

very long before he fell sick, that he wrote this passage in his diary: "I was affected with what I read of Mr. Shewel of Coventry, who died in the pulpit. 'Lord, let not a die meanly, but in dying bring much glory to thee.'" And now it shall be so! At last, just as he was going to expire, he seemed as if he had some extraordinary apprehensions of the glory in which our Lord Jesus Christ is above enthroned: he strove to speak unto his vertuous consort, and anon spoke thus much: "Oh! what shall I say? He is altogether lovely!" His worthy sister-in-law then coming to him, he said, "Oh! all our praises of him here, are poor and low things!" and then added, "His glorious angels are come for me!" upon the saying whereof he closed his own eyes, about the time when he still opened his Bible for his publick labours—on the Lord's day, about three in the afternoon—and he never opened them any more.

This was he whom you are now going to bury; but, I pray you, bury not with him all the holy counsels and warnings that we have heard from him; *remember how you have received and heard.*

He was one who took much notice of what was from the oracles of God, spoken to him in the sermons of other men. He has much replenished his diaries with remarks of this importance: "I have heard a good word to-day!" And he would often decline going to feasts, whereto his friends invited him, that he might go to *private meetings* in some other parts of the town, where he might at the same time *feast* on the word of God. Thus, more particularly:

*At one time.*—"I heard a very good word: 'Are ye not carnal?'—Ah, Lord, I am carnal. The Lord give me his spirit to make me spiritual! I was in many things justly reprov'd: let me take it, and be wrought into the likeness of this good word."

*At another time.*—"To-day I heard a most precious word, with which I was much edified and refreshed, viz: 'Christ is all.' Oh! that I might never forget it! Oh! that it might be written upon the table of my heart! Let my soul feed upon it for ever. It was very seasonable. Though it was a day most intolerably cold; so cold, that there was little writing it; yet it heartily warmed me. I needed a Christ. Oh! that I could get him, and keep him for ever! I would make him my *all*, and count him my *all*. I need a *whole* Christ: Oh! that I may prize a whole Christ, and improve a whole Christ. I have of late thought that this may be one evidence of my right unto glory, that Christ is more precious to me than ever."

What I say upon it is, imitate him in a point so imitable. This preacher is well worthy to be imitated, as he was an hearer.

You can all testify, that he was none of those *cold* preachers, whereof one complains, *Verba vite in quorundam Doctorum Labiis, quantum ad Virtutem et efficaciam, Moriuntur: Adeo enim tepide, adeo remisse, verba Dei annunciant, ut Extincta in Labiis Eorum penitus videuntur; unde Sicut ipsi Frigidi sunt et Extincti, sic Frigidos et Extinctos relinquunt, et utinam non facerent Auditores.\**

\* The words of life die on the lips of some teachers, so far as all their virtue and efficacy are concerned: for in such a lukewarm, listless manner do they announce Divine truth, that it seems to have fallen lifeless on their very tongues; so that, as they are themselves cold and lifeless, they leave their hearers cold and lifeless. Would that they did not make their hearers sometimes permanently so!