

POETRY.

From the Christian Palladium. JOSEPH'S TEMPTATION.

BY ELDER D. MILLARD.

Joseph, thou wast made to shine, When thou spurned seductive power; Sure thy father's God was thine, In temptation's fiery hour.

Potiphar has raised my state— Can I basely wrong my Lord? Act the teach'rous part I hate? Forfeit honour, name and word?

No!—the God that reigns above, Gave me favor, led me here; He protects the path I love, While to sin I greatly fear.

Grace is given—the tempting lure, With the threats that pow'r could join, Could not bend that purpose pure, Which, fair Hebrew youth, was thine.

Clouds, 'tis true, spread darkness, gloom, While the storm broke on thy head! Sad thy fate—a felon's doom! But that doom to glory led!

Ye who know the adverse hour, Scorn and scandal may be yours; True ye may, the God of pow'r, Vile ye's triumph he secures.

Darkness now may gird your path, Adverse clouds your sky deform; Unseen mercies nuzzle wrath, Brightest skies succeed the storm.

Think of Joseph, once disgrac'd, Crush'd by falsehood, spurn'd to shame; See him next in grandeur plac'd, Cloth'd with pow'r, and rais'd to fame.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT

IN THE LIFE OF REV. WILLIAM TENNANT, Late Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Freehold, New Jersey.

Mr. William Tennant was born in Ireland, June 3rd, 1705, and was thirteen years old, when, with his father, he came to America. He hopefully experienced religion in early life, and soon determined to devote his life to the work of the ministry. He studied Divinity with his elder brother, the famous Gilbert Tennant, who then settled at New Brunswick in New Jersey.

After a regular course of study in Theology, Mr. William Tennant was preparing as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health, and brought on a pain in his breast, and a slight hectic. He soon became emaciated, and at length was like a living skeleton. His life was now threatened. He was attended by a physician, a young gentleman who was attached to him by the strictest and warmest friendship. He grew worse and worse, till little hope of life was left. In this situation his spirits failed him, and he began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. He was conversing one morning with his brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. After the usual time, he was laid out on a board, according to the common custom of the country, and the neighborhood were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening, his physician and friend returned from a ride into the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain; and on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body, though he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavoured to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into warm water, to make it as sensitive as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people, who had been invited to the funeral, should be requested not to attend. To this, the brother objected, as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. However, the Doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived and no hopes were entertained of success but by the doctor, who never left him night or day. The people were invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The Dr. still objected, and at last confined his request for delay to one hour, then to half an hour, and finally, to

a quarter of an hour. He had discovered that the tongue was much swollen, and threatened to crack. He was endeavouring to soften it by some emollient ointment put upon it with a feather, when the brother came in about the expiration of the last period, and mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed him, manifested some resentment, and in a spirited tone said, "It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse," and insisted, with earnestness, that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again used in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In three days, during which I had appeared about an hour the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour life seemed to return, with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment and conviction of very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body.

Mr. Tennant continued in so weak and low a state for six weeks, that great doubts were entertained of his final recovery. However, after that period, he recovered much faster; but it was about twelve months before he was completely restored. After he was able to walk the room, and to take notice of what passed around him, on a Sabbath afternoon, his sister, who had stayed from church to attend him, was reading in the Bible, when he took notice of it, and asked her what she had in her hands. She answered that she was reading the Bible. He replied "what is the Bible? I know not what you mean."

This affected the sister so much that she burst into tears and informed him that he was once well acquainted with it. On her reporting this to the brother when he returned, Mr. Tennant was found, upon examination, to be totally ignorant of every transaction of life previous to his sickness. He could not read a single word, neither did he seem to have any idea of what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention, he was taught to read and write, as children are usually taught, and afterwards began to learn the Latin language under the tuition of his brother. One day as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, clapped his hand to his head, as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. His brother asked him what was the matter, he said that he felt a sudden shock in his head, and it now seemed to him as if he had read that book before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak the Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived, that he gained a perfect knowledge of the past transactions of his life, as if no difficulty had previously occurred.

This event, at the time, made a considerable noise, and afforded matter for serious contemplation to the devout Christian, especially when connected with what follows in this narration, but furnished a subject of deep investigation and learned inquiry to the real philosopher and curious anatomist.

The writer of these Memoirs was greatly interested by these uncommon events; and on a favorable occasion, earnestly pressed Mr. Tennant for a minute account of what his views and apprehensions were, while he lay in this extraordinary state of suspended animation. He displays a great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his perceptions and feelings at this time; but being importunately urged to do so, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described.

"While I was conversing with my brother," said he, "in the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself in an instant in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly waded along, I know not how, beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my former

change, and thought,—Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor and requested leave to join the happy throng. On which he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "You must return to the earth." This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollected to have seen my brother standing before me, disputing with the doctor. The three days, during which I had appeared lifeless, seemed to me not more than ten or twelve minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble, gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly." He then said, "Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world and the things of it, for some time afterwards, I was that person. The ravishing sounds of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention."

The author of this Memoir, anxious to obtain the best information he could on this extraordinary occurrence, wrote—among others—to Mr. Tennant's successor in the pastoral office, from whom he received the following answer:

MONROE, N. J., Dec. 10, 1815. DEAR SIR—Agreeable to your request, I now give you a writing the remarkable accident which I some time since gave you some account respecting your good friend, my worthy predecessor, the late Rev. Wm. Tennant, of his place. In a very free and flowing conversation on religion, and on the nature and blessedness of the promise of God, while traveling together from New-moath to Princeton, I mentioned to Mr. Tennant, that I should be highly gratified in hearing from his mouth, an account of the trance which he was said to have been in, unless the relation would be disagreeable to himself. After a short silence, he proceeded, saying that he had been sick with a fever, &c., as it has been already related.

I said to him, "It may seem to be one indeed raised from the dead, and may tell us what it is to me, and what you were sensible of while in that state." He replied in the following words: "As to dying—I found my eyes closed, and I became weaker and weaker, and at last once, I found myself as if I were dead, as I thought. I saw no light, and the Deity, but glory all around me. I felt no pain, as though I could feel, and I expressed my views, let his hand be raised, and I flung up his hands, proceeded, "I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and saw things all unutterable! I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently on the height of bliss, singing in sweet melodious voices. I was transported with my own sensations, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory began, and was about to join the great and happy multitude, when I came to me, and looking me full in the face, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said, "You must go back."—These words went through me; nothing could have so affected me more. I cried out, Lord, send me back! With this shock I awoke, and was in this world. When I saw I was in the world, I forgot, then came to me, and I forgot for several times, as one could be so easily forgotten, if one were so weakly as I was."

Mr. Tennant died, March 30th, 1777, aged nearly 72 years. It seems that the Memoir of his life, which was written about 28 years after his death, and the author was personally acquainted with him.—Memoirs, &c., &c., vol. 1, page 342.

Let Christians adhere to the plan proposed by the Proprietors of this Luminary.

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