear patiently the cold without.—Meetings were very frequent both by day and by night.

The

The coldest and darkest nights did not deter the people from assembling. Under such divine exercises,

“ They did not feel December cold,
“ Nor think the darkness long.”

Without any material variation their happy seasons continued through the spring and summer; and we are informed it is still going on: the following clause is extracted from their letter.—“ We have had, for little better than twelve
“ months, a glorious revival of religion, such as we never
“ before saw. We have added, by baptism, since the stir,
“ about 170 members, and we hope the work is still going
“ on amongst us.” Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

GOOCHLAND and CHICKAHOMINY churches are adjacent to Dover. Their letters speak of glorious revivals. They have baptized great numbers, and the work appears to be still happily going on.

BRUNTINGTON church lies about the centre of our association, in the county of King and Queen. This church was once a branch of Piscataway, and had within its bounds but few members, until about the year 1790, being favoured with a revival, it became sufficiently numerous to form a constitution of its own; since which time they have been a happy and united people. Their meetings have been always full, and frequently happy; and there has been no one year in which there have not been some baptized. Their late revival began in a gradual manner. Towards the latter end of the year 1799, a few thoughtless and irreligious characters became in a surprising manner alarmed of their state, and shortly after professed to have experienced a deliverance from guilt, and an acceptance in Christ. The meetings became more and more comfortable, and continued to lengthen: at Christmas (when it is customary to have several days meeting successively) the revival began to be more open. Meetings were now more numerous and powerful. Many, having obtained the grace of God, were not restrained by the coldness of the weather from being baptized. As the spring and summer came on, the stir was more and more comfortable.

The preaching of no individual could be said to have had *very great* influence: singing and private exhortations seemed to be the most effectual means to encourage the penitent and alarm the impenitent. The ordinance of Baptism was also very

very powerful. Nothing could be more solemn, more heavenly, than to see the dear followers of the Lamb go down hand in hand into the water, whilst the numerous crowds of spectators would stand around, either melted into tears or awfully astonished to know what these things meant. Few could raise effrontery to scoff. For many weeks baptism was administered every Lord's day, in some part or other of the church: some of all ages, and of all ranks, were baptized; but the young people of both sexes were the most numerous. During the revival there have been baptized about 120, who we trust are of one heart and of one soul.

LOWER COLLEGE church lies in the county of King William, and in the forks of York river, and was formerly a branch of the Upper College church, until about the year 1792; they were constituted without any Pastor. A few years since, elder John Mills was ordained as their Pastor; through his labours and other gifted brethren in the church, they have by the blessing of God been favoured with a comfortable revival; it commenced some time in the summer of the present year, and appears to be still going on.—There is one circumstance as to this church, which we think worth relating. Within the bounds of the church, lying on one of the rivers, there is an island inhabited by a tribe of Indians, to whom the island was given by government. From the first propagation of the Gospel in these parts, several of the INDIANS became professors of the Truth, and continued to be useful and steady members of the church. The present revival seems to have had its beginning among them. *Many of their young people have been baptized, and appear to be faithful subjects in the Redeemer's kingdom.*

Upper KING and QUEEN, AXLE SWAMP, and some other churches, lie adjacent to the two last-mentioned, and have had in some parts of them comfortable revivals; but nothing can be said concerning them, that has not been related in the foregoing account.

And now, brethren, permit us, by way of conclusion, to exhort you to continue stedfast in the faith. Use all diligence to honour and adorn the good cause in which you are engaged. Preserve a regular discipline; let your duty be your delight, and the service of your Redeemer, your sweetest liberty. Be attentive to the word of God, to all its institutions and ordinances, and to those that administer them: doing this, you shall never fall, but will ever find Christ a never-failing fountain of joy and peace. If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be *anathema maranatha*.

VIRGINIA GLEBE LANDS.

By the Minutes of the Baptist General Committee of *many* Associations in *Virginia*, whose representatives assembled at Waller's meeting-house, in Spottsylvania county, May 11—13, 1799, it appears, that the prayer of their Memorial to the last General Assembly, *for the repeal of those laws passed since the Revolution, vesting the glebe lands, &c. in the hands of the Episcopal Church*, is granted. The Committee, therefore, having secured their object, do not think it expedient to exist any longer. But sufficient praise is not easily to be given to them for their perseverance.

VIRGINIA-PORTSMOUTH ASSOCIATION.

The *Virginia-Portsmouth* Baptist Association was held near the cut banks of Nottoway, Dinwiddie county, May 23, 1801. The introductory discourse was delivered by brother *Jacob Grigg**, (who was a few years since at Sierra Leone), from 2 Theff. iii, 1, 2. *Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord, &c.* The Association letter is intended as a brief defence of those principles which distinguish Calvinists from other professing Christians. The introductory part of the letter, referring to the general state of religion, is all we quote.

Through mercy we have had one more comfortable interview with each other on this side Heaven; and it is with heartfelt pleasure we announce to you the good news we have heard from far countries, and from the associations around us. It would afford us additional pleasure, could we communicate to you the same intelligence respecting ourselves.—But, alas!

We, like Gideon's fleece, are found
Unwater'd, still and dry,
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky.

The want of success in bringing souls to Christ; the little zeal and diligence which appear in professors; the death of some, and the unbecoming conduct of others, have, with us, been lamented. But, brethren, these are trials from which no age of Christianity, not even the Apostolic, has been exempted: and although, on our own account, we are sorrowful, yet on the account of other of our Lord's churches and associations, we rejoice. God is still carrying on his work

* In answer to the kind enquiries which have been often made concerning Mr. Grigg, it is proper to say, that several desirable letters have been received from him; that he has learned by what is passed, and affectionately advises all Missionaries to mind their own business.—EDITOR.

work in those places we mentioned to you in our last annual epistle, and thanks, eternal thanks to his ever-gracious name, it is spreading in every direction. The Dover district association has been calling on all the churches of which she is formed, with the lovers of mankind universally, to *praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.* Multitudes, multitudes have been converted and baptized among them, of all ages, sexes, and characters, and are now going on their way rejoicing, while multitudes more are becoming followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.

Tennessee and Kentucky, with their thousands and thousands of young disciples of the blessed Jesus, have a new song put into their mouth, and are unanimously shouting salvation to Jehovah. And amidst our causes of complaint we are not without some indications of divine favour. We had a happy meeting; love and peace presided: God was with the Ministers who preached, and we trust good was done. Several of our preachers appear very desirous of travelling to preach in the churches of our connection; all seem to pity the low estate of Sion, and to take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof. These things encourage a hope that God will yet remember us in our low estate, as well as, because *his mercy endureth for ever.* Nor is it an inconsiderable cause of gladness and gratitude with us, that our various churches still remind us of their attachment to *the faith once delivered to the Saints.*

Rev. Mr. Holmes's Mission among the North-American Indians.

THE last New-York Baptist Association was held in the city of New-York, May 20 and 21, 1801. The following is extracted from their letter to the churches.

We have to bless the Lord for the agreeable interview we have at this time enjoyed, not only upon the account of beholding one another's faces again in the flesh, and the unanimity that has pervaded our deliberations; the general intelligence from most of the churches composing this association, of their walk in the fellowship of the gospel, and keeping the ordinances as they were delivered to the primitive disciples, and the interesting communications from our corresponding sister associations; but also on account of the good news that has saluted our ears from different parts of the earth,

earth, of the out-pouring of God's spirit upon many of the inhabitants thereof, whereby numbers have been made to cry out with anguish in their hearts, What shall we do? Backsliders have been restored, and the weak and the feeble strengthened.

And in addition to the glorious events which have taken place in the year past, we have received two letters from our INDIAN BRETHREN; one from the Baptist church of the Brother-town Indians, dated the 30th of March last, which church was constituted in 1788 with thirteen members, but now increased to twenty-seven; giving us a pleasing account of the work of God in that town; of "Sinners being alarmed, backsliding children returned home, some that have found forgiveness and comfort, are in the house of God, joining the despised few, praising our God and Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ; and calling to their fellow youths to turn from ways of sin and shame, and seek the Lord while he may be found, and call on him while he is near."

The other from the Muhhecunnuk nation of Indians at New-Stockbridge, dated 27th of March last, written in the Indian style, very comprehensive, full of matter, and much in the language of faith and friendship, to our great joy and admiration.

Moreover the account given us by our beloved brother Elkanah Holmes, of his late travels as a missionary among the north-western tribes of Indians, has raised our expectations that God is about more extensively to fulfil his glorious prophecies, and precious promises to Zion, in which he has said, "I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert. The bean of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the owls, because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen." *Isai. xliii. 19, 20.*

We are happy to inform you, that brother Holmes received the kindest treatment from the Muhhecunnuk and Oneida Indians, on his way to the more westerly tribes, and was cordially received, and hospitably treated, and eagerly listened unto by many of the Tuscaroras, Senecas, Onondagos, Cayugas, and Mohawks, who had never before received a missionary among them (except the latter), especially the Senecas, who, it is said, formerly drove one away that attempted to visit them. But now so far from this, that they not only opened their ears, (as well as the other tribes) and desired our brother to "preach to them about Jesus Christ," and come and visit them again, but requested him to take charge of a favourite youth, whom they sent by him, to be educated under the direction of the New-York Missionary Society.

State of the Baptists in Nova Scotia.

TO DR. RIPPON.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Oct. 21, 1801.

We have purchased a piece of ground, 55 feet by 36 feet, with a lofty store upon it, and good cellars under it. We gave for the whole £440, need £350 more to fit it up for a Meeting-house, and to build a small house for the minister. I collected £210 in the United States, and in the country more than £100. On application to Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of this place, for leave to collect, he gave it with all freedom, and told me, he would not be backward himself in assisting. One of my friends, who is a member of the House of Assembly, mentioned our case in the House, and I have collected about £200 in this town. I hope about next July we shall carry on divine worship in the place we have purchased. If the Lord spare me till spring, I must go and collect more money. Lately I baptized five persons in the presence of a great concourse of people, who in general were very solemn. In this, and in the province of New Brunswick, there are sixteen Baptist ministers. The Bishop of Nova Scotia prosecuted a Mr. Towner, a Baptist minister of Digby, in this province, for solemnizing marriage. He laid two crimes to his charge: one was pronouncing the couple man and wife, without publishing them; the other was, that he did it being a lay-man. I suppose the Bishop thought, because our brother lived nearly out of the world, that he would make him afraid, and thereby scare the rest of the Dissenters. But to his great surprise, we met his prosecution in Court full in the face. He withdrew his action the first time. His prosecution appeared again in another Court: the Attorney-General demurred, and it was tried in the Court of Halifax, without a jury; and it was fairly proved in the Court, that *any Minister* may perform the ceremony in this country: and it will stand, supposing he does on three Sundays or holy days publish the names of the persons amongst a people met for divine worship. We have got the victory over the Bishop. I have been reading our Provincial Acts, and some of them prove to me, that the word *Clergy* is applied as much to the Dissenters as to any other order of religious people.

POETRY.

ISAIAH XLIX. 14, 15, PARAPHRASED.

*But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me.
Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on
the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.*

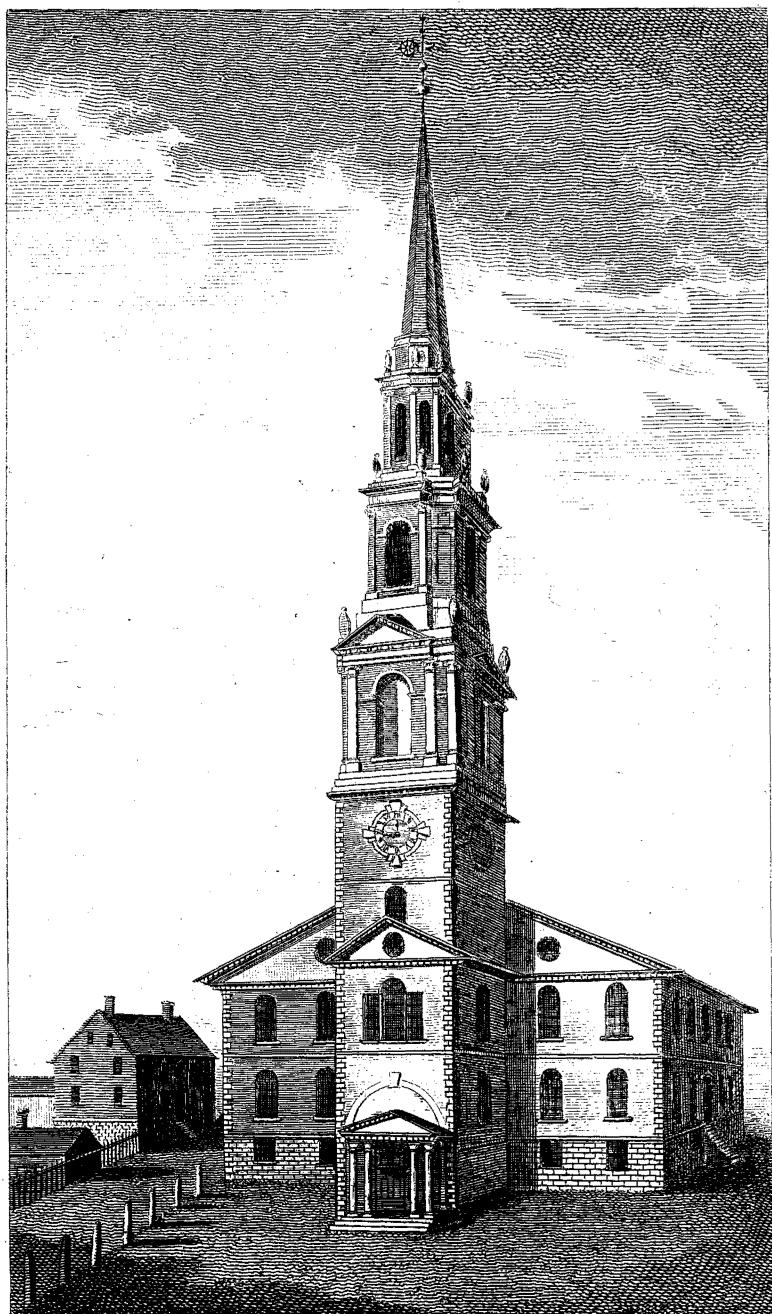
HEAVEN speaks! O Nature, listen and rejoice!
Oh, spread from pole to pole this gracious voice!
“ Say every breast of human frame, that proves
“ The boundless force with which a parent loves;
“ Say, can a mother from her yearning heart
“ Bid the soft image of her child depart?
“ She! whom strong instinct arms with strength to bear
“ All forms of ill, to shield that dearest care;
“ She! who with anguish stung, with madness wild,
“ Will rush on death to save her threaten’d child;
“ All selfish feelings banish’d from her breast,
“ Her life one aim to make another’s blest—
“ Will she, for all ambition can attain,
“ The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,
“ Betray strong nature’s feelings? will she prove
“ Cold to the claims of duty and of love?
“ But should the mother, from her yearning heart,
“ Bid the soft image of her child depart;
“ Should she unpitying hear his melting sigh,
“ And view unmov’d the tear that fills his eye;
“ Yet never will the God, whose word gave birth
“ To yon illumin’d orbs, and this fair earth;
“ Who through the boundless depths of trackless space
“ Bade new-wak’d beauty spread each perfect grace;
“ Yet, when he form’d the vast stupendous whole,
“ Shed his best bounties on the human soul;
“ Which reason’s light illumines, which friendship warms,
“ Which pity softens, and which virtue charms;
“ Which feels the pure affection’s generous glow,
“ Shares others joy, and bleeds for others woe;—
“ Oh, never will her God forgetful prove
“ Of Zion the dear object of his love!”
When all those planets, in their ample spheres,
Have wing’d their course, and roll’d their destin’d years;
When the vast sun shall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;
When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies,
When Chaos triumphs, and when Nature dies—

God shall himself his favour'd creature guide
 Where living waters pour their blissful tide,
 Where the enlarg'd, exulting, wond'ring mind
 Shall soar, from weakness and from guilt refin'd;
 Where perfect knowledge, bright with cloudless rays,
 Shall gild Eternity's unmeasur'd days;
 Where Friendship unembitter'd by distrust,
 Shall in immortal bands unite the just;
 Devotion rais'd to rapture breathe her strain,
 And Love in his eternal triumph reign!

FROM THE GREEK OF POSSIDIPPUS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A TRAVELLER AND THE STATUE
 OF OPPORTUNITY.

- Tra.* "SAY, Image, by what sculptor's hand,
 " In breathing marble here you stand?"
- Opp.* "By his, whose art, to thousands known,
 " Bids Jove and Pallas live in stone:
 " But seldom seen by human eyes,
 " I claim the kindred of the skies;
 " By few, I'm found, though great my fame,
 " And OPPORTUNITY'S my name.
- Tra.* "Say, if the cause you may reveal,
 " Why thus supported on a wheel?"
- Opp.* "The wheel my rapid course implies,
 " Like that with constant speed it flies.
- Tra.* "Wings on your feet?—
- Opp.* "I'm prone to soar;
 " Neglected, I return no more.
- Tra.* "But why behind depriv'd of hair?"
- Opp.* "Escap'd, that none may seize me there.
- Tra.* "Your locks unbound conceal your eyes,
- Opp.* "Because I chiefly court disguise.
- Tra.* "Why coupled with that solemn fair,
 " Of downcast mien and mournful air?"
- Opp.* "REPENTANCE she, the stone replies,
 " My substitute behind me flies;
 " Observe, and her you'll ever see
 " Pursue the wretch depriv'd of me;
 " By her corrected, mortals mourn,
 " For what they've done and what forborne.
 " Ask me no more; for while you stay,
 " I vanish unperceiv'd away."



A S. W. View of the Baptist Meeting House, at Providence.
IN RHODE ISLAND